**Deceptive Depiction**

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**Part 1**  
I gasp, and then bite my lip to halt an encore. I know she's going slowly on purpose, to torture me. My breasts are small enough that this should have been done a couple of minutes ago. The fact she's barely touched my nipples is further evidence.  
  
"Get on with it already, ugg!" I growl. My lover, Lana, is all too amused by my clear frustration.  
  
"I'm trying to take things slow, darling. I don't want to get you too worked up too quickly," she explains.  
  
Rolling my eyes, I counter, "Well, I think going slow is having the opposite effect! We'll never make it to the next step if you keep it up like this!" She manages another gasp from me once the darn brush graces over my hardened nipples finally. She swishes it back and forth a few times for good measure!  
  
"You caught me Roxie. I had to wait for these to get fully erect before I painted them. Only way I can make sure to get every single spot!" her swishing wasn't stopping, and I arc my back further in response. I grip the counter behind me tighter. I'm trying my best to not moan out loud, it would instill too much satisfaction in Lana! "Imagine if later they get hard again, and you have two little pink nubs staring back at everyone." I don't appreciate such imagery of people staring. Not long ago Lana was assuring me people wouldn't be looking!   
  
Lana tucks her hair behind her ears so she can get in closer. She's been very careful to not get close enough that she may ruin any of the still wet paint. Daintily, she presses a finger tip on top of one of my nipples, pulling it up just a little. The little bristles, wet with cool paint, swipe beneath the pink protrusion. "Just finish up already!" I snarl, wanting to sound more impatient than flustered.  
  
"The paint or you? Hehe!" Lana could be such a brat! I don't have a good comeback, so I turn my nose instead. I consider letting her have her way, but I know it wouldn't get me out of what I've agreed to.  
  
Like I said, my breasts aren't large enough to take much time to cover in paint. Now that Lana had picked up the pace, she finishes in no time, even with some of her intricate design work. "Ok, your hips, lap, and butt should be drier now. Just a last spot or two go!" She announced.  
  
"You know, weather in the tropics can change with no notice, you're sure something like rain won't ruin it? You're sure it's not water-soluble, right?" I ask her. Seems like the right time since she was picking through her little bottles of paint again. Once she found the denim blue vile, she turns back to me.  
  
"I can see why that would be a concern for you," her eyes looking between my legs while she said that comment. "I am confident though. I made sure to do my research for this!" She stirs her brush in the paint, and poises in front of me. She really can see my not so hidden reason why I'd be concerned about the paint's ability to hold up. It was like I was giving her an open invitation to stare at my bared lips with the way I'm thrusting my pelvis forward. I was just freshly shaved even. I have to be like this though; it's the only way to give Lana access to continue her 'art'.   
  
Her second round at my waist gave her no options to avoid the most sensitive spots. Earlier when Lana started to paint fake jean shorts on my body, she'd avoided the spot between my legs, like she just did with my nipples, for the longest time. Lana is a tease if nothing else.  
  
Even with my bared sex as her canvas, she still finds a way to take her time and only lightly paint me. "You're impossible!" I chastise her devilish behavior.  
  
"More or less impossible than controlling your arousal?" Lana isn't holding back with accusations today.  
  
My bravado keeps me from admitting that both were pretty equal. "See, there you go again! You're really lucky I don't put an end to this little dare now! How did I ever get involved with such a pervert?" Fake fuming is all I can manage.  
  
Only do I now notice how my breathing is paced with the strokes of Lana's brush. Each movement up I breathe in, each slide down I breathe out, and each time she goes to get more paint on the tip of her tool I hold my breath till its return.  
  
"Turn, Roxie," she commands. I think Lana has become transfixed on her work, as she isn't making her smartass comments. That spares me from having to be indignant for a bit longer at least. I obediently face the mirror above the sink counter, and my back end faces Lana.  
  
Lana's hands help ease my legs apart, and even bend me further forward. I rest my elbows on the marble. I look over my shoulder, but can only see a third of her head past my hips. The view is embarrassing to give to even a lover.  
  
I cannot keep from sighing any longer. I think my artist is painting on the seams of the shorts, but the little flicks of the brush up along the inside of my thighs. I have to stop myself from dropping to my knees. Taking myself out of the moment, I focus away from my lower half to my chest instead.  
  
