Confessions of the Naked Kind – Part One  
BY Hooked6  
  
  
“STOP IT!” I squealed excitedly as I squirmed on the floor of a trendy teen apparel store as several girls laughed wildly as they desperately tried to strip me of my clothing. I was scared out of my wits but I couldn’t help giggling out-loud as one of the girls tickled me unmercifully as another lifted my shirt over my head exposing my bra and trapping my arms inside preventing me from defending myself. My eyes pleaded with several on-lookers for help, hoping against hope that one of them would come to my aid but they stood idly by silently watching my distress – each with the same amused expression on their face. I couldn’t blame them. After all if I were in their shoes watching some girl being playfully stripped in public against her will I’d probably watch too! It’s like happening upon a bad car accident. It’s a terrible thing to be sure but people still want to look!   
  
One girl forcibly held the shins of my legs using the full weight of her body to keep me from kicking my assailants. First my right shoe was tugged off the sole of my foot followed immediately by my left. The girl at my feet then playfully tossed my shoes over her shoulder and into the crowd of gawkers. A small but noticeable cheer arose as each shoe disappeared and then each sock. As the full weight of what was about to happen entered into my thoughts my heart began beating erratically. I was about to be stripped naked in front people my own age in the middle of a store in the most popular mall in the city and there seemed to be nothing I could do about it! I knew for sure that was the intent when I felt the snap of my jeans tugged open and my zipper being playfully lowered so that my pink panties came into view. “NO” I cried through my ridiculous giggling as my belly was subjected to unrelenting tickles. With all my chuckling I’m sure it was hard for anyone to think that I was really protesting at all. But I WAS protesting – at least I think I was. Everyone was laughing – even the bystanders. No wonder no one took my cries for help seriously.   
  
I guess you all are wondering how in the world I got into this mess in the first place. Well that’s a rather long and somewhat embarrassing story to tell. But they say that confession is good for the soul so I might as well start at the beginning and see how far I can get before I lose my nerve at revealing my most intimate and personal secrets to the whole world via the Internet.  
  
My name is Amber. I attend high school in a good-sized city not of my choosing. I spent most of my childhood in small towns, frequently moving here and there as my dad was transferred about due to his work. As a result I never made friends very easily and developed a rather shy and somewhat backward personality. Having never lived in one place long enough to develop good friendships I pretty much kept to myself consequently missing out on the worldly education most other girls had – especially in matters pertaining to sex. That is until I entered my junior year in High School. For the first time I found myself in awe over the excitement of the city. I seemed to want more out of life and I desperately wanted to fit in. It was slow going at first until I met three girls at my school, Tracey, Beth and Lisa. These three for some reason seemed willing to take me under their wing. We met for lunch every day at school and we seemed to share many classes together. Talking with them for any amount of time, however, seemed strained for the first couple of months as I seemed to lack any skill in the fine art of conversation. I tended to be doing all the listening while they did all the talking. Slowly but surely, though, I began cautiously coming out of my shell. My self-esteem was still on shaky ground but I was aware that I was taking steps to become a little more confident about myself as a person.  
  
Then one day Beth invited me over to her house for a sleepover. As weird as this might sound I had never been to one and I was pretty excited about it. It was just going to be the four of us girls. Beth planned on eating pizza, watching some chick flicks that she was going to rent and then spending the rest of the night engaged in the usual girl-talk – which normally centered around her favorite subject – boys!  
  
After eating our dinner Beth suggested we retire to her room to watch the videos she selected. We no sooner had entered her room when I got the shock of my sheltered life! Beth immediately pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it onto her bed. She then reached around and began unhooking her bra and soon it too was unceremoniously tossed on the floor leaving her topless. She was undressing right in front of us and she seemed so at ease about it all. Boy was she endowed too. No wonder she is so popular and so self-confident. I must have been standing there with my mouth wide open as she looked right at me, scrunched up her eyebrows and asked, “What, you never seen a girl’s boobs before?” Truth was, in fact, I hadn’t – at least not naked ones anyway of anybody I knew in real life.   
  
I cleared my throat and tried desperately to think of some snappy reply so as not to appear stupid. As I looked away, I guess so as to preserve her modesty I saw the other girls were all doing the same thing. Tracey was standing in just her panties and Lisa was already naked pulling her nightgown over her head.   
  
“What’s with you, Amber? You look like you’re going to be sick or something. Did the pizza not agree with you?” Beth looked at me for a second as though she was concerned then cracked a mischievous smile. “Oh don’t tell me you’re MODEST or something.” All the girls laughed at her remark and I began growing very uncomfortable.   
  
“Oh don’t be silly,” I quipped. “I, um, well I just didn’t think we would be going to bed so early, that’s all.”  
  
“Oh,” Beth replied seeming a bit relieved. “For a minute there . . .” she remarked, her voice obviously trailing off as if in thought. “Well, never mind,” she said finally as if she felt the need to explain things to the newcomer. “We aren’t going to bed now. We usually just get comfortable before we watch the videos. Go ahead and get into your night attire while I pick out what to watch first.” She began rummaging through the bag of videos she had rented as the other girls just stood watching me.   
  
I was never so self-conscious in all my life. I wanted to excuse myself and run to the bathroom to change in private but I was certain if I did that I’d never hear the end of it. I knew what I had to do and trying to act brave I picked up my duffle bag and pulled out my nightshirt – which was really just an oversized T-shirt that came down to mid thigh. Taking off my blouse as Tracey and Lisa watched was unnerving to say the least but I did my best not to let on. In a flash I had my blouse off and the T-shirt over my head. I’m guessing they only saw my bra for a second or so. There was no way I wanted them to know that I wore a padded bra either. You see my boobs barely qualify as an “A” cup. In fact they’re really not much more than two pooches with rather prominent nipples. I had managed to keep my little secret of shame hidden through the year by finding a rather well-designed padded bra that at least made me seem somewhat respectable up top once dressed. I then dropped my jeans and stepped into the comfortable sweatpants that I always wore to bed each night. Tracey and Lisa both had awkward grins on their faces but they didn’t say anything. Satisfied that I had managed to get through that little ordeal I began putting my street clothes into my bag.  
  
Beth looked up after selecting her DVD and began chuckling. “What’s this?” she said playfully tugging on my sweatpants. You’re dressing like you are expecting a blizzard or something!”  
  
“What?” I snapped back. ‘This is comfortable. Don’t knock it until you try it.”  
  
Beth looked me over for a moment and then said skeptically, “Suit yourself, as long as you’re comfortable. But, you don’t REALLY wear that to bed every night, do you?”  
  
