**Erica**

**01 - Worst day of my life - Part 1 by KrlyB**

I cant believe all that happened on this fateful day! It all happened so fast! It was a Saturday of June, and the weather was great. My best friend Alicia suggested we go to this huge water park in the nearby town. I was glad to agree since it was the last weekend we could relax before working on our exams. We took the train for the one hour trip to Aqua Park! The trip is long, but it's worth it. We already went over there last year and the place is so cool! You have a lot of slides, huge swimming pools with waves, some kind of river in the woods you ride with big floaters, all that in the open air! We finally made it and paid the fee to enter. It really was expansive, but we only come here once in a year, so I already made my mind I wouldn't buy any CDs for one or two weeks. Once inside the park, we went to the change rooms and choose one to change. We were best friends since childhood and already saw ourselves naked countless times during sleepovers, so we went to the same room. I removed my top and my skirt and rummaged in my bag to find my swimsuit. Alicia was already putting her bikini on. I removed my towel from my bag, then my soap and shampoo and began to panic: the bag was empty!

"Ho fuck! I forgot my swimsuit!" "Are you sure? Did you look everywhere?" "Of course I looked everywhere! I didn't take it! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" "Let me look..." Alicia looked in my bag and had to admit it wasn't there! "Well, you could go in your underwear... nobody would notice the difference..." "Are you kidding? Even if you were right, I couldn't do that, I'm not wearing a bra!" She looked me over and sure enough, I was just wearing panties as I already removed my outerwear. "Just go like that!" "Are you kidding? This is not a beach, woman don't go around topless! It's like in a swimming pool, you don't show your breast here!" Alicia looked me over silently for an instant then said: "Women don't go around toples, OK. But little girls sometimes do! With your small breast and petite stature, you could be mistaken for a little girl who hasn't anything to hide up there yet..." "WHAT??? You're fucking out of your mind!!" I know I have small breast - that's why I wasn't wearing a bra - and I knew I'm often mistaken for younger than my age but she's got to be kidding! There's no way people would thin of me as a little girl young enough to go around topless! I'm sixteen for god's sake! I told her all that and she frowned and said: "Look, if you want to exit, go back home and say good bye to your money for a useless two hours train trip, then do it! But with or without you, I'll definitely go in! I'm not the one who forgot her swimsuit!" And with that, she took her stuff and was about to open the door. "No wait! Look... let's talk about it... there has to be another way..." She stopped and thought it over. "I don't see any other way! Besides you have nothing to loose! If they think you are too old, they'll just throw you away... At least you would have tried it!" I thought about it. She was right, but I still had a problem with being topless. I mean, my breast is definitely not the part of my body I'm the proudest of! I always tried to hide my flat chest under loose clothes, and here she's asking me to prance around topless in front of dozens of people! "I don't know... I've never been topless in public..." I said weakly. "So what? What do you have to hide, anyway?" She was harsh on me! I may have small breast, but I wasn't completely flat either. My tits were a little swell, probably the thickness of my index finger. But what made me different from a little girl in my eyes were my nipples. You see, I have those wide areolas that take more than half the surface of my swellings. And my nipples are really long. And I mean it. Even when I'm not cold (or horny), they poke out of my chest. They are wider than a pen and as long as my little finger's last phalange. That definitely fit in the "to hide" category! But I couldn't bring myself to talk about my nipples to Alicia. We may be best friends; it is a too sensitive matter to me. So I answered: "Nothing... But..." "So what's the problem? We shouldn't meet anybody we know, anyway! And I swear I won't tell anyone about this, ever!" "I don't know..." "Look, you can just try! There's always some security at the exit of the change rooms. If they let you in, there should be no problem for the rest of the day! And if you feel uncomfortable, you can always exit when you feel like it. I'm just asking you to try. We paid to come here and I don't want to spend the rest of the day alone..." She took my hand and looked me in the eyes with that "caring friend" look and I thought what the heck! "Ok I'll try, but I really don't think it is gonna work!" "Great! Lets go!" I put my stuff in my bag and we exited the changing rooms. There were lockers on the wall just outside the change rooms. Alicia put her stuff in one locker and told me to put mine with hers. The locker was big enough and I wouldn't have to carry the key on a bracelet. Still, I had a sinking feeling when she closed the locker. There I was wearing only panties in a crowded place! Well it wasn't that crowded here, but I knew there would be a lot of people outside the change room area! She put the key-bracelet around her ankle and headed to the exit. She said: "Try not to act embarrassed! You have to look like an innocent little girl who doesn't care about her breast." I quickly dropped my arms to my sides - I had crossed them on my breast to try to hide those huge nipples that were unexpectedly growing bigger right now, and it couldn't be from the cold! What was wrong with me? I was almost shaking with embarrassment when we arrived at the end of the hall. Alicia passed in front a young security woman. When I was in front of her, she said: "Wait a minute, little girl! How old are you? Are you over 12?" "Yes I am!" I said. "She's with me. She is just 12! Is there a problem?" said Alicia! "No it's just that kids under 12 are not allowed on the slides! Can she swim?" "Ho! I think she swims OK... Don't worry! I'll keep an eye on her!" "You can ask for arm bands over there, if you need..." "OK thank you!" "Be careful and have fun! And don't run, you could slip easily." She said that last looking at me with a smile.

Alicia took my hand and pulled me away. I was completely speechless! That woman wondered if I was more than 12! She thought I could possibly be younger!!! Is she blind or something? I couldn't believe the way they talked about me like I was some 12 year old girl having trouble to swim! I'm a good swimmer! I already was at 12 anyway! "See? I told you it would work!" said Alicia with a smile. I looked around and started to really panic! We were just in front of a huge swimming pool with long chairs around it. This is the place people rest when they are tired. There was even a bar. And the place was crowded! Really crowded! I couldn't believe I was standing there wearing just my panties! My panties, for god's sake! All that worry about me showing my tits made me completely forget I was wearing panties instead of bikini bottoms! Those were skimpy white cotton panties, that rode high on the hips, and I began to worry about what they would look like once they were wet. They were certainly not the modest kind of panties. As Alicia led me to the first slide, I felt them riding up my ass. That worried me too because I may have girlish breast, my ass is curvy and - I have been told - sexy. That couldn't be mistaken for a 12 year old ass! I was pondering all that when Alicia started to walk up the stairs to the slide. I quickly followed her because I didn't want to stay alone here! I felt like a scared little girl! I wondered what worse could happen, but didn't have to wonder long. A group of teenage boys came behind me on the stairs. I heard their comments: "Wow! Look at that ass!" "Yeah! It's hot! And look! She's topless!" "Hey! You're right! I bet her tits are hot too!" They didn't have to wonder for long because the stairs stopped and there was a U-turn with just a slope between me and them. I turned and faced them - I didn't have a choice, I couldn't walk backwards - and they were all staring at my breast! My face turned red and I tried to walk nonchalantly. Once I was further, the comments came back. "Looks like you lost your bet!" "I don't agree... Did you see those nipples? I would love to play with them!" That one sent a tingle in my nipples. They grew bigger. I scratched one without thinking and gasped! It was so sensitive I felt like melting! What was wrong with me? I dropped my hand and caught back on Alicia.

We came to the top of the stairs, and Alicia went down the slide. I had to wait like forever for a red light to turn green before I could go. The boys were just behind me making all sorts of comments on my ass and nipples. I was glad when it finally turned green. I dove head first on my front because I didn't want to show them my tits again. That was a mistake because each bump between the pieces of the slide sent like an electric jolt in my nipples. They were over stimulated and I could feel my pussy growing wet, and not from the water of the slide. I was actually moaning when I reached the end of the slide. I was thrown in the air and landed in a pool. I swam up for air but a little too quickly because that sent my panties around my ankles! If I hadn't the reflex to flex my feet, I would have lost them! But I was in swimming pool too deep to put my feet on the ground and I had to swim away before the boys came down. I was sinking and had the reflex to swim to keep my head above the surface. That sent my panties off of my left foot. I pulled my right leg up and caught them with my hand before I lost them for good. I started to swim to the edge, totally naked with my panties balled up in my hand. The pool was big in it's not that easy to swim with only one hand. Especially when you are in state of panic like I was! I hadn't swum half the distance when the boys started falling from the slide behind me. Oh my god! This can't be happening! I started to swim faster, but I was short of air. The nipple teasing in the slide had left me completely breathless. One of the boys, then a second one swam past me -one on each side- and reached the edge of the pool just in front of me. They turned around and looked at me with big smiles. I reached the edge and held onto it with my free hand while holding my panties tightly in the other hand. Oh god! Did they know I was naked? I couldn't put my panties back just in front of them, could I? They were on each side of me really close, almost touching me! One of them asked me if I needed help to exit the water. I declined in a whisper. Please please please go away!!! Alicia came to me and probably thought they were bothering me. She wanted me to give her my hand so that she could pull me out of the water. "Wait! I have to catch my breath back!" She looked at me with a suspicious look. "Are you OK? You look flustered..." "I'm OK! I was just... surprised by the speed of that slide..." "Really? This is a slow one, you know?" The other boys were there too by that time and they exited the water. But they didn't go away! They stayed right there! They probably wanted to have another look at my body. Other people were falling from the slide and I started to worry that somebody would notice I was naked. I tried to untangle my panties under the water with one hand, but that's not easy! I finally had them correctly and tried to put my foot in the correct hole. Alicia was starting to be impatient. "Are we going yet? I want to try the faster ones!" Just a minute! I'm trying to put my panties back on! Of course I didn't say that out loud. But she was right, I had to be quick because there were people coming from the slides, and the boys were starting to suspect something. I let go of the hand holding the edge of the pool and used both my hands to put my panties back on under the water. Of course that made me sink and I had to swim back up- carefully this time! I then used both my hands to pull myself out of the water. I couldn't avoid some slippage of my panties by doing so, but they mostly stayed at hip level, just short of showing my pussy, and probably displaying a good amount of butt cleavage at the back. I stood up on shaky legs and adjusted them. And gasped! My god they were completely see-through! You could make out my very light blond patch of hair above the lips (I trimmed it a lot, leaving just a very thin band of hair, probably too thin to be visible from a certain distance; my hair was very sparse to begin with, so there wasn't much hair left), and you could make out every details of my pussy! I could even see my clit trying to escape its hood! That's probably a consequence of the nipple teasing I got in the slide! The boys had really huge smiles, and I was happy to follow Alicia who wanted to go to another slide. They probably could see my butt like it was naked when we left, but what choice did I have?

I wanted to leave the park and dress again, but Alicia was walking fast and I was too breathless to talk, so I followed her. I didn't want to be alone in here! I could see the boys following us. Alicia led us to another slide. This wasn't really a slide, much like an artificial river. You had to take one of those huge floater and ride the river. Alicia took one and walked to the stairs leading to the start of the river. I picked one for me and followed her. Once we were on top of the stairs, there was some kind of pool were you can put your floater down to sit on it. There were a lot of people and we had to wait because the place was too small. We were waiting there when my fate decided to humiliate me some more. "Hey! It's Alicia!" We turned to look at the person who said that. "... and her friend Erica!" (Thats my name, by the way...) I looked and suddenly felt the blood leaving my face. Here was Lisa - aka "The bitch" - the girl I hated the most in my class! She is a big blond girl with huge breast always flirting with all the guys at school. "Wow Erica! I love your swimsuit! But didn't you forget to put one part on?" Next to her was her friend Carry (another bitch like her) and to make it all worse, there were John and Henry. John was Lisa's current boyfriend and a jerk too. But Henry... that's the guy I had a crush on since the beginning of the school year! I hadn't found the nerve to tell him yet, but now I knew I could say good-bye to all my dreams with him!What was he doing with those bitches anyway? "And look at your bottoms! We can see everything thru them!" The bitch was of course making fun of me and her friends were openly laughing at me! Why? Why did I listen to Alicia? Why did I come in here wearing only panties? Why did the bitch come here the same day? And why did she have to take Henry with her?? I was completely speechless. "Could you tell us why in the hell you are here topless with completely see-thru bottoms?" The bitch wouldn't leave that unnoticed, of course; she had to rub it in! Alicia answered for me. "She forgot her swimsuit, so I convinced her to enter here in her underwear..." They all laughed at that. Thank you Alicia for mentioning I was in my underwear!!! "You could have kept your bra too!" said a laughing Carry. "She didn't have one..." added Alicia. I was glad she is my best friend! What would an enemy do in her place? "It figures! With those small tities, you really don't need one!" said the bitch. "Her tits are small but look at those nipples! They are huge!" That was Henry! I guess my crush on him has just disappeared! And I thought that guy was sweet. It figures with friends like those! Now everybody was looking at my nipples. I put my arm in front of them, to the disappointment of my public. "Look! There's a third one down there! It looks even bigger!" said John. I looked down at the same time as everybody and gasped. "That's her clit, stupid!" said the bitch. Oh god! He was right! There was my clit, bigger than ever, trying to poke thru my panties. Carry lowered her hand and touched it lightly. "Wow! I've never seen one so big!" I moaned loudly and quickly put my hand in front of my crotch! What in the hell is she thinking about! Touching my clit like that in front of everybody! She almost made me cum right there! I was completely breathless! How could this happen to me? This is definitely the worst day of my life! "She looks horny!" said Henry. Yeah, thanks to pointing that out. "I can't wait to tell this to everybody at school!" said the bitch. That's it! I'm dead meat. Everybody will make fun of me for the rest of my life, and here I was, hornier than I've ever been, completely helpless. Alicia took my arm and pulled me away, and sat me down on my floater. "Don't listen to them, Erica. Let's go!" She pushed me in the river and followed quickly. I let myself go down with the river. My brain had melted or something and I couldn't have any constructed thought. Luckily, they didn't follow really close, and we quickly left the river and walked away. Alicia wanted to continue, but there was no way I could take more of this. I told her I was done and wanted to leave. She tried to convince me to stay and at least to try the Superspeed slide, but I told her to go ahead, and I'd wait for her at the exit. She told me she understood and said she'd be quick. I told her to take her time, I didn't mind waiting outside (and dressed!!). We had paid for this after all, and I didn't want to spoil her day too. With a quick hug, we separated.

I went to the locker room the faster I could. The security women told me again not to run. Of course she still believes I'm a 12 year old girl... I was glad to be inside that building. I'll finally be able to dress! I came to the locker and blanched. The key! Alicia has the key! I cannot dress! I have to find her! I almost dropped down on my knees to cry. How could I forget about that fucking key? How is it possible for a situation like that to become worst every minute? I waited a minute to compose myself and headed to the exit, determined to find Alicia quickly and get into my clothes as soon as possible. "I said don't run!" The security woman was looking at me with a frown. I walked until I was out of view and then ran, heading to the Superspeed slide. That was where Alicia wanted to go. I headed to where the slide ended, but she was nowhere to be seen. Maybe she was still in the queue at the start of the slide. I could see people up there. I ran to the stairs and headed up. Once I was on top, I just saw her go down the slide! That's just great! I was again completely breathless and tried to catch my breath. The queue was gradually ending, but I didn't want to go down that slide! Especially after what happened after the first slide. I looked down the stairs, and I saw the bitch and her friends heading up. Oh god! There's no way I could walk past them. They would tease me merciless! I did the only thing I could do: I went down the slide. I was on my back and screamed all the way. This slide was really fast! In about 2 seconds, I was thrown in the air and splashed in a pool. While trying to go to the surface, I felt my panties had slipped again! They were completely off one leg. They were around my right ankle. I tried to lift my leg to catch them like I did after the first slide, but they slipped away! I mean one instant they were around my ankle, and the next instant, they were gone! Nothing around my ankle, nothing in my hands! Now this was really bad! I tried to spin my arms around, hoping to find them but I quickly felt breathless. I had to go up to the surface. I swam up and took a big gulp of air. I looked around me and lost any hope to find my panties. We were in a big pool, and the water coming out of the slide had carried me away, and I couldn't see through the water. There was no way I would find my panties back. And the bitch and her friends would be coming down in an instant! What should I do? I was now at the edge of the pool, still trying to find my panties. Then I saw John falling from the slide. I couldn't stay there! I bolted out of the water and ran naked, heading to the changing room. I thought I'd lock myself in a changing room and wait for Alicia to come back there. I heard whistles and catcalls. Every head was turned to me!

Nothing worse than whistles and humiliating comments happened during my dash to the changing room (it is bad enough!). I was about to enter the building when a hand grabbed my arm. "I TOLD YOU NOT TO RUN!!! Fuck! The security woman! "And what happened to your swimsuit, young lady?" "I ... hu... lost it..." "You lost it? What were you up to when you removed it in the first place?" "No... I didn't..." "I know! You didn't do it on purpose, it was an accident, and it wasn't your fault. I hear this shit everyday!" "But I..." All the people around us were looking at me now. "You nothing! Where's the person in charge of you?" "I... lost her..." "You lost her, hu? Just like your swimsuit? Maybe she is in the lost and found box?" What was wrong with this woman? I felt like the little girl she thought I was. "I don't know..." "Well I don't know where she is, but I'm certainly not letting you run around naked until I find her!" That was a good plan! I would hide in the changing room while shed look for Alicia! "Come with me!" What? NO!!! She dragged me toward the slides area, right where I came from. People who saw me running naked were still there to have a second good look at me! And with that female-dragon-woman holding my arm like I was just a toy in her hand, there was no way I could cover anything! Now my humiliation was complete! Well I thought it was. But it was about to get much worse! Guess who came just in front of us? You have it: the Bitch and her friends! "Now, now what do we have there!" she said with a smile even bigger than any smile I've ever seen in my life. "Do you know her?" asked the security woman. "Of course I know her!" answered the Bitch. "Do you know where the girl who was in charge of this little brat here is?" "In charge? Ho! That would be Alicia... No I don't know where she is. What happened?" "Well, this girl wouldn't listen to me when I told her not to run. And she happened to 'loose' her swimsuit. It's the first time I heard of anything like that. Could you believe it?" "She lost her swimsuit? How could that happen? She must have removed it before she lost it somewhere..." "That's what I thought. How could you loose your swimsuit! That's silly!" "I think she needs a good correction" said the Bitch, while she gave me a swat right on my ass. I was stunned. She just spanked me here in front of dozens of people. There was quite a crowd now around us. The security woman was still holding one of my arms, and my other arm was hanging at my side. I felt completely helpless in this situation. I was the deer caught in the headlights.

At that time, Alicia arrived. She was really surprised to see me naked with all those people around me. She came over and asked what happened. The security woman explained again what she said to the Bitch and hinted that I probably needed a good correction. I wanted to scream that I wasn't a little girl, but that would make things worse. She would know I had lied to her about my age before. Alicia managed to keep her calm and said she would bring me back home and handle my case with my parents. She said they were very strict and I would regret my behavior. She was so serious I feared she would tell my parents for real. She then took my arm and told me I'd better behave now. The Bitch administered another spat on my ass and said I needed a warm up before tonight, and I almost jumped on her. She was lucky Alicia held my arm! How dare she? Alicia then led me to the changing room and scolded me all the way like I was a little girl. I certainly fell like one! We finally reached the locker. Alicia took our stuff and we entered a change room. There, she hugged me and I cried on her shoulder for an eternity. She dried me and dressed me in my top and skirt (I had no underwear left). We finally left and headed home. I didn't say a word on the trip back home while Alicia tried to comfort me. I couldn't stop thinking about what happened and about what would happen at school when everybody will know - I had no doubt they would. I reached my house and went straight to my bedroom. I removed my clothes, laid down on my bed and masturbated. I had more than five of the biggest orgasms of my life, and then fell asleep.

That's how ended the worst day of my life...

**02 – It’s getting worse! by KrylB**

I told you the other day about the worst day of my life (see story: "The worst day of my life")... All that happened to me on that day was really worse than anything I've lived until that day. I was seen topless, then naked by dozens of people at the water park, including the biggest bitch of the school: Lisa. The worst of all was that I couldn't really blame anybody. I willingly entered that park topless, because I forgot my swimsuit and Alicia convinced me that with my small breast, I could be mistaken for a little girl and it wouldn't be a problem to walk around wearing just my panties. She was curiously right concerning the security woman who let me enter the park, but that brought me to expose myself to a lot of people. I even lost my panties after going down one speedy slide and ended up naked in front of everybody, including two girls and two guys from my school (one of them I had a crush on!).

When I came back to school on Monday, I could see everybody whispering while looking at me. Lisa the Bitch had already spread the word about my adventure. I met her in front of my locker - she was obviously waiting for me - and looked at her with pleading eyes. "Hi Erica! I see you didn't forget to wear clothes today?" People were laughing around us. I didn't answer and clenched my fists. "Too bad! You were so sexy with those two tiny tities of yours exposed the other day!" I still didn't answer. What could I say? People were really laughing hard by now. "But that was nothing compared to when you ended up completely naked! I wouldn't have thought you'd look so childish naked! You have almost no hair and your tits are so small I think my ten year old sister has bigger ones than you!" She really was a bitch! What did she want? Humiliate me some more? That was working! She walked closer to me. "That's because of those loose clothes you wear!" She caught the hem of my t-shirt with both her hands and lifted it as high as she could. I lifted my hands to try to catch my t-shirt but that was a bad idea because she could lift it higher. I was caught with my arms at face level, and my t-shirt turned inside out around my face. I wasn't wearing a bra and my tits were exposed to everyone in the hall! It wasn't intentional, I don't own any bra. My mother didn't want to buy me one because she said I don't need one. She always said she would buy me one when I'd get something to put in it. Well, thanks to her, all the people around me could see I didn't need one! Lisa tried to pull on my t-shirt to remove it completely and there wasn't a lot I could do. She had it off me in a second and there I was topless in the school hall trying to hold onto my t-shirt while she was trying to get it free. I heard a little tearing sound but just at that time we heard a teacher yelling at the end of the hall. "What's all the commotion here?" Lisa quickly let go of my t-shirt and I put it on the faster I could. When the teacher came to us, I was just finishing putting the t-shirt down. That was close! He looked at me with a suspicious look and said: "What's going on here?" "Nothing..." I said weakly. I didn't dare turning Lisa in and when I glanced at her I saw an evil sparkle in her eye. She now knew she could get away with stripping me of my t-shirt in front of everybody, and I wouldn't dare telling a teacher. She was already thinking about what she would do to humiliate me further, but I didn't realize any of this. I felt way too embarrassed and only wanted to think about something else and go away from her! She walked away, saying: "I'll see you later, Erica!" I didn't like the way she emphasized the word "see"! The teacher looked me over and said: "It looks like you dressed in a hurry this morning: your t-shirt is inside-out, with the back in front!" he said with a smile. I looked down, and sure enough, there was the label that should be in my back, hidden inside the t-shirt. I turned redder than I was (which was really red, I can tell you!) and mumbled a thank you. I quickly left to the toilets to put it back correctly.

I rushed into a stall and locked myself. I sat down and put my face in my hands. That was too much! I knew I would be teased, but she stripped me! I was glad I was wearing trousers, and not a skirt! She would probably have lifted it too! How dare she doing something like that! I removed my t-shirt and gasped when it caught on my nipples. There were so hard! I realized I was horny as hell! I dropped my jeans down along with my panties because I had to piss. When I was done I took some paper and patted my pussy. I almost came on the spot! I couldn't avoid moaning and heard some giggles outside the cubicle. Oh god, now I'm humiliating myself on my own! I quickly put my jeans and panties back on and tried to put the t-shirt correctly. There was a tearing under my right arm. I could hide it if I kept my arm down. Damn hot weather! I didn't have a sweater with me!

I walked out of the stall and there were five or six girls looking at me with big smiles. I went to the sink and tried to put my hair correctly, forgetting I was showing the hole in my t-shirt to the girls at my right. "Did you enjoy yourself in there?" asked one of them. I pretend not to hear and blushed scarlet while they all laughed at me. "It is hot in here! I think you need some more ventilation!" She grabbed my t-shirt where it was torn and pulled it apart. I screamed and she let go, but not before she had torn it some more. They all left the bathroom still laughing at me. I looked at my t-shirt and it was bad. The tearing started under my arm - there was only 2 or 3 cm of material still holding the short sleeve together - and ran down to 10 cm before the hem. The t-shirt being loose, it hung on my side. There was no way I could hide the tearing! I turned to my left and bent over slightly to see the effect in the mirror. I could see both my nipples thru the tearing! I would have to be careful! I heard the ring and took a deep breath! I had no time to loose, I still needed to take some book in my locker before going to class, and I would be late.

I walked into the hall holding my t-shirt around me and reached my locker. There weren't a lot of people left in the hall. I had to let go of my t-shirt to open my locker and take my books. I think one guy looked at me with a smile but I'm not sure what he saw. I didn't stop to ask him. I walked to my classroom and entered. The teacher had already started and asked me to go to the board right away because I was late. He was teaching mathematics. He told me to solve some exercise on the black board. I dropped my books on one free table in the front row and went to the board. I took a chalk and started to write. I was lucky he was on my left because I was unable to hold onto my t-shirt. I just hope nobody from the audience could see something. I was quickly forgetting about my t-shirt while I concentrated on the exercises. After I solved them all, he congratulated me and asked me to clean the board before sitting down. Without thinking, I went to the right of the board and bent over to get the sponge. The whistles and applauses I got from my classmates made me realized I just flashed them! Oh god! Thankfully, the teacher didn't understand what happened. I cleaned the board and sat down carefully. This was going to be a long long day!

When the class was over, I was surrounded by jerks and bitches trying to make fun of me (my classmates...). "I like your outfit! Is it the new trend?" "No, I think she just like showing off." "Yeah I saw her topless this morning..." "Doesn't topless means: 'with nothing on top'? I think that fits her perfectly!" "Yeah! She's got nothing up there! I thought it was a boy this morning before I recognized her!" "Hey Erica, wait! We wanna see some more!" I felt a hand grabbing my t-shirt and heard it tearing some more. Everybody laughed but I managed to get free and to enter the next classroom. The teacher was already there so they left me alone. I sat in the back and looked at my t-shirt. The sleeve was only held by two threads, and the tearing was almost reaching down to the hem. I don't know how I'll finish the day. Nothing happened during this period and I carefully waited that everybody had left before leaving the classroom. When I got up, I felt a little tug and heard a tearing. I looked down and sure enough, the bottom of the t-shirt had caught on the chair and I had torn it all the way! The only think still holding my t-shirt on my right side was the two threads on the sleeve! How could I be so careless? I just tore my t-shirt myself! I suddenly had an image in my mind of myself completely tearing my clothes and running out of the classroom naked. I could feel my nipples hardening, my pussy getting wet and my embarrassment raising. What was wrong with me? How could I have such thoughts?

I tried to tug the t-shirt in my pants, but it was too short. I tried to tie a knot with the two hanging pans but I had to pull it really tight to do this. I managed to tie a knot (that wouldn't stay tied for long) but heard a small tearing sound. Great! Now I was tearing the left side as well! I looked at it and it wasn't a big tearing, so I guess it wouldn't really be a problem. I was more worried about the right side. With the knot, the tearing was really open and you could easily see I was not wearing a bra. It made the t-shirt tighter on my chest too and you could see my nipples poking at it on my flat chest. This would be really embarrassing, but I had no choice. I held my books to my chest and went into the hall. The knot choosed to untie itself when I was in the middle of the hall. I tried to grab the two parts of the t-shirt with my right hand. Of course this had the effect of lengthening the tearing on the other side. I was so nervous I couldn't control my strength. I reached the toilets and once again locked myself in a stall. I tied the knot again but it was doing no good to the tearing on the left side! The tearing was already at half the height of the t-shirt. And with the knot pulling on the other side, the tearing was open wide! If I continue this way, I'll end up topless for the day! I carefully exited the bathroom and went to my last class of the morning. I sat down in the back and felt the knot loosen when I sat down. I tried to retie it discretely but everyone around me was staring with big smiles on their faces. I was more and more nervous, so it wasn't a surprise when I felt the tearing on my left side reach under my arm. I looked down and had to loosen the knot because it exposed too much on my left side. My nipple was almost exposed! I spend the entire period with my arms crossed, trying to hold my t-shirt. I'll have to find a better solution at noon! I'll try to meet Alicia to ask her help.

When the class ended, I once again waited for everybody to leave. I went in the hall and there was Lisa, waiting for me! Oh god! What was she doing there? I was in trouble. I tried to ignore her and walk past her, but she grabbed my t-shirt! Fuck! My t-shirt!! "Not so fast young lady!" I felt the knot untie and heard a big rip sound! The t-shirt was completely torn! She had it in her hand! I was once again completely topless in the hall! For one second, she was as speechless as me. She looked at me, then at the torn t-shirt in her hands, then at me again. She then laughed so hard I thought she would alert the whole school. I took off running down the hall... topless!! What was I going to do? Everybody was looking at me and I had nowhere to go. I spotted Alicia and ran to her. "Erica! What happened? What are you doing here topless?" I was openly crying now and could only sob. I couldn't find my words and she quickly led me to the toilets. Once there I explained to her how Lisa had stripped me of my t-shirt once in the morning, then a second time, tearing it up in the process. She comforted me and told me she would help me. She was wearing overalls with a t-shirt. She said she could give me her overalls if I gave her my pants. I wouldn't be that covered, but it'd still be better than topless! We went into a stall and I removed my pants and gave them to her. I was only wearing my panties and my shoes. I really felt unsecured but Alicia was quickly out of her overalls and handed them to me. She put my pants on while I put the overalls on. She is bigger than me so my pants were a little short on her but she looked decent enough. I clasped the straps and looked down. My nipples were just hidden by the front part. You could see I wasn't wearing anything under. I felt completely naked! To make matters worse, it hung to low on the sides and you could see the sides of my panties on my hips. Those were white cottons with little red hearts printed. I tried to lower the waistband, but the opening was really low and the only way not to show my panties was to lower them to below my buttocks. I pulled them back up reluctantly. Alicia suggested that I removed them completely but I didn't want! I felt naked enough like that! I was resigned to show the sides of my panties. I thanked Alicia profusely and gathered my courage to exit the stall. Once in front of the mirror, I gasped. I was half naked! My nipples were barely covered and if I moved my upper body around, they would be uncovered! The white bands of my panties caught the eye against the dark denim of the overalls. I felt as helpless as the other day at the water park. Each movement put friction on my nipples, and they were really hard! And anybody staying on my side could see that! They were pushing the front part of the overalls away from my body! Alicia tried to reassure me, told me it would be OK. She felt bad for me, but couldn't give me her t-shirt and walk around in her bra!

We parted and I walked to my next classroom, hearing all sort of comments on my outfit, especially on my panties. They seemed to draw a lot of attention! That was so embarrassing! I never understood how girls could wear those low rider pants with their underwear showing at the back! Especially when they are wearing a thong! I'd rather not wear panties at all instead of showing to the world I'm wearing a thong. Well that's in a normal situation. Here I was showing the sides of my panties to everyone and I was considering Alicia's suggestion of removing them. I don't like those panties anyway! The little hearts are so childish! I made my mind and quickly walked back to the ladies. I removed the overalls then the panties. I put the overalls on again and dropped the panties in the bin. I hadn't any pocket or bag to carry them so I hadn't any choice. I walked out of the ladies and walked quickly to my next classroom. I got the same amount of comments, but this time it was not about my panties. I don't know if it was really better, but it was too late to change my mind now.

The class was eventful. I had a lot of stares from the boys since my nipples were hard to hide when I was sitting. Each time I had to write something down, I had to bend a little and the front part of the overalls fell down in front of me. I could see most of my hips were on show too since the open sides were low. I wasn't sure to be more covered then topless in my pants, but I suppose it would be too obvious. At the end of the period, Alicia was waiting for me. "I see you got rid of your panties!" she said much too loud for my taste. "Yes" I whispered frowning at her. "That's much better! There weren't really sexy! You should stop wearing those childish underwear, you know? I should take you shopping for underwear one of these days..." "We'll se about that later! I just wish I had a t-shirt to wear right now!" "Don't worry! You look cute like that!" "I'm not sure about that... I think I look naked!" "Well... that too! But I think it makes you look cuter!" "Thanks" I wasn't sure about that comment. Maybe she was true, but it didnt make the experiment less humiliating! After putting our stuff in our lockers, we walked to the cafeteria for lunch.

When we were finished eating, Alicia suggested we go outside to enjoy the sun. I just wanted to hide, but didn't know where so I followed her. I realized that my nipples where playing hide-and-seek with my overalls when I walked. Each step brought one into view alternatively. I crossed my arms on my chest, but that left my naked hips completely exposed. We sat in the grass and chatted. I tried to explain my feelings to Alicia and she seemed understanding. She wasn't surprised when I told her all this is not only making me very embarrassed, but horny as hell too! She said she noticed, pointing out my nipples with a giggle. This made me blush some more. I wonder how many people noticed my state like her.

I began to relax a little bit. There weren't people really close to us and I laid down in the grass. The sun felt good, and the emotions I had this morning had me a little tired. I dozed off and was awaken by the ringing of the bell. I got up and yawn. I was still half asleep but felt something falling around my legs. I looked down, and there were my overalls! I was completely naked, with my arms up and legs slightly spread from the yawning! I screamed and ducked with one hand in front of my nipples, and one hand in front of my crotch. I heard lot of laughter around me! I used the hand that was covering my crotch to catch the overalls and try to pull them up. I still felt dizzy from the sleep and fell on my back. I had to use both hands to get up again and this time didn't try to cover up and used both my hands to pull the overalls up. I had trouble to snap the straps with my shaking hands but finally made it. Everybody was laughing and cheering. I looked at Alicia, and she was laughing her ass off! "What happened?" I asked numbly. "You should have seen your face! It was priceless!" "But how did it happen? Who undid the straps?" "Well you seemed to enjoy your exposures of this morning and you looked so cute asleep in the grass... I couldn't resist!" I couldn't believe it! Alicia! My best friend! She just helped me humiliate myself in front of more than 50 people from my school! How could she do that to me? "Oh come on! Dont look at me like that! It was just for fun! You really should relax some more... It's not a big deal!" Is she becoming crazy? Not a big deal? I was naked there! In front of a lot of people! Of course there were much more people who saw me naked at the water park, but now, it was at school! That makes it much worse for me! How could I face all those people now? She didn't seem to mind. Of course she wasn't the one they saw naked!

I pondered all this while we walked inside. I better understand why she suggested I should go topless in my panties in the water park! She was trying to embarrass me as well! At least, she wasn't being mean like Lisa, but still it wasn't funny at all! We parted as we weren't in the same class. As I walked to my class, I felt the right strap of my overalls unsnap. I caught the front part just in time! The strap was hanging behind me and I tried to casually catch it with my right hand while I held my overalls with my left hand. I pull it over my shoulder and tried to snap it again. It looked like the snap had been damaged when I tried to cover up quickly and nervously outside! Or maybe it was Alicia? I didn't know if I could still thrust her! Wait a minute! I knew I couldn't thrust her! But I had no proof concerning the snap. It still held, but it looked like it could unsnap every second. Great! Just what I need! Overalls that unsnap when they feel like it! I went to my locker and took the books I needed. When I closed it, my strap unsnapped again. This time, my hands were loaded with book, and I had to put them down on the ground to free them. I gave a good look at my right breast to a group of guys who were more than happy to tell me they saw my big nipple. I blushed deep red and snapped my strap again. I didn't know if there were still people in the school who hadn't seen my naked breast yet!

I reached my class. I was late but thankfully the teacher wasn't there yet. I walked to one empty seat but froze before sitting. Lisa was sitting just behind! I looked around to see if there were other free seats, but it was the last one. The teacher entered and I quickly sat down, not wanting to attract his attention. When I sat down, I felt my strap unsnap and fall behind me. I caught on the front part before it showed my breast, and then tried to catch the strap hanging behind me with my hand. I couldn't find it so I looked over my shoulder. Lisa was holding my strap! That's why I didn't find it. She had a big smile on her face and pulled out her scissors! Oh god no! I tried to tell her to stop but the teacher called me: "Erica! Please look this way and pay attention!" "Yes sir sorry..." As I said that, I heard the "snip" of the scissors. I tried to feel in my back with my hand, and sure enough, the Bitch had cut the strap right where it started! I only had one strap left! If I didn't hold the front part of the overalls, it would hang from the left strap and display my right breast completely! This is really getting worse and worse! I looked behind me and saw Lisa showing the strap to me with a big smile. She cut it in small piece with her scissors! There was no way I could get it back and tie it or something. I spend the period with my arms crossed. How will I survive this ordeal? I'll be naked by the end of the day if she keeps on like that! I hope Alicia won't get mad about her destroyed overalls, too.

At the end of the period, I carefully got up, holding my books with my right hand while I held on the overalls with the left one. I felt naked with nothing on my right shoulder and just one strap holding the only (indecent) piece of clothing I still had on. In the hall, Lisa walked on my right and Carry on my left. I knew they were probably up to something and tried to walk faster, but Lisa caught my overalls at hip level and told me to slow down. I didn't have a choice couldn't do anything with my two hands busy. "You know, those overalls look good on you, but I think they reach to high, here on your hips." Oh god! What was she up to? I didn't agree at all since you could see the upper half of my hips! How could that be too high! But she obviously wanted to do something and I stopped and started to shake when I saw her take her damned scissors! I was completely helpless to do anything and just stood there in the hall with my mouth agape while she cut down the side of the overalls to mid-thighs level. I was hardly aware of Carry doing the same thing on the other side. Oh my god! "There! You look much better this way!" She pulled apart the material and I was completely displayed! I could see my pussy right there in the open! And people behind me were probably having a good look at my butt! She laughed and walked away with Carry. The hanging parts fell back in place, covering me more or less, but when I took a step, it opened slightly, giving a good show of my naked sides! And I couldn't hide because I had to hold the front part on my chest, and my books. Now this was bad! I still had one period before going back home. I quickly went to my locker (with everybody looking at me, of course) and put my books on the ground to open it with my left hand. I opened it and put all my books inside. I needed some of them for my last period but thought it was more important to have two free hands to hold my clothes together! I thought about missing the class and going home now, but I already had a warning because I missed school one day to go shopping with Alicia. I walked to my last class with everyone looking at me in the hall. I heard all kind of comments on my outfits. Most guys thought it was cool, and most girls thought I was a slut! I felt mortified! I used to be the one making that kind of comment when a girl showed too much skin to my taste! I was the attraction of the day, and I thought I was lucky I didn't got in trouble with a teacher yet!

I was looking at the ground to avoid looking at people faces. That was why I ran straight into somebody. I looked up to apologize and felt like fainting. It was my teacher for the last class! He looked at me with a smile and said: "Nice outfit! Did you have some kind of accident with your clothes?" "Well... kind of..." "You're lucky it's nearly the end of the day! Come inside..." And he led me inside the classroom! I couldn't believe he didn't complain more on my outfit! He was probably enjoying the view! Men are such dicks! You show them some skin and they agree with everything you do or say. I was speechless with how easy it went!

I quickly changed my mind about that when he asked me to come in front of the classroom. He started to ask me questions on the last lesson, and I had to answer under his and the entire classroom's gaze. That was so embarrassing! I could either face him and show my naked left side to the whole classroom, or face the class and show him my naked right side! I was of course stupid enough to try both, flashing everybody in the process... He then asked me to write on the board while he dictated what I needed to write. He was just sitting there staring at me, and I had to write everything he said while holding the front part of my overalls with my left hand! The board was soon completely filled and I turned to him to tell him I couldn't find a place to write. He picked a sponge and launched it at me. I had the reflex to let go of my overalls to catch it! Of course, it displayed my nipple, and all my side to my thigh! Even my pussy was half visible! I quickly covered up again but I could see him adjusting his trousers. I shamefully cleaned the board and started writing again. He had me writing for the entire period! I felt so exposed.

When the period was over, I walked out of the class and headed for the exit! Finally, the end of the day! Well not quiet: I still had to take the bus home! When I reached the door that led outside, I felt something in my back. My left strap suddenly became loose and I felt the back part of my overalls falling behind me! My back was naked down to my thighs! I looked around, and sure enough, Lisa was there with her scissors and her evil smile! I ran outside, still holding the front part with my left hand and trying to catch the rear part with my right hand. I felt the loose left strap fall from my shoulder. Without the weight of the overalls, it came undone and fell on the ground. My overalls were now strapless as well as side less! This was really indecent and I had to hold the material in my back just above my butt while my other hands held the material in front of my tits. I ran like that to the bus. I had to wait for 5 minutes before the bus was there. I got in and the bus was full. I had to hold onto a hanging handle but it was impossible since I needed both my hands. I kept hitting people around me each time the bus accelerated or slowed down. They were really giving me hard looks. One woman said: "Take that handle! You're going to hurt someone!" She probably knew I couldn't let go of my overalls. She was just mean! The bus hit a big bump on the road and I had to use both my hands to catch myself on a guy. Of course my overalls fell around my ankles. The guy wouldn't let me go and asked if I was OK. I could see he didn't care if I was OK! He was looking at my body the whole time! I finally pulled my overalls back up and got off the bus. I reached the safety of my home and was glad to see my parents weren't home yet. I entered, and went straight to my bedroom. I removed those damn overalls and had to masturbate to a huge number of orgasms before I managed to calm down.

I probably flashed even more people today than Saturday! What would tomorrow bring to me?

**03 - Even Worser by AMERICAN COWBOY**

It had been a while since my last humiliating experience at the cruel hands of Lisa the Bitch. The school year was progressing well enough without incident, although I couldn’t help but feel a little paranoid… looking over my shoulder, wondering when the next time Lisa and her “friends” would strike. A little paranoid, and yet, at the same time excited with anticipation.

Today was Saturday, and for some reason I found myself recalling that it was a Saturday afternoon when I had that infamous day at the water park. Why were these memories coming back to me now, all of a sudden? What was I doing thinking about my naked ordeal, when I should be concentrating on my history report, here in the library? I was almost finished with this hideous analysis of Jeffersonian Democracy. Just had to write up the last of eight pages of my notes, and then I could go home and type up the damn thing on my computer. Still, I was growing more apprehensive. But what could possibly happen in this quiet, deserted corner of the library?

And then, much to my surprise, I saw my best friend Alicia round the corner of one of the shelves of reference books, heading toward my table. What the hell was she doing here? Unlike me, diligently working to finish my report, she would be waiting until the last minute to hand hers in next Friday. I couldn’t even begin to fathom what she was doing up this early on a Saturday.

“Hi, Erica,” she greeted me with a smile. Although, it seemed to me it was a nervous smile.

“Um, hello, Alicia. I didn’t know you were going to be working on this history project so soon, or else I would have asked you to come with me.”

My best friend looked to the side once, twisted one foot behind the other leg. “Oh, well…I knew you would be here, and I thought maybe you could help me. Mind if I borrow your notes?”

Before I could say another word, Alicia reached down and grabbed all eight pages of my notes in her fist. Then she scurried back around the corner of a looming bookshelf. Now what was that all about? She could have at least pulled up a seat to keep me company. I would have been happy to share my notes with her. But then… wait a minute… Alicia’s topic wasn’t Jeffersonian Democracy! Why would she need to look at my report!

Annoyed, I forcefully pushed back the wooden chair, which scraped loudly against the floor tiles. An old woman on the far side of the library turned in my direction, then went about her business. I was perplexed by Alicia’s behavior, and determined to find out what she was up to. Or at least, get back my notes… I had worked very hard on them!

I marched myself up to the reference section, planning to confront my friend about her ridiculous prank. Of course, who should I find waiting around the corner but Lisa! And she was not alone…

“Well hello, Erica. Long time, no see. If you know what I mean.” I knew exactly what she meant. She, the Evil Queen of Stripping, had been witness to my embarrassing adventures at the water park. And then she had single-handedly reduced my school clothes to shreds (well, the overalls were Alicia’s) making me a laughing stock in front of my classmates. I saw that Lisa had taken my report from Alicia, who was standing there with a pitiful look on her face. No willing accomplice was she, but must have been threatened somehow and put up to this. I’m sure she tried to resist. Gee, she could have tried a little harder. Lisa continued in her domineering, yet patronizing voice that so made me feel like a little girl. “It seems you have gone and misplaced your history report, Erica. Lucky for you, we happen to have found it before it disappeared for good.”

“Yeah, eight pages… front and back!” said Carry, one of Lisa’s friends standing on the other side of Alicia. “Holy freak, I was gonna only write a couple of paragraphs!”

Then I noticed the lumbering hulk of Lisa’s big-jerk-boyfriend, John, standing behind the three girls. “I guess she thinks she’s smarter than the rest of us.”

Lisa just smiled that wicked smile of hers, and flipped her blond hair over her shoulder. “So, Miss Smarty-Pants… or maybe we should call you Miss Underpants… I guess you must really want these notes back. Looks like it took a lot of time to put them together”

Yeah, I did want my notes back. Yeah, I did put a lot of effort into that fucking report. But I did not like the tone of her voice, and I certainly did not like where this was going.

“I propose a trade. On gradual terms, so to speak. You see, I will hand over the first page of this report, if you will kindly remove your shoes and give them to Alicia.”

I opened my mouth to protest, but I was silenced when I saw Alicia silently mouth “I’m sorry”. She’s sorry! My history notes are being held for ransom by the school’s most obnoxious bitch, and she’s sorry! Well, what have I got to loose… I am not doing all that research over again. Besides, how far could Lisa take this game of hers, here in a public library!

Resigned to my fate, outnumbered and realizing I was not in a position to negotiate, I bent down and began to unlace my sneakers. “Do I get two pages back for my pair of sneakers?”

Frosty silence was my response, which I took for a “no”. Without further argument, I slid one then the other off my feet and kicked them toward Alicia. I noticed that John had produced a red duffle bag, and he instructed my only friend (so I thought) to put them inside.

“Very good,” Lisa said. “Here is the first page of your report, just waiting to be polished and typed up to make a breathtaking introduction. I can imagine the excitement you must have thrown yourself into when you started this report. Bet I bet you never thought it would end like this. Are you excited now?”

No, I wasn’t excited. I was mad, and a little afraid. But then, why did I feel an all-too-familiar hardening of my left nipple?

Carry turned her attention toward me. “OK, Erica. You can go back to your table now. I think you will find a surprise waiting for you, and further instruction of how you can retrieve the rest of your report.”

I was frustrated, but anxious and curious as well, which sent a tremble of butterflies fluttering inside my tummy. Slowly I turned around and began padding softly back to my table. I must admit, I felt foolish walking in my ankle-high white cotton socks. I almost slipped when I reached the tiles floor and had to take a second to steady myself. Coming to the table, I raised my head only to look up at the dopey-grinning face of Henry, the boy I used to have a crush on. I don’t know what I ever saw in him…

“Good morning, Erica,” Henry said sleepily. It looked like he had just rolled out of bed, and hadn’t bothered to brush his hair. “I guess you’re wondering what you have to do to get the next page of your notes. Well, Lisa says you have to first give me your socks and then I can tell you where she will be waiting for you.”

Disgusted, I glared at him. There was no point debating this dufus, I knew well what was coming, though remained convinced this prank could only go so far. Bending my left leg behind me allowed me to peel off one sock, all the while burning a hole through Henry with my eyes. Once I had the second sock off, I balled them up and threw it at his chest.

“Hey, don’t get mad at me! I’m not the one who wants your smelly socks. They are kind of cute… you have such tiny feet.” Henry stuffed then in his baggy pocket before continuing. “So anyway, Lisa says you should meet her in the media section, and you can get another page of your report back.”

Great, now I have to head over to where they keep the videos and DVDs the library loans out, and I have to walk there in my bare feet! Well, at least I won’t have another slip on the tile floor and land on my ass! In fact, my bare soles were a little sticky on the cool surface, and I was beginning to get damp in other places too. Quickly I started in the direction of the media section, wanting to end this as soon as possible. I had scarcely felt carpet beneath my toes, when I was intercepted by one of the older librarians.