Framed by the columns that are my forearms, my breasts are like an art exhibit in some sort of shrine. Though not a single thread of fiber covered them, they, ideally, appear to be clothed. The plan and hope is someone looking will think I'm wearing a stylish black bikini top. Attention was even paid to some subtle shading and shape of the strings that wrapped around me. I know I'm topless, but Lana's skill may just camouflage me.  
  
Thinking of parading my naked breasts around town does little to quell my feelings. No matter how I try to distract myself, I can't ignore Lana. I am not able to keep from quivering. I wonder if any paint can really stick to the crease between my lips where she's now focusing.  
  
Lana stops. Of course she does too, because I was just then coming to terms with her continuing till I was panting. "Up, let's get an all over look," she orders. I oblige.  
  
Like a shark, she circles me. I'm her prey, left to stand with my arms out and legs spread. I see myself in the mirror, and I'm proud of Lana's abilities. The shorts actually look real enough that I think I can slip my hands into the pockets. Of course, I can't do that, as even attempting could smear it until it dries.  
  
Lana makes a few tweaks, and her brush is finding new spots to touch up. I have to control myself to keep from tapping my foot; she needs me steady to do her magic. I'll be patient, as it only benefits me if I can help her illusion.  
  
"Now, slowly follow me out. We'll let you air and sun dry on the balcony!" Lana holds my wrist, but I try to keep my place. "Don't be a stubborn punk, come with me Roxie!"  
  
"Don't act like your own trick fooled you. I'm naked, remember? This wasn't part of the deal," I snap.  
  
Lana snorts. "Um, yeah, but you're going outside later anyways. This is your warm up. It gets this all over with sooner if we can make sure the paint is dry," Lana defends. With a huff, I agree, and let her bring me to the balcony.  
  
Despite my awkward waddle to the door, I make it into the sunlight in short time. It's almost blinding with how long I was in the artificially lit bathroom. My eyes take time to adjust, and I have no way to know what's around me as I wait!  
  
First the sensation of the warm breeze hits my body. Then after mere moments the sun's rays warm up my skin. My vision is blurry; I can barely see the horizon in the distance, sea and sky mixing together. There is no way to speed up the process; I want to see around me, to know if others are seeing me, but I must wait. A shadow that must be Lana circles around me and leans against the balcony. Is she looking at me or the sea as well?  
  
Scenery begins to come into focus. I blink once and then twice. Shapes take form. I had forgotten what it looked like out here, but I'm reminded that the neighboring hotel isn't quite close enough for people to be able to make out details of us. I worry. The same can't be said of the ground below, only a single story separates us from it.  
  
Lana was looking down around the city, and then to me. I think she is trying to picture me out there. I'm too busy thinking of the here and now to be looking to the future. With worry of ruining my disguise, my arms and legs continue to keep away from each other and my body. I feel awkward posed like this, it wasn't natural. If people below can see me, they'd surely be intrigued to look further thanks to my odd body language.  
  
I want a lower viewpoint. I can't tell from above if the paint hides some of the more intimate details. Sure, the coloring and shading made it look real, but that can't possibly hide my slit one bit. Yet would anyone actively try to spot something like that? Would it stand out or would you need a close up view?  
  
"You see down there?" Lana broke the silence. Her arm extends out into the town below. I try to steer my head away from the people. I was still trying to see if anyone was looking up at us.  
  
"Your destination is that little shop, the one with the yellow sign overhead. Only just five buildings away, like I promised," Lana explains. It would be a short walk for someone who wasn't entirely naked. I am though.  
  
Lana comes in close. Kneels besides me too. She marvels against at my painted hips and lap. "You're such a muse. You brought out the best in my work. I think it's just about dry enough to go too." I can barely stand her staring. I don't think I'll survive if anyone else knows just what's going on like she does.  
  
"We can still call it off you know. Stay in for the night. You help rub this off me? I know you want to," I give the sultriest look I can muster. Her blank stare back heralds my defeat though. I hang my head down. I see nothing but bare skin and paint. I can't see the bikini top as real clothing. The shorts do nothing to trick me. I know I'm naked. I know I have no choice too. "Fine, let's just get out there. I should be set, right?"  
  