I looked at the other girls all dressed in sexy under-things and felt really out of place. Lisa’s gown was sheer and lacy showing not only her ample cleavage but hinted at her lack of any sort of pubic hair. Tracey’s nipples were easily seen beneath the fabric her teddy and her French-cut panties highlighted the curves of her pelvis remarkably well. And Beth, well let’s just say she’d get arrested for sure if she ever went out in public wearing just her outfit!   
  
“Heck no!” I said finally answering Beth’s original question. “I have better stuff to wear I just didn’t know what to bring so I thought I’d play it safe, you know how it is. I didn’t want to make a bad first impression on my first sleepover.” My answer seemed to satisfy them though I sensed Tracey and Lisa weren’t really all that convinced.  
  
We watched three tear-jerker videos that left us all longing for that perfect Romeo to charge up the castle walls and take us off into the sunset to live happily ever after. Well, at least that’s how I felt. Never having had a real boyfriend my so-called love life consisted mainly of Hollywood fantasies that I hoped one day would happen to me.   
  
The girls all started talking about boys – who they liked at school and who they hoped liked them. The conversation finally turned to speculating as to how “big” Freddie Johnston was “down there”. Tracey thought that though he was very athletic-looking he was probably quite small – she guessed only 4 inches max.  
  
“What do you think Am? How big do you think he is?” Tracey asked me.  
  
I immediately blushed. I couldn’t believe they were talking so blatantly about a guy’s anatomy. Why the very question conjured up an image in my mind of what Freddie’s penis might look like and I got very moist between my legs. I had no idea how big a normal boy’s penis was supposed to be. “Um, well I guess about 10 inches I’d say.” I knew that was a mistake the moment I said it.  
  
The girls all looked at me like I was from another planet or something then they all busted out laughing hilariously. “TEN INCHES,” Lisa shouted out “Boys don’t get THAT big.” She said barely getting the words out through her laughter.  
  
Before I could stop myself I blurted out, “They don’t?”  
  
My comment stopped them in their tracks.   
  
“Don’t tell me you’ve never seen a boy’s package before,” Beth said snidely. The other girls all laughed mockingly and I began to feel very sorry for myself. How could I have been so stupid?  
  
“Oh, she was just putting us on,” Lisa finally said coming to my rescue. “From the look Freddie’s muscles I’d say he’s probably well hung too. Besides, what girl doesn’t want to see a ten inch cock?”  
  
Everyone laughed as I added, “I wouldn’t – not if it was coming right at me!!!” My comment seemed to fit right in and drew attention away from my naiveté. Of course the conversation sank deeper and deeper into the gutter after that and I got quite an education – or least I learned several new words that I was determined to look up the meanings of later.   
  
After a while I think the girls sensed that their crude comments were having an effect on me – not only making me blush, but physically as well. I was ever so glad that I was wearing my sweatpants! Otherwise they’d know just how worked up I really was! Truthfully though, I never laughed so hard in all my life. What fun I was having!  
  
All of a sudden Beth threw a pillow at Lisa who immediately retaliated by tossing the pillow at me. Not wanting to be left out of the action I immediately started throwing not only pillows but anything else I could get my hands on at everyone who happened to be in the way. I was laughing and carrying on but before I realized it I heard Beth say, “Get her, girls!”   
  
The three of them chased me around the room finally pouncing on me as I tried to crawl over the bed to get to away from them. Lisa grabbed my hands and pulled them above my head and as I struggled to get away I ended up on my stomach. Tracey then flopped on top of my back to keep me in that position. It was all fun and games until I felt the tug on my sweatpants. Beth said menacingly, “Well, she certainly won’t need THESE anymore. It’s too hot in here anyway.” With that she began tugging at them in earnest and I felt them slowly sliding down my hips! I put the full weight of my pelvis onto the bed trying to hold them in place.  
  
“DON’T YOU DARE!” I exclaimed still laughing and doing my best to get free from my captors. Just then Tracey, who was still sprawled over my back, began tickling me. I wiggled away from her fingers and boy was that a mistake. In one final tug as I rolled away from Tracey my sweatpants were down around my ankles and then tossed on the floor.  
  
“Oh how boring, plain old white cotton panties!” Beth said mockingly. I was embarrassed at her comment.  
  
The girls all laughed and Lisa then seized the moment and yanked my T-shirt over my head. I screamed the shrillest sound I had ever made. I somehow managed to free one arm as Lisa began waving my T-shirt around as some kind of trophy. I desperately wanted my shirt back. I must have gotten carried away because the next thing I remember was socking Lisa right in the mouth as I frantically struggled to reach the shirt with my free hand while still trapped on my belly under Tracey’s weight. I didn’t mean to, it was an accident and I felt kind of bad about it.  
  
The other girls were still laughing as Beth said, “Tie her down! Can’t have her giving us all black eyes, can we?”  
  
All this was done playfully of course but before I knew it my arms were tied to the headboard with a pair of Beth’s pantyhose and the same was being done to my feet. I was thinking about how silly I must look lying face down tied up with my hands above my head. The girls all got off the bed and stood around admiring their handiwork. “UNCLE,” I screamed, “You win, I give up!” I was still laughing and half out of breath when I felt someone pinch the back of my bra and the clasp open up exposing my bare back. I giggled nervously wondering how far this would go.  
  
I stopped laughing though when I heard the bedroom door open up and a male voice ask, “What’s going on?”  
  
The room got deathly silent!

Confessions of the Naked Kind - 2 (Forced public nudity, Exhibitionism, Reluctant humiliation)  
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There I was lying on my belly in just my white cotton panties, my back completely exposed as my bra had been unsnapped. The only thing separating my small boobs from total exposure was the binds that kept me in place face down on the bed. I couldn’t cover myself if I had wanted to. And now some guy had entered the room and surely must be staring right up at my panty-covered crotch. I had no idea who it was or what in the world he must be thinking.   
  
“Oh Josh,” I heard Beth say a bit put out, “what do YOU want?”  
  
The guy laughed and replied, “Looks like you’re having fun. How come I never get invited to one of your sleepovers?”  
  
“Because you’re my nerdy brother that’s why,” Beth snapped.   
  
“Who’s that you’ve got tied up there? I don’t recognize her.”  
  
“Do you think she’s cute?” Beth teased.  
  
“Yeah – at least what I can see of her, which isn’t much.”  
  
“I’ll bet you’d like to see more wouldn’t you?” Beth taunted.  
  
I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Here I was lying practically naked in front of a boy I didn’t even know or couldn’t even see, and Beth was getting this guy all worked up talking about my body. My first reaction was to scream, “GET OUT!” but then I recalled that I had heard him say he thought I was cute. The very thought of him even LOOKING at my panty-covered butt and LIKING what he saw caused me to literally ooze wetness. The more I thought about trying to control that, the wetter I seemed to get! No boy, certainly not one close to my age anyway, had ever seen my in just my underwear and just my bottoms no less.   
  
