**College Girls**

by Mindy Sparks

**College Girls – Part 1**

Is college an institution of higher education or is it just an opportunity for exhibitionism? From my limited experience as a freshman, it appears to be the latter of the two. College offers a newfound freedom for coeds away from home for the first time. I soon learned that I could use this freedom to my advantage. However, sometimes situations occur quite by accident.

It was the first day of school and I was running late. My first class starts at 7:00 in the morning, which is much too early for me. I jumped out of bed and pulled off the little T-shirt that I sleep in. There was no time to waste, so I slipped a short, white sundress over my naked body. The dress had buttons all the way down the front. I was in such a hurry that I left two buttons open at the bottom of the dress and three buttons open at the top.

As I glanced at the mirror on my way out the door, I tried to decide if my titties were too visible through the thin fabric of the dress. My puffy pink nipples were easy to see as they pressed against the white cotton material, but there wasn't enough time to put on a bra. There was also a bit cleavage showing because of the open buttons. My breasts are only medium sized, but with a five-foot-one-inch petite body, they don't have to be very big to look good. I also observed that my auburn pussy hair was noticeable when the light hit the dress just right. I guess I picked a bad day to forget my panties! All I could do was hope that it was dark in the classroom.

I stepped outside of the sorority house and wouldn't you know it, there was a strong breeze swirling across the campus. My books were under one arm leaving me only one free hand to hold my dress in place. As I strutted down the sidewalk, a guy approached me from the opposite direction. I really wished I'd taken the time to fasten the last two buttons on my dress because the breeze allowed the gap created by those open buttons to separate. I could tell by the look on the guy's face that he was getting a glimpse of my neatly trimmed bush. I just kept walking and pretended not to notice him.

There was a group of guys sitting on the front steps of the History Building. I was a little nervous as I hurried up the steps. From their sitting position, I knew they could see right up my dress! Since I wasn't wearing any panties, I'm sure they were getting an eyeful. With my books in one hand, I reached for the door with my other hand leaving my short dress unprotected. At that moment, a gust of wind lifted the hem of my dress up above my waist. My bare ass was completely exposed to the guys. I heard some clapping and a few catcalls as I rushed inside the building.

The classroom was more like an auditorium. Since I was late, I was forced to sit in the front row. We weren't in regular desks. The seats were more like chairs with little armrests to put our books on. The rows of seats are elevated, so when the professor began to lecture, he was almost eye-level with my knees. He must have been about sixty years old, but that didn't stop him from trying to sneak a peek between my legs.

I acted as if I was concentrating on my notes while allowing my legs to spread slightly apart. Once I was sure that I had the professor's attention, I began to tease him by spreading my legs a little wider, then quickly closing them together again. The whole time, I tried to look innocent, as if I was unaware of my behavior. Finally, I hooked my feet around the sides of my chair, allowing my legs to spread completely apart. Since I wasn't wearing any panties, the professor had a clear view of my pussy hair.

He walked up a few steps of the aisle next to me while he lectured and I realized he was trying to look down the top of my dress. With the open buttons, I'm sure he could see my braless breasts. I innocently leaned over a little further to make sure he had an unobstructed view of my pretty pink nipples. The cool morning air caused my nipples to poke out like little Hershey's Kisses for the professor's viewing pleasure.

When he returned to the front of the class, I pretended to drop my pen. I got out of my chair and turned around so that my back was to the professor. Then I slowly bent over with my knees straight, allowing the hem of my skirt to ride up and give the professor a good look at my smooth, firm ass. Hopefully, he'll remember this day when he makes out the final grades.

My morning wasn't over yet. As part of my scholarship/grant, I had to work a few hours each week in the library. It was rather warm in the library, so I really didn't want to do anything too strenuous. I was hoping to get an easy job at the front desk. That way I could do some homework while I was there. The head librarian was a mean old lady. She took one look at my skimpy dress and decided that I should re-shelve books. The lady gave me a stack of books and pointed to the area where they needed to go.

There was a table full of nerdy looking guys surrounded by some high bookshelves. I put the books that I was carrying down on the table in front of them and began to look for their places on the shelves. As the guys read their books about space exploration, they gave me the impression that they hadn't come in contact with too many earth girls. They were nudging each other, pointing at me and snickering amongst themselves. I decided to have some fun with these guys.

The first book was on the lowest shelf. As I bent forward to put the book away, the guys were able to see right down the top of my dress. I pretended not to notice that they were watching me, while they pretended to read their books. With three buttons undone at the top of my dress, my braless breasts were hanging out for all of the guys to see.

I bent down in front of them to get the next book off of the table. As I leaned way over to look at the catalog number on the book, my breasts were once again on display for the guys. After giving them a few minutes to study my nice pink nipples, I picked up the book and walked over to the bookshelf. The next book was on a higher shelf and I had to stand on my tiptoes to put it away. When I reached up high with the book over my head, I could feel the hem of my dress rise up to the middle of my butt. Half of my bare butt cheeks were exposed to the guys! If they didn't know it before, they now knew that I wasn't wearing any panties!

I stood up in front of the guys and said, "Whew, it is really warm in this place. I'd really like to loosen another button on this dress, but I don't want to offend anyone."

I expected the guys to tell me that it would be fine with them if I opened another button on my dress, but they just sat there dumbfounded. They must not have had too much experience with girls.

Finally I said, "Well I just can't stand this heat anymore' and I unfastened another button at the top of my dress.

With the top of my dress now unbuttoned below my breasts, I said, "Ah, now I feel much better."

When I bent over in front of the guys to get the next book, they had a much better view of my braless boobies. The book was on the bottom shelf again. This time, I bent over with my back to the guys. My dress rode way up behind me revealing most of my bare butt cheeks to the guys. I heard them whisper to each other about how great I looked, but I pretended not to hear them.

As I looked at the next book, I realized the guys were really going to get a treat because I had to climb the ladder to re-shelve it. They were giggling with anticipation as I moved the ladder into position. I slowly climbed the ladder all the way to the top and began to look for the location on the shelf for the book. I could have put it away immediately, but I took my time and let them gaze at my naked ass. I even spread my legs a little to give them a beaver shot. As I climbed down, my dress got caught on a bracket attached to the ladder. All of the buttons that were still fastened popped off, except for the one located at my belly button. I stood in front of the guys and pretended to be embarrassed.

I said, "Oh no, all of the buttons on my dress popped off!"

I squatted down in front of the guys to pick up the buttons. When I did, the dress fell to each side of my legs leaving my furry triangle completely uncovered for the guys to look at. After picking up a few buttons, I reached for one right in front of me, then looked down and acted surprised, as if I suddenly realized that my pussy hair was showing.

I stood up and said, "Oh no, I forgot to wear my panties today! How embarrassing! What am I going to do? I still have another book to put away."

The guys finally spoke and said, "Don't be alarmed. We won't look. We promise!"

I said, "Well I hope I can trust you because I feel like everything is showing. I wish I wouldn't have worn this skimpy little dress. Now, every time I move, something pops loose. I'm hanging out all over the place! Please try not to look at me."

They said, "No problem," and pretended to read their books.

As I looked at the last book, my hairy triangle was peeking out of the gap at the bottom of the dress. The top was open pretty wide with the edge of the fabric barely covering my nipples. The last book was actually on the bottom shelf, but the bracket on the ladder gave me an idea. I climbed the ladder again and put the book on the top shelf. After making sure the dress was wedged in the bracket again, I quickly came down the ladder. The dress stayed up in the bracket and the last button popped free. My arms slid completely out of the dress as I stepped away from the ladder. My actions left me standing in front of the guys totally naked while my dress remained hanging up on the ladder.

As I stood there making a lame attempt to cover myself with my hands, I shrieked, "My dress came off! Now I don't have any clothes on at all! Can one of you guys please help me?"

Instead of climbing up the ladder and freeing the dress from the bracket, one of the idiots just reached up and pulled the dress down. I cringed as I heard the material tear in half. There was a big split from the hem, all the way up to the middle of the back. I quickly put the dress on, but my bare ass was hanging out of the torn material. There were still a few buttons attached to the dress. However, since the dress was originally a little tight on me, fastening the buttons only caused the split in the back of the dress to open wider.

The only thing I could do was go back to the sorority house and get something else to wear. I asked the guys to walk behind me to shield my nakedness from the rest of the campus. They quickly obliged and followed me all the way home. I made no attempt to cover my bare buns and the guys were treated to a view of my smooth, shapely ass throughout the entire trip.

When I got to the sorority house, I looked down and said, "I guess I won't be needing this anymore," and pulled off the dress.

As I stood in front of the guys completely naked, I kissed each one of them on the cheek and thanked them for walking me home. I went into the house, but peeked out the window at the guys as they walked down the street. They were laughing and giving each other high-fives as they walked away. I guess I’d made their day!

**College Girls – Part 2**

Jennifer is my sorority sister and we're both in our freshman year at the university. She saved enough money to buy her first car, but her dad demanded to go with her to the car dealership. He said that Jennifer wouldn't be able to negotiate the best possible price because she was so young. When Jennifer told her dad that she'd rather go by herself, he laughed and said the salesman was going to take advantage of her. Jennifer's dad assured her that she'd end up paying too much for the car. Jennifer was determined to prove him wrong, so she asked me for advice.

Jennifer is a pretty brunette, about 5'3 and slender, with large, firm breasts. I told Jennifer that with her good looks and great body, she should be able to get the deal of the century. I advised her to wear some skimpy clothes and casually show some skin. I figured that if she showed a little cleavage and flashed her underwear a few times, the salesman would bend over backwards to give her a great deal.

She was skeptical at first. Jennifer claimed that she'd never been an exhibitionist before, but I reminded her of what happened during pledge week. The older girls tied her up and slowly stripped her naked in front of some fraternity guys. She was forced to hang with her arms in the air while her bare boobs, firm rear-end and dark hairy triangle were on display for all the guys to observe. I told her that the car shopping plan should be a breeze compared to the humiliation she endured that night. After listening to my reasoning, she decided to take my advice. It sounded very innocent and harmless. Little did she know that through a series of mishaps, she'd end up showing a lot more than just a little cleavage and a few panty flashes.

Jennifer didn't own any sexy clothes, so I gave her one of my outfits to wear. First, she slipped into a pair of thin, white panties. They were the thong type with little strings on the sides to keep them in place. The strings were very thin and Jennifer started to complain because the strings felt like they could easily break. She was afraid that the panties wouldn't stay on, but I assured her that she just wasn't used to wearing such tiny panties.

A short, pink, wrap-around mini-skirt covered the panties. There was a slit up the right leg and a string at the top of the slit that held the skirt together. Jennifer is a couple of inches taller that I am, which made the skirt even shorter on her. It barely covered her butt! Even though the skirt was so short, I continued to reassure her that she looked fine and had nothing to worry about.

I handed her a little pink and white striped sleeveless shirt to wear. It had two buttons in front that were straining to open. Jennifer is a bit larger on top than me, so the shirt looked a size too small. It was a bare midriff top that stopped just below her braless breasts. Her flat tummy was completely exposed. Jennifer's nipples were poking out against the lightweight knit material. The top button was slightly lower than her nipples, so she was showing plenty of cleavage when she bent over. Jennifer put on some white, high-heeled sandals to give her a little extra height and she was ready to go.

I was going to the dealership with Jennifer and I didn't want to upstage her so I just wore a white T-shirt and some low-cut jeans. My jeans hung so low on my hips that a little bit of my butt-crack was showing. My braless breasts were also visible under the tight cotton T-shirt, but it was nothing compared to the skimpy outfit Jennifer was wearing,

Mary, a senior in the sorority, gave us a ride to the car dealer. When we arrived at the dealership, Jennifer told me that she was nervous and couldn't go through with it. Jennifer said that she felt practically naked! I told Jennifer to get out of the car and walk around. If she still felt uncomfortable then she could get back into the car and we'd forget all about it.

We got out of the car and a cool breeze immediately lifted her skirt up to her waist. I'm sure anyone looking in Jennifer's direction got a flash of her itty-bitty panties. Jennifer quickly pushed the skirt down and tried to return to the car, but Mary locked the doors! Jennifer pleaded with Mary to let her in, but Mary just smiled and waved as she drove away. Now Jennifer was forced to go through with it.

I stayed out of sight and watched from a distance as Jennifer looked for a car. While Jennifer walked around the car lot, she was getting a lot of attention from the salesmen. It was a breezy day and she continued to have trouble keeping her skirt down. Jennifer must have decided that since she'd come this far, she may as well quit acting like a prude because she appeared to begin losing her inhibitions.

She was admiring a Camaro when a nice looking, older salesman came up behind her. Jennifer pretended not to notice him and bent over to look at the tires. She kept her knees straight so that the skirt would ride up as high as it could. He was getting a good look at her thong panties, which were almost non-existent as they drifted up into her butt.

The salesman offered to help Jennifer, but she said that the sticker price was way out of her price range so she was going to leave. He begged her to stay and check out the car. Jennifer pretended to be interested as he opened the hood. They leaned over to look at the motor and from his angle, he could see right down her shirt. There was a large bulge developing in his pants, so I knew my plan was working. I think Jennifer was starting to get turned on by the attention and began feeling at ease with the situation.

Then some unexpected events turned the innocent plan into a humiliating strip show. The first mishap occurred when the salesman caught the string of the mini-skirt in the hood when he slammed it. Not knowing that the string was caught in the hood, Jennifer walked around the side of the car and the string came untied. Since that string was the only thing holding the skirt on, it fell to the ground. Jennifer's face turned red with embarrassment as she stood there in those tiny white panties. Her dark bush was clearly visible through the thin material of the little undies and the salesman just stood there, taking it all in.

Jennifer asked him to please get the skirt for her, but his hands were trembling so much that he couldn't get the hood opened. Then her situation went from bad to worse. The salesman decided to just yank the skirt out of the hood and when he did, the string was torn completely off. Now what was she going to do? Jennifer's only choice was to wrap the skirt around her and quickly jump in the driver's seat.

The salesman persuaded her to take the car for a test drive. I had to see what happened next, so I ran over and climbed into the back seat. The car had a manual transmission so it was impossible for Jennifer to hold the skirt in place and drive the car. Jennifer tried to wrap the skirt around her waist like a towel, but there wasn't much material to work with. Each time she moved her legs to shift gears, the skirt separated a little further. The salesman watched as more and more of her legs became exposed. Soon he was able to see Jennifer's panties as the skirt came apart at her waist.

Jennifer turned a corner and the skirt finally fell completely off. The salesman tried not to be obvious as he stared at her neatly trimmed brunette bush, which was easy to see under the thin white fabric of the tiny panties. I giggled and told the salesman that he shouldn't be looking at a little girl's underwear. He said that he wasn't, but we both knew that he was.

As the salesman started making small talk, Jennifer began to relax and enjoy the little adventure. We turned down a street that had a few bumps. When we hit the first bump, Jennifer's boobs bounced up and down. This really got the salesman's attention, so she decided to try it again. She hit the next bump a little faster, but when her breasts bounced up, the top button of the shirt popped off.

Jennifer stopped the car and bent over to look on the floor for the button, practically falling out of the shirt in the process. She located the missing button and thought she had everything under control, but then the second mishap occurred. As Jennifer straightened up in her seat, the shirt got caught on the blinker lever. The lever pulled on the shirt and popped the last button off.

Jennifer shrieked, "Oh my gosh," as her titties fell out for the entire world to see.

The salesman started breathing heavy as Jennifer tried to position the material of the shirt to cover her breasts. Now she was in real trouble. How was she going to hold all of her clothes in place and drive the car at the same time? Sensing her embarrassment, I offered to drive the car back to the dealership allowing Jennifer to cover up. However, the salesman took over and traded places with Jennifer. Jennifer wanted the salesman to driver her home, but he told her that if she was really interested in the car, she should come back to the office and he'd make her a great deal. At this point, Jennifer was only interested in covering her nudity, but I persuaded her to find out what kind of great deal he was willing to offer.

When we arrived at the car lot, the salesman purposely parked the car in the furthest spot from the door. I guess he wanted all of his buddies to see Jennifer walk by. I got out of the car and told Jennifer that I'd wait for her in the showroom.

Jennifer sarcastically said, "Thanks a lot!"

Jennifer suddenly had an idea. If she tucked the skirt into her panties, it would stay on and she could hold the shirt together with her hands. This idea led to the third mishap. As Jennifer tucked the skirt into those little undies, the thin strings on the panties snapped, causing her underwear and her skirt to fall to the ground. The salesman's eyes were as big as silver dollars as he gazed at Jennifer's naked body. Her bare ass and pussy hair could be seen from the busy street as several cars honked when they drove by. Jennifer quickly picked up the skirt and wrapped it around her waist. Holding the skirt with one hand and the shirt with the other, Jennifer followed the salesman to the office leaving the panties lying on the pavement.

The salesman led Jennifer to a seat in his office which was secluded except for a window facing the showroom. Luckily, the showroom was fairly empty. As Jennifer sat in the office, she continued to hold the shirt together with one hand and the skirt with the other. I stood outside the office as the salesman described the great deal he could give her. Jennifer said that his price was too high and that she was going to leave. He said that he was going to find out if he could make her a better offer and left the room.

Soon the salesman returned followed by the sales manager, office manager and finance manager. I'll bet those guys don't sit in on every sales meeting! I'm sure Jennifer's lack of clothing made this meeting special. From where I stood outside the office, it appeared as though Jennifer felt extremely vulnerable with all those guys looking at her. They were trying to distract Jennifer so that she would let go of the shirt or the skirt.

The first deal was written on a piece of paper. To reach for the paper, Jennifer had to let go of the skirt. As she did, the skirt fell open and Jennifer's right leg was completely exposed. Half of the skirt was still resting in her lap, but any sudden movement and her pussy was going to be revealed. The guys quickly noticed that if they forced Jennifer to reach for papers, it would put her in more of a compromising position, so they kept showing her lower deals.

Everyone was shaking with anticipation as Jennifer's skirt was about to fall on the floor, so I told Jennifer to ask for the car's invoice sheet. They said that Jennifer was not allowed to see it, so Jennifer wrapped the skirt tightly around her waist and told them that she was going to leave. All of the sudden, the invoice appeared. Jennifer offered them $100 below the invoice price, but they refused, so she sat there holding the invoice with both hands. Without any hands holding her clothes in place, the shirt fell open, but was still covering her nipples and the skirt was back in Jennifer's lap barely covering the dark hair of her neatly trimmed bush.

They were dying to see Jennifer's nipples and pussy, but so far they were out of luck. Jennifer set the invoice down, pulled her shirt and skirt together and told them that $100 under invoice was her final offer. When they refused again, Jennifer said that she was really glad they couldn't work out a deal because it would have forced her to lean over with both hands to sign all the paperwork. She wouldn't have been able to hold her clothes in place while she signed the documents. With that statement the deal was made!

As all eyes were upon Jennifer, she slowly bent forward to sign the purchase order. As she did, the shirt fell away and her breasts were completely exposed. Jennifer's breasts are full and firm with pretty pink nipples. Her nipples began to stiffen as the breeze from the air conditioning vent blew down on her naked tits. From the bulges in the guys' pants, it was obvious that Jennifer's nipples weren't the only things getting stiff. Jennifer couldn't believe it. She was sitting in a room full of strange men with her boobs completely exposed!

The salesman handed Jennifer a second form to sign, but she accidentally dropped the pen. Without thinking, Jennifer leaned over to pick it up, but suddenly realized that her bare butt was in full view of the guys to the right of her. Jennifer began nervously fumbling to pick up the pen so she could sit down in a hurry, but she actually pushed the pen further away. She had to bend completely over to pick up the pen. This gave everyone in the room a chance to move into position to admire her firm young butt cheeks. Jennifer felt totally humiliated.

As she sat back in her seat, the skirt fell, but she caught it before it could fall completely off. Then Jennifer positioned it so that it was barely covering her bush. This elevated the guy's level of excitement. They really wanted that skirt to fall, but for the time being, they went back to gazing at Jennifer's bare titties as she signed the last piece of paper.

When it was time for the loan, Jennifer told them that she wanted the lowest interest rate available. The rates they were offering were not appealing, so once again she pulled the shirt and skirt back into position and told them that she was going to leave. They came back with a rate that was next to nothing and Jennifer agreed to the terms.

The finance manager left to get the paper work together, so Jennifer sat and chatted with the men while he was gone. As they talked, Jennifer really started teasing the guys. When Jennifer laughed, she made sure her breasts wobbled back and forth. As her breasts bounced, her shirt came open again. Jennifer also kept moving her legs causing the skirt to slowly slide down, but she would always catch it just before her pussy hair came into view. It was driving the guys crazy!

The finance manager returned, but he had to sit far across the desk because the office was so crowded. Jennifer almost had to stand up to take the first form from him and when she did, the skirt fell to the floor. She put her hands up over her face as if she was embarrassed as Jennifer told the guys that she was afraid that was going to happen. Jennifer turned around with her back to the guys and slowly bent down to pick up the skirt. All of the guys were getting a great view of her firm smooth ass.

The salesman jokingly said that Jennifer should throw the skirt away. Jennifer replied in a soft voice that she should also throw the shirt away, but then she'd be sitting there completely naked in front of everyone. They said that they didn't want her to feel uncomfortable so they told her that they'd immediately send for an expensive, leather Corvette jacket for her to wear. Jennifer agreed and handed the salesman her skirt, then removed what was left of the shirt. He quickly carried off the clothes, but the guys were in no hurry to give her the jacket.

Jennifer was now totally nude and sitting in front of a group of strange men while she signed the rest of the forms. I was amazed at how many forms she had to sign. Jennifer slowly and carefully read each form while the guys just sat and stared at her beautiful tan body. Some of the workers from the garage walked by the window, but all they could see was her back. When Jennifer realized she had an audience, she turned sideways in the chair and gently bounced her breasts as she signed the remaining papers. This gave the guys at the window something to look at.

Finally the paperwork was signed and the car belonged to Jennifer. She stood up and asked for her jacket. The men said someone was bringing it right up. As she stood there waiting, the guys at the window were admiring Jennifer's bare butt cheeks while the men in the office were looking at her fully exposed tits and bush. Jennifer's little pink nipples were pointing out with excitement and she made no attempt to hide her nudity. She even turned around to face the window, and then she put her hands up to her face, giving the guys in front of the window a surprised look as if she didn't know they were there. With her hands up to her face, the guys at the window had an unobstructed view of her nice full breasts and her cute little pussy.

A guy came in and handed her the jacket. He looked shocked. I guess he didn't expect to see a naked girl in the office. Jennifer slowly slipped the jacket on while the guys watched her every move. After zipping the jacked halfway up, Jennifer turned to the guys and explained that the jacket was too short. She turned around and showed them that half of her bare buns were hanging out. Then Jennifer turned back and pointed to some of the pussy hair that was peeking out from below the front of the jacket. The guys said that it was the best they could do, so Jennifer took the keys and paperwork, and then headed for the door.

The showroom was a little more crowded now and everyone stopped what they were doing to watch Jennifer walk across the room. When Jennifer got to the door, she dropped the keys to her new car, and then slowly bent forward to pick them up. This gave everybody one last look at her nice round bare behind. She turned and waved, and then she proceeded to the car. I met her in the parking lot and we headed for home.

When Jennifer called her dad to tell him about the deal she got, he was astonished. He couldn't believe that Jennifer got such a great deal. He asked Jennifer what her secret was so that he could get a great deal, too. Jennifer just laughed because she didn't think her dad could handle knowing what her secret was.

**College Girls – Part 3**

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I returned to the sorority house after attending my morning classes. I entered my friends' room to find Kelli and Amy still struggling to drag their lazy butts out of bed. Kelli declared that a shower helps her get going in the morning and Amy agreed. All I did was throw on some clothes before class, so I decided that I could use a shower, too.

Kelli is a five-foot, four-inch blonde with large, full breasts. Since last summer, she has become rather free-spirited about showing off her body. Kelli sat up and stretched, causing the sheets to fall from her breasts. Her silver dollar nipples were in plain view, along with the rest of her smooth, soft skin. When Kelli kicked the sheets off her legs, I was not surprised to see that she was naked. However, I was surprised to see that she had a clean-shaven beaver.

Kelli giggled and asked, "What are you looking at?"

I blushed and replied, "It looks like someone mowed the lawn!"

I was curious so I asked Kelli, "What does it feel like? Do you have any razor stubble?"

Kelli replied, "See for yourself!"

With that, Kelli took my hand and guided it down between her legs. As she gently moved my hand up and down, I was amazed at how silky her love area was. She guided my fingers down further between her legs to show me how smooth the folds of her skin were. I relaxed my hand as Kelli continued to move my fingers around until I began to feel her wetness.

Kelli closed her eyes and started to moan, but Amy jumped up and pulled my hand away. She said that Kelli needed to get ready for class. Kelli grabbed her pillow and threw it at Amy as I stepped out of the way. I thought a playful catfight was going to erupt, but the girls knew they had to go to class soon.

When it comes to exhibitionism, Amy is a little more conservative than Kelli. However, Amy is no stranger to exhibitionism, either. She also had a few flashing adventures over the summer. Amy removed a flimsy tank top displaying her cute little five-foot frame. With her ample breasts now fully exposed, Amy pushed down the little red panties she was wearing, revealing her neatly trimmed brunette bush. Now, both Kelli and Amy were completely naked.

The girls grabbed their shampoo and brushes, and then they followed me down the hall to my room. All of our rooms are on the first floor of the sorority house. I had opened the blinds on my large picture window before leaving for class earlier that morning, so when the girls entered my room, their naked bodies could be seen by anyone walking by on the sidewalk. Kelli and Amy didn't seem to mind that their young, firm bodies were on display. In fact, they moved closer to the window as they waited for me to get undressed. The girls acted as though they were inviting people to look!

As Kelli and Amy stood in front of the window, I unbuttoned my tight jeans and slid them down my legs. My jeans were so tight that my skimpy panties came off, too. As I pulled the little T-shirt over my head, I noticed that a few guys had stopped on the sidewalk outside my room. I walked over next to Amy and Kelli, who were also aware that the guys were looking at us.

The girls and I pretended to be oblivious to their presence and acted like we were having an innocent conversation. As we talked, Kelli showed her bare breasts and bald beaver to the boys. Amy stood with her back to the window exhibiting her firm, round rear-end. I unhooked my thin, lace bra and slid the last piece of clothing I was wearing down my arms. My perky breasts were now part of the show as the three of us continued to flaunt our tits, asses and pussies in front of the window.

A van for some carpet company pulled up in front of the sorority house and a couple of men got out. They walked over to see what the attraction was and the men were also treated to the sight of our three naked bodies. We pretended to talk amongst ourselves, letting the guys believe that we didn't know they were there. After a couple of minutes, we decided they'd seen enough and we headed for the shower room.

Guys are not allowed in the sorority house, so the door to the shower room is usually left wide open. Unfortunately, repairmen often walk freely through the house. All of the girls are supposed to be notified in advance of a workman's presence, but the housemother who schedules these workers doesn't bother to inform the freshman girls.

Our housemother is thirty years old and came to live with us after her husband divorced her. He ran off with a nineteen-year-old, so our housemother resents young girls. Since the freshman bedrooms and showers are on the first floor, our housemother finds it amusing when the freshman girls are caught with their pants down. Our housemother is a beautiful woman. She should enjoy life instead of taking her anger out on us. Oh well, someday we will get our revenge by publicly exposing her!

There are no separate stalls in the shower room. It's just one big room with three showerheads protruding from the wall. There is also a vanity with two sinks and two mirrors on the back wall. From the doorway, you can see right into the showers. Kelli, Amy and I got under the warm water and lathered up our bodies. Amy likes it when Kelli washes Amy's hair. As Kelli massaged Amy's head, Kelli also rubbed her big breasts against Amy's back. While I watched Kelli and Amy together, my hands began to caress my inner thighs, and then they slowly moved up to the furry auburn triangle between my legs.

Suddenly from the corner of my eye, I saw two men in the hallway. I recognized them as the men from the carpet van. Apparently, they were measuring the floor in the hallway for new carpeting and our housemother didn't bother to tell us there would be workmen in the house today. When the men saw us in the showers, they tried to duck out of sight, but continued to peer in from the side of the doorway. I didn't bother to inform Kelli and Amy about the men as the girls continued to enjoy their shower.

The girls traded places and Amy began shampooing Kelli's hair. Even though I knew the men were watching us, I couldn't help finishing what I'd started. As my fingers worked their magic in my pussy, my free hand caressed my breasts. Kelli's fingers were also busy between her legs as Amy's hands left Kelli's hair and drifted down to Kelli's soapy tits. Amy's hands slowly caressed Kelli's soft skin and she paid extra attention to Kelli's pretty pink nipples. I'm sure the men could hear us because Kelli and I made some moaning sounds as we reached a couple of powerful orgasms.

The girls and I rinsed off, but we suddenly realized that we'd forgotten our towels. Without anything to cover our nudity, we proceeded to the vanity in full view of the carpet men. With our backs to the men, I looked in the mirror and saw that they were observing our bare behinds. As we dried our hair, the men could see our breasts in the reflection of the mirrors. I was amazed that Kelli and Amy hadn't noticed the men yet. Kelli kept reaching high with her hair dryer and brush. The men focused on the mirror as Kelli's large breasts swayed with her movements. When we finished drying our hair, the girls and I turned around and headed towards the door.

I could hear the men scramble to act like they were working as Kelli, Amy and I entered the hallway. Kelli and Amy were shocked to find the men on their hands and knees measuring the floor. Instead of running to our rooms or trying to hide, the three of us just stood there in all of our glory. With Kelli's bald pussy only inches away from one of the men's faces, she demanded to know what they were doing. He stammered and tried to tell us how he needed to measure the floor to provide an estimate for new carpeting in the hallway.

The men seemed really nervous as Amy dropped her brush. She turned her back to the men and bent over to pick up the brush. The second man crawled across the floor so that he was right behind Amy, almost directly between her legs. From his position on the floor he was staring right up at Amy's firm, round ass. I'll bet he was even getting a beaver shot as he looked up between her legs.

Amy was in no hurry to stand back up. From her bent-over position, she lifted the brush and inspected it to see if it was dirty. Then she slowly stood up and turned to walk towards her room. I guess Amy didn't realize that the man had moved closer to her. As she moved forward, she walked right into the man with her pussy pushing right up against his face. They were both frozen for a moment as Amy's brunette pussy hair remained thrust against the man's nose and forehead. Finally, Amy excused herself and moved around the man, rubbing her bush against his face in the process.

The men were really getting turned on, but Kelli and Amy had to go to class so the girls and I went to our rooms and closed the doors. I remained naked and stretched out on my bed. As I began reading my textbook, I could hear the men working right outside my room. Suddenly Carrie, a cute fresh-faced blond with big brown eyes and large breasts thrust open the door. Carrie sat down on the bed next to me because she needed help with her Algebra homework. All she was wearing was a sheer white bra with matching panties.

Carrie said, "Look at me! There are men in the house and I'm parading around in just my underwear. Why couldn't someone warn us?"

I replied, "What are you complaining about? I'm completely naked! The housemother should‘ve told us about these men."

At first, I thought Carrie was really angry because the men were in the hallway unannounced. Then I realized that she must have wanted to show off because she left the door wide open. Why else would she be walking around the sorority house in the middle of the day wearing only see-through underwear!

As I reviewed her homework, I started to roll around on the bed because I couldn't get comfortable. First I would lie on my stomach for a while with my bare butt facing the door, and then I would roll over and spread my legs a little. My perky breasts would be pointing to the ceiling while my fully exposed pussy would be pointed towards the door.

Carrie said that her back itched and she asked me to scratch it. As I raked my fingernails up her back, it turned out that the itch was under her bra. I told her that she needed to remove the bra if she wanted me to really scratch her back. Carrie said that she couldn't because the hook was in the front of the bra and she didn't want to be topless in front of the men. I told her that her nipples were already poking out from beneath the thin material, so it wouldn't be much different if she took it off. She still refused, so I slid my fingers up between her big breasts and unhooked the bra myself. As I pushed the straps down Carrie's arms, her big boobies were right out in the open and the men loved it.

I was sitting on the bed and Carrie was standing between my legs with her back to me. As I began dragging my fingernails up and down her back, I noticed that the men almost stopped working altogether to watch our performance. With each downward motion of my hands, I would gently touch the waistband of her tiny white panties and slide them down a little bit. I don't know if Carrie realized what I was doing, but her undies were slowly inching down and she didn't do anything to stop me. Soon her panties were halfway down her butt. With half of her ass-crack exposed, I'll bet half of her blond bush was showing, too.

Carrie suddenly looked down and said, "What are you doing? You're pulling my panties down!"

I innocently replied, "Whoops! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make your little undies fall down."

When Carrie didn't bother to pull her panties up, I resumed scratching her back and inching her panties down in the process.

Suddenly she yelped, "Stop it! If you push my underwear down any further, the men will be able to see my pussy!"

With that, I hooked my fingers under the waistband of her panties and yanked them to the floor. Carrie yelled at me to give them back, but I rose up, shoved them under my butt and sat back down. Carrie pushed me down on the bed and jumped on top of me. Her naked ass was up in the air as she tried to slip her hand under my butt and retrieve her panties. Her pussy hair was tickling my stomach as she straddled me to pin me down on the bed. I'm sure the men were getting quite an eyeful with two naked young girls wrestling on a bed right in front of them.

We both had a grip on her panties as we got up from the bed. We had the undivided attention of the two men as we played tug-of-war with Carries panties. Carrie and I were completely naked as we playfully pulled on her underwear. Our titties were bouncing around, while our pussies and asses were totally exposed for the men to enjoy. We had to spread our legs to get more leverage and from their position on the floor, I'm sure the men were getting an unobstructed view of our beavers!

We were making a lot of noise and the housemother began walking up the hall to see what all the commotion was. The men must have thought that they were going to get in some kind of trouble, so they quickly pulled our door shut. Our housemother began complaining to the men that it was taking a long time for them to take the measurements of the floor. I guess Carrie and I were a little bit of a distraction!

**College Girls – Part 4**

I'm in the second semester of my freshman year at a college in the Mid-West. Exhibitionism was difficult when the semester began. Winter brought lower temperatures, which meant more clothes and less skin. When spring finally arrived, it was time for my sorority sisters and me to begin displaying the goods.

It all started one warm afternoon. Amy, Kelli and I were walking home from class wearing white crop-top T-shirts without bras and low-cut jeans. Our puffy pink nipples were visible under our little T-shirts and our jeans were riding so low on our hips that the cracks of our asses were showing.

While we were walking, Kelli noticed that a couple of guys were following us. Kelli wanted to tease the guys a little, so she put her hands in her pockets to push her jeans further down. Unfortunately for the guys, her jeans were so tight that they wouldn't go down any further. Not willing to give up, Kelli slyly popped open the button on her jeans and unzipped them a little bit. Now with each step, her jeans slowly inched their way down. Soon her jeans plunged so far down that much of her butt crack was showing and the top of her tiny white thong was hanging out. If Kelli had taken her hands out of her pockets, her jeans probably would have fallen right off! Soon there were several guys following us home.

As we continued walking, Amy accidentally dropped her book. Amy kept her knees straight as she bent down to pick it up. This caused the bottom of her little crop-top to fall away from her breasts. From their angle, the guys behind us were able to peek up her shirt. She took her time picking up her book so the guys could get a nice long look at her cute perky nipples. Her breasts had finally come out of hibernation.

The fun really began when we returned to the sorority house. The lawn-care workers were running a sprinkler on the front lawn. It was a warm day and there was water spraying up like a fountain. We were three young braless girls in white crop-top T-shirts, so you can just imagine what happened next.

Amy, Kelli and I began running and jumping over the sprinkler. The cool water would spray up on our T-shirts as our braless breasts bounced freely under the thin white material. The cool water also caused our puffy pink nipples to stiffen and poke out against the wet fabric. With each pass, our T-shirts got a little wetter and our nipples became more and more visible. Soon our T-shirts were clinging to us like a second skin and our nipples were poking right out against the drenched fabric.

When a group of guys began to gather in front of the sorority house, Kelli had to find a way to become the center of attention, as usual. Kelli leaned over the spray as if she was trying to get a drink of water. When she did, the force of the spray pushed her T-shirt up over her big titties. Kelli giggled and slowly pulled her T-shirt down over her breasts, while displaying that phony look of embarrassment on her face. The guys cheered as Kelli tried a couple more times to get a drink of water, always with the same result.

Finally Kelli turned to the guys and said, "I want to get a drink, but the water keeps pushing my T-shirt up over my titties. Would you guys mind not looking this time so that I can finally get a drink?"

The guys yelled out that they wouldn't look and Kelli once again leaned over the water. The spray went right up under her shirt and the fabric climbed up over her nice round breasts. Kelli's big boobies were out in the open again. Kelli's beautiful breasts swayed back and forth as she positioned herself to get a drink. She took her time drinking as the guys ogled at her bare titties. Kelli still hadn't buttoned her pants, so when she bent over, half of her butt was hanging out, too.

She finally finished drinking, then turned to the guys without pulling her shirt down and said, "You guys should be ashamed of yourselves. You promised me that you wouldn't look, yet here you are staring at my naked breasts!"

Kelli finally pulled her shirt down as a few more guys stopped to watch the show. Now it was Amy's turn to outdo Kelli.

Amy jumped through the water, then turned to the guys and said, "I'm think I'm going inside. It’s just too hot to run around in these tight jeans!"

The guys started begging her to take them off, but she replied, "If I take these jeans off, all I'll have on is my white cotton panties! Do you know what happens to white cotton panties when they get wet?"

The guys yelled, "No, tell us!"

Amy continued, "When white cotton panties get wet, you can see through them, like the way you can see my nipples through this wet T-shirt."

One guy yelled, "Just unbutton them like the other girl and see if that makes you feel better."

Amy acted like she was thinking about it, and then said, "I guess I could unbutton them and see if it helps."

Amy unbuttoned her jeans, and then slowly pulled the zipper all the way down. She jumped through the water and her jeans slid down a little below her hips. The guys loved it as her white cotton panties began to show. She continued to jump through the sprinkler and with each pass, her pants slid further down her legs. Soon Amy's low-cut jeans fell down to the middle of her thighs and her white cotton panties were completely exposed.

She looked down at her jeans and said, "Oh no, my panties are showing! They're getting all wet. I'm so embarrassed. I knew you'd be able to see through 'em. You can see my dark pussy hair right through this white material and I'll bet you'd be able to see my butt if I turned around. I'd better pull up these jeans right away. They're about to fall off!"

The guys started yelling, "Take 'em off!"

After telling the guys "no" several times, Amy finally looked at them and said, "Oh well, you can practically see everything anyway," and then she pushed her jeans down to the ground and stepped out of them.

Next Amy straddled the sprinkler and let the water spray up between her legs. As the water continued to soak Amy's underwear, her little white panties became transparent. You could clearly see her dark bush through the thin cotton material. It looked as though she wasn't wearing any panties at all!

As the water sprayed up between her legs, Amy closed her eyes and licked her lips, then said, "Mmm, this feels good."

With Kelli's jeans unbuttoned and unzipped, most of her tiny thong panties were hanging out now. She started walking towards the sprinkler as her pants slowly descended down her legs. When the guys cheered her on, she let her jeans plummet to the ground, and then Kelli joined Amy in the sprinkler.

I decided to join in and removed my jeans, too. I was wearing a pair of little pink cotton panties that didn't cover very much. Half of my butt cheeks were hanging out of the bottom of the panties and half of my butt crack was exposed above the waistband. Kelli's thong panties were even skimpier than my undies were. From the back, there was just a little string that disappeared between Kelli's butt cheeks and the tiny triangle in front left nothing to the imagination. When Kelli's thong panties got wet, you could almost see all of her bald beaver!

Jennifer, another freshman in the sorority house, finally arrived home from class. Kelli asked Jennifer to join in, but she said that she didn't want to get her sundress wet. Amy told her to take it off, but Jennifer still declined. Finally, Kelli grabbed Jenny's arms while Amy unzipped her dress. The top of the dress fell down to Jennifer's waist, exposing her lacy bra.

When Amy tried to pull her dress down the rest of the way, Jennifer shrieked, "Please don't pull my dress off. I'm not wearing any panties!"

The guys started going crazy when they heard that. While Kelli was trying to hold on to Jennifer, she accidentally pushed Jenny's bra up over her breasts. Jenny's big tits were pointing right out at the guys as she continued to hold onto her dress. Kelli was about to work Jenny's bra all the way off and Jennifer was helpless to stop her because if she tried to grab her bra, she would have to let go of her dress. Jennifer knew that without panties, she would really give the guys something to see.

Finally Kelli removed the bra and Jennifer was topless in front of all those guys. Poor Jenny looked mortified as she tried to break free of Kelli's grip, but Kelli didn't stop there. Kelli started tickling Jennifer all over her exposed skin. Jennifer's boobs bounced around as she continued to wrestle with Kelli and Amy. In her struggle, Jennifer accidentally tore Kelli's thong panties right off her legs. Kelli was now naked from the waist down.

Now Kelli was determined to pull Jennifer's dress off. Kelli began to tickle Jennifer all over her body, and then started tweaking Jennifer's nipples. Finally, Jennifer couldn't take it anymore and let go of the dress. It fell to the ground leaving poor Jennifer standing there completely naked. Her nice round breasts and neatly trimmed brunette bush were out in the open for all the guys to see. Jennifer tried to turn away from the guys, but this only gave then a view of her firm young ass.

Kelli thought it was funny until Jennifer grabbed her shirt and ripped it off, too. Jennifer then jumped on Amy and struggled to pull Amy's T-shirt off. While Jennifer's naked body was on top of Amy, Kelli bent over to try and pull Jennifer off. The crowd had an unobstructed view of Kelli's bare ass as she bent over to grab Jennifer. While Kelli pulled Jennifer off of Amy, Jenny managed to work Amy's T-shirt over her head. As Amy tried to free herself, Jennifer grabbed Amy's panties and pulled them down, too. Now everyone was naked, except for me.

I tried to run into the crowd, but they caught me right over the sprinkler. Kelli held me, while Amy and Jennifer removed my shirt. With my firm breasts paraded in front of the guys, Amy and Jennifer moved down to my panties. Soon my auburn bush was in plain view for everyone to see. The guys were only a few feet away and there I stood, completely naked!

There were now four naked young girls prancing around in front of everyone. Each of us had gotten a little dirty from rolling around on the ground, so we took turns standing over the sprinkler to shower off. As I straddled the sprinkler, the water sprayed up on my nude body. I ran my hands up and down the front of me, paying extra attention to my breasts. Next, I ran my fingers through the little auburn triangle of hair between my legs. I didn't realize there was some mud on my butt, so Kelli helped by running her hands over my bare buns. It was probably unnecessary for her to run her finger up the crack of my ass, but the guys seemed to love it.

Soon the guys were getting out of control. The girls and I began to sense that we might get attacked so we started picking up our clothes. The guys came forward like they were going to try and stop us when suddenly Kelli spotted the campus police cruising down the street. We didn't want to get into any trouble so we ran to the sorority house. Some of the guys tried to chase us, but we managed to get inside safely. The crowd wouldn't even disburse until the campus police forced them to leave. We've all come out of hibernation now. I'll bet those guys are really happy that spring has arrived!

**College Girls – Part 5**

I had a boyfriend for a short time, but he dumped me for some eighteen-year-old that had just graduated from high school. Kelli didn't want me to spend my summer vacation moping around so she invited me to play tennis. Neither of us were very good tennis players, but she explained that prancing around in a little tennis skirt would make me feel better.

We didn't own real tennis skirts, so we wore our little white pleated skirts that looked like cheerleader uniforms. On top we wore our thin white crop-top T-shirts with no bras, and we also wore white socks with tennis shoes. We didn't have any of those tennis trunks to wear under our skirts so we wore skimpy white see-through panties. The dark shadow of my pussy hair was plainly visible under the tiny panties and my butt crack was just as easy to see from behind. Kelli's panties were just as revealing as mine were and we began to get excited thinking about what we would look like out in public in our bare-all outfits. After grabbing our water bottles and tennis racquets, we headed for the park.

Kelli and I entered the center court. There were guys playing on the courts to the right and to the left of us. There were also some old men sitting nearby on a park bench. As we warmed up, everyone was watching our boobs bounce around under our T-shirts. The material of our T-shirts was so thin that our nipples were poking out at our audience. As Kelli and I bent down to pick up the tennis balls, we would make sure our legs were straight, which forced our little white skirts to ride up in back and expose our skimpy panties.

Soon our T-shirts became damp as we began to perspire in the hot sun. This made our puffy pink nipples even more visible under the thin fabric as a few more men stopped to watch the game. The guys to our right asked us if we wanted to play doubles, so Kelli said that we would play them for a hundred dollars. They agreed, but she told them that we had to use the restroom before beginning the match.

While we were in the restroom, I asked Kelli if she was crazy. I reminded her that we weren't good enough to beat them, but she said that if we removed our panties, the distraction would give us the winning edge. I was hesitant, but she explained that our skirts would be flying up all over the place. The guys would be too busy watching our bare asses and exposed pussies peeking out from under our skirts to hit the ball. Reluctantly, I agreed and we slid our panties down our legs, and then we tossed them into the trashcan. There was no turning back now as we returned to the court completely naked under our short skirts.

Kelli served first. As she reached up high to swing at the ball, her skirt flipped up in front and she flashed her bald beaver. The ball flew right past the guy. Kelli slowly bent down to pick up a ball before her next serve and her smooth firm ass was hanging out for everyone to see. The guys looked uncomfortable because they were developing bulges in their tight tennis shorts. Kelli served the next ball and once again she flashed her shaved pussy to the guys. We scored another point.

I really wanted to break the guys’ concentration so I called Kelli over and said, "It looks like you forgot your panties!"

Kelli raised up the front of her skirt right in front of the guys and said, "Oh my gosh, you're right. I must have left them in the restroom. Let's check to see if you remembered your panties."

Kelly then lifted up my skirt showing my raven-haired pussy to the guys as she said, "Look Mindy, I can see your hairy little bush. You must have forgotten your panties, too!"

I pulled my skirt down and acted embarrassed as I said, "We can't go on with this game. We're practically naked!"

The guys almost got down on their knees and begged us to continue, so I said shyly, "Alright, we'll honor our bet, but I better not catch you guys looking under our skirts."

The guys agreed even though they were full of it and the game continued. Our opponents were older than us and they wore wedding rings, so we felt relatively safe. As Kelli served the next ball, I turned my back to the guys and bent down like I was stretching. They couldn't return the serve and look at my firm little butt at the same time, so we scored another point. Eventually we won the first set and the guys, as well as the old men on the park bench, seemed to enjoy the show. A few more men stopped outside the court to watch. We were drawing quite a crowd.

In the next game, our ball accidentally went into the other court. I trotted over in front of the boys on that court and slowly bent down to pick up the ball. As I did, my skirt rode up giving the boys an unobstructed view of my bare butt. After I picked up the ball, I apologized for interrupting their game. They looked to be about eighteen-years-old and just stood there speechless. I decided to tease them a little and lifted up the front of my skirt revealing my pussy hair for the boys.

With their undivided attention I said, "I'm sorry for the distraction, but my friend and I forgot our panties. I hope you don't mind."

They stammered out a "no" and I returned to the game in our court. We continued playing and the score started getting a little closer. Kelli decided that we needed to take a water break. She instructed me to follow her lead and I watched as the water spilled out of her bottle and down the front of her shirt. The guys could soon see right through her flimsy top. I began to drink from my bottle and as I did, I let the water drench the front of my shirt, too. Soon our thin white crop-top T-shirts were virtually transparent. Our breasts were on display for everyone to see as the cold water had our nipples poking right through the wet T-shirts.

With our practically bare breasts bouncing around, we won some more games and our audience seemed to be growing. There were quite a few guys standing outside the court watching the match. We thought that victory was within reach, but somehow the guys began to make a comeback. Kelli decided to do something really drastic. Using her sharp fingernail, she cut through the single button that secured her pleated skirt. When she returned the next serve, the button popped off and her skirt fell to the court. Kelli stood there for a moment wearing only her drenched T-shirt. Her pussy and ass were exposed to everyone in attendance. She then picked up her skirt and half-heartedly held it in front of her. Kelli walked over to where the guys and I were standing parading her naked butt in front of everyone.

Kelli said, "Look what happened. The button popped off and my skirt won't stay on."

She turned to the guys and said, "Everyone can see my naked butt."

Kelli then tossed the skirt aside, pointed between her legs and continued, "Since I'm shaved bald, it’s too easy for everyone her to get a good look at my pussy. I guess we'll have to call the match off."

The guys accused us of quitting, so I said, "Kelli, we have to finish. There's only a few points left."

Kelli replied, "That’s easy for you to say. You're not standing here half-naked in front of all these guys. In fact, this T-shirt is so wet, I might as well wear nothing at all!"

Kelli pulled her T-shirt over her head and said, "There, now I'm bare-assed naked. How can I finish the match looking like this?"

I told her that if it had happened to me, I'd finish the game. With that being said, Kelli reached over and yanked on my skirt. The button went flying and my skirt landed on the court.

Kelli said, "Now how does it feel to have your pussy showing?"

Next Kelli pulled my T-shirt off and said, "Come on naked girl. Let see you finish the match now!"

I was standing on the tennis court in the middle of a public park totally nude in front of several boys and men. As I turned 10 shades of red, Kelli handed me my racquet and said that we should get this match over-with. We finished the last game with Kelli's big boobs bouncing around in front of everyone. My firm breasts also received a lot of looks, but my firm muscular butt is what I am most proud of. I bent over every chance I got and the guys loved it. I don't know if the guys preferred Kelli's hairless beaver or my neatly trimmed raven-haired bush, but they definitely liked the show.

Kelli and I eventually took the second set and won the match, but somehow our clothes disappeared during the last game. We collected our money and stuck around talking to the guys by the park bench after the match. We didn't even act concerned that our clothes were gone. Kelli and I just stood there with our perky breasts, puffy pink nipples, nice smooth asses and pretty pussies completely on display for everyone to see.

One of the old men patted me on the back and said, "Nice game."

The other old man patted Kelli on her bare butt cheek and said, "You played a nice game, too."

Kelli took his, placed it on her breast and said, "Thank you for your kind words, sir."

The guys started getting a little wound up and tried to touch us so we quickly headed for Kelli's car before we got into any trouble. Luckily it was a short ride home since we didn't have any clothes to wear. It's always a rush when I'm naked in front of a group of strange guys. I felt much better and I had fifty bucks in my pocket. Well, the money was in my pocket when I finally put some pants on!

**College Girls – Part 6**

I should've been studying for my sociology exam. Instead I was out partying with my sorority sisters at a local bar. It was quite a party, too. First they had a pogo stick contest. The girl that bounced the longest won a T-shirt. Kelli was wearing a very short skirt. Each time she bounced, her skirt flew up exposing her little thong panties. Kelli's smooth muscular butt cheeks swallowed up the tiny piece of material. From the back, it looked like she wasn't wearing any panties at all!

Some other girl won the contest. She was wearing a pair of very low-cut jeans. As she bounced, her jeans worked their way down exposing half of her butt crack. She was also wearing a T-shirt that was cut-off right at the bottom of her breasts. When she went up and down, her shirt would rise up exposing her bare titties. The tall blonde must have gotten off from all the attention because she continued bouncing even after the contest was over.

Next they had a limbo contest. I couldn't believe Kelli entered the contest wearing such a short skirt. The guys really cheered each time they set the bar a little lower. Kelli was up on stage and the limbo position forced her to spread her legs for the crowd. Her short skirt inched its way further and further up her legs with each pass under the bar. The guys were dying to get another look at Kelli's skimpy thong panties.

Just as Kelli's panties were about to come into view, her large breasts bumped against the bar and she was eliminated from the contest. The bar was replaced a notch lower and the crowd went crazy begging for Kelli to get another turn. As Kelli leaned back and tried to limbo under the bar again, her short skirt rode up, but her panties weren't showing. That's because she'd secretly taken them off before the limbo contest started! All of the guys were gawking at Kelli's smooth bald beaver.

As Kelli stood up, some guy yelled out, "Hey Blondie, you forgot your panties!"

Kelli slowly lifted the hem of her skirt to her waist, looked down and said, "Oh my, I did forget my panties!"

She acted embarrassed and quickly walked off the stage. In a typical Kelli move, she forgot to let go of her skirt. The guys got a good look at Kelli's bare buns as she left the stage. Ironically, Kelli won a pair of panties with the bar's logo on them.

I entered the last contest. They put up a sheet in front of the stage with a light behind it. The object was to be the first girl to remove all of her clothes, put on one of the bar's T-shirts and come out from behind the sheet. With the light behind us, the guys in the bar could see our silhouettes as we removed our clothes. The tall blonde entered the contest along with two brunettes of medium height. They all had bigger breasts than mine, but I wasn't intimidated.

The contest began and I quickly pulled my shirt over my head, and then unhooked my bra dropping both on the floor. The tall blonde was ahead of me because she wasn't wearing a bra. I could hear the guys cheering as the shadows of our naked breasts were displayed on the sheet. As I pushed my pants down, I looked over and saw that the tall blonde wasn't wearing any panties, either. Her firm butt and the little triangle of blonde hair between her legs were exposed, while the brunette and I still had our panties on. The brunette next to me was sliding her panties to the floor, so I hurried and pushed mine down, too. The tall blonde had trouble picking up her T-shirt, so we were tied. All three of us were completely naked!

In the excitement, I failed to notice that the brunette at the far side of the stage was already putting on her T-shirt. She'd started with just a sundress and a pair of panties, so she was able to undress much faster than we were. The three of us knew we'd lost, so we dropped our T-shirts to the floor and stood there totally nude.

The stupid brunette with the T-shirt on was supposed to walk out from behind the sheet, but instead she reached up and pulled the sheet down. The three of us stood there in front of a bar full of people without a stitch of clothes on while the other brunette laughed at our misfortune. The guys were getting a good look at my bare buns as I bent over to pick up my panties. The brunette next to me was feverishly trying to put on her panties, but she couldn't seem to get her foot through the leg hole. The guys were staring at her firm breasts, pretty pink nipples and neatly trimmed brunette bush as she fumbled with her underpants.

The tall blonde slipped her T-shirt and panties on in no time, and then she left the stage. I also put my jeans and shirt on, leaving my bra lying on the stage. The brunette however was getting all flustered. As the guys gazed at her naked body, I saw her eyes begin to tear up. She was paralyzed with fear so I knelt down between her legs and held her panties open.

I let her put each foot through the leg holes, and then I gently slid the panties up her legs. Her little patch of pussy hair was only inches from my face. The guys yelled for me to lick it, but I ignored them and finished pulling up her panties. I did the same with her denim shorts. The shorts were very tight, but I managed to button them and pull the zipper up for her. After I picked up her T-shirt from the stage, she reached her arms high into the air, which gave everyone a view of her firm breasts and luscious pink nipples. I tugged the T-shirt over her head and the brunette was able to breathe a sigh of relief because she finally had clothes on. We gave each other a hug and left the stage as the guys applauded.

When I got back to the sorority house, I pulled off all of my clothes and laid my naked body down on the bed. I picked up my sociology book with the intention of studying, but I kept thinking about all those guys looking at my bare breasts and auburn bush. I tweaked my nipples, and then began rubbing myself until I reached a powerful orgasm. When I was through, I fell into a deep sleep. It didn't matter that I was unprepared for the exam. I overslept and missed it anyway!

**College Girls – Part 7**

I overslept and missed my sociology exam because I'd spent the previous night partying to the extreme. Professor Cloud is usually very unforgiving in these situations, but I thought I'd contact her to see if she’d let me make up the exam. She told me that two other girls also missed the exam and I could make it up with them later that afternoon.

I arrived at the classroom and the other two girls were already there. I didn't know the girls because their class met at a different time than mine. One of the girls was named Stephanie. She was a cute brunette, about five-foot-four with a petite body and perky little breasts. Stephanie was wearing a pair of denim overalls that were cut-off into short shorts. She was also wearing a sleeveless T-shirt with no bra underneath. From the side, I could see Stephanie's cute little nipples poking out against the thin material of the shirt. When she leaned forward, I could actually see her small breasts through the large armholes of the sleeveless T-shirt.

The other girl's name was Tawny. She was a bubbly little blonde, about five-foot-six with big breasts, but a tiny waist. Tawny was wearing a pair of tight white shorts that really showed off her firm butt. She was also wearing a red cotton midriff shirt with a low neckline that buttoned down the front. She left the top and bottom buttons open exposing part of her lacey white bra and displaying her firm, tan belly.

Since Professor Cloud was a woman in her late forties, I didn't see any advantage in wearing revealing clothing, so I just wore a pair of tight blue jeans, white T-shirt, and a plain bra and panty set. Professor cloud was an average looking woman that seemed to have a grudge against attractive young girls, so I found it very peculiar that she would give a make-up exam to the three of us.

Professor Cloud said she didn't have time to prepare a make-up exam and asked if we would be willing to take an oral exam. We all agreed since it was better than failing. Tawny got the first question wrong. I answered the next one wrong followed by a wrong answer from Stephanie. Professor Cloud was getting aggravated.

The professor decided that she was going to teach us a lesson. She said that each of us would stand up and answer a question. If we got it wrong, we would have to remove an article of clothing. If we were still wearing something at the end of the exam, we would receive an A. Professor Cloud said that if we didn't agree to her rules, we could leave now and fail the exam.

Tawny complained that someone might see us, but Professor Cloud said that we were all girls here and the blinds on the windows were closed. Tawny pointed out that someone might look through the window on the door. The professor replied with a chuckle that it was a chance the professor was willing to take.

Stephanie decided to state her complaint. She said that Tawny and I were wearing more clothes that her, but Professor Cloud told Stephanie that it should teach her to dress respectably when she comes to class. We finally agreed to the rules and the test began.

Tawny went first. She stood up and answered the question wrong. Tawny was forced to remove her little red shirt. She kept looking at the window of the door to see if anyone was peeking in as she unbuttoned the small top. Tawny finally dropped it to the floor and sat down with her breasts protected by a lacey white bra.

I was next and answered the question wrong as well. I decided to take my pants off first since the desk would protect the view of my panties from the door. After unbuttoning and unzipping my jeans, I slid them to the floor exposing my white cotton panties. There was a shadow of my auburn pussy hair visible under the thin cotton material that the panties were made of.

As Stephanie stood up to answer her question, there was a knock on the door. Dr. Jones was looking in the window and Professor Cloud motioned for him to come in. He reminded the professor that they had a research meeting with a couple of graduate students. She told him to have a seat. Tawny tried to cover her bra with her hands as she reminded Professor Cloud about the nudity involved in this exam.

Professor Cloud said, "Don't worry, Dr. Jones won't mind. Besides, he's a doctor."

Tawny replied, "He's a doctor of philosophy!"

Professor Cloud said, "Just answer the questions right and it won't be an issue."

Stephanie answered the next question correctly and was relieved when she sat down. Tawny on the other hand, got her second question wrong and lost her shorts. Dr. Jones smiled when he saw Tawny's skimpy white thong. Tawny sat down looking a little embarrassed.

I got the next question wrong and did the unexpected. Everyone thought I'd remove my shirt, but I figured that my long T-shirt would cover my pussy. Dr. Jones watched intensely as I hooked my thumbs under the waistband of my white cotton undies and slowly slid them to the floor. Unfortunately I was wrong in my calculation of the length of my T-shirt. It stopped right at the middle of my auburn bush so the lower half of my pussy was showing. I just sat down and covered myself the best that I could.

As Stephanie stood up for the next question, there was another knock on the door. The two graduate students arrived for their research meeting. Professor Cloud told the guys to come in and take a seat. Tawny was mortified with the presence of the guys, but I wasn't all that upset about the new arrivals. I'd had several public flashing experiences before, so I decided to just play along with the professor's game.

As the guys took a seat at the front of the class, Tawny shrieked, "Excuse me, professor. I'm in my underwear here!"

I decided put my two cents in just to stir the pot and added, "Me too professor. Wait a minute, I don't even have my underwear anymore."

"I've already lost my panties! I'm naked from the waist down," I added, as I pointed towards my lap and slightly spreading my legs.

Professor Cloud said, "That's enough girls. Let's just finish the test."

The graduate students still looked a little shocked seeing Tawny and I sitting in front of them with some of our clothes missing. Professor Cloud explained what was going on and that brought big smiles to the boys' faces. The professor told the guys to think of it as payment for the research they would be doing later. Now Dr. Jones and the two students were sitting right across from us. They seemed to enjoy watching our humiliation as much as Professor Cloud enjoyed administering it.

The guys knew I was naked from the waist down so they tried to casually look under my desk. I saw what they were doing and I playfully crossed my legs, lifting my right leg high over my left leg in the process. The guys were wide-eyed as they saw my hairy triangle. They may have even gotten a glimpse of my pussy lips! The whole time I was acting completely innocent as if I didn't know that they were watching me.

I decided not to stop there and pretended to have an itch between my legs. I slowly uncrossed my legs, spread them a little and started raking my long red fingernails through my auburn bush. The boys were watching my every movement and I was starting to get excited. I wanted to dip a finger into my pussy, but Professor Cloud saw what I was doing. I quickly put my hands on my desk and closed my legs together. I didn't want the professor to think I was having any fun. In the mean time, Stephanie answered her question incorrectly and Professor Cloud directed her attention back to Stephanie. The professor told Stephanie to remove her overalls, but she hesitated.

Stephanie said, "I don't know if I can do it."

The professor said, "We had a deal."

Stephanie continued, "When I made the deal, there weren't any men in the room. Now there are three and two of them aren't much older than me!"

Professor Cloud retorted, "Get on with it or get out."

Stephanie began to plead in a soft, crackling voice, "But you don't understand. I didn't wear any panties today!"

Professor Cloud pointed to me and said, "Mindy doesn't seem to have a problem showing off her little pussy, so drop those overalls!"

Stephanie slowly unbuckled the denim overall shorts and wiggled out of them. They fell to the floor leaving Stephanie standing there in just that sleeveless T-shirt. The T-shirt only reached down to her bellybutton, so her smooth shaved beaver was on display for Dr. Jones and the students to observe. Her braless titties were also visible under the worn out fabric of her old T-shirt. Stephanie's face turned red. She tried to cover her bald beaver with her hands as she sat down.

Professor Cloud said, "Hands on your desk!"

Stephanie replied, "That wasn't part of the deal."

The professor said, "I make the rules up as I go along."

Stephanie put her hands on her desk, but closed her legs together as tight as she could while Tawny stood up for the next question. Professor Cloud was making the questions extremely difficult. Tawny answered the question wrong and had to choose between her bra and her thong. She chose the bra and tossed it on the floor. The men were able to see Tawny's full breasts and hard nipples for a moment, but she quickly wrapped her arms across her chest. Tawny sat back down with her arms folded in front of her. Her nipples were protected from the men's view, but there was plenty of cleavage showing.

Stephanie asked, "Professor Cloud, I thought we had to put our hands on our desk?"

Professor Cloud replied, "That's right. Tawny, put your arms down."

Tawny put her hands on the desk in front of her and gave Stephanie a dirty look. Her large breasts were now uncovered for the guy's viewing pleasure. The girls continued to exchange dirty looks as I stood up for my next question. Most of my pussy hair was hanging out from under my too short T-shirt as I answered the next question wrong. I pulled my T-shirt over my head and now I was only wearing a bra. My entire auburn bush was showing. When I sat down, I didn't even close my legs. I just gave the guys the full view and they appreciated my generosity. They started squirming in their seats and one of the guys even had a hand in his pocket. One only knows what he was doing.

It was Stephanie's turn to stand up next. Without thinking, she spread her legs like she normally would to stand up. With her legs apart, the guys could see every inch of her bald beaver. As Stephanie stood in front of everybody, she let her arms dangle at her sides. There was nothing to hide the smooth flesh between her legs. She got the next question wrong and lost her T-shirt. After dropping the shirt to the floor, Stephanie's little boobies and puffy pink nipples were poking out in front of her. Stephanie tried to sit down, but Professor Cloud told her to remain standing because she had lost all of her clothes.

Stephanie asked, "Why do you keep changing the rules. Haven't you humiliated me enough?"

Professor Cloud declared, "You girls will remember this day for the rest of your college careers. I bet you'll never be unprepared for a test again."

Stephanie slowly stood up again, but tried to turn her back to the men. She thought that it might hide her nudity a little. However, her young firm butt was now able to be seen by everyone. Stephanie must wear a very skimpy thong bikini because her tan lines were barely noticeable on her nicely tanned buns. Professor Cloud ordered Stephanie to face forward, so she turned around again. The guys were now able to see everything Stephanie had to offer and Tawny was taking great pleasure in watching Stephanie get humiliated. I guess it was payback time because earlier Stephanie forced Tawny to put her hands down when Tawny tried to hide her boobs from the men.

Tawny's enjoyment was brief as she lost her panties a few seconds later. She was too mortified to remove them in front of the guys, so she turned around before taking her skimpy thong off. She bent over without bending her knees and began to slide the thong down her backside. The tiny piece of material slowly free itself from Tawny's butt crack. When Tawny bent over to push the panties down the rest of the way, her bare behind was directed right at the men. After removing the thong, she turned around and remained standing. There was a little bit of blonde fuzz showing between her legs as she faced forward looking ashamed.

There was now several prying eyes peering through the window of the door as I stood up, wearing only a bra. The other girls hoped that I'd answer the next question wrong so that we could end this thing. Unfortunately for the girls, I answered three questions in a row correctly. Stephanie and Tawny had to stand there completely naked enduring every excruciating second of public nudity. My situation wasn't much better as my only article of clothing was my bra. My pussy was still out in the open for everyone to see.

I finally answered a question wrong and shed my bra. My firm boobies were now exposed like the rest of my body. As Tawny, Stephanie and I began reaching for our clothes, it appeared that Dr. Jones wanted to see our young naked bodies a little longer. He suggested that we each get one more chance. If we answered the last question correctly, we would get an A and the exam would be over. Professor Cloud agreed, but said that we had to hurry. Apparently there was an evening class waiting to use our room and a crowd was forming outside the door. As we stood there naked, Professor Cloud gave us each an easy question. We all answered our question correctly.

Professor Cloud turned to the guys and said, "I guess the shows over. I just hope these girls learned their lesson. Come on guys, let's go to my office and get to work."

Dr. Jones said to Professor Cloud, "Thanks for the show. Those are some beautiful girls."

Professor Cloud replied, "No, those are some spoiled brats that needed to be put in their place. Besides, you know how I love to humiliate little bratty little girls."

Professor Cloud then opened the door and said, "All right people, the classroom's yours!"

There were students entering the room as Tawny, Stephanie and I stood there buck-naked! Our boobies and pussies were totally exposed for the crowd and we began to panic. Finally, we decided to just pick up our clothes and get out of there. Some of the boys patted us on our bare behinds as we bent over to pick up our clothes. A girl even reached around and tweaked my nipple! She thought it was funny.

Tawny, Stephanie and I held our clothes in front of us and ran across the hall into the girl's bathroom. The girls and I got dressed, but in the confusion, Stephanie left her T-shirt behind. All Stephanie had were those cut-off overalls, but she wasn't about to go back into that classroom and retrieve her shirt.

We all walked home together and Stephanie got plenty of looks as her breasts occasionally peeked out from behind the top of those denim overall shorts. Stephanie didn't even seem to care if her little nipples were showing. It was nothing compared to the torture she was put through earlier in the classroom. We talked about going out for a drink together, but after the punishment we received for partying the night before, we decided to stay home and study.

**College Girls – Part 8**

I like publishing my stories on the Internet because I can remain anonymous to the many readers that I share my adventures with. Even though I've revealed my name, I've never submitted a picture of myself because I feel that the mystery adds to the fantasies associated with erotic literature. There have been pictures of me posted on the Internet from time to time and I'm pretty comfortable with the way I look, but my name has never been linked to any of my pictures and I intend to keep it that way.

However, it is hard to remain anonymous to your professor if you accidentally attach a copy of your erotic story to the back of your term paper. This embarrassing situation happened to me and my professor was bold enough to point out my mistake in the privacy of his office.

My friend Kelli and I were walking down the hall in the School of Business building when we heard a voice call out, "Miss Sparks, can I see you in my office?"

Kelli looked at me and said, "Hey Mindy, I think that guy's calling your name."

I turned around and saw Mr. Wilcox waving to me. Kelli and I walked towards him and he invited us into his office. I introduced Kelli to Mr. Wilcox, my Business Ethics teacher, and then we sat down as he handed me a paper. It was my term paper and I was disappointed to discover that I'd received a grade of C-plus. Mr. Wilcox told me not to worry about the grade. He said that I should focus on the last pages of the paper.

I thumbed through the essay to discover that I had accidentally attached a copy of my latest “Peggy, The Bored Housewife” story to the back of my term paper. First I denied that it was my story, but Mr. Wilcox said that he found all of my stories on the Literotica website. I was busted!

Mr. Wilcox is a short dumpy guy in his forties, but I like him because he's a really sweet man and very funny. He cracks me up in class when he tells some of his jokes. Now he had that silly smirk on his face, just like the expression he gets after he tells one of his jokes. Mr. Wilcox said that my stories are well written, but I must have more of an interest in exhibitionism than I do in utilitarianism because my term paper did not contain the same flare for the subject matter.

As Mr. Wilcox spoke to me, he looked at me in a way that I'd never seen before. It seemed like he was undressing me with his eyes. I was wearing a short denim skirt and a white T-shirt. Under the outfit I was wearing a pair of skimpy white panties and a flimsy white bra. My breasts are only medium sized, but with my five-foot-one-inch petite body, they don't need to be very big to look good. The white bra was visible under the thin T-shirt, but it was nothing that I would consider indecent.

Mr. Wilcox looked at my auburn hair and then he casually attempted to look up my skirt. I'll bet he was imagining what my auburn pussy hair looked like! Kelli saw what Mr. Wilcox was attempting to do so she brazenly reached over and grabbed the hem of my short skirt. Then Kelli lifted up my denim skirt and flashed my little white panties at Mr. Wilcox.

As Mr. Wilcox chuckled, I pulled my skirt down and said, "Kelli, behave yourself!"

Mr. Wilcox looked at Kelli and said, “You must be the Kelli from the ‘Little Girl Games’ and the ‘College Girls’ stories."

Kelli boldly said, "Yes I am," and then she pulled her T-shirt up revealing her big knockers to Mr. Wilcox.

A bunch of guys in the hall turned to look at Kelli, but Mr. Wilcox quickly closed the office door and locked it. Kelli is a beautiful five-foot-four-inch blonde with large full breasts. She was wearing a T-shirt with no bra and a pair of sweatpants that rode dangerously low on her hips. In fact, they rode so low that the top of her butt crack was hanging out in back. If the pants slipped any lower in front, Mr. Wilcox would see that Kelli had a clean-shaven beaver. From my vantage point, it appeared that Kelli wasn't wearing any panties, but that wasn't unusual for Kelli.

Mr. Wilcox said, "I only wish Peggy could be here so that I could meet her, too."

I said, "Peggy doesn't go to school here. She's a friend of mine from back home. Peggy E-mails her stories to me and then I fix them up and submit them for her."

Mr. Wilcox continued, "So all your stories are true?"

I replied, "They're based on true stories."

He asked, "Even the 'Twin Seduction' series?"

I said, "No. The main theme for that series isn't true, but the characters were developed from some of my friends back in high school. My friend Bob really did get trapped in the girls' shower room and my friend Renee really did strip on a trampoline in the gym right in front of some guys. And there was a rumor floating around that my friends, Lindsey and Kim, really did strip for one of their friend's dad."

Mr. Wilcox asked, "What about the 'Vocational College for Girls' series?"

I replied, "Those stories aren't true, either. I got the idea from the time Professor Cloud made me strip in her classroom. There are two girls in another sorority that I don't particularly care for. I wish they would be punished in real life the way that I punish them on the Internet."

Mr. Wilcox said, "Professor Cloud told me that your story is completely exaggerated."

I said in an angry tone, "Well maybe you should ask the guys that saw me naked!"

Mr. Wilcox continued, "Okay, your stories may possibly be true because a friend of mine that sells cars at the Chevy dealer told me about an incident that happened to him a short time ago. I thought he made it up, but one of your stories was very similar to his story."

I added, "Yes, that was quite an afternoon for Jennifer."

Mr. Wilcox asked, "So do many people like your stories?"

I replied, "I get a lot of E-mail from people telling me that they enjoy reading my stories."

Mr. Wilcox said, "I guess you spend all of your time answering E-mails instead of writing your college papers."

I said, "No. I never reply to the messages. I barely have time to read them, but it does make me feel really good to hear that someone likes reading the stories. It inspires me to write more stories."

Kelli looked at Mr. Wilcox and said, "I'll bet you spend all of your time reading Mindy's stories instead of giving her an accurate grade on her paper. You probably beat off while you read them. In fact, you're probably picturing Mindy in the nude right now!"

My face turned red, but Mr. Wilcox calmly turned to Kelli and said, "Kelli, you're just like the stories described you. You're not afraid to become the center of attention. I do remember how Mindy described herself in the nude and I would enjoy seeing her naked, but I also remember her description of your naked body, too."

I was mortified that Mr. Wilcox was picturing me in the nude, but Kelli thrives on that type of attention. Kelli responded to Mr. Wilcox's comments by slowly taking off her top off and caressing her nice round nipples.

Kelli asked, "Am I the center of attention now? Do my breasts look exactly like Mindy described them?"

Mr. Wilcox replied, "Even better!"

Kelli enjoyed the compliment and decided that it was playtime in front of Mr. Wilcox. She began wrestling with me to get my T-shirt off. Kelli is stronger that I am so I was quickly reduced to my bra. I held my hands in front of my bra-covered breasts, but Kelli didn't stop. She unfastened my bra from behind me and she was able to get my bra off, too. I was very embarrassed as I stood there topless in front of my teacher.

I said, "Kelli, what are you doing? I have to face this man in class tomorrow."

Kelli said, "I don't think he minds. Look at the bulge in his pants!"

Mr. Wilcox must have been a little embarrassed because he took my term paper and held it in front of his crotch while I tried to cover my bare breasts with my hands. However, Kelli let her big boobs hang out where everyone could see them.

It appeared that I’d accidentally untied the string on Kelli's sweatpants while we were wrestling. Kelli didn't seem to be aware of the situation, but Mr. Wilcox watched as Kelli's sweatpants began to slowly descend down her hips. From behind, there was much more of Kelli's butt crack showing and from the front, her pussy hair would have been showing if she’d had any.

Kelli asked, "Don't you think Mindy deserves an A on her paper?"

Mr. Wilcox replied, "I can't be bribed."

Kelli believed this to be a personal challenge and reached behind me, unbuttoned my skirt and unzipped it. I caught the skirt before it fell off, but I had to let go of one of my breasts in the process. My left tit was completely exposed to Mr. Wilcox and it looked like he was taking the opportunity to examine my puffy pink nipple. Then Kelli yanked the skirt out of my hand and it fell to the floor.

Mr. Wilcox could now see my skimpy white panties. He could also see the shadow of my neatly trimmed auburn pussy hair, which was visible through the thin fabric of the panties. Kelli's effort of pulling off my skirt caused her sweats to slide down even further. Kelli had to know that her pants were only about half an inch away from exposing her pussy, but she made no attempt to pull them up, much to the delight of Mr. Wilcox.

Kelli asked, "Now do you think Mindy deserves an A on her paper?"

Mr. Wilcox replied, "I told you, I can't be bribed."

Then Kelli reached over and unzipped Mr. Wilcox's pants. She freed his manhood and began to stroke it. He was as hard as a rock as Kelli's soft hand went up and down on his shaft.

Kelli said, "Maybe he needs to see you naked, Mindy. Why don't you pull your panties down?"

I said, "No way Kelli. I'm embarrassed enough as it is."

Kelli demanded, "Just do it!"

I don't know why, but I complied with Kelli's demand. I turned around and hooked my thumbs inside of the waistband of my panties. I slid my hands down the sides of my legs, working the skimpy panties over my butt in the process. After completely exposing my smooth young ass to Mr. Wilcox, I stepped out of the panties, turned around and displayed my neatly trimmed auburn bush to him, too. He gave me a smile of approval so I just stood there naked in front of him as Kelli continued to stroke Mr. Wilcox's stiff member.

Then Kelli looked down and said, "Would you look at that. My sweatpants have slipped all the way down to my thighs. My pussy is showing!"

Kelli paused so that Mr. Wilcox could get a good look at the view of the shaved pussy that she was shamelessly flaunting in front of him.

Then Kelli continued, "Now that my sweatpants have slipped down so far, I may as well take them all the way off."

Kelli let go of Mr. Wilcox's hard penis and pushed her sweatpants to the floor. She paraded her nakedness around in front of Mr. Wilcox and then Kelli paused to ask Mr. Wilcox for his honest opinion of her body. Mr. Wilcox stated that Kelli looked great and that her young body was nearly perfect, but then he pleaded with Kelli to finish what she had started.

Kelli asked, "Does Mindy get an A?"

Mr. Wilcox replied, "Her grade is rising!"

Then Kelli squatted down in front of Mr. Wilcox and put his rigid member in her mouth. She stopped, ran her tongue around the tip of his penis and then she started bobbing her head up and down on his hard shaft. I was getting so turned on that I began touching my pink nipples. Then I lost all sense of decency and inserted a finger inside of my pussy, right in front of Mr. Wilcox! While Kelli’s lushes wet lips slid up and down over Mr. Wilcox’s throbbing manhood, he couldn’t help watching my performance.

Mr. Wilcox moaned, “You girls don’t know what you’re doing to me. Mindy, you are fantastic. You’re driving me crazy letting me watch what you’re doing to yourself.”

Kelli paused and said, “Hey, what about me?”

Mr. Wilcox force her head back down on his rigid member and said, “Kelli, you’re giving me the most pleasure I’ve ever experienced in my life.”

I was moaning, “Oh wow, it feels so good. I don’t know how much longer I can hold on. I’m so close…I’m oh so close.”

As Mr. Wilcox watched me thrust my finger into my tight pussy, he was obviously getting ready to cum. Then Kelli stopped what she was doing again, which really seemed to frustrate Mr. Wilcox.

Kelli proceeded to look up at Mr. Wilcox and ask, "Now does Mindy get and A, or should Mindy and I stop what we’re doing, get dressed and leave?"

He quickly replied, "Yes…yes, Mindy deserves an A."

I moaned, “Oh thank you Mr. Wilcox because I couldn’t possibly stop what I’m doing now. I’m too close…I’m just too close.”

Kelli started stroking Mr. Wilcox with her hand as I began moaning uncontrollably because I was so close to reaching an orgasm. My young naked body was positioned right in front of Mr. Wilcox, and I guess my moaning had an affect on him because he quickly reached the point of no returned. Mr. Wilcox let out a grunt and then he started spewing streams of white cum all over the front of my exposed flesh. I was on the verge of an orgasm, so all I could do was let the milky substance land on me as I worked my finger in and out of my wet pussy. Finally my nude body tensed up, and then I began to tremble as I reached a powerful climax.

As soon as my young naked figure shuttered in ecstasy for the last time, Kelli and I put our clothes back on, while Mr. Wilcox put a big A on my paper and circled it. Kelli asked him if his actions were ethical, considering he was a Business Ethics teacher. Mr. Wilcox told Kelli that sex isn't his business, so he didn't have to worry about ethics. Then Mr. Wilcox told me to make sure I spelled his name correctly. I was puzzled for a second, but then I realized that he meant for me to spell his name correctly in my next story. Yes, Mr. Wilcox, I spelled your name correctly!

**College Girls – Part 9**

A Monday holiday provided us with a three-day weekend from college, so my sorority sister invited me to spend the weekend with her family in Kansas City. Jennifer Mills is a very pretty girl with long brown hair and large firm breasts. She's about 5-foot-three, slender and she has the most beautiful ass I've ever seen. Jennifer and I crave guys of course, but we also enjoy sharing a bed together once in a while.

When we arrived at Jennifer's house, she introduced me to her mom, dad and little brother, Tommy. Jennifer's dad is tall, muscular and good-looking. Jennifer's mom has a firm, well-endowed body and she still has a fresh young look about herself. It was Tommy's eighteenth birthday and he was busy playing with his new DVD video camera. The high school senior was filming Jennifer and I as we took our luggage up to Jennifer's bedroom.

I told Jennifer that her brother was pretty bold about recording us with his camera, but she assured me that the kid was shy, naïve and harmless. Jennifer said that even though he acts like a perverted teenaged horn-dog, he’d probably run away if I confronted him with my womanly charms.

I thought to myself, "Me? Entice a young boy? Never…well, he is kind of cute and tall with an athletic build…okay, maybe!"

It was getting late so Jennifer and I went upstairs to get ready for bed. A short time later, Jennifer's mom asked us to come downstairs and have some birthday cake. Jennifer told her mom that we'd already changed into our night clothes, but her mom insisted stating that nobody cared what we looked like because it was just family.

As Jennifer and I came down the steps to join the rest of the family in the living room, Tommy still had the camera rolling. When Mrs. Mills stated that nobody cared what we looked like, I'll bet she didn't expect to see two twenty-year-old girls dressed in only T-shirts and panties on the staircase above. I was embarrassed because Tommy had the camera pointed under the hem of my short T-shirt and he was zooming in on my skimpy white panties! I was afraid the shadow of my neatly trimmed auburn bush was visible through the thin fabric of my panties and he was capturing it on the videodisk.

The material of my white cotton T-shirt was thin and the chill of the crisp autumn air caused my nipples to poke out prominently for the camera. The sight of me in my revealing nightshirt mesmerized Mr. Mills. I don't know if he was looking at my nipples or my panties, but either way I felt a little uneasy. Jennifer's mom sensed that I felt a little uncomfortable in my state of undress, so she smiled at me and told Tommy to turn off his camera.

The T-shirt Jennifer wore was a little longer than my T-shirt and it hid her pale blue panties. Unfortunately, my T-shirt was so short that my underwear peeked out from underneath as I walked. Jennifer and I took a seat on the couch, while her dad and brother sat on the floor in front of us. They were eye-level to our knees. I tried to keep my knees together, but occasionally they would separate, offering the guys a quick look at my panties.

It was obvious that Mr. Mills was trying to sneak a peek under my shirt, so Mrs. Mills leaned over and whispered to me, "Don't pay any attention him. You're very attractive and, well, boys will be boys!"

I said, "But Mrs. Mills, I think your husband is trying to see my underpants!"

She replied, "Honey, its okay with me. You may start a fire, but later on tonight, I get to put the fire out!"

I giggled at the remark and went back to eating my cake. I no longer felt the need to keep my knees together, much to the delight of Jennifer's dad and her little brother. When we finished our cake, Jennifer and I went upstairs to lie in bed and watch a movie. As Jennifer began kissing and caressing me, I noticed that Tommy had somehow run upstairs ahead of us and hidden his camera on Jennifer's bookshelf. It was recording all of the bedroom action! I wanted to say something, but the touch of Jennifer's soft hands felt too good. I figured that I'd just get the disk out of the camera after we finished making love to each other. Besides, I thought Jennifer and I might even enjoy watching the video together.

Jennifer eased the T-shirt over my head and started making soft circles on my puffy pink nipples with her fingertips. Then she slipped her fingers inside my panties and began gently rubbing the moist slit between my legs. Jennifer gradually worked my panties down my legs until I was completely naked, right in front of the camera.

I stood up and removed Jennifer's T-shirt, and then I sat down on the edge of the bed. As Jennifer stood in front of me, I hooked my thumbs inside the waistband of her panties and slid my hands down the sides of her legs, working Jennifer’s skimpy panties over her shapely butt in the process. After fully exposing Jennifer's beautiful smooth ass, she stepped out of her panties and turned around to unknowingly displaying her soft brunette bush in front of the camera. I just love her butt and I started kissing all over it.

After I'd finished kissing every square inch of her sweet young ass, I stood up and we were now both completely naked in front of the camera. Jennifer put her hands on my shoulders and her large full breasts jetted out and brushed up against mine. My breasts aren't very big, but with my five-foot-one-inch petite body, they don't need to be very big to look good. She slowly moved up and down, allowing her silver dollar sized nipples to rub up against my delicate pink nipples. The friction caused by the tender pink skin of our nipples rubbing together made them become firm and erect.

Jennifer reached down and gently raked her fingernails though my neatly trimmed pussy hair. Next she put her hands on my butt cheeks and held me so close that our tight young pussies started rubbing up against one another. My auburn pussy hair became intertwined with Jennifer's brunette bush as we passionately kissed each other. While we kissed, Jennifer somehow turned me around until my firm round ass was facing the camera. As we continued kissing each other, Jennifer softly slid her finger up and down my sensitive butt crack causing me to tingle all over. She knows how much I like that!

We decided to lie down on the bed as the bedroom door suddenly opened. Mrs. Mills had just stepped out of the shower and peeked into Jennifer's bedroom to say goodnight. When she saw that Jennifer and I were in bed together naked, she entered the room and closed the door behind her. Jennifer's mom had a towel wrapped around her that slightly separated in front. Some of Mrs. Mills' light brown pussy hair was hanging out as she moved right in front of the camera.

Mrs. Mills looked at Jennifer and asked, "What are you girls up to?"

Thinking quickly Jennifer replied, "I was just going to show Mindy how you taught me to give a proper massage. You always say that it's more effective if you don't have any clothes on."

Mrs. Mills said, "But both of you don't have to be naked. I don't take my clothes off when I give a massage to a patient."

Jennifer said, "Oh mother, it's just us girls. We run around naked all the time in the sorority house."