Lana is ready, she opens the door right away. "You're perfect. The paint is good enough too," she gestures for me to step inside. I leave my outdoor podium, ready to become part of the public that is down below.  
  
At least, I think I am ready. On autopilot, I find flip flops and put them on. I'm waiting for Lana to stop me, to tell me it was just a gag, but it's not coming. It's odd feeling the straps of the sandals between my toes, my only true clothing.  
  
I tentatively touch a hand to my breast, just the tips of my fingers against the pseudo-cups. My fingers only feel skin; it makes me feel even more naked. Dragging my fingers away pulls no paint away at least.   
  
Lana is ahead of me, pausing at the door out of our hotel room. She's ushering me. I let the flow carry me; it's my only hope to get this over with. Step after step, I'm through our room and out into the hall.  
  
We're alone, and that's for the best. I'm starting to shake. No longer in our private room, we are in public space now, and I'm not wearing anything. The complete utter lack of fabrics touching my skin is painfully obviously.  
  
I feel unable to breathe, which makes me sputter my request for Lana to stop when she pulls my wrist. She leads me down the hall, but I just want to catch my bearings. It takes most of my effort to not trip. I'm still trying to not let my thighs touch, making my jaunt awkward. Doors wiz pass in my perifial vision. Each is and stays shut thankfully.  
  
"Lana!" I hiss when we stop at the elevator door. "You are going too fast! We have to go back!" I urge her. I walked out of the room on fake confidence. I've already lost it.  
  
"Nuh uh," Lana beams. She keeps a hold of my wrist. It's not tight, but it's enough to keep me from running away. Submitting is the only way to remain brave. "We're doing this Roxie. You're nervous, I get it, but I think this will work!" Her free hand guides a finger to the button to summon the elevator.  
  
"'Think' isn't good enough Lana! And what are you doing?! I'm not going in the elevator!" I pull us away, and towards the stair entrance instead. I'm submitting, but not totally!  
  
Lana giggles like a schoolgirl. "No? Well then, if you want to walk down, that's fine too. I'm just glad to see you're into it!"  
  
"I'm not! I just know you're not giving me a choice if we do this. I sure as hell will take the choice of how we get down there though! Not going to let you trap me in a glass box to exhibit me to the entire lobby!" We get in the stairwell, and it was at least more private than the hall, so I feel more at ease. "I don't need to be in close quarters with anyone, so risk of sharing the elevator with strangers is a bit much. You want us kicked out?"  
  
"Trust me Roxie; we're going to be fine. I've got this handled. People will notice your beauty much more than your lack of clothing I bet if anything," she flatters.  
  
I roll my eyes. "You're not going to butter me up. I'm putting up with your game, but you'll pay for it later. And I hope by handled you mean you have something like a second dress under yours to give to me?"  
  
The answer to my question is to flash me her bare, or at least mostly bare, ass. Her dress is up in seconds and her bare cheeks are exposed. A hint of a pink thong shows. She lets the dress drop back down, and she now flashes me a wicked smile. It's clear I have no safety net.  
  
At the bottom of the steps, she didn't slow. There was the door to the lobby, and Lana was set to walk through it as if there was nothing out of the ordinary. I had to believe in that confidence and let it be my own. I went with her.  
  
  
**Part 2**  
We pace our way through the opulent lobby, my sandals slapping between the floor and my feet. I worry about the sight I make. Despite my breasts being modestly less than handfuls, their bouncing feels far too unrestricted. A loose bikini would provide better support. Surely my state was obvious.  
  
There were people milling any which way. Not nearly so packed I would be bumping against anyone, but we weren't alone. I am ready for anyone to shout to me, proclaiming my nudity to everyone. My eyes zero in on the floor. I'm a streaker now, and I am ready to run away from any that may try to reprimand us.  
  
It's unbelievable, but I only hear silence. Not like everyone stopped to stare with mouths agape. No, it sounds normal. Mutterings and conversations in the distance, but it is what you'd expect from a hotel lobby with no naked girls in it. Were they blind?  
  
I look up. No one is looking at me. No one is staring or pointing. Am I invisible? Is the paint some sort of brew from a fairytale that hides the one drenched in it? I can't believe it.  
  