“Excuse me, young lady, but where are your shoes? Did you not the read the sign in the lobby? Shirts and shoes are required at all times in this public library!”

I looked down at my feet ashamed and mumbled, “Sorry, I, um… I was working on a report all morning… I guess I kicked them off to get more comfortable.”

The librarian (with noticeably sagging tits) did not seem impressed. “This is not your living room, young lady! I had better not catch you running around barefoot again!”

“No… I’ll go put ‘em back on,” I replied meekly. The old woman sniffed her disapproval, but then continued on her way in the opposite direction. That left me free to hurry over to the Media Section and look for Lisa.

“Over here, Erica!” Alicia whispered harshly, again luring me to my nemesis. What could I do? I followed my friend’s beckoning motion over to the shelves lined with VHS black cases. Expecting to hear Lisa’s chiding laughter, I was taken aback at finding only Carry with the red duffle bag.

“OK, Twinkle-toes, I guess I can let you have the second page of your report. Furthermore, Lisa says I can even let you have the third page as well. I’ll just need you to remove your pants.”

At this point, I must have been in a state of shock. I think I was still a little shaken from being scolded by the librarian… God, that made me feel like a child! And I was also thrown off balance at the prospect of getting two pages back this time. At this rate, I should be finished with these goons and back home before noon. Without considering my actions, I pulled the light blue track pants down my legs, and stepped out of them. Carry signaled for Alicia to pick them up and put them in the bag, then she turned toward me with a mischievous smile.

“You did that just a little too quickly, Erica. I’m beginning to think you like this.”

I looked at Carry for a moment like she was crazy, and then was startled out of my shock when I realized I was standing there in my white, high-cut panties! “Wait a minute,” I cried. “Let me have my pants back…I can’t be seen in the library like this! How about I give you my shirt instead?”

“Sorry,” Carry laughed mockingly, “too late. Besides, you look so vulnerable, so adorable in just your underwear. Well, Lisa said you can find her in the children’s section if you want the rest of your report. Or I guess you could just leave in your current state of…ah, undress. Either way, you better hurry or you might catch cold.”

Oh my God! How was I supposed to walk over to the children’s section like this? What if there are… children there! I mean, it is a Saturday morning, so hopefully they’re still home watching cartoons. I guess I really didn’t have any choice. Casting a scathing glance at Carry before turning around, I then swallowed a lump of fear down my throat and silently started toward my next destination.

I was very careful. I kept to the back wall of the library, where there were mostly periodicals. Of course, and thankfully, it was deserted. Silently I passed more rows of bookshelves, keeping my eyes and ears pealed for anyone approaching. Just as I was nearing the multi-colored carpet the marked the border of the kiddie section, I caught sight of a stockinged leg emerging from behind one of the shelves. Much to my good fortune, there was one of those book carts close at hand, and it was stacked with volumes needing to be returned to their proper places. I stepped behind the loaded cart, which only came up to about my waist. This is one time I was glad I wasn’t very tall. From behind this covering, you couldn’t tell I wasn’t wearing any pants.

“Hi,” a younger librarian said as she approached. Oh God, what if she is coming to take a book off this cart! Or worse, what if she needed to push the book cart to another section of the library? How would I explain this to her! My heart was beating faster, and I subconsciously began tugging the hem of my sweatshirt, as if that would help. And then my hand moved lower, just enough to graze the front of my panties. What was I thinking! A small moan escaped my lips.

The young librarian smiled, oblivious to my predicament, and turned the corner around another bookshelf. That was close! I waited a few moments to be sure she would not be returning in my direction. I had better get moving, before I get myself all worked up…

“What took you so long,” Lisa demanded from behind a large crate of toys where we crouched. “Well, I see you’re not wearing your little red hearts underpants today.”

I guess you answered your own question, bitch (I thought to myself). The fact that I am here in my underwear is why it took so long to make it across the library! More respectfully, I asked, “Can I have the rest of my report now?”

Lisa made a charade of considering for a moment, resting her chin in her hand. “I’ll tell you what, Erica. I will give you page four, so you can then return with half of your notes to the table you’ve been sitting at all morning. There you will receive instructions on how to obtain the rest. Of course, first I need you to hand over your sweatshirt.”

This was horrible! She was doing it again, slowly stripping me in a public place! And she had not bothered me for such a long time. Damn, I felt trapped. I mean, I still had my undershirt, so it’s not like I was naked. But it was still embarrassing as hell. But frightfully arousing…

“My, is it getting chilly in here?” Lisa remarked, as I slowly pulled down the zipper and shrugged off my matching light blue sweatshirt. Through my thin white T-shirt, the prominent erection of my nipples could be seen. “I guess you’re still not wearing a bra, huh? Suddenly I’m in the mood for flapjacks… All right, then, off you go!”

With that last statement, the bitch reached out and snapped the front elastic of my panties. This caused me to jump to my feet, I can tell you! Good thing no one was paying any attention to us in the corner. But now I had to trek all the way back to the reference section and the work tables…hopefully to get the rest. The rest of my notes, and the rest of my clothes. Right now, I wanted nothing more than to get out of here and get to the privacy of my own room. And the last thing I was thinking about was typing.

So I crept along the back of the library, clothed in only my T-shirt and panties, hoping not to run into a soul! The journey seemed to take forever, and what’s worse, I could feel myself getting wetter as my legs rubbed together. This was definitely not good! Many times I had to pause when I heard whispered conversations just around the corner, or the sound of footsteps upon the tile floor again. At least I was making progress, and came within eyesight of my original table. Henry was gone, and now John was sitting there looking bored, his feet propped up next to the duffle bag. He certainly snapped to attention when I silently came into view.

“Hi, Erica. You look horny.”

Brilliant deduction. And could you say it any louder! Still, when I spoke, it was with a small trembling voice. “OK, John…can I have the rest of my notes now? Lisa said I could get the rest…”

“Wait, not so fast. First you have to put what you have on the table.” I hoped he was talking about my notes. I needed to act quickly before I was spotted standing here in my underwear! All right, so I placed the four sheets of paper next to my pens and books and purse. John nodded his approval, and then continued. “I want to see how horny you are. Take off your shirt…”

What was wrong with me? As soon as he said the words, I could feel my clitoris swell up, peeking out of its hood. Maybe I just wanted to get this over with. I grabbed the bottom of my shirt with both hands, pulling it completely off, revealing my modest bosom but oh so elongated nipples. I could swear they quivered, ached and begged to be touched.

John was breathless for a moment, and then blurted out, “Wow! I’d say those are two good indicators of how horny you are. I think that earned you two more pages.”

The wise-ass placed two more sheets on the stack of loose-leaf paper. Here I was, standing in the middle of the library topless, my panties the only shred of clothing between me and complete, total nudity, and I somehow managed to do the calculations in my head. “I still have another two pages left… do you have them, John?”

“I think by now, Lisa should be among the non-fiction books. You can ask her. I was told to stay here and watch your stuff.”

There were stairs just off to the side, that led down to a lower level, where all the non-fiction books were kept. I crossed my arms over my bare titties, searching all around for any onlookers. Amazingly, no one was up to doing any research this morning. So I made a break for the stairs, my feet slapping over the floor.

They were steps really, descending to a sublevel. As quiet as it had been above, there seemed to be a stilled hush down here among the rows and rows of shelves. I would have to peek between each aisle of books, trying to locate Lisa and the last of my report, while hoping not to startle any innocent library perusers.

Fortunately, I did not have long to look. Thank goodness for the Dewy Decimal System or something, as the Bitch was sitting calmly on a stepladder amid the 101 to 299 section. I approached her softly, treading across the brown carpet, with one arm slung across my chest and the other draped in front of my crotch, concealing my moist underwear.

“Oh, stop covering yourself,” Lisa chided. “You’ve got nothing to hide. Certainly nothing up there!” And then she fixed me with a cold, dark stare, holding her arm outstretched and palm upward. “Panties.”

Finally, here at this late stage, I managed to regain some semblance of control. Although you wouldn’t know it from my throbbing nipples. I shook my head, “I can’t… please let me keep them. Please let me have my notes and clothes back.”

Well, that did it. Lisa stood up and took the last two pages of my report between her hands. “Will you give me your panties, or shall I tear up your masterful conclusion? And then you will be walking home exactly as you are now… Miss Underpants!”

I was on the verge of tears now. I really didn’t want to strip naked for Lisa. But I knew that look in her eye. I knew she meant what she said, that she would follow through with her threats. Why was she being so mean to me? Well, I did not have all day to ponder such things. I just wanted to go home. Reluctantly, I slipped a thumb inside each side of my underwear, slowly lowering the cotton fabric down my legs. They ended in a crumpled pile at my feet, which I stepped out of, reached down and handed them to my nemesis.

“Um, Erica… please move your hand away from your pussy. Oh my God… you’re completely bare! I knew you were a little slut!”

It was true. My pubic hair had always been sparse, it was almost like there was nothing there anyway. So one night I decided to shave off what little I had. I instantly regretted it, because now I really did look like a little girl. But it did make my solo performances more enjoyable, and I never thought it would be on display like this, here in my public library!

“Please, Lisa,” I implored. My hand instinctively returned to my vulva, tracing the outer lips. “If I don’t get my clothes back, I’m going to cum!”

She seemed to think this over for a minute. “Hmmm… maybe we can work out a deal. Your panties earned you the seventh page of your notes. Now what could we have you do for the last and final page? All right, I have an idea. Wait here, and don’t go anywhere.”

Great, where the hell was I going to go? Here I was stranded in the basement of my library, absolutely stark naked! Not a stitch! I think this was worse than the water park, because that happened so fast, it was like a blur. But this, this is lingering.. leaving me naked for any stranger to wander down here and find me nude… nippples sticking out so much they hurt, and my bald pussy glistening in the florescent lighting…

Over the sounds of my moaning and heavy breathing, I picked out the voice of Lisa and Carry. I opened my eyes and saw John and Henry, and of course, Alicia too.

“I can’t believe she shaved her pussy!” that was Carry, and her eyes were as wide as saucers. “That’ll make it even easier to see her clit.”

Lisa the Bitch addressed me (notice how the boys were just speechless!) in her commanding, bully voice, “OK, Erica, you heard her. Show us your clit.”

I nodded dumbly, beyond the point of caring, and spread open my lips. Immediately atop the slit, my clitoris popped out in full view… it had never been so erect, even I was amazed. Everyone gasped, before Lisa made her final pronouncement.

“All you have to do to get back your report and all your clothes, is cum in front of the five of us.”

Well, I don’t have to tell you, I was so worked up at this point, my finger darted south and started rubbing with abandon. My other hand reached up and twisted a nipple. I was so close to the edge, I fell to my knees going at it furiously, heedless of my audience. At this point, my face was on the carpet and my ass in the air.

“Hey,” Henry piped up in a sudden revelation. They’ll have to call this place the /Pubic/ Library from now on…although, I guess that’s not completely accurate.”

That dumb-ass remark did it. Hearing him talk about my hairless pussy, even in jest, made me buckle as wave after wave of orgasm crashed over me. I don’t remember if I had even stopped the last of my body convulsions, when Lisa dropped the duffle bag next to me, and eight pages of loose-leaf rained down upon my naked form.

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After a while of recovering from this experience, my first public orgasm, I sat up dazedly and began to fish through the bag for my clothing. The first article I withdrew was one of my ankle socks. Not being too particular, I pulled it on and then covered my other foot. I was in the process of taking the next item out, when a shadow fell over me. Looking up, to my horror I found the old librarian with sagging breasts towering before me.

“Is this some kind of joke?” she demanded. “What kind of sense of humor do you have, young lady! I warned you that I had better not catch you barefoot in here. Well, you’re not barefoot, I’ll grant you…just bare-assed!”

With surprising swiftness that belied her age, the librarian reach down and grabbed my ear. What the hell! I hadn’t been treated this way since I was in Junior High! As she gazed over my bare body, I could almost hear her thinking… I sure look like I belong in Junior High.

“If you want to parade around in the nude,” she went on, even as she began dragging me back upstairs, “you’ll have to do it outside my library!”

I was mortified and shocked to see how many people had suddenly showed up. Where had they come from? Didn’t they have better things to do on a Saturday! But that was the least of my problems. My tiny tits, bouncing ass, and oh-so-pink pussy on display as I was marched past the check-out counter, completely naked except for my white ankle socks, I thought bitterly of my history notes that were left behind! I had better get an A on this report!

**04 - Worse: The t-shirt - Part 1**

One week had passed since my ordeal at the library. I had to walk home completely naked that day and was seen naked probably by more than a hundred people. I still get a shiver when I think about that. All the people on the street pointed at me and made all sort of comments. I even heard a little boy yell: "Look mum! That little girl is naked! I was probably twice his age and he called me a little girl! Anyway, I managed to run home without getting caught. Some people tried to grab me, probably to help me but I felt too humiliated already to ask for assistance. When I was back at home, I had to hide in a bush on the other side of the street because my parents were home and I couldn't bring myself to enter the house naked. That would start a conversation I don't want to have with my parents. They finally left the house to run some errands and I could sneak in the backyard and find the safety key that we hide there (I won't tell you where!). I spent most of the remaining of the weekend in my bedroom, sometimes crying, sometimes masturbating. At school the following week, the word quickly spread and everybody knew I had stripped naked at the library. Lisa's popularity seemed to increase because of what she did to me, and I knew she wouldn't stop there. She was having too much fun! And even if I was scared to go to school, a part of me was waiting for the next ordeal! And then it happened... again...

It was on a Tuesday. I was late. I overslept and woke up in the middle of a weird dream where I was walking naked in the school and everybody I knew was there looking at me, laughing at my expenses. My pussy was really wet but I didn't have time to shower before going to school. Besides, on Tuesday I start the day with two period of gym. It would be pointless to take a shower before gym! I wiped my pussy with toilet paper and quickly dressed for school. I ran to school and reached the sport hall. I went to the change rooms and my classmates were all almost ready. I quickly changed while everyone already walked out of the change room. I saw Lisa looking at me with a little smile. I was alone in the room when I was ready. I quickly went to the toilet before joining the others. On the way there I heard the coach telling the girls we would start outside the building because the cleaning staff wasn't finished inside. She sometimes makes us run around the building. I reached the toilet and quickly made my business. I went out and met the coach. "Erica! What are you waiting for?" "I had to go to the toilet." "Well you'd better run fast and catch up with the others! They are already around the corner!" I took off running and reached the corner. I turned around it and stopped. Lisa and Carry were there! They were obviously waiting for me. "That's a nice outfit you have" said Lisa. I was wearing navy blue shorts and a long white cotton t-shirt that almost covered the shorts. If I was standing, you couldn't see them. "Do you wear something under that t-shirt?" she asked while lifting it around my waist. "Stop it!" I was about to catch her hand but Carry caught both my arms and held them behind my back. "You know, with a t-shirt that long, you don't really need those short!" She caught the waistband and pulled them down! Oh god! She had pulled my panties along with the shorts of course! My t-shirt was hiding my pussy because she had let it go to pull my short down. She asked me to lift my feet. "No way!" I started to struggle but Carry was really strong. Each time I tried to move she pulled harder and it hurts! Lisa started to tickle me and I was soon moving my legs around to try to escape my ordeal. It was all she needed to pull my shorts and panties completely off! "There! Much better, isn't it? You'll be better that way with the warm weather!" She took of running with my shorts and panties and Carry joined her. I was completely stunned! She just stripped me completely below the waist. I was only wearing a t-shirt, shoes and socks! I was glad I choose to wear a t-shirt that long! I was covered to just below my buttocks. I pulled on it and started to walk around the building. I had to reach the changing room to get my clothes. I thought that if I was slow enough, the others would not wait for me and head inside. That way I could sneak back inside and reach the changing room unseen. I would just have to make up some excuse for the coach...

I turned the last corner and gasped. They where all there at the other end of the wall, waiting for me with the coach! "Erica! What are you waiting for? This is not a walk!" shouted the Coach. I hesitantly headed to them, still walking. "Run I said!" Oh god. I pulled the t-shirt on both sides and ran slowly to them. I could tell the coach wasn't happy about me but I think I managed to hide my nakedness. I could see Lisa, Carry and some other girls looking at me with knowing smile though.

The coach led us inside and I tried to head to the changing room. The coach spotted me and asked me where I was going. I told her I was going to the toilets and she scolded me: "You already went before running! Stop trying to test me and come with us!" I had no choice but to follow them. Here I was, about to follow my gym class wearing just a t-shirt! And from the looks I got, I suspected half the girls already knew it! I was holding the t-shirt down while I walked. The coach made us start a game of volley-ball. I usually like that game but this time it was horrible. I knew I couldn't lift my arms because my t-shirt would be lifted around my waist. I kept missing easy balls I pretended I didn't see coming. The coach wasn't happy and kept yelling at me but what could I do? I was so ashamed of the situation I didn't notice Carry asking the coach if she could go to the toilet. She left and came back five minutes later, winking at Lisa.

When the period was over, I walked to the change-room with the other girls. I usually put my clothes in a locker, but I didn't do it today because I was late and wanted to go to the bathroom. I had left my clothes on bench. When I came back in the change-room, I couldnt find my clothes! They were all gone! All I could find was my bag! Oh no! They stole all my clothes! I started to look around the change-room. "What's up Erica? Missing something?" asked Lisa. "My clothes! They're all gone!" "Didn't you put them in a locker?" "No! I was late. I didn't have time..." "The building is open, you know! Anybody could have come in this change-room while we were playing volley-ball!" She was right, of course! But I knew it was one of her prank. I kept looking everywhere while the girls showered and dressed. I was alone in the change-room when the coach came in. "What's your problem now?" she asked with a stern look. "Somebody stole my clothes!" "Really? Didn't you put them in a locker?" "No I didn't... I was late and I thought no one would come in..." "Well, you are obviously wrong! And I can't do anything for you! I think you'll have to go to class in you gym clothes..." "What? But I'll be in troubles with the teachers! They won't accept me in their classes dressed like this!" "Why not? You girls sometimes wear shorts and miniskirts that show a lot of legs. I don't see where the problem is!" The problem was that I wasn't wearing shorts! But I didn't want to point that out to her, of course. "I know! I'll write a note explaining why you are dressed like this. If another teacher gives you trouble, you'll just have to show it." She left and came back 2 minutes later and handed me a piece of paper. I read it and it said: "Erica had all her clothes stolen this morning during her P.E. class. Please excuse her indecent clothing." It was followed by her signature. I cringed at the "indecent" word. She couldn't be closer to the truth!

I reluctantly left the sport hall and headed to the school building with my bag. This wasn't good! Was I really heading to class wearing just a t-shirt? My legs were working on automatic while my mind was trying to tell me to stop. This couldn't be happening! I was half naked! If one teacher saw it I would be dead! I know Lisa and Carry know about my (un)dress state, and I know they already told other girls from my class. I can assume they would tell everyone they meet! I was probably already the laughing stocks of the whole school! What I needed was to find a way out of school and back to the safety of my house where I could dress again. Or maybe find something to wear before that! But I couldn't stop myself. I had this piece of paper that would give a good explanation to any teacher who would wonder about my attire (provided that they don't see I'm not wearing shorts or panties!).

I knew I would be terribly humiliated, embarrassed to walk in school like that, but my body was out of control. My pussy was soaked and I could feel my juice leaking on the inside of my thighs. My nipples were pushing really hard against my t-shirt. I put my hand behind the hem of the t-shirt and touched my clit, right there in front of the school building. I came on the spot! Could you believe it? This was the biggest orgasm I ever had (and I already had big ones before!). And it wouldn't stop either! I was biting in my bag to avoid screaming. I could feel juice running down my thighs! I fell on my knees and had to wait for like an eternity for my orgasm to subside. I then had to wait for another eternity to catch my breath back. Wow! That was intense! The reality of what just happened struck me. I felt so ashamed. But I was still very horny! Maybe even more than before!

I looked at the windows of the building and didn't see anybody looking. Apparently, nobody noticed. I was lucky on that one. I pushed the big door and walked inside the building. I had to clean myself before going to class. My legs were soaked! I felt like I was dripping on the floor. I didn't know my pussy could produce so much juice! No one was in the hall and I quickly reached the toilets. There was nobody inside. I put my bag down and took some toilet paper in a stall. I then went in front of the sink and used the paper to absorb all the juice from my legs and pussy. I had removed most of the juice when I heard the door open. A girl I didn't know came in and sneezed. She looked exactly like my dad when he is allergic to something in the air. Her eyes were red and her nose was running. She sneezed again. "Oh god! Cad I use dat paper? I really deed to blow by dose!" She grabbed the paper I held in my hand, sneezed one more time then blow her nose with it. She then used it to pat her face all around her nose. I couldn't believe it! She was putting my pussy juice all over her face! I was glad her nose was running, because she would have smelled it. The whole room smelled like pussy, and now her face too! "That paper is wet! What's this?" "Water!" I stammered. "Oh OK. Thank you anyway! I don't know what's in the air today, but I'm allergic to it!" "Yeah, I noticed..." "It always happens when it's hot like today! Sneezing makes me hotter, too!" While she said that, she patted her face with what she believed was water, but was my pussy juice! "Wew! I feel better." she said while she dumped the paper in a toilet bowl and flushed. She walked out of the toilets and I was speechless. I hope nobody would smell my pussy juice on her face!

I walked out of the toilet and walked to my classroom. It was my Spanish class. I already was half an hour late. I was shaking all over in front of the closed door. I couldn't believe what I was about to do. I was going to enter the classroom wearing just a t-shirt, sockets and shoes, knowing full well that probably all my classmate already knew about my attire. A shiver ran down my spine and I felt my pussy trickling with juice again. I should have taken toilet paper with me. I grabbed the door handle with my shaky hand and opened it. I stepped in and looked up. Everybody was looking at me. And judging by the smiles on everyone's faces, they all knew! The teacher wasn't smiling though. "You are late! And this is not a good way to dress to attend school!" He said. "I had all my clothes stolen, this is my gym wear." I answered, giving him the note. He read it quickly then looked me over, paying extra attention to my thighs. "Well I suppose you don't have a choice then. Take a seat." He said, never pulling his eyes away from the top of my legs. I suppose he was trying to see what I was wearing under my t-shirt. If only he knew!

There was only one place left and it was in the front row. Of course, Lisa was just behind. I dropped my bag on the ground then pulled the chair and sat down, keeping my legs well together. My t-shirt was so short I couldn't sit on it. I could feel the cold seat under my naked butt cheeks. I pulled the t-shirt on my laps to cover the more I could. I felt behind me and it just reached the seat. "Erica, since you are late, you'll do some reading. Take your book." I bent to take the book in my bag. I heard laughter behind me and quickly straightened up. I just showed my butt to the people behind me! Oh god! Why did I come in this classroom like that? I didn't know what to do. The teacher was looking at me with a questioning look. "Do you have trouble finding your book?" "What? Oh no...Its OK" I bent down again and opened my bag. Everybody behind me was laughing again but I had no choice. With my trembling hands I had trouble getting the book. I had trouble remembering what I was looking for as well! I was so ashamed! What was I thinking about? I'll never survive this ordeal! I finally caught the book and put it on my desk. I had trouble breathing by now. "Right! You finally got it! Now please open it on page 253." said the teacher. I opened my book and found the page. There was a text in Spanish. "Read the text loudly and pay attention to pronunciation." I had to breathe deeply a couple of time to catch my breath back. When I started to talk, my voice was trembling. "Louder!" said the teacher. "Yeah! We can't hear her back there!" said some guy at the back. "Make her go in front of the class!" said some girl. "Good idea! Get up and come here with your book." said the teacher. I got up avoiding carefully to spread my legs in front of him in the process. I walked to the front of the room with my book and stood just near the teacher's desk. "Now read loudly." I cleared my throat and started to read. I felt every eye on my body. I was so nervous I thought I would faint. My pussy was burning, my juices were running down my thighs and I feared the teacher would smell it! My nipples were poking at my t-shirt too! I felt like I was about to cum right then and there!

I tried to concentrate on the reading and made a poor job of trying to pronounce correctly. Whenever I looked at my audience, I saw everybody looking with big smiles. Even the teacher was smiling. Did he know something was up? Maybe my nervousness gave me away. He probably didn't guess I was half naked right there in front of him and the whole classroom, but I couldnt be sure. I certainly wasn't going to ask him anyway. When I finished reading he told me to go back to my seat. The friction between my slippery thighs almost made me go over the edge. God I felt so hot! I sat down on the cold seat and tried to stay still while the teacher made someone else read another text. I tried to think about something else but it was not easy. When you are sitting half naked in a classroom full of students, it's not easy to think about anything else! My pussy was leaking on the chair and I knew the next person to sit there would have my smell on his clothes! But I didn't have anything to clean it and I didn't care anyway. My main concern was not to cum! I wasn't moving but I could feel an orgasm coming! The more I tried to fight it back, the stronger the feeling became. And suddenly there it was! Right in the middle of my classmates, I had and orgasm! Without even touching myself! I had to bite my tong to avoid screaming. But I couldn't avoid breathing heavily and moaning. My eyes were closed the whole time but I knew everybody was looking at me. The guy who was reading had stopped and nobody was talking. When I was finished cuming, I opened my eyes and the teacher was looking at me with a shocked face. "Are you OK Erica? What happened?" he asked. "I... I just bit my tongue really hard..." I stammered. "Really?" he asked with a raised hair brow. "Yes... It hurts a lot..." I answer. I wasn't lying. I really bit my tongue and it hurt! I could taste blood in my mouth. "Well, be careful! You'll have to wait until lunch to eat something if you are hungry..." he replied, like it was the funniest think in the world. My classmates laughed, probably because they really like to make fun of me. The teacher asked the boy to keep on reading.

Before that I was wet, now I was drenched. When I moved, I could feel myself slipping on my chair. I was sitting in a pool of my come. My butt, pussy and thighs were full of it. I heard Lisa whispering behind me: "Was it good? I'm surprised you didn't scream!" Oh god, she knew exactly what happened. Then I heard her talk louder to the teacher. "Could we open the window? There is a bad smell in here!" "It smells like fish!" shouted someone. With that, everybody roared with laughter. The teacher seemed unphased and went to the window to open it. I felt so humiliated! They had to open the window because of my smell! The smell of my pussy! Because I just had an orgasm! How could it be worse than that?

When the bell rang to announce the end of the period, I had to bend down again to get my bag. I did it quickly but I knew from the whistles and catcalls behind me I just showed my ass again. I got up and looked at the chair. It was full of juice! I was too. I could feel it running down my legs. I could feel my t-shirt sticking to my ass too! I had to clean myself quickly. I walked out of the class surrounded by my classmates. When I was in the hall, someone made me trip and I felt face first on the floor. I was so surprised I didn't realize right away that my t-shirt was around my waist. Everybody around me roared with laughter. I got on my feet and pulled my t-shirt down. I pushed thru the crowd to head to the toilets. I felt a hand on my ass but it was quickly withdrawn. "Eeeek! It's all wet and sticky!" With that, they laughed more.

I ran down the hall. I wanted to hide and cry. I didn't know where I was heading, but I just wanted to go away from my classmates. I turned a corner and bumped into someone. I looked at the person and gasped. It was the principal! He was looking at me with a stern look. "Look where you go young lady! You almost knocked me over!" I would probably have if he wasn't that fat (of course I didn't tell him that!). He was probably more than twice my weight. He was really big too and I felt like a little bug in front of him. "And what are you wearing?" he asked while looking at my legs. "My gym clothes." I quickly answered while giving him the note I got from the coach. He read it and looked at me again. "You had all your clothes stolen? Why didn't you put them in locker?" "I was late; I didn't have the time..." I answered shyly. "Well I guess you had it coming then! Next time, come on time... and lock your stuff! Did you have valuable things stolen apart from your clothes?" he asked. "No, only my clothes." "OK then... Go to your next class." he said while he gave me the note back. "Mister! May I please go home to fetch new clothes?" I asked. "If I remember well, you already have a warning because you missed school last month..." "Yes sir." "Then I'm afraid I'll have to refuse." "But sir, I'm not really meeting the dress code..." I didn't know why I said that. A little voice in my head was yelling: "You're looking for troubles!" "I know. But I know you didn't do it on purpose too. And I can see you don't like it. It will serve you as a lesson to remind you to come on time and take care of your clothes." I couldn't believe it! He was asking me to spend the day in school dressed like that as some kind of punishment! Of course he didn't know I didn't wear anything under my t-shirt. I suppose he would have changed his mind, but I didn't want to tell him!

The principal walked away and I just stayed there in shock. The minute I saw him, I thought I would be in trouble. I was right but not in the way I thought! He just told me I had to stay all day like this in school! I guess I really had it coming! The adrenaline rush I had when I saw him had somewhat cleared my mind. I realized I was deeply in trouble! It was only a matter of time before a teacher notices I'm half naked. I know that could get me expelled. And with all my classmates knowing about my predicament, it didn't help. I knew from the previous period they thought my situation funny and weren't going to help me. But would they turn me in? I suppose they wouldn't do it because that would end their fun, but I'd have to be careful.

I walked to my next classroom. The teacher wasn't there yet, and half the room was still empty. I walked to the back of the room under the stares of those of my classmates who were already there. Those were not the same I had in my class on the previous period. We are not always with the same people in class because of what orientation we choose. I sat down and felt the cold chair on my bare butt. Immediately, some guys ran to me. "We heard some gossips about you... Is it true?" asked one of them. "Are you naked below the waist?" asked another one. "If it is true, you are the coolest girl of the school!" said another one enthusiastically. I was speechless. What could I answer to those guys? "I think it's true. If she were wearing short, we would see them when she sits! Look, we can almost see her buttocks on the side!" said the first guy. They all bent to have a close look at the side of my butt. I was red in the face but didn't know what to do. I couldn't pull my t-shirt lower and they were right. My butt was directly touching the chair and my t-shirt was too short to completely hide it in this position. I was confused about the guy saying I was cool, because I was half naked. Would he think that way about any half-naked girl, or was it the fact that I was half-naked at school? I was way too embarrassed to ask though, and their intense staring didn't help to make me relax.

The teacher came in and the guys reluctantly left me alone. I was glad I didn't have to tell my story to the teacher this time as he didn't see me. From his point of view, I looked decent enough. He could only see the upper part of my body and the people in front of me helped to hide my naked legs (amongst other naked things). I was just hoping the constants turning heads of guys (and girls) trying to get a look at me wouldn't attract his attention. Fortunately, he spent most of the time sitting at his desk, getting up sometimes to write something on the board. When the bell rang, I felt relieved to see him leaving, yet I dreaded to be alone with my classmates. I gathered my things and got up. The guys were once again around me. "Come on! Show us what's under that t-shirt!" "Yeah! I heard you have a cute hairless pussy." "Can we see it?" Curiously, they were all pressing me, but they didn't touch me. These were gentlemen compared to those who grabbed me in the hall. But I still felt really embarrassed and certainly didn't want to lift my t-shirt! They were insistent though and surrounding me. I didn't know how I could walk away if they didn't let me go. I considered doing what they asked and felt my pussy tingling. "Would you let me go if I did it?" I asked. "Yeah!" "Sure!" "You've got our word!" "We could even protect you on your way to your next class if you want!" I didn't expect that much. I supposed this was my fan club! Even if they basically wanted to see my pussy, they were keeping their hands off of me, and it was kind of cool. They were looking at me like I was some kind of goddess and I could feel my pussy growing wetter just because of the attention I was getting. It was the first time I felt like I had some kind of control on the situation. I dropped my bag on my desk and grabbed the edge of my t-shirt. All the boys were looking expectantly. I was so nervous my hands were shaking. But I was even more excited than before. I never thought of showing my body to someone intentionally, but I found out at that time it was a huge turn on for me. I slowly pulled my t-shirt up to my navel. I think none of the boys were breathing by now. I wasn't breathing either. I never showed my body to a boy (intentionally, I mean...) and here I was flashing 7 or 8 boys in a classroom. They seemed all entranced by the sight. I looked down and saw my smooth pussy. My lips were swollen and my clit was poking. The boys probably noticed that too, but none of them made a comment. I was about to drop my t-shirt when one of them spoke: "Could we see your tits too?" They were all looking at my face expectantly. I looked around nervously. We were alone in the room and one of them had closed the door. I slowly lifted my t-shirt until it was bunched under my chin. I half expected to see them mocking my small tits, but they just look with lust in their eyes. My nipples were long and hard. After like an eternity, I dropped my t-shirt down. The boys were all looking at me with huge grins. "That was so cool!" said one of them. "You are really cute!" said another. "Thank you very much! You made my day" added another one.

I was speechless. I grabbed my bag and headed for the door. True to their word, they escorted me to my next class. It was my last period before noon. I thanked the boys and they thanked me in return, then I walked in the classroom. Something tells me I'm going to hear from them again before the end of the day. I sat down in the middle of the class. All my classmates were looking at me with knowing smiles and I still felt deeply embarrassed, but I was so excited from what just took place with the boys. They showed interest in me, but not to make fun of me. I was still amazed at my own boldness. I just lifted my t-shirt completely for them! The teacher came in and started his class. My thought kept drifting to the boys though. I thought about the way they admired my body. I then imagined myself having sex with one of them. I never had sex. I wonder what it would feel like. I was so horny I wanted to feel something in my cunt. I bent forward and put my hand in my laps then discreetly reached my pussy with my fingers. I was in another world, I was so hot. I didn't care I was in a classroom anymore. My finger grazed my pussy lips and I shuddered. I moved my finger lightly along my lips. It felt so good and I had to concentrate hard not to moan. I pushed my finger between my lips. My face must have been deep red. I was panting. I was close to the edge. I had to stop before I cum again. Each time I was too close, I stopped. But after one or two minute, my hand kept coming back to work. I was lost in another world. I kept myself close to orgasm for the entire period. I have absolutely no idea what the teacher talked about. I only suppose my classmates knew what I was doing, but I wasn't really aware of my surroundings. When the bell rang, everybody got up and I thought it was my chance. The chairs moving on the ground made a lot of sound and I pressed my clit with my finger. It was like pressing the red button that starts an atomic explosion. I came really hard. I moaned and maybe screamed. I'm not sure. I came so hard I passed out. When I woke up, I was still sitting on my chair with my face on the desk. I still had one hand between my legs, and my t-shirt was around my waist.

I looked around me and most of my classmates were looking at me. Oh god! I just humiliated myself again. They were all laughing. Thankfully, the teacher had left immediately and didn't know what happened. I heard all sort of comments. "Did you enjoy your class, Erica?" "If you need some help, I can give you a hand..." "I never thought you were that kind of girl!" "Yeah! That was a good show!" I got up on shaky legs and pulled my t-shirt down. How could I do that? I touched myself in the class! I was becoming a big slut! I tried to walk but my legs were too shaky. One boy came to my side to help me walk, but I soon felt his hand on my butt under my t-shirt. Another boy came on the other side and soon his hand was on my other butt cheek. I felt too weak to protest and soon I felt one of them reach between my legs. His fingers touched my pussy and I jumped. It was so sensitive! He tried to put his finger in my pussy roughly but it was painful for me. That drew some force back in me. I tried to push their hands away but of course, they were much stronger than me. I was lucky one girl decided to help me: "Hey guys! You're practically raping her! I know she's a slut, but I'm not sure you should do that." she said. The boys stopped moving their hands. "Look at her! She's begging for it." said one of them. "She's trying to push your hand away!" replied the girl. The boys removed their hands. I suppose they didn't want to be charged for sexual assault or something. If there weren't so many witnesses, I suppose they wouldn't stop. But I was happy it ended there. I didn't want to be groped or raped by a bunch of boys. This would be a little too intense for a first sexual experience. I quickly walked away under my classmates stares.

It was lunchtime but I didn't feel like eating at the cafeteria. I thought I'd humiliated myself enough for today. But I didn't know what else to do. I desperately wanted to go home and change. But I was stuck in this school. I don't know why, but I considered it ten times worst to tell a teacher about my clothing problem, than to have all my classmates teasing me about it all day. It was probably because talking to a teacher would be some kind of active behavior, while pretending it was no big deal and stay at school was more of a passive behavior. That's me. I'm a passive kind of person. I let events take the control of me and I don't do anything to avoid it. I don't like that part of my personality, but I couldn't do anything about it!

I headed outside when I saw Alicia in the hall. When she saw me, she just freaked out! "Oh my god! Erica, tell me you are wearing something under that t-shirt!" she said. I didn't say anything and looked at the ground while my face turned red. "I can't believe it! What happened? How come you haven't been expelled yet?" she asked. "Can we go somewhere else?" I asked, looking nervously at the people surrounding us. They didn't seem to listen, but a lot of them were looking my way. "Did you eat something?" asked Alicia. "Not yet. But I don't feel like going to the cafeteria..." "I see! I'll go and grab us sandwiches and we'll go outside find some quiet place to talk." she said with a smile. "OK, I'll wait over there." I waited in the hall while she went to the cafeteria. I felt every eye in the hall on me and tried to act nonchalantly. Alicia was back ten minutes later, but it was like an eternity for me. I was lucky nobody tried to mess with me. We walked outside and found a quiet place. Alicia sat on the grass, but I was a little scared of what I'd show if I sat on the ground. I decided to kneel, but it was weird to feel my heels under my naked buttocks. And I could tell from the look on Alicia's face that she could see my pussy between my legs. The position wasn't really comfortable and I thought I wouldn't show more if I sat down. I shifted my legs on the side and sat my naked butt on the ground. I tried to pull on my t-shirt while I put my legs in front of me. I could feel the grass on my butt skin. I could even feel it on my pussy! It was really weird. I had to keep my legs on the ground in front of me. I couldn't cross them or lift them without displaying my pussy.

"So... tell me what happened? Is it Lisa?" asked Alicia. She was smiling. She was probably enjoying my discomfort. I told her everything: How Lisa and Carry stripped me, how they took my clothes, how I went to class like that and had orgasms during class. How I displayed my body to my new "fan club". How I even masturbated in my last class. She seemed completely stunned. She was just looking at me with her mouth agape. She finally found her words and asked me questions. "Why didn't you tell the coach they stripped you?" "I didn't dare... Everybody was looking at me so I pretended nothing was wrong..." "But why didn't you tell her later when you were alone?" "I don't know. She would have thought I was crazy if I told her I spend the class bottomless." "She would be right!! You should have asked to go home or something to get other clothes!" "I can't miss school! I already had a warning!" "So what? You'd have one or two hours of detention! Is it worse than spending the day half naked in school?" She had a point. I should have thought about that. I didn't know what to say. "Maybe it is worse. Maybe you like being half naked! Maybe you think you are lucky to have that note from the coach..." said Alicia with a mischievous smile. "No! I don't like it! It's embarrassing! Humiliating! It's..." "Arousing?" "No! Well ... not really... I don't know!" I started to cry. Alicia sat next to me and hugged me. "Don't worry. It's OK. I know you like it. That's why you had those orgasms. That's why you lifted your t-shirt for those guys. But it's OK. I don't care. You're still my friend..." I cried on her shoulder before realizing I had lifted my knees. My pussy was on display again, but I was beyond caring now. I had to figure out my feelings. Was I really the exhibitionist Alicia was describing? I know my body reacted strongly, but I still felt embarrassed. This wasn't me. I never dress sluttish; I always wear decent clothes, except when someone stole them or rip them. I couldn't say I enjoyed being in school half naked, even if I enjoyed it sexually. How could my body react so differently from my mind?

We discussed about that while we ate our sandwiches. I wasn't really hungry because my stomach was upside down or something. Alicia seemed to understand what I was feelings. "You know, I think all this happened because you discovered your sex side when you were exposed naked," she said. "What do you mean?" "Well, you told me you are a virgin... Are you still a virgin, by-the-way?" "Well, yes I am...." I blushed. "So I suppose you never considered yourself as a 'sex' person. That is, until you were exposed at the water-park, then at school and at the library. You discovered you attracted a lot of attention. By being nude, you become a 'sex' person. A whole new world opens up for you. You discovered that part of your personality by being nude in public, and every time that happens again, your body answers to it sexually." "Well I understand that, but it doesn't explain why I don't like it, while I feel... you know... hot when I'm naked..." "That's normal! You never liked to expose your body, you don't really like it. You are always hiding it behind conservative clothes. But by doing that, you completely denied the 'sexual' part of yourself. She explained. "Well... That makes sense... But what can I do about it?" I asked desperately. "You are faced with a simple choice. First solution: you could try to regress to your old self and repress any 'sexual' side of your personality. I don't recommend this because of obvious problems in your future love life. If you happen to have one..." I could see what she wanted to say. Sex is an important part of life, I couldn't deny it anymore. "Second solution (the one I would recommend): you have to accept that part of your personality and try to reconcile with your body. People like to embarrass you by looking at you because they can feel that's exactly what you are trying to avoid." "How could I do that?" I asked. "Well, you obviously need to do something about your clothes. And you should act more casually about exposure. I bet you never took a shower with the other girls in the locker rooms." I blushed. She was right. I always tried to wait for everybody to finish before I go to the shower. Sometimes, I didn't take a shower because I hadn't enough time. I had to use a lot of perfume to mask my transpiration smell. "You almost never wear skirts too. The few times I saw you in a skirt, it was a long one that went down to your ankles. Your legs are great! They deserve some attention! And your shirts! You always button them up to your neck! You need to breathe! You don't even own a v-neck t-shirt!" I blushed more. She was right again! I always try to hide my body. That's probably because of my small breast. I'm always scared that someone would notice I'm not wearing a bra too. My mother played her part in this... "That's how I always dressed, and I don't think my mum would like me to wear short skirts or open shirts..." I said weakly. "Oh come on! Don't tell me your mother is the one in charge of your clothing! You are sixteen! It's high time you step up and stop wearing what your mother wore when she was your age! This is the 21st century!" I was almost crying by now. Her words were hitting me hard. But she was right. I always followed my mother's advices in what I should or should not wear. But her advices were outdated! I was at loss for words. "Look, it's not that big a deal... All you need is to find your freedom. Your mind has been influenced by your mother, while your body has other needs. All you need to do is reconcile your body and your mind." "How can I do that? I can't run around naked until I get used to it, can I?" I said with tears in my eyes. "Of course not! That would be a little too far. Even if you are not really that far from it right now!" she said while looking down. I looked and gasped. I was so concentrated on our conversation I forgot I was half naked. I had crossed my legs and my pussy was completely on display! I quickly straightened them on the ground again, and pulled on my t-shirt. Alicia giggled. "That's OK. It's not the first time I see your pussy, you don't need to be shy with me. In fact, it may be a good exercise for you. Nobody is close to us, so you are safe. Just relax and show it again." "You can't be serious!" I replied, shocked. "Of course I'm serious. Your pussy is cute, and I already saw it several times now. You have no need to hide it from me. You need to accept your body, remember?" "Yes but..." "No buts! Well not now anyway... It's your pussy I want to see! Not your butt." she said giggling again. God I feel bad about this. But she is right. Nobody could see anything, except her, and she already saw me naked. I slowly lifted my knees and spread my thighs. Alicia was looking at my crotch with a big smile. I spread my legs wider, until my pussy lips were slightly pulled apart. I could see I was really wet inside. Alicia must have been thinking about the same thing I suppose. "Good! That didn't kill you, did it?" she asked while looking me in the eyes again. "Well I suppose no..." I said while I slowly closed my legs again. "Stop that! Keep your legs open! You need to breath and your pussy too, by the look of it!"

I kept my legs apart, while we discussed about my clothes. She kept looking at my pussy every now and then and I felt weird. I don't feel sexually attracted to Alicia or any girl, at least I think so, but I felt it strangely exciting to get that kind of attention from her. "You know what? We should go shopping. I'll help you find clothes who match your real personality." she said. "Well that would be great." not really able to concentrate on anything else than my exposed, wet and gaping pussy. "What about tonight? We could go to the mall after school!" she said excitedly. "Tonight? I don't know if my parents would like me to go out on a week night..." "Well you can tell them you come to my place to study. You could even spend the night in my house! My parents won't be there, they are leaving tonight for a 5 days trip." "I don't know... I'll have to call my parents to ask them. But it would be great. I didn't want to come back home dressed as I am now!" "Yeah, you'll have something to wear, since we are going shopping for clothes! Here, you can use my cell phone to call your parents." I called my mother at work and told her I was going to spend the night at Alicia's home to study. She seemed OK with it and told me to behave. Alicia was happy and so was I. But it was distracting to talk with her and with my mother on the phone with my pussy on display like that.

We kept chatting until the end of lunch hour. When time was up, we got up and walked back inside. I felt more relaxed, but I was still horny from my display in front of Alicia. "I'm going to my class. We'll meet here at the end of our classes, ok?" she asked. "OK, no problem." "By-the-way, I really like your shaved pussy! It is so cute!" She left me and I looked frantically around to see if anybody had heard her last comment. A lot of people were looking at me, but it was probably just because of my attire. I quickly walked away and went to my class. I only had two periods in the afternoon, and nothing bad happened, except the fact that I was really horny all the time. At least I didn't cum in class this time. I didn't really listen to what the teachers were talking about, though.

After my last class, I met Alicia at the exit. We walked away and she told me her mum would pick us up and drives us to the mall. I started to panic. "I can't go to the mall like this! We have to go back to your place. I need to borrow you something to wear!" I shouted. "Why? You spent the whole day in school like that. I don't see why you couldn't go to the mall like that too. Besides, we're going there to buy clothes, so you'll have something to wear soon..." I didn't want her mom to see me like this, and I felt really bad about walking in the mall half naked! She was definitely crazy! I was about to refuse when her mother pulled up. Alicia ran to the car and opened the passenger door. She entered the car and I weakly opened the rear door. I sat down and tried to put my legs together inside. This was really bad. I've known Alicia's mother for years. She is a friend of my mother. "Hi Erica!" She said. "Hello." I replied weakly. "My god! That's a sexy outfit! Did you go to your classes dressed like that?" "She got her clothes stolen during her gym class! That's her gym outfit." said Alicia. "Oh I see. I hope you didn't loose too valuable clothes!" "Well, not really... Those were old clothes." I answered. "I certainly understand why you need to go shopping then!" She laughed. Fortunately, she didn't seem to notice I was bottomless.

She dropped us in the parking lot and Alicia said her goodbyes for the weekend since her parents would be gone for their trip when we go back to her place. I said goodbye too, while pulling on my t-shirt. When the car left, I had a sinking feeling. I was half-naked, on a parking lot in front of a mall. And I was about to walk inside with my so-called beast friend! How could it be worse? Alicia didn't want to leave me the time to think about it. She grabbed my hand and pulled me to the entrance. My knees were shaking and I felt like fainting. I only had my t-shirt, my socks, my sneakers and my purse! When we passed the doors, I stopped dead in my tracks! God was this mall crowded! There were people everywhere! I was holding onto the hem of my t-shirt with both hands like my life depended on it. I don't know why this felt much worse than at school. At least I was in a familiar surrounding there. Here, I felt like I was in a completely public place. Anybody could walk by and see me! "Stop pulling on that t-shirt! You'll tear it!" Said Alicia. I looked at her with pleading eyes. This was too much for me. "Look, if you keep trying to hide and act like there is a problem, people will notice you. You just have to act naturally. Just let go of your t-shirt and walk with me. There's nothing to worry about. Your t-shirt is long enough to cover you, as long as you don't bend or squat, of course!" She said. Maybe she was right, but I didn't know how I could possibly act naturally! I was naked! She grabbed my hand and I reluctantly let go of the t-shirt and followed her.

