**The Picnic**

Crysta pretended not to watch Donna pose for the mirror as she dressed,

but she couldn't help it. Not only was Donna knock-out gorgeous, her

preoccupation with making sure her pussy was covered was just downright

cute. She was wearing a thin white cotton minidress which wasn't quite

sheer, but it didn't hide much, either. Even if her nipples weren't hard,

Crysta was sure she would be able to see them through the thin fabric.

But that's only because her tits are nestled against the front of her

dress. Her pussy, on the other hand, was not at all visible since the

dress flared out at her hips, and it was long enough -- just barely -- to

cover her front. The back of the dress covered most of Donna's butt

crack, leaving just the slightest cleavage to titillate the imagination.

She looked at herself in the mirror for a long time, smoothing the front

of her dress against her flat belly, then turned around to show her ass to

the mirror, and looked at herself over her shoulder. Crysta smiled as a

look of dismay came over Donna's face. Donna smoothed the back of her

dress against her beautiful round ass and she wasn't at all happy that the

bottom half of it was visible below the hem line. She went to her drawer,

and pulled out a pair of bikini knickers. She was about to put them on

when Crysta stopped her.

"I thought you were going to be daring", Crysta said.

"I know I said that, Crysta, but isn't this dress daring enough as it is?"

She smoothed the dress over her breasts to show Crysta her clearly visible

nipples.

"It's a beautiful dress, Donna..." For a minute, Crysta was lost in the

beauty of Donna's firm breasts, but then she recaptured her train of

thought. "but it's long enough that you really don't need to wear knickers

under it."

"I know, Crysta, and normally I would give it a try without knickers,"

That's a lie, Crysta thought, Donna's a real chicken when it comes to

going bottomless. "but today I'm going over to Billy's vacation house. I

need to have a little coverage to go that far off campus."

"I understand," Crysta said as Donna put on her knickers.

Donna looked at herself in the mirror again, and heaved a sigh of relief.

Her knickers, like her dress, were semi-sheer, composed of a single layer

of cotton fabric. Wearing knickers without a pussy liner was as daring as

she would be today. Her ensemble went together perfectly, Crysta admitted

to herself as she admired Donna's butt crack, visible through her little

knickers. As if in answer to Crysta's thoughts, Donna said, "If I feel

adventurous, I'll take them off later, honest." Yeah, right after Hell

freezes over, Crysta thought, but she didn't say anything that might hurt

Donna's feelings.

"Have fun!" Crysta said, as Donna picked up her car keys and headed for

the door.

"I will!" Donna headed out the door, down the stairs, and into the

sunshine. Some boys whistled at her as her thinly veiled breasts bounced

in time with her stride. She spun around to glare at them, which caused

her dress to flare out, revealing her entire knickers, and part of her

belly as well. She was glad to have her knickers on, because she had more

freedom of movement. When she saw the boys, she didn't glare, but rather

smiled at them -- partly because they were cute, and partly because she

enjoyed the attention.

She found her car in the parking lot -- a white convertible Mustang -- and

got in it. Well, it was Crysta's car, really. She lent it to Donna for

the weekend. She pulled out of the parking lot, and soon she was on the

county highway, enjoying the wind in her hair as she headed away from the

city, and toward her friend Billy's vacation house. Billy is always such

a gentleman, Donna thought. I wish he'd be just a little less a

gentleman. He would be surprised to find me receptive, I bet. I need to

figure out a way of piquing his interest. Maybe we should go swimming.

I'll just wear my knickers, and then maybe he would have trouble resisting

my feminine wiles.

Her musing was suddenly interrupted by a warning light on the dashboard.

She pulled over on a desolate stretch of highway, and saw steam billowing

out from under the hood. This can't be good, she thought as she got out

of the car. She managed to get the hood up, but had no idea what could be

wrong with her car. She looked down the road, hoping for some sort of

miracle. The road was long and straight, stretching as far as the eye

could see in both directions, and not a car in sight. She felt her dress

sticking to her body. It was starting to warm up, she thought. She saw

shimmering shapes in the distance, that turned out to be nothing but

mirages, formed as the road heated the air above it.