Lana's art is good, and maybe the distance we had kept the nature of my outfit truly hidden. No one is looking for me. No one is going to randomly stare so boldly so to notice. Some women are, seemingly, showing more skin than I am, with their tiny bikinis they wore, even smaller than my pseudo-one.  
  
I try to normalize my pace. Staying calm and not making a scene was best. I just hope the paint between my legs wouldn't smear now that I am walking normally. I can't help but grip the sleeves of Lana's dress. I feel so naked still. I was sneaking naked past everyone!  
  
I'm happy to be on the other end of the lobby and pushing our way through the revolving door of the entrance. Yet as we swirl into the bright light, it hits me how far we have to go. One lucky walk through the lobby is nothing compared to a walk down the beach town's busy street to a store and back!  
  
Lana treats it as any other day though, and keeps moving. She doesn't flinch a bit as we pass a family carrying their luggage. Meanwhile I try to move so to keep Lana as a shield.  
  
"They think it's a real bikini and shorts, they think they're real, they think they're real," I think over and over. I'm looking down at myself constantly. I want to think of them as real, that they look real. Feeling so naked is only making me worried, and I want to be calm. Yet no matter how much I wish they look real, I can't fall for the illusion.  
  
Lana still has dabs of paint on her outfit. I worry people will see the splotches match the hues on my skin. Maybe I can find solace in knowing people wouldn't believe someone would be so foolish as to walk around in public wearing only paint!  
  
I look and see we're passing the second building already. I wasn't sure where we were for a bit, my introspection had me feeling as if in a dream. No one has noticed yet? No matter how many people I try to catch staring, no one is paying me any mind. Lana is a letch and looking me up and down, but that's practically normal. I need to ask her; "Lana... is it working? Is this really happening?" I had to know if I was truly hidden in plain sight as it seemed.  
  
"Exciting, right? No one knows you're totally naked!"  
  
"Not so loud!" I snap. She truthfully was being quiet, but hearing it said out loud sends chills through me, nearly making my legs buckle. Confirmation she is escorting me down the street naked is eye opening. On our side of the street, we pass store fronts. On the other side of the passing cars lays the beach. If I were to suntan, how long could I lie out there without anyone noticing?  
  
As our paths cross or go by others, I still recoil a little, but want to run and hide instead. It isn't a heavy vacation season, and it being the middle of the week lessened the foot traffic. The streets were probably the least populated they'd be at this time of day. This sparsity only makes each nearing of a person all the more significant; any could end up being the one to notice.  
  
Lana's hand holds a hip. Gosh, that is not making my nerves settle one bit. It starts to rub! I try to push it away, but Lana just whispers for me to act natural. Even if clothed I wouldn't find this natural!  
  
When her hand pulls back and I feel her grip my butt and back of my thighs, I jump forward and give her an evil stare! Molding my flesh in front of people will give it away for sure!  
  
"Don't be so uptight, you're not hiding from me that you like this!" Then she sticks a finger in her mouth and moans as if finding a tasty treat on her finger tip, the same finger that had reached between my thighs!  
  
I quickly move back next to her, walking along at a quick pace. I don't think anyone took note of my outburst, but now my face was so steamy hot. Am I wet? I can't tell very well, but I want to move my hand down to investigate. Would it show if I am wet? That would be too embarrassing if someone can tell I am naked because of the way I am leaking onto my bare thighs!  
  
When there is space between us and the other tourists, I let a hand drift between my legs. It isn't as exaggerated as Lana made it seem, but there are a few drops! I'm not going to deny I'm turned on. The fear and worry are just one part of my emotional mix. Yet I don't like that I'm so far gone it is physically showing. My fake top looks like it had the thinnest lining known to man with how my nipples stick out away from my chest too!  
  
"Can we turn back? I can't stand this any longer," I whine. I try to stop and pull her away from our destination.  
  
"See this through Roxie. We're just one building away. You can't come this far and not finish it. Then we'll go back to our room and I'll reward you." The reward honestly sounds great, but every second I spend out here we risk it all going south.  
  
I let her continue us on our original trek again. We are close; we're nearing that bright yellow sign she pointed out to me. How have I made it over a block away from our hotel totally naked in broad day light? I still have no options for cover either. I'm just naked and stranded with only a light layer of paint to hide me.  
  