She made me walk without entering any shop at first, to help me relax, as she said it. I didn't feel relaxed at all. I was sometimes looking at the ground to avoid stares, sometimes looking around me to see if a lot of people were looking at me. And they were! I could see a lot of people looking at my legs. I suppose they were trying to figure out what I was wearing under the t-shirt! If only they knew...

Alicia dragged me in front of a lingerie shop. "One very important part of sexy clothing is the underwear." She said. I looked at her with an expressionless face. "I saw what you wear, and it's not sexy at all! You need to get rid of those printed white-cotton granny panties! Come with me..." She grabbed my hand and led me inside. We were surrounded by sexy lacy underwear. She led me to a wall full of hanging panties. She focused on a display of thongs. She asked my size and took a few of them. She then led me to the changing room. There were two rooms closed by a curtain on the back wall of the shop. I entered one of them and looked at the thongs Alicia chose for me. Those were sexy things! First, I took one white simple model. It was a simple white triangle in front, and a string in the back and on the hips. No lace on this one. I pulled it on (I didn't need to remove anything first!). Alicia asked me to show her. I pulled the curtain open. "You should remove your t-shirt! I don't see anything!" She said. I wanted to close the curtain but Alicia was holding it. Besides, I'd have to open it to show her anyway. I quickly grabbed my t-shirt and pulled it over my head. I dropped it in the room and waited for Alicia's approbation. She looked at me from head to toe. "Nice! That's sexy! Turn around." I turn my back to her. "I like that! The string is really hidden between your butt cheeks, it almost looks like you are naked!" She said. Then I froze in terror. Another voice talked. "Do you need help?" It was the saleswoman! I didn't move while Alicia talked to her. "Well... We are looking for something sexy for my friend here." said Alicia. "Well you certainly found something sexy!" She answered. "Turn around!" said Alicia. I slowly turned around until I was facing them. The saleswoman was looking at my small tits with a smile. "Maybe you are in the wrong shop here. There is a children's clothing shop over there where you could find something more of her age..." She said. I felt completely humiliated. This saleswoman looked to be about 20, very good looking in a nice dress. She obviously thought I was a little girl! Alicia was smiling. "Well she looks a little younger that she really is, and I don't think they'll have anything sexy in that shop." "That's true, but why does she need to look sexy?" asked the woman. "We want her to look older, and more attractive! Her classmates always make fun of her because of the way she dresses..." said Alicia. "I see... Well as long as you pay, there's no problem." said the woman.

I felt like a little girl because of the way they were talking about me like I wasn't there. And I wasn't allowed any modesty either! I was in plain view of the whole shop. Luckily, there didn't seem to be anyone else in the shop now. "Do you have anything that would look sexy on top of that?" asked Alicia. "Well... With her small breast, I don't think a Wonderbra could do any wonder. A push-up needs something to push up, if you know what I mean! But we have maybe some padded bras that could probably fit. I'll go and see what I can find." "Why don't you try another thong?" asked Alicia when she was away. I wanted to close the curtain, but she was still holding it. No one was around so I thought I could do it quickly. I don't know why I didn't dare to ask her to let go of the curtain! I think I felt too weak to talk. So I turned my back to her and dropped the thong to my feet and stepped out of it. I picked it up then took the next one. It was a black lacy one. I quickly put it on and turned around. "Wow that is sexy too!" Said Alicia. She was right. The front was lacy on the edges and completely see-through and the back was nothing more than a string. This was as decent as naked. "Try the last one." Said Alicia. I again turned my back to her to remove it. Once I was naked and bent over to pick it up on the ground, I heard the saleswoman coming back. "Here! Try this on!" She said. I quickly turned around and put the thong on the chair. I was mortified to be seen completely naked, and bending over too! I shuddered at the display I just gave to her. She had a big smile and was presenting a bra to me. She clearly wanted me to take it without letting me the time to put panties on first. I took the bra and tried to put it on. It was the first time I was wearing a bra and I had troubles with the hook at the back. The saleswoman came to help me and hooked it. She then put her hands on the cups and adjusted it. It was weird! The bra was cute, but I didn't fill the cups, even though they were small and padded. It looked like I was wearing my mother's bra. The cups were not touching my nipples and I could see them when I looked down. The saleswoman and Alicia laughed. "I don't think she can wear this! She certainly doesn't need it!" said the saleswoman. "Don't you have anything smaller?" asked Alicia. "Not really... What she needs - if she really wants to wear a bra - is a sport bra. But I don't even think I have something in her size. You'll have to look in the children's shop!" I felt mortified by her comments. She must have thought I was a little girl trying to look older. "A sport bra wouldn't look sexy. We need something else..." said Alicia. "Well, a bra is not mandatory to look sexy! Especially with very small breast." she said with a quick glance to my chest. She walked over to a rack just outside the changing rooms area. She grabbed a black see-thru camisole and held it in front of her. "This looks sexy regardless of the bust size." she said. "Oh yes! That looks good!" said Alicia. She walked to the saleswoman and took the camisole from her hands. "Come here Erica! You should try this on." I walked to her still thinking about the humiliating words of the saleswoman, not realizing I was walking in a shop wearing only a bra! I held my hand to take the camisole, but she withdrew it. "You need to remove that bra first, Erica!" she said with a grin. I looked at her with big eyes. What game was she playing? I just wanted to get this over with so I reached in my back to unhook my bra. Of course I couldn't do it. The saleswoman told me to turn so she could help me. I turned around and at exactly the same time, three girls about 18 to 20 years old walked inside the shop. They stopped dead in their tracks when they saw me. I tried to turn around to go back to the safety of change-rooms, but the saleswoman was already holding the back of my bra. "Stop moving or I'll never manage to remove it!" she scolded me. I looked at the ground while she unsnapped my bra then let it slide down my arms. I wanted to cover myself but had to let go of the straps. I heard the girls gasp and laugh. They were probably surprised to see how flat my chest was. "Lift your arms above your head." said Alicia. I lifted my arms. I was almost crying. But I was so horny! Alicia put the camisole down my arms and down my torso. I put my arms down and breathed deeply. Apparently I didn't breathe since I saw those girls. My heart was beating so fast! I looked down at the camisole and gasped. It was completely see-thru. I could see my very hard nipples as clearly as if I was naked, and it went down to my waist, leaving my butt and pussy completely on display. I turned around to face Alicia and the saleswoman. Of course I showed my butt to the three girls by doing this but what choice did I have? "Wow! That' great! You look good! It's really classy!" exclaimed Alicia. "Oh yes it is. I believe some of our customers wear that as a top to go dancing in clubs." said the saleswoman. "Really?" asked Alicia with too much interest to my taste. "Yes, but they wear a black bra underneath to look decent of course! So that wouldn't work with our girl here, since there is no bra that would fit her, except from some sport bra from the children's clothing store..." "Well, it would be indecent if she had something to hide!" said Alicia. "That's right... But I doubt she's old enough to go dancing, anyway!" "Not yet but we sometimes have parties at friend's houses..." said Alicia. I looked at her. She couldn't expect me to go to parties wearing that! But the smile on her face told me otherwise. Why do I consider her as a friend? "You have to buy it, Erica!" she told me. "Well... OK, why not..." I managed to say. "Do you have other things to propose us?" asked Alicia to the saleswoman. "Well, we have some nice nighties that would look nice on her. Come this way."

She walked past the three girls in the direction of the door. Alicia took my hand and pulled me. We followed her and I could feel my whole body burn in shame when I walked past the three girls. They were openly staring at me with big smiles. "Hey little girl! Can't find your way back to the changing room?" said one of them. They all cracked up laughing, including Alicia and the saleswoman! I felt like dying. I kept walking, pretending I didn't hear. We stopped near the nighties. We were just near the door. I wasn't really in plain view from the outside, but anybody passing by and looking at the right moment could see me! Fortunately, nobody seemed to be looking that way. The saleswoman took one silky white nightie and showed it to us. "Oh that looks nice! You have to try it on, Erica." said Alicia. I didn't like the sound of that. She grabbed the hem of my camisole and lifted it. I had given away every hope of modesty by now so I lifted my arms until she removed it completely. I then went to take the nightie to quickly put it on, but the saleswoman was removing it from the clothes hanger. She took like an eternity before she could handle it to me. I was so nervous I had troubles putting it on. She took it and proceeded to dress me. I was mortified. Not only did I look like a little girl, I was treated as one too. When she had it on me, I looked down. I have to admit it looked good! It was a little see-through, but really not as much as the camisole. It was lacy on the cleavage and on the bottom, and there were two slits on the sides that went up to the waist. If I had been wearing panties, they would have been visible. "You look good!" said Alicia. "Yes she does!" said the saleswoman. Even the three girls behind seemed impressed by how it looked on me. I managed to smile and I twirled to show it well. I was glad to have the attention since I didn't felt naked this time. I started to relax some more. "I think I'll buy it." I said. "...with the camisole and the two thongs!" added Alicia. "Well... yes..." I replied. I wasn't really sure about the camisole and the thongs, but Alicia was insistent and they did look good. "OK, give me camisole and the nightie and I'll go check them and put them in a pack for you." said the saleswoman. She grabbed the hem of the nightie and pulled it up and off of me before I had time to think. I was completely naked in the shop and she walked away with the nightie and the camisole. I walked in the direction of the changing room and had to walk past the three girls who hadn't moved yet. When I was at their level, I heard someone gasp behind me. I turned around and there was a middle age couple standing at the entrance looking at me in shock. I turned around and quickly went to the safety of my changing room. When I was inside, I couldn't resist the urge and stroked my clit with one hand and put one then two fingers in my pussy with the other hand. I came in less than one minute, biting my lip to avoid screaming. When I was finished, I heard Alicia on the other side of the curtain: "If you are finished, you could give me the thongs so I can give them to the saleswoman." she said. Oh god! She certainly heard me moan! I took the thongs and opened the curtain to give them to her. She was looking at me with a big smile. She took the thongs and winked at me. "Don't take too long in there, we still have other shops to visit." she said. She walked away and I quickly closed the curtain because I could see the three girls and the couple still looking my way. I don't know if they heard me, but they certainly saw I was still naked. I had to sit down to calm down my nerves and get my breath back.

Once I was calmed down, I put my t-shirt back on and took my purse. I took a deep breath and opened the curtain. Somehow, the three girls and the couple seemed even more shocked than before. It was like this was worse than being naked. I guess they are right. It's probably worse to walk around half naked in a big mall than to walk around naked in a little shop. I walked to the cash register. Alicia and the saleswoman were waiting for me. I paid for my new underwear and took the bag. It was expensive, but I had some money since I had worked during the holiday. "Thank you very much. Come back whenever you want!" Said the saleswoman with a big smile. We walked out of the shop under the stares of everybody. I walked fast to go away as quickly as possible. Alicia followed me and caught my shoulder. "Hey! Wait! Where are you running?" She asked. "I just want to go away from those people! They saw me naked!" I told her. "Yes and?" "And I don't want to see them again! That was terribly humiliating! You have no idea..." "But you liked it! I heard you in the change-room!" "Yeah... I know..." I mumbled. She was right. I did enjoy it, but it was humiliating anyway! "Let's go to that shop! They have a lot of clothes!" Said Alicia. I followed her inside. It was a very big shop with clothes for men, women and children. My mother used to come her with me because the clothes were cheap but of good quality.

I followed Alicia as she led me through the clothes rags. We were heading to the children's department! Alicia stopped and looked through the clothes. "I know we are trying to make you look sexier, but with your stature, I think it's here we will find something that fits you..." She was right; my clothes always look oversized on me. But I couldn't say I was looking forward to wearing children clothes. Alicia was looking in the tops. She already had some in her hand. She then grabbed my hand and led me to the change-room area. It was a big area for the whole shop. Men, women and children went there. You had several cubicles closed by a curtain. I took the tops Alicia had chosen for me and entered one. I removed my t-shirt and tried the first one. It was a tight blue tank top. It was made of thin cotton and you could see the shape of my nipples. It reached to my waist and that left me naked below the waist. I pulled lightly on the curtain and put my head outside to call Alicia. She was outside the area, looking at clothes. I called her name but she didn't hear me. I called louder and she heard this time, but other people heard too and looked in my direction! Alicia came over. "How does it look? Show me!" She said. "Well, I can't come out... I'm half naked!" I whispered. "You don't need to come out! Just open the curtain!" She said. She then grabbed the curtain and opened it completely, leaving me completely exposed and speechless. I knew it wasn't a good idea to go shopping with her! I just hope there's nobody I know here. I looked around and a lot of people were now looking in my direction with different reactions. A lot of people looked shocked (mostly mothers or women with their husbands), some looked really interested (mostly men), and some were just laughing (mostly children, and lonely women). Alicia of course acted like nothing was unusual and made comments on my top. "You look good! You should wear tight clothes more often. It looks good even though you have small tits!" She said. I didn't answer since I was still speechless. "Try the second one! It's my favorite!"

I quickly closed the curtain and took a deep breath. I didn't even notice I wasn't breathing the whole time! I removed the blue top and took the other one. It was much smaller! I put it on and looked in the mirror. It was a light yellow tank top that leaves the belly uncovered. It looked like a sport bra! My hard nipples were pushing very hard again the thin material and you could even see their color thru it. Alicia didn't wait this time and opened the curtain. I gasped and just looked at her, unable to move. I don't know why, I didn't even try to cover myself. I think she was slowly having me get used to be exposed naked in public. Everybody was still there looking at me and I was trembling from nervousness. "Wow! That's sexy! You should definitely buy this one! You look hot!" She nearly screamed. God is she trying to attract everyone's attention? I guess now everyone in the area saw me! She made me try some others tops the same way. People seemed to wait casually for each of my apparitions. One girl even came to make comments on my tops. She was probably just finding an excuse to see me up close, but she acted like Alicia, focusing on the top I was wearing and discussing with her of how I looked. "I like that one. The deep cleavage looks good on her..." She said. "Yes but it is maybe too loose for her..." Said Alicia. "That's all the fun! Could you bend over, please?" She asked me. I looked at Alicia who just nodded. I slowly bent over and the loose top I was wearing parted with my chest, giving both of them (and probably a couple other people) a good view of my small breast. "Oh yeah! I like that! I know what skirt would look good with that! Don't move, I'll be back" Said Alicia. She left and I was suddenly alone with this girl I don't even know. Everybody around was still looking at me, wearing nothing but a loose top that leave everything below my belly button completely on display. I wanted to close the curtain but the girl had other thoughts. "I'm Sarah, by-the-way." She said while she shook my hand. "I'm Erica..." "Nice to meet you! Is that girl your big sister?" She asked, referring to Alicia. "No, she's my friend." "Oh! OK... Are all you friends much older than you?" She asked. "No, most of them are my age..." I answered. "You are a cute little girl anyway." She said. "Thank you..." I answered. Then I understood! She thought I was much younger than Alicia! Of course, I was trying children's clothes and with my shaved pussy and little tits, she must have thought I was 10 to 12 years old. I didn't dare tell her I was really 16! What would she have thought about me! Alicia came back with a skirt. "Here! Try this on!" I took it and quickly put it on without bothering with the curtains. It was a really short black pleated skirt. I looked in the mirror and it looked really good. I never wear skirts this short, but I liked it. Alicia and Sarah seemed to like it too. "My god you look so cute!" Said Sarah. "Oh yes she does!" Added Alicia. I felt good to be completely dressed (except for underwear of course). I took some poses in front of the mirror. "You shouldn't put your t-shirt on the ground, you'll get it dirty!" Said Alicia, pointing to my t-shirt. I had indeed dropped it on the floor. I bent over to pick it up and heard Sarah and Alicia gasp. I turned around with my t-shirt in my hand and looked at them. Their smile told me long about what I just showed them!

I removed the skirt and the top and put my t-shirt back on. I ended up buying two tops and the skirt and we left with all my new clothes in bags. It was weird walking around with bags full of clothes while wearing only a t-shirt. I wanted to tell Alicia I wanted to go change in the bathroom, but I don't know what stopped me. I just followed her around the mall and we stopped in different shops. We visited music stores and other things like that. I really didn't have a lot of money left after what I already bought. I told it to Alicia and we decided we had already bought some fine items and we decided to head to the food court. I thought about my purchases and sighed. I actually bought underwear, one skirt and two tops. That's not really what I had in mind to replace the clothes I lost at school and at the library, but I suppose that'll do for now. We found a free table and Alicia sat down. I looked at her nervously and she raised an eyebrow with a little smile. "I think I'll ... I mean I should ... I'd like to go to the toilet and put something more decent on... I don't want to sit here in my t-shirt..." I said, lowering my eyes. "Oh Come on! You spent the whole day dressed like that! Just sit down!" She said. I sat down, nervously holding onto the hem of my t-shirt. Alicia asked what I wanted and went to the counter to order our food. I felt really nervous sitting alone dressed like that in the middle of a big mall. I desperately wanted to put some of my new clothes on, but at the same time, I desperately wanted to rip off my t-shirt and masturbate right then and there. But I didn't do anything; I just waited for Alicia to come back with our food.

When we were done eating, I told Alicia I wanted to go to the toilet. She just grabbed my bag and said she'd keep them while I went there. I suppose she wanted to be sure I I'd stay in my t-shirt and nothing else! I looked at her with pleading eyes, but she just raised an eyebrow. Nothing was said, but I knew I couldn't negotiate with her. I reluctantly went to the bathroom and did my business there. I resisted the urge to masturbate and came back to where Alicia was waiting for me.

She suggested we visit one last shop before going back home. I followed her into this big sport shop. She led me to the swimsuits area. "One thing you definitely need to change is your bathing suit! Your suits are not good." She exclaimed while looking around her. "What's wrong with my suits?" I asked. "A one piece bathing suit isn't sexy at all! You need a bikini! The only time I saw you wearing something sexy in a pool was at the water park!" She said, blinking at me. I blushed, thinking about the day I went in the water park wearing nothing but white cotton panties, then loosing them in a pool. Meanwhile, Alicia was looking at the bikinis for girls. "There is no point looking into the adult stuff, we wont find a top that fits you..." She said. I didn't answer and looked nervously at what she was finding. She found one thing that look like a bunch of string and some pieces of materials hanging on a clothes hanger. She handed it to me and told me to try it on.

I went to the change room and walked in. It was in the middle of the shop and closed with a double door like in a saloon. You can see the head and the feet of the people inside. I removed my t-shirt and took the bikini. I looked at the tag. It was for 14 year old girls! I had troubles to untangle all the strings, but managed to get the bottoms on. It fitted very well. It was light yellow, tied at the sides. The front and the back didn't cover as much as I'd like to, but it did looked fine. I had more troubles with the top. There were two triangles of material and a lot of strings, but I couldn't find the right way to put it on. Alicia asked me if I needed help and I told her I did. She opened the door wide and I looked in shock. One salesman was behind her. She obviously new it because she stayed out of the way to allow him to look at me. She asked me what was wrong and I showed her the top. She took it and tried to put it right, but she just messed it some more. The salesman saw that and came to help us. He tried to help Alicia, but I could see he was just enjoying the view. They finally managed to get it right and the salesman held it and told me to come out so he could help me put it on. I didn't have time to think because Alicia pushed me to him. I stood in front of me while he told me to put my arms up. He took his time to tie the string around my torso. Then he pulled the cups on my tits, brushing them in the process. They were rock hard and I couldn't suppress a moan when he did that. He then tied the string behind my neck and took a step back to take a good look. I dropped my arms and looked down. The cups were too big! I could see my nipples as the material parted from my skin. The salesman came behind me, telling me hed try to adjust it. He reached in front of me and grabbed my nipples thru the material. I gasped and he apologizes, telling me he was just trying to pull the material on my chest. He did that and tried to tie the knot tighter, but it wouldn't fit! He then untied both knot and took the top completely off me, saying he was going to find a smaller size. I just stood there topless with a grinning Alicia. There were several other customers looking at me, pretending to look around in the shop. The salesman came back with a smaller top. This one was for 12 years old girls. He again put it on me, grabbing and brushing against my nipples several times in the process. This top fitted better and I looked good like that. Alicia told me so and I decided to buy it. I thought I'd better find a job because this was going to cost the last little money I still had. I went into the change room to remove the bikini and put my t-shirt back on. I then went to pay for it.

It was getting late, so we left the mall. Alicia's house was not far. We had to walk five minutes. It was pretty windy and I had trouble keeping my t-shirt down with my hands full of bags. I attracted a lot of attention on the way. I got whistles, horns and probably every head turning in my direction. We finally made it to her house and I let out a sigh of relief when she let me in.

We went directly to her bedroom to put all the stuff we bought. This has been a very stressful day and it was the first time I could really relax since the morning. There was nobody except Alicia, and I began to feel comfortable being exposed to her. She asked me if I wanted to take a shower, and I gladly accepted. The stress made me sweat, and I could tell some area between my legs could use a wash too! Alicia showed me the bathroom next to her room, and I stripped off my t-shirt and walked in the shower. It was good to relax under the water, and I enjoyed that peaceful instant. When I turned off the shower and walked out of the shower, there was no towel. I called Alicia and she brought me a small hand towel. I toweled myself, and then looked around for my t-shirt. Alicia told me she took it in her room. I tried to put the towel around myself but it was way too small. Alicia told me I didn't need it and she walked out of the bathroom. I dropped the towel and followed her, figuring I'd put my t-shirt back on in her bedroom. When I was in the hall, I saw Alicia walking to the stairs. "Let's go down watch some TV!" She said. "Just a minute... I'll put my t-shirt back on..." I said. "Well, I put it in the washing machine since I was doing the laundry. I thought you'd appreciate it..." "Oh thank you... I'll put something I just bought then..." "You don't need to bother with clothes, you know. It's just the two of us! Come on..." She grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the stairs. "But... but..." I didn't know what to say. Of course it was the two of us, and she already saw me naked (I was actually naked in front of her at that very moment, actually!). But the thought I was about to walk around naked in her living room seemed scary. I've been there often with her parents around and even if I knew they wouldn't be there, I was reluctant. Alicia didn't let me time to think about it though and I was soon walking down the stairs. Once we were in the living room Alicia let go of my hand and I just stood there. I don't know why but I remember thinking it was almost as bad as walking around in school half-naked. Now that I think back, it wasn't that bad I suppose. But this was like a family environment, and I felt out of place being naked there. But I fought those feelings and walked to the couch while Alicia went into the kitchen to fetch us some drinks.

When I sat down in the cold leather couch, I looked around and gasped. The curtains were wide open! The light was on and I knew there were several houses across the street where people could have had a good view of my naked body. I looked and saw some lights on but I could see anybody looking. Of course if someone had switched his light off, I couldn't see anything. I shuddered at the thought of some old pervert staring at me from his bedroom window. I didn't dare getting up to close the curtains because it would mean giving a full frontal view to anybody who was looking. There was probably nobody, but I didn't want to take the chance. I was giving a good side view right now, but with my arms crossed, nothing was really on show, except the unmistakable fact that I was totally naked in Alicia's living room! Alicia came back with two glasses of ice-tea and casually sat next to me (not between me and the window!) and handed me my glass. I took it and asked her if she could close the curtains. "Why? Are you afraid to get sun burnt?" She asked playfully. Damn, she would give me no respite! "Well... I don't really want to give your neighbors a show!" I said weekly. "You already are! But I doubt they're looking. Besides, the curtains are a bit tricky to close. Last time I did it, they fell from the window and it took an hour to my mother to put them back on. She told me not to try using them again, and I certainly don't want to try!" She said. "But I'm completely on display! What if one of your neighbors looks in our direction?" "Relax! I'll soften the light." She walked to the switch and softened the light. The room was darker now and I suppose you couldn't see much from outside except silhouettes. I slouched in the couch and sipped my ice-tea while Alicia switched the TV on. There was some variety show and I soon relaxed. I pulled one foot on the couch and that gave Alicia a nice view of my pussy. I didn't do it on purpose, but I noticed her taking a glance then smile. I thought about putting my leg down but thought what the hell! She already saw my pussy several times! She couldn't tell I wasn't relaxed with my body in front of her, now!

The variety show ended and Alicia flipped through the channels. It was getting late and we had school the day after, so we decided to go to sleep. I followed Alicia to her bedroom. She left me there and went to the bathroom to change. This was funny! She was the one telling me to relax with my body and she wouldn't change in front of me, even though I was completely naked in her bedroom! She came back wearing a silky white nightie that looked good on her. "Could I borrow you some sleepwear?" I asked tentatively. "Oh! Dont worry about me, you can sleep in the nude, I won't be offended!" She answered with a smile. "Well... I don't usually sleep naked; I'd rather wear something... Maybe I could wear something I bought!" "I think you'd better not. Those are all new and clean. You'd better keep them for good occasions! Don't worry; you'll be OK like that. It's for your own good, you know?" She said with a serious look. She was again trying to get me to accept my body. Well I already spend the evening nude; I could as well sleep like that. "Well OK then, I'll sleep nude..." I said reluctantly. "Cool!" She nearly jumped, clapping her hands. I don't know what was so good in having me sleeping in the nude, but she seemed to like the idea. I started to wonder if she was a lesbian or something. "Now there's the bed problem. We could sleep together in my bed but it would be pretty tight! As you see, it isn't a twin bed." Now I really started to wonder! She must have read it in my eyes because she immediately tried to reassure me. "Hey don't worry! I don't fancy you. I don't think it'd be a good idea to sleep together. That's what I was trying to say!" She said laughing. "You could either sleep in my parents bedroom, or on the couch downstairs. Come with me." She grabbed a blanket from her cupboard and walked out of her room. I followed her in her parents' room. "Oh crap!" She exclaimed. I looked at the bed and understood her exclamation. Her parents had left plenty of clothes and other stuff on the bed. Apparently they were in a hurry when they left and didn't have time to clean up the mess. "Don't worry, I'll sleep downstairs..." I said. I was really tired from the day anyway. I could have slept on the ground if there was no other choice. This day had been full of events and I felt drained emotionally. "Are you sure?" She asked. "Absolutely! I'll be OK..." I said, grabbing the blanket. "Good night then." "Good night!"

I walked downstairs and it felt weird being alone and naked there. I mean I already came here a lot of time, and talked to Alicia's parents in this living room. But here I was, completely naked. If only they knew! I carefully avoided switching on the lights since I couldn't close the curtains. I lay down on the couch and tried to sleep. The other times I had been exposed in public, I ended my day with a big masturbation session but I didn't dare doing that in Alicia's living room. The image of what I did that day filled my mind though and I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about what I looked like walking around in school dressed in only my t-shirt. Then I thought about how I have been exposed while shopping with Alicia. Even spending the evening naked with Alicia was something to remember. I felt so horny I really couldn't sleep. The blanket was way too hot too and I let it down and got up to grab a drink in the kitchen. I walked into the kitchen and switched the light on without thinking. I went to the sink and poured a glass of water. I sat down at the kitchen table and drank my water. This was weird. I felt the cold plastic of the chair under my butt. I remember I came here last week and sat on this same chair to talk to Alicia's mom while Alicia was doing some chore. I shivered imagining myself sitting here naked talking to her. Then I gasped when I realized the curtains were open here too. With the lights on, I was in plain view! But I relaxed when I remembered there was no house with a direct view into the kitchen. Still I switched the light off and looked outside. The kitchen was on the rear of the house and there was a glass door leading to the garden. There seemed to be a light breeze outside and I still felt so hot. I opened the door slightly to let some fresh air in. It felt good on my skin, but I still felt hot. I opened the door completely because nobody could see me anyway. I then took a step outside. I felt free and horny as I looked around me. I was completely naked outside! The last times it happened to me, I wasn't in control and it had been humiliating but this time it was different. I felt in control even if I didn't really choose to spend the night naked. This time I was alone and nobody was looking at me. I took some steps in the garden and appreciated the soft tickling of the grass under my feet. I couldn't walk too far from the house because I would be in direct view from the windows of Alicia's neighbors. By staying near the house, I was pretty much out of view for them, unless they bent at the window to look at me. Which they probably would do if they knew I was here naked but thank god, they didn't knew!

I finally came back inside. I didn't felt refreshed at all. If possible, my little escapade outside had made me even hotter! I came back to the couch and try to get some sleep because I had school the day after. I spent hours turning, sweating and trying to think about something else then my nudity but it was to no avail. I was too horny to sleep, but I couldn't bring myself to masturbate in Alicia's living room! Every time I considered it, I looked around me and felt ashamed. There were picture of the family on the wall. This was definitely not the right place to bring myself off. But I desperately needed it! It was probably 4 or 5 in the morning when I finally drifted in sleep. I remember dreaming I was going to school wearing only my t-shirt again. Only this time the t-shirt was shrinking. I was walking in the hall and I could feel it uncover the bottom of my butt cheeks. Soon, my pussy came into view too. By the time I had reached my locker, I was naked below the waist. A large crowd had gathered and was staring. I could feel myself dripping with excitement. I opened my locker and took some stuff then closed it. I turned around and looked down. The t-shirt was barely covering my tits. I walked thru the hall and with each step the t-shirt kept getting smaller. Soon, my nipples were uncovered and the t-shirt had almost disappeared. I came to my classroom and walked in and I was completely naked. All my classmates and the teacher were looking at me and that's when I had a big orgasm. I came like crazy while my classmates where cheering. "Erica! Erica!" My orgasm seemed to last forever and I was screaming. I felt a hand grabbing my arm. "Erica! Erica!" It was Alicia's voice. I opened my eyes and saw her face looking at me. I was back in her living-room and I just had a huge orgasm in front of her! "Are you OK?" She asked. I was completely breathless. "Hu? Yeah... I... just had a nightmare..." I tried to explain. "A nightmare? Seems like a not-so-bad one to me!" She said with a big smile. I looked down at myself. The blanket had fallen on the ground. My legs were spread and my right hand was on my pussy. My fingers were full of my juices. There was no way I could hide the nature of my dream! I sat down and tried to grab the blanket to cover myself but Alicia took it first. "It's high time to wake up sleepy-head! You can fix yourself a breakfast in the kitchen." She walked away with the blanket and went upstairs.

I walked to the kitchen, washed my hands and fixed myself a bowl of cereal. I felt really hungry. I blushed when I saw the garden thru the glass door. I would dare walking outside now in plain daylight without a stitch of clothing. Alicia came down and fixed her breakfast. She was already dressed in a blouse and jeans. "My god you look terrible!" She said. "I know! I couldn't sleep. I don't know why..." I answered. I felt like I hadn't slept at all. This was going to be a very long day. "Do you want some coffee to wake you up?" She asked. "Oh yes thank you!" She fixed me a cup of coffee and I drank it. "Damn! It's time to go! I'll go and fetch my bag..." Said Alicia. I followed her upstairs to grab my bag and dress. When I was in her room she handed me my bag. "Wait! I have to dress! I can't go to school naked!" I shouted as she was running to the stairs. "Oh shit you're right! I forgot you were naked. Quick, we'll miss our bus!" She came back and went to the bags containing the stuff I bought the day before while I put my socks on. She opened the first bag she found and took what was inside. It was the silky nightie. "Lift your arms!" She said. I quickly lifted my arms and she put the nightie on me. She handed me my shoes. "Quick! Put them on!" I put them on without thinking. She then grabbed her bag and gave me mine and pulled me out of the room then down the stairs. "But... But..." I mumbled. I couldn't go out like this! This was not a dress! It was supposed to be worn as nightwear! Or underwear! It was lacy and see-thru! And the slits on the sides! You could see my skin up to my waist! "Quick! We have to be at the bus stop in three minutes!" She shouted. We were soon outside running to the corner of the street. I was completely stunned by Alicia's actions. Did she plan this ahead? The bag with this nightie was the one were my panties were too. Why didn't she give me one pair? And why didn't she wake me up earlier if we were so late? I didn't even have time to wash and I could feel my thighs were coated with my juice from the huge orgasm I had this morning. I could feel the front and the rear part of the nightie lift with each step I took.

The bus was at the bus stop when we arrived and we just had time to hop in before the doors closed. I looked down at myself and gasped. This looked like the begining of another terribly embarrassing day!!!

**05 - Stripping Erica by AMERICAN COWBOY**

The day turned out to be very mild, much too mild for the beginning of February. In fact, it was absolutely hot, which sucked because I had long ago put away my summer clothes. Of course, it was also too late before I came to this conclusion, having suffered through my first period class in those jeans that had extra heavy denim, and my oversized sweatshirt. When the bell rang, I bolted out of my seat and out the classroom… flustered and stifled from the heat. I felt like I was suffocating.

“Hey, Erica… you don’t look so good.”

That was Alicia, exiting a classroom on the other side of the corridor, and coming up to greet me. We used to be the best of friends, although things had grown a little cooler between the two of us. Ever since I noticed a pattern of unfortunate events occurring when we were together, and since she had been becoming chummier with that bitch, Lisa, I had started to keep some distance from her. But now she approached me with a look of genuine concern on her face.

“Do you have a fever or something? Oh, I guess you are just a little overdressed for today. Well, I can’t blame you… who would have thought it would hit the mid eighties just a couple of weeks before Valentine’s Day!”

“Yeah, I know. Maybe I should pay more attention to the weather reports. Listen, do you have anything in your locker you could lend me, so I can get changed?”

I hated to ask, but my choice of wardrobe was becoming rather unbearable. I couldn’t see myself making it through the rest of the day in my current state of dress. Alicia seemed to consider for a moment.

“I have a study period right now, but I’m afraid you are going to be late for your next class. If we hurry, I think I can hook you up with something.”

Damn, she was right. No doubt about it, I would never make it on time if I went with Alicia to her locker, then into the toilets to get changed. Every moment I pondered this dilemma, another minute slipped by before the bell would ring again. However, in my confusion and indecision, Alicia reached out and grabbed my arm and started pulling me down the hallway. She was much stronger than me, so it really took no effort. I guess she made up my mind for me!

Hers was at the end of the last bank of lockers along the wall. It was around a bend of the main corridor, and we had to pass by only one classroom slowly filling up with students. There was a stairwell close at hand, which led to the floor where my next class was. But that meant I would have to run to the toilets first to get changed, and then back here to ascend to the second floor of the school. I felt like I was running a relay race. To make matters worse, I was positively chaffing beneath my oppressive clothing.

Alicia manipulated her locker combination with deft fingers, and in no time at all the metal door was flung open. She pulled out a red duffle bag, which was obviously where she had an extra change of clothes, or maybe her gym stuff. I don’t know why I never carried a spare set in my locker. Well, I didn’t have gym today, but regardless… how come other girls seem to set up their lockers like a closet away from home?

“OK, I have these flip-flops,” my friend was taking charge and addressing me as though she was my mother! “So kick of your sneakers and socks and let your poor feet air out…”

I did as I was told, and furthermore proceeded to pull off my sweatshirt. This, I gratefully discarded and relished the air on my overheated flesh. I had not worn an undershirt, but instead a sports bra. It wasn’t anything special or lacy, just a plain white halter top that had a clasp in the front.

“All right now, off with those jeans… I have some baggy shorts that will be so much more a relief for you!”

I caught myself, just as I was about to unsnap the button. “But Alicia, can’t you just give me your stuff and I’ll get changed in the girls room?”

My friend blinked once at me, as if that was the stupidest thing she had ever heard. “No time for that, silly, you are going to be late enough as it is. Now drop your pants!”

Looking over my shoulder, I saw that this corner of the hall was indeed deserted. Obviously Alicia wasn’t trying to humiliate me, but was abrupt in her tone and mannerisms because she was worried about me getting in trouble. Maybe she wasn’t such a bad friend after all. With shaking fingers (I don’t know why my hands were suddenly shaking) I popped the button out and slid the coarse material down my slender legs.

Oh my God! I’m sixty feet outside an open classroom, and I’m standing here in bra and panties!

“Finally, I can let you wear this T-Shirt… um, panties too, Erica.”

What? I don’t believe my friend just said that.

“Come on, now. The shorts I am letting you borrow are practically swimming trunks. They have a liner inside, and the material is light. But you shouldn’t wear any underwear with them”

That made sense, I guess. I mean, I hadn’t really seen these shorts of hers yet. But what could I do? She was nice enough to be lending me these things in the first place. I suppose that will teach me to pay better attention to the weather reports. Biting my lower lip (not my lower lips!) I hooked my thumbs inside the waistband and slid my panties to the floor. As soon as I stepped out of them, Alicia reach down and snatched the white material off the ground.

I was conscious of my bare feet on the cold tiles of the hallway. It felt incredibly good, and a drop of moisture formed inside my shaved pussy. However, my initial reflex was to slap my hands on my exposed cheeks. Not that such an effort would cover anything, but I could see no one was in front of me except for Alicia. It was from any wandering bodies that might round the corner or step out of a classroom that I sought to conceal my naked ass.

“This will never do,” I heard my friend’s voice, then like a snake striking to bite, her hand reach out to unclasp my bra. The move took me by surprise, and she easily had it open then off my flailing arms completely. Leaving me, completely nude…

“Alicia!” I whispered harshly. I hunched over slightly, but there was nowhere to hide. My small tits were free, and as I brought my hands up to cup them, my nipples hardened instantly. I could sense my body blushing, as my engorged pussy lips puffed out, my butt was turning from pink to red. I even spun around on a bare heel, disorientated, and anyone who stepped into this dead-end corridor would have gotten a full frontal flash!

When I turned around again, Alicia had a playful smile on her face. “I can’t wait to tell Lisa I stripped you naked in the hall way! And it was so easy, too. You know, you are running late already… maybe I should let you go to class naked!”

With that, the bell rang signaling that classes had begun. It sounded like a thousand alarms in my head. A door slammed behind me… I almost came on the spot.

“OK, Erica, don’t have an orgasm or anything! Here, take these…”

With that, Alicia tossed the promised set of clothes at me, then started on her way to the cafeteria.

“See you later,” she called back in farewell.

I hate it when they say that. They always emphasize the /see/ as if exposing me is all part of a big game. I was breathless enough as it was, and the thoughts of what the rest of the day might have in store me certainly had my juices flowing. Quickly, I pulled on the shorts and immediately discovered they were a size to big. Damn! I would have to keep the front cinched close in my grip to keep them from falling down. Maybe I could find a safety pin…

But there was no time for that now. I had to work my way into Alicia’s T-shirt with one free arm, then stepped into the flip-flops on the floor. And that was it. That was my attire for the day: a T-shirt and a pair of trunks that could slip off at any moment. This was not helping my overheated state of arousal. And here I thought changing would find me relief! Nevertheless, I picked up my books in my one good arm and headed off to my English class. The flip-flops slapped foolishly all the way up the stairs.

By the time I made it to my classroom, I must have been ten minutes late already. The teacher glared at me as I practically slid through the open doorway.

“Having problems, Erica?” he intoned sounding none to pleased.

Pitifully I replied, “Um, sorry… yeah, I wasn’t feeling well.”

It was then that I noticed all my snickering classmates were lined up along one side of the room against the blackboard, as if this was a criminal profiling or something. I had a sudden vision that came to me unbidden, of me standing up there being strip searched in front of everyone! I know I was already flushing from the exertion of getting up here… I hope no one sensed my arousal. The teacher must have sensed my confusion, as he explained with a sigh of annoyance.

“As you know, Erica, I am very concerned about your class’s preparation for the upcoming SAT exams. Do you remember when you were in third grade and your class would have a Spelling Bee? Well this is a special Vocabulary Bee to help you on the verbal section of the exam. Now just move to the end of the line… you have already missed one round!”

I simply nodded in embarrassment and shuffled down an aisle between desks and placed myself next to the last student in the line. I could hear the teacher droning on with his little exercise; announcing a word most of us have never heard before, and expecting the student to respond by giving the definition. But I was only half listening. My heart was still beating fast, and I was only vaguely aware of my surroundings.

“Hello, Erica,” purred the voice of person next to me.

Oh no! It was Lisa the Bitch! Why the hell did she have to be standing here at the end? She would only be a distraction. I knew no good could come of this.

“My, those are loose shorts you are wearing today!”

I opened my mouth, but could only let out a gasp, as Lisa had the audacity to stick a finger inside the elastic band of the trunks I was wearing. I felt her touch my flesh and shivered. What was she going to do, pull them down right here in class? I clutched the front of the material, tightly bunched up in my fist. Lisa, however, only worked her hand behind my back… reaching deeper and pressing her palm against my cheek. She had a lot of room to work with inside these shorts! What’s worse, I felt my own grip of the material loosening. Then, I couldn’t believe what she did next. She nearly inserted her index finger into my butt, tracing a line up the crack! I almost fainted; I think I let out a soft moan…

“Coerce,” came the monotone voice of the teacher.

Without missing a beat, Lisa smiled up at him and said, “Coerce… to force or compel someone to do something against his or her will.”

“Very good,” the teacher remarked, “But that was an easy one, Lisa.”

I was in another world at this point, trying to piece together the voices I could hear, and the emotions and wild thrill I felt surging through my body. I knew I had to get away from Lisa, as I was getting too worked up.

“Tintinnabulation,” the teacher announced dryly.

Oh my God, it was my turn! What was that word? I just stared at him with a blank look on my face.

“Come on now, Erica, what does Tintinnabulation mean?”

I opened my mouth, but couldn’t speak. I only shook my head. For some reason, it seemed I had never been so ashamed. If only my teacher know how wet I was down there. It’s a good thing these shorts have a liner!

“Well, have you any idea? No, I suppose not. All right, Erica, you may return to your seat. But I want you to take out your vocabulary book and begin writing out definitions. And then write a sentence using each word.”

I bowed my head and began padding across the classroom. My desk was on the other side in the corner. A quick glance revealed that I was the first person eliminated. I felt so stupid. But it’s not like other people were having their anus manipulated! This was so humiliating.

I quickly sank into my seat, oblivious of the giggling from my fellow classmates. At least I was away from that bitch and her prying hand. And it actually felt good to be isolated, with no one else around to bother me. I found I was able to focus my energy in the task at hand, taking out my book and spiral loose-leaf binder. Dutifully I began to copy the multi-syllable and foreign sounding words, and it helped take my mind off of what I had just been through. Soon, I was lost in concentration and the teacher’s resuming Vocabulary Bee was no more of a concern.

“Stupid SATS… they are trying to do away with these exams, anyway!” grumbled a voice slouching down in the desk to the right of me. “Well, I guess I get to spend some time with you, Erica!”

I casually turned my head, and was surprised to see Carrie, one of Lisa’s friends, smiling at me. I hadn’t seen her when I first entered the classroom, but then again, that was under vexing conditions. And I didn’t really take the time to scan the line-up of students against the wall. She must have just been eliminated… but I wondered if she didn’t mess up on purpose.

“Nice outfit. Looks like you are ready for the beach… or the water park!”

“Yeah,” I mumbled, suddenly self-conscious of my white shirt, orange shorts, and flip-flops. “This is some weather we’re having.”

I don’t know why my tone was conversational. I didn’t feel like talking to her.

“Hmm… you know, if we were at the beach or a water park, you could probably kick these off once you got comfortable.”

Following her gaze, I realized she was talking about my footwear, my feet being propped up on the back of the vacant seat in front of me. For some reason, I wiggled my toes invitingly. Before I knew it, Carrie chanced to get up out of her seat with the teacher’s back to us, reached over and pulled off Alicia’s flip-flops. I could have said something, yelled or called the teacher’s attention, but I kept silent.

“Much better,” Carrie commented once she sat back down. It’s as though she was finding relief vicariously through me. (Vicariously… I think that’s an SAT word.) She pulled out her books and pen in order to start on the same assignment that was given to me. A small part of me was disappointed that she took no interest in going further. I reached forward to idly caress my bare leg, but received no reaction. With a shrug, I returned to my own class work.

I wasn’t really keeping track of time. I think this is a forty or fifty minute period. It always seemed to drag on forever. I know some of the students had a joke that a minute inside this English class was the equivalent of an hour of “real time”. So if there were ten minutes left in the class, you would groan and say there are still ten hours to go! At this point, my mind was pretty much drifting and my pen had ceased writing sentences, instead preoccupied with making doodles and squiggly marks.

A light finger upon the naked soles of my feet quickly brought my head up with a jerk.

“Hello, Erica!”

Lisa had taken the seat of the desk in front of me. That wasn’t even her desk! But apparently we three girls were the only students eliminated so far, and the teacher was utterly absorbed in his little game. She sat reverse style in the chair, her arms folded on the top of the back.

“So where did you get these ridiculous shorts,” Lisa continued in deceptively friendly tones.

“They… they’re Alicia’s,” I stammered.

The bossy blonde seemed to ponder this for a moment, then said, “Ah, Alicia. I might have known. She has been a good mommy, hasn’t she… dressing you up in between classes.”

I swallowed a lump in my throat… what was I feeling? Fear or excitement… I’ve been here before, and I know that look in Lisa’s eye. But we were in a classroom full of students, for crying out loud! And the teacher was present! Still, she continued to lecture me as she smiled wickedly.

“You know, Erica, when my hand was inside those shorts, they felt a little damp. It’s not nice to spoil the clothes your friends lend to you; not a nice way to show your appreciation.”

“What… what should I do,” I asked in a numb, almost detached voice.

Here, Carrie leaned over and interjected, “You should take them off!”

My hands rested on top of my desk, lying on top the books and paper of which I had no longer any thought. “I can’t do that…”

Well, that much was true. There was simply no way I could bring myself to remove the only covering I had beneath my waist, leaving me bottomless. I couldn’t, but Lisa could…

She started slowly, just reaching out a hand and testing the material between her thumb and index finger. She gave a little tug. Getting a better grip, Lisa tugged some more. My own hands remained in clear view, giving no sign of resistance or movement except maybe for a slight tremble. The only voices I heard were the sound of the teacher selecting a new word, a student’s rote response; and to me, these were unintelligible noises. I felt fabric moving slightly down my hips, but not much.

“Lift up a little,” Carrie coaxed from the side.

As if helpless to disobey a spoken command, I raised my butt off the chair, allowing Lisa to pull the trunks further down my legs. When I lowered myself again, my naked ass came in contact with the cool hardness of the seat. I gasped… then I looked down to see the last of Alicia’s borrowed shorts disappear off my feet. Lisa chuckled and folded them on top of the desk where she was sitting.

Oh no! I thought, my heart and mind racing. My pussy is completely on display! Lisa could see my pussy! Thank goodness the class was congregated entirely on the opposite side of the room, and the teacher had no clue what was going on. Also, Carrie sitting across from me essentially blocked the view from that direction. Nevertheless, she managed to lean over and steal a glance between my legs.

“Still bald as a baby,” Carrie observed.

“And leaking like a faucet,” Lisa added.

“Can… I have the shorts back, please…” I desperately wanted to stick a finger in my gaping slit, but I only pleaded, “This is so embarrassing!”

“Looks to me like you are enjoying it,” Lisa observed. “Besides, we’re still having fun… why stop here?”

I was really nervous, but I was also really horny. Somehow I managed to squeak, “What do you mean by that?”

In reply, Lisa gave Carrie a knowing smile. But Carrie only shook her head in disbelief, “No, you can’t do that… you’ll get caught for sure! All right then, I dare you.”

Lisa made a survey of the room. Another student had been eliminated, but he was at a desk all the way on the other side, near where the others were still lined up. The teacher of course was efficiently spouting out his litany of vocabulary words, pleased with the number of his pupils that could give accurate definitions. Apparently, those who could not were already dismissed and forgotten. And that suited Lisa just fine.

Swinging her long legs around the chair, she slowly stood up and crept behind my seat. I was mesmerized by the sight of the tops of my naked thighs in front of me, and the euphoric feeling of nothing concealing my bare pussy. When Lisa put her hands at my sides and began lifting from the bottom of my T-Shirt, all I could do was raise my own arms to facilitate this last article being pulled over my head. I shook my hair out, and in a blink of an eye, Lisa was back sitting in front of me.

