Dinner Party

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For most of my life, I’d never had anyone who I could really consider a friend. I was always terribly shy and had always been too busy studying or working my way through school to develop a social life. In my spare time I read books and got lost in the fantastical but highly conservative world Victorian world of Austin and Dickens. But my hard work eventually paid off and I was offered a full scholarship including tuition fees and top class accommodation at one of the leading universities in the country. I was so excited to finally arrive at my campus accommodation and even more pleasantly surprised to meet my new beautiful, adventurous roommate. Simeone Van Boren was a bright and talented young woman but whilst I was shy she certainly was not. Unlike myself she was not a scholarship student. Instead she afforded the accommodation due to her parent’s fabulous wealth. In fact her parents were major contributors to the university and her father had a place on the directors board wielding much power and influence. She always threw huge parties in our apartment and for the first time in my life I finally began to fit in socialising with Simeone’s many aristocratic friends. Though I didn’t drink or smoke, Simeone’s presence afforded me a certain respect amongst our peers though at times I did feel slightly insecure about my impoverished background in comparison to their ostentatious wealth. The other striking thing about Simeone was her complete lack of modesty about her body. She would often parade around our apartment completely nude. She was a spectacular specimen. Long blond hair, trim and athletic from her daily yoga sessions often performed naked in our living room. She had persuaded her parents to get her breast enlargement for her eighteenth birthday and despite my reservations about such extravagance I must admit that they looked perfect on her brilliantly tanned body. I could tell that she always shaved her pubic hair as she strode around our apartment sometimes filling me in on her latest sexual exploits. She would often come into my room at night without her nightly and climb into my bed and we’d spend the night chatting and gossiping until finally I’d fall asleep on her wonderful bosom. She’d often playfully tease me about my virginity and especially for my prudishness but for the first time in my life someone told me I was beautiful and that I had nothing to be ashamed of. But I just wasn’t ready to display myself like she did.
On her nineteenth birthday, Simeone invited me to her country estate. Her parents were away in Europe and I thought it would be great to spend some time away from the city in quiet isolation. The house itself was magnificent. I had only seen places of such wealth and splendour on television. Tennis courts, swimming pool, stables, the three storey converted castle had it all. I was grateful to Simeone for bringing me here and I was certain that it was a great place to get some study done. Simeone on the other hand as usual was looking for something else entirely. Amidst all my excitement I somehow had forgotten to bring my present for her. I was certain I had packed it in my suitcase but to my horror, I discovered it wasn’t there. As it was her birthday she finally demanded something of me. Her proposal mortified me. As the house was completely empty and there was no one around she wanted me to cook her a birthday dinner. The only catch was, she wanted me to do it in my birthday suit. I nearly fainted when she made the suggestion but Simeone just looked at me with her beautiful deep blue eyes as if she had just asked me for the slightest favour. I continued to dismiss the idea until eventually I could see Simeone was getting upset. She questioned me on how I could first of all not have given her a present and now I was not consenting to her simple request. I must admit I was beginning to feel rather guilty. After all Simeone had invited me to her house, had befriended me and had always been nothing but open with me. Surely, I could do this one thing for her even if it meant depriving me of my clothes for a couple of hours. I finally acquiesced and Simeone never seemed more contented although we were able to agree on a few essential compromises. First of all, I would get to wear an apron to preserve some modicum of respect for myself. Simeone was not allowed to take any picture of me in this state. I knew she would love to photograph me like this but this was certainly out of the question. My clothes would be kept in the sitting room so Simeone would have certain control over me but if anyone arrived she was to bring in my clothes immediately. I was extremely nervous about this last rule knowing only too well Simeone’s playful nature but in any case it would be very unlikely that anyone would arrive in such an isolated spot.
At 5 o clock that day Simeone accompanied me to the huge kitchen where I was to offer her my present. I was a vegetarian so I was going to prepare a vegetable korma for the two of us. Just off the kitchen there was a larder containing every type of spice, herb you could think of along with a full compliment of fresh vegetables. It was a small room barely measuring 6 foot by 6 foot. The apron was hanging on the inside of the larder door. I looked at it and shuddered knowing it would be my only protection for the day. With Simeone in attendance I began to finally remove my clothes.

I was far shorter than the leggy blond with short bob cut brown hair enclosing my pretty face. Though I was never comfortable with my looks Simeone for months had been praising me often teasing me playfully with names like. She said that there was immense beauty in my gentle soft rosy cheeks, my mysterious green eyes and my sultry crimson full lips. I was only five foot three and I didn’t exercise as much as Simeone. My breasts were quite large and though they were not as spectacular as Simeone’s surgically altered ones they hung proudly from my petite frame. In fact owing to my demure size, I often struggled to hide my shapely assets from leering male eyes. Simeone used to often grab the excess fat that resided just above my bottom. I certainly wasn’t fat but I did have certain areas of my body, which I would prefer no human eyes would see. My bottom therefore was quite curvaceous and not nearly as tight and firm as Simeone’s. Dressed now in my jeans and a white t-shirt I knew that finally Simeone would get to view more of me than she might have expected. As my gaping friend looked on I began slowly unbuttoning my jeans. Simeone grew impatient at my speed and beckoned me to hurry. She held the apron in her hand and told me she would keep it unless I hurried. Not wanting to upset my friend on her birthday, I lowered my jeans revealing my white cotton panties to the excited Simeone. Simeone, who never wore underwear, joked at their flowery patterned design. Embarrassed, I quickly raised the t-shirt over my shoulders and tossed it to Simeone. Standing there now in nothing but my bra and panties, I desperately wanted to back out but I couldn’t let Simeone down now. I requested the apron but unsurprisingly she refused. We reached another compromise. She would get my bra and then she would put the apron on me. Afterwards I would drop my panties and fulfil her birthday request. Of course I would have to spend the afternoon cooking in nothing but the apron.

With Simeone’s staring intently at me, I unfastened my bra and handed it to Simeone covering my exposed breasts as best I could. I must admit feeling somewhat liberated as I remained in just my panties. She took the bra from my hand and stepping behind my back she pressed the apron against my body. It was a lot shorter than I hoped and Simeone tied it a lot tighter around my neck than I would have liked hiking the material up stopping only inches from the base of my panties. My breasts were completely exposed from the sides and I knew they would continuously be on half display to my exhibitionist friend. Still standing behind me she grabbed my breasts through the plastic apron and I nearly jumped out of my skin. I was used to her playful antics of course but not in such an exposed condition. The apron, which hung from my neck, extended narrowly down the front of my body, extending outwards as it continued down my body and stopped flatly at the top of my thighs. I felt like I was wearing half a dress as the material hung indiscriminately covering my most intimate parts. Simeone then tied a knot to another string just above my rear accentuating my curvaceous behind. I knew that now I had to drop my panties. I hooked my thumbs around the waistband and paused for what seemed like an eternity knowing that soon I’d have nothing on but the apron. I backed up against the kitchen wall and lowered the panties to the ground letting them slid down my thighs, knees and ankles until finally they rested at my bare feet. I never felt so exposed in all my life. Simeone clapped her hands in joy, clearly enjoying my feelings of embarrassment. My bare behind felt cold against the white painted wall and I stepped out of the panties into the middle of the kitchen. Simeone asked me to give her a little twirl and I reluctantly agreed. Some part of me was enjoying my display. As I turned she lightly slapped my well-rounded fully exposed rear mischievously. Again she smiled back at me affectionately, clearly enjoying her birthday present – me.