When I'm standing under the yellow sign, I at least feel accomplished. I really did it. I braved such a distance, and now it is time for the return trip. Lana has her sights away from mine however. She is staring at the building. I just gasp, "no!"

Her grin turns wicked again. She licks her lips. She eyes me up and down. She knows I'm naked. She's getting off on me being naked and helpless. I can't make the trip back without her, no way. Her courage was what I relied on to get this far. So I have no choice but to follow her into the store.  
  
The AC instantly spreads goose bumps across my skin. Anyone with a close look would wonder why even my clothes had them!  
  
The store itself is a variety of beach goods. Everything from snorkels, to inflatable toys, and souvenirs. It was a sort of convenience store for tourists who forgot to bring things. Though it lacked swimsuits, so I guess it didn't have everything a tourist like me could use right now!  
  
We're not alone, but Lana is merciful enough to lead us to an empty aisle. "Lana! Come on, this is far enough! We gotta go back before someone notices!"  
  
She's deaf to my pleas. Lana instead just puts her hands on my hips. She is looking me up and down again. She looks around. She clearly loves that I'm totally naked in a store!  
  
I shift and turn us when I notice someone out of the corner of my eye behind me. I face my butt to the rack of goods. My butt is the spot I worry the most about; it probably is most telling that I'm naked. That thought makes me worry that the people most likely in the know about my outfit were those who were behind me that I couldn't see! I'm breathing even heavier. Things are reaching a fever pitch.  
  
"Hey, you know, let's make this extra interesting. Take the sandals off!" Lana commands. My eyes light up like sirens. No way! I shake a little.  
  
"I don't think so... that's... that's going too far," I try to explain. I back up a bit, my bare butt touching a shelf. Wow that feels weird!  
  
Lana puts a finger to my chest, right on a squishy part of my breast, just above a nipple. "Do it; you gotta!" I don't have to, I can keep them on. I'm already going beyond her dare. My heart already aches enough from all the worry. My legs are already wobbly. My breathing is getting coarser at the thought of it.  
  
My perverted lover corners me. Her presence is intense. Being without any proper clothing is leaving me with little fight anymore. I give in, taking my footwear off as she asked. One foot at a time, I step free of my flip flops. My heart stops when my soles touch the ground.  
  
Lana bends down and takes the yellow pads with straps. I squeak an objection, but she doesn't stop from taking them. "Wow, I've never heard you whine for something as little as shoes or less back, hehe."  
  
This is wrong. I'm left without anything now. My skin feels both cold and hot. I grip my forearms, hugging myself. I need the extra comfort, I'm vulnerable otherwise. I lift a foot; hook it behind my other bare ankle. What do I do now? I feel so lost and trapped.  
  
"Roxie, you're naked," Lana whispers to me. It almost hurts how hard my heart thumps thanks to the comment. Reminders are not needed. Every part of my body can feel how undressed I am. I force my hands to my sides again, realizing that the slight heft to my chest I was causing probably didn't look natural.  
  
"Can I have them back?" I ask meekly. Lana swings her arms behind her back, taking the sandals from my view. The answer is so clearly, "no." Out of sight, out of my ownership I guess.  
  
"Can we go?" I change the subject and request. Lana again doesn't need words to make her point; she walks in the opposite direction of the entrance. I use my bare feet to follow her.  
  
Even seeing just the tops of other customer's heads has me recoiling. I try to duck, staying lower to the ground. Cover lessens when we reach the end of the aisle and back wall of the store.  
  
Lana speaks again, but much to my vexation, it's a new way to embarrass me. "Reach up there and grab that beach bucket." The wall is lined with shelves, and various sand toys are resting on them. I see the red, plastic receptacle at the top. I turn my back to the wall; I don't like it when I can't see who could be looking.  
  
"You're nuts, no way! Haven't I done enough?" I implore.  
  
"Just hurry and do it before someone comes," Lana is already changing spots, getting what she thinks will be the best angle to watch me from.  
  
My letch of a girlfriend isn't going to give in. She once before insisted on this sort of thing while I was wearing too short of a skirt. This time though, she just wanted my unprotected body stretched for her. I give a heavy sigh, signaling she best not blinks.  
  
No one is around; I have to trust distance will be my veil. I reach high for the bucket; it's nearly out of my reach. I hope Lana really does appreciate the view; her satisfaction would have to be one of my few rewards for this embarrassing action. Adrenaline rush from taking such risks is my other vice.  
  