I turned my head and saw a bare shoulder. Turning to my right, I saw another bare shoulder and a grinning Carrie. I brought a disbelieving hand to my chest, tracing a line down the cleavage between my small but perky breasts. My knuckles grazed a protruding nipple, stiff like an elongated eraser head. Oh my God… I was completely naked in my English classroom!

“There,” Lisa said in self-satisfaction. “I’d like to see Alicia top that!”

“I bet her clit is enormous,” Carrie whispered excitedly.

It was, and it was begging to be flicked and played with. And then my heart almost stopped beating, when I heard the voice of the teacher raised in our direction. He did not move from his position, only half-turned his head to look over his shoulder.

“Young ladies! You are supposed to be working on improving your vocabulary skills! Do I need to separate you three?”

No! Don’t separate us! If Lisa and Carrie were to move, I would lose my shield of bodies. I would be totally exposed and the entire class would see that I was bare-assed nude!

“I was just asking for some help,” Lisa called back. “Sorry, we will be more quiet.”

That seemed to settle the teacher’s concern. He resumed his Vocabulary Bee without further pause. And that left Lisa to bear her full attention on me.

“All right, Erica. I want you masturbate yourself right now. You know you want to…”

“Lisa, her nipples are so long! And I can smell her musty juices,” Carrie spoke as if enthralled.

I squeezed my tits with both hands, but more so to keep from doing what Lisa commanded. I shook my head defiantly.

But she seemed only amused. Flipping her hair over a shoulder, she explained, “I can always let Carrie stimulate you. I know she’s been dying to get her finger on your clit.”

Well, that decided it for me. I know I didn’t want to cum right here in class and in front of these two, but I definitely did not want to be brought to orgasm by another girl! With one hand still firmly latched onto a breast, the other sank down my trim belly and touched my swollen vulva. I nearly exploded on contact. But my body would not allow such an early release. As I thumbed my clit and inserted a finger, I found myself raising both legs in front of me; raising both legs into Lisa’s clutches. She watched as I toyed myself, trying to stifle my moans of pleasure, as my tongue licked my parched lips. Lisa held me spread open, and even sucked a toe devilishly.

That was when my hips buckled, my body convulsed, and Carrie had to literally hold my seat still to keep it from making too much noise. With a whimper of bottled ecstasy, I came multiple times, creaming the chair, and cum running down my leg.

And then Lisa tossed the shorts and T-Shirt onto my desk. “Well, they were already damp. I suppose it makes no difference now. I’ll have to tell Alicia she missed quite a show!”

Both Lisa and Carrie returned to their books as if nothing had happened. But there was still a charge of sexual excitement in the air, I could feel it! And the aroma of my juices was powerful. I was left in a daze to pull on the trunks and T-shirt. I even found the flip-flops on the floor for me to easily slip on my feet. Still flushed, I know I must have looked like hell.

The teacher turned his head to check on us as another student was eliminated from the Bee. Then spying me disheveled in the corner he said, “Erica… if you really don’t feel well, you should have gone straight to the nurse’s office!”

But I wasn’t interested in going to the nurse’s office. I was already dreaming about what would happen to me in my next class…

**06 - Erica at the Assembly By Robert**

After that day in early February nothing happened to me for at least a few days. I didn’t finish telling you what happened that day but don’t worry once I get up the nerve I’ll tell you what happened the rest of the day.

Let me tell you what happened to me today while it’s still fresh in my mind.

Today was going well. At 10 o’clock there was an announcement on the loudspeaker. There was to be an assembly in the auditorium for the whole school at noon. The principal Mr. Miller was going to tell us about the Valentine’s Day Party and Dance we were going to have on this coming Monday, Valentine‘s day. Apparently the whole school had done so well on the new nation wide placement test he was going to devote all of Valentine’s Day to having fun as a reward.

I went to the auditorium early and I found a spot by myself but a few minutes after I sat down I saw Lisa, Carrie and their new best friend Alicia walking towards where I was sitting. Carrie sat on one side of me, Lisa sat on the other and Alicia sat behind me.

I now realized Alicia was the one who started all this stripping business. Alicia was never my friend. How she tricked me at the water park by pretending to be my friend. All this time I trusted her and all she wanted to do was strip me naked and then humiliate me in front of everyone at school. Like I was her pet and she was showing me off. I wish I could strip her naked right now as revenge.

I didn’t want to sit with them so I tried to get up and change seats but Lisa grabbed one arm Carrie the other arm and Alicia pushed my shoulder down so I couldn’t move.

In a few minutes the lights went off and Mr. Miller took the stage. A few of the teaches were sitting in chairs on the stage. The rest were walking around the auditorium. When the lights went off Lisa and Carrie started to tickle me.

I burst out laughing and Mrs. Green came right over.

“Erica, you must be quite while Mr. Miller is talking.”

“But, they…”

“No buts young lady, you know the rules”

Then she walked away.

They waiting a few minutes and started to tickle me again. I started to laugh right away.

As soon as I started to laugh the teacher, Mrs. Green came right back over.

“I told you young lady to be quite. If I hear anymore from you it’s detention for a week. You don’t want that do you?”

“No mam” I answered.

“Good. Now sit there without out moving or making any noise until the end of the assembly.”

“Yes mam.”

They started as soon as the teacher walked away.

“Now Erica, you heard what Mrs. Green said, you must sit there without moving until the end of assembly.” Lisa said.

“and if you make any noise or move we’ll tell Mrs. Green.” Carrie laughed.

“And you’ll get a whole week worth of detention” added Alicia.

“Too bad it couldn’t be naked detention” Laughed Lisa

“But maybe she could be naked at assembly” Suggested Alicia my former best friend.

I had chosen to be a little bit daring that day. I wore my usual sneakers and white socks but I had decided to wear a cute plaid skirt, and a white men’s oxford button up shirt. I was wearing a cute matching bra and panty set. I had started to wear more grown up underwear now that I was getting seen in it more than I ever thought possible.

I felt Lisa’s finger slid across my plaid wool skirt down my naked leg and to my sneaker. She untied one of my sneakers. I felt her slid it off and then she held it up and I watched as she handed it to Alicia sitting behind me.

Carrie started to slid her fingers down my other side until she reached my sneaker. Then she untied it pulled it off and handed it to Alicia.

I started to say something but Lisa just told me to be quite.

‘You heard what Mrs. Green said. Now be quite and sit still”

We sat there for awhile listening to the Principal Mr. Miller. I could feel the cold floor through my socks. I figured they really wouldn’t strip me at the assembly. There must have been at least 500 students there and we would definitely get caught. Or at least I would definitely get caught. Naked.

But then I felt Lisa’s hand caressing my thigh then my knee and finally my calf as she worked her way down to my foot. Then she slowly slid my sock off. She held it up high so anyone looking could see it and then she gave it to Alicia.

Carrie gave my other leg and sock the same treatment. Once again I was feeling the tile floor of the school against my naked feet. Just like when Alicia stripped me in front of her locker.

We sat there a few more minutes as we listened to Mr. Miller drone on.

Then I felt hand on my skirt. It was Lisa. She was trying to pull it off.

“How does it come off? Buttons?”

“I’m not telling you” I said wanting to make my stripping last as long as possible. If I was going to end up naked in the middle of my entire school I wanted it to be nice and slow.

“If you don’t tell me I’ll have to rip it off and then you won’t be able to put it back on.

“It has a zipper on the side“. I finally mumbled

I felt her feel around and then she finally found the zipper. I could feel her slowly slid the zipper down and I felt the skirt get looser and looser.

Carrie and Lisa tried to pull the skirt off but I sat firmly in my seat so they couldn’t pull it off.

Then Lisa slid her hand under the skirt waistband. As soon as her finger brushed my pussy I arched my back in my excitement and Carrie slipped the skirt down past my ass.

Lisa stopped touching me and I sat back down. The skirt was now down at my knees and they easily slipped it off. Lisa than handed it over the back of my chair to Alicia.

“I think you really like this Erica. Maybe you should start paying us to strip you.” Lisa giggled.

They left me alone for awhile and my head started to clear. I realized how foolish this was and asked for my skirt back.

You heard Mrs. Green, no talking. I think I’ll have to take your blouse off as punishment so you learn how to behave at an assembly.

Carrie unbuttoned the button on the sleeve and then Lisa did the same to the sleeve that was on her side. Lisa then quickly undid all the buttons in the front. Damn I thought, why couldn’t she take her time.

Then Alicia tapped me on my shoulder.

“Put your arms up in they air”

I followed her instructions and felt her pull the shirt up and off me. I was now sitting there in my bra and panties.

Then Lisa told me to give her my panties. I said no and she told me if I didn’t they would leave me here in just my underwear but if I took off my panties they would let me get dressed before the assembly ended.

I didn’t know if I could trust them but I realized if I gave her my panties I at least had a chance of getting everything back. Plus I did still have my bra on. I quickly slid my panties off and gave to Lisa.

“I bet your all wet and excited. Too bad we can’t tell in the dark“.

I was now sitting there in just my bra and I could feel my ass getting damp from the excitement that being almost naked in the auditorium was causing me. I wanted to touch myself but I just couldn’t do that in the middle of all these people.

I started to wear a bra because of the strippings but I realized it was foolish. It was just one more piece of clothes for them to remove and now it was turning me even more on sitting there waiting for them to take it off. I was going wild with anticipation wondering when they would remove my last piece of clothes. Thankfully I didn’t have to wait that look.

I felt Alicia unhook the bra in the back but she didn’t take it off. Then after a few minutes Lisa slid on strap down. It felt so sexy feeling my last piece of clothes slowly sliding down one of my arms. Then Carrie did the same to the other side. I was about to explode knowing I would soon be naked at assembly of over 500 of my classmates.

I tried to keep it on by holding my arms at my sides but each grabbed an elbow and pulled them away from my sides. Gravity took over and my bra slowly slid down my chest. My rock hard nipples held it up for a minute but it soon slid down and into my lap. Carrie picked it up and handed it to Alicia.

I sat there naked. I could feel my pussy dripping but now that they had stripped me naked and had taken all my clothes they ignored me.

I was so excited I couldn’t take it anymore. I just had to touch myself. I tried to slowly slid one of my hands into my lap play with my aching pussy hoping they wouldn’t notice but Lisa stopped me.

“You heard Mrs. Green. You must sit still.”

“Can I have my clothes back now?” I asked but Lisa said no not yet.

I tried to take my mind off my situation by counting how many people I was sitting naked in the middle. I was hoping that this would calm me down. There was ten people on the stage. Another ten teachers walking around the auditorium making sure everyone behaved.

That was twenty. Then I started to count the students. I had gotten up to a hundred when I heard Lisa ask me for a pen.

I told her I was naked, how could I have a pen?

Then she asked Carrie who said yes.

Lisa slid her hand across my nipples as she reached across to get the pen.

Then when she was finished she slid her hand across my nipples again as she handed the pen back to Carrie.

A few minutes later she asked for the pen again this time sliding the cold metal of the pen against my hot hard nipples.

Lisa and Carrie played this game passing the pen back and forth pretending to touch my nipples by accident.

After a few round of it I couldn’t take it anymore. I slid both hands down to my sweet aching pussy and start to play with it. They just laughed. It was starting to be the most intense orgasm of my life and I closed my eyes to enjoy it. I was amazed I keep from screaming when I came. They only way you could tell anything had happen was I was now sitting in a puddle of my own making. My damp ass was stuck to the chair.

After I came I open my eyes. The three of them were gone and had left me completely naked. I realized I had no clothes to put back on and as soon as the lights would come back on I would be caught sitting naked in the auditorium by at least 500 people.

My damn nipples started to get hard again as I though about all those eyes staring at my naked body.

I just couldn‘t get up the nerve to just sit there and get caught, even though deep down inside that’s what I really wanted.

I waited until all the teachers were at the front of the auditorium and than ran to the back doors. I heard some yell “is that Erica?’ and another said ‘I think she’s naked!”

They were in the hall outside laughing.

“Here you better get dressed quick” Lisa said as she handed me a bag that had my clothes. I heard the applause that signaled the end of the assembly.

Clutching my clothes I ran naked down the hall to the girls bathroom.

**07 - Erica’s Date By Robert**

At the game:

I’m sorry it took me so long to write this but if you had been seen naked by almost two thousand people, almost all of your hometown, and ended up being the halftime show at a football game on a cold winter night it might take you a long time to get up the nerve to write about it.

But I’m getting ahead of my self.

That Saturday Bill pulled up to my house in his car. He came in and met my parents. My mother whispered to me that he was really hot and it made me cringe. It also made me blush in a proud way. My mother had been popular when she was in high school and had hoped I would be as well.

I dressed sexy for Bill. I wore a coat and under that a button-up sweater but was braless under it. I had loafers on, the catholic school girl kind, tights and my plaid skirt and of course a pair of panties. Plus I had completely shaved myself because I heard that boys liked that and I didn’t know how far I would let things go with Bill. I knew I was going to let him get really far but I wasn’t sure how far.

We got to the game and sat high up in the bleachers. I told Bill I was cold and he pulled me close to him. I said I was still cold and he pulled out a blanket from a bag he had and wrapped it around us.

As soon as the game started Bill started to kiss me. I felt his had slide my coat off but I didn’t care his kisses were so hot. I started to get nervous when he open the first button on my sweater but he started to nibble on my ear and I was happy when he undid the other buttons exposing my breast and touched my breasts. Then he slipped the sweater completely off me. I was getting a little worried being topless at the game that had at least two thousand spectators but Bill’s hands on my nipples made me forget where we were. Things were happening a lot faster than i wanted but the more he touched me the less I cared. I also was completely covered by the blanket.

He started to lick my nipples and I didn’t even notice he slipped my loafers off.

He told me I looked so beautiful that he wanted to touch my sweet pussy. Still covered by the blanket I figured no one would know if I slipped my tights and then my panties off. Plus I would still be wearing my skirt.

I was wearing only a skirt and blanket as Bill kissed me and fingered me. He told me it would be so hot if I took my skirt off and was naked under the blanket so that only me and him would know.

It took some convincing but his hot kisses and his promise to show me his penis if I did it started to convince me. He finally made me agree by licking my nipples as he slid his finger inside of my pussy, so I slid my skirt off. I was now naked except for the blanket.

Since Bill’s kisses had turned me on so much I hadn’t noticed that each time he took something off me he slipped it into the bag he pulled the blanket out of.

After awhile of him kissing me and playing with my nipples and fingering me he suddenly stopped. He asked me if I wanted some hot chocolate to help stay warm and I said yes. He got up and left.

As I was waiting there completely naked under the blanket Lisa walked over and sat down next to me. That’s when I noticed that when Bill went for my hot chocolate he took his bag and all my clothes. Lisa peeked under the blanket and pretended to be shocked I was naked.

“My Erica, Do you always come to football games wearing only a blanket?

I told her what happened. She said that was too bad because the blanket was hers’ and she was leaving and needed it back. I told her she could have it back but Bill had my clothes and I had to wait for him to come back with my them and my hot chocolate. I told her she could have the blanket then.

“But Bill left with Carrie Erica and I need my blanket now”

“What” I said

“Yes, there they are in the parking lot” Lisa pointed and I turned around and I could see that in the parking lot behind the bleachers Bill and Carrie were getting into his car

I was shocked. Not because I was tricked but because I was so stupid that I fell for it. It seems like anytime and anywhere Lisa wanted me to be naked I was going to end up that way.

“Well I have to go” Lisa said grabbing for the blanket. Wrapping the blanket around me I ran as fast as I could but the only place to go was down the steps closer to the field. It was now halftime and the show was going full force.

Halfway down the stairs Lisa got a hold on the blanket and pulled. I was now naked. In a stadium full of people.

All of a sudden I noticed that Alicia was there waiting for us and together, her and Lisa, chased me further down the steps and then on to the field.

“Look everyone, It’s a streaker!” I heard Alicia yell as loud as she could.

“And It looks like Erica” Lisa screamed just as loud.

I was completely naked and now on the field. I started running around trying to find way out but everyone kept blocking me and I could see the flashes of camera going off. I was now in the middle of the field surrounded by the high school band forced to do a nude show for the audience.

I finally broke past everyone and ran out into the parking lot.

Having no way to get home I started to walk the cold three miles to my house. I was surprised that no one was following me.

I was wondering how I was going to explain this when I got home when I heard a car approach. I crouched down besides a parked car shriving with the cold. Even though I had hid behind a parked car the people in the car had seen me. They pulled up next to me and then called me over. It was Bill, Carrie, Lisa and Alicia.

“Erica isn’t it a little cold to be running around naked?” Lisa asked.

The others just laughed.

Then Alicia said “It was one thing running around naked on a hot day at the water park but this is getting a little out of hand Erica.”

All I could do was glare at her.

“Come on Erica get in the car it’s cold” Lisa said.

I didn’t want to but it was so cold I did.

“We’ll drive you home but there’s one condition.” said Lisa.

“What?” I asked.

“you have to come for us” Lisa told and they all laughed.

I said no and Lisa open the car door. I felt the cold air rush in so I agreed. Bill drove around until he found a well lighted block so they could all watch.

I didn’t do anything for awhile and then Alicia asked what was I waiting for and Lisa open the car door and I felt that cold air again.

So I started to rub my sweet little kitty. I could feel my nipples getting hard and I knew they were all watching and that made me hotter. Having an audience was making me hotter than I had ever been before. I knew that there were all starting at me and that drove me wild. I started to stroke my vagina quicker and quicker and then felt Carrie and Alicia rubbing my nipples. It was at that moment I came like I never came before. I screamed so loud I thought the whole town heard me.

“Wow that was great” Bill said. “Maybe we can go on a date again!”

I just glared at him. Then they drove me home all of them laughing. They kicked me out of the car a block from my house and I had to run the last block home and climb up a tree stark naked and climb in through my bedroom window.

Even thought I was still cold from streaking home that last block I was still turned on so I rubbed my pussy one more time until I came then I fell asleep.

I didn’t go to school Monday but I did Tuesday. I saw some of the kids passing around photos and I saw one of them. I was me naked on the football field. I started to cry until I felt my nipples get hard. I sneaked into the bathroom and made myself come just thinking about the whole school looking at naked pictures of me.

At the end of the day I got a note from the principle telling me I had to see him after school on Wednesday. I could just imagine what he was going to say to me.

I now know that one day soon I will be spending the whole day naked at school or some other event. Bill asked me to the movies and I of course said no but I could just imagine what it would be like to be stripped naked in a movie threater and then sent to get soda and popcorn wearing nothing but a ten dollar bill.

Well that’s all I can write now. Just remembering what happened turned me on so much I slowly stripped naked while I wrote this and started to finger myself. I’m completely naked typing this with one hand and, well you can imagine what I’m doing with my other hand.

I want to finish before I go to sleep so good night.

Love Erica.

**08 - Erica’s Dream by AMERICAN COWBOY**

I had only put my head down for a second, when I felt someone gently shaking my shoulder. It was the middle of Science class and all I wanted to do was drift through the period undisturbed. I mean, I was sitting on a stool behind one of the lab stations all the way in the back of the classroom. Hardly anyone could notice you back here. The other poor souls who arrived late, or those who cared about cell division and mitosis and meiosis, could find seating accommodations in more conventional desk-chairs toward the front of the room. That’s why I always made a point to show up early, and a grab a spot distant and far-removed from the teacher’s dull lessons.

The shaking of my shoulder was more persistent, I was forced to acknowledge the blonde haired girl sitting on the stool next to me.

“Hey,” she whispered, “aren’t you Erica?”

“Yes, that’s me. You’re new here, aren’t you…”

“Oh, I’ve heard so much about you!”

This caught me off-guard, and I have to admit, I was starting to think she was a little too nosey for my tastes. But she was certainly feeling quite chatty.

“You’re the one who streaked the football game!”

Now I know she was definitely too nosey! I didn’t even know her name. I’ve only seen her in class the past couple of days. Someone mentioned that her family just moved into town; the dad got a job transfer or something like that.

“What was it like?” she was continuing. “Did you lose a bet? I can’t imagine what it would be like to be naked in front of all those people! I heard you were completely, totally, utterly nude!”

Enough already! I thought to myself. I didn’t really care for the stirring of those memories, or the stirring I felt suddenly in my loins. I just blurted out, “It was pretty weird.”

There was a moment of silence between the two of us. I glanced around to notice most of the other students idly scribbling notes as Mr. George wrote on the blackboard. Maybe I should have been paying more attention in class. I didn’t really feel like taking notes, though. For some reason, I quietly kicked off a sneaker.

“My name is Trudy,” said the girl sitting next to me.

I absent-mindedly slipped off the other sneaker, then turned to face the girl. “Hello, Trudy. So how do you like our school so far?”

She wore glasses, but they were pretty fashionable, so she didn’t look like a nerd or a geek. She was kind of cute too, with her blonde hair done up in ringlets. Tapping a pencil against her chin thoughtfully, Trudy replied, “It’s been pretty dull so far. Not a lot of interesting people. But then I heard about you.”

I think I must have blushed. My feet in their socks curled around one of the rungs of the stool. “What else have you heard about me?”

“Well,” the girl whispered confidentially, “Not that there have been a lot of eye-witnesses, but I’ve heard some kids say you try to get naked in class!”

“What?” I rubbed my neck as I flushed with embarrassment. I knew my body was heating up. I shouldn’t pursue this conversation. Still, I found myself explaining, “That’s not exactly true.”

“Oh,” Trudy murmured, a bit disappointedly. A few a moments of uneasy quiet lapsed between us. You could feel the air thick with possibility. I was getting wet. Just as I was about to place my hand lightly on my crotch, Trudy took hold of my wrist. “You know, we are perfectly concealed behind this lab station, Erica!”

We? I began to wonder what she was thinking. Perhaps she had thoughts of joining me on these daring escapades. Or maybe she had the same longings and unexplainable urges, to try it for herself…

“You know, you could peel off your socks right now, and no one would be the wiser!”

“This is true,” I nodded. And furthermore, to make the point, I reached an arm down casually, sliding the ankle sock off with my fingers. Next, I lifted my other foot slightly, enough to pull the sock off from the toe. Giggling, I balled them up and tossed them at Trudy.

“Wow… barefoot in Science class. You are so cool!”

I blushed all over at her admiration. But then modestly, I reflected, “It’s not that much, really. I mean, it’s not like I’m sitting here without my pants on!”

We both giggled. Amid the scratching of pens in notebooks and the squeak of chalk upon the blackboard, I bit my lip. Trudy looked at me shrewdly and said, “So go ahead… no one will see.”

“Trudy, I can’t”

“Come on, Erica. There’s nothing else going on… it will be fun. Besides, I want to see for myself. Please… take off your pants…”

I looked around, and of course all we could see were the backs of heads in front of us. Even the teacher was facing the front of the room as he continued his lecture. With my thumb, I snapped open the button on my jeans. Then, I carefully lowered the zipper so as not to make a sound. Trudy muffled a cough and strategically crumpled some paper, which allowed me to wriggle the fabric down my legs without too much commotion. Our hands hidden behind the large wooden table, I passed the article of clothing to Trudy.

“Oh,” she gasped, her eyes shining with pride. “You’ve got nice legs…”

But I wasn’t done yet. This girl had been curious about the rumors and stories she had heard. She wanted to satisfy her curiosity. Well, I wanted to be satisfied! The look of expectant hope in her eyes had pushed me over the edge.

I lifted my butt ever so slightly off the seat of the stool, and slowly peeled my panties down my hips. My fingers trembled, my heart was racing. I could feel that intoxicating sensation of butterflies in my tummy. A quick look up at Trudy found her speechless, an open-mouthed grin on her face. That was all I needed to see, and I let my underwear slip lower and lower to fall completely off my feet. I wiggled my toes appreciatively.

My friend wasted no time bending down to retrieve the discarded panties. I noticed as she lifted her head back up, she paused to look at my naked pussy. I thought she was going to blow on it. That sent a shiver down my spine!

“Are you… are you wearing a bra underneath that shirt?” she asked, sounding like a child dearly wishing for a favorite dessert.

Now I had to be careful. This little show was only for the two of us. I mean, this was so totally different than the times Lisa would strip me against my will. Well, maybe not completely against my will, but at least this time, I was in control of the situation. Besides, the thrill of being bottomless in the middle of Science class was exquisite. So I spread my legs a little further (I just hoped the aroma of my juices didn’t give me away) as I proceeded to slide off the stool. I turned around, squatting just behind the lab station. It was about four feet high and just as wide, with cabinets on both sides. From this position, I was entirely out of view with the rest of the oblivious class in front of us.

I took a deep breath, and then pulled my T-shirt over my head. For a minute, as my head was wrapped in the cotton material, I had the panicked thought, “What if someone comes back here and catches me?” But as I pulled my arms free of the shirt, I could hear the teacher going on and on, as though nothing was amiss. I clutched the last item of my clothing briefly to my chest, before offering it to Trudy as though it were a present.

“Oh my God,” she whispered excitedly, “You are so naked! I would never have the guts to do what you just did! You’re incredible, Erica…”

I smiled at the praise, and inadvertently let my hand graze a protruding nipple. I was toying with the idea of masturbating myself right here, but then thought better of it. Trudy might get the wrong idea.

She leaned back a little, still holding my stuff in her lap. With a devilish smile she asked, “So are you going to return to your seat?”

No, I shook my head. For some reason, I was finding it hard to speak. The cool floor on the balls of my feet was pleasant, and I rubbed my bare back against the smooth wood cabinet doors.

“Come on,” Trudy pleaded. “What good is it if you just crouch down there hiding for the rest of the period? You can at least take your seat, even if only for a minute. No one is looking.”

Shivering a little, I rubbed my arms deciding whether I should be so bold. I mean, if I sat back on the stool, everything above my navel would be visible. People would be able to see my tiny tits hanging out. Of course, I could prop up a book or something. But my sleeveless arms and exposed shoulders might give me away. Or would it? How likely was it that Mr. George would remember what I was wearing!

I motioned for Trudy to open up our Science textbook and stand it up on the counter-top so it would shield me. This, she did gleefully, almost squealing with delight. With the book in place, and at a nod from my friend, I gradually stood, and propped myself up on the stool, enjoying the contact of leather cushion on my bare bottom.

The two of us shared a secret look. This was delicious beyond all I had ever imagined! I was sitting as casual as anything in the middle of class, stark naked as the day I was born! Trudy gave me an indulgent smile, drinking in my total nudity. I even jokingly flipped my hair back, acting nonchalant, as if this was the most natural thing in the world.

“Erica!” the voice of the science teacher cut clear across the room.

My heart stopped beating for a moment, I nearly screamed in surprise. Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to dive back down behind the lab station, just as the textbook collapsed on the tabletop.

“Erica,” Mr. George repeated, “Please come to the front of the classroom.”

“I… I can’t,” I managed to squeak helplessly. I was too frazzled to ask Trudy to give back my clothing. Fortunately, she did think of a way to try to help, and answered on my behalf.

“I’m sorry, Mr. George, but Erica lost her…pen, and she’s looking for it on the floor.”

“That’s all right, she doesn’t need a pen to work at the board.” My teacher was adamant. “Erica, please come to the front of the class.”

Trudy, however, remained steadfast. “Really, Mr. George… Erica can’t go right now.”

“Ladies, I do not have time for your silly games. Why on earth can’t Erica come up here?”

“Because she’s naked!”

Oh my God, why did Trudy have to say that! And here I was thinking she was a true companion. But what Mr. George said next, startled me even more.

“That’s not a problem. In fact, it will help with today’s lesson. Erica, I am giving you three seconds to march yourself up to the front of the room.”

On one hand, I could continue to cower on the floor and my teacher would probably come back here and discover me in such a state. He would be upset at the disturbance, and drag me through the class, maybe even take me all the way to the principal’s office… without wearing a stitch! That would be so humiliating! On the other chance, I could do what he said, walk down the aisle of desks, while exposing my nude body to my classmates…

Numbly, I rose to my bare feet. I was so embarrassed. I just looked straight ahead, ignoring the students craning their necks to get a better view.

“Very good, Erica. Now please hurry, the period is half over.”

Despite his instructions, I moved slowly as I maneuvered myself around the lab station. Part of me was struggling to will my legs to take each step. Yet another part of me wanted to savor this brazen display, basking in the feel of all those eyes on my unclothed form. There may have been some whistles, some snickering, a few compliments or even a less than flattering remark. I don’t know. As I gingerly pressed forward, I subconsciously draped an arm over my chest, and placed a hand palm downward over my bald pussy. There was nothing I could do to conceal my little bottom.

I walked that way the length of the classroom, all the way to the front of the room, until I stood at the side of Mr. George. My eyes remained fixed on the blackboard just a foot or two in front of my nose.

“You will note, class,” the teacher began, “what we have here is a model of a healthy 17 year old young woman. She is a little under the average height for a person of her gender and age, but observe the weight displacement of her posterior. It is well-shaped, with no more fat than to be expected.”

Did my teacher just say I have a nice ass?

“Over all, from behind it appears she is in perfect proportion for a young lady of her slight frame. You will note the curvature of her spine, which is good, although suggests a little too much slouching. Erica, you should try to sit up straight more often.”

This was so embarrassing. Not only was I standing in front of my class with my butt completely on display, but I had to endure a lecture about my posture and bad seating habits! I clutched my private parts with both hands.

“Now, Miss, if you will just step up onto this empty desk… please turn around. I think class, you will find this most interesting.”

Utterly mortified, I still did what the teacher said. I even gave him one hand as I steadied myself first on the chair, and then climbed all the way onto the desk surface. The soles of my feet stuck to the top, so I didn’t feel like I was going to fall. Mr. George released my hand, which I promptly used to place over the other one clamped in front of my snatch. I looked out upon the sea of faces, and noted that everyone in the classroom now had an unobstructed view of me, from the top of my hair, down to my delicate toes.

“Place your hands at your side, Erica.”

“Yes, Mr. George,” I found myself answering in addition to following his commands. I now stood with all of my… with everything out in the open.

A large man, in height and girth, the teacher wore a jovial expression as he continued to address the class. I bet he never had something like this written in his lesson plan!

“Now you can see that Erica, usually a fair-skinned girl, has developed a wide spread of rosy-pink coloring on her cheeks, her neck, and all the way down her torso. She is blushing in embarrassment, which is a healthy and normal reaction given the circumstances. As more blood races closer to the surface of her skin, her heart is beating faster than its normal rate.

“If you will focus your attention on her breasts, you will discover that they are a little underdeveloped for someone of Erica’s age. However, given her height and weight, they are not altogether disproportionate with the rest of her body. In fact, you will notice the symmetrical swell and general healthy color of the areola. But what is truly fascinating is the sensitive mass of tissues known as the nipple. Observe how on each breast, the nipple is extended nearly a full inch and is hard to the touch.”

I think I heard a voice say something about poking an eye out. Closing my own eyes, I could feel myself getting damper by the minute as the teacher went on about my titties.

“The erection of Erica’s nipples is a clear sign of her arousal. Now again, this is not unusual at all, considering the circumstances, especially at this stage of a young woman’s budding sexuality. Let us further explore, and since our class topic is human reproduction, the region associated with female reproduction. Erica, please move your legs a little further apart. Thank you.

“The vulva is referred to as the outer lips of the vagina, the opening orifice, which you can see is quite engorged. This extreme puffiness is another characteristic of Erica’s heightened arousal. There is also a considerable amount of moisture, the natural lubrication that is quite necessary to facilitate sexual intercourse… Tommy, stop snickering! If you are not mature enough to handle this subject, you can just leave right now!”

Oh my God, I can’t believe my pussy is now the subject of class discussion! It’s like being the main course on a menu! I could not help but imagine my little cunt being licked and played with… God, where were these thoughts coming from?

“Yes, that’s right, Suzy,” the teacher was continuing. “Normally there would be a tuft of pubic hair surrounding the vagina. Clearly, Erica has shaved it all off, leaving the pink flesh smooth and completely visible. That is a bit deviant, but not an entirely unheard of practice. For our purposes, it will make the examination of her inner vagina easier.

“Now, Erica, if you would please use your fingers to gently spread open your vulva.”

What I really wanted was to jam my fingers inside my steaming slit! But if this only prolonged the experience, drawing out what would be the ultimate conclusion, then my two forefingers were all too eager to pull apart the soft flesh of my outer pussy.

“Behold, class… this is truly remarkable. Typically found atop the conjunction of the labia, or inner lips, the clitoris is the most sensitive part of the female body. It exists purely for granting sexual pleasure and heightening the enjoyment of intercourse. Now normally the clitoris is difficult to see, even further hidden from view by folds of skin, its small fleshy hood…”

My clit! He’s talking about my clit in front of the entire class! And not just talking about it, he has me standing her bare-ass naked with my legs apart and lips spread open… they can see my clitoris poking out!

“When a woman is aroused, one can find the clitoris will increase in size and grow erect. Even then, it is a rather small organ. But in Erica’s case, her clitoris is in plain view. I could even flick it back and forth with my finger, like a light switch. In scientific terms, we would say that this young lady’s clitoris displays hyperextension. That is not an uncommon occurrence for someone who engages in frequent and intense masturbation. Now, now class… that is still quite normal, even healthy, for a girl of Erica’s age. Well, maybe just a little excessive.”

Someone in the back of the class raised his hand and asked what would happen if Mr. George actually touched my clitoris!

“Besides being arrested and thrown in jail,” the science teacher chuckled, “it would most certainly trigger an intense orgasm.”

I moved my left hand up to one of my breast in order to pinch the nipple. The other hand, I continued to use my index and middle fingers to keep open my lips, exposing my most intimate bits to everyone. Turning to Mr. George, I asked in an almost pleading voice, “Would… would it be helpful if I demonstrated an orgasm for the class?”

Shaking his head, he answered, “No, Erica, I don’t believe that would be necessary…” There was a collective moan from the class, who apparently wanted to see me get myself off. “Well, all right, I suppose you do need to find some relief. Now class, bear in mind that Erica has been subjected to a considerable ordeal of shame and arousal. Her body is hot to the touch, her nipples and clitoris are erect, and she is, ah, lubricating herself quite freely. In such a state, her orgasm is imminent and should be powerful.”

I was so unbelievably horny, I just started fingering myself right there. I moaned audibly through my closed mouth, although soon my tongue was out, licking my top teeth. I probed my tender slit as deep as I could to savor the juices running down my hand… while the other hand kept pulling on my left breast and tweaking the nipple. I got into a rhythm and bucked my hips, tapping my button rapidly now. In and out my fingers slid, rubbing my pussy furiously. I held nothing back as I made all sorts of lewd, sexual sounds. The first wave of orgasm crashed over me, and sent me to a sitting position on the desk. This was great… I raised my legs spread eagle, while I continued to play with myself. The next convulsion was even more intense as I writhed and buckled, grinding my pussy into my palm. With the third orgasm, I came like I had never before in my life…

The feel of someone shaking my shoulder woke me from the daydream. My pants were undone, my hand snaked inside the crotch of my panties. It was the curly-haired blonde girl with glasses shaking my other shoulder.

“Hey, you better slow down there… you look like you’re about to have an orgasm in the middle of class! Now that would be embarrassing.”

I looked at the girl and groaned, then put my head back down.

**09 - The April’s Fool By Robert**

It was gym. My last class before lunch. It was almost over when Ms. Applehead said “10 jumping jacks then you can all go shower”

I heard a voice that sounded exactly like mine say “I don’t feel like it”

“Well then Erica you can do 5 laps around the gym while everyone else goes and showers”

I started to protest but Ms. Applehead threatened to make it 10. Again I heard a voice that sounded exactly like mine say “See you later Erica” and then I heard laughing. I turned and saw it was Lisa. She was able to imitate my voice perfectly. I knew this would be bad for me.

I did my 5 laps as quickly as I could and went to the locker room. I undressed and put my towel around me. I walked to the showers but their was a sign on the door. Closed for repair. Use volley ball team showers. I never knew that the volley ball team had their own showers but since they were state champs I guess they got special treatment. I walked around and finally found a door that had a sign on it that read volley ball team showers.

As I opened the door it seemed very bright inside. I stepped inside and as my eyes adjusted to the bright light I realized I was outside. I heard the door close behind me.

“April’s Fool” I heard a bunch of people yell. It was most of the gym class plus a couple of their boyfriends.

I was standing outside in just a towel in front of about 30 people.

“April’s Fool” Lisa said and then she calmly leaned towards me and pulled on my towel. I was surprised she just didn’t pull it right off.

“Very funny” I said “now how do I get back inside” Holding tightly to the towel I looked at the crowd. Somehow I knew this wasn’t going to be the whole prank. I just knew I’d lose my towel before it was over.

“Don’t worry” I heard Alicia say. “You don’t have to go back inside. I have your clothes right here” She held a bag up.

I took a step towards Alicia and held my hand out for my clothes. At that moment Carrie yanked hard on the towel and it came right off.

I had never been stripped so quickly before. I stood there frozen on the spot completely naked in front of about 30 people. I was so shocked I didn’t even try to cover myself.

I finally stammered “please give me my clothes!”

“Not so fast. You have two choices” Lisa said. “Alicia can return your clothes and towel to the locker room and you can walk naked around to the front of the school and then through the school, still naked, to the locker room, or you can do something for us.”

“What?” I mumbled.

“Play with it”

I looked around and saw all the grinning faces. “Please give me my clothes!” I cried.

“I am going to count to ten” Lisa said. “If you don’t start playing with yourself we will just leave you here. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,”

When she said five I started to rub my nipples. It was amazing being outside and naked with an audience watching me pleasure myself. My nipples were hard before I even touched them. After a few minutes I slid one hand down between my legs and played with my breasts with the other hand.

I don’t know how long it took, but I know it wasn’t very long. I had a fantastic orgasm. I heard clapping then I must of passed out for a minute.

We I came to everyone was gone and I was alone with my bag of clothes and my towel.

**10 - Erica’s Birthday Weekend By Blue Alien**

Erica was eager for the weekend because Saturday was her birthday. She was also worried because this was Friday and no one had tried to remove her clothes for several weeks. However, the girls who were her regular tormentors had been (purposely?) talking amongst themselves about their discoveries on the Internet with boards and sites that promoted forced stripping. As if these classmates of hers needed another excuse or more ideas how to separate her from her clothes! She was curious though, when one of them, she forgot who exactly, as they were talking behind her in the lunch line two days ago, mentioned something about “the posting of Erica’s adventures were all up at (she could not make out the name) board for anyone to read’; and the people talking did not know who in the school was relaying these stories. There was obviously, someone; or ‘someones’, at school who were watching the action and secretly uploading the stories for general consumption. She would not put it past her brother to do just that. He always seemed to get a perverse joy out of her humiliation. In fact, now that she was thinking about it, he had been way more nice and smiling at her more then usual all week. She hoped that was not a sign of things to come.

The alarm went off which brought her back to reality. She had laid awake in bed just thinking about things in general and this stuff in specific and forgot to turn-off the clock. She got out of bed and went to the window. It looked like it would be a really nice day weather-wise. No clouds, blue sky, birds chirping away etc etc. Usual nice day stuff.

She started getting ready for school and did all of her normal routine. When it came time to pick out clothes she went with a conservative 16-inch button-down denim skirt, and a nice button-down blouse, hose and the usual shoes. For under garments something told her, in the pit of her stomach, to wear something ok for others to see but not her best ‘in case something happened’.

She looked at herself in the mirror and giggled when she thought about what her grandma told her when she first got this skirt. “Back when I was in high school that skirt would have turned heads because it was so short. Now no one would think twice as girls will wear skirts half that length, in public no less.”

She heard a knock at her door as it opened. “Hey, kiddo, want a ride to school today? It was her brother, again with the super nice act.

“How soon you leaving?” she queried.

“As soon as you are ready. I am kinda in a hurry to get going today,” Robert replied.

“Be down in a minute, I just need to grab my books,” she decided to take him up on his offer.

He left the door open and went to start the car. She grabbed her books and locked the back door as everyone else had left for the days activities. She climbed into the car and buckled her seat belt. As Rob backed into the street and headed for the school they sat in silence. It was only a few minutes to school by car but this would give her extra time to look over some notes before first period class as there was a test today. She looked at her brother and after considering whether to pose the question or not he prompted her with a “What up?”

“Is there anything going on I need to know about?’

“Why you ask?”

“You have been acting different all week, makes me worry…”

“Just feelin’ good li’lte sister. …Your birthday’s tomorrow. Hope you enjoy it, is all.”

At that they pulled into the student lot, parked and went their separate ways.

Erica walked to the front of the school to sit next to the building until the bell rang to announce the official beginning to a new day. She did not even have time to get her notes out as she planned to review for first period test when her greatest tormentor showed up.

“Hey Erica, you’re here early today.”

“My brother drove me.”

“I hear your birthday is tomorrow. Is that right?”

“Yeah, that’s right…”

“ Me and the girls have a little surprise for you”. That did not sound good to Erica hearing where that was coming from. “Would you mind standing up?”

Erica stood up though with reservations to what might be coming next.

“We bought you a present and want to give it to you early. In fact we would like to give it to you now…”

One of the girls opened a backpack and pulled out a good-sized box that was wrapped with birthday wrapping paper. Since when were they going to be so nice to her? Something has to be up, unless this is their way of apologizing to her for what they had been doing…

“Before we give it to you, though we need to see what you’re wearing under that skirt…”

“Why do you need to know what I am wearing….”

Erica looked at the guy; she could not remember his name, who was pointing a camera in her direction. “Just humor us, ok?”

Erica stalled for a minute and then, while looking around to see who was watching, and noticing her brother at the other end of the building looking her way, she slowly started to lift the hem of her skirt.

Stacy put her hand on top of Erica’s. “I did not say to lift your skirt, I said I want to see what you were wearing under it. That skirt is too tight to show us properly. Take the skirt off instead….”

What Erica had suspected was now happening; they were going to strip her again, and this time outside the school and next to the windows of the principal’s office. Erica dropped the hem and started to undo the top few buttons and slide the skirt down so they could see her panties.

The guy with the camera started to take pictures of her.

“All the way… just drop the skirt.” One of the girls picked it up and, folding it, stuffed it into her knapsack. “Ok, now the shirt…”

“Is that camera really necessary? Erica asked knowing that they would continue with whatever they had been planning.

“Just some pictures for the scrape book. John will be following you through out the day capturing special moments for us to ‘cherish’. At which they all smiled the most wicked smiles at me.

Again, Erica slowly unbuttoned the shirt/blouse until it was completely open.

“Take it off and hand it to me.”

Erica did as she was told. More pictures captured. Now standing in just her underwear, shoes and socks she nervously looked around at the other students who were all turning to look in her direction.

“Just as I thought. That will never go with your gift. Take it off and we will give you your gift. We want you to wear it in school today.”

Erica blindly removed her bra and panties and handed them over as they too were silently stuffed into the backpack with her other clothes.

Erica was overly aware as the camera caught every move and more of her exposed flesh.

“Good. That is a look you should show off more often.

Erica was now standing outside of the front of her school next to the Principal’s office windows with about eighty or more students watching her. Some guy she never met before is taking pictures of her as she stripped and some female students that she would never trust with telling her the time, let alone anything else have handed her a gifted wrapped birthday present.

She took the box and ripped the paper off and opened the box. Inside were clothes. She thought this was odd. Girls who enjoy removing her clothes are giving her new clothes with the tags still on them?

“Put them on, we want to see what they look like on you.”

Erica put the skirt on first. It was lightweight and felt like it floated rather then hugged her body. It was a button down skirt just like what she had worn though a bit shorter then the denim skirt but not much. Then she slipped the shirt on, buttoning all nine buttons. It was short sleeve and exposed only an inch or two between the hem of the shirt and the top of her skirt.

“That fits you perfectly.” The other girls all agreed with words and nodding heads. “Ok, we will hold onto your clothes for you and give them back later. In the mean time, no underwear with that ok?”

Erica figured she was covered and everything was hiding the ‘important stuff’ so no harm had come to her. The clothes were nice even if she was no thrilled about the picture taking. “Ok, I guess”.

“Good. Well, we have things to do and people to see so we will catch up with you later.” And with that they all left. As Erica looked around she noticed her brother coming toward her.

“Looks good E.”

“Did you know about this Rob?’

“I knew they had something in mine but I was not privy to all the details. I ran into those girls at the mall a few days ago when I ran that errand for mom. They told me they were getting you something for your birthday but they were a bit sketchy about the specifics.”

“They tell you anything else I should know?”

“Ahmmmm. The keyword is ‘should’ know. They do have some other things planned but you will find out soon enough.” And with that he had one of those ‘eat the canary’ grins on his face.

“Oh, great. Instead of torturing me all at once they are going to stretch it out all day, I’ll bet!” This did not excite her at all, but she knew then leaving her alone for this long was too good to be true.

At that the bell rang. “I’ll check with you later sis. Gotta run.” Erica too, picked up her books and headed inside for her homeroom.

When she got to her homeroom, she tried to pull out her notes and get one last chance at looking them over before first period.

Again the bell announced first period and everyone headed out and to the first class of the day.

“Ok. Class. You will have as much time as you need to take the test today. I hope you all kept good notes throughout the week and this should be a breeze. When you are done hand in your test and then do something quietly. No talking. Anyone have any questions before we begin? The teacher wasted no time handing out the test attempting to give the students every available minute. This was the completion of three weeks work.

“Yes, Ms Johnston?”

“Can we use our notes?”

“Good question. Unfortunately, the answer is ‘no’. So keep all your books under your desk. All I want to see is the test papers on the desk. Anyone else?”

“Mr. Grayson, what seems to be bothering you today?”

“Can we leave when we are done?”

“No, unless you have an emergency bathroom call or the office wants you, just read a book. Class, I forgot to mention, when you are done with the test, do something unrelated to class work. I don’t want you to tempt the other students if you should decide to read ahead for next weeks work or look at your notes afterward to check you answers. Ok, no more questions?… Get started”. And with that the teacher headed for the front desk and the next hour dragged on as Erica and her fellow students tried to remember the answers to 56 questions. Some true and false, others with sentences required. Finally, Erica finished her test with only a few minutes to spare. She waited quietly thinking about the possibilities that lay before her. The bell rang again and she headed for second period.

**11 - Erica’s Birthday Weekend Interviews By Robert**

Intermission

After reading the comments and talking to the Blue Alien, I have decided to release some of the transcripts from my interviews with some of the key people in this story, or report, about what happened to Erica for three days around her birthday last month. I am hoping that this will help give form and direction to what is going on without “spilling the beans” right away. It is best to let the people involved speak from their viewpoint rather then from my interpretation. That is the story, my interpretation of what happened.

First, let me tell you a little about myself and why I am writing this story. I attend the same school with Erica, her brother, Lisa and her crew also known as just “the girls”. I also like to read sexual stories ever since my friend, I won’t mention his name though, turned me on to this site. He pointed out that some of the adventures Erica has had were posted on this storyboard. We have no idea who those authors are, but without the stories the rest of us at school may not know what is going on with Erica except for the rumors, which get really exaggerated. I even heard of a few times Erica was talked out of her clothes in public places that aren’t even on here, yet.

I don’t really hang out with Erica, and I only know her brother through some mutual friends. So getting information is difficult. It took me several weeks to get these people to trust me enough to talk to me on tape. I think Rob and Lisa did it just to get the story on the Internet. Erica doesn’t know her stories are here. And the photographer is in the dark about what goes on in front of himâ€¦.

When I did not see Erica’s Birthday Adventure, what some people are calling her Birthday Humiliation and others her Erotic Birthday Party, depending on your politics, I decided to look into it to see what I could find out from the people that were the cause of it all; the ones “in the middle”. When I compared that to the rumors, I knew I had to post a story to straighten-out what people were saying.