Her hopes of ever seeing Billy diminished as the din of insects grew

louder under the silent sun. Another mirage appeared on the distance,

from the direction she was heading. This time it was getting bigger.

Maybe it was someone who could help me, she hoped. She stood in the road,

and flailed her arms above her head, thankful once again that she was

wearing knickers. The vehicle approached her and slowed down. It was a

cute blond boy in an old Ford pick-up truck, the kind that has a big round

hood. He pulled over to her side of the road, and got out. He was

wearing a short shirt that showed off a stunning six-pack, and a pair of

faded jeans that showed off an impressive package.

"Car trouble?" he said.

He has a keen grasp of the obvious, Donna thought. But this was no time

to be sarcastic. She smiled, put her hands by her sides, feeling her

naked legs, and wondering if her dress was maybe a little too short. She

tried to look as cute as possible, and it was working. The boy was

already getting a bit tight in the britches. "Yes," she said simply.

"Let's take a look," he said as he approached the still steaming car.

"Ow!" he said as he jerked his hand back from the radiator cap. He looked

at her, and looked up and down her body -- he couldn't help himself.

"Um," he said to cover his embarrassment, "do you have a rag or something

I can use to grip the radiator cap?"

"Oh, maybe," Donna replied. Let me take a look in the trunk. She pulled

the trunk release, and looked inside. It was completely empty. She

turned around to tell the boy the bad news, and bumped into him. She

didn't realize he had followed her to the trunk. Standing

breast-to-breast with the boy, she said, "no, I don't."

"I see that," he said, glancing at the interior of the car, which was

similarly devoid of anything rag-like.

"What do we do now?" asked Donna, staring plaintively at the steam rising

into the air.

"I hate to ask you this, but..." began the boy.

"What? Go ahead, ask" said Donna. She was desperate for any idea.

"Well," he began again, "I just need a little bit of cloth to grab the

radiator cap." He looked at her beautiful thighs. "I'll give it back as

soon as I get the cap off, I promise."

Maybe Donna was just being dense, but she still didn't know what the boy

wanted. She stared at him with a look of innocent beauty that almost

melted his heart.

"Your knickers," he finally said.

Donna's hands snapped to her crotch as if to safeguard her precious

knickers. "No!" she said without thinking.

"I'll just take the cap off, and give them right back to you."

She looked at him, and he looked back at her with his beautiful blue eyes.

 Finally, Donna realized this was her only chance to get to Billy's house,

so she said, "OK. Don't look." She went around to the other side of the

car, and crouched down so the boy couldn't see her, and took off her

knickers. She stood up and walked back to where the boy was standing. He

was facing away from her, not looking, just as she asked. She handed him

the knickers, afraid he would feel them and imagine he was feeling the

pussy they had been covering... But he didn't do anything like that; he

was a perfect gentleman.

He wrapped Donna's knickers around the radiator cap, and gave it a twist.

Nothing happened. He grunted, and gave it another try. Still nothing.

He used both hands, and gave it all his strength, and then finally the cap

came off amid a billowing cloud of steam. The cap, along with Donna's

knickers, went flying into the dirt. He disentangled the radiator cap from

the knickers, leaving a dirty, wet lump of shredded cloth. He picked up

some of the shreds, and handed them to Donna. "Here you are," he said,

matter-of-factly.

Donna was aghast. "I can't wear this!" she yelled, throwing the shredded

cloth back to the ground.

The boy was taken aback. "Sorr-rry," he said in mock regret. "How was I

supposed to know your radiator cap would be so hard to get off?"

Donna remembered that the boy was there to help, so she softened. "I'm

sorry for yelling at you, she said." She felt the breeze between her legs,

and reached behind her back to feel the hem of her dress. It felt like it

came only halfway down her butt, but that can be deceiving -- Crysta had

told her that her butt was mostly covered, and it looked that way this

morning in the mirror, she remembered.

"Come here and give me a kiss, and I'll forgive you," he said.

Donna didn't know the boy very well, but he was cute, and helpful too, so

she came toward him. He put his arms around her, and stroked her bare

bottom as they kissed. He was a good kisser, and she didn't want the kiss

to end. The tips of his fingers caressed her butt crack, gently stroking

her asshole, which surprised Donna, but she didn't pull away from him for

fear the kiss would end. As her pussy moistened, Donna thought to

herself, I could do this all day. But she snapped back to reality, and

pulled her lips away from his. "Can you get my car running again?" she

said.