For two hours, I slaved away preparing dinner for the two of us. As promised Simeone kept my clothes in the living room and I worked away under my apron all the time flashing my unclothed rear to Simeone whom I had never seen happier. The kitchen itself opened out through sliding doors to the massive well-tended back garden and swimming pool and also to the living room where Simeone was setting up the dining room table for our meal. It was getting dark outside now and I had steadily been developing an appetite. Slowly I became accustomed to my almost nude state and the attention that Simeone was lavishing on was certainly flattering. With the radio up full blast we laughed whilst Simeone continued to fool around with my semi naked body. As the dinner sizzled in the pan, there suddenly was much noise from the hallway. I froze as Simeone went to investigate, when she returned there was a look of terror in her eyes.
“Quick, quick, into the pantry. My parents came back early from Europe to surprise me with a bunch of family and friends!” she said as she forced me into the little pantry, slamming the door behind me. I could still hear the food sizzling outside as I stood in the dark, my almost entirely naked body shaking in guilt. The radio was lowered and I could hear two more voices outside the pantry door.
“It’s not like you to cook dear. Why don’t you let me finish that for you,” echoed the voice of Simeone’s step mom through the pantry door.
“Oh no. I’ll do that……….I………erm,” but the words escaped Simeone and before she could finish her sentence her step mom interrupted. She was a strong willed lady and wouldn’t take no for an answer.
“No, no. I insist. Now get me my apron so I don’t ruin my new dress.” Simeone’s stepmothers’ words cut through me like a knife but thinking quickly I removed the light bulb from the pantry to offer me some protection. I could hear the click of the switch outside but to my relief I remained in the darkness. As the door creaked I hid behind it as it opened. The large wooden frame hiding me from the eyes of Simeone’s parents who lurked outside.
“Hurry, give me the apron,” whispered Simeone authoritatively. The only alternative was possible discovery so unknowing what to do I reached behind my back and undid the knots that Simeone had so carefully tied earlier. For the first time I stood before my friend completely starkers. Though I was in the dark I clung anxiously to my breasts and pussy, aware that the naked shape of my body could be seen in the dimness. I implored on Simeone to get me some clothes but we really had little time to talk as her stepmother demanded the apron immediately. Putting her two hands on my shoulders Simeone leant forward and gently kissed me on my forehead and whispered that she had put my clothes under the dining room table as soon as she heard voices outside. She quietly wished me good luck and left me behind butt-naked in the pantry. I could of course just accept my fate momentarily flashing Simeone’s family and retrieve my clothes but the prospect was far from appealing. I knew that this would have been Simeone’s preferred option but I was not used to exhibiting myself and the longer I remained naked, the more determined I was to extricate myself from the situation. Worryingly, I could hear Simeone’s mother begin to cook more food in the kitchen as a million thoughts rushed through my mind. The larder was chilly compared to the steamy kitchen outside and my body shivered in the gloom as I clutched onto my bare skin. I could smell what most resembled lamb and beef permeating into my square spicy prison. I knew if she was any kind of a cook she would need spices to add zest to her meal and it was only a matter of time before I’d be discovered. Again I hugged myself tight against the wall as the door opened. I could just about make out the shadowy figure of Mrs. Van Boren as she fumbled around in the dark searching for some Rosemary to add to the frying lamb. Her eyesight must have been worse than Simeone as she failed to see the huddled naked shadowy figure in the corner but also to my disappointment she proved unsuccessful in her attempts to discover the rosemary. I knew she would be back and the next time possibly with a torch or light bulb. Inches away from touching me she turned and left the pantry. If I stayed any longer I knew I would be discovered. I heard from the kitchen the sound of the back door closing. With any luck she had gone seeking light for the pantry and not hearing any noise other than food cooking in the kitchen, I slowly and as quietly as possible opened the pantry door. I was shocked to learn that not only was there extra lamb being cooked but a whole variety of dishes were being prepared in the kitchen along with many side dishes of salads, roast potatoes and vegetables. A feast of food was right before my eyes. I knew that in any second Mrs. Van Boren could return and that if I had any chance at salvation it would be to retrieve my clothes under the dining table. I thought I could hear footsteps coming outside the backdoor so with great trepidation I swung open the door to the dining room half expecting to be finally revealed. To my great relief the dining room was entirely empty and without wasting any time, I rushed my nude body to the huge dining room table. It was set for a crowd of at least 20 but this didn’t matter to me now as I crouched down and peeked under the over hanging tablecloth. I couldn’t see my clothes. I crawled in under the table but still couldn’t find them. As I fumbled around under the table I heard two more voices enter the room. They were the voices of two teenage boys, presumably Josh, Simeone’s 16 year old brother and a knucklehead friend of his named Billy. They once stayed a night in our apartment and the two adolescents constantly made lewd remarks and comments about my body. That night after my shower I was certain that I heard ruffling outside my room as I began to undress. The two degenerates were outside my room peeking through the keyhole. Thinking quickly I made my way to the door spraying deodorant through the keyhole to the sounds of squeals and disgust from outside the door. I’m sure they longed for revenge. Simeone had warned me what perverts they were, always spying on her and her friends as they swam in the pool or when out playing tennis.