I also have to tell you that since being in a psychology class this year at school, I am learning new tools to answer the questions I have always had as to why people do the things they do. There are two things that I ask the reader to keep in mine. One is what is the Intention of the people in the story. Everyone has a different reason for behaving a certain way, and as the Indians would say â€œWalk a mile in their moccasins before judging themâ€?. The other thing is that you have to understand the Context. My teacher was saying that context is the stuff around the question. It is the personal history, the personal “operating system”, the what, why and where stuff. We were talking in class last week about how three people can all do the same thing for different reasons. So we have to be careful to assume that just because we do something one way, that everyone does the same thing. They don’t. The Blue Alien was saying that people usually don’t even know why they do what they do, it is all-unconscious.

I want to thank the Blue Alien for letting me post under his name, I don’t want the people at school to know I am doing this. Except for those I interviewed, and they have no reason to talk.

Bottom of Form

Transcript of Interview with Robert – Erica’s brother:

A: …s thing on? Ah, there we go. Alright.

A: I want to thank you for talking to me about your sister’s birthday weekend.

R: …no problem. (name deleted).

A: The school is buzzing about Erica having what was probably her most memorable birthday ever. ‘The girls’ really went all out to out do themselves getting Erica naked. My first question is why do you think they keep doing this to her?

R: (Laughter) I guess you really don’t know those girls, heh? They are always playing tricks on someone. It is what they are known for. And if any one is smart they won’t cross ‘um. When they discovered Erica was an easy mark – they pretty much left everyone else alone and just concentrated on Erica. Now, don’t take this wrong, I love my sister, we get along ok and all, but let’s be honest, if you were in my shoes, would you try and stop the girls from having fun with her? It’s a free show, after all. I can’t wait for our parents to turn the pool on so I can watch the girls strip Erica in my own back yard. But don’t say anything about that ok? I have spied on Erica at home from time to time. She’s got one sweet body. Watching her get stripped in public is a hoot. If she didn’t really like it I would figure she wouldn’t let the games continue.

A: Did you participate in helping to get Erica naked for the, what is being called, Birthday Weekend?

R: A little. I was kept in the dark for the most part. I ran into the girls at the Mall a few days before they sprung the surprise on my sister. They asked if that coming Saturday was in fact her birthday, though they must have known because they said they were doing some shopping for a present. I did confirm that Saturday was the day and let them know the family was not planning anything until Sunday. So I thought Erica would be free and open for Saturday. That made the girls laugh and one of them said “Oh, she will be free and open alright.” Then they asked if I could make sure that Erica got to school early on Friday, around 7:30am and to see if my parents would have a problem with Erica being at an all night party - sleepover. That was all they wanted me to do. When I tried to get more details they said they thought it was better to just keep it a surprise for everyone so no rumors started. When I asked about the present they just said I would get to see it when everyone else did.

A: How’d that go with your parents? Were they ok with a sleep over?

R: Not at first. But then I told them there was a surprise party planned for several kids at the same time and the whole school was invited. It would be ok and there would be adults supervising. I just hoped I was either right or that the parents would never find out different. They were hesitant at first but then surprised that Erica had that many people that wanted to celebrate her day so they gave their consent but wanted more information. I told them I would have someone call them and told the girls so they could take care of that as they saw fit. I didn’t hear about it again from the parental units, so their questions must have been answered.

A: Haven’t there been questions from them? I would think for as many people that were involved, that they would have heard something by now?

R: That just shows the ingenuity of the girls and their ability to plan ahead.

A: How about Erica? Has she talked about it at all?

R: Not really. I think she was too embarrassed by the whole thing and a bit upset thinking I knew more then I did. That was my fault though as I could have been more upfront with her on what I didn’t know. She did seem to suspect something Friday morning, too. She kept asking me if I knew anything and seemed very nervous about school. She is not dumb, and having nothing happen for several weeks, I think she thought it was just going to good and did not want to over or under estimate her, can I call them, tormentors?, from doing something because of her birthday. She was pissed at me too, that if I did know something, that I either would not try to stop it or tell her so she could avoid it. Those were the very reasons the planners of this event did not want me to know too much.

A: She seem’d to go along with it from everything I saw or heard. Do you know why she let’s herself get trapped by them?

R: I honestly can’t say she ‘let’s herself’, it is more a case that she is a good kid and trusts people too easily. She doesn’t judge people and so takes things as they come. By the time she figures out what is happening it is too late to avoid it. That’s just Erica. She was easy when she was younger to pull jokes on, to tie her up so she could be tickled, or talk her out of stuff. She’s an easy mark. Part of it is circumstance too. Right place right time kind of thing. I think with anyone though, you pull the same tricks on them over and over, they will eventually start to see the pattern. We were just discussing that in psych class last week. Not being real creative, Erica doesn’t see the potential problem so can’t get out of the way. Each time she was talked out of her clothes was in a different place and happened in a different way. She figured it was going to happen, had no idea when and how, and didn’t know how to avoid it. It was that simple.

A: Don’t you feel bad though for letting this get as far as it has? I mean, you’re her brother,. If you care about her, wouldn’t you want to protect her from this kind of exposure and embarrassment?

R: I suppose I could feel guilty about that. I don’t want to see her hurt after all. But like I said, I am kept in the dark too and never know when and where usually, until it is all over with. Her birthday was bigger and more outrageous then I think anyone expected. I really don’t think there was much I could have done to stop it. If I had called for any authority figures, a lot of people would have stuff to answer too. It was better the way it ended and that everybody agreed to keep quiet about it. It is probably why no one posted a story with the others on that Internet site you mentioned.

A: I’m beginning to see what you mean. Is there anything else you want to tell me before we end this?

R: Not really. .. Well, I did hear that the girls are planning another event but really don’t have any specifics about it. And I did talk to them about a party at my place and getting Erica to be naked for most of it. I wouldn’t mine seeing the girls get naked too, but you did not hear that from me.

-click-

Interview with the Photographer:

A: I hear you lucked out being the photographer for Erica’s big weekend birthday party.

P: Yeah, I did. Another guy in the photo club said he was asked first, but he couldn’t do it. His family had to go out of town for a funeral. He missed everything that happened here and was really bummed. He didn’t even know the dead person that well, so was really bored. I was the next to be asked.

A: What exactly did Lisa and them tell you about what you would be shooting?

P: I was told to only shoot digital. As for what to shoot, she said I would know when I saw it. She was right. I showed up when she told me too, and was just standing around when Erica started taking off her clothes. Well, told to take them off.

A: Do you know Erica?

P: Only in passing at school. I didn’t really talk to her until that weekend. It was kind of hard not to. And I have talked to her afterward too.

A: Can I ask what you talked about? Anything to do with that weekend?

P: Everything we talked about centered on that weekend.. She said she was really nervous about school that morning. She was afraid that Lisa and those friends of Lisa’s would pull something like that. She said she thought it would only go for part of the school day and not all weekend.

A: Did she ask about all the pictures you took?

P: Yeah, she did. She was real worried they would get distributed and make things for her worse then they are. I told her Lisa said not to let the pictures out, not yet at least. Although Lisa wanted a set of everything I shot on DVD. I didn’t bother asking why. One thing learned is never to cross Lisa and her friends. They can be nasty.

A: So just how many pictures did you take in what, three days time?

P: I figure it is around 2000 plus a handful. It took awhile to process everything to viewable form and categories for easy finding images quickly. I have some with me if you want to see them?

A: I sure would. Ok, that was school in the morning. These are nice and clear, you can really see the detail down to her blemishes. Yeah, and there she is naked. Hey, if you look closely, isn’t that Principal Hedmister in his office. God that is too much. Right next to his window and not the wiser. (details deleted).

A: These pictures are great. You really captured Erica’s expressions of shock, nervousness, the uncertainty, when she was drunk, and when she tried to get in Lisa’s face. Oh, THAT was a mistake. Oh, good, you got the follow up to that. (deleted) Thanks. I appreciated seeing those.

P: No problem. Glad you liked them. There are about seventy pictures here. As why Lisa had me take them? I figure she has something else she is cooking up for later. Maybe blackmailing Erica, I don’t know. Could you delete that? I should not have said that. Don’t let anyone know I said that ok? I don’t know what they are for. I figure I was just documenting the event. That’s what the photo club does. Photographs school related events for the yearbook, the school newspaper and such. And this WAS a school event. Although how no body got punished or suspended is beyond me.

A: What do you think about what all happened?

P: I tell ya, I for one would not want to be in Erica’s place. At the rate these “events” are going, I would not be surprised that she ends up naked in front of the whole school where the administration can’t do anything about it. I hear Lisa and her crew can be pretty da-n conniving.

A: I have to agree with that assessment. Anything else you can tell me?

- silence-

P: Not that seems worth mentioning. That’s pretty much all I know.

A: Thanks for talking to me.

P: No problem.

-click- Interview with Erica:

A: Erica, I want to thank you for talking to me about your “adventures”. I am real interested in how all of this is affecting you?

E: Tell me again why you want to know any of this? Was it for some class assignment or something?

A: Let’s just say I am intrigued and curious how you get in these predicaments in the first place. And how do you feel about the embarrassment you must feel when it happens?

E: Well (silence for almost a minute). The first time at the pool was just a series of screw-ups made worse when that (deleted) felt she could really push the issue and humiliate me. She is known for going that kind of stuff to people since seventh grade. After what she has all pulled I doubt she is going to stop anytime soon. I am really a shy person and hate all this attention, but I don’t know what to do about it to stop it. If I report it to anyone, this whole thing could backfire and I will be the one punished. There is no “proof” and it is all my word against someone else’s. Besides, it would just mean even more attention, and I wouldn’t want to get those girls upset or there is no telling how far they could go to embarrass and humiliate me. Until a teacher catches them red handed doing something to me, it is best not to say anything.

A: Erica, let’s be honest. You are what, 15 now? Don’t you really find all this attention kind of exciting, but you just don’t want to admit it even to yourself? Maybe deep down you really want this to happen and that is why you are going along with it?

E: Don’t be silly. How can you say that? No girl wants THIS kind of attention!

A: But doesn’t it at least a little bit excite you? Is there a bit of a sexual thrill by being able to say you are not responsible and not having any control over the situation?

E: Uhmmmmm. (silence) Weeelll. Maybe. But not at first. And NOT while it is happening. It is scary not knowing what is happening. Maybe afterward it is a bit exciting. (silence) When it is all over, and I have control back, safe in bed in my room at night with no one else around. Well, then I guess maybe I might fantasize about it while I â€¦. You know. Play with myself. But you gotta promise not to tell anyone about that. Those people would have a hay day if they knew.

A: I promised you before we started that anything you say will be kept in the tightest confidentiality. I will keep your secrets. This tape will be destroyed afterward too. Once I get the transcript I will give you the tape like we agreed.

E: Ok.. So what else do you want to know?

A: How far out do you take your fantasies?

E: You sure you really want to know this stuff, that’s pretty personal?

A: I’m just trying to understand what is going on that is all. In the end, it may even help you.

E: I don’t see how, but, ok. You’ve kept your word so far.

A: So let me in. Tell me about your fantasies.

E: I have this one fantasy, not that I want it to ever happen!, but I am getting an award or giving a speech, or in a debate team competition on stage in front of the whole school. Then something happens and I have a “wardrobe malfunction” and end up naked in front of everyone. Of coarse you know who is behind it. A couple of weeks ago I was at a friend’s house. You don’t need to know whom because I don’t want you talking to her. But I was at her house while the guys, her brothers and their friends, were watching some football game that was supposed to be a big deal. During the half time they must have changed the station, because the called my friend and me down to join them. On the tv was a bunch of girls running around half dressed or less. The guys told us to watch it and tell them what we thought of it. I really didn’t want to but “my friend” talked me into humoring the guys. So I sat down. The guys trapped both of us by piling around us so we could not get up until they were ready to let us go. It was called something like “Girls Gone Wild Half Time Show” I don’t know why any girls would be willing to get naked on tv knowing there would be tons of guys watching! Well, I had trouble watching and was embarrassed for those girls. I kept looking away from the screen but the guys would push my head back to watch it. I am embarrassed to even say this but I did have a mix of shock and naughty excitement about what I did see. And I did not like that my body was betraying me by having my nipples get stiff and I got wet “down there”. I was just glad I was dressed and the guys could not see anything. I kept imagining myself as one of the contestants. After a while I realized I was curious how these girls were so confident in themselves to not worry that they were showing everything to anyone who wanted to look, that I felt guilty for being a whimp. After it was over, the guys asked what we thought about it. We just looked at each other and then said at the same time, Guys have a one track mind and started to giggle because it surprised us too. Then I said, Good girls don’t do those things do they? Those were all sluts. And the guys said things that meant, that is what we like but not for a girl friend. Like I said, Guys have a one-track mind. They let us go and we went back to her room to talk about it seriously. When I got away from them I kept thinking about what was happening to me. I mean, look at the last time. There I was in my “altogethers” outside the school and playing with myself while other people watched. That was kinda slutty wasn’t it? It wasn’t easy to do, but once it was over and I had my clothes it didn’t seem so bad. No one hurt me after all. Even now while I am thinking about it I am getting turned on. So my friend and I started the “what if” game, imagining ourselves doing this kind of thing like we saw on TV. I hate to admit this, and I hope it wasn’t another “stupid let’s get Erica naked trick, but my friend dared me to walk past the guys naked. I didn’t want to at first, but eventually said I would do it if she did it too. She then upped the ante and said she would do it if I asked the guys a question while naked. I told her she had to stand next to me while I did that. We kept upping dares until we got so carried away, that once we were naked she slipped on a pair of handcuffs between us so that neither of us could back out. Then we swore to deny that it was out idea and if anyone ever asks we would blame it on the guys. We went down to the basement handcuffed to each other totally naked to where the guys were still watching the game. I said, “Guys, can we ask you all a question?”. I think that was the question because it didn’t go any further then that. They no sooner looked up at us than I heard a voice behind me. We tried to spin around but got caught in each other and fell. Two of the guys helped us up and then we saw who it was. The leader of the torments herself was standing there. I can imagine how I must have looked with my eyes popping out and jaw hitting the floor. “What have we got here?” she said over pronouncing each word for clarity and emphasis. We lost control of the situation really fast at that point and were mentally kicking ourselves for daring each other like that. We were forced to play with each other in front of them and were not allowed to stop until they told us to stop. And that was hinged on something that would happen in the game, like a number of points or downs or something. All I know is that we had to play with each other while one female and seven males watched us. I think we were at it for about an hour or so, it was hard to tell. They each took a turn groping us and then let us go. It would be easy to say we were forced at this point. Anyway, we ran to the bathroom upstairs and looked the door. We both needed a shower and time away from them. Once we got behind a locked door I don’t think we knew if we should giggled or cry. We were both really confused by all of it and realized we were being really stupid to let that even happen. So I guess when Friday happened at school, I secretly wanted to be forced into giving up my clothes. Look at what I wore to school. None of it was a big lose if anything happened to those clothes, just in case. So I kinda went alone with them, at least in the beginning. I never would have expected it to end up the way it did though.

A: I talked to your brother to get his take on all of this and he seems to think you were or are upset with him for not helping to protect you from all of that. Is that true?

E: Well, yes and no. If he did not really know, I can’t really blame him. What could he have done? No one would have listened to him after all. And if he did know and told me, it might not have done any good either and would have changed how things played out. I can’t stay mad at him, so I guess I forgive him. I am quite sure that will be a moment talked about for years to come though.

A: I want to thank you for being so open about everything you said. So tell me, do you regret your birthday weekend?

E: Again, Yes and No. A girl has to worry about her reputation. I don’t want people thinking I am easy or calling me a slut. I’d never be able to live that down. But it’s hard with all these hormones running around in my bodyâ€¦ So part of me likes it, and part of me hates it. It makes me want to do something like that again, well. Not THAT big but you know, with a smaller group. But I could never be seen to be too co-operative either. I don’t want to give anyone ideas, if you know what I mean.

A: You seemed to have been co-operative at school on Friday. And by Saturday he seemed to do whatever you were told to do.

E: Well. Like I said. They left me alone for several weeks. I figured it was just a matter of time before they did something again. I laid in bed that morning thinking about what they had all put me through before I got up to get ready for school. My birthday being the next day just seemed to be to easy a time to place me in their gun sights, as Robs says about hunting deer. That was exactly what I felt like. I wasn’t even sure if anyone even KNEW it was my birthday, but there was no way to ask without opening Pandora’s Box. On the one hand I hoped to get through the weekend free and clear of them and their tricks. One the other, I liked the attention even if I don’t handle it well. I asked my brother if he knew or heard anything, and he was at best evasive and at worst frustrating. Once I was forced to change clothes out side, I had trouble concentrating on school work throughout the day. It only got worst as the day went on. By lunch I started to remember what my dad always told me, Be careful what you wish for, you might get it. It was starting to look like I got my wish whether I wanted it or not. By Sunday, when my relatives came into town for a large family party, I was still guilty, shy and embarrassed and had trouble hiding it. Thank goodness they all thought it was from all of the family being there with me as the center or attention and the. You know, what happened on Saturday. I pray my family never.

(tape ran out at this point)

Interview with Lisa:

A: So tell me Lisa, why are you forcing Erica to do these things and make her strip in public?

L: Because I can, and it is fun. And you can’t tell me she isn’t getting something out of it too. The more I put her through the paces, the easier it seems to be to get her to co-operate even though she makes noise about not wanting to do it. I think she is getting off on it.

A: Some people think that what you do to Erica is mean and awful. They call you a bitch for doing it. What do you say to those people?

L: Kiss my a—and Pi—off. I don’t care what their opinion is. Erica let’s us do what we do. If she didn’t like it, I would think she just would not do it. Maybe she has some secret fantasy or something. All I know is, if some tried to do something like that to me, they would be eating my fist. And then I would turn the tables on them. Screw them. Erica is enjoying all of this – maybe not at first, but hey, she actually played with herself outside of school ‘for me and my friends to watch. She fought some, but got right into it. As long as she keeps co-operating I’ll keep pushing her buttons.

A: From what I hear, you really are blackmailing her into doing these things. You are not really allowing her a choice to back out…

L: I prefer to think of it as incentive. I’m just guiding her into doing what she really wants to do all alone both would never have the courage to do herself. I am doing her a favor!

A: I’m sorry, but that sounds like spin doctoring to me. It all sounds very distor…

L: F-ck you. You want to know, and I’m telling you…. You want to make judgments and I can walk away and terminate your little question and answer gig. I don’t have to tell you jack. Got that?

A: Ok, ok… I’ll back off. Tell me about her birthday weekend. How did that come about.?

L: About three months ago I accidentally learned Erica’s birth date. As she seemed to do so well with the other tests I put her through, kind’a preparing her for something like what she did for her birthday party. The crew and I could not pass up the opportunity of doing something over the top. In a way, Erica unknowingly helped decide what would happen. I just helped it happen that’s all. As my dad says, ‘I facilitated the process’. He’s always talking about how his job is to help people get what they need to make their jobs more efficient. That’s what I’m doing – just helping stuff happen that other people want to see happen…

A: So you see yourself ‘providing a service’?

L: In a way, ye. Hey… I think I like the way that sounds. I’m providing a service to help Erica realize her deepest fantasy. Kinda puts a positive spin on the whole thing doesn’t it?

A: THAT is an understatement. Do you just simply see Erica as nothing more then an easy mark? Someone to toy with?

L: In the beginning, definitively. The girl has such a good heart and is so trusting of other people it is like taking candy from a baby. If I had a conscious I might feel guilty for what I’ve made her do. But… I don’t…. so, no problem. Like I said in the beginning, it is fun and I can do it so why not?

A: Do you have anything else planned for Erica coming up?

L: The short answer is Yes. But I’m not tell you anything more about it.

A: How do you think the rest of your school feels about this?

L: Who cares? Let them think what they want. You just said yourself some don’t like it. I’m sure a lot more do think it is funny, or great or sex…. Whatever. I know guys that masturbate to what she does in public. But then some guys will (deleted) to anything.

A: What do you plan on doing with all the pictures from that weekend? I hear there is like over 2000.

L: Wouldn’t you like to know! Any other questions, other wise I am out’a here.

A: Anything else you are will to let me in on?

L: Nah, I said ‘enuff.

-click-

**12 - Erica and the Carwash by AMERICAN COWBOY**

I woke up on Saturday morning feeling bored. It was going to be a lazy weekend, with the promise of nothing much to do. My parents were away until Monday, and I would have the house all to myself. But I really had no plans and wasn’t up for any strenuous activity. I flopped myself on my bed and started surfing through the TV channels.

My nightwear consisted of a long orange and white T-shirt that came to just above my knees; my panties of course underneath; and a pair of comfy ankle socks. With the sun creeping through the bedroom window, I distractedly flipped across the stations using the remote clicker. There was nothing good on television, nothing entertaining. I maneuvered myself into different positions, alternating lying on my tummy or my back, and every which way in between. At one point, as I rest my head on the pillows, I stretched a limber leg to the ceiling. In my left hand, I continued to click the Channel Next button, oblivious to the images scrawling across the television screen. My right hand fingers, however, reached up idly and began tugging on the toe of my sock. As if surprised by this casual action, I watched as the snug fabric came peeling off, mesmerized by my pretty little toes coming into view.

I giggled to myself, at the thought of this action seeming infinitely more captivating than anything else in the world. I gently rubbed my bare calf, and it felt good. Soon the remote control was lost in the sheets, and I had my other sock off in no time. I lay back in the softness of the bed and lifted my legs, watching my feet play in the sunlight. A warm, yummy feeling crept into my stomach.

And then, a wicked thought entered my mind… I should lose the panties. Now I should say, in spite of previous stories and accidents and mishaps, I really am not one to go running about the house unclothed. I’m really quite bashful and modest. But, hey, I would still be wearing my long T-shirt. This was becoming like a game, daring myself how far I should go. I mean, I could just get dressed and forget about the whole thing, but then again, there was nothing to do anyway. I was certainly not in a hurry to get dressed.

I slid my legs off the bed and rose to my feet with a yawn. It did look like it was going to be a beautiful day, I noted, casting a glance outside the window. The shirt, over-sized and loose, slipped a little, revealing a bare shoulder. I paid no mind, slowly making my way out of the room and down the hallway. It was when I entered the kitchen and felt the tiles on my bare feet that I truly woke up. Such a pleasant, but uncommon feeling, as I usually sleep in my socks. Now I wiggled my toes appreciatively, delighting in the coolness.

I had to do it! I had to take off my panties and experience the thrill of being so nearly naked. Casually, I sauntered up to the laundry hamper, pausing to savor the anticipation. This was a perfectly normal activity, wasn’t it? Just going to remove my underwear for a cleaning. Nothing wrong with that, I tried to convince myself, nothing deliciously sexy… I could feel my heart beating faster. When I slipped a hand beneath the T-shirt, I took a moment to rub circles around my bellybutton. If I kept this up, I was going to soil my undies, and then they would really need a washing! Hooking a thumb in the waistband, I slowly pulled downward and felt the fabric moving over my hips.

I could tell that part of me was still a little indecisive as I bit my lip. Yes, I was secure in the knowledge that I was home, completely alone. But this was getting hot, and I had no idea where it would lead. So before I could have second thoughts, I reached beneath the shirt with my other hand and proceeded to roll the panties all the way down the rest of my legs. I stepped out of them in one motion, picked them up and unceremoniously dropped them in the laundry basket. Now I was wearing only my knee-length T-shirt. I think I’m starting to like the idea of only one article of clothing covering me…

Then I heard a car or something pull up in front of the house! I dashed into the living room, and cautiously peered out the window. There, at the foot of the driveway, was the box-shaped truck of the mailman. Right on time, coming to deliver the morning post. Knowing that he would leave our letters and bills and such in the bin on the outside of the front door, I suddenly had a mischievous thought.

Moving into the entry hallway, I stood just a few feet behind the front door that was shut fast. I could picture Mr. Speedy making his way up the driveway, unsuspecting in going about his duty. Even now, I heard his plodding footsteps on the driveway. If only he knew that behind this locked door was a seventeen-year-old girl dressed only in a T-shirt! Or was she…

A truly naughty thought entered my overactive, overheated mind. There was no one else home, and a solid locked front door was between me and the mailman. Why not remove the shirt?

Oh… this was so hot! I had to do it.

I don’t know why, maybe out of habit, I turned my head around quickly to make sure no one was looking. Of course, I was all alone, and so I tensely gripped the bottom of my T-shirt in both hands. Deep breath, and then started to raise my arms… my naked thighs coming into view, next my bare pussy… oh, Hell, once my stomach was exposed, I tore the shirt the rest of the way off my head and tossed it down the hall.

I was naked, completely nude, and the mailman was approaching the doorstep this very moment! Clutching my tits in my hands, I could feel how long and hard the nipples were. I know I was wet down there, and I nearly stuck a finger inside my slit to test the waters. But I couldn’t bring myself to have an orgasm so close to my front door… Mr. Speedy might hear! Instead I slowly turned around, thinking that if his vision could only penetrate the solid wood, he would have an unobstructed view of my bare ass.

Turning my head to the side, I caught my reflection in the hallway mirror. There I was, totally undressed. Every inch of flesh exposed, from my perky pink breasts down to the hairless crotch now glistening. If I parted my legs just a little, I could just make out my extended clitoris emerging. Maintaining this position, I slapped my hands on my butt cheeks and slightly spread them. Oh what a view the mailman could be enjoying! I wondered what it would feel like to be taken from behind.

Then I heard the doorbell ring! Why did he just ring the doorbell? He is supposed to just drop off the mail and leave, and I’m standing here completely naked and horny! Then there was a tap at the door. That did it… I had to find my shirt, quick. Still nude, I ran down the hall, and then blindly into the living room before remembering that I had only thrown my T-shirt on the floor of the hallway. I retraced my steps and found the lone article of clothing, and pulled it over my head, covering my hot skin. I hoped I didn’t smell too musky.

At another knock on the front door, I reached out and turned the knob, opening it easily. Oh my gosh, I forgot to lock the door last night! He could have opened it at anytime, and would have walked right in… to find me displaying myself without a stitch! The mailman would have seen my little tits, my bare behind, my shaved…

“Hello, Erica,” Mr. Speedy said pleasantly. “I hope I didn’t wake you.”

“Um, yeah,” I replied nervously. “I just got out of bed; it’s Saturday, you know.”

He chuckled back, “Well, of course it is. And I’m sorry to have disturbed you, Miss. But one of these letters was sent requesting a signature. I’m afraid I needed to ask someone to sign for it.”

I shook my head, saying it was no bother, although now I just wanted him away from my home. I signed one of those stupid little green cards and handed it back to Mr. Speedy in return for the morning’s mail. He tipped his cap politely.

“Now get on back to bed, Miss. Hope you don’t have trouble falling back to sleep.”

Smiling weakly, I closed the door shut as he headed back to his truck. This time, I made sure to turn the latch and lock the door. The problem was, there was no way now I was going to get any rest, as turned on as I was!

My fingers fidgeted with the hem of the T-shirt. Maybe I should just get some breakfast. But I wasn’t feeling hungry. I didn’t know what to do with myself. I started to wander around aimlessly, eventually making my way back into the living room. Earlier, I had been running back and forth, but now I had time to exhilarate in the feeling of the carpet on the soles of my bare feet. The shirt was feeling awfully uncomfortable again. I did a quick surveillance out the window… yes, it was still looking like a beautiful day, and quiet, too.

I pretended to act calmly, as though it was not me that was doing these things. They weren’t my arms reaching over my head to grab the fabric at my back. Not my hands clutching the material and pulling it off my body and across my neck. Those had to be someone else’s fingers curling up the shirt, dropping it on the coffee table. I think I secretly wished it was somebody stripping me against my will. But the end result was the same. There I stood in the center of the room, once again, fully nude.

I took some delicious deep breaths, letting my skin breath. I strolled over to the sofa and sat down, ever so conscious of the upholstery on my nakedness. Spreading my legs wide open, I let my steaming pussy breathe. This felt so good! I grabbed one of the small throw pillows on the couch, velvety soft, and began to caress my body with it. My nipples came alive, electric from the touch. I moaned, I whimpered… I needed something to make me cum. Sliding off the sofa, my ass made contact with the carpet and my hip bucked upward. Oh, oh… here comes the first wave!

I placed the pillow between my legs, and began rubbing my pink parts sensuously. Oh, oh… this felt really good! I flopped over on my tummy, careful to keep my soft companion snugly locked inside my thighs. My pussy rested squarely in the middle of the pillow as I now rubbed back and forth, up and down, gyrating in a sexual rhythm. The frayed edges tickled my clit.

“Fuck!” I shouted as I humped the throw-pillow, my juices flowing, and came with one of the most intense orgasms I had ever experienced.A few more convulsions of sheer pleasure, and it was over. Breathing heavily, I rolled onto my back, letting the pillow rest on my belly. Sunlight streaming through the window danced across my exposed body. A guilty grin lit my face.

And then there was the ringing of the telephone.

That startled me to a sitting position. Who would be calling at this hour of the morning? At the second ring, I climbed to my feet, still holding the pillow against me as though it were my only covering. I made my way back to the kitchen on shaking legs, and picked up the phone.

“Erica?”

It was my friend Alicia on the other end. Dazed, I mumbled back, “Hello?”

“Erica, you haven’t forgotten about today, have you? You haven’t forgotten about the school carwash fundraiser? You were supposed to meet me here fifteen minutes ago! Did you just wake up… what are you wearing?”

“A pillow,” I replied truthfully. I don’t know if Alicia thought I was serious or kidding, or still half asleep.

“Oh, perfect. Well hurry up and get your ass down here! If you bail out on me, Erica, I’ll be very upset.”

“OK, don’t worry,” I said, now feeling a little more guilty. “I’ll be over to the school right away.”

Even as we hung up, I could tell Alicia was pissed. I distractedly tossed the pillow onto the kitchen table, then hurried off to the bathroom. Definitely needed to take a quick shower before going anywhere. The hot water felt good on my skin, and I had to fight the urge to play with myself. OK, maybe I pinched a nipple just once. But I knew I was late and didn’t have time to spare. I can’t believe I had forgotten about the carwash! I quickly toweled off, then dashed down the hallway.

It felt really nice out as soon as I stepped outside and closed the door behind me. The smell of freshly cut grass was wonderful, the fresh air was invigorating. A sprinkler sounded in the distance. I looked down, and almost fainted… oh my gosh, I was still naked! I had just walked out the front of my house naked! I covered my tits with one arm and placed the other hand in front of my pussy as I gazed down the driveway and across the front lawn. Was anyone else outside? Was anyone else looking? Here I was, a nude young girl on her doorstep, displayed for the entire neighborhood. I was mortified, but damn, I wanted to be seen! A car sped down the otherwise deserted street, but I’m not sure if they caught a view of me. I turned around and opened the door. Thank goodness I hadn’t locked myself out… I think I would have had another orgasm right on the spot! I ducked inside to get dressed.

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I arrived at the school, the site of our weekend carwash, in a cute pink and white short-sleeved shirt, jeans that I had rolled at the cuffs up to my calves, and of course my sneakers and socks. Thinking I must look a little flustered, but none the worse for wear, I ran forward to greet my friends

“Well here she is at last,” Alicia announced. She was sporting cut-off denim shorts and a T-shirt tied at her midriff, and she shook her head disapprovingly as she eyed me up and down. “Little Miss Sleep-in-late and Skip out on the Fundraiser!”

“Yeah, sorry about that,” I mumbled an apology. For some reason, I was suddenly very embarrassed, thinking about what I had been doing this morning. My cheeks burned. “I guess I lost track of the time.”

Carrie, who was also wearing shorts and a bikini top, stepped over and stroked the side of my flushed face. “Yes, Erica, you really need to learn to be more reliable. Your friends count on you…”

“I know… I’m really sorry. How’s business been so far?”

“Shitty,” Alicia answered. “I don’t know what’s wrong with these people, but it looks like we could use a little advertising.”

Just then, blonde-headed Lisa loomed suddenly before the group. She was looking hot in her black sports bra and mini-skirt. She didn’t appear to be dressed to help out at the carwash. While Alicia and Carrie were dripping water from their arms and stomachs, mingled with soapsuds running down their legs, Lisa certainly appeared to be quite dry. Her hair was perfect.

“I think little Erica needs to be punished.”

Oh, I hated it when she called me Little Erica. It made me feel like a child, like I was the youngest in the group, even though we were all the same age. I thought maybe I should run, but a part of me was curious to find out what humiliation I might be sentenced to.

“What do you have in mind,” Carrie asked, reading my unspoken thoughts, and her eyes gleaming.

Lisa tugged on her lip for a moment, giving the impression that she was weighing some deep matter of profound importance to be considered. When she finally responded, she spoke with a harsh decisiveness that sent a chill down my spine and a flutter of excitement in my tummy.

“Well… Alicia did mention that we are desperate for better advertising. Frankly, I just don’t think that poster we have in the front of the school entrance is cutting it. I think we need a body to parade up and down the street, drawing attention to our fundraiser. Erica, you are going to wear that poster…”

I gulped, nervous and afraid. That request didn’t sound too bad, but it would still be pretty humiliating. Then Lisa grabbed my arm and started to pull me toward the front of the school.

“Come on, little girl, we need to get that thing on you.”

The four of us went together, with Lisa making the point to lead me through the soapy puddles that had formed from the few cars washed earlier in the day. By the time we made it to the front of the building, my shoes were drenched. Distracted, I squished my toes inside their soggy socks, and didn’t notice Alicia taking down the two large poster boards that were used to promote the time and date of the carwash. They also had the name of our high school in big, bold letters. Only when I looked up did I hear Carrie tearing off two pieces of duct tape, that she then fixed on the top of the signs, connecting the two.

“Here, Erica, let me and Alicia put this over your head” Carrie suggested helpfully. I just stood there dumbly, and allowed the cardboard to be placed in front and behind me. The duct tape straps rested easily on my shoulders. I could tell Lisa found the whole sight amusing as she stifled her laughter. God, this was embarrassing.

Pitifully I turned toward Lisa, feeling I needed her permission and asked, “Can I take off my shoes and socks?”

“Suit yourself,” she shrugged.

Good, because there was no way I was going to march up and down the street, squishing in my saturated sneakers! Unfortunately, I found that I had lost a considerable amount of maneuverability with the posters draped over me. I was about to attempt to remove the signs, when both Alicia and Carrie knelt down at my feet and undid the laces. With those off, I lifted one leg at a time to allow them to each peel off the wet, clingy fabric. So there I stood on the school property… barefoot and the poster board effectively covering me from the top of my chest to my knees. The jeans I was wearing could of course be seen underneath.

“All right,” Lisa snapped her fingers, “Let’s get you to work. You’re going to walk the sidewalk in front of the school, both directions. Don’t move too fast, and make sure the oncoming traffic gets a good look at the signs. We need to bring in more customers, so don’t disappoint me!”

I swallowed a lump in my throat and nodded. I could have sworn she muttered “or else” under her breath. But I didn’t want to try her patience, lest things get worse. So I quickly did as I was told, and moved onto the sidewalk.

The streets were pretty quiet for a Saturday, which probably had more to do with the lack of cars pulling into the school fundraiser. Still, cars did pass as I moved my feet cautiously over the pavement. One person honked, but did not turn into the school parking lot. I have to admit, I felt ridiculous wearing these signs as though I was looking for a handout or something! But the warm concrete did feel nice on my bare soles. Pleasantly, I made my way down to one side of the street, the edge of the school property, then I made an about face and began the walk back. Again, there was a honk, but no interested customers. When I returned to where Lisa and the girls were waiting, she had a dark frown on her face.

“This isn’t working,” she declared. “You must be doing it wrong!”

“What… what else am I supposed to do?” The very notion that there was more skill required to this struck me as very odd. Maybe I was hurt that I had let down my friends, or I had displeased the overbearing Lisa. Maybe I was secretly craving the reprimand.

Alicia spun me around. “Look at us, Erica. We’re all dressed in hot little outfits. Your jeans are just wrong with that sign!”

“I can try to roll them up more,” I offered weakly.

“What, is there a flood?” Carrie chided. “No, silly girl, you have to take them off.”

“Here?” I was beginning to panic, as I felt helpless and outnumbered. “We are right outside the school! I can’t take off my pants in public!”

“Sure you can,” Alicia cooed. “You have these signs covering your back and front. No one will see. Besides, you owe us for not showing up on time.”

Lisa moved in close and tapped the front of the poster board. “That’s right, Erica. You’re already in trouble. Now take off your pants.”

Even as she commanded me, my fingers were fidgeting with the button beneath the cardboard. I could refuse, couldn’t I? I mean, this whole fundraiser was supposed to be voluntary. But if I backed out now; well, I didn’t know what would happen. It must have come as a shock to the girls, when just like that, the fabric of my jeans fell to the ground.

Carrie was soon in a crouching position to retrieve this article of clothing. She pulled them off my ankles and feet with little difficulty, but paused to run a hand down my bare leg.

“Nice shave, Erica… smooth!”

“Th-thanks,” I stammered, as I was beginning to feel a little turned-on. I mean, I was standing out in the open, on school property, wearing just a shirt and pair of panties… and two slabs of cardboard.

Lisa circled around me once, then stopped to stand at my side. She reached through the posters, and tugged on the fabric of my shirt. “You know, Alicia, I still think you can see some of this material over the top of the sign.”

“I do believe you’re right, Lisa. And it’s very unattractive. Maybe we should make her take it off.”

My eyes went wide with fear. “You can’t… I can’t take off my shirt!”

“Excuse me,” Lisa said with a glare. “I don’t think you are in a position to tell us what we can or cannot do. After all, Erica, you were the one who was late this morning. You should be grateful for the opportunity to help the school!”

Carrie snickered at that last remark. “Since when did you give a damn about our school?”

“Oh, shut-up.” Lisa snapped. Then she turned her attention back toward me. “All right, let’s get the sign off you for a moment…”

“But Lisa,” I protested, “I’m only wearing my underwear!”

Alicia, my friend, piped in with her usual perceptiveness. “Well, that’s your own fault for not wearing sensible shorts today. Anyway, it doesn’t matter; this is a carwash… they will look like bikini bottoms.”

“Just like at the water park…” I said with a shudder.

“Yes, just like the water park!” Alicia clapped her hands enthusiastically, and then proceeded to remove the cardboard posters.

Carrie pointed and laughed, “Oh, look how cute she is in her white panties!”

“Well, let’s make it so those are all she has on,” Lisa demanded.

“Please let me keep my shirt… I’ll be putting the sign right back over me, so I don’t see why it matters.”

Lisa remained unconvinced. “That’s right, it doesn’t matter. So quit wasting time, standing around in your little underwear, and take off your shirt. Because if I have to do it, I might rip the fabric… and I won’t stop there!”

“But… but…” I stammered. I couldn’t bring myself to speak another word. I couldn’t say why I was so reluctant to take off my shirt. So I decided to show them. Besides, what choice did I have? Looking around to make sure we weren’t drawing any spectators…Oh my God, I can’t believe I’m standing in front of the school in broad daylight, in just a pair of panties… well, I would be in a second.

“Oh, that’s right, she doesn’t often wear a bra!” Alicia exclaimed as I pulled the shirt over my head and handed it to Carrie. She took the opportunity to flick my exposed nipples with her finger.

“Pretty daring to be running around topless,” she chuckled, “with those tiny titties. But your nips are so fun to play with, I’ll give you that!”

I can’t believe she just said that! What was I, their plaything for their amusement? Still, my erect nipples were sticking out a full inch, hard and aching. “Can I… can I put the sign back on? Someone… someone might see me!”

“OK, don’t get all embarrassed,” Alicia said in consoling tones. She lifted the two boards and draped them over my head, the straps now resting on my bare shoulders. I was acutely aware of the cardboard brushing my bare back, grazing my sensitive nipples in front.

I looked down at my legs and toes, stretched my arms out to either side. From what wasn’t concealed beneath the sign, every inch of skin was exposed.

“Oh no,” I cried, “I look like I’m naked!”

Lisa was again rubbing her chin in thought. “An interesting proposition, Erica. I’ll tell you what. You are long overdue to hit the pavement again. You are going to walk the street in that get-up just like before. But this time, if you don’t bring us in one customer, we are going to take your panties too!”

“Oh my!” I squealed, frightened by the very notion, but suddenly my panties felt very damp. Lisa gave me a shove in the back, and then there I was, headed back down the sidewalk that crossed in front of our school.

I wasn’t sure which way I should turn. If I walked straight ahead, my sides would be totally exposed. Passing cars could see my nude legs and the side of my breast. But if I faced the road, then I guess oncoming traffic would get the same view. Plus, that would require me to walk by sidestepping, and that was just too awkward. So I resigned myself to marching down the street as I had done before, one bare foot in front of the other. There was a lot more honking of horns this time, let me tell you!

But no one was turning into the school parking lot! I didn’t understand it. Surely there were people who needed their car washed. It was a nice sunny day, and you couldn’t beat the five dollars we were advertising for a donation. Maybe people were just too busy to stop. I had made it all the way to the end of the curb that marked the edge of school property. Now I faced the daunting task of walking back… and if I didn’t bring in a single customer, Lisa was going to strip me of my panties!

I took my steps slowly, partly because I wasn’t wearing any shoes or socks, and also so I could delay the inevitable. Then, halfway down my approach to the school, a gray Mitsubishi that had come from behind me pulled into the school entrance! Now I was really excited, that I was able to prove Lisa wrong! I quickened my pace to hurry down the sidewalk. It didn’t occur to me that I should be a little less enthusiastic, since I was still only dressed in my underwear and two slabs of cardboard, and nothing else.

Slowing my steps before I walked onto the asphalt, I was dismayed to suddenly see the gray car turning around. The driver must have just pulled in to make a U-turn! I watched as he drove onto the opposite side of the street, heading back the way he had come. Damn, that was my only chance! And now the three girls were moving toward me.

“Pretty disappointing, Erica,” Lisa remarked.

I thought about running, but it would be useless. There was no place to escape. Alicia and Carrie took me by the arms, and led me back closer to the school building.

“A deal’s a deal” Alicia said. “Let’s shed those undies…”

“I… I don’t think I can… I mean, it’s hard to move my arms beneath these posters. Please don’t make me take off the sign first!”

But Carrie came to my rescue, it would seem, as she knelt down and stuck her head under the front sheet of cardboard. I felt her hands grip the sides of my panties and begin to pull downward. Looking straight ahead, I tried not to think how in a few seconds, she would be eyelevel with my pussy. She tugged my underwear all the way down my legs, and of course when they reached my ankles, I obliged by stepping out of them. I expected Carrie to then stand up, waving around her trophy, the last shred of my clothing. But first she did something that nearly took my breath away.

She stuck a finger in my bare slit! I gasped, it felt good… and then just as quickly, Carrie was standing before us, smiling.

“I’d say Erica is ready to go.”

Ready to cum is more like it! Here I was, in the middle of the day, standing before our school… naked underneath the signs used to promote the carwash fundraiser! I had never been so embarrassed, or so turned-on. I didn’t know what was going to happen next.

Lisa moved close to me and lightly tapped the front of the poster board, running her finger along the edge. It only served to emphasize how nude and vulnerable I was. Especially how nude… I felt my ass cheeks rub against the cardboard.

“Well, Erica, it looks like you have two choices. You can hit the street one more time, with only these signs for covering. But if you don’t bring us a customer… I guess the signs are no good anyway, and you’ll have to loose them!

“Or, if you prefer, since you haven’t done any real work today… you can wash my car, which I pulled around to the back lot. It will be a sort of private carwash. What do you say?”

I bit my lip as I considered these options. Beneath the front poster, I hid my arms from view and started rubbing my stomach. I didn’t mean to, but one of my hands reached lower and caressed my hairless vulva. Oh… I couldn’t go back out on the street like this! I mean, walking down the sidewalk so completely naked except for two pieces of cardboard! I might have an orgasm right on the side of the road. And then, what if I failed to attract any customers? Lisa would probably run out and rip the signs off my body. My naked body… and everyone would see all of me!

“I… I’ll wash your car…”

I could see some of the girls were disappointed. But Lisa only answered, “All right, but you had better do a good job. Come on, we can cut through the school… it’s open for us.”

“But wait,” I made a desperate plea to put an end to this torture. “Can’t I have my clothes back?”

“Why?” Lisa scoffed, already pulling me toward the doors. “You’re only going to get wet…”

“I’d say she is pretty wet right now,” Carrie chimed in and licked her finger.

Before I knew it, we were all in the long hallway that bisected the school. Following this corridor would lead to another set of double doors that opened out onto the back lot, the track circle and sports fields beyond. Hearing my bare feet slap across the tiles made me thankful that it appeared the rest of the building was deserted. Some small part of me had the urge to tear off these confining signs, and streak the hallway. When would I ever have another chance like this? Well, maybe if I was alone. As it was, the three girls continued to escort me toward my final task. Every now and then, Alicia and Carrie to either side of me, would reach beneath the posters and tickle my ribs. At least they kept their fingers off my naughty parts…

We exited the other side of the school in bright sunlight. I had to shade my eyes from the glare. But Lisa, always a step ahead of the game, already had on her sunglasses. She quickly grabbed my shoulders and directed me to the side of the building where her midnight blue Volkswagen Beetle was parked. There was a hose on the ground streaming water, a bucket nearby with soap and towels and sponges.

“All right, Erica, you can take off those signs now.”

“But Lisa! I don’t have any clothes on underneath these signs!”

Alicia only chuckled as she took one side of the posters. “Well, you can’t very well wash a car wearing these! Carrie… give me hand, please.”

Carrie all too happily grabbed the other edge of cardboard, and together they started to lift. In the process, she remarked, “Besides, it’s just us girls. Not like we’re seeing anything we haven’t seen before!”

And just like that, the posters were over my head, discarded on the ground.

For a second, it actually felt good to have their weight off my body. But then it hit me in a wave of fear and excitement. I was bare-assed nude outside, in broad daylight, on public property! First I covered my breasts with both hands… then I placed a quivering palm over my little pussy. This was Saturday. If it were Monday, at this exact same time in this exact same place, I would be in Gym class… the whole class would see me naked! I wondered if they would find out; I wondered if the musk from my horniness would linger over the weekend…

“Enough daydreaming,” Erica slapped my bare butt. “Grab the hose, and get to work!”

That simple direction got me moving, although I was moving barefoot over the mix of gravel and blacktop, on trembling legs as I felt cool air on my exposed privates. I bent down, spread over the hose on the ground, realizing that my lower lips were clearly visible from behind. Pulling the hose up, it grazed the inside of my thigh, and further… brushed my labia now engorged. I nearly came right there.

But I wasn’t ready to give in; not yet. Turning the nozzle fully open, I let loose a stream of cold water and started rinsing down Lisa’s car. Such a normal, pleasant Saturday afternoon activity… except for the fact I was totally nude in the back of my school! I turned the hose a little on myself, to see if it would help cool me down. It didn’t.

Now that I was wet from my bare tits and stomach below, my shaved pussy really glistened, the water mingling with my own natural juices. I dropped the hose and picked up a nice soapy sponge. Starting from the side of the car, I began to rub circles over the door panel. When I cleaned off the window, I could now see my reflection in the glass. There I was, my naked form staring back at me… nipples oh so hard. I took a step back to view more of myself, and saw that my clitoris was poking out. Oh, this was so embarrassing!

When I squatted down to wipe the tires clean, I heard whistles behind me. I know this must have been a cute position, with the curves of my ass fully on display. Nevertheless, I managed to focus on my work, moving on to the next tire…pausing to squeeze out the sponge…using the hose to rinse off the dirty water. I was feeling really slippery, though, and every now and then when I had my back toward the group, I would slip a finger into my slit! I hoped they didn’t hear me moan over the sound of running water.