“Sure!” Josh answered without hesitation.  
  
The room got quiet and I began to get nervous. She wouldn’t . . . she couldn’t! I wasn’t able to see a thing no matter how far I tried to turn my head. I suppose I could have tried to lift my chest up off the bed so I could turn more and see what was actually going on but I didn’t dare lest I’d reveal my small boobs to all those present. Those few seconds passed agonizingly slow. I mentally pleaded with her NOT to take things further. I was a mixture of emotions. I was in a compromising situation not of my making. Part of me was enjoying this just because of that very fact - but a bigger part of me was absolutely terrified!  
  
Then I heard her say sarcastically, “Fat chance, Perv-Boy. What the hell do you want anyway?”  
  
“Oh . . .” he answered after a bit of a pause during which I assumed he was still fixated on my ass. “Mom says for you to knock off the noise and get to bed. It’s well past 2 o’clock. Some people have to sleep around here, you know.”  
  
“Yeah, yeah we’ll tone it down.” Beth replied snidely. Once again there was silence. I thought I heard subtle giggling and I was sure that Josh hadn’t yet left the room. More silence. GAWD they’re all plotting something, I just knew they were plotting something. My heart raced and an incredible high enveloped me – a mixture of fear, ecstasy and utterly complete embarrassment!  
  
I then heard movement behind me. Oh gawd here it comes . . . I thought to myself.  
  
Then I heard Beth say seductively as the door opened again. “Her name’s Amber by the way.”  
  
  
“Hi Amber,” a friendly greeting came from the boy. “It was nice to meet you. Hope to see more of you soon.” He laughed at his own wit and left the room. “Have fun,” he added menacingly as his voice trailed down the hall still chuckling.  
  
The girls all busted out in hysterical laughter the moment the door was closed again.  
  
“Did you see how big his eyes were?” Lisa asked playfully.  
  
Tracey answered quickly, “no, I was noticing how big something else was.” Everyone then hooted and hollered at her remark.   
  
“Well, girl, you were the hit of HIS night,” Beth said with admiration.  
  
“Thank you,” I said meekly. Despite my shame, for some reason I was relishing the feelings I was having and was glad things happened the way they did. That is until Beth corrected me.  
  
“Not you Amber, I was talking about LISA and her practically see-through nightgown! Hell Josh couldn’t keep his eyes off . . .” Beth paused briefly and then continued with a mischievous tone in her voice, “Oh wait a minute girls. I think our little playmate here got off on being tied up like that.”  
  
Beth came right around in got next to my face. “Did you LIKE that you little slut, huh, did you?”  
  
“Figures, it’s always the quiet ones you’ve got to watch out for,” Tracey teased.  
  
“I KNEW I should have yanked her panties down earlier.” Beth said feigning disappointment.   
  
“She might fit in after all,” Lisa remarked. “I mean just look at her panties – they’re soaked!” the girls laughed as they made no secret about checking things out for themselves. I must have turned beet red.  
  
In an effort to change the subject away from my arousal I asked indignantly, “What do you mean I might fit in after all?”  
  
“Oh I wasn’t trying to be insulting, Amber, I just meant that well, you’re a nice person and all but I didn’t think you’d ever be into the same things we are, you know, for fun.” Lisa explained politely. “You’re great to hang out with and all but we wouldn’t want to push you into stuff just because there are some things we like to do that most people would never do.”  
  
It is hard having a serious conversation when you’re all bound up and half-naked but I did my best not to let it show how rattled I was over my situation. “What do you mean? What things are you talking about? I have fun with you guys.”  
  
Beth snickered a bit and explained. “I think Lisa means that we sometimes do things that are, well, “out there” like teasing boys, taking a few risks all in the name of fun. That’s all. We wouldn’t want to risk our friendship by making you uncomfortable.”  
  
“I’m not uncomfortable,” I said defensively. “I’m having fun.” I couldn’t believe I said that. I was so confused I didn’t know what I meant. I only knew that these girls were the only real friends that I had encountered in my life and I didn’t want to lose them – even if I was mortified at what had just taken place.   
  
“You mean to say you’re honestly okay with being tied up right now?” Tracey asked as if she wasn’t really sure she could believe me.   
  
“Well, yeah . . . I guess so” I replied nervously.  
  
“And you’re okay with teasing boys and stuff – like we just did with Josh?”  
  
“Well, that is to say, I mean, I didn’t exactly SEE what you did to Josh, being tied up and all but, I think I get the idea and I’m okay with it.” Even though the words came spewing out of my mouth, a little voice inside was screaming “What in hell is wrong with you? Are you out of your mind?”  
  
Lisa sighed and said, “Well don’t that beat all. I never would have believed it in a million years. You mean you’re actually okay playing along with us from time to time? ”  
  
“Of COURSE I am,” I said trying to sound definitive. “I mean, I’m sort of new at this stuff and don’t have the experience you all have, but I don’t see the harm in it.”  
  
The girls all patted me on the back and seemed genuinely surprised at my revelation. For the first time I felt closer somehow to the group – more than I had ever been since I had known them. I felt a special bond growing between us as a group. I actually seemed to BELONG. That was a unique feeling for me and I liked it. I wasn’t sure what I had gotten myself into but I was willing to play along. I mean how bad could it be?  
  
“Hey I got an idea,” Lisa said excitedly, “why don’t we all get naked and flash that creepy guy next door. He’s always leering at us when we are outside. He’s usually up late . . .”  
  
I about pissed my panties when I heard her say that. To my relief Beth said, “Naw, been there done that. Besides I think we need to turn in before my mom gets pissed off and we get in trouble.”   
  
With that Beth got off the bed and to my surprise yanked my panties down to my knees exposing my ass to the crowd. “I think you need to let it air out a little, don’t you? Goodnight Amber,” she said snickering as she turned off the light. “See you in the morning. “  
  
“HEY! Where are you guys going? You can’t leave me here like this!”  
  
“Oh you’ll be alright, unless Josh comes back for a little visit. He does that sometimes when I have company. He likes to barge in and try and catch a glimpse of one of us in a compromising position. He’s harmless though so don’t worry about it if he does.”  
  
“HEY!” I again shouted nervously as I heard them open the door giggling. “Come on guys, turn me loose!”   
  
“We’ll be right across the hall. See you in the morning.”  
  
The door closed and then there was silence.