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I knew I could never let them see me if I ever wanted to show my face in this house so I just lay there, not daring to move a muscle. As the voices began to trail off I once again peeped my head out from under the tablecloth. The coast was clear yet again. I rolled out from under the table. The large dining room was magnificently adorned with beautiful renaissance art hanging from the walls, though many ghastly hunting trophies hung from the walls. Again it was unclear to me where everyone was but no doubt they were being wined in dined in one of the more opulent rooms in the mansion. Staying in a crouched position I worked my way across the room to the hallway outside. Down the corridor and past many doors there was a marble staircase, which led upstairs to my bedroom. Trying to remain as silent as possible I worked my way down the long corridor to the staircase. I could hear many voices come out from behind the doors. At any second I knew I could be discovered. There was certain to be somebody upstairs also but I just had to pray I could get to my room before I was discovered. I tip toed up the marble stairs each step sending tingles up my body. At around the halfway point, I heard the flush of an upstairs toilet. I turned and ran down the stairs my breasts flapping wildly with each step. The doorbell rang just metres from where I stood as I could hear the sound of footsteps hurtling down from above me. I looked around for cover. A large bronze statue was metres away from me and I ducked behind it. A door opened from the corridor and I was certain I’d be seen. It was Josh. To my amazement he ran straight past my huddled body, rushing to answer the front door. As he sped past I knew he’d see me on his return as I’d only magically managed to double my body against the naked bronzed figure. I heard more familiar voices in the hall as the door opened. Several of our friends from college were at the door. I could just imagine Josh’s eyes light up seeing all these pretty girls enter his house. Of course, Sam and James arrived also, two of the best looking young men in our college dorms. I was sure I could also make out the voice of Marjorie, Simeone’s oldest friend and the biggest gossip on campus. I often sensed that Marjorie had become quite jealous of my burgeoning relationship with Simeone and I was certain that the waspish redhead looked down on my underprivileged background. There was no way I could reach the staircase now so I turned and made my way back down towards the dining room. Perhaps if I could get outside through the kitchen I might find some respite. I made my way back to the dining room where the huge table was set awaiting the guests. If the kitchen was empty I could at least get out of the house but as I approached the kitchen door it became clear to me that Mrs. Van Boren was still attending to supper. I paused again not knowing what to do, safe for the time being. Once more I heard voices approach. Should I finally give myself up? As they got closer I could hear the shrill voice of Marjorie hobnobbing with Josh and Billy. Of all people I couldn’t let them see me, so once more I dove for cover under the dining table, away from prying eyes, beneath the tablecloth. From then on, the doorbell kept on ringing. One by one people began filing into the dining room. Apparently the Van Borens had organised a surprise dinner party for Simeone, inviting many family friends, relatives, college friends many of whom were my friends too along with Josh and his friend. Most disgruntling of all was the arrival of our university Dean, a good and old family friend of the Van Borens. I lay naked under the table waiting to be discovered, wondering how I would explain myself but as each person began taking their seat I managed to dodge their legs and feet, tactfully sliding and rolling up the huge table to the spare seats at the top of the table. I couldn’t tell who had taken their seat by now but I only hoped that these seats would remain vacant. However I didn’t see any shoes I’d recognise as Simeones’ so at least I hoped one seat was hers and perhaps I could hide myself by her feet for the duration of the meal. I saw two pairs of sneakers poke their feet under the tablecloth and I shifted myself up another place. Assumably, these were the shoes of Josh and his friend but as yet I had miraculously avoided detection. I heard the final chair pull out from under the head of the table and to my great relief; I saw 6 inch red high heels, which only Simeone could pull off, slid under the tablecloth. I gently grabbed her ankle and to my horror she let out a scream. I withdrew suddenly but I knew she got the picture. She carefully raised the tablecloth revealing to her yet again my fully naked form. No one at the table seemed to notice and Simeone was careful not to make any more sudden movements or noise to attract attention. As I cowered before her on my hands and knees she uncrossed her legs revealing to me her unshaved pussy. Momentarily I was dumbstruck by her cavalier approach to her sexuality. Perhaps if I had been so confidant I would never have gotten into this situation. In any case she crossed her legs again and flashed me a smile.
“I’d wondered where you had gotten. I brought your clothes to the
pantry but you were gone,” she whispered not even looking at me as she spoke for fear of attracting attention. I told her I had to get out of there and again requested the return of my clothes. I could tell that she really was beginning to enjoy my embarrassment. She told me to relax and that there was nothing she could do right now and that I should just try and stay out of sight. I knew she was right. There was no way I could get dressed under here and it was inconceivable how Simeone could sneak clothes to me. There was nothing for me but to lie there on the cold floor and just hope and pray no one would see me. For a whole hour the evening meal passed without incident. As I lay there I could hear the erudite discussions above and only wished to be part of it. Dean Richards enthralled and amused the guests with many tales of his student indiscretions. Simeone’s friends from college also politely entertained the Van Borens, though once in a while Simeone let slip a cheeky comment about her rather “exhibitionist” roommate whilst resting her heel on my naked chest playing coyly between my tits. Despite my mortification, I was almost beginning to enjoy myself until suddenly I heard a crack of metal off the cold marble floor. A knife had fallen from someone’s hand and somehow bounced and landed in under the tablecloth. I saw a hand grope at the floor searching for the missing piece of cutlery. Unable to find it, I heard the chair kick out and could make out a figure through the tablecloth down on hands and knees searching for the knife. A hand next appeared under the tablecloth sweeping from side to side. I edged away as each sweep got closer and closer. Eventually the hand grabbed hold of the tablecloth, raising it up and the face of Josh rested before me on the floor. His face lay there stunned for a full 5 seconds, his eyes jumping out of his head as they raced over my naked body. I quickly hugged my body grasping my knees up to cover my breasts as I wrapped myself into a ball on the floor. His eyes drifted between my legs as still not a sound was made to break the deafening silence. He removed his head from the tablecloth for a half a second and my tense body momentarily relaxed only for his head to reappear once more inside. It was as if his gluttonous eyes could not believe the site before him. A wave of panic swept through my body, my pale skin growing crimson as the eyes once more took in my unclothed flesh. The sides of my breasts crept out from my legs as I struggled to preserve my dignity. He shifted his glance downward peeking through the hollow of my ankles to the prize all teenage boys seek the most. A smile of intense wicked satisfaction swept through Josh’s adolescent face as the gravity of the situation dawned on him. He knew he could easily reveal me to everyone but in doing so he might just miss out on some fun himself. For the moment I was his prisoner. No doubt before long Billy would be in on the act too. Josh’s head disappeared above for a moment. For 30 seconds I awaited below unsure of my fate pondering whether to turn myself in. But I would be ruined. When Josh next popped his head under Billy joined him on the opposite side of the table. Billy had sneaked under a bottle of champagne, which I knew was for my consumption. Billy handed me the bottle and gestured at me to drink it. I was in no position to refuse. The boys had mocked me before when I told them I didn’t drink but I knew enough that they were hoping to loosen me up by plying me with booze. Josh handed me a mobile phone, which had a message in its inbox.
NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN. DO EXACTLY AS WE SAY AND
WE WONT SAY A WORD OTHERWISE WE’LL TELL
EVERYONE. LIE BACK AND PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND
YOUR BACK, YOURE KNEES POINTED UPWARDS AND
OUTWARDS. DO NOT MOVE UNTIL WE SEND YOU
ANOTHER MESSAGE OR WE WILL REVEAL YOU.
With the two horny youths looking on, I lay flat on my back, my head now resting at Simeone’s red-heeled feet. I reluctantly removed my hands from my breasts and pussy and for the first time gave the boys an unimpeded view of my large tits. Drool formed on the lips of Billy whilst Josh lasciviously rubbed his hands in glee. As I spread my legs the two sets of eyes ogled downwards. I could barely watch as the two boys gasped in glee. Simeone sensing something was wrong peered her head under the table to be met by my sprawled pornographic pose. She looked away shyly for an instant only to return with sympathy in her eyes for me and contempt for her stepbrother. I knew she used often tease the young man and his friends but now his brother was getting some revenge if only on me.

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Josh had in his hand his mobile phone and I could see a lens point at me. Of course the rich kid would have a camera phone. Just my luck. But afraid to move, I awaited my awful fate. The camera pointed towards me, my hands still bent behind my head. My whole body cringed in shame. Knowing the boys would soon have a picture of me entirely nude, Simeone quickly improvised. She tossed a napkin down over my body and it landed perfectly between my legs. Sensing, I had been commanded not to move, she leant down and stretched her arms covering my exposed breasts with her hands. Her cold hands caused me to shift slightly backwards flashing my entire pussy to the boys. The boys sniggered at this seemingly lesbian display but as I detracted, the napkin once again blocked my pussy from their view. Conscious not to create too much of a scene Simeone removed her head from underneath the table and returned to the adult world of conversation above. The boys temporarily retreated also and I lay there now with Simeone’s cold hands still cupping my tits. I was relieved the two perverts had not gotten a proper photograph of me but I was certain my pose would forever be burnt on their retinas. I was equally certain my trauma was not yet over but I settled again not daring to flinch. For fiveì¥Á
ly ducked his head under, casting an admiring glance over my naked body. In fright, I clumsily spilled a glass of wine over my breasts as I lay defenceless on the cold floor. The chilled sparkling liquid bubbled and fizzed on my nipples and continued to trickle down the rest of my body, stopping to tingle between my legs. Billy smiled at me in triumph and left me again on my own. Dinner wasn’t over either it was now merely time for desert as the legs of Josh and Simeone returned to view. I took another swig of champagne but as I did the mobile phone under the table lit up again, vibrating furiously.