This continued as I made my way around the car and prepared to wash the back window. I’m not that tall, so I had to stretch all the way up on my bare toes in order to reach the top of the window and roof. With towels now in both hands, I pressed myself against the rear of the Volkswagen. My breasts were flat against the glass as I rubbed lewd circles through the soap. At one point, my pussy made contact with the metal of the Volkswagen symbol, and I started grinding my body against the hard chrome steel. This felt so wrong, but it also felt so good!

So I worked my way to the other side of the Beetle, so hot and so turned-on, I felt I would explode. I was overcome with the crazy impulse to lather up my ass real good, and I used my bare butt to rub down the passenger door. Of course, from this side of the car, I was only facing the brick wall of the school building. If I had thought of this earlier and done the same routine, my admirers would have been treated to a full frontal show. But now I had reached such a level of excitement, I couldn’t stop myself and I couldn’t resist the temptation of greater exposure.

Finally the only thing left to wash was the front of Lisa’s car. I knew every eye was on my backside and parted legs as I cleaned the headlights and rinsed down the hood. But now my friends were about to get a real eyeful. Again, I reached into the bucket of water with the sponge and proceeded to apply a generous helping of soapsuds to my butt. Carefully, I climbed onto the hood of the car, scooting up until my back was against the windshield. My eyes were closed, as I licked my lips, but I could just picture the look on their faces. Tossing away the towels so that it was only my body on the car, I started moving my ass all over the wet surface.

Now I had to spread my legs much further apart for my feet to gain a hold, and there was no denying that Alicia, Carrie, and Lisa would see my gaping clean shaved pussy. It was so wet, and they would see my erect clitoris… I had to reach down with a hand and tickle my button. Well, that set me off at last! I slid a little, but still maintaining position on the hood, my finger began rubbing my clit furiously. This was full blown masturbation in public, I realized, and I used my other hand to pinch, and pull, and rub my titties. I spread my legs wide open and bucked my hips as I felt the orgasm building, growing stronger and stronger. Oh my God, I suddenly thought… I’m going to cum on Lisa’s car! Well there was nothing I could do to stop it now, I was so far over the edge. If she didn’t want me to cream her nice shiny automobile, she’d have to pry me off with her own hands. My hands were too busy teasing my body and shamelessly playing with my pussy out in the open!

With a scream of ecstasy, I came… multiple times, feeling the juices flow down my thighs. I convulsed breathlessly on the hood for some more minutes it seemed, before sliding my feet to the ground. It was at the sound of applause and whistling that I opened my eyes. The sound was more than just three girls standing close at hand. I turned my head, and was shocked to see a line of at least ten cars in the school’s back parking lot… their occupants out of their vehicles and cheering my performance!

What… was this? My mind raced as a flood of emotions poured through my body: fear, humiliation, and utter arousal. Where did these people come from? I was completely naked, and had just had a massive orgasm, in front of what appeared to be at least twenty people! Then my darting eyes caught those stupid poster signs lying on the ground. There was writing on them, done in permanent marker, which was not there when I first put the cardboard over my body. The added writing announced in bold letters:

SEE THIS GIRL BUFF CARS IN THE BUFF… JUST TURN THE CORNER INTO THE BACK ENTRANCE… $5.00 SUGGESTED DONATION…

So that was what I had been advertising up and down the street! And that was why no cars had pulled into the front entrance! They had tricked me again! I was angry, but this was so embarrassing… I couldn’t get my mind to work. I started to move in one direction, and then turned to walk in another. It dawned on me that I was still quite visible and totally nude. My heaving breasts and eraser-like nipples were still on display, my bouncing bare behind, and of course my raw and pink little cookie.

There was no sign at all of my clothes, so finally I did the only thing I could think of. I ran straight toward the playing fields in the distance. I just covered my tits with both hands, unconcerned about my ass or pussy waving in the breeze, and ran away from the crowd. I could still hear them cheering behind me. But the further I ran, the more distance I put between myself and my audience, the closer I was heading in the direction of my house. I had to face it… I was going to have to run home naked!

Well, let me just say that I did eventually make it. And no, I didn’t lock myself outside to be ogled by neighbors on the front steps. I went inside and immediately jumped into the shower. But this time, I wasn’t in a rush. This time I allowed myself time to enjoy… my… self…

**13 - Erica plays Hide and Seek by AMERICAN COWBOY**

This was going to be great, I thought to myself, as I pressed myself against the large oak tree in Alicia’s backyard. Finally, someone else was going to be the victim of my friend’s little games. For once, it wouldn’t be me losing my clothes!

Carrie, Lisa, and I were over Alicia’s house that afternoon. We were getting pretty bored, and Lisa suggested that we should play a game. Well, more like she told us we were going to play a game, in her usual bossy way. She decided that we were going to play Hide-and Seek. Now I thought this sounded a little silly, for a group of seventeen year-old-girls to be playing such a childish game on a summer afternoon. But since it was Lisa who came up with the idea, there of course was a catch. You see, one person was “it” and if she couldn’t tag anyone before they made it back to “base”, she would have to remove a piece of clothing. I guess it was sort of like Strip Hide and Seek.

Well, we all took turns drawing cards for the highest number. The person who came out with the lowest card would start the game as “it”. Turns out, Carrie was the one who picked a three of clubs! So she started counting to 100 in the kitchen, while the rest of us dispersed throughout Alicia’s home and property. Anywhere inside or outside was fair game to hide. But the tricky part was that Alicia’s eight-year-old cousin and his friend, were also over the house today, down in the basement playing video games.

The thought of winding up naked, and maybe being seen by the boys got me a little excited, I have to admit. Still, I was pretty relieved it was Carrie starting off the game. Sure enough, after the first round, Lisa and Alicia and I made it back to the kitchen table (“base”) without Carrie catching us. She just laughed and kicked off her flip-flops. The next round, she would have to chase us in her bare feet!

Well, the first time, I had chosen a hiding spot in the living room of Alicia’s house. I figured it would be easy enough to slip back into the kitchen, once Carrie went seeking. Now, however, I decided to be a little more daring, and I ventured outside… finding this nice big tree to settle in behind. I had a great view of the back door, so I could see when Carrie took her search outside, and then I would make my way back to base.

My thoughts started wandering to how the game might unfold. I wondered which item of clothing she would take off next… her shirt or her shorts. It would be funny to see Carrie in her underwear. And if this kept up, and she didn’t tag anyone, she would have to strip stark nude! What a nice reversal of fortunes that would be. Closing my eyes, I imagined what her naked breasts would look like, pictured her unclothed butt bouncing around outside. I felt myself grind against the tree a little.

And then I felt pressure on my arm, my arm being squeezed.

“Tag,” Carrie smiled at me. “You’re it!”

I can’t believe I let the girl sneak up on me! I guess moving around over the grass barefoot did have its advantages. Or maybe I should have been paying more attention.

“All right, Erica, let’s go. It’s back to the kitchen so you can start counting. Do you want to undress for me now, or wait for the others?” This she added with another squeeze of my arm.

“I…I’ll wait until we get inside.”

So we all gathered around the kitchen table once more. Taking my cue from Carrie, I decided I would remove my shoes first. I sat down in the chair and unlaced my sneakers.

Lisa folded her arms across her chest and said, “Shoes and socks, if that is your first choice!”

“But… but,” I stammered, “That would be two items of clothing!”

“Yes, I can count. But it would only be fair to Carrie and the rest of us. Besides, each round, the person who is “it” has to reveal some skin.”

“Exactly,” Alicia chimed in. “So Erica has to take off her socks so we can all admire her pretty feet!”

“Oh whatever,” I huffed as the three of them laughed at me. I don’t know how Carrie was able to kick off her footwear so casually, but for me to peel off my shoes and socks… it was so humiliating. Finally I stood back up, my jeans coming to just above my bare ankles. “You guys better run, because I’m starting to count now!”

With that, the girls seemed to just vanish, each of them departing in a different direction. I hid my eyes, and made the requisite count to 100.

Now after considering my options, I thought I had better check the basement first. This way I could be sure that area of the house was clear. I definitely wanted to tag someone, and not go another round as “it”! Opening the door, I proceeded to take the wooden steps that led downstairs. It was a finished basement once you reached the carpeted floor below. But for now, I cringed a little at the feel of wood on my bare feet.

I made a quick survey of the large playroom, the laundry room, and the furnace room. There was no one here but Alicia’s cousin and his friend in front of the TV. They didn’t even seem to notice me. But I think I stood a while too long thinking about where to look next, because Jimmy turned to me with an annoyed expression.

“Will you get out of here! You’re feet stink!”

For the record, my feet do not stink. He was just being an obnoxious little boy, getting a chuckle out of his buddy. Still, I took the hint, and soon my toes were heading back upstairs.

I made a pass through the living room with no sign of Alicia, Carrie, or Lisa. Thought about going outside, but figured I should clear the house first. So I happened to be on my way to one of the bathrooms, when I walked by the kitchen again. What did I see? The three girls laughing and sitting at the table!

“Hey Erica,” Carrie called out. “No luck this time; we all made it back safe.”

Alicia smiled as I entered the room. “Yeah, what will it be next? Carrie and I think you’re pants, because you don’t want to expose your bare titties!”

I realized just then how quickly the stakes in this game escalated. Damn, I wish Lisa let me keep my socks! But she was almost like my mother, ordering me what I could or could not wear. Now I really did have to make a choice. I didn’t want to take off my pants and risk my panties being seen by Jimmy or his friend. So I gave a sigh of distress, and slowly pulled my T-shirt over my head.

“See, I told you she was wearing a bra,” Lisa said quite smugly. “Although I’m surprised they make one that small.”

Carrie laughed and suggested, “Maybe it’s a training bra!”

I self-consciously crossed my arms over my chest.

“Oh, we’re sorry, Erica,” my friend Alicia purred. “You know we only tease you because we love you!”

Lisa stood and walked behind me. Of course she couldn’t resist hooking a finger in the bra strap, and snapping it against my bare back. “Well, time for you to count again! But don’t worry, we’ll be back soon… while you are still looking for us in that wonder bra. I wonder what’s holding it up!”

And with that rude statement, the three girls scurried off. I then realized they had gotten a head start, so I quickly made my count with my eyes shut. When I opened them, about to start my search, I was shocked to see Jimmy staring at me from the refrigerator door.

“Why are you standing there in just a bra?” he asked, confused.

I faltered a bit before answering, “I… um… my shirt… I spilt something on my shirt. Your cousin went to clean it… and get me a new one!”

Oh God, this was so embarrassing! An eight-year old boy was looking at me in my bra! But what was worse, I started thinking about the potential for even greater humiliation. I mean, if this had been a later round, I might be standing her in only bra and panties… and then he would see the damp spot in front of my crotch! Or even worse, a round later, I could be topless and this soon-to-be fourth grader would get an eyeful of my bare tits. I had better catch one of the girls quick, because I didn’t even want to consider the possibility of one of these boys finding me without any clothes… stark naked!

“You’re a clumsy girl,” he mumbled with a shake of his head, then proceeded to march back downstairs with his can of soda.

I stood for a moment, as though in a trance. At least he didn’t seem to be even slightly curious. And then I snapped back to reality. I had to find and tag one of my friends. First, I had planned at going only after Carrie, to make her continue her stripping. But now I was getting nervous, and any of the girls would do. But where were they hiding this time?

Careful not to let anyone slip back into the kitchen, I searched Alicia’s house one room at a time. When none of the three showed up, I understood that I would have to brave going outside. And that meant being outside in my bra! Well, the backyard wouldn’t be too bad since there was a lot of privacy. So I decided to start there.

Amazingly, the fresh air felt good on my bare arms and tummy. I even indulged myself to rub a few circles lightly around my belly button. The sun was warm on my back. Maybe I should just get this over with and take off all my clothes and chase down the girls au natural. Maybe I should just go back downstairs and give the boys a little show… Oh my gosh, what was I thinking! My fear and arousal must be getting to me. I had better find someone to tag real soon. Being “it” was making me horny!

So I ran through the back yard in my bare feet, but found no one to sneak up on. I looked behind trees, in the tool shed, over by the hammock. They definitely were not out here. I guess I should head around the side toward the front of the house. But first, I cleverly thought, I would check in the kitchen to be sure none of the girls had made it back to base.

Opening the back door, my jaw dropped to see Carrie, Alicia, and Lisa coolly drinking their water at the table.

“How…” I stuttered.

“You’re not very good at this game,” Alicia laughed.

“So what do we do with her when she loses all her clothes” Carrie inquired with a gleam in her eye.

This time, I found the strength to speak. “I have no intention of losing my clothes! I’m not going to be caught without a stitch by that pervert cousin of yours!”

“Hey,” Lisa poked a finger right between my breasts. “Jimmy and his friend are good boys, minding their own business. You’re the one running around half naked.”

“I am not half naked,” I pointed out, and immediately regretted my tone of voice.

Lisa approached me, putting one arm lovingly around my neck and shoulder. She pulled me close and with her other hand, popped open the button fly on my jeans. She whispered chillingly, “You will be, once you drop your pants, Erica.”

Where I might have protested and tried to draw out the inevitable, after Lisa’s antics, I was left trembling. My fingers picked up where hers had left off, as I opened my pants wide and let them slide down my legs. I did as was expected of me, following the rules of the game, and stepped out of denim material. There I stood in Alicia’s kitchen, dressed only in bra and panties. And her cousin and his friend were just below us, unsuspecting. God, I hoped no one decides to hide in the basement!

“Here, this will give you some incentive to find us,” Carrie said as she walked in front of me. She slipped a hand down the front of my panties like it was a perfectly natural thing to do. Her fingers gently caressed and tapped my pussy. “Still no fur!”

I opened my eyes, nearly about to cum, and found that the girls were already gone. And damn, now I was really turned on. Why did she have to do that? Well, this time, I made sure to count with my eyes open. I wasn’t about to let Jimmy or his friend wander in and see me in such a state of undress. But when I reached number 56, I heard the footsteps of the boys on the basement stairs. They were coming this way!

Shit, I had to get out of here! If they saw my drenched undies, they would probably think I peed myself! Besides, how would I explain the fact that I was only wearing a bra and pair of panties. I moved out into the hallway just off the kitchen entrance. I was out of sight, but could still hear their voices.

“Come on, Jimmy, let’s go play upstairs…”

Great, now they would be heading in this direction! I couldn’t bear the thought of them seeing me in my underwear, so I did the only thing I could think of. I ran out the front door!

So here I was out in front of Alicia’s house half naked. She didn’t live in a busy neighborhood, and it was pretty quiet this afternoon. I walked in a slow crouch over the lawn, the feel of grass underneath and between my toes, the pleasant breeze tickling all the bare flesh that was exposed. This was so hot! But I really had to concentrate on finding one of my friends. And that was when I saw Carrie squatting behind one of the bushes.

She must have been just as surprised to see me, and probably none of them thought I would dare to walk out into the front yard. Her eyes went wide for a second, and then she bolted from her hiding spot. I immediately gave chase. Both of us ran barefoot around the side of the house, into the backyard. My bra was coming a little loose with the exertion, but my panties were snug. We continued the pursuit up to the tool shed, and that was where I had her cornered.

Well, maybe not exactly cornered. She still had some room to maneuver, but if she dodged the wrong way, I would tag her.

“Wait,” Carrie called out, catching her breath. I slowed my approach. “I’ve got a deal for you…”

I stopped, suspicious. “Why should I make a deal with you? I’ve got you trapped. If you make a break for the back door, I’ll tag you and you’ll be “it”!”

Carrie shook her head, “Maybe… maybe not. I’ve got longer legs than you. I think I can beat you to the door, and then you will have to forfeit another piece of clothing. Which will it be, Erica… bra or panties?”

“No way, Carrie, I’m not showing any more skin.”

Carrie cautiously moved her hand to the handle and opened the shed door. All the while keeping an eye on my every move. “Are you willing to take that risk? Listen to what I have in mind… I will let you tag me, and then I’ll be “it”. But first you have to remove the last of your clothes. I just want to see you naked. Then I’ll give you back your underwear and you can tag me.”

I paused considering. She knew I was feeling horny. If I just stripped for her, I would be guaranteed of tagging her, and saved the embarrassment of further exposure in front of Alicia, Lisa, or worse… Jimmy and his obnoxious little friend!

“Come on,” Carrie egged me on. “You can do it inside the shed so no one will see. Except me of course!”

She started to step aside, and I found my slender legs taking me closer to the tool shed now opened invitingly. It was the only way I could be certain I would catch her. So once I stood in the doorway with my back turned toward Carrie, I slowly moved my hands to my back. Unclasping the bra by its hook, I let it fall forward. Then I tossed it over my shoulder, assuming it was caught by Carrie. My panties, I gradually shimmied down my hips and thighs, totally revealing my ass. When they fell to the ground, I left them there.

I was now standing completely naked outside, in the shadows of the open doors of Alicia’s dad’s tool shed. Looking at all the hardware hanging on the walls, the lawnmower parked against the back wall, made me feel really sexy. I started playing with my pussy.

“OK, Erica,” Carrie cooed, “turn around now.”

I did what she asked, and she could see my erect nipples, my glistening shaved snatch. She asked me so sweetly to raise my hands. This I did, but only to cup my breasts and squeeze them. My clitoris poked into view.

Carrie was twirling my bra in her hand. “Very cute, Erica. But you know what… I decided that I don’t want to be “it”!”

And just like that, she turned and jogged all the way to the back door. Deceived, I stood fully nude for a minute, before reaching down to pick up my panties and pull them back on. I took a step forward, and realized I was still topless.

“Come on, Erica, you can still catch me!”

My hands were covering my titties, rock hard nipples tickling the palms, as I bounced over to a tree for covering. I called out, “Is it safe?”

“Sure, Alicia and Lisa are already at the table! I’m you’re only hope!”

I moved closer and closer to the house, fearful that Jimmy might be watching me from an upstairs window. But then, the boys might also be back in the kitchen or the living room… they might see me when I make my topless entrance.

“Are the boys around?”

Carrie opened up the back door and slipped a leg inside. “Nope, just us girls!”

Well, I started a final sprint, thinking I could catch her off guard. This of course left my breasts completely uncovered. The wind sure did feel good blowing past my overheated body! I was just a few feet away from her, when Carrie ducked all the way inside. Stumbling into the kitchen, I could only watch as she casually leaned back against the table where sat the other two.

“Now look what you’ve done,” Alicia mocked me. “You’re about to lose the last item of covering you have!”

“No!” I cried. “I was only supposed to remove my bra… but Carrie took it from me!”

“No I didn’t, silly. You gave it to me…”

Lisa put an end to the discussion, rendering her impartial verdict. “The way I see it, Erica, you are only to remove an item of clothing if you fail to catch any of us. Once we have all made it back to base. It’s not our fault you are taking off your clothes in the middle of the round! So right now, the only item left to take off are your panties. Ditch ‘em!”

“But Lisa, I don’t want to be caught buck naked by Alicia’s cousin or her cousin’s friend…”

Alicia shook her head, “Well, you should have though about that before you decided to flash Carrie your nips!”

“But…but…”

“That’s right,” Carrie cheered on, “Let’s see your butt. And that pink little pussy, too”

Defeated, I could only hook my thumbs in the waistband of my underwear and start pulling them down. Why does this always happen to me? Before I knew it, I was completely naked in front of my friends. I crossed an arm over my breasts to hide the erection of my nipples, and draped the other hand over my crotch to prevent them from seeing my clit. I know they could smell how horny I was.

“Lisa,” I asked with a pleading expression, “Can I… oh, this is so embarrassing… can I cum?”

“No, you may not!”

“Well can I at least cover myself with a towel or something?”

Lisa stamped her foot impatiently. “No, Erica, you will finish the game bare-assed nude. And you may not play with yourself at all during the round. If I find out you’ve been masturbating in the hallway closet, it will be much worse for you! Now close your eyes and count to a hundred!”

“What if Jimmy walks in while I’m counting!”

“Don’t worry,” Alicia said, “Jimmy and his friend are harmless. Now close your eyes…”

I tried one more time, “But please, let me just look out for them…”

“All right, Erica,” Lisa commanded. “Now you are going to climb on the table, and stand with your feet spread apart, your hands locked behind your head. And you are going to count to two hundred… with your eyes closed!”

It felt strange standing with my bare feet on the polished wooden surface of the kitchen table. It’s amazing the sensations you feel when you deprive yourself of sight. I felt the softness of my brown hair entwined with my fingers behind my head. I was aroused knowing that was the only hair on my body. Even more so, knowing that it was a secret I could never keep at this moment, with my smoothly shaved labia puffed out and parted. When I reached the count of 100, I could feel the juices flowing down my naked leg. At 150, I could feel my inch long nipples quivering at such brash exposure. I was sure the boys had entered the kitchen and were now studying my body revealed in all its glory. It took every once of discipline not to slip a finger in my slit. I counted two hundred and opened my eyes…

No one was there. No sign of the girls, or of Jimmy and his friend. I was alone in the kitchen. Naked as the day I was born, but alone. Hopping down from the table, the first thing I did was grab a hand towel and wipe down the surface. Then I dried my lower body as best I could, although I moaned when the cloth brushed against my pussy. But I didn’t want to be leaking all over Alicia’s house!

So now I had to go about finding one of my friends while avoiding detection by two little boys. I quickly poked my head out the back door. I couldn’t find any evidence that they went in this direction, and I wasn’t prepared to walk outside totally nude. I figured I had best make sure they were definitely not inside, before I try that adventure. There was no sound of Jimmy or his friend. So gathering up my courage, I gingerly stepped into the living room area.

It was funny, and I had to laugh to myself. Here, I was the one who should be hiding, yet in this perverted game of Lisa’s, I was the one that had to do all the seeking. Wouldn’t it make more sense for pursuers to try to find the naked girl? Well, I shrugged my bare shoulders and looked behind a couch. There was no one else in this room.

Likewise, I found no one in the den or the guest bedroom. I searched the bathroom, and thought this would be the best place to be caught undressed. After all, I could always say I was about to take a shower. But none of the girls were hiding in there, and I even paused for a minute, daring the boys to encounter me like this. If they found me naked in the bathroom, they would be the ones who feeling guilty. But if I bumped into one of them, say, in the middle of the front lawn… God that would be humiliating!

I continued my bare ass tour of the house by cautiously making my way upstairs. This was scary as the steps creaked under the weight of my naked form. I hoped I didn’t attract attention from the noise. When I peered into Alicia’s bedroom, I had to fight the urge to toss myself on her bed and play with clit madly. My goodness… having an orgasm on Alicia’s bed? That would certainly draw some undue attention. Well, the feeling passed, sort of… I was finally able to move my legs back down the hall. But even as I walked naked into her parents’ room, I still had the desire to cum. But that was all I needed, to have Lisa pop out of the wardrobe and find me masturbating against her wishes. A quick look in the wardrobe showed that Lisa wasn’t hiding there, but I still moved on.

There was the sound of voices coming from the last room down the hall. Greatly daring, I pressed my body up against the closed door, turning my head to get a better listen. Jimmy and his friend were in there playing, I guess. And they were talking about me.

“Jimmy, your cousin’s friend is nosy…”

“I know, that Erica is always snooping around. And she’s weird too. Before, I caught her in the kitchen with her shirt off!”

“Maybe she was hot?”

“I don’t know. She said she had an accident. Dumb, clumsy girl!”

The two boys shared a laugh at my expense, and for some reason I started rubbing my pussy on the doorknob. The humiliation was turning me on even more, if that was possible! I was so busted if they opened the door at that moment.

“Hey, Jimmy, did you hear something outside?”

“I think so… it’s probably Erica snooping on us!”

“Let’s get her!” They gave a loud battle cry together.

Thank goodness, I had the sense to turn and flee just as I felt the knob turn beneath my clitoris. I ran toward the staircase as I heard the door opening behind me, and nearly leaped down the steps.

“I don’t think she put her shirt back on, Jimmy.”

My heart was pounding as I continued to run, hand sliding along the banister. I heard their footsteps at the head of the stairs.

“Do you think she took off all her clothes? Why would she be naked, Jimmy?”

“Maybe she thought she could sneak up on us better, if she wasn’t wearing anything…”

Oh my God, these boys think I’m some kind of naked spy or something! This is so embarrassing… I hope they didn’t really see me… maybe just my bare back. I entered the kitchen, and for once, the girls were not here. Alicia, Carrie, and Lisa were still hiding. Either outside, or… or they went downstairs!

“Hey Erica,” Jimmy called from the living room. “Stop bothering us, or I’ll tell my cousin!”

Damn, they were still coming after me, and they sounded pissed! My options were limited at this point as I stood by the kitchen table. Out the back door, or down the basement stairs. I didn’t want to be hiding nude in broad daylight, so I decided on the latter. Down more steps I bounded in my bare feet, but foolishly I forgot to close the cellar door behind me. Now they would know which way I went for sure!

“This way, Jimmy, she went downstairs. She better not touch my video games!”

As I reached the basement floor, I could see the TV and the console game were still left on. There were food bags and soda cans by the couch. Not a lot of good hiding places, come to think of it, so I jumped behind a reclining seat just as the boys reached the end of the stairs. And then the lights went out.

Great, I thought, my heart racing but rising with hope! This was my chance to escape. It wasn’t far, but I was pretty sure I could run to exit. I could just make out the outline of the steps by the dim light of the open door. Standing up, about to streak past these little pests, I moved one foot forward… and then was hit by the light of a flash light square in my face.

“All right, spy! Don’t move a muscle… Jimmy, I got her!”

With the back of my arm, I shielded my eyes from the light in my face. Then the light moved, its beam slowly tracing its decent down my body like the hands of a lover. I could look down and see a spotlight on my stomach, then on my bare pussy. I just stood and watched as the white circle moved lower, down my legs and came to rest on my feet. Then it was up again, darting to flash around my breasts… then shining on my pussy, before hitting me in the face to keep me off balance!

“Turn around, spy!”

For some reason, I did as I was told. Immediately, I saw light streaming at either side of my hips, and I knew the boy had turned the flashlight on my ass.

“Yeah, Jimmy, I can see her butt! I told you she wasn’t wearing nothing!”

Just when I thought this couldn’t get anymore embarrassing, the lights suddenly flicked back on. Frozen, I closed my eyes and heard Jimmy come to stand next to his friend. Now they had no need of the flashlight. They could clearly see my bare shoulders, the curve of my spine… the crack of my butt and blushing cheeks; all of my legs and calf…I even raised a foot on my toes, so they would see the bare sole. I could feel their eyes soaking it all in.

“Turn around, spy” Jimmy ordered. For Alicia’s little cousin, he sounded like he could come from Lisa’s family.

I complied, unable to resist, due to the overwhelming humiliation and excitement. However, I did retain some modesty by striking a familiar pose that concealed my breasts and pussy.

“Hands at your side,” Jimmy barked. Then he whispered to his friend, “I saw them do this on a cop show!”

With my arms dangling and hands resting lightly on the sides of my legs, my greatest fears that day had been realized. I was standing before these two boys completely undressed, my private pink parts utterly on display. At least I kept my legs clenched together.

“Why are you naked?” Jimmy began the interrogation.

Flustered, I relied, “I… I don’t know what you mean.”

Jimmy shook his head disdainfully. “What a dumb girl! Don’t you realize that you’re not wearing any clothes?”

“And she looks funny,” his friend chimed in. “She don’t have anything down there!”

I turned my head, mortified, knowing that they were talking about my little pussy. My legs parted ever so slightly.

“Yeah, Erica, so why would you want to take off all your clothes? Aren’t you embarrassed?”

“Yes!” I nearly screamed. Then more softly I said, “Yes, I am embarrassed. Can you let me go now?”

“Wait,” Jimmy remained unconvinced. “We think that you took off your clothes so you could be more quiet to spy on us!”

“No,” I shook my head vigorously, causing my perky titties to bounce. I couldn’t believe I was trying to reason with the boy. “It’s not like that. Your cousin… my friends… we were playing a game…”

Jimmy’s friend was skeptical. “And the loser has to take off their clothes?”

I brushed the front of my foot behind my other leg’s calf in a nervous fashion. When I put it back on the floor, my thighs weren’t locked as tightly. “Yes, something like that. And I kept losing…”

Jimmy laughed, “You must be really bad at games, because now you’re totally naked. No one could be that bad! But I’ll tell you what, Erica. We are going to make you play one of our video games. If you play really bad, then your story will check out, and we can let you go.”

“This is ridiculous,” I cried. “I’m nude! You should let me put some clothes on…”

Jimmy and his friend stepped forward, and it was then that I realized they were nearly as tall as me. Unafraid, the boy roughly took my arm and brought me to the couch. I was told to sit comfortably, which meant with my legs separated. They now had an unobstructed view of my bald pussy. But they were more interested in setting up the game, thrusting the controller into my grasp. I settled in, the comfy couch feeling good on my bare ass, and focused on the screen. At that moment, I couldn’t believe I was sitting in Alicia’s basement stark naked playing a video game, her cousin and his friend to either side of me. Yet it was all completely harmless, as they were more interested in the cool graphics and sound effects. I was the only one who noticed my clit poking out. So much for nothing there, I thought to myself.

Of course, I had no idea how to use the controllers. I was too distracted by my own nudity, and wondering what would happen if I actually played with some skill and aroused their suspicions. Would they claim I truly was a spy… what would they do to me, how would they punish me? Well, I wouldn’t find out because in a matter of seconds, I had lost and the game was over.

Jimmy yanked the joystick from me in disgust, unaware that the plastic grazed my sensitive nipple, and the cord brushed my pussy lips. A moan escaped my mouth.

“Yeah, you should groan! That was horrible! You must be the worst game player in the world… even for a girl! No wonder you’re naked! Now go on and get out of here.”

I stood up and faced the boys, realizing too late that this put my crotch eyelevel with Jimmy’s friend. Ashamed, I still managed to ask, “Well, have you seen your cousin and the others?”

“Outside,” Jimmy snarled, and I wasted no more time heading back upstairs, giving them a parting view of my ass.

“You’re right, Jimmy… she does smell funny.”

Back in the kitchen, I discovered that Alicia, Carrie, and Lisa were still nowhere to be found. Were we even still playing hide and seek? So far, I had done a lousy job at searching for my friends, and I was certainly no good at hiding from the boys. Maybe I should just give up and finger myself to my heart’s consent. I was just about to rest my thumb on my clitoris, when I remembered Lisa’s warning. Oh, this was absolute torture! Now I just wanted to find the girls, because maybe then she would let me cum. With this new resolve, I marched out the back door, the sun beating down on my naked body. I had the sudden impression of the flashlight sweeping over my figure, back in the basement.

I wandered around the backyard, looking behind trees and hammock swings. I checked the tool shed, but they weren’t hiding in there. Glancing at the lawnmower, I wondered what it would be like to do Alicia’s chores in the nude. Well, no time for that now. I closed the shed doors and started to make my way around the side of the house, toward the front yard.

Yes, I should have been more concerned now about the diminishing privacy and the increasing likelihood that I would be caught. But truthfully, I was so horny, that I just didn’t care. I mean it’s not like I was going to start running out in the middle of the road. I kept to the side of the house, made sure there was no traffic, and then dashed across the lawn. Again, the breeze felt so unbelievably good on my bare skin! I stopped before the driveway, and saw the three girls sitting on the front stoop. All three of them, pointing and laughing at me. I began a naked jog directly at them.

“Hold on there, Lady Godiva,” Lisa brought me to a halt with the palm of her hand. “Let me explain to you your choices right now. We can continue to play this game, and you are free to tag anyone of us right now. But you have to remain as you are, and no touching yourself! Or, if you prefer, we can go find something else to do and let you… find some release.”

Oh, thank you! I nearly cried. This was an easy choice. “Can I just go inside and take care of that?”

Lisa shook her head. “No, Erica. Your penalty for losing the game is to cream yourself right here, on Alicia’s front lawn.”

I bit my lip in frustration. Or I could tag one of my friends and start a new round with one of them as “it”. But I would still be naked, and I wouldn’t be allowed to cum. I could hold out, couldn’t I? And I would show Jimmy and his friend that I didn’t lose all the time. I took a trembling step forward, reaching out to touch Carrie on the head.

Maybe she was doing me a favor, or just trying to humiliate me some more, I don’t know. But as I leaned in close, Carrie took the opportunity to blow gently on my sweet pussy. That sent me over the edge.

I took three steps backward and fell to the grass, the blades sensually tickling my bottom. My hands were running all over my body, squeezing and massaging and pinching my nipples. Then I used my fingers to spread wide my pussy, thumb flicking my erect clit with devious pleasure. Index and middle finger were inserted… thrusting deep… bucking my hips… Oh, this was going to be a big one! Juices squirted out in a gushing stream as I came loud and long.

“Maybe we could use Erica to water your lawn,” Carrie and Alicia laughed at my very wet orgasm.

Lisa just looked down at my quivering body and then announced, “All right, who’s up for some ice-cream!”

And as I lay in front of the house, spread-eagle, naked and prone, I saw the girls pile into Lisa’s car. The engine started. Then the passenger side door opened as Carrie stuck out her head.

“Coming, Erica?”

**14 - Erica and the Blackout by AMERICAN COWBOY**

My parents were making me take a stupid driver’s safety class over the summer. Not that I needed extra driving lessons or anything like that. I already learned how to drive in my friend Alicia’s car, and I was saving up to buy a car of my own for this upcoming senior year of high school. But apparently, by taking this class, my parents got a deduction on the insurance policy, so they were forcing me to attend. I guess I was considered high-risk.

At least Carrie was also taking the same class, and she could keep me company during these tedious four-hour long sessions. They were held in a downtown office building, scheduled on weekday nights from 6:00pm to 10:00pm. Since it was summer vacation, no one minded us staying out late. This particular evening was kind of hot and humid, and the teacher’s lesson was more boring than usual.

I had spent the entire day in my air-conditioned home, so I was dressed perhaps a little too warm for the classroom. I was wearing jeans and a Coca-Cola T-shirt, and of course, my sneakers and white ankle socks. Carrie, sitting next to me, looked much more breezy in her cute little skirt, silky flowing top, and flip-flops. We had the back row of seats to ourselves, with the other thirteen students who occupied the room seated in front of us. The instructor dispensed his speech about improper U-turns and parallel parking with all the excitement of dry paint peeling, even with the aid of a laptop presentation projected on a screen.

We had just returned from our first break, about an hour and a half into the class, when all of a sudden the fluorescent lighting flickered and went out! Well, at least this was something different. I guess the rest of the power went out too, because the teacher’s projector screen went blank, and nothing blinked on his computer. A few girls in the room screamed at first, and some of the boys just laughed. Some nervous minutes passed by, with people grumbling, “what the hell?”

Well, it looked like all the heat and excess use of air-conditioners finally put a drain on the electricity in the neighborhood.

“This is great,” I leaned over and said to Carrie in the darkness, “they’ll have to let us go home because of the blackout!”

But no sooner had I gotten my hopes up, then the teacher appeared brandishing a flashlight in front of his face. He looked like he was about to tell a ghost story.

“Students, remain calm! It’s just a little power outage in the area. I’ve been told that the electric company has already dispatched technicians, and power will be restored in half an hour. Now you are all responsible young men and women, so if you will just stay seated, I will see if I can find out more information.”

Of course the class immediately returned to casual conversation, despite the fact that we could not see one another. No one seemed really freaked out by the situation. So we were all sitting in utter darkness, in the lecture room of some dumpy old office building, with no promise of electricity for at least thirty minutes. It was no big deal.

“Hey, Erica,” Carrie whispered to me. She reached out to make physical contact by touching my arm. I could just make out a glint in her hazel eyes.

“What?” I may have jumped a little, then said more calmly, “Pretty crazy, huh? I can’t believe he’s making us stay here!”

I heard my friend shift in her chair. “Yeah, well… I just had a crazy idea.”

“Oh?” I asked, feeling suddenly afraid and excited. It was getting rather warm in the room. No fans were working, I supposed.

In the surrounding blackness, I thought I could dimly see the white teeth of Carrie’s smile. “Hey, Erica… I dare you to remove some of your clothes!”

I didn’t answer right away. I couldn’t answer. The very thought, given spoken form by her words, sent a cool shiver down my spine. There were fourteen other adolescents in this classroom. True, the teacher had left momentarily, but no telling when he would be back. Although, he did say the lights would be off for half an hour…

“Come on, Erica. No one can see us at all. Here; watch… I’m going to get up and stand on my chair!”

There was the sound of metal legs scratching the surface of the floor. I didn’t know what this was supposed to prove, but it did seem to captivate me. Maybe I could just make out Carrie’s form rising from her seat, and then standing tall above me. My eyes were probably growing a little more adjusted to the dark. I still couldn’t see the backs of the heads of any of our fellow students. And I was pretty sure they could not see us.

More shuffling next to me indicated that my friend had resumed a sitting position. “See, we could practically get away with anything right now! I’ll tell you what… I’m going to give you a full minute to decide what to take off. Go ahead, Erica, surprise me. I want to see if you are brave enough to do it!”

I know I was now feeling really hot as the seconds passed by between us. My arms were moving, but I was careful not to make too much noise. The other boys and girls might not be able to see us, but they might very possibly hear us in the back and get curious. My mind was racing, trying to fight the urge to undress in the middle of class. What if the lights suddenly went on? God that would be so embarrassing! Uncomfortable, I twisted and turned and wriggled in my chair like a worm on the end of a fishhook. Wondering all the while, how far should I go…

Carrie’s hands slapped the top of her desk. She was obviously not too concerned with making noise. But then she whispered, “OK, little girl, time’s up! Let’s see how you did for us!”

She could barely contain the giggle in her voice. For myself, I sat completely still, frozen in place. I really had no idea what she had in mind. Then I heard Carrie moving again, apparently leaving her own seat. I felt her walk near me, crouching down before my feet.

“Hmmm… I feel Erica’s bare little tootsies!” she observed by touch. Her fingers gently massaged around and in between my toes. “I guess this means you took off your shoes and socks.”

“Stop,” I squirmed and had to suppress a giggle of my own, as Carrie stroked the bottom of my naked foot. “I’m ticklish!”

“Really?” she said, taking both soles in her hands, rubbing down the heel and ankle, back up to my toes. “That’s good to know.”

I pressed myself further back into the chair, as far as I could go. Because now Carrie had slowly run her hands up my lower legs…softly over my calf and shins, forcing them apart. It felt like ages that I endured her inquisitive touch, wishing for her to stop. Yet, I was also finding great pleasure from the contact with my bare skin.

Her hands came to rest on my knees after a couple of gentle squeezes. I think she looked up at me when she said, “You weren’t wearing shorts tonight! I guess this means you took off your pants completely. Oh, Erica, I’m so proud of you!”

My body flushed with delight hearing her praise, and also feeling a thrill of excitement. I wish I could have seen Carrie enjoying the sensation of my slender legs, but I was gratified by her approval. I was also caught unawares when she reached out to take hold of my hands… gently pulling me out of the chair. I now stood barefoot in the back of the classroom, and not wearing any pants. Yet in the concealing blackness brought on by the power outage, no one seemed to notice.

“I wonder what else you removed,” she coaxed most devilishly. I heard her flip-flops slap across the floor, emphasizing my own lack of shoes or socks. She had come to stand on the other side of me, peering at me through the darkness. Then, her hand extended and pressed against the exposed flesh of my flat tummy. Carrie rubbed my stomach a few times, even stuck a finger in my belly button. My legs trembled and I felt myself getting damp. The suspense of where she would place her hands next was driving me mad!

Like a thunderclap, she suddenly reached forward and gripped both my shoulders. Shoulders, Carrie found, that were quite bare. “Why, Erica… you must have taken off your shirt! I bet you feel a lot cooler now. But the question is, are you wearing a bra tonight?”

I shook my head, no, my breath taken away knowing that she would soon discover this for herself. She was looking straight at me, I think, because I could just make out the reflections of her eyes. Also, I could smell the sweet fragrance of her chewing-gum breath. I could picture her smiling at me. Then I felt her fingers oh so slowly trace down from the tips of my shoulders and down my arms. We were standing toe to toe, but of course Carrie is a bit taller than me. She had no problem placing both her palms beneath my neck, then making symmetrical circles downward to cup my naked breasts.

“No bra,” she breathed into my face. And then Carrie began tugging at my nipples, stretching them and flicking the one-inch protrusions between her fingers. “I do believe I could play with these all day.”

“Please,” I murmured. But I don’t know if I meant please do or please stop. All I know is that Carrie took her sweet time convincing herself that my little titties were completely out in the open. She continued to rub each of my hard nipples between her thumb and forefinger, testing their pliability. She used a middle finger to snap them up and down repeatedly. All she needed to do was bend her head down and suckle them between her teeth… but I was quickly brought out of that daydream.

“You know, Erica, I suppose this only leaves one mystery. Did you go all the way? Did you take off your little panties, and strip naked in back of the class? Are you totally nude, right now?”

I was getting nervous, and whimpered, “Carrie, not so loud!” But there was only the sound of the other students chattering, an occasional cough, and the scrape of metal chair legs on the floor.

My friend continued, “I could just reach behind you and give a quick swat on the bottom. What would my hand find… cloth material, or the soft skin of your bare ass!”

“Do it!” I begged her through clenched teeth to get this over with.

“Or maybe we should see if you are standing before me, full frontal,” Carrie laughed. “That seems like more fun…”

We were in fact standing very close at that moment. I was pretty sure I could make out the tip of her nose, her lips almost brushing my face. She placed one hand behind my head, fingers sliding through my own hair, while the other started touching me again between my breasts. Carrie slipped her wandering hand further down, grazing my tummy, and tickling just beneath my navel. Her touch lingered on this part of my body for an agonizing few moments, and then paused in her teasing. Here we go! I bit my lip and closed my eyes, even though the room was completely dark. I quivered… and then I could feel her fingertips dancing lightly over the bare mound of my vulva.

She turned her hand effortlessly around, and brushed her knuckles against my pussy. She reached inside my inner thigh, as I parted my legs to permit this exploration, and her fingers traced back up to the folds of my pussy lips. Carrie’s hand was now between my legs, and she cupped my pussy entirely. Then she found what she was looking for. As if heeding a command, my clitoris emerged… I couldn’t help but push forward to press the little man in the canoe against her palm. Maneuvering her deft fingers, she kept one thumb on top of my clit, while inserting two fingers into my wet slit.

“Carrie,” I gasped, “You’re going to make me cum!”

This was so embarrassing! Even though I said the words, I didn’t release myself just yet. What she was doing down there, was too unreal. She fingered and rubbed and teased, always tapping my poor swollen clit. Then rubbing it again in furious circles…

“Aaaah,” I moaned, and I think I heard some chairs spinning around. I was about to have an orgasm in the back of my driver’s safety class, being masturbated by my friend! This was so humiliating, and I loved it! “I’m cumming…”

And then I felt Carrie’s mouth full on mine, her tongue darting inside to tickle my own tongue. She had taken the breath from me, and it seemed all bodily functions stopped.

“Don’t cum yet,” She whispered.

“All right,” I answered, feeling really weak, but able to hold back the spasms. I was hot, and horny, and wet; but I wasn’t about to let loose.

Carrie patted me on the cheek and asked absurdly, “You are really naked right now, aren’t you?”

To this, I nodded my head, suddenly ashamed.

“Say it to me, Erica.” Her bossing me around wasn’t like Lisa. It was more soothing and gentle. She coaxed the confession from me.

“I am so naked right now, Carrie…”

“How naked,” She continued to press.

“Completely naked. I took off all my clothes, Carrie… everything I was wearing. I stripped naked in the back of the room. First I kicked off my shoes, and then I quickly pulled a sock off each foot. I popped open my jeans, and slid them and my panties down my legs together. Bottomless in the chair, I rubbed my ass on the seat and delighted in the air on my bare pussy. I then pulled my T-shirt over my head and threw it on the floor. I wasn’t wearing a bra. And now I am so nude. My butt is totally bare, my titties are free, there is nothing hiding my pussy at all. If the lights weren’t out, you could see every inch of me… even my secret pink parts!”

“Good,” Carrie replied, satisfied at last. I think she smiled. “But I want to see you naked. Let’s sneak out of class…”

My heart skipped a beat. “What? Are you crazy? We’ll get in trouble… I can’t go anywhere like this…”

“Like what?” my friend teased me.

“Like this,” I spread my arms, but that was a silly thing to do since the room was dark.

“I can’t see you, Erica. Nobody else can either. No one will see that you aren’t wearing any clothes!”

I didn’t know what to say. I could only stammer, “But… but…”

Carrie reached out and found my hand. She started leading me, groping through the darkness, to the side wall of the room. “Come on, this will be fun!”

So what could I do? I followed in step behind her. My friend must have eyes like a cat, because she seemed to know exactly how far to walk. I could feel her turn, now facing the front of the room, and I sensed the plastered wall near my bare shoulder. Slowly, we moved forward… well, Carrie moved with confidence. I more accurately shuffled ahead inch by inch, dragging my feet with nothing on them. Of course, I had to keep pace, my arm being pulled by a stronger girl.

Apparently no one was paying any attention to us, or even suspected that we were making an exit. But all of a sudden, I heard a chair in the front row slide a little, and the boy sitting there exclaimed he had to go to the bathroom! I heard his footsteps drawing near us… thankfully, Carrie pressed back against the wall. My bare ass cheeks made contact with the cool plaster. As he approached the doorway, the boy must have passed within an inch of my naked form.

And then I thought, what if therewere lights on outside the classroom? When the door opened, I would be totally revealed! Or at least, the silhouette of my unclothed figure. I held my breath, listening to this guy fumble for the doorknob. Squeezing Carrie’s hand, I peered through the darkness and watched as the door swung out… only leading to more darkness beyond. We waited for a few moments for the student to get his bearings and grope his way to the bathroom down the hall. And then, just like that, my friend was tugging me forward again, through the open door.

We progressed several yards in the opposite direction before I had to stop walking, my bare legs trembling.

“Carrie, I don’t think I can do this! Can’t we just hurry back to our seats and wait for the lights to go on?”

A flip of her strawberry-blonde hair in my face, told me she shook her head. “No, Erica, that wouldn’t be any fun. I’m going to let go of your hand now. Will you be all right? Are you going to follow along, or do I have to drag you by your clitoris!”

Oh my gosh, what a terribly wicked thing for her to say! I could almost picture Carrie reaching down her arm, taking the small nub of my clit between her thumb and forefinger…then marching me through the hallway. How humiliating! Truth be told, even as I had this mental image, my clit poked out fully erect and capable of being grasped.

“OK, then… I’ll come with you. But where are we going?”

“Not sure. But this way seems as good as any. Besides what could be more exciting than exploring a pitch black office building with a buck naked Erica!”

Well, I have to admit, it was pretty exciting. But I wish she didn’t have to announce so loudly that I was nude! We might run into somebody. And then I had a frightening thought.

“Carrie, all my clothes are back in the room! If one of the students finds them, they will know that I took off all my clothes!”

My friend laughed in the darkness. “Oh, Erica, do you really think people were paying attention to how you were dressed? Still, it would be pretty funny to discover a pile of discarded clothes in the back of the class. Let’s see, they would find a pair of sneakers and socks, a T-shirt, a pair of jeans, and someone’s panties…”

She must have known the effect of these words, ticking off every single item that I had previously been wearing, and now I most definitely was not. I felt my nipples grow long and hard. A nervous step forward had me bumping into Carrie’s back, the hem of her skirt brushing my upper thighs and pussy.

“Careful, Erica… I don’t want you to trip.”

And then a man’s voice called, “Is somebody out there?”

Oh my gosh, we were just passed in the hallway! I self-consciously covered myself with my arms and held my legs together tight. I tried not to make a sound.

Of course, Carrie had to answer, “Sorry, sir, we just had to use the ladies room. I think we can find it all right.”