"Sure," said the boy. He moved toward her for another kiss, but Donna

turned her head. But she didn't stop him from stroking her beneath her

tiny dress. "We just need to get some water, and then your car will be

fine."

"Where can we get water?"

"There's a store about a mile up the road," he said, gesturing in the

direction he came from. "I can take you most of the way."

"Most of the way?" Donna asked, the boy's arms still around her. She felt

like she was about to cum, her pussy twitching with anticipation.

"Well, I know the guy who owns that store, and let's just say we had a

falling out a few years ago."

"A falling out?" Donna asked.

The boy took his hands away from that tender and slippery place between

Donna's legs. "Yeah, I kinda robbed his store, and then my dad had some

words with him, and he agreed not to press charges, but let's just say I'm

not very welcome back there no more."

"Oh, I see," said Donna, hoping the boy would finish the job he started.

But he didn't. He went to his truck. "Come on," he said. "I'll take you

most of the way, and stay out of sight while you go in the store."

Donna was disappointed not to cum, but glad for the ride. She lifted her

dress up, and sat her naked butt down in the passenger seat. She kept her

legs apart and hoped the boy might be enticed to finish the job he

started. But he kept his eyes on the road, with perhaps just a glance or

two at her shaved pussy.

"Here we are," said the boy as he stopped the truck by the side of the

road. Donna hesitated, then got out as the boy gestured to the store. He

watched her half-naked butt wiggle its way down the road toward the store.

She finally saw it. Rusty's General Store. There was an ancient gasoline

pump in the store's front yard. She stepped onto a wooden porch, which

creaked as she walked on it. She went inside the store, and the bell

clanged as the door shut behind her. "What can I do you for?" asked a

middle-aged man wearing dirty overalls, and sucking on a toothpick.

"I just need some water," Donna said. The man looked her up and down,

snarling at her almost naked condition. Donna felt very vulnerable. "For

my car." The man continued staring at her. "It overheated," Donna

explained.

The man disappeared into a back room, and came back with a watering can.

"Take this in the back yard by the pump," he said, jerking his head in the

direction of the back door.

Donna said, "Thank you," took the can, and headed out the back door.

There, in the middle of the yard was a rusty old pump with a big handle.

She held the watering can under the tap, and tried to move the handle up

and down. If she had a feeling the man was watching her every move, she

would have been right, but she was too intent on filling the can to worry

about that. Having no luck moving the handle, she put the can on the

ground and used both hands to move the handle. Finally, it moved, and

water splashed everywhere! Apparently the pump was so old it leaked, and

now she was soaked. The handle moved more freely after it was primed, so

she was able to put the can under the biggest part of the gusher of water

splashing out of the pump, and she filled it up.

She came back through the store with the can full of water, and her dress

sticking to her skin because she was completely soaked. "How much do I

owe you?" she said out of courtesy more than anything else, because she

was sure the water was free, and besides, she had no money to pay him

anyway.

"That'll be thirty cents," said the man.

Donna laughed, even though she didn't think the joke was very funny, and

started to leave with the water.

"That'll be thirty cents," said the man again, more sternly this time.

"But I don't have any money to pay you," said Donna, pulling her dress

away from her crotch. She didn't want the man to see through her wet

dress. (But the damage was done.)

"Tell you what," said the man. "I'll give you thirty cents for your

dress, so you can pay me for the water."

Donna was shocked and outraged, not so much at the prospect of having to

strip for the man -- she hadn't thought that far ahead -- but at the low

price he was offering for her dress. "This dress is worth more than a

hundred times that," she said.

"It's up to you," he said.

Donna looked wanly out the front door, and then back at the man. She put

down the pot of water to consider her options. If she sells her dress,

then she'll be naked. But at least she would get her car going again, and

maybe Billy would be able to lend her some clothes. "OK," she said

finally, as she began peeling off her wet dress. She set it on the

counter. The man watched as she picked up the water (he couldn't help

noticing how her tight cheeks parted to reveal a fine asshole) and started

for the door.