1 NEW MESSAGE
The last thing I wanted to do was read the message those two perverts had sent me but I knew they’d expose me if I didn’t.
WELL DONE SO FAR.NOW IT’S TIME FOR DESERT.LIE
BACK AND ENJOY SOME DELICIOUS ICE CREAM FED TO
YOU BY YOUR GOOD FRIEND SIMEONE.REMEMBER TO
KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED AND YOU’RE HANDS BY YOUR
SIDE AT ALL TIMES.WE’LL BE WATCHING SO NO FUNNY
BUSINESS.
With no alternative coming to mind I laid back and closed my eyes waiting for the metallic spoon to touch my lips. In my new darkness I was never sure whose eyes were fixed upon me but against all my instincts I kept my eyes shut as the ice cream finally reached my lips. The chocolate flavoured treat eased gauchely into my mouth. However it tasted amazing as it melted on my tongue. I felt exhilarated despite my predicament. Each spoonful made me feel more alive and I fully understood why chocolate was often described as the nearest thing to sex. Eventually my feeding stopped but I continued to rest contented on the ground, momentarily disregarding the gravity of my situation. I could feel a set of fingers wipe around my mouth, no doubt cleaning the chocolate stains on my lips. The fingers were moist to absorb the sticky remnants of chocolate. I licked my lips and for a second sucked on the chocolate flavoured finger before it withdrew in haste. I heard a rush of activity above. Finally everyone began to leave the table. Even Simeone vacated but without explanation. I figured everyone’s eyes were once again on the birthday girl and whilst all the guests departed the dining room, I was certain that the night’s festivities had not come to an end. Once again I saw the phone light up and vibrate next to me.
WELL DONE SO FAR.BUT THE PARTY ISNT OVER YET!
So far? What else did the little creeps have in store for me? One by one everyone seemed to file out until I finally began to feel all alone under the table again. I realised it was now or never to make a mad dash upstairs again. I rolled out from under the table. The champagne had slightly gotten to me and I felt a bit more lumbered than usual. I desperately needed to pee also, another unwelcome side effect from all that champagne. I made my way to the hallway unencumbered by any lingering guests. I was definitely going to make it this time, I was certain of that. I dashed past the statues in the hallway until I reached the bottom of the stairs. I couldn’t be sure but I was certain I didn’t hear any voices upstairs. I decided it would probably be more prudent to tiptoe up the stairs not wanting to risk making too much noise in case anyone might get suspicious. I knew the two boys would be listening out for my presence, wherever they were. Step by step my body shook in anticipation. My desire to use the facilities was also rising. Every creak on the staircase sent shivers through my body. I reached the top of the stairs. I was so close now. To the left lay three doors, the farthest one being Simeones. No longer caring about anything, I ran down the corridor to my salvation. I turned the knob and pulled excitedly towards me. To my horror nothing happened. I pulled and pushed and again it didn’t budge. I banged loudly to no response. Why was the door locked? How could this have happened? Realising the commotion I had made my half drunk mind did not what to do next. Should I just give myself in? What would people say? Everybody I knew from college was here along with Marjorie, the biggest gossip. If I gave myself in, the scandal would destroy me. I heard footsteps coming up the stairs and voices of indeterminate gender approach. I knew Josh’s room was across the hall so the only escape was into the other door, the spare bathroom. I hoped there would be a towel or something in there and then I’d finally be released from my nakedness. As the voices reached the top of the stairs I entered the bathroom. I frantically searched for spare towels of any description but I was sorely let down. I figured the boys most have stripped the room realising my escape route. Perhaps it was they who locked Simeone’s room also. In any case I was out of the public arena once more. I still longed to pee but I waited for the voices to disappear before I made my move. The bathroom had a bathtub and I pulled the curtain across to hide behind in case worse came to worse and someone entered the bathroom.
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Sensing the coast was clear, I locked the door and proceeded to relieve myself. With all that wine, I spent a lot more time in there than I would have liked when suddenly I saw the door handle move. Someone was outside. Fortunately I had locked the door but I knew now that my fate was sealed inside. I waited squatting on the toilet for a couple of minute hoping they’d go to another toilet but the person on the other side just grew more impatient and began knocking loudly. After another minute I could hear more voices gathered outside. Primarily amongst them, I could hear Marjorie, the gossiping friend of Simeone. As for Simeone I had no longer any idea where she was but I had no time to worry about that now. The voices outside grew excited, concerned for the welfare of the person inside the bathroom. I couldn’t get out now. How had I let myself get into this mess? Then I noticed the shut window above the toilet bowl. It was incredibly small but perhaps just big enough for me to squeeze through and I was running out of time fast. The crowd outside the door began forcefully trying to open the door as I climbed onto the toilet bowl. I opened the window and looked outside. I was never very comfortable with heights. Fortunately the window opened onto a ledge with another part of the roof just below it. Standing on the toilet bowl I grabbed hold of the window frame and somehow managed to pull my body through as I twisted and turned to get my tits outside to the cold breeze. As I got halfway out, I felt my ass get stuck as half my naked body hung out the bathroom window. I could hear the door being pounded on from the other side and I knew in a matter of seconds, a dozen people would get a birdseye view of my bare behind. With one final pull I managed to free myself and my body toppled on to the tiled roof outside. In a flash I heard the door burst open and I scampered up the angular roof, over the window ledge. Soon heads peeped out through the window but I was safe momentarily, out of sight but not out of mind. I felt dizzy on the rooftop as I could hear the voices inside debate how the door was locked. There was talk of an intruder or maybe just a gag by the boys but no one was really sure. Below me, many of the dinner guests had congregated outside the house also admiring the fine garden of the Van Borens. Though the moon was now out the garden was spectacularly lit with floodlights. I was somewhat relieved that I was out of the spotlight for once but I needed to get back in. I was beginning to fell quite chilled up on the roof. My body tensed up as I begin to make out many figures below. I was half covered in shadow and I was confident that no one would be able to see me but I couldn’t stay here for very long. It also didn’t seem possible to climb down without being seen and even if I did, what would I do then. I looked around for another open window. To my relief, I could see a window ajar in the far side of the house. The only problem was that I had to cross a large section of the roof, which was lit up well by the stars and moon above. Despite all the people below, I knew that I had to make my way across quietly without being seen. Still hidden in the shadows I waited till the time was right to make my move. Despite the late hour I could hear someone diving into the swimming pool on the other side of the house followed by much cheering. It seemed like Simeone’s friends were now beginning to take a late dip and the attention of the people below was drawn towards the excitement. With everyone distracted I seized my opportunity to dash still crouched across the tiled slippery roof. At the halfway point I lost my footing and fell painfully on my rear sliding dangerously close to the end of the roof. Fortunately I managed to grab hold of the drains and I hung suspended momentarily above the ground. My naked legs swinging wildly in the moonlit sky, I somehow still remained undetected. I climbed frantically back up mustering every morsel of strength left in my body. I no longer cared how quiet I was now I just desperately needed to get back into the house away from the prying eyes outside. My footsteps now thundered on the roof as I ran to the open window. To my relief the window opened outwards and I easily managed to climb into the dark room but as I did I was sure that I’d attracted attention from outside. In any case now out of sight, I noticed the window opened onto a bed and I jumped down onto the soft comforting mattress. Still in the dark I was completely unclear where I was or who’s room I had fallen into. I looked around for clues to my whereabouts but all I could see in the dark was a wardrobe and possibly a computer in the corner. Fumbling around in the dark I felt a bedside lamp next to the bed. I flipped the switch and was shocked to see my fully naked body once again as my image reflected back at me through a full-length mirror. The walls of the room were adorned with American football players and plastered with lewd pictures of various female celebrities. It was clear that I was in Josh’s room. I jumped off the bed and raced over to the closet. How ironic I thought that I would finally be able to end this trauma with the clothes of my oppressor. As I opened the closet doors I began to hear footsteps coming down the hallway outside. Not again I thought but without hesitating I decided to hide temporarily in the closet. I closed the doors just in time as the two voices entered the room. Once again I was naked in the dark but there was a slight slit in the door through which I could peek out. I could just make out Josh and Billy casually entering the room. I froze terrified to make a sound. The boy’s conversation echoed into the closet.