Confessions of the Naked Kind - 3 (Forced public nudity, Exhibitionism, Reluctant humiliation)  
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Lying in bed on my stomach with my panties bunched up barely above my knees, legs spread apart, hands and feet tied with pantyhose at the top and foot of the bed that seemed to get tighter the more I tried to free myself – what a sight I must have been. Not that I wanted anyone to see me this way mind you, but the very thought brought me to the brink of what I was sure was going to be a very intense orgasm. The bed sheet below me was wet from my own juices and that alone embarrassed the stew out of me. As I lied there contemplating all that had happened I became more aroused than I had ever been in my entire life! But why, was it the fact that I was finally exploring my own sexuality? Or maybe it was that I had no control over the situation that was obviously sexually charged. The girls had forced me to do things I would have never done in my entire life. It was all playful hi-jinks though, not done in a mean-spirited way but just us girls goofing off. But then I thought of what I would have felt like if they had discovered that I wore a padded bra because I virtually had no boobs to speak of. I felt sick at the thought. Was I that desperate for friendship that I would stoop to acting like, what was it Beth called me, a slut?  
  
It was all too much for me. I was so confused. I wasn’t really physically uncomfortable restrained in my bonds. My discomfort was more mental, emotional as it were. One thing was sure I was about to . . . yes . . . if I just wiggled a bit against the damp sheet I would . . . almost there - YES!!!!!  
  
GAWD THAT WAS FANTASTIC!!!! Such an orgasm I had never had in my whole life! It seemed to last forever with every part of my nether region pulsating and contracting not just from my clitoris but from deep down somewhere inside – wringing every ounce of pleasure out into the open drawing from some hitherto unknown energy source I didn’t even know I had! It was almost like I imagined a seizure to be except it was magnificent. I never wanted it to end. But end it finally did.   
  
I felt drained yet satisfied for several moments. Then I felt ashamed and guilty – no make that dirty and cheap. What had I done? This wasn’t me! When I realized how close I came to totally humiliating myself in front of my new friends and worse some boy I didn’t even know I shivered in horror. There was no way I was EVER going to get myself into a situation like this again. What was I thinking?!! I’d just have to find a way to tactfully avoid things like this from now on. They would understand. I was sure they would.  
  
Sometime between pleasure and guilt, sleep over took me. Despite my unusual restrained position I guess I was just too exhausted to care and succumbed to unconsciousness. I don’t know how long I was asleep but I felt myself suddenly awakened by the sound of a door opening – MY DOOR, the door to Beth’s bedroom!! I froze in terror. Maybe I just imagined hearing that noise I told myself. Just go back to sleep. Then I heard it again along with the distinct sound of purposeful footsteps. JOSH, I thought!! My gawd, he DID come back to check me out just as Beth had hinted that he might. I closed my eyes pretending to be asleep. Actually I was too ashamed to see his face should he make his way around the bed so that I could see him.   
  
All I could think was how I looked with my naked ass in the air; legs spread apart both holes exposed. I want to scream, to run no, make that DIE from embarrassment - anything to just get out of there. I tried to console myself with the thought that maybe it was just Beth or one of the girls just having me on. It would be just like them to tease me after our conversations last night.   
  
Just as I started to feel better about the situation I heard a voice, a lady’s voice say, “Well good morning sleepyhead or should I say good afternoon?” It was Beth’s mom!  
  
“Ah, hello Mrs. P,” I stammered. It was obvious there was no way of gracefully ignoring her. There was no doubt she saw everything, and I mean EVERYTHING! What must she be thinking?! I knew I just had to respond – to say SOMETHING no matter how lame or stupid it may sound. “Ah, he-he, I guess I must look pretty ridiculous huh?” I finally said with my voice quivering.   
  
She walked around so that she could look at my face, put the bath towels down that she had been carrying and looked me over for a few agonizing moments. She then smiled just a wee bit and asked, “Have fun last night, did you?”  
  
“Ah . . . I don’t know . . . that is I’m really sorry about . . .”  
  
My words were cut short as she put up the palm of her hand as if to stop me from humiliating myself any further. “No need to explain. I’ve seen it all with those girls. Nothing shocks me anymore. Honestly the way they fool around with each other . . . well it beats having them get into drugs or something I guess.” She looked at me for another moment and then asked with obvious concern, “Are you sure you are alright? You ARE having fun aren’t you?”  
  
“Um, yeah sure, I’m okay, honest.” I replied, my voice still sounding uneasy.  
  
“Do you want me to untie you or would you rather wait for the girls?”  
  
The very thought of having this adult mother adding to my humiliation by releasing me from my ridiculous pantyhose bonds was more than I cared to endure. “No thanks. I’ll wait for the girls.” I said trying to sound confident.  
  
“I’ll send them up. I have breakfast prepared if you’re hungry. Just come down whenever you’re ready.” With that she stood up and started to leave.  
  
“Mrs. P . . .” I said cautiously.”  
  
“Yes,”  
  
“Thanks for understanding.”  
  
“Hey, I was young once too, ya know.” She gave me an evil grin and then a knowing wink and left the room.   
  
I buried my face in the pillow and shouted angrily. I was going to kill Beth the next time I saw her.   
  
I didn’t have to wait long as I heard the door opening behind me again. In the meanest voice I could muster I yelled, “YOU ASSHOLES! How could you leave me here like this all night?”  
  
“Hey is that anyway to talk to somebody who just came up to tell you breakfast is ready?”  
  
IT WAS JOSH!!! My worst fears were now realized. The very thought of him seeing me exposed with my panties pulled down was almost too much for me to bear. My heart about stopped and I quickly buried my head in my pillow and groaned once again this time with all my might. I screamed and yelled at him through the pillow. “GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!!”  
  
“Okay, okay, don’t be so grouchy. I was just trying to be polite.”  
  
“SCRAM!” I insisted forcefully, not that I could do much about it if he decided to stay.   
  
I heard footsteps walking away then stop. Suddenly I felt him trying to tug my panties down to my ankles - the leg openings ripping as they were forced further and further down my spread legs until they could go no further because of my pantyhose bindings. “That’s much better,” he said laughing with all his might and then left the room shutting the door behind him.  
  
I was so angry. A BOY had touched my panties - my personal underclothing, material that was designed to sit next to my most intimate of spaces. I felt so violated, so humiliated. I made up my mind right there to throw those panties away the moment I got untied. There was no way I was EVER going to wear them again. Then . . . as I thought about it some more, a funny feeling swept over me and I started to become wet again. A boy had touched my panties – WHILE I WAS WEARING THEM! Well, sort of wearing them anyway. THAT had never happened before. I was starting to get into the moment when I heard the door open again and this time I heard the familiar voices of my friends.  
  
“Ready to get up?” Beth called out as she entered the room. The girls were all talking about this and that among themselves and then suddenly all conversation came to an abrupt stop. They must have noticed my panties, I thought.  
  
“Well, well, something looks a little different, doesn’t it?” Lisa said giggling.  
  
“And she’s WET too!” Tracey added teasingly. My gawd they noticed.  
Then all at once they shouted knowingly, “JOSH!” Everyone but me burst into laughter.  
  
“So, what happened to get you all worked up like this?” Beth asked playfully. “No, never mind. I don’t think I want to know. He IS my BROTHER after all.” There was more laughter at my expense as I laid there unable to move.  
  
“SHUT UP,” I said playing along. I didn’t want to sound angry lest I hurt their feelings and jeopardize our friendship. I figured the best way to minimize any further humiliation would be to act as if I enjoyed it all. Who knows maybe I did?  
  
Beth began to untie my hands while Lisa worked on my feet. As soon as the bindings were released and I was free to move my arms and legs I immediately sat up. Man, were my limbs ever stiff! I could barely move them they hurt so much from being in one position all night. I hadn’t noticed before since I couldn’t move them. But wow was I ever noticing now. As I sat on the edge of the bed I flexed my legs out in front of me and extended my arms out to my sides and began slowly rotating them in little circles to get the feeling back.   
  
Suddenly I became aware that the girls were all staring at me with funny looks on their faces. I couldn’t figure out why and then it finally dawned on me: MY BOOBS! They were staring at my naked boobs! To my horror my bra was still laying on the bed. After all the excitement of the morning I was in such a hurry to get up after being tied down all night that I completely forgot about my bra!   
  
I blushed profusely, dropped my arms across my chest and lowered my head. This HAD to be the worst day of my life! If I had any thoughts of keeping my deepest secret from my friends they were gone now. One thing was certain. There was no going back now. My life was going to be forever changed. A lot was riding on how I handled this. 

Confessions of the Naked Kind - 4 (Forced public nudity, Exhibitionism, Reluctant humiliation)  
BY: Hooked6 (Hooked6@hotmail.com)  
  
There I was sitting on the bed my eyes lowered to the floor naked in front of the three people I wanted to impress most now for the first time revealing my greatest bodily shame – that which I carefully had guarded since puberty – I had no breasts to speak of. When I was younger my mom would always tell me not to fret about it, “They’ll grow. Don’t worry. You’ll see.” Yeah well so far they hadn’t and I felt less of a woman because of it.   
  
My friends were all so pretty and self-confident. I was sure in part it was because they were all so endowed. Me on the other hand, I felt I wasn’t in their league and had no idea why they chose to befriend me. I had figured it was because I fooled them into thinking I had more than I actually did if you get my drift. Now it was too late. They knew.   
  
I braced myself for the kidding and humiliation that was to come. There was no hiding or denying it now. I raised my eyes from the floor to face them and to my surprise they all looked as they did before my naked revelation. Their eyes were kind and their faces had genuine smiles of friendship. I was confused. They were acting like nothing had happened.  
  
“So,” Beth said warmly, “Wasn’t last night a blast? You were great Amber! I’m so glad we met you. ”  
  
“ABSOLUTELY,” Added Lisa and Tracey enthusiastically. “You are one special person!”  
  
My mouth dropped open and I just sat there. They weren’t making fun of me nor were they shocked or surprised at how my body looked. They didn’t seem to care one little bit! They STILL were treating me as a close friend. I was elated! I wanted to give each of them such a hug. In my heart these three were the best friends anyone could ever have. I wanted to dance, to sing. Suddenly I had energy again. “Let’s go get something to eat. I’m starved!” I said as I jumped off the bed and headed for the door.  
  
“Ah, don’t you think you might want to get dressed first?” Lisa said giggling.  
  
I looked down at myself and sheepishly muttered, “Oh yeah,” The girls chatted about the usual stuff as I got cleaned up and dressed. I was on cloud nine. All those years of worrying were wasted. Mom was right. It was no big deal. I was ready to face the world. Well, that is until I got downstairs and saw Josh and Mrs. P.  
  
Josh looked up from his plate and gave me the wickedest grin I had ever seen. “Morning, sweet-cheeks,” he said in an obvious reference to my naked butt he had seen earlier. He studied my face for a moment and then added, “It’s nice to see what the other half finally looks like – Cute, really cute.”  
  
I blushed as I passed him by and sat at the table trying to avoid looking at him. His comments also made me aware of a funny stirring deep within me. We had shared something that morning – something exciting and intimate – no make that sexual. I had no romantic feelings for the guy, but somehow we shared a secret that only a few people knew. “What my butt looked like NAKED” I chuckled to myself.   
  
The rest of the day was spent hanging out. Nothing special, just enjoying each other’s company. The next week was also uneventful. I did find myself growing fond of doing little things for them to show each of the girls how much I appreciated them – you know like running and getting a Coke for them, taking their trays back in the cafeteria after lunch so they wouldn’t have to get up. I even cleaned out Beth’s car one day taking a plastic bag with me and tossing all her trash away.   
  
“You didn’t have to do that,” Beth said appreciatively. “My, but it does look nice in here though doesn’t it? Thanks Am,” she said as she patted my back. “You’re the greatest.”  
  
I didn’t mind doing these things. I WANTED to. It made me feel good knowing that they liked what I did and it made them happy. In fact I would have done anything to please. I never tired of it. Of course they never ASKED me to do anything. It was all my doing.   
  
Another week passed and I found something missing in my life. I found myself longing for something but I didn’t know what it was – like when you’re standing at the refrigerator looking inside but you don’t know what you want, but you know you want something. I took me awhile to figure it out. Then it hit me one night as I was laying in bed my hands unconsciously roaming over my body. I wanted to play some of those naughty games the girls had talked about at the sleepover. I had no idea what games they played but I realized that just thinking about what had happened to me that night made me instantly wet. I replayed the scene of being tied up and vulnerable, of getting caught by Mrs. P and Josh, of my most spasmodic of orgasms that I had yet to repeat. I knew I wanted more. I wondered if the girls and been playing some games without me since the sleepover. After all they did seem concerned that including me might jeopardize our friendship. Maybe they were just afraid to push things. Maybe I just needed to somehow let them know I was okay with it without seeming too anxious. Of course there was always the possibility that they had been only kidding me about those games and they never really did such things. Still, there was that comment by Beth’s mom that nothing the girls did ever surprised her anymore. I kept thinking about it until I fell fast asleep.   
  
The next day at school I kept looking for an opportunity to bring up the subject. Of course I never found the right time. The timing had to be perfect and we had to be alone so that others might not hear our conversation. I was frustrated, okay and partially a bit chicken I admit it. Two more days passed and still I had failed to bring it up.   
  
Finally it was Friday and I couldn’t wait any longer. I followed Beth and the girls to the parking lot after school and the stars must have been aligned properly because I noticed that it was just the four of us standing there gabbing away. Now was my chance. “So um, you guys doing anything fun this weekend?”  
  
“Hadn’t given it much thought,” Beth answered. “What about you guys?” she asked Lisa and Tracey.  
  
“Nothing really,” Lisa replied. “I guess I’ll just go home and work on that stupid English Lit assignment that’s due Monday.”  
  
“That sounds BORING,” I noted with a sigh. “Hey, um . . . maybe we could . . . that is if you wanted to . . . you know . . .”  
  
“You sure are babbling out a lot of words, Amber, but you’re not saying anything,” Beth laughed.  
  
  
“Yeah, you could be a politician or something,” giggled Tracey. “Just spit it out.”  
  
I nervously looked around as if I was a spy about to relay secret information which made the girls all laugh. “I . . . well . . . I thought that maybe I could try and . . . well you know . . . maybe play one of those games or something that you all talked about at the sleepover.”  
  
“Games,” Tracey asked?   
  
My heart sank. Crap! What had I done? There either were no such games or they didn’t want to include me after all. I looked to the ground not knowing what to say.  
  
“Oh cut it out,” Beth finally remarked teasingly. “You know what games she’s talking about. I think Amber here really wants to join us.” Beth looked at me for a moment and then putting her arm around me asked, “Are you sure you really want to?”  
  
“Um, yeah, I think so. It was all I could think about all last week.” I confessed much to the delight of the girls.   
  
“WOW! THAT’S GREAT!” Tracey said excitedly. “I KNEW you would want to sooner or later.”  
  
“Hey, I said she was one of us first, remember?” Lisa protested causing everyone to laugh.  
  
Beth taking the leadership role said, “Okay, we’ll do it. We’ll start now. Tonight it’s all Amber.”  
  
“Maybe we had better start slow,” Tracey added. “She’s new at this you know.”  
  
Beth and Lisa looked as if they were studying her comment. After mulling it over Beth replied, “No I think she can handle it. Can’t you Amber?”  
  
I had no idea what she meant but I wasn’t about to spoil my chances. “Sure, I guess. Let’s do it.”  
  
“Okay, see Jim Taylor over there?”  
  
“Yeah, what about him,” I asked a bit confused?  
  
Beth stepped right in front of me and started talking in a really soft voice, “I want you to go over there and ask him how big his cock is.”  
  
“WHAT?!”  
  
“You heard me. Go over there and ask him how big it is. If he actually tells you, I want you to say ‘prove it’. Then wait to see what he does.”  
  
“He’ll laugh me out of the parking lot!”  
  
Beth looked at me sternly, “You said you wanted to play so now we’re playing. The first rule is: do what I say. The second rule of our games is you’re not allowed to ask any questions. The whole idea is to let go and see what happens. You’re a pawn in a game that you don’t understand. That’s the exciting part of it all. You don’t know – only WE know. You must just play along – go with the flow. We’re in charge and you’re not. The game starts now and ends when we say it ends and not a moment sooner. Trust me. I know what you want and what you need. Just get over there and do it,” She then unbuttoned the three top buttons of my blouse so that my bra was easily showing and then commanded, “NOW!”  
  
There was something in the tone of her voice that struck a little fear in me. There was no way I was going to cross her. I was so embarrassed. I don’t know which unsettled me more, the fact she was so forceful or that my blouse was undone to just above my belly button. Either way it WAS exciting. “Okay,” I answered and turned to walk over towards the boy. As I left the group I heard them giggling. On my way I had to keep reminding myself that I had asked for this.

Confessions of the Naked Kind - 5 (Forced public nudity, Exhibitionism, Reluctant humiliation)  
BY: Hooked6 (Hooked6@hotmail.com)  
  
Jim was standing by his car rummaging through his backpack. His car door was open and it looked like he was getting ready to leave. I had to hurry if I was going to catch him before he left. “Hey Jim, wait up,” I called out as I started jogging a bit.  
  
“Hey Amber, what’s up?”  
  
“Oh, I was just wondering . . .” oh man what in the hell was I doing? I couldn’t ask this boy what the size of his thing was!!! My heart was racing ninety-to-nothing.  
  
I was brought back to reality when he asked, “Yes, you were wondering what?”  
  
I felt my face blush and my knees buckle a bit. I wanted to run away but then I saw his eyes. They were staring right at my chest. MY CHEST! He was looking at my chest – the very thing I was ashamed of he was studying with interest. Suddenly I felt flirtatious and blurted out seductively, “I was just wondering. How big is your cock?”  
  
“WHAT?!”  
  
I swallowed hard, “You heard me, the girls over there and I were wondering how big it is.”   
  
He looked over my shoulder at my friends, “You mean Beth, Lisa and you all were talking about my manhood – the Meat- Monster. Well, ain’t that a kick.”  
  
He seemed to puff up like a Tom Turkey strutting his stuff. He then waved his arms towards my friends beckoning them over to where we were. When they were within ear-shot he continued, “So ya’ll want to know how big it is, eh? I don’t like to brag but, the Jimster here is pretty awesome.”  
  
The girls heard his last comment and giggled. “Oh yeah,” I said feigning like I was impressed. ‘I’d like to see it. Could you show it to me please?” The girls broke out in laughter as we all waited to see what he was going to do. I was so excited I felt myself getting wetter by the minute. Would this boy really show me his thing? My heart was begging for him to do it but the rational part of me knew I’d faint if he did!! We all just stood there waiting, wondering, hoping then Jim got all fidgety-like as if someone had pulled out all his tail-feathers.  
  
“Oh damn, is that the time? I’ve got to go. Maybe I’ll show you later. See ya, bye,” he said nervously as he jumped into his car and started the engine. He was gone in a flash.  
  
Everyone was laughing and carrying on. “That was rich,” Lisa said admiringly. “Did you see the look on his face?”  
  
They may have gotten a good laugh but I was still worked up. I couldn’t believe what I had just done. And what if he really DID show it to me? The very thought made me gush with excitement!   
  
Beth spoke up at last interrupting the frivolity, “Okay Amber, call your mom and tell her you’re spending the night.”   
  
“Okay!” I replied enthusiastically. I flipped open my cell phone and was about to punch in my mom’s work number when Beth interrupted in that same serious tone of voice she had used before.  
  
“Before you do that I’d like your blouse please.”  
  
I looked at her in stark terror. “What HERE? Right here in the school parking lot?!”  
  
“Boy do you have a short memory .What is rule number two?”  
  
“No questions,” I replied meekly.  
  
“I hope I don’t have to keep reminding you. You either play the game right or we don’t play.”  
  
“Sorry,” I muttered softly. I was a bit ashamed that I had possibly offended her. I did so want to please her and the other girls. I would never have done anything to intentionally let them down. I looked around and although there were some cars still left in the lot after school, most people had left already so the risk was minimal. I began unbuttoning the next button. I then took off my blouse and nervously handed it to her.   
  
“Good.” She remarked, “Make your call and we’ll meet you back at the car.” With that the girls all left taking my top with them! I was never so shocked in all my life! I was standing in the school parking lot exposing my padded bra to anyone who might happen to look! I nervously dialed my mom’s number and asked her if I could spend the night at Beth’s. My trembling voice darn near ruined everything as my mom must have asked me at least a dozen times if I was okay. I was sure she thought I must have been up to something but she eventually gave her permission. I was never so glad to end a call to my mom in my life! I then covered my chest with my arms and literally ran back to Beth’s vehicle and hopped in.  
  
Even though Beth was smiling she asked me directly, “Who said you could cover yourself like that?”  
  
“Um . . . well . . . you didn’t say I couldn’t.”  
  
“True,” Beth said a bit disappointed. “You’re going to have to try harder to get into the spirit of these games if you’re going to get the most out of them.”  
  
I had no idea what she meant but then I was too concerned about whether she was going to give me my blouse back or not to do any deep analysis as to what she meant. She didn’t make any effort to explain either. Instead she started her car and we left with Lisa in the back seat along side of me and Tracey in the front passenger seat. As I nervously sat in the back seat forcing myself NOT to try and cover my bra every time a car passed by, I wondered where we going or what Beth had in mind.   
  
“Amber,” Beth said finally breaking the silence. “You’re now going to play what we call One-Word.”  
  
I sat there in silence knowing I couldn’t ask what she meant without violating rule number two.   
  
“Very good, Amber,” Beth finally said. “You’re learning. The One Word game means that if you talk at all you can only say one word and you’re going to give us that word.”  
  
“Okay,” I answered wanting to show that I was willing to continue to play along.   
  
“What a GREAT word!” Lisa exclaimed.   
  
“HUH?”   
  
“Nope the word you chose was Okay not HUH?” Beth answered giggling.  
  
I was still confused. I looked at Lisa hoping she would explain further but she didn’t say anything so I looked at Tracey but she was just as silent. Then Beth asked “What do you say we get something to eat?”  
  
“Okay,” I answered honestly. Lunch sucked at school today so I didn’t eat very much and consequently my stomach was grumbling.  
  
“Great answer!” Beth remarked.   
  
Tracey turned around in the front seat and asked, “Amber, give me your bra.”  
  
My heart stopped! I finally caught on. I had no choice if I said anything I could only use that word. Tracey smiled wide and waited for my answer. “Okay,” I finally replied meekly.   
  
“AWESOME!” Lisa said barely able to contain herself as Tracey extended her hand and waited for me to comply. As much as I was scared out of my wits I knew deep down I was going to do it. I reached around and unsnapped my bra and handed it to her.   
  
Now I was topless riding through the neighborhood surrounding the school.   
  
“Sit on your hands,” Tracey instructed.  
  
“Okay,” I replied and did as she asked. She must have known that the temptation to cover up was overwhelming.  
  
Beth pulled into the neighborhood Burger Queen and parked in the back of the restaurant. “You just stay here and wait until we get back. Don’t you dare move a muscle. You’ll just have to trust me on this. Remember you’re part of a game that you don’t understand. You’ll learn things as we go on. Oh and don’t worry about dinner, we’ll bring you something in a minute.”  
  
“Okay,” I muttered with my voice cracking. The girls all piled out of the car leaving me in the backseat. The way the car was parked the rear window was facing the restaurant so I couldn’t see behind me. I wanted to turn around to see what was happening but I told myself that I had to obey otherwise I’d just be cheating myself out of the experience. Besides, they must know what they’re doing as they played this stuff amongst themselves for a long time. I decided to just sit facing straight ahead so as not to draw attention to myself.  
  
I heard voices coming and going and the sound of cars driving through the parking lot all of which kept me on edge. Sitting there with my hands touching my butt I couldn’t help but feel how sexually alive I was feeling right then. I started to imagine all sorts of things all of which helped to peak my arousal.   
  
All too soon the girls were back and brought me my food. They decided we should eat right there in the car and as we sat the conversation naturally turned to boys as it usually did if Beth had anything to do with it. When we finished eating Beth gathered up all the trash and put it into one bag and handed it to me. “Amber, be a dear and throw this away for me. There’s a trash can right over there.”  
  
I looked up and that trash can was about twenty feet away out in the open in plain view of the path to the drive-thru lane. To my horror the lane was filled with cars waiting to place their orders. I looked at the girls with my eyes as big as saucers. I was waiting for Beth to give me back my blouse or at least my bra but she made no move to do so. They were all looking at me in anticipation waiting to see how I would respond.  
  
“Okay,” I said with my voice cracking and reached for the door handle.

Confessions of the Naked Kind - 6 (Forced public nudity, Exhibitionism, Reluctant humiliation)  
BY: Hooked6 (Hooked6@hotmail.com)  
  
As I opened the car door and felt the breeze on my bare chest I felt a tingle shoot up my spine. With the door still partially closed hiding me from the cars in the drive-through lane I looked around to see when would be the best time to make my move. To get to the trash can I was going to have to make my way around the back of the car, walk twenty feet or so to the left of Beth’s vehicle which would put me about 10 feet from the “Place your order” sign. There was no way I could do this without being seen. This was the craziest thing I had ever done in my entire life. I was about to chicken out when Beth said forcefully. “JUST DO IT, NOW!”  
  
“Ooooooo- kkkkay,” I stammered and jumped out of the car with my bag in hand. I ran – yes I ran because she never said I couldn’t. I dashed around the back of our vehicle and made my way to the left towards the trash can. I tossed the bag at the opening of the receptacle and turned to run away when I saw the bag miss the opening and fall on the ground. I took a step back, bent down and picked it up. As I stood up to reach for the can’s opening a second time my eyes caught sight of the driver of a car waiting at the order sign. He was smiling from ear to ear! I almost wet myself just looking at him. THIS WAS INSANE, I told myself. I didn’t want to know how many others were looking at me so I ran back to Beth’s car and hopped in the backseat totally out of breath.   
  
I had expected her to have the car’s engine running so we could make our get-away before I got in trouble but she was just sitting there without a care in the world! I looked at her as if she was mad, hoping she’d get my point, but I bit my tongue so I wouldn’t say anything and violate the rules of this game. She giggled a bit and FINALLY started the car. I let out a HUGE sigh ever so grateful that we were finally getting out of here!   
  
She then turned to me and held up a soft drink cup. “Oh, I forgot this. Throw this away for me too, Amber.” She then handed me her empty cup, after taking one last sip from its contents making sure it was completely empty.  
  