Then Jennifer turned to me and said, "My mom's a physical therapist. She really knows how to give a good massage."

Mrs. Mills must have bought into Jennifer's story because she said, "Well then, why don't I show you how it's done!"

I was lying facedown on the bed with my bare ass sticking up in the air. The camera was at a 45-degree angle to the bed, which was a prime location to record all of the activities. Mrs. Mills stood beside me and as she leaned forward to begin massaging my shoulders, her towel fell off.

Mrs. Mills tried to catch the towel, but Jennifer grabbed it and said, "Don't worry about it, mom. Like I said, it's just us girls!"

I thought to myself, "Sure, just us girls…and a camera!"

As Jennifer tossed the towel on the floor, her mom began working on my back. I could see Mrs. Mills' nude body in the mirror on the wall and I couldn't believe how good she looked for her age. She could pass for Jennifer's sister instead of her mother. While Mrs. Mills continued to work her magic up and down my backside, Jennifer took a seat on the other side of the bed and began running her fingers through my hair. Jennifer had one foot on the bed and one foot on the floor, with her legs spread wide for the hidden camera. Both Jennifer and her mother were showing off their pussy hair and big melons without a clue that it was all being caught on the DVD recorder.

Mrs. Mills moved back up to my shoulders and as she massaged me with her hands, she allowed her big breasts to rub up and down my back. I don't know if she was doing it intentionally, but it felt good and it was surely going to provide some tantalizing footage on the videodisk.

Soon Mrs. Mills worked her way down to my bare behind. She even let her fingers softly touch the inner area of my butt crack. That spot is so sensitive to me that I actually began to get turned on, but it was weird to think that I was getting turned on by my friend's mom. However, I was getting the impression that Mrs. Mills was enjoying touching me as much as I was enjoying being touched.

Mrs. Mills moved down to my legs and when she worked on my inner thighs, her fingers kept grazing the tender slit between my legs. I was getting embarrassed because I was sure Mrs. Mills could tell how wet she was making me. The way that Mrs. Mills was turning me on made me presume that she'd had experiences with other women, and I mean more that just a therapeutic massage!

Jennifer seemed oblivious to the effect that her mom was having on me, but surely her mom noticed that I spread my legs a little wider every time her fingers were in the vicinity of my moist pussy. I kept hoping that Mrs. Mills would insert a finger inside of me, or at least do something to satisfy the burning urges inside of me, but she just moved to the bottom of my legs and then announced that she was finished.

I felt frustrated, but then Jennifer asked Mrs. Mills to give me a foot massage. Jennifer's mom instructed me to roll over as Jennifer joined her mom at the end of the bed. They both squatted down together and each took one of my feet in their hands. Jennifer and her mom started giving me a wonderful foot massage, but they opened my legs in the process. I was lying there stark naked and spread eagle, and I was right in front of the camera. My whole pussy was completely exposed for the camera to record.

Eventually, they finished with the foot massage and Jennifer's mom bent down to pick up her towel. Her big breasts wobbled in front of the camera as she stood up and wrapped the towel around her shapely body. Mrs. Mills said goodnight and left the room. At this point I was really fired up and I couldn’t wait for Jennifer to jump in bed with me!

**College Girls – Part 10**

After Jennifer’s mom left the room, Jennifer quickly locked the door and sat on the end of the bed. She tried to apologize for what had just happened, but I told her not to apologize because the massage felt great. Jennifer was still uptight so I picked up a hairbrush and started brushing Jennifer's long brown hair to help her relax. As I brushed her hair, Jennifer sat there with her big breasts and brunette bush facing the camera.

While I brushed her hair with one hand, I began touching her breasts with the other. I reached down between Jennifer's legs and found that she was really wet, so I took the round smooth handle of the hairbrush and inserted it inside her pussy. I was still positioned behind Jennifer as I moved the hairbrush in and out while the camera continued to roll.

I continued working on Jennifer's pussy with the hairbrush as I caressed her breasts and softly kissed her neck. Jennifer took control of the brush, giving me the freedom to use both my hands on her big boobs. Her moaning started getting so loud that I was afraid someone else in the house might hear us. However, Jennifer climaxed a short time later, and then she slowly pulled the hairbrush out of her wet pussy, unable to withstand another stroke.

Jennifer moved down between my legs and started kissing my sweet spot. She used her tongue and fingers in unison to make sure that my needs were met. Luckily, the view of Jennifer's assault on my pussy was blocked from the camera. The only view the camera had was Jennifer's beautiful butt arched high in the air. From the way Jennifer's legs were spread as she straddled me, she was probably also providing the camera with a great beaver shot from behind. Finally, we were both sexually satisfied and fell fast asleep.

When I awoke the following morning, Jennifer had already gotten out of bed. I was lying there stark naked with the bedroom door wide open. Anyone could have looked into the bedroom and observed me sleeping in the nude because the blanket and sheet were tossed to the side. There was nothing covering my firm young body. Then I looked over and noticed that the camera was gone. I felt violated. Not only did Tommy have the disk containing footage of me in all my glory, he also must have gotten a good look at my naked body when he came into the bedroom to retrieve the camera!

I put on a fresh pair of panties and then I grabbed the first piece of clothing I could find, which was a blouse that Jennifer left on top of her dresser. The hem of Jennifer's blouse barely reached the bottom of my butt cheeks, but it buttoned all the way down the front so I felt somewhat covered.

I crept down the hall to Tommy's room where I found him sitting at his computer. I entered the room and locked the door behind me. Tommy's eyes were focused on my puffy pink nipples so I looked down and realized that Jennifer's blouse was made of a see-through material. When I put the blouse on in Jennifer's darkened bedroom, I failed to notice that it was practically transparent, but I kept my cool and acted as if I intended to wear the flimsy top.

I saw the camera on his dresser so I figured he was watching the DVD. However, when I looked at his computer screen, I found that he was actually writing a paper for school.

I asked sternly, "Where's the disk?"

He replied, "What disk?"

I said, "You know, the one in your camera from last night!"

He said, "I found the camera this morning, but there wasn't a disk in it…honest!"

Tommy looked a little nervous, yet excited at the same time. I decided to try a different approach and use my feminine charms to help locate the disk. I walked to the dresser and slowly bent over to look at the camera. I didn't bend my knees, which caused the hem of the short blouse to ride up in back exposing my underwear for Tommy's viewing pleasure.

As I fumbled around with the camera, Tommy checked out my skimpy panties. I'm sure he could see the crack of my ass right through the tiny undies that stretched across my butt because the panties were made of such a thin silky material. When I was convinced that the disk was no longer in the camera, I turned back to Tommy, who was now sporting a large bulge in his gym shorts. I decided to try another tactic.

I looked at Tommy and said, "Whew, it's a little warm in here," as I grabbed my collar and gently tugged on the top of the blouse.

Tommy gave me his undivided attention, so I bent over slightly and shook the blouse a little harder. My intention was to give Tommy a peek down my blouse while pretending to get some air, but I got carried away and pulled too hard on the collar. Several buttons popped off the flimsy blouse and bounced onto the floor. Tommy and I both had surprised looks on our faces as the blouse was now open all the way down below my breasts. Only the two buttons at the bottom of the blouse were still in place. My perky breasts were totally exposed right in front of young Tommy, but I quickly pulled the top back together, giving me a little sense of dignity.

I quickly regained my composure and said, "There, now I feel much better. I hope you don't mind that this blouse popped open. I'll do my best to keep it closed so that my breasts aren't hanging out."

He just sat there with his mouth open, so I continued, "I'll bet the disk is here on your desk."

He replied, "I assure you, it's not here."

I said, "Well then, I guess you won't mind if I take a look."

I was wearing skimpy panties and a see-through blouse that was gaping open at the top, so of course he didn't mind if I had a look at his desk. I was forced to lean over in front of him to search the desk. In my bent over position, the blouse fell away from my chest allowing Tommy to peer right down into the open top. He could see my bare titties and he was so close to me that I could feel his breath against my breasts.

There were many pre-recorded disks on the desk, but I couldn't find any DVD's that looked like they were recorded from a camera. Then I stumbled upon a picture of a girl on Tommy's desk that he obviously downloaded from the Internet. She was wearing skimpy panties just like mine, which gave me an idea of another way to tease the young boy. I showed Tommy the picture. He instantly became embarrassed so I pressed the issue.

I said, "She's a pretty girl. Do you know her?"

He replied, "Uh, no. I…I just like the way she looks in her underwear."

I smiled at the young boy and said, "So you like seeing girls in their underwear?"

Tommy blushed and said, "Well…um…yes…yes I do. I'm sorry. I can't help myself."

I put my hand on his chin, looked him in the eyes and said, "Oh, don't be sorry. It's perfectly natural for a teenaged boy to want to see pretty girls in their underwear."

I moved my hand from his face picked up the picture and continued, "Tommy, do you know what? I'm wearing panties just like the girl in this picture."

Tommy's eye's immediately looked down at my panties, so I asked, "Tommy, are you trying to look at my underwear?"

He quickly looked up and said, "No, no I wasn't!"

I said, "Well Tommy, I guess I can't blame you since I barged into your room wearing this see-through blouse and the skimpiest pair of panties I own."

I looked back at the picture and asked, "I wonder if I look as good in my panties as she looks in hers. You know, since you seem to be an expert on pretty girls in their underwear, could you look at my panties and tell me if you like what you see? Would you do that for me?"

Tommy replied shyly, "Oh I don't know. You're my sister's friend and my dad's downstairs and…"

I said, "Oh please Tommy. The door's locked and I really value your opinion."

He swallowed hard and said, "Okay, I guess it would be alright."

I held the hem of the short blouse and slowly raised it up above my bellybutton. I flaunted my skimpy panties right in front of the teenaged boy and he just stared intently, obviously enjoying the view.

After standing in front of the young boy for a while, I broke the silence and asked, "Do you like my little undies?"

He quickly shook his head yes. I was starting to have some fun with the boy so I decided to push it a little further. I thought I'd try the "I'm so embarrassed, please don't look at my panties" routine and see what kind of an affect it had on him.

I looked down, acted embarrassed and said, "Oh no! Tommy, you were right. I shouldn't have allowed you to look at my underwear. I didn't realize that you could see right through these panties! What will your mother think when I tell her what you did!"

Frantically, he said, "Don't tell my mom. It was all completely innocent. I can't even see through them."

I said, "Now Tommy, don't lie to me. Just look at how my bush is showing right through the thin material. You can see my reddish-brown pussy hair as if I wasn't wearing any panties at all!"

Tommy's eyes were fixated on my skimpy underwear. He looked like he was afraid to blink for fear that he might miss something. I was really toying with the young boy's emotions as I slowly dipped a finger inside the waistband of my panties. I moved the top of my panties down ever so slightly exposing a little bit of my auburn pussy hair above the waistband.

I said, "Oh Tommy, I seem to be making things worse. Now some of my pussy hair is actually hanging out where you can see it. Even though I only have a little bit of hair down there, these panties don't seem to cover it very well."

His eyes were begging for more so I stretched the elastic waistband out away from my body allowing Tommy to look right down into my panties. I heard Tommy gasp as if he was seeing a girl's pussy for the very first time.

I said, "See Tommy. I try to keep my pussy hair neatly trimmed, but these darn panties are so skimpy that it still shows. I'm so embarrassed that I'm just going to turn around so that you can't see my pussy anymore!"

I let go of the elastic, but I didn't pull the panties up all the way. There was still a fair amount of pussy hair showing above the waistband. I slowly turned around and Tommy had a look of great despair on his face. However, after turning around I still held the hem of the blouse up and continued teasing the poor boy.

I said, "Oh no, Tommy. These panties are just as thin in back. You can see the crack of my ass right through these skimpy things. And look, they're cut so low that some of my butt crack is actually hanging out above the waistband. Tommy, please don't look at me. I'm so embarrassed. These panties barely hide any of my butt!"

I turned around again and asked, "I don't know whether to face you or turn my back to you. Please help me and tell me which side is less revealing."

He said, "Um…um, I don't know which side shows more."

I said, "Well then, pay attention. Take a good look at the front of these panties. Do you think the fabric is thinner in front or in back? I mean, is it easier for you to see my pussy or my butt?"

He mumbled, "I'm not sure."

I said, "Now come on, Tommy. Take a really good long look at the front of these panties. I realize that some of my pussy hair is showing above the waistband, but just concentrate on the fabric of the panties. Get an idea of how much of my pussy is actually showing through the thin material."

Then I turned around and said, "Now take a good look at the back. I know that a lot of my butt crack is showing above the waistband of these tiny panties and I even realize that most of my butt checks are hanging out to the sides of these little undies. However, I want you to focus on the amount of butt crack that you can actually see through the fabric of the panties. Now tell me, can you see more of my pussy hair or my butt crack?"

When he didn't answer, I said, "Well, if you can't decide, I'm going to squat down and try to hide them both from you."

I squatted down as if I was trying to hide my butt from Tommy, but then I told him that I wasn't comfortable in that position and I stood back up.

I pointed my ass right at him and said, "Now look what happened! The waistband slipped down even further so there’s even more of my butt crack showing. Oh and look at how the panties got wedged in my ass when I squatted down. My butt cheeks are almost completely hanging out! Can you help me?"

He asked, "Help? How?"

I replied, "Just pull them down so they're not wedged in my butt."

He asked, "Pull…pull them down?"

I said, "Yes please. It feels very uncomfortable when my panties ride up like this."

As I held my blouse up, he hooked his thumbs in the waistband of my panties and pushed them to the floor.

I said sternly, "Now Tommy, you know that's not what I wanted you to do! I just wanted you to pull them out of my butt crack. I didn't want you to pull them all the way down! Did you really think I wanted to stand here right in front of you completely naked from the waist down? Now you're just sitting there and staring at my bare ass. Shame on you!"

I was still holding the blouse up when I stepped out of my panties and turned around to face Tommy. He looked very nervous, like he'd really done something wrong.

I continued, "I'll bet you did that on purpose! Now there's no way for me to hide my pussy from you. Look at how my soft pussy hair is right out in the open. I'll bet you were just trying to see me naked!"

He replied, "No! That's not true. I was just trying to do what you asked."

I put one foot up on the desk in front of him while leaving the other foot on the floor. With my legs spread wide, he could see every inch of my pussy now, including the moist slit between my legs.

I said, "Is this what you wanted to see? Take a good look because I'm gonna go downstairs and tell your mother what you did!"

He whimpered, "I'm…I'm sorry" and tried to hand the panties to me.

I took the panties from his trembling hand as the blouse fell down in front of me. My pussy was now somewhat covered by the two remaining buttons on the see-through blouse. I placed the panties in Tommy's lap and told him to keep them. In the process, I rubbed my hand against the bulge in his gym shorts and I must say I was rather impressed by the size of his young member.

I said, "I've given you something, now you need to give me something."

Tommy quickly stood up and pulled down his shorts. His young, stiff rod was pointing out right at me. I looked it over and my pussy juices started to flow, but then I remembered my mission.

I said, "No, no, no Tommy! I want your disk, not your dick!"

Tommy looked very embarrassed as he sat back down. He grabbed my silky panties and tried to hide his throbbing cock with them.

He said, "I'm telling you, I don't have the disk."

I said, "Come on Tommy, you're making me work too hard" as I tugged violently on the bottom of the blouse.

It was a big mistake to pull down on the bottom of the blouse so hard because the last two buttons went flying. There were no buttons left to hold the blouse together.

I said, "Well that's just great. Now my pussy is really showing! And look what happens when I turn around quickly. The blouse flies open and my boobies pop out. I might as well wear nothing at all! Is that what you want? You want me to wear nothing at all? Well that's what I'm going to do whether you like it or not!"

Beads of sweat started to roll down Tommy's face as he watched me slowly slip the blouse off. It fell to the floor and I stood in front of him without a stitch of clothing on. I leisurely turned around, granting him a view of my naked body from every angle.

I said, "There Tommy, are you happy now? I'm standing in front of you completely naked! Go ahead, look at my breasts, look at my nipples, look at my pussy! I'll even turn around and bend over so you can see my bare ass. Now I'll lie on my back and spread my legs apart wide so that you can see everything! I'll even use my finger to spread my pussy lips apart for you. Look how wet I get when I rub myself. I hope you're happy. You've now seen everything I have to offer. You got what you want, yet I still don't have what I want…the disk!"

Tommy watched closely as I worked my finger up and down the slit of my wet pussy. He was really gripping his member tight with my silky panties. He wanted to stroke himself so badly, but he was afraid to do it in front of me. When I saw how bad Tommy was suffering, I stopped what I was doing, stood up and smiled at him.

I said, "I went too far didn't I? I'm really sorry. Here, let me help you with that."

Leaning forward, I took the panties from him, wrapped them around his throbbing penis and began stroking up and down. My tits were right at his eye-level as I continued to move the silky material in a rhythmic motion.

I softly said, "There, now doesn't that feel better? Go ahead, look at my titties and my nice pink nipples. See, they're so close that you can almost taste them. You can even look at my pussy, too. It's okay, I don't mind."

He moaned at the sight of my erect nipples. I started stroking him a little faster and then I brushed my nipples back and forth against Tommy's lips. He really felt stiff and rigid in my hand so I gripped him just as little tighter as I continued stroking him.

He seemed to be holding back so I whispered, "its okay. Relax, let it go. Just enjoy the view of my naked body. It's yours to look at. Don't fight it, let it go."

Finally he tensed up and let loose, shooting his load into the panties. I kept stroking him until he couldn't take it anymore.

When he finished, I leaned over in front of him and with my breasts in his face I asked, "Now would you please give me the disk?'

Tommy was still breathing heavily as he replied, "I'm telling you the truth. When my dad gave me the camera this morning, there was no disk in it!"

I said, "Your father?!"

Tommy said, "Yes, my father. Why? What's on that disk that's so important anyway?"

I said, "Never mind" as I quickly tossed the blouse on and ran out of the room. I had to locate the disk!

**College Girls – Part 11**

I hurried out of Jennifer’s little brother’s room and scampered down the steps to look for Jennifer. There was no one around so I decided to sneak into Mr. Mills' office and look around. I stepped inside and locked the door behind me. I started walking towards the desk, but I was startled when the large desk chair spun around and I came face to face with Mr. Mills. He was also surprised to see me.

Mr. Mills shyly smiled and asked, "Can I help you?"

I replied, "I'm sorry. I…I was looking for Jennifer."

He said, "She went shopping with her mom. You were sleeping so soundly they didn't want to wake you."

Now I was really embarrassed. I was standing in front of Mr. Mills and I was only wearing a transparent blouse with absolutely nothing on underneath. The light from the window was shining right through the thin material giving Mr. Mills the illusion that I was naked. To make matters worse, there were no buttons to hold the blouse together in front. I desperately tried to hold the top together. I felt so exposed and vulnerable, but Mr. Mills seemed equally uncomfortable as he gazed at my state of undress. Mr. Mills watched me try to hold my blouse together and then he looked down and tightened the belt on his bathrobe. I guess he thought it was all right to look at me, but he didn't want me to see him.

As my face turned scarlet red, I asked, "By any chance do you have the disk from Tommy's camera?"

He replied, "I believe my wife hid it in here somewhere this morning. She said something about not wanting Tommy to see it."

I asked, "Have you seen it?"

He replied, "No, but I'll look for it, watch it and then tell you what's on it. That will give you a chance to go and get dressed."

I didn't want him to view the disk so I said, "No. You need to look for it and give it to me right now."

He said, "I can't right now. I have to check these stock quotes, but you're welcome to look around. She laid the newspaper on the chair. Maybe it's over there."

As I leaned over to look through the papers, I could feel the hem of the short blouse riding up in back. My bare ass was revealed right in front of Mr. Mills. I glanced back and caught him staring at me. I began to wonder if he really thought the disk was on the chair or whether it was just an excuse to get me to show him my bare butt. With my naked butt cheeks on display for what seemed like an eternity, I determined that the disk wasn't on the chair.

I asked, "Do you know of another place she may have hidden the disk?"

He replied, "Hmm, it may be on top of the bookcase behind me."

I looked at the bookcase, which went all the way to the top of the high ceiling and I meekly asked, "The bookcase? How can I look up there?"

Mr. Mills replied, "Use the chair."

I said in a shy tone, "But…but I hardly have any clothes on."

He said, "Well then. Go get dressed and while you're gone, I'll find the disk and watch it!"

I said, "No! I mean, I don't want to take up any of your time. I'll look for the disk myself."

Mr. Mills was now well aware that he had me at his mercy. He knew that even though I barely had any clothes on, I would have to search for the disk without leaving the room to get dressed. Jennifer's dad could tell that I didn't want to give him the opportunity to watch the disk while I left the room to put more clothes on.

I held the blouse together with one hand, but as I drug the chair over by the desk with the other hand, the blouse kept separating and flashing my tits and pussy to Mr. Mills. He just smiled, knowing that I wouldn't be able to move the chair and hold the blouse in place at the same time. I climbed up on the chair, but the top of the bookshelf was still over my head. When I reached up, the hem of the short blouse also rose up exposing most of my ass and pussy, and Mr. Mills was sitting right beside me!

I was standing to the side of Mr. Mills and I could see that he was examining my exposed flesh. I'm sure he was aware that I wasn't going to be able to look on the top shelf without exposing myself. I'll bet he just told me to climb up there so that he could get a birds-eye view of my bare ass and naked pussy!

By trying to keep an eye on Mr. Mills, I wasn't paying attention to what I was doing and lost my balance. As I started to fall backwards, Mr. Mills instinctively turned sideways in his chair and put his hands out to catch me. Unfortunately, he placed one hand over my auburn bush and the other over my bare ass. One of his fingers even probed my butt crack! After he steadied me, which seemed to take a lot longer than what was really necessary, he sat back down and tried to act as if nothing happened.

He said, "Check the other side of the bookshelf. She may have hid it under those books that are laying flat on the top shelf."

I was getting very suspicious of Mr. Mills as I drug the chair over to the other side of the desk. As I passed in front of him, my breasts fell out of my shirt. Quickly moving my hand up, I struggled to pull the top of the blouse together. Unfortunately, that allowed the bottom half of the blouse to separate exposing my entire pussy to Mr. Mills. He smiled at me and never looked away. Mr. Mills was really enjoying the sticky situation that I'd gotten myself into. Without any buttons on the see-through blouse, it was impossible to keep my naked body covered in front of a man that I hardly knew and I couldn't leave until I found the disk.

After positioning the chair on the other side of the desk, I once again climbed up to search for the disk. Looking at the high shelf, I determined that I would have to lift each book with one hand and check under it with the other. That wasn't going to leave a free hand to hold the blouse together. My shirt was going to fall open in front, leaving both my breasts and my pussy unprotected. In addition, with my arms raised up high, the hem of the blouse was going to rise up showing off my bare butt. Mr. Mills knew what I was up against and he watched with great anticipation.

I nervously looked at him and said, "I'm going to have to let go of my shirt to look for the disk. Are you sure that you're not giving me the run around just to put me in awkward positions so that I have to expose myself to you?"

He responded, "Of course not. I'm not even looking at you. I'm checking stock quotes."

I said, "Sure, like I believe that" as I reached up to look for the disk.

I let go of the shirt and Mr. Mills looked over, thoroughly enjoying my predicament. The blouse tumbled open so far that it wasn't even covering my breasts. I pretended as if I didn't know Mr. Mills was looking at me, but he was now examining every inch of my exposed skin. The blouse rose up in back, showing off my smooth firm ass. It was also completely open in front, displaying my soft auburn pussy hair and tender pink nipples. One by one, I checked under each book while he inspected my tight young body.

Then he brazenly stood up and moved towards me. I felt embarrassed and humiliated because my friend's dad was standing right next to me and I was practically naked. I looked down and I could see that he was erect under his robe. As I stated before, I thought Mr. Mills was muscular and attractive so I couldn't help looking down at his package. Suddenly I located the disk and I became ecstatic because my ordeal was nearly over.

Unfortunately, the celebration caused me to fall backwards off the chair. Mr. Mills reached out and tried to catch me, but he only succeeded in grabbing my blouse. As I fell down to the floor, he held onto the blouse and the flimsy material ripped right up the back. I was sitting on the floor with a piece of shredded material dangling from each arm.

Mr. Mills said, "Oops."

I asked, "Is that all you have to say? Look at me! I'm completely naked! Wait…I mean, don't look at me. Look away! I don't have any clothes on."

I pulled off the ripped fabric that was once a blouse and tossed it into the trashcan. I should have tried to hide my body, but I was so embarrassed that I just stood there with my hands over my face as I turned three shades of red. I was now standing in front of Mr. Mills utterly naked from head to toe and Mr. Mills couldn't take his eyes off me.

He said, "Mindy, I hope you don't take offense to this statement, but you're beautiful!"

I blushed and said, "Thank you. You're quite handsome yourself."

He smiled and said, "Don't tease me."

I said, "No really, it's true. Besides, you wouldn't have any interest in me with all the big breasted women in your family."

Mr. Mills sat back down in his chair and asked me to stand in front of him. He reached out and began touching my breasts. I did nothing to stop him. First Mr. Mills took my breasts in his hands and massaged them, and then he paused and rolled my nipples between his fingers until they were nice and stiff.

Mr. Mills said, "Your breasts feel great to me."

I should have walked away, but the touch of his hands on my breasts felt really good. For some reason I needed his approval, like a child trying to gain the approval of an authoritative figure. He'd seen me naked and now I needed to know if he liked what he saw.

I turned around and asked, "What about my butt. If you don't mind me saying so, Jennifer and your wife have perfect butts. Do you like my butt after seeing theirs?"

He said, "Oh Mindy, you don't know what you're doing to me! You're half my age, completely naked and asking what I think of your young beautiful body. Mindy, Mindy, Mindy! I shouldn't be doing this, but…"

Mr. Mills grabbed my firm round butt cheeks and then he gently ran his finger up and down my sensitive butt crack. I just love the way that makes me feel.

I said, "Mmm! When you caress my butt crack, it makes me tingle all over!"

Mr. Mills continued to softly touch my butt crack as he said, "You've got a great butt. It's so firm and smooth. When you were lying in bed this morning, I was hoping you'd roll over so that I could see your butt, but you never did. You just laid there spread eagle for me, which was great, but I wanted to see your butt, too."

I turned around frantically and asked, "You saw me naked?"

He replied, "Well, yes. Jennifer left the door wide open when she took a shower so I just stood there and watched you sleep for a while. I found it rather exciting to see your cute little naked body right out in the open. I really couldn't help myself."

I asked again, "You watched me sleep…in the nude? You could see my tits and pussy, everything?"

He replied, "Yes. I watched you for quite a while…and I did see everything. You spread your legs so far apart that I even saw your sweet little pussy lips. I just wasn't treated to the sight of your beautiful ass, but now I've had the privilege of seeing that, too. Thanks, you've made this a great weekend for me."

I stood there for a short time feeling embarrassed, humiliated and violated, and then I asked, "Where was your wife?"

He replied, "She was standing there with me part of the time. That's when she found the camera and took the disk."

I asked, "And she didn't mind that you were looking at a naked little girl?"

He said, "Well don't tell Jennifer, but her mother and I occasionally bring another woman into our bed. It spices up our sex life. However, it's always someone our own age."

I said, "Well that explains a few questions I had about a massage last night."

I moved closer to Mr. Mills, but he stopped me and said, "I think you should go now."

Being naked in front of Mr. Mills was suddenly making him uneasy. The closer I got to him the more uneasy he felt. Now I was starting to feel like the one in control of the situation. I decided to come on a little stronger and make him feel really uncomfortable. He embarrassed me earlier by having me stand naked in front of him on the chair so I guess I just wanted to get back at him. I looked at Mr. Mills and then I sat on the desk and faced him. My perky breasts were right in front of him and I spread my legs apart, giving Mr. Mills an unobstructed view of my tender young pussy.

I asked, "So your wife doesn't mind that I'm sitting here in the nude right in front of you?"

He replied, "Well, she told me to have fun before she took Jennifer shopping, but I never thought it would come to this. It just feels wrong to be with someone that's half my age."

I said in a soft little girl voice, "You're beginning to hurt my feelings. You said that I was beautiful. You touched my bare breasts. You touched my bare butt and now you're turning me away. I think you should touch everything."

He said, "No, I just don't think I should."

I leaned forward and in a soft sweet voice I said, "Oh please Mr. Mills, finish what you started! Touch my pussy. I want you to touch me and tell me that you like it. If you don't like the way I feel, then I'll just walk away and I won't say another word."

I felt vindicated as he mumbled, "I can't do it. This is wrong, this is wrong," but just as I was about to jump off the desk he inserted his finger inside of me.

Mr. Mills began to move his finger in and out of my pussy. I was going to tell him to stop and that it had gone too far, but it felt so good that I decided to let it go on just a little longer. Soon I'd reached a point where I couldn't stop and vindication was no longer the motivation for my advances towards Mr. Mills. Satisfaction was now the motivating factor!

As he started making circles inside of me with his finger, I softly moaned, "Oh that's it. I like that…that feels nice. Oh please don't stop. That feels wonderful!"

While he concentrated on me, I used my feet to spread his robe apart. His member sprung to attention and I was very impressed. It was long, thick and rigid. Without warning, I removed his finger from my wet pussy and kneeled over his lap. Even though I'm always flashing and teasing guys, I rarely go all the way. However, I now had an itch in my pussy that only his throbbing manhood would be able to scratch.

As I held his love muscle in my hand just below my pussy Mr. Mills said, "Wait. What are you doing? We shouldn't be doing this!"

I slowly inserted his member inside of me and then I asked him in a little girl's voice, "Are you sure we shouldn't be doing this? Mmm, it feels good to me. Doesn't it feel good to you? I think we should do this."

I slowly moved up and down in his lap, driving his manhood deeper and deeper inside of me until I was able to take all of it.

As I continued to ride Mr. Mills, he just kept saying, "This is crazy. You're so young. This is crazy."

As I moved up and down in front of him, I whispered, "How does it feel?"

He replied, "Wet and tight, but this is so wrong. You're my daughter's age. You're my daughter's friend!"

I softly kissed his ear and whispered, "Well then, maybe I should stop," and then I teasingly tried to climb off him.

He held me in place and urged me to continue. Using his strong hands, he held my hips and moved me up and down as he thrust himself deep inside of me. I was making long strokes, going all the way down to the base of his penis and then rising up to a point where it almost fell out. I could feel that the excitement was increasing for him because he was getting even stiffer and more rigid inside of me.

Mr. Mills started massaging my little clitty while he softly kissed my nipples. The feeling inside of me was building and building. My body was so tense. He was doing everything perfectly and I was about to reach the point of no return.

I started panting, "Oh yes, that's it, that's it! Don't stop…don't stop! I'm just about there, almost there…no I'm there, I'm there! I'm cumming, I'm cumming!"

After listening to me reach my orgasm, Mr. Mills couldn't hold back any longer and exploded inside of me. We just held each other tight for a while, but then it sounded as if Jennifer and her mother were home so I hugged Mr. Mills and told him that I'd better go. I quickly left his office and ran up the steps with the intention of quickly jumping into the shower. Since I was still naked, I just wanted to get in the shower before I was discovered by Jennifer or her mom. However, I didn’t expect to be confronted by Tommy and his friends!

**College Girls – Part 12**

After concluding a secret rendezvous with Mr. Mills in his office, I thought my friend Jennifer and her mom were entering the house, so I tried to run up the steps and jump into the shower. As I headed towards the steps, I was still in the nude and I was surprised to discover that it wasn’t Jennifer and her mom. What I'd heard outside the office was the sound of Jennifer’s brother, Tommy. He had just answered the front door and welcomed three of his friends into the house. There I stood totally naked in front of four eighteen-year-old boys and to make matters worse, Tommy had put a new disk in his camera and he was recording again!

I turned towards the boys, giving them an unobstructed view of my bare breasts and naked pussy, and then I asked Tommy if he was going to introduce me. The boys just stood there with their mouths wide open so I giggled and continued up the steps. They quickly moved to the bottom of the staircase to get a good look at my bare butt until I disappeared down the hall. When I stepped into the shower, I suddenly realized that after everything I'd been through I'd left the disk in office!

I finished taking a shower, but I couldn't find a full-sized bath towel. Only a small hand-towel hung in the bathroom. I dried off, fixed my hair, etc., and then I held the small towel in front of me and walked down the hall. My backside was completely exposed and when I held the tiny towel high enough to cover my breasts, the bottom of the towel just barely covered my pussy hair.

As I walked down the hall, I heard some commotion in Tommy's room. I should have quickly gotten dressed, but my curiosity got the best of me and I walked right past Jennifer's room. I popped my head into Tommy's room to see what was going on, and there was Tommy with his three friends looking at me on the computer screen. Apparently, they'd found the videodisk!

I walked in and all of the boys' mouths dropped open because my only protection from their hungry eyes was that small towel. Tommy was sitting at his desk and his friends were seated behind him on the bed.

With my bare ass right in front of the boys on the bed, I asked Tommy, "Where's your dad?"

He replied, "Mom and sis have a dead battery so he went to help them."

I was facing Tommy and my breasts were covered, but I think some of my pussy hair was peeking out from below the short towel as I asked, "What are you watching?"

He said, "Nothing" as he tried to minimize the screen.

I walked next to him and bent over to grab the mouse. My naked ass was completely exposed to the boys on the bed and with my legs awkwardly spread, I'll bet they could see my bare beaver from behind, too. I heard smirks and giggling behind me so I was sure that my bare backside was causing a stir in the young boys' pants.

As I reached down to work the mouse, I had to let go of one side of the towel. My right tit was showing, but only Tommy could see it. I maximized the screen to discover that they'd indeed found the disk. The disk had just started and so far, the only one naked on the screen was me! I turned to the boys on the bed. The towel was still only covering my left breast and half of my pussy hair was showing in front, too.

I said, "You boys should be ashamed of yourselves, spying on an innocent girl. You shouldn't watch me getting undressed. Those were private moments. In fact, you shouldn't be looking at me now, either. This was the only towel I could find and it doesn't hide much. Turn your heads!"

They looked away as I turned back around to face Tommy, but when I looked over my shoulder the boys were focused on me once again.

I said, "Tommy, you need to give me that disk now. Your sister is naked on that disk, too. Do you really want your friends to see your sister in the nude?"

The boys started cheering behind me, but I said, "I'm putting a stop to this right now!"

I leaned across the desk and my bare butt was up high in the air for all the boys to see. I opened the disk drive and removed the disk, but I dropped my towel on the floor in the process.

I said, "Oops, I dropped my towel" as I stood there naked in front of the boys.

I continued, "Can one of you boys pick up my towel for me?"

A short heavy-set boy picked up the towel, but refused to give it back to me. I didn't even need the towel because I had the disk, but I decided to have some fun with the boys. The fat boy held the towel behind his back and as I reached around behind him in an attempt to retrieve the towel, I pressed my left breast right into his face. He got so excited that he dropped the towel.

I bent over to pick up the towel, just as another boy reached for it from behind me. My timing couldn't have been better because I pushed my bare ass right into his face. I could actually feel his nose pressing into my butt crack. Then he tossed the towel to Tommy. I stood sideways between Tommy and the boys, and then I demanded that the boys return the towel to me.

They started tossing the towel back and forth like a game of keep-away. Every time they tossed the towel, I would jump for it causing my boobies to bounce up and down. The boys really enjoyed that, so they kept it up for a while and I made sure that I didn't catch the towel. I was acting embarrassed and pretending that I wanted to get the towel back, but actually I was getting a thrill out of teasing all the young boys with my naked body.

Finally the towel fell on the floor and I bent over to pick it up. Now a very good-looking young boy seated behind me leaned forward to get the towel and he purposely pushed his face into my butt. He put the towel behind his back and fell backwards onto the bed carrying me with him in the process. He was lying on the bed and I was sitting on his face. My bare butt was on top of him until I put my knees underneath me and leaned forward a little. Now my sweet snatch was right above the young boy's mouth!

As I pretended to try to get the towel out from under him, he started kissing and licking my pussy. He obviously didn't know what he was doing, but he occasionally he hit the right spot causing me to shutter. As I pulled the towel out from under him, the little fat boy grabbed it and put it under his back. I knew what he wanted so I straddled his faced and tried to get the towel. This boy really didn't know what he was doing and I quickly yanked the towel away from him, but it fell into the middle of the bed.

I was naked on my hands and knees in the middle of the bed with the towel underneath me and all four boys were reaching for it. Well, actually they were reaching for me! The really good-looking boy placed a finger inside my wet pussy and started moving it in and out. Tommy and the fat boy each grabbed a breast. First they massaged my breasts, and then they placed their lips on my nipples and started kissing and sucking on them. The last boy began kissing my bare ass, but then he put his tongue in my butt crack and started licking all over. That was a new sensation I'd never experienced before. When he put his tongue on my butt hole, it sent chills down my spine!

I guess the good-looking boy knew more than I'd originally thought because he started licking my love button as he fingered me. Every spot on my body was being licked or caressed and it felt wonderful. The tension was building inside of me. It was getting stronger and stronger as the young boys experimented with my body. The fat boy couldn't take it anymore. He pulled out his erection and started stroking himself.

The feeling had built up inside of me until I couldn't hold on any longer and I started screaming, "Yes, oh yes! I'm cumming, I'm cumming!"

I was spent and I rolled over onto my back. I was completely naked with four teenaged boys looking down on me. I didn't try to hide anything. The four boys just stared at me for the longest time. They didn't seem to get tired of looking at my perky breasts, tender pink nipples and soft auburn pussy hair.

The boys started laughing at the fat boy who was still masturbating, so I said, "Only a real man would do what he's doing. You boys are missing out. In fact, I think you should all take your clothes off and touch yourselves. Otherwise, I'm going into the other room and put my clothes on."

They looked at each other and then they started taking their clothes off as fast as they could. I was still lying on the bed looking up as four naked young boys stood above me with their boners pointing out in front of them. The boys were still studying my naked body and I made no attempt to hide my breasts or pussy from the boys' view.

The boys just stood there motionless so I gently touched and stroked each boy's penis a few times to get them started. They all loved my soft touch and begged for more, but I told them that they had to take care of themselves. I just wanted to watch. Each boy took his member in his hand and began to stroke it, but the door suddenly opened. In popped Jennifer. She was so surprised to see all of the naked young boys that she was speechless. Jennifer locked the door behind her and demanded to know what was going on. The distraction of Jennifer caused the boys to get embarrassed. They tried to hide themselves and even lost their erections.

I said, "Jennifer, leave these poor boys alone. They just want to pleasure themselves while looking at a naked girl."

Jennifer said sarcastically, "Well then maybe I should strip for them, too!"

The boys got big smiles on their faces, so I said, "Yes that would be a great idea. Then I wouldn't have to be the only naked girl in the room."

Jennifer said, "I was kidding. I'm not going to take my clothes off for these little perverts!"

However, when she saw the sad looks on the naked boys' faces, she said, "Well, I guess I could stand to lose these sweatpants."

Jennifer was at the foot of the bed with Tommy's three friends looking at her. Tommy had his back to his sister. She turned around and slowly worked the sweatpants over her pretty butt. Jennifer had to bend over to slide the sweatpants down her legs and she was only wearing a tiny thong that went right up into her butt crack. Her entire butt was showing for the boys to enjoy.

The boys started stroking themselves again as Jennifer turned around and in an embarrassed voice said, "Oh no Mindy! I didn't realize how tiny these panties are. The boys can practically see my brown pussy hair right through the front of this little thong."

That really got the boys going so I asked, "Why don't you show the boys your matching bra?"

She replied, "No, I couldn't. I'm embarrassed enough as it is."

I urged, "Come on Jennifer. It'd be just like wearing a swimming suit."

She finally said, "Okay," and took off her T-shirt.

The boys' eyes practically popped out of their heads because Jennifer's underwear was nowhere near as concealing as a swimming suit. The boys could see her round rosy nipples right through the flimsy bra. When Jennifer saw their hungry eyes, she became even more embarrassed and placed her hands over her breasts. However, squeezing her melons just accentuated her cleavage, and in the process of pushing her breasts together, the front clasp of her bra popped open and the bra straps tumbled down her arms.

Jennifer said, "Oh no, my bra fell off!"

When Jennifer reached for her bra, she left her boobs out in the open for everyone to see.

I said, "Just leave it off…and loose those panties, too."

Jennifer dropped the bra to the floor, but as she continued holding her hands over her bare boobs and said, "No way…not my panties!"

I said, "Come on Jennifer. These boys need some stimulation. Besides, you can see right through those panties. The boys can see your dark pussy hair whether you wear that thong or not!"

Jennifer's red face tilted down as she took a good look at how exposed her brunette bush was through the thin material of her panties. Reluctantly she slowly moved her hands from her breasts and lowered them to her little undies. The boys were watching intensely as she hooked her thumbs inside of the waistband of her panties and began to slowly slide them down in front.

Inch by inch her panties descended in front of her as her neatly trimmed brown pussy hair came into view. When the panties reached her thighs and her pussy was finally totally exposed, she thrust her big breasts forward by leaning over and slowly pushing the panties to the floor. Jennifer stood up and her large breasts, rosy nipples and hairy triangle were all out in the open for the boys to see.

She said, "Are you happy Mindy? Now I'm not wearing any underwear at all! My boobies and pussy hair are right out where everyone can see them. All I have on are these white socks. Maybe you want me to take them off, too!"

I said, "Well as a matter of fact, yes."

The boys were really stroking themselves hard and fast as Jennifer put one foot on the bed and spread her legs wide open in the process. As she slowly rolled her white sock over her ankle, the boys had an unobstructed view of her entire pussy, including her pretty pussy lips. I reached over and spread her moist slit apart to make sure that all of the boys got a good look at Jennifer's sweet snatch. That was all the boys could take. Almost in unison, the boys started shooting their load into the air and it was all landing on me!

When they were finished, Jennifer and I picked up our clothes and the disk. However, before I left the room, I noticed that Tommy's camera was still running. I opened the camera and took that disk, too. We waved goodbye, giving the boys one last look at our naked butts before exiting the bedroom.

The next day, Jennifer and I returned to school, but it was a weekend we wouldn't forget, thanks to the videodisks!

**College Girls – Part 13**

Kelli scored four tickets to a concert in Kansas City. Amy and I are Kelli's best friends so of course she asked us to accompany her to the concert. We've also grown very fond of our sorority sister, Jennifer, so we gave her the fourth ticket. Jennifer's parents live in Kansas City and they offered to let us spend the night at their house after the concert. Jennifer and I had just visited her parents the previous weekend, but her parents said that we were always welcome in their house.

We drove straight from our university to the concert on Friday night. After the show, we went to Jennifer's house. Jennifer introduced everyone to her mom, dad and eighteen-year-old brother, Tommy. Kelli saw that Jennifer's dad was tall, muscular and good-looking, just like I'd described him. Kelli could also tell that Mrs. Mills had a firm, well-endowed body, with a fresh young look about her. Kelli and Amy already saw Tommy in the masturbation video, so meeting him was no surprise.

The girls and I went upstairs to get ready for bed. Soon Jennifer's mom asked us to come downstairs and visit with the family. Jennifer declined because we'd already changed into our nightclothes. However, her mom insisted stating that nobody cared what we looked like because it was just family.

I knew what Jennifer's mom was up to because of my previous visit. She wanted to excite Mr. Mills by parading four scantly clad twenty-year-old girls in front of him. Mrs. Mills knew that it would lead to some bedroom action for the couple later in the evening. However, I'll bet she didn't expect to see how bold Kelli and Amy could be.

Jennifer and I came down the steps first. It was no surprise to see Tommy sitting on the floor with his DVD camera rolling. I wasn't nearly as embarrassed this weekend, even though Tommy still pointed the camera under the hem of my short T-shirt. Once again he was zooming in on my skimpy white panties. I didn't care if the shadow of my neatly trimmed auburn bush was visible through the thin fabric of my panties because he'd seen it all before.

It didn't even matter to me that the material of my white cotton T-shirt was very thin and the chill of the crisp autumn air caused my nipples to poke out prominently for the camera. Jennifer's pink panties were hidden because the T-shirt Jennifer wore was a little longer than my T-shirt. My T-shirt was so short that my underwear peeked out from beneath it while I walked. When I sat on the floor Indian style, my T-shirt rode up in my lap almost totally exposing my underwear to Mr. Mills and Tommy.

My little undies had the guys' undivided attention until Kelli and Amy started walking down the steps. Kelli is a five-foot, four-inch blonde with large full breasts and she is rather free-spirited about showing off her body. Kelli knew that Jennifer's dad and little brother were waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs, but that didn't stop her from wearing a T-shirt that was even shorter than mine was.

At first, the length of Kelli's T-shirt attracted everybody's attention because it was so short. However, when Mr. and Mrs. Mills took a closer look, they were shocked to discover that Kelli wasn't wearing any panties under her short T-shirt! Everyone, including little Tommy, could see Kelli's shaved pussy and bare ass exhibited from beneath her short T-shirt.

Amy is a little more conservative than Kelli, but she is no stranger to exhibitionism, either. She displayed her cute little five-foot frame in a flimsy pale blue crop-top that exposed her flat tummy. The top was so short that the bottom of Amy's ample breasts peeked out from below the hem of the crop-top. Amy was also wearing pale-blue underpants that were out in the open for everyone to see, including young Tommy and his dad. Amy and Kelli tried to act embarrassed as they sat down on the couch. The girls pretended as if they didn't know that Mr. Mills and Tommy were going to be waiting for them in the family room, even though Jennifer and I knew better.

Amy looked at Jennifer's mom and said, "I'm so sorry for the way I'm dressed. I didn't realize your husband and son were going to be here. I thought we were going to visit with just you."

Kelly said, "Me, too, Mrs. Mills. If I'd known that there were going to be men present, I would have worn some panties. I hope your son and husband don't try to look under my T-shirt!"

Amy suggested that maybe they should go upstairs and put some pants on. Jennifer's mom looked at the smile on her husband’s face and told the girls not to worry about it. They should wear whatever makes them feel comfortable. Then Mrs. Mills smiled back at her husband. I could tell by the look on Mr. Mills' face that Mrs. Mills' strategy of using the girls to entice her husband was working very well.

Kelli sat on the couch while Mr. Mills and Tommy sat on the floor. The guys were eye level to Kelli's knees and Kelli didn't even bother to keep her knees together. She allowed Mr. Mills and Tommy to stare at her bald beaver as much as they wanted. That gave little Tommy quite a thrill. I'm sure he'd never seen a shaved pussy before. Mr. Mills also looked quite thrilled by the view that Kelli provided.

Amy was no better than Kelli. Every time Amy leaned forward, her little shirt fell away from her breasts. From their seat on the floor, Jennifer's dad and Jennifer's little brother could look right up Amy's crop-top at her braless breasts. They could easily see Amy's pretty pink nipples and Amy acted oblivious to their gawking.

Kelli even pushed the envelope a little further. She acted as if the pillow behind her was uncomfortable. Kelli stood up, turned around and bent forward to pick up the pillow without bending her knees. The hem of her super short T-shirt rode up in back and from their sitting position on the floor, Mr. Mills and Tommy could see right up her shirt.

Kelli flaunted her bare ass in front of the guys as she took her time rearranging the position of the pillow. When she leaned forward to reposition the pillow, the guys could even see Kelli's bald beaver from behind because the guys were only a few feet away from her. She was teasing the hell out of Tommy, but Mr. Mills looked like he appreciated the show just as much. Finally Kelli sat back down on the couch as if she wasn't aware that anything had happened.

It didn't take long for Jennifer's parents to declare that they needed to go to bed. The bulge in Mr. Mills' pants made it obvious that sleep was the last thing on his mind as the couple disappeared into their bedroom. Jennifer and I climbed into bed, but after a while we noticed that Kelli and Amy were not around. Jennifer and I assumed that the girls were corrupting Jennifer's little brother so we went into his bedroom.

Tommy was showing Kelli and Amy a video. Kelli was sitting on the bed with the hem of her short T-shirt riding up high enough to expose her shaved pussy to Tommy. Amy was standing next to Tommy in her little crop-top and panties. From Tommy's sitting position, he could see right up Amy's shirt at her braless breasts. The video on Tommy's computer screen must have been very important to him because he kept his composure even though Kelli and Amy were flaunting their beautiful bodies right in front of him.

I met four teenaged boys the previous weekend. Tommy and one of his friends were handsome athletic-built boys. However, of the other two boys one was short and fat and the other was slightly less that attractive. The two less fortunate looking boys worked up the nerve to ask a couple of cheerleaders out on a date. Without the boys' knowledge, Tommy hid nearby and recorded the event with his video camera.

The two boys conducted themselves very gentlemanly and spoke with a great deal of sincerity when they asked the girls out on a date. Unfortunately, the cheerleaders' reaction to the boys' request was rather disingenuous. The girls responded by pulling down the boys' sweatpants and underwear right in front of the rest of the cheerleading squad! The mean girls made comments of how the boys suffered from a case of the small-cocks. Then the girls said that this should teach the boys a lesson about trying to date girls that were out of their league. All of the girls were laughing as the boys struggled to pull their pants up and quickly run away.

The two boys were humiliated. Kelli and Amy said that someone needed to teach those cheerleaders a lesson! Tommy asked what he could do to get revenge on his friends' behalf without anyone knowing that he was involved. Kelli asked when the girls would be cheering again and Tommy said that there was a wrestling match the next day.

Kelli winked at Amy and then said to Tommy, "Leave it to us! These girls need to learn what it feels like to have their bodies exposed to everyone. They need to feel the same humiliation your friends felt."

Tommy said, "It’d be great if it involved the whole squad, but I especially want Becky and Madison to bite the dust! Those are the two girls that my friends tried to ask out."

With the knowledge of what Kelli and Amy are capable of doing, I would hate to be in those cheerleaders’ shoes tomorrow. Especially since the girls will probably lose their shoes along with the rest of their clothes!

**College Girls – Part 14**

Saturday morning, Kelli and Amy took off with Jennifer's car and Tommy's DVD camera. I was dying to know what they were up to, but I was sure that I'd find out soon enough. Later that afternoon, Kelli and Amy returned to Jennifer's house where Jennifer, Tommy and I were waiting. Tommy's three friends also attended the get-together.

Kelli announced that they'd attended the wrestling match at the boys' high school. She said that they took the video camera and got some interesting footage of the cheerleaders. Jennifer's parents weren't home and wouldn't be back until later that evening, so we all went into the family room to watch the DVD on the big-screen TV.

The video started out with the cheerleaders providing a few panty shots as they performed their cheers. Kelli found out who Becky and Madison were by asking some other students in the bleachers. They zeroed in on Becky and Madison during the match, but I must admit, I didn't really see anything on the video that would degrade the girls.

The fat kid was disappointed and said that the video didn't show very much. He complained that the video didn't show anything that would humiliate the cheerleaders on the level that he'd endured. Kelli told him to keep watching and he'd see plenty. Soon the match was over and the eight cheerleaders headed for the girls' locker room. Amy had the DVD camera hidden in a gym bag and she filmed Kelli following the girls into the locker room. Kelli and Amy wore sweatshirts and sweatpants, as if they'd just finished working out.

Kelli said, "Excuse me. My friend and I just finished running around the track. Would you mind if we used your showers?"

Since Kelly and Amy were so young and attractive, the cheerleaders thought nothing of it and said, "Sure. Help yourselves."

The boys instantly became excited because the hidden camera was facing the benches where the cheerleaders were disrobing. A cute blonde unzipped her short red and white skirt, and it fell to the floor. The boys identified her as Tammy. She took off her sweater, leaving her in her red trunks, but they looked like underwear to the boys.

Tammy was also wearing a matching red sports bra. Soon she pulled her sports bra up over her tiny titties. Her little pink nipples poked out like pencil erasers. The boys snickered at how small her breasts were, but they still enjoyed the view because at their age all bare chests are attractive.

Tammy was about five-foot-seven. She was a brunette with short hair and a muscular body. As she dropped her sports bra to the floor, she looked down at her trunks and began to dip her thumbs inside the waistband. The boys' hearts skipped a beat when they saw that she was about to take her trunks off. Tammy pushed her trunks to the floor, leaving her completely nude and standing right in front of the camera. The boys admired Tammy's hard nipples and hairy triangle as she stood there waiting for her friends to get undressed.

From the camera's vantage point, the boys were able to see four other girls. Luckily two of them were Becky and Madison. Madison was a short blonde and Becky was a brunette of medium height. Amber and Kat were also taking their clothes off in front of the camera. Amber was a voluptuous redhead and Kat was a little Japanese girl. Madison and Becky were facing the camera while Amber and Kat had their backs to it.

The boys couldn't believe what they were seeing. Snaps were popping and uniforms were dropping. Madison and Becky were lifting their sports bras over their heads. The boys could plainly see Madison's cute little nipples while Becky's ample breasts wobbled as she pushed her trunks to the floor. The camera was at the perfect angle to record Becky's dark pussy hair, and when Madison removed her trunks the boys could plainly see her little patch of blonde fur.

Tommy's good-looking friend said, "This is great! Every guy in school is going to see what these girls look like naked. These girls are going to learn the meaning of the word humiliation!"

Amber and Kat's beautiful naked butts were visible, but Amber was still wearing her bra. She turned around to talk to Kat and the boys could see that Amber was not wearing a sports bra. Amber was wearing a lacy push-up bra. Amber slowly unclasped the bra from the front and then removed it exposing a perfect set of titties. Her fire-red bush was also out in the open, right in front of the camera.

As the naked cheerleaders walked towards the showers, Amy turned the camera to follow them. Amy positioned the camera to catch all of the shower room activities. Suddenly Kelli and Amy stepped in front of the camera and they were both nude! Kelli and Amy were flaunting their bare bodies in front of the camera before turning and heading towards the showers. The boys stared at Kelli and Amy's bare butts on the big screen, and then the boys looked over at the girls in person. They couldn't believe the naked girls on the screen were actually sitting right next to them. Kelli had that smile as if she was soaking up the attention.

I glared at Kelli and she said, "What are you looking at, Mindy? We had to shower with those girls. If we'd just sat there, those girls would've gotten suspicious."

I thought to myself, "Sure Kelli. The truth is that you always have to be the center of attention."

Tammy turned and bent over to feel the water temperature. With her legs straight, her bare ass was right there for the boys to admire. She paused for quite a while. The boys agreed that Tammy's beautiful butt was her best feature so they were happy to get a nice long look at it.

The other four naked girls finally entered the showers. As the girls began to lather up the boys began to get restless. When they saw Becky work her soapy hands over her breasts and then move down between her legs, they almost lost control. I looked around and noticed that every boy had a hand moving around inside of his pants pocket and I was pretty sure that the boys weren't looking for their car keys!

The girls were running their hands all over their bare bodies. Amber was sliding her hands around on her butt cheeks while Madison made sure that her snatch was nice and clean. When Kat dropped the soap and bent over to pick it up, Amber playfully slid her soapy fingers up and down the crack of Kat's ass.

Tommy turned to the fat kid and said, "Oh man, lesbianism! When this video gets out, you'll really have your revenge!"

Out of nowhere two other girls moved right in front of the camera. They weren't cheerleaders so they must have just finished working out or participating in some other school activity. Tommy said that their names were Traci and Monica. They were both beautiful girls, about five-foot eight with medium brown hair. They were aspiring models and spoiled brats. Their parents were wealthy and gave the girls everything they wanted. Tommy had asked Traci out once, but Traci blew him off. Traci said that she only dated college guys because high school boys were too immature for her.

Tommy said, "This is such a bonus. Every guy wants these girls, including me, but no one can ever get close to them. Traci and Monica dump on any high school boy that asks them out. Now it looked like everyone would be dumping on them!"

Traci and Monica had already showered. They were standing there talking to each other while they dried off. When they were finished drying off they dropped their towels, but continued to stand there and talk. Traci was facing the camera and Monica had her back to it. They were very attractive girls, but they were blocking the view of the shower room although the boys didn't seem to mind.

Monica's firm young buns were only a few feet away from the camera. Traci was also nearby. Traci's perky breasts and medium brown pussy hair was completely uncovered. The boys studied every inch of Monica's naked butt and then turned their attention to Traci's beautiful bush. After Monica and Traci moved away from the camera, the boys could see Amber and Kat exiting the showers. Their bare breasts bounced a little as the young girls moved across the big TV screen.

Becky, Madison, Kelli and Amy remained in the showers. The boys had a good view of Becky's nice firm butt as she bent down to pick up the soap. She stood up and turned around. As the water splashed down on Becky's full breasts, the boys were able to check out the dark hairy triangle between Becky's legs.

All of the girls started washing their hair. Their hands were up high massaging the shampoo into their hair. The boys were amazed at the view they had of the girls. The girls' bodies were magnificent! As the girls rubbed their heads with their hands up high, their breasts jiggled back and forth. The boys watched as the suds trickled down over the girls' breasts. Then the suds ran between the girls' thighs and down their legs.

Kelli and Amy were really getting into it. Kelli first massaged her big boobs and then she teased and pulled on her nipples for the camera. Both Kelli and Amy made sure that they thoroughly washed their pussies. The girls leaned back and spread their pussy lips wide for the camera. Then Kelli and Amy turned around to repeat the process on their firm young butts. They bent over and spread their butt cracks wide, and then they slowly ran their soapy fingers up and down the sensitive area.

The fat kid looked at Amy and said, "Thank you" as he moved his hand around furiously inside of his pocket.

Amy blushed and just smiled back at the boy.

I thought to myself, "Kelli and Amy knew that Tommy and his friends were going to see this video. They also knew that many other high school boys were going to view it as well, so how could they be such exhibitionists? I guess the girls figured that they didn't know anyone that would watch the film. Besides it was probably a turn on to think that a lot of young boys would be getting off while looking at their naked bodies. It was obviously getting the fat kid excited."

After rinsing her hair, Madison ran her soapy hands all over her body. She turned around and bent over to wash her feet with her smooth firm ass pointed right at the camera. Next she stood up and slowly worked her soapy hands up and down her butt cheeks before turning around and starting on her breasts.

As Madison massaged one nipple between her fingers, her other fingers were between her legs. Was she washing herself or masturbating? The boys got their answer quickly as Madison started to moan. Madison closed her eyes while working her fingers in and out of her young pussy. She moved her fingers faster and faster as Amy just stood next to Madison and watched.

Suddenly Madison started screaming, "Yes! Yes! Oh yes," as she erupted with a powerful orgasm.

As Madison screamed, Kat raced over and looked into the showers. Kat was still in her underwear and her panty-clad butt was right in front of the camera.

Kat giggled and asked, "Maddie, are you doing yourself again?"

Madison replied, "Yep! You know how I get when you girls are all naked in front of me! Just remember, this is our little secret."

Kat said, "It'll never leave this room."

Of course Kat didn't know that a hidden camera was capturing it all on the DVD. Madison and Amy rinsed off and exited. Now only Becky and Kelli remained in the showers. That's when Kelli began to make her move.

Kelli reached for the soap and accidentally pushed her breasts out against Becky. Kelli apologized, but she soon found an excuse to do it again. Kelli kept accidentally brushing up against Becky with her big boobs and then apologizing. Becky thought it was funny and started doing it back to Kelli.

Soon the girls were having a little war between them. They were pressing their big soapy breasts up against each other and then trying to dodge one another. It looked like they were playing tag with their tits! Then Becky slipped in the shower, but caught herself by grabbing onto Kelli's big melons. Becky regained her balance, but she didn't let go of Kelli's breasts.

Becky said, "Wow, your breasts are amazing."

Kelli responded by touching Becky's breasts and saying, "Your tits are terrific, too."

Kelli and Becky just stood there and continued to rub their soapy hands all over each other's breasts.

Becky said, "I love the feel of big natural breasts. I guess we're pretty lucky to have breasts as big as ours without surgery."

Kelli said, "Yes, I guess we are. Your breasts feel so firm and round, but I also love the feeling of your nipples between my fingers."

Becky said, "Yes and it feels pretty good to me, too. Mmm…in fact it feels very good!"

The boys had their eyes locked on the big screen TV. They couldn't believe what Kelli had lured Becky into doing right in front of the camera. Becky even made things worse for herself. She tried to further her new relationship with Kelli by reaching down between Kelli's legs. Kelli did not resist Becky's advances and continued to massage Becky's breasts.

The not so good-looking boy started saying, "This is great, this is great!"

He was so wound up that I thought he was shooting a load in his pants when he heard Becky say to Kelli, "Your pussy is so smooth. I've never felt a shaved pussy before. I've always wanted to shave my own, but I was afraid to."

Kelli said, "There's nothing to it. Come on, I'll show you."

Kelli and Becky rinsed off, and then Kelli led Becky over to the bench with the gym bag on it. Becky threw her leg over the bench and laid down. Becky's feet were on the floor, forcing her to spread her legs and expose her entire pussy right in front of the camera. It appeared that the close-up view of Becky's pussy on the big screen TV was too much for the not so good-looking boy. He sighed rather loudly and when he removed his hand from his pocket there was a big stain on the front of his pants.

Kelli kneeled to the side of Becky. The boys could see a side view of Kelli's big jugs as she picked up a plastic bottle and squirted a huge amount of lotion onto Becky's pussy. Kelli said that she had a razor, but she didn't have any shaving cream. However, the oily lotion would work just as well. With Becky's pussy right in front of the camera, the boys watched Kelli rub the cream all over Becky's dark bush. Kelli allowed her fingers to linger on Becky's pussy lips for a while. Becky must have wanted more because she put her hand over Kelli's hand and forced Kelli to insert a finger inside of Becky's oily snatch.

As Kelly worked her finger in and out of Becky's pussy, the other girls began to gather around in the background. Madison and Amy were still naked, but most of the other girls were fully dressed as they watched the festivities. Kelli kissed and sucked on Becky's nipples. Next Kelli moved down and began to lick Becky's love button while continuing to move her finger around inside of Becky's tight wet pussy. Kelli worked her fingers in and out, faster and faster until Becky began to quiver, and then she started cumming while everyone watched.

Becky was still breathing hard as she said to Kelli, "No one ever made me cum like that before. That was totally awesome!"

The steamy scene was too much for the fat kid to withstand. I watched him grunt and shoot a load in his pants. He looked around and saw that I was watching him. The fat kid turned red and placed a pillow in his lap. I just smiled and winked at him, and then I turned my attention back to the TV.

Becky just laid there as Kelli took the razor and carefully began to shave Becky's furry private area. Little by little Kelli removed the dark hair from the main area of Becky's pussy. Soon there was a lot of smooth skin showing, but there was still some dark pussy hair around Becky's pussy lips.

As Kelly cautiously trimmed the hair away, she had to move Becky's sweet pussy lips around to make sure that she didn't miss any hair. Since Becky just had an orgasm, she would flinch whenever Kelli would touch her in the right spot. Kelli made sure that she touched that spot many times in order to torture Becky a little. With Kelli's fingers moving and opening Becky's pussy lips, the close-up view of the camera made the video almost appear to be a gynecology exam.

Finally Kelli was finished and Becky had a smooth bald beaver. While Becky was still seated in front of the camera she touched and caressed herself to investigate her newly shaven pussy. It was incredible for the boys to see an extreme close-up of the school's most beautiful cheerleader displaying her pussy right in front of them on the big screen TV. When she was through examining herself, she thanked Kelli and returned to the other bench so that she could get dressed.

Amy pointed the camera to where Becky and Madison were getting dressed. The boys watched Madison slip a pair of white cotton panties up her legs followed by a plain white bra. She finished with a T-shirt and a pair of tight sweatpants. Becky slipped a pair of silky blue panties over her newly shaved pussy, followed by a tight yellow T-shirt and a pair of jeans. The boys could see the nipples of Becky's braless breasts poking out against the yellow fabric of the T-shirt. After the girls were finished getting dressed, they all filed out of the locker room. Becky hugged and kissed Kelli as she made her way out the door. Then Kelli, who was still naked, winked at the camera as Amy turned it off.

Kelli faced the boys and said, "I don't think anything can humiliate these high school girls more than this video will. They'll be mortified! Have fun showing it to all of the boys in your school. Just make sure that you distribute it anonymously so that nobody knows you were in on it."

The fat kid replied, "We'll be careful. We don't want to get expelled or arrested."

The not-so-attractive kid turned to Kelli and added, "They may be able to identify you and Amy, but they won't be able to identify us!"

Kelli and Amy never thought about any legal ramifications related to the video. Kelli pondered over the situation for a while and then decided to edit the video before allowing the boys to distribute it. The boys led Kelli up to Tommy's room to begin working on the project. After a few hours I went into Tommy's room to see how they were doing. The boys were all standing near Kelli with their sticky limp dicks in their hands and Kelli was sitting at the computer completely naked!

Kelli smiled and said, "We just finished."

I asked, "Did you just finish the disk or just finish yourselves?"

Kelli laughed and replied, "Both!"

**College Girls – Part 15**

Kelli, Amy, Jennifer and I drove back to the university on Sunday afternoon. Nothing else happened at Jennifer's house during the weekend visit, or at least that's what I thought. A few days later I stopped at a campus coffee house after class. I set my laptop on the table and decided to get a little homework done while I sipped my coffee.

There was a DVD in my disk drive and I didn't recognize it. I figured one of my sorority sisters borrowed my laptop to watch a video and forgot to remove it. I decided to start it up and see what was on it. It turned out to be another video from our weekend visit at Jennifer's house, but I hadn't seen this one before. Apparently someone hid the camera in Mr. and Mrs. Mills' bedroom and the video showed the couple getting ready for bed.

The camera angle offered a great view of their bed, but their bathroom and closet area was not visible on the screen. I couldn’t watch the couple getting undressed, but I could see them as they climbed into bed. I caught a quick glimpse of Mr. Mills' member as he slipped under the sheets, but Mrs. Mills took her time getting into bed.

There was a clear view of Mrs. Mills' bare butt on the laptop screen as she picked up a magazine from the floor. Her breasts bounced in front of the camera as she fluffed up her pillow. Mrs. Mills' round pink nipples were poking out. I guess the chill in the air was having an affect on her bare breasts. Mrs. Mills' dark pussy hair was easy to see as she raised her leg up onto the bed, but then she covered herself up with the sheets.

The video was pretty boring as the naked couple just laid in bed under the sheets and read magazines. Suddenly their bedroom door opened and Kelli strutted into the room. She was only wearing her short T-shirt. Now I knew who was responsible for this video!

Kelli said to Jennifer's parents, "Oh I'm sorry. The other bathroom is crowded with all the girls so Jennifer told me to use your bathroom. I just assumed you were downstairs. I'll leave you guys alone."

Mrs. Mills said, "Don't worry about us. We're just laying here reading magazines. Go ahead and use our bathroom."

Kelli thanked the couple and went into the bathroom. She was no longer in front of the camera and Jennifer's parents went back to reading their magazines. I thought the video was going to get boring again, but then I began listening to the dialog between Jennifer's mom and her dad.

Mr. Mills said, "Look, Kelli forgot to close the bathroom door."

Mrs. Mills looked up, paused and then she said, "I'll bet she didn't forget!"

Mr. Mills said, "Come on, she's just a sweet innocent girl. Don't judge her so harshly. Hey look, she's bending over to turn on the faucet. Her little T-shirt is riding up and she's not wearing any underwear. I can see her bare ass! Wow, Kelli's showing me her nice butt and she doesn't even know I'm watching her."

Mrs. Mills said, "The way that little girl runs around the house without underwear, I guarantee she knows you're watching her!"

Listening to Jennifer's parents was actually getting me a little excited. The coffee house was somewhat empty so I reached down between my legs and started rubbing myself over my jeans.

On the video Mr. Mills said, "Look what Kelli's doing now. She's lifting off her T-shirt. Look at those big knockers. Now Kelli’s looking down at her breasts. She's looking…reaching…now she's touching her nipples. This is great! She has no idea what she's doing to me."

Mrs. Mills said, "Don't kid yourself. That little girl knows exactly what she's doing to you!"

Mr. Mills said, "Would you look at that hairless pussy. It looks as smooth as silk!"

Mrs. Mills looked a little jealous as she pulled down the sheet and rolled onto her side. She bent one leg to expose her brunette bush to Mr. Mills, and to the camera. Her breasts were also showing on my laptop screen.

Mrs. Mills ran a finger through her pussy hair and asked, "Do you like her shaved pussy better than my pussy? See, I'm neatly trimmed. Does her little bald beaver appeal to you more that my pussy does?"

Mr. Mills replied, "No way. Your pussy is trimmed so nice. I love it exactly the way it is. Just remember, no matter how many women you bring into our bed you'll always be number one with me. Other women only help stimulate me so that I can bring more pleasure to you."

Mrs. Mills relaxed and said, "Well that's why I love you. You look at naked women for my benefit only."

Jennifer's dad reached down between her mom's legs and said, "I think you like looking at Kelli, too. It feels like Kelli's making you a little wet between the legs."

Jennifer's mom retorted, "Well let's see what she's doing to you!"

Mrs. Mills pulled back the sheets exposing Mr. Mills' private area for the camera. He was sticking up like a flagpole, which made me even more excited. Rubbing myself over my jeans was no longer enough to satisfy me. I needed more stimulation. I looked around and there wasn't anybody near me. Even though I was sitting at one of those high tables with a high backless stool, I couldn't help unzipping my pants and slipping a finger inside of my underwear.

My jeans were so tight that I could barely get my finger inside of them. The top of my pants were open as wide as I could get them, but I couldn't get my finger down deep enough to touch my pussy the way I wanted to. I had to force my jeans down a little. I figured that if my butt crack hung out in back, people would just assume I was wearing a pair of those low-cut jeans, the kind where your butt hangs out every time you bend over. Now I was able to put my finger directly on the wet slit between my legs, which felt much better.

I went back to watching the video as Mr. Mills said, "I can't believe it. Kelli's in the shower, but she forgot to close the shower curtain!"

Mrs. Mills said, "I assure you, she didn't forget. Look at the way she's thrusting her breasts out as she washes her hair. No one washes her hair like that! She's squeezing those big tits together with the top of her arms as she massages her head. Look at all that cleavage. She has to be putting on a show for us!"

Jennifer's dad said, "No she's not! Kelli's just a nice little girl that forgot to close the bathroom door and the shower curtain. I'm certain she doesn't know we're watching her."

Mrs. Mills said, "Well, you can go ahead and make up any fantasy you want, but now look what she's doing. Some of the suds dripped down on her nipples. Look how she's slowly wiping the soap off her nipples with her fingers. Now she's rolling her nipples between her fingers and making them hard. Do you really think that's the way she normally takes a shower?"

Mr. Mills replied, "In my mind, that's the way all girls take a shower!"

Mrs. Mills said, "Well, she's finally rinsing her hair. Now she's lathering up her hands with the soap. Oops, there goes the soap. She dropped it in the tub. She's turning around, bending over, showing her ass. I'll bet she'll take her time picking up the soap, too!"

Mr. Mills said, "She can take all the time she wants. Look at that ass!"

Jennifer's mom took Mr. Mills' rigid member in her hand and stroked it a few times. That inspired me to insert a finger inside of me. My jeans were down to my knees now and I was in public, sitting in the middle of a coffee house, but I didn't care. It felt so good!"

On the video Jennifer's dad said, "Look how Kelli lathers up her butt. She spreads her ass cheeks wide so that she can run her fingers up and down her butt crack."

Mr. Mills yelped, "Don't stop!"

Mrs. Mills replied, "I didn't! I'm still stroking you."

Mr. Mills said, "No, I meant I didn't want Kelli to stop washing her butt. Oh well, I guess she's done because she's turning around. Wow, now she's soaping up her breasts. That's it, squeeze 'em, squeeze 'em, pull on those nipples!"

Mrs. Mills stopped stroking Mr. Mills and said, "Calm down. Kelli's already finished with her breasts. She moved down to her tummy. Now she's washing her legs. I guess she skipped her pussy."

Mr. Mills said, "No way. Kelli has to come back to it. Oh man, just look at how her breasts jiggle when she bends over."

Mrs. Mills said, "Oh I can't believe what Kelli's doing now. She's leaning back against the shower wall and she's spreading her legs wide."

Mr. Mills said, "Wow, you can see her pussy lips so easily since her pussy is shaved! Can you stroke me some more?"

Mrs. Mills answered, "Not right now. I want to save it for me!"

Mr. Mills said, "Oh that's cruel! Look at me. I'm so hard, it hurts."

Jennifer's mom just ignored Mr. Mills' statement, but I couldn't ignore the image of his love muscle on the screen. It was long, thick and so stiff that it appeared to be throbbing. As I gazed at Mr. Mills' hard member in the video, I started thinking about what it felt like when it was inside of me. That really got my juices flowing! I was now moving my finger in and out of my pussy without any regard for the people in the coffee house.

On the video Mrs. Mills asked, "So you really don't think Kelli's just a performer? Look at the way she's putting her finger in her mouth like a little girl. Now she's reaching down between her legs. She's touching…rubbing…caressing…rubbing. I'll bet Kelli's going to start moaning soon. Yep, there she goes…and she's loud enough for us to hear her. How convenient!"

Jennifer's dad replied, "Don't ruin the moment for me. That sweet young thing is touching her nipples with one hand, but she's still able to rub between her legs with the other. What a talented girl! Wait a second. It looks like, yes, she inserted a finger inside of her pussy. She's going for it. Look how she's moving her finger in and out, in and out."

Mrs. Mills said, "And now she's going to start moaning even louder."

Mr. Mills said, "Kelli can't help it, she's about to have an orgasm!"

Mrs. Mills said, "So soon?"

Mr. Mills said, "Just listen to her. She's saying yes…yes...she's cumming, she's cumming!"

Jennifer's mom laughed out loud at the way Jennifer's dad was acting. Suddenly the bedroom door flew open. Jennifer's parents scrambled to cover their naked bodies with the sheets as Amy entered the room. She was only wearing a towel. Amy faced the bed and the camera. There was a gap at the bottom of Amy's towel and half of her dark pussy hair was showing.

Amy acted a little embarrassed and said, "I'm sorry to barge in on you like this. I thought Kelli was in here taking a shower and I was going to go next."

Jennifer's mom said, "That's all right. You can wait here and use the shower when Kelli's done."

There was an awkward silence. Amy just stood there and watched as Mr. Mills try to re-position himself on the bed. It was obvious that he was trying to get a better view of the soft brunette pussy hair peeking out from beneath Amy's towel. Amy saw what he was doing and attempted to pull the towel closed to conceal her hair triangle. Unfortunately, when she pulled on the towel, it slipped down in front and exposed her breasts to Mr. Mills. Amy quickly repositioned her towel, but now she really felt awkward as she stood there in front of Jennifer's mom and dad with only a little towel to cover Amy's nudity.

Amy wanted to break the silence, so she turned to Jennifer's mom and said, "I hear that you give great massages."

Mr. Mills said, "Yes, she's the best!"

Then Mr. Mills turned to his wife and asked, "Honey, why don't you give little Amy a massage while she's waiting for the shower?"

Mrs. Mills looked at Amy and said, "I don't mind giving you a massage, but you'll have to excuse the way I look. I don't have any clothes on."

Amy said, "That's okay. The girls are always running around the sorority house naked anyway."

Mrs. Mills said, "That's what I keep hearing," as she got out from under the covers and showed her naked body to the camera."

Amy continued, "It's true. It's a good thing they don't allow men in the house. Otherwise, Mr. Mills, you might walk into our house and be confronted by thirty naked little girls. Could you imagine that, Mr. Mills?"

Mr. Mills just chuckled as if he was imagining it right then.

Mrs. Mills said, "Well, if you want a massage, you'll have to take off your towel and lie down on the bed."

Amy said, "Take off my towel? But…but I don't have anything on underneath it. Mr. Mills will be able to see me!"

Mrs. Mills said, "Don't worry about him" and Jennifer's mom loosened Amy's towel for her.

The towel dropped to the floor, leaving Amy standing there completely naked in front of Mr. Mills and the camera. At first, Amy just stood there with her hands over her breasts. Amy's neatly trimmed brunette bush was right out in the open. Then Amy decided to follow Mrs. Mills' instructions. Amy pulled back the sheets and climbed into bed, pulling the covers off Mr. Mills in the process. As Amy laid, face down on the bed with her nice smooth butt sticking up for the camera, she looked sideways and saw the stiff penis that she'd uncovered.

Amy asked, "Oh, I'm sorry Mr. Mills. Did I do that to you?"

Mr. Mills tried to cover his penis with his hands and said, "Well, Kelli accidentally left the door open when she took her shower. But, you're a beautiful girl, isn't she dear?"

Mrs. Mills said, "No doubt about it" as she began massaging Amy's back.

Mr. Mills couldn't pull the sheets over him because Amy was lying on them. Kelli came out of the shower with a towel wrapped around her head. The rest of her body was totally uncovered.

Kelli said, "I'm sorry about the way I look Mr. Mills. There was only one towel and I used it for my hair."

Mr. Mills said, "No problem. As you can see, clothing is optional in this room."

Kelli pointed between Mr. Mills' legs and said, "It looks like you have a little problem, I mean big problem!"

Mrs. Mills giggled and said, "Yes, it's been that way since you girls walked in here. I just don't know what to do with it."

Kelli started acting like a dumb blonde, as she leaned over Mr. Mills and said, "You don't know what to do with it? Well, what you do is lick it a little like this. See how I run my tongue up and down it?"

Mrs. Mills chuckled and said, "What I meant when I said that I don't know what to do with it is…well I'm busy here with Amy and…"

Kelli just continued and said, "I can put my mouth around it and go up and down like this."

As Kelli had her mouth on Mr. Mills' hard missile, Jennifer's mom sat back on the bed and said to Amy, "This isn't fair. He gets all the attention and I get nothing."

Amy sweetly said, "Well, I think I can help you out. A lot of us girls get lonely in the sorority house at night after a long day of schoolwork. We've found a way to relieve stress."

Amy started giving Mrs. Mills soft kisses on her breasts. Amy made little circles on Mrs. Mills' round rosy nipples with her tongue, as Kelli pulled her head away from Mr. Mills' hard member.

Mr. Mills said, "Please don't stop!"

Kelli said, "Don't worry, I want to show you something else. Now that you're all lubricated, I can hold you in my hand and stroke you. There, doesn't that feel good?"

Mr. Mills said, "Well, I really liked what you were doing before, but this feels good, too."

Three older men came into the coffee shop and sat down at a low table across from me. They had a birds-eye view at what was going on under my table, but I couldn't quit now. It felt so good to move my finger in and out of my tight, wet pussy. Then two college guys came in and sat at a table behind me.

I don't think they could see what I was doing, but I did hear one guy say, "Hey, look at that chick over there. I can see her butt crack. I think she pulled her pants down."

The other guy said, "No. I think she's wearing a pair of those low-cut jeans. Her butt's just hanging out."

The first guy said, "Well she's got a nice butt. I hope she doesn't pull them up any time soon."

I thought to myself, "The way you guys are distracting me, you're making it hard for me to concentrate and get myself off…so yes, I guess my pants will hang down for a while."

In the video, Amy said to Mrs. Mills, "Look what else I can do with my tongue!"

Amy moved down and began licking the moist slit between Mrs. Mills' legs. She licked up and down and even inserted her tongue inside of Mrs. Mills' pussy. Then Amy moved up to Mrs. Mills' love button and began concentrating her efforts there."

Mrs. Mills moaned, "Oh wow, that feels really good. You are one girl that knows what she's doing."

Amy said, "Well, a girl knows what a girl wants" as she inserted a finger inside of Mrs. Mills' pussy while continuing to lick her love button.

Kelli heard the moaning on the other side of the bed, and then, as if she needed to outdo Amy's performance, Kelli looked at Mr. Mills and said, "Let me show you something else that I can do."

Kelli climbed up on top of Mr. Mills and straddled him with a knee on each side of him. Mr. Mills looked over at Mrs. Mills and she just smiled at him as if she was giving him permission to proceed. Kelli held Mr. Mills' stiff throbbing penis below her and then she slowly inserted it inside of her. She moved up and down as Mr. Mills' manhood plunged deeper and deeper inside of her. Soon Kelli was taking all of it as she bounced up and down on top of Mr. Mills.

As Kelli continued to ride Mr. Mills, Amy began making gentle circles inside of Mrs. Mills’ pussy with her delicate finger. Amy continued licking Mrs. Mills' wet slit as she worked her magic inside of Mrs. Mills. Then with the other hand, Amy reached up and caressed Mrs. Mills' nipples.

Amy sweetly asked, "Do you like what I'm doing?"

Mrs. Mills replied, "Oh yes. This is terrific. You are doing everything perfect. Don't change what you’re doing. I can feel something building inside of me."

From the camera angle you could see everything Amy was doing to Mrs. Mills, but you could also see Amy's smooth firm butt as she bent over on top of Jennifer's mom. Not only could you see Amy's nice ass, but you could also see her little pink pussy peeking out from behind. Kelli's butt was also showing in the video as she bounced up and down on Jennifer's dad.

Kelli started moaning, "Oh yes…yes" as her big boobs bounced up and down in front of the camera.

I was really making a spectacle of myself in the coffee house now. The steamy action on the laptop screen turned me on so much that I had to move my finger faster and deeper inside of my pussy. It forced me to spread my legs even further apart causing my jeans and underpants to slip down over my knees. My pants and panties dropped to my feet attracting the attention of everyone around me. There were men sitting across from me and guys sitting behind me. I was very embarrassed because my jeans and underpants were down around my ankles, but I was so turned on that I couldn't stop. I just spread my legs wide and continued to pleasure myself.

Back on the video Mrs. Mills started moaning, "Don't stop now, Amy. It feels great. You're doing great. Just a little more…I'm right on the edge…it's just about to happen…"

Then Amy must have had an itch on her nose. Amy stopped for a moment, lifted her head and scratched her nose. Mrs. Mills let out a scream as if she was being tortured.

Mrs. Mills forced Amy's head back between her legs and yelled, "Don't stop, child! Go back to what you were doing before. Oh yes, that's it. Now you're doing what I like!"

I was pleasuring myself as I watched Amy pleasure Mrs. Mills and I watched Kelli pleasure Mr. Mills. I think everyone was on the edge of an orgasm now!

Suddenly Mrs. Mills started panting, "Yes, yes, yes! This is it! I'm there. I'm there!"

As Mrs. Mills climaxed, Kelli moaned, "Mmm, I like this. Oh yes, I can feel it. I think I'm going to cum, too!"

Kelli started massaging her own love button with her finger as she continued to bounce up and down on Mr. Mills. Mr. Mills started tensing up and breathing hard so Kelli sensed that he was close.

Kelli begged, "Not yet. I'm not there yet. Please Mr. Mills, wait for me. Just hold on a little longer!"

Amy leaned over and said, "Here, let me help."

As Jennifer's mom laid there, trying to recover, Amy softly kissed and sucked on Kelli's nipples. Amy also reached around and started touching Kelli's butt crack.

Amy asked, "Is that helping?"

Kelli answered, "Yes, yes…don't stop. I'm close, I'm so close."

At the coffee house I was close, too. The feeling was really building inside of me. My muscles were tensing up as I plunged my finger deep within my pussy. Each time I pulled my finger out I would drag it up my moist slit until it rubbed against my little clitty and then I would thrust my finger back inside of me. I was getting so wet because I kept repeating the motion over and over again. I was losing it and I didn't care who saw me.

My titties needed attention, too. I wanted to touch my tender pink nipples so bad, but my tight shirt and bra prevented me from fondling my breasts in public. As I massaged my pussy, I couldn't help trying to move my other hand up under my button-down knit shirt. I stuck my finger inside of my bra and started rubbing my nipple. I opened my eyes for a second and one of the old men sitting across from my table motioned for me to lift my shirt. I smiled at him nervously for a moment and then I decided to go for it.

I slowly unbuttoned my shirt all the way down the front and then I pushed it wide open. The two guys behind me moved to the front to get a better view. I also had the undivided attention of the guy behind the counter, but there were still several people in the back of the coffee house that hadn't noticed my performance, yet. My bra was still covering my breasts, but my pants and underpants were down around my ankles. I reached behind my back to unfasten my bra. Since I needed both of my hands to unhook my bra, there was nothing hiding my hairy triangle from their view. My auburn bush was right out in the open for everyone to see!

I like the white bra that I was wearing because it pushes my breasts together and makes them look bigger. I treated the men to a teasing look at my bra for a moment before unhooking it. My breasts tumbled out in front much to the delight of the men. I pulled the bra straps down through the sleeve of each arm so I could take the bra off without taking my shirt off. Once I removed the bra, I set it on the table and then I went back to what I was doing.

I started caressing my puffy pink nipples with one hand while I touched my tight wet pussy with the other. I sucked on my finger to lubricate it. Then I re-inserted it inside of my pussy and went back to rubbing myself the same way I was it doing before. However, now I wasn't sure what was turning me on more, the video or the fact that I had an audience! Either way I went back to watching the video because I couldn't bear to make eye contact with the men as I sat there in public almost naked while the guys watched me masturbate.

On the video Mr. Mills said, "I can't hold on any longer."

Kelli begged, "Please, just a little longer…almost there…yes, oh yes. This is it! This is it!"

As Kelli climaxed on top of Mr. Mills, he let out a big grunt. He was shooting his load inside of Kelli as she continued bouncing up and down like a wild woman. Finally they finished their animal behavior and everyone fell together on the bed in a heap.

The video continued playing on my laptop. From what Jennifer's parents described, it sounded like Kelli and Amy went into the shower together. Of course they left the door open again and Mrs. Mills narrated the activities. Apparently Kelli kneeled down in front of Amy to satisfy Amy's needs. However, I couldn't pay attention to the video anymore because I had my own needs to satisfy.