Shortly after I lower, with bucket in hand, she says I can put it back. Lana is getting more huffs and puffs from me than she's gotten in a long time. Intolerable as she can be, her drumming her fingertips against my backside as I put the bucket back is almost the last straw! My voice gets raspy as I admonish her with a, "no more!" Each tap those fingers made sent shockwaves through my body practically. Lana's public testing of my bareness nearly gave me a heart attack.  
  
"Phooey, but we were just having fun!" She is having fun, not 'we' like she accuses. "You sure no more? I have another idea, and it'll be the last, I promise."  
  
I don't trust her. "We've been out here for what feels like ages Lana. I'm ready to go back. Our luck has been pushed enough," I plead. I'm facing the front of the store again.  
  
I fret as someone nearby switches aisles, only a few feet off. The close quarters of the shop makes me worry any moment someone can be close enough to spot details like the lack of cotton texture to my clothes, the way they're without wrinkles, and even how curves and protrusions of my naked body show clearly.  
  
Lana doesn't budge though, her arms on either side of me as she grips the racks behind me. She's closer now, her gaze up and down my body. She has to stop this. Despite my exasperated tone, she seems to think I'll still follow her commands and motions. It's sadly working, my bluff is being called. "You're just irresistible like this. I love it! You're so brave to do it all, and you're just so scrumptious looking," she sweet-talks.  
  
My face is almost so red you could swear the blush was painted on too. Lana knows how to make her fixation on my body seem genuine. Only someone totally into it would gaze in such a longing way. She wants me, and I want her. We are in the back of a store though!  
  
"You know, the paint is non-toxic!" She licks her lips. Her ogling path trails to my breasts and their painted triangle cups. She leans in, lips parting and zeroing in on one of my nipples!  
  
I hold her shoulders. She was less than a foot off, tongue out and trying to reach for her prize. I fight between pushing her away and pulling her in. Desire and fear battle. Shove or tug? I compromise, drawing her head up to mine and kissing her.  
  
  
**Part 3**  
Lana isn't missing a beat, hands wrap around me to pull herself to me. Gosh, I don't know if making out in public is going to really help people not look, but I know having her tongue work on my body wasn't going to be any good. I notice my nipples feel like they are standing out further though, anticipating that mouth I denied them.  
  
We pull apart. I feel dizzy. No one is looking, so I let out a sigh of relief. I let myself get carried away with even that. Lana is looking beyond triumphant. Was her attempt at sucking on my breasts in public just an act to scare me?  
  
"Now, bend down there and get something from the lower shelf," the greedy woman directs. I don't know what to do with her. She wins, I really can't fight her. I am still dizzy, and know I have to follow along. Making a stand only ever makes it worse, so I bend over, instead of stand.  
  
Dutifully to her lust, I avoid even crouching, and bend more at the waist. We aren't near anyone still, I can risk letting her see my ass in pretty much its full glory. Lana had gotten a similar view when painting me anyways. She would surely be satisfied by getting a look at me like this public though.  
  
In an instant my kindness to her is betrayed! A firm slap against my buttocks nearly topples me! "Fu-" I begin, but I cut myself off with an intense gasp. I nearly had called out and attracted the attention of the whole store. I'm shocked and drop lower to the ground, trying to hide. I pull my knees to my chest as I duck there. Lana's broad smile and still out stretched hand shows without any doubt she was the one who just spanked me!  
  
The fire in my eyes is so intense, though no more than that of the heat between my legs. The spanking wasn't even as rough as she'd done in times past, and wasn't close to leaving a mark. However, the sound it made, the feeling of a hand to my undressed skin, and the suddenness had me reeling.  
  
Sharp tones began as I said, "Lana, how could," and yet meager stutters continued it as, "you do that to me." Lana doesn't look remorseful. No, Lana was gleeful. She can read just how much that turned me on. How vulnerable I feel is written all over my face, and she knows I love that feeling. She probably spent the whole day hoping to push me this far.  
  
Lana cups a hand of my own and pulls me up. It's a huge weight from my shoulders to see no one looking. My insecurities tell me that they could just be hiding they saw. What Lana spies below me is further proof that I'm not so mad about what happened: droplets of my own wetness dewed the shop floor between my feet.  
  