"Just a minute," he said. Donna stopped, but didn't want to face the man,

because she felt some modesty still. But the man waited for her to face

him. Slowly she turned around, and he smiled as he took in her naked

beauty. "Here's your thirty cents."

Donna reached out her hand to take the money even though she was a bit

confused. "I thought the thirty cents for my dress cancelled the thirty

cents you're charging me for the water," she said.

"It would," said the man, "if I was going to let you buy the water."

"You're not going to let me buy the water?" Donna asked, honestly

confused. She parted her legs and put her hands on her hips in a defiant

gesture. The man smiled at the sight of Donna's pink inner pussy lips.

Apparently, Donna was getting a little turned on. Maybe it was from being

forced to parade naked before this man, or maybe it was the mile abuse he

was heaping on her.

"Do you see the sign on the door?" asked the man. "Read it to me."

"It says, no shoes no shirt no service. Surely you're not going to hold

me to that after you bought my only piece of clothing!" Donna's outrage

was matched by the crimson color between her legs.

"I am," said the man. "Take your thirty cents, and get out of here, and

count yourself lucky I'm even giving you that. Come back with a shirt on,

and I'll sell you the water."

Donna opened her mouth, but didn't know what to say. She closed it, and

left the store.

She walked down the road, keenly aware of her nakedness, and hoping the

boy was still waiting for her. When she caught sight of his truck she

started running. He saw her, and got out of the truck. She kept running

right into his arms, then broke down crying.

"What happened?" he asked.

"He wouldn't give me the water until I sold him my dress, and then he

wouldn't give it to me because I'm not wearing a shirt," she said.

"Oh, that bastard!" said the boy, as he started swinging his fists in the

air, and began walking toward the store.

"No wait!" said Donna. "You'd better not go in there. Just give your

shirt, and I'll go back and buy the water."

"My shirt won't fit you -- I mean it won't cover you. I mean..." He was

getting flustered.

"It'll fit me just fine, now strip!" Donna laughed, and the boy started

laughing with her. He took off his shirt, and gave it to her, and she put

it on. The shirt was so short it barely covered her nipples. She tucked

her breasts into it. "See? It fits just fine."

As if in answer to her question, he pitched a tent in his pants at the

sight of this knock-down gorgeous bottomless girl wearing his shirt. She

turned, and walked away from him, swinging her hips in an exaggerated gate

because she knew he was following her with his eyes.

Clang clang! went the bell as she reentered the store. The can of water

was still sitting on the floor where she had left it. The man looked up

at her as if she were the hundredth bottomless girl who had walked into

his store that day. "May I help you?" he inquired.

"I would like to purchase a can of water," Donna said, feigning a British

accent. She opened her hand, and dropped thirty cents on the counter.

"I have to make sure that's a proper shirt you're wearing, OK honey?" He

smiled, revealing that he had not yet lost all his teeth.

Donna was used to being inspected on campus because of the way the dress

code was so strictly enforced, so she just naturally assumed the position

-- legs apart, hands high in the air. The man was delighted. He walked

around the counter, and came up to her for a close inspection. He grasped

her breasts firmly and kneeded them. This excited Donna, but she tried to

hide it as best as she could. Then he smacked her bare bottom, which

surprised her. That was uncalled for, she thought. She felt her pussy

flushing from this unwanted attention, and then she got really worried. I

hope this disgusting man doesn't know that I'm asking for it if my pussy

gets wet. She spread her legs apart wider, hoping her pussy would dry

off. Unfortunately the man took this as an invitation to hit her again.

His open hand hit her on both cheeks, his fingers slipping between them.

She bent over in pain, exposing her throbbing asshole and pussy to him.

He hit her one more time, and then smoothed his hand over her wet crotch

in a soothing motion.

"You pass," he said, smacking her pink butt one more time for good

measure. Whew, Donna thought, he doesn't know he's allowed to fuck me

when I'm wet.

"Thank you," Donna said as she picked up the water and headed out the

door.