I was moving my finger in and out of my pussy while I pinched and caressed my nipples. As the men looked on, my body began to stiffen up. I started to quiver and shudder all over. Next I took a deep breath and then I released it as I reached a powerful orgasm. I was breathing fast and my finger was moving around furiously until I just couldn't take it anymore.

I was sitting there with my head down, my eyes closed and my finger still buried deep inside of my pussy. However, I wasn't moving my finger any longer. I just sat there, enjoying the aftermath of my efforts. After a short time I looked up and everyone was silently staring at me. The looks on their faces made me realize the magnitude of what I'd just done and my face began turning red with embarrassment. I decided that it was time to put my clothes on and get out of there.

I said, "Well, I guess I ought to get dressed" as I hopped down from the high stool.

As I stood in front of the men, my pants were down around my ankles and my shirt was wide open. Now everyone in the coffee house was looking at me. The men could easily see my perky breasts and my raven-haired bush. I turned around and bent over with my knees straight, giving the guys a clear view of my firm young ass. The men were taking a nice long look at my butt cheeks as I struggled to untangle my underpants from my jeans.

Finally I pulled the bikini panties up my legs and positioned them over my ass. They looked like little girl's underpants. My panties were white with pink flowers on them. After adjusting my underpants, I turned around and faced the men. I pulled my tight jeans up my legs, but my breasts were still hanging out in the open. After zipping up the front of my jeans, I held my bra up in front of me. My bare titties were on display for everyone in the coffee house as I pondered over what to do about my bra.

I said to myself aloud, "Hmm, I wonder if I should put this bra back on or leave it off? I'd have to take my shirt off in front of everyone in order to put the bra back on. I could also just button my shirt and leave the bra off, but then my nipples would be poking out all afternoon. This is such a dilemma."

One of the younger guys asked me to leave the bra off, but an older man said that I should put it back on. I stated that I always respect the wisdom of an older man so I slipped the shirt all the way off. I was standing there topless in a public coffee house with strange men staring at me. That made me a little nervous and caused me to fumble with the clasp on my bra. However, I finally got it hooked and pulled the cups down over my breasts. I put the shirt back on and slowly buttoned it from the bottom up as the push-up bra created the existence of cleavage between my medium-sized breasts.

Finally my clothes were all in place so I took the last sip of my coffee, closed my laptop and headed for the door. Everyone was looking out of the coffee house window and watching me as I walked across the street. I'm sure they were talking about me all afternoon, but I didn't care. My solo love making session felt that good!

**College Girls – Part 16**

Math was always my weakest subject and it was time for my final exam in Calculus. My teacher, Professor Blackburn, was a sweet man in his mid-forties. His wife had just left him so he was feeling a little lonely. I decided to pay him a visit at his office in the Math and Science Building. I thought that maybe I could raise his spirits and raise my grade in the process. My friend Kelli once seduced another one of my teachers and I ended up with the best grade in the class. I figured that if I wore a revealing outfit, history might repeat itself.

I chose a very short light-blue mini-skirt made of sweatpants material. The skirt had an elastic waistband and it had our college logo across the butt. I had to position the waistband all the way down to where my neatly trimmed auburn pussy hair started. Otherwise, my skimpy white panties would hang out from under the hem of the short skirt. The waistband was so low that the top of my butt-crack was actually hanging out in back.

I also wore a white cotton blouse with light blue pinstripes. It was a sleeveless top and my braless nipples were visible under the thin fabric. I only buttoned one button right below my breasts, and then I tied the bottom of the blouse in a knot. Even though my breasts are only medium sized, they were full enough show an ample amount of cleavage. With my blouse tied up so high and the waistband of my skirt positioned down so low, I was showing my bellybutton and a great deal of my flat tummy. Professor Blackburn seemed to enjoy the view as he locked his office door and took a seat behind his desk.

He said, “You’re Mindy Sparks and you’re in my afternoon calculus class, right?”

I said, “Yes, that’s correct.”

As Professor Blackburn gazed at my revealing attire he asked, “Well Miss Sparks, what can I do for you?”

I replied, “I need to do well on the final exam next week or I won’t pass your class. I was wondering if you could give me some assistance.”

He took a good look at my short skirt and said, “I believe we can work something out. I have a study guide here that you could review and then you could let me know if you have any questions before the test begins.”

I said, “Okay, I’ll take the study guide and leave.”

There were so many open buttons on my blouse that when I leaned over in front of him to pick up the study guide, my top fell away from my breasts. The professor could see down my blouse and he caught a glimpse of my puffy pink nipples inside of the gaping material.

He looked at my breasts and said, “You know what, I have a copy of the exam right here. You could take the exam right now in my office and I could help you if you have any questions.”

I said, “That would be great!”

As I bent over to pick up the exam, my teacher tried to look down my blouse again. I made eye contact with him and then held the exam in front of my breasts. He started to blush because he knew that he’d been caught.

I didn’t want him to feel uneasy so I said, “I’m sorry for the way I’m dressed. I just threw these clothes on because I thought I’d just be hanging out at the sorority house. I didn’t know I’d be hanging out here.”

He chuckled and said, “You can hang out all you want.”

I said shyly, “I guess it’s hard not to hang out in this skimpy outfit.”

He quickly said, “Don’t worry, you couldn’t possibly be threatened by an old man like me.”

Then I told him that even though I was only twenty-years-old, I find comfort in the company of mature men. Older men make me feel appreciated, whereas younger guys make me feel used. This is especially true after being jerked around all year by college boys.

My teacher started feeling relaxed and asked, “It can’t be that bad. How could a cute girl like you get jerked around by some simple minded college boys?”

I replied, “Maybe because of too much alcohol or because I’m a little naïve, but somehow I always end up naked in a room full of boys. Oh, you don’t want me to bore you with my stories.”

He perked up and said, “Oh please do! Err, I mean why don’t you pull up a chair and tell me about it. You might feel better if you get it off your chest.

I said, “You mean you might feel better if I talk about my chest!”

We both laughed as I looked around the room for something to sit on. I saw a stool across the room so I walked up to it and with my back to my teacher, I bent over to pick up the stool. I could feel the bottom of my little white panties hanging out from below the short skirt because I didn’t bend my knees. When I stood up, the waistband of the skirt slid down a little further on my hips.

There were now a few strands of pubic hair hanging out over the waistband and more of my butt crack was showing in back. I pretended not to notice, but the professor sure took a good look at me as I placed the stool beside his desk. I sat down on the backless stool and watched his eyes get big as I slowly crossed my legs. He got a good look at my white bikini underwear in the process.

I said, “So you want a story about how these college boys mistreated me. Well, for example, I went to a guy’s dorm room to study. He was attractive and eventually seduced me right out of my clothes. No sooner did I have my clothes off when the door burst open and his beer-drinking buddies barged in. I was sitting there stark naked as the boys feasted their eyes on my exposed flesh.”

My teacher asked, “You didn’t have any clothes on at all?’

I said, “Nothing at all! My titties and pussy were out there for everyone to see…Oh, I guess I shouldn’t talk like that.”

He said in an excited voice, “No, please do…I mean you have to tell the story. So why did you take your clothes off?”

I replied, “I don’t know. I guess I wanted to show him that I appreciated his help with my homework.”

My teacher looked down at the exam that he was about to help me with and then he looked up at me and grinned. I looked down at my outfit and blushed because I started to think that I was going to have to remove my clothes to pass the exam.

My teacher broke the short silence and asked, “Didn’t the guy you were with try to save you?”

I replied, “No. Instead of coming to my defense, my study-buddy, who was still fully dressed, humiliated me by parading me around the room in the nude like a trophy. My firm breasts, smooth ass and hairy triangle were all on display for the boys to look at. I felt betrayed, as if the whole thing was pre-arranged. Soon the guys were touching, groping and probing my bare body.”

The professor looked concerned and said, “That’s awful. Did they…you know...have their way with you?”

I said, “No. Somehow I managed to run out of the room. I didn’t stop running until I made it back to my sorority house.”

He asked, “You mean you were naked when you ran down the street?”

I blushed and said, “Yes. Luckily it was dark out, but I’m sure a lot of people got an eyeful.”

Professor Blackburn asked, “So is that the only time a guy showed you off to his friends?”

I asked, “You mean naked?”

He said, “Err…um, yes.”

Professor Blackburn was beginning to squirm around in his chair. My stories seemed to be getting him hot so I decided to throw a little fuel on the fire. I uncrossed my legs and spread them apart just a little. My teacher tried not to look obvious, but he was sneaking peeks up my short skirt at my panty-covered pussy. I felt like I was doing well on the exam and I hadn’t even started it yet! I wanted to insure that I would get a good grade so I spread my legs just a little further and began telling another story.

I said, “So, you want to hear another naked-in-public story? Well, another time I had a similar experience to my study session fiasco. I was dating a cute guy that I trusted and he took me back to his fraternity house which had a hot tub. I thought it would just be the two of us so I emerged from the dressing room in my most daring bikini. The string bikini top consisted of two tiny pink triangles that barely contained my firm breasts. Tied behind my neck and my back were two thin strings that held the tiny triangles in place.”

I ran my fingers over my breasts to show how much or how little the bikini top covered and my professor seemed to enjoy the visual aids. I leaned forward in front of my teacher and pushed my breasts together.

I continued, “My breasts are only medium sized, but they’re firm and full. See, I do have quite a bit of cleavage.

He said, “Yes, I see.”

I said, “I guess with my five-foot-one-inch petite body, my breasts don't have to be very big to look good.”

He said, “That’s right, and I’ll bet they looked good that night.”

I said, “My boobies looked really good, considering they were barely concealed by the tiny top.”

My professor looked very interested and asked, “Were the bottoms of the bikini just as revealing?”

I answered, “Oh yes. They didn’t hide much at all. The bottom of the bikini had a pink triangle that matched the top. It was a thong with a thin string that disappeared inside of my butt-crack. The string formed a Y in back and I connected the string to the triangle in front by tying two bows on my hips.”

He asked, “And you were alone with your date?”

I replied, “For the moment. We were drinking wine and having a romantic evening when four of his frat brothers joined us in the six-man hot tub. I was now a little embarrassed by my skimpy attire, but my date was proud of the fact that he was able to lure me into the tub. The drunken guys tried to untie my suit, but my date stopped them.”

My teacher said, “At least he protected you.”

I explained, “Not for long. He said that he had to go to the bathroom and got out of the hot tub, leaving me at the mercy of those immature jerks. One guy got out of the tub and untied the string around my neck. I was so embarrassed because the tiny triangles slipped down in front of me exposing my puffy pink nipples to the guys. I turned around and tried to cover my breasts, but another guy untied the string behind my back and the top fell into the water. It was quickly whisked away and my breasts were now out in the open for everyone to see.”

Professor Blackburn said, “Since you weren’t facing the boys, they couldn’t see anything, right?”

I said, “Wrong. With my back to the boys and the thin string of the bikini wedged in my butt-crack, it looked like I wasn’t wearing any bottoms at all. To the guys I looked bare-assed naked! I pulled myself out of the hot tub and sat on the side with my feet dangling in the water. As I climbed out, the force of the water pushed the front of my tiny suit down. Even though my auburn bush was neatly trimmed, a little bit of pussy hair was hanging out above the small triangle of pink material in front of me.”

My teacher stuttered as he asked, “If you don’t mind me asking…I mean so that I can follow the story…how low was your swimming suit?”

He just expected me to point to my skirt to show him how low the swimming suit was, but I pushed the waistband of the skirt down a little lower for a real visual effect. Unfortunately, my skimpy white bikini panties were hanging out above the waistband of my skirt and blocking his view of my pussy hair.

I said, “Well if I wasn’t wearing panties, I’d really be able to show you what the boys saw.”

Professor Blackburn rubbed his hands together, took a deep breath and said, “I guess you don’t want to push your panties down so that I can really understand what’s going on in the story.”

I blushed and said, “I don’t know Professor Blackburn. Are you really trying to follow the story or do you just want to get a look at my pussy hair?”

He replied, “Oh Mindy, I assure you that I’m just trying to follow the story. Now if you could just push your panties down a little bit, I’d know what the boys saw.”

I said, “Professor, I shouldn’t tease you like this, but to really understand what’s going on in the story I’ll need to take my panties all the way off. Is that okay with you?”

He replied, “Certainly!”

I started to reach under my skirt, but then I stopped and asked, “Are you really sure? I don’t want to give you a bad impression of me. I’m only doing it so I can tell the story.”

My teacher said, “I totally understand. This is completely innocent and I won’t think anything bad of you at all.”

I blushed again and shyly said, “Well, okay then. I’ll take them off.”

My professor’s mouth dropped open as I reached up under my skirt and slowly pulled my panties down my legs. I turned around and dropped them on the floor. My skirt had worked its way down far enough that a few inches of my butt crack was showing above the waistband. Then I turned around and pointed to the front of my skirt, which was now down so low that about a third of my auburn pussy hair was hanging out.

I said, “See? That’s how much of my pussy was showing.”

He took a long look and then asked, “Didn’t you pull your suit up?”

I sat down on the stool and said, “My hands were covering my bare breasts so I couldn’t reach down to pull up the little piece of fabric between my legs. I had to just sit there and let my pussy hair hang out, just like I’m doing right now.”

My teacher focused his eyes on the soft tufts of my auburn pussy hair as he asked, “Then what happened?”

I said, “A couple of the boys climbed out of the tub and sat on each side of me. As the boys observed the pussy hair hanging out of my bikini bottoms, they began to develop bulges in their swimming suits. I felt abandoned by my date and mortified by the fact that I was practically naked in front of a group of boys. However, I was also a little turned-on with the idea that the boys were getting excited from looking at me.”

My teacher asked, “So you wanted them to pull your swimming suit off.”

I replied, “Absolutely not. I got really nervous when each of the boys sitting next to me suddenly grabbed onto the strings that held my bikini bottoms on. They began to slowly pull on them. As an instinct, I let go of my breasts and tried to put my hands over the bows of string on my hips. There was a chill in the spring air causing my pretty pink nipples to become firm and erect. I was totally embarrassed because my hands no longer covered my breasts and my nipples poked out in plain view of everyone.”

He asked, “Then what did you do?”

I said, “Even with my hands on the bows, the boys were still pulling on the strings. I knew that I’d better do something quick because I was about to loose the bottoms of my bikini, so I stood up. I thought that I could get away from the boys, but as I rose up onto the deck, the boys hung onto the strings and they untied the bottoms of my bikini. The little pink suit fell off, leaving me standing there totally nude. The boys grabbed my suit and dove into the water, leaving me standing above them with nothing to hide my nakedness from their view.”

My teacher said, “So you ran into the dressing room.”

I said, “No. I was mad. I just stood on the deck with my hands on my hips and demanded that the boys return my suit.”

My teacher moved around in his chair as if he needed to adjust himself while he asked, “Standing there like that, I guess the boys could see you naked.”

I said, “Yes. My firm breasts and auburn bush were completely exposed. In fact, with me standing up on the deck and the boys down in the water, I bet they even looked up between my legs and saw my pussy lips.”

My teacher took a deep breath as he tried to imagine the image what I’d just described and then he asked, “Didn’t you try to hide from the boys?”

I replied, “No. I was so mad that I made no attempt to cover up my nudity. I guess I should have run into the changing room, but I continued to stand there. Subconsciously I guess I liked teasing the boys and I enjoyed the attention that I was receiving. I stood there with my naked body in full view of the boys and demanded that they return my suit. However, they just held it up and said that if I wanted it, I would have to jump into the hot tub and get it. I wasn’t about to get close enough for them to touch me so I continued to stand there in the nude. Finally I decided that the boys had seen enough of my titties and pussy so I headed towards the dressing room, although I walked slowly to give them a good look at my firm bare ass.”

He asked, “Did your date ever show up?”

I replied, “He finally showed up after I was already dressed, but I just returned to the sorority house with no intention of ever dating him again.”

Professor Blackburn said, “I guess you never went back to that fraternity house again.”

I said, “Actually, I was exposed again at that same frat house a few weeks later.”

He laughed and asked, “How did that happen?”

I replied, “My sorority sisters and I put on our shortest skirts and attended a party at the frat house. Then there was drinking, dancing, nudity…oh I don’t want to bore you with all the details.”

My teacher said that he had plenty of time. Professor Blackburn wanted me to go ahead and describe the story in great detail, so I did. Eventually I took the exam and aced it!

**College Girls – Part 17**

Professor Blackburn offered to help me with Calculus by allowing me to take the final exam in his office. For this special occasion, I wore a very short light-blue mini-skirt made of sweatpants material and a white cotton blouse with light blue pinstripes. It was a sleeveless top and my braless nipples were visible under the thin fabric. I only fastened one button right below my breasts and I tied the bottom of the blouse in a knot. I was showing a lot of cleavage and when I leaned over, I provided my professor with a down blouse view of my puffy pink nipples.

Before I ever started the exam, my professor and I somehow got on the subject of how I’d been mistreated by college boys during the semester and how I ended up naked in public on several occasions. Through the course of describing the stories in great detail, I shed my white cotton panties and lowered the waistband of my skirt so far that a third of my pussy hair was showing above the waistband in front. After telling my professor how I’d lost my bikini at a fraternity house I was ready to begin the exam, but my teacher obviously wanted me to tell another story.

Professor Blackburn said, “So after losing your bikini I guess you never went back to that fraternity house ever again.”

I said, “Actually I was exposed at the same frat house a few weeks later.”

He laughed and asked, “How did that happen?”

I asked, “Shouldn’t I start the exam?”

He replied, “There’s no hurry. I’d rather hear more about your campus misadventures than give you an exam. If we get short on time then I guess I’ll have to help you with the answers.”

If Professor Blackburn was offering answers to the exam in exchange for public nudity stories, then I had plenty of tales to tell!

I began, “My sorority sisters and I put on our shortest skirts and attended a party at the frat house. After drinking a little too much we wanted to dance, but the boys were watching a basketball game on TV. We decided to bet on the game and the guys lost. Because the boys lost the bet, they were forced to put our panties over their beer bottles and drink the beer as it filtered through our dirty underwear. One by one the girls reached under their short skirts and slid their panties down their legs. Then they handed their dirty undies to the boys.”

As I told the story, I added a visual effect by picking up the dirty panties from the floor that I’d removed earlier. Then I handed my white cotton underpants to my professor.

With my panties in his hand I asked, “Could you imagine drinking beer through my dirty underwear?”

He held my skimpy undies up to his nose, ran them over his lips and said, “I’d drink a beer through your panties anytime!”

I blushed and said, “You’re sweet, but there’s more to the story.”

I continued, “Some of the girls decided to rub their snatches through their panties and then pull the fabric up into their butt cracks before taking them off. They wanted to get their underwear as juicy as possible before handing them over to the boys, but that didn’t stop the boys from sifting beer through them. It may have even provided inspiration for the boys to drink their beer through our dirty undies.”

My professor asked, “Was that the worst thing that happened?”

I replied, “Actually one bold girl pushed the envelope to the limit. She is a very pretty girl and all the guys just adore her so they fought over who would get to drink beer through her panties. Appalled by their behavior, she decided to make her panties so nasty that no guy would want them. First she lifted her skirt so that everyone could see her underwear, which was a thrill for the guys because her low-cut panties were practically transparent. Next she spread her legs about shoulder width apart while standing in the middle of the room. Then she started peeing in her panties right in front of everybody!”

Professor Blackburn said, “I guess none of the guys wanted to touch her underwear.”

I said, “On the contrary. It seemed to have the opposite affect on the boys. They cheered as the pee ran down her legs and formed a puddle on the floor beneath her. When she was finished peeing, she took off her panties and held the dripping underpants up in the air while the boys lunged for them. The guy that was lucky enough to snag them drank his beer through those wet undies as if it was a treat. The girl even made some guy lean over and she used his shirt to wipe between her legs. The idiot wore the stain on his shirt proudly the rest of the night like it was some big accomplishment. I’ll never understand guys.”

The professor said, “So you won the bet.”

I said, “Technically yes, but in reality I think the girls and I were the real losers because we had to spend the rest of the evening at the frat party wearing our shortest skirts with no panties underneath them. Every time we bent over to get a beer out of the cooler, our short skirts would ride up in back and expose our bare butts to the boys.”

Professor Blackburn said, “Exactly how did you girls bend over to expose yourselves to the boys?”

I teased, “You want me to bend over? Here? Now?”

He replied, “Well, I’m just asking so that I can follow the story.”

I said, “But I don’t have any panties on. You’d be able to see my bare butt!”

He said, “You’re right. That wasn’t very nice of me.”

Professor Blackburn looked upset so I said, “Don’t feel bad. If you need me to put on a demonstration so that you can follow the story, then that’s what I’ll do.”

The professor smiled as I hopped off the stool and bent over in front of him. My little skirt rode up in back, exposing the bottom half of my bare butt cheeks to the nice man in his mid-forties.

I asked, “Can you see my butt cheeks?”

He replied, “Um yes…yes I can.”

As I remained bent over I continued, “Well then, you can just imagine how embarrassed I was when a room full of boys were looking at me in this position. As you can see, a short skirt doesn’t hide much when you bend over, especially when you’re not wearing any panties. Those boys were able to see my bare ass just as easily as you can see it right now. Also, sitting down comfortably without giving the guys a beaver shot was a real chore, too.”

My teacher asked, “A beaver shot? What’s that?’

I replied, “What’s a beaver shot? That’s when you sit down and the guys can see between your legs. You know, they can see your beaver…pussy, whatever you want to call it. Here, let me show you.”

The professor’s eyes lit up as I sat down on the stool and slowly began to cross my legs. I stopped with my right leg in the air and my left leg on the ground. Since I didn’t have anything on underneath my super short skirt, my teacher was looking right at my reddish-brown bush!

I said, “See, that’s a beaver shot. You can see my pussy when you look up my skirt. And it was even worse for some of the girls.”

My teacher asked, “What do you mean?”

I paused for a second and then I said, “The girls that shave their snatches have no choice except to give the boys a glimpse of their pussy lips. Here let me show you.”

Professor Blackburn swallowed hard as I lifted my skirt and spread my legs in front of him. I was really starting to have fun because my professor looked so excited as he stared at my pussy.

I softly combed my fingernails through my auburn bush and said, “See? I have a neatly trimmed pussy, but some girls shave all of this off.”

I then ran my delicate finger between my legs to separate my moist pussy lips and said, “The boys could easily see the girls’ pussy lips if they shaved, but I would have had to move my fingers around like this for the boys to get a good look at mine. See what I mean?”

My teacher was speechless so I continued, “And we just couldn’t sit around all night. When we danced our skirts flew up giving the boys a peek at our firm young buns and nice tight pussies.”

I flipped my skirt up in the air and let it slowly fall down giving Professor Blackburn another glimpse of my auburn bush in the process as I said, “See? The boys were looking at our pussies like this every time we danced around.”

He asked, “Why didn’t you try and hold your skirts down?”

I replied, “We tried to hold our skirts down as we danced, but those immature boys kept lifting our skirts, exposing our smooth asses and hairy triangles to everyone at the party.”

My teacher was breathing a little heavy and asked, “Did you end up naked?”

I replied, “No. I ended up pretty much the way I look right now.”

Professor Blackburn started to fall into a trance as he stared at my barely covered body.

I asked, “Professor, are you trying to picture me naked in your mind?”

Professor Blackburn cleared his throat and said, “Err…um…No. I mean, I guess you should get started on the exam.”

I began working on the exam, but I would ask Professor Blackburn how to do each problem. He was always willing to help because when he leaned over to assist me, he would sneak a peek down my blouse at my braless breasts. I pretended not to notice.

One time I dropped my pencil, and then I hopped off the stool and slowly bent over to pick it up. Since I wasn’t wearing any panties, Professor Blackburn had an unobstructed view of my young firm ass. As I stood up, I purposely tugged at my skirt so that the waistband would come down a little further. Now there was even more of my auburn bush showing above the waistband. There was also more of my butt crack exposed in back. Once again I pretended not to notice, but Professor Blackburn seemed to enjoy the view.

I asked him a question and he came around and stood behind me. When he wasn’t looking, I unbuttoned the one button holding my blouse together. As he stood behind me, he kept looking down because my butt crack was hanging out above the waistband of my skirt. I didn’t mind because he ended up giving me the answer to the problem.

He sat down and when I asked for his help again, he really leaned forward because now that my blouse was unbuttoned, he could actually see my pink puffy nipples hanging out of the gaping material. I decided to climb up and put my knees on the stool. I leaned across the desk and arched my back. My teacher could see right down my blouse now. My young firm titties were almost fully exposed to him.

Just when I was in the position that I wanted to be in, I accidentally dropped my pencil again. I was disappointed because I would have to get down and pick it up. Fortunately Mr. Blackburn said that he would get it and got down on his hands and knees below me. With my knees on the chair and my back arched, he could see right up my skirt. I had my legs together so that he couldn’t see my pussy, but the middle-aged man was looking right up at my bare ass! While his attention was diverted, I partially untied my blouse and left it in a single loop. He finally sat back down and I also went back to a sitting position.

As I worked on the next problem, I leaned left and right on the stool causing the blouse to slowly separate. Mr. Blackburn stared intensely as the loop holding my blouse together started to come apart. Little by little the blouse was separating and the opening in front of me grew bigger and bigger. As I continued to work on the exam, the blouse parted far enough that my nipples were barely hidden by the material. They were just under the edge of the fabric where the buttons and buttonholes are.

Professor Blackburn was shaking with anticipation because he knew that the slightest movement would cause my breasts to fall out in the open where he could see them. I decided not to make him wait any longer and pretended to sneeze. It caused the blouse to open up completely. My firm round breasts and pretty pink nipples were now on display for Mr. Blackburn to enjoy. I pretended not to notice until Mr. Blackburn leaned forward to help me with the next problem.

I saw him looking down and said, “Mr. Blackburn, are you trying to look down my blouse?”

He replied, “Why no, but you seem to have a problem with your shirt.”

I looked down and said, “Oh no, my blouse came open. No wonder you’re looking at me. Well, professor or no professor, I guess you’re still a man.”

As he smiled at me I continued, “Now what am I going to do? I can’t just sit here with my blouse hanging open like this, but if I tie it together it will probably come open again. What do you think I should do?”

He chuckled and said, “I guess you should take it off.”

I asked in a soft shy voice, “But my titties will be right out in the open. I won’t be able to hide them and work on the exam at the same time. Won’t that bother you?”

He said, “Maybe, but your comfort is more important. You just go ahead and take it off.”

I smiled and said, “Well, if you say so.”

I slowly slipped the sleeves down my arms and let the blouse fall to the floor.

He asked, “Do you feel better?”

I said “Much better, thank you.”

He looked at my bare breasts, grinned and said, “No, thank you!”

I went back to working on the exam and acted like it was no big deal, but Professor Blackburn kept leaning over and practically doing the exam for me. My bare breasts were right in his face as he worked out the equations.

Professor Blackburn looked at me and said, “I hope I’m working these problems correctly. Its hard to concentrate because of the way you’re wearing that skirt.”

I stood up, looked down and said, “You’re right. This skirt has really slipped down. Most of my pussy hair is showing now. I’d better pull it up.”

I said, “This is a terrible skirt to wear without panties. If I push the skirt down, my pussy hair hangs out from above the waistband, but if I pull the skirt up, my pussy hangs out from beneath the hem, see?”

I pulled the skirt up so high that the bottom of the hem was right at the top of my pussy hair. I looked almost bottomless in front of my teacher as he stared intensely at my hairy triangle.

I said, “Look how my pussy is showing with the skirt pulled up and I’ll bet that if I turn around you’d be able to see my bare butt too.”

I turned around and the professor had a full view of my firm round butt cheeks.

I asked, “Is my butt showing, too?”

He swallowed hard and said, “Um…err…yes, yes it is.”

I said, “I’m really sorry. Here you are trying to do my exam and I’m distracting you with my skirt.”

He said, “Well that skirt is quite a distraction.”

I said, “Then it has to go so that it won’t distract you anymore!”

I stood in front of Professor Blackburn and slowly slid the skirt down my legs until it dropped to the floor. I was now completely naked and right in front of my teacher. I turned around and slowly bent down to pick up my clothes which gave him a nice long look at my sweet smooth ass. I folded my clothes, set them on the stool and then I turned around and let him look at my fully exposed boobies and bush.

He just sat and stared at me for awhile, and then I said, “My clothes are on the stool and there’s no where else to sit. Do you mind if I sit on your lap while you finish my exam.”

He said, “Oh I don’t think that would be a good idea,” but I sat down on his lap quickly before he could do anything about it.

I was squirming around on his lap until the bulge in his pants was pressing against my pussy lips. I could actually feel his manhood throbbing as I slowly rocked back and forth above him. I kept moving back and forth, back and forth, until there was a stain on his gray dress pant. I don’t know if the stain was from him or from me, but I sure was wet and the fragrance of my pussy juices filled the air.

He asked me to get down and then he stood up in front of me and said, “Look, you’re getting my pants all wet and I have to teach a class soon.”

I said, “I know how to solve the problem.”

He made no attempt to stop me as I kneeled down in front of him, unbuckled his pants and pulled them down. There was also a wet stain on his boxer shorts so I pulled them down, too.

I said, “Now your pants are safe, but I need to clean you up a little bit.”

I began to lick his rigid member like a lollypop before wrapping my rosy lips around it. Then I stopped and pulled my mouth away.

He asked tensely, “What are you doing?”

I said, “You can’t finish my exam if you’re standing up.”

He groaned and sat down with a disappointed look on his face, but I faced him and sat on his lap. I slowly lowered myself onto his throbbing penis and then I began going up and down on his lap. As he pushed his manhood deeper and deeper inside of me, I pressed my breasts against his lips. He licked and sucked on my nipples as he pumped his rigid member in and out of my soaking wet pussy.

I started moaning and saying, “Oh yes, oh yes. I’m going to cum!”

He pleaded, “Wait, not yet.”

He lifted me up and placed me on the desk. I was lying right on top of my exam as Professor Blackburn stood in front of me and pushed his manhood in and out of me. The feeling inside of me was building stronger and stronger as he pushed himself deeper and deeper into my tight little pussy. Finally I couldn’t hold on any longer and experienced a powerful orgasm. As I moaned wildly, he grunted and exploded inside of me. It felt wonderful and from the expression on his face, he felt the same way.

We laid there for a while and then I asked him how I did on the exam. He laughed and said that I’d find out when I received my report card. I was now finished with all of my classes so I left his office, packed my bags and went home for the summer. A few weeks later my report card arrived in the mail. My parents were so proud of me because I got an A in every subject, including Calculus.

My dad said, “You must have worked really hard this semester. Did your instructors offer any help?”

I replied, “Yes. You might say my instructors worked hard, too. In fact, you could say that I received some valuable input!”

**College Girls – Part 18**

I wanted a summer job to earn a little money before returning to college in the fall. There was a Help Wanted sign posted in the window of a perfume store at the mall so I decided to apply for the job. It was a small boutique at the far end of the mall with a very expensive line of imported perfume. They offered me salary plus commission so I accepted the position.

The manager went home at five, leaving another girl and I to work until the store closed at nine. Her name was Elizabeth, but everyone called her Lizzie. She tried to act hip and outgoing, but in reality she was actually a shy and innocent girl. Lizzie had just turned eighteen and she was going to enter her senior year of high school in the fall. This was her first place of employment. She'd only worked at the boutique a week longer than I had, so we were both new to the job.

Lizzie stood about five-foot-four with blonde hair and perky breasts. She had a creamy fresh face and a firm round butt. Lizzie was a very cute little girl, but she dressed rather conservatively. I told her about some of the wild things I'd done in college so she tried to be cool and pretend as though she'd had similar encounters.

Lizzie said that she enjoyed flashing boys and showing off her body in public, although her experiences were limited to pulling her bikini top up and then quickly pulling it back down while submerged in the water at the local swimming pool. Judging by her conservative clothes and her claim that she'd never gone all the way with a boy, I figured that she really didn't know what it was like to be exposed in front of strangers. However, I must admit that I wanted to get a look at her cute little body.

Lizzie also claimed that she'd been with another girl before, but it sounded as though her only real experience was the time she'd gotten a little playful with her friends in the shower after gym class. I really liked Lizzie a lot. Her sweet voice and her girlish innocence were actually turning me on. Therefore I had to find out if she was really the type of girl she claimed to be or if she was just making up stories to impress me. Either way I hoped that I would soon feel the touch of her tender delicate hands against my soft skin.

We'd only made a few sales the first night and customers were limited to some older women early in the evening. I told Lizzie that if we wanted to make some real money, we had to cater to wealthy men looking to buy gifts for their wives. She asked me how we were going to do that and I told her that we needed to lure in some of the customers from the high priced men's suit store across the mall.

Lizzie wanted to know how I planned to attract the men and I told her that after the manager left at five we would change into some revealing clothes and stand at the front of the boutique. She was apprehensive about the idea, but I told her that this should be fun for her since she claimed to like showing off her body in public. Then Lizzie tried to get out of it by saying that she didn't have any revealing clothes to wear so I told her that I'd bring her one of my outfits.

As soon as the manager left the following day, I went into the back room and began changing my clothes. Our store was small and our back room was even smaller. It was just a little six-foot by six-foot room with a desk and a chair. We didn't even have a private bathroom. We had to use the public restroom in the mall. Since there wasn't a door separating the store from the backroom, Lizzie could see me as I began undressing just inside the open doorway. However, I wasn’t visible from the sales floor. A customer would have to lean over the counter to be able to look into the back room.

I took off my gray dress pants and laid them over the chair. Next I unbuttoned my silky white blouse and placed it on the chair, too. Lizzie looked at me and smiled as I stood there in my white bra and my thong panties. Then an older couple came into the store and Lizzie had to direct her attention to them. Lizzie giggled when the older man walked over and leaned against the end of the counter because he was only a couple feet away from me. However he didn't know that I was undressing right around the corner from him.

Lizzie tried to act professional, but I took off my bra and pushed my breasts together just inside of the wall from the man. My puffy pink nipples were pointing right him and he didn't even know it. She had trouble keeping a straight face as I turned around and slowly slid my tiny thong panties over my bare ass like a stripper.

The man started whining about being drug to the store with his wife, but she begged him to stay for a few more minutes. Lizzie continued to giggle because the man complained that there was nothing for him to see at the mall, yet I was stark naked and only a couple of feet away from him. When the man's wife moved down to look at some perfume where he was standing, he moved up to the other end of the counter. He leaned over the counter to rest his head on his elbows and suddenly he was in a position where he could see me!

There was no place for me to hide. I was trapped and I was naked! What was I going to do? It would only be a matter of seconds before the man spotted me. I reached for the bag containing my clothes, but the sudden movement attracted the man's attention. When he looked over and saw that I didn't have a stitch of clothing on, his eyes got as big as silver dollars. At first I was mortified to have a stranger see me in the nude, but he was determined to stay there and stare at me so I just gave him a shy smile and went about unpacking my bag. After all, this wasn't the first time I'd been caught naked in public.

His wife suddenly said to Lizzie, "I'd like to look at more perfume, but my husband wants to leave so thanks for your help."

The man said, "No, no, no! I'm being unfair. You take all the time you need and I'll even buy you anything you want."

His wife said, "Well okay, if you say so."

I quickly realized that if I kept the man in the store, he would buy some perfume for his wife. Lizzie looked at the man and then Lizzie looked at me. She began to giggle when she saw that the man was watching me get dressed. Still naked, I turned the chair towards the man and sat down. I put one of my feet on the floor and lifted up the other foot to slip my hosiery over my toes. I gave him a nice little beaver shot in the process. The man was able to see right between my legs and I spread them wide enough for him to see my pussy lips! After I had the hose on both feet, I stood up, bent over and slowly slid the lacey white thigh-high stockings up my legs. I flaunted my bare breasts and naked pussy to the man as I pulled the stockings up until they stopped at mid-thigh on both legs.

I turned around and with my back to the man, I bent over showing him my bare ass. I pulled a skimpy black bra out of the bag that was on the floor, and then I stood up and turned around to face the man. I slowly positioned the cups of the bra over my breasts before fastening the clasp in front. My round rosy nipples were now hidden from his view, but my neatly trimmed pussy hair was still out in the open for the man to look at.

As I bent over to get my panties out of the bag, the woman said, "I guess I'll take this bottle" and asked her husband to come over and pay for it.

The man yelled out, "Get another bottle...I mean we're here, go ahead and shop."

Lizzie looked over and saw that in my bent over position, my bare ass was pointed up in the air and out in the open for the man to see. She smiled at him and then she showed the woman another bottle of perfume. I turned around and stepped into a skimpy pair of white panties. My little undies were made of the same lacey material as my thigh highs so the man could see the shadow of my reddish-brown bush right through the front of my panties. When I turned around to retrieve my blouse, the man was also able to see my butt crack through the see-through fabric in the back of my little undies.

I put on the same blouse that I'd worn earlier in the day, but instead of a white bra I was now wearing a black bra, which was visible through the white silky material of the blouse. The top had a low neckline and even though my breasts are only medium sized, they're full enough to offer an ample amount of cleavage. Besides, with my five-foot-one-inch petite body my breasts don't have to be very big to look good. I finished getting dressed by putting on a very short black mini-skirt. Since there was nothing left for the man to see, he moved over to the cash register and paid for three expensive bottles of perfume.

As I came out of the back room, the man's wife said to him, "I feel bad. You spent all this money on me, but you didn't get anything."

He smiled at us and then said to his wife, "Don't worry about it. I was just happy to be here with you."

As they left the store, Lizzie and I hugged each other. Our plan was already working. We'd just sold three bottles of expensive perfume thanks to my performance. It was going to be Lizzie’s turn to perform for the next lucky customer!

**College Girls – Part 19**

I took a job at a small boutique in the mall that sells a very expensive line of imported perfume. My eighteen-year-old coworker and I earn salary plus commission so we set a goal to attract wealthy male customers to the store. I’d just finished stripping completely naked in order to make a sale so it was now Lizzie’s turn to perform for the next lucky customer.

My coworker Lizzie claimed that she didn’t have any revealing clothes so I brought one of my outfits to work for her to change into. For Lizzie, I chose a very short red sundress with buttons all the way down the front. Since she'd worn pants to work, she didn't have any hosiery to wear. All she had to wear under the dress was her bra and her white cotton bikini panties. The dress was sleeveless with a low back. After she buttoned the dress, I told Lizzie that her bra was hanging out all over the place and that she needed to remove it. Lizzie argued with me for a while, but she could see in the mirror that the bra was too big for the skimpy dress so she went in back and took it off.

When Lizzie returned to the sales floor, she was showing off some skin! Since she was a little taller that me, the hemline of my dress was really short on her. If Lizzie bent over even the slightest bit, her little white underpants would hang out from beneath the mini dress. She was also a few pounds heavier than me and her breasts were a tad larger than mine were. This caused the buttons to pull a little bit because the dress was so tight on her. It also created the illusion that her breasts could spill out of the top of the dress if she leaned over too far.

Lizzie was showing plenty of cleavage and her nipples were poking out against the thin cotton fabric that the dress was made out of. She was very embarrassed by the way she was dressed, but she knew that she couldn't back out of the plan. Otherwise it would appear that she'd made up the stories she told the previous night. Lizzie was determined to live up to the image she had created for herself.

When Lizzie saw herself in the mirror, her face turned as red as the dress. I could tell that she'd never been in public in such a revealing outfit before and she looked mortified. Lizzie was also nervous about meeting older men, but I told her that even though I'm only twenty-years-old, I find comfort in the company of mature men. I like the attention I receive from them without playing the silly games that immature boys play.

Soon Lizzie calmed down and we took our positions at the front of the store. We got several looks from some of the men in the mall, but no sales. A man finally entered the store that looked to be in his mid to late thirties. He said that he was looking for a birthday gift for his wife. Lizzie and I got behind the counter and I pointed out a fragrance that I liked. I sprayed some of the perfume on my wrist, held my wrist near breasts and asked the man if he would like to sample it. The man leaned forward to sniff my wrist, which put him in an ideal position to look down my blouse at my black bra.

I talked him into buying the perfume and I told him that I'd get a fresh bottle for him out of the drawer. The perfume was behind me in the bottom drawer and when I bent over to get it, my skirt rode up exposing my panties to the man. Although I'd found the bottle right away, I acted as if I couldn't find it. I even asked Lizzie to help me. I don't think she knew what was going on because she quickly bent over and revealed her panties to the man as well.

After I retrieved the bottle, I asked him if he wanted a second bottle to go with it. Even though the perfume was expensive, he couldn't walk away from the idea of Lizzie and I bending over again. He agreed to buy another bottle and we bent over to retrieve it. Lizzie finally caught on to what I was doing to her when she looked over her shoulder and caught the man peering at her panties. However, she remained bent over and let him continue to look. She didn't mind because although the customer was getting another look at our panties, we were getting another commission.

Lizzie giggled like a little girl when the man left. She said that she had fun teasing the guy. I lifted up Lizzie's mini dress to her waist and said that it's easy to sell when your panties do all of the work for you. At that precise moment another older man and his wife were passing in front of the store. The man tried to pause and look at Lizzie's underpants, but his wife just gave us a dirty look and forced him to keep walking. I was proud of Lizzie because she didn't try to pull down her dress. She just stood there while I held the hem up and proudly displayed her little white cotton underpants. I was training her well!

The next person to enter the store was a young boy around eighteen or nineteen. He looked interested in Lizzie, but she was too shy to do anything about it so I took control of the situation. He said that he was looking for a gift for his girlfriend. I asked him how much money he had to spend and he showed me what was in his wallet. However, he said that he didn't want to spend all of it and I told him that I understood. I sprayed a couple of fragrances on my wrists and he sniffed them while peeking inside of my blouse at my bra-covered titties.

After sampling the perfume, I showed him a bottle that would cost him all of his money. He said that he wasn't interested and I told him that it was just as well because this particular perfume is worn on a girl's breasts and he was too young to sample it anyway. He fell for the story and quickly changed his mind. The boy started to beg me to let him sample the perfume. I told him that I didn't believe he would buy it so I told him to purchase the perfume first and then I'd let him sample it. If he didn't like it, I'd give him his money back.

He asked, "Where exactly do you wear it?"

I opened a few buttons on my blouse and said, "Inside of my bra" as I pointed to my now exposed black bra.

He said, "I don't know. That's a lot of money."

I unhooked the clasp in the front of my bra and said, "Well it’s up to you. I'm ready to give you a sample, but if you don't want to buy the perfume then I'll just button my blouse back up."

My blouse and bra were now hanging open and although my breasts were partially exposed, my nipples were still covered. Lizzie giggled a little because the young boy looked so flustered and confused. He gazed at my open blouse and unfastened bra and then looked down at his wallet. I knew that I had to do something to close the deal so I slipped my delicate fingers inside of my bra and began to softly caress my soft rosy nipples.

I said to the boy, "This is where I’ll spray the perfume if you buy it" as I continued to gently tease my nipples.

He couldn't take it anymore and handed me the money. I did as I had promised and pushed my blouse and bra over, completely exposing my left breast to the boy. I slowly dabbed some of the perfume on my nipple and then I made little circles around it with my finger until it was firm and erect. As he gazed at the exposed mound of flesh, I grabbed him by the back of the neck and pulled him forward until his nose was touching my nipple. He sniffed the perfume for a few seconds and then he started to lick and kiss my nipple. I stood there for a moment and enjoyed the stimulation, but then I pushed him away and told him that kissing my breast was not part of the deal. I told him to take his perfume and leave before I called security. He was young and naïve so he grabbed the bottle and took off.

When two gentlemen in their forties entered the store, Lizzie had to greet them because I was still fastening my bra and buttoning my blouse. The men looked at Lizzie and they were happy to see such a young beautiful girl wearing such a revealing dress. One of the men wanted the perfume as a present for his wife and Lizzie used my trick of spraying her wrist and holding it near her chest. Both of the men took turns sniffing the perfume as they strained to look down the top of her dress at her braless breasts.

Lizzie asked them if they wanted a bottle, but they looked at the price and said, "No way."

I stepped in and said, "Well that's good. We keep that brand on the top shelf and I'd hate to make my assistant climb up and get it."

The men looked at Lizzie's short mini dress and she started to blush. Her shy innocent expression gave the men even more of an incentive to make the purchase so they said that they would buy a bottle. I told Lizzie to get a bottle down for me.

She said, "But it's on the top shelf! How am I going to get it?"

I replied, "Use the stepladder."

As the men grinned at me, Lizzie said, "The stepladder?"

I said, "Yes, the stepladder!"

Lizzie turned to me and whispered, but she was loud enough that the men could hear her when she said, "I can't go up the ladder. Those men will be able to look up my dress at my underwear!"

I whispered back, "Don't worry, I'll take care of it."

I turned to the men and said, "When she climbs the ladder, don't look at her little underpants!"

The men chuckled as Lizzie said, "Thanks a lot!"

Lizzie positioned the ladder in place and began to climb to the top. I could easily see right up Lizzie's mini dress at her white cotton panties and the gentlemen could, too. Her cute little butt cheeks were hanging out of the skimpy undies and I couldn't help myself. I reached up and pinched her nice round bottom. Lizzie almost fell off the ladder and the men laughed, but she handed me the bottle. She tried to come down the ladder, but I placed my hand on her young rear end to stop her. I meant to put my hand over the dress, but I accidentally put it underneath. My hand was resting right on her panty covered butt!

As I kept my hand on her firm young ass, I said, "Stay there."

She said, "Stay here! Why?"

I replied, "In case I need more."

She agreed to remain on the ladder so I removed my hand and directed my attention back to the men. I asked them if they wanted to sample the perfume again in case they wanted a second bottle, but the men were diverting most of their attention to Lizzie's panties. I sprayed a little on my wrist and held my wrist low, near the counter. As each of the men moved forward and leaned down to smell my wrist, they were in an even better position to see up Lizzie's short mini dress. Lizzie looked humiliated, but she never complained. Even though she knew that her firm butt cheeks were hanging out of her little underwear, she just stood up there and let the men look at her.

I let them gaze at her little white panties for a long time and then I said, "If you buy two bottles, you should smell both of them to make sure that they both smell good."

The men immediately picked up on what I was saying. If they bought a second bottle of perfume, they would get to lean over and look up Lizzie's dress again. However, Lizzie said that she couldn't find another bottle and asked me to climb up and look for it. It was a dirty trick, but I did it. I found the bottle and handed it to Lizzie. As I tried to climb down the ladder, Lizzie reached under my short mini skirt and placed her hand on my super sheer panties. The feeling of the teenaged girl's fingers on my nearly bare butt sent chills up my spine!

As I remained on the ladder, Lizzie sprayed the perfume on her wrist and held it down, allowing the men to lean over and look up my skirt. My panties were made of a lacey see-through material and they were much more revealing than Lizzie's panties were. The men could actually see my butt crack through the transparent fabric as they looked up my short skirt. They got a good look at my nearly naked ass, but we sold an extra bottle of perfume so it was worth it!

**College Girls – Part 20**

Lizzie and I work at a small boutique in the mall that sells a very expensive line of imported perfume. My eighteen-year-old coworker and I earn a salary plus sales commissions. We set a goal to attract wealthy male customers that would buy the products for their wives or girlfriends by dressing in revealing clothes. Lizzie was wearing a super short and extremely tight sun dress with only a pair of white cotton panties on underneath. She was braless under the mini-dress.

The buttons on Lizzie's tight dress were really straining against the buttonholes. As we waited for the next customer, Lizzie tried to adjust the front of her dress, but it was so tight that the top two buttons popped right off. She said that she wanted to change her clothes, but I told her that it was almost closing time so she should just begin putting the samples away. Lizzie looked in the mirror and got a little nervous because the dress was unbuttoned below her breasts. When she bent over, her boobies were fully exposed under the gaping material.

Lizzie turned to me and said, "I've got a confession to make. I've never really shown off my body to a boy before. Flashing my panties to those men was the most daring thing I've ever done in my life. I don't think I'm ready to show some real flesh to anyone."

I said, "Well you're only young once. You may as well have some fun with that tight little body of yours while you can."

She said, "You're probably right, but showing off my underpants is one thing. Showing off my bare breasts is much different. And I don't know if I can ever take off my underwear in front of a stranger."

As an older woman entered the store with a teenaged boy I said, "Well here's your chance to find out.”

Lizzie said, "That's just great. I'm hanging out all over the place and there's a boy looking at me who's just about my age!"

I said, "Quick Lizzie, take your panties off!"

Lizzie said, "Not a chance!"

I said, "Come on. He looks more nervous than you do. Why don't you just relax and put on a show for him?"

Lizzie said, "No! Absolutely not."

I said, "Lizzie, oh Lizzie, can Little Miss Beaver come out and play?"

Lizzie started laughing and said, "Okay...well maybe. Let me think about it."

She gave me a shy grin so I knew she was considering it. The boy was sort of cute and quite muscular, but he looked like a mama's boy. He was mesmerized by Lizzie's dress. As I waited on the woman, she told me that the boy was her nephew and that he was going to be a senior in high school, yet he still hadn't gone out on his first date. The woman seemed outgoing, but she said that her older sister was a bit prudish and sheltered the boy too much.

She said, "That boy is afraid to even look at a girl."

I said, "Well if he doesn't look at Lizzie, then there's something wrong with him. She had a little problem with her dress a few minutes ago and now she's hanging out all over the place. She's really embarrassed."

The lady said, "I'll bet when he gets a good look at her, he'll be the one that's embarrassed!"

Lizzie looked over at me and flashed a big smile. I think she was attracted to the boy. Then, while facing him, Lizzie bent over to pick up a bottle of glass cleaner. The boy leaned forward a little to sneak a peek down the front of Lizzie's dress. Lizzie looked up and caught him peeping at her bare titties. The boy got all embarrassed and looked away. Lizzie glanced over at us and we started to laugh. She leaned over again and the boy tried to steal another glance down the top of her dress. This time Lizzie gave him a little more time to stare inside of the gaping material at her braless titties before looking up at him.

Lizzie looked down at her dress and then she looked up at the boy and said, "I'm sorry. Some of the buttons popped off this dress and my boobies are hanging out. I hope I'm not offending you."

The boy didn't answer. He just stood there and stared at the beautiful breasts displayed in front of him.

The lady turned to me and said, "She's quite an exhibitionist, isn't she?"

I replied, "Actually she's shy and innocent. This is her first attempt at flashing a boy. She's really embarrassed to be drawing attention to her body."

The woman said, "Well, she's drawing so much of his attention to her breasts that I'm surprised the boy hasn't fainted."

We started laughing so Lizzie came over to us and said, "Come on Mindy, don't laugh at me."

Then Lizzie looked at the woman and shyly said, "I'm sorry. I'm not trying to tease your son, but my dress is falling apart."

The lady said, "He's not my son, he's my nephew and if you can get him to break out of his shell, I'll buy five bottles of perfume."

Lizzie asked, "You mean he's shy around girls?"

The lady replied, "No, he's terrified of girls!"

I asked, "Lizzie, do you want me to take over? I know showing off your body is not easy for you. Maybe you should let me handle this."

Lizzie paused for a second and then she flashed a big smile and said, "No Mindy, he's kind of cute. If he's terrified of girls then I think I know what to do."

Lizzie gave us a devilish grin and then she walked back over near the boy as showed the woman some perfume. Lizzie said hello to the boy and he said hello back to her. He took a step closer, but he didn't say anything else.

Lizzie picked up the glass cleaner and said, "Well I've got the cleaner, but I don't have any paper towels. Now what I can use to clean the counter?"

Then she said, "Wait, I know what I can use. I can use my panties!"

The woman and I looked at each other and said, "Her panties?"

Lizzie slowly lifted the front of her dress up to her belly button. Her white cotton bikini underpants were now completely exposed to the boy. He just stood there in a daze, not knowing what to do next.

Lizzie looked down and said, "Yes, I think my panties will work just fine, but I'd better make sure they're made of cotton."

Lizzie turned around and lifted up the back of her dress. She dipped her finger inside of the waistband of her panties and stretched it out away from her waist. Lizzie looked over her shoulder for a moment and then she asked the boy to come closer to her.

She said, "I can't read the tag on my underwear. Can you look at it and tell me if my panties are made of cotton?"

The boy took the bait and tried to read the tag. With Lizzie pulling the waistband of her underpants away from her body, the boy was able to look right down at her exposed butt crack. She just stood there with her outstretched panties for the longest time.

The woman turned to me and said, "Is he going to answer her or is he just going to stand there and stare at her bare ass all night?"

I said, "Have a little patience. He's probably never seen a girl's bare ass before and he wants to take a nice long look."

The boy finally said to Lizzie, "Yes, they're cotton."

Lizzie said thanks and turned around to face the boy. She lifted the front of her dress up again and started to caress the front of her underpants.

She said, "Mmm, cotton underpants feel so soft. Maybe you'd like to see for yourself. Would you like to touch my panties?"

The boy didn't respond so Lizzie reached for the boy's trembling hand and placed it against the front of her underwear. She gently rubbed his hand around the front of her panties and then she pressed his hand against the wet spot between her legs.

Lizzie said to the boy, "See, my panties are nice and soft aren't they?"

The woman looked at me and said, "Man, she's good."

I said, "I know. I'm ready to touch my own panties!"

Finally Lizzie told the boy that she had to get to work. She let her dress fall down in front of her and then she reached under her short mini dress and slowly pushed her panties down her legs. We started to laugh because the young boy's mouth just about hit the floor.

I said to Lizzie, "Don't forget to put the samples away before you clean the counter!"

Lizzie glared at me so the woman asked, "She looks concerned. What's wrong?"

I said, "Those samples go in the bottom drawer behind her."

The lady said, "Oh my. She doesn't have any underwear on. When she bends over in that short dress, her bare little behind is going to hang out right in front of him. She's going to kill that poor boy."

I said, "But he'll die happy!"

Lizzie began taking the samples one by one and putting them in the bottom drawer behind her. Each time she bent over, the hem of her short mini dress would rise up giving the boy an unobstructed view of her bare butt cheeks. Lizzie's face was red with embarrassment as she continued to expose her naked ass to the boy. Then Lizzie picked up the next bottle and paused for a second.

The lady asked, "Why did she stop?"

I replied, "That bottle goes on the top shelf. She'll have to climb up the ladder to put it away."

The lady said, "You're not going to make her put that one away are you? She's wearing an extremely short mini dress without any panties on underneath and she's right in front of a boy. You don't really expect her to climb up and show him everything, do you?"

I replied, "Well she's looking at the bottle. Now she's thinking about it. She's positioning the ladder. There she goes. Yes, she's climbing the ladder in a short mini dress without any panties on underneath."

The woman said, "And look at my nephew leaning over to peek up her dress. He's being rather obvious about it, wouldn't you say?"

When Lizzie climbed up the ladder, she took her time trying to find the box for the sample bottle and the young boy leaned over the counter to look up her dress at her firm naked ass. He was so obvious about peeping up her dress that it was as if he'd forgotten that his aunt and I were there. The way Lizzie had her legs spread and her back arched, I'm sure the boy had a really good view. I wouldn't be surprised if she was giving him a little beaver shot, too. Then Lizzie came down the ladder, turned around and bent over to put away the last bottle in the bottom drawer. When she did, her dress got caught on the edge of the cabinet.

The lady started to warn Lizzie, but I said, "Don't say anything. Let's see what happens."

The lady said, "I know what's going to happen. When she stands up her dress is going to be torn off. She'll be left standing there completely naked in front of my nephew."

I said, "Don't worry, she can handle it."

She said, "I know, but can he?"

We waited with great anticipation and then it happened. Lizzie stood up and turned around, but the dress didn't budge. It was pulled down and every button on the front of the dress went flying. Lizzie looked down in horror as the patch of blonde fur between her legs was now openly exposed to the boy. The dress also fell off her shoulders, presenting her perky breasts to everyone in the store. Lizzie looked at me in shock. This was far more than she wanted to reveal to the boy. Lizzie was totally humiliated because the boy was staring at her. She didn't know what to do so she tried to run into the back room, but the dress was still wedged in the cabinet. It was yanked down her arms and fell to the floor.

As Lizzie tried to run past me without a stitch of clothing on to hide her naked body from the young boy's view, I stopped her and said, "It’s your turn to clean the counter."

She shrieked, "But I'm naked and that boy’s looking at me."

The boy was gazing at Lizzie's bare bottom as the woman leaned over the counter and said, "Maybe he won't notice."

Lizzie turned to her and said, "Won't notice? He's a boy! I'm a girl and I'm naked! Don't you understand? I don't have any clothes on!"

I said, "Lizzie, aren't you being a little dramatic? I'm not asking you to sleep with the boy. I'm just asking you to clean the counter."

Lizzie begged, "Please Mindy, don't make me go over there. Everything I have is showing. My titties, my pussy...everything!"

I asked the lady, "What do you think? I'm just asking her to do her job. Am I being unreasonable?"

The lady replied, "I don't know. Let me think about it for a minute."

Lizzie looked over her shoulder at the boy, who was inspecting every inch of her exposed flesh. Then she looked at the open doorway of the entrance of the store. We were in a secluded section of the mall, but Lizzie was still afraid that more men could walk in at any second.

Lizzie turned to the woman and said, "Please lady, hurry up. I'm standing in the middle of a store at the mall and I'm naked! Can’t you think any faster?"

I said, "Lizzie, don't be rude to the customer! Now go clean the counter and if I see any streaks I'll make you do it again!"

Lizzie reluctantly walked over and sprayed the countertop as she tried to avoid making eye contact with the boy. With her firm breasts and blonde bush right out where the boy could see them, Lizzie picked up her panties and began wiping down the counter. Her boobies wobbled around a little as she vigorously wiped the glass countertop.

I said, "Don't forget about the glass on the front of the cabinet."

Lizzie said, "The front of the cabinet? Are you crazy Mindy! I don't have any clothes on! The store's still open. Come on, be reasonable. Please don't make me go out there naked."

I just motioned for Lizzie to get going. She took the bottle of cleaner and her panties, and then she walked around to the front of the cabinet. The boy was standing right beside her as she bent over to clean the glass. Her bare ass was pointed right at the boy. She looked over her shoulder at the boy and then she blushed because his eyes were like saucers as he gazed at Lizzie's naked body.

Finally the boy leaned forward and said, "She's kind of mean to you isn't she?"

Lizzie said, "You have no idea. Look at me. I'm naked and she's making me come out here to clean the counter. This is the most humiliating thing that has ever happened to me in my life."

He said, "Well, you sure are beautiful."

Lizzie stood up, faced the boy and replied, "Oh you're just saying that because I’m naked. If I had clothes on, you wouldn't even be talking to me."

He said, "That's not true. I'd like to see you again sometime."

The boy looked really embarrassed. He tried to look away from Lizzie's naked body, but it was obvious that Lizzie was starting to enjoy the effect that she was having on him. It may have been because of his red face or because of the bulge in his pants, but something inspired Lizzie to begin teasing the poor boy. Lizzie stopped cleaning the glass, turned to the boy and began to gently touch her nipples.

Lizzie said, "When you say you'd like to see me again, what you're really saying is that you'd like to see my titties again. You like these nipples, don't you?"

He stammered, "No."

Lizzie said, "No? You don't like my nipples? But they're so cute and pink, and when I make little circles on them with my fingers like this, they get all hard and sensitive. See how they're poking out at you?"

The boy said, "I didn't mean, no I don't like your nipples...I meant I'm not asking to see you again just to look at your nipples."

Lizzie asked, "Hmm…if it's not my nipples, is it my butt that you're interested in?"

Lizzie turned around. She reached behind with both hands and softly caressed her bare butt cheeks. Then she slowly ran her finger up and down her sensitive butt crack while the boy watched intensely.

Finally she turned around and said, "Was that what you wanted to see? Do you like my butt?"

He stammered, "No...I mean yes, yes I like your butt. However, that's not what I wanted to see...I mean I want to see it, but when I said I wanted to see you again, I meant..."

Lizzie said, "I know what you meant. This is what you really want to see."

Lizzie turned and faced the boy, and then she started raking her fingernails through her pussy hair and said, "What you're trying to say is that you want to see my pussy again. You're only interested in this little patch of blonde hair down here between my legs."

Lizzie leaned back against the counter. Her feet were still on the floor, but her legs were spread apart. She continued gently running her fingers through her soft blonde pussy hair as the boy just stood there and watched.

Lizzie continued, "I guess I can't blame you for wanting to see my pussy. Mmm, it feels so good when I touch myself. And look down here between my legs. My pussy gets all wet when I move my finger up and down, see?"

The woman looked at me and said, "She's not making this very easy for him is she?"

I said, "Don't worry. He'll ask her out."

Lizzie closed her eyes and started to moan. She had one hand between her legs and then moved the other hand up to her breast. Lizzie kept rubbing, caressing, touching and moaning. If she wasn't about to have an orgasm, then she was one heck of an actor.

Finally the boy brought Lizzie back to earth when he said, "No. I'm not interested in your pussy. I mean I love your pussy, I love your breasts, I love your whole body. You're really cute, but I'm just trying to ask you out on a date."

Lizzie stood in front of the boy and made absolutely no attempt to hide her nudity from him. Her firm round breasts and soft blonde pussy hair were staring the boy right in the face. Lizzie just stood there and let him see everything. She reached out and caressed his cheek and then he reached out and touched her cheek, too. Lizzie was completely naked, but the boy was looking into her eyes. It was like a tender love scene from a movie.

Finally Lizzie smiled at him and said, "Okay, I'll go out with you, but I'll have to wear some clothes."

I said, "At least at the beginning of the date!"

Lizzie said, "Be quiet Mindy. We're going to go out on a nice respectable date."

That was all the woman needed to hear. The lady took her time buying the five bottles of her favorite perfume as Lizzie remained naked and tried to make small talk with the boy. People were walking past the front of the store because the mall was closing, but the boy blocked their view of Lizzie's nude figure. Soon I completed the sale and the lady headed for the exit. Lizzie kissed the boy on the cheek and he followed his aunt out the door. He looked back to get one last look at Lizzie's naked body, and then he left and I locked the door behind him. The store was now closed. I checked the cash drawer and went to the back room to give Lizzie a hug because it looked like we had a record night!

Lizzie was waiting for me in the back room naked. I put my arms around her, hugged her and pressed her bare breasts against my silky blouse. My hands found there way down her back and I grabbed her beautiful butt checks. Next I pressed my wet lips on hers and enjoyed a deep passionate kiss. She was helpless to resist as I explored the inside of her mouth with my tongue.

I said that I wished we had a bathroom so I could wash off the perfume. Lizzie showed me a box of wet wipes and she started wiping down her bare body. She told me that I had perfume all over me and that I should do the same thing.

I began to take off my thigh highs. Lizzie watched as I slowly rolled them down each leg. Next I unzipped my mini skirt and it fell to the floor. Lizzie was spending a lot of time gently wiping her titties with the moist towel as I slowly unbuttoned my blouse. It slid down my arms, leaving me in only my bra and panties. Lizzie eyes were transfixed on me as I displayed my feminine charms. I removed my black bra and slid my sheer panties down my legs. As I exposed my auburn bush to Lizzie, I saw her lick her lips. I think she was getting turned on. I know I was! Now all of my clothes were lying on the floor and we were both completely naked.

Lizzie took a wet wipe and softly wiped my breasts. The cold moist towel made my nipples spring to attention. I started wiping her breasts and it had the same effect on her nipples. Even though we didn't have any perfume on our butts, we moved close to each other and started caressing our bare behinds with the wet wipes. I slowly ran my finger up and down Lizzie's sensitive butt crack. She said that it made her tingle all over. I told her that I liked it, too, so she gently caressed my butt crack with her soft fingertips.

We turned and kneeled in front of one another and our nipples were rubbing up against each other. I reached behind Lizzie and continued to lightly slide my finger up and down Lizzie's sensitive butt crack and she started to moan. Lizzie touched my bare butt crack again and I was in heaven. I love it when another girl softly touches me there.

Lizzie and I ended up with our tongues and fingers in each other’s pussies. We worked each other up into a frenzy before finally collapsing on the floor after Lizzie and I experienced a couple of powerful climaxes. Even though we’d made a lot of money that night, money was not necessarily the motivation to return to work the next day. There were other perks for this job!

**College Girls – Part 21**

My name is Mindy Sparks and I’m a twenty-year-old girl that’s about to enter my junior year of college. I look sweet and innocent, and I truly believe that deep down inside of me I am sweet and innocent. I seldom go to bed with a guy and I’m very selective about the men that I sleep with.

However, over the past couple of years I’ve found that I really enjoy flashing and teasing both younger and older men. Most of the time I don’t even intend to flash the men on purpose. I often find myself trapped in an awkward situation where I accidentally loose my clothes while in the presence of men. Other times I plan to give the guys a little tease, but somehow it goes too far and I end up loosing all of my clothes. Either way the men always seem to love it.

Guys tell me I have a pretty face and they appear to like my reddish-brown hair. They also tend to notice my breasts. Although my breasts are only medium sized, they’re full enough to offer an ample amount of cleavage and with my five-foot-one-inch petite body, my breasts don't have to be very big to look good. When I see myself in the mirror, I’m generally happy with my appearance. I think my puffy pink nipples are cute and I keep my auburn bush neatly trimmed. I work out regularly so I have a nice flat tummy and a firm round butt. Feeling good about myself makes it much easier for me to be an exhibitionist.

I get a lot of attention from guys and I get more than my share of offers to sleep with them, but lately I’ve received a great deal of satisfaction in the arms of another girl. I’m starting to see a trend in my behavior where I spend the evening baring my body to strange men and getting all turned on from seeing the excitement that it brings to them. However, after the guys get me all fired up I end up turning to a girl to satisfy my sexual desires. I’ll have to relate this phenomenon to my psychology teacher and find out if I’m really twisted!

My newest girlfriend is Lizzie. She’s an eighteen-year-old beauty who is about to enter her senior year of high school. Lizzie stands about five-foot-four with blonde hair and perky breasts. She has a creamy fresh face and a firm round butt. Lizzie is a very cute girl and she was a sweet and innocent little virgin until she met me!

Lizzie and I worked together at a perfume store in the mall. After only our second night together, I persuaded Lizzie to flash for some older men, strip naked for a younger boy and allow me to work my magic between her legs. I gave Lizzie her first orgasm that night. Our commission check was sizable that evening, but when the manager found a torn dress and a pair of panties lying on the sales floor the following morning, she told Lizzie and I that our services were no longer needed at the boutique. At least the manager was nice about it. She didn’t march me naked through a lobby full of customers like my old boss did when I worked at the hotel.

Lizzie and I went to a coffee shop in the mall to decide where we wanted to work next. When we asked why the service was so slow, the manager told us that she was short-handed because she’d just fired two of her employees. She caught her workers stealing money from the cash drawer so she fired them, but now she was all alone.

We told her that we were looking for a job so she offered to hire us. However, she wanted to warn us that most of her customers were middle to older aged men just looking for a place to hang out while their wives shopped in the mall. It wasn’t going to be a very exciting job for a couple of young girls. The manager had no idea that Lizzie and I were quite capable of entertaining older men.

The manager, who was also the owner, appeared to be around twenty-five years old and she was stunning. Her name was Traci and she was around five-foot-five with long dark hair and big boobs. She was wearing a rather short white waitress dress that buttoned all the way down the front. Traci was showing plenty of cleavage so I figured that Lizzie and I would fit right in.

Traci gave Lizzie and I a couple of waitress uniforms to wear. They were both short and tight on us. I asked Traci why the outfits were so skimpy and she said that it helped attract customers. Traci said she learned in college that if a male clientele supports a business, a little innocent flashing keeps the customers satisfied and coming back for more. She said that she wanted her store to be the Hooters of coffee shops and that she wanted to put one in every mall. I said that I understood exactly what she was talking about and then I told her the story of what happened at the perfume store. Traci was happy because Lizzie and I quickly adapted to her business philosophy.

I looked at Lizzie’s uniform and said, “Lizzie, under that white uniform it’s really easy to see your pink bra and panties.”

Lizzie said, “Don’t embarrass me. I didn’t know we’d be working here today. I’ll wear white underwear tomorrow.”

Then I bent over to wipe off a table and my short uniform dress rode up in back.

Traci looked at me and said, “You don’t have much room to talk about Lizzie’s underwear. You’re not even wearing any panties!”

I replied, “Yes I am. I’m wearing a white thong.”

Traci lifted the back of my dress and said, “Oh, I see it now, but the tiny string is hidden between your ass cheeks.”

Traci continued holding my dress up and started lightly running her finger up and down my butt crack.

Traci said, “Look how much of your ass is exposed. When you bend over, you look like you’re bottomless.”

As she continued caressing my sensitive butt crack, she said, “Next time, you’d better wear a pair of panties that covers this area. I want you to attract customers, but I don’t want you to get arrested!”

Much to my dismay Traci stopped touching my ass and repositioned my dress. Then I surprised her by turning around and lifting up the front of her waitress uniform. Traci was wearing a skimpy pair of white panties that were so transparent her brunette bush was easy to see.

Traci asked, “What do you think you’re doing?”

I replied, “Just checking to make sure your panties meet the dress code.”

She said, “Well, as you can see, my panties cover everything.”

I said, “They may cover it, but they don’t hide it.”

As two men walked into the shop, Traci yelled, “They’re not going to hide it if you’re holding up my dress…now let go!”

I continued to hold Traci’s dress up as I looked over at the men and said, “Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to show your panties to the customers.”

Finally I let go of her waitress dress and it fell down in front of her, but not before the men got an eyeful of Traci’s lovely dark pussy hair. Traci was really embarrassed. Her face turned red and she stayed behind the bar until after the men left. However, we had a good laugh about it so I knew Traci was the type of boss that Lizzie and I wanted to work for.

The coffee shop had a bar with a counter behind it on the far wall. There were also a few tables out in the main part of the shop. Later that morning, there were three men sitting at the bar drinking coffee and Traci asked us to make a small roast beef sandwich for the men to sample. With our backs to the men, Lizzie and I bent over the counter on the far wall to make the sandwich. Our panties were hanging out behind us and the men loved it. They were able to see Lizzie’s pink panties peeking out from under her short uniform dress and I appeared to be displaying my bare butt cheeks to the men because of the skimpy thong that I was wearing. I sliced the sandwich into small bites and gave them to the men.

Traci asked the men if they wanted to buy some sandwiches. They hesitated for a moment so I casually dropped a napkin. I slowly bent over to pick it up without bending my knees. The back of my short dress rose up, putting almost my entire butt on view for the men to observe. The men could see that my tiny thong did not offer much coverage so they all agreed to buy a sandwich. However, they said that they weren’t very hungry so we should take our time making their sandwiches.

Lizzie and I knew exactly what the men wanted so we slowly bent over and began making the sandwiches. Lizzie’s young butt cheeks were hanging out of her little pink bikini underpants and my thong looked non-existent as the men watched us work. When we were just about finished, Traci walked over and looked at the sandwiches. Then she lifted the back of our uniform dresses, patted us on our butts and told us that we were doing a good job. She patted Lizzie on her panties, but since I was only wearing a tiny thong Traci patted me on my bare ass and the men at the bar saw the whole thing!

There was a lot of playful touching going on between the girls and I as we started getting a little mischievous. I saw that a drop of mayo had fallen onto Traci’s dress. It fell right on her boob so I grabbed a wet rag and walked up in front of her.

I said, “You have a little mayo on your dress. Let me wipe it off for you.”

Traci didn’t try to stop me. In fact, she pulled her hair back and held her hands behind her head, thrusting her big boobs right out at me. I kept rubbing the thin material of the dress with the wet rag until the area over her nipple was soaked. Since her dress was white and her bra was sheer, the area over Traci’s right breast looked like she’d entered a wet T-shirt contest.

When I was finished, Traci looked down and said, “Mindy, look what you’ve done!”

I looked at her wet titty, but so did the guys at the bar. Traci was obviously drawing attention to herself. She was pretending to be embarrassed by her exposed breast, yet she continued to thrust it out in front of her so that everybody could see it.

Traci said, “You’ve made my dress so wet that my nipple is showing!”

I said, “At least I got rid of the mayo stain.”

Traci said, “I know, but now my breast is showing and everyone is looking at me. They can see my nipple right through this wet dress. What am I going to do?”

I looked at the men and asked, “You guys need service don’t you?”

They said, “Yes, right away!”

I turned to Traci and said, “Well you don’t have time to change so I suggest you ignore your wet titty and go back to serving your customers.”

Traci whined, “But they’re not ignoring my titty” as I walked away.

Traci looked embarrassed, but I knew it was an act because she didn’t attempt to cover her breast. She just turned back and continued waiting on the men with her partially exposed nipple showing, much to the delight of the men!

Traci loved wiping off the bar while men sat across from her. She would shake her big boobs as the men gazed at the cleavage spilling out of her uniform. Traci almost appeared braless because she was wearing a see-through bra that didn’t offer much support. Her nipples were even poking out against the front of her uniform.

As Traci would clean the bar, Lizzie would bend over and clean the tables, allowing the men at the other tables to sneak a peek under her short uniform. She was not shy about displaying her pretty pink panties to the men and this was quite a change in behavior for her. When I met her last week, she was just a timid little girl and now she was out there showing her butt to any man that wanted to see it.

I was having a good time flirting with the customers. I made a habit of leaning over to give the men their coffee and letting them glance inside of my uniform at my bra covered breasts. Sometimes I would sit at their table and my short dress would ride up high on my thighs. It was fun to watch the men try and sneak a peek up my short uniform to get a glimpse of the tiny panties I was wearing. I would make sure the hem of my dress was up as high as it would go, but still covered my panties. This would drive the men wild.

One time Traci was talking to a few men at the bar. I walked over next to her and lifted her short dress up acting as if I needed to dry my hands on her uniform. Traci’s transparent panties did nothing to hide her beautiful brunette bush from the men.

As I continued to dry my hands, Traci yelped, “What do you think you’re doing?”

I said, “You’re holding the towel and I need to dry my hands.”

She tried to hand me the towel, but I said, “No thanks, I’m almost finished.”

Traci said, “But these men can see my underpants!”

Then Traci looked down and said, “Oh my, you can see right through these panties, too! Please let go Mindy. These men can see my pussy hair!”

I said, “Don’t worry. I’ll be done in a minute or two. Besides, they don’t seem to mind.”

The men said, “We don’t mind at all. Take your time. Make sure your hands are good and dry!”

Traci begged, “Mindy, please let go of my dress. Not only can the men see my panties, they can also see right through my panties. Don’t you understand? These men can see the dark hair inside of my panties. Now please let go!”

I said, “But the men said to take my time and the customer is always right.”

Traci just stood there red-faced as the men gazed at her transparent underwear. Her neatly trimmed brunette bush was out in the open for the men to gawk at and the waistband of the skimpy panties was so low that a few strands of Traci’s dark pussy hair were hanging out over the top. I held her dress up with one hand as I showed my other hand to the men.

I asked, “Is my hand dry enough or should I dry it some more?”

Before the men could answer, Traci broke free of my grip and said, “Your hands are dry enough!”

As Traci’s dress fell back down in front of her, Lizzie walked up and said, “I need to dry my hands.”

Traci held the hem of her dress down and handed Lizzie the towel.

Traci turned to the men and said, “Sorry boys, this isn’t a peep show!”

The men just laughed and said, “Well, not anymore,” as they went back to drinking their coffee.

All of this activity was netting the girls and I some pretty hefty tips. One of Lizzie’s table cleaning routines resulted in both of us getting a big tip. There were three men sitting at a table and one of the men reached into his wallet. He pulled out a twenty-dollar bill, but I saw that he had a hundred-dollar bill in there, too.

He put the twenty on the table and said, “Give that to the little girl who cleaned the table next to us. She looks like she works real hard.”

I handed the twenty to Lizzie and then I came back to the table where the three men were sitting. The men were about to leave and I knew that the man doing the tipping still had a hundred-dollar bill in his wallet.

I looked up and said, “That little girl cleaned the table, but she forgot about the light. I’d better take care of it.”

As I picked up a rag and began to climb up on a chair, the men quickly sat back down at their table. I was standing on the chair next to them and they were straining to look up my short dress. The bottom of my butt cheeks were hanging out from beneath the short hem of my dress and because I was wearing that skimpy thong, the men were trying to determine if I was wearing panties or not.

I said, “Hmm, I still can’t reach the light. What should I do?”

The men got all excited and said, “I guess you’ll have to climb up on top of the table.”

I said, “Okay, I guess there’s no harm in climbing up there. Hey wait a minute, I thought you men were leaving?”

They said, “We decided to have another cup of coffee.”

I said, “Oh, that’s good. For a minute there I thought you were just hanging around so that you could look up my dress!”

The men said, “We would never do that!”

I said, “Well that’s a relief. I guess I’ll get busy on that light.”

I climbed all the way up on the table and slowly cleaned the light hanging down from the ceiling. Each time the men leaned forward to take a sip of their coffee, they would peer up my short white uniform dress at my practically bare butt. I leaned forward a little and arched my back to give them a better view as I flaunted my nearly naked ass in front of them. I’m such a tease!

I got down off the table and the men said, “Are you finished so soon?”

I said, “No. I have to do the other side, but first I need to go behind the bar and get a clean towel.”

With a hundred dollars on the line, I decided to sweeten the pot. While I was behind the bar, I unbuttoned the bottom three buttons of my short white uniform dress and then I returned to where the men were sitting. I climbed up on the table in front of them and I was now facing the men.

With the buttons open on the tight white dress, the bottom of the uniform separated and exposed my little white thong to the men. The fabric of my thong was as transparent as the material on Traci’s underwear, so the men could clearly see my auburn bush hanging out of my tiny panties. After I stood up there for a while, I looked over at the men and then I looked down and pretended to just discover that my buttons were open.

I said, “Oh no, I can’t believe what happened. My buttons popped open and my panties are showing! And wouldn’t you know it. I picked today to wear such a tiny pair of panties. You can practically see right through them! Why didn’t you men say something? You dirty boys just sat there staring at my little undies!”

They said, “No we didn’t, honest,” and then they looked at each other and chuckled.

I said, “So you were looking at my panties! Now what am I going to do? I guess I need to check my dress and find out how these buttons came open.”

I was still standing on the table with the men looking up at me. Then I reached down, lifted the hem of my uniform all the way up to my waist. I examined the open buttons on my dress as the men examined my see-through panties. The white material was so thin that there was no mystery as to what my hairy triangle looked like.

I said, “Well, I don’t know how these buttons came open, but I guess I’d better button them up. I can’t have my little panties hanging out all day now can I?”

As I continued to hold the hem of my short dress up to my waist, I slowly fastened the buttons on my dress. With my dress up in the air, my little thong was completely uncovered right in front of the men. One by one I buttoned my uniform as my sheer panties and almost completely exposed pussy hair were out there for everyone to see. I finished fastening the buttons, but while I was still holding the dress up to my waist, I looked at the men and all of their eyes were fixated on me.

I said, “Hey! There you go again. You guys are still looking at me. Shame on you!”

I could hear Traci and Lizzie giggling behind the bar as I finally let go of my dress and climbed down off the table. Then I asked the men to pay for their coffee.

They gave me the hundred-dollar bill and said, “Keep the change!”

I looked at the men and said, “Thank you very much. I’d better put this where I won’t loose it.”

Then I slowly lifted the front of my dress and stretched my little thong out. With the waistband stretched out away from my body, my hairy triangle was fully exposed for the men to enjoy. I placed the money in the waistband of my thong like a stripper would do and then I looked up at the men. With my dress still up and the waistband of my panties still stretched out the men were all looking down at my auburn bush.

I said, “Hey, no peeking! You shouldn’t be looking at my pussy. Now get out of here. The shows over!”

I let my dress fall back down into place as the men exited the coffee shop. The men laughed as they walked out into the mall. They were giving each other high-fives, but I didn’t care. I’d just made a hundred bucks!

The biggest tip of all came from a lawyer who exploited our bare bodies for his personal gain, but ended up giving us a piece of the action. It was near closing time as three men wearing expensive business suits took a seat at the bar. Traci called Lizzie and I into the back room and she started unbuttoning her uniform dress. She slipped the dress off her shoulders and then removed her bra. Her breasts were magnificent! They were big, full and firm with nice round rosy nipples.

As Traci stood there with her breasts hanging out in front of me, I asked, “What are you doing?”

She said, “That guy out there is a lawyer and he comes in here when he’s trying to settle a big case. He expects me to distract the other men so that he can catch them off-guard and settle the case in his favor.”

I asked, “So what does that have to do with us?”

Traci replied, “If he gets a good settlement, he’ll leave a very big tip, and I mean very big!”

Lizzie said, “He’s good looking and obviously wealthy. Are you looking for more than a tip?”

Traci smiled and said, “Just help me out if you want a piece of the pie!”

Traci buttoned her dress, but left the top three buttons open showing a generous amount of cleavage. Lizzie and I tried to do the same, but our cleavage was not as impressive. Yet the men seemed to enjoy the way that our braless nipples poked out against the front of our uniforms.

We began mopping the floor as Traci tended bar. Lizzie had to bend over to mop the floor and I could see her pink underpants hanging out from beneath her short white uniform dress. As I bent forward to clean the tables, the men were looking down from their high bar stools and they could see right into the top of my uniform. They were looking at my bare titties! I left three buttons open on top so my puffy pink nipples were completely exposed to the men when my uniform fell away from my breasts.

The lawyer asked the men, “What about this figure?”

Traci put her hands over her breasts and the lawyer said, “No, not your figure, the figure I’m offering on this piece of paper.”

Traci giggled and went back to wiping the top of the bar. Since she wasn’t wearing a bra and her top buttons were open, it looked like she was about to fall out of her dress. As Traci vigorously cleaned the top of the bar right in front of the men, her big boobs were bouncing around and it appeared as though they would be set free at any moment. The men were so distracted that they could barely concentrate on what the lawyer was saying.

Lizzie asked me to move the bucket of water so I set it down near the men. She asked me to hold it while she put the mop in so I remained bent over with my dress riding up in back. The men were now looking at me and Traci was looking at me, too.

Traci asked, “Mindy, what happened to your underpants?”

I said, “You told me that I shouldn’t wear a thong to work so I took it off. Even though it left me naked under this dress, I followed your orders.”

Traci said, “But your dress is riding up. These men can see your bare butt!”

I said, “Well what choice did I have? You told me not to wear those skimpy panties to work.”

Traci said, “But now you’re not wearing any panties!”

I said, “I can’t help it. If you don’t want me to wear underpants, then I won’t wear any, but I have to bend over like this to do my job. Do you want me to wait until the men leave?”

The men excitedly said, “No…I mean she has to do her job. Let her work!”

Traci looked at the men and said, “I must apologize. I don’t want to offend you. I didn’t think that she’d…”

The men quickly said, “No apology necessary!”

I said, “Thank you gentlemen. I’m just a little girl trying to do a good job. I’m sorry that my boss made me take my panties off and now you have to look at my naked butt!”

The men said, “Oh, don’t pay any attention to us. We’re busy up here working. You just go ahead and do your job.”

Traci said, “Well Mindy, at least turn around so they can’t see your bare ass!”

I turned around, bent over and put my hands on the bucket that was sitting on the floor. The top of my uniform fell away from my breasts and with three open buttons, the men could look right down and see my bare tits! Then Lizzie bent over to put the mop in the bucket. She was right in front of the men so when her short dress rode up, the men had a birds-eye view of her little pink panties. Lizzie lifted up the mop and accidentally splashed water down the front of me.

I said, “Lizzie, be careful!”

Lizzie said, “Sorry,” but then she did it again.

I said, “Lizzie, watch it! You’re getting me all wet.”

Again Lizzie said that she was sorry, but she continued to splash me. Each time the water hit my uniform, the thin white fabric became easier to see through. Since I wasn’t wearing a bra, it was easy for the men to see my puffy pink nipples under the wet material. I also wasn’t wearing any panties so I was sure that if I stood up, my reddish-brown pussy hair would show through the thin material, too.

Finally, after Lizzie splashed water on me for the fourth time, my white uniform dress was soaked and it was sticking to me like a second skin. I didn’t have any underwear on beneath the dress so everything I had was available for public viewing and I was standing right in front of the three men. My pink nipples and my auburn bush were showing right through the transparent dress and the men were looking right at me!

I said, “Lizzie now look what you’ve done. You got me all wet. You can see right through my dress! I feel like I’m naked.”

Traci said, “You look like you’re naked!”

Lizzie said in a sweet voice, “I’m sorry, I didn’t do it on purpose,” but it was obvious to everyone that Lizzie intentionally soaked my uniform.

Everybody expected me to run into the backroom, but I just turned around and continued cleaning the tables. My nipples were so visible through the thin wet fabric that it was almost as if I was wearing nothing at all. With Lizzie bent over exposing her panties and me in my wet clothes, Traci wasn’t getting much attention at all.

Traci quickly changed that by announcing, “Whew, it’s hot in here. I need to unbutton another button on my dress so that I can cool off. I hope you gentlemen don’t mind.”

Traci slowly unbuttoned another button on her dress. Now there were four open buttons on her uniform. It was unbuttoned down below her breasts. The men were reaching the peak of excitement. They couldn’t wait for her to begin cleaning the bar again because now her boobs were sure to fall out of the top of her dress!

The lawyer wrote down another figure and said, “This is my final offer. Either you accept it and we stay here and hash out the details or we leave right now and I’ll see you in court.”

The men didn’t want to leave because Traci started cleaning the bar again and her boobs began to bounce around. Her uniform started separating on top wider and wider. The men were getting extremely excited because Traci was flashing so much cleavage at the men. As she cleaned the bar, the top of her uniform kept separating further and further apart until her nice pink nipples were barely concealed. Traci smiled at the men and then she continued to shake her breasts as the edge of her round nipples began to come into view.