Billy: Wow, what a night!
Josh: I know. Quality. I wonder where she got to though.
I cringed desperately wishing to be anywhere else in the world.
Billy: Ah who cares? We got what we wanted. Now c’mon turn on the computer.
Josh: Yeah cool.
It was clear to me now that the boys weren’t going to bed any time soon and I tried to get myself as comfortable as possible. All the time the boys talked perverse words about my flash under the dinner table.
Billy: What a rack!
Josh: Man I’d love to have seen that ass properly.
Billy: You’re such an ass man.
The debauched conversation continued for a minute as I managed to see the computer screen through the crack in the closet.
Josh: Oh man, I can’t wait to see if these came out.
Billy: Don’t worry. They’ll be crystal.
I was relieved they finally finished talking about me, though I grew more suspicious as Billy connected his phone to the computer. Then I saw them. Pictures of me, in all my glory sprawled out under the table of the dining room on Josh’s computer screen. The boys had taken them as I lay backwards with my eyes shut. They scrolled through the various shots of me and all the humiliated poses I had struck. Each new picture brought hollers and bawls of excitement from the lads. There were pictures of me mouth wide open being spoon-fed the ice cream and sipping back the champagne. There was close ups of every intimate part of my body and pictures of Simeone’s hands cupping my naked breasts. In some there was a satisfied expression on my face as my body reacted lasciviously to the ice cream and the sensation of foreign hands on my body. My body squirmed once more wondering what new fate would await me. I didn’t have to wait for long.
Billy: Man, she’s hot. Lets put these pictures on line.
Josh: Oh you’re sick dude.
Billy: C’mon, don’t be a pussy. It’ll be funny!
Josh: Yeah, why not. Should teach the prude a lesson.
Oh my God! I couldn’t believe it. The little jerks were going to post my naked body all over the Internet. I had to try and stop them.
“No, please. You can’t do that. Please!” I screamed as I burst out through the doors of the closet. The same perverse expressions that greeted me earlier under the dinner table now gazed back at me. As I fell forward I tried as best I could to grab hold of my tits and to cover my pussy. After an initial pause the boys erupted into new heights of ecstasy.
“How nice to see you again,” Billy reacted wittily to which Josh responded in uproarious laughter.
“Please, you can’t do this to me, I……my…..reputation……..please
I’ll be ruined,” I mumbled weakly feeling incredibly vulnerable but confidant I could appeal to their humanity. No such luck!
“What were you doing in there? Are you some kind of pervert?” Josh asked me staring directly at my naked body covered only by my hands. Before I could respond Billy interjected.
“Who cares man! Let’s just move this thing along. Now honey buns, why don’t you drop those hands of yours and give us a twirl or we send these shots of you all over the web. I bet there’s a lot of people who’d like to see them.”
Oh my god, I thought to myself, how had I gotten myself into this mess. I seriously doubted the boys’ sincerity in not posting the photos but with Josh’s mouse lurking over the send button I felt I had no choice. I dropped my right hand and my breasts once again came into full view for the rand

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Suddenly the door opened and in walked Marjorie. My heart dropped, as did her jaw. She screamed in delight as I panicked to cover my exposed private parts with my hands. She glanced at the boys and then at the computer screen. My entire humiliation was unfolding before me afresh. When Marjorie finally calmed down she purposefully ignored me and asked the Josh what was going on. Obviously I was not worth even talking to for this snotty rich girl. Josh replied that basically I had just stepped out of the closet. To my surprise she began to request my freedom.
“C’mon guys, the fun is over, give me the camera or I’m telling your parents.”
“Tell our parents. We don’t care. This is the greatest thing that’s ever happened to us and besides they’re not going to care about some impoverished exhibitionist.”
My heart sank again with the arrogance of Josh, but I couldn’t understand why Marjorie was trying to save me.
“How about you strip Marjorie?” said Billy wishfully.
“That’s never gonna happen boys. And don’t ever even dream it. I would never let you guys see my goods. I’m far too classy for that,” Marjorie replied caustically. Perhaps she wasn’t the great defender of my virtue that I thought she was but at least someone was slightly on my side.
“Hey Marjorie have you seen the backside on her?” Josh asked, still obsessing about my bottom. Marjorie shook her head and the boys had me turn around once more and as I faced away once more the debate about the merits and demerits of my bum began anew. Marjorie was fascinated by the intensity of the argument and I tried to tense my cheeks to make it appear more firm but to no avail. To my disbelief Marjorie grabbed my ass gripping firmly the excess flesh and the boys shouted approval. I jumped in fright and turning I slapped Marjorie right across the face, my breasts jiggling as I moved. As I was about to land another blow, Marjorie grabbed my wrists and hoisted them over my head. The large toned red head was too strong for my petite frame. Josh and Billy couldn’t believe their eyes, a catfight but as I was obviously overpowered my will to fight subsided.
“I’m sorry, please let me go,” I cried to my tormentor. My stretched naked body was entirely at her mercy.
“You should be sorry, all I was doing was trying to help you.” There was mischief in her eyes as she sprayed me with her words. Still holding me prisoner she once again turned her attention to the gaping teenagers.
“What do you think Josh, what should I do with her?” The answer shouldn’t have surprised me.
“Spank her!” Josh exclaimed feverishly.
“PLEASE NOOOOOOO,” I shrieked but the worm of fate was twisting against me once more. Marjorie seemed satisfied with the suggestion but added one more clause.
“I’ll spank her if you give me the camera phone with the photos,” she replied stone faced. Her offer was immediately seized upon by the randy twosome who continued to ogle every inch of my exposed body. Leaving go of my wrists Marjorie ordered me to bend over. If I refused she told the boys to send the photos online. I bent over at a 90-degree angle, my hands grabbing my ankles as requested and my breasts pointing downwards over my face. Between my two breasts I could just about make out Josh and Billy’s smiles of intense satisfaction. Marjorie spread my legs further apart further enhancing my degradation. . For at least 20 seconds she patted and rubbed my bum raising the anticipation levels in the room and then the blows began to fall.