The boy's eyes lit up as she came back to his truck with the watering can

full of water. She got in the truck and put it down on the seat between

them. She was so excited from being slapped in the store that she was

unable to keep her legs closed. She leaned back in her seat, and rested

her knees on her breasts. The boy drove with his left hand, and rested

his right hand between Donna's legs. Donna leaned back in her seat,

allowing him to gently finger her asshole as he palmed her vagina. It

felt so good to Donna that she relaxed her asshole in hopes of inviting

the boy in. She almost came, but they arrived at her car too soon. He

parked the truck, got out, and poured the water into Donna's radiator. He

put the cap back on the radiator, and asked Donna to start the car. It

started right up. She thanked the boy, and started to drive off, when he

hollered after her. "I need my shirt back!" he said.

By this time, Donna had become attached to the shirt, but it was his shirt

after all, so she reluctantly parted with it. She whipped it off, and

threw it up into the air as she sped off. She saw the boy in the

rear-view picking up his shirt off the road.

At first, she was so happy to get her car going again that she didn't

worry about being naked. Even when she got on the four-lane highway, and

passed a truck, she didn't mind being naked. She just let the truckers

look down at her. In fact, she sort of liked the freedom from wearing

clothes. When she got into town, she was a little shy at red lights,

because she felt a bit trapped as people looked at her, wondering, she

supposed, why she wasn't wearing a shirt. She resisted the temptation to

cover her breasts with her hands, though, because that would just call

attention to her nudity. She wished she weren't so low on gas, but she

didn't want to get stranded again, so she filled up her tank at an Exxon

station in the city. She was thankful that she could use her credit card

at the pump, and didn't have to go inside the store, even though she was

starting to get used to being naked. Crysta will be proud of me, she

thought, as she strutted around her car with the pump to hang it up. She

waved at the people who stopped to gawk at the naked girl, and drove off,

thinking I should do this more.

She was almost at Billy's vacation house now. She imagined greeting him

naked. They would hug. She would feel the rise in his pants. Maybe they

could go skinny-dipping in his pool, or have a nice picnic on the grass,

just the two of them. She was still lost in these happy thoughts when she

pulled up to Billy's house. She got out of the car, and rang his

doorbell. To Donna's shock, an elderly woman opened the door. She

crossed her legs and covered her mouth with her hands, then covered her

breasts. Words failed her at first. Then she managed, "Isn't this

Billy's house?"

The woman recovered her composure, and said "Why yes, it is. I'm Billy's

aunt Lilly." She opened the door to let Donna in, and then announced,

"Everyone, this is Billy's friend, Donna." About a dozen people were

sitting in the living room. They all said, "Hi, Donna," and tried not to

notice that she was naked. The woman said, "Have a seat, Donna, and make

yourself at home."

Donna looked around the living room. There were lots of people in the

room, which made her uneasy. There weren't any seats available, so she

sat on the floor. Crysta always sat "Indian Style" on the floor at their

dorm, and Donna admired the way she was so comfortable letting her pussy

open up like that in front of everyone, and she even let her friends rest

their hands between her legs, which opened up her pussy even more. Now,

Donna thought what the heck, and sat down on the floor. At first, she

wasn't able to sit Indian Style, so she sat with her legs together, her

knees by her breasts, and her arms wrapped around her legs. But this was

tiring, and as she felt people were beginning to accept her, and not stare

at her so much, she opened up, both literally and figuratively.

The people introduced themselves, but Donna forgot their names as quickly

as they said them. Billy's uncle Lou, cousins Gertrude and Gwendolyn, and

a whole bunch of other people. Finally, Billy showed up. He sat on the

floor next to her and was surprised to see her naked. "No clothes?" he

said as he gave her a friendly hello-kiss. She kissed him back in a way

that surprised Billy -- a bit more romantic than he expected. He rested a

hand on her thigh, and stroked it absently as he waited for her to speak.

"I sort of traded in my dress for some water for my car," she explained to

Billy and the people in the living room. Then she whispered just to

Billy, "I've almost cum a few times today, and I'm really horny. Can you

help me?"

He continued stroking her thigh as he thought it over, and noticed that

her nipples were hard. "I can't really get away now; I have these guests,

you see."

She grabbed him by the ears, and begged, "pleeease, help me," then she

kissed him deeply.

This had an effect on him, requiring him to adjust his pants. "I'll see

what I can do," he whispered, smiling at the family members gathered

around them. He continued stroking her thigh, and she spread her legs

farther apart.