The lawyer said, “Let’s go gentlemen. Accept the offer or walk out the door right now.”

The men just couldn’t leave. Traci’s dress was slowly working its way open and her breasts were going to fall out any second. The men were shaking with anticipation until it finally happened…Traci’s dress popped wide open and her big boobs spilled out right in front of the men. She acted shocked and just stood there with her breasts hanging out in the open. Her beautiful nipples were now displayed to the men. Traci just stood there for a moment making no attempt to cover herself as the men gazed at the finest set of tits they’d ever seen.

Without hiding her breasts from the men’s view, Traci said, “I’m so sorry. It was warm in here so I unbuttoned my dress a little. I didn’t expect my boobies to fall out. I’ll tuck them in, but it’s still warm in here so I can’t button my dress. I just hope my breasts don’t fall out again!”

I added, “Yes, it is warm in here. I’m so hot that I need to wipe my face off.”

I started to lift the front of my dress, but then I said, “What was I thinking? I was about to lift my dress up and wipe my face with it, but I’m not wearing any underpants. You men would have seen the Promised Land! Since you’re about to leave, I’ll just wait until you’re gone.”

The lawyer asked again, “Do you accept the deal and stick around to finish the paperwork or do we walk out the door immediately?”

The men certainly didn’t want to leave with all the action going on around them. Lizzie’s panties were showing, Traci’s big boobs were hanging out and I was about to lift up my dress with nothing on underneath. The men weren’t about to walk out the door now so they settled on the amount that the lawyer asked for and then the men hung around to finish the paperwork. I figured the men mainly accepted the amount because they wanted to watch me lift up my dress so I decided that I’d better go through with it.

I said, “Aw, you men are staying? But I still need to wipe my face! And if you haven’t notice already I not wearing any underpants! It’s pretty embarrassing for a young girl like me to be naked in public.”

Lizzie said, “But we have to cool off, see?”

Lizzie lifted up the hem of her uniform and wiped her face with the bottom of her dress. The eighteen-year-old girl’s little pink bikini panties were showing as well as her flat tummy. Even her bellybutton was exposed to the men. Finally she finished wiping her face and let her dress fall back into place.

Lizzie said, “Mmm, I feel much better now.”

I said, “I want to feel better, too.”

Lizzie said, “Well then lift your dress up and wipe your face like I did!”

I said, “But Lizzie, I’m not wearing any panties!”

Lizzie said, “What other choice do you have?”

The men were obviously dying from excitement now and said, “I don’t see that she has any other option. She’s got to do what makes her feel good.”

I said, “Alright, here goes” and then I lifted the front of my white uniform dress up and wiped my face with it.

Since I’d removed my panties earlier in the evening, my auburn pussy hair was totally exposed to the men. I was naked from the waist down! I wiped my face for quite a while before letting my dress fall back down in front of me.

I said, “Whew, I feel much better now” and the men said, “So do we!”

A little more flashing occurred, but finally the place was clean, the men had left and the shop was closed. We went into the back room and hugged each other in celebration. The lawyer’s tip was more than we’d normally make in a whole month!

**College Girls – Part 22**

After Lizzie and I helped Traci secure a huge tip from a lawyer by flashing in the coffee shop to distract his opponents, she took us into the back room to celebrate. Traci wrapped her arms around me and thanked me for helping out. Her breasts were pressed against me and I wished that we were naked so that I could feel her bare skin touching mine.

Traci said that we should change our clothes. It was obvious that she expected all of us to remove our uniforms together. Each of us began unbuttoning our white uniform dresses and dropping them on the floor. We were all bare-chested, but Lizzie still had on her little pink bikini underpants and Traci was still wearing her skimpy see-through panties. However, I wasn’t wearing any panties so when my dress hit the floor, I was totally naked.

As Traci stood in front of me, I couldn’t help reaching out and touching one of those magnificent breasts. It was so big and firm. As I gently massaged the massive globe of flesh, I could feel her nipple stiffening beneath the palm of my hand.

I said, “Come here Lizzie. You have to touch one of these!”

Lizzie reached out with her soft hand and began to gently caress one of Traci’s breasts while I continued to massage the other one.

Lizzie said, “Traci, you’ve got great breasts.”

Traci moaned and said, “Thank you.”

Then I took Lizzie’s other hand and lifted it up so that Lizzie was now holding both of Traci’s breasts. I kneeled down in front of Traci, slipped my fingers inside of the waistband of her see-through panties and began slowly pulling them down her legs.

As a fabulous brunette pussy was exposed in front of me, Traci asked, “Mindy, what are you doing?”

I replied, “I just want to see what else you have to offer” as I pushed Traci’s panties to the floor.

Traci stepped out of her panties. She was now completely naked. I began gently raking my fingernails through Traci’s pretty pussy hair as I continued to kneel in front of her.

I said, “Traci, you’re really blessed. You’ve got great breasts and a beautiful pussy!”

Traci said, “Thanks, but I’d like to see what Lizzie’s been hiding all day.”

I said, “She’s got a pretty pussy, too” as I slowly pulled Lizzie’s pink bikini underpants down.

Traci dropped to her knees and said, “Oh my Lizzie, you do have a pretty pussy!”

Traci began running her fingers through the little patch of blonde fur between Lizzie’s legs. Then Lizzie walked over to where there was a rug on the floor. Lizzie stretched out on the rug and spread her legs apart. Traci got down on her hands and knees above Lizzie, and then Traci began to kiss Lizzie’s breasts. Traci’s butt was pointed up in the air so I started gently stroking her sensitive butt crack with my fingertips.

I said, “Traci, your butt is gorgeous, too. You’re flawless!”

Traci said, “Thanks, and I love the way you’re tickling my butt crack. It makes me tingle all over.”

I said, “I know. It affects me the same way.”

Traci finished sucking on Lizzie’s tender pink nipples and then move down between Lizzie’s legs.

Traci said, “I want to find out what a blonde pussy tastes like.”

Lizzie said, “Be my guest!”

Traci was on her hands and knees above Lizzie. Her face was buried in Lizzie’s snatch and her butt was up in the air. From my position behind Traci, I could easily see her pussy. Traci was dripping wet. I inserted a finger inside of Traci as I rested my head on her beautiful bare ass. I kiss around on her butt cheeks as I worked my finger in and out of her pussy. I even kissed her butt crack a few times.

Traci was using her fingers and her tongue on Lizzie’s pussy as I continued to tend to Traci’s needs. Traci and Lizzie were moaning and I was pretty sure that they were both about to cum. I heard something that sounded like a door, but Lizzie and Traci were close to the edge of ecstasy so I ignored it.

Soon both Lizzie and Traci were thrashing around screaming, “Yes, yes, yes!”

Then it was over as both of the girls climaxed. We laid down on the floor next to each other as Lizzie and Traci struggled to catch their breath. Suddenly we opened our eyes and there were three men standing above us. One was the lawyer from earlier in the evening, but the other two men were different from the men he was with before. Our clothes were out of reach so we tried to cover our bare bodies with our hands, but the men were getting quite an eyeful of our naked flesh.

Traci asked, “Steve, what are you doing here?”

He said, “I picked up Joe and Jeff from the office. I thought we’d all go out and celebrate.”

I asked, “How’d you get in? The door was locked.”

Traci turned to me and said, “He’s got a key. Steve’s a close friend of mine and he helped me buy this coffee shop. Since he has some money invested in the place, he has a key.”

Traci turned back to Steve and said, “But that doesn’t give you the right to drag your friends in here and see us naked!”

He said, “Why? You were all practically naked earlier tonight.”

She said, “That was different. That was business. Besides, I only flashed my tits, but now you want to see my pussy and ass, too. You’re also showing me off to your friends which I don’t appreciate. Look how they’re staring at me. I don’t have any clothes on. How do you think that makes me feel?”

He replied, “You’re not my wife.”

Traci said, “I’m not your whore, either. Now why don’t you take your friends outside and wait?”

Steve was arrogant and replied, “Why don’t we just stay here and wait!”

The men sat on some chairs against the wall. As they stared at us, Lizzie, Traci and I continued to squirm around on the floor. We were trying to hide our nakedness from the men with our hands. With Traci’s big boobs, that was no easy task.

Traci begged, “Please don’t stay. I feel funny lying here naked in front of Jeff and Joe. I’ll have to see them again and they’ll know what I look like in the nude. Do you understand how humiliated I feel right now?”

Steve said, “You’re cute when you blush.”

Traci said, “But just look what you’re doing to these young girls. You’re embarrassing them. They’re laying here without a stitch of clothing on and you guys are staring at them. Look at how red their faces are. Look how they’re trying to hide their nudity from your view with their hands. They don’t want to show their tender young bodies to you. Why don’t you give them a break?”

Lizzie softly said, “Yes, and I’m only eighteen. This is really embarrassing for me.”

Lizzie had a hand on each breast, but there was nothing covering the patch of blonde fur between her legs. The men just loved her inability to hide her pussy from their view.

Traci said, “Come on you guys, leave her alone! Lizzie doesn’t even know how to hide herself. See how her little blonde bush is hanging out.”

Lizzie got all flustered because of the way that Traci directed everyone’s attention to Lizzie’s pussy. Lizzie really got embarrassed when she saw that everybody was staring at her hairy triangle, but she was afraid to let go of her breasts in order to cover herself. Then suddenly it was my turn to be embarrassed.

Traci said, “We’re also not finished. I haven’t taken care of Mindy yet.”

I said, “Haven’t taken care of me yet? Please Traci, don’t make love to me in front of the guys. I’ll be humiliated!”

Traci said, “But Mindy, I want you to have some fun, too. You have such a pretty pussy and it also needs attention.”

The guys said, “Yes, show her pussy some attention!”

Traci stood up and with her hands on her hips, she said, “That’s it! We’re not doing anything until you guys leave.”

With Traci’s hands on her hips, her big breasts were thrust out in front of her and there was nothing hiding the guys’ view of Traci’s beautiful brunette bush. She kept demanding that the guys leave, but the way that she was parading her bare body around the room in front of them, it was obvious that she was enticing the men to stay.

Finally Traci looked at the men and said, “We’ll, if you’re not going to leave then we’re just going to ignore you!”

Traci knelt down next to me and grabbed my wrists as I begged, “Please Traci, don’t move my hands. I’m naked and I’m trying to cover myself. The guys will see my titties and my pussy.”

Traci said, “Just ignore them. I promised you some lovin’ and that’s what you’re gonna get!”

Traci started looking for something in her purse as Lizzie crawled over to where her panties were lying on the floor. Lizzie was only a couple of feet away from the men as she stepped into her panties and pulled her pink bikini underpants up her legs. She was so embarrassed because the men were staring at her little blonde bush the whole time. After she had her panties on, Lizzie reached down to pick up her matching pink bra. Lizzie was mortified because her precious pink nipples were poking out, right in front of the men until she was able to finish putting her bra on. Lizzie finished up by slipping into the pink mini dress that she’d worn this morning.

I said, “I’m going to get up and get dressed, too,” but Traci said, “Stay there, I found it.”

I thought to myself, “Found what?”

Lizzie sat on a chair and watched as Traci got on all fours above me. Her bare ass was pointed right at the men and I’ll bet they could see her pussy, too. Her big boobs wobbled above me as she showed me what she had pulled out of her purse. It was a big black vibrator. Traci leaned forward and started kissing my tender nipples as she switched on the device. She began rubbing the toy against my pussy lips. I flinched every time the vibrator made contact with my little clitty. Her lips felt wonderful on my breasts, but the vibrator was a new sensation that I’d never experienced before. However, I still felt humiliated because I was naked and making love to a woman while a group of strange men watched.

Traci moved down and inserted the vibrator inside of me. She was moving it in and out, in and out, and then she would turn it around and around. She was driving me crazy. I started moaning as the feeling began to build inside of me. Suddenly I was no longer thinking about the men watching me. I was only thinking about the pleasure that I was experiencing. Then Traci reminded me that we had an audience.

Traci called out, “I hope you’re enjoying the show boys.”

Joe said, “We’re enjoying your ass!”

Traci said, “Oh, you’re looking at my ass?”

Jeff said, “Yeah, and your pussy, too!”

Traci said, “That’s alright. If Steve wants to show me off like a cheep whore, then I know where I stand with him.”

Steve said, “I don’t think you’re a cheep whore. I think you’re beautiful. Look guys, doesn’t she have a beautiful ass?”

The guys replied, “She’s got a great ass!”

Then Joe and Jeff got down on the floor. They were watching Traci’s boobs bounce around. They were also getting a birds-eye view of my naked body, but there was nothing I could do about it. I was too close to climaxing and I didn’t want anything to spoil it.

Traci said, “Get away from us you assholes! We don’t want any guys near us.”

Joe and Jeff sat back down, but Steve said, “Don’t want any guys around, huh. We’ll see about that!”

Steve stood up and unzipped his pants, right in front of Lizzie. He pulled out his hard penis and stood there for a few minutes letting young Lizzie gaze at it for a while. Steve figured that Lizzie hadn’t seen a man’s prick before and he wanted to show off a little. Finally he stepped forward and inserted his member doggy style into Traci’s wet pussy. She was on all fours with her back arched and accepted it easily. Lizzie watched intensely as Steve pushed his rocket deep inside of Traci. Traci obviously liked it because she quickly started moaning and didn’t fight him off at all.

The feeling was really building inside of me now. Every time Steve pushed himself inside of Traci, he forced Traci forward and caused her breasts to press against my face. I looked over at Lizzie and she must have forgotten that Joe and Jeff could see her. Lizzie had lifted the hem of her mini dress up and she was beginning to touch herself over her moist pink panties. I guess watching Traci and Steve go at it was getting Lizzie excited. With all of the action taking place above me and the mechanical penis inside of me, I couldn’t hold on any longer.

I started screaming, “Yes, yes…It’s happening, I’m cumming!”

At that moment, Traci let go of the vibrator. She put her hands on top of mine to support herself. With Steve pushing himself deep inside of her pussy, she was lost in her own world. Unfortunately for me, I’d already climaxed, but the vibrator was still inside of me. And to make matters worse, Traci was leaning on my hands. I couldn’t move. I was helpless and the vibrator was now driving me crazy.

I started yelling, “Traci let go, let go. I can’t take it anymore,” but Traci was oblivious to me.

Traci had me trapped. It was pure torture for me. The toy was vibrating away inside of my pussy and I couldn’t get to it. I was about to loose my mind.

I continued yelling, “Traci, the vibrator, the vibrator. Please, I can’t take it anymore. Get it out, get it out!”

Traci still ignored me, but finally Lizzie leaned over and pulled the vibrator out of my pussy. I was still shaking from the whole experience, but I was able to watch as Lizzie held the vibrator in front of her, like a curious child with a new toy. I was still trapped under Traci so I started kissing and sucking on Traci’s breasts as Steve continued to make love to her.

Traci and Steve were both moaning now. I figured that they were close to finishing so I continued playing with Traci’s big tits. Then I looked over at Lizzie and I couldn’t believe what she was doing. She had pulled her mini dress up and she was rubbing the vibrator over her panties, right in front of all the guys!

Traci started yelling, “Oh yes, oh yes, yes!”

She was either experiencing her second orgasm of the evening or she was a fine actor. It was obvious that Steve wasn’t acting as he began pumping Traci hard and fast.

Then I heard Lizzie moan, “You guys are getting me so hot!”

Lizzie hooked her fingers inside of her panties and slid them to the floor. With Lizzie’s pink bikini underpants down around her ankles, she spread her knees and her pussy was eye level to Steve, who was now staring at Lizzie’s blonde bush.

Lizzie began touching the front of her tight pussy with the vibrator and then she started moaning, “Mmm, this feels good!”

Soon Lizzie inserted the vibrator inside of her. Everyone was watching her as she worked the toy in and out of her little blonde beaver.

Lizzie started breathing heavy as she moaned, “Oh yes, this feels wonderful. Mmm, I love it!”

Steve was watching Lizzie as he pumped his penis deep inside of Traci. I was still pinned under Traci as Steve reached the point of no return. He let out a big grunt and it was over. However, I still heard moaning. Lizzie was moving the vibrator in and out of her pussy and she was really enjoying herself.

My clothes were on a chair right next to the guys. I walked over next to them and stepped into my little thong. I was only a couple feet away from the guys as I pulled the tiny piece of fabric up over my auburn bush. I turned around and made sure that the string was positioned correctly between my ass cheeks as the men watched. Next I turned around and put on my bra, right in front of the guys. Finally I slipped into my little dress and asked one of them to zip me up. He obliged, but his eyes were on Lizzie who was really putting on a show.

Traci had on those transparent panties and see-through bra. Her nipples and pussy were still visible to the men, but everyone was watching Lizzie. As Traci worked a pair of tight jeans up her legs, Lizzie began gasping for air. She was cumming and everyone knew it. Finally Lizzie pulled out the toy and sat back in the chair with her legs spread. Her eyes were closed, her breathing was heavy and her little blonde beaver was out in the open for everyone to see. Traci pulled on a tight white crop top T-shirt so now everyone was dressed and we were all staring at Lizzie.

Lizzie opened her eyes and said, “Oh no. You guys are all looking at me. This is so embarrassing. I forgot where I was for a second.”

We laughed as Lizzie quickly pulled up her little pink underpants. Traci and the guys invited us to go out with them, but Lizzie and I weren’t old enough to get into a bar.

Steve walked over and said, “Here, take this and go out for some ice cream.”

I looked at Lizzie and said, “A hundred dollars. I guess there’s big money in coffee shops!”

The men chuckled because they knew we weren’t being paid for our smooth blend of java. We all walked out to the parking lot together. As Lizzie and I walked arm in arm to our cars, we tried to decide how to spend the hundred dollars. Lizzie whispered something in my ear and smiled.

I said, “You want a toy little girl? Well if that’s what you want, then tomorrow we’ll go to Toys R Us.”

Lizzie giggled and said, “The toy I want is at XXX Toys In Us!”

We laughed as I thought to myself, “It sounds like tomorrow is going to be another adventure with Lizzie!”

**College Girls – Part 23**

Lizzie is my new girlfriend and she is an eighteen-year-old beauty that's going to enter her senior year of high school in the fall. My name is Mindy and I'm a twenty-year old junior in college. I love Lizzie's blonde hair, perky breasts and firm round butt. She stands about five-foot-four and has a creamy fresh face. Lizzie is very sweet and innocent, but I'm working hard to change all that!

Men tell me that I have a pretty face and they appear to like my reddish-brown hair, especially the neatly trimmed auburn pussy hair between my legs! Men also tend to notice my breasts, which are only medium sized, but they're full enough to offer an ample amount of cleavage. I have a five-foot-one-inch petite body so my breasts don't have to be very big to look good.

Even though I receive a lot of attention from men, I really prefer the gentle touch of Lizzie's soft hands against my bare skin. It excites me when Lizzie and I take off all of our clothes and explore each other's naked bodies. Lizzie is very young and making love to a girl is new for her. Actually, making love to anyone is new to Lizzie since she's never been with a boy yet. However Lizzie is willing to do whatever it takes to satisfy my desires and she seems to appreciate the fascination I have with her precious little pussy.

I'm not only interested in girls. I feel exhilarated when I expose myself to men. It really gets me hot knowing that guys are examining my naked body, especially when they believe I've exposed myself by accident or they think I don't know that they're watching me. Seeing the bulges in their pants gets me wet between the legs. However, Lizzie is the one I turn to when I want someone to touch that wetness.

Having a job that allows me to do some innocent flashing makes the workday go by a little faster. Lizzie and I work at a coffee shop in the mall where the customers are mainly men. The men use the establishment as a place to hang out while their wives go shopping. Traci is the owner of the coffee shop and she encourages us to get friendly with the customers. It entices the men to stay longer and it also insures that they'll return the next time their wives visit the mall. Our friendliness includes some flirting, a bit of teasing and even a little flashing! We quickly learned that a small amount of flashing equates to big tips so we're not shy about giving the clientele a peak at our panties or a view down our shirts.

Traci is not only the owner of the coffee shop, she is also the manager and she practices what she preaches. Traci doesn't expect her employees to do anything that she wouldn't do herself so she teases and flashes just as much as we do. I'm sure the customers are glad she does because she is stunning! Traci is around twenty-five years old and stands about five-foot-five with long dark hair and big boobs. She loves to show plenty of cleavage so Traci normally unbuttons her uniform dangerously low in front. Traci also wears bras and panties that are made of such a thin fabric that her underwear appears to be non-existent to the customers.

I am in love with Lizzie and I feel a need to protect her, but for some reason I can't help showing her off in public. She is timid and shy, and I get such a rush from exploiting her innocence. Lizzie looks so cute when she's all flustered and embarrassed, and nothing embarrasses her more than having her clothes taken away while a group of men are looking at her. Showing off her bra and panties at work doesn't seem to bother Lizzie too much anymore, but she really gets uptight if it goes any further than that. Lizzie feels so humiliated when strange men are admiring her young, tight body, and I love being the one that comforts her when the ordeal is over.

Traci also gets a thrill from stealing Lizzie's clothes in public and then watching her squirm around while boys move into a position to get a look at Lizzie's naked body. Sometimes Traci and I team up on Lizzie, like the day after we started working at the coffee shop.

During our first night at the coffee shop, Lizzie and I made a lot of tip money. Lizzie also learned about adult toys and she was ready to spend some of her hard earned money on a toy of her own. The following afternoon, Lizzie and I rushed out to an adult entertainment store. We were amazed by at the number of toys they had to choose from. There were also many videos available, and they had a wide selection of revealing clothes and sexy lingerie for sale, too.

Since we weren't allowed to sample the merchandise, Lizzie played it safe and bought a toy that was almost identical to the vibrator we used at the coffee shop. Lizzie and I also bought a DVD about some waitresses that worked at a roadhouse. From the description on the box, it appeared that the girls in the video made their tips the same way we did only they wore sexier outfits. We also gathered from looking at the pictures on the box that the waitresses ended up putting on lesbian shows for their customers. However, Lizzie and I save that kind of activity for when we're alone, or at least for when we think we're alone.

After making our purchases, Lizzie and I decided to drive to the mall. As I drove my family's minivan, Lizzie hopped in the backseat and popped the new video into the DVD player. As Lizzie watched the girls on the video expose themselves to the guys in the roadhouse, Lizzie got a little hot. Then the guys in the video started getting naked and this really got Lizzie's juices flowing. I heard a humming sound so I looked in the back and saw that Lizzie was using her new toy. She was rubbing it between her legs over her tight jeans.

As I drove down the street I heard some rustling in the backseat so I looked back and saw that Lizzie was unbuttoning her jeans. She unzipped her pants and pushed them down her legs. Lizzie kicked her jeans off completely and then she went back to rubbing her new toy between her legs. However, she was now rubbing the vibrator against her silky blue bikini panties!

We pulled up to a stoplight and Lizzie shyly said, "Mindy, I have something to show you."

I turned around and watched as Lizzie hooked her thumbs inside the waistband of her underpants. Lizzie gave me a shy smile and then she pushed her panties to the floor. I was shocked because Lizzie had shaved her beaver! I could see every inch of her moist pussy lips.

Lizzie looked a little embarrassed and asked, "Well, what do you think?"

I boldly replied, "I'll show you what I think!"

I shifted the van into park, took off my seatbelt and kneeled down between Lizzie's legs. I began kissing and licking all over Lizzie's sweet snatch. Suddenly someone was beeping their horn behind us and I realized that the light had turned green. I jumped back into the driver's seat and took off, but the man continued to beep at us. Finally Lizzie moved to the back of the van and pressed her fine young ass up against the window. She mooned him for more than two blocks. The man was treated to a nice long look at Lizzie's bare butt cheeks and that seemed to shut him up!

As Lizzie returned to her seat, I said, "Lizzie, it's not like you to show off like that. And now you're ridding down the street without any pants on!"

She said, "We'll I was a little nervous back there, but he couldn't see my face and now that I'm back in my seat, no one can see me. This van sits up so high that the people around us can't see in. They can't tell that I'm not wearing any pants...can they?"

I replied, "No, you're safe," but she shouldn't have trusted me because I was quickly searching for a way to exhibit her bare beaver to the people in the passing cars.

Lizzie went back to watching the video and soon the excitement was too much for her to take. She inserted the vibrator inside of her wet pussy as we entered the highway. Lizzie sat back and closed her eyes as she slowly worked the toy in and out of her freshly shaved snatch. An eighteen-wheeler pulled up along side of us and when I saw that Lizzie was lost in her own world, I decided to let the man watch as Lizzie continued to pleasure herself. A few miles later Lizzie started moaning and moving the vibrator a little faster so I knew that she was on the edge of an orgasm.

Suddenly I heard Lizzie say, "That's it, Blackie. You know what I like!"

I asked, "Who are you talking to?"

She replied, "Blackie, my lover."

Her new toy was black, so she named it Blackie. I thought that I was her lover, but it looked like I'd been replaced.

Finally she let loose with a soft grunt, started breathing heavy and moaned, "Mmm, that's it Blackie. You know what I like. Yes, yes, oh yes!"

Then I heard a thud and I looked back to see that Lizzie had dropped Blackie on the floor.

I said, "Is that the way you treat your lover?"

She just told me to leave her alone for a moment as she laid there with her legs spread wide, trying to recuperate from her romantic interlude with herself. Her little teenaged pussy was completely exposed to the trucker and he appeared to be enjoying the view. As we approached our exit, the driver of the big rig smiled and waved at me. I responded by pushing the armholes of my tank top together and wedging them into my cleavage. Since I wasn't wearing a bra, my bare breasts were completely exposed for the man's viewing pleasure. He could easily see my puffy pink nipples and he showed his appreciation by beeping his loud horn. The horn made Lizzie jump up and she looked rather startled.

Lizzie shrieked, "Oh no, there's a man looking at me...and I don't have any pants on! Quick, where are my pants? I've got to put my pants on!"

Lizzie laughed nervously as she struggled to pull her tight jeans up her legs. She was trying to hide her beaver as quickly as possible as the trucker watched. Lizzie didn't even bother putting on her underpants, which was a mistake that she would regret later in the afternoon. However, at the moment she just wanted to get decent in a hurry.

Lizzie asked, "How long has he been there?"

I said, "He saw it all!"

Lizzie blushed and said, "I can't turn my back on you for a second. You show me off every chance you get!"

As we got into the exit lane, Lizzie reached forward and playfully grabbed my exposed titties. She tweaked my nipples and then we waved to the trucker as we got off the highway. I'm sure the trucker wished we'd continue riding along next to him, but we had places to go and people to see. I pulled myself together and we went to the mall. Lizzie and I always seem to lose our clothes at the mall!

**College Girls – Part 24**

It was our day off, but after buying an adult toy and flashing a trucker, Lizzie and I went to the mall and sat at a table in the coffee shop where we work. A waitress named Belinda came over to take our order and she didn't look much older than Lizzie did. Belinda had a cute face and big breasts. We'd never met Belinda before, but it looked like Traci provided Belinda's on-the-job training because Belinda let her cleavage hang out the same way that Traci does. However, Belinda still had a sweet and innocent look about her like Lizzie has. Belinda didn't know who we were so she took our order and went behind the bar.

There were four good-looking boys sitting at the table next to us. They were around our age and they kept looking over at us as they ate their sandwiches. Lizzie's jeans were riding low on her hips and when she sat down, it caused her butt crack to hang out a little in back. Her jeans were so low that had she not shaved her pussy, some of her hairy triangle would have been hanging out in front, as well. Lizzie's tight T-shirt was short so her bellybutton was showing. The short T-shirt also did nothing to block the view of Lizzie's exposed butt crack which did not go unnoticed by the boys.

I was also wearing a pair of low cut jeans, but my problem had to do with my tank top. When I pulled it together in front for the trucker, I accidentally stretched out the material around the armholes. Now when I leaned forward, the material fell away from my braless breasts and the boys could see right into my shirt. They were able to observe my puffy pink nipples from the side as they peered through the gaping fabric around my armholes. I pretended not to notice and just let them look. I even made sure that I positioned myself so that my arms would not block the boys' view of my bare breasts. The boys were all smiles because they thought that they were getting away with something, but I knew exactly what they were doing.

As Belinda set the cups of hot coffee on our table, Traci came out of the backroom. She saw us and waved hello. That's when the fun began! I tried to stand up and say hello to Traci, but I accidentally bumped the table and Lizzie's coffee cup tipped over. The hot coffee spilled into Lizzie's lap.

Lizzie stood up and yelled, "Ouch! Hot! The coffee's hot!"

I seized the opportunity and used the situation as an excuse to pull Lizzie's pants down right in front of the boys. I quickly kneeled down in front of Lizzie and unbuttoned her jeans.

As I unzipped them, Lizzie shouted, "Quick, get these pants off! My leg is burning."

I pulled Lizzie's jeans down to the floor and she was relieved because the hot liquid was no longer touching her skin. However, when Lizzie looked down, she remembered that she'd removed her little undies back in the van and she didn't put them back on. Then she saw that the boys at the next table were staring at her and she suddenly realized how desperate her situation was.

Lizzie's face turned red as she shrieked, "Oh no! Mindy, I took my panties off in the van. I forgot that I didn't put them back on. Now I'm naked from the waist down and those boys are looking at me!"

Traci rushed over, kneeled down next to me and said, "No time to worry about that now!"

As I pulled Lizzie's jeans all the way off, Traci took an ice cube and began rubbing it against the pink flesh on Lizzie's inner thigh. Lizzie's face was red with embarrassment because the four boys were only a couple of feet away from her and they were all examining her bare butt. There were also a couple of men at the bar checking out Lizzie's bottomless predicament.

I stood up and noticed that Traci was also putting on a little show. When Traci squatted down in front of Lizzie, it caused the hem of her short uniform dress to slide up around her hips. Traci's knees were spread apart, providing the boys with a view of her skimpy see-through panties. Traci always wears transparent panties so the boys could easily see Traci's beautiful brunette bush.

The boys also got an eyeful of Traci's big boobies because her bra was as transparent as her panties. With the top of Traci's uniform unbuttoned so low, the boys could see right down into the gaping material and gaze at Traci's magnificent breasts. Traci's wonderful round rosy nipples were also on display for the boys to enjoy.

It was obvious to me that Traci knew the boys were looking at her. She seemed to be enjoying the attention. Her knees were spread apart about as far as they would go and her short dress was pushed up as high as it would go, too. Traci was flaunting her pretty pussy as much as her transparent panties would allow and the boys stood in front of her to get the best possible view of her brunette bush. Traci also positioned her body to offer the most accessible vantage point of her boobies to the boys as she could. The boys were almost leaning over in front of Traci to get a clear view of her beautiful breasts and her nice nipples. Traci's body was quite remarkable sight, but it didn't completely divert the boys' attention away from young Lizzie, who was naked from the waist down. Lizzie was still the center of attention.

Lizzie tried to put an end to her torture by saying, "I feel much better now" and then she reached for her pants, but Traci stopped her and said, "No, you just stand there until we take care of this nasty little burn of yours."

Traci said, "Belinda, go in the backroom and get me some ointment."

Then Traci added, "Oh and while you're back there, take these jeans and hang them over a chair so they can dry."

As Belinda walked off with Lizzie's jeans, Lizzie pleaded, "Wait, please don't take my pants. Everyone's looking at me!"

Traci said, "Oh don't worry about your pants. They'll dry pretty soon."

Lizzie shrieked, "Pretty soon? What do you mean, pretty soon? I need my pants now! I don't even have any panties on. Don't you understand? These boys can see my bare ass!"

Traci said, "Just calm down and stand still. Let me put some more ice on that tender skin."

As Traci worked on Lizzie's leg, Lizzie looked around and saw that all of the guys were staring at her bare little butt. Her firm naked ass was out there for everyone to see as Traci continued to lightly rub the pink spot on Lizzie's leg. Lizzie's unfortunate situation was really turning me on because Lizzie looked mortified and she was helpless to do anything about it. She was at Traci's mercy and Traci didn't hesitate to make things worse for Lizzie. As Traci rubbed ice on Lizzie's leg, she brushed up against Lizzie's clean-shaven snatch.

Traci asked, "When did you shave your pussy?"

Lizzie replied, "Would you shut up! I'm embarrassed enough as it is."

Traci said, "Well I just wanted to complement you. Your pussy looks so pretty. Doesn't her pussy look pretty, Mindy?"

I said, "Yes, Lizzie has the prettiest pussy I've ever seen."

Lizzie screamed, "Shut up, you guys, shut up!"

However, it was too late. Traci had already aroused the guys' curiosity. They came around to the other side acting concerned and asked if they could offer any assistance, but in reality they just wanted to get a peek at Lizzie's bald beaver. With all of the boys gawking at Lizzie's pussy, she was mortified.

Lizzie said, "I feel better, much better. I think I'll just go get my pants."

Traci held Lizzie by the hips and said, "You can't go anywhere. We have to finish dressing your wound."

Lizzie said, "Yes, let's get my jeans and dress my wound."

Traci said, "No, I mean we have to put ointment on it so it can heal fast. Don't you boys think we should wait for the ointment?"

The boys all laughed and said, "Absolutely."

Lizzie shouted, "Shut up you guys! You just want me to wait because I don't have any pants on. You guys just want to look at my pussy!"

The boys chuckled as everyone fixed their eyes on Lizzie's exposed pussy and naked ass while waiting for Belinda to return. All Lizzie could do was stand there and let them look as she waited patiently for Belinda. Lizzie appeared to be really nervous having all of those boys staring at her bare butt and bald beaver, but Traci wouldn't let Lizzie walk away. After what seemed like a very long time, Belinda finally emerged from the backroom. She handed Traci the tube of ointment.

Traci said, "Lizzie, spread your legs a little more."

Lizzie said, "Spread my legs a little more? But everyone's looking at me!"

Traci said, "Just spread 'em and stand still!"

Lizzie reluctantly spread her legs apart and then she stood there while Traci applied the ointment to her leg. The boys' eyes were like saucers as they observed Lizzie's sweet shaved snatch and Lizzie was powerless to stop them. The men from the bar even came over and soon Lizzie had quite an audience. And with Lizzie's jeans in the backroom and her underpants out in the van, Lizzie was really giving them something to look at.

I decided to add some fuel to the fire by saying, "Boy Lizzie, it sure is easy to see your pussy lips with your beaver shaved and your legs spread apart."

Lizzie gave me a shy smile, but then Traci added, "And I'll bet the boys will agree with me when I say that your pussy lips look terrific!"

Lizzie's face turned red again as she said, "Oh, thanks a lot Traci! Just draw some more attention to my naked body why don't you! Now everyone's trying to get a look at my pussy lips. If you really cared about me, you'd hurry up and get done so that I could put my pants on."

Traci said, "Oh sweetie, I really care about you. That's why I'm doing this. I just want you to feel better, that's all."

As Traci applied the ointment to Lizzie's inner thigh, Lizzie said, "Well, I must admit, that does feel good."

Traci slowly rubbed some more of the ointment on Lizzie's inner thigh and in the process, she slid her hand up a little too high. Traci touched Lizzie's exposed pussy lips and Traci was very obvious about it. Lizzie looked so cute as she stood there and shuttered.

Traci said, "Oops, sorry."

Then Traci did it again, but this time Traci did it slowly and actually separated Lizzie's pussy lips. With Lizzie's snatch shaved so nice and smooth, all of the boys could easily see what Traci was doing.

Again, Lizzie's body twitched and squirmed as Traci said, "Oops, sorry again," but the boys were all smiles because Lizzie looked so helpless standing there.

When Traci did it a third time, Lizzie giggled and said, "Come on Traci. What are you trying to do, turn me on?"

Traci said, "Well you said it feels good."

Lizzie said, "I meant the ointment on my legs, not your finger between my legs!"

Traci gave me a devilish grin. Then she turned to Lizzie and slowly inserted a finger into Lizzie's moist pussy.

Lizzie giggled and squeaked, "Traci, now what are you doing?"

Traci replied, "You said my finger between your legs wouldn't feel good. I just wanted to find out if that was true."

Lizzie giggled nervously and said, "Yes, of course it feels good, but not in front of all these boys!"

Traci smiled at the boys and then she started moving her finger around inside of Lizzie as she said, "Don't worry about those boys. Just relax and enjoy yourself."

I could tell Lizzie liked the way that Traci was touching her pussy, but then she looked at the faces of the boys around her and Lizzie got embarrassed again. Lizzie felt humiliated, but I don't think she wanted Traci to stop. Then something happened to make Lizzie feel even more self-conscious.

Lizzie looked over her shoulder and said, "Oh no! Some more men are walking into the coffee shop. Traci, they're coming this way. I'm so embarrassed. They're looking at my bare butt. I don't have any pants on in front of all these guys and yet here you are touching my pussy. Oh Traci, what am I going to do?"

As Traci continued moving her finger in and out of Lizzie's pussy, she replied, "I don't know, Lizzie. Your pussy feels nice and wet so you must like what I'm doing. What do you want to do?"

Traci was now making little circles with her finger inside of Lizzie's moist pussy. Lizzie took a deep breath and leaned forward. Lizzie placed her hands on Traci's shoulders to steady herself. In her slightly bent over position, Lizzie's butt was perfectly positioned to give the new men behind her a great view of her firm round butt.

As Traci continued working her finger in and out of Lizzie, Lizzie sighed and said, "Oh Traci, everyone's looking at me. You shouldn't be doing this," but Lizzie didn't make any effort to push Traci's hand away from her tight wet pussy.

Lizzie was beginning to get excited and Traci knew it so Traci started teasing her and asked, "Do you want me to stop?"

Lizzie looked at the boys' faces, blushed and replied, "Yes, stop...wait, no, don't stop. Keep your fingers where they are. Oh, I don't know. It feels so good. I guess not, definitely not. Please don't stop! Touch my pussy, rub my pussy. Yes, that's what I want!"

Traci kept moving her finger in and out of Lizzie's pussy as Lizzie began to breath heavy. I could see Lizzie's body quivering, so I knew the feeling was building inside of her. Everybody's eyes were focused on the action between Lizzie's legs, but Lizzie was starting to relax and enjoy the wonderful sensation that Traci was providing. I decided to help and slowly pulled Lizzie's T-shirt up over her head.

Lizzie shrieked, "Mindy, what in the world are you doing?"

As I unfastened her bra, I said, "I know what you like!"

Lizzie protested, "My bra! You're taking off my bra in front of all these guys. How could you do that to me? Now I'm completely naked!"

I said softly, "Come on Lizzie, I know you like this. I know you like it when I softly caress your tender pink nipples. See? Look how they're getting all firm and erect. Mmm, now doesn't that feel good?"

Lizzie didn't respond. She just smiled and closed her eyes, but the boys' eyes were wide open and they were really getting excited now. Lizzie's firm breasts and pink nipples were out in the open for everyone to see. She was still uptight, but I started kissing and sucking on her nipples and she soon calmed down. With Traci working on Lizzie's pussy and me playing with her titties, Lizzie looked like she was about to have an orgasm. Lizzie's eyes were now closed and there was a little smile on her face, but suddenly, Traci looked up and quickly pulled her finger out of Lizzie's pussy.

Lizzie squealed, "Oh please don't stop now," but I looked over and saw why Traci had stopped.

The security guard had walked into the coffee shop. Lizzie shivered and almost fell over as Traci stood up. The security guard was a big black guy. He walked up behind Lizzie and took a good long look at Lizzie's bare bottom.

The security guard asked, "What's was going on here?"

Traci replied, "This little girl spilled hot coffee on her leg, but I took care of it."

The security guard moved around in front of Lizzie.

Traci continued, "As you can see, her skin's not even pink anymore. I think she's healed."

The security guard said, "I'll be the judge of that."

Lizzie was mortified as the big black man stepped in front of her. He looked at her bare breasts for a while and then he kneeled down in front of her exposed pussy. He acted as if he was looking at Lizzie's injured leg, but everyone knew that he was really examining Lizzie's bald beaver. Lizzie was very nervous. She was naked in a room full of guys and everyone was staring at her. Lizzie didn't think things could get any worse, but they did. This just wasn't Lizzie's lucky day.

The security guard stared at Lizzie's pussy for a long time and then he said, "Hmm, I'd better have this little girl come with me to my office and fill out an accident report."

The big black guy tried to take Lizzie by the arm and lead her out of the coffee shop, but Lizzie said, "Wait, I can't go out into the mall. I don't have any clothes on! I'm naked!"

The security guard said, "Rules are rules. You have to come to the office and fill out a report."

Traci asked, "Can't you make an exception? This poor little girl is naked. There's a lot of boys out there in the mall. Look at how her breasts, pussy and butt are all showing. Everyone will be staring at the poor little girl. Do you really want to humiliate her like that?"

The security guard looked at Traci sternly and said, "I saw what you were doing when I walked in. Now I suggest you be quiet if you don't want any trouble!"

The security guard took Lizzie by the arm and said, "Now you come with me to the office."

Lizzie meekly asked, "Where's the office?"

He chuckled arrogantly and replied, "Unfortunately for you, it's on the other side of the mall."

Lizzie screamed, "The other side of the mall. You want me to walk across the mall naked. Are you crazy?"

The security guard just gripped Lizzie's arm and walked her up to the front door of the coffee shop. Lizzie looked out into the mall and saw that there was quite a crowd for a weekday afternoon. Apparently, there were many boys that had nothing better to do with their time than to ride their skateboards to the mall and just hang out. There were also plenty of stuck up girls out there ready to make fun of Lizzie, too. As she stood in the doorway, Lizzie felt totally humiliated because everyone was looking at her and she was completely nude. Her perky breasts, bald beaver and bare butt cheeks were all out in the open for everyone to see.

Lizzie looked really flustered as she begged, "Oh please don't make me go out there without any clothes on. Look, everyone's staring at me."

The security guard didn't care about Lizzie's feelings. The black guy was only taking advantage of some power that he really didn't even have. He just marched Lizzie right out into the crowded mall and paraded her around like he'd caught some desperate criminal.

Lizzie continued to plead, "They're all pointing at me and laughing. My pussy's showing and everyone can see my bare ass! There's so many boys out here. They're watching my titties bounce as I walk. They can see my nipples. Oh please won't you let go of me?"

The guard said, "Don't worry. I'm sure they understand that you're injured and I'm just taking care of you."

Lizzie yelled angrily, "Understand? Are you kidding? They don't understand! They just see a helpless little girl that lost her clothes. See how those girls over there are pointing at my pussy? They're urging their boyfriends to come over and get a closer look. Oh, I wish I hadn't shaved my beaver. I can feel the breeze between my legs and it makes me feel even more naked! This breeze is making my nipples poke out, too."

Then Lizzie really got embarrassed and said, "Oh no! Now I see some boys from my neighborhood...and there's some boys from my school, too. This is so humiliating. I don't want them to see me naked like this. I'll never be able to show my face in public again!"

The security guard laughed and said, "Why not? You're showing everything else!"

Lizzie said, "Oh that's just great. The boys are all coming over here and you're trying to crack jokes. Now why don't you let me go back to the coffee shop? I know some of these boys. I don't want them to see my boobies or bald beaver. I don't want them to see my bare butt, either. Can't you stop all of these boys from crowding around me and trying to see my tits, pussy and ass?"

The security guard replied, "They won't bother you with me around."

Now Lizzie really felt mortified as she said to the security guard, "Letting them look at me is not just a bother. There are so many boys staring at my pussy, not to mention the ones behind me gawking at my bare butt. Don't you realize how humiliating it is for a teenaged girl to be paraded through the mall naked in front of a crowd of boys? I don't even have any underpants on! You're just marching me through the crowd with my bare beaver showing and my naked ass on display. My tits are out there for everyone to look at and what's worse is I think you're enjoying it. Now please let me go of me so that I can go back and put some clothes on!"

He asked, "Why? We're almost there. We just have to go down these steps and walk to the other side."

Lizzie stood at the top of the steps and said, "The food court! I have to walk down the steps and pass through the food court? I'm naked and it's dinnertime! Look how crowded it is! Everyone's looking at me. On these steps, I feel like I'm on a stage and I'm in front of an audience. Look how they're staring at me. Everyone can see that I'm naked. They're all looking right up at my pussy. We have to turn back now."

The security guard just chuckled and forced Lizzie to proceed forward in front of all of the people. As he led Lizzie down the steps, everyone in the food court was looking up at her. Lizzie reached a new level of embarrassment because there was a group of boys at the bottom of the steps gawking at her. They could see right between Lizzie's legs and with each step, her legs would separate providing the boys with a great view of her pussy lips. Now Lizzie was really sorry that she'd shaved her beaver because there was nothing to protect her smooth snatch from the boys' hungry eyes. They could see everything!

I was following Lizzie as she walked though the food court. She looked like she was going to die from embarrassment so it was time for me to step in and protect her. As the security guard tried to unlock his office door, I broke his grip on Lizzie's arm.

I said, "Let her come back with me to the coffee shop and we'll return here after she's dressed."

The security guard said, "How do I know you'll return?"

I replied, "It's an injury report, not an arrest warrant!"

As we stood there in front of the office, a crowd was quickly forming. Everyone was trying to get a look at Lizzie's naked body as the security guard and I continued to argue. With her bare breasts, bald beaver and beautiful butt all out in the open for everyone to see, Lizzie was attracting quite a large group of people.

Lizzie asked, "Hey guys, can't we go into the office and talk about this?"

I said, "No, you're coming with me!"

Lizzie sighed because she was only inches away from a room that would protect her naked body from the crowd's prying eyes, but now I was going to turn her around and lead her right back through all of those people. I put my arm around Lizzie and we pushed our way back through the crowd of onlookers. As we climbed the steps everyone was treated to a nice view of the teenager's bare ass. The group of boys were also still at the bottom of the steps trying to get another look up at Lizzie's exposed pussy lips, but eventually we made it to the top of the staircase and walked out into the main section of the mall.

Lizzie buried her head against my shoulder and whimpered, "Mindy, I can't face these people again. They've already seen me naked and now they’re going to get another look at me."

I squeezed her and said, "Just be proud of what you have. You have nice tits, a beautiful pussy and a great ass. Not to mention, you have a set of pretty pink nipples, too. You should be happy that everyone wants to look at you."

Lizzie said, "Happy? Sure, that's easy for you to say. You're dressed! Your nipples aren't poking out at the crowd. Your pussy and butt aren't on display for everyone to see."

I just held Lizzie tight and forced her to keep walking. As we proceeded through the crowd everyone was still staring at the way Lizzie's breasts bounced while she walked. They all wanted another look at Lizzie's cute little bald beaver and there was a huge group of boys behind us trying to get one last look at Lizzie's smooth firm ass. When we finally reached the coffee shop, we raced to the backroom where she was safe from all of the boys' hungry eyes.

Lizzie seemed a little anxious, but I just kept giving her soft kisses all over her face and said, "It's going to be alright. I'll take care of you."

Lizzie said, "Thanks Mindy, I really love you."

That statement made me feel warm inside. I had to respond with some tenderness so I laid Lizzie down on the rug and began to kiss her thighs. Her burn looked like it no longer existed, but I continued softly kissing her inner thighs anyway just to show how much I cared about her. Soon I moved up between her legs and started kissing her sweet shaved snatch. My kissing turned to licking and eventually I inserted my finger inside of her wet waiting pussy. Lizzie started to softly moan as I moved my finger around in little circles inside of her.

My other hand moved up and began to play with her right nipple. It was so firm and erect that I just wanted to kiss it, but my tongue had already found its way to Lizzie's clitty down between her legs. With my fingers on Lizzie's nipple, my tongue on her love button and my finger moving in and out of her smooth pussy, it wasn't long before Lizzie's body became tense. Then Lizzie really started breathing heavy and her tight naked body began to squirm around. Finally Lizzie shuttered and let loose with a powerful orgasm.

When it was over, Lizzie gave me a wet passionate kiss on the lips. We said goodbye to Traci and Belinda, and then we headed to the security office, but this time Lizzie had her clothes on.

As we left the coffee shop, I thought to myself, "Lizzie went through all that and she didn't even get a tip!"

**College Girls – Part 25**

I’m a twenty-year-old college sorority girl who used to have an eighteen-year-old girlfriend named Lizzie. Lizzie and I worked together at a coffee shop in the mall where we had a lot of fun teasing and flashing the customers. However, things got a little out of hand and Lizzie ended up paraded through the mall in the nude. When Lizzie’s parents learned of our escapades, Lizzie was banned from the mall and she was forbidden to go out with me ever again. Even though Lizzie and I no longer see each other, she is now very popular with the boys at her high school and I am happy for her.

Working at the coffee shop hasn’t been the same without Lizzie. My boss, Traci, was concerned about me so we took a break from work. We left the coffee shop in the capable hands of our coworkers and drove to a public park near the mall. There was a playground that was deserted, except for a crew of several men working on the street in front of the park. Traci and I took a seat on the swings so that we could talk.

Traci said, “I understand that you miss Lizzie, but since men give you so much attention you should just enjoy yourself until you get over her.”

I thought about it and said, “I guess I do get a lot of attention from men. They’re always telling me that I’m cute and they seem to like my reddish-brown hair. And even though I wear a bra at work, when I bend over to give men their coffee they never hesitate to peek down the top of my uniform.”

Traci said, “I guess they like your tits!”

I said, “Well, I may not have the biggest tits in the mall, but they’re real and they’re full enough to offer an ample amount of cleavage.”

Traci added, “Your boobs do look pretty big compared to that little five-foot body of yours.”

I said, “Actually I’m five-foot-one.”

Traci continued, “And you’ve got a nice ass, too.”

I said, “I have noticed that guys seem fascinated with my butt. They’re always trying to get a glimpse of my little underpants when I bend over in this super short waitress dress you gave me.”

Traci said, “So you like teasing men?”

I replied, “Yes, of course. It turns me on having men admire my body. I especially love flashing and teasing men until they have a raging boner in their pants. Then I send them away with a bad case of blue-balls, but you know what I’m talking about.”

Traci asked, “What do you mean?”

I replied, “Come on Traci. You have those nice big boobs and you always leave your uniform unbuttoned low in front. That way you can show off your cleavage to the customers, not to mention those pretty pink nipples.”

Traci said, “Pretty pink nipples? You know I always wear underwear.”

I said, “Maybe so, but your bras and panties are made of such a thin fabric that your underwear appears to be non-existent. Your bras offer no support for those big boobs of yours so you bounce around the shop like you’re braless. And, the men can see your nipples right through those flimsy bras.”

Traci giggled and said, “I guess I never gave it much thought.”

I said, “Never gave it much thought? You can see right through your panties, too. You know damn well almost all of our customers are men and they’re always trying to get a look at your little undies. I realize you have a beautiful bush, but that doesn’t mean you have to show your pussy hair to everyone. Heck, those workmen over there are trying to look between your legs right now!”

There were several men in their thirties and forties performing road repairs right in front of us. The men were constantly looking over at Traci and I as we went back and forth on the swings. We were still wearing our little white waitress dresses that buttoned all the way down the front. The tops of our dresses were unbuttoned dangerously low so we were showing plenty of cleavage to the men.

While Traci and I were talking, we really didn’t pay much attention to our dresses. However, the workmen couldn’t seem to keep their eyes off us. I quickly realized why the men were looking at us. The dresses we were wearing were extremely short so when we went back and forth on the swings, our dresses would fly up and expose our skimpy little panties to the workmen. Both Traci and I had left the bottom button on our dresses open, which made it even easier for the workmen to see our panty covered pussies!

I said, “Traci, when our dresses fly up, those men can see our panties!”

Traci said, “No wonder they’re looking at us.”

Traci could see that the men were watching her, but she doesn’t need to flash a guy to get his attention. She is stunning even when she’s not showing off her body. Traci is twenty-five years old and stands about five-foot-five with long dark hair and big firm boobs. She has a beautiful face and a killer body, but at that moment, the men were only interested in her panties. Since the transparent material of Traci’s skimpy panties did very little to hide Traci’s dark pussy hair, it was only natural that the men would try to get a glimpse between her legs.

I tried holding my dress down to hide my panties from the prying eyes of the men, but Traci just let her dress blow in the wind. She asked me what was wrong and I told her that after what had happened to Lizzie, I felt a little shy about flashing my panties to the men. Traci told me that when you fall off a horse, you have to get right back on. I didn’t know what that had to do with putting my underwear on display for strangers, but Traci was about to show me.

A group of guys in the park came over near us and started playing catch with a football. Traci was in a playful mood so she led me over to some horses on springs that bounced up and down. Our boobs bounced as we sprung up and down on the horses. Traci’s bra was so flimsy that she looked like she wasn’t wearing a bra at all. With all those open buttons, the guys were hoping she’d pop right out of her dress. Traci’s dress was open enough on top to give the men a partial view of her bra, but she never actually fell out of her dress.

After a while Traci said, “Let’s go climb on the jungle gym.”

I said, “We bounced around on those little horses so much that everyone in the park is looking at us. I’m not going to climb up there in this short dress. They’ll be able to see my underpants! I’m just not in the mood.”

Traci said, “Come on, it’ll be fun. All you have to do is hang from your hands and climb across to the other side.”

I asked, “Do I have to?”

Traci replied, “Just do it once, for me.”

I didn’t want to do it, but I gave in and climbed up on the apparatus. As I hung from my hands and climbed across the bars, Traci stood on the ground below me. It felt like my short dress barely covered my skimpy panties as I moved across the equipment. I was getting a little nervous because everyone’s eyes were upon me.

I asked, “Traci, everyone is looking at me. Are my panties showing?”

Traci replied, “No…well just a little in front because the bottom button on your dress is open.”

I said, “Oh that’s just great. The men can see my little underpants. At least they’re not transparent like yours are.”

Traci noticed that the workmen had taken a break and they were standing around watching us. She also saw that the guys playing football were watching us, too. Traci decided to have some fun at my expense so she lifted up my dress.

I shouted, “Traci, what are you doing?”

Traci replied, “I wanted to see if you were wearing transparent panties.”

I screamed, “I told you they weren’t see-through, now let go of my dress. Those men are looking at me.”

Traci said okay, but then she slipped her fingers inside of my panties.

I shouted, “Now what are you doing?”

Traci said, “I wanted to prove to you that you are wearing transparent panties.”

Traci began to slowly pull my little undies down my legs. From my hanging position, I was powerless to stop her.

I said, “No Traci, please don’t pull my panties down. All of the guys are looking at me.”

Traci didn’t stop. She just slid my little undies all the way off. I was totally humiliated because I was hanging there in an extremely short dress and everyone knew that I didn’t have anything on underneath it. I felt so helpless and vulnerable, and then Traci lifted my dress again.

Traci said, “Gee, it looks like you’re wearing transparent panties now!”

I said, “The way you’re holding my dress up, it looks like I’m wearing transparent panties to everyone. Now let go of my dress!”

Traci let go of my dress and started to run away. Without thinking, I jumped down from the jungle gym and when I did my short dress flew up past my waist exposing my bare ass and hairy triangle to all of the men around me. I began chasing Traci, but when I saw how her dress kept flying up and revealing her panties to the crowd, I realized that my dress was flying up, too. I wasn’t wearing any underpants so I was accidentally flashing my neatly trimmed auburn bush and bare butt cheeks to all of the men in the park.

I quit chasing Traci when she started climbing up the tall ladder on the slide. The guys playing football threw the ball so they could get closer to us. When Traci was halfway up the ladder, the football bounced right below her and a guy bent over to get it. He looked up and had a birds-eye-view of Traci’s see-through panties. Beneath the transparent material, Traci’s butt crack was completely visible to the guy. He took his time retrieving the ball and Traci gave him a nice long look at her nearly naked ass.

Traci tied my panties to the top of the ladder and yelled, “If you want your underpants, you’re gonna have to climb up and get them!”

I was embarrassed because everyone knew that I wasn’t wearing any panties and I’d have to climb up the ladder in my short little dress. However, right now all of the guys’ attention was directed at Traci as she went down the slide. As she flew down, she threw her arms up in the air so there was nothing holding her dress down. The wind blew her dress up past her waist, treating the men to an unobstructed view of her transparent little underpants. Traci was flaunting her beautiful brunette bush as much as her see-through panties would allow and the men moved to the front of the slide to get the best possible view of Traci’s dark pussy hair.

The men were thrilled when Traci announced, “That was fun. I think I’ll do it again!”

One of the guys said, “I think I’ll go down the slide, too.”

As Traci climbed the ladder, the guy was on the ladder right below her. He was looking up her short dress at her skimpy panties. The guy was so close to Traci that I’ll bet he not only saw Traci’s butt crack, he probably also saw her pussy lips through her panties as she lifted her leg to climb up to the next rung on the ladder.

Again Traci threw her arms up as she flew down the slide, so there was nothing holding her dress down. The men saw Traci’s little underpants one more time as the wind blew her dress up past her waist. The dark triangle of hair between Traci’s legs was once again on display to the men and they enjoyed the view.

When Traci got to the bottom of the slide, she reached up under her dress behind her. Apparently, when she went down the slide, her panties got wedged in her butt crack and she was reaching up behind her to pull them out. Traci lifted her dress and inserted a finger into the leg hole of her little underpants. All of the men were watching as she slowly pulled the panties out of her butt crack. After giving the men a nice long look at her barely covered butt, Traci repositioned her dress and then walked over to where I was standing.

Traci said, “We have to get back to work so go up and get your panties.”

I said, “I can’t go up there. All these guys are standing around and they’ll be able to see right up my dress.”

Traci said, “So what! When has showing off your butt ever been a problem before?”

I said, “I don’t know. I really feel self-conscious today.”

Traci said, “Well get up there now or we’re leaving without them!”

I should have left my panties up there, but instead I gave in and began to climb the ladder. With each step I could feel my legs spreading apart and I was really nervous because I knew that I was giving a beaver shot to all of the guys standing below me. Everyone was looking up my short little waitress dress as I ascended to the top of the ladder. Since I wasn’t wearing panties, all of the guys had an unobstructed view of my bare ass and my reddish-brown pussy hair.

Then to make matters worse, a strong breeze began to blow while I was up on the ladder and it started blowing my dress around. I was hanging onto the ladder with one hand and trying to untie my panties with the other, so I was unable held my dress down. As my super short dress blew in the wind, I was treating everyone to a presentation of my firm round butt and my neatly trimmed auburn bush.

I was humiliated because it seemed like I was up on the ladder forever. Traci tied my panties on the ladder so tight that I couldn’t get them loose. I tried diligently to untie my panties, but I just couldn’t free them from the slide. My hands were trembling because I was so nervous about standing up there on a breezy day with all of the men looking up my dress. Knowing that the men could see my bare ass and naked pussy made me panic and I gave my panties a hard tug. That was a big mistake because my little underpants ripped apart and now they were ruined.

As I sat at the top of the slide trying to decide what to do next, the guys moved to the front of the slide to find out if they could see up my short dress. There was a look of excitement in the men’s eyes because they knew that soon I would be sliding down and I wasn’t wearing anything under my dress. I was really nervous, but I finally let go and slid down the slide. As expected, my short dress flew up exposing my pussy to everyone. My face was red with embarrassment as the guys applauded. Finally Traci and I headed for the car and the show was over.

As we drove back to the mall, Traci asked, “Did you see all of the bulges in those guys’ pants?”

I said, “What did you expect? You were showing my pussy to everyone!”

Traci said, “I know. That sweet little snatch of yours even got me a little wet between my legs.”

As Traci drove down the street, I pulled the bottom buttons of her waitress dress apart until her panties were showing. Next I ran my finger softly up her inner thighs until I touched her skimpy underwear. I moved my finger up and down between her legs and found that she was telling the truth. Traci’s pussy was wet!

As I continue to stroke her pretty pussy, Traci asked, “Mindy, what are you doing? You’re making it hard for me to drive.”

I said, “I was just checking to see if you were as wet as you said you were.”

Traci asked, “And?”

I replied, “You are!”

I didn’t stop touching Traci. After rubbing her pussy over her panties, I pulled her panties aside and inserted a finger inside of her. As Traci drove down the street, I moved my finger in and out of her moist pussy. Each time I pulled out, I made sure that I ran my finger all the way up the front of her sweet slit so that I could massage her little clitty.

Traci said, “Mmm, that feels good.”

Since I didn’t have any panties on, Traci started stroking my pussy, too. There were cars all around us, but we didn’t care. Traci and I were only interested in pleasing each other. A few cars even beeped at us so I’m sure some passing motorists got an eyeful of our exposed pussies, but that didn’t stop us from enjoying the sensation between our legs. By the time we’d reached the mall, we were really into it. Traci flew into a parking spot and then she sat back and spread her legs.

Traci demanded, “Finish me off!”

I said, “But we’re in a parking lot. Someone could walk by any second.”

Traci pushed her panties down her legs and said, “I don’t care. I need you now.”

Then Traci opened every button on her dress, unclasped her bra and said, “My titties need you, too.”

With Traci’s big full breasts and round rosy nipples staring me in the face, I leaned forward and began kissing and sucking on her boobies. Traci moaned as I inserted my finger into Traci’s bare beaver. I began making little circles inside of Traci as I continued to lick and suck on her firm titties. Finally she couldn’t take it anymore and she began breathing heavy. Traci’s body trembled and then she reached a powerful orgasm.

Traci just laid back in the car seat with her dress entirely open in front. Her pussy was showing and her tits were hanging out. If anyone had walked by, they’d have seen everything. Then she leaned down between my legs and started licking my wet pussy. It felt really good when she started licking my love button while stroking my tight wet pussy with her finger.

I was really feeling good, but then a man leaned over on the driver’s side and looked into our car. Traci’s dress was completely unbuttoned and it had fallen down to her side. Her bare ass was completely exposed to the man. He could tell what Traci was doing to me, but the only thing he could really see was her beautiful butt pointed right at him. At first the man distracted me, but Traci made my pussy feel so good that I decided not to say anything about him.

The man reached down and his arm started moving back and forth while he watched us. I couldn’t see what he was doing, but I had a pretty good idea. I could feel the tension building inside of me so I knew that I was getting close. Traci was touching my pussy in all the right places, which caused the feeling inside of me to build stronger and stronger. Traci continued to lick and stroke my bare pussy as the man continued to stroke himself. I was so tense and I started moaning because it felt so good. Soon my body began to quiver and I couldn’t take it anymore. I let loose with a powerful orgasm of my own.

The man was still looking in the window and stroking himself as Traci and I sat back in our seats. My neatly trimmed auburn bush was now out in the open for the man to see. With her dress completely open in front, Traci’s beautiful brunette pussy hair was exposed to the man as well as her big full breasts. Traci’s eyes were closed for a moment, but then she looked up and saw what the man was doing.

The man was moving his arm real fast and I could see that he was breathing hard, too, so I think he was about to cum. At first Traci was offended and I thought she was going to cover herself up. Then Traci looked at me and smiled. She leaned over and pressed her big bare boobs up against the car window right in front of the man. That was all the man could take and he finished himself off.

Some other guys started walking towards our car so the man took off across the parking lot. Traci sat back in her seat, but I could still see her nipple prints on the window. As Traci hooked up her bra, the guys got into the car right next to us! I left my pussy completely exposed as Traci slowly pulled her panties up her legs. Her dark pussy hair was also showing, but the guys failed to look in our direction. They drove away without ever knowing that a couple of bare beavers were right under their noses!

After the guys left, I looked at Traci and said, “Boy, I miss making love like that.”

Traci said, “You’re not going to start whining about Lizzie again, are you? If you do, I might have to turn you over my knee and spank that little bare butt of yours!”

I said, “I do miss making love to Lizzie, but I also miss that embarrassed look on her face when we exposed her in public.”

Traci said, “I miss that, too.”

Then Traci paused and said, “Well, we still have Belinda!”

That put a smile on our faces because Belinda, the new girl Traci had just hired, was a sweet and innocent girl just like Lizzie. As we walked into the coffee shop, Belinda was standing there waiting for us. Belinda is eighteen, like Lizzie, but Belinda’s breasts are larger and fuller than Lizzie’s are. Belinda is an inch or two taller than I am, with a cute face and a firm little butt.

I looked at Belinda’s cute little figure and said to Traci, “Maybe Belinda is just what I need to help me get over Lizzie.”

Then Traci looked at all the men in the coffee shop and said, “Maybe what you need is a pair of panties!”

I looked down and realized that the bottom button on my dress was still open. A little bit of my reddish-brown pussy hair was peeking out and the customers appeared to immediately take notice. Traci and I looked at each other and laughed because we both knew that I had an interesting evening at work ahead of me!

**College Girls – Part 26**

The coffee shop was about to open and young Belinda charged into the backroom, late as usual. The eighteen-year-old girl is not very responsible, but she’s easily forgivable because she’s so sweet and innocent. As my boss, Traci, and I continued making the usual preparations before opening the front door for the customers, Belinda hurried to change into her waitress uniform.

Traci and I tried to get our work done, but we couldn’t help watching Belinda as she unbuttoned her tight jeans and slid them down her tan muscular legs. Belinda has a cute face, firm body and a nice flat tummy. As Belinda stood there in her white cotton panties, she pulled her thin T-shirt up over her head revealing a set of big beautiful breasts with round rosy nipples. I’d never seen Belinda’s boobs before and I was impressed to say the least.

Traci looked at Belinda and said, “You were running late today so I guess you got dressed in a hurry.”

Belinda looked down, gasped and cried out, “Oh no, I forgot my bra!”

Belinda paused for a second and then asked, “Would it be alright if I wore my T-shirt under my uniform?”

Traci answered, “Sorry. Our dress code is the waitress dress, panties and a bra. If you forgot anything then you’re just out of luck!”

Belinda pleaded, “But my titties will be hanging out all over the place!”

Traci said with a laugh, “Quit complaining or I’ll take away your panties, too.”

Belinda blushed as she nervously reached for her uniform dress and slipped her arms through the short sleeves. The dress was actually a size too small for Belinda, so she struggled to fasten the buttons down the front. Belinda was forced to leave the top two buttons open because the dress was so tight across her chest. This caused the young girl to show a lot of cleavage.

My white uniform dress also fit snug around my petite twenty-year-old body. Traci always buys our uniforms much too small for us, but somehow we manage to squeeze into them. Although I’m only five-foot-one, I’ve always felt that my medium sized breasts provided an ample amount of cleavage for the customers to peek at. However Belinda is only a couple inches taller than I am so her big braless boobies made my little titties pale in comparison.

Belinda’s uniform was even more revealing than Traci’s was. Traci, the owner of the coffee shop, is twenty-five years old and stands about five-foot-five. She has long dark hair and big boobs. Traci loves to show plenty of cleavage so she normally unbuttons her uniform dangerously low in front. Traci also wears bras and panties that are made of such a thin fabric that her underwear appears to be non-existent to the customers. Normally Traci is the most daring with respect to showing off her cleavage to the clientele, but today Belinda had her beat.

When the coffee shop finally opened for business, an older gentleman and his wife came in and ordered some coffee. The woman gave Belinda a dagger stare when she took their order. As Belinda was getting their coffee, a couple of men in their forties took a seat at a table across from the older couple. When Belinda returned and bent over to set the coffee down on the table for the old man and his wife, the hem of Belinda’s short dress rose up over her young firm butt, revealing most of her white cotton panties to the men at the other table.

After focusing on Belinda’s little underpants for a while, the men were disappointed that she had to stand up and turn around to take their order. However when Belinda displayed her big braless boobs to the men, their looks of disappointment changed to looks of joy. Belinda tried to act professional as she asked the men what they wanted, but it was obvious what they wanted. With her top two buttons open, the separation in the front of Belinda’s dress extended down to the bottom of her breasts and without a bra, her nice pink nipples were poking out against the thin material of the white uniform.

The fresh-faced brunette was almost annoyed at how long it was taking the men to order, but it was obvious that the men just wanted to get a nice long look at Belinda’s big jugs. The men were very attractive and judging by their clothes and watches they appeared to be quite wealthy, too. Traci must have really been interested in the men because she wished she was over there flaunting her body at the men instead of Belinda.

When Belinda returned with their order, the men enjoyed watching her bend over to set the coffee down on the table because Belinda’s big braless breasts wobbled in front of them. The men joked with Belinda and she remained in her bent over position while she talked to them. Unfortunately bending over caused Belinda’s short dress to ride up in back and her white cotton panties were exposed to the older couple at the other table. The old man seemed to enjoy the view, but the woman looked offended and demanded to talk to the manager. Traci flashed me a devilish grin as she approached the older couple’s table.

Traci leaned over in front of the couple and asked, “What can I do for you?”

I could tell right away that Traci was using the situation to tease the guys at the other table. Traci’s short uniform dress rode up in back, just like Belinda’s did, but with the skimpy see-through panties that Traci was wearing, the men at the other table were treated to a better view than Belinda provided. The men could see Traci’s ass crack right though the thin material of Traci’s underpants.

As the guys examined Traci’s skimpy panties the old woman said, “I don’t like the way you girls parade around half naked!”

Traci asked, “What do you mean half naked?”

The woman replied, “You know, without bras!”

Traci was wearing a bra, but it was so flimsy that her nipples poked out proudly against her tight white uniform dress. The woman just assumed that Traci wasn’t wearing a bra because Traci’s bra offered such little support.

Traci said, “I’ll have you know that I am wearing a bra” and then Traci started unbuttoning her uniform.

I knew that it was just an act, but Traci looked convincing as she angrily unbuttoned the front of her dress. She unbuttoned it all the way down to her bellybutton and then she pulled the top of the dress apart to present her bra-covered breasts to the couple.

Traci said, “See, I am wearing a bra!”

The woman said, “A Bra? You call that a bra? I can see your bottle caps!”

Traci smirked, “Bottle caps? You mean nipples?”

The old woman replied, “Yes, nipples! I can see your nipples as plain as the nose on your face!”

Traci said, “Well maybe you can see my nipples, but I normally don’t walk around with my dress open like this. Besides I don’t think your husband is looking at my nose.”

The woman looked over and caught her husband examining the thin fabric stretched across Traci’s breasts. The material did little to conceal Traci’s hard pink nipples from the man’s view. The woman looked disgusted, but the man looked like he’d just won the lottery. Traci also had the guys’ attention from the other table. They looked like they wanted Traci to turn around so that they could win the lottery, too.

As Belinda moved behind the counter next to me, the old woman asked, “What about panties?”

Traci said, “Panties? You don’t think I’m wearing panties? Well I am wearing panties and I’ll prove it to you!”

Traci lifted her dress all the way up to her waist to emphasize her point, much to the delight of the men at the other table. They could see right through Traci’s skimpy panties as her butt crack was completely visible under the thin material. Traci was wearing her little undies so low that some of her ass crack was actually hung out above the waistband and Traci’s nice firm butt cheeks were hanging out below, too.

Traci said, “There! As you can see, I’m wearing panties.”

The view from the front was equally exciting for the old man. He could see Traci’s brunette bush right through the front of her semi-transparent panties. Traci has a very pretty pussy so the man was probably thrilled beyond his imagination. As Traci prolonged her discussion with the old woman, she shamelessly continued to hold her dress up in front of everyone.

The woman said, “I can see that you girls wear panties, but your waitress shouldn’t show her underwear to the customers.”

Traci asked, “You mean Belinda pulled her dress up in front of you like this?”

The woman replied, “No silly. We could see her underwear when she waited on the men at the other table.”

Traci blushed and said, “Other men?”

Traci slowly turned around and acted as if she didn’t realize the other men were there. She had a false look of humiliation on her face as Traci continued holding the hem of her dress up to her waist while facing the men. The top of Traci’s dress was still unbuttoned down to her bellybutton, too. Their eyes nearly popped out of their heads as they examined Traci’s underwear. Her nice pink nipples were poking out of the flimsy bra and her see-through panties did little to hide her hairy triangle from the men’s hungry eyes.

Traci said, “This is so embarrassing. I didn’t realize you guys were looking at me. I’m sorry that you guys have to look at my underwear, but I’m trying to prove a point to the customers behind me.”

One guy said, “No problem. Do whatever you have to do!”

The other guy added, “And take as long as you need to.”

Belinda said to me, “How horrible for Traci. She’s standing there in front of those men and they’re looking right at her underwear. She must be mortified!”

I said, “Don’t worry. She knows what she’s doing.”

Belinda said, “But Mindy, you can see right through her underwear. Those men can see Traci’s nipples and her pussy hair. She looks almost naked. If only I’d worn a bra today this never would have happened.”

I said, “Trust me Belinda, Traci’s enjoying every minute of this.”

Traci smiled at the men, and then she looked back at the woman and asked, “You could see Belinda’s panties like this?”

The woman replied, “Of course not. We saw them when she bent over.”

Traci leaned forward and said, “Oh, you mean like this!”

Traci’s smooth firm butt was pointed right at the older couple as Traci pushed her big melons towards the lucky guys. The old man was practically shaking with excitement as he gawked at Traci’s nice ass. The men were all smiles, too, as they were treated to a close up view of Traci’s nearly naked breasts.

The woman said, “In my opinion, you shouldn’t even wear those little dresses at all!”

Traci gave the men a nervous smile, and then she turned to the woman and said, “In your opinion, we shouldn’t even wear these little dresses at all? What are we supposed to do, take them off like this?”

Traci quickly unfastened the rest of the buttons on her dress and dropped the dress on the floor. Traci was now standing in the middle of the coffee shop at a public mall and all she had on were a pair of see-through panties and a flimsy little bra.

Traci turned to the woman and said, “You mean you expect us to walk around the coffee shop in just our underwear like this?”

The guys just sat there in shock as they gazed at Traci’s beautiful scantly clad body. The old man was really getting an eyeful, too.

The men were hoping that the angry old lady would tell Traci that she shouldn’t wear underwear either, but the woman just got up and declared, “I’ve seen enough!”

The woman stormed out of the coffee shop dragging her poor husband behind her. After the old woman left, Traci continued to stand there and talk to the men without bothering to put her dress on. However, she didn’t remain in her underwear for long. That’s because I couldn’t help running over and pulling her panties down. Then the action really heated up!

**College Girls – Part 27**

We were working in the coffee shop and Traci, who is the manager of the shop, got into an argument with an older lady concerning how risqué our uniforms are. One thing led to another and Traci ended up stripping off her waitress dress to prove a point to the woman. The woman stormed out leaving Traci standing there wearing only a see-through bra and panty set.

After the woman dragged her husband out the front door, Traci turned to face three men that were seated at a table right behind her. Traci acted as if she didn’t know the men were sitting there, but I knew better. I was more than certain that the presence of the attractive men was actually the incentive for Traci to shed her dress. Otherwise, why would she remain in her underwear instead of picking her dress up off the floor? As my coworker Belinda and I watched the proceedings, it was obvious that Belinda was a little more naive regarding Traci’s actions.

Belinda turned to me and said, “Traci must have forgotten that she doesn’t have a dress on. She’s standing there in front of those men and all she has on are those see-through underpants and that skimpy bra.”

I said, “Yeah, right. I’m so sure that Traci forgot she’s half naked in public. I say we go put a stop to this before someone comes in and closes us down.”

I quietly walked up behind Traci, winked at the guys and then yanked Traci’s panties down.

Belinda shrieked, “Mindy, you’re so mean!”

I laughed and said, “Traci, the woman is gone. You can get dressed now!”

Traci looked down at her exposed pussy hair and with an embarrassed look she said, “Oh my, I forgot to put my dress back on…and here I am standing in front of customers. I’m really sorry guys.”

Belinda said, “See Mindy, I told you she forgot about her dress.”

I said, “Belinda, if she forgot that she wasn’t wearing a uniform, then why isn’t she scrambling real fast to get dressed?”

With her panties down to her knees, the men had a clear view of Traci’s naked pussy. Tracy had an awkward look on her face, but her look of embarrassment didn’t fool me. She knew exactly what she was doing. Traci wanted to leave her dress off and her panties down as long as possible to treat the men to a nice long look at her brunette pussy hair.

Traci was obviously attempting to tease the men as she slowly bent over to reach for her panties without blocking the men’s view of the patch of dark hair between her legs. Then she acted as if she wanted to hide her pussy from the men as she slowly turned around. Her real plan was to intentionally parade her bare ass in front of the men before finally pulling up her underpants.

Next Traci picked up her dress and then she faced the men so that her boobs and bush were easy to see as she slid her arms into the short sleeves. Even though her panties were back in place, her transparent underwear did little to hide her firm breasts and hairy triangle from the men. Traci was also slow about buttoning up the front of her dress as her nipples remained on display to the men much longer than they really needed to be.

After Traci finished getting dressed, one of the men excused himself and went to the restroom. A couple of minutes later I announced that I was going to go back and check on him in case he had become ill. I opened the door of the single unisex restroom and stepped inside. The attractive man’s pants were down around his ankles and when he saw me, he jerked his polo shirt over his private area.

I asked, “Are you okay? You left in a hurry. I thought that maybe you were sick.”

He replied, “No…no, I just had to take care of something.”

I knew exactly what the man had to take care of because he was trying to move his fist up and down over his rigid member, which was hidden under his shirt. However, every time he moved his hand I’d ask him what he was doing and he would stop abruptly.

I said, “You seem tense and you look like you’re holding something under your shirt. Are you sure you’re alright?”

He said, “Yes, I’m fine.”

It was driving him crazy because he wanted to get off so bad, but he was too embarrassed to do it in front of me. I decided to stick around and prolong his agony.

I said, “Weren’t you offended by the way Traci showed off her underwear?”

The man said, “No, I rather enjoyed it.”

I said, “But you could see right through her bra and panties. I could understand if she was wearing underpants like mine.”

The man said, “Yours?”

I said, “Yes. My panties aren’t quite as sheer. They’re not as easy to see through.”

He said, “You can’t see through them?”

I said, “That’s right. Here, let me show you.”

I slowly lifted the hem of my short dress all the way up to my bellybutton revealing my silky white panties to the man.

I was acting like a little girl that didn’t know what kind of an affect I had on the man when I said, “See how my panties hide a little more than Traci’s panties did. A faint shadow of my pussy hair is peeking through, but you really have to take a close look to notice it. See?”

He swallowed hard as he peered at my skimpy underpants. The sight of my panties was obviously a little too much for the man to endure and he started moving his hand up and down again.

I innocently asked, “What are you doing under your shirt?”

He stopped quickly and grunted, “Nothing.”

He looked to be in misery as beads of sweat began to roll down his face. I moved close to him and softly brushed my hand against his face.

I said, “You’re sweating. Are you hot?”

He replied, “Yes, it’s a little warm in here.”

I said, “I agree. It’s quite warm in here. I wish that I could unbutton my dress and cool off.”

He quickly asked, “Why can’t you unbutton your dress?”

I replied, “Unbutton my dress in front of you? But you’d be able to see my underwear!”

He said, “Well, you’re kind of showing them to me already so you may as well get comfortable.”

I looked down and playfully said, “Whoops, I forgot that I was holding my dress up. Hmm…Since you’ve already seen my little underpants, I guess it’d be okay.”

The man watched intently as I slowly opened each button up the front of my dress. Soon my silky panties and lacey white bra and came into view. Then I surprised the man by sliding the sleeves off my shoulders and taking the dress all the way off. When I turned around to set the dress on the counter, I could see in the mirror that the man was staring at my panty-covered butt. I could also see that he was trying to stroke himself again.

I said, “There goes that hand again. Let me look under your shirt.”

He stopped and said, “No, I’m okay.”

I leaned back on the counter in just my bra and panties right in front of the man. He desperately wanted to cum, but I was going to make him wait a little longer. There was silence for a few minutes as the man stared at my underwear. Finally I decided that it was time to tease the man a little more so I started talking to him again while drawing more of his attention to my partially clothed body.

I said, “Now that I’ve removed my dress, I can further explain what I meant about my underwear. Remember how you could see through Traci’s panties?”

He shook his head, yes, while watching every move I made. As I spoke, I was toying with my panties by dipping my fingers inside of the waistband. I was really teasing the poor man now as the sweat continued to roll down his face.

I said, “Like I said before, if you look real close you can faintly see through my panties, but to really be able to see anything I would actually have to pull my panties down.”

I started to pull my little undies down and the man got a quick glimpse of my reddish-brown bush. Then I quickly pulled my panties back up.

I acted embarrassed and said, “Whew, I almost pulled down my underpants. I mean sure I want to show what it takes to see through my panties, but pulling down my underpants in front of a total stranger would be wrong.”

He said, “No it wouldn’t!”

I blushed and innocently said, “You don’t think its wrong for a little girl to push her panties down like this?”

I hooked my fingers under the waistband of my panties at my hips and slowly pushed them down just far enough so that a little bit of my hairy triangle was showing.

He said, “No, it’s not wrong. You can go even further.”

I teasingly said, “Further? I can’t push my panties down any further. If I did, you’d be able to see my whole pussy!”

The man wanted to see my neatly trimmed bush so bad he was shaking. The anticipation of seeing my fuzzy pleasure patch was driving him wild so I was hesitant about pushing my panties down any further. He also wanted to release the pressure building inside of him, but I continued to make the man wait for that, too.

Finally I decided that it was time to tease him some more so I said, “Well, I guess it wouldn’t hurt to pull my panties down just a little further.”

He had a big grin on his face as I slowly inched my little underpants down far enough to almost show the man my entire pussy.

He begged, “More, more!”

I said, “More? Haven’t you seen enough? I mean just look at how much of my pussy is already showing!”

I stepped a little closer to the man and pointed to the ample amount of curly auburn hair that was hanging out above the waistband of my panties.

He took a nice long look and then pleaded, “Just a little more, please?”

I paused momentarily, and then I gave him a shy little smile and said, “All right. I guess showing a little more won’t hurt anything.”

I slowly pushed my panties all the way down to the middle of my thighs. My auburn pussy hair was completely exposed to the man. I turned around to look in the mirror.

As I viewed my own bush in the mirror I said, “Well, it looks like you can see everything now!”

In the mirror, I could see that the man was examining my bare ass. He was also stroking himself hard, hoping to cum before I turned around. Unfortunately for him, I quickly turned back to face him and the man was forced to stop again. As I walked towards him, my panties drifted down to my knees.

I said, “Oh no, my panties are falling down. If I take another step they’ll fall all the way off!”

The man begged, “Please take another step!”

I gave him a shy smile and started to take a step forward. Then I made a lame attempt to grab my panties, but I purposely missed them and they fell to my feet.

I said, “Oh well, there goes my underpants” and I stepped out of them leaving my little undies lying on the floor.

As I stood in front of the man and gently raked my fingernails through the little patch of reddish-brown hair between my legs, I asked in a sexy voice, “Do you like my pussy?”

He said, “Oh yes, very much!”

I continued, “I have to keep my pussy hair trimmed real short so that it doesn’t hang out of my skimpy bathing suit. As you can see by my tan lines, my suit doesn’t hide very much.”

I spread my legs in front of him to further emphasize my point.

I said, “See down here between my legs? There’s no hair down here at all. That’s because my thong bikini is so narrow that it hardly hides anything.”

I actually ran my finger up and down my moist pussy lips right in front of the man as I continued, “See, I really shave myself down here because I wouldn’t want any pussy hair hanging out of my tiny suit.”

He stuttered, “No…no, you wouldn’t want that.”

I looked down at my bra and moved my fingers around inside of the cups. I pulled on the bra so that my nipples were almost showing, but not quite.

I said, “You know, you were able to see through Traci’s bra, but you can’t see through my bra. I’d have to take my bra off just like I took my panties off in order for you to see my titties.”

He said, “Please, show me!”

I teased him by saying, “Aw, you don’t really want to see my breasts, do you?”

He said, “Yes I do. Please show them to me.”

I said, “But my breasts aren’t as big as Traci’s or Belinda’s. Are you sure you want to see them?”

He replied, “Absolutely!”

I paused for a moment and then I said, “Alright.”

I turned my back to the man, reached behind my back and unhooked my bra as the man took another look at my bare butt cheeks. Then I turned to face him and slid the bra straps down my arms to lower the cups from my breasts. My puffy pink nipples sprung to attention as I dropped the bra to the floor.

I said, “There, I’m naked. Now you can see everything that my underwear was hiding.”

He started moving his hand again and I just reached out and pulled his shirt up. The man looked embarrassed as his hard rocket pointed up at me.

I asked, “Oh I’m sorry. Did I do that to you? Did I make it all hard like that?”

He blushed and said, “Don’t feel bad, I mean, that’s what happens when I see a beautiful girl like you. I…I mean I can’t help it.”

I said, “Hmm… if I did that to you then I should be the one to take care of it.”

He wasn’t sure what to expect as I walked over to the sink and turned on the warm water. With my back to the man, I was giving him an unobstructed view of my smooth, firm butt. I put some soap in my hand and worked it up into a nice lather before turning around and walking back to the man. I leaned over so that my breasts were only a few inches away from his eyes as I slid my soft soapy hand up and down over his throbbing member.

I sweetly said, “There, doesn’t that feel better?”

He gasped and stuttered, “Yes…yes!”

I noticed that he was staring at my naked body as I worked my hand up and down in front of him.

I asked, “Do you like looking at me while I do this?”

He looked embarrassed and turned away, but I said, “its okay. You can look at me.”

I continued stroking him as I said, “See my breasts? They’re practically brushing up against your face. My nipples are nice and hard for you, too.”

The man stared intensely at my firm titties for a moment and then I said, “Now look down at my pussy. Go ahead, you can look at it. It’s fine with me. Everything’s out in the open for you to see.”

He was really getting turned on and just as he was about to explode, the door opened and in walked Traci and the other man. I was mortified because the other man walked right up to me and began examining my nude body.

Traci said, “So this is what you’re doing!”

I ceased my stroking motion and the man screamed out, “Don’t stop, don’t stop!”

As everyone watched, I tightened my warm soapy grip and continued my up and down motion. Within seconds, the man let out a grunt and began shooting streams of fluid into the air. I continued stroking him a little longer until he couldn’t take it anymore and asked me to stop.