SLAP
WHAM
WALLOP
The gossipy rich girl mercilessly harassed my poor behind. Josh and Billy cheered each slap as my breasts jiggled to and fro like windshield wipers in front of my eyes. After around 20 smacks Marjorie paused and admired her handiwork. She spun me round and for once everyone was in agreement, my new reddened rear was certainly a sight to behold. Even the once sceptical Billy I could see beaming with delight as I peaked my head through my legs.
“Okay boys, you know the deal her ass is now mine!” Marjorie decried explosively. She ordered me to stand up straight and casually dropped the camera phone, down into the cleavage in her top. I wasn’t sure if I was going to be too happy with Marjorie now in charge of my destiny but I was pleased that Josh and Billy finally had to relinquish control. Marjorie opened the bedroom door and pointing at me she instructed me to follow. I was glad to leave the drooling perverts behind but I wasn’t sure what would befall me outside the relative safety of the bedroom.
Marjorie stepped outside to the hallway; her read curls leading the way to her guest bedroom. She told me that we were going for a swim and I would receive something more suitable to wear down to the pool. I followed like a rabbit in headlights terrified that any straggler from the party would see me sauntering around in the nip. I followed obediently as she slowly made her way down the hallway approaching the staircase. Hearing footsteps on the stairs I prayed that Marjorie would quicken her pace but she paused and turned to see my panicked face. She took one of my hands in hers and pulled me after her into the bedroom just before the approaching footsteps got too close. I exhaled deeply in relief to be away from the glances of all and sundry outside but Marjorie’s wicked smile soon took all such sensations away. Still naked she tossed me a tiny towel and told me to wait outside the room whilst she got changed. In fact as I held it in my hands it more resembled a face cloth than a towel but I quickly wrapped it round my body nonetheless. She told me to wait outside in the hallway whilst she prepared herself for our swim. My tiny towel displayed almost my entire cleavage and stopped just at the top of my thighs. It barely wrapped around my body and I had to hold it tightly with both my hands, as there wasn’t enough material to hold it upright on its own. The footsteps that I heard not 10 seconds ago ascending up the stairs now materialised in the hallway. It was Sam and James, two of Simeones’s hunky friends from college and I could tell they looked more than surprised to see me, particularly in my current state.
“What a wonderful surprise,” said James, the six foot 3 quarterback exclaimed blatantly failing to make eye contact, instead his gaze drifted downwards at my barely covered breasts. Sam too who had never seen in me in anything less than ultra conservative attire looked like he’d seen a ghost and could barely hide his embarrassment for me. At least there were still gentlemen out there I thought, as I shuffled awkwardly against the bedroom door.
“So what are you up to later?” James asked still glancing directly downwards. Before I could answer, Marjorie stuck her head out the door, seemingly naked behind it, just titillating the young men further.
“We’re going for a swim, why don’t you join us, “ Marjorie remarked flirtatiously. Sam and James not needing further invitation departed to their guest bedroom next to ours to get togged out for a swim. Surely Marjorie was going to give me a costume I thought nervously, knowing that that now I wouldn’t be alone in the pool but as she closed her bedroom door she grabbed at my towel leaving completely nude and stranded outside her bedroom door again and with nowhere to go. She quickly locked her door behind me and told me through the door that she’d be out in a minute. I waited for what seemed like an eternity until finally I heard the door from the boy’s room next door begin to open. Not wanting to be discovered as I was, I opened the door across the hall and not having any clue as to what lay within, I entered pastures new. To my delight, the light was off and there didn’t appear to be anyone inside. I couldn’t really make out a thing in the darkness though and fumbled around until finally I seemed to come across a bed. Suddenly I began to feel really tired and I slid my body under the covers. It felt wonderful to be so beautifully preserved and hidden away and at that moment in time, I didn’t give a damn about Marjorie and the photos and all the other humiliations that had befallen me that night. I was finally out of the limelight and covered by fine silk sheets. All the trauma of the last few hours began to drift away as my body began to relax in the ultra comfortable king size bed. My head at rest, at last began to drift away to far off beautiful places. In my dream I was no longer alone as a hand drifted across the pillow and began to sensually brush through my hair, gently caressing my cheeks. My body felt alive as the fingers paused at my lips playfully making their way down to my breasts. I certainly wasn’t used to dreams like this but after the night I had, it felt wonderful to be far, far away. I moaned as the hands began to fondle my breasts, playfully teasing my now erect nipples. I moaned and groaned as I began to feel pleasure that I had never known imaginable and then believing my dream would never end reality hit me with a bang. A light switched on in the room and I screamed in fright. At the door stood no other than Mrs. Van Boren and to my complete astonishment next to me in bed was my university Dean.
“Lucifer’s ghost?” roared the Dean jumping out of bed taking the covers with him leaving me fully naked on the bed with the stare of two incredulous people on my naked body. Mrs. Van Boren was irate. Obviously I had unintentionally stolen in where she had dared to go but she had trouble taking the whole scene in. My mind still in an erotic swirl could not cope with this unwanted attention.
“What are you doing here?” Mrs. Van Boren beseeched in disbelief but I was unable for words as I continued to lay aroused on the bed. The Dean tried to plead his innocence but Mrs. Van Boren was highly sceptical.
“Admit it, you’d rather have this tramp than me.” She was furious at the Dean and in some strange way I began to feel sorry for her despite the fact she was seemingly heavily involved in an extra-marital affair in her own house.
“You don’t understand, he’s innocent, I….It was an accident, “ I spluttered out much to the disdain of the domineering Mrs Van Boren.
“Get out of here at once you little harlot and don’t you dare tell anyone about this or it’ll be your head, you got that, “ she roared causing me to jump off the bed and run to the door flashing my naked behind to the dean as I fled. When I exited the room Marjorie was standing there, towel in hand taking immense pleasure at my new shameful performance.
“Wow, you really are a true exhibitionist, “ Marjorie mischievously uttered, holding my towel open for me to fall into but I had enough. I pulled the towel off her and whilst wrapping myself, I declared:
“No more. I can’t take any more. I don’t care about the photos I’m getting my clothes back.”
“No problem, off you go. I’ll just return these to the boys and you can skirt around looking for clothes. Alternatively, you can follow me, have a nice relaxing swim and then I’ll give you an outfit and you can have the photos back and you can forget this ever happened. Of course, I doubt the dean will be able to forget in a hurry but that’s another matter.”
I didn’t really have an option and despite my brave words, I couldn’t let those pictures fall into the boys grasp again. Draped in my minuscule towel I followed Marjorie who was dressed immaculately in the finest quality bathrobe down to the pool. Along the way, we crossed the path of many of the partygoers, most of whom were my college mates all of whom cast admiring glances at my scandalous protection. The girls of course were not too enamoured with my outfit and were shocked at my sudden conversion to promiscuousness. Clenching the towel tightly to my body, each step was a huge effort to maintain dignity. Of course every male we met dashed immediately upstairs to grab a costume and join us for our sortie at the pool. Along the way we met Simeone also who looked ever so pleased to see me.