NOT AGAIN, I thought to myself! The girls all chuckled and waited for my response. “Okay,” I reluctantly sighed, a bit put out. I reopened the door and this time without waiting I hopped out and ran once more behind the car and headed towards the can. As I was running I made the mistake of looking to my left at the cars in line and to my horror EVERY ONE OF THEM had people looking at me! I almost tripped over the curb of the little island that the trash can was sitting on as I wasn’t paying attention to where I was going. Catching myself as I stumbled, I stepped up onto the island, tossed the bag inside and turned to go back.   
  
HONK, came a blast from the car directly next to me making me jump nearly out of my skin!!! I looked up a saw a girl about my age sitting in the driver’s seat all smiles. She waved frantically as if she was beckoning me over to her car. I froze for a second looking at her not knowing what to do. There was no way I was going over there. I started to wave back and leave when I saw her pull up her cell phone and hold it in front of her face. SHE WAS TAKING MY PICTURE!I Panicked, I turned my back towards her as quickly as I could hoping that I had ruined any chance of her taking a photo of my little boobs and started to run.  
  
That’s when I saw Beth’s car driving past me!!   
  
“AHHHHHHHHH!” I screamed and ran after her as she rounded the corner and headed in the direction of the drive-through window and the restaurant’s exit. I heard laughter coming from everywhere as I ran after her. I must have been a sight as I ran passed the restaurant’s window with all those people eating their meals. She stopped her car at the street waiting on oncoming traffic. She had her turn indicator on as if she was . . . she wouldn’t leave me here would she??!! I caught up to her and frantically pulled on the door handle trying to get in but it was locked! Lisa was in the backseat laughing her fool head off. It was one thing to be topless in the relative seclusion in the back lot of Burger Queen but it was quite another to be topless next to a busy street with cars going by everywhere.   
  
I kept pulling on the door handle all the while looking around to see what people were doing. The girl in the car that had waved at me had now apparently gotten her order and had pulled up behind Beth. She honked again and waved some more. At least she was smiling, I thought. She then bent down a bit looking towards the seat next to her and I could tell she was looking for her cell phone again. I yanked on the door handle all the harder until FINALLY Lisa unlocked it and it opened up.  
  
I literally dove into the backseat as Beth made her right-handed turn with the door still open! I had to quickly compose myself, reach out and try and pull that stupid door closed as she drove along exposing me to even more people on the sidewalk until I eventually managed to get the door shut!  
  
The girls were in hysterics! I just sat there gasping for breath shaking life a leaf blowing in the wind.   
  
After a few blocks Beth spoke up, “You did well, Amber and I’m especially proud that you didn’t say a word. You really impressed me.”  
  
The other girls all expressed their admiration and I must admit I did feel better about it all being cheered on like that. We drove along for a few moments in silence which was a good thing as I needed time to recover. WHEW what a rush! When what I had done had finally sunk in I was euphoric; all those people looking at me as I ran around topless! I was aware of how wet I was and my arousal was growing by the minute.   
  
Before I knew what was happening Beth pulled into a nature park and stopped the car. Shutting off the engine she said to me, “What do you say we take a little hike. There’s a great nature trail here that I want to show you.”   
  
“Okay,” I said still naive enough to believe she was actually going to give me back my shirt. Instead I saw everyone getting out of the car waiting on me. I looked around and although there were several cars in the parking area, no one was around. It was a good thing I was so worked up and my hormones were in a super-charged state or I never would have agreed to follow them, but follow them I did.   
  
They walked across the pavement and entered a tree-lined trail that wound its way through the park. If I hadn’t been topless I might have paid more attention to how beautiful it was but instead I found myself nervously looking around to see if anyone was about. The girls took it all in stride and chatted away about trivial things as if they hadn’t a care in the world. Of course they didn’t – they were dressed!  
  
After several minutes had passed and it became apparent the trail was pretty desolate. I kept telling myself to just relax and play the game. Beth said she knew what I needed. I reminded myself of her words, “You’re part of a game that you do not understand. Just go along with it and you’ll learn things.” Well, so far it had been a pretty wild ride.  
More time passed and we continued to walk, farther and farther away from our car and my blouse. Soon we the trail made a turn and as we rounded the corner we came face to face with Suzie, a girl we knew from school! “High guys,” she said warmly. “Out for a walk?”  
  
“Hey Suzie,” Beth replied walking up to her. “You know Tracey and Lisa of course, and that’s Amber” she said pointing at me as Lisa stepped aside exposing me to my classmate.  
  
She giggled as she saw I was topless. “Hi. Amber!” she said teasingly, “Don’t you look nice.”  
  
My whole body must have turned crimson. Now someone ELSE knew my intimate secret of my small boobs. All I could do was stand there looking at that broad smile on Suzie’s face.  
  
“Like your pants. Are they designer label?” Suzie finally asked apparently ignoring the fact that I was topless in a public park.   
  
“They are nice, aren’t they,” Beth interjected as she looked them over. “Would you like to take a better look at them?”  
  
Suzie nodded her head, “Could I?”  
  
“Sure! Amber, take them off and give them to Suzie for a minute.”  
  
I looked around stunned at what she had just asked me to do. My friends all knew that this was a game and waited for my answer but Suzie didn’t! This was so humiliating! Just play the game. I told myself over and over, just play the game!  
  
“Okay,” I replied sweetly and began unbuttoning the snap on my jeans and struggled to take them off. As soon as I got them to my ankles I realized that I would have to take off my shoes. I used my toes on each foot in turn to awkwardly get each shoe off and then I stepped out of my pants and handed them to Suzie.   
  
Suzie just giggled as if she couldn’t believe what I had just done. She pretended to look them over carefully though I saw that she was checking me out more than she was the jeans.   
  
“Wow, these are Cruel Girl jeans,” she finally said. “I LOVE those! These are great!”  
I just nodded my agreement and stood there waiting for her to return them to me. The girls started to walk on as Suzie continued talking still holding my pants so I just followed along in just my bottoms and socks. Lisa had picked up my shoes for me and was carrying them.   
  
“Where did you get these? Are they expensive?” Suzie asked looking at me. Of course I knew I couldn’t answer her question without violating the rules of the game so I just walked along.  
  
“Amber, where did you get these?” she asked again now looking directly at me.  
  
I looked at Beth with my lips held tightly together. I didn’t want to piss Suzie off but neither did I want to upset my friends so I pleaded with my eyes for Beth to help me.  
  
“I think she got them at Andersen’s.” Beth answered for me.  
  
“Oh, I’ve just GOT to shop there more often.”  
  
We walked a few more steps then Beth stopped. “They have all sorts of neat things there. Do you like her panties? They aren’t fashionable but they are durable and functional – just plain pink with hefty elastic around the waist and legs. Would you like to see them too?”  
  
“SURE!” Suzie replied giggling, “Why not?”  
  
“Amber let her see your panties too.” Beth commanded seriously.  
  
“Okay,” from out of nowhere came the now familiar reply – the answer coming more from my hormones than my brain.