I was still naked as I leaned over the basin to wash my hands. When I looked up in the mirror, I could see that the other man was opening the buttons on Traci’s uniform. Traci giggled as she playfully pushed the man’s hands away. However, Traci didn’t put up much of a fight because her waitress uniform quickly landed on the floor. As the man lowered Traci’s panties, she reached behind her back and unfastened her bra. Traci removed her bra and stepped out of her panties leaving both Traci and I naked in front of the two men.

While the man was on his knees, he inserted his finger inside of Traci’s moist pussy. With his other hand, he gently ran his fingers up and down Traci’s sensitive butt crack. Traci began to moan and started touching her own nipples. As I watched Traci play with her big tits, I found my own hand slowly moving up my soft inner thigh until my fingers were actually massaging my wet pussy lips.

As I inserted a finger inside of myself, the man bent Traci over the countertop right next to me and dropped his pants. He entered Traci’s pussy from behind and began to push himself deep inside of her. I watched Traci’s big boobies bobbled back and forth as the man continued to thrust himself in and out of her tight wet pussy from behind.

As I sat right next to Traci, I moved my finger wildly inside of me. The man was really giving it to Traci, but he couldn’t help watching me as I licked a finger on my other hand and started caressing my puffy pink nipples right in front of him.

Traci was screaming, “Oh yes, oh yes! That’s it. Give it to me good!”

As Traci yelled loud enough for the whole mall to hear her, the man started breathing hard and began to pick up his pace. I was really feeling good, too, and I suddenly realized that I wasn’t going to be able to hold on any longer. I was pulling on my nipples as I moved my finger in and out of my tight little pussy. With each stroke, I brought my finger up so that it would rub against my clitty, which intensified the feeling. Finally I tensed up and squeezed my muscles tight, and then I let loose with a very satisfying orgasm.

I moaned as I climaxed, but no one could hear me because Traci was screaming, “Yes, yes. Don’t stop, I’m going to cum. Keep pushing. Yes, I’m going to…no I’m there, I’m cumming, I’m cumming!”

As the man watched me get off and listened to Traci’s screaming orgasm, he couldn’t take it any longer. The man let out a groan and I could tell that he was cumming, too. We all just sat there for a moment trying to catch our breath and then the man stepped back and pulled his pants up.

The two men were fully clothed and stood there watching as Traci and I began putting our clothes back on. Everyone watched as I slowly slid my panties up my legs. As Traci put her underpants on, I strapped my bra into place before putting my dress on. Everybody was still watching me as I slowly buttoned the front of my dress.

Finally I was fully clothed, but Traci’s big tits were still out in the open for everyone to see. Her brunette bush was also still available for viewing through the see-through panties she was wearing. Then Traci put her flimsy bra on and slipped into her waitress uniform. After slowly buttoning the front of her dress, we were finally ready to go back into the coffee shop.

It must have looked a little suspicious as we all emerged from the restroom together. There was a room full of customers and Belinda was trying to take care of everyone by herself. Belinda was running all over the coffee shop with her white cotton panties hanging out and her braless boobies bouncing around. The men decided to leave so that we could get back to work, but they must have been very happy with the service they received at the coffee shop because the men left us an incredibly large tip.

As the men left the shop, I noticed that Belinda was leaning over a table where three boys in their twenties were seated. Across from the boys were two older ladies sipping on their coffee. Belinda was flaunting her big breasts in front of the boys, but her short dress had ridden way up in back revealing her little underpants to the women at the other table.

When one of the women looked offended and asked to see a manager, I though to myself, “Oh no, here we go again!”

**College Girls – Part 28**

It was my last day to work as a waitress at the coffee shop before returning to college. I was very happy to have a great summer job, but I was also disappointed that I had to work on such a warm sunny Saturday. Instead of being trapped inside the mall, I wanted to be outside wearing a bikini, or less! Moments later, I arrived at work and found a way to make my wish come true.

As I entered the coffee shop, Traci was telling Belinda about her dad's boat and how much fun she has at the lake. Unfortunately, Traci works so many hours that she rarely gets time off to use the boat. When I heard their conversation, I started thinking about how much fun we could have together at the lake.

Belinda is another waitress at the coffee shop. It was also her last day to work before starting her senior year of high school. With Belinda and I leaving, Traci hired additional help to run the place. Traci is the owner and manager of the coffee shop, so I suggested that she take the day off and let her new workers mind the store. Traci said that it sounded like a good idea, but she wouldn't have much fun at the lake all by herself. I solved the problem by convincing Traci to take Belinda and I with her.

We piled into Traci's car and within a couple of hours we were at the lake. Along the way, we picked up all the essentials…beer, snacks and more beer. Then Traci borrowed her dad's pontoon boat and the three of us were quickly cruising over the water.

The weekend seemed perfect except for one minor detail. Since the girls and I hadn't planned on going to the lake, we didn't have any extra clothes or swimming suits. All we had were the clothes that we wore to work. We were all wearing T-shirts and jeans with panties underneath. Traci and I were also wearing bras, but once again, Belinda forgot to wear a bra to work.

As Traci drove the boat, the wind whipped through her long dark hair. She's a twenty-five-year-old beauty that stands about five-foot-five. Even though Traci wasn't wearing a bikini, she still received plenty of looks from guys in passing boats. Traci was wearing underwear beneath her tight little T-shirt and low-cut jeans, but her bras and panties are made of such a thin fabric that her underwear always appears to be non-existent. Her bra offered such little support that her big boobs bounced up and down as the boat rolled over the waves.

I also wore a snug T-shirt that was a little too small for me, along with painted-on jeans. I stood up in the front of the boat to give the guys a look at my petite, twenty-year-old body. I'm five-foot-one, with medium sized breasts and reddish-brown hair. Boys in the other boats were looking my way until Belinda came over and stood next to me. Belinda is only eighteen-years-old and she's just a couple of inches taller than I am. However, her breasts are much bigger than mine are, so the young brunette quickly stole my thunder.

As Belinda's big braless boobies moved freely under her thin T-shirt to the rhythm of the boat, she began complaining about how hot it was. She asked Traci to stop somewhere so that she could buy a bikini. Traci told her not to worry about it. Where she was taking us, we wouldn't need swimming suits! That statement made Belinda a little nervous because she knew how wild Traci and I can get when we're in public. Belinda was a little curious about our destination, but I'd been to the lake before so I knew right away that we were heading to the Party Cove.

I told Belinda that the Party Cove is like Mardi Gras on the water. People tie their boats together in rows and party all afternoon. Girls dance and flash on the backs of anchored boats, while boys drive their boats up the middle isle and throw beads to the girls. Belinda is a little shy and innocent, so the thought of flashing made her even more apprehensive about our destination.

As we tied up between a couple of expensive boats, Belinda was amazed at the festivities going on around her. The men in the boats next to us appeared to be in their late thirties or early forties. There were some women in the boats next to us, too. They were probably in their middle thirties and they were quite attractive for their age. Belinda was shocked to see that the women had removed the tops of their bikinis. Belinda was also surprised at how comfortable the women were while socializing amongst strangers with their breasts totally exposed.

After securing our boat, we broke out the beer because it was time to party. Belinda once again began complaining about how hot it was, so Traci told Belinda that she should take off her jeans. Belinda said there was no way that she would take her pants off with guys all around her, so Traci and I pushed Belinda into the lake.

Belinda was very embarrassed as she climbed back into the boat because everyone could see right through her tiny white T-shirt. Without a bra, Belinda's pink nipples were clearly visible under the thin wet material. Even though the men next to us had women in their boat, it didn't stop them from staring at Belinda.

Belinda looked uncomfortable in her tight wet jeans, so I told her that she really needed to take her pants off. After some coaxing from the men in the other boats, Belinda said that she would take her jeans off if I took mine off first. She didn't think I'd do it, but even though there were dozens of guys around me, I told her that I would. I figured that wearing panties wouldn't be much different that wearing the bottoms of a bikini, but I still needed to drink a couple of beers before I could go through with it.

Soon it was time for me to shed my pants. I got a little nervous because a boatload of teenaged boys was cruising right in front of our boat. However, I overcame my shyness and slowly unbuttoned my tight jeans. Next, I pulled the zipper down, exposing the top of my little white cotton underpants. The boys stopped their boat to watch as I pushed my jeans down to the deck and stepped out of them. Since my T-shirt didn't even cover my bellybutton, my skimpy panties were out in the open for everyone to see. One boy looked at my little undies and threw a strand of beads to me.

There were a few men in the boat next to our boat inspecting my panties. There was also a woman in the boat giving me a lot of eye contact. She had a cute face, long blonde hair and she wasn't much taller than I was. Her body was quite shapely for a woman in her mid-thirties and her smallish breasts had a firm look to them. She wasn't wearing the top to her bikini and her little round butt checks hung out of the tiny blue thong that she was wearing.

The bubbly blonde introduced herself as Barbie, and she mentioned that I was cute and had a nice body. Lately I've been attracted to girls as much as I've been attracted to men, so I found the compliments to be rather pleasing. I thanked Barbie with the type of smile and wink that I would use if I was flirting with a guy. She returned the same type of smile and wink back to me.

I told Belinda that it was time for her to remove her pants, but she said that she wouldn't take her jeans off unless Traci took her jeans off, too. Traci said that she had no problem removing her hot, confining jeans and stepped to the back of the boat. As another boatload of boys floated by, Traci unbuttoned the top of her jeans and then she slowly unzipped them so that they hung wide open in front.

Traci started to take her jeans off, but then she stopped with the top of her see-through panties showing. She started taunting the boys by demanding that they throw a strand of beads to her before she went any further. The boys quickly tossed Traci some beads, so she pushed her jeans down the rest of the way and stepped out of them.

The men in the boats next to us were thrilled at the sight of Traci's panties. The fabric was so thin that it was easy for the men to see Traci's dark pussy hair right through the front of her little underpants. Traci's firm butt cheeks were hanging out in back and the men could actually see her butt crack though the thin material.

Traci asked, "Belinda, are you going to take your pants off now?"

Belinda replied, "I don't know. Let me think about it."

Traci said, "You've had enough time to think about it. Now its time for action!"

Traci reached over and popped open the button on Belinda's jeans, and then Traci pulled Belinda's zipper down. With a shy embarrassed look on her face, Belinda tried to push Traci away, but Belinda was no match for her as Traci quickly pulled the tight jeans down Belinda's tanned muscular legs. Unfortunately for Belinda, her sopping wet panties were stuck to her soaked jeans and as Traci pulled the jeans down, Belinda's panties came down with them. All of the men around us were treated to a nice view of the little teenager's firm ass and brunette bush.

Belinda screamed, "Oh no, my pussy is showing!"

That only drew more attention to her dilemma. Belinda looked nervous and helpless as she bent over and struggled to separate her panties from her jeans. In her bent over position, all of the men were able to examine Belinda's young bare butt. The women also took a look at Belinda's exposed ass which added to the teenager's embarrassment. Belinda's nervousness caused her hands to shake, which just prolonged her panty predicament.

Then Traci reached down and said, "Here, let me help you!"

Traci took the pants away from Belinda and slowly began to sift though the bunched up material in an attempt to find Belinda's panties. Traci acted as if she wanted to help, but she was actually causing Belinda to remain naked from the waist down even longer. Red faced Belinda stood there with one hand over her hairy triangle and the other hand over her butt crack as Traci moved like a turtle looking for Belinda's underpants.

Traci said, "I know they're here somewhere."

Belinda urged, "Please hurry. I don't have any pants on and everybody's looking at me."

Then Traci said, "Hold on while I take a sip of my beer."

As Traci slowly raised the can to her lips, Belinda begged, "Come on Traci. Hurry up!"

Belinda reached for her pants, but Traci stepped away from Belinda and said, "Don't worry, I'll find your panties in a minute."

Belinda was mortified when she looked up and saw that she was the center of attention. All of the men and women were gawking at Belinda and laughing, even though they could see how uncomfortable it made her feel. Then Belinda really got nervous when she saw some boys on a passing boat taking pictures of her nude lower body. Belinda tried to hide her hair triangle and sweet young ass the best she could, but she was still putting on quite a show for the boys.

Finally, Traci freed the panties from the jeans, held them up high in the air and said, "Here they are!"

The humiliated teenager reached up and grabbed her panties, leaving her ass and pussy exposed in the process. Belinda pulled the little undies up her legs as beads flew from every direction. After Belinda pulled up her panties, she looked down and what she saw made her blush even more. The water had caused her little underpants to become very revealing. The teenager was wearing silky pink panties that didn't even come up high enough to cover her butt crack. In addition, the wet silky material had become practically transparent. All of the guys around us were gazing at Belinda's tiny undies because the dark shadow of her pussy hair was showing right through the flimsy drenched fabric.

It wasn't long before the girls and I began comparing how many beads we each had. Belinda's bare butt display netted her the most beads, while Traci's skimpy panty exhibition made her a close second. When I discovered that I had the fewest number of beads, I announced that I needed to do something to get some more.

Barbie looked over and said, "If you take your top off, you'll get plenty of beads."

I said, "I don't know if I can. There are so many guys around."

Barbie said, "Look, if a woman my age can go topless, then a young girl like you should have no problem removing your top."

I ended up taking Barbie's advice. As another boat carrying four men cruised by, I stood on the back of the boat and slowly pulled my T-shirt up over my head. When the men saw my bra, they threw some beads to me. However, Traci would not be outdone, so she stood up next to me and copied my performance. Her big beautiful breasts were showing right through her skimpy see-through bra and the men showed their appreciation by tossing several strands of beads her way.

Traci went a step further with her exhibitionist streak. She claimed that she was hot and lowered herself into the water to cool off. When Traci climbed back into the boat, her sheer bra and panty set looked like it had disappeared. The view of her round rosy nipples, beautiful smooth butt and neatly trimmed brunette bush were unobstructed by the wet gauzy material.

Traci stood next to the men in the boat beside ours. She reached up high with her hands to push her hair back out of her face, thrusting her big breasts out at the men in the process.

When Traci saw how the men were looking at her body, she looked down and said, "Oh no, look what happened to my underwear. When I jumped in the lake, my bra and panties got all wet and now you can see right through them. This is so embarrassing. I look like I'm naked!"

Traci slowly squeezed her breasts as if she was trying to get rid of the excess water, and then she said, "This doesn't seem to be helping. I guess I'll just have to stay like this."

I just shook my head and mumbled, "What a tease!"

Traci pulled out a blow-up raft and started blowing it up. When she bent over, Traci's ass was clearly visible beneath her skimpy wet panties. As Traci blew up the raft, she acted as if she was giving someone a blowjob, and she even received a few beads for her performance. Once the raft was inflated, the three of us jumped into the water. Our underwear got all wet as we splashed around in the lake like little girls.

As a boat floated right in front of us, Belinda tried to climb up onto the raft. Unfortunately for Belinda, the force of the water pushed her little wet panties down. She ended up lying face down on top of the raft with her underpants ending up below her knees. Everyone got a nice look at Belinda's bare ass before she even realized that her panties had slipped down.

Belinda shrieked when she finally discovered that her naked butt was showing. The humiliated teenager scrambled to retrieve her panties, but before she got a chance to pull them up, I snatched them away from her. Belinda dove into the water as Traci and I began playing a game of keep-away with her panties.

Belinda pleaded desperately for us to give her back the little pair of underpants. She felt so vulnerable with her ass and pussy exposed, especially since the guys around us loved seeing the damsel in distress. We really planned to give Belinda back her panties, but I accidentally threw the skimpy undies right into the propeller of the passing boat. Belinda screamed as she watched her panties get chopped up into a couple pieces. The boys were all laughing and cheering because they knew that Belinda was now forced to remain naked from the waist down.

I climbed up onto the raft and announced that I wanted to get a tan. Traci said that I should take my bra off so that I wouldn't get any tan lines and before I could stop her, Traci reached behind my back and unhooked my bra. Since my bra was already unfastened, I went ahead and pulled it off and then I handed my bra to Traci. As I laid face down on the raft, I asked Traci to toss my bra up onto the boat. I guess I should have specified which boat because Traci tossed it to the guys on the passing boat. The boat cruised away and my bra was gone forever.

All I had on were a pair of little white cotton panties as a new boat began to pass by. There were several boys on the boat and they were staring down at me with my wet panties wedged up in my butt crack. My butt cheeks were hanging out right in front of the boys. It was a little unnerving to be practically naked in front of so many people, but it was also quite a turn on.

The young boys were all begging me to roll over. At first I refused, but the boys were persistent and offered me beads, so after a few minutes I worked up enough nerve and turned over onto my back. There I was in front of everyone without a bra on. My firm breasts and puffy pink nipples were pointed up at the sun, and my soaked panties were sticking to me like a second skin. My neatly trimmed auburn pussy hair could be seen right through the wet cotton underpants that I was wearing.

I guess the beer that I was drinking was having an affect on me because I began to feel relaxed even though I was out in public and all I had on were a pair of wet panties. As I laid on the raft with my tits out where everyone could see them, I collected several strands of beads. I got off the raft and swam over to put the beads in the boat. As I climbed to the top of the ladder, Belinda reached up and grabbed my panties. She pulled my underpants all the way down my legs and left me standing on the boat deck completely naked!

I started to jump back into the water, but Barbie called out, "You don't need to hide. We're all practically naked anyway. Just stay up here with us."

The men in Barbie's boat chuckled and said, "That's a good idea. Stay up here with us!"

Before losing my underpants, I was already a little embarrassed because my bare breasts were showing, but now I was mortified that my ass and pussy were open to public viewing, too. However, I went ahead and stayed up on the deck even though I was totally naked in front of everybody! I instinctively tried to cover my titties and hairy triangle with my hands, and then I turned around just in time to see my little white cotton panties sailing through the air and into the hands of a boy on a passing boat.

As I stood up on the boat in the nude, Belinda yelled, "Paybacks are hell!"

I said, "Yes they are" as I reached down and grabbed her wet T-shirt.

I pulled up on Belinda's T-shirt as hard as I could. My hands were no longer protecting my boobies and bush from prying eyes, but I was on a mission to strip Belinda of her T-shirt. Belinda didn't know it, but her T-shirt got snagged by a screw on the ladder and began to tear apart.

Belinda fought to keep her shirt on, but since I was up in the boat, I had too much leverage for her to compete with. Soon Belinda's shirt was up over her braless breasts and I told her to give up and let go. As Belinda's big titties bobbed in the water, she refused to listen to me, so I pulled on the shirt even harder. Suddenly she noticed that her shirt was caught on the ladder and she started to panic.

Belinda screamed, "Don't pull on my shirt! You'll rip it."

I pretended not to hear her and pulled even harder. Belinda's T-shirt ripped right down the front and separated into two pieces. I continued pulling on the shirt until it was absolutely ruined. The teenager was horrified at the sight of what used to be her T-shirt. I wadded up the shredded material and threw it to the boys on the passing boat. Now not only was Belinda naked in public, she was also faced with the harsh reality that she no longer had a shirt, bra or panties to wear home. The only article of clothing Belinda had left was her jeans.

I was now standing up in the back of the boat and I didn't have a stitch of clothing on. I was surrounded by men and they were examining my bare body. I didn't want to be the only naked girl amongst all those guys, so I begged Belinda to come up into the boat with me, but she refused.

Then I saw a brick in the front of the boat that Traci's dad used for some kind of fishing net and it gave me a great idea of how to coax the teenager out of the water. I picked up the brick and then I grabbed Belinda's jeans and secured the brick in one of the pant legs.

I said, "I'll bet that if I dropped these pants in the water, they'll sink to the bottom of the lake."

Belinda nervously looked up at me and said, "You can't do that. Those pants are the only piece of clothing I have left!"

I said, "Gee, you're right. If I drop these jeans in the lake, you won't have any clothes. In fact, we don't even have a towel for you to cover up with. You'd have to stay naked until we got all the way home."

As I dangled her pants over the water, Belinda begged, "Please don't let go of my pants."

I said, "Then come up here and get them."

She said, "But I'm naked. I don't have any clothes on. Everyone will see me!"

I said, "Well, I'm naked, too, and it’s your fault, so you'd better come up and get your pants or I'm going to throw them in the lake."

Belinda screamed, "You wouldn't!"

I said, "Oh wouldn't I?"

As I continued to tease Belinda, Traci climbed up into the boat and tossed the raft up front. Even though I was naked, Traci's wet skimpy underwear created the illusion that she was naked, too. The two of us must have been quite a sight because we were getting a lot of attention.

As I continued to dangle Belinda's jeans over the water, Traci said, "That's enough" and grabbed the pants out of my hand.

Traci then walked over to Belinda and said, "I think you suffered long enough. Here are your jeans."

Belinda looked relieved, but when Traci tossed the jeans down to Belinda, she missed them. They flew right passed Belinda and splashed into the water. Belinda reached for her jeans, but the brick quickly sunk to the bottom of the lake, taking Belinda's jeans along for the ride.

Traci said, "Oh no, you lost your pants. I am so sorry…but I guess accidents will happen."

Belinda nervously asked, "Now what am I going to do? I don't have any clothes to wear!"

I replied with a laugh, "It looks like you're going to be a nudie cutie for the rest of the day!"

It appeared to be an innocent accident, but knowing Traci, I'll bet she dropped Belinda's jeans into the lake on purpose. Belinda looked extremely humiliated as she clung to the side of the boat in an attempt to hide her nudity. The guys in the boats beside us couldn't wait for young Belinda to climb up the ladder. Traci offered to help Belinda get into the boat, but Belinda refused.

As a boat full of boys cruised by for the second time to get another look at us, Belinda argued that Traci should have to take her clothes off, too. The men around us joined in and said that it sounded fair since Traci was the one that lost Belinda's pants. After another beer, Traci agreed to oblige the crowd and began removing her underwear.

Traci unfastened her bra in back and leaned forward, allowing her big beautiful breasts to fall out of the cups. Then she slowly slipped the straps over her arms and held the bra up over her head with both hands. With Traci flaunting her firm naked breasts and round rosy nipples in front of everyone, she offered her bra to the boys on the boat. They were all calling for it, so she threw it to them and they fought over the bra like a garter at a wedding reception.

As Traci hooked her thumbs inside of the waistband of her panties, the boys in the boat were trying to get in position to catch them. However, there were guys in the next boat blowing their horn and demanding that the boys in the first boat move forward. The boys in the first boat reluctantly moved along and Traci had a new audience to watch her remove her little underpants.

There were both boys and girls in the next boat. Traci tuned her back to the teenagers and slowly slid her panties over her butt. After giving them a good look at her bare ass, she turned around and slid the panties the rest of the way down her legs. Traci slipped the panties all the way off and stretched them out like a sling-shot. With her perfect tits and pretty pussy on display for everyone to gaze at, she shot her panties across the water and they were caught in mid-air by one of the guys in the boat. The guys showed their appreciation by tossing several strands of beads to Traci.

The young topless girls on the boat wanted to show that they could get wild, too, so they pulled the bottoms of their bikinis down. One of the girls mooned us while the other two girls flashed their shaved beavers at us. The men on the boat next to us cheered for the naked teenaged girls.

Then a couple of the boys got into the act and mooned us, so Traci threw some of her beads back to them. I had to laugh because one of the boys turned around to catch the beads and his suit fell down. I could actually see his young penis pointing out at me and it looked pretty big! The boys and girls finally pulled their swimming suits up and moved along, which left Belinda, Traci and I totally naked and unable to shield our bare bodies from anyone for the rest of the day.

**College Girls – Part 29**

Since it was the last day for Belinda and me to work at the coffee shop, Traci gave us the day off and took us for a boat ride to the notorious Party Cove. Since we didn’t know that we were going out on the boat, we didn’t have any swimming suits. After a few beers it didn’t seem to matter because the girls and I ended up completely naked amongst all the partiers.

The people in the boat next to us were very nice and we stood around talking to them while we drank our beer. Traci and I sipped our beer with our bare breasts and naked pussies fully exposed to the guys in the next boat. My nude figure was also exposed to Barbie, who was a girl that I met from the other boat. Barbie attempted to have a conversation with me and as I was talking to Barbie, I couldn't get over the fact that I was standing in front of a group of men and I didn't have a stitch of clothing covering my bare body!

The men were only a couple of feet away from us, but Traci and I started feeling very comfortable in the nude. It was actually exciting for us, knowing that these men were getting such a thrill out of observing our bare bodies. After another beer, we became very relaxed, even though we were standing right in front of a group of men that we'd never met before in our lives and we were completely naked.

As I talked to Barbie her boyfriend sat down in front of me, which put him at eye-level to my reddish-brown pussy hair. Although he was staring intently at my neatly trimmed bush, I made no attempt to hide from him. In fact I even spread my legs a little wider to make sure that he was getting the best possible view of my pussy. Barbie appeared to enjoy the view of my pussy as well.

Suddenly another woman in the boat handed us some towels and told us to cover up. We looked over and noticed that the water patrol was passing by. Going topless is legal at the lake, but going bottomless is against the law. The water patrol gave us a concerned stare, but they continued on and then the lady quickly took her towels back. Apparently the women in the boat wanted Traci and I to remain naked as much as the men did.

We turned our attention to Belinda, but the naked teenager still refused to come out of the water so Traci and I grabbed Belinda's arms and pulled her up onto the deck. There stood young Belinda in all her glory. Her big boobies, sweet nipples, smooth round ass and nice dark pussy hair were now exhibited to all of the people on the nearby boats.

Belinda was so embarrassed that her face turned bright red. She tried to cover her tits and bush with her hands, but she soon faced the harsh reality that she was destined to remain in the nude for the rest of the day. Finally Belinda put her arms down and revealed her young naked body to everyone around us.

Belinda still looked mortified to be standing in public without anything covering her big boobies and hairy triangle. To help make Belinda feel more comfortable, the men in the boat next to us tried to get the women in their boat to remove their bikini bottoms, too. However the women refused. They felt that the skimpy thongs that they were wearing exposed enough skin for the men to feast their eyes on.

Belinda's face was red from embarrassment, but Traci looked at me and said that my skin was beginning to look red from sunburn. Barbie seized the opportunity and stepped over into our boat. She said that she had some excellent suntan lotion.

I said, "Thanks, but how can I rub it on my back?"

Barbie replied, "Why don't you lie down and let me take care of that."

I laid down on the sundeck and let her go to work on my exposed skin. I was face down on the sundeck with my bare butt pointed up in the air as Barbie bent over above me and began squirting the lotion on my back. When Barbie bent over to work on my back, her firm little butt checks hung out of the tiny blue thong that she was wearing. Barbie spent a lot of time massaging the lotion on my back and the cool liquid felt good on my warm skin.

After finishing with my back, Barbie moved down to my bare behind as the men looked on. Barbie slowly rubbed my firm globes of flesh for a while, and then she put some lotion on her fingertip. She gently ran her finger up and down my sensitive butt crack and it made me tingle all over!

I moaned, "Mmm, that feels so good."

Barbie said, "Well then, let me put some more lotion on that pretty little butt of yours!"

Barbie could tell that having my butt crack tickled was turning me on so she spent a great deal of time teasing the hypersensitive area on my bare bottom. She just kept teasing me by moving her finger gently up and down the entire length of my delicate butt crack. She would start at the top and slowly move all the way down until she actually touched my pussy and then she would drag her finger over my butt crack until she reached the top again. I was disappointed when Barbie finally moved down to the back of my legs and then asked me to roll over.

The beer was really having an affect on me now because I was getting immensely turned on from the light touch of Barbie's fingertips. She was sitting at the end of the sundeck with my feet in her lap. Barbie started tickling the soles of my feet with the light touch of her fingernails, which caused me to squirm and separate my legs. From where Barbie was sitting, she had a birds-eye-view of my neatly trimmed auburn bush. Barbie slid her finger between each of my toes before finally giving me a nice foot massage. She was staring at my tight little pussy the whole time.

Barbie finished with my tiny feet and moved to my upper body. She quickly rubbed the lotion onto my shoulders, but then her soft hands found their way to my breasts and lingered there for a while. Barbie even tweaked my hard nipples a few times, which really got my juices flowing.

Barbie finally moved down to my flat stomach, which left my bare titties glistening in the sun. As Barbie worked her way down to my legs, Traci and Belinda stood close by and applied the lotion to their own naked bodies. I think Traci was a little jealous of the pampering that I was receiving, but she was also aware of the attention that she was getting as she slowly rubbed the lotion on her big boobies while the men watched.

The men quickly developed bulges in their swimming suits. When Traci saw the effect that she was having on the men, she gently pulled on her nipples to get them nice and hard. Next she put a large amount of lotion in the palms of her hands and slowly worked the liquid into her big melons until the lotion was all rubbed in. After finished with her big titties, Traci moved down to her legs.

Traci took a seat in the captain's chair and swiveled the chair so that she was facing the men. She spread her legs wide apart, and then she began applying lotion to the soft skin on the inside of her thighs. The guys in the other boat had an unobstructed view of the incredible beaver shot that Traci was providing and her hands kept moving upward until she was actually touching her exposed pussy lips.

Barbie was now gently caressing my inner thighs and her hands kept getting dangerously close to my moist snatch in the process. She looked at me as if she was asking permission to touch my pussy and I answered by spreading my legs wide. Soon Barbie was working her fingers up and down my wet slit as she lightly tickled my nipples with her other hand. When she touched my love button I was so turned on that I nearly came, but I held on and waited for her to insert her fingers inside of me.

Traci started thrusting a finger inside of her wet pussy as she pulled on her nipples at the same time. She had her eyes closed and began to moan softly, but I couldn't watch what Traci was doing anymore because I was too busy concentrating on what Barbie was doing to my pussy. Barbie was moving her finger in and out of my wet pussy and it felt so good.

As Barbie continued her assault on my pleasure place, I noticed that one of the men in the boat next to us was capturing the whole affair on his video recorder. It made me feel a little apprehensive knowing that my naked pussy was getting fingered by a woman that I'd just met and it was all being caught on tape. I started wondering what was going to happen to that tape. Would the man look at my bare body and masturbate? Would he make it available on the Internet so that men all over the world could see me naked? I wanted to stop him, but the thrill of the moment was too intense for me to do anything about it. The feeling was really building inside of me and I knew that I wasn't going to be able to hold on much longer.

I said, "Oh Barbie, you know just where to touch me. It feels so good!"

Barbie asked, "You like what I'm doing?"

I replied, "Oh yes…yes! Right there, right where you're at. Don't stop, please don't stop. I'm just about to cum!"

I was so close, but I kept fighting it until Barbie whispered, "Its okay. Let it go. Just relax sweetie and let it go."

Her sweet voice pushed me over the edge as my tight young body tensed up and then released a powerful orgasm. I was jerking around as everyone watched and then I finally went limp. I just laid there on the sundeck in the nude and watched Traci continue to touch herself. Barbie put my head in her lap and ran her fingers through my auburn hair.

The man with the camera turned his attention to Traci and she didn't seem to mind at all. In fact she started playing up to the camera as the tape continued to roll. Traci moved both hands up to her breasts and massaged them while leaving her legs spread wide apart.

She moaned, "Mmm, I love rubbing my boobies. It feels so good."

Traci slowly moved her hands down and said, "Oh look how hard my nipples are! Touching my breasts gets me so turned on."

As the man zoomed in on Traci's dark pussy, she inserted a finger inside of her wet snatch and began moving it all around.

Traci said, "I love moving my finger around inside of me. It gets me so wet. I also love to move my finger in and out like this. Mmm, in and out, in and out. Oh, it feels so good. I also like to touch myself here with my other hand at the same time."

Traci used the index finger on her other hand to gently caress her little clitty as she continued to stroke her nice wet pussy. Everyone was excited as Traci continued to lay it on hot and heavy.

Traci moaned, "This is just how I like it. Mmm, it’s so good…so, so good. I'm getting tense all over. Oh, the feeling's building. It just keeps building and building. I'm…just…about…there. So close…"

Traci was so tense as she worked her fingers in and out of her pussy. Her legs were flexed, her flat tummy was tight and her head was tilted back with her eyes closed. Soon Traci's body began to shutter and she started breathing heavy. I could tell that she was reaching her climax as the man on the boat was capturing it all with his video recorder.

Traci moaned, "I can't hold on any longer. Oh yes, oh yes, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!"

Traci stroked herself a couple more times and then her body shuttered, signaling the completion of her powerful orgasm. Finally Traci finished and laid back in the captain's seat with her arms to her sides. She just laid there with her head back, her eyes closed and her legs spread wide. The man kept panning up and down over Traci's bare bronze body, zooming in and out on her big beautiful breasts and the pretty patch of dark hair between her legs. Traci made no attempt to cover up or stop him and the man now had in his procession probably the best female masturbation video ever made.

The man turned the camera on Belinda, but the shy teenager refused to do anything. She turned her back to the man, but she was unable to stop him from filming her young smooth ass. Finally he got board with Belinda's naked butt and turned the camera back to Barbie and me.

After recovering from my passionate interlude, I tried to reciprocate Barbie's act of delicate delight by reaching up and caressing her breasts. Barbie seemed receptive to my advances as her nice pink nipples sprung to attention beneath the soft touch of my fingers. Then I moved my hands down to the tiny blue thong that Barbie was wearing.

I hooked my fingers inside of the waistband and gently tugged the fabric out from between her shapely butt cheeks. I slid the bikini bottoms down her firm tanned legs revealing a smooth shaved pussy. Barbie quivered as I touched her extremely wet snatch and I think she was ready for me to satisfy her desires, but the men on her boat started hooting and hollering about Barbie's bald beaver. The man with the camera even zoomed in between Barbie's legs to get a close-up of her silky smooth vagina.

The man announced, "Wow, I can't wait to get home and show this to everyone. All the guys at work are gonna love seeing your shaved pussy!"

Barbie got embarrassed and quickly pulled her thong up to cover her hairless pussy. Apparently the man was one of her co-workers and he'd seen too much already. Barbie looked at me with blushing cheeks and told me that this would have to wait for another time and place. I felt bad leaving Barbie unfulfilled after she had just provided me with so much pleasure, but I guess she just couldn't bring herself to make love to another girl with her boyfriend, his buddies and a co-worker watching. I ended up giving Barbie a hug and a kiss, and then I jumped into the water to cool off.

Traci, Belinda, Barbie and I spent the rest of the afternoon splashing around in the water and flashing boys as they passed by. After receiving enough beads to fill a trash bag, we decided to head for home. Traci and I put our T-shirts and jeans on while Barbie provided Belinda with a towel so that she wouldn't have to ride home naked.

It was still a little unnerving for the teenager to cruise down the interstate wearing only a towel especially since Traci and I kept pulling the towel off and exposing Belinda's young naked body to truckers. The girls and I finally arrived home and we had a tearful goodbye because we were going to go our separate ways in just a few days. However the memories of the coffee shop will stay with us for a lifetime!

**College Girls – Part 30**

It was the start of my junior year in college and I was surrounded by bad news. Upon my arrival to the sorority house for the fall semester, I discovered that my life-long friends, Kelli and Amy, would not be returning to school. Amy opted for a less-expensive local college and Kelli quit school all together to sell cosmetics. In addition, if losing my friends wasn't bad enough, I soon learned that I was going to be punished for something that happened last year.

I sat patiently waiting for my Behavioral Studies class to begin when a beautiful woman walked into the classroom and introduced herself as Miss Compton. She was around five-foot-five with dark hair and a firm figure. Her shapely legs were displayed prominently beneath a short skirt and accentuated with a pair of high-heels. The clingy knit top Miss Compton was wearing showed off her ample breasts and her slim waistline. Even though she was wearing a bra, I could still see her nipples poking out against the front of her form-fitting top.

Miss Compton looked to be in her mid-thirties, but she carried herself quite well. I don't know if it was her sexy voice or the way that she sat on the top of her desk at the front of the classroom, but as she lectured she sure had all of the boys' attention. She must have known that sitting up on the desk in that short skirt allowed the boys to catch a glimpse of her little pink panties, but she didn't seem to mind. From the way she occasionally shifted her legs around, it almost appeared as if she was daring the boys to sneak a peek between her legs. However, Miss Compton handled herself with such grace and elegance that she never appeared to be intentionally teasing the boys.

Miss Compton asked me to stay after class so I waited around to find out what she wanted. After the other students left, Miss Compton hopped up on her desk right in front of me and her panties were once again in plain view.

She asked, "Mindy, how would you like to work for me this school year and assist me with a project that I'm currently involved in?"

I questioned, "What does the job involve?"

Miss Compton explained, "I'm studying the sexual effect that young girls have on guys and I'm going to produce a report describing the types of female behavior that entice the guys."

I asked, "So what's that going to prove?"

She replied, "I'm going to determine if boys are naturally aggressive towards girls or if the behavior of girls provoke the advances of boys. In other words, I want to find out if a woman can gain total control of a man's emotions. I think it will be important in defining sexual harassment."

I said, "To be perfectly honest, I'm really not interested in becoming a prostitute for the advancement of science."

Miss Compton chuckled and said, "I'm not asking you to sleep with the guys. I just want you to flirt with them and flash for them, or maybe pretend to lose your clothes in front of them and see how they react. How does that sound?"

I said, "It sounds as if you like humiliating young girls and using them to tease guys in the process. Otherwise you'd just flash for the guys yourself."

Miss Compton said, "As a matter of fact I love teasing guys, but I'm a teacher and I have a code of ethics that I must abide by."

I said, "Thanks anyway, but I'm not interested."

She said, "That's a shame. I thought that with your reputation you'd be perfect for the job."

I asked, "What reputation?"

She said, "Well a few frat boys stated that the girls of your sorority have a tendency to shed their clothes in public once in a while."

I said, "A college girl occasionally getting a little wild is not unusual on this campus."

Miss Compton said, "Maybe so, but sleeping with professors for grades is against the rules. It’s even punishable by expulsion from school with the disqualification of your transcript. You would have to start all over again at another university. It would be a shame to waste two years of college credit."

I demanded, "What are you talking about?"

She said, "Well for starters, there's the story of how your friend Kelli and you took your clothes off in front of Mr. Wilcox. I believe you even gave Mr. Wilcox a blow job."

I said, "That was all Kelli's idea and she was the one that gave Mr. Wilcox the blow job!"

Miss Compton said, "Then maybe I can hire Kelli, too."

I said, "Sorry, but she quit school."

Miss Compton said, "That's a pity. Then I guess we're back to you. How about the time you stripped naked in Professor Clouds' classroom?"

I said, "That was during a makeup exam and she forced me to do it."

Miss Compton smugly said, "So Mindy, you can be forced to take your clothes off?"

I said, "Not likely. I'm much wiser now."

Miss Compton said, "Well if you're so wise, why did you have to sleep with Professor Blackburn to raise your Calculus grade?"

I became very nervous and asked, "How do you know so much about me?"

She replied, "I have a way with men! Besides men love to brag. There are no secrets amongst this faculty."

Miss Compton knew she had me. If she exposed my past behavior to the Dean, I would lose two years of college credit and I'd be sent home. There's no way my parents would pay for my college tuition again and I'd probably be kicked out of the house. I would end up waiting tables at the coffee shop for the rest of my life.

I put my head down in defeat and said, "You win."

Miss Compton said, "Great! Then I guess I've got myself a little sex slave."

I reported to Miss Compton's office the following day and she immediately inspected my attire. I was wearing a purple mini-dress that wrapped around the front of me. The dress was held together with a single tie above my left hip. Underneath the dress I wore a pair of low-cut white panties and a matching bra.

Miss Compton said, "That's a pretty dress, but lose the bra."

I said, "I can't take off my bra. This dress tends to separate and gap in front. It would be too easy for someone to look right down the front of my dress and see my breasts."

That wasn't what Miss Compton wanted to hear. She picked up a pair of scissors from the desk and reached inside my dress. Before I could react she made a few quick snips and my bra was history. Miss Compton removed my bra and my medium sized breasts spilled out in the process. As I quickly tucked my titties back inside of my dress she dropped the remains of my bra into the trashcan. There was no doubt as to who the boss was.

Miss Compton said, "Next time you'll follow my orders! Now bend over in front of me."

I reluctantly bent over and held my position as she gave my dress the once-over.

She said, "You were right. I can see your nipples as plain as the nose on your face."

I quickly stood up and checked to make sure that my breasts weren't hanging out of my dress as Miss Compton began to show me around the office. She started describing what my job duties were. Basically my job duties were to do whatever she told me to do.

Miss Compton explained, "Besides being a teacher, I'm also a counselor for inmates at the prison on the other side of town. I realize it isn't a glamorous job, but the state pays me a nice salary."

I asked, "Isn't it dangerous?"

She replied, "No, not at all. I only see the inmates with a history of non-violence that are nearing the end of their prison term. They have to be on their best behavior because they must prove to me that they're fit to re-enter society. Otherwise they'll remain in jail. There's also a button under each desk that summons the security guard in case anyone gets unruly and I do have the option of requesting handcuffs for anyone that I feel could be a threat to me."

Then I asked, "Is it really appropriate for you to dress in a thin blouse and short skirt around these guys?"

Miss Compton giggled and replied, "Probably not, but these guys haven't had contact with a woman in a long time so allowing them to look at me is surely a big thrill for them."

I added, "And a big ego boost for you, too!"

She continued, "Maybe so, but besides, they're prisoners and they deserve to be punished for their crimes. If my teasing causes them any undo distress, then so be it!"

I said, "I'm beginning to see what's going on here. You're not interested in studying behavior patterns. You just get a thrill out of dominating and torturing these poor guys."

Miss Compton just smiled and said, "I really am interested in studying their behavior. I received a grant to perform this study so I truly need to create a legitimate report. However, I must admit that I do get a certain amount of pleasure from seeing these guys in a state of mental anguish."

I asked, "Why would you enjoy tormenting these guys?"

With a gleam in her big brown eyes Miss Compton continued, "It is such a rush to have a guy's emotions in the palm of my hand. I get to show them a little skin, but they can't do anything about it. I can strip naked in front of them, but they can't touch me. I can bring them to the brink of an orgasm and then prevent them from finishing themselves off. I can torture them and force them to worship me!"

Miss Compton's rage grew stronger as she continued, "I have the power to dominate men and I know how to use it. This power makes up for every time a guy has hurt me in the past! It makes up for planning a wedding just to find out that the guy is running around with a nineteen-year-old girl behind my back. If young girls think they can humiliate me then I'll show them what humiliation really feels like. Men and young girls...I can now stop them from satisfying themselves...I now have my revenge!"

I thought to myself, "Wow, this gal has issues!"

I determined that Miss Compton was the one who truly needed counseling, but I wasn't about to suggest it. As I listened to her speech I got a little frightened because I was now a sex slave to this woman...a woman that wants to humiliate young girls! There was no telling what she was capable of doing. Miss Compton soon came back to earth and began explaining to me what I was supposed to do.

She said, "This is the waiting room and that's your desk. Just sit there and do anything I ask you to do. I have a hidden camera and I'll be watching everything that goes on in here. Just remember what'll happen if you disobey me!"

A guy in his middle twenties was led into the waiting room by a guard. The guard removed the guy's handcuffs and told me that if there was any trouble he'd be sitting in the guard's station at the end of the hallway. Then the guard left the waiting room, leaving me alone with this guy.

I nervously sat at my desk and pretended to perform secretarial duties. The guy was tall, muscular and relatively handsome, but he also appeared rough, arrogant and angry. I expected him to be wearing a prison uniform with a number on the back, but he was just wearing jeans and a black T-shirt. Nothing much was happening until Miss Compton came out of her office with a stack of papers.

She said, "Robert, have a seat and I'll be with you in a moment. Mindy, please file these in the bottom drawer of the cabinet."

I whispered to Miss Compton, "The bottom drawer? But in this short dress...I mean, there’s that guy..."

Miss Compton said loudly, "So you'll have to bend over and Robert will be able to see your underwear. Too bad...get to work!"

Miss Compton went back into her office as I nervously bent over to open the drawer. I could feel the hem of my dress rise up in back and I was certain Robert could see my little white panties. I could also feel my panties creeping up into my butt crack, which meant that my ass was even more exposed to the guy. It took a while for me to file all of the papers, so Robert was treated to a nice long look at my panty-clad bottom. After finishing the task I walked past him to return to my desk. Robert had an evil stare as he checked out my petite twenty-year-old body.

I'm five-foot-one with medium sized natural breasts and reddish-brown hair. I have a cute innocent look about me and this was no doubt having an affect on the guy. Maybe I was being a little paranoid, but I felt like a helpless little girl waiting to be pounced on by this guy. However, Robert just sat there and stared at me.

A few minutes later Miss Compton emerged from her office and said, "Just another minute Robert," and then she opened my desk drawer as if she was looking for something.

She quickly closed the drawer tight and asked me to come with her. Doing as I was told, I got up from my chair and began to follow Miss Compton. What I didn't realize was that she'd closed the drawer on the one string that was holding my dress together! When I walked away, the string pulled apart and the whole front of my dress separated, right in front of Robert.

He could see my bare breasts, my puffy pink nipples and my extremely low-cut white panties. To make matters worse, I didn't stop walking in time and the string was actually torn right off the dress! I tried to quickly close the dress in front of me as Miss Compton stood behind me and examined the dress.

She said, "I think I can fix it. Just slip the dress off and I'll take care of it."

I said, "Slip it off? Um, have you forgotten that there's a guy in here?"

She replied, "Um, have you forgotten what will happen if you disobey me?"

Robert was on the edge of his seat as Miss Compton slipped the dress off my shoulders. She gathered up the dress and headed towards her office, leaving me standing there in just my little white underpants.

I yelped, "Wait, where are you going my dress? I don't have any clothes on!"

She said, "Yes you do...you’re wearing panties. Now have a seat and I'll be right back," and then she disappeared in her office taking my dress with her.

I was mortified as I sat down in my chair. I crossed my legs and did my best to cover my breasts with my hands as Robert just sat there and stared at me. He had a big grin on his face which made me feel very awkward and vulnerable. Then I noticed that his hand was moving around inside of his pocket. I think he was rubbing himself as he stared at me. It was creepy!

Soon Miss Compton emerged from her office and caught Robert with his hand in his pocket. She told him to stand up and then she yanked his pants open. Out popped a huge boner and Miss Compton acted very angry about the situation.

She said, "Robert, there's no reason for you to behave like this. Mindy is just the victim of an unfortunate accident and you're looking at her in a sexual way. That's not very nice."

He looked embarrassed and said, "I...I'm sorry. I just can't help it."

Miss Compton took his rigid member in her hand and said, "What do you mean you can't help it? I can feel how hard you are. If you can't help yourself then you should have looked away and not stared at her."

I was now standing near Robert with my arms at my sides leaving my breasts out in the open for him to look at. He could also see my little white underpants, which were cut so low that a few strands of my neatly trimmed auburn bush were poking out above the waistband. My skimpy panties were so translucent that I'm sure my pussy hair was visible right through the thin fabric. As Robert took a good look at me, he tried to pump his penis in and out of Miss Compton's hand.

I thought she was going to let him get off, but after a few strokes she sternly said, "Robert, now what are you trying to do?"

The big guy was reduced to a little whiner as he begged, "Please...I'm so close and your hand is so soft."

Miss Compton replied, "I'm sorry, but that's not how we do things around here."

He said, "But I haven't been with a girl in so long."

Miss Compton said, "Robert, you are going to have to show me that you can control yourself around women. Otherwise, I will have no choice, but to recommend that you remain in prison."

He cried, "No, please not that. I'll be good. I promise."

She let go of his penis and told him to get in the office immediately. Robert looked so strong and rugged, but Miss Compton relegated him to a subservient level. I was amazed at her power to dominate him so quickly and easily.

I was still without a dress as I cracked open the office door a little bit. Robert was sitting on a low chair and Miss Compton was sitting on top of her desk as she lectured him. Her legs were slightly spread apart and her knees were right at Robert's eye level. She had her back to me, but I'm sure her panties were totally exposed for Robert to gaze at.

Robert's penis was still out in the open and it was as stiff as a board, but Miss Compton wouldn't let him touch it. As she talked, she would lean forward and show the cleavage provided by her low-cut blouse and push-up bra. Robert was in pure agony and Miss Compton knew it. She was enjoying her role as the tormenter. Miss Compton just sat there and started fumbling with my dress as she lectured Robert about his behavior.

Suddenly I started feeling a moist sensation inside my panties and I began to caress my nipples. Using my fingertips, I made little soft circles over the rosy sensitive flesh at the pinnacle of each breast. As I gazed at Robert's exposed rigid member, I rubbed and pulled on my nipples until they were good and hard.

Watching Robert being dominated by a woman had a strange affect on me and soon my fingers found there way inside of my tiny underpants. I ran my finger across my moist slit and I even touched my little clitty. I continued moving my finger back and forth between my pussy lips as I slowly worked my panties down in the process. Before long, my little underpants had descended down so far that my entire butt was showing.

I was getting more and more excited as my panties continued to slide down until they reached the middle of my thighs. I wanted to put a finger inside of my tight wet pussy, but the location of my panties restricted me from spreading my legs apart. Finally I couldn't fight the urge any longer and I pushed my panties all the way down to the floor. I stepped out of my little undies and kicked them to the side of the room. I was now completely naked as I inserted a finger inside of me. Mmm, it felt so good!

Robert tried to stroke himself again and Miss Compton pulled his hand away, spreading her legs even wider in the process. Robert had a clear view up Miss Compton's skirt and he seemed to really like what he saw, but he couldn't do anything about it. Watching Robert getting tortured ended up being a real turn-on for me and I began to slide my finger in and out of my pleasure place with even more intensity.

I don't know what it was, but seeing Robert's thick rigid member right out in the open peaked my desires. I began to imagine that Robert was my sex slave and that I was the one who was dominating him. I was wet and excited, and even though I loved looking at Robert's exposed penis, I closed my eyes because I was about to reach the Promised Land.

Without warning, the door swung open and there stood Miss Compton. Robert's eyes looked like they were about to pop out of his head when he saw me standing there in the nude and fingering myself. My nipples were nice and hard and I was blushing bright red from embarrassment.

Miss Compton said, "Your dress is ready. Come in and get it."

I began to reach for my panties, but she said, "You can get those later. Just come in and get your dress."

I stammered, "But...but my panties, I mean, I'm naked. Robert can see me!"

She just said in an insensitive tone, "You should have thought of that sooner. Now quit wasting my time and get your dress!"

I felt totally humiliated as Miss Compton marched me right past Robert, giving him an unobstructed view of my naked body. He could see my firm breasts, pink nipples and neatly trimmed auburn bush. Then I had to bend over in front of him to pick up the dress, which permitted him to inspect my bare butt. He must have started stroking himself behind me because I heard Miss Compton slap his hand and then she told him to stop.

While I was still in my bent over position, Miss Compton returned to her seat on the desk beside me. My face was only inches from her knees so I was able to get a look between her legs. I couldn't believe what I saw. Miss Compton was wearing super sheer pantyhose, but she wasn't wearing any panties! Her flesh tone hose were so transparent that it looked like she wasn't wearing anything at all. Miss Compton's dark brunette bush was completely visible to Robert and she didn't seem to have any problem showing it to him.

I just remained bent over and staring at Miss Compton's dark bush until she said, "Do you like looking at my pussy?"

I stammered, "Um...What?"

She said, "You're looking at my pussy. Do you like what you see?"

I didn't answer.

She continued, "Maybe you're not looking at my pussy. Maybe you just like showing your bare ass to Robert! Poor Robert has a huge hard-on and you're making it worse by flaunting your naked butt right in front of him. Now that's not very nice!"

I said, "Me? But you're showing him your p..."

She cut me off and said, "I'm doing nothing. I'm only doing my job. Now you just stand there while I finish up with Robert. If Robert can't touch himself, then you can't either!"

Her statements really embarrassed me, but forcing me to stand naked in front of a complete stranger made me feel absolutely humiliated. It must have been pure misery for Robert to sit there in front of Miss Compton with her hairy triangle showing and then watching me parade around naked in front of him, too. Yet he was unable to touch his throbbing member to satisfy himself. It almost seemed like cruel and unusual punishment. I know because the situation was making me feel quite frustrated, too.

There was a knock on the door as Miss Compton finished lecturing Robert about how he needed to control his urges in order to become a better human being. She instructed Robert to button his pants as I reached for my dress, but Miss Compton snatched the dress away.

She said, "I want you to put your panties on first."

I said, "My panties on first? But...but that guard is out there!"

She said, "Oh I'm sure he won't mind."

I was so embarrassed as I entered the waiting room without a stitch of clothing on. The guard just smiled as he observed my bare breasts and naked pussy. I had to bend over to pick up my panties giving everyone in the room a clear view of my bare butt. I pulled my little underpants up my legs as Miss Compton chatted with the guard.

The guard sarcastically said, "New therapy, huh doc?"

Miss Compton replied, "Mindy's my new little helper. She's a nice girl, but she has a little trouble keeping her clothes on."

The guard laughed as he opened the door to the hallway. Luckily no one was out there because I was still clad in only my skimpy see-through panties. The guard led the prisoner out of the room and closed the door behind him. There was still a big bulge in Robert's pants as he left and I think the guard was pitching a tent in his pants, too.

After Robert left Miss Compton looked at me, grinned and said, "Someone's going to be dreaming about you tonight!"

I wanted to scream at Miss Compton for embarrassing me, but all I could do was stand there and blush. I may have even given Miss Compton the impression that I enjoyed myself, but that would only give her the green light to push the envelope even further. I just finished getting dressed and left the office without saying a word.

As I laid in bed that night, I couldn't stop thinking about Robert's hard penis. It was right out in the open and pointing up helplessly as if it was begging for a young girl's attention. I imagined myself straddling him and lowering myself onto him as I inserted his rock-hard manhood into my tight wet pussy. My fantasy was getting me excited so I kicked off the covers, pulled up my little T-shirt and slipped my panties off. Deciding that my fingers weren't going to be enough tonight, I grabbed my hairbrush off the nightstand and inserted the handle inside of me.

As I worked the hairbrush in and out of my love hole, I imagined myself riding Robert's rigid manhood. Miss Compton was there, too. She had pushed her sheer pantyhose off and pulled her blouse open exposing her big titties and beautiful bush to us. Her body was very impressive, but when she tried to insert a finger inside of her wet pussy, Robert stopped her and forced her to keep her hands to her sides. Miss Compton was not permitted to touch herself and the tension was killing her.

Robert was caressing my breasts, tweaking my nipples and pumping his stiff rod deep inside of me as Miss Compton looked on.

I was moaning, "Oh yes, yes...it feels so good" as Miss Compton begged, "Please, Robert! Do it to me, too!"

Robert said, "No. This is only for Mindy. You just sit there and suffer! In fact, take all of your clothes off. I want you to sit there naked!"

As Miss Compton slowly removed all of her clothes, the feeling was building inside of me and my flesh felt like it was on fire. Miss Compton took a seat on the couch with her rosy nipples and brunette bush completely exposed. She tried to touch her pussy again, but Robert instructed her to stop. She began to whimper out of frustration.

While Miss Compton looked on, I just continued going up and down on Robert's hard penis. He just kept pushing deeper and deeper, in and out, in and out until I reached the point of no return. Finally I exploded and my body erupted in a violent orgasm as I screamed in ecstasy. I was drenched in sweat and fighting to catch my breath. I opened my eyes and expected to be in Roger's arms, but I regained my sanity when I realized that I was in bed alone and holding a hairbrush.

Then I heard my roommate call out, "Mindy, are you finished yet? I have to get some sleep."

I giggled and said, "Sorry!"

I felt a little embarrassed. I guess I was moaning loud enough to wake up the whole sorority house. However, my embarrassment was short lived because I started thinking about Robert again. I began feeling sorry for him. It was terrible the way Miss Compton tortured him, although I must admit it turned me on thinking that he was probably dreaming of me and stroking himself at that very moment.

I'm still afraid of Miss Compton, but I'm also strangely intrigued by my role as a blackmailed sex slave. I wonder what Miss Compton is going to make me do tomorrow?

**College Girls – Part 31**

Okay, so maybe I did sleep with my college professor to raise my calculus grade, but does that give someone the right to ruin my life? My Behavioral Studies teacher, Miss Compton, apparently thinks it does. When she found out about my rendezvous with my calculus teacher, Miss Compton threatened to have me expelled from college and threatened to nullify my transcript unless I participated in her research project. Now I've become Miss Compton's blackmailed sex slave and I must expose myself on her command so that she can study people's reactions to my displays of public nudity.

As I walked to class I wondered what kind of cruel punishment Miss Compton had in store for me today. I didn't have to wait very long to find out because Miss Compton stopped me as soon as I entered the building. She quickly ushered me into the women's restroom and instructed me to remove all my clothes. I was apprehensive about her motives, but because of our arrangement I had to comply with her request. I just hoped Miss Compton didn't plan to run off with my clothes, which would force me to scamper down the crowded hallway and run across campus bare assed naked!

Miss Compton watched as I slowly unbuttoned and unzipped my tight blue jean shorts. My denim shorts were so tight that when I pushed them down my legs, my pale blue panties slid down with them. A girl abruptly entered the restroom and while the door was open, a couple of boys in the hallway saw me standing there. Since I'd already removed my shorts and panties, all I had on was my T-shirt. From the way that the boys' mouths dropped open, I'm sure they got a good look at my neatly trimmed auburn pussy hair. They just stood there staring at me as the door slowly closed. I was nervous when I removed my T-shirt because the boys were still out in the hall and they would be able to see me completely naked if the door swung open again.

It was a little chilly in the restroom. As I stood there without a stitch of clothing on, I got goose bumps all over and my precious pink nipples sprung to attention. Miss Compton lingered for a while as she surveyed my young nude body. I felt very self-conscious as she carefully inspected my firm full breasts, reddish-brown bush and smooth round butt. Miss Compton knew that I was anxious to put some clothes on, but she continued to make me wait. I think she was hopeful that another girl would open the door to the restroom, which would give the boys in the hallway a peek at my totally bare body.

After what seemed like an eternity, Miss Compton finally gave up waiting for someone to emerge and she handed me a bag of new clothes. Then she instructed me to put them on. The bag contained a short plaid mini skirt and a white bare midriff top. The bag also contained a pair of sheer pantyhose, but no bra or panties. I examined the clothes and determined that they were at least a size too small.

I declared, "I can't wear these clothes. They're too small for me."

Miss Compton said, "Try them on. I'll bet you can squeeze into them."

I said, "Even if I manage to get these clothes on, you didn't give me any underwear. I'll be hanging out all over the place!"

Miss Compton smugly said, "Well then maybe you'd like to get kicked out of school and go back to your job as a waitress."

I solemnly replied, "No thanks. I guess I'll try them on."

I could hear the girl in the stall peeing and I briefly wondered what she thought of my conversation with Miss Compton. However, my attention was quickly diverted towards the opportunity to cover my nude body and I picked up the tiny knit shirt that Miss Compton provided for me. I slipped my arms into the sleeveless top and fastened the two buttons down the front. The clingy white shirt had a little collar and it was so tight that there were gaps between the buttons. The knit top left my flat tummy and bellybutton exposed and I could feel my nipples poking out against the thin material.

I stood in front of the mirror and inspected the small shirt. My breasts are only medium sized, but they're natural and full so the plunging neckline allowed a fair amount of cleavage to show. While I was still looking in the mirror, I lifted my arms up over my head. The bottom of the shirt rode up high enough to expose the lower portions of my globes, but the hem of the shirt stopped right at the bottom of my round rosy nipples. Since only a very small portion of my nipples were uncovered, I turned my attention to the rest of the outfit.

I hopped up on the counter and began slipping my dainty little feet into the pantyhose. The girl that was peeing came out of the stall and washed her hands in the sink right beside me. She had a funny smile on her face as she glanced down at my bare beaver, but she didn't say anything. When the girl finished washing her hands, she opened the restroom door to leave and those boys were still out there. The boys now had a side view of me and they could tell that I didn't have any pants on. However, from their angle they really couldn't see much more. The boys still watched me slowly inch the pantyhose up my legs until the door finally closed.

I jumped down onto the floor and looked in the mirror. I couldn't believe how sheer the pantyhose were. It almost looked as though I wasn't wearing anything at all! The pantyhose didn't have a cotton crotch or a modesty shield. They were just sheer from waist to toe.

I turned to Miss Compton and said, "I feel naked in these pantyhose. You can see right through them. I don't know if I can go out there in this short skirt without any panties."

Miss Compton said, "That's nonsense," and then she lifted up the front of her skirt.

Miss Compton continued, "See, I have on the same type of pantyhose and I'm not wearing any panties!"

Miss Compton's beautiful brunette bush was almost totally exposed beneath her translucent hose. As she stood there shamelessly displaying her hairy triangle, she noticed that I made no attempt to look away from the sight of her pleasure patch.

Miss Compton had a twinkle in her eyes as she asked, "Are you fascinated with the sight of my pussy?"

I replied, "Well, what's running through my mind is your habit of sitting up on your desk in front of the class while you give your lectures. I don't know if you're aware of it, but you have a tendency to spread your legs so the boys can see your panties…and today you're not wearing any panties!"

Miss Compton smiled and said, "Thanks for the info. I'll try to be more careful today," even though we both knew that she was well aware of her classroom teasing tactics.

Miss Compton continued to hold her skirt up and my eyes remained locked on the luscious triangle of hair between her legs. Since I was admiring her pussy, I guess it gave Miss Compton the impression that I was attracted to her.

Miss Compton grinned and asked, "You look like you're having devilish thoughts about me. Would you like to touch my pussy?"

I looked up at her and said, "Sorry, that's not part of our arrangement. I mean, sure you have a beautiful face with long dark hair and big firm breasts. In addition, your figure is well proportioned and you have long shapely legs."

I paused and she urged, "Go on."

Miss Compton was fishing for compliments so I continued, "I even must admit that for thirty-five years old, you're very attractive and you have a nice smile, but…"

She asked, "But?"

I said, "Well, you're fifteen years older than me, you're my teacher and you've blackmailed me into becoming your sex slave. That kind of killed any chemistry we may have had between us."

Miss Compton looked dejected and lowered the front of her skirt. I looked away and stepped into the pleated mini skirt she gave me. I fought hard to fasten the buttons and the skirt left me feeling quite vulnerable. It was very short and it was made of a light cotton material. The plaid skirt didn't have a zipper. There were merely two buttons on the side holding the skirt up and those buttons didn't feel very secure. The fact that I wasn't wearing any underwear beneath the skirt just added to my uneasiness. However, I decided to go through with it so I slipped on my flat sandals and headed towards the restroom door.

Miss Compton stopped me and said, "Not so fast. I've decided to make a minor adjustment to your outfit."

She reached behind me and tucked the back of my short skirt into my pantyhose. I looked in the mirror and my nervousness increased one hundred percent! With my mini skirt pulled up, I could see my butt crack right through the transparent pantyhose.

I said, "You've got to be kidding! You don't expect me to walk into class like this, do you?"

Miss Compton replied, "As a matter of fact I do. I've seen this happen before. A girl uses the restroom and then accidentally tucks her skirt into her pantyhose or panties. All you have to do is pretend that you don't know your skirt is hiked up like that. I want to see how long it takes for someone to tell you about it. As soon as someone points out your little mishap, you're free to fix your skirt."

I said, "But my whole ass is hanging out!"

She said, "Don't worry. It's just an innocent gag. I'm sure the class will get a kick out of it…especially the boys!"

I asked, "How can you humiliate me like this? The skirt is short enough as it is, but now you're going to make me walk around with my butt cheeks showing and these pantyhose don't hide anything at all!"

Miss Compton replied, "You know, I could've been lenient if you'd shown me some compassion a minute ago, but when you expressed your true feelings about me it just inspired me to raise the bar a little…I mean raise your skirt a little!"

I said, "Okay, I'll touch your pussy."

Miss Compton angrily replied, "It’s too late! You already said that you aren't interested in me so now you have to suffer the consequences."

Miss Compton paused for a second and then she added, "When I'm through with you, you'll be begging to satisfy me, but for now you'll just remain my little play toy!"

Miss Compton put my old clothes in a bag and headed off to the classroom. I waited a few minutes and then I worked up enough nerve to walk out the restroom door. As I proceeded down the hallway, I attracted attention from both boys and girls as they turned their heads to look at my butt. Then I entered the classroom and took a seat near the front. I heard plenty of smirks and giggles as I quickly sat down, but no one actually pointed out to me that my ass was showing.

I felt like a total slut as I sat there listening to Miss Compton's lecture. Even in my sitting position, I'm sure the students to the back of me could see the upper portion of my butt crack. I could almost feel the breath of the nerdy guy sitting behind me because he moved as close as he could to me in order to get the best possible view of my nearly bare ass. Then Miss Compton decided to make a public spectacle out of me.

Miss Compton said, "I need someone to come up to the board and write down these important points as I read them. Um, how about you Mindy?"

I said, "Who, me? Come up to the board? In front of the class?"

She replied, "Yes. Hurry up, we don't have all day."

I stuttered, "B…but…"

She said, "No buts. Just get your butt up here!"

That statement caused the class to laugh because they knew that getting my butt up there meant showing off my butt! As I slowly got up from my chair and made my way to the head of the class, I could feel everyone's eyes focused on my exposed rear-end. When I walked past Miss Compton, she looked down at her book and avoided eye contact with me. It appeared to the class that Miss Compton was unaware of my pantyhose predicament.

After reaching the front of the room, I was horrified to discover that the only piece of chalk available was lying on the floor. This was undoubtedly a calculated maneuver premeditated by Miss Compton because it forced me to bend over and pick the chalk up, thus exposing my nearly naked ass to all of my classmates. She must have had this lame excuse to get me up in front of the class planned all along.

With my back to the class, I could hear plenty of whispering and quiet laughter. As I bent over, my practically bare behind was out in the open for everyone to gawk at. Through the transparent pantyhose I was wearing, I'm sure everyone could see the crack of my ass just as easily as if I wasn't wearing anything at all.

My classmates were making jokes about me behind my back, but no one actually came right out and told me that my skirt was tucked into my pantyhose. Therefore, I was forced to provide everyone with a free peep show of my virtually nude backside. All my fellow students fixed their eyes on my nearly naked butt cheeks as I wrote the topics on the chalkboard and Miss Compton slowly drug out the process to keep me up in front of the class as long as she could.

Finally I finished writing down the last topic for discussion and I wanted to return to my seat, but Miss Compton said, "Don't run off yet Mindy. I'd like for you to remain up here and point to each topic as I discuss it"

I said, "Okay" and then I made sure that I was facing the class as I pointed to the chalkboard to refrain from revealing my practically bare butt to them any longer.

Miss Compton began with the topic that was at the lowest location on the chalkboard. I felt all right at first, but as she started discussing the topics that were higher up on the board, I realized that my skimpy shirt was becoming a problem. With my arms down at my sides, the tiny bare midriff top hardly covered my boobies so I became very self-conscious when I had to lift up my arm.

It was bad enough that I had to stand in front of the entire class with only a pair of super sheer pantyhose covering my ass, but now Miss Compton was making things even worse for me. She instructed me to reach high up in the air so that everyone in the class would know which topic she was referring to. I'm only five-foot-one so when I reached up high to point to a higher topic on the chalkboard, the bottom of my little shirt rode up until my nipples were just barely covered.

There was now silence in the classroom and I think the boys were holding their breath hoping that my puffy pink nipples would pop out for their viewing pleasure. The boys were not only examining my flat tummy and exposed bellybutton. They could also see the lower portion of my firm natural breasts peeking out from below the tiny top.

I instinctively lowered my arm and some smart-assed guy asked, "Miss Compton, which topic are you talking about?"

Miss Compton just looked at me and said, "Mindy, please keep pointing to the topics until I finish discussing all of them!"

Reaching up to the second highest topic caused my braless boobs to bounce around and I could feel the little shirt trying to work its way up over my breasts. I was very careful as I stood there because I wanted to keep the movement of my titties to a minimum. There was a lot of tension in the room as the little shirt continued to slowly creep up higher and higher in front of me.

I was really getting nervous because I could feel the hem of the shirt dancing lightly across my sensitive pink nipples. The fabric was tickling my nipples, causing them to poke out further than they'd ever done before. When the shirt crept up a little further, I sensed that the lower portions of my nipples were exposed. I was greatly distressed because every boy in the room knew that my teeny top wasn't going to be able to hang on when I reached up to point to the final topic.

When Miss Compton began discussing the final topic, I nervously reached up to point to the highest position on the chalkboard. I stood on my tiptoes when I elevated my arm, but it didn't help. My pretty pink nipples popped out from beneath the tiny top and everyone in the class could see them. A deep exhale sound was produced by the boys as my nipples finally came into view, but it was immediately followed by a collective sigh because I quickly lowered arms and covered my precious pink gems.

Then that smart-assed guy once again asked, "Miss Compton, which topic are you referring to?"

The class chuckled as Miss Compton called out, "Please Mindy, keep pointing to the topic until we're finished!"

Again I stood on my tiptoes and reached up high causing my shirt to ride up. I thought my little top was going to hang on, but this time instead of my nipples just popping out, my shirt shot up over my titties like a slingshot and now my bare breasts were completely exposed. I was even on edge about my mini skirt. In my extended position, the hem of the short pleated skirt drifted up and I was afraid that my pussy was showing. Covered by only those transparent pantyhose, I knew that my auburn muff would be as easy to see as if I was naked under my skirt so the precarious situation I was in made me feel very uneasy.

I was mortified as I stood there with my titties on display for all of the boys to examine and I was even forced to stand there during Miss Compton's question and answer session. It wasn't a very difficult subject, but the boys sure had a lot of questions that day and I had to stand there with my boobs hanging out the whole time.

Finally the session ended and as I made my way back to my chair some rude guy called out, "Nice ass!"

I gave him a dirty look and then a girl sitting next to me said, "You can't blame him. Your butt's showing and you don't even have any underpants on."

I frantically looked behind my back and pretended to have just discovered that my bare butt was showing. Everyone in the classroom busted out laughing as I quickly pulled my skirt down. I felt totally humiliated and I didn't have to fake the expression of embarrassment on my face. Eventually Miss Compton told the class to settle down and then she finished her lesson without another incident before finally dismissing the class.

After class, Miss Compton refused to give me back my shorts and T-shirt. She didn’t allow me to go home, either. I had to join her for dinner and drinks at the most upscale establishment in town. When I told her that I wasn't dressed for entertaining, she assured me that my outfit would be very entertaining. I became extremely nervous because I knew the type of entertainment that she expected me to provide!

**College Girls – Part 32**

I was being blackmailed into filling the role of a sex slave by Miss Compton, my Behavioral Studies teacher, because she had some incriminating evidence against me that could get me expelled from college. Before class she forced me to dress in a short plaid mini skirt and a white bare midriff top. Miss Compton also made me wear a pair of sheer pantyhose, but she did not allow me to wear a bra or panties. I was able to get into the clothes, but they were really a size too small for me. Miss Compton even humiliated me by making me expose myself while standing up in front of the class.

I was glad that Behavioral Science was my last class of the day because Miss Compton refused to give me back my shorts and T-shirt. However, she didn’t let me go home. Instead, she asked me to join her for dinner and drinks at the most upscale establishment in town. I told her that I wasn't really dressed for entertaining, but she assured me that my outfit would be very entertaining. I felt a wave of nervousness inside of me because I didn't want to provide that type of entertainment.

We arrived at the elegant bar and restaurant, which was located in the lobby of the town's finest hotel. The bar attracts mostly lawyers, politicians and business people. Everyone was dressed in professional clothing and business suits. College students rarely frequent the place because of the high prices and stuffy atmosphere, so my presence in that skimpy little outfit generated a lot of attention.

Miss Compton directed me to a circular sofa in the lounge. I was greeted by three men and a woman, all dressed in gray business suits. The woman was one of Miss Compton's Social Science colleagues named Jodi. She was only a little taller than I am, with blonde hair and golden tanned skin. She was around the same age as Miss Compton and she wore g an expensive outfit with a blazer and a matching skirt. Jodi's skirt was very short and she appeared to enjoy showing off her smooth tanned legs.

As we sat down on the sofa, I was very careful to keep my legs together. From the men's position on the couch, it would have been very easy for them to steal a peek up my extremely short skirt. I was sitting between Miss Compton and Jodi, who were also dressed in short skirts, and the men were constantly glancing down so they’d be ready in case any of the girls accidentally flashed them.

Apparently the men were very influential in the mental health industry so Miss Compton and Jodi were eager to impress them. When the men inquired about the projects that the women were involved in, Miss Compton quickly mentioned her research in the area of public nudity. Everyone had obviously consumed a few drinks before we arrived and the conservative looking men were quite distracted by the way that I was dressed. Jodi noticed the men's preoccupation with the inadequate coverage that my clothes provided so she fueled the conversation about Miss Compton's research.

Jodi said, "Public nudity…that must be very interesting. What kind of experiments have you performed?"

Miss Compton replied, "So far all of my research has been centered around Mindy."

Jodi looked at me and said, "You have a very cute subject to work with."

Miss Compton said, "Yes, she is. And you should see her naked!"

Jodi prompted, "She looks good in the nude?"

Miss Compton said, "Yes. Mindy has nice bouncy breasts and the cutest pink nipples."

I was mortified as Jodi and Miss Compton talked about me as if I wasn't even there. As the women continued describing my body in great detail, the men were staring at me and appeared to be undressing me with their hungry eyes. It made me feel very uncomfortable. Jodi could see that the topic of public nudity had the gentlemen's undivided attention so she pushed the subject even further.

Jodi asked, "Is she shaved…you know…down there?"

Miss Compton replied, "No, but she has neatly trimmed pussy hair. It’s soft and naturally reddish-brown. And you should see her butt!"

Jodi asked, "Cute?"

Miss Compton replied, "Its firm and round like you'd expect from a young girl. The class just loved it."

Jodi asked, "The class? What do you mean?"

Miss Compton explained, "I made her parade around with her skirt caught in her pantyhose until someone pointed it out…and no one said anything until class was almost over."

Jodi chuckled and asked, "No panties?"

Miss Compton said, "Nope, no panties. Wanna see?"

I begged, "No, please no Miss Compton. The men will see me."

Jodi said, "Oh don't worry about them. Let's have a little peek, shall we?"

Miss Compton lifted my skirt as high as it would go. My face turned bright red as Jodi and the men inspected my barely covered pussy. Jodi and Miss Compton weren't including the men in their discussion, but I was well aware of the men's intense stares.

Miss Compton said to Jodi, "Look how sheer these pantyhose are."

Jodi said, "It’s like she's not wearing anything at all. Look at that cute little patch of fur."

Miss Compton said, "Yes, she does have a pretty pussy and a cute butt to match. It’s too bad you didn't see it when I made her tuck the skirt in the waistband of the pantyhose."

Jodi said, "Why don't you make her do it again? I want to see how people react."

I shrieked, "Here? Now?"

Jodi said, "Sure, it'll be fun."

I looked at Miss Compton and she said, "You know the rules. Get going!"

I went to the restroom and tucked my skirt into the back of my pantyhose. I took a few deep breaths and walked out into the lounge. Luckily, before anyone could see anything a waitress grabbed my skirt and pulled it down for me. Unfortunately she was holding a steak knife in her hand and accidentally snagged my pantyhose. I returned to the couch and I was greeted by a group of disappointed faces.

Jodi said, "That's a shame. I wanted to see someone's reaction."

Then Miss Compton looked down and said, "What happened to your pantyhose?"

I replied, "The waitress accidentally ripped them."

Miss Compton said, "Well we can't have you walking around with a big run in your hose. Go take them off."

I said, "B…but I don't have anything on under them."

Miss Compton gave me a stern look so I took off for the restroom again. I went inside and angrily removed my pantyhose, but my harsh movements just caused me more distress. As I tugged down the hose, I accidentally pulled the second button off my skirt. Luckily the top button stayed on, but there was a huge gap at my hip where the tight skirt separated. Now everyone would easily be able to tell that I didn't have anything on underneath my mini skirt.

When I returned to the couch, I was very careful as I sat down and crossed my legs. The men's eyes were like saucers as they hoped to catch a glimpse of the Promised Land.

Jodi ran her finger up and down my exposed hip and said, "I see you were a little careless with your button."

I didn't respond to her and the group finally turned their conversation over to a different topic. However, the men kept their eyes on my skirt with the hopes that I might accidentally spread my legs. As they continued talking, Jodi started casually stroking my legs with her fingertips. She began lightly dragging her red-painted nails up and down my inner thighs. It felt kind of good, but she kept hitting ticklish spots. Every time she tickled me, I would jerk my upper body and the men's eyes would open wide because they thought I was going to jerk my legs apart.

I think Jodi's intention was to get me to spread my legs, but her tickling ended up igniting another incident. As Jodi's fingertips casually made their way up my legs, she attempted to dip her fingers under the hem of my short skirt. When Jodi's fingers touched my pussy hair, my upper body jerked so hard that the top button of my extremely tight shirt popped open and my breasts practically fell out. I quickly tried to button my shirt, but Miss Compton pushed my hands down.

She said, "I think her shirt looks better this way, don't you Jodi?"

Jodi said, “Oh yes. Much better!”

Miss Compton said, “Well Mindy, since we all agree that your shirt looks better with only one button fastened, then you ought to leave the other button open.”

I was now forced to wear my top with only one button holding it together. The button was located at the bottom of the bare midriff shirt, just below my breasts. The shirt was so tight that the opening stretched wide across my braless titties. My boobies were threatening to spill out at any second, much to the delight of the men.

A hostess came up and said that our table in the dining room was ready. Jodi motioned for me to go first, and then everyone else filed out right behind me. Jodi was obviously very amused by the sex slave arrangement and she was also starting to feel the affects of the alcohol.

Jodi said to Miss Compton, "I wish I had a little play toy."

Miss Compton responded, "Jodi, you're welcome to use mine whenever you want."

Jodi giggled and asked, "You mean I can do this if I want to?"

Jodi reached down and pulled up the back of my skirt. Without panties or pantyhose, I was now bare assed naked under my skirt and everyone got a look at my nude butt cheeks. I tried to walk fast to get away from her, but it was a big mistake. Jodi had such a tight grip on my skirt that she tore off the remaining button and the skirt fell to the floor.

There I was in a public bar with my bare butt and hair triangle out in the open for everyone to see! I quickly snatched up my skirt and ran into the restroom, but there was no way to fix the skirt. I waited for a while thinking that I could stay in there until the bar closed, but Miss Compton entered and demanded for me to come out to the table. I held my skirt together at my hip and made my way to the table as fast as I could. Once I was seated, no one could tell that my skirt was ruined.

Jodi leaned over and whispered in my ear, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to happen."

As she whispered, her fingers once again began to stroke my legs. However, she was no longer doing it to humiliate me. She was just trying to show that she was sorry for her actions. It felt good having her fingernails gently raked up and down my inner thighs. Soon I was able to relax and I didn't even flinch when her fingers found their way under my skirt.

Jodi leaned over and whispered, "Let's make this a little easier" and then she pushed my skirt down to the floor.

I tried to stop her, but it was too late. I was now bottomless in an elegant restaurant, but as far as I could tell no one knew it except for Jodi and me. Miss Compton was sitting on the other side of me in the circular booth and she had a pretty good idea what we were doing. However, she covered for us by engaging the men in idle conversation. The men paid a lot of attention to the gaping separation in the front of my shirt, but they didn't try to peek under the table.

I spread my legs as Jodi began to move her finger up and down my moist slit. Every time she touched my little clitty, I would make a soft purring sound, but I was careful not to arouse the attention of the men. After teasing me for a while, Jodi finally inserted a finger inside of me. First she moved her finger in and out, and then she started making little circles inside of me.

Jodi whispered in my ear, "I've never had my finger inside of a pussy before…except of course for my own. How am I doing?"

I moaned, "Mmm, that feels good."

One of the men asked, "What did you say?"

My eyes popped open, but I was speechless.

Jodi covered for me by saying, "Mindy said she hopes that the meal's good."

Jodi wasted no time going back to work on my tight wet pussy. She kept moving her finger in and out, in and out. I closed my eyes as the tension inside of me was building stronger and stronger. When Jodi started massaging my love button with the palm of her hand as she continued to stroke my pussy, I could feel that I was on the edge of a powerful orgasm.

Then I heard a voice say, "May I take your order?"

I looked up and a man in his thirties was towering over me. Jodi quickly moved her hand away and exposed my auburn bush to him. I jerked my hands to my lap in an attempt to cover my nakedness, but it just made things worse. My jerking motion caused my breasts to spill out of my top. Now not only was my pussy showing, my nipples were showing, too. I didn't know what to do next so Miss Compton made my decision for me. She pushed my hands down to my sides and didn't allow me to cover anything.

She said, "I believe we'll get better service this way."

The waiter smiled and said, "You'll receive excellent service tonight."

I was so embarrassed. Not only could the waiter see my bare breasts, he could also see my pussy hair. I was so flustered that I couldn't even order. Jodi went ahead and ordered for me as if I was her date. The waiter took his time taking our order and never moved from a position where he could see my precious gems.

Finally the waiter left and Jodi went back to gently stroking my pussy. I was embarrassed because my titties were hanging out right in front of the three men. However, the beautiful feeling that Jodi was triggering inside of me made me temporarily forget about the intense stares that I was getting from the men. Jodi continued moving her finger in and out of my pleasure place and I was just on the edge of ecstasy, but then she stopped suddenly and pulled her hand away.

I quietly begged, "Please don't stop," but then I saw the waiter reaching over me to fill my water glass.

He took another long look at my breasts and bush, and then he went back into the kitchen. Jodi gave me a little nibble on my ear and then she slipped her finger back into my soaked pussy. She began making soft circles inside of me, and then she would slide her finger up my wet snatch until she found my little clitty. Jodi kept alternating between my love button and my love hole until I was about to explode. Just as I reached the edge of ecstasy for the second time, Jodi again pulled her hand away.

I said, "Jodi what's wrong with you? This is so frustrating. You're driving me crazy!"

Then I realized that our bread was being delivered to our table, but this time it wasn't the waiter. I looked up and saw a really cute boy who couldn't have been more than eighteen. The waiter must have sent the busboy or dishwasher to our table so he could see my nearly naked body. His face was redder than mine was as my pink nipples and auburn pussy hair were out in the open for him to behold.

I actually enjoyed teasing the young boy. His nervous stare truly excited me and I couldn't help spreading my legs wide so that he could get a really good look at my reddish-brown pussy hair. I also pushed my breasts out to make sure that he had an unobstructed view of my round rosy nipples.

Arousing the young boy was fun, but soon I was anxious to have Jodi's finger back inside of me. After the boy finally left, Jodi once again returned to stroking my sweet pussy. She just kept moving her finger in and out, in and out as the tension inside of me kept building stronger and stronger. I thought Jodi was finally going to allow me have an orgasm, but then the waiter brought our salads. Jodi tried to pull her hand away, but this time I forced her to continue. I lost all sense of reality as I began touching, rubbing and pulling on my erect nipples.

With my eyes closed, I started moaning, "Oh my, oh wow, oh that feels so good. Don't stop, please don't stop…yes, yes…I'm cumming, I'm cumming."

Everyone was watching me, but I didn't care. I just kept breathing heavily until Jodi finished me off. The waiter stood there the whole time and he positioned himself above me so that he could see everything. He watched Jodi move her finger in and out of my wet pussy, and he also watched me play with my own nipples. Finally I couldn't take anymore and I pushed Jodi's hand away. I shuttered with excitement and then I just sat back exhausted, letting everything hang out.

As I was still trying to recover from my explosive orgasm, an older woman walked up and said, "I'm the manager here. I don't care what you college kids get away with in other restaurants, but in here you're either going to button up or get out!"

Feeling like a scolded little schoolgirl, I blushed as I looked over at Miss Compton for direction. She nodded as if she was in agreement with the old woman so I tucked my breasts into my teeny top and buttoned up my shirt. Then I pulled my skirt up and draped it over my lap. It was still a revealing outfit, but it covered enough to satisfy the lady so she left as the waiter brought our entrées. I'm sure the men and the waiter would have preferred that I still had my titties and pussy out where they cold see them, but this way I didn't have to feel so ill at ease as I ate my dinner.

When we finished eating, I stood up and held the side of my skirt together so that it wouldn't fall down while we walked out of the restaurant. Once we were in the parking lot, the gentlemen bid us farewell and thanked us for a most interesting and entertaining evening. However, Jodi stayed with us until we got to our car.

The car was parked right next to a busy street. Even though it was dark out, there was a bright streetlight above our car and it illuminated the area. Without warning, Jodi wrapped her arms around me and gave me a big kiss. Her unexpected hug caused me to lose my grip on the skirt and it fell to the pavement. I almost caused an accident as traffic screeched to a halt because motorists stopped to look at my naked ass.

Jodi was hugging me so tight that I had trouble getting away from her to pick up my skirt. I was finally able to break free so I grabbed the skirt and began to climb up into the SUV. I giggled loudly as Jodi pinched my bare butt cheeks while people in the passing cars watched our playful girlish antics.

As Miss Compton and I were driving home, she looked over and asked, "So, you like Jodi more than me, huh?"

I didn't answer so Miss Compton continued, "Just remember who controls your destiny! I'll never run out of new ways to show off that hot little body of yours."

The feeling of fulfillment that Jodi provided wore off quickly and I was now thinking about what Miss Compton was going to make me do next. Miss Compton has the power to remove my clothes anytime, anywhere, and I somehow keep finding ways to make her mad. I was restless all night as I kept wondering who was going to see me naked tomorrow.