“Where were you all night? “ she asked apparently forgetting the mishap that had befallen me. My discomfort in the towel was striking but the oft-flash Simeone seemed oblivious to my concerns.
“We’ve been all over the place, great party, we’re just going for a swim now, why don’t you come and get as many as you can to join us.” Marjorie interjected before I could say a word.
“Sounds like a great idea. I’ll see you down there in a minute,” Simeone replied and headed off in a shot towards her bedroom to fetch a swimsuit. I so wanted to just admit my story there and then but before I got the chance a stern looking Mr. Van Boren walked around the corner hurriedly almost knocking us down in the process. Temporarily off balance, my hands let go of the towel for just a second temporarily flashing the disconsolate adult. The towel fell to the ground and I squatted feverishly to the floor to retrieve my scant protection. Marjorie squealed with laughter whilst at the same time taking one step forward onto the towel to prevent my salvage. Failing to free the towel, I hugged my naked body trying as best I could to hide my intimate body parts from the now flustered Mr. Van Boren.
“Oh, am, excuse me, I was just looking for my wife, “ he mumbled unintelligently keeping his gaze away from my huddled body. Marjorie raised her foot from the towel and I quickly pulled it round my body, my breasts jumping out of the towel as I rose swiftly to my feet. I tried to apologise but as I struggled to retain any integrity, Mr Van Boren flippantly remarked:
“That’s okay but perhaps you could dress more conservatively, if Josh and Billy saw you, well, I hate to think what thoughts would pass through their minds.”
“I’ll try to keep her in check, but she just loves to fool around,” Marjorie responded, as I stood shell-shocked against the wall. Every member of the Van Boren family had seen far more of me than I would have liked but on we ventured poolside for what I assumed even more degradation to come. We passed no more stragglers on the way and eventually we made it to the dimly lit outdoor pool.

5

I knew it wouldn’t be long before we were joined by a large majority of the crowd but before I could gather my breath Marjorie whipped away my towel and once again I felt the cool night air shiver against my skin. Anyone looking out a window at the side of the house would easily make out my milky white skin glowing in the darkness. Marjorie ordered me onto the diving board and demanded I not jump until I got the go ahead from her. She removed the camera phone and began capturing my suspended body as I hopped up and down on the board, my hands extended upwards as per her instructions. I was never a comfortable swimmer and certainly didn’t fancy the prospect of late night skinny-dipping but as I began to hear voices approach I desperately wanted to get my body out of sight and into the dark water. Just as the approaching partygoers came into view, I heard Marjorie scream, “JUMP!”
I dived head first into the water; my naked frame seemed suspended in the air for a lifetime until I felt the sudden rush of freezing water crash against my skin. My nude body completely submerged, only instinct was to escape the icy cold pool. Uncontrollably I hurled my body upwards both to gasp for air and get out of the sub-zero water. I managed to spin my body to a 180-degree revolution flashing only my back to the advancing crowd. As I dropped back down into the water it became apparent that no one had realised my state of undress in the water. I received nothing but howls of encouragement as steadily the numbers around the pool grew and grew. Within a minute there were at least twenty to thirty spectators crowded round, as I dared not allow even the tips of my shoulders come into view. Instead I just allowed my head to bob at the top of the water whilst under the water I hugged my bare breasts hoping that no one could discern my most unfortunate circumstances. A chorus of questions were rained on me as I dallied in the middle of the pool surrounded in all directions.
“Is it cold?”
“What are you wearing?”
“Is it nice?”
“Should we join you?”
The barrage of questions hit me from all angles and I was unable to answer any of them. Then Simeone arrived on the scene looking as magnificent as ever. She wore a trim 2-piece bikini, which perfectly accentuated her spectacular figure.
“Get those heaters going and turn those lights on, I can’t see a thing.”
The first part of the sentence cheered me up but the idea of the pool being fully lit up left me certain that I was finally going to be exposed. In seconds the turbo fan heater furiously pumped warm water into the pool. I could see by the sides of the pool where the fans were that there was so much rippling going on that it was possible to keep one’s body unseen under the intense ripples. I quickly sank to the bottom of the pool and headed directly for the pumps despairing that my naked silhouette could be seen from the waters edge. Halfway through my underwater dash I noticed the pool brighten up but there was no way to retreat from here. When I next surfaced by the powerful blustery pump there was an almost tangible elevation in the excitement level around the pool. I could not be certain that this was down to the discovery of my naked dip or merely that the pool became far more hospitable to the would be swimmers. One by one all those around the pool started diving in. I must admit to being quite impressed by wondrous the bodies of my college pals, though none more spectacular than Simeone. When she dived in, she received a rapturous applause from all present, around fifteen or so now at this point. Fortunately no one had as yet seemed to notice my precarious predicament though I knew that Marjorie wasn’t going to allow that to continue for much longer. As Simeone began to swim towards me, I cringed under the rippling water, which caused a stir within me as well. She reached out to hug me and as I responded I could feel my naked body brush against her covered breasts. She fleetingly withdrew, as her deep blue eyes expanded first in shock followed swiftly by delight when she discovered my state of undress. I felt her hand slide down my back stopping to see if I was completely undressed.
“You’re so wild Kate!” she whispered to me as her caressing began to turn me on.
“No, no you don’t understand, Marjorie did this to me, “ I replied and as I did so, I could see the waspish redhead stare at me menacingly from across the pool but the torrent of bubbles and Simeone's embrace continued to shield my nudity.
“Hey Katie, why don’t you show us you’re diving skills,” Marjorie called out across the pool.
“That’s okay, I’m quite content where I am, thanks,” I responded knowing full well that Marjorie would not take no for an answer.
“Oh, I think you might regret it if you don’t,” she retorted sarcastically grabbing the attention of all the other swimmers. I didn’t know what to do. Either I flash everyone now and hope Marjorie would not show everyone the photos or refuse and have her expose me anyway. Before I could choose, I felt Simeone tugging my arm. Still just keeping my head above the water, in her hand she had what felt like her bikini bottom. I never in my life felt so much affection for any human being.
“Hurry put it on,” she murmured not wanting to draw any more attention on us than necessary. Fumbling awkwardly in the water I managed to slip the article on, though it felt extremely tight on my much larger rear. Dipping further underwater, Simeone untied her top and handed it to me. I turned to face the side of the pool and Simeone masterfully tied it at the back. To Marjorie’s complete astonishment and disgust, I climbed out of the pool clad in a bikini albeit a mismatched fitting. To much whistles I speedily approached the diving board and dived back into the water. This time the water did feel warm and pleasant as I soared along the bottom of the pool towards Simeone. Whilst underwater I could make out the full majesty of her body as I surfaced right next to her. She kicked her legs wildly underwater with excitement as I sprung up next to her. I looked across at Marjorie and saw the scowl of a jealous woman looking back. Perhaps once it was her role as accomplice for Simeone’s wild ways. If it was she could have it back. It was quite too much excitement for me to handle. In any case she dared not cross Simeone in her own house and risk losing her friendship. By now everyone in the pool was getting tired and distracted and I easily managed to return Simeone’s suit to her though I really just longed to get out of there. Unfortunately, I couldn’t just leave her there and besides she had a plan. She would get everyone out of the pool and meet me in five minutes in the steam room, which was located just 100 or so metres from the pool around the corner in case Marjorie returned with back up and we were certain she would. As Marjorie was living she was careful to pick up any spare scrap of clothing lying around which might otherwise have saved me. In any case all I now had to do was make a short journey to the steam room and my troubles would be over. The steam room connected with the house as well so it would be easy for Simeone to return to me undetected and finally I could return to the world of the living (and clothed). When the lights went out by the pool, I seized my chance and pulled my naked person from the pool. I glanced back at the house praying that no one would see as I dragged my nude dripping body through the shadows. Only the one shining from my behind eclipsed the full moon above. At great risk of exposure I cautiously made my way to the steam room trying to hide myself as best I could behind the various poolside furniture that lay dormant under the night sky. I was sure my pale body was quite luminous in the darkness however and as I glanced back at the house I could see a light switch on in one of the upstairs windows. As I stealthily made my way around the corner of the house now completely exposed to the elements, I heard a loud male shout from one of the windows.