Everyone noticed that Donna was getting excited, but no one knew what to

say to her. Finally, one lady addressed Donna's glistening pussy with the

comment, "Donna, would you like to cover up?"

Donna said, "Yes, Billy, will you cover me, please?"

Billy started to get up, but Donna pulled him back down. "I mean cover me

with your hand, silly." She took his hand in hers, and laid it gently on

her pussy. He began to stroke it, whereupon Donna smiled and leaned back,

letting her hair touch the carpet behind her. He slid his hand slowly up

and down over her wet pussy as the family members carried on their

chit-chat, paying little attention to the naked girl. As he continued,

Donna tensed her belly, and sat up straighter. She grabbed Billy by the

sides of his head, and kissed him, oblivious to the surprised glances from

his family. She rose to her knees kissed him deeply, and he responded.

Their tongues did a dance, moving from her mouth to his, and back again.

He kept his hand on her pussy the whole time, making sure to cover it so

the family wouldn't see how excited she had become. Soon, Donna began

breathing hard, so she couldn't continue kissing him. She grabbed him

with both arms and hugged him tight. She arched her back, plunging her

naked ass high in the air, and then Billy couldn't reach her pussy any

more. But it didn't matter. Donna was cumming with an intensity she had

never experienced before. She flopped her head back and forth across

Billy's belly, totally unaware of the attention she was attracting.

"Are you OK?" Billy asked as her odd behavior subsided.

"Oh, yes!" Donna replied, much to Billy's relief. Donna snuggled up to

Billy, and laid her head on his chest. Billy put his arm around her, and

stroked her hair. When Billy noticed Donna's legs were still apart, he

put his hand on her pussy again, but she moved it back to her hair. "You

don't need to cover me up any more," Donna explained. "I'm not

embarrassed any more, now that I came."

"You came?" Billy asked, a little too loud.

"Shhh!" Donna said. Very softly, she said, "Yes, Billy. You were great.

Thank you." She snuggled up to him some more, and he continued to stroke

her gently. For the remainder of the day, she got to know Billy's family,

and she was very comfortable with them. By the end of the day, she was so

comfortable she completely forgot she was naked, and it seemed that

Billy's family never had a problem with her nudity, either.

When the evening finally ended, Donna remembered that she had better get

going, if she was going to make it back to the dorm at a reasonable hour.

"Bye, everyone," she said, as she started out the door.

"Don't you want your dress back?" Billy asked.

"I told you, silly, I traded it for some water." She laughed, and slapped

Billy playfully, and headed out the door toward her car.

Billy called over his shoulder, "Uncle Lou, will you get Donna's dress

please?"

Suddenly Donna recognized Uncle Lou as that horrible man in the store who

made her strip, and then refused to sell her the water. He had been in

the house the whole time, but for some reason -- maybe the stress of being

naked in front of so many strangers -- she hadn't recognized him until

now. "You!" she said, suddenly angry at him.

He seemed genuinely surprised by her anger, so he handed her dress back to

her quickly, saying "it was all Billy's idea."

"Billy's idea?" she asked, in Billy's general direction. Suddenly,

feeling that she had been betrayed, she felt naked all over again. She

put on the dress and felt its smooth, soft fabric cover her nudity. A

cozy feeling of warmth enveloped her as she felt her nudity fade away.

Billy looked hurt. "It seemed like a good idea at the time," he said.

One of Billy's cousin's spoke up. "Didn't you have a good time today,

Donna?"

Donna noticed this was the boy who helped her when she had car trouble.

Another case of suppressed memory, Donna thought. She thought over the

boy's question. "I did have a good time being naked with you today, but

I'm glad to have my dress back. Thank you all for everything." She

softened, and smiled at Billy. Softly, she whispered, "Thank you, Billy,

for everything." She put both arms around his neck, and stood on one leg,

bending the other at the knee, as she kissed him deeply. She felt warm

and snug in her dress after such an extended period of nudity that she was

oblivious to the fact that the better half of her ass was left uncovered

as she walked dreamily to her car, and got in.

What a nice family, she thought as she drove home. What nice boys, Billy

and his cousin.