The look Lana gives me is enough; no words are needed to be said. We both know it was time to go back to the room. I think she wants me as bad as I want her.  
  
I worry we're going to be suspected of shop lifting with the way we scurry out. I have nowhere to hide anything, but I don't want to have to show that to suspicious shop keeps. And even in our hurry, I have to pause and hesitate when out on the sidewalk again.  
  
The cooler weather isn't stopping my feet from feeling hot on sun cooked concrete. Last trip down the road; was I just lucky the first time? I worry this time I'll be like a model walking down a runway.  
  
The passersby surely will leer at me. I wait to see it, to notice them seeing me. I peer over my shoulder, to see if those trailing behind have spotted. I'm the only one checking out those around me. The dozens of other people along the beach side road in skimpy bikinis probably are offering a fine distraction to the actually most naked girl among them.  
  
Maybe I'm not the only one. I wonder if I could spot someone in paint. Eyes drift to the others around me. Could a man get away with a fake Speedo if painted well enough? Is that girl in the bikini naked too? I can't make out the shape of her nipples, so probably not. Or maybe that person over there who seems fully dressed really isn't!  
  
My mind is in a haze. Robotically I follow my lover's stride down the road. I can see the hotel nearing. I realize I might not have noticed till now if we were even heading in the right direction.  
  
"We're almost there, but no one has seen what a good job I did!" Lana flatly tells me. She stops; I do too. "Will you let me show you off? Show my work off?"  
  
The question baffles me. "Haven't enough seen it? You did good. Because they don't' know I'm... you know."  
  
"Naked!" She exclaims. I panic and swivel my head around. No one was in ear shot hopefully. "I know, but like, one person to react to you. I want it. You do too, right? You've been thinking about it the whole time?"  
  
"I've been fearing it!" I remark. "I don't want to get in trouble!"  
  
"No, I'd tell someone cool, someone who wouldn't say anything," she then looks ahead of us. "The girl on the bench there. I saw her. She seems cool. She's rocking a bit of a punk look, so probably not a narc? Almost as cute as you too!"  
  
I see the girl. She's on her phone, waiting for someone maybe? Pink streaks in her raven black hair, nose piercing, and black clothing in spite of the sunny nature of the area did suggest she may be the rebel sort. That doesn't mean she couldn't get me in hot water if she did react negatively or even loudly!  
  
"We make it quick. I tell her, you walk by when I give the signal, and we go in the hotel. She'll be either too dumbfounded or stunned by your gorgeousness to do anything!" Lana was trying to flatter her way to convincing me to do it.  
  
I have a different reason for considering it. Not to feed Lana's ego or desire to exhibit me. No, I think what I want is proof. I want proof of what I did. I want someone to know I did it. I want there to be a tangible reaction.  
  
It's making my face red thinking about it. I don't know if I want to be caught. Yet, I don't know if I'll ever have an opportunity like this again. I don't want to pass it up.  
  
"Hurry," I squeak. My voice shows my resolve is temporary. I can feel it slip away. Lana is quick, knowing not to let me change my mind. I'm alone and that just compounds the fear.  
  
The two greet. I know it's coming. I tense. What do I even do? I don't know how to look nonchalant like this. I worry still of other people. I want my audience to just be the additional one. I can't run or hide though, I need Lana, and so I have to wait.  
  
The two look my way. Lana points to me. The other girl seems to take a studious look. There is doubt on her face I think? It's hard to tell.  
  
Seeing her eyes open make mine. This is it, I think. She has been told or maybe she suddenly believe whatever Lana is telling her. The more intense stare makes my knees almost buckle. This is it, it's happening. My girlfriend just told someone I was entirely bare outside!  
  
The motion to approach is given. Oh god, I'm not ready. I can't move. The motion is given with more urgency. The punk girl is looking between Lana and me. The falling apart of our plan is probably confusing her. I bet if she did believe the painted outfit story, she's shocked I'd be so cowardly now!  
  
What does she think? She knows I'm naked probably, right? She might think I'm doing this for jollies, or maybe she thinks Lana is some sort of cruel girlfriend. Was she judging or admiring? What explanation did Lana give?  
  
Staying away from the hotel was no option. I had to cross her line of sight. I know Lana would just bring her to me if I waited anyways.  
  
Bare foot ahead of the other, then the other passes the first. Over and over I repeat this, walking towards the two girls ogling me.  
  
Her eyes are glued to my body. She is scanning me. She is past the illusion surely now. I'm close enough I think I could spot her nipples if they were showing, so I know mine are then too. Their proud display atop my chest is only dwarfed by Lana's pride.   
  
Getting closer, the smoothness of my hips surely are noted, she can tell the denim isn't real. Hips, thighs, pelvis and even my shaved clean lips stay on show for her as I get closer. She's staring at my womanhood. She's seeing me expose my pussy to the world. She can so clearly infer that I let another woman swab my most private area with paint!  
  
"No way" she finally gasps. It took awhile for it to sink in for her. Yes way, I am naked! I know it, Lana knows it, and now she knows it! Her bewilderment now replaced with what seems to be excitement. My horribly embarrassing secret is shared with her. Only thing left for her to doubt anymore is if the sticky residue between my thighs is still wet paint or further signs of my pleasure.  
  
I'm past her, and I know she's still staring at my butt. I make it as clear as I can I'm not stopping to pose. Lana the whole time has been smirking, so proud of herself, or maybe proud of me. "Rock on! You're one kinky babe!" I hear the punk girl quietly cheer, so I know she's impressed at least. My decision to walk on without saying anything is almost undone, but I decide it best to not look back. My bashful smile would have to be one of the few things she doesn't see.  
  
Shockingly, Lana is at a loss for words. When she catches up to me, she tries to sputter something. I don't think anything she could say could make me feel any more emotions, I was at critical load. Despite my pride swelling, so too was my embarrassment. I was seen naked, I was seen as 'kinky' and I am all sorts of flustered. I don't say anything back to Lana. We both are overwhelmed by what just took place.  
  
When words poise atop the tip of my tongue, they are cut off by the new environment we enter. The hotel lobby is bared witness to my body once more. Same as before too, we keep our distance well enough. I intend only the stranger on the bench will know our scheme.  
  
At the end of the lobby, my clothed counterpart stops us at the elevators. She doesn't continue to the stairs. No fight is left in me, and I stumble my way into the little glass box, bumping past someone, apologizing to them. Their shorts and t-shirt brush where I should be covered too, but of course it's my skin that feels their fibers. I apologize again, but I don't think they know what for. The doors hide me before they can figure it out, I hope.  
  
Hidden isn't how I should describe myself now. In spite of it just being us in the elevator, I'm still exposed as it lifts us from the ground. I have nowhere to go as we ascend. The lobby is below now, me in clear sight of them all down there.  
  
"We should make this a usual thing. I push you, you push me," Lana suggests. She backs me to the glass. I bet the trick was no more, that with it pressed so firmly to glass, my bottom looked just painted blue and exposed.  
  
"Watch out, after this, I am probably going to push back pretty hard. You thought you got off easy when I made you only get naked in the hotel Jacuzzi last night. Now I know I can up my game," I warn.  
  
Lana leans in and whispers, "hehe, maybe I like it rough. You'll just owe me even more then too!" She holds my head and kisses me, even more passionately than before. I feel as if I'm melting in our embrace. I worry the feeling could be the paint washing off my body.  
  
"Ugg, couldn't wait to get to your room?" Someone sarcastically asks. I look past Lana, and see the ride up has stopped. A couple fellow tourists stand at the elevator door smirking. I blush for reasons beyond my nudity for once today, and Lana even joins. We both shuffle our way out and past them and their smiling faces.  
  
I growl, "You pushed too high of a button, didn't you? Something tells me you didn't just forget we're on the second floor!" Lana giggles the way a guilty woman would. We were probably a few floors higher than needed.  
  
I look back before the doors close. One of the people who had swapped places with us takes a curious look at the glass wall. I see it too, this faint bit of blue there. They look to me, to the spot again, and cock an eyebrow. "Are you only wearing," and the doors shutting stop the question from finishing.  
  
Lana and I stare at each other. I ask one simple thing, "Stairs?" She nods in agreement and we quickly find our way back to the stairwell and directly to our room! Lana really owes me, and I'm not allowing for any more detours! Even washing the paint off can wait!  
  
The End