“We?” the man said. From the sound of his voice, he could have been maybe three feet away from my nude body.

“Yes, my friend Erica came with me. We thought it would be safer that way. Say hi, Erica!”

I wiggled my toes on the cold floor, and kept both my hands clamped over my shaved vulva. “Um… hi, I’m Erica.” I can’t believe I was standing here, talking to this man, and I was completely naked! Finally he seemed satisfied, and mentioned before leaving us, “That was very smart of you to accompany your friend, Erica. You’re a good girl.”

His footsteps fading in the distance, suddenly Carrie slapped my bare butt. But then her hand turned more soothing as it rubbed and massaged the cheek.

“You did great, Erica! See… no problem. Let’s find out what’s this way!”

I was briefly stunned to hear her flip-flops slapping down the hall, away from me, leaving me stark naked in the darkness. But I quickly regained my senses, and chased after my clothed friend. This was the first time I had moved with any real exertion, and my little titties bounced free. In no time, I had reached Carrie’s side, standing before an open door like a black void in the surrounding blackness. There was a slight breeze coming from this passage. She fumbled out an arm to reach behind her, and rested her hand on my tummy. Just a little lower, and those fingers would have been tickling my slit!

“Looks like this is a stairwell!” Carrie said. “Let’s see how far up these stairs climb. But this time, Erica, I want you to lead.”

“But… I won’t know where I’m going. And I could bump into a person walking down the stairs…and I don’t have a thing on!”

Carrie laughed mischievously, “And with me behind you… oooh, a naked Erica sandwich!”She then playfully tickled my abdomen. “Come on, do it for me!”

“OK… OK…” I puffed between spurts of laughter. It was all I could do to resist the urge to take her hands and place them on my breasts! Instead, I slowly moved in front of her, my bare leg brushing against her body.

There was a railing to one side, and this I quickly found and gripped tight. My toes also quickly found the ascending steps and I began to lift my legs. The first flight ended on a landing, it seemed, then made a turn before continuing upward. Behind me, Carrie suggested that we climb higher. It was halfway up the next flight that I realized, if the lights were turned on, she would have a really intimate view of my naked backside. I mean, the way I had to carefully lift one leg at a time to find the steps, totally exposed my little puckered anus and lower lips. I truly had nothing to hide, and now I was leaving a trail of my own juices on the stairs.

We made our ascent all the way to the very top landing. Here, my hands came to lean against the metal bar of some kind of security door. Unknowingly, Carrie walked right into me, letting her body nestle against mine… her fingers coming to rest on my nude hips.

She leaned in close and whispered, “Does it open? Let’s see where it leads.”

My friend and I opened the large door together, although she had to press forward causing her breasts through her shirt to squish against the bare skin of my back. Carrie’s knee of course was also bare, and I was aware of it pushing into my inner thigh. If only she would forget the door, and lower her hands to start toying my pussy… wait, what was I thinking? Suddenly, the weight of the door shifted and we tumbled forward.

I caught myself from falling, although I did take more than a couple ungraceful steps forward. And then I found myself out in the open air, outside on the roof of the building! Oh no, and I was totally nude! I draped an arm over my titties and clutched my hairless pubic mound, turning around to see Carrie walking in my direction to join me. Her eyes drank in my unclothed body.

“So, Erica, I guess you really did take off your clothes!”

“You knew I did… didn’t you?” I mean, she had run her hands over practically every inch of skin that I was showing. Even the inch that now pulsed beneath my quivering palm. Looking around, I saw the sun was setting, though it was not completely dark. The moon was in the sky and the first stars were out. There was no doubt Carrie could see all of me right now. Well, almost all of me…

“Oh for heaven’s sake, Erica, put your arms down!”

Hearing her chide me like a little girl made me remove my hands at once. This then had the effect of exposing my clean shaved pussy and small-sized breasts, which I thought made me look like a little girl. But I felt like a really horny young woman, with the coolness of the night air on my naked body.

I watched Carrie walk to the edge of the roof. There was a brick ledge about waist high winding around the sides of the building, so it’s not like we were going to fall off. Casually, my bare feet stepping lightly over the gravelly surface, I strolled along next to my friend. It was weird to see the other buildings across the street, also with their lights out. And the street lamps below, normally would have been shining on by now. I guess the power was out for several blocks. A quick look again over the ledge of the building, and I saw there were some people down on the sidewalk, talking on their cell phones.

“Oh my gosh, Carrie… do you think anyone can see us up here… do you think they can see me?”

While I looked around fretfully, I still had everything (especially my labia) hanging out in the open. Carrie continued to admire the lightless skyline, in between enjoying the show I was giving her. I noticed her gaze embrace me from head to toe, only to linger on my nether regions, and I had an impulsive idea.

Testing her, I asked, “Wouldn’t it be wild if I masturbated for you on top of the roof, with those people so close, on the streets below!”

“Maybe,” she answered, but only shrugged her shoulders. I had secretly hoped she would move nearer and bring me off.

“Well…” I was a little disappointed and feeling embarrassed by my arousal. My pussy was so wet, and my clit was almost standing up! “Well, how about you join me. Take off your clothes, too, Carrie.”

She was a girl of five-foot six, which seemed to tower over my frame, and full-figured. Not unattractive at all, Carrie had very curvy breasts and a nice round ass. At least, I think she did. I have seen her in a swimsuit, and she had clear, fair skin. Her features were topped off by long, strawberry-blonde hair done up in clips tonight, and a smattering of freckles across her nose. I’ve always wondered if her hair below was the same color. As I started fingering myself, I realized how much I wanted to see Carrie naked! Then to my delight, she started teasing and playing with her little skirt… flipping it up and down, giving me peeks of her pink panties beneath.

Her hands moved to the white string that held her top closed, and this too she started to twine around her finger, while doing a little dance. She lifted a leg off the ground, leaving the flip-flop behind, and I was moaning at the sight of her bare foot. Returning beneath the play of her skirt, her hands slipped into the sides of her panties, pretending to slide them down… then back up again. Carrie was driving me crazy! I wish she would just get undressed!

Amazed, I watched as she stepped out of the other flip-flop, then walked back toward the door that led down into the office building. What was she doing, I gasped aloud. I could hardly concentrate as I spread open my pink lips. Carrie disappeared behind the door. At that moment, I was left alone on the rooftop… alone, and completely naked, and really horny, too! A minute passed, and I saw Carrie stick out her bare arm… Oh, she had gone back there to remove her top! I was getting wetter by the minute. Then, the arm disappeared, only to be followed by Carrie’s leg. I saw her foot turn, toes wiggling at me, and my eyes roamed up her naked calf and knee, all the way up to her thigh!

“Carrie!” I couldn’t contain myself any longer, and started to run toward the door. “Carrie, are you naked like me?”

As I approached the top step, the door swung outward and she answered, “No, Erica, not like you…”

My heart sunk to see she was standing there, yes in her bare feet, but still wearing her skirt and top, and underwear for that matter. Suddenly, I was very conscious of my own nudity, even as our toes touched. “But, Carrie, why? Why don’t you strip for me?”

In reply, she only pointed. I turned completely around, giving her full view of my naked rear. To my shock, I saw that the lights had come on in the building across the street! That must have just happened, I hoped, or else I could have been totally seen up here…

Carrie only laughed as she ran a finger between the crack of my butt, which caused me to spin around. “Power’s back on.”

“Oh no,” I cried, “now what? Class is going to resume…”

Pinching my aching nipples, she told me, “Well, I’m not going to miss the class. If I skip out completely, my mom will kill me. But don’t worry, Erica, I’ll cover for you. I’ll tell the teacher you got sick or something…”

“But what am I supposed to do now!” I nearly danced on my toes in desperation, my tits breaking free from her fingers.

Carrie folded her arms across her chest, pondering the situation. Then her whole face lit up. “OK, here’s what we’ll do! If you can stay naked for the rest of the evening…and if you can make it downstairs to my car when class lets out… then we will drive back to my house, and I’ll give you a surprise.”

“But, Carrie, I just want to cum right now! Don’t make me spend all night in the nude!”

She only smiled at me and said, “Two words, Erica… full frontal!”

I hung my head, but gradually brought my hands away from my privates. I could see how flushed my skin was, and that my vulva was bright pink and puffed out. Still, I managed to squeak, “All right… I’ll do it.”

“Squeal!” Carrie voiced her excitement, and furthermore gave me a peck on the cheek as she passed by me to retrieve and put back on her flip-flops. Now I felt really naked. My friend was completely dressed, and here I was covered by nothing! Returning to the stairwell, she paused to fondle my ass. “Be a good girl, Erica!”

Oh, oh, I moaned, then watched as Carrie bounced down the now well-lit stairs. Staying where I was, I hid behind the door. Nothing left to do, but wait it out, I supposed. The metal bar was feeling nice against my lower back. Wondering what the time was, I absentmindedly looked at my wrist. Of course, I wasn’t wearing a watch. For that matter, I didn’t have any jewelry either… no rings, or earrings, or even a necklace. Except for my eyebrows and the hair on top of my head, I was all bare skin. Still, I figured it would be another couple of hours before the driver’s safety class ended

Then I realized that I had to pee. Maybe it was all the excitement, or perhaps the soda I drank before leaving my house. It occurred to me, that I could just do my business out here on the roof, and nobody would ever know. Actually, that thought got me pretty hot and I walked slowly out of the doorway. I pictured my naked body posed with legs spread apart, letting loose a warm golden stream. But then I would have nothing to wipe myself with, and that was too gross. So I resigned myself to heading back inside the building to find a ladies room.

Down the stairs I started, although I was really afraid of being caught in this kind of position. I didn’t know who else was working here. But I found the courage to open the door on the first landing that I reached. It did seem pretty quiet. Besides, I guess most people went home after 5:00pm. The door opened just as quietly, and I peered into an empty hallway. Cautiously, I moved ahead, my bare feet finding that the corridor was carpeted. Very nice. Looked like there were other doors along the wall that probably opened into offices. It was a lot more corporate up here than on the first level where we had the class, which looked like it was being renovated. I reasoned that a fancy floor like this must have a bathroom somewhere for these executives to use!

I proceeded to walk bare-ass naked, passing offices to my left and right. With the lights off inside those rooms, I could see myself in the glossy black reflection of the windows. Yes, my nipples were still sticking out like eraser heads… and my little pussy looked like a flower ready to bloom. Or ready to be plucked. I ran a hand over my smooth stomach, then continued to move down the hall.

Just in time, I caught myself before walking by a room with an open doorway and the lights were on! Even worse, I could hear a man’s voice coming from inside. But just a little further past this office, appeared to be a pair of doors with the markings of a lavatory. Standing there as silent as I could, I listened, but there was no other voice. He must be talking on the phone. If his back was to the door, I was certain I could dash down the hall and make it to the safety of the women’s bathroom. Or maybe I could just excuse myself, and appear before him… showing the man my cute seventeen-year-old body, with my bare breasts and shaved slit, and say I just needed to take a piss. Oh my, what was going on inside my mind! Before I even could consider that wild notion, I covered my tits and pussy and slipped passed the office.

It didn’t seem like he saw me, because he continued his phone call without missing a beat. Although a part of me felt a twinge of regret, I still heaved a sigh of relief. Upon reaching the door to the ladies room, I found it was open, and slowly stepped inside. My good fortune was lasting, as the stalls were apparently empty. Still, the opportunity would not be missed to catch the view of myself in the ceiling high mirrors at the wash sinks. Under the bright lights of the public restroom, my nudity was revealed in all its glory. I turned a little to admire my ass. Now, I’m always embarrassed about my tits, which I think are too small, except they have these really long nipples… especially when I was horny, like I was now. But I think my ass is one of my better parts, really tight and nicely shaped. My legs are nice too, I guess, but I could not see all of them in the mirrors. My crotch, however, I could see fully by stepping back. Without the sparse hair that used to grow there above my mound, I think it is pretty cute too. Yes, I decided, my butt and my pussy are my best features!

Then I realized that I still had to pee. I scurried over to the first vacant stall, and sat naked on the toilet. That was kind of awkward, but it did feel good to empty my bladder. As I patted myself down with the sanitary paper, I was feeling really good… and thought about playing with my clitoris. But I remembered the promise Carrie made, and I had made a promise to myself not to cum until I saw her completely undressed. So I finished and flushed, and rinsed my hands. I also washed my face and wiped down the inside of my thighs, before heading once more back into the hallway.

This, I did a little too abruptly, and I had to keep from loosing my senses. After all, I was still the only person around here who was completely undressed, and knew that there was at least one other man on this floor. The corridor was empty, but I had to be more careful. Any moment, he could close down for the night and exit his office… to find me standing there with everything exposed! Listening right at the edge of his door, I heard him still on the phone. I thought about just bolting down the hall toward the stairs, but the pitter-patter of my bare feet might make too much noise. So once again, I clutched my naughty parts, and slinked past the office.

I was home free, I thought, when I heard the man say, “You’re not going to believe this, Bob… but I think a naked girl just ran by my office!”

Oh, how humiliating! Now I streaked the rest of the way to the stairs, and closed the door behind me.

“No, she’s gone now. Yeah, there’s a bunch of high school kids taking a Driver’s Ed class downstairs. Must have been a prank or a dare. Cute, though… nice tail.”

My heart was racing as I ran down the steps. I didn’t know if the man was going to follow after me, or report my presence to the rest of the building. The class would find out and they would know that little Erica was running around with her clothes off! Maybe the teacher would force me to take the remainder of these summer sessions in the nude! Then I caught my breath as I headed down the last flight. This was getting ridiculous. I clearly couldn’t hang around this place in my current state of undress. I might as well just leave and find Carrie’s car. Then I could hide out and wait for her there.

The exit to the back parking lot was on the ground floor. I made my way past more rooms, turning around now and then, expecting to find staring eyes upon me. I walked past restrooms, a snack machine, and the security office, finally reaching the door that led outside. It would be dark out, but not pitch black. Not like during the blackout. I stuck my head beyond the door, and checked that it was clear. Good, the lot was deserted. Now I gingerly lifted one bare leg out the exit, then the rest of my bare body followed.

Well, I realized at once that with the streetlights glowing fiercely, it was rather well-lit out here. At least that would make it easy to find Carrie’s car. She drove a cute two-door Saturn. Now that the memory of my little scare upstairs was beginning to fade, it did feel kind of good walking around naked. I was starting to feel hot and sexy again as I walked between the parking spaces. Sometimes I would run my hand along the side of a nice-looking car, or rub my body against a side-view mirror. I wondered what the boys in the class would think if they knew their cars were being touched by nude female skin! Then I found the one that belonged to Carrie.

Hurrying around to the passenger side, I pulled on the door handle. I couldn’t wait to be with her again! Damn… the door was locked! Why did Carrie tell me to find her car, if the doors were locked and I couldn’t get in? Well, thinking back, she did say to wait until the end of class and then find her car. Maybe she meant she would be waiting and ready to pick me up. Oh well, there was nothing I could do now, but wait for her. The only problem was, I was stuck outside totally naked!

Crouching down as best I could, I spent the time trying to keep my mind off my predicament, and wondering what adventures Carrie had in store for me. After a long while, I suddenly heard the sound of doors opening and voices! I jumped to my feet and could make out the group of students emerging from the building. I could also feel my clit emerging from its hood. Oh, hurry Carrie! I don’t want to be caught like this!

I was careful to keep my lower body hidden from view behind the passenger door panel. But then someone called out, “Hey, is that girl naked!”

I spun around and saw that some people were exiting from a door on the other side of the parking lot. They had seen my bare behind. And now they must have caught a glimpse of my titties and pussy before I had the chance to cover up. Oh, oh… hurry, Carrie!

“Erica, what are you doing?” My friend laughed as she easily opened the driver side door of her car. “I said you could come down and find my car, but I didn’t think you would wait out in the open! You really are wild…”

Through gritted teeth, and nearly bouncing up and down, I said, “Please pop open the lock Carrie. I don’t want anyone else from class to see me!”

“Hold on, there… I have to get something out of the trunk,” Carrie replied and took her time walking behind the car, and clicking the button on the keys. Meanwhile, there were more whistles and shouts of NICE ASS! and SHOW US YOUR TITS! Oh, this was so embarrassing…

She pulled out a large white and yellow beach towel, which at first I thought she was going to give me for covering. Instead, Carrie folded it and proceeded to get in the driver side of the car, and placed the towel on the passenger seat. She rolled down the power window in front of me, exposing my bare midriff, my arms crossed over my breasts.

“Can’t have you getting your juices all over my car interior, Erica!” And finally, she unlocked the door. I opened it immediately and climbed inside.

“Did you remember to bring my clothes?” I asked.

“I knew I forgot something,” Carrie teased, then reached over and squeezed my naked thigh. “But you weren’t going to be getting dressed anytime soon. Come on, let’s ditch this place!”

Just like that, my seventeen-year-old friend having completed a class on driver’s safety, peeled out of the parking lot without checking the rearview mirror or anything. We hit the open road and raced down the street. The passenger side window was still open, the summer night’s wind whipping through my hair, stimulating my body. Indeed, my nips were sticking out proud and erect. With my legs parted, I looked down, and there was my clit fully extended.

“We’re going straight to your house, right Carrie?” I turned my head and looked at my friend’s lovely profile.

Carrie turned to smile at me, reaching over with her free hand to playfully flick my left nipple. Then her arm moved lower… I held my breath… only to reach out and tune in the radio.

“It’s too early to go home yet,” she answered. “My mom will still be up. Besides, I have a few stops to make.

“Oh my,” I gasped in anticipation, thinking at the same time that her floor mats felt good on my bare feet. “But I’m so naked!”

“Yeah, this is exciting!”

And so the two of us continued to speed through town. I suddenly had the horrible thought, what if Carrie got pulled over by the cops! They usually just ask for the driver’s license and registration… but… what if they made both of us get out of the vehicle? The cops would make me step outside and place my hands on the hood of the car. They would ask me why I wasn’t wearing any clothes… then they would pat down my nude body. I was all ready for a strip-search, maybe even a cavity search…

“Wow, Erica, what are you dreaming about?”

My eyes were closed and I was slowly rubbing my pussy. “Mmmm… getting strip-searched…”

Carrie tapped my bare shoulder and laughed, “Well it looks like we’ve got some company!”

I opened my eyes and looked up to see we were stopped at a traffic light. Turning my head, I heard the sound of a large vehicle pull up and idle next to us. My window was all the way down. I saw the other car’s driver start lowering his window. Oh my God, it was John from school!

“Hey, look, Henry…” I heard him say, “Isn’t that Erica next to us? And it looks like she’s buck naked!”

With wide eyes, I looked up at John in his SUV. One of my arms was crossed over my breasts, although I could still feel my hard nipples against my skin. The hand that was just a second ago massaging my pussy lips, now covered my bald crotch. Nevertheless, there wasn’t much left to the imagination. From his elevated position, John could certainly see my bare shoulders and tummy, and the tops of my legs…

“I bet she is horny,” I heard Henry call out.

Carrie smiled at me, “Should we give them a show? What do you think, Erica…move your hands out of the way!”

“But,” I pleaded, “But… my clitoris is really erect right now… I don’t want to show them my pussy!”

A moment of silence seemed to pass between us like an eternity. Then, the light turned green, and my friend floored the pedal. Her car had great pick-up and we easily left the SUV behind us.

“Sorry, boys,” Carrie called out. “Not tonight! I bet we left them with a couple of hard-ons. So, Erica… just how swollen are you?”

We were beginning to decelerate as she headed down an empty side street. I used this opportunity to take Carrie’s hand off the gearshift and place it just above my vulva. Her fingers found the evidence of my arousal quite quickly. Her fingers tapping the protrusion gently, I thought I would explode.

“Wow, that is some clit!” she exclaimed. “Ever think about getting it pierced? Nah, that would be a waste… I think it’s cute just the way it is. And just in time… here we are!”

As I recovered from the sensation of a near climax, I slowly noticed my surroundings. We had pulled up to a convenience store, right in front of the large glass windows and glass door.

“Carrie!” I turned my body in the car seat to face her. “You’re not going to make me go in there like this, are you?”

My friend smiled at me, even as she was unbuckling her seatbelt. “Why… do you want to come inside with me?”

I couldn’t find the words to answer, but I shook my head, the tips of my hair brushing against bare shoulders.

“Well, I need to get me an icy drink. Here’s my challenge for you, Erica. I want you to stay in the car, but no covering! Let it all hang out…”

And just like that, I sat forward again. First, with hands on my thighs, and then I let my arms rest limply at my sides. This allowed me to open my legs a little farther apart. I watched as Carrie exited the car and headed into the store. Leaving me alone, completely naked. At least I was alone, because there were no other cars beside us. Of course, this was one of those places that was usually a popular hangout for kids with nothing better to do. Maybe it was just too early, or maybe some junior-high kids might arrive on the scene at any minute. Oh, I wish Carrie would hurry and get her drink!

Looking down at myself, I actually thought my nipples were growing harder… longer, if that were possible. I wished my breasts were bigger so I could take them up in my hands and lick them! Well, I promised I wouldn’t cover up, but I didn’t say anything about adjusting my position. My right arm reached down to find the power switches on the side of the seat. Pushing first this way, and then that, I was able to get the back to recline. I had lowered myself so that I was beneath the line of the window. For all practical purposes, I was lying down, and I could see my little toes staring back at me. This actually felt kind of nice and sweet, and I brought my hand back up to rest on my bare tummy.

It was peaceful at first, just closing my eyes and listening to the sounds of the summer night. There was the gentle noise of crickets chirping, and cars racing down the road off in the distance; maybe the pop of a firecracker somewhere in the neighborhood. The store’s air conditioning unit hummed with efficiency. I was imagining the look on Carrie’s face if I had the nerve to get out of the car, and walk into the store stark naked. That brought a smile to my lips. And then I heard an odd sound, kind of like metal scraping on the parking lot pavement. Metal wheels of some sort, actually, that were followed by the sound of young male voices.

“All right… I just gotta grab me some snacks. Watch my skateboard for me.”

Skateboarders! Oh no, it was probably some seventh or eighth-grade boys looking to get their nighttime sugar fix. And the one that had spoken was approaching the car. I know I wanted to move my arms so that my hands covered my exposed bits, but I resisted, and only moved to place both arms at my side. This was going to be embarrassing!

“Holy shit! Come and look at this… there’s a naked girl in this car!”

“No way, you’re full of…” I heard his friend say as he walked near the door and the fully rolled down window. “…wow!”

I slowly opened my eyes, and looked up to see two pimple-faced prepubescent teens staring at my nude body. One of them wore a baseball cap backward on his head, and he leaned on the door panel.

“Do you go to our school?”

Oh my God, they think I’m in Junior High! It’s because I’m not that big, my tits are small, and there’s no hair on my pussy. While I wanted to cover up very badly, I continued to lay reclined in the seat, showing them everything I had to show. I couldn’t speak, so I simply shook my head.

Then his friend took out a five-dollar bill and leaned his arm through the window. “I’ll give you five bucks to get out of the car!”

Yeah, that was really tempting. I mean, where was I going to keep a five-dollar bill… I had no purse or pockets! Then I watched as the kid rolled the paper money into a cylinder shape. That looked like it might fit nicely inside… oh, my! The thought of them sticking it down there was getting me even more aroused. My hand fidgeted and almost went for the handle to open up the door.

“Well at least turn over for us,” the first boy said. I still think he thought I was their age. “We want to see your butt!”

I felt so humiliated now. Here I was, a seventeen-year-old girl practically a year away from college, being talked to that way by a twelve-year-old twerp. Like they just expected me to show off my body to satisfy their curiosity! Still, I found my legs twisting to one side as I shifted slowly in the seat. If I changed positions so that I was lying on my stomach, I knew I would start playing with myself. There would just be no stopping my fingers.

Suddenly Carrie appeared outside the driver’s side door. “Hey you, punks, are you bothering my friend? Get away from my car!”

At the sight of the bigger girl, who clearly did look her age, the two boys bolted. They even fled from the area of the convenience store, forgetting all about their snacks. Well, I guess they did get their fill of eye-candy.

Carrie got inside the car and smiled at me. “What, showing off to more strangers? I really can’t leave you alone for a minute! Here, hold this for me…”

My hands reached out to take the drink she thrust in my direction. Condensation dripped down the side of the cup, a bead of water formed, then dropped onto my tummy. That felt good. I watched mesmerized as another droplet hit my bare skin, trickling to run down the sensitive flesh beneath my navel.

“OK, Erica, we’re off!” And just like that, she took her drink back in one hand, while the other was on the steering wheel. She floored the gas, speeding into reverse… good thing there were no other cars in the parking lot! Then Carrie hit the brake, briefly to shift gears, and just like that we were racing out onto the street again. She turned her head and took a long slurp on the straw.

I have to admit, it was a little scary driving with Carrie, especially when I wasn’t wearing any clothes. My bare arms and legs had flailed about as we made our noisy departure, my tush bouncing up and down on the towel that covered the upholstery. I decided to adjust the seat once more, bringing me upright and level with my friend. Of course, this meant that any passing cars probably got a good look at my pointy nipples.

“Where are we going now,” I asked.

Carrie leaned over to rub my thigh and said, “I think we’ll go home now before you get into trouble. But we may have to wait it out in the driveway, before we go inside.”

I sure hoped her mom would have gone to bed by the time we arrived. Was Carrie really going to make me enter her home in the nude? I didn’t know if I could do that. But then I remembered that she promised me a special surprise once we were alone. I licked my lips in anticipation.

Approaching her house, we drove very slowly down the street. I could have probably jumped out of the car and ran the rest of the way. I was getting excited again, although a little fearful that one of her neighbors might cruise by and investigate my lack of attire. But no one else was around. We pulled into the driveway, and Carrie turned off the ignition. With the dashboard and interior lights off, it was like we were back in the office building during the blackout. In the darkness, I squeezed my breast, even slipped a finger into my wet pussy. I don’t think Carrie noticed.

“Erica, our senior year is going to be so incredible! I wonder what fun things we could do…” Feeling my friend’s sweet breath in my ear, I shrugged my bare shoulder, waiting for her to tell me. “Oh, we have got to get you to spend an entire day naked at school! Listen, your schedule will be light. There will be days when you have only free periods…we can slip you into the girls’ room and take off all your clothes…and then you’ll sneak around between classes, completely naked!”

I laughed at the very idea, but she was making me very horny. “Yeah, right Carrie. What else could we do…”

She took my hands in hers, then, preventing me from further rubbing my clit and bringing myself to orgasm. Carrie said, “I’ll have to do some serious planning. But I think we should arrange for you to attend graduation totally nude.”

“Well, maybe beneath the gown,” I was actually quite breathless as I suggested such a thing.

“Of course, Erica, you would have to let it drop right when you received your diploma. And you would be standing on stage completely naked… in front of the faculty, the students, and all their parents. Everyone would see your nude little body!”

Oh… mmmm, that sounded so deliciously naughty. All my teachers would be seated behind me and have an unobstructed view of my bare backside. Everyone in the front row would be able to look up and see my shaved pussy. Maybe I would even slip out of my high heels, and run bare across the stage on graduation day…

Carrie shook my arm and said, “OK, time to go inside and meet Mom!”

“What… what, now?” I opened my eyes to look down at my body, which I knew was flushed in arousal. Juices from my crotch dripped down my leg, onto the towel. “You’re not really going to introduce me to your mother like this…”

My friend opened the door and started to get out of the car. “Well, I’m sure she’s gone to bed by now.”

Coming around to my side, Carrie lifted the handle and swung the passenger door wide open. I paused, and then gingerly stepped out onto her driveway. First the toes of one foot touched the ground. Next, I revealed the length of my other equally bare leg. I couldn’t believe I was about to enter the home of my friend, and I was totally naked. Standing up did feel good after that drive, although now I was standing unclothed out in the night air. I turned my head, but of course there was no one around. By the interior lights that had come on, I could see how hard my nipples were. Carrie pulled me forward by my hand, while shutting the car door behind me. She even gave me a little slap on the ass.

The thought had been pretty unbelievable, but now the experience of actually entering Carrie’s house was really strange. We passed through the front door, and quietly walked down the hallway. I half expected to be greeted at any moment, but had no idea what to say. Not to mention I must have looked quite the sight with my pink parts puffed out and clit extended. A turn brought us into the kitchen. There was the banister of a staircase on the other side, which led upstairs.

Here, Carrie stopped to call out, “It’s only me, Mom! I’m home, and I brought my friend Erica with me. She’s going to spend the night.”

I had phoned my parents using Carrie’s cell phone during the drive (which was an awkward conversation!), but I wished she didn’t have to announce it so loud to her mother! Then she turned, and told me to say hello. For some reason, I felt the need to cover my tits and pussy as I called out, “Hi… I’m Erica…”

“All right girls,” came the reply from upstairs. ‘Don’t stay up too late, and don’t make too much noise!”

“You look like you could use a glass of water,” Carrie smiled at me, and in the same motion started heading for the sink.

I followed her, still feeling uncomfortable and nervous. “Um, that would be nice… but couldn’t we go somewhere more safe?”

“Oh, you’ll be fine, Erica. Here… drink.”

I took the glass with both hands, and eagerly brought the refreshing liquid to my lips. Of course, this left my lower body completely exposed. With the way I was standing, my labia were hanging out, begging to be stroked.

Carried walked near me and ran a teasing finger down my tummy. “This is so exciting! I never took home a naked girl before!”

I was speechless, the half-empty glass trembling in my grasp. I was defenseless to cover up at all and protect my exposed parts. Holding my breath, I half-expected Carrie to start tickling my bare pussy. Instead, she only took the glass from my fingers and set it on the counter.

“Come on, let’s go upstairs…”

“Wait,” I said, when I found the words to whisper. “Your bedroom is upstairs? But that’s where your mom is…”

Pulling my naked body toward the first of the steps, my friend explained, “Well, her room is at one end of the house. I suspect she’s drifting off to sleep already, or else has the TV on. It will be cool.”

My feet were a bit sticky on the tiles of the kitchen floor, but I managed to follow along behind Carrie. She let go of my hand as we started to climb, and instinctively I covered my breasts and crotch. Oh, this was so embarrassing… just thinking if her mother walked out to come downstairs. I was practically hiding behind my friend, in fact, so close that the tresses of her hair brushed my face. I thought we were going right to her room as we came to stand before a door. But Carrie only turned to me and winked, before rapping on the wood.

“Good night, Mom!” she sang sweetly.

Oh my gosh, I was standing right in front of her mother’s room, and I wasn’t wearing any clothes! But I heard her answer with a good night of her own, and she said good night to me as well. I hoped she didn’t expect a good night kiss! Then Carrie skipped away in the other direction, leaving me to turn my bare ass toward the door and follow after. When I finally reached her room, Carrie was doubled over on the bed laughing. Humiliated as I was, I couldn’t help but laugh in spite of myself.

“All right, Erica, you can have a seat over there,” she said pointing out a beanbag chair on the floor. “I promised you a special surprise…”

And with that, Carrie kicked off her flip-flops and got off the bed. Immediately, I plopped down on the seat, the plastic cool against my naked skin. Knees up, I parted my legs slightly and absently stroked a nipple. Now I would see Carrie naked!

I started by watching her bare feet move over the carpet. She was walking around, doing a little dance to the music that was in my head. Her motions allowed me to enjoy the view of her toes, heel, and ankles… and then my eyes worked up here curvaceous calf. Maybe I was just feeling really horny, but I realized that my friend Carrie had amazing legs. Her thighs were creamy smooth as I watched her play with the hem of her skirt.

She bent over, at one point, giving me a nice long look at the bottom of her pink panties. Slowly, she stood up with her back still facing me, and brought her hands up to undo the tie of her top. From behind, I could see that it was now open, and Carrie did a little shimmy revealing her shoulders. When she turned around, I could see her bra… it had a clasp on the front. But I was more interested in her perfect tummy, and her cute little bellybutton. As I slid my legs down on the floor, I think my pussy opened up in appreciation.

Carrie’s eyes sparkled as she laughed and smiled, tugging the material of her shirt down her back and off her shoulders. All the while, she kept rocking to a gentle rhythm as she stripped for me. Tossing the article of clothing onto the bed, now she was wearing only a skirt and bra and panties. I watched her spin, and enjoyed the sight of the small of her back, but my eyes kept returning to the rise and fall of each of her bare feet. This seemed to heighten the anticipation of her total nudity.

Now facing me, my friend seductively played with the button on her skirt. I could see her breasts jiggle inside her bra. Oh, they looked so squeezable! Popping open the skirt’s button, Carrie ran her other hand inside the waistband. She continued to flaunt and tease, before finally lowering the zipper and letting the material drop to the floor. A playful kick sent it flying over my head to hit the wall behind me. We both giggled, but Carrie now stood in front of me wearing only her bra and panties! I had never seen her so undressed, stripped down to her underwear. My eyes strained to see if she had anything down her panties. There were no signs of stray pubic hairs sticking out. She was either completely shaved like me, or kept her pussy well trimmed. Well, being a strawberry-blonde, her hairs would probably be light and fine.

I started fingering myself, eager for Carrie to continue her show. She had to turn around first, and give me a nice view of her panty-clad butt. Reaching behind with her fingers, she pulled both sides of the material into her crack a little, so it almost looked she was wearing a thong. I did enjoy the sight of her ass cheeks. Still, I licked my lips trying to get a peek at Carrie’s lower lips, but no such luck. It seemed I would have to wait until her underwear was completely off.

And then my friend started moving away from me, and for the first time I noticed there was a door that led from the side of her bedroom. Heading in this direction, she paused to look over her shoulder, catching me with an index finger up my slit.

Carrie smiled at me and said, “Try to hold out, Erica. I just have to freshen up…”

Heeding her words, I slowed down my pussy play although I continued to massage a breast with my other hand. I watched my friend disappear through the door into her personal bathroom. A moan of sexual tension escaped my lips. Before very long, something pink was tossed out and landed on her bed. I realized after a second that it was her bra. Oh my gosh…Carrie was now topless in the other room! Her big, squishy tits would be out in the open. I found myself wondering what her nipples looked like, and if they were as hard as mine. And then her bare arm extended from behind the door, twirling her panties on the end of a finger. These too, she flipped back into the room and they landed on the floor. Oh, oh, she was now naked… completely naked… in the bathroom! I really had to keep from making myself cum. Maybe when she walked out, in all her glory, she would start masturbating in front of me, and we would cum together. This was a first for me. I was so excited that I was about to see my friend totally nude…

My stomach quivered with butterflies, watching her bare foot and lower leg emerge. But then, when the rest of her form came into view, I saw that Carrie had wrapped a pink towel around her body. She still looked hot, because the towel came down to just above her thighs, and was tucked in snugly between her full breasts. I knew she wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

Carrie walked around her room quite easily, as if she was going to let her only covering slip “accidentally”. Maybe she would bring her hands to her mouth in a make-believe gasp of shock, exposing her pussy to me before acting all embarrassed and draping her palm over her crotch. Of course, here I was, reclining on the beanbag chair with everything hanging out. I was starting to feel the humiliation of my own nudity, or more truthfully, my own obvious arousal as evidenced by my fully erect clitoris. But Carrie was really having fun with it, pointing at me from across the room like a rock star on stage, and then slowly licking her finger.

Turning around again so that her back was facing me, she suddenly grasped the edges of the towel and pulled it open, flashing the opposite wall. Damn, if only I was on the other side of the room, I would have gotten the full frontal treatment! Carrie turned her head to look over her shoulder and laughed. She continued to shimmy the towel lower and lower, so that I could see her strawberry blonde hair fall to the middle of her bare back. Now she teased by rubbing the towel back and forth over her behind, the only thing keeping her from mooning me. This went on for a few moments, as if underscoring the point that except for this body towel she would be absolutely naked. But then Carrie pulled the towel back up and wrapped it tight around her chest.

Taking a few steps forward, my friend opened up one of the drawers on her dresser. What, was she going for a dildo or something? No, I realized with a bit of disappointment, it appeared she was taking out shorts of some kind.

“Carrie,” I half whined, half moaning as I was breathing heavy and openly playing with my pussy.

My friend only smiled and stuck her tongue out at me playfully, putting first one foot, then the other into her pajama bottoms. She proceeded to pull the light shorts up the length of her long legs, disappearing over her hips beneath the towel. Another about face, away from me, and this time she actually dropped the towel completely! It was wonderful to see her clothed in only those little shorts and nothing else. I imagined her bouncing breasts in my face, and I began fingering myself harder. But then Carrie reached down and took a top out of the drawer, which she languidly pulled over her arms and head.

Spinning to face me, she placed her hands on her hips, and stood before me more or less decent. Her pajama bottoms, while riding high, certainly covered what they needed to. And even though her belly was tantalizingly exposed, her top came down far enough to effectively conceal her titties. I was the one left anything but decent… buck naked on the floor of her bedroom, with my legs and lower lips spread wide. I felt so ashamed.

“Carrie…” I pleaded. “You promised to give me a surprise!”

“Oh, Erica…” Carrie said as she came to stand over me, taking in every inch of my nude body. She began to gently rub my bare pussy with her toe. That felt amazing! I wished she would never stop. But then she lowered her arms to take me by the hands. She brought me to a standing position and I looked up into her hazel eyes. Our toes touched, we were standing that close, while her fingers lightly stroked my breasts and tummy. My clothed friend would pause to tease and flick my nipples back and forth. She was driving me crazy! A profound moment of silence passed between us.

Pulling me toward the bed, Carrie whispered, “I did promise you a surprise, didn’t I. Here, Erica, I want you to lay down…”

I climbed onto the softness of the sheets and mattress. My head rested on one of the pillows, while my hands self-consciously clutched together above my stomach. My legs were stretched out the length of the bed. I couldn’t believe I was lying like this, completely naked in my friend’s room. Carrie made herself comfortable at my side, maneuvering her body so that her head was propped up on one arm. At a touch from her free hand, I knew I should place my own arms at my side. Doing this somehow seemed to heighten the awareness of my nudity.

Looking down, I watched the rise and fall of my breast as I breathed. My tummy fluttered with excitement. Further down, I thought to myself, might have been a tuft of pubic hair; if I wasn’t completely bald down there, of course. And then Carrie placed her hand on the soft skin around my bellybutton. She started rubbing sensual circles using just her fingertips, as I cooed with pleasure. Her strokes would broaden, moving up toward my modest cleavage, and then she would trace a line back down again with the back of her hand. She hesitated… then moved lower, to touch my shaved mound. Immediately, my clit responded. With a chuckle, Carrie proceeded to tap and rub my little button.

“Mmmmmph” I murmured, or made some such sound of delight.

My friend took this opportunity to reposition her body, sitting up a little, and then sliding over to kneel between my legs. I was playing with my tits and watched as she parted my knees slightly to give her better access. Carrie’s hands reached out, palms flat on my stomach, and she caressed outward until she had a firm hold on my hips. She scooted backward a little toward the edge of the bed. Her head came down, and she kissed my bellybutton. She scooted back some more…

“Well,” Carrie said with a smile, “a deal’s a deal.”

Pulling her hair away from her face, she bent her head down once more…

And she started to eat my pussy!

This was insane… this felt… so incredible! I didn’t even try to contain my moans of pleasure. Her tongue was amazing. I think I remember saying I was about to cum. I think I remember having the most intense orgasm of my life, cumming hard, over and over again.

But I’m not sure… With a sweet smile on my lips, I blacked out.

**15 - Erica’s Morning After by AMERICAN COWBOY**

When I woke the next morning, my thoughts were a little fuzzy. Disorientated, I wondered briefly where I was, realizing that I was not in my own bed. My hands lazily traced down my chest and stomach, coming into contact with bare skin. Lifting the sheets, I looked beneath and saw nothing but bare skin. Oh my gosh… I was completely naked! I never sleep in the nude. And then the memories of last evening came back to me like a tidal wave.

I had spent that night over at my friend Carrie’s house. She had embarrassed me and humiliated me since the lights went out at our Driver’s Safety class, but she had also shown me such sweet affection; she had done things that I would not soon forget. My finger softly stroked my pussy, remembering her lips around my clit. That brought a warm smile to my lips. Then I sat upright, letting the bed sheets drop to my lap, leaving my perky titties free and out in the open. Where was Carrie?

My head turned in both directions, searching for my friend. The door to her side bathroom was open, and there was no sound, no indication she was in there. I waited a second, then decided to get out of bed. Pulling the sheets aside, I watched my pussy lips begin to unfold, my pink labia coming into view. Well, I have to admit, I was still thinking about Carrie’s hands on certain parts of my body, and it was making me horny. As I swung my legs to the floor, I felt my nipples stiffen. This was no good… I really needed to calm down!

A few steps took my bare feet to the window, where I now pried open the Venetian blinds. It looked like it was a gorgeous summer day outside. I walked past the beanbag chair in the corner from where I had watched Carrie’s strip tease last night. And what a tease that was! I imagined she was fully dressed now, wherever she was. Pacing a bit in frustration, the thought struck me that I was alone in her bedroom totally nude. I really had to suppress the urge to start playing with myself right there. I mean, that would be really embarrassing if suddenly she walked in on me, if I were face down on her bed with an arm between my legs, fingering my anus! Although I did keep one hand over my bald mound, gently tapping, as I continued my stroll.

I decided to open the bedroom door just a crack, to have a peek down the hallway. What if her mother bounded in here to make the bed or collect the laundry or something! I would be so ashamed if she saw me naked. My other hand paused, resting lightly on the doorknob. Even as I turned and pulled the door slightly toward me, I continued rubbing my pussy. Maybe I wanted to be seen…

Well, with my face pushed against the opening of a couple of inches, I could see that the hall was empty. For some reason, like my arm was acting of a will of its own, I pulled the door all the way open. I stood there a moment with my nude body completely on display, but no one was approaching or coming upstairs. Carrie and her mom were probably in the kitchen having breakfast. I dared myself to make a run to the other side of the house and back, streaking the hallway. But I couldn’t bring myself to be so bold, in another person’s home. Instead, I turned around and walked back further into my friend’s room, forgetting to close the door behind me.

Then I saw on an end table next to the bed, there was a pile of clothes, and a piece of paper. Moving closer, I could see that it was a note written in Carrie’s handwriting. Drawing sensual circles with a finger around my bare tummy, I started reading.

“Dear Erica… I had a great time last night! Looked like you had a great time hanging out. Sorry I couldn’t stick around, had to go into work early. I’ve left some of my clothes for you to borrow, so you can make it back home.

“But here’s a better idea… I dare you not to get dressed, and walk home naked! I’ll stop by my house this afternoon, and hope that pile of clothes will still be where I left them. Then I’ll meet up with you at your place. Hope to see all of you!

“Love, luck, and lollipops… Carrie”

Oh my gosh, what a wild notion! I thought as I pressed the paper against my bare chest. I couldn’t possibly slip out of Carrie’s house unclothed, and walk all the way back home in the nude. It was at least a couple miles, in broad daylight, with not a cloud in the sky. Of course, the idea was enticing. But I shook my head no, and reached down for the first item, a white pair of underpants.

Once I pulled them up my legs, I immediately realized they would not fit. They may have been snug on my friend’s full and curvy rear end, but they hung loosely from my tight little ass. And the front drooped down so much that if I had any pubic hair, the tufts would be showing. As it was, my smooth pussy lips were plainly visible.

I struggled with the next item, a pair of red loose-fitting shorts. Well, as soon as I took my hands away, the shorts slipped down my legs and the panties followed after. Naked again, with Carrie’s clothes in a puddle around my ankles, I tapped my chin in thought. Maybe I should take her up on her offer. Clearly these things of hers would not work, and would probably give me more problems. Stepping out of the shorts and panties, I folded them back on the end table. I gave the situation a lot of consideration, and figured I might as well first take a shower.

Walking into her little side bathroom, I saw that she had no shower, but a bathtub against the wall. I shrugged my bare shoulders and started running the hot water. When it had filled half way and reached a comfortable temperature, I climbed in, the warm luxurious bubbles feeling good on my skin. Almost instantly, I started squeezing my breasts and playing with pussy. In no time at all, I had myself a nice orgasm. Now relaxing in the afterglow of my self-pleasuring, I decided I would take Carrie’s dare. I would show her how brave I was.

I cleaned myself thoroughly, especially between my legs. On the small shelf attached to the wall, there was some shaving cream and a lady’s razor. Some minimal maintenance was taken care, removing the bit of stubble that had started to sprout. I wanted to make sure there was not a hair on my body, below my eyebrows. Then I rinsed off with a washcloth, and stepped out of the tub. Toweling off, I felt kind off sexy watching the bathwater slowly disappear down the drain. I knew that my cum was mixed in there, swirling out of Carrie’s bathtub. And even though I just had that gentle climax, the thought was arousing, making me horny again. I hung up the body towel and brushed out my hair. Then, bare-assed nude, I casually walked back into my friend’s bedroom.

“Oh, hello… you must be Erica!”

Before I could react, Carrie’s mother had just entered the room through the open doorway. I stood there in shock for a second, before quickly covering my breasts and pussy. I hoped she didn’t notice my erect nipples, and I didn’t want her to see my clitoris poking out of its hood.

“Um… hi… I just finished taking a bath,” I explained to my friend’s mom. She was a tall woman, with a mane of red hair that came down to her shoulders; very busty in the chest.

“Oh, dear me! I should have thought to bring you fresh towels,” she said, then extended her arm and hand in a more formal greeting. “I hope you were comfortable and slept well.”

I nodded yes, while using the arm that had been shielding my titties, to reach out and shake her hand politely. My knees were locked together, my other hand clamped over my crotch, but nothing was hidden up top.

Carrie’s mother only smiled and asked, “Is it a little too chilly in here? Sometimes that daughter of mine runs the air conditioning too high. I wouldn’t be surprised if she was the source of last night’s blackout! Well, it must have been an exciting experience for you girls.”

Oh, oh, she can see how erect my nipples are, and she thinks it’s because the room is cold! In fact, I felt my skin flush warm as she talked about the power outage that caused me to strip naked in the first place! If only she knew I have been nude for more than twelve hours…

“All right, Erica, there is still some breakfast left for you, when you are dressed and ready to come downstairs.” And with that, she pleasantly said goodbye and proceeded to leave the room.

Leaving me to stand breathless in the wake of our surprise encounter. I slowly lowered my arms once the woman was out of view, and saw that my nips were indeed sticking out a full inch. Looking down, I saw my pink pussy puffed out. It was strange that because I had just taken a bath and was caught exiting the bathroom, my nudity seemed acceptable. But if I were to stroll downstairs like this, with all my naughty parts brazenly on display, I would appear like some kind of weirdo, exhibitionist slut. And yet… that was exactly what I had resolved to do. What had I gotten myself into!

Well, there was no way I was going to let that happen, get caught running around Carrie’s house naked. But at the same time, I couldn’t resist her challenge. I could picture her in my mind, how she must have looked when she wrote that note this morning. She would be so thrilled, so proud of me if I made this daring walk home. How could I disappoint her? I glanced around her room one last time, then headed for the door.

A trickle of wetness began running down my leg as I took the first step out into the hallway. This time, my arm reached out behind me, closing the bedroom door shut. I was nervous, my heart beating fast, as I stood there totally nude. Faltering, I spun around and meant to head back for the safety of Carrie’s room, but found the knob wouldn’t turn. It had locked, and now I was stuck outside like this! I really wasn’t sure where Carrie’s mother was, but if she should come out of her own room on the opposite side of the hall, she would get a nice view of my bare behind. I turned around again, hands draped self-consciously. Nothing to do but go ahead with this crazy adventure…

Quietly I made my way to the head of the staircase, then paused, my toes hovering over the first step. Last night, Carrie was with me when I had climbed these stairs completely unclad. Now I would have to make the descent by myself. I clutched my arms tightly around my body and concentrated on bending my knees as I carefully moved down the stairs. A few steps from the bottom, I hesitated. What if Carrie’s mother was waiting in the kitchen for me? Even though I was scared of being caught, I let a finger slide into my wet pussy. Then I heard her call out.