**College Girls – Part 33**

When my Behavioral Studies teacher, Miss Compton, found out that I'd slept with my Calculus teacher to raise my grade, she threatened to have me expelled from college. She also threatened to nullify my transcript unless I participated in her research project. The intent of the project is to study people's reactions to public nudity. I was given the choice to either become the exhibitionist that would share my naked body in the name of science or get kicked out of college. As an alternative to expulsion, I opted to become Miss Compton's blackmailed sex slave and I now must expose myself on her command.

It had been more than a week since Miss Compton forced me to publicly humiliate myself and I was hoping that she'd given up on her nude pet project. Then one day after class she asked me to accompany her to the prison where she performs counseling so I knew that she had something in mind. I was not aware that I was going to travel to a prison so I was not dressed appropriately. I wore a short purple mini dress that wrapped around the front of me. A single tie above my left hip held the dress together. Underneath the dress I wore a pair of silky white panties and a strapless bra.

On the drive over to the prison, Miss Compton said, "You have on your pretty purple dress again, but you also wore a bra."

I said, "You know how this dress separates and gaps on top. It’s too easy for someone to look down the front of my dress and see my breasts if I'm not wearing a bra."

Miss Compton said, "Don't forget what happened last time! You refused to remove your bra so I cut it off with a scissors."

I pleaded, "But last time we were just in your office. This time you're taking me to a prison. It would be dangerous for me to parade around with my braless breasts hanging out. There will be all those prisoners looking at me not to mention all the guards."

Miss Compton said sternly, "I'll cut the bra off again if I have to!"

I said, "Well I can't afford to lose another bra so I guess you win."

I reached inside the top of my dress and unhooked the bra. I pulled it off and tossed it in the back seat of the big SUV. Now my natural medium sized breasts bounced in rhythm with the motion of the truck as we headed down the highway.

I looked over at Miss Compton and noticed that she was dressed rather provocatively for a prison trip. She was wearing a thin white blouse with a flimsy bra underneath. Even with a bra I could see the shadows of her nipples showing through her blouse. Miss Compton also had on a relatively short skirt and she wasn't wearing pantyhose.

I innocently asked, "Are you wearing anything under your skirt?"

Miss Compton replied by raising the hem of the skirt high enough to expose a pair of white see-through panties. Her beautiful brunette bush was clearly visible under the thin material.

I said, "I would think that there are rules against what you're doing. If you're not allowed to date your patients then it surely must be against the rules to flash them."

She said, "Who said anything about flashing? I've got panties on."

I said, "Barely!"

She said, "Look, if the men want to peek up my skirt, then that's their business. Besides, these aren't the type of guys that would complain to the review board."

Miss Compton continued, "And I need a little fun in my life. My fiancé ran off with a nineteen-year-old girl followed by you telling me that you have no interest in me. Then my best girlfriend, who I didn't even know was interested in having sex with other girls, makes a play for you and you spread your legs faster than a speeding bullet!"

I said, "You shouldn't be jealous of Jodi. It just sort of happened between us. And you shouldn't feel bad about yourself, either. You have a beautiful face with long dark hair and you've got those big tits. Your body is firm and well proportioned, and you have long shapely legs. You have a nice smile and for thirty-five years old, you're really quite attractive."

Miss Compton said, "Quit bringing up my age. You were really inflating my ego until you said that, you twenty-year-old brat!"

I said, "Sorry," but Miss Compton still had a smile on her face so I think I finally made her happy.

When Miss Compton and I arrived at the prison, a guard opened an electric door and then another guard met us on the other side. He said that he was going to lead us to a secured area, but to get there we had to travel across a walkway that was suspended above the prisoners' recreation room. The walkway was constructed of a steel grate and a railing. The guard looked at the wire mesh openings in the floor of the walkway, and then he looked at our short skirts and smiled.

The prisoners all stopped what they were doing and strolled over so that they were directly below us. Through the wire mesh steel grate that we were walking across, the prisoners could look right up at us. Since Miss Compton was wearing a short skirt and I was wearing a mini dress, the men could see our panties!

I said, "All the men are looking up my dress. Why didn't you let me wear pants?"

Miss Compton said, "I guess I forgot about it."

As the prisoners started catcalling and whistling at us I said, "Forgot? How can you forget something like this? All of the inmates can see our panties!"

When Miss Compton and the guard smiled at each other I said, "You didn't forget. You want them to look!"

From the look on the guard's face I figured that Miss Compton had pulled this stunt before. When we finally reached the other side of the walkway we entered the secured area through a heavy door. Miss Compton and I were directed into a room with a table and a few chairs, but no windows. One of the chairs was bolted to the floor.

A prisoner was escorted into the room and each of his wrists were handcuffed to the arms of the bolted chair. The prisoner was around thirty and had sandy blonde hair. The guy was tall and even though he had a rough outer shell, he was still rather good-looking. It was hard to tell because of his orange prison suit, but he looked well built, too.

Miss Compton said, "This is Denny. He's one of my favorite clients."

I asked, "Why is he handcuffed?"

She said, "For our protection. My sessions must be kept confidential so a guard can't stay in the room with us and hear our conversation. However, Denny is perfectly harmless. He's in jail for embezzlement, a white collar crime...and he still has a bundle of money hidden away!"

I guess there are women that are interested in a man with money, even if he man is in prison. Miss Compton was obviously interested in Denny and this evidently was not her first session with him. At the beginning of the session, Miss Compton and Denny were making small talk and it didn't sound like it had anything to do with therapy.

Miss Compton said that she wanted to get started, but she intentionally dropped her pen on the floor and asked me to pick it up. When I bent over, the front of my dress fell away from my chest and Denny could look right down at my braless breasts. He had a clear view of my puffy pink nipples.

I was embarrassed because Denny and Miss Compton looked at each other and chuckled when I handed her the pen. Then Miss Compton dropped the pen, smiled at Denny and once again told me to pick it up. This time I had to bend over with my back to Denny and I could feel the hem of the short dress ride up in back exposing my silky white panties to the man. I handed the pen to Miss Compton and sat down. Miss Compton was making me mad because she was treating me like a dog fetching a stick. I was also angry for having to bare my body to a convict.

Miss Compton looked at me and said, "Mindy, wipe that frown off your face. Denny is stuck in this place and he never gets to see any women."

I sternly said, "Well then, let me show him one" and then I leaned over and lifted up Miss Compton's skirt.

Miss Compton said, "Mindy, this is totally uncalled for," but she made no attempt to push me away.

Miss Compton seemed to enjoy showing Denny her see-through panties and Denny appeared to enjoy looking at them. Then I noticed that Denny was squirming around in the chair. With his wrists handcuffed to the armrests, I could tell that it was very frustrating for Denny to have a couple of girls flashing him. I'm sure he hadn't been with a woman in quite a while so revealing Miss Compton's panties to the poor guy was probably killing him inside. Since I despised criminals and I was getting pleasure from exposing Miss Compton, I decided to really torture the poor man.

I lifted the front of my mini dress and said, "See Denny, her panties are skimpier than mine. My little undies may be silky, but her panties are see-through!"

Miss Compton said, "Okay Mindy, that's enough," but she still allowed me to resume holding up her skirt."

I continued, "Her panties don't hide much more than if she wasn't wearing anything at all," and then I slipped my finger inside the waistband of her panties and began to slowly pull them down.

Denny's eyes opened wide as I inched Miss Compton's panties down in front. Her dark pussy hair was slowly revealed as I continued pulling on the see-through undies. When Miss Compton's skimpy panties reached mid-thigh, her brunette bush was completely exposed to Denny. Miss Compton appeared to be a little embarrassed, but I received absolutely no resistance from her whatsoever so I pushed her petite pair of underpants all the way to the floor. I then moved my hand up between her legs and began gently raking my fingernails through Miss Compton's pleasure patch, much to the delight of everyone in the room.

I looked at Denny and said, "See what a pretty pussy Miss Compton has? It's too bad you're in handcuffs. Otherwise you'd be able to touch it, but I guess you didn't think of that when you were stealing someone else's money!"

I detest delinquents that take advantage of innocent people and I knew that this little performance must have been driving Denny crazy. However, Miss Compton took offence to my statement.

She said, "That wasn't necessary, Mindy. We're here to help Denny, not judge him."

I said, "Help him huh? Here, does this help!"

I pulled on the one tie holding my dress together and it separated in front. My medium sized natural breasts were out in the open for Denny to see as well as my skimpy white panties. I sat down in the chair and let the dress fall to my sides allowing Denny to examine my nearly naked body.

Denny licked his lips and said, "You have nice breasts!"

I leaned over in front of him and said, "Here, want to touch them?"

He started pulling hard against the handcuffs and then I said, "Oh I'm sorry. I forgot about the handcuffs. Too bad!"

Miss Compton said, "Stop it Mindy. That's enough."

I turned towards Miss Compton and she appeared to have that jealous look on her face.

I said, "You're right. Why should I show him my tits when you've got such a nice rack to share."

I leaned over and began unbuttoning Miss Compton's blouse. I made sure to stand sideways so that Denny's view of Miss Compton's breasts would not be obstructed. One by one I opened the buttons until I reached her waist.

Miss Compton said, "Mindy stop. You shouldn't be doing this," but we both knew that she didn't want me to stop.

Miss Compton's bra covered breasts were hanging out in the open for Denny to see. Then I reached behind Miss Compton's back and unhooked her bra. Her big boobies spilled out right in front of Denny and Miss Compton's round rosy nipples were now revealed to him. With Miss Compton's panties on the floor and her legs spread apart, Denny could see her dark hairy triangle, too.

As I tickled Miss Compton's nipples with my fingertips I said, "She sure has some nice tits doesn't she Denny? And I'll bet they taste good, too."

Miss Compton said, "Mindy, look how flustered Denny is. You've got to stop taunting him like this. You're driving him wild!"

I said, "Well, if he can't taste your big titties then I'll have to do it for him," and then I leaned over and began to lick Miss Compton's nipples.

I said, "Mmm Denny, they taste real good!"

Denny was shifting around in his chair and trying to break free, but it was no use. He was trapped so I pushed the torture even further.

I said, "Denny let me show you something else that I think Miss Compton will like."

I reached down between Miss Compton's legs and slipped a finger inside of her pussy. Miss Compton was nice and wet as she spread her legs wide for me to work my magic. I began moving my finger all around and started sucking on her hard nipples at the same time.

Miss Compton said, "Please stop, Mindy. You're taking this way too far."

She told me to stop, but she had her hand on the back of my head pushing my pouty lips against her hard nipples. She also continued to allow my finger to explore her wet pussy.

I asked, "Do you really want me to quit?"

Miss Compton moaned, "I think we should quit."

I continued softly stroking Miss Compton's pussy with my finger while I pressed my lips against her big tits. I was slightly bent over and since my dress was open in front I was able to let the entire dress fall to my side which completely exposed my silky white panties to Denny. The panties were low-cut and in my bent over position some of my butt crack was showing above the waistband. I could also feel my underpants riding up a little allowing my firm young butt checks to hang out below my skimpy undies. Miss Compton's body felt as though it was tensing up and I could tell that she was thoroughly enjoying what I was doing.

Once again I asked, "Are you sure you want me to quit?"

She moaned, "I don't know…I just don't know" as she closed her eyes.

I moved my finger up Miss Compton's wet slit and touched her little clitty. This made her body twitch, but then I returned to her love hole. When I moved up to Miss Compton's clitty again she tensed up and wiggled around in her chair, but again I returned to her pleasure place. I was having fun teasing Miss Compton and it really got her juices flowing.

My fingers continued to explore between Miss Compton's long legs while I gently nibbling on her hard nipples. I could hear Denny's handcuffs rattling against the metal chair so I knew that this was having an affect on him, too. My intention was to torture and punish the criminal and it appeared that I was succeeding.

I paused for a second and asked Miss Compton, "You don't want me to quit do you?"

Miss Compton whispered, "No, don't quit. This feels wonderful!"

I looked over at Denny and said, "Yep Denny, she likes it. Her pussy is nice and wet, and listen to her soft moans. I think she really likes it! Too bad you're bolted down and handcuffed or you could be doing this."

Miss Compton moaned, "Please, quit tormenting Denny."

I said, "You mean stop?"

She begged, "No, no…don't stop. It feels so good. Just don't make Denny feel bad because he can't participate."

I turned to Denny and asked, "Denny, am I making you feel bad?"

Then I pushed my white silky panties down to my thighs revealing my neatly trimmed auburn bush and asked, "Does that make you feel bad? Does seeing a young girl's pussy when you're chained to a chair and can't do anything about it make you feel bad?"

Denny said, "Oh man, bad is not the word I'd use, but you have no idea what you're doing to me!"

I abruptly stopped stroking Miss Compton and said, "We have to stop because I have no idea what I'm doing to Denny."

Miss Compton shrieked, "Oh please don't stop. You have no idea what you're doing to me!"

I said, "One thing at a time. Let's find out what we're doing to Denny."

I reached down and with my tits practically touching Denny's face, I unzipped his prison uniform and out popped his ridged manhood.

I said, "Wow…Look how big it is!"

I looked over at Miss Compton and she was practically shaking because she was so close to ecstasy when I removed my finger from her wet pussy. I gently took Denny's stiff rod in my soft hand and stroked it a little bit.

I said, "Miss Compton, I'll bet you wish you had one of these inside of you right now."

She replied, "You have no idea."

Denny started moving around in his chair and demanded, "Harder, faster!"

I let go and said, "Nope, sorry. You're a criminal and you have to pay for your crime."

Denny said, "No, please no! I need this so badly!"

I just ignored Denny's pleas and very slowly reached down to pull my panties up right in front of him. Then I closed my dress and tied it shut.

Denny pleaded, "Please don't get dressed. You're beautiful. I love your body!"

Miss Compton walked over and said, "Mindy, you're just cruel. You got Denny and I both worked up and then you left us high and dry."

I said, "Well then, why don't you just take care of each other? Oh and by the way Miss Compton, you're far from dry!"

She just gave me a smirk and moved towards Denny. Miss Compton leaned over and gave him a big kiss, and then she brushed her big tits against his face.

Miss Compton said to Denny, "You like ‘em don't you!"

Denny began to suck on Miss Compton's breasts and she moaned, "Mmm, that feels nice."

Denny begged, "I need more. Please, I need you so bad."

Miss Compton said, "You need me? You want me?"

Denny pleaded, "Yes…I want you bad, real bad!"

Miss Compton said, "Well it's so good to hear that a man wants me. I guess I can't pass up this opportunity."

Miss Compton turned around and lifted up her skirt. She bent over and showed her creamy white ass to Denny. Denny loved the view of Miss Compton's beautiful butt right in front of him, but he was even happier when she backed up and guided his hard penis inside of her waiting pussy.

Miss Compton started moving up and down on Denny and appeared to be giving him a lap dance. However, she was giving him so much more! Soon Denny was deep inside of Miss Compton and she loved every second of it. With Miss Compton's hands on the armrests of the chair for leverage, her unrestrained boobs moved around in front of her as she bounced up and down on Denny's throbbing member.

They were both moaning and breathing heavy so I said, "I guess my work here is done!"

I opened the metal door and walked out securing the door behind me. I decided to wait in the hall until they were finished. There were two benches bolted down in the hallway facing each other with a few magazines laying on each of them. I took a seat on the bench and began paging through some auto magazine that had pictures of girls posing with cars. Then I started thinking about what I'd just done to Denny.

Teasing Denny was a lot of fun and I decided that I'd found my newest fetish. Being the one in control is much more enjoyable than being the one getting humiliated, like when Miss Compton forced me to flash my ass in the classroom. I suddenly realized that I got pleasure out of showing my body to guys in restraints that couldn't do anything about it.

I especially enjoyed teasing these convicts because I despised them for the crimes that they'd committed. Somehow I felt that flashing them while they were in handcuffs gave me the power to inflict more punishment on them for what they had done. Then a prisoner was escorted down the hallway and handcuffed to the bench across from me. The guard took a good look at me and then he told me how cute I was. I just blushed and thanked him.

He said, "The prisoner is secured so he shouldn't be any trouble, but I'll be just down the hall if you need me. Let me know when you've finished your session."

I said, "Okay I will."

Apparently the guard thought I was the counselor. I was alone with a hardened felon and he was chained to a bench. I started thinking about all the possibilities!

The prisoner was a big black guy in his late twenties. He was staring at me so intensely that it was almost frightening at first. Then I decided that he was handcuffed and couldn't do anything to me so I began torturing the convict.

I said, "Let me put this magazine down and then we'll get started."

I walked over in front of him and bent down to set the magazine beside him on the bench. When I leaned over, my dress separated in front and he had an unobstructed view of my bare breasts. My puffy pink nipples were on display right in front of him and there was nothing he could do about it.

He told me that his name was Desmond and that he was convicted of armed robbery and attempted rape. I said that those were serious charges, but he claimed that he was innocent.

I asked him what happened and he said, "To join a gang, the boys made me rob from rich people. I had to break in their house and take any cash I could find. Nothin' else!"

I said, "Then what happened?"

Desmond continued, "I goes in this big house and I couldn't find no cash, but then I looked outside and saw this white woman by the pool. I ain't never seen a naked white woman so I went out to get a closer look."

I asked, "She was naked?"

He replied, "She had her top off and she was layin' on her stomach."

I said, "So you decided to rape her?"

Desmond said, "No, hell no. I was just watchin', but then she started push down the bottom of her swimsuit and she had a fine ass! I couldn't help it. I moved until I was standin' over her."

I said, "Go on."

Desmond continued, "There was this noise so she rolled over. She was layin' there all naked and shit with her tits and cunt right out in the open. Then these cops came in the yard because I accidentally tripped the alarm when I went into the house and she started screamin' rape, but I never touched her!"

I said, "And you didn't get a fair trial?"

He said, "Hell no. I didn't steal nothin' and I wasn't gonna rape her, but she was a rich white woman and I was a poor black kid. Plus I had a gun so they sent me here for seven years."

I asked, "So how long have you been here?"

He said, "Over four years."

I casually spread my legs and asked, "How long since you've seen a woman?"

Desmond paused to look at my skimpy white panties and then he answered, "Over four years."

I said, "Well you know you shouldn't have been looking at that woman."

He said, "I know, I know. I couldn't help it."

I paused and then I said, "You're looking at me right now aren't you? You're looking at my panties."

He said, "No, no."

I said, "I'm going to cover up anyway."

I pulled my dress together in front, but in the process, I casually untied the one string that held my dress together. As I sat there and talked to the guy as if I was a counselor, I could feel my dress slipping apart in front. By the way Desmond's eyes were widening, I could tell that the gap in my dress was widening, too.

Sweat was rolling down the guy's face and I glanced down to see that my little white panties were almost completed exposed. However I pretended not to know that my dress was open in front even though my nipples were just barely covered. Then I casually leaned forward and my medium sized natural breasts fell out of the dress. Desmond let out a grunt as my round rosy nipples were suddenly revealed to him.

I asked, "Why are you fidgeting around in your seat? Do I make you uncomfortable?"

He said, "No, no way."

Then I looked down and said, "Oh now I see what's wrong. My dress came apart. You're looking at my breasts and underpants. That's not very nice you know."

He said, "I'm sorry. I can't help it. I ain't seen no girls in this place. I ain't seen no girls in a long time."

I said, "Well this is the reason that you were sent here in the first place. You need to learn to control yourself even if I do this" and then I stood up and dipped my fingers into the waistband of my panties.

I slowly slid the little undies down my legs until my reddish-brown muff was showing. After completely removing my panties, I pushed my dress apart in front to insure that Desmond had an unobstructed view of my firm breasts and neatly trimmed pussy hair.

I said, "Desmond, don't look at me."

He said, "You mean I can't look even if you're naked?"

I said, "You can't look even if I'm doing this" and then I started touching my pussy.

I had my panties in my hand so I stopped and said, "Hold these for me would you please?"

I leaned over and stuffed my panties into his breast pocket and when I did, my breasts were only inches from his face. Next I turned around and slowly walked to the bench across from him. As I walked I pulled the dress to my side allowing Desmond to see my bare ass. Then I sat down, pushed my dress to my sides and spread my legs apart. My pussy lips were totally exposed to the criminal.

I said, "Now Desmond, this is a good test to see if you've learned your lesson. I'm going to sit here like this and I want you to look away."

He said, "But your tits and cunt be right out in the open!"

I said, "Close your eyes and quit being so vulgar. I hate the C word."

He said, "Sorry" as he closed his eyes halfway.

I said, "Now I don't want you to peek even if I'm doing this" and then I slipped a finger into my wet pussy and began moving it in and out.

With a hand between my legs I used the other hand to massage one of my bare breasts. Desmond's eyes were almost wide open again as I started making little circles inside of my pleasure place with my finger.

Suddenly I heard the handcuffs rattle and Desmond said, "Oh man, oh man. I can't take it."

I sternly said, "Desmond close your eyes."

He closed them for a second, but he started slowly opening them again. I was really getting into it as I worked my finger in and out of my most intimate area. I was making soft moaning sounds for effect as I began to work myself up into a frenzy. Soon the feeling of ecstasy was building inside of me and my performance was no longer just to torture Desmond…I wanted to cum!

Desmond was staring at me, but I didn't care. My only intention now was to get myself off. Desmond was squirming around on the bench, but with his wrists restrained and there was nothing he could do except watch. I could feel my body tightening up and finally I reached the point of no return.

I started moaning and breathing hard as I worked my finger in and out of my tight wet pussy. Finally I had an explosive orgasm and then my arms dropped limply to my sides. My dress was completely open in front, giving Desmond an unobstructed view of my firm breasts and hair triangle. My eyes were closed as I sat there trying to recover from pleasuring myself.

Suddenly I heard Desmond say, "Come on bitch, you gotta take care of me!"

I said, "What did you call me?"

He said, "I'm sorry, I just need it bad."

I stood up and slowly pulled my dress together in front. Then I tied the strings at my hip which hid my nakedness from Desmond's eyes.

He said, "Please don't get dressed. You gotta do me."

I said, "I don't have to do anything! Look Desmond, you're a prisoner and you spied on a defenseless woman. When you learn to show respect to women, then maybe a girl will give you some passion, but for now all you get to do is watch!"

At that moment the door swung open and Miss Compton strolled out.

She asked, "What have you been doing?"

I replied, "Entertaining your next client."

Miss Compton looked at Desmond and said, "He's not my client. I told you that I don't counsel the hardened criminals. He must be waiting for Dr. Henry."

I said, "Oh, oh! Then I think we'd better leave."

As we walked to the end of the hall Desmond yelled, "Come back, come back! We ain't finished," but the guards opened the main door and we walked out onto the catwalk.

Once again we were lead across the walkway suspended above the prisoners' recreation room. When the prisoners gathered below us, I was suddenly overcome by a wave of embarrassment. Through the wire meshed steel grate that we were walking across, the prisoners could look right up at us. Since I'd given my panties to Desmond, I was now naked under my short mini dress and the men could see my bare pussy!

Miss Compton looked at me and asked, "Are you alright?"

I said, "Let's just hurry to the other side!"

We finally left the prison and as we were riding home in the SUV Miss Compton asked about my uneasiness in the prison. I just lifted my dress and showed her why I was so uncomfortable. With my auburn bush out in the open I explained to Miss Compton how I'd lost my panties. Then I told her that I'd forgotten about the walkway and without panties I was flashing my bare beaver to all of the inmates below. Miss Compton let out a laugh and responded by lifting her skirt. She wasn't wearing any panties, either!

She said, "I gave my panties to Denny as a present so I thought all those prisoners were yelling obscenities because they could see my bush. I guess they were yelling at both of us!"

As we rode down the highway with both of our naked pussies on display I said, "So it looks like today was a little bonding experience for us. Maybe now you won't make me expose myself in public."

Miss Compton replied, "On the contrary! You showed my tits and pussy to a man without my permission. Then you got me excited and walked away without finishing me off. I didn't intend to have sex with Denny, but what choice did I have? You stopped after bringing me to the edge of an orgasm. For this you will be punished!"

I thought to myself, "I just can't win."

When I went to bed that night I started thinking about Denny and Desmond seeing me naked. Desmond still had my panties and I bet he was telling all the inmates in the prison about me. Then I started thinking about how frustrating it must have been for those criminals to see a naked young girl and not be able to do anything about it.

I began dreaming about my newfound fetish by imagining myself naked and embracing another girl while a guy in handcuffs is unable to do anything except watch. It got me so excited that I had to slip my fingers inside of my panties and bring myself to another orgasm. However, I went to sleep that night with the same burning question…who was Miss Compton going to expose my naked body to next time?

**College Girls – Part 34**

My name is Mindy Sparks and I'm a twenty-year-old junior at a college in the Midwest. I'm a good student with a high grade point average, which I've earned through hard work and studying. However, I felt that I needed a little help earning a high grade in Calculus so I slept with my professor.

Unfortunately my Behavioral Studies teacher found out about my little act of indiscretion so she threatened to have me expelled from college and also have my transcript nullified unless I participated in her research project. My teacher, Miss Compton, is writing a report describing people's reactions to public nudity. Since I didn't want to get kicked out of school and lose two years of college credits, I agreed to become Miss Compton's blackmailed sex slave and I now must expose myself in public on her command.

So far my teacher has forced me to bare my breasts in the classroom along with dressing me up in very sheer pantyhose and revealing my ass to my fellow students. Then Miss Compton teamed up with her colleague, Jodi, and they forced me show my ass in a restaurant while I was still only clad in those sheer pantyhose. One thing led to another that evening and I ended up bottomless with my braless tits hanging out of my shirt. Then Jodi inserted her finger into my pussy and worked me up into a frenzy while the guests and the kitchen staff watched.

My teacher is also a counselor employed by the state's correctional system and she managed to exhibit my nude body to clients in her office as well as inmates at the prison. It was all very humiliating for me, but I also learned something about myself during my visit to the jail. The prisoners were handcuffed and I discovered that I enjoyed flaunting my medium sized natural breasts, firm round butt and reddish-brown pussy hair to the prisoners because they were immobilized and couldn't do anything to me.

I despise criminals so it was gratifying for me to taunt and torment the inmates. Leaving the men flustered and unfulfilled made me feel like I was helping punish them for the crimes that they'd committed. In fact I wish that I could use this method of punishment to get back at some of my ex-boyfriends and all of the immature fraternity boys that have taken advantage of me in the past.

I've been used by so called boyfriends and frat boys who have gone as far as stripping me in public solely for the entertainment of their friends and frat brothers. I've pictured myself getting revenge on them by trapping the guys in bondage and playfully teasing them until they begged for mercy. Unfortunately that fantasy will have to wait because my sex life is currently at the predilection of Miss Compton.

In our last escapade I thought that I'd made some progress in winning Miss Compton's trust and admiration by removing her clothes in front of one of her clients. Flashing Miss Compton's big jugs and brunette bush to the client led to a very satisfying sexual interlude for her, but I didn't earn any brownie points. Miss Compton said that I revealed her body to the man without her permission and she vowed to punish me for my act of insolence.

Miss Compton once again teamed up with Jodi to toy with my emotions by placing me in various situations where I innocently lost my clothes while the unsuspecting public looked on. One night Miss Compton and Jodi drove me to a movie theatre. There was a long line in front of the building and she dropped me off at the corner. Miss Compton bought a tasteful blue dress for me to wear, but all I had on underneath was a pair of pink thong panties.

I didn't have a clue to what was about to happen, but they instructed me to get out of the SUV and walk to a T-shirt shop on the other side of the theatre. Miss Compton and Jodi would then drive around for a while before returning to pick me up. The dress went down to my knees and you couldn't see through it so I didn't understand what the big deal was.

What I didn't know was that before Miss Compton gave me the dress she clipped some of the stitching on the seam up the back so that it would tear apart easily. Then when I jumped down from the big SUV, Jodi made sure that my dress was caught in the door as I slammed it shut. Before I could react, Miss Compton stepped on the gas pedal and drove away ripping the dress right off me.

I was left standing there wearing only those skimpy thong panties. I was mortified because everyone in line at the theatre was looking at me. My reaction to the situation was real because I had no idea that it was going to happen.

I instinctively tried to chase Miss Compton and Jodi so I ran after the big SUV as it took off down the street. I was waving my arms in the air and screaming to get Miss Compton's attention, but then I realized that all I was doing was drawing attention to myself. My braless breasts were bouncing around freely while the movie theatre crowd focused on my practically bare body.

When I gave up chasing the SUV, I turned around and faced the crowd. It was at that moment when I realized the severity of my quandary. I put my hands over my breasts to cover them the best I could, but I had to rely on my tiny thong panties to conceal the rest of me. I wanted to hide, but I kept my wits about myself and remembered that I was supposed to wait in the T-shirt shop next door to the theatre. Unfortunately, to get to the shop I had to walk right past the crowd.

As I slinked up the sidewalk, I felt like I was naked. The thin fabric of the skimpy thong was riding up into my butt crack leaving my butt cheeks almost completely exposed to the crowd. There wasn't much protection in front of me, either. The little triangle of material was so skimpy that my auburn pussy hair poked out of the tiny thong from all directions. I couldn't cover everything so I concentrated on hiding my bare breasts as the people stared, pointed and laughed.

When I was about halfway through the crowd, a security guard that witnessed the incident came up and offered to assist me. He took me by the arm, almost uncovering my breast in the process, and walked with me to the T-shirt shop. I'm sure he just wanted to get a closer look at my nearly naked body, but I felt somewhat protected nonetheless.

Once we were inside the shop the guard decided to stay and make sure that I was taken care of. Was he really concerned about me or was he only interested in gawking at a cute little girl in her underwear? I'd had to guess that it was the later of the two.

The guard explained my situation to an old woman behind the counter and she offered me a free T-shirt. I hurried towards the back of the store, but there was a group of eighteen-year-old boys standing there pawing through the T-shirt rack. They stopped what they were doing and immediately turned to look at me.

I was feeling unusually shy as I began sifting through the T-shirt rack. My face turned bright red because there was no way to search through the cluster of shirts and hide my breasts at the same time. I was forced to leave my titties completely uncovered as the boys positioned themselves to get a birds-eye-view of my bare boobies.

I promptly rummaged around for the first large shirt that I could find. The boys took advantage of my unfortunate situation by carefully examining my puffy pink nipples, which were right out in the open for the teens to observe. Finally I found a large T-shirt and slipped it over my head. With my breasts finally covered I made my way to the front of the store to get away from the boys.

The woman behind the counter looked at me and said, "Oh honey, I told you that you could have a T-shirt, but I didn't say that you could have the most expensive one. Why don't you take that shirt off and choose one of the shirts on the sale rack up front."

I said, "Take off the shirt?"

She said, "Yes dear. Take it off right now before something happens to it."

I said, "But I don't have anything on underneath it."

She smiled and said, "I know."

The guard chuckled and added, "We all know!"

I reluctantly said, "Okay, I'll take it off" and then I heard the teenaged boys behind me say, "Alright!"

I resentfully slipped off the T-shirt and once again I was standing in public wearing only a pair of tiny pink thong panties. The old woman moved next to the rack of T-shirts at the front of the store and motioned for me to join her. The guard was blocking the entrance door so that no one could come in, but there was nothing stopping the crowd from peeking through the big window up front.

As she sorted through the shirts the woman asked, "Are you a high school girl?"

I said, "No. I go to the college on the other side of town?"

She said, "Well, you look awfully young for a college girl. Do you belong to a sorority?"

I replied, "Yes I do."

Then the woman asked, "Which one do you belong to?"

I sternly said, "It doesn't matter. I'm practically naked and a crowd of people are staring at me. Just give me a damn shirt!"

The woman stopped abruptly, rolled her eyes at the guard and said, "This girl’s pretty demanding for someone who needs my help."

The guard looked at the woman and asked, "Do you want me to escort her out of the store and send her on her way?"

I shrieked, "No…no, please don't do that. I can't go out there without any clothes on and face that crowd again. I'm very sorry."

The woman paused for a moment and said, "Okay, I accept your apology. Now what sorority are you in?"

I rattled off my sorority's Greek letters and the woman very slowly began to sift through the rack. I guess I'd made the woman a little angry with my rudeness so she punished me by leaving me standing there practically naked as long as possible. I held my hands over my breasts, but my skimpy thong was exposed to the crowd peering through the window.

A group of young boys were examining my butt cheeks, which hung out of the tiny thong behind me. The guard moved closer to me and there was no question as to what he was looking at. He fixed his eyes on the strands of reddish-brown pussy hair that were peeking out of the little pink triangle which failed to conceal my neatly trimmed auburn bush.

The woman selected a shirt and as she slowly held it up I demanded, "Will you hurry! Everyone is staring at me and I'm almost naked!"

The woman responded by saying, "Well I was going to give you this nice big shirt, but I now I don't think it would fit you very well."

I said, "Big would be great!"

The woman said, "No, I think a demanding spoiled sorority brat like you would rather wait for a shirt that fits perfectly."

The woman was once again trying to punish me for my rude behavior. I'm really a very sweet little girl, but I was desperate because I was nearly nude and a crowd of people were gawking at me. I begged for the woman's forgiveness as more people gathered in front of the window outside. However the woman took her sweet ole time looking for a shirt and all I could do was stand there and allow everyone to gaze at all the bare flesh that I was exhibiting. It was so humiliating!

I was thinking to myself, "Why are you taking so long lady? Don't you realize that I'm a young girl standing here in a public place wearing only a tiny thong and no top at all? There's a whole crowd of people looking at me so would you please hurry up," but I didn't say it out loud because I knew that it would only agitate the lady and cause her to move even slower.

Finally the woman said, "I found a T-shirt with your sorority's crest printed on it, but it's only an extra small. Although you're welcome to it if you'd like."

I said, "At this point I'll take anything. Thank you."

She handed me the T-shirt and I asked, "Where's your dressing room?"

The woman laughed and said, "This is a T-shirt shop, not the Gap! We don't have dressing rooms. If you want to put the shirt on, you'll have to do it right here."

The woman, the guard, the boys behind me and the crowd in front of the store window surrounded me. I was really nervous because in order to put the T-shirt on I was going to have to raise my arms and expose my firm natural breasts to everyone. After thinking about it for a moment I determined that I had no choice so I raised my arms up and slipped the little T-shirt over my head. My medium sized natural breasts and round rosy nipples were briefly displayed to the crowd, but I managed to tug the shirt down and cover my bare titties rather quickly.

I looked at the front of the white T-shirt and I immediately could tell why it was so cheap. It was very thin and I could easily see my nipples poking through the front of the shirt. This embarrassed me because everyone else could see my nipples, too! I'd seen wet T-shirts that showed less than this dry T-shirt.

Since the T-shirt was an extra small, it didn't come down very low. I'm only five-foot-one and I weigh a hundred and four pounds so I can actually wear a smaller size. However the extra small T-shirt was even too small for me. The bottom of the shirt stopped just at the waistband of my thong so my butt cheeks were hanging out below the shirt in back.

Once I put the shirt on, the woman asked me to leave the store so I went out to the curb and waited for my ride. A group of boys kept walking up and down the sidewalk to get a look at me, but no one did anything because the security guard stood nearby. Finally Miss Compton and Jodi returned in the SUV, but they stopped at the other side of the theatre. I was forced to walk past the crowd once again.

I pulled the T-shirt down in front of me in an attempt to hide my tiny thong. However it only caused the shirt to tighten against my chest, making my nipples even more visible to the crowd. In addition, pulling the T-shirt down in front caused the back of the shirt to lift up even higher. My butt cheeks were almost entirely uncovered beneath the tiny thong that ran up the middle of my butt crack. Finally I reached the tall SUV, but bending forward and climbing up into the backseat forced me to give the crowd a moon shot. Then I slammed the door shut putting an end to the humiliating ordeal. At least I thought it was the end, but unfortunately Miss Compton and Jodi had other plans for me!

**College Girls – Part 35**

Once again Miss Compton used her blackmailing power to expose me in public. After having my dress destroyed in a store, I was left running through the crowd in just a tiny T-shirt and a skimpy pair of thong panties. My Behavioral Studies teacher and her friend Jodi left me alone to face the crowd, but they finally retuned and let me get into the car.

I screamed, "What's wrong with the two of you? You tore my dress off!"

Miss Compton laughed and said, "Oh we did? We're sorry. It was an accident!"

I said, "Yeah, right! Just take me home."

Then Miss Compton turned to Jodi and asked, "Are you hungry?"

Jodi replied, "A little bit. Let's stop and get a burger."

I just sat in the back seat and pouted. When we pulled into a fast food burger joint I told them that I wasn't hungry and I was just going to wait in the car. Unfortunately, Miss Compton and Jodi weren't ready to let the evening end and demanded that I come inside and stand in line with them.

I said, "You can't make me go in there. My nipples are practically poking right through the veil thin material of this T-shirt and it doesn't even cover my thong. I might as well be naked!"

Miss Compton's eyes got wide and she said, "Well there's a thought!"

I said, "Forget about it. I'll settle for the T-shirt" and then I quickly jumped out of the SUV before Miss Compton got any other wild ideas.

Everyone fixed their eyes on at me as soon as I entered the place. While standing in line, I tried to pull my little T-shirt down from the sides to cover my thong the best I could. It didn't help on top though. Under the bright restaurant lights everyone could see right through the thin T-shirt that I was wearing. My pink nipples were poking out against the front of the tight shirt and guys were staring at me like deer in headlights.

When our food came Miss Compton said, "Mindy, would you please get the tray?"

I said, "If I pick up the tray I won't be able to hold my shirt down. All these boys will be able to see my thong!"

Miss Compton said, "Then I guess it's their lucky day!"

It was obvious to the boys that there was no way I could pick up the tray and hold my shirt down to cover my skimpy undies at the same time. The boys quickly moved into position to get a good look at me as I slowly bent over to reach for the food. When I let go of the little T-shirt to pick up the tray, I could feel the hem of the shirt quickly ascend up my body leaving my butt cheeks hanging out for all of the boys to see. I also knew that the tiny triangle of fabric in front didn't completely hide my auburn bush, either. Needless to say I was quite embarrassed, but luckily we were pretty far from campus so there wasn't anyone in the place that I knew.

I was finally able to sit down in the booth which allowed me to hide from the boys. While we were eating, I discussed my bondage fantasy with Miss Compton and Jodi. After we finished our meal, Jodi climbed into the back seat of the SUV with me. She pointed out that there was a handle on the inside of the SUV just above each door to help passengers get in and out of the big vehicle. Jodi said that it would be fun to pick up a guy and strap him to those handles. I quickly agreed, but Miss Compton said that she didn't think the handles were strong enough to restrain anyone. Jodi disagreed and said that she would prove it. She asked me to help her and I foolishly agreed.

I asked how I could help and Jodi instructed me to hold my arm up by the handle. With my hand up in the air, Jodi took a nail file out of her purse and used it to rip a piece of fabric from my ruined dress. She took the piece of fabric and tied my wrist to the handle.

Jodi asked, "Can you get loose?"

I pulled on my wrist and responded, "No. I'm stuck here. Let's go find a guy!"

Miss Compton said, "Not so fast. You'd better check both handles."

Jodi ripped another strand of fabric from the dress and tied my other wrist to the handle over the opposite door. Jodi once again asked me if I could get loose. I pulled on the handles, but they were strong and solid. I was completely immobilized.

I said, "These handles are very secure. I can't get loose. Now let's go find a guy and tie him up!"

Since we hadn't left the parking lot of the burger joint yet, Jodi got out of the SUV. She deposited the remaining tattered remnants of my dress into the trashcan while Miss Compton looked back at me and surveyed the situation.

When Jodi returned Miss Compton said, "You know something Jodi, we don't need to go out and find a victim."

Jodi looked at me and said, "You're right. We already have one!"

My heart sank. How could I have been such a fool! I trusted these two women to tie me up when all they've ever had in mind for me was to find ways to expose my young body and publicly humiliate me. Now I was really nervous. I was tied open armed in an SUV on a public street and all I was wearing was an extra small thin white T-shirt and a tiny pink thong. My tummy was doing flip-flops as I began to imagine all of the things that these two devious ladies could do to me.

As we cruised down the street, I was shifting around in my seat and Jodi asked me what was wrong. I told her that I couldn't get comfortable because my tiny pink thong worked its way up into my butt and it was tight against my pussy lips, too. Jodi said that she could easily solve my problem and hooked her fingers under the waistband of the little undies. Jodi gently slid the panties down my legs leaving my hairy triangle completely exposed. It was dark out and the windows of the SUV were tinted so I wasn't too worried about people looking inside of the vehicle. However, I still felt terribly vulnerable driving around in public with no pants on, no underpants on and no way to hide my pussy because my arms were tied and suspended from the ceiling.

Jody gently patted my furry pleasure patch with her soft hand and said, "Does that feel better?"

I replied, "Yes, but don't let anything happen to those panties. I'll need to put those back on."

Jodi softly said, "Oh sweetie, you said this thong was uncomfortable. I don't want you to be uncomfortable. What do you say we just get rid of this thing?"

I said, "No, please don't," but Jodi didn't listen and tossed it out the window.

Miss Compton said, "Hey Jodi, her T-shirt looks awfully tight. I'll bet it's uncomfortable, too!"

Jodi said, "I agree. We need to get this little shirt off her so she can ride around in complete comfort."

I said, "No, please don't do that. I won't have anything to wear. I'll be naked and you've got me tied up in public!"

Jodi said, "But you have such a nice tight body. You should show it off."

Miss Compton added, "I'd love to see it!"

I said, "Can't you wait until we get home?"

Miss Compton said, "I don't want to wait."

Jodi looked at Miss Compton and said, "I don't either, but aren't we taking this a bit too far? I mean Mindy is so defenseless and helpless."

Miss Compton said, "True, she is helpless, but I think she'd be much happier naked."

Jodi smiled at me and said, "If you'll be happier naked, then naked you shall be!"

Jodi lifted up the T-shirt, but stopped when she realized that since I was tied up she wouldn't be able to get the shirt over my head.

Miss Compton said, "If you can't get the shirt off, why don't you cut it off?"

I said, "But it's the only thing I have to wear. I'll be riding around bare assed naked!"

Jodi paused for a moment and said, "I really feel bad for you, but you have such a cute little body that I just can't resist."

Jodi took her nail file and began cutting through the thin material of the T-shirt. She tore the fabric to shreds before finally pulling it free from my body. I was now totally nude and my arms were tied to handles above the doors in the back seat of an SUV. My bare breasts and auburn bush were out in the open and there was no way for me to hide my nakedness as Miss Compton piloted the big vehicle down the street.

Seeing how defenseless and vulnerable I was, Jodi decided to take advantage of the situation. She began lightly running her fingers up and down my legs. She knew that I liked it from the last time we were together. Then she raked her fingernails through my neatly trimmed auburn pussy hair. It felt good so I didn't say anything, but then Jodi's fingers continued climbing up the front of me. She moved her hand up to my flat tummy and began tickling my bellybutton.

I jerked my upper body and Jodi said, "Wow, it looks like we have a ticklish little girl here!"

That was all I needed. I was helplessly tied up and now Jodi discovered that I was ticklish. Jodi gently poked my ribs with her finger a few times to watch me wiggle around in the seat.

Jodi said, "This is fun. Let's find out where else you're ticklish!"

She softly dragged her fingernails up the side of my body as Miss Compton peeked at us in the rear view mirror. Soon Jodi reached my armpits and began tickling me there. I was jerking around and giggling like a little kid.

Miss Compton called out, "That looks like fun. I think I'll join in."

Miss Compton stopped the SUV in the parking lot of a twenty-four hour Quick Shop. We were parked away from the store, but we were under a light and near the street. There was enough light shining down on us to show anybody nearby that I was tied up open armed and naked.

Miss Compton said, "Here, give me your foot."

I yelped, "No, please not my foot!"

Unfortunately I was powerless to stop these two devilish ladies. Jodi forced me to stretch my leg up over the console and Miss Compton grabbed my ankle. It was at that moment when I noticed a man sitting in a car directly across from us. He appeared to be eating a snack that he'd probably just bought in the Quick Shop, so it looked like he wasn't going to be leaving anytime soon.

My breasts were out in the open for the man to see and with my leg up, I was giving the man a beaver shot, too. Miss Compton was merciless as she began her assault on my little bare foot. She started scratching her fingernail up and down the sole of my foot as I twitched all over. Then Jodi returned to my armpits and continued tickling me there as well.

I started screaming, "Please stop. You're driving me crazy," but my screams were ignored.

I was powerless to stop the women and they knew it. Miss Compton just kept running her fingernail up and down the sole of my foot, only occasionally stopping to tickle me between my toes. Jodi mainly concentrated on my armpits, but she also explored other areas of my body. She would run her fingers over my abdomen, up and down my inner thighs, and Jodi would even tickle my neck and behind my ears.

It was pure torture as these two women relentlessly tickled my bare body while some strange man watched from a nearby car. I was squirming and laughing in response to the women's pokes, prods and gentle caresses of my most intimate areas, and then things got even worse. I started to feel pressure inside my bladder and I realized that I had to go to the bathroom.

I yelled out, "You'd better stop tickling me because I have to pee!"

Miss Compton said, "What do you mean you have to pee?"

I replied, "What I mean is I drank a large Pepsi at the burger joint and now I have to pee!"

Miss Compton said, "Well you'd better go in the Quick Shop and ask to use their restroom."

I said, "The Quick Shop? Are you crazy? I'm naked!"

Miss Compton said, "Then you'd better hold it sister. I don't want you ruining my leather seat."

I said, "I'll try, but I really have to go bad!"

Miss Compton declared, "If you pee on my seat, I'll make you walk home naked!"

Miss Compton started up the SUV and we headed for home, but the pressure inside of my bladder was incredible. The vibration from the vehicle cruising down the street only served to intensify my bladder pressure. Jodi thought it was funny and kept poking my belly, which just made it even more agonizing. Sweat began to roll down my face as I squeezed my legs together as tight as I could. Then I noticed that Miss Compton passed up the highway entrance.

I asked, "Where are you going?"

Miss Compton replied, "I decided to take the long way home."

I said, "The long way! Don't you understand that I have to pee really, really bad?"

She said, "Yes I do, and don't forget, if you pee on my leather seat you'll be walking home naked!"

The vibration from the SUV was bad enough, but Jodi made things worse by tickling my bellybutton. I was trying to control my bladder, but I came to the realization that I was not going to be able to hold on any longer.

I called out, "Stop the car and let me out. I know I'm naked, but I have to pee so bad that I don't care who sees me."

Miss Compton said, "We can't just pull over. You'll have to hold it."

I tried to hold it, but the pressure was too much for me. Then Jodi began gently dragging her finger from between my legs, over my pussy hair and up to my bellybutton. When she got to my tummy, she would tickle me a little and then stop to do it again. It was driving me insane.

Finally I yelled out, "If you value your leather seat, you'll stop right now. Otherwise I'm going to pee all over it."

Miss Compton said, "Oh alright. Give me a second to pull over."

Miss Compton drove to the parking lot of an office building. It was late so I assumed that everyone had gone home for the evening. We were parked under a light, but I didn't care. I just wanted to get out and pee. However Jodi appeared to be taking her time untying my restraints.

I yelled, "Hurry up Jodi. I really have to go!"

She said, "I'm trying, but these knots are tight."

I yelled, "Try harder. I've got to pee really, really bad."

Then Jodi stopped, sat back and said, "If you're going to yell at me, then you can untie them yourself."

I screamed, "Untie them myself? I don't have a free hand! Please, oh please Jodi, I'm begging you. Please untie me. I have to pee very, very bad!"

Jodi said, "Okay, I'll do it."

It seemed to take forever, but Jodi finally untied me and I jumped out of the big SUV. I spread my legs and squatted on the parking lot, and then I let the golden shower splash down on the pavement.

I said, "Oh wow, does it feel good to finally pee. Mmm, what a relief!"

It felt as good as having an orgasm to relieve myself after having to pee so badly. Suddenly two men, who looked like members of the cleaning crew, appeared in the window of the building. They were pointing at me, but once I started peeing there was no way I could stop. I just let them look at my naked body as the yellow liquid spilled out onto the parking lot. I felt like the Energizer Bunny because I kept going and going, but eventually the last little bit of pee trickled out of me and I was finally finished.

I tried to hurry and get back into the SUV, but Miss Compton said, "You're not getting in until you clean yourself up."

I said, "Clean myself up? With what?"

Jodi said, "Here, let me help you."

Jodi instructed me to lie down on the parking lot, arch my back and spread my legs as wide as possible. I picked a spot away from the puddle of pee and I positioned myself exactly as Jodi had requested. I knew that I was giving the men in the building a total beaver shot, but I didn't care. I just wanted to get this humiliation over-with so I could get back into the SUV.

As I laid there with my pussy lips completely exposed, Jodi grabbed a cup of ice water that she'd brought with her from the burger joint. She began pouring it all over my sweet snatch. The water was icy cold and it was pure torture as chills went up and down my spine. Jodi emptied the cup between my legs and then she wiped my pussy with the torn T-shirt. She also cleaned my inner thighs and bare feet.

When Jodi finished, I stood up and turned away from the men in the building. I thought that Miss Compton would now allow me to get into the SUV, but she told Jodi to make sure that I was completely clean. I didn't know what Miss Compton meant so Jodi clarified the command by instructing me to bend over and grab my ankles. Now my naked young ass was pointed right at the men as my humiliation continued. Jodi took the T-shirt and slowly started rubbing it up and down my sensitive butt crack.

Finally Miss Compton was satisfied with Jodi's cleaning effort so I tried to climb into the SUV, but Miss Compton said, "You can't leave your trash laying there. Take the T-shirt and cup, and throw them away."

I looked around and the only trashcan was by the building under the window.

I said, "I can't go over there. Look in the window. There's two men staring at me and I don't have a stitch of clothes on."

Miss Compton chuckled said, "My oh my, would you look at that Jodi? There are two men watching her."

Jodi said, "Face it Mindy, they've already seen you naked so why don't you just go throw the stuff away so we can get out of here."

Jodi made a good point so I picked up the trash and headed towards the building. The men were looking out of a window directly above the trashcan. They watched my every move as my bare boobies bounced up and down with each step. I tossed the garbage into the trashcan and the men were treated to a close-up view of my auburn pussy hair before I turned around and walk back to the car. I never made eye contact with the men, but I could feel their eyes ogling my exposed butt all the way back to the SUV. Miss Compton finally allowed me to enter the vehicle and once again we were on our way.

Of course the women insisted that I remain in bondage for the rest of the trip. Since my only alternative was to walk home naked, I decided to comply with their command. With my bare body helplessly hanging there, Jodi couldn't resist touching my breasts.

Jodi asked, "Why are your nipples so hard?"

I replied, "Because that ice water was so cold."

Jodi gently raked her fingertips through my pussy hair and said, "Is that making you warmer."

I said, "Actually, it's getting me hot."

Jodi said, "You know what gets me hotter than fingers…a tongue!"

Jodi moved one of my legs up on the seat while my other foot remained planted on the floor. Then Jodi kneeled down between my legs and began moving her tongue up and down my wet slit. She wiggled her tongue around on my little clitty and it really got me excited.

I wanted more so I spread my legs and begged, "Go down. Slip your tongue inside me."

Jodi obliged and pushed her tongue inside of my tight wet pussy. When she started rolling her tongue around, I practically went through the ceiling because it felt so wonderful. As the sexual tension inside of me began to build, I knew that at last something good was about to happening to me this evening. After thoroughly turning me on with her tongue inside of me, she went back to licking my little clitty while slipping her finger in my pussy. It felt fantastic and I was quickly on the verge of a powerful orgasm.

Miss Compton came to a stoplight and a carload of boys stopped in the lane next to us. They were all looking at me and with my wrists tied up in the air there was nothing I could do except let them peep at my bare titties. My face turned red, but at least Jodi's head hid my pleasure patch from their view. However, they could easily tell what was going on between my legs. Even though the boys were watching, there was no way I was going to tell Jodi to stop what she was doing because it felt so good.

Jodi was licking my love button and making little circles deep inside of my pussy with her finger, causing the feeling inside of me to build stronger and stronger. Then Jodi inserted a second finger in my sweet snatch and she began moving them in and out while continuing to lick my little clitty. I was almost at the point of no return when we came to another stoplight. I opened my eyes and saw the same carload of boys gawking at me. Miss Compton sensed that allowing the boys to watch embarrassed me so she turned on the dome light of the SUV to give the boys an even better view of the backseat festivities.

Knowing that the boys were watching Jodi make love to me pushed my emotions over the edge and I started cumming. Jodi kept licking and stroking me as the light turned green and I was powerless to stop her. When we came to another stoplight, I had endured all that I could so Jodi moved away from my pussy and I just hung there limply in the back of the SUV. Jodi gave me a big kiss and then she looked over and saw all the boys in the car next to us. Jodi just laughed and waved to them. Then Jodi squeezed my bare titties while smiling at the boys. When the light turned green, Miss Compton managed to get away from them and took me home to the sorority house.

As Jodi untied me, she said, "Next time I want to be the one tied up and licked until I cum!"

Miss Compton added, "You better do me, too!"

I said, "Oh I'll do you alright. I'll do both of you!"

I jumped out of the SUV naked and scampered up the walkway to the sorority house as fast as I could. I quickly showered and climbed into bed completely naked. While I was lying in bed, I started thinking about how interesting it would be if Miss Compton and Jodi willingly let me tie them up.

I would gain their trust so that they thought my intentions were to give them sexual pleasure. However, while I had them at my mercy I would invite a group of boys into the room to watch. Next I'd strip the women naked and publicly humiliate them. All of the boys would see Miss Compton and Jodi's bare breasts, beautiful butts and nice pussies. The thought of the women being forced to remain naked in front of the boys started turning me on so much that I couldn't help slipping a finger into my pussy.

As I continued working my finger in and out of my pleasure place, I imagined myself forcing Miss Compton and Jodi to drink pots of coffee and not let them pee. It really got my juices flowing to imagine them squirming and suffering because of the pressure inside of their bladders. Eventually they wouldn't be able to hold it any longer and they would pee all over each other. Then I would make them find out how humiliating it is to have someone else clean them up while an audience watched.

Finally instead of getting their satisfaction from me I would make them satisfy each other. Miss Compton and Jodi would have their bare breasts pressed together while they fingered one another's wet pussy. They would be forced to stroke their bare beavers until each of them climaxed in front of the boys. That would be sweet revenge. Actually just the thought of it brought me to my own climax!

I went to sleep thinking, "Their day will come. Yes, their day will come!"

**College Girls – Part 36**

When I slept with my college professor to earn a high grade in Calculus, I never dreamed that my Behavioral Studies teacher, Miss Compton, would find out about it and blackmail me into becoming her personal sex slave. To avoid expulsion, I was mandated by Miss Compton to expose myself in public on her command. Miss Compton is using me to compile data for a research paper that she is writing on people's reactions to random public nudity and she never runs out of new ways to publicly humiliate me.

As the days passed, Miss Compton came up with several inventive methods of showing off my precious young body to unsuspecting strangers. I don't know what conclusions she was intending to reach from her study, but it was remarkable to discover that the men I flashed never forced themselves on me. They were just happy to be nearby when I bent over in a short skirt or accidentally lost the buttons on my blouse. For the most part they usually weren't rude and rarely made any advances towards me.

However, I reacted quite differently when the tables were turned and I became the unsuspecting stranger. During the holiday break from school, Miss Compton convinced me to spend the long weekend at her house. With the semester nearing its end I figured it was best to honor Miss Compton's requests until she gives me my grade in her Behavioral Studies class.

The night I arrived at her house, Miss Compton stated that she had a dead car battery and she scheduled a mechanic to stop by first thing in the morning. When the mechanic arrived, I rolled out of bed and slipped on my gray sweatpants and an old sweatshirt. My hair was a mess, but I didn't feel the need to impress the guy. After all, he was only there to fix the car.

I should have suspected that something underhanded was taking place when the mechanic turned out to be a gorgeous hunk of a man in his mid-twenties. He was tall with dark hair and bronze skin. The guy was wearing jeans and a tight T-shirt that showed off his rippling muscles. It was obvious that the mechanic spent more time in the gym than he did under the hood of a car. His face was much too pretty to be a mechanic, but I was blinded by lust and failed to make the connection.

For once I was looking forward to Miss Compton finding a reason to expose my body to this good-looking guy, but it never happened. I was standing in the garage in my old sweat suit while Miss Compton looked like she'd spent hours preparing for the morning visitor. Miss Compton was wearing a short jean shirt and it was obvious that she was braless beneath her white sleeveless top. Her hair and makeup were perfect so the guy wasn't paying any attention to me at all.

The mechanic filled the battery with a water/battery acid solution and then he charged it up. I was disappointed when the big SUV finally started because the mechanic was going to leave, but then he spilled some battery acid down the front of his pants. He began complaining that it was burning his crotch.

Not knowing that the solution he spilled on his pants was really only water I started to panic, but Miss Compton said, "Quick Mindy, take him inside and show him where the shower is."

I quickly ushered the hunk into the bathroom and he said, "I'd better take my clothes off."

He waited for a moment expecting me to leave, but I was mesmerized by his flawless body.

He said, "Well, I can't wait any longer" and then he pulled the T-shirt over his head.

Wow, what a body this guy had! I was admiring his bulging biceps and brick wall abs as he unbuttoned and then unzipped his jeans. He dropped his pants and stepped out of them, leaving him standing there in just a pair of black bikini briefs. Under the stretchy briefs, the mechanic appeared to have a nice package and I couldn't wait to see it.

I said, "It looks like you have some acid on your underpants, too. You'd better take them off."

I should have realized that if there really were battery acid on his underwear, I wouldn't have had to tell him about it. He would have pulled them off immediately, but instead, he just stood there for a moment. The situation should have raised a red flag that this was all a set up connived by Miss Compton, but I was too busy enjoying the fact that for once I was the voyeur instead of the exhibitionist.

He asked, "Do you really think I need to take off my underwear?"

I replied, "Absolutely!"

He said, "But you're not leaving. Are you planning to watch?"

I blushed and said, "Maybe…I mean, I just want to make sure you're okay."

He chuckled and said, "Well then, here goes!"

The mechanic slipped off his underwear and remained standing in front of me completely naked. I just stood there admiring his long thick penis and it wasn't even hard! My heart was racing and I felt like a teenaged girl witnessing a boy's naked body for the very first time.

He broke the trance that I was in by asking, "Can you wash my clothes for me while I take a shower?"

I said, "Sure" and then I bent down to collect his clothes off the floor.

In my bent over position, I was granted a close up view of his massive manhood. I thought about putting it in my mouth, but I opted to just pick up the clothes and carry them to the washing machine. However, I couldn't help turning around and stealing a look at his fine muscular ass before heading to the laundry room.

He left the bathroom door ajar and when I returned, I peeked in and spied on the mechanic through the glass shower door. I watched as he rubbed the soap all over a body reserved only for Greek Gods. I was really getting wet between my legs, but as I dipped my hand into my sweatpants, Miss Compton snuck up behind me.

She giggled and asked, "What are you doing, Mindy?"

I quickly pulled my hand out of my pants and said, "Nothing. I…I just wanted to see if he needed anything."

She smiled and said, "It looks like you're the one in need!"

Then Miss Compton walked away as the mechanic finished his shower. He asked for a towel and I quickly grabbed one from the hall closet. He reached out his hand for the towel, but I pushed the door wide open and walked in. I handed him the towel and then I stayed and watched as he patted his naked hard body dry.

Looking for an excuse to keep him in the nude as long as possible, I pointed between his legs and said, "You really should take care of that burn."

He knew there wasn't a burn, but he played along and asked, "What should I do?"

I said, "You should put some of this lotion on it. Better yet, let me help you."

I closed the lid on the toilet and sat down with his crotch right in front of me. I was about to put some cream in my hand, but the steam from the shower was making me very uncomfortable. Sweat began rolling down my face.

He said, "It’s really warm in here. Would you rather wait outside while I take care of this?"

I said, "Oh no, I feel fine."

He said, "How can you say you feel fine? It's steaming hot in here and you're wearing a sweat suit."

I smiled and said, "Well, actually I'd feel better if I could take off this sweatshirt."

He said, "Be my guest."

I gladly pulled the old sweatshirt over my head, and then I looked down and said, "Oh my, I forgot that I wasn't wearing a bra. I hope you don't mind."

The mechanic just smiled as he gazed at my bare breasts and puffy pink nipples.

With his eyes focused on my chest I said, "I think I'd feel even better if I took off these sweatpants, too!"

I pushed down my gray sweatpants, which left me sitting there in only a pair of white cotton panties. I was a bit embarrassed because my panties had pink flowers on them and they looked like something a little girl would wear. However, he must have liked them because his penis began to grow.

I said, "There, I feel much better. Now let's see if I can make you feel better, too."

I squeezed out a handful of lotion and began applying it to his mighty missile. As I gently stroked his manhood with my soft hand, his penis grew stiff and rigid. The sight of his naked body was really getting me excited and my puffy pink nipples became hard and erect. I paused for a second and squeezed out some more lotion to make my hand nice and slick.

As I continued stroking him, I said, "That ought to take care of that nasty ole burn. Does it feel good?"

He said, "Yes…yes it does, but don't stop. I mean…you want to make sure that the burn is thoroughly taken care of."

I giggled and said, "Um yes, I know exactly what you mean."

I squeezed my hand a little tighter on his stiff member and then I began stroking it a little faster. The mechanic must have liked what I was doing because he started breathing heavy and his big rocket appeared to be getting even harder. Soon his body was trembling and his big thick penis became so hard that I thought it was going to explode.

I softly whispered, "Don't hold back, let it go…let it go" and he did.

The mechanic began shooting out warm spurts all over me. Some of it landed in my hair, while the rest of it splashed on my bare breasts. Finally I milked him dry and he leaned against the wall so that he could recover from my wonderful hand job.

I stood up and said, "Well it looks like I need a shower now!"

I pushed my panties down and exposed my neatly trimmed auburn bush to the mechanic. Then I turned around and slowly bent forward to turn the shower on, leaving my bare butt pointed right at the guy. He stood and watched as I stepped into the shower and then he wrapped the towel around his waist. I was hoping that he would stay and watch me take my shower, but instead he left the bathroom.

I took a long time showering, drying my hair and fixing my make-up. Then I put on a super sheer white robe and loosely tied the front of it so that it showed a little bit of pussy hair though the gap down the front. The see-through robe plainly displayed my nipples and my butt crack was just as easy to see from behind. Actually the robe was so short that my bare butt cheeks practically hung out in back anyway.

My goal was to give the mechanic enough time to fully recover from my hand action so that he could really put that extraordinary penis to use. I was going to waltz into the living room and entice him with my flimsy robe. Then I was going to discard the robe and have him take me right there on the living room floor. Unfortunately someone beat me to it.

I walked into the living room, but I ducked out of sight when I saw Miss Compton bending over the coffee table. The mechanic was still naked and sporting another erection. He pushed Miss Compton's short jean skirt up revealing a pair of skimpy white panties. Then the mechanic kneeled down behind Miss Compton and slid her little undies down her legs. He leaned forward and began kissing all over her beautiful bare butt. Next he started running his hands up and down the insides of Miss Compton's long legs before finally inserting a finger into her waiting pussy.

I watched intently as Miss Compton began to moan from the mechanic's magic touch. I couldn't hold back any longer and I decided to provide my pussy with my own magic touch. I opened the front of my robe and draped it to my sides, completely exposing my firm natural breasts and auburn pussy hair. After softly caressing my nipples to get them nice and hard, I slid my soft hands down the front of my body until they found my pleasure place. Then I inserted a finger into my tight wet pussy and began to move it all around inside of me.

As I vigorously fingered myself, I heard Miss Compton tell the mechanic, "I want you…I want you now."

The mechanic obliged and inserted his big bone into Miss Compton's pussy. He slowly worked himself in and out until he was deep inside of her. The guy was ramming his massive manhood into Miss Compton's pussy from behind and I began moving my finger in and out of my pleasure place in rhythm to the mechanic's motion. As the mechanic continued pumping Miss Compton, he reached down in front of her and pulled her shirt up. With Miss Compton's breasts now out in the open, he began squeezing her big melons.

The action was really heating up and soon their moans turned into screams. Finally the guy released his precious body fluid inside of Miss Compton and then they both collapsed onto the floor. Miss Compton and the mechanic looked over and saw me sprawled out in the corner of the room with my tits exposed and my hand between my legs, but I couldn't stop. I had to finish myself off. The feeling was building inside until I reached the point of no return and then my body started twitching all over as I gave myself a powerful orgasm.

When I opened my eyes, Miss Compton and the mechanic laughed and then they applauded. I was embarrassed, but I was satisfied. Miss Compton didn't give me much time to recover as she quickly ordered me to get the mechanics clothes out of the dryer. The mechanic got dressed and then Miss Compton gave him a big kiss before sending him on his way.

At first Miss Compton didn't admit that the mechanic was a former student who agreed to participate in her study. It left me believing that he opted for Miss Compton's body over mine. I was a little discouraged because I really wanted to take a ride on the guy, but I guess it was going to have to wait for another day.

Eventually Miss Compton revealed that it was all a setup to see how I'd react when confronted by a naked guy. She said that she didn't expect everything to turn out the way it did, but she was very happy with the results. I told her that I didn't care if the guy knew absolutely nothing about cars, I was still going to call him the next time I had car trouble. He can check under my hood anytime!

**College Girls – Part 37**

My name is Mindy Sparks and I'm no stranger to exhibitionism. I'm a twenty-year-old college student and I began exposing myself in public when I was a high school senior. Experts proclaim that exhibitionists will eventually feel comfortable showing off their body to total strangers. In addition, experts maintain that exhibitionists will reach a point where they no longer experience the nervous embarrassment associated with public nudity. I am yet to reach that point!

A certain comfort level does exist for me when I initiate the flashing and I have a handle on the situation. When I'm in control, I'm not necessarily nervous or embarrassed. In fact I actually feel a rush of excitement. Conversely, if my public exposure is due to an accident or at the hands of someone else, I endure sensations of frustration and humiliation. Those sensations make me feel as if it's the first time I'd ever bared my body to strangers.

Feelings of degradation were never so prevalent as they were when my Behavioral Studies teacher blackmailed me into becoming her personal sex slave. Miss Compton forced me to expose myself in public because she found out that I slept with my college professor to earn a high grade in Calculus. My Behavioral Studies teacher was compiling data for a research paper she was writing on people's reactions to random public nudity and I became the primary focus of her study.

It was the last day of the semester and according to our agreement, Miss Compton's reign as my master was supposed to end at midnight. Although being forced to show my tits, ass and pussy in public all semester was a distraction, I actually made straight A's for the term. It was probably due to the fact that studying took my mind off Miss Compton's wicked ways. Miss Compton offered to take me out and celebrate so we opted for a popular nightspot.

Miss Compton and I went to a country bar that featured live music and a mechanical bull. We were dressed in short denim skirts, cotton blouses and little cowboy boots. We also wore bras and panties. Miss Compton had on a colorful plaid shirt while mine was plain white. I tied the bottom of my shirt just below my bra leaving my flat tummy and bellybutton exposed.

My short blue jean skirt rode so low on my hips that it almost allowed the top of my butt crack to show. There was also the chance that a little bit of my auburn pussy hair was going to peek out in front. Since the current styles are moving away from such low-cut items, I wanted to get as much use out of the skirt as I could so I wore it despite the fact that Miss Compton is always intent on exposing me in public.

Because of my history with this woman, I felt very uneasy throughout dinner. I was afraid my teacher would command me to perform one last act of exhibitionism. Dining with Miss Compton made me especially nervous because some of my friends hung out at this bar. However, the meal went off without a hitch and we were soon drinking and soaking up the atmosphere.

Miss Compton said that she hated for the semester to end because she enjoyed having me around as her personal sex slave. In view of the fact that having me as a slave brought her so much pleasure, I began to wonder if there was any reason for Miss Compton to cease her control over me as my master at midnight. I concluded that it would take more than Miss Compton's word of honor to convince me that the sex slave arrangement would be terminated. I needed a plan to break free of my ties with Miss Compton forever.

As I sat there contemplating a plan of action, some of Miss Compton's former students urged her to ride the mechanical bull. After a drink or two she decided to submit to her students' whims. When she climbed up onto the bull in that short denim skirt, the guys caught a glimpse of Miss Compton's panties. It got the crowd excited and they started cheering when the bull began to buck and turn around.

Miss Compton enjoyed the attention she was getting from the collection of horny boys. She was so busy showing off that she probably didn't even realize how much her big boobs were bouncing around under the flimsy bra she was wearing. The act of being pushed forward and then thrown backwards caused Miss Compton's breasts to heave up and down. Her tantalizing titties bounced so much that a button on her shirt popped open.

The crowd got worked up into a frenzy when the spinning motion of the mechanical bull made Miss Compton's big melons sway from side to side. The new direction caused a second button on her shirt to come undone. The bucking bull actually made three buttons pop open on Miss Compton's tight shirt revealing most of her skimpy see-through bra to the cluster of onlookers.

The operator of the bull began increasing the speed on the controller. He obviously wanted to see if he could get Miss Compton's shirt to open up any further. Then again, since she only had a couple of buttons left on her shirt that were still fastened, he might have been trying to see if he could get Miss Compton's bra to come apart.

The guys were wild with anticipation because it appeared that Miss Compton's breasts were going to spill out of her delicate bra at any second. Unfortunately, the fast motion of the mechanical bull was too much for Miss Compton to handle and she was thrown off before anything else could come undone. When she hit the mat, she landed on her back with her legs in the air.

Miss Compton's awkward fall caused her short skirt to escalate all the way up to her waist completely divulging her scanty panties to the crowd. It was apparent that Miss Compton consumed a little too much alcohol throughout the evening because she just laid there laughing instead of scrambling to pull her skirt down. After treating her students to an extensive look at her lacy see-through undies, she stood up and slowly repositioned her skirt. However, she never bothered to button her shirt and her bra was still hanging out for everyone to see.

When Miss Compton returned to our table, she put her arms around me and said, "That was fun. You should try it."

I said, "No thanks. In the super short skirt I'm wearing, I'm afraid I'd really show off my panties."

Miss Compton said, "Well I'd like to see 'em. I love looking at your cute little body."

I laughed and said, "You're drunk! Just sit down for a while."

Miss Compton sat down next to me, but she put her hand on my thigh. She kept trying to slide her hand under my skirt, but I pushed it away. Miss Compton's risqué performance on the bull got a lot of attention and many of the guys in the bar still had their eyes on her. This ultimately meant that they had their eyes on me, too. Miss Compton is very attractive for a thirty-five year old woman so she deserved the attention. However I still pushed her hand away because I didn't want every guy in the bar to find out that I enjoy the touch of another woman.

Unfortunately I guess I was also getting a little drunk myself because I was beginning to enjoy having Miss Compton caress my bare leg and it was becoming very difficult for me to resist her. Miss Compton smiled at me, so I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek which gave me an idea. If I was able to make love to Miss Compton, she would be as guilty as my Calculus Professor and then she would no longer be able to hold that incident over my head. Besides, in all of the while that I've known Miss Compton this was the first time that I'd ever had feelings for her so I decided to act on those feelings.

Just as I was about to suggest to Miss Compton that we should leave the bar and go somewhere a little more intimate, some of her students came up and asked her if she was going to enter the contest. We remembered seeing a sign upon entering the bar that read, "Bikini Oil Wrestling Tonight," but we didn't pay much attention to it. The guys were so excited about seeing Miss Compton's bra and panties when she rode the mechanical bull that they begged her to enter the contest.

Miss Compton was obviously in a drunken state because it took very little coaxing to talk her into participating in the event. She challenged me to a match, but I brought to everyone's attention that neither of us had a bikini. One of the guys talked to the bartender and he came over to tell us that most of the girls just wrestle in their underwear.

I was nervous about appearing center stage in my favorite bar wearing only my bra and panties so I asked what the contest entailed. The bartender said that a large baby pool would be inflated and filled with an oil and water mixture. The object was to dunk your opponent in the liquid three times and the winner gets fifty dollars. I didn't want to enter the contest, but Miss Compton reminded me that I was still under her control until midnight so I reluctantly agreed to compete.

After a few more drinks, the employees finished filling the pool and the competition was about to begin. Miss Compton and I went into a changing room where other contestants were getting ready for their bouts. As I looked around at the roomful of naked young girls, I noticed that they were all putting on bikini swimming suits. I began to wonder if the bartender was telling the truth about having Miss Compton and I wrestle in our bra and panties because all of the other girls had a bikini to wear.

Miss Compton didn't seem to mind because she quickly pulled off her cowboy boots. Next she stood up in her bare feet, unzipped her short skirt and let it drop to the floor. Lastly my teacher unfastened the few remaining buttons and removed her shirt. She was now ready to do battle. Miss Compton looked stunning in her see-through underwear. She didn't look the least bit nervous even though it was easy to see her round rosy nipples and dark hairy triangle right through her sheer bra and panties.

I followed Miss Compton's lead and removed my clothes, too. I wished that I hadn't worn such skimpy underwear, but my skirt was so low-cut that I was forced to wear a tiny pair of underpants. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I began to fear that I might lose my underwear during the bout. The thought horrified me because I didn't want to be left standing in the middle of a crowded bar completely naked. Even with my underwear on, I still felt self-conscious because although my bra and panties were not as lucent as Miss Compton's were, the shadow of my nipples and pussy hair were still visible under the thin white fabric.

As we waited, two girls came into the room and they were holding the tops of their bikinis. Apparently they'd torn each other's bikini tops off during their battle. This really made me fretful because there was a big crowd on hand.

We were the last contestants of the evening and as the MC announced our names, Miss Compton and I stepped into the baby pool. The crowd cheered frantically at the sight of our fragile underwear. I surveyed Miss Compton's bra and panty set beneath the stage lights and I couldn't believe what she was wearing in a public bar.

Miss Compton's white bra and panty set were made of a thin lacy material and I could see her dark pussy hair showing right through the front of her skimpy undies. Her little underpants weren't actually a thong style, but they were cut high in the back and much of the material was pushed up into her ass crack. This allowed most of her butt cheeks to hang out of the tiny panties. Miss Compton's bra didn't do much better of a job concealing her breasts. Her nipples were visible beneath the lacy fabric and she was showing a lot of cleavage.

My white bra and panties did a slightly better job of hiding my goodies than Miss Compton's did. However, the little cotton undies I was wearing were cut so low that my butt crack and my auburn bush were peeking out above the waistband. The crowd could not see through my underwear, but the audience was charged up because they could tell that my thin white bra and panty set were going to become transparent once they got wet.

I looked at Miss Compton and I suddenly realized that she had quite a size advantage over me. I'm only five-foot-one with medium sized natural breasts and reddish-brown hair. I have a cute and innocent look about me and this no doubt had the crowd believing that I was the underdog. Miss Compton is probably five inches taller than I am with big tits and long shapely legs. She has long brunette hair and a beautiful face so the crowd seemed to be rooting for her.

As the match began I moved forward, but I slipped because of the oily surface that I was standing on. As I fell, I inadvertently grabbed Miss Compton's panties and pulled them all the way down her legs. She was left standing there with her dark bush and firm butt exposed to the crowd. Miss Compton put her hands on my shoulders and pushed me down into the cold wet liquid causing me to lose round one. I stood up and tried to hand the little scrap of material back to her, but she tossed it aside and now she looked like she meant business.

Miss Compton sternly said, "Look what you did! You pulled my panties down and now everyone is staring at me. They can all see my ass and pussy!"

I said, "I'm really sorry."

She said, "Not as sorry as you're going to be. Two can play at this game!"

The front of my body was all wet and oily and my underwear was soaked. The crowd could now see right through my bra and panties, but just about everyone opted to turn their attention towards Miss Compton because she was naked from the waist down. Even though the audience could clearly see my round rosy nipples and reddish-brown pussy hair showing through my saturated cotton underwear, Miss Compton's brunette bush and bare butt were completely exposed to everyone in the bar so she was receiving all of the fanfare.

At the start of round two I decided that I would just dive into the oil and get the match over with as fast as possible, but Miss Compton grabbed me by the back of my bra and held me up. I was trying to struggle free, but as I moved away from Miss Compton, I could feel my bra start inching its way up over my breasts. I didn't want to lose my bra, but no matter which way I moved the bra kept sliding upward.

I begged, "Miss Compton, please let go. You're pulling my bra up and my breasts are going to pop out in front of all these guys."

Miss Compton just laughed and said, "You should have thought of that before you yanked down my panties!"

My bra was slowly climbing up, inch-by-inch. I was nervous because my bra slid up so far that my nipples were about to slip out. My face turned bright red because all of the boys were highly aware of what was happening.

I was mortified when the crowd started chanting, "Pull it off! Pull it off!"

Much to my dismay, Miss Compton managed to work my bra up a little higher and my breasts popped out exposing my puffy pink nipples to the crowd. My bra was up above my breasts, but it was still holding me up. I couldn't get loose from Miss Compton's grip so I grabbed her bra and retaliated by pulling hard. The flimsy material ripped right off Miss Compton's body leaving her big melons out in the open for the crowd to gawk at. She responded by breaking apart the clasp on my bra and pulling it free from my body. With my bra no longer supporting me, I splashed down into the greasy solution and I lost round two.

Miss Compton was winning two to nothing, but she was now completely naked! As we faced each other in front of the huge crowd, she only had one thing on her mind…getting my panties off! At the start of the next round Miss Compton went down on her knees and latched onto my little panties. I struggled in vain to hold them up, but she was pulling on them as hard as she could.

My level of embarrassment skyrocketed because I could now feel that most of my butt crack and my reddish-brown pussy hair were revealed to the crowd. I fought hard to hide my womanly charms from the boys, but Miss Compton was relentless in her effort to pull down my little underpants. The skimpy panties couldn't hold up to our vicious game of tug-of-war. Soon the thin fabric gave way and my underpants were torn apart. I lost my panties, but I managed to win the round by jumping on top of Miss Compton and forcing her down into the oily solution. It must have been a remarkable sight having two naked girls lying on top of each other in a public bar, especially with my bare ass pointed upward for everyone to see.

Miss Compton and I stood up and we faced each other. Her nude figure looked exquisite as it glistened under the stage lights. When the next round started, Miss Compton and I had each other in a bear hug. Our oily breasts were pressed up against one another and I could feel her wet pussy hair rubbing against my skin just above my hairy triangle.

The boys went wild as I spun around to get free, but she held her grip on me. Miss Compton was now behind me with her arms around my front, right below my breasts. I could feel Miss Compton's big boobies rubbing against my back as I spread my legs for leverage, which gave all the boys a beaver shot in the process. With the boys standing only a few feet away, I couldn't handle the humiliation of knowing that they had a clear view of my sweet pink pussy lips so my legs buckled and I fell butt first into the oily liquid. The fall allowed Miss Compton to win the match.

Miss Compton and I immediately headed for the changing room, but the MC stopped us and made us stand in the middle of the pool. I tried holding one arm over my chest and the other between my legs in an attempt to hide my bare breasts and naked pussy. In retrospect, I don't know why I was worried about it because everyone had already seen my nude body, but nevertheless I tried to look modest.

Miss Compton didn't try to hide anything at all. She flaunted her big boobs and hairy triangle in front of everyone. The MC announced Miss Compton as the winner and held one of her hands in the air. Her naked body was totally exposed to the crowd and she just smiled and waved as if it didn't bother her at all. Miss Compton took her fifty bucks and we were finally allowed to leave the pool area. The guys continued cheering as we headed towards the changing room because they could still look at our naked butts as we walked away.

When we returned to the changing room, we noticed that there wasn't a shower. There was just a sink with a soap dispenser. Miss Compton ran the water and then she got her hands nice and soapy. I thought she was going to wash the oil off her own body, but instead she moved forward and began washing mine!

Miss Compton started with my breasts. She massaged my firm globes repeatedly before tenderly caressing my puffy pink nipples. They became hard and erect from her soft touch and my body began to tingle all over.

Soon Miss Compton paused and got her hands all soapy again and then she turned her attention to my upper body. She washed my arms, sides and flat tummy before moving behind me and washing my back. Miss Compton spread suds all over my back and gave me a nice massage before moving down to my bare butt.

Now she was in an area that really turns me on. Miss Compton softly slid her soapy hands all over my ass cheeks which tickled a little, but also got my juices flowing. Eventually she moved her fingers to the center of my bare bottom and began gently caressing my sensitive butt crack. It felt so good that I bent forward and grabbed my ankles, giving Miss Compton full access to every inch of my naked butt.

Once again Miss Compton soaped up her hands and then she washed the backs of my legs. She even washed my feet and between my toes before moving up the front of my legs. When she slowly slid her hands between my inner thighs, I got really excited because Miss Compton was now only inches away from my pussy!

Miss Compton kneeled down in front of me and rubbed the suds into my neatly trimmed auburn bush before finally running her fingers over my pussy lips. It felt so good that I wanted to collapse onto the floor, but just as she dipped her finger inside of me she stopped and said that she needed to rinse the soap off. I was frustrated because the passion within me was starting to build, but I just stood there as my teacher wiped wet paper towels all over me to remove the soapy residue from my young naked body.

Miss Compton continued wiping wet paper towels over my entire body until all of the soap was rinsed away. Once I was squeaky clean I expected Miss Compton to return her attention to my tight wet pussy, but she just stood there and demanded that I wash her bare body. She pointed to the clock on the wall, which showed that it was five minutes until midnight so I was technically still under her control.

I followed the same pattern that she used on me and started with her breasts. I massaged Miss Compton's big melons for quite awhile before tweaking her nipples to get them firm and erect. After getting my hands all soapy again, I worked to remove the oily mixture from her upper body before moving down to her beautiful round butt. Ever so gently I ran my finger up and down the crack of her ass before probing a little deeper between her butt cheeks. Miss Compton purred so evidently she approved of my tender touch.

After spending a great deal of time on her firm ass, I washed her legs and feet. I slowly worked my way up the front of her legs and her inner thighs until I finally zeroed in on her brunette pussy hair. I lathered up her dark hairy triangle and then I raked my fingernails through her lushes love-patch before dragging my fingers across the wet slit between her legs.

I moved my finger slowly across Miss Compton's pussy lips for a while, but eventually she couldn't stand the teasing any longer and forced me to insert my finger into her pussy. I began moving my finger in and out of her wet pussy, occasionally pausing to make little circles inside of her. When I determined that she was headed towards an orgasm, I stopped abruptly and removed my finger.

She screamed out, "What are you doing? Don't stop!"

I said, "Now don't complain. I have to rinse you off so the soap doesn't dry."

Paybacks are hell and I could tell that she was extremely frustrated so I took my time wiping the wet paper towels all over her exposed skin. I used the last paper towel to rinse her pussy hair and then we stopped and looked at each other.

I asked, "What are we going to do now? We're still wet and their aren't any paper towels left."

Miss Compton directed me over to a bench and she said, "I know a great way to pass the time while we air-dry."

Miss Compton asked me to lay down with my back on a low bench and then she swung her leg over me. She lowered her pussy just above my face before bending forward and burying her head between my legs. Miss Compton's big titties were dangling above my tummy and her nipples gently tickled my soft skin as her boobies swayed back and forth. I was really turned on as Miss Compton moved her tongue around between my legs so I reciprocated the action.

As Miss Compton concentrated on my young tight pussy, the door to the changing room opened. One of the other competitors entered because she apparently forgot something when she changed her clothes earlier in the evening. She quickly retrieved the item, but she gave Miss Compton and I a long look before heading towards the door. The girl and I smiled at each other as she left the room. Miss Compton was focused so intensely on what she was doing between my legs that I don't think she even knew someone came into the room.

As the door slowly closed I went back to pleasuring Miss Compton. I began moving my tongue around on her love button while simultaneously inserting a finger inside of her waiting pussy. I moved my finger in and out, as I continued to lick her little clitty. Miss Compton loved what I was doing and I could hear her moan softly. Then she returned the favor by inserting her finger inside of me, too. It felt wonderful!

Miss Compton and I were really getting into it and I could feel the excitement building inside of me when I noticed that the changing room door quietly opened. Suddenly the face of the girl that entered the room earlier appeared followed by the faces of another girl and three boys. I was so close to reaching an orgasm that I didn't alert Miss Compton. From Miss Compton's angle, I doubt that she even knew the voyeurs were present.

The bench was positioned at an angle towards the door and the voyeurs were looking right at Miss Compton's beautiful bare butt which was slightly pointed in the air. With her legs spread, the people in the doorway could easily see Miss Compton's gaping pussy which hovered just above my face. Knowing that people were watching us was somewhat embarrassing, but I was pretty drunk and very excited so I continued my assault on Miss Compton's sweet snatch.

As the passion began to build stronger and stronger inside of me, I tended to ignore our uninvited guests and I concentrated on Miss Compton's pink pussy lips. I was moving my tongue around while making little circles inside of her with my finger. Then I used my other hand to gently caress Miss Compton's butt crack. Miss Compton's body started twitching, so I knew she liked it. Even though she was on the verge of an orgasm, she never stopped focusing on my needs. The way she was stimulating my pussy was incredible and I never wanted the sensation to end.

Suddenly I heard Miss Compton moan, "Don't stop what you're doing because it feels so good…so good! Oh, I can't hold on any longer. I'm cumming, I'm cumming!"

I tensed up, but I couldn't fight the feeling any longer and I began panting, "Me, too…me, too! I'm cumming!"

Miss Compton and I never stopped moving our fingers inside each other's pussy until we both signaled that we'd had enough. Miss Compton's legs gave out from exhaustion and she sprawled out limply on top of me. I kissed Miss Compton's pussy which was resting against my chin. The kiss made Miss Compton's body shudder and then I smiled at the voyeurs who gathered at the door. The boys and girls giggled and then they quickly scattered as if they didn't want to get caught peeking at us, but I knew that they were there the whole time.

Miss Compton saw the door shut and said, "Well what do you know, we had an audience."

I was surprised at Miss Compton's nonchalant reaction to our visitors. She didn't seem the least bit concerned that a small gathering of strangers watched us make love to each other. Then we reached for our clothes and came to the unpleasant realization that we no longer had any underwear.

I said, "Oh no, what are we going to do? We don't have our bras and panties anymore."

Miss Compton replied, "There's no one at this bar that hasn't seen us naked already so what we're going to do is dance!"

As I slipped on my skirt I said, "Dance? You've got to be kidding. Look how short my skirt is. If I pull it down, my butt crack and pussy hair hang out on top. If I pull it up, the slightest movement allows my bare butt cheeks and pussy to hang out underneath."

Miss Compton said, "Don't forget, I have the same problem because I'm wearing a short skirt, too. Besides, I drove so you'll have to hang around until I'm ready to leave anyway."

I couldn't believe it. We put on our short skirts and cowboy boots and then Miss Compton and I intensified our outfits by leaving our cotton blouses completely unbuttoned. We just tied them together in loose bows right below our breasts. We were showing an obscene amount of cleavage and our nipples looked like they could pop out at any time.

It was very hard to dance with no bras or panties. Our nipples were poking out against our thin shirts and it was almost impossible to dance in our super short skirts. Plenty of boys watched Miss Compton and I dance because every time we bent forward, our bare butt cheeks would hang out from beneath our short skirts. Miss Compton and I kept bending forward and vigorously shaking our upper bodies which caused the bows on our shirts to slowly loosen up. The boys looked like they were going to have a heart attack, but every time our shirts fell open we quickly tied them back together again, hiding our braless boobies from the crowd.

Our skirts also had a tendency to flip up in front, exposing our naked pussies to the boys. Miss Compton even enhanced the show by intentionally pulling my skirt up several times to give the boys an unobstructed view of my auburn pussy hair. Each time she did it, I blushed like a little schoolgirl and then I pulled my skirt back down. Finally I retaliated by pulling Miss Compton's shirt completely open in front, but she just shamelessly flaunted her remarkable breasts to the guys and let them have a close-up view of her pretty pink nipples.

We were having a lot of fun teasing the poor boys, but after flashing everyone for about an hour the bar finally closed. One of Miss Compton's students offered to be our designated driver. It surprised me that Miss Compton didn't throw herself at the good-looking boy because she'd had so much to drink, but instead, she sat in the backseat with me and carried on a conversation.

As we rode home, I looked over at Miss Compton and asked, "How can you strut around naked in a public bar and then expect your students to respect you next semester?"

Miss Compton smiled and said, "It's easy. I'm not returning to the university next semester so I won't ever see these people again."

I said, "Not returning? What do you mean?"

Miss Compton replied, "I mean exactly what I said. I'm not returning to the university next semester. I've accepted a position at a research facility in California and I'm leaving the day after tomorrow. Otherwise you never would have seen me so brazen as to parade around naked in front of all those boys."

I was so shocked at Miss Compton's statement that I didn't even realize how careless I was sitting. My breasts were practically falling out of my shirt and my legs were spread apart, exposing my bare pussy to the world. Miss Compton saw her former student adjusting the rear-view mirror to sneak a peek at us so she repositioned herself to put on even more of a show than I was.

Miss Compton scooted up in her seat causing her short skirt to ride up so far that the patch of dark fur between her legs was completely out in the open. Then she leaned sideways until one of her big melons fell right out of her shirt. Miss Compton sat back and got comfortable again, but her brunette bush and bare titty remained in full view for the boy to examine. We knew the boy was looking at us, but we continued our conversation as if he wasn't even there.

I said, "You mean you're leaving and I went through all of this for nothing?"

Miss Compton laughed and said, "Just think of it as a learning experience."

I was speechless. I'd just totally exposed my body in a bar full of friends and strangers followed by a session of lovemaking to a woman in full view of several onlookers. Then, after being publicly disgraced, I learned that it was all unnecessary because my teacher was leaving town anyway.

On one hand I felt like a fool because Miss Compton took advantage me, but on the other hand Miss Compton gave me some of the most fulfilling sex I'd ever had! Miss Compton stated that this episode will make a nice finish to her paper, but I was just happy that this chapter of my life was finally closed. There was a great deal of comfort in knowing that I was finally free from Miss Compton's control although now that I'd had a taste of her pussy, I was somewhat sorry to see her go.

It’s funny the way things work out sometimes. I hated being a sex slave and yet in some ways I feel that I will miss the experience. However one thing is for sure…I will not rush out and seek a new master. Sexual slavery is a fetish that I never intend to repeat!

**College Girls – Part 38**

I was not looking forward to my boyfriend's visit, which is hard to believe considering who I was dating. You see, for the past fifteen months I was living with the quarterback of the football team. Just imagine, me, Mindy Sparks, the girlfriend of the most popular guy on campus! I was the envy of every girl in school. Unfortunately the relationship wasn't a perfect fit for me.

My boyfriend didn't want me to wear revealing clothes and flashing was out of the question. In fact he didn't even want me talking to other boys. I love having sex with a strong muscular guy, but I also love the gentle touch of a sweet girl. However girls were off-limits, too. He didn't want me fooling around with girls even if it involved having him join us in a threesome. I guess he's a real control freak. I ended up spending my time studying while he talked football with his buddies. Sure I made straight A's during our relationship, but I wanted so much more.

He graduated from college with his token football degree, but I still had one year to go. After leaving school he went to work for an asphalt company. I couldn't understand why he took a job that didn't even require a high school diploma, much less a college degree. Then again he didn't go to college on an academic scholarship. The classes those football players take aren't exactly brain busters! Now Mr. Quarterback wanted me to give up my last year of college and marry him, but I'd had enough of this no flash, no fun relationship and it was time for me to get back to my old partying lifestyle.

For our night out, I decided to break free of my boyfriend's control and show him the type of clothes that I like to wear. I chose a very short red and black plaid mini-skirt. It was pleated and looked like a little schoolgirl skirt. After struggling to get it zipped up in the back, I had to pull down on the short skirt until my butt cheeks were no longer hanging out from beneath the hem of the mini-skirt. However, this forced the waistband down to where my neatly trimmed auburn pussy hair started. The waistband was so low that the top of my butt-crack was about to hang out in back. Pulling down on the skirt also put an incredible strain on the zipper. The zipper felt like it could pop open at any time. This made me a little nervous because there wasn't another button or hook holding the skirt on and all I was wearing underneath the short skirt was a very skimpy black thong. I also wore white lace socks and black shoes.

As I looked in the mirror, I admired how my little black bra was visible through the thin white blouse that I was wearing. Even though my breasts are only medium sized, there was an ample amount of cleavage pushing out from between the cups of the tiny bra. I decided to make my outfit a little more interesting by only fastening one button, which was right below my breasts. Then I tied the bottom of the blouse into a knot. This left my belly button and bare midriff out in the open for all the boys to look at. In this outfit, my five-foot-one-inch petite body made me look like a sweet and innocent schoolgirl, but this twenty-two year old college coed is anything but sweet and innocent!

Mr. Quarterback did not look happy when he saw my risqué attire. As I climbed up into his truck, he saw my butt cheeks peek out from beneath my short skirt, but instead of getting excited, he got angry. He complained that other guys would be able to check out my ass and then he said that I was acting like a total slut. That remark offended me because I'm very selective about who I sleep with. I just enjoy teasing guys with my cute little body and I don't see any harm in that.

We stopped at a gas station on the way to the restaurant and he told me to wait in the pickup truck, but when some guys came over to talk football with my boyfriend, I decided to get out of the truck and help. I grabbed a squeegee and began cleaning the windshield. His jacked-up truck is so tall that I had to stand on my tiptoes and reach up high, causing my short skirt to ride up in back. With only a tiny thong under my skirt, my butt cheeks were almost completely exposed to the boys. Then the breeze from a passing car lifted my mini-skirt all the way up to my waist. I giggled and pushed the skirt down, but not before the boys got an eyeful of my firm smooth butt. I was enjoying myself, but my boyfriend's face was red with anger.

When he got back into the truck, he said, "I hope you're proud of yourself, showing off your ass to all those guys. I don't even know why you bothered wearing panties. They don't hide anything!"

I said, "Aw, come on. I was just having a little fun. Didn't you see the faces on those boys? They're all wishing they were you right now."

He said, "Well I thought you'd given up all this childish sorority behavior."

My boyfriend dropped the subject after that. In fact there was silence in the truck until we reached the restaurant.

When we pulled into the parking lot I said, "Hey, this is just the Country Diner. I thought you were taking me to a nice restaurant."

He replied, "This is good enough considering the way you're dressed."

The Country Diner is usually full of blue-collar workers from the local farm community. Many of them were looking at me through the big windows in the front of the restaurant so I decided it was time to have some more fun. When Mr. Quarterback opened my door, I jumped down from the jacked-up truck and this caused my extremely short skirt to fly up into the air. I just let it slowly fall down on its own giving the people in the diner an unobstructed view of my tiny thong panties.

After we were seated, a waitress came over to our booth and recognized my boyfriend as the former football star. She immediately disclosed that she had a crush on him, but he was still fuming from my parking lot stunt. The waitress sensed what he was mad about so she tried to capitalize on the situation.

She winked at my boyfriend and then she turned to me and sarcastically said, "Nice panties!"

Before I could respond an old lady at the next table added, "In my day, we would never parade around in public with little underpants like you’re wearing," although her husband had a big smile on his face.

The waitress began flirting with my boyfriend and acted as if I wasn't even there. She told him that if he was still on the football team, they'd be winning this year. My boyfriend suddenly looked as though he was becoming interested in the girl. Sure, she was cute, but I looked as sexy as possible and my boyfriend was the only guy in the diner that wasn't happy to see me in my revealing outfit.

When the waitress brought our drinks and took our order, I noticed that she had unfastened a few buttons on the front of her uniform. The waitress was showing off her big boobs to my boyfriend and his eyes were fixated on her massive globes as they tried to spill out of her white lacy bra. Sure I was tired of our stale relationship, but I was starting to get angry with my boyfriend because he always refused to let me wear revealing clothes yet he loved to look at other girls when they flashed a little skin.

I contemptuously blurted out, "Nice cleavage!"

The waitress again winked at my boyfriend, and then she began slowly lifting the front of her skirt.

When she finally raised her uniform dress high enough to completely expose her panties to my boyfriend she countered, "Well, at least I'm wearing respectable underwear like a good girl should."

A good girl? Was she crazy? Even I wouldn't call myself a good girl while flaunting my panties in the middle of a restaurant! The waitress had her back to the patrons of the diner so no one could see her from the front. However, all the guys in the diner were checking out her panty-clad ass from the back.

My boyfriend was doing some checking out of his own as he carefully inspected the front of her white bikini panties. Her panties were about the size of a small swimming suit so of course they were bigger than my tiny thong. However, her blonde bush was clearly visible through the thin silky material. I just couldn't believe my boyfriend would constantly harp about how terrible it was for my sorority sisters and I to flash and tease guys around campus, and then the instant a young girl flashes him he gives her his undivided attention. What a hypocrite!

After giving my boyfriend a nice long look at her little underpants, the waitress took our order and left. While she was gone I excused myself and went to the restroom. Feeling bold I removed my panties and then I returned to find the waitress talking to my boyfriend again.

She looked at my boyfriend, smirked and said, "The thong flasher is back."

I replied, "Since you're so obsessed with my thong, you can have it," and then I stuffed my little panties in the cleavage between her big titties.

The old woman at the next table gasped so I slowly slid into our booth and spread my legs in the process. Since I was now naked beneath my extremely short skirt, my deliberate actions gave the woman and her husband a clear view of my auburn pussy hair. She looked disgusted, but her husband looked very happy. I left my legs spread apart long enough to provide the old man with an extended presentation of my neatly trimmed bush. I'm sure he needed it after being married to that woman. However, when guys at other tables started dropping their forks so they could bend over and look up my skirt, it was time for me to cross my legs.

My boyfriend and I finished our meal without speaking to each other, although my boyfriend had plenty to say to the waitress. He was especially talkative after she opened another button on her uniform. We put quite a few beers away so the waitress had to make constant trips to our table. Each time she bent over to put our drinks on the table, the top of her uniform would fall open and expose her entire bra-covered breasts to my boyfriend. When she asked him to autograph her bra, I lost my temper. I reached into the sides of my sleeveless blouse and pulled my bra straps down each arm. Then I reached into the front of my blouse, unclasped my bra and pulled it out from under my shirt.

I tossed it on the table and said, "Here, autograph mine, too."

I left my black bra on the table and began walking out of the restaurant. When I saw how intensely the guys in the diner were staring at my chest, I looked down and quickly realized that discarding my bra was a mistake. My blouse was far more transparent than I thought it was and my nipples were quite visible under the thin white fabric. However, as a matter of principle I couldn't go back and get it now. I had to make my point by leaving the diner without looking back.

I was outside the restaurant and I could see that my soon-to-be ex-boyfriend was still in the diner flirting with the waitress. I opened the door to the pickup and began climbing up into the cab. The height of the jacked-up monster truck made it difficult for me to get in. When I bent forward to get into the truck, my extremely short skirt rode up in back, exposing my bare ass to everyone in the restaurant. I was getting embarrassed because the boys in the diner had just finished gawking at my braless breasts and now they could see my fully exposed butt as I squirmed around to pull myself up into the truck. As I sat there alone, I thought that maybe I'd gotten the attention of my boyfriend, but all I'd really done was give the guys in the diner a good show.

I sat and waited in the pickup truck while Mr. Quarterback got the waitress's phone number. When he finally came outside, my boyfriend told me he was going to ask me to marry him. However, he could now see that I would never be the stay-at-home housewife that he was looking for. I told him that I wanted to break up, too, because I was tired of living under his strict rules, although I still felt a twinge of sadness deep inside me.

He offered to drive me home, but I told him that I would call one of my sorority sisters and ask her to pick me up at a bar across the street. I jumped down from his truck for the last time and once again, my skirt flew up in the air. However, this time I didn't have a thong to hide my hairy triangle from the men in the diner so they were all treated to a clear view of my reddish-brown pussy hair.

It seemed to take forever, but my skirt finally floated down to cover my nakedness. I was mortified when I looked though the window of the diner and saw that everyone was staring at me, but I tried not to appear flustered. I just gave my ex-boyfriend a hug and proceeded to walk across the street to the bar. I had to be careful crossing the street because the passing cars tried to blow my skirt up. Feeling that my performance at the diner was enough for one night, I did my best to hold my skirt down because I didn't want to flash everyone in the bar, too. However, what happened in the restaurant was nothing compared to what was about to happen to me in the bar!

**College Girls – Part 39**

I broke up with my boyfriend over dinner because he was more interested in the waitress than he was with me. He was paying more attention to another girl even though I was wearing a very short red and black plaid mini-skirt that was pleated and looked like a little schoolgirl skirt. The skirt was so tight that the zipper felt like it could pop open at any time, which made me a little nervous because there wasn't another button or hook holding the skirt on.

I was also wearing a see-through white blouse with only one button fastened right below my breasts. The bottom of the blouse was tied in a knot leaving my flat tummy exposed. On my feet, I wore white lace socks and black shoes. When I left the sorority house I was wearing a black bra and thong panties, but though the course of the evening I discarded them in order to compete with the waitress. That left me naked beneath my skimpy schoolgirl outfit.

My boyfriend offered to drive me home after dinner, but I declined. There was a bar across the street so I decided to wait in there until one of my sorority sisters could come and pick me up. After giving my ex-boyfriend a hug, I proceeded to walk across the street to the bar. I had to be careful crossing the street because the breeze from the passing cars tried to blow my skirt up. Feeling that my performance at the diner was enough for one night, I did my best to hold my skirt down because I didn't want to flash everyone in the bar, too.

After entering the establishment, I hopped up on a bar stool and the bartender poured me a beer. I really didn't need another beer because I was pretty drunk already, but the bartender gave me one on the house. As I looked around, it appeared that the bar catered to a bit of a rough crowd. Most of the people in the bar seemed to be older than I am, although there was a small group of girls and a few guys that were around my age. They didn't look like college students. They looked more like locals that stopped here after work. The girls were all wearing low-rise jeans and T-shirts.

Many of the men were staring at me, so I started feeling a little uneasy and vulnerable because of the way that I was dressed. I suddenly came to the realization that entering this bar alone may not have been a good idea. I was in a strange place wearing a skimpy see-through blouse and extremely short skirt, and to make things worse I wasn't wearing a bra or panties. My nipples were quite visible under my thin white top so it was obvious that I wasn't wearing a bra. As the men began to really take notice of me, I became very nervous so I whipped out my cell phone and called my sorority sister, Rachel.

I said, "Rachel, I need a lift home from this country hick bar just outside of town."

She said, "Well, I'm kind of busy, but I guess I can be there in a couple of hours."

I said, "A couple of hours? You don't understand. There's kind of a rough crowd in here and I don't know anyone. And to make matters worse, I'm wearing my little schoolgirl costume without underwear!"

Rachel laughed and said, "How did you let that happen? I mean, I can't even believe you'd wear that outfit with underwear!"

I said, "Rachel, quit laughing and come get me."

She said, "Okay, I'll be there. Just try to keep a low-profile for a couple of hours and don't draw any attention to yourself."

Don't draw any attention to myself? Rachel obviously didn't remember how sheer my blouse was and how short my skirt was. Anyway, I don't think anyone could tell that I was naked under my skirt so I just tried to keep to myself.

Most of the guys in the bar kept coming up to me and trying to strike up a conversation, but the girls in the bar were very cold. They kept giving me the evil eye every time a guy gave me some attention. Then they huddled together and looked like they were plotting against me. When the huddle broke up, one of the girls came over and sat down next to me. She introduced herself as Heather and to my surprise, she seemed quite pleasant.

Heather was around 5'6 with bleached blonde hair and a heart tattooed on her arm. She had a cute face and didn't look as rough as the other girls, although she was dressed the same way. Heather was wearing very low-cut jeans. Her butt crack was just on the fringe of peeking out in back. She also had on a bare-midriff T-shirt that showed off her flat tummy. Heather's big tits were her main assets. Even though she wore a bra, her nipples still poked out against the front of her tight T-shirt.

When I first walked in the bar, I felt like I'd entered into a threatening environment. I was under the impression that people were pointing at me and talking about me behind my back. I wasn't going to talk to anyone, but Heather seemed friendly so I began to open up to her. I told Heather that my boyfriend and I had just split up that night. I went on to divulge that even though I wanted to break up with my boyfriend, I was still sad that the relationship ended.

Heather listened to my sob story and I was beginning to feel like she truly cared about me. Little did I know that Heather's circle of girlfriends sent her over to exploit me because I was an outsider. The girls were also upset because all of the guys in the bar focused their attention on my little schoolgirl costume. I guess the girls felt threatened because I was getting all of the guys' admiration and my drunken state of mind clouded my judgment of Heather's character.

Heather suggested that a game of Washers would cheer me up. I'd never played the game before, but it looked simple enough. All you had to do is toss a washer into a small box, similar to the game of horseshoes except each time you missed the box, you had to chug a small glass of beer. They put two boxes about ten feet apart on the floor and handed each of us four washers. Heather went first. She tossed her four washers and got two in the box. Heather chugged her beers out of a small glass and then it was my turn.

Suddenly I noticed that everyone in the bar was watching us play. When I leaned forward to toss the first washer, my blouse fell away from my chest and my nipples peeked out because there was only one button fastened on my shirt. The guys were able to look into my shirt and almost see my braless breasts.

I stood up and said, "This isn't going to work. When I bend over, I practically fall out of this shirt."

The guys groaned and Heather said, "What's wrong baby?"

I replied, "I lost my bra earlier tonight and the boys can see right down my blouse! I'd better button up."

Heather grabbed my hands and softly said, "Oh no, no, no, you don't want to do that."

I begged, "Please Heather, let me button my shirt. It's bad enough that the boys can see through my top. I don't want them looking down my blouse, too."

Knowing that I was a little sad and pretty drunk as well, Heather began to toy with my fragile emotions. If I hadn't been so drunk, I'd have known that Heather did not have my best interests in mind, but she'd won my trust, so I let her continue. Heather stepped in front of me and softly ran her finger down the middle of my chest.

Heather stopped between my breasts and said, "You look great just the way you are. If anything, you have too many buttons fastened. Here, let me help you out."

When Heather's finger passed between my breasts, it sent chills down my spine. A girl hadn't touched my body in a long time and I yearned for that wonderful sensation. Unfortunately, my quest for sexual satisfaction blinded me to Heather's true intensions. Although Heather had wicked plans for me, her soft sensual touch yielded me powerless to stop her. Heather's finger found its way down to the only button fastened on my shirt and with a quick flick of her fingers, the button popped open.

She looked me in the eyes, licked her lips and seductively said, "There, that's much better."

I was mortified. Everyone was staring at me and the only thing holding my blouse together was a loosely tied knot well below my breasts. However, I was trying to win Heather's affection, so I allowed myself to follow her instructions. Since I felt that she was interested in me, I assumed that she would watch out for me. Regrettably, I was too drunk to notice that Heather didn't care about me at all. She was only making fun of me to impress her friends.

We went back to playing the game and it was still my turn. My shirt was tied together at the bottom, but when I leaned forward to throw the next washer, my shirt separated even further than before. Now the boys could easily see my braless breasts, including my round rosy nipples. I was really embarrassed so I tried to hold my top while I threw the washer, but Heather smiled and pulled my hand down. She told me to quit worrying about my top and concentrate on the game. Of course, that was easy for her to say. Her bare tits weren't spilling out in front of everybody.

Tossing the washers caused my braless breasts to bounce a little and that really caught the attention of the men. As they watched my boobies bounce, I got one washer in the box. Unfortunately, I missed with the other three. I had the same kind of luck with my glasses of beer. I got two in my mouth, but I missed with the third one. It spilled down the front of my blouse and the left side of my shirt was soaked. The thin white fabric became transparent and the cold beer made my nipple poke out prominently against the see-through material. The boys cheered frantically.

I put my hand over my beer soaked breast and said, "Well, I guess that ends the game."

Then Heather rushed over and said, "No, you can't quit now. We're just getting warmed up."

I said, "But Heather, I've got beer on my shirt."

She said, "Don't worry. I can take care of that. Hey Donna, can you get me a wet bar rag? Make sure it's nice and wet!"

A slightly overweight girl with a bubbly personality quickly charged over and handed Heather a sopping wet towel. Heather commanded me to hold my hands up in the air and foolishly I complied. She began rubbing the towel over the right side of my thin blouse until it was soaked.

I looked down and said, "Heather, the beer is on the left side, not the right."

Heather giggled and said, "Sorry" and then she began rubbing the wet towel over my left breast.

I must have really been drunk because I should have never said anything. Heather had already saturated the right side of my shirt with the wet towel and now she was doing the same thing on the left side.

As she continued to drench my shirt, I said, "Heather, maybe this isn't such a good idea. The fabric on this blouse is incredibly thin and you're making the material as wet as possible."

Heather said, "What's your point?"

I responded, "What's my point! My point is that the guys are all staring at me, and when you're finished, I'm going to look like the winner of a wet T-shirt contest. Everyone will be able to see right through my blouse!"

Heather said, "Well, let's wait and see how it turns out. Besides, it'll dry eventually."

I shrieked, "Eventually? What am I supposed to do in the mean time…let all the guys stare at my practically bare tits?"

Heather said, "Quit complaining and hold your arms up. I'm all finished and I want to see how it looks."

I said, "But Heather, if I hold my arms up, everyone will be able to see my wet shirt and I'm not wearing a bra."

She said, "Just do it!"

Like a fool, I lifted my arms so that everyone could see my sopping wet shirt. I glanced down and it looked to me like I didn't have a top on at all.

My face turned red and I said, "Oh Heather, what have you done? My blouse looks like it's gone!"

From the cheers of the men in the crowd, it must have appeared the same way to them. The thin white fabric of my blouse looked like it had disappeared and the cold water made my nipples very firm as they jetted out for everyone to see.

After all that, the guys still made me drink another glass of beer to make up for the one I spilled, and then it was time for the game to continue. Bending over to pick up the washers from the floor was my next big mistake. With all of the focus on my wet shirt, I temporarily forgot that I was wearing an extremely short skirt without any panties underneath. When I bent over, the back of my short skirt rode up, exposing my bare butt to the people standing behind me, which included Heather.

She immediately called out, "Hey look guys…Mindy isn't wearing any underpants!"

I was so embarrassed, but before I could do anything Heather pulled the back of my skirt up and revealed my ass to all of the onlookers. Then she softly spanked my bare bottom right in front of everyone. That really got the crowd going. I pulled down my skirt, but Heather was still lurking behind me. Now not only did I have to protect my top, I also had to guard my skirt!

When I bent over to toss the next washer, Heather flipped my skirt up in back and pinched my little butt. I quickly grabbed my skirt and held it down so Heather went for my blouse. She tried to quickly untie the knot, but when I struggled to get away, Heather just yanked on it. My heart sank when I heard the thin fabric begin to tear apart.

I shrieked, "Heather let go. You're ripping my blouse."

The crowd started cheering so she pulled even harder.

I begged, "Please Heather, let go. I won't have a shirt to wear," but all I could do was watch as Heather tore the thin blouse into two pieces.

Heather giggled and said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I guess I got a little carried away."

Two strips of fabric were hanging down in front of me. My shirt was ripped wide open, but the wet material was still sticking to my breasts.

I was trying to hold together what was left of my shirt and that's when Heather went to work on my ass again. She lifted the back of my skirt and slowly started running her fingertip up and down my sensitive butt-crack. With all of the people watching I felt humiliated, but then I began to giggle and twitch from the sensation of Heather slowly dragging her finger up and down the hypersensitive area between my butt cheeks. Heather was actually getting me excited, but the feeling of humiliation quickly returned when I saw all the guys trying to move behind me so that they could watch.

I said, "Heather, you'll have to stop doing that."

Heather said, "Stop? What for? Don't you like it?"

I blushed and said, "Well yes, but there are men standing behind us. I mean, well, it's a little awkward for me because they're looking right at my bare ass!"

Heather looked around and said, "Yes, I guess they are."

Then Heather decided to get the crowd involved by holding up my skirt and displaying my entire bare ass to the men.

Once the guys had an unobstructed view of my butt, Heather said, "Boys, why are you all crowded behind us? Is it because Mindy isn't wearing any panties? I mean come on guys, haven't you ever seen a young girl's bare ass before?"

I screamed, "Heather, you're not helping the situation. You're making it worse!"

While continuing to hold the back of my skirt up so that my naked backside was on display, Heather paused, took a long look at my butt and said, "Well, I guess I can't blame you guys for looking. She does have a mighty fine ass. In fact, boys have you ever seen a butt as cute as this one?"

Then Heather softly caressed my butt cheeks and said, "Look how smooth and firm her butt is. Yep, this is one sweet little girl…and she has one sweet little ass!"

As the guys howled, I quickly reached around to pull down the back of my skirt, while still holding onto the front of my skirt. Unfortunately, I no longer had a grip on my tattered shirt and it began to slide down my arms. My blouse was falling off and I was incapable of stopping it. All I could do was stand there as my braless breasts were slowly revealed to the men sitting in front of me.

Heather looked at me and said, "Oh, no, Mindy, you're loosing your shirt. The guys can see your bare boobies, now."

Then Heather added, "Wow, those are some nice titties, aren't they boys?"

As the guys clapped and cheered I said, "Thanks Heather. Why don't you just draw more attention to my predicament? Every time a piece of my clothing falls off, you make sure everyone sees it!"

Heather said, "Why are you blaming me? Didn't you know that your shirt was ripped?"

I said, "Of course I knew it. You ripped it!"

She said, "Well then, let me try and fix it."

I said, "No Heather, leave what's left of it alone. Please don't pull it off," but my pleading fell on deaf ears.

Heather pulled off the strips of material that used to be my shirt and left me standing topless in the middle of the bar. My face was scarlet red with embarrassment as everyone gawked at my bare breasts.

Heather held my shirt up and said, "Aw, look how torn up it is" and then she started pulling on the fabric to make the tear even bigger.

I said, "Please don't do that. I need my shirt back. I'm topless. I need something to put on."

She said, "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing," but then she pulled too hard and the shirt tore completely apart.

Now my blouse was nothing more than a pile of shredded fabric.

I said, "This isn't fair. You ruined my blouse, but you're still wearing your shirt."

The guys started chanting, "Take it off, take it off," so Heather looked at me and said, "I'll tell you what, if I lose the next round, I'll take my shirt off."

I agreed, so Heather tossed the remnants of my shirt into the crowd and then she went first. She got three in, but by some miracle, I got all four in even though I had to hold one arm across my bare chest. Heather never thought that I could win in my drunken state, but when I did, she tried to weasel out of the bet. However, the guys refused to let her off the hook, so she pulled her T-shirt over her head. Now she was feeling some of my embarrassment. Even though she was wearing a bra, her silver dollar sized nipples were visible through the lacy material.

I said, "Heather, you still have a bra, but I don't have anything to put on. What am I going to wear?"

One of the guys responded, "Nothing!" and then everyone laughed.

With my arms folded across my chest, I said, "Heather, we have to quit. There's no way I can continue to play this game topless."

Heather sternly replied, "Oh yes you will. I need to win back my shirt."

With one arm across my bare chest, I tossed my washers, but I only got one in the box. I thought that I would surely lose my skirt and have to finish the game stark naked, but I forgot that Heather had lost her shirt. She still had a bra on, but her nice round nipples were easy to see beneath the lacy fabric.

As she was about to toss her first washer, a guy yelled, "Nice nipples!"

Heather became flustered and buckled under the pressure. She didn't get any washers in the box. Now she was supposed to pull her pants down.

Heather pleaded with her friends, "Don't make me take off my jeans. Come on, the plan was to get her naked, not me!"

The plan was to get me naked? That statement should have raised a red flag, but because of the alcohol I was only interested in making sure that Heather lost her pants.

I called out, "Hey, a bet is a bet. Take 'em off!"

Heather hesitated for a while, but she finally unbuttoned her jeans. As she pulled down the zipper, her pink panties began to show so the crowd started cheering louder. Then the boys really went crazy when Heather slid the tight jeans down her legs and finally tossed them on the table. Heather's little pink panties were so low-cut that some of her butt-crack was showing in back. A tiny bit of her sandy-brown pussy hair was showing above the waistband in front, too. I couldn't resist reaching out and pinching her butt.

She laughed and said, "Hey, stop that!"

Our playfulness was really getting the guys in the bar excited. We were about to go back to the game, but before we could continue, they made us drink more beers for our missed throws. Now my head was really spinning. I think Heather was getting a little tipsy, too.

I bent down to pick up a washer and Heather said, "I can see your butt cheeks. Here let me fix it."

Heather pulled down hard on my skirt and I yelped, "Whoa, that's far enough. My pussy hair is starting to show."

Heather said, "So what! Mine's hanging out, too."

We both giggled as she pointed to the waistband where a few tufts of sandy-brown pussy hair were hanging out of her panties.

Heather said, "These damn panties are so skimpy that I can't pull them up any further."

I giggled and said, "Well, at least you're wearing panties."

Heather said, "That's true. By the way, Mindy, I think you're okay. I guess I was a little mean to you before and I'm sorry. Now that were sort of in the same boat, I'll quit trying to pull your clothes off."

Sure, now she quits when I’m down to just a skirt and socks!

**College Girls – Part 40**

So far, it had been quite an evening. I broke up with my boyfriend because he was paying more attention to another girl, even though I was wearing a very short schoolgirl skirt that was so tight, the zipper felt like it could pop open at any time. It made me nervous because there wasn't another button or hook holding the skirt on. Then I lost my bra and panties before meeting a girl named Heather in a rough bar.

I thought Heather was being friendly, but during a game of strip washers she managed to destroy my blouse and I found out that she was plotting with her friends to pull all of my clothes off. However, she lost her jeans and T-shirt during the game, too. Finally, when I was topless and she was down to her bra and panties, she decided to call a truce and agreed quite stripping me in front of everyone in the crowded bar.

For the first time I felt accepted by the guys and girls in the bar, and now the guys had someone else to look at besides me. However, the guys' focus on Heather was short lived. A little bit of Heather’s sandy brown pussy hair was peeking out above the waistband of her skimpy panties, so she playfully tugged on my skirt so that some of my pussy hair showed in front, too. As I mentioned earlier, pulling down on my skirt put an incredible strain on the zipper and when I bent over to pick up a washer from the floor, I felt something pop behind me.

I looked at Heather and said, "Oh, no, my zipper broke!"

Then my zipper busted wide open and my skirt fell to the floor. Unfortunately for me, at that very moment Heather was kneeling down to pick up her washers. I stood up and I was now stark naked in front of everyone. I quickly bent over to pick up my skirt, but the skirt wouldn't budge. Heather was kneeling on it!

With my bare ass mooning the crowd, I squealed, "Heather, you're on my skirt!"

Heather looked distracted because my hairy triangle was only inches from her face as she muttered, "Um what, what did you say?"

I screamed, "Heather, you're on my skirt. I'm completely naked. Everyone's looking at me. Please get off my skirt!"

Heather said, "Oh I'm sorry. Here, let me get it for you."

Obviously Heather was now drunk as she pulled up on my skirt. Then I heard something ripping and I quickly noticed that Heather was trying to pick up my skirt while she was still kneeling on it.

I yelled, "Heather, let go of the skirt. You're still kneeling on it. You're going to ruin it!"

Then everyone started laughing because Heather didn't stop pulling on the skirt until it was torn beyond repair. All I could do was watch as Heather ripped the skirt from the zipper all the way to the end.

I screeched, "Heather you've destroyed my skirt!"

Heather said, "Oops, I'm really sorry. I mean, I tried to rip your blouse, but this was truly an accident."

I nervously said, "Oh Heather, what am I going to do now? I don't have any clothes left to wear. Look at all the men. They're staring at me and I'm totally naked. This is so humiliating!"

As the men continued to ogle my bare body, I put one hand over my auburn muff while attempting to hide part of my butt with the other. There was nothing left to conceal my breasts so they were just out in the open for everyone to see. The crowd was going wild, including a couple of men that looked like they were pushing sixty. The older men moved as close as they could to get a clear view of my young firm body.

I said, "Heather, the men are moving closer. What should I do? I'm bare-assed naked and all these guys are looking at me!"

She said, "Oh, they're just having a little fun. Come over here, sit down and have a beer."

I said, "But I don't have any clothes on! You can't expect me to sit here naked and have a beer with a bunch of men crowded around me."

She said, "Don't worry, these guys are harmless. They won't mess with you as long as Donna and I are around."

Now I was beginning to think that Heather truly did care about me. I was ready to sit down and have a beer, but all the seats were taken.

When nobody offered me a chair I asked, "Where should I sit? There aren't any chairs left."

Heather said, "Hmm…why don't you just hop up and sit on the table?"

I said, "Hop up on the table? Heather, that's a high table and do I have to remind you that I don't have any clothes on?"

Heather chuckled and said, "Just hop on up. You're among friends now."

I jumped up on the end of the table, and then Heather giggled and said, "Wow, I guess this is a high table. You look like you're on stage."

I was so embarrassed because everyone was sitting around me like I was the entertainment for the evening, which I guess I was. I crossed my legs tightly to hide most of my neatly trimmed auburn bush and I had an arm across my chest in an attempt to conceal my breasts. In my sitting position, there was also less than half of my butt-crack showing, yet everyone was still staring at me as I sipped on a beer.

I said, "Heather, I feel really weird sitting up here naked while everyone around me is fully clothed."

She replied, "Well, I'm in my underwear."

I said, "That's far from naked. Can't you find me some clothes to wear?"

She said, "Well, I'd really hate to hide that cute little body of yours."

I smiled and said, "You like my body?"

She said, "Hell yes. On the farm, I don't always ride the stallions. Sometimes I ride the fillies, too."

I reached out, held her hand and said, "I'm happy to hear that, but for now, can I just get some clothes?"

She winked at me and said, "I'll see what I can do."

Heather called out, "Hey Bob, what would it take to get this naked little girl a new sweatshirt?"

He replied with a laugh, "An orgasm!"

With that, the crowd started chanting, "Orgasm, orgasm, orgasm!"

Heather said, "No, really what would it take?"

He was originally joking, but when he saw the reaction of the crowd, he said, "An orgasm."

Heather said, "You can't expect her to play with herself right here in front of everyone. Hasn't she been humiliated enough?"

My body tensed up when he said, "No orgasm, no sweatshirt. And I want a real one, too!"

Heather said, "This is a rough crowd. You'd better give them what they want or you'll be going home in the nude."

I said, "They can't be serious."

She replied, "Hell yes they're serious. Just look at me. I'm a regular here. These are my friends and they haven't given me my clothes back yet. Hell, I'm surprised they let me keep my underwear. Now you'd better get started."

I said, "You don't mean…"

She replied, "Yes, I do. Come on, just close your eyes and make it happen…and don't try to fake it. They want a real orgasm."

I should have never drank so much tonight. Of course, I'd never do something like this with a clear head, but people do strange things when they're drunk. I was sitting on the edge of a tall table and Heather was sitting in a chair in front of me. Then to my dismay, a few guys pulled up chairs next to Heather giving them a birds-eye-view of what I was about to do. As the rest of the people crowded around me I felt humiliated and excited at the same time. I slowly uncrossed my legs, but I crossed them again when the guys started howling.

One guy yelled out, "Come on, don't tease us!"

I worked up a little nerve and tried it again. With an arm across my chest I uncrossed my legs, but I only spread them far enough for my fingers to work their magic. I tried to cover most of my furry patch with my hand as I dipped a finger into my tight wet pussy. After trying to play with myself for a few seconds, I pulled my hand away and crossed my legs again.

I said, "Heather, I can't go through with it. I've never done this in front of a big crowd before. I just can't do it."

The crowd moaned and then Heather said, "You just need a shot of courage. Hey Bob, how about a couple shots of tequila over here?"

I begged, "No Heather. I really lose control when I drink tequila. Besides, I've had too much to drink already."

Heather said, "Nonsense. We're goin' all the way tonight!"

Heather and I had a shot of tequila and after a few minutes, it was time for me to try it again. I put my hand in the same position where it hid my pussy hair, but this time I spread my legs wide apart. The tequila must have started to take affect because I was slowly losing my inhibitions, but just as I dipped a finger into my now-wet pussy, the bartender brought us two more shots.

I said, "No Heather, no more."

She said, "Come on. Just one more shot and that'll be the last thing you have to drink the rest of the night."

I took a deep breath and said, "Alright."

Without thinking, I reached for the shot glass, but I forgot to put my legs together. Removing my hand from in front of my pussy left my neatly trimmed auburn bush completely unprotected. To make things worse for myself, I was so drunk now that I wasn't even aware that my legs were still spread wide apart. Now I was giving everyone in the bar a beaver shot, especially the lucky guys sitting right in front of me.

A man in his forties was sitting directly between my legs and he was examining my young moist pussy-lips in great detail, yet I did nothing to stop him. When he looked up at me and told me that I was beautiful, I just gave him an adoring smile to let him know that I appreciated his compliment. If I'd been consciously aware of what he was looking at, I'd have been mortified, but I just sat there and let him enjoy the view.

Since I'd had so much to drink, it was going to take me a few minutes to finally get myself to down the shot. In the mean time, I was sitting there holding the shot with my pussy out in the open for everyone to see. Finally Heather and I downed our shots and it was time to get back to work between my legs. I slowly inserted my finger into my tight wet pussy, but as I stroked myself I gradually fell back until I was laying spread eagle on the table.

I said, "Heather, I need help."

What I meant was that I needed help getting off the table, but Heather took it as I just needed help getting off!

Heather leaned over and whispered, "Sure honey, I'll help you out. I guess I kind of got you into this mess anyway."

Then Heather continued, "If were gonna do this, then were gonna do it right. Now let’s start with those nice titties of yours."

I said, "Heather, you can't, I mean everyone's watching, I mean…"

She said, "Just lay back and enjoy the ride."

I was powerless to stop her as she pulled my arm off my breasts and began softly kissing my nipples. It felt so good that I reached behind Heather's head and began running my fingers through her hair. This prevented Heather from pulling her lips away from my breasts. I was really enjoying it, but then I opened my eyes for a moment and saw several older men, a few younger guys and even some younger girls standing over me and watching the performance.

Then I lifted my head and saw that there were a few guys sitting between my spread legs and getting a close-up view of my bare beaver. That made me a little nervous, but when one of them reached out and actually touched my hairy triangle, Donna stepped in and slapped his face before his finger could penetrate me. Bob the bartender threatened to throw him out. He told the guy that there weren't going to be any rapes in his bar. Now I was able to relax because I felt protected.

With Heather bent over the side of me, Donna wanted to have some fun so she put a finger in Heather's panties and pulled them down a little bit. Part of Heather's butt crack was showing, so Heather reached back and pulled her panties up.

Heather laughed and said, "Hey stop that."

The people also laughed, so Donna did it again. Donna slipped a finger into Heather's undies and pulled the little pink panties down even further this time. Almost all of Heather's butt crack was showing now.

As she yanked up her panties, Heather yelled out, "Now come on Donna. You almost pulled them all the way down that time."

The guys started chanting, "All the way, all the way," so Donna did it again, only this time she pulled the little pink undies all the way down to Heather's thighs. Her bare ass was completely exposed to the people standing behind her and they started cheering.

The crowd expected Heather to get flustered and put her panties up, but she just laughed and said, "If you need to see my ass that bad, then you're welcome to it!"

The crowd was shocked when Heather left her bare butt exposed. They were even more surprised when I put my hand on her beautiful behind and Heather did nothing to push it away. The tequila must have had an affect on Heather, because she didn't argue at all. If fact, I started to pull my hand away and she put it back on her butt. Heather had a nice smooth toned ass and I loved caressing it. Then I began softly tickling the inside of her butt-crack. She must have liked it because I could feel her body tense up and she started sucking my nipples a little harder. Next, I slid my hand up her back and popped her bra open.

Heather smiled at me and said, "What are you doing? You're trying to get me naked, aren't you!"

I replied, "Your lacy bra is a little rough against my skin."

Heather said, "Can't you ignore it, I mean we're in a bar and I'm almost naked."

I said, "Well, I'm already naked and I'd rather feel your bare breasts pressed against me. Come on, Heather. Won't you get naked with me, please?"

Someone yelled out, "Give her what she wants."

Heather rose up off me and said, "It'll take another shot."

As she waited for her tequila to arrive, she left me lying there spread eagle and stark naked. I was too worn out to fight it, so I just laid there and let everyone feast their eyes on me. Heather was standing beside me and with her bra unclasped, it was about to fall off, but her nipples were still partially covered. However, with her panties down to her thighs, her sandy-brown bush was uncovered for everyone to see. From the reactions in the bar, it appeared that the men had dreamed of seeing Heather naked for a long time and now their dreams were coming true.

Heather tossed down the shot of tequila and then put her fingers on her bra-straps. Everyone thought that she was going to back out, but to their delight Heather pushed the straps down her arms. She tossed her bra on the floor and then shook her big boobies for the crowd. Shaking her upper body caused her panties to drift down her legs.

Heather looked down and said, "My panties!"

She reached for them, but it was too late. When her panties fell past her knees, they dropped to the floor. Heather was now completely nude, too.

Donna quickly grabbed Heather's underwear and Heather said, "Thanks Donna, I need to put those back on."

Donna replied, "Not now you won't. I'm gonna hold onto your bra and panties until you're done."

Heather giggled and in a drunken drawl said, "Aw Donna, you're not gonna make me finish this in the nude, are you?"

Donna said, "Yes. It'll be more fun that way. Now get back to work."

Instead of going for my titties, Heather went straight to my pussy. She bent forward with her knees straight and buried her head between my legs. Her firm round butt was pointed right at the crowd and she was acting as though she'd forgotten that she was naked in a bar. As she slowly licked my little clitty, she slipped a finger inside of me. Heather began to work her finger around inside of my tight wet pussy, while I tickled and pulled on my own nipples.

Heather paused and said, "Anything?"

I replied, "Just keep working it."

The bar was almost silent now as the crowd intently watched Heather try and get me off. Heather kept moving her finger in and out, in and out as she moved her tongue up and down my wet slit. The feeling was building stronger and stronger, and then Heather started moving her finger around in little circles. This intensified the feeling, but just when I was about to reach the point of no return, the feeling subsided. I was really feeling frustrated as Heather continued stroking me.

Heather paused and said, "How about now?"

I said, "I'm close, I'm oh so close."

Heather climbed up on her hands and knees above me. As she focused on my breasts for a while, her big titties dangled over my body. I could feel her erect nipples bushing against my flat tummy as her boobies wobbled around just above me. I was holding onto Heather's nice butt while she attended to my nipples, but then I let go as Heather slid back down between my legs.

I was getting so excited as Heather licked every part of my pussy before re-inserting her fingers. I was just about to reach an orgasm, but then I opened my eyes and saw all of the men looking at me. This caused me to feel embarrassed and again, I lost the urge to cum.

Heather looked up and said, "Still having trouble?"

I replied, "Heather, you're great, but I can't cum. I don't know what's wrong."

Heather said, "Well then, I think it's time to bring out the heavy artillery. Donna, get your purse."

Some guy said, "Try using my dick!"

Heather scoffed and replied, "I've seen your dick and it's not even big enough to satisfy yourself."

Everyone laughed as Donna handed Heather her purse. Heather pulled out a very life-like looking dildo.

Heather said, "This'll get the job done."

Donna protested, "But it's brand new. I haven't even used it yet."

Heather said, "Didn't your mother teach you that you should share your toys?"

With that, Heather pushed the button and began to lightly touch the vibrating tool against my soft pussy lips. After Heather heard me moaning, she slowly started to work the artificial penis into my waiting pussy. It had a little ring that massaged my love button every time she thrust it deep inside of me. I really began to moan and shake as she moved the mechanical dick in and out of my pussy, while she softly twisted and pulled on my nipples at the same time. The crowd was right on top of me, but I didn't care anymore. I just wanted to reach an orgasm.

I moan, "Oh Heather…that feels so good. Don't stop what you're doing."

Heather whispered, "Don't worry. Just relax. Don't fight the feeling. Just let it go."

I started squirming around on the table screaming, "Yes, yes, oh yes!"

Some of the guys began mocking me saying, "Yes, yes, yes," but I didn't care because I was about to cum.

Finally, I reached the point of no return. My body tensed up, I started to shutter and then I let out a big moan. It felt so good that tears started running down my face.

I said, "No more, no more. Take it out, please take it out."

Heather teased and said, "You mean you're all finished?"

I yelled, "Yes, yes, just pull it out. I can't take it anymore."

Heather finally removed the toy, but my body continued to shake and shutter. Heather leaned over and softly kissed the tears off my face as her bare breasts pressed against mine. Donna handed Heather her underwear and Heather started to pull her little pink panties up her legs. When her little undies were in place, Heather put her bra back on.

Heather said, "Now I have to find the rest of my clothes."

I said, "Please don't leave me," but she walked away.

They forced Heather to wander around the bar in her underwear for a while before she finally located her jeans and T-shirt. Unfortunately for me, while she was gone I was left alone, totally nude, on a table in the middle of a bar. I had to suffer the humiliation of lying there, completely naked and in a spread eagle position, while strange men gathered around me. I don't know if it was the powerful orgasm or the heavy drinking, but all I could do was lay there and let the men gawk at me.

Heather returned and pulled her tight jeans up her legs. Then she put her T-shirt on and she was fully clothed. Once again I was the only naked person among a crowd of people that were all completely dressed. The cloud in my head began to clear and I suddenly became even more conscious of all of the people that were staring at my naked body.

I said, "Come on guys, haven't you seen enough?"

The guys said, "We want more than enough."

I said, "Please guys, I just can't hide my bare titties, pussy and ass all at the same time. I'm just a little girl that lost her clothes. Can't you guys look the other way?"

Heather said, "I'll put an end to this!"

I thought she was going to help me, but she just walked away and left me naked on the table again. I tried to roll over and shield my breasts and pussy from the boys, but all that did was give them another unobstructed view of my bare butt. When I heard the guys talking about how nice of an ass I had, I tried reaching behind and covering my butt with my hands. With my hands behind me, I couldn't steady myself and I almost fell off the table, so I rolled over on my back again.

Being drunk made me feel unstable, so it forced me to hold onto the sides of the table with my hands and spread my legs wide to steady myself. Of course, this left my firm full breasts, round rosy nipples, and neatly trimmed auburn bush fully exposed to everyone around me. With my legs spread, several guys even took the opportunity to get a close-up view of my sweet pussy-lips and there was nothing I could do about it. I was presenting the ultimate beaver shot to the men in front of me and I was unable to stop them from studying every inch of my young tight pussy. I'd never felt so embarrassed in my life and I think my blushing face enticed the men even more.

I said, "Really guys, this is so embarrassing for me. I'm just a young college girl laying here stark naked and some of you are old enough to be my father. Yet you men continue to gawk at my titties and the fuzzy patch between my legs. Can't you guys give me a break?"

Heather came to my rescue and said, "Yes they can" as she sat me up and whipped a brand new sweatshirt over my head.

Heather looked at the guys and said, "Go away guys. The show's over. No more fuzzy patch tonight!"

The sweatshirt was size double X. The shirt hung down almost to my knees, but I didn't care. I now felt warm and safe. After I put the sweatshirt on, I saw Rachel pull up in her car. I tried to leave, but so many people were hugging me and saying goodbye that I thought I'd never get out of there. As the guys hugged me, they kept lifting the back of my sweatshirt so they could touch my bare behind, but I was able to break free and get out the door. When Rachel and I were finally on our way home, she noticed that I was wearing a new sweatshirt with the bar's logo on it.

Rachel asked, "You bought a sweatshirt?"

I said, "No, they gave it to me for free."

She asked, "Did you buy any drinks?"

I replied, "No, they were free, too."

She asked, "Is it because you go there often?"

I said, "No, I'd never been there before in my life. I didn't know anyone."

Rachel declared, "Mindy, you're the only girl I know that can go into a strange bar where nobody knows you and drink all night without paying for a single beer. On top of that, they give you a free sweatshirt and when you leave, they say goodbye to you like you're the most popular girl that ever entered the bar. I wish I knew your secret."

I just smiled at her and remained silent. If Rachel went into a bar, lost her clothes and had an orgasm right in front of everyone, I'm sure they would treat her the same way as they treated me. However, I think this evening should remain my secret.

While lying around the next day with a bad hangover, I reminisced about what had transpired the previous night. Before my boyfriend's visit, I wished that I could break up with him and return to my exhibitionistic lifestyle. However, I wanted to break up in a more civilized manner, and my idea of exhibitionism is wearing revealing clothes or playfully teasing guys with a quick flash. Exhibitionism becomes desperation when you no longer have control of your clothing. I guess you have to be careful what you wish for because it may come true!

**College Girls – Part 41**

My new friend Heather invited me on a weekend camping trip. I told her that I wasn't interested because I'm not the type of girl that likes to rough it in the great outdoors. I'm more of a pampered mint-on-the-pillow type of girl. However, she insisted vehemently so I accepted the invitation. Heather said that she wanted to do something nice for her little sister's eighteenth birthday. She thought it would be fun to take her sister and I on a camping trip before her father put the camper away for the winter. Heather assured me that it would just be the three of us. She also said that we were going to a "no frills" campground to simply relax and become one with nature.

The girls and I crowded into Heather's pickup truck and we were on our way. Heather's little sister, Jessica, was just adorable. Jessie is around five-foot-two with sandy-brown hair and big brown eyes. She has a petite figure and the sweetest smile I've ever seen. Heather has a cute face and a slender body, too. However, Heather is five-foot-six with bleached blonde hair and the tattoo of a heart on her arm, so she looks much wilder than Jessica.

It was unseasonably warm for September. Even though I was only wearing a small pair of cutoffs and a tank top, I was still perspiring. We had plenty of beer so I grabbed a cold one out of the cooler. The girls and I set up the tent camper, which was nothing more than a couple of pullout beds, a mini-refrigerator and a port-o-potty. There was no air conditioner, shower or even walls around the port-o-potty. The port-o-potty just sat out in the open next to the refrigerator. A couple in their forties were only a few campsites away from us. They had a huge RV that looked as big as a bus.

I gazed at the big beautiful RV with the satellite dish on top and thought to myself, "I'll bet those people don't have to pee out in the middle of the room with everyone watching them!"

An older gentleman that works in the office took Heather, Jessica and I for a walk around the campground. He showed us the stables for horseback riding, the river for swimming and canoeing, the trails for hiking, and then he showed us the facilities. It was just a brick building with two doors on the side. One door led to the men's restroom and the other to the women's restroom. The restrooms weren't fancy, but they were clean. Then he showed us the showers. On the outside of the building in the back, there were a few showerheads sticking out of the side of the building.

He said, "These are the women's showers."

I asked, "Where are the men's showers?"

He replied, "On the other side of the building."

Jessica and I walked around the building and noticed that a high wooden fence encased the men's showers. This assured the men of complete privacy. The showers were only accessible by going through the men's restroom.

Jessie and I returned to the other side of the building and I asked the man, "How come the men's showers are enclosed by a big solid wooden fence and the women's showers are right out in the open?"

He chuckled and said, "They're not right out in the open. See, there's a few shrubs in front of them."

I sarcastically said, "That makes me feel secure!"

He continued, "Your showers are facing the woods. Besides, the women's showers are behind the building. I doubt that anyone would bother you back here."

Jessica asked, "I'm just curious. Why isn't there a big fence around the women's showers like the men have?"

He answered, "There was a tall fence, but it fell down. We just haven't gotten around to replacing it."

Heather smirked, "How convenient!"

The man continued, "I really don't see what the big deal is. Most of the people have showers built into their motor homes so they don't use our facilities anyway."

Jessica had a nervous expression on her face because she knew our camper didn't have a built-in shower, but everyone dropped the subject as we continued the tour. There were only about fifteen motor homes and travel trailers throughout the campground. Our camper was in the last row of the park. That big RV bus gave the girls and I privacy because it blocked everyone's view of our pop-up tent camper. However, on the other side of our camper was a cluster of regular tents. I asked who the tent area belonged to and the man said it was a Boy Scout camp.

I said, "Oh great. Just what we need, a bunch of little boys hanging around."

The man said, "They're not so little. They're Eagle Scouts and they're all upper classmen in high school."

After the man left, Heather looked at me with a devilish grin and said, "I'll bet we can have some fun with the Eagle Scouts."

I said, "First of all, you said we were here to relax, not cause trouble. Secondly, I'm twenty-two and you're twenty-three. Those boys are at least four or five years younger than we are. And lastly, when I was in high school, the Eagle Scouts were kind of a nerdy bunch of boys. They didn't really hang out with our crowd."

Heather responded, "But they're eighteen, which is the same age as Jessie. Besides, after school starts most of the RV people are middle-aged couples or retired people. Those boys may be our only source of fun."

I giggled and said, "By fun, you mean baring a little skin, making out where people can see us, that kind of thing?"

Jessica blushed as Heather said, "Well, I was never an exhibitionist before I met you, Mindy, but getting naked and making out with you in the bar last weekend was a real rush."

Then Jessica really turned red. I guess Heather told Jessica about our stripping game in the bar last week. When the game was over, Heather and I were naked so we made out with each other right in front of everyone. Now that Heather had experienced the thrill of exhibitionism, I guess she wanted to try it again.

I said, "Jessie, I don't want you to think I act like that all the time. Just because your sister and I got a little drunk and wild last weekend doesn't mean we should all go out and corrupt a bunch of innocent Boy Scouts."

There was a pause and then Heather said, "I'll bet we can make them lose a merit badge!"

We laughed and then I said, "Okay, but just take it slow and natural. I'm more experienced at this than you girls are."

Heather said, "Too bad it's a bunch of nerdy guys."

I said, "Actually, nerdy guys can be more fun. I love to see the expressions on their faces when I flash guys that normally are not too lucky with girls."

Jessica asked, "So we just strip our clothes off in front of these boys?

I said, "No, there's a lot more to it than that. It seems to be a bigger turn-on and it's definitely more fun if the boys think we're flashing them by accident. If they're under the impression that we lost our clothes by some unfortunate mishap or they think they've discovered us in the nude unexpectedly, then it really adds to the teasing effect."

Jessica meekly asked, "So we're going to allow our clothes to accidentally fall off and then we're going to act embarrassed and flustered, that kind of thing?"

I said, "Jessica, from the way you're blushing I don't think it will be an act with you!"

Heather giggled and said, "Mindy, I can see right now that you're going to be a bad influence on my little sister!"

The girls and I were all wearing short cut-offs, tank tops, panties and bras. We decided to get the weekend rolling by removing our bras and heading to the stables. Heather and Jessica love riding horses, but I'm not too wild about it so Heather and I shared a horse.

My cutoffs were so short that my butt cheeks were hanging out and I'll bet the man that helped me get up into the saddle got an eye-full. There was also a worn-out spot on the back of my shorts. The hole was so big that it was easy to see what color underpants I was wearing. The man didn't say anything about it. He just smiled as the girls and I rode away from the barn. I looked around and noticed that there weren't any young girls at the campground. As a result, Heather, Jessica and I were the main attraction for everyone, especially the boys in the tent area.

As we rode around on the horses in our tank tops and tiny cutoff shorts, we pretended as if we didn't know the boys were watching us. However, the girls and I were well aware that we had a captive audience and we decided to give the boys a little preview of what the rest of the weekend would be like. The motion of the horses caused our braless breasts to bounce gently under our tank tops and our nipples poked out prominently against the front of our thin shirts. I could even see Jessica's cute little butt-crack hanging out of her too-small shorts and all the boys could see it, too.

When Heather picked up the pace, I had to hold on tight and I instinctively grabbed onto Heather's big boobies. Heather kept pushing my hands down, but every time the horse made an unexpected move my hands went right back to Heather's titties. While we were still ridding where the boys could see us, I began rubbing my breasts against Heather's back and gyrating my hips. I rose up in the saddle and arched my back to flaunt my backside to the boys. I'm sure they loved seeing my butt cheeks hanging out of my short shorts. We did plenty of ridding and plenty of teasing, but we didn't actually flash any of our precious body parts. We were saving those for later.

We stopped the horses where a couple of boys were within earshot and I asked loudly, "Heather, are you ready to take a shower?"

In the same tone Heather replied, "Sure, but don't you remember? The wall in front of the women's showers fell down!"

I said, "Oh, I forgot about that. We'll be right out in the open where everyone can see us."

Heather added, "And the showers face those secluded woods. I sure hope no one tries to hike back there and spy on us."

Jessica blushed and said, "Would you guys shut up. Don't give the boys any ideas!"

I said, "Jessie, we have to take a shower. I guess we'll just have to risk it."

Jessica turned a deeper shade of red and said, "But the boys..."

Heather said, "Jessie, there's nothing we can do to stop them from hiking through the woods to watch us strip down and soap up our naked bodies. Now let's go get it over with!"

Jessie really looked self-conscious when she saw the boys charge over to tell their friends what they'd just overheard.

I grinned at Heather and said, "You little tease! We'd better get going or the whole scout troupe's going to be out there watching us."

The girls and I returned the horses and then we went to our camper. Rather than carry all our clothes across the campground, we decided to just wear our towels. Once the three of us were in the nude, we wrapped our towels around us. Unfortunately, the towels were not full sized bath towels.

Jessica said, "This towel is too small. My butt feels like it's hanging out, and if I pull down on the towel my nipples show. I think we should wear clothes."

Heather said, "No way! Just put the towel on and let's go. Besides, I'm the tallest so I'm sure my butt's really hanging out."

Jessica said, "But what if my towel falls off? I won't have any clothes on!"

Heather just said, "Quit complaining" and then she opened the camper door.

Jessica was pretty well covered by her towel, but I couldn't say the same for Heather. Not only was the bottom of Heather's butt cheeks showing. Some of her sandy-brown bush was peeking out from below the towel, too. Regardless of our meager attire, we left the camper and began our journey across the campground.

It was starting to get dark out, but there were still plenty of older men outside barbecuing. They all watched as the three of us walked through the RV park. A few times, the breeze flipped our towels open treating some of the men to a quick look at our hairy triangles. It really embarrassed Jessica, but Heather and I just giggled and kept walking.

Once we reached the showers, it was really getting dark out. Heather and I quickly bared our bodies to the great outdoors. We hung our towels on the hooks, but Jessica was a little hesitant to show off her firm young body in public.

Jessica asked, "What if those boys are out there?"

I heard some rustling in the woods so I knew they were nearby, but I said, "Jessie, it's so dark that they can't see us anyway."

Jessica finally took her towel off and hung it up. Suddenly a floodlight came on above us that illuminated the entire shower area. Jessica panicked and tried to cover her nakedness by putting an arm across her chest and a hand between her legs.

She shrieked, "Who's there?"

Heather chuckled and said, "Don't worry sis. The light is probably on an automatic timer."

I sensed that there were several boys out in the woods, but I didn't say anything. The three of us just started rubbing soap all over our bare skin as if we were all alone. I accidentally dropped the bar of soap and Heather quickly bent over to pick it up. She kept her legs straight and pointed her bare ass right at the boys to give them a view of the full moon. I began lathering up my hair with my back to the wall so that I was facing the boys.

With my arms up in the air, I was showing them everything I had. My five-foot-one-inch body was totally exposed to the boys, including my medium sized breasts, soft pink nipples and reddish brown pussy hair. As I shampooed my hair, I made sure that I moved around enough to make my boobies jiggle for the boys. Jessica on the other hand was reluctant to turn around and show her most precious body parts to our audience. However, Jessica was presenting a mighty fine little ass to the boys.

Heather saw a couple of boys moving closer to get a better look at us so she really started putting on a show. As I continued washing my hair, Heather began rubbing her warm soapy hands all over my body. Jessica looked intrigued as she watched her big sister massage my breasts, tweak my nipples and then slowly move down the front of me until she reached my pleasure place. Heather worked up a nice lather between my legs and thoroughly shampooed my neatly trimmed bush before proceeding to my pussy lips. Her magic fingers felt so good that I began to moan, but the feeling was short lived because less than a minute later Heather instructed me to turn around so she could cleanse my firm rear-end.

Heather started out rubbing her hands all over my soft smooth ass. Then she began working her soapy fingers up and down my sensitive butt crack. I was enjoying the sensation of having my bare bottom teased, but I couldn't refrain from reaching out and applying a little soap to Jessica's beautiful young body. At first she tensed up and backed away, but I finally convinced her to stand still and enjoy the tender caress of my soft hands. Jessica's beautiful budding breasts were almost as big as mine are and her nipples quickly became erect when I rolled them between my fingers. She looked adorable as her checks blushed with embarrassment, but her eyes lit up with excitement.

As my soapy hand found its way between Jessica's legs I said, "I love your furry little muff."

Jessie's face turned bright red. She'd obviously never been touched by a girl before and I'm sure there was a flood of emotions running through her body. As I raked my fingernails down Jessica's soft pussy hair, I couldn't decide whether to reach behind her and brush my hand up against her cute little butt, or dive right into her adolescent pussy. Before I could make my decision, the mood was spoiled when a boy was pushed out in front of us.

Jessica immediately spotted the boy and reached for her towel, but Heather had cleverly moved it leaving Jessie naked in front of the boy. Again Jessica panicked and put an arm across her chest while attempting to cover her soapy bush with her hand. Heather and I took a more direct approach. Without covering ourselves at all we began to interrogate the young boy.

I asked, "What do you think you're doing young man?"

He stuttered as he said, "It wasn't my fault. They...they pushed me out here."

Heather sternly asked, "Did they force you to hike through the woods? Did they force you to spy on us? Did they force you to watch us take a shower?"

As Heather and I continued questioning the boy, we dipped under the shower to rinse the soap from our naked bodies. The boy's eyes followed the soap as it cascaded over our erect nipples and between our breasts. Then the soap continued across our flat tummies and through our neatly trimmed pussy hair. The soap finally ran down between our muscular legs and ended up on the shower floor.

Once Heather finished rinsing the soap from her wonderful nude figure, she pointed her bare body at the boy and demanded, "Is this what you wanted to see...a naked girl?"

The boy gave the impression that he was terrified of Heather. He appeared to be so embarrassed of standing in front of three nude young girls that he couldn't even look at us. The boy also seemed like he was mortified that he got caught spying on us. He tried to turn away from us, but Heather wasn't about to let that happen.

Heather struck a power stance by putting her hands on her hips and spreading her legs shoulder width apart. Of course when you're naked, the power stance tends to show off your breasts and bush without the slightest bit of modesty. To the boy, it was more of a "look at everything I've got" stance than a power stance, but the boy was too ashamed to take advantage of the situation. He still wanted to turn away from Heather.

Heather demanded, "Look at me. Don't turn away, just look at me!"

The boy acted self-conscious as he turned to face us.

Then I said, "Look Heather, that's why he's trying to turn away from us. He's got a bulge in his pants."

Heather said, "Let's see what he's trying to hide!"

The boy said, "No, not that..." but before he could do anything, Heather opened the front of his cargo shorts, and then she pulled his shorts and underwear down all in one motion.

With his pants down, I turned the boy towards Jessica and said, "See Jessie, this is what a boy's penis looks like."

In a nervous laugh, Jessica tried to say that this wasn't the first penis she'd ever seen, but I don't think she was being truthful. Jessie seemed too mystified at the sight of the boy's little boner. Both the boy and Jessie looked extremely embarrassed. They were mutually forced to expose themselves in public against their will, yet the two teens seemed innocently intrigued to behold a member of the opposite sex in all their naked glory. To my surprise, Jessica even put her arms down so that the boy could have a close-up view of her tender young body.

It was quickly becoming a warm affectionate moment for the two teenagers until Heather shattered the mood by saying, "Yep sis, that's a penis alright, but it's not a very big penis!"

Heather's remark was the kind of statement that could crush a boy's spirit for the rest of his life so I tried to reverse the damage by saying, "Don't worry, I think I know how to make it bigger."

Jessica watched closely to what I was doing as I lathered up my hand. Once my hand was all soapy and slick, I wrapped it around the boy's stiff member and slowly began stroking the young virgin boyhood. The Eagle Scout was trembling at my touch, but then his attention was diverted to Jessica's beautiful bush, which was completely exposed right in front of him. I could only imagine what was going on in the young boy's mind as he carefully studied Jessica's nude form. Soon the boy's penis became rigid and his body tensed up. Finally it looked like he was about to cum when out of nowhere, Heather reached over and smacked him right on his bare ass.

The kid cried out, "Ouch! What did you do that for?"

Heather sternly replied, "That's what you get for looking at my kid sister! Her naked body is right out in the open and she has no way to hide her nice titties and sweet little pussy from you. Just look at her, standing there all embarrassed."

Jessica was mortified. All of the attention was suddenly on her and she didn't have any clothes on. Jessie tried to hide her firm breasts and furry patch from the boy, but there was still plenty showing for the boy to observe.

Finally Jessica turned bright red and said, "That's enough about me, okay Heather?"

Heather said, "Alright."

I started stroking the boy again, but Heather said, "Mindy, stop that right now."

As I let go of his hard little member, the boy begged, "No...please don't stop!"

I said, "This is kind of cruel, isn't it Heather?"

Heather paused for a second, looked at the boy and said, "Well I guess it is. I'll tell you what, I'll finish the job, but I gonna do it my way."

The boy looked a little nervous because he had no idea what Heather was about to do. First she reached for the soap and then she slowly began to lather up her breasts right in front of the young boy. She really took her time massaging her big globes. She also teased her nipples to make them nice and hard. The boy was going crazy over the show that Heather was putting on and I must say, I was enjoying it myself.

Finally she bent over in front of him, wrapped her big tits around his smallish cock and began moving up and down on it. As she massaged the young penis with her breasts, she kept her legs straight and pointed her bare ass right at the boys in the woods. She was putting on quite a performance, but I could see that it wasn't going to be a very long performance because the boy was showing signs that he was about to cum.

I said, "Look Jessica. Look how big it is now" and then the boy started spurting milky streams into the air.

Jessica had a curious smile on her face as she watched the boy cum.

The boy was still trembling and breathing hard, but before he could recover, Heather yelled, "Now get out of here and don't come back!"

Jessica started laughing because the boy was stumbling all over himself as he tried to run while pulling his pants up at the same time. We all rinsed off, but as we were about to leave, another boy was thrust into our direction. I quickly yanked down the front of his pants and found a much larger penis pointing out at me.

I said, "I guess you want your cock stroked by a naked chick, too!"

In an effort to maintain control of the situation, I paused, looked the boy straight in the eyes and sternly said, "Well, is that what you want?"

This kid was a little more self-confident and he replied, "Yes, that's what I want."

Heather said, "Well you're not going to get it here!"

After a short pause, Jessica said, "Why don't you make him do it himself?"

Heather and I looked at each other in disbelief and then we started laughing because the sweet and innocent little girl had a great idea.

The boy said, "Wait. No. You can't make me do that," but I stepped forward, put soap in his hand and said, "Yes I can and I'll even help you get started."

I wrapped his soapy hand around his cock and then I wrapped my hand around his. I started forcing his hand up and down while inadvertently rubbing my bare breasts against his well-developed bicep. As I was getting him started, Jessica swiped his pants. I let go of his hand and he stopped what he was doing.

Heather smacked his bare ass and said, "No one told you to stop!"

The boy said, "I don't have to do this" and then he reached for his pants, but they were gone!

Jessica said, "You'll get your pants back when you're finished."

The boy now had an angry look on his face, but his penis was still hard and throbbing. I knew that it would be totally humiliating for the boy to whack-off in front of three girls and all of his friends, so I decided to help him again. I wrapped my hand around his and forced his hand up and down on his rigid member. As I continued assisting the boy, Jessica dropped her hands and flaunted her delicate teenaged body right in front of him.

Jessica was really providing some great inspiration for the boy and I could tell that he'd reached a point where he would have to finish the job, even if he had to finish it himself. I let go and he continued stroking himself right in front of everyone. With Jessica showing her young naked body to the boy, it wasn't long before he reached his breaking point. His body stiffened as he began stroking faster and faster until finally, he let out a big moan and then he shot a barrage of body fluid onto the concrete floor.

After the Eagle Scout finished milking himself dry, the girls and I figured we'd humiliated the boy enough so we gave him back his shorts. Heather, Jessica and I then grabbed our towels. After securely wrapping the towels around us, we left the boys behind and headed across the RV park to our camper.

When we finally got back to the camper, Heather said, "It's really warm in here. We need to take the covers off the windows and let some air flow through this place."

Jessica said, "But we don't have any clothes on!"

Heather said, "its dark out. No one can see us" so we unzipped all of the window covers and just left the screens up.

Jessica tried to put a T-shirt on, but Heather grabbed it and said, "Don't put that on. It'll just make you hot. You should leave your clothes off like Mindy and me."

Jessica was skeptical of Heather's motives, but she complied with the request and returned the T-shirt to her travel-bag. It was dark when we went to bed, but when we awoke, the sun was shining bright. Everyone could see inside our camper and the three of us were stark naked! I was even curled up in the same bed with Heather.

As curious campers strolled by and casually peered through our screened windows, Jessica quickly put on her T-shirt, undies and shorts. Heather and I on the other hand, took our time getting dressed. Heather even made a point of casually bending and stretching before putting on her underwear. This gave everyone a clear view of Heather's boobs, butt and bush. I went as far as waving to an older man while my breasts were completely out in the open. He just smiled and continued walking his dog.

After grilling some burgers and soaking up a couple of beers, it was time to head down to the river and find out what kind of trouble we could get into today. As we strolled along the riverbank, we couldn't help noticing how secluded the area was. There was nothing around except trees and water. It was another unseasonably warm day and Heather suggested that we take a little dip in the river.

Jessica asked, "How can we go for a swim? We don't have our swimming suits."

Heather replied, "There's no one around, so we don't need swimming suits."

Jessica asked, "You expect me to take off my clothes and swim naked?"

As Heather and I began pulling our shirts over our heads, I answered, "That's right. Haven't you ever heard of skinny-dipping?"

Jessica said, "Yes, but I've never done it."

Heather said, "Well, now that you're eighteen, it’s about time you did."

Heather and I had already bared our breasts to the great outdoors and we were now working on our shorts.

As we unzipped our cutoffs and began sliding them down our legs, Jessica said, "But what if those boys come by? We'll be naked!"

I said, "First of all, no one knows we're here. Secondly, if the boys do show up we'll just stay in the water where they can't see us."

Heather and I were already peeling off our underwear by the time Jessie worked up enough nerve to take off her top. As soon as Heather and I were naked, we waded out into the water. It was a little chilly, but it felt good because the sun was so hot. I watched as the topless teen slipped her shorts and panties off, and then Jessie quickly splashed into the water. The three of us were now totally nude with our clothes lying in a pile far from our reach.

The girls and I were having fun floating and relaxing in the water, and then I noticed that some of the boys had discovered our little place in the sun. They were hiding in the brush just offshore and a couple of them even had binoculars! For the most part our bare bodies were hidden in the water, but I would frequently bounce up so that I could flash my breasts at the boys. I would also occasionally do a summersault in the water so that the boys could get a look at my butt, too.

Soon Heather was aware that we were being watched and she started copying my moves. Jessica had no idea that the boys were there. She just thought it looked like fun so she unknowingly started flashing her fine firm boobs and sweet young ass to the boys. One time, Jessie even went down and did a handstand in the water. While her legs were up in the air, she spread them apart and held them in that position. Heather and I started laughing when we saw the boys zero in on the teenaged beaver shot that Jessica was giving them. Before long, Jessie had to come up for air and she was innocently oblivious to what she had just done.

Eventually Jessica realized that we had an audience. Jessie was instantly mortified because only a few minutes earlier, she’d been frolicking in the nude and parading every inch of her firm teenaged body right in front of the boys. However, once she knew the group of Eagle Scouts was there, she assumed her normal position. Jessie ducked into the water as far as she could with an arm covering her breasts and a hand between her legs.

For a few minutes there was a standoff, and then Jessica yelled out, "Go away. Can't you see we don't have any clothes on?"

I said, "Yep Jessie, that's sure to get rid of them!"

Since their presence was now known, the boys boldly ventured out onto the riverbank.

The scouts yelled, "Why don't you girls come out of the water?"

Jessica screamed, "No way! You know we're naked. Go away!"

I yelled, "Why don't you boys come in and join us?"

Jessica turned to me and said, "Are you crazy?"

I said, "Don't worry. They'll chicken out and run away. Then we'll be rid of them."

My plan worked except for one minor detail. Before the boys took off running, they scooped up all of our clothes.

Jessica yelled, "Hey wait. Put those down," but it was too late.

The boys were gone in a flash, and so were our clothes.

Heather turned to me and said, "Great plan. Now what do we do?"

I told Heather to wait a few minutes and the boys would bring our clothes back. However, a few minutes turned into half an hour and it was soon apparent that we had to switch to plan B. The problem was that we didn't have a plan B.

I said, "Girls, we still have two outfits in the camper. Sure one of them smells like dirty horses, but we'll just have to get by with the other outfit for the rest of the weekend."

Heather asked, "And how are we supposed to get to the camper?"

I replied, "I suggest that on the count of three, we run. One, two, three!"

We charged towards the riverbank and made it up the path, but then came the hard part...running across the campground to our camper. We each took a deep breath and then we were off. All three of us had our hands over our breasts to keep them from bouncing around, but our bare butts and hairy triangles were out in the open for everyone to see.

As we streaked across the campground, we heard gasps of surprise and some laughter, but no complaints, at least not until we got to our camper. The girls and I planned to jump into the tent camper and hide, but when we got there the old man that runs the campground was blocking our door.

He said, "Girls, we need to have a little talk."

Jessica impatiently asked, "Can't this wait? I mean, like, we don't have any clothes on!"

He replied, "That's what I want to discuss."

As the man started lecturing us, a group of people began gathering behind us. The girls and I tried to shield our nakedness from the crowd by putting an arm across our breasts and a hand between our legs, but this still allowed the people behind us to take a good look at our bare asses. Many of the Eagle Scouts ran over so that they could witness Heather, Jessica and I in the nude from the other side of the camper. One of the boys even held up my stolen panties. I shook my fist at him as the man continued his speech.

As the man stared intensely at all of our exposed skin, he continued, "I don't know how you girls act at other campgrounds, but this is a family resort. Look at what a spectacle you've made of yourselves. Everyone in the campground is here to express their displeasure with your behavior."

The girls and I were afraid to look around because we knew that everyone was studying our young bare bodies. Even if a few people were displeased with our behavior, most of the people were here just to see us in the nude. That was especially true of the men in attendance.

We began to wonder why a man that didn't approve of our nakedness was doing his best to keep us from entering our camper. As he continued to survey our over-exposed bodies, the answer became quite clear. He wanted to stare at our nude young figures for as long as possible. Unfortunately, the longer he gazed at us, the longer everyone else did, too.

Finally the man said, "If I catch you girls running around without any clothes on again, I'll have to ask you to leave."

Heather said, "We're sorry. It won't happen again."

The man said, "See that it doesn't" and then he stepped aside so that we could jump inside the camper and hide our nakedness from all of the onlookers.

We hid in the camper for the rest of the evening. Jessica was mortified by what had transpired earlier in the day. Heather and I also felt a little ashamed that we allowed ourselves to be put in a situation where we were naked in public, but did not have total control of the situation. However, when morning came, the feelings subsided and we were all ready to enjoy another day of our weekend getaway.

**College Girls – Part 42**

My new friend Heather and her adorable little sister invited me on a weekend camping trip. Through a series of mishaps, the girls and I ended up naked in public which necessitated us to streak across the campground. The manager stopped us and gave us a lecture about how nudity was not allowed at the campground. However, we were still totally nude while he forced us to stand in front of the other campers as he gave us the lecture. The girls and I were finally dismissed and we spent the rest of the evening locked in our tent camper.

After losing the clothes we wore yesterday, we were down to just two outfits from which to choose. It was either jeans and T-shirts or shorts and tank-tops. Since our shorts and tank tops reeked of perspiration and horses, we opted for the jeans and T-shirts. After eating breakfast, we ventured back down to the river. It was too warm out for hiking in long pants, but after yesterday's fiasco we determined that it would be a bad idea to shed our clothes and leave them on the riverbank while going for a swim. We decided that if we took our clothes off today, we’d keep our outfits within reach.

A few minutes later, two canoes carrying a couple of guys in their forties floated down the river and came to a stop when they saw us. They offered us a ride in their canoes and we accepted. Heather jumped into one canoe while Jessica and I climbed into the other. As we floated down the river, it wasn't long before the shiny metal canoes made us uncomfortably overheated.

Heather said, "Wow, I am so hot! I wish we were wearing swimming suits."

I said, "I agree. It’s too bad we can't just wear our underwear!"

Every time I make that statement, a guy quickly attempts to point out that there's no difference between underwear and swimming suits. I was hoping these men would take the bait and they didn't disappoint me.

One of the men said, "To be honest, there's not much difference between underwear and swimming suits."

Heather and I smiled at each other and then I said, "You really don't think panties are skimpier and easier to see through than bikini bottoms?"

The other man said, "Absolutely not."

Heather started pulling down her pants. She popped open the button on her jeans and unzipped them before slowly pushing her pants down. Soon half of her underwear was showing and the men were eager to see the rest of her little panties.

Suddenly Heather paused and asked, "Are you sure panties are just like swimming suits?"

The men quickly said, "Yes, of course. Now go ahead and get comfortable."

She removed her jeans, dropped them on the floor of the canoe and then she asked, "I mean, are you sure these panties aren't any more revealing than the bottoms of a bikini?"

The men carefully inspected Heather's little undies and then they lied through their teeth by replying, "No...no, not at all."

Heather was wearing a pair of skimpy white lace panties that actually looked a little too small for her. Her butt crack was hanging out above the waistband and she also had difficulty keeping her undies from riding up and exposing her entire butt cheeks. Heather sat down with her back to the guy and she acted oblivious of the guy's intense staring.

Heather gave me a look as if it was my turn, so I slipped my pants off without standing up. I was wearing a silky pair of light blue panties that barely hid my ass. My panties covered a little better than Heather's did, but the fabric of my panties was so thin that everyone could see right through them. Luckily for me, Jessica was sitting on the middle seat of the canoe. She blocked the man's view of my underpants.

It took quite a bit of coaxing before Jessica would relinquish her jeans. Heather and I couldn't understand why Jessie didn't want to join us in our pants-less freedom, but after another beer, she finally stood up in the boat and pushed her jeans down. When we saw what she was wearing underneath, we understood why she was hesitant to remove her pants.

Jessica was wearing a tiny pink thong that was too small to contain all of her light brown bush in front. The thong also disappeared inside of her butt-crack in back. From behind, it almost looked as though she wasn't wearing anything at all! Jessica was sitting in the middle seat and she was clearly uncomfortable knowing that the guy behind her was eyeballing her practically bare ass. Conversely, she also knew that it was too hot outside to put her jeans back on so she just sat there and let the man enjoy the view.

Soon we pulled over to the shore and enjoyed a beer together. Heather said that she wished she was wearing a bra so that she could take off her T-shirt and get a tan. I thought to myself that no one works on a tan in the middle of September, but I decided to back her up and claimed that I wanted to get a tan, too.

One man said, "I have a pocketknife if you want me to make those T-shirts a little smaller."

His friend chuckled as if it were a joke until Heather replied, "No way. I'd rather take the shirt off than ruin it."

When the men heard that statement, they wouldn't stop talking about it. Removing our shirts was the only thing on their minds and they were relentless in their efforts to persuade us to take off our shirts. To shut the men up, the girls and I finally gave in and took off our T-shirts. Each of us shed our shirt, leaving our nice titties and round rosy nipples out in the open where everyone could see them. When we got back into the canoes, all of our T-shirts and jeans were lying in a pile on the floor of the little boat. The girls and I were now topless in front of two men we'd never met before, but we felt safe so we just sat back and let our bare breasts soak up the sun.

Suddenly, Heather looked back and noticed that several canoes were following us in the distance. At the same time, I noticed that the current was becoming much swifter. We were worried about getting caught by the guys in the other canoes because we were only wearing panties, so the girls and I decided to have another beer to calm ourselves down. Unfortunately, when Heather reached across to hand me a beer, both canoes capsized and we were all thrown into the water.

The guys yelled at us to save the beers, so we started fishing around in the water for the cans that fell out of the cooler. Unfortunately, the water was so swift that it pulled my panties down. I could feel that they were already at mid-thigh, but my hands were filled with beers so I couldn't reach down and pull them up. As I fought to get to the shore, my heart was racing because I could feel my little undies slipping further and further down my legs. I was afraid that I would be completely naked before I got to the water's edge.

We were able to grab the beer cans, paddles and canoes, and then everyone fought hard against the raging river to get to the shore without being dragged downstream. When we finally made it to the riverbank, everyone could see that my panties were all the way down past my knees. I was struggling to straighten out my panties as fast as I could while the two men carefully studied my neatly trimmed auburn bush.

As my cheeks became flushed with embarrassment, I was finally able to untangle my little undies and pull them up my legs. Once I eradicated my panty predicament, everyone laid down on the riverbank to catch our breath. I'm not sure if the men were out of breath from pulling the canoes to shore or from seeing my hairy triangle, but it really didn't matter. Now that our panties were all wet, the men could see right through them anyway.

Then Jessica looked around and asked, "Where's our clothes?"

One of the men paused for a second, and then he said, "I guess they floated downstream."

Jessica shrieked, "Floated downstream! You mean we don't have any clothes to wear!"

I said, "Don't worry. We'll just hurry up and get back in the canoes so we can catch up with our clothes."

The men looked at each other and said, "I'm sorry girls, but we can't do that. Our cabin is around the next bend and our wives are waiting for us. We can't show up with a trio of nearly naked ladies can we?"

Heather asked, "What are we supposed to do? All we have on is our panties and they're so wet that they're practically transparent!"

One of the men said, "I'll bet the boys coming up in one of those canoes will help you."

Jessica looked back and said, "Oh, no. There must be twenty boys coming. We can't let them see us like this!"

The other man said, "Then I suggest you climb up over that hill and follow the dirt road back to your campground. No one hardly uses that road, so you'll be safe."

As the men started to paddle away, Jessica called out, "Wait, you can't just leave us here," but the men replied, "Sorry" and drifted down the river.

The boys were almost upon us, so we had no choice. Heather, Jessica and I quickly scurried up over the hill and began our journey back to the campground. As we walked along the deserted dirt road, I could clearly see Heather's sandy-brown bush through her soaked white panties. Heather commented that my see-through underpants showed off my entire butt, too. However, the person in the most agony was Jessica. Her butt crack consumed her little thong and the tiny material up front kept rubbing between her pussy lips.

Jessica began to complain, "This wet thong is really rubbing me the wrong way. I don't know if I can go on like this."

Heather said, "There's no one around. Why don't you take them off for a while and let them dry?"

Jessie replied, "But then I won't have anything on at all."

I said, "Don't worry. It's just us girls. Go ahead and take them off."

Jessica hesitated for a minute, but finally decided that she had no choice. Jessie was so uncomfortable that she was forced to take her thong panties off and carry them until they were dry enough to wear again. In the mean time, the teenager had to walk down the country road with her breasts, butt and bush exposed for all to see.

As we walked along the road, Jessica started playing with her thong as if it were a slingshot. She kept stretching it with her fingers and twirling it around like a toy. Jessica looked like a sweet innocent child as the naked teen amused herself with the tiny pair of panties. I was watching Jessie play with her undies until she stretched the elastic too far and it shot right off her finger. Jessica looked so surprised as the panties flew through the air and ended up snagged on a tree branch far out of our reach.