“STREAKER!” the unknown male voice boomed from above. My cover such that it was blown. Suddenly, all the lights in the house came flickering on one by one. The alarm was sounded. In any minute any number of people would be out trying to find the “streaker”. Rounding the corner and temporarily out of sight I made a mad dash for the steam room. I escaped through the door not caring what waited inside. I slammed the door behind me and only then did I realise that I was not alone yet again. Fortunately the room was so misted up that it was impossible to see more than a few feet in front of me, which hid me from any eyes that might lurk inside.

“Is that you love? I’ve been looking for you everywhere,” echoed the voice of Mr. Van Boren though the room. Not knowing what else to do and certainly not wanting to face outside where by now the search for me would begin I quietly and as posh as possible to mimic the voice of his wife.
“Yes dear,” I replied in my poshest fake accent, terrified I’d be discovered but the answer seemed to satisfy the portly Mr. Van Boren.
“Excellent, now be a doll and massage my shoulders, I’m awfully stiff.”
What was I to do? I stepped forward into the steam room and low and behold, there he was stretched out on his stomach wrapped in nothing but a towel. I was certain that in any minute Simeone would come and rescue me from this most heinous situation. When I got nearer he began to turn his head to glance at me but before he could, I pressed his head down gently and before I knew it, I began to gently massage his shoulders.
“Oh, that feels so good, “ he decried as we heard a knock from outside.
“Hey, anyone in here?”
“Yeah, there’s a chick running around and she’s naked!”
The excited voices of my college friends boomed in from outside but for the first time I heard Mr. Van Boren lose his temper. Mr. Van Boren responded with fury. His calm relaxing massage was being interrupted by the troubles of the outside world and besides he had already caught an eyeful for one night.
“Get away from here, there’s no one in here but me and my wife!” he barked having lost all patience. I could feel his muscles tensing up on his back once more and he spoke to me almost dizzily “that daughter of ours and her friends are so much damn trouble.”
“Shhhhhhhhhh,” I replied trying to calm the man down. Just where was Simeone with my clothes? But on I went just massaging him further and further. Every time I leaned over I was terrified my bare skin or nipples would touch his back whilst all the while I scanned around for a towel or anything to preserve my dignity. All the while he beckoned me lower and lower until eventually I reached his towel. Nonchalantly he shifted his position and unwrapped the towel. He lay on top of it still as I moved my hands lower and lower not daring to stop for fear that he’d arise and see me. The strange tranquillity was suddenly broken with a roar.
“What the hell are you doing with my father?” Simeone yelled out. Mr. Van Boren jumped up in fright, revealing his entirely naked body to his daughter.
“DADDY, YUCK!” she screamed.
“What the hell? You’re not my wife!” he said whilst covering himself with his towel. Once again I was the only naked person in the room.
“Katie, I thought you were my friend, how could you do this to me?”
“No, please, it’s not what it looks like, I swear, I,……..” but the words just didn’t come.
“After all I’ve done for. I brought you into my house, I introduced you to all my friends. How could you?”
At that moment Mrs. Van Boren arrived and she did not seem too pleased to see either.
“I want you out of my house, harlot, this instance!”
I pleaded for clothes but none were forthcoming. The verbal dressing down I received was almost as harsh as everything else I endured throughout the night. I pleaded once more but to no avail.
“YOU’RE GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!” Mrs. Van Boren screamed finally having lost all patience. She charged at me and before I knew she was sweeping me outside into the cold chilly air once more.
“Look, there she is!”

6

The search party got another eyeful as me, as I was bundled out the door. They could barely believe their eyes as they saw me tumble out to the garden with Mrs. Van Boren right behind me, like a dog after a bone. I ran for cover down the huge lawn of the Van Boren’s with everyone following me. But they were no match for my speed. The adrenaline in my body propelled me to incredible speed as I tore away into the night. I heard the voice of Mrs. Van Boren one last time as I made my humiliating escape.
“Don’t worry, we’ll catch her in the morning, I haven’t gone hunting in ages!” With that a great cheer bellowed out from the guests Looking back I could see the Van Boren’s country estate getting smaller as I ran through field upon field of grass. After an eternity of scampering through the grasslands I paused to get my breath back. Simeone had told me about the huge estate her family owned and I wondered if I was still in their grounds. What I did know for certain was that I was completely lost and with little light to guide me, there was no way to find a road or anyway out of here. It was still quite chilly and I set about making an artificial bed for myself out of leaves and branches and anything else I could get my hands on. By this stage I was covered in mud anyway having traipsed through countless fields and meadows. With little choice, I set myself down by a ditch, closed my eyes and prayed that by morning my fortune would improve. All night long, strange foreign bodies pricked and picked at my tender pale skin. I guess it was as much as a surprise for them to have me around as it was for me to be there with them. I must say, there was nothing peaceful about my rest in the countryside.
I awoke up the next morning with a start. Surely it had been all a bad dream. As I started pulling last nights make shift bed off my body (dried leaves and branches) the harsh reality of the situation dawned on me. As if to further waken me from my lumbered slumber, I heard a loud sound bellowing in the distance. It sounded like a horn of sorts echoing continuously in the background. I figured it must have been coming from the Van Borens. I climbed up a tree to get an idea of what was happening. In the distance I could see a cloud of dust rising by the Van Boren stables. The hunt was on………..for me. I climbed down from the tree, utterly conscious of my naked state, terrified I’d be the prey of the country nobility, I fled in panic as fast as I could away from the rumbling of hooves that grew louder by the second. The horn sounded again, it was getting closer. My heart skipped a beat as I heard the sound of dogs barking madly. I was too disorientated to think. I tried to wrap branches around me, sticking leaves onto my sticky, muddy breasts. I yelped as a thorn dug into my bare behind, causing a slight abrasion on my rear. The sounds grew nearer and nearer as I heard another horn bellow out. They were within metres of me now, I was sure. Suddenly the dogs were at my feet, barking ferociously at me. Four of them circled around me. I was completely trapped. They gnarled and bore their teeth at me but they did not attack. I froze awaiting the inevitable arrival of the hunt, the few twigs and leaves offering only scant protection for my nude state. In seconds the hunt was on me led by Mrs. Van Boren who landed a perfectly delivered whack on my behind with her whip. I had nowhere to turn as a score of mounted horses encircled me.

to be continued, maybe