“Erica, is that you? I’ve left some bagels and juice on the table…”

Oh no! It sounded like she was in the den or the living room. Should I scamper back up the stairs, I wondered. But there would be no place to hide. And I had already come this far. I decided to make a break for the kitchen, which was just off to the side. Not thinking about covering myself at this point, I ran down the remaining steps barefoot, with everything exposed.

My hand gripped the banister as I turned the corner and made a wild dash for the kitchen table. I thought I heard the larger woman heading in my direction. Desperately I looked around, searching for any kind of concealment. She was going to find me down here, totally naked. So I did the only thing I could think of. I sat my bare little bottom at the table, facing the entryway, and crossed my legs so that my vulva could not be seen. There was a newspaper lying at hand, and I opened it up full in front of my face and upper body. Just then, Carrie’s mom poked her head in to check on me.

“Erica, please, help yourself to some bagels. They’re still fresh.”

Behind the shield of thick parchment and black type ink, my breasts quivered, my nipples extended. I kept my legs locked so tight, my thighs hurt! Still, I managed to reply, “Um… no thank you… I… I’ll be going home soon.”

She stood before the floor tiles another moment. “Won’t you just take one for the walk home?”

“Well… ah… I’m trying to avoid carbohydrates!”

If I dropped the newspaper and stood up, she could see my trim tummy. I don’t have hard abs or anything, but my stomach is flat and soft in just the right places. I remembered Carrie blowing kisses around my bellybutton. Now, my pussy started to tingle. Luckily, I gripped the newspaper, my only covering, even tighter.

“All right, then. But before you leave, feel free to have some fruit.”

And then, thank goodness, I heard her depart. Slowly I lowered the paper, at first just enough to see that she was no longer standing in front of the kitchen. Then I folded and placed it on the table again. I noticed there was a plate with three bagels left, as well as dishes of butter and cream cheese, and a pitcher of orange juice. I also saw there was a bowl of assorted fruits. It felt unreal sitting here naked at Carrie’s kitchen table. I really should have taken this opportunity to make my escape. But I was momentarily thinking about my friend’s reaction when I told her about this whole escapade, and my eyes were transfixed on the fruit bowl.

I don’t know why I did it, but my arm reached out and I grabbed a carrot. My legs were uncrossed now, parted and bent so that my toes touched the floor. The carrot was cold as I rolled it along the skin of my tummy, and pressed it lower and lower toward my nether region.

“Ooooh,” I moaned softly as the unpeeled carrot made contact with my clitoris. Against my better judgment, I continued playing, letting the bristles at the skinny end tickle my clit. Again I whimpered, “Mmmmm…”

And then I inserted its ribbed, orange length into my pussy! Very slowly… but I carefully managed to push it inside me. This was so hot! Once the carrot was lubricated with my juices, I began sliding it in and out, in and out, probing my sweet slit. I pushed the chair back, allowing me to raise my legs, my ankles to the table surface, as I continued to masturbate.

“Oh, yes! Oh, yes!” I cried, this time a little too loudly.

I heard movement from another room in the house, and Carrie’s mother called out, asking if I was all right. Suddenly, my arousal disappeared. Or rather, I was still heated up, but now waves of shame came crashing over me, as I realized the danger of being discovered pleasuring myself in the kitchen, stark naked and a carrot shoved up my twat! That would be the ultimate humiliation! I collapsed to the floor where upon impact, my pussy unclenched, letting the carrot fall out.

Jumping to my feet, I thought about bolting for the front door. But I would probably end up running into the arms of Carrie’s mother. It was then I noticed a screen door that opened into the backyard. My bare back and ass were completely exposed as I fumbled with the latch, and nearly pulled the door off its hinges. Finally, just as she was walking into the kitchen, I leaped forward… running outside without any clothes on! I heard the backdoor swing shut behind me. I also heard her voice from inside the kitchen.

“I wonder why she left the back way? What a cute but strange little girl…”

At least I think that’s what she said as I ran off to find a bush to hide behind. She might have said, “What a cute butt on that girl…” After all, it was Carrie’s mom.

Now I crouched down in their backyard, blades of grass tickling the soles of my feet. While I paused to catch my breath, I had to look at myself to see the state I was in. My hands cupped my breasts to find the nipples rock hard and aching. Oh, I was so nude out here! Further down, I could see my poor pussy was pink and raw, my labia were completely hanging out. My clit was so swollen, that it stood erect. When I was fairly certain that no one was around, and no one was going to search for me outside, I gingerly straightened myself to a standing position.

Calming down a little, I was able to appreciate how good it felt to be naked outdoors. The sun was warm on my back and shoulders. As I stepped out from behind my leafy covering, the fresh air caused the skin on my arms and legs to tingle. I had that sensation of fluttering butterflies inside my tummy. One of the things I loved about being shaved is that a gentle breeze always felt cool between my legs, blowing across my hairless crotch. I moved slowly around the side of the house, leaving everything out in the open, delighting in the summer sun on my pink parts.

Once I rounded the corner, however, I decided it would be better to be more discreet. Reluctantly, I clasped my hands in front of my bare pussy as I peeked into the front yard. The coast was clear it seemed, and there was no sign of Carrie’s mother leaving the house. It looked like the street was empty too. The good thing was, it was mid-morning in the middle of the week. Most people would be off to work by now. I slipped along the edge of the property until I reached the sidewalk. I looked behind me, to make sure no one was watching my ass, and then my feet found the pavement.

This felt so weird, turning my side to my friend’s house, walking down the street without wearing a stitch! There have been a few times already when I’ve had to run home naked. Once was when Lisa stripped me in the public library, and then the librarian caught me and threw my nude body out of the building. Well, at least I had been wearing ankle socks. And then there was the time Lisa and my friends tricked me into washing her car at the school. But I found out there were like twenty people watching and I was completely naked. Still, I made it back to my house without incident. Now, I thought to myself, the circumstances were different. This time, no one else had stripped me and left me with no choice. In fact, I actually did have a choice. I could have been wearing Carrie’s ill-fitting clothes. But I willingly walked out of her house naked and was now on my way home totally nude. I felt proud of myself, and also a little naughty. I was still feeling horny. Right there, in the middle of the sidewalk, I started stroking my pussy lips.

I figured I had better keep moving before I brought myself to a very public orgasm. Down the sides of the street, there were some parked cars, recycling pails and garbage cans left out for pick up, and of course some of the neighbors had high hedges lining the front lawn. If I was careful, I could bound from one hiding place to another as I worked my way back home. The greatest fear I had was being caught by a car traveling down the road. Since this was a residential area, traffic would be moving slow, and they would get a good long look at me. As scared as I was, that thought did make me kind of hot.

Still, I continued to use caution as I slinked behind one mailbox, taking the time to make sure no one was about. I had made it about five houses away from Carrie’s home. It would be pretty embarrassing to get caught at this point. All the while, I kept my arm draped across my breasts and palm covering my pussy as I dashed over to the other side of the street, my cute little ass bouncing in the sunlight. I followed this zigzag pattern, checking both directions before alternating between the sidewalks.

At one point, I was observant enough to see an old man leaving his house to retrieve the mail. I crouched down behind the front of a car, waiting until it was safe to continue. But the realization that there were other people out here soon had me fondling and squeezing my nipples. If I continued to use my hands to cover up like this, I wouldn’t be able to resist the urge to play… this was so exciting! So when the man went back inside and I stood up, I let my hands drop to my sides. Crossing the street again, I had everything on display.

The quiet of the neighborhood was interrupted by the droning noise of a lawnmower, coming from the next house I was approaching. There was a tall white picket fence bordering the property, and I walked right up to find it effectively shielded me from the top of my chest down. True, my bare shoulders were visible, but I could be wearing a tube top of something. Of course, when I did this, I thought the lawnmower was on the other side of the house. I was shocked when I saw what appeared to be a fourteen-year-old boy cutting a swath not five feet in front of me!

Instinctively, I gripped my hands between the pointy tops of the slats and pressed my body against the fence. The boy turned and looked at me, our eyes locked. He paused to let the mower idle.

“Hi,” he called out.

Oh my… I stood there breathless. He had no idea I was totally naked behind this white picket barrier! If I turned and ran to the other side of the road, I was sure he would see my fleeing ass. All I could think of was to squish myself even closer, sensitive nipples brushing the grain, and I even rubbed my pussy into the wood.

“Ah,” I gasped before thinking I had better say something. “Um… hello… there.”

The boy looked at me oddly then said, “Nice day to be outside… wish I didn’t have to do chores!”

It seemed like he might be too shy to come closer, so I bravely replied, “Yeah… it’s pretty warm out all right.”

He turned off the ignition on the mower then and wiped sweat from his brow. “I was just about to go inside for a glass of lemonade. You want something to drink?”

“Sure,” I answered without thinking. I was suddenly aware of my clit poking out between one of the narrow grooves in the fence.

“OK, wait there, and I’ll bring you out a glass!”

Oh no, what was I supposed to do! If I let him come near enough to hand me a glass, the boy would easily see that I was nude. I watched him disappear into the house. This was my chance to get away, of course. But I couldn’t really make my legs move. My toes wiggled in the grass, then gently rubbed the bottom of the fence. My hands still gripped the top. I looked behind me to see that there was no one else around. A refreshing drink did sound nice…

What was I thinking? I realized abruptly as in no time at all, the boy returned carrying a tall glass of lemonade in each hand. He seemed pleasant, and kind enough to make the offer in the first place. It would be a shame to disappoint him, yet I would be so ashamed if he saw my naked seventeen-year-old body.

“Wait!” I called out, causing him to stop just a yard and a half before the fence. “I… I don’t want you to bring me that lemonade.”

He looked me in the eye and asked, “Why not?”

“Um… ah…” Behind the fence, my finger was touching my bare pussy. “Well, I just remembered… I can’t have sugar. I’m naked… I mean I’m diabetic!”

The boy wore a puzzled expression on his face. “You just remembered you’re diabetic?”

“Yeah, sorry… Well, I really got to go.” And with that, I started sliding sideways along the length of the property.

Watching me move across the outer perimeter of the lawn, my head and shoulders still turned in his direction, he remarked, “You’re walking funny…”

“Yeah… new shoes, trying to break them in. OK, bye!” Of course, this lie only made me blush and grow more aroused as I knew I was not wearing shoes at all, or any other piece of clothing.

Thankfully, this seemed to satisfy the boy’s curiosity as he gulped down first one drink, then the other. The one that was meant for me, I reminded myself as I licked my lips. I was inching further and further away, dragging my erect nipples across the wooden fence, and saw him leave to bring the empty glasses back inside. As soon as he entered through the front door, I felt nothing but air on the front of my body.

Oh no, I had just stepped in front of the gate, which was pulled in wide open. For a moment I stood stunned, everything hanging out. I knew he would be back any second to resume his lawn mowing. Still I lingered, modestly cupping my hands over my bald pussy. Then I heard the sound of voices coming from the other side of the street. People were going to see my totally bare butt! That did it for me… I turned and ran down the sidewalk, leaving these houses behind me.

I made it safely to the end of the block, and cautiously walked onto the next street. There were times people were out on their front lawn, and I patiently waited for them to go back inside or retreat to the backyard. I was very attentive to my surrounding, utterly aware of my lack of clothing, and managed to avoid detection. That’s not to say there weren’t a few close calls, and certainly an occasional car headed either toward me or was driving up from behind. Whenever I heard the sound of an engine or tires rolling on the blacktop, I dove behind the nearest shelter, whether it was a tree or a bush. One time, I stood behind one of those real estate signs, and watched as a cyclist sped by on the other side of the street. I wondered if a naked seventeen-year-old girl running around the neighborhood would drive the property value up or down!

As I ventured further and progressed four blocks away from Carrie’s home, I was feeling really pleased with myself. About halfway down this particular street, I noticed it was pretty dead. Driveway after driveway was empty of any cars. People here had either gone off to work, or the beach, or the park. I looked all around, and there was not a soul in sight. This caused me to toy with the idea of walking out into the middle of the road. Well, once the seed of that thought got in my head, I couldn’t move forward without trying it. Glancing in all directions, just to be extra careful, I clutched my naughty parts and shuffled off the edge of the sidewalk.

The blacktop was warm on the bottom of my feet, but not uncomfortable. I had crisscrossed theses residential streets before, but now I was stopping to stand in one place. In fact, I looked up and discovered that I was standing in the middle of the road. It was broad daylight, and I was totally nude! Realizing how silly it was to cover up at this point, I slowly let my hands drop to my sides. Now everything was exposed, from my ass, my tits, and my pink little pussy. My legs trembled, but started moving forward again. I was now walking stark naked down the center of the street. I was overcome by the arousal of it all, looking at my nipples so erect they quivered with my body’s motions. And my lower lips were puffed out and parted, clit extended.

I was so distracted, concentrating on my nudity, that I nearly jumped out of my skin when I heard a car honk it’s horn behind me. Turning around, I saw that it was not a car, but an SUV, which looked kind of familiar. I just stood there like a deer caught in headlights (that the truck did not have on, since it was bright and sunny in the middle of the morning!) and watched the driver slow to a complete stop. Fortunately, I at least had the sense to strategically place my arms and hands, covering breasts and shaven mound. Well, they must have gotten a nice look at my bare ass.

The doors of the SUV opened, and two guys stepped out. One on the driver side, and the other from the passenger side. As they walked closer to me, I saw that… Oh my God, it was John and Henry from last night! Carrie and I had pulled up beside them at a traffic light, and of course I was still naked at the time, but not showing anything. Then we had raced away, leaving the boys in our dust!

“Wow, you were right, Henry. If we cruised the neighborhood long enough, we were bound to stumble across Erica running around without any clothes on!”

John laughed and said, “That’s one way to get a tan, Erica”

“Please…” I started, watching as they came within a couple of feet of my naked body. This was so embarrassing! It was one thing for Carrie to see me in the buff, but not these dorks! And I was ashamed to admit, I once had a crush on one of them. I shifted from one bare leg to the other, still striking that pose of desperate modesty.

“You know, it wasn’t nice the way you two drove off like that last night.” Henry said, sounding genuinely hurt.

“Um… I know…I’m sorry. Carrie is making me walk home naked.” That wasn’t exactly true, but what was I supposed to say? That I had chosen to take off all my clothes last night in the middle of Driver’s Safety class during the blackout, and had stayed undressed all night and all this morning, and decided to walk back to my house totally nude?

The boys chuckled appreciatively at my humiliating predicament. John swung his car keys on the end of his finger, looking me over from head to toe. “We could give you a ride back to your house…”

Oh, that sounded really tempting. I mean, I didn’t really want to get in a car with these guys while I was bare naked, but it was probably better than risking being seen by the rest of town if I kept walking. I bit my lip in frustration as I considered my options. (I probably looked adorable at that moment, all nude and vulnerable…) Then I said, yes, I would like a ride.

“OK,” Henry smiled at me. “But first you have to lower your arms for us.”

Boy, what a deal! Maybe I should have said no thank you, and continued on my merry way. Maybe I should have given them a show last night, and then they wouldn’t be pissed at me. Well, seemed like they were about to get an eyeful now. I reluctantly moved the arm that had been slung across my titties, down to rest atop the hand that was covering my pussy. I stayed in this position, back hunched a little and one foot raised on its toes, before pulling both my hands apart. I turned my head away as I displayed to them my full frontal nudity.

“She has tiny tits,” John laughed.

“Yeah, but look how long her nipples are! Erica, spread your legs a little, please.”

Well, at least Henry was polite. I did as was asked, lifting first one foot and then the next, until my thighs were separated. Immediately, my labia dropped down from my vulva, and if the boys knew where to look, they would see my clit poking out. Looking back at them, I saw the effect my nudity was having as bulges formed in their shorts and pants. This brought a slight smile to my lips, although I had to keep from playing with myself.

John made a circular motion with his finger. “Turn around, Erica, so we can see your butt.”

Of course I complied, and used this opportunity with my back turned toward the boys, to slip an index finger inside my wet slit. Over my shoulder, I heard Henry whistle at the view of my ass, and I fingered myself harder. I think I would have had an orgasm right there in the middle of the street, but then John issued another command.

“Bend over and grab your ankles!”

Oh my, that sounded so dirty! I just had to spread my legs as far as possible and began to lower my body. I’m pretty trim and would have no problem touching my toes. Even though I’m kind of short, I think my slender legs are well proportioned, which makes them seem long to me. My hands caressed the bare skin of my calves, before fingers entwined firmly around my ankles, locking me in this position. I had no idea what John had in mind, but I knew the boys were now getting an unobstructed view of my pussy lips from behind, and they could see clear up my anus. Closing my eyes, I delighted in the feel of my hair falling in my face, and the juices of my arousal trickling down my leg. Moments passed, I wasn’t sure if the boys were even breathing. I half expected one of them to stick something in my butt!

Still bending over lewdly, I finally asked, “Are you going to give me that ride, or what?”

There was a pause, then Henry answered, “Yeah, sure, Erica. You can turn around now.”

I straightened myself and faced them. Not thinking to cover up again, I walked between the boys with everything showing. I felt kind of hot letting them see my naked body while I waited by the side of the SUV. John opened up his door and hopped behind the steering wheel. But when Henry opened up his door, I suddenly had some reservations. Self-consciously, I rubbed a hand over my tummy.

“Listen, guys, no touching… all right?”

John motioned for his friend to climb inside. “Of course, Erica. We’re not like that! You can sit in the back…”

Well, that caused me to breathe a sigh of relief. I watched Henry close the passenger side door shut, then waited to hear the sound of the rear passenger door lock being popped open. Instead, I heard the turn of the ignition. Then the truck lurched forward, rolling down the street! John honked the horn twice, as they both stuck their arms out the windows to wave goodbye.

Bastards! I cried, my eyes following the SUV as it made a right onto the next block. I felt so humiliated! They had seen me, all of me, in the bright morning light… even my secret pink parts. And now those jerks had left me standing in the middle of the road, naked as the day I was born. My hands returned to cover my pussy, which was as bald as a baby, just when there came the sound of voices behind me!

“Mommy… that girl’s not wearing any clothes!”

I briefly glanced over my shoulder, to see a woman and her four-year-old walking down the sidewalk. Well, I didn’t wait around for introductions or explanations! My feet moved quickly, as I ran bare-assed nude straight ahead. I didn’t dash off to one side or the other, but just continued through the center of the road. At the corner, I made a left hand turn, escaping their shocked eyes, and any others who might have stepped outside to see my streak.

For the next several blocks, I was less careful because I just wanted to get back home. I still tried to keep to some sort of concealment when there was the opportunity. But a couple of times, like once when there was this old couple sitting on their front porch, I simply had to make a break for it. Running forward with both arms pumping left my titties and pussy lips flapping in the breeze. I had to admit that these moments of unbridled sprinting were pretty invigorating, and I started to get turned on again. But there was hardly any time to play with myself, noticing by the high sun in the sky, that it was approaching noon.

Finally, I had reached the street I lived on. Here I had to be a lot more cautious, because I definitely did not want my neighbors to catch me naked! I waited behind a large rubber garbage pail while some boys rode toward me on their bicycles. When they had passed, I crouched on the other side, to make sure they were gone. I hoped they didn’t see me! I was so close now… just a few more houses, and thankfully no one else seemed to be around. At long last, my bare feet stepped onto the asphalt of my empty driveway. They slapped the rest of the way up to my front door, as I cupped my breasts with both hands, my butt jiggling with excitement.

The screen door opened easily, but then I reached out for the brass knob, and it didn’t turn! Of course, I realized, my parents had locked the door when they left for work! And I didn’t have anything on me… no clothes, no jewelry, no purse, and certainly no keys! I let the screen door close in frustration. Turning around, I looked out over my front lawn, fingers wandering down my chest and tummy. Oh, this was so unbelievable. I spun around, turning my ass to the driveway once more, figured I would try to force the lock. But no sooner had I reached for the handle, when I heard the sound of a car pulling up behind me.

Oh my goodness, were my parents home early? I didn’t know if I could face them like this. At that precise moment, my nipples were rock hard and my clit was sticking out. I thought maybe I could say I locked myself outside after putting on a wash of clothes, or taking a shower, or something… but how to explain these signs of my arousal? I guess they would find out they’ve got one horny teenage daughter. Blushing with shame, I did manage to cover my tits and pussy, slowly turning around.

“You did it!” Carrie squealed, nearly jumping out of her car. I was so grateful to see her red Saturn parked in my driveway. She ran up the stoop and clutched my arms, giving me a big kiss on the cheek. “I knew you had made the attempt when I saw my clothes still in my bedroom, but you made it all the way home! I so proud of you, Erica…”

Relieved that it was my friend who had found me outside totally nude, and not my family, I let my arms drop to the side. This afforded Carrie the opportunity to playfully tweak my nipples.

“Ooooh,” I purred softly.

Still amazed that I had accomplished her challenge, she reached her hand down to start rubbing my pussy. “Hmmm… someone’s had a very fun morning. Let’s go inside and finish you off!”

“Ah… uh… we can’t,” I tried to say. Her fingers were incredible, circling the nub of my clitoris. “The… Oh, yes! The door… the door… is locked.”

Carrie took her hands away from my body, folding her arms in thought. Then she suggested that we go around, into the back yard. I was afraidErica

**16 - Erica and the Tree House by AMERICAN COWBOY**

“It’s a secret club!” Jimmy’s friend told us with a frown.

Alicia’s cousin, Jimmy, folded his arms across his chest adopting an equally stern expression. “Very secret… and definitely, no girls allowed!”

Carrie and I were over the house of Alicia’s Aunt, having offered to look after her eight- year-old cousin and his friend, so that she could work on a report for school. This task was supposed to have been Alicia’s responsibility, but being such a good friend, Carrie volunteered to take the little brats off her hands. Somehow, I got roped in along with the deal. What I really didn’t understand was why Carrie chose to provoke the boys and indulge their childish behavior.

“So you’re saying,” my blonde-headed friend perpetuated the argument, “that if Erica and I wanted to join your club, you wouldn’t let us… just because we are girls?”

I tried to intervene and restore some perspective to the situation. “Carrie, I really don’t care about joining their silly club.”

The boys ignored me, and Jimmy continued his taunt. “That’s right! There are strict rules about joining… the most important one is you can’t be a girl!”

“That doesn’t seem very fair,” Carrie said most seriously, then smiled at me and winked.

Jimmy’s friend, whose name was Cody, only replied, “Well, that’s the rules!”

“Come on, Carrie, let’s go inside and watch TV or something.” I tried to pull my friend’s arm, but of course I couldn’t get her to budge. She was still standing there, pointlessly making her case to the boys.

“But please… we’d really love to see your cool tree-house!” Here, Cody gave Alicia’s cousin a horrified glance. “Isn’t there anything we could do, to let us join your club?”

My friend was insane, I decided, or terminally bored. Why would two seventeen-year-old high school seniors have any interest in the tree-house of a couple of fourth-graders? Maybe she was up to something, but I didn’t want to stick around to find out what. I started walking away, then turned to see Carrie still waiting to hear Jimmy’s answer.

“Isn’t there some way… some condition that you could let us in?” She sounded so earnest, so desperate, but when Carrie looked in my direction, her teeth flashed in a charmingly cunning smile.

I actually thought Jimmy was going to turn away. I figured he was tired of this game and wanted to go back to playing with Cody. Instead, the boy moved closer to Carrie, his pudgy face coming right up to her bosom.

“All right, but first you have to swear you will never tell anybody about our club. Not even my cousin, Alicia!”

I looked at my friend in disbelief, but she only placed one hand over her heart and raised the other arm. “Ok, we swear…”

“And,” Cody stepped forward to stand by his friend, “you’ll have to do whatever we tell you. Because you’re different from us… we’ll have to treat you different!”

Now Carrie giggled and said, “Oh, yes, we agree!”

“Carrie!” I exclaimed, watching her hop up and down to show her enthusiasm.

Jimmy glanced at me, then back at my friend before gruffly saying, “Fine! Let’s go!”

The two boys led us to the largest tree in the backyard. It must have been a willow or something like that, with its massive trunk rising up to the spreading branches above. There were rectangular wooden blocks nailed into the bark, apparently good enough for use as hand and footholds. Looking up, I could just make out the planks of the platform. From down here, the tree-house seemed a lot bigger than I imagined.

“We’ll go up first,” Jimmy announced. “Then, if you girls still want to be in our secret club, you’ll have to climb up on your own.”

At the thought of scaling such a height, I reached over and squeezed Carrie’s arm. She just smiled and patted me on the shoulder. Her eyes danced with excitement. We watched Alicia’s cousin and friend scamper up the side of the tree like squirrels. Pretty soon, they had disappeared, lost among the leaves and branches.

“You can come up now,” Cody’s voice laughed down at us. “If you girls aren’t too scared!”

“Erica, why don’t you start climbing,” Carrie suggested. “This way, if you should fall, I’ll be here to catch you!”

I must admit, I was more concerned about reaching the tree-house, and then being left alone with the little monsters. But I trusted my friend enough to suppose she would be following soon after. And the idea that she was below, ready to lend support, was reassuring. So I flipped my light brown hair back and said, Thanks, then placed my sneaker on the first block.

It was rather easy going as I lifted myself with my hands, and stepped up with my other foot. I’m pretty light, and the wooden blocks were solidly secured to the tree trunk. When I was well off the ground, I looked back to see Carrie waving at me. Oh my, I must have climbed a good ten feet! And it looked like there was another couple of yards to go. Now I was starting to get a little nervous. I mean, I could still lift myself forward, but I wondered about getting back down.

Once my hands found the platform of the tree-house, my head popped through an opening in the floor. From here, it was just a matter of pulling the rest of my body up and sliding over to the other side. Shaking leaves out of my hair, I saw that the wood planks were actually quite sturdy, nestled between the wide branches and bolted down tight. Alicia’s Uncle must have done a hell of a job putting this together. It was quite spacious, too, with a light thatched roof placed some six feet above, which easily cleared the top of my head by ten inches. Even Carrie would be able to stand up in here and not feel too cramped. For the boys, it was perfect. I saw that they had set up a table and had some food and drinks out. There was a pile of comic books in one corner, along with drawing paper, pencils and markers, toy vehicles and action figures. A couple of flashlights were available on the floor, for when they had sleepovers up here, I guessed.

“Erica!” my friend’s cousin barked at me. Jimmy and Cody were sitting pretzel-style near the opposite wall of the tree-house. “Go stand over there in the corner…”

“And put your hands on your head!” Cody added.

I must have been so relieved to not be climbing anymore, that I simply did as I was told, including locking my fingers atop my soft head of hair. Of course, in this position, with my arms raised, the bottom of my T-shirt rode up just a little, exposing my bellybutton. For some reason, I felt very embarrassed at that moment. Oh, please, I wish Carrie would hurry and get up here! I had no idea what those two devils might do to me.

After a few torturous moments of silence, Carrie’s head emerged through the opening in the platform. She looked around with a bemused expression on her face, then climbed the rest of the way into the tree-house. I just stood there, my back to the wall, and fingers entwined above my head like I was some sort of prisoner.

“What’s going on here,” Carrie laughed. “Are we playing Simon Says?”

“Sure,” Jimmy grunted with arms folded, appearing nothing so much as an Indian Chief in his tee-pee. “And Simon Says to go stand over in that corner.”

My friend gleefully followed the command, first checking to make sure she wouldn’t bump her head on the roof. I watched as she maneuvered herself to stand in the corner to my left. We were separated by maybe eight feet. Giggling across at me, she then likewise placed her hands atop her head. This also caused Carrie’s already short shirt to ride up even further, just below her breasts, revealing more of her sexy tummy. The four of us looked at each other, not a word was spoken. It was kind of awkward.

“Now what do we do with them?” Cody’s inquiry broke the silence.

Jimmy’s dark glower passed over Carrie and I before he spoke. “Since this is a secret club, there have to be rules.”

“Yeah, well one of your rules was that girls aren’t supposed to be able to join,” I felt the need to point out.

This clearly made Alicia’s cousin upset, and he stood up in a huff. “So now the new rule is, no girls are allowed in… unless they’re in their underwear!”

“What!” I exclaimed.

Carrie brought her hand to her mouth coyly, but I saw that she was grinning.

“That’s right,” Cody teased. He obviously thought the idea was very funny. “If you two want to be members of our club, you have to take your clothes off!”

On her own, Carrie sat down on the floor with her legs crossed, and started unlacing a sneaker. She wasn’t wearing any socks. My friend looked over at me still standing in the corner, and said, “Rules are rules, Erica…”

“But I don’t even want to be in their stupid club!” Now I lowered my hands, spreading my arms emphatically.

“It’s too late,” Jimmy informed me. “You’ve already been up in our tree-house, so that makes you a member. But because you’re a girl, you can’t dress like us. So you’re only allowed to be wearing your underpants!”

I just stood there, wondering what was going through the boy’s mind. Next semester I would be taking a developmental psychology class, and supposed this subject might be covered. But apparently, this was nothing sexual or erotic for Jimmy and his friend. I believe Alicia’s cousin simply enjoyed bossing around two older girls, and the humiliation was just part of his bullying. Meanwhile, Cody was mature enough to only appreciate the humor of the situation, as he giggled with every mention of the word “underwear” or “underpants”. Maybe they were just curious.

Looking to my side, I saw that Carrie had already discarded her shorts, and was in the process of peeling off her top. Once the shirt was removed, tossed onto the floor of the tree-house, she leaned back on the heels of her hands… scantily clad in but a bra and pair of panties!

The sight of her luscious body had me licking my lips. I felt my nipples harden and press against my T-shirt. Down below, my clit began poking out from its hood. I hoped it wouldn’t be noticeable through the material of my own moistening panties. Carrie pulled the long tresses of her strawberry-blonde hair over her shoulder and said, “Ok, Erica, now it’s your turn…”

As if mesmerized by her long legs and all that bare skin, my fingers started fidgeting with the button on my jeans. Would I actually go along with this silly game? Well, no sooner had I undone the front of my pants, then I sat down on the floor, kicking off both sneakers. Next, I quickly peeled the socks from my feet, tossing them onto the pile of what was mostly Carrie’s clothes.

For a second, I looked toward my friend for some guidance. She only smiled and even hooked her thumb inside the waistband of her panties and let the elastic snap against her tummy. Oh, that did it for me! Soon I was wiggling my butt on the floor, shuffling the jeans down my legs and completely off my feet. I sat with my bare legs spread for a moment, before pulling up my knees in a more modest position.

“OK, now what?” I asked, a little breathless.

The boys looked at Carrie, then to me, still frowning as they evaluated the two of us dressed only in our underwear.

But Cody pointed out, “Hey, Erica, you’re still wearing your shirt!”

“That’s right,” Jimmy announced. “You have to take it off, just like Carrie did. Come on, we’re waiting!”

“But… but…” I stammered, my hands gripping tightly the bottom of my T-shirt.

Carrie turned toward me, playfully showing off her cleavage. She started rubbing the lacey fabric that supported her ample bosom so nicely. “What’s the matter, you don’t want to show us your bra?”

“Carrie,” I gasped, unsure of how to continue. “I’m… I’m not wearing a bra!”

This got a hearty laugh from the boys, especially Cody who was delighted to hear that forbidden female undergarment mentioned twice aloud. Meanwhile, Carrie took this opportunity to reach behind her back, and unhook her own bra. My eyes were wide as I watched her slowly slide the straps down her shoulders, still keeping a forearm tight against her chest!

“There, Erica… if it will make you feel better, I’ll pretend I wasn’t wearing one either.”

And with that, she slipped it off her breasts, and threw it toward the center of the tree-house. Her one arm was shielding her nipples, and then she used both hands to cover up her big titties. Oh my gosh, Carrie was now totally topless… in fact, she had on just one piece of clothing; her skimpy, lacey undies!

She looked at me with her hazel eyes, making me horny. Without giving it another thought, I pulled my T-shirt up and over my head. I used both hands to toss it like a basketball onto the growing pile of our clothes. Of course, this left me with my perky tits momentarily exposed to the boys. Blushing, I quickly brought my arms down, cupping a breast in each palm. I looked over again, I couldn’t believe she was sitting there just like me, half-naked. Then I turned my face back toward the boys.

“All right,” Jimmy said, satisfied with our condition of dress. “So now you’re only wearing your underwear. I want you to both stand up, and… put your backs against each other.”

My friend and I stood up, since our legs were getting cramped anyway. We even moved forward a little, clutching our equally bare breasts. I felt the wood planks beneath my feet and toes, hoping I wouldn’t step on a splinter. Near the middle of the tree-fort, Carrie and I turned around, facing opposite walls. We each took a small step back until we came in contact with each other. The length of her hair tickled my naked back, but felt nice. I knew the top of my head must only come up to her neck. I felt her curvaceous ass through the material of panties as our butts touched.

Cody then asked with child-like innocence, “Could you move your arms out of the way?”

I didn’t know what to do! I mean, I really didn’t want to show off my tits like this to Alicia’s cousin and his friend. I still couldn’t believe that I was standing here right now, dressed in so little! But if I was forced to lower my hands, then that meant Carrie would also…

“Come on,” Jimmy growled. “Boy, Erica, you don’t take orders as good as Carrie!”

Oh, oh! She did it! She must have dropped her arms, and her big bare breasts were bouncing free! Mmmm… that thought sent my tummy quivering. In fact, right then, I moved my hands to allow my fingers to run down my stomach. My nipples sprung out, fully erect. What a profile that must have made, as I put my hands at my sides! I was embarrassed, but very aroused, knowing Carrie was just as exposed.

Jimmy told us to face forward again, so that we were next to one another. I slowly turned my legs, feeling Carrie do the same, even though this would mean showing the boys everything up top. When our arms were side by side, I was tempted to steal a glance to my left, to get a peek at her wonderful naked breasts. But I was too humiliated by my own pointy nipples, and just kept my eyes locked ahead.

“Ha, ha!” Cody laughed out loud. “Carrie’s got bigger boobies than Erica!”

I thought I would die of shame. Here I was, almost completely nude, being mocked by an eight-year-old! My face and body flushed a deep shade of pink as I struggled with the urge to cover up my tits again. But I stood with my chest pushed out, nipples standing proud.

“Go ahead,” Jimmy joined in laughing at me. “Turn around to face each other, so you can see how much bigger they are!”

Well, here was the moment of truth. I had long been waiting to see Carrie’s yummy titties, I just never thought it would be like this. Licking my lips, I spun around on my bare heel and looked up at my friend’s eyes. Then my gaze traveled down her face, her chin, her lovely neck. I looked straight forward, to behold a wonderful sight…

“Hi,” she said softly and reached out to flick one of my erect nipples with a finger. “Happy to see me?”

I was speechless, I think I had to catch my breath. Her breasts were beautiful. They were well-rounded and symmetrical; bouncing juicy globes. Her pink nipples protruded just a little, but she was not nearly as erect as I was. Either she wasn’t as horny, or she was still having fun. I couldn’t take my eyes off those swelling mounds. I wanted to grasp her tits in my hands and squeeze… but I couldn’t… I wouldn’t dare do that in front of the boys. Still, I suddenly had the desire to be completely naked with her.

“I have an idea,” Cody’s high-pitched voice disturbed my lustful fantasy. “We could draw pictures of Erica and Carrie. You know, Jimmy, like the ones we saw in the art books at the library!”

Alicia’s cousin looked around the tree-house kind of bored and lazily. He spotted the paper and markers in the corner. As he got up to retrieve these items, he only mumbled, “Yeah, I guess we could do that.”

Carrie turned her head to the boys and asked, “How do you want your models to pose?”

“I don’t know,” Cody only shrugged his shoulders. The art classes in the elementary school were clearly not up to this level.

Then my friend looked at me again, gazing at my body from head to toe, and placed one of her hands on my shoulder. With her other hand, she took me by the wrist and said, “Erica, bend your knee forward a little, and try to hold this position.”

She placed my hand on her belly, just above the crotch of her panties. My fingers rested lightly on the soft skin beneath her navel. My other hand, she had me place on my hip. Then she brought her other arm onto my shoulder, gently drawing me closer. I felt so hot, so horny, drinking in her voluptuous body. About five feet over to our sides, Cody and Jimmy sat on the floor, scribbling in their pads of white parchment. I suddenly had a tempting thought.

“Cody,” I started to ask, turning my head slightly.

“Hold still!” Jimmy complained.

Sweetly, I began again, “Cody… in those books at the library… did those people…”

“It wasn’t just any people,” the boy corrected me. “They were all girls like you and Carrie!”

“OK… did those girls… were they wearing anything at all?”

Cody rubbed his nose in thought, paused, then continued to make markings on his sheet of paper. Across from him, Jimmy tore out one piece of paper and was beginning a fresh page. “Nah… they didn’t have no clothes on.”

“Oh,” I said while the hand that was on my hip, slipped smoothly into my panties. “Then you wouldn’t mind if I take these off?”

I tried to make this sound as innocent and helpful as possible. After all, it was Carrie who I wanted to see me naked. And hopefully she would follow my lead. When the boys didn’t answer, I used my one hand to tug and pull and slowly peel the material down my legs. I wondered if Carrie would assist me, but she only smiled as my bare pussy came into view, her hands still on my shoulders. I managed to get the panties below the curve of my ass, and when they were down to my knees, I shook my thighs and let them fall the rest of the way to the floor. Then I kicked my last article of clothing off my feet and toes.

I was now standing totally nude in the middle of Alicia’s cousin’s tree-house. The maneuvering I had to do to loose the panties had left my legs spread apart, which caused my pink lips to separate. Carrie could see my clitoris sticking straight out.

“OK,” my friend suddenly said, making me very aware of my sudden nudity. “Time for a new pose!”

Gripping me by the sides of my arms, Carrie pulled me a little closer, but then spun me halfway around… so that I was facing Cody and Jimmy! She moved to stand behind me, but kept a hand at each of my elbows, and all my arms could do were dangle. This left me with everything totally exposed, from my poor aching nipples to my shaved little pussy. I closed my eyes, knowing that there was nothing left to the imagination. The boys tore off a piece of drawing paper, and started scratching anew.

I felt Carrie release her hold on me, though at this point I made no effort to cover up my nude body. Over my shoulder, I could hear her shift from one foot to the other, shuffling something down her legs. Just then, I opened my eyes, and watched as what had to be her panties were thrown, sailing over my head. They landed on the floor, not too far from the pile of the rest of our clothes. Oh my, she was now completely naked behind me! Oh, oh… we were both so naked right now! My pussy tingled, and I really wanted to stroke my clit right then and there. I also wanted to turn around and see Carrie for myself. But she quickly placed her hands on my hips and stepped in closer so that her breasts squished against my bare back. And I felt something warm, soft and downy brush the crack of my ass. I guess my friend had a nice little tuft of pubic hair!

“Let’s draw pictures of their butts!” Jimmy suggested quite rudely, as if he was bored with my display of full frontal nudity.

I immediately complied, hoping to catch Carrie off guard and get a look at her pussy. But her long legs moved in step with mine, and soon I was watching her golden-red tresses cascade down her back. However, I did drop my gaze to stare for a moment at her gorgeous ass. It was so full and curvy… like her large breasts, I just wanted to reach out and grab a handful! Oh my, but all I could do was bring my arms up and pinch my own nipples.

“Could you two stand next to each other again?” Cody asked, wanting to get a look at Carrie’s butt as well. I don’t think he would appreciate it the way I did.

We did as instructed, and my naked friend and I were soon staring ahead at the wall, while the boys scribbled interpretations of our posteriors. Shoulder to shoulder, Carrie looked over at me with a secret smile. With my hands still hovering over my breasts, my lower body was completely vulnerable for contact. She reached an arm across and started touching my tummy with her fingers. Our backs and bare asses were to the fourth-grade artists, and this left her free to get into some mischief. Soon, her fingers wandered further south, and Carrie was stroking my bald pussy.

“Ooooh… Ah… Please don’t make me cum,” I whispered even as I parted my legs. Her middle finger flicked my clit, then darted inside me. “Oh, yes! No! Please… don’t do this… in front… of them!”

Carrie withdrew her hand, just as I felt I was about to have an orgasm. That was close, but oh so frustrating. I was breathing heavily, but remained in this position. I hoped the boys didn’t wonder about my labia hanging down and clearly visible from behind. Or the wetness running down my legs due to my heightened state of arousal. Fortunately, as I recovered from my near embarrassing climax, I heard the boys scramble to their feet and start walking away from us, to the other side of the tree-house.

I self-consciously turned around, draping my arms over my tits and pussy. Still turned-on, I couldn’t help but feel ashamed that my friend had been masturbating me, and nearly brought me to orgasm. I looked over at her deliciously nude body, but she had also placed a strategic hand over her bush. As she walked forward, her butt jiggled seductively, and I had to stop from fingering myself. Instead, I quickened my steps, bare feet padding across the wooden planks to stand at her side.

Jimmy and Cody laughed at us, greatly amused by the two naked seventeen-year-olds in their tree-house. I couldn’t speak for Carrie, but if they only knew how horny I was! Then Jimmy pointed and said, “There… we’ve laid out our artwork for you to admire.”

“Kind of like the art galleries they have in school,” Cody piped in.

The boys stepped aside, allowing us to continue to shuffle forward, still clutching our private parts. They didn’t have anything to hang the drawings on the wall, the papers were just spread across the floor. This meant Carrie and I had to hunch down a little and bend over to get a good look at the pieces of paper. And that must have given the boys a good look at our bare behinds! But they made no comments, and I supposed we were soon forgotten. So I too ignored Jimmy and Cody, and concentrated on their artwork.

Jimmy really didn’t put much effort into his drawings. They were little better than stick figures. Actually, the ones that said “Erica” were pretty much simple lines. I noticed that he gave “Carrie” nice big balloons for breasts. Sneaking a quick peek, I saw the real things hanging down in her arms, but her hand was still between her legs. Then I turned my attention to the drawings Cody had made, and saw he had been more detailed, maybe even talented. His version of Carrie had long yellow hair, and of course large circular breasts, but they were not oversized. Her facial features were done quite well, for an eight-year-old. My face came out pretty good too, I guess. It was kind of embarrassing because anyone could recognize that these pictures were supposed to be my friend and me. Although I noticed on my chest, Cody had made two little markings that must have been my nipples. And there between my legs on the paper, he had drawn what looked like a little pinky sticking out of my hairless crotch. Oh my goodness, the boy had drawn my clit! I now used my fingers to spread apart my vulva, and sure enough, the nub of my clit poked out like a third nipple. How humiliating!

“Hey, guys, these are not bad,” Carrie said cheerfully. She turned around with one hand placed in front of her pussy, and the other arm somehow concealing just the nipples of her breasts. “Um, Erica…”

“What?” I asked, looking to my side. I was really tempted to give her a pat on the ass.

I noticed that she let her one arm drop to the side, though still kept her pussy covered. “Erica… They’re gone.”

“What… who, Jimmy and Cody?” I stood up, letting my own arms fall, exposing my entire naked body. “Good. We can get dressed and get down from this tree!”

“No,” Carrie said as she pulled me by the hand toward the middle of the floor. “Our clothes are gone. Everything… I think Alicia’s cousin took them when he and his friend left!”

Oh no! Now we were stuck up in Jimmy’s tree-house, and we were both completely nude! I had no idea how we could get down. Turning my head, I saw there was not a scrap of clothing to be found. Those boys had taken our sneakers and shirts, our pants and shorts, and both our underwear. Pacing around the area, my nipples were quivering, still long and hard. I faced my body toward Carrie, but she didn’t appear to have any answers. I walked back to stand in front of my friend, who only kept one hand covering her pussy hair.

“So now what do we do,” I asked, exasperated, my own hands on my hips.

Carrie just smiled wickedly and lifted a finger to brush my chin. “Well… it’s pretty quiet up here. We could always make out…”

I stood there silent, struck by the very thought. Here I was, stranded in a tree-house with my buxom friend totally naked… this was perfect! Our eyes locked as she moved her hand to gently stroke the side of my face, tracing the edge of my ear. Her fingers came to rest behind my head, weaving through my hair, and she pulled me closer. Our faces were just and inch apart, our noses touched, then our lips met.

We kissed passionately, with my tongue finding hers and dancing inside her mouth. I held onto her waist while Carrie’s other hand tweaked and pulled my nipple. Oh, this was so hot! I pressed my body into hers, standing on my toes to feel our pussies grind together. Her soft, fleecy pubic hair washed over my smooth mound. Now our breasts touched, and it was electric… the sensation of her pink nipples rising to brush against my own. We rubbed our bodies together as I clenched the roundness of her bare ass. She let me kiss her face and her neck, and lick between her titties. I let her finger my clitoris, moaning in absolute ecstasy!

“Ah… Oh, yes! Oh, yes!” I called out, when Carrie sank to her knees so that she could lick my pussy. My hands rested on her head as she plunged her tongue between the folds of my snatch. Then my friend rocked backward onto the floor, laying completely on her back. With her arms, she lowered me on top of her body, breasts crushing together as we kissed again.

“Mmmm… Carrie, let’s do a 69,” I suggested, even as I repositioned myself so that my crotch was directly above her mouth. Her tongue teasingly flicked my labia as for the first time, I was able to appreciate her naked lower body. Straddling her face, I rubbed both my hands down her belly, pausing only to let my fingers twirl around her golden bush. I bent down my head, to take a nice long inhale of her pussy. Then, feeling her spread apart my butt cheeks, I began patting her vulva, searching for her clitoris. Just as I was about to take a mouthful of blonde carpet, she stopped me with a poke in the ass.

“Wait, Erica… not yet!”

I continued to stroke her pussy, even slipping a finger inside her, but turned my head to ask, “Oh, Carrie… why not?”

She gently pushed my bare legs off her chest so that she could sit up again. “I want you to do something for me.”

“Oh, what’s that?” I turned myself around and scooted forward to sit in her lap. Our pussy lips were so close, they touched, and I juggled her tits in my hands as I gave her a kiss.

Carrie returned the kiss sweetly, then said, “I want you to shave me. Completely. When my pussy is as bald as yours, I’ll let you eat me out.”

“I kind of like your fuzz,” I admitted to my friend. “But when did you want to do this?”

“Right now!” Carrie laughed excitedly. She jumped to her feet and pulled me up afterward.

I looked around nervously, still overheated, half-expecting to see that Jimmy and Cody caught us playing with each other in their tree-house! Self-consciously, my hand clamped over my pink pussy. Of course, there wasn’t anybody else up here. It was just us completely naked seventeen-year-old girls. Still, I kept myself covered as I crept along with my friend.

“Carrie… we can’t go down there like… this!”

What a sight my friend was, bending over the opening in the floor, which caused her lower lips to stick out from behind. She stayed in this position, hands on her knees, but turned her head to face me. “Sure we can, Erica. It’s not like they haven’t seen our naked bodies! And besides, we are supposed to be looking after them.”

“Yes,” I said, “but not in the nude…”

“I don’t see how we have much choice. Come on, it will be fun!” And with that, Carrie proceeded to drop her legs down the hole between the wooden planks, the rest of her bare form following after.

This was crazy! It was hard enough to believe we let a couple of fourth graders steal all our clothes. I guess the only thing to do was to confront the boys. So I spun myself around, and gingerly lowered my feet until they found the first block of wood nailed into the side of the tree. My arms supported my weight as I descended further, toes reaching for the next block. Now I remembered that on my climb up here, I had clung tightly to the trunk. This time it was a bit different climbing down, completely naked. The gnarled bark was caressing my most sensitive pink parts; