**Corinne's Shopping Day**



After dinner, the girls were sitting around a table on the dorm balcony, chatting and enjoying the warm summer night air. A car pulled up outside and Corinne, a tall blonde senior, got out. Completely nude, she walked around to the back of the car, took out some shopping bags, kissed the driver, an older woman, and walked to the dorm. The girls waved to Corinne and gestured her upstairs. A few moments later, Corinne came out onto the balcony and collapsed into a camp chair with a sigh, dropping her packages. "Phew, what a long day!"

"You've been shopping?" Crysta enquired. She moved her own chair around, reached down and picked up one of Corinne's bare feet and took it into her lap, resting the heel gently against her bald pubis, and started to massage Corinne's toes.

"Oh, that's nice," Corinne breathed. On the other side, Donna took Corinne's other foot into her own lap. The girls had been swimming, and shared a tiny yellow bikini between them; Donna had the bottom of it, still pleasantly damp and nearly transparent. "Thank you," she said. The girls admired Corinne's long, lean body as she lay back, lightly tanned and perfectly fit. "Yes, my mother picked me up this morning, and we've been out all day."

"Nude?" Donna squeaked.

"Oh yes," Corinne blushed. "It's one of her rules. I am to be nude when I go shopping with her. Even if it's just for school supplies or something. When I was fifteen, she caught me shoplifting, and she immediately made me undress and take it back and apologise, and ever since then, she doesn't let me wear clothes while we shop. In case I hide something in my pockets, she says."

"Seven years of this?"

"Yes, and she'll probably keep it up. We have a whole routine. I was a bit of a tearaway as a girl, and I'll always be fifteen in her mind, I think."

Crysta ran her fingernails lightly up Corinne's calf and thigh, across her swollen, bald, slightly-reddened cunt, and down the other leg. Donna did the same, and the girls alternated this stroking with the foot massage.

"Ooh, that is good. I don't know if I can cum again though," Corinne sighed.

"What?"

"Oh, that's all part of the routine, when we go shopping."

Crysta inched forward a bit, moving Corinne's heel to put pressure on her clit. "Tell us more, how does she make you cum?"

"Oh, SHE doesn't. SHE gives me a grim look and mutters 'slut' under her breath. It works like this. She phones me to tell me she's taking me shopping, and she'll pick me up in the morning. I am not to wear any clothes to bed, or the next day at all, and I am to be outside waiting for her when she is there. She gets up early and drives to the college, and woe betide me if I am not stark naked on the side of the road when she is there."

"That's horrible," said Donna, her pussy moistening at the thought. "Did you ever forget?"

"A couple times, yeah. The first time I forgot I was at a friend's place. She said I should just go nude to the party, but I wanted to dress up to impress her brother, so I snuck out with my new dress and got dressed on the way to the bus stop. Anyhow, I stayed overnight, and in the morning, she knocked on the door and my friend's brother answered, and called for me. He stuck around, I think he knew what was going to happen! Anyway, she said, 'I told you to be ready. Leave that, and come to the car.' So I had to take it all off and give it to my friend, and run to the car.

Anyway, the first thing we do is park the car, then we go up into the mall. I used to be all embarrassed at people staring at me, even when I wasn't the only naked girl at the mall, but I'm more or less used to it by now.

My mother makes appointments with the waxer, the hairdresser, and the manicurist So we go first to the waxer. It's off to the side of the main mall, so that the squeals don't disturb everyone. You still hear it sometimes, if there's a real screamer or two in the chairs, like my sister. So the way the waxer works is, they put me in the chair, which is like a barber's chair, except with straps for the waist, wrists, neck, the upper arms, straps to keep the thighs apart, and straps for the calves."

"Why all the straps?"

"To keep from wriggling. So I get strapped into the chair, and it flips over, so my naked butt is higher in the air than my head, straight up in front of the waxer, and my knees are apart. I can see out the shop window, upside down. There's usually a crowd of people. Mother always makes my appointment for lunchtime. Anyway, they wash me, and the other girls in the other chairs, with a damp warm cloth, especially around the anus and pussy." Corinne gestured to these areas as she talked. Donna agreed that they were nice, and leaned in to kiss Corinne's clit. "There's often only one or two waxers on duty, so we sometimes hang there for a couple minutes. They usually leave the waxing brushes," Corinne blushed, "well, stuck in. I asked once, and they said it's exactly at the right height, and right shape, so why not? I didn't really have a good answer, so I let it go. Mother sits and reads a magazine. When they get back to me, they take the brush out, they put a big thick vibrating dildo into each of us, and turned it on high. Then they smear on the warm wax, all over. They jack the chair up so they can reach my nipples, my underarms, everywhere else that should be waxed. There was a Mediterranean girl there today, dark brown skin, and she had basically all of her body and a lot of her face waxed too. I think it was her first time to have it done, she kept wriggling around and looking at her mother. So once the wax is on, they leave us for a bit 'til it dries. We cum over and over the whole time. I moaned a bit, but the girl screamed and screamed with pleasure.

Once the wax was dry, they came back and started ripping it off. This HURT, but we'd come hard, over and over, so we were more OK with it and too exhausted to resist. They say it's cheaper and easier than anasthetic, anyway. They left the dildos in 'til the very end, after they'd picked off all the wax and cleaned us up. They bleached our anuses too, see? Stung a bit with all the hairs out, but all clean. Then they turned them off and pulled them out, and wiped us off, and turned us back right way up, and let us out of the chair. We could barely move of course, so they helped us to the couch. I heard the Mediterranean girl whisper 'that was so much fun' to her mother, but mine barely gave me a minute before she was yanking me up and hustling me out of the door.

Next stage is the hairdresser. They wash your hair, and normally they put a cloth over you so you don't get hair on your clothes, but nuh-uh, Mother says not for me, no need they can just wash it off after. The hairdressers here are mostly nude too, they just wear little strap-like things to hang stuff off, and they \*all\* have Ben Wa balls in \*all\* the time. I know because I saw one out when we stopped for lunch once, and someone bumped her and it fell out with a clang on the floor. I was behind her in line, and I picked it up for her and stuffed it back in before I thought about it, and my mother slapped me, but the girl thanked me."

"How do you know they all have them?" asked Crysta, her bare pussy slimy against Corinne's heel.

"The way they walk around the salon, and sometimes the apprentices have them fall out too. I've seen it happen a lot."

"What happens?"

"They're made to take it to the waiting area, and pick a customer to put it back in for them. Then each customer spanks them once on the pussy with the back a hairbrush, then they go back."

"What if she cums while she does it?"

"If it falls out again, she has to do it again. It happened once, to this tiny little blonde, must have barely been eighteen, she lost it five times. Kept cumming! Eventually the salon owner, this woman of about fifty-something, doesn't go nude fortunately, took the girls vest off, made her get up on the counter, took the balls out (there were three), stuck all the office pens and pencils in her cunt, and made her display them for the rest of the day. My mother said, 'I should do that to you in my office! Stop playing with yourself!' I hadn't realised I was."

"Why do they put up with that?"

"It's supposed to be the best salon on the coast," Corinne said, flicking her long, fine blonde hair. "I'm a natural brunette, you know," she smiled. The other girls gasped. "So, the girl leads me over, and they offer me a chair. They ask if I'd like a dildo, and my mother pipes up 'The biggest you've got, she likes them big'. So the girl gets the dildo and sticks it in the socket of the chair while I glare at my mother, and then I \*squeeze\* it in as I sit down. It was a silicone one, with a big knob on the end of it, and little flexy rubber fingers all over.

"Why does your mother hate you?"

"She doesn't hate me, it's just that there were so many things she didn't get to do as a girl, that I can. I think she likes to make sure I push the limits. They'd have got arrested just for being naked when she was my age, can you believe it?"

"Shocking!" murmured Crysta. To emphasise the point, she undid her now-dry bikini top and dropped it to the floor of the balcony.

"OK, so I'm squirming on this big dildo, getting my hair cut. Eventually it's all done, and my hair needs to be colored. So they put the stuff in, and I have to wait. My mother says, as she always does ..."

"Let's go get you manicured while we wait!" the girls chime in.

"Yes! Only usually you're not stark raving naked and plugged with a dildo as big as your fist, right?" They giggled and shook their heads. "So she takes me, and pushes me on this wheeled chair through the mall. People stop to look, and I can't help it, it's turning me on so much to be displayed like this, I'm so \*nude\* and so stuffed with this dildo, and it's humping up and down, she's going over the tiles, and I just cum and cum and cum. 'Stop it!' she shrieks. 'Stop it, you little slut!' That doesn't help, it only makes me more turned on, and when we get to the manicurist I'm sure everyone thinks I'm a crazy retarded person, moaning and crying. Everyone turns to look at me, they recognize us by now of course, and they wheel me to the table. I'm just zonked out while they work on me, I usually just doze. Once my nails are done, it's nearly time to wash the hair color out, so back up the mall we go. I always \*try\* not to scream, but it's two floors, through such a crowd of people, and the floor is so knobbly, and I can't help it, I know what's coming next."

"Oh my god," Donna breathed. "That would be so goo--awful!" Donna's bikini bottom was long gone, and she rubbed her wet pink cunt against Corinne's flexing toes.

"'I'm sorry dear, I do love you,' she says, and she nods to the salon manager. They take me to the basin and one of the girls massages my nipples and one washes my hair and one licks my clit and pussy all over while the massive, massive dong is pulled out. Then they take me on an ordinary chair to be blow-jobbed ..."

"Didn't they just do that?"

"Oh, I mean blow-DRIED," Corinne giggled. "So I'm totally exhausted of course, my cunt is bright red, and I'm in no shape to go anywhere or do anything. So she takes me to lunch, in \*her\* favorite restaurant, where the first thing the waiters do is strip her completely naked, and then they lead us to a hot tub. So we relax in the hot tub, and eat. She of course sits right over a bubbler, and motions me to do the same--she doesn't give up 'til I do--and we have 'Dinner and Orgasms together', as she says. And she tells me all about what my sister's doing, if she's not there,"

"Your sister comes too?"

"If Mother calls her, as well, but it's hard to get her along, she's at medical school at Blanke Schande and horrendously busy. That's always an adventure, Mother pushing both of us from the hairdresser to the manicurist and back. Anyway, she wasn't there this time. After dinner, we need to dry, so they hand Mother her clothes in a plastic bag, and we go off to shop again."

"Your mother nude too?"

"Yes, but not for long. We go clothes-shopping, and she buys ridiculously expensive skirts and dresses and shoes and underwear, and for my sister and I, she'll buy the tiniest of tiny little skirts, super-tight T-shirts that barely go below our ribs, never any underwear, sometimes not even any shoes. These used to be all we were allowed to wear, before we moved out of home. She gets herself completely dressed twice over before she even thinks about us. Which is embarrassing as all hell to me. Not Claire though, she's totally into it. Once, she dragged Mother over to look at a piercing stand, before we got to the clothes store, and begged for a belly piercing. 'A hundred and sixty dollars? That's your clothing budget for the month for school!' Claire grinned and bit her lip and her nipples crinkled a bit. 'Oh, all right. But \*nothing\* until next month!' That was a happy month for Claire. Not for me though, Mother made me shepherd the little exhibitionist everywhere to make sure she didn't get raped or something, and we went to rock concerts, swimming carnivals, gymnastics carnivals, all kinds of places. That was the start of Claire the Nudist, and as far as I know she's never worn anything but a lab coat sometimes, since. Mother never called \*her\* a slut, even when she came home to see Claire out in the front yard with a buzzing dildo in her cunt and one in her ass, bouncing on the trampoline, with a crowd of boys and girls around, the girls waiting to take their turns. I complained to Mother, and she only sent me outside to take a turn next."

"Wow, your mother sounds ..."

"Yeah, I know. At least I got the record 'time before it falls out'. Mother put the scoresheet up on the fridge, and brought out icecream for everyone. Anyway, that was the end of the shopping expedition, you can take a look at the clothes if you like. She makes me carry them, so as not to get them any dirtier."

"Oh, we'll wait," they said, and leaned down to Corinne. They looked at each other. "Um, just one thing?"

"Yeah?"

"Next time your mother takes you shopping, can we come along too?"