Heather and I laughed our heads off, but Jessica's nervous smile almost turned to tears because her panties were gone. Jessie feared that she'd have to make the rest of the trip in the nude. We tried to knock the thong down with sticks and rocks, but it was no use. Jessie's fears quickly became reality because the panties were gone for good. All Jessie could do was wave goodbye to her little undies as we proceeded on down the road.

For the most part, the road was deserted, but a couple of times we had to jump into the woods to avoid being seen by passing pickup trucks. Luckily, the girls and I were always able to hide before anyone saw us. The weather was warm and the road was dusty. Soon the three of us were dying of thirst. The next time a car went by, Heather almost flagged them down so she could find out if they had something to drink, but we stopped her before we were noticed.

We were still about a mile from the campground when we stumbled upon a little country store. It looked like they mostly sold fresh vegetables from the local farmers, but we also saw a big cooler filled with soda. There was a woman behind the counter so Heather said that she was going to risk it and walked into the store.

The woman looked at Heather and said, "Where's your clothes dear?"

Heather proceeded to tell the woman that a group of men took our clothes and our money. Then she told the woman that she was thirsty, but she didn't have any cash. The woman felt sorry for Heather and said that she could have a cola. Then Heather pointed to us and the woman motioned for Jessica and I to come into the store.

We didn't see any men around so we entered the store and we were each given a bottle of soda. The woman looked amused by our lack of attire and Jessica was really uneasy because she was completely naked. Then, just as Jessica began to relax and enjoy her drink, a man walked into the store dragging a teenaged boy behind him by the shirt collar.

The man handed the boy a broom and said, "I've been waiting for you to sweep out the store all day. Now get busy."

Suddenly the man and the boy turned to see Heather, Jessica and I standing there practically naked.

He asked, "What's going on?"

As the girls and I tried to hide behind a produce rack, the woman replied, "These poor girls lost their clothes and money. I was just giving them a little something to drink. Now that Jeff's here, I guess we should send the girls on their way."

The man saw the boy cleaning the store and he said, "Maybe the girls should stay. That's the most work I've gotten out of that boy all week."

The woman said, "Okay girls, you can come out. This is just my husband and son."

We waited for a second and then she said, "Come on, they don't bite."

The three of us walked out where everyone could see us. We felt totally embarrassed because the man, woman and boy were all staring at us. The girls and I continued to stand there in our panties with our breasts on display while the man and woman tried to ease the tension by making small talk.

Jessica couldn't drink her cola and hide from the boy at the same time, so she was forced to leave her pretty little pussy exposed. The boy took advantage of the situation by cleaning a rack right next to her. In fact, he got down on one knee to really clean the display case, which put Jessie's light brown bush right at eye level to the boy. Jessie's face was bright red, but she didn't make a scene. She just let him take a nice long look at her hairy triangle.

The boy continued to work hard to clean the store. He didn't want to get thrown out on the day that the best customers he'd ever seen were in the store. The girls and I were beginning to get comfortable in our surroundings. Heather and I even flaunted our nakedness in front of the smiling old man, but then a car pulled up and it was time for Heather, Jessica and I to be humiliated again.

A man and a woman walked into the store. We had to stand there in our see-through panties with our tits out in the open while the old woman told the story of how we lost our clothes again. The woman from the car said that she would be glad to drive us to the campground if we would wait until she was finished shopping. We agreed and waited patiently as the two men and the boy stared at us like we were the first naked girls they'd ever seen. Jessica was really red-faced because she was the only one that was totally nude and her sandy-brown pussy hair was getting a lot of attention.

There was hardly anything in the little store to choose from, but the lady found a way to take her time, leaving the three of us exposed to the men and the boy for the longest time. Finally she made her purchases and we hopped into the backseat of the car. We were able to make it back to the campground without any other surprises, although I saw the man adjust his rear-view mirror so that he could gawk at us all the way to our camper.

Luckily it was getting dark, so the girls and I emerged from the car and hurried into the tent camper. After we were safely inside the camper Heather and I removed our soiled panties, but we didn't want to lie on the beds because we smelled like river water. After careful deliberation, the girls and I decided we needed to take a shower. However, this time we held on tight to our towels as we made our way across the campground. We took fast showers and quickly wrapped the towels around us when we were finished. As we started to leave, we heard some rustling in the woods.

Jessica smiled and called out, "Sorry boys, you're too late!"

We all laughed as we rushed back to the camper without incident. As the three of us sat in the camper in the nude, it suddenly occurred to me that we didn't have any clean clothes left.

I asked, "What are we going to wear home tomorrow?"

Heather said, "I guess we'll have to wear the dirty clothes we had on when we got here."

I said, "That's fine for you. You don't have to work tomorrow and Jessica is skipping school, but I have to go to my afternoon classes and we'll get home so late that I won't have time to change."

Heather said, "Well they do have a laundry room by the office, but what would we wear while we washed the clothes?"

I said, "I guess we'll just have to hope that no one else is doing laundry this evening. Besides, what can they do to us now? The weekend's almost over so who cares if they throw us out."

Heather said, "Okay, let's go for it!"

Jessica meekly asked, "Do you mind if I just wait in the camper? I've been humiliated enough today."

Heather and I told her that it was okay with us, so we grabbed all of the clothes and towels. Then Heather and I wrapped towels around us and headed for the laundry room. We left Jessica behind without so much as a pair of panties to cover her nakedness.

When Heather and I arrived at the laundry room, we were disappointed to discover that the room was not empty. There were two men in their fifties doing laundry. They were sitting in chairs along the wall and reading the newspaper. They looked at us and their mouths hit the floor. Then they recovered and attempted to protect their manhood by saying that they'd rather do laundry than go to bingo with their wives.

Heather said, "Please forgive us. We needed to do laundry because we didn't have a thing to wear...so we didn't wear anything!"

Heather and I giggled as the men said, "That's alright with us."

I whispered to Heather, "We've had enough excitement for one day. Let's just do our laundry and get out of here."

Heather whispered back, "That's what I plan to do. Can I help it if these towels are two small to cover us? Besides, maybe these men haven't had enough excitement today."

Then she winked at me, so I prepared for another round of Heather's naked frivolities. Heather opened the washing machine and as she bent forward to put the clothes into the washer, I noticed that her towel rode up in back. While Heather slowly put the dirty clothes into the washer, she exposed half of her bare butt to the men. When I caught the men staring at Heather's ass, they abruptly looked down at their newspapers, but their eyes quickly found their way back to Heather's exposed flesh.

Then Heather said, "You know what Mindy, we don't have any change."

I said, "You're right. I guess we'll have to go back to the camper and do our laundry tomorrow."

The men didn't want us to leave, so they quickly gave us a handful of quarters. As Heather put the coins into the machine and started the water, she realized that we didn't have any soap. One of the men pointed to a bottle up on a high shelf so I went over to retrieve the soap.

Since I'm only five-foot-one, I had to stretch up high and stand on my tiptoes to reach the heavy bottle. Then with both of my arms extended high into the air, I began to feel my towel slipping down. Since both of my hands were holding the heavy bottle, I didn't have a way to grab my towel. As the men watched, my towel slowly descended further and further down my bare body.

The towel stopped right as my nipples were about to spring free so I continued on my quest to retrieve the bottle. The men were on the edge of their seat hoping that the towel would once again start falling down and they did not have to wait very long. As soon as I lifted the bottle from the shelf, the towel slipped down below my pink nipples and from that point on, there was no stopping the towel. It plunged to the floor leaving me completely naked in front of the two men.

I yelped, "Oh no, my towel fell off!"

Heather leaped forward and said, "Here, let me help you."

I thought she was going to wrap the towel around me, but instead, she began to walk away with my towel.

I sternly asked, "Heather, where are you going with that? I mean, hello, I'm naked over here!"

Then I looked over at the men and said, "And there's a couple of men staring at me!"

The men looked away, but only for a moment as Heather just kept walking. When she got to the washing machine, she opened the lid and stuffed the towel inside.

I asked, "What are you doing?"

Heather replied, "You don't want to wear that thing after it's been on this dirty floor."

I said, "Yes, yes I do," but it was too late.

The washing machine was filled with water and the towel was soaked. There was nothing I could do now, except wait for the wash to finish. I handed the soap to Heather and stood with my back to the men as she poured a cupful into the washing machine. With her towel unprotected, I gave it a little tug and it dropped to the floor, leaving Heather naked in front of the men, too.

I grabbed the towel as Heather screamed, "Give that back!"

I went running around the washing machines with Heather chasing me. Her big boobies bounced as she ran and she almost caught me. However, I made it to our machine in time and stuffed the towel inside. I closed the lid and now we were both naked in front of the men.

Heather and I had no other option except hanging around the laundry room in the nude and waiting for our clothes to finish washing and drying. The men knew it, too. Heather and I turned to the men, and with an arm across our chests and a hand between our legs, we pretended to be embarrassed by the situation. The men were a little red-faced and didn't know how to act around us, but they finally broke the ice by offering the chair between them so that one of us could sit down. Heather jumped at the opportunity and sat down in the chair right between the two men.

Heather asked if she could read part of the newspaper and the man told her to help herself. The newspaper was on a table, which was located on the other side of the man, so she reached across to grab a section. In the process, she practically pushed her big tits right into the man's face. I think she even grazed the man's lips with one of her soft nipples as she slowly searched for a part of the paper.

As her big boobies dangled in front of the one man, her bare butt was pointed right at the other. That man seized the opportunity and leaned over to get a close-up view of Heather's fine young ass. Heather continued her search for a section of the newspaper for the longest time. I guess she was having fun letting the men inspect her bare body from such a close proximity. Heather finally decided on a part of the paper to read and then she sat back in her chair, pretending to read the newspaper as if nothing happened.

I didn't have a place to sit, so I hopped up onto the washing machine. I quickly realized that I'd made a big mistake because my bare pussy was now right at eye level to the men. I tried keeping my legs together, but some of my neatly trimmed auburn pussy hair was still showing. There was a woman's magazine on top of the next washer, so I opened it in an attempt to hide some of my nakedness from the men. My breasts were partially covered, but my pussy hair was still right out there for the men to see.

No one was saying anything because everyone was pretending to read, although Heather and I knew the men couldn't take their eyes off us. Then the washer began to vibrate below me and my love button was right on the edge of the machine. I tried not to be obvious, but the washer was providing a remarkable sensation between my legs that I'd never experienced before. The washing machine was beginning to stimulate my bare pussy and I was powerless to stop it. I'd heard of this before, but I'd never actually had it happen to me. It was an incredible feeling!

I raised the magazine high enough to hide the expressions on my face, but this just left my breasts exposed to the men as my titties jiggled in unison with the motion of the washing machine. I knew the men were looking at me, but I couldn't help spreading my legs just a little further apart so that I could really press my little clitty against the vibrating machine. Deep inside, I knew that I was being a bad little girl because of what I was doing right in front of the men, but I just couldn't fight the feeling.

As Heather sat there with her legs crossed, she couldn't help noticing how I was sitting. Not only were my breasts and bush exposed to the men, but with my legs spread apart and the way I was leaning, my pussy lips were also showing. As the washer spun around and around, the feeling inside of me started building stronger and stronger. Soon it was going to be too late for me to turn back because I would reach a point where I'd have to do what ever it took to bring myself to an orgasm, men or no men. However, I couldn't help pushing it just a little further.

To get my pussy into the optimal position, I had to kind of sit sideways on the machine and let one leg dangle in front. Once I found the ideal location, I didn't want to move. I was starting to breath a little harder and then I accidentally dropped the magazine. I no longer had anything to cover my face and now I was too far along to stop. My nipples were stiff with excitement as the feeling continued to build stronger and stronger inside of me.

Heather noticed my erratic behavior and asked, "Mindy, are you okay?"

I tried to answer her, but nothing came out. The feeling was increasing in intensity and my young naked body was tingling all over. I was right on the edge of a fantastic orgasm and it felt so good that my eyes were beginning to tear up. Then, right as I was about to explode, the machine stopped.

I yelled out as loud as I could, "Crap!"

I kicked the machine and screamed, "Come on washer, get going. I need to finish!"

The men looked at me like I was possessed, but Heather snickered under her breath because she finally realized what was happening to me. Soon the machine started running again and I hurried to reposition my pussy on the edge of the washer. This part of the wash cycle caused the machine to vibrate even more than before and soon the feeling inside of me returned.

As I began moaning softly, I couldn't help reaching up and touching my hard nipples with my fingertips. Soon the soft caresses on my nipples turned to twisting and pulling as the feeling inside of me became more intense. I opened my eyes briefly to see Heather and the two men staring at me, but then I quickly closed them again.

My breathing became deeper and more pronounced as the machine kept spinning around and around. I was pushing my love button down on the machine and the vibrations were driving me wild! I could feel my body stiffening as the intensity inside of me kept building stronger and stronger. I knew everyone was looking at me, but I could no longer control my emotions.

I started moaning, "Yes, yes...oh yes. Please machine, don't stop on me. Please don't stop!"

As my pussy lips continued to rub against the vibrating steel, I really started rubbing my breasts and tweaking my nipples. My body was tense and it felt like there was a dam inside of me that was about to burst. I was on the edge of an orgasm and everyone knew it.

I started moaning louder, "I'm close. I'm oh so close. I'm...I...I'm there, yes I'm there. I'm cumming, I'm cumming."

Then I just started breathing hard until I couldn't take it anymore. When I had cum all that I could, I just sort of rolled over onto the machine next to me. My feet were on the floor and I was bent over with my bare butt completely exposed and pointing right at the men. I could feel wetness all over the insides of my legs. Everyone was frozen for a minute or two, and then Heather stepped forward and began softly rubbing my back.

Heather turned to the men and said, "My friend doesn't feel well. Would you mind leaving us alone for a little while?"

The men quickly got up and left. I didn't watch the men leave, but Heather said they had huge bulges in their pants. We didn't see the men for the rest of the evening, so they either rushed back to their RV and took care of themselves, or waited for their wives to get home and took care of them, or both.

Heather wanted to try out the washing machine, but we only had enough money left to dry our clothes. Once our clothes were dry, we got dressed and returned to the tent camper. We found Jessica fast asleep in the nude and curled up like a little kitten. I didn't want to wake up Jessica, but Heather was so excited from watching my performance that I couldn't just send her to bed frustrated. I had to take care of Heather and satisfy her urges.

Heather and I laid down on the bed and I immediately began kissing and massaging her big breasts. Soon I moved down Heather's bare body until my fingers found her wet waiting pussy. I teased her a little by kissing her inner thighs, but my tongue finally worked its way between her sweet pussy lips and quickly located her love button. As my tongue continued its assault on Heather's little clitty, my fingers found their way deep inside of her and my magic touch was sending Heather into a frenzy.

Jessica must have been really tired because my tongue and fingers on Heather's pussy caused Heather to reach a screaming orgasm. However, Jessie never woke up. As we laid there and tried to sleep, I couldn't help peeking at Jessica's young naked body one last time. Maybe when I see Jessica again, I'll be able to give the virgin princess her own screaming orgasm!

**College Girls – Part 43**

I will enter my final semester of college in January so my parents bought me a new digital camera to capture memories of my last months on campus. Even though Christmas is still a few weeks away, my mom and dad gave me the camera early so that I would be familiar with it by the time the holidays arrived. It is a pocketsize camera, but with a gig of memory, it can hold an endless amount of pictures and video. I was amazed that such a tiny camera could produce such clear and precise pictures.

Since I was home on Christmas break, there weren't many photo opportunities available. After taking pictures of my family and our dog, I put the camera away for a while. The following day boredom set in not long after my parents left for work, so I read the manual for the camera. I found out how to take indoor pictures without using the flash and I learned how to set the timer, which allows me to get into the picture before it is snapped. I even discovered that the camera has the capability to automatically snap several pictures in a row.

Even though it was past noon, I was still only wearing the white T-shirt and tiny bikini panties that I slept in, but I went ahead and took some pictures of myself anyway. The camera was set up to take twenty pictures at a time. With a five-foot-one-inch petite body, I know I'll never be a fashion model, but I was having fun just the same. I started out with big smiles and cheesecake poses, but I quickly progressed to more provocative positions.

I lifted my T-shirt up so that my flat tummy and bellybutton were exposed, and then I lifted the shirt up even higher so that the lower portions of my medium-sized breasts were showing. When I loaded the pictures into my laptop, I was really excited because the images turned out great. The pictures were so clear that I could even see the shadow of my auburn bush through the front of my little white panties.

After reviewing the pictures, it appeared that my underpants were actually too small for me. A few tufts of reddish-brown pussy hair were poking out above the waistband and the images from behind showed that my ass cheeks were hanging out of the skimpy undies. The top of my butt crack was also exposed above the waistband of the too-small panties.

Even though I'm a twenty-two year old college student, the snapshots of me in those little-girl panties made me look like a sweet and innocent teenager. I could probably make some money selling the pictures to a teen site, but I don't have the nerve to post myself on the Internet. When I flash in public, its fun, but its final. If my picture ended up all over the Internet, I'd remain naked on somebody's hard drive forever and there's no telling who would see the pictures. I decided to save the images on my laptop and just keep them for my own personal pleasure.

I was about to take a bath so I set the camera up to record a movie. In a film class that I took in college, I had to make a "how to" film. My video showed how to bake a cake. Boring! I decided to create the film that would have really impressed my teacher, and the guys in the class, too! The new film was going to be called, "How to Take a Bath." I filled the tub with warm water and then I started the camera rolling. I climbed into the tub and relaxed for a few minutes, but then I stood up again.

I looked at the camera and said, "Hi, my name is Mindy Sparks and I'm going to show you how to take a bath."

I looked down at myself and said, "Oh no, I forgot to take my clothes off! Look how wet I am. You can see right through my white T-shirt. Notice how easy it is to see my pink puffy nipples. They're poking right through this wet shirt. I'd better take the shirt off."

I slowly lifted the shirt up and exposed my bare breasts to the camera. I paused for a moment and gently caressed my nipples with one hand while I held the T-shirt up with the other. Then I finished taking off my shirt and I was now topless in front of the camera.

I playfully said, "There, that's better. These are my titties. I'll bet you boys out there watching this video are happy because I don't have that clumsy old T-shirt covering them up any more. Now that I'm topless, you can get a really good look at my breasts. Go ahead and look. I don't mind."

I glanced down and said, "Wait a second. Silly me! I forgot to take off my panties. These little underpants are really too small for me. Look how tiny they are. They barely cover the reddish-brown hair between my legs. And look how the water made these little undies practically transparent. My pussy is showing right through the soaked white fabric. See, right here. This dark patch is my pussy hair. I'll show it to you soon, but first let me turn around and show you my cute little butt."

Then I turned around and said, "Look how these panties are clinging to my ass. See how they're trying to ride up in my butt crack? I guess I'll just slide them down so that I can wash every inch of my body."

I slowly inched my skimpy undies down until half of my ass was exposed to the camera and then I said, "Now you can almost see my bare butt. See how firm it is? I work out all the time so that I can have a nice round muscular butt."

Then I turned around, pointed to my crotch and said, "Now most of my hairy triangle is showing here in front, too. Let me push these panties down just a little further. There, now you can see my entire pussy."

I gently raked my fingernails through my pussy hair and asked in a little girl voice, "Do you like what you see? I mean, do you like my pussy? I sure hope so!"

Soon my panties reached mid-thigh and I paused to slowly run my hands up and down my bare body. My little underpants were heavy because they were wet and eventually they dropped down my legs and landed in the tub, leaving me stark naked in front of the camera.

I looked down and in a teasing voice I said, "Oops, my panties fell off. Now I don't have any clothes on at all. I'm completely naked!"

I modeled my nude body in front of the camera for a few minutes and then I said, "Are you finished looking at me? Well, I have to move on and show you how to take a bath. Besides, I don't want to stand in this cool air for too long. See? Look right here. See how the cool air made my nipples all hard and erect?"

After I was finished showing off my breasts, I continued, "First I'm going to wash my hair because I do that standing up, and then I'll lie down and warm up in the water. To get my hair wet, I'll have to bend over and place my head in the tub. You boys out there watching the demonstration will probably enjoy this because my bare butt is going to be pointed right at the camera. Well, here goes."

With my legs straight and my back to the camera, I bent forward and dunked my head into the water. While my head was in the water, I gave the camera a full view of my bare ass. Finally, I stood up and turned to face the camera.

I giggled and asked, "So boys, did you enjoy that? Do you like seeing my butt?"

I put some shampoo in my hands and said, "Now I'll lather up my hair. See how I vigorously massage my head?"

Then I looked down and said, "Wow, washing my hair really makes my boobies jiggle. And with my hands up on my head, you boys are getting an unobstructed view of my bouncing breasts."

I paused for a second and moved my soapy hands down to my chest. I cupped my hands under my breasts and then I held them up for the camera.

I asked, "What do you think of my titties? Personally, I like my breasts. I realize they're not huge, but look how full and firm they are. I think they look good on my petite frame, don't you? My round rosy nipples are cute, too. Mmm, I love softly pinching my nipples. And see how squeezable my boobies are? Maybe I'll let you touch them sometime!"

I continued, "I guess that's enough about my breasts. It's time to rinse my hair. To rinse my hair, I'll have to bend over again and place my head in the tub. If you boys liked seeing my bare ass before, you'll really love it this time because it takes longer to rinse my hair than it does to just get it wet. Here we go."

With my legs straight and my back to the camera again, I bent forward and began to rinse my hair. My naked rear-end was on display for all of the viewers to behold as I thoroughly rinsed the shampoo from my hair. I was bent over at a steep angle and with my legs spread apart I'll bet my pussy was even visible from behind. Finally, I stood up and turned to face the camera.

I asked, "How does my hair look? I'm talking about the hair on my head boys" and then I laughed.

I settled down into the tub and then I said, "Now its time to pamper myself."

I put my legs up on the sides of the tub and said, "First I'll lather up my hands and run them up and down my smooth, muscular legs. Notice how I wash my feet and get between each toe."

I giggled and said, "It tickles when I wash my feet!"

Then I lathered up my legs, grabbed a razor and explained, "I have to shave my legs to make them nice and smooth."

I shaved my legs and then I moved up to the furry patch of hair between my legs.

I said, "This is my bikini line. I have to shave and trim this area so that my pussy hair doesn't hang out where its not supposed to."

I finished with the razor, ran my fingers through my auburn bush and said, "I didn't cut it all off. See? There's still some hair down here for you to play with."

Then I spread my legs wide and said, "But look how I trimmed real close down here between my legs. That's so you won't get any of those nasty old hairs on your tongue if you want to lick me. I like it when you lick me!"

I lathered up my hands and began rubbing them all over my body. Then I stopped when my hands reached my breasts.

I smiled at the camera and said, "Let's review. What are these called again? That's right, these are my titties and these are my nipples. Look how soft and pink they are. And when I gently rub my soapy fingers over them, they get nice and hard. It tickles a little, but it feels real good! Caressing my nipples makes me tingle all over. It also feels good when I massage my breasts."

I massaged one breast while rolling the nipple on my other breast between my fingers. I was beginning to get excited. After finishing with my breasts, I slowly began to move my soapy hands down the front of my body.

I said, "This is my tummy. It's nice and flat because I work out all the time. And this is my bellybutton, which is another ticklish spot on me."

I continued slowly sliding my hands down the front of me, but when my hands were about to touch my neatly trimmed auburn bush, I stood up and turned my back to the camera.

I said, "I'm sure you boys were looking forward to watching me touch my pussy, but that will have to wait because its time to wash my butt. First I'm going to get my hands real soapy, and now watch how I rub my hands all over the cheeks of my ass. Do you like my butt? It's so soft and smooth. And I work out to keep it firm, too."

I continued, "Now I'm going to take one finger and run it up and down my butt crack. Mmm, my butt crack is so sensitive. It makes me quiver when someone touches me here. I just love it when another girl does this to me. That's right, I said girl. I really enjoy the tender touch of a girl's delicate fingers on my smooth behind. Oh, don't feel left out boys! I'm sure you'd enjoy watching us."

I concentrated on my bare ass for a while, and then I sat back down and put my legs up on the sides of the tub. My legs were spread wide apart as I began running my soapy fingers through my furry patch.

Then I licked my lips, smiled at the camera and said, "This is the best part of the bath. Now that my pussy is nicely trimmed, I can show you the area right between my legs. See boys? Here, let me give you a beaver shot."

I showed my pussy slit to the camera and said, "I like to rub my fingers up and down like this" as I stroked my slit with my fingertip.

Soon I moved up near the top of my slit and said, "It really gets me excited when I touch myself right here. See this? This is my little clitty, or what I refer to as my love button. Mmm, it feels so good when I gently massage myself like this. I'd like it even more if your tongue was doing the job, but moving my fingers softly in little circles like this turns me on, too."

I moved my finger down a little and said, "Now that I've gotten myself all wet, it'll be real easy to dip my finger down here. See right here between my legs? This is my love hole. Look how my finger fits nicely in here, especially when I'm so wet. And I'm not talking about wet from the tub. I'm so excited right now that the water can't even wash away my natural juices. You girls know what I mean!"

I began moving my finger around inside of me. Then I started stroking my pussy with my finger.

I continued, "It feels so good when I move my finger in and out. See? It's going in and out, in and out, and sometimes I have to pause and move my finger around in little circles, too. Mmm, that's the spot. Yes that feels good."

I closed my eyes and stroked myself for a while, almost forgetting that the camera was recording me.

I finally broke the silence and said, "This feels real good, but I want to show you girls a little trick that will make it feel even better."

I leaned over and grabbed my hairbrush.

I held the brush in front of the camera and said, "This is my hairbrush. Notice the long round plastic handle. What does it remind you of? That's right, it looks like a boy's penis!"

I grabbed a tube from the cabinet and said, "Even though the handle is nice and smooth, I'm going to apply a dab of lubricating gel to make it slide easier. There, now I'm going to slowly work the handle inside of me. See how I'm starting out slowly, but little by little the handle is going deeper inside of me. Mmm, yes, that feels good. I'm just going to keep moving the brush in and out, in and out. While I work the brush with one hand, I'll use the other hand to gently rub my little clitty. Wow, this feels great. I think I'll just sit back and enjoy the moment."

Then I teasingly said to the camera, "What? You want to watch me while I play with my hairbrush? Well it's all right with me. I don't mind at all! It turns me on knowing that you're watching me pleasure myself. See the brush going in and out, in and out? I'm just going to keep doing this for a little while."

I was lost in my own world as I continued pushing the handle of the hairbrush in and out of my tight wet pussy. Soon the tension began to intensify inside of me and I sensed that I was heading towards a powerful orgasm.

I was short of breath, but I said, "There's something building inside of me. And it feels so good! I've got to keep working it, working it. Yes, yes, I'm getting there!"

I continued stroking myself as the feeling kept building stronger and stronger inside of me. Again I wasn't saying anything to the camera, but I'm sure the microphone picked up some of my soft moaning. Soon I was nearing the point of no return.

I softly said, "Oh, I'm so close. I'll take my other hand and caress my nipple. Yes, that's helping, that's helping! Mmm, I'm just about there...just about...now, yes, I'm there, I'm there! I'm cumming! Oh yes, mmm."

I sunk into the tub and shuttered in the water as electrical impulses surged throughout my body. I slowly removed the handle of the hairbrush from my pussy and then I dropped the brush on the floor. All I could do was lay there motionless in the bathtub, until I could recover from my intense climax. Finally I regained consciousness and stood up in the tub.

With a wink and a smile I said, "Wow, that was great. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did!"

Then I continued, "Now its time to rinse. I'll just grab this cup and let the water pour all over my soft skin. See how the water cascades over my bare breasts and continues right down over my pussy? Watch closely while I do it again. Now I'll turn around and rinse my butt. Well, I guess I'm clean...and very satisfied...so there's nothing left to do, but get out and dry off. Until next time, this is Mindy Sparks saying so long."

I grabbed a towel and patted myself dry. I turned off the camera while I styled my hair, brushed my teeth and performed the rest of my grooming ritual. I was finally finished getting ready, but I was still naked. Then the doorbell rang.

I turned on the camera and said, "Now who could that be? I can't go to the door naked, but all I have is this little bitty towel. I guess I'll just wrap it around me and hope it stays on."

As the doorbell rang again, I looked in the mirror and said, "Wow, this towel barely covers me, but I need to answer the door so I guess I'll just have to live dangerously!"

I carried the camera into the living room and set it on the table near the front door. It was still on and filming me as I answered the door. I opened the door and there stood a deliveryman with a surprised look on his face.

He said, "I really hate to bother you, but I have a delivery for your next door neighbor and no one answered. Would you mind signing for it?"

I smiled and said, "Sure."

He looked at my towel and said, "I guess I caught you at a bad time."

I chuckled and said, "You know how it is. As soon as you get in the tub, the doorbell rings."

Then I teasingly said, "It's a shame that all I could find to wrap around myself was this tiny towel!"

Still looking at my towel, he grinned and said, "Yes, it's a real shame!"

He was holding a box that I assumed he intended to give to me. However, I was forced to stand there and wait for the longest time because the deliveryman was mesmerized by my attire. I guess I can't blame him. When I looked down at my towel, I could see that it started slightly above my nipples and stopped precisely at the bottom of my pussy hair. The deliveryman was an older gentleman who appeared to be in need of a little excitement and I'm sure a young girl in a small towel was a thrill for him.

With the camera recording all the action, I thought it would be fun do a little teasing. The man's eyes were fixated between my legs, so I shifted my weight abruptly, almost daring the towel to flip up and expose my reddish-brown bush. Unfortunately for the man, the towel didn't budge, so he finally handed me the box. The package contained a holiday fruitcake. As I reached out with both hands to take the box from him, my towel unexpectedly came loose in back, but I was able to clamp down on the towel and catch it under each arm.

I acted embarrassed and shrieked, "Oops, I almost lost my towel. Luckily, the front of me is still covered. Can you hold this package while I fix my towel?"

He said, "No...Um I mean I can't. Union rules. I can't touch the package once it's delivered."

I said, "That's not a rule. You made that up!"

He said, "Sorry, my hands are tied."

The man made no effort to help me. He just stood there with a stupid expression on his face while I struggled to hold onto the towel. The front of me was protected from his view, but my ass was right out in the open for the camera to record.

I said, "Well, if you're not going to help me, then I guess I'll have to try and set the box on this chair. I just hope I don't drop my towel."

I turned sideways and slowly set the cake down on the chair. In the process, the whole side of my bare body was displayed to the man. And to make matters worse, my bent over position allowed the towel to fall away from the lower portion of my body, creating a gap between the towel and the front of me. The towel covered the sides of my breasts, but the gap between my body and the towel allowed the deliveryman to sneak a peek at my neatly trimmed auburn pussy hair.

Still in my bent over position, I turned my head towards the man and asked, "Are you trying to look under my towel?" He said, "No, of course not."

I asked, "Then why did you move closer to me? Are you trying to get a better view?"

He said, "No, I promise."

I said, "Well that's good because as you can see, I'm barely holding onto this towel and I know I'm hanging out all over the place."

He said, "Yes you are."

I said, "What!"

He said, "Um...nothing, forget it."

Eventually, I stood up, but I noticed that the deliveryman was looking right past me. Then I remembered that there was a big mirror on the wall behind me and he was checking out the reflection of my nude butt! I felt somewhat embarrassed inside, but I acted as if I didn't know he could see my bare backside.

He was practically in a trance, so I asked, "Do I have to sign something?"

He quickly came back to earth and replied, "Uh, yes...yes. Here, sign at the bottom."

With my elbows pressed tightly against my sides to hold the towel up, I lifted my hands said, "Wait, I need to fix my towel," but he quickly passed me a pen in one hand and a clipboard in the other.

I said, "That wasn't nice. Now how am I going to fix my towel?"

The man said, "Don't worry about the towel. Just sign the paper."

I said, "But I don't know if I can sign the form and hold onto the towel at the same time."

He snickered and said, "Well there's only one way to find out...sign the paper."

The deliveryman knew that I was going to have difficulty signing the paper and holding up my towel at the same time. As I took a shot at signing the document, I could feel the towel begin to slip down in front of me. The man's eyes were like saucers as he stared intensely at my barely covered breasts.

I stopped before finishing the first letter of my name and said, "I wish you would have let me fix the towel before I grabbed the clipboard. Now I can barely hold the towel up."

I paused to see if the man would take the clipboard so that I could secure the towel, but he just continued to stand there. The deliveryman had an eager grin on his face as my nipples were practically in full view. It was obvious that the man desperately wanted my towel to fall off.

I didn't have a free hand to pull the towel up and the man watched with pleasure as the towel barely hung onto my breasts. It was a humiliating situation for me now, but it was going to be fun to watch later because the camera was capturing the whole event. Even though I was blushing from embarrassment, I decided to push onward with my teasing.

I asked the man, "Excuse me sir. Can't you see that my towel is falling down?"

He said, "Yes, it does appear to be falling off."

I asked, "Then won't you please take the clipboard so that I can fix the towel?"

He asked, "Did you sign it?"

I replied, "No, but if you don't take the clipboard, then I won't be able to fix my towel and it will fall off."

He said, "But if you don't sign the paper, I won't take the clipboard."

I said, "Oh come on. You know that if I try to sign the form, my towels going to fall off."

He chuckled and said, "Well then, I suggest that you sign it real fast."

I sternly said, "You want my towel to fall off, don't you!"

He grinned, but didn't answer so I demanded, "You want to see me naked, don't you!"

Again he didn't answer, so I said, "I'll take that as a yes. Well I guess it's all up to me now so I'll just do the best that I can."

I could have turned sideways and set the clipboard down or I could have just dropped it and fixed my towel, but I was having fun teasing the poor man. I was also curious to find out how far this man would go before helping me with my towel. I made an attempt to sign the form, but the movement caused my towel to slip down even further.

I shrieked, "Oh no! Now look what happened. My nipples are showing! Don't you understand? I'm naked under this towel. If you don't take the clipboard, the towel is going to fall off. Can't you please help a little girl in distress?"

He said, "Look young lady, I'm on a tight schedule. Just sign it."

I still get a little mortified when I'm naked in front of a stranger, but the obvious bulge in his pants made it all worthwhile. The towel had slipped down so far that I was barely able to hold it on with my elbows. It drooped down far enough in front to expose my belly button to the man.

I begged, "Please mister. I'm standing here topless in front of you. Won't you help me?"

He said, "Let this be a lesson for the next time you answer the door."

I said, "You're a bad man" as I made one last attempt to sign my name.

Finally, I lifted the clipboard and the towel fell to the floor.

I blushed and said, "Now look what happened! The towel fell off and it's all your fault. Just look at me. I'm completely naked. I hope you're happy!"

I was now totally nude in front of a strange man that I'd never met before. He probably expected me to scramble for my towel, but I just stood there without a stitch of clothing on and flaunted my young naked body in front of him.

He asked, "Aren't you going to pick up your towel?"

I looked down and said, "I'd like to, but I can't because you said that you're on a tight schedule...unless you think that you have enough time for me to put the towel around me."

He said, "Oh I'm sorry, but the shipping business is really hectic around the holidays. I think it would be better if you just sign the form and leave the towel on the floor."

I said, "Yep, that's what I thought you'd say. Well then, I guess I'll just stand here bare assed naked while I sign the paper."

I paused, and then I said, "I guess it would be asking too much for you to turn around while I sign the paper."

He replied, "Oh I can't do that. You might steal my pen."

I said, "Of course. That explains why you have to watch me so closely."

He said, "Um yes, that's the reason."

The man was all smiles as he ogled at all of my exposed flesh. Then the man appeared stunned that I actually took my time signing the document. Of course he seized the opportunity to stare at my bare breasts and hairy triangle. There was nothing I could do to block his view, so I just stood there and let him gawk at me.

I paused again and said, "I realize you're in a hurry, but it takes me a long time to sign my name."

He said, "You just take all the time you need."

As I signed my name, I actually spread my legs apart a little further to give him a better view of my young tight pussy. Then I decided to do some more teasing. I accidentally let the pen drop and it rolled right behind me.

I said, "Oops, I dropped the pen. I guess I'll have to bend over and pick it up."

I slowly turned around and without bending my knees, I leaned forward and reached for the pen. In my bent over position, my bare ass was right in front of the man and he thoroughly inspected every inch of my smooth firm butt.

Still bent over, I looked over my shoulder and said, "I got the pen."

The deliveryman didn't respond. He just continued gazing at my bare butt so I slowly stood up and turned around.

With the pen in hand I said, "I'll finish signing the form now" as the man continued to survey every inch of me as I stood there totally nude.

Was there something wrong with this man? What would stop him from questioning why it was taking forever for a girl that is practically a college graduate to sign her name? I came to the conclusion that when a man is confronted by a naked girl, he loses his ability to rationalize the situation. Eventually I finished signing the document and handed the clipboard back to him.

I leaned against the open door and with my nude form on display I asked, "Is that all you need?"

He answered, "Yes...thank you. Happy holidays."

Then he just kept standing on the doorstep and staring at me, so I waved goodbye and closed the door. I think he would have stood there all afternoon if I had let him!

**College Girls – Part 44**

I received a new digital camera for Christmas and I made a movie of myself taking a bath. While I was still naked, a delivery man came to the door with a package for my neighbor. With the camera still rolling, I answered the door with just a very small towel wrapped around me. Of course the towel fell off, which left me naked in front of the delivery man and in front of the camera.

After the delivery man finally left, I stopped the camera and loaded everything into my laptop. Then I got dressed while I watched my movie. As I put on a pair of pale blue panties, I was impressed to see that the camera was perfectly positioned to capture everything I did in the bathtub. I put on a blue and white striped knit mini dress as I watched the video of my towel falling off in front of the delivery man.

The camera angle didn't record much frontal nudity, but my bare ass was on the screen the whole time. I also caught all of the sleazy expressions on the deliveryman's face. In the mirror, I noticed that my nipples were poking out against the front of the knit dress, but I didn't feel like going through the trouble of putting a bra on, so I just decided to let my nipples show. I put on my white tennis shoes and I was ready to head next door with the fruitcake that the delivery man left for my neighbor.

When I put the camera in my purse, I was surprised to discover that the camera fit perfectly in the billfold compartment. I was even more amazed to find out that when the buckle on the purse was left open, there was a hole perfectly set up for the camera lens. I had the ideal spy cam setup! I decided to try out my camera on the neighbor so I turned the camera on, picked up the fruitcake and headed next door.

My next-door neighbor, Shelly, is in her early thirties. She has a pretty face, dark hair and big boobs. Shelly is around five-foot-six and she is slightly overweight, but her curves are all in the right places. She has a bubbly personality and I always have fun when she's around. I think my dad likes having her around, too, because Shelly always wears a very skimpy bikini when she comes over to swim in our pool.

When Shelly answered the door, I couldn't believe what I was capturing on my camera. She was only wearing a towel and it was about as small as the towel I had worn earlier. Shelly was holding up two dresses so she didn't have a free hand to secure her towel. It looked like she was ready to put on a performance like I did for the deliveryman.

Shelly excitedly said, "Hi Mindy, its great to see you! I haven't seen you for months."

She motioned for me to come in and follow her up the steps.

Shelly said, "My husband is coming home soon to take me to his office Christmas party. Come on up and help me decide what to wear."

As I followed her up the steps, I could see her bare butt cheeks peeking out from beneath her towel and I was recording it on my camera.

I said, "By the way, here's a fruitcake. The man delivered it to our house because you wouldn't answer the door."

Shelly said, "Well, all I had on was a towel. I mean, who would answer the door in just a little towel?"

I acted as if it was a rhetorical question because I wasn't about to tell her what I’d just done.

Shelly chuckled and continued, "Just imagine how the delivery man would react if my towel fell off and I was standing there stark naked right in front of him!"

I forced a little laugh and said, "Yes, that would be humiliating wouldn't it."

I didn't dare tell Shelly that it actually happened to me. I'd never hear the end of it. I followed her into her bedroom and positioned my purse on her dresser so that I could record Shelly as she changed into her dresses.

She held up a black dress and I said, "That looks elegant, but the red dress looks more revealing. I think you'd have more fun in the red dress."

Shelly said, "Let me try it on."

Shelly dropped her towel and boldly stood in front of the camera without a stitch of clothing on. Her breasts were beautiful. They were big, round and firm with the sweetest pink nipples. She also had a pretty pussy. Her soft black furry patch was nicely trimmed and she was unknowingly exhibiting it right in front of my camera.

I asked, "Are you going to wear a bra?"

Shelly replied, "I can't with this dress. See how low the back is? I'll just have to keep myself warm so that I'm not poking out in front all night."

Then I asked, "What about panties?"

Shelly said, "Funny you should ask. I've never left the house without panties before, but Stan has all those young girls working with him down at the office, so I thought I'd try to dress sexy tonight. That way I can compete with those little sluts."

The way that Shelly's goodies were showing through the thin material of the dress, I'm sure that she wouldn't be competing with anyone."

Shelly asked, "Am I hanging out anywhere?"

I replied, "No, but move around and let me make sure."

Shelly bent over, touched her toes and asked, "Can you see anything now?"

I replied, "The bottoms of your butt cheeks are hanging out."

She giggled and said, "Well then I won't bend over touch my toes because I refuse to wear panties tonight!"

I laughed and said, "You go girl!"

Then Shelly asked, "Would you mind trying it on for me so I can be sure that I'm not making a mistake?"

I asked, "Me?"

She replied, "Sure. While you're trying it on, I'll open a bottle of wine."

Shelly stripped off the dress and handed it to me, and then she headed to the kitchen totally nude. I pulled my dress off and slipped into her gown. It was way too big for me, but I managed to keep it from falling off. Shelly returned with the wine and then she gave me the once over.

Shelly said, "I knew it wouldn't fit you, but just wondered how easy it's going to be for people to see through the dress."

I asked, "Well?"

She said, "Its hard to tell because you're wearing panties. Why don't you take them off so I can get a better look?"

I asked, "Take of my panties?"

Shelly chuckled and said, "Yes, your panties. I want to know if my pussy hair is going to show through the front of the dress. Come on, be a doll and take your panties off."

I said, "Well, okay."

Reluctantly, I reached under the dress and pulled down my panties. Then I tossed my panties on top of my dress, which was lying on the edge of the bed.

She looked at me and said, "Your casting a little shadow in front, but I think its just enough for people to notice me without thinking that I'm a slut."

I didn't bother to point out that her pussy hair was much darker than mine. She'd just have to wait until later to find out how popular she was going to be at this party.

As I slipped off the dress, Shelly asked, "Do you have to leave right away or can you hang around and talk for a while?"

I replied, "I guess I can stick around and help you finish off this bottle of wine."

She said, "Great" and then she grabbed my hand and led me to the bathroom.

I said, "Wait, I don't have any clothes on."

Shelly said, "Neither do I so don't worry about it. I hope you don't mind if I take a bath and get ready while we talk."

I said, "Not at all, but let me get my glass of wine."

I grabbed my wine glass and my purse, and then I returned to the bathroom. I set my purse down on the vanity and positioned it to get the best possible angle of Shelly as she soaked in the tub. Shelly began to wash her hair. She stood up, bent forward and pointed her bare ass at the camera while she got her hair wet. Then she began washing her hair and bouncing her boobs around just I had done earlier. I giggled under my breath because Shelly was taking her bath as if she was following my instructional video.

After rinsing her hair, Shelly sat down in the tub and we talked for a while as we sipped on the wine. The camera was capturing her big breasts, tender nipples and the dark landing strip of hair between her legs the whole time. We discussed various incidences that happened to me during the school year, and after downing the entire bottle of wine we began to reveal secrets about ourselves that normally would never come up.

Shelly was very interested to hear about my relationships with other girls. She disclosed that her husband always hints that he wants to see Shelly with another girl. Shelly also admitted that she wouldn't pass up the opportunity if the right girl came around. Then she smiled at me and I wondered if she was trying to drop a hint that I was the right girl.

As we continued talking, Shelly soaped up her bare body in tantalizing ways. She slowly massaged her breasts and tweaked her nipples, before moving down and lathering up her pussy for the camera. Then she moved one finger up and down her delicate butt crack in the same way that I like having it done to me. I don't know if it was the wine or her body, but I was beginning to get turned on.

Shelly finally rinsed off, brushed her hair and finished primping in front of the mirror, and then we headed back into the bedroom. I set my purse on the dresser right across from the bed where Shelly was sitting. She invited me to sit down next to her and then she placed my hand on her breast. Shelly waited for my reaction and I responded by smiling at her and caressing one of her massive globes. She softly moved my head down so that it was situated over her other breast and I began kissing and licking her tender nipple. Shelly blurted out that her eleven-year marriage to Stan was losing its flair and she needed something to jumpstart her relationship.

I said, "Maybe this will help," and I slid down between her legs, dragging my bare breasts against her soft skin along the way.

Shelly began to moan as if it was the first time she'd ever make love and it was quite a turn on. I was trying to give her my best effort as I moved my tongue up and down her moist slit until I located her little clitty. Then I proceeded to wiggle my tongue around on her love button until she was worked up into a frenzy.

As my tongue performed its magic on her sweet snatch, I started using my fingers to tickle Shelly's inner thighs. It made her thrash around a bit, but the tormenting didn't last long because my finger soon found its way into Shelly's wet waiting pussy. Shelly seemed overjoyed with the feeling as she began moaning loudly and scratching my back with her long red fingernails.

As I continued licking her love button, I began working my finger in and out of her beautiful beaver. She was really getting wet and I could tell that her body was beginning to tense up. I reached underneath Shelly and started touching her smooth round butt. She seemed to like it because she rose up to give me better access so I started gently tickling her butt crack as I continued pleasuring her pussy.

Shelly squirmed and twisted around as if having the crack of her ass tickled was more that she could take, but she would stop me if I tried to pull away from her vulnerable backside. Soon Shelly was thrusting her hips back and forth while I continued to move my finger around inside of her. I knew she was close to an orgasm so I just stayed in rhythm with the motion of her body as her breathing became erratic.

Finally she let out a whimper and bucked her hips until she couldn't take it anymore, and then she collapsed and laid motionless on the bed. For a while she wouldn't let me remove my finger from her now soaked pussy, although she would flinch as if she was in pain if I moved my finger inside of her. Moments later I freed my hands from her pussy and her butt, and then I climbed up and laid in her arms.

We were relaxing in our gentle embrace when suddenly I heard Shelly say, "Hello dear, I didn't hear you come in."

I looked over and there stood her husband, Stan, in the bedroom doorway. I wanted to crawl in a hole and die as the bald headed account eyed my bare body.

She asked, "How long have you been standing there?"

He said, "Long enough to know that I should come home from work early more often!"

I was so embarrassed as I stood up and then Shelly said, "Look who came to visit" as if he didn't know I was there.

Stan looked at me and said, "Hello Mindy. Its nice to see you."

I just kind of nodded and waved as my face turned bright red. Shelly sat down and started putting on her thigh highs while sitting on my clothes.

I tried to reach for my panties and Shelly said, "Oh, am I sitting on your clothes? Well, I'll be done in a second."

I said, "Um, excuse me. I'm naked over here!"

Shelly looked at Stan and said, "You don't mind if Mindy's naked, do you dear?"

He replied, "Heavens no! You just take your time."

Of course Stan wouldn't mind if I was naked and he was not shy about gawking at me, either! As I stood there dying of embarrassment, I wondered why no one asked me if I minded being naked. My neighbor continued to gaze at my bare breasts and hairy triangle as Shelly slowly worked her hosiery up her thighs.

To put on her thigh highs, she spread and raised each leg, displaying her silky dark pussy hair to the camera in the process. Stan was standing to the side of the camera, but Shelly and I were being recorded in all our glory. I was so mortified that I had one arm across my breasts and another hand between my legs in a futile attempt to hide my nakedness from my neighbor.

When Shelly stood up, I thought it would be my chance to grab my clothes, but then Shelly said, "Be a dear and help me put my dress on."

I said, "But what about my clothes?"

She said, "You'll have plenty of time to get dressed when I'm finished...and put your arms down. There's no reason to be shy. We're practically family."

I put my arms down and once again exposed my bare titties and furry beaver to Stan. After Shelly slowly shimmied into her dress, I zipped her up. Then I started to reach for my panties, but Shelly sat back down and blocked the access to my clothes again.

Shelly said, "Now I need you to help me with my shoes."

I asked sarcastically, "Shelly, you can't put your own shoes on?"

She said, "I don't want to ruin my nails. Can't you just do me this little favor?"

I said in a soft voice, "But I'll have to bend over in front of your husband."

Shelly said, "Would you quit worrying about Stan and help me with my shoes!"

Nervously I slowly bent forward and put the first high-heeled shoe on her foot. In my bent over position, Stan had an unobstructed view of my bare butt and I'm sure he loved every minute of it. I had trouble fastening the tiny buckles on her party shoes so I was bent over for quite a long time, much to the delight of my neighbor. Eventually both of Shelly's shoes were on her feet, so she stood up and thanked me.

Shelly went into the bathroom, leaving me alone with Stan. I gave him a shy smile and then I picked up my panties. After putting my feet through the leg holes, I slid my little undies up my legs as my neighbor watched every move I made. I finished pulling my panties up, but I was still topless as I reached for my knit dress. Stan watched as I pulled the dress over my head and then he walked towards the bathroom as soon as I had all of my clothes on.

When Shelly was finished getting ready, we all headed towards the front door. Stan was waiting at the bottom of the steps. He appeared to be trying to look up my dress as I descended down the staircase, like he hadn't seen enough of me already.

Then he looked up and said, "Shelly, aren't you forgetting something?"

She said, "No, I don't think so."

He said, "How about panties?"

Shelly smiled and said, "No I didn't forget them. I'm not wearing any, but I didn't forget them!"

Stan chuckled and said, "This is going to be a night I'll never forget."

Shelly said, "Me either" and then she winked at me.

I said, "Then I guess I'll get going."

Shelly said, "Thanks for stopping by and come back any time."

Stan said, "Yes, any time!"

He made me blush again as I turned and headed home. The next evening, I walked into the house and caught my dad in my room. He was looking at my laptop. I hid around the corner in shock because I could see that he was watching Shelly taking a bath. I didn't know what to do or how to react, and then my mom walked in wearing Victoria's Secret underwear.

She said, "I'm ready" and then they took off for their bedroom.

I was already experiencing feelings of despair wondering how I was going to face my neighbors, and now the feelings were intensified knowing that I would have to face my parents, too. Of course the way they were going at it made me think that they approved of my girl on girl escapades. On thing was certain, I needed to password protect my laptop!

**College Girls – Part 45**

College graduation day finally arrived. When they called out "Mindy Sparks", I proudly walked across the stage and received my diploma. Underneath my gown, I wore a light summer dress and white panties. I wasn't wearing a bra, but I was far from naked like some of my sorority sisters.

Audrey was one of the boldest exhibitionists in the sorority house. It was quite obvious that she didn't have a stitch of clothing on under her robe. As she pranced up to the stage, her big boobs bounced freely under her gown. The stage lights illuminated Audrey’s dark bush beneath her gold satin robe, which was acknowledged by applause and catcalls from the guys in the audience.

When Audrey reached center stage, her face became red with embarrassment. It looked as if Audrey suddenly realized how sheer her graduation robe really was. Backlighting on the stage created a nude silhouette of Audrey’s perfect body, which was viewable by everyone in attendance. This incited a collective gasp along with looks of disgust from many of the parents and grandmothers that turned out for the event. Cameras flashed throughout the arena as the barely dressed coed accepted her diploma and hurried back to her seat. I'll bet some of the fathers took more pictures of Audrey than they took of their own son or daughter.

Even though I acted like a good girl on graduation day, that doesn't mean I was an angel during finals week. I tried to be an angel, but once again a simple panty flash turned into a big mishap rendering me helplessly naked in front of a group of strangers.

The evening started out innocently enough. I went to a bar with my boyfriend, Vince, and I was perched on a high bar stool. Vince was playing darts with his friend, Duke, so I was left sitting alone at the bar, drinking a beer and reading my Business Studies book preparing for my last exam. I majored in Business Education with a Teaching Degree, which gives me the opportunity to teach business as well as work in an office setting.

Sitting at a table below me was a girl who looked to be in her twenties, along with two younger boys. The boys couldn't have been more than eighteen, but the bar is pretty lenient about serving minors during finals week. I was getting bored so I thought I'd have a little fun and put on a show for the boys. I had a large glass of beer in front of me, but the peanuts were in a bowl a little out of my reach. I'm just slightly over five feet tall so I had to stand on the foot rail of my bar stool and lean forward to grab a nut. This caused the hem of my short sundress to ride up in back exposing my pale pink panties to the group below me.

I never looked down at the boys, but from the corner of my eye I could see that they were thrilled by the vision in front of them. I could feel their hungry eyes feasting on my panty clad backside as I slowly reached for the peanut. Everyone was getting quite an eyeful because my panties were practically see-through and only came halfway up my butt. I bought the tiny underpants so that when I wear low-cut jeans, my panties wouldn't show above the waistline. Of course this meant that half of my butt-crack was hanging out above the thin elastic waistband and the other half was plainly visible through the very thin fabric of my little undies.

When I finally sat down I should have stopped, but once again I let my emotions get the best of me. That's how I always get myself into trouble. Even though I was wearing a very short and skimpy dress, I thought, "What harm could come from showing off my panties to a few strangers?"

I tried to concentrate on my textbook, but I couldn't resist the urge to let my panties pop out in public again. As I slowly leaned forward for another peanut, I noticed that there was a mirror behind the bar. I was able to see the reflection of the girl and the two boys sitting with her. The girl was very cute with brown hair and a dazzling smile. The sparkle in her eyes was mesmerizing as she stared at me from behind. I hadn't been interested in a girl since I met Vince, but my boyfriend's lack of attention was forcing me to fulfill my needs elsewhere. After selecting a peanut I sat back down on the stool, but my curiosity was overwhelming and I needed to find out if this beautiful girl had any interest in me.

The boys had shy nervous expressions on their faces as if they couldn't believe what they'd just witnessed. The girl on the other hand wore a confident smile on her face. She was definitely smiling at me, but I couldn't tell if she liked me or if she just enjoyed watching me tease the young boys.

I didn't want any more peanuts, but the attention I was receiving from the girl inspired me to reach for another one. As I leaned across the bar, the bartender came over and asked if I needed anything. I was wearing a dangerously short white button-down dress without a bra and the top two buttons were open. Since I'm such a diminutive and petite girl, I was forced to lean over pretty far to reach the nuts.

I might be small, but my medium-sized breasts are full and firm. As I bent forward, my dress gapped in front giving the bartender a birds-eye view of my round rosy nipples. I took my time searching for the perfect nut as the bartender positioned himself so that he had an unobstructed view of my nearly naked breasts. With my barely covered butt on display for the people behind me and my titties exposed to the bartender in front of me, I began to feel aroused. My nipples started to harden and I began to experience that all too familiar sensation of wetness between my legs.

After giving the bartender a nice long look at my puffy pink nipples, I told him that I had everything I needed and started to sit back down on the stool. Then the funniest thing happened. While slowly sliding down into my seat, the hem of my short dress got snagged behind me on the backrest of my barstool. I pretended not to notice and continued to sit down, but I could feel that my dress was flipped up in back. My smooth tan flesh was exposed all the way up to the small of my back, revealing my little pink underpants to the young boys behind me. It sent chills up my spine because I knew that my tiny panties only concealed half of my butt-crack, but I did nothing to correct the situation.

From the reflection in the mirror, I could tell that the girl was looking at me. She probably thought that I was completely unaware of my predicament. The beautiful girl giggled as she pointed out my quandary to the boys at her table. As the bartender brought me another large beer, I continued to study while acting as though I was oblivious to my awkward circumstances.

The young boys were free to check out my nearly naked butt until my jerk of a boyfriend and his equally annoying friend showed up. My boyfriend quietly came up behind me, tugged on the waistband of my underpants and dropped an ice cube down the crack of my ass. He startled me so I quickly turned around, but he didn't pull his finger out of my skimpy undies and I felt the thin elastic waistband of my tiny panties snap.

I sternly said, "You're so immature" as I leaned forward on the bar stool.

I promptly lifted the back of my skirt and reached down into my underwear to fish out the cold ice cube, probably exposing most of my bare ass to the boys at the table behind me in the process. The melting ice cube left a wet spot on my panties, which only made the see-through material even more transparent. I threw the ice cube on the floor and then I examined my damaged undies. My stupid boyfriend managed to break the elastic on the thin waistband near my right hip. This is the moment when I should have collected my belongings and left the bar, but I just couldn't resist the idea of teasing the shy young boys a little more.

I stood up and turned my back to Duke, which forced me to face the group that had been watching me all night. In order to show Vince what he'd done to my underwear, I had to lift up my short sun dress. I may have over-exaggerated the need to raise my dress because I lifted the hem higher than my belly button. With my dress up so high, I was certain that the group could see my neatly trimmed auburn bush, which was barely hidden by my translucent panties.

I showed my boyfriend the broken elastic and said, "Thanks for ruining my underwear! I'll bet they're gonna fall right off."

The eyes of the young boys lit up when they heard that statement. The girl had a big smile on her face, too. She knew that I was kicking the boys' hormones into overdrive, and she seemed to like watching me torture them as they squirmed in their seats. The girl also gave me the impression that she liked watching me for her own personal pleasure as she gave me a wink and licked her luscious wet lips.

With the young boys staring right at me, I wiggling my hips a little and then I said to Vince, "Look at my panties. You really ripped them. Now what am I going to do? See how they slide down when I move! I don't think they're gonna stay on much longer."

Duke yelled, "You're right, they won't!"

Then Duke reached under my short dress and pulled my underpants all the way down to the floor. I stepped out of my torn undies and without thinking, I bent over to pick them up. I no longer had any panties on so when I bent over, my bare butt cheeks were pointed right at the girl and the young boys seated behind me.

Reality suddenly set in and I remembered that I was completely naked under my dress. I was mortified when I looked back and saw that the girl and her young friends had an unobstructed view of my bare ass. With my knees straight and my legs slightly spread apart, I'll bet they could even see my tender pussy lips from behind.

I can be pretty bold when I'm wearing panties, but I'm much more self-conscious when I'm totally nude. Instead of directing my attention at the people behind me, I should have focused on securing my panties because Duke quickly grabbed my underpants off the floor before I had a chance to pick them up.

Duke started twirling my panties on his finger so I tried to snatch them away, but he was too quick far me and tossed them to my boyfriend. Vince held my undies high in the air, but I was determined to retrieve them. He's six-foot-four, which is over thirteen inches taller than me, so I was forced to jump for them.

Jumping up in a short dress with no underwear on underneath was a big mistake. When I jumped into the air, my short dress flew up exposing my bare butt and hairy triangle to everyone in the bar. Then my dress acted like a parachute as it slowly floated down, giving the people around me an extended peek at my nakedness.

With Vince holding my panties up high, I couldn't secure my dress and raise my arms at the same time. Therefore I was forced to leave my extremely short sundress unrestrained as I leaped into the air. The young boys had front row seats for the spectacle and the girl sitting with them found the reaction on their faces to be priceless. I knew that the boys were getting glimpses of my ass and pussy, but I continued to act as if I was unaware of my public exposure because the cute brunette seemed to be enjoying it. She really liked seeing that I was a helpless innocent victim baring my butt and bush to a bar full of strangers. Watching me get humiliated in public looked like it was turning her on.

Finally my boyfriend threw my panties and they landed on the bar. Duke tried to grab them, but I slapped his hand away. Unfortunately his hand knocked over my freshly poured large glass of beer, which spilled onto the bar and ruined my text book. The beer also splashed off the bar and drenched the top of my dress. Now my nipples were even easier to see as the thin white cotton material became instantly transparent.

With everyone looking at my nearly naked breasts, I felt extremely vulnerable and held the text book in front of me. My boyfriend gave his friend a high-five and they started laughing at me. Duke even tried to take my book away and my drunken boyfriend made no attempt to come to my defense.

My eyes began to well up with tears as I declared, "Vince, you've ignored me all afternoon and when you finally show up, you humiliate me in front of a bar full of strangers!"

He said, "Oh come on. We're just having a little fun."

I said, "Well the fun's over. I'm leaving and I never want to see you again!"

He said, "Why don't you get over yourself" as I grabbed my billfold and headed for the door with my text book clutched against my chest.

Vince tried to follow me, but Duke grabbed his arm and said, "Let her go. You don't need her."

I heard my boyfriend call out, "You're right. I don't have to put up with this crap" as I left the bar and I walked out into the night.

I began to head towards the campus when I sensed someone coming up behind me. Thinking that it was Vince, I yelled for him to go away, but it turned out to be the beautiful girl that was seated at the table behind me. She put her arm around me and gently brushed away the tears from my cheeks. Following the girl was the two young boys that had been sitting with her. I buried my head in the girl's bosoms, trying to hide my blushing face.

Everyone was quite for a moment, and then I broke the silence and meekly said, "I'm so embarrassed. I was trying mind my own business and study for my final exam, but my jerk of a boyfriend decided it would be fun to expose me to his friend and everyone else in the bar. Then a beer spilled and ruined my book. I just hope no one saw my underwear."

The girl giggled and said, "Oh we saw a lot more than that!"

The boys snickered, and then she continued, "But you handled yourself very well. You don't need him. By the way, my name is Jennifer. I'm a grad student in the school of business and behind you are Andy and Brad. They're a couple of freshmen that I'm trying to tutor so that they can pass their exams."

I introduced myself and looked back to say hello to the boys, but they were too nervous to say hello back to me. Then Jennifer and I turned our heads and gave each other endearing smiles. She continued to keep her arm around my shoulders, but she lifted my text book from in front of me and examined it.

Jennifer said, "Your book is ruined" and then she tossed it into a nearby trash can.

I screeched, "Jennifer, you can see right through my dress. I was using that book to hide my boobs."

Jennifer replied, "I'm sorry. Hey, it's only eight o'clock. The Business School Office is still open. I'll bet I can find you another copy of the book. Who's your teacher?"

I replied, "Professor Wrissley."

She said, "I think he's still there. Let's stop by and find out."

I said, "But look at me. I'm practically naked!"

With a devious smile she said, "Don't worry. I'm sure he won't mind."

Her smile should have raised a red flag about her intentions for me. However, I was a little drunk and had just broken up with my boyfriend so I continued walking with her because I couldn't resist her sweet caring personality. As we headed towards the School of Business Building, the young boys followed close behind. They watched intensely as an occasional breeze lifted my short dress up exposing my bare butt cheeks to them.

I tried to hold my dress down, but Jennifer pushed my hand away saying, "You don't have to guard your dress. You're among friends. Besides, those panties you were wearing barely covered your cute little behind anyway."

I explained, "Those panties were for my low-rise jeans so that they wouldn't hang out above the waistline when I bent over."

Jennifer said with a little laugh, "I solved that problem by not wearing any panties. See?"

I looked at Jennifer's butt and noticed a little bit of her butt-crack was showing above her short white shorts.

She smiled and said, "I like showing off my butt. I work out hard to look like this so I'm not afraid to show it off. Besides, it gets the little boys' attention while I'm babysitting...err, I mean tutoring. It seems to drive the boys wild."

I said, "I'll bet it does. It's driving me wild right now" and she responded with a hug and a smile.

Jennifer has model good looks. She's tall and thin with long dark hair and a very pretty face. Her breasts aren't much bigger than mine, but they look round and perky. Jennifer's golden tanned skin was a sharp contrast to her peach tank top and flimsy white bra. She looked delicious and I wanted to eat her up.

We finally reached the Business Building and we had to climb a steep flight of stairs to get to the front door. Of course the boys followed behind, but they took their time so that they were several steps below Jennifer and me. It was obvious that they wanted to look up my dress, but neither Jennifer nor I made an issue of it. Once we were inside, Jennifer told the boys to get Professor Wrissley and then she led me into the kitchen area.

Jennifer said, "I think we need to wash off this beer. You smell like a brewery."

I watched nervously as Jennifer lathered up her hands and started caressing the front of my dress. She continued rubbing her soapy hands against the thin material until it was all sudsy. She kept moistening her hands under the warm water and then rubbing them up and down the front of me. Jennifer looked me in the eyes and smiled as she gently squeezed my breasts through the wet fabric. The sensation of her gentle hands against my nipples was getting me excited, but then Professor Wrissley suddenly entered the room. Jennifer stood up and purposely stepped aside, leaving me standing there unprotected in my soaked white sundress.

Jennifer said, "Mindy's text book got ruined tonight. I was wondering if you had another copy so she could study for your exam."

Professor Wrissley took a good look at my practically non-existent dress, chuckled and replied, "I have the exam on my desk. Maybe you should just take it now and get it over with."

Jennifer said, "That'd be great!"

Then Jennifer gave me a sinful grin and declared, "Professor Wrissley, I guess you'll need to sit and watch Mindy the whole time to make sure she doesn't cheat."

I squealed, "Jennifer! You know I'm practically naked" as I made a vein attempt to fold my arms across my chest.

A look of panic crossed my face as Professor Wrissley examined my sheer white dress. The dress was now sticking to me like a second skin because it was saturated with water, which gave Professor Wrissley plenty to look at.

Acting like a true gentleman, he smiled and said, "No, Jennifer, I think I'll let you keep an eye on her. I'll be in the lounge. Let me know when you're finished."

When Professor Wrissley left the room, Jennifer began unbuttoning my dress so I squeaked, "What are you doing?"

She said, "I can't get the soap out. I'm going to have to rinse your dress in the sink."

After unbuttoning my dress, she quickly slipped it off my shoulders and in an instant I was naked. My face turned red with embarrassment because I was standing in the middle of the Business School Building without a stitch of clothing on. As I stood there totally nude, Jennifer stuffed my dress into the sink and began running warm water over it.

I asked, "Can't we go into the women's restroom and do this?"

She replied, "Well, we've already started here so I don’t see why we can’t just finish up here."

I said, "Because I’m naked! I don’t have any clothes on and someone can walk into this room at any time!"

Jennifer said, "Would you quit worrying! It's late. There's hardly anybody here."

Then she turned to me and said, "I still need to get the soap off of you."

Jennifer moved in front of me and began running her slippery fingers up and down the front of my naked body. She softly tickled my belly button and then proceeded to drag her ruby red fingernails up the front of my bare body until she reached my firm titties. Jennifer used her fingertips to tease my super sensitive nipples and then she softly massaged my entire breasts. Her magic fingers felt magnificent and I was beginning to relax and enjoy the phenomenon that she was creating.

Jennifer looked down and sweetly said, "Aw, it looks like you've got a little soap on your girl fur. I'd better take care of that right now."

I quivered with anticipation as Jennifer slowly slid her hand down the front of my naked body until she reached my neatly trimmed auburn bush. She squatted to the side of me and began running her wet fingers through my pleasure patch with her left hand while gently dragging her soft fingertips up and down my hypersensitive butt-crack with her right hand.

Jennifer obviously had bi-girl experience because she sure knew how to please me! I moaned with delight as Jennifer inserted a finger into my moist pussy and slowly started moving it in and out. At that moment, one of the young boys came into the kitchen and stopped dead in his tracks when he saw that I was naked.

He nervously asked, "Jennifer, I...I have an economics question."

Jennifer sternly said, "Look what I'm doing! Can't you see I'm busy?" as she thrust her finger deep inside me.

Jennifer's handy work caused me to cry out in bliss right in front of the poor boy. The boy just stood there staring at me, which both embarrassed and excited me at the same time. There I was, a naked girl with another girl's finger in my pussy, right in the middle of a public building. And it was all witnessed by a surprised young boy that I didn't even know.

I said in a moaning tone, "Um Jennifer, you do...oh that feels good...you do remember that I'm naked here, don't you? I mean, um...oh please don't stop what you're doing, but the boy...um, I mean the boy can see me and I don't have any clothes on!"

She giggled and replied, "Of course I remember that you're naked."

Then she looked up at me and smiled as she started making little circles inside of me with her finger. It forced me to moan out loud and caused my body to twitch as the boy continued to watch.

Jennifer smiled and said, “Mmm, you like that, don’t you!”

I mumbled, “Yes…oh yes, but…but the boy. What about the boy?”

Jennifer just looked at the boy and giggled because he was mesmerized by what he was witnessing. The feeling was building inside of me and I was about to have an orgasm when the other boy suddenly entered the room. The shocked look on his face was almost comical, but I was so close to the Promised Land that I couldn't pay much attention to him.

Suddenly Jennifer pulled her finger out and I squealed, "Oh no...please don't stop! I'm so close."

Jennifer ignored my pleas, pointed to the doorway and demanded, "Andy, Brad, get out of here. Can’t you see that we’re busy? Get out and I'll talk to you later."

I was begging Jennifer to finish me off, but she took a nice long look at my nude body and said, "I can't get the soap off of you. Why don't you hop up here over the sink and I'll rinse you off with the hose."

It was awkward climbing up onto the counter, but Jennifer helped by placing her soft hands on my round rear-end and giving me a little boost. The only way I could sit over the sink was to lower my bare butt into the metal tub and spread my legs wide. Then I had to place my feet on the counter to each side of the sink. This left my pussy wide open in front of Jennifer. Jennifer pointed the hose at me and water began to cascade down my bare body, rinsing the soapy film off my creamy skin and leaving me squeaky clean.

Jennifer looked down at my hairy triangle and said, "You'll need extra attention to rinse the soap out of your pussy hair."

She pointed the nozzle towards the neatly trimmed red hair between my legs and the suds quickly drained off of me, but after the soap was gone she continued to direct the hose between my legs. I shrieked as the warm water began to pulsate over my little clitty.

I cried, "Jennifer, you don't know what you're doing to me."

Jennifer replied, "Oh I know exactly what I'm doing to you" as she inserted a finger inside of me while continuing to let the water massage my swollen love button.

I was just about to explode when we were interrupted again. Dr. Anderson, the Dean of the School of Business, entered the kitchen with a mug in his hand. He stopped dead in his tracks when he spotted me in the sink. Jennifer quickly let go of the hose, stood up and moved out-of-the-way, which left me as exposed as humanly possible to the man. I was stark naked with my legs widespread and my wet pussy was spread wide open as I displayed the ultimate beaver shot to Dr. Anderson.

Jennifer nervously stammered, "Dr. Anderson...I didn't know you were still here. I mean Mindy spilled her beer and I had to clean her up...that's all I was doing...cleaning her up! Nothing else."

Dr. Anderson snickered and said, "Calm down. I just want a cup of water."

I'd never been more embarrassed in my life as the sixty-year-old man merely stood there and carefully inspected my bare body. It didn't look like he had any intention of leaving. My round rosy nipples and soft pussy hair were right out in the open for him to examine. I couldn't even use my arms to hide my nudity because I was using them to balance myself over the sink. If I'd have let go, I would've slid right down onto the floor.

Jennifer offered to let Dr. Anderson use the hose, which was resting on my bare leg near my pussy, but he just laughed and said, "You go ahead and finish up whatever it was you crazy college girls were doing. I'll come back later."

As soon as Dr. Anderson left the room, Jennifer looked at me and said, "Wow, what a rush! I loved showing you off like that!"

I countered, "Showing me off like that? What do you mean? I've never felt so naked in my life. You totally humiliated me. You're no better than my ex-boyfriend!"

Jennifer replied, "I'll bet I'm better...a lot better," and then she drove her tongue into my bare beaver.

Jennifer started wiggling her tongue all over my sweet snatch until she found my little clitty. Then she focused her attention just in that spot for a while. I was moaning so loud that I'm sure they heard me all the way down the hall, but I couldn't help it...it felt so good! Then Jennifer inserted a finger into my pussy while teasing my sensitive nipples with her other hand and I was finally to the point where I was about to explode.

I started screaming, "Oh wow... don't stop...not this time...oh yes, oh yes...I'm cumming, I'm cumming" and then I tensed up and twitched all around until I couldn't take it anymore.

My body was tingling as Jennifer eased up and moved forward until our lips met. Then she gave me a long passionate kiss followed by one last rinse with the hose. Jennifer playfully put the nozzle between my legs, but it about sent me through the roof because my pussy was overly sensitized since I'd just finished having an orgasm. She draped my sopping wet dress over the towel rack and then dabbed a few paper towels against my bare skin to help me dry off. Finally Jennifer began to lead me towards the hallway.

I paused, "Wait a second Jennifer. Where are you taking me? We can't go out into the hall. I don't have any clothes on!"

She replied, "We have to go to Professor Wrissley's office so you can take your exam."

I asked, "But...but what about my dress? I mean, I'm still naked and you're leading me through a public building. Please don't make me do this. I've been humiliated enough this evening."

She said, "Don't worry. You can take your exam and then we'll come back for your dress. It should be dry by then. Besides, there's hardly anyone here. No one will see you."

At that moment, three boys came out of an office ahead and began walking right towards us.

I said, "No one will see me, huh?!"

I tried to turn and run, but Jennifer had a tight grip on my wrist. The boys weren't shy about looking me over as they squeezed past me in the narrow hallway. Their hands accidentally/on-purpose grazed my breasts and pussy, but Jennifer kept pushing onward. After they slowly passed me, I glanced over my shoulder and saw that the boys had stopped walking so that they could check out my bare ass. I tried to rush, but Jennifer held me back and slowed the pace. She knew full well that the guys were looking at my naked butt and she did everything she could to prolong my indignity.

I blushed feverishly as we continued walking down the hall with Jennifer wearing a big smile on her face. It was obvious that she loved putting me in vulnerable positions when I didn't have and clothes on. My face was bright red as we finally reached Professor Wrissley's office. The boys were still watching me as I stepped into the office.

I tried to sit behind the desk, but Jennifer escorted me to a little table that faced the door. The table offered no protection from anyone that passed in front of the open doorway. Then Jennifer walked over to the desk and picked up the exam and a pen.

As she handed them to me, I asked, "What about the door? Can't you close the door?"

She replied, "No sweetie. It would get too warm in here" and then she took a seat behind the desk.

I asked, "Why can't I sit behind the desk?"

She said, "Because this is where the teacher sits. Now get started on that exam."

I begged, "Jennifer please trade places with me. I’m totally naked. Anyone that walks by will have a clear view of my boobies and pussy. You know there's no way I can cover myself and take the test at the same time!"

Jennifer sternly replied, "Just hurry up and finish the test. The sooner you get done, the sooner you'll get your dress back."

I began to answer the questions on the test, but it was very hard to concentrate with my breasts and bush out where everyone could see them. I was naked yet Jennifer, who was fully clothed, sat at the big desk. The cherry wood desk offered a great deal of protection and it was also situated sideways to the door. No one could really see Jennifer, but I was the one that was naked.

A guy walked by and glanced into the room. His mouth dropped open when he witnessed my nakedness. Soon a few more guys discovered that I was taking my exam in the nude and they began parading back and forth in front of the door. I did my best to close my eyes to the boys and concentrate on the exam, but it was difficult to ignore a group of guys ogling at my state of total undress. Then to make matters worse, Andy came into the office and asked Jennifer if she could answer a question for him.

I tried to cover up and pleaded, "No Jennifer, send him away! I'm naked and he's looking at me. Please, send him away."

However, my pleas fell on deaf ears as Jennifer gave me a conniving smile and replied, "Sure, come on in Andy. I've got plenty of time."

She knew that all of Andy's attention was on me as Jennifer took her time and slowly answered his question. I could see the bulge in his pants and Jennifer noticed it, too.

Jennifer continued to torture Andy by saying, "Quit looking at Mindy. You know she's only naked because her dress is wet. I realize it's hard for a boy like you to take your eyes off such a beautiful pair of tits and such a pretty pussy, but you need to give her some privacy. Besides its very warm in here and she's more comfortable that way."

Then Jennifer compounded Andy's torture by saying, "In fact, I think I want to be more comfortable, too."

Andy's eyes bulged more than his pants as Jennifer slowly lifted her peach tank top up over her head and exposed her flimsy white bra to him. The poor boy swallowed hard as he checked out Jennifer's almost perfect breasts. Her dark nipples were poking out against the thin stretchy material and the bra also allowed plenty of cleavage to show in front. Then she leaned forward towards Andy and finished answering his question.

Finally Andy left the room and I said, "I'll bet he comes right back."

Jennifer countered, "No, I'll bet he heads for the men's room. He probably won't be back for a little while if you know what I mean!"

We both laughed and then Jennifer said, "Seeing you naked really turned that little boy on."

I blushed and then Jennifer continued, "Seeing you naked is turning me on, too."

There was silence and then Jennifer stood up, unzip her tiny white shorts and let them drop to the floor. Now the only thing Jennifer had on was her skimpy see-through bra. She was shaved smooth between her legs and her moist pussy lips were totally exposed as she settled back in the big leather chair.

The huge desk protected her from anyone's prying eyes. She was also seated to the side of the door so she was out of sight for the most part. From the side I could see that Jennifer had a hand between her legs and she was beginning to pleasure herself. Now I had to contend with guys parading back and forth in front of me trying to catch a glimpse of my bare body along with the distraction of Jennifer touching herself, all while concentrating on my final exam. It was exhausting!

The aroma of her girlie juices filled the room and I was starting to spend more time watching Jennifer than I was on my test. Then Brad came in, but he couldn't see what was going on under the desk. However, he could see that Jennifer only had a bra on top so she tried to send him away. I decided to frustrate Jennifer a little so I asked Brad stay and pose his question. Jennifer rolled her eyes at me and leaned forward to listen to his problem.

As he asked his question, he couldn't keep his eyes off me. I pretended to work on my exam as I gave Brad an unobstructed view of my bare breasts and naked pussy. Then I asked Jennifer to stand up and come over to answer a question for me, but she refused. She knew that my only intention was to make her stand up in front of Brad and show him that she didn't have any pants on. Jennifer tried to quickly answer Brad's question, but I was persistent about asking Jennifer to address my problem first.

Finally Brad asked Jennifer, "Why don't you help Mindy? My question can wait."

I answered, "Because she doesn't have any pants on!"

Brads face lit up and then he leaned over to see if it was true. Jennifer tried to shield her bare pussy from his prying eyes, but was having trouble fending off the young teenaged boy.

Eventually, Jennifer gave in and said, "Oh alright" and then she stood up from the chair exposing her bald beaver to Brad.

Brad froze in disbelief as Jennifer rose from the big desk and leaned over the little table in front of me. Her beautiful round rear-end was right out in the open and Brad didn't know exactly what to do. Suddenly two guys that had been parading in front of the door passed by again and came to an abrupt halt when they saw Jennifer's bare ass on display.

Jennifer quickly said, "Brad, please close the door."

I said, "Sure, now want to close the door because you're naked."

She replied, "That's right."

As the door remained open and the guys continued to stare at Jennifer, Brad asked, "Should I leave?"

Jennifer replied loudly, "Just shut the door" so Brad closed the door and locked it.

Jennifer asked, "Now Mindy, what was your question?"

I replied, "Well, my question is really for Brad. Brad, what do you think of Jennifer's beautiful butt?"

I stood up and began to caress Jennifer's smooth firm buns as I waited for Brad's reply.

I said, "Mmm, Jennifer's got a great ass, don't you think Brad?"

He mumbled something inaudible as I began running my fingertip up and down her sensitive butt crack. I was standing to the side of Jennifer, but she was still leaning over the little table with her bare buns on view for Brad to enjoy. Jennifer shuttered as I gently tickled the area between her beautiful butt cheeks.

Next I reached up and unhooked Jennifer's bra. As the bra dropped down Jennifer's arms, I forced her to stand up and face Brad.

Jennifer's face turned red as I said, "Oh wow Brad. Look at the pretty, pretty titties!"

Then I squeezed them and said, "They're so firm. Um, I just love them" as I leaned forward and gave one of her nipples a tender kiss.

Jennifer giggled and said, "Don't start something you can't finish.'

I said, "Oh I can finish alright. You're not the only one that knows what I girl likes."

I sat on the floor between Jennifer's legs and slowly pushed my tongue into her sweet snatch. Jennifer quickly became week in the knees and grabbed Brad's shoulders for support. I started sliding my tongue up and down the smooth moist slit between Jennifer's legs and she began to purr like a kitten. I zeroed in on her little clitty with my tongue, while inserting a finger into her love hole. Jennifer started breathing heavily as I continued my assault on her pretty pussy. Then Jennifer reached out and placed one of Brad's trembling hands on her breast.

Jennifer said, "Mmm, that feels so good" and then she reached for Brad's other hand, but it was buried in his pocket.

He had his hand in his pants pocket and he was fidgeting around so Jennifer said, "If you're going to do it, do it right."

Then Jennifer unfastened Brad's jeans and she pushed his pants along with his underwear to the floor.

Jennifer said, "Mindy, look at Brad's cute penis. It's real hard!"

I looked up and said, "His soldier is standing at attention."

Young Brad was extremely embarrassed to have two girls examining his manhood, but his embarrassment changed to excitement as Jennifer took it in her hand and began to stroke it. As Jennifer worked on Brad's penis, I returned to Jennifer's pussy. Brad was touching Jennifer's breasts as Jennifer stroked Brad's member. I had my finger moving around in Jennifer's pussy while licking her love button at the same time.

Jennifer purred, "Mmm Mindy. That feels good. Do you like it Brad?"

Brad muttered, "Oh yeah, oh yeah."

The action was heating up and then Jennifer said, "Look out Mindy. I think Brad's missile is about to launch."

Soon Brad couldn't hold on any longer and milky streams shot out and splattered on the floor right next to me. Jennifer was not distracted by Brad's cannon fire and continued to hold on to Brad's shoulders until she had a screaming orgasm. Even with the door closed, I'm sure they could hear us in the hall.

Jennifer quickly slipped on her bra, tank top and short shorts, while Brad pulled himself together again. Once again I was the only naked person in the room. Jennifer sent Brad to get my dress and then I asked her if she could check the answers on my exam. Instead of checking my answers, she pulled out the answer sheet and graded my entire test.

Jennifer said, "Mindy, you're one smart girl. With everything going on, you still only got three wrong. Do you want me to change them so that you have a perfect score?"

I happily said, "No. An A-minus is good enough for me."

Just as I thought my day was getting better, Andy and Brad entered with my dress.

Andy said, "I'm sorry, but we had a little accident with your dress."

I slipped it on and said, "It feels kind of snug."

Brad said, "It was still wet so we put it in the microwave."

Jennifer chuckled and said, "I think it shrunk a little. It barely covers your butt!"

Andy said, "That's not the worst part."

As I tried to squeeze into the dress, I found the real problem.

I yelled, "Oh no, you melted the buttons off!"

Brad and Andy said, "We're sorry" as Jennifer ushered them out of the room.

Jennifer said, "Look on the bright side. We just have to drop off your exam and then you can go home."

I shrieked, "I can't go to the faculty lounge like this! Can't you take it for me?"

Jennifer replied, "Sorry. He specifically wants it from you and I'd hate for you to miss turning in an A-paper."

The anticipation of another chance to publicly expose me brought a smile to Jennifer's face. I struggled to hold my dress together between my breasts and in front of my pussy, but I could feel the bottoms of my bare butt cheeks peeking out, even without bending over.

We entered the lounge and there were four professors waiting for us. I just wanted to hand over my test and leave, but Jennifer decided to make small talk with the professors. She knew that I was mortified standing there while the four men stared at me so she wanted to prolong my agony. It was difficult to hold onto my billfold and hold my dress together. It was so difficult that I dropped the billfold onto the floor.

I asked, "Jennifer, can you pick that up for me?"

She smiled and said, "No. You're a big girl. You can carry your own wallet."

I pleaded, "But Jennifer, you know what's gonna happen if I bend over to pick it up!"

Now all the men were staring at me with intensity as Jennifer just pointed to my billfold, offering no help at all. I slowly began to bend over knowing that the two men behind me had a clear view of my bare ass and possibly a view of my pussy from behind, too. Then the men in front of me, which included Professor Wrissley, started getting excited knowing that I would have to let go of my tight dress to reach for my billfold.

I quickly grabbed my billfold, but I wasn't fast enough to catch my dress and it popped open in front exposing my neatly trimmed auburn bush to the men in front of me. All I could do was stand up and hold my little billfold in front of my pussy hair as my dress separated wide apart. It was open all the way up to where I was holding it together on top. Even my flat little tummy was on display for the men to see.

As Jennifer tried to continue making small talk, I declared, "Time to go Jennifer!"

She said, "You're right. Goodbye gentlemen" and then she grabbed me by the arm.

To my horror, she pulled so hard on my arm that it made me let go of the top of my dress. This caused my tits to pop out in the open right in front of everyone. With my billfold in one hand and my other wrist held by Jennifer, my dress was completely unrestrained leaving both my bare breasts and pussy hair out in the open for all of the men to see. I was forced to remain exposed until after we left the building.

Once we got outside, Jennifer started laughing so I tried to pull her top off. Unfortunately she broke free so I had to chase her. My dress was flapping in the wind behind me and my bare ass, hairy pussy and bouncing breasts were on display for anyone to observe. Finally we made it to my sorority house and Jennifer spent the night. We slept with our soft naked bodies pressed against each other.

On graduation day, I watched Jennifer receive her Master's Degree. After the ceremony, we posed together for pictures and then gave each other a big kiss. My parents were shocked, which made us laugh because it would kill them to learn of all the naked escapades that I was a part of over the last four years.

We loaded up the van and I said goodbye to the college campus for the last time. I had a couple of interesting job offers, but one that really peaked my interest was a teaching job in the business department of a prep school. What made the job so appealing was Jennifer. She took a job there and wanted me to work there, too.

Graduation day brings an end to the College Girls series. Is it time for me to become a mature adult or will Jennifer force the naked high jinks to continue? Will Prep Teachers be a new series? We'll just have to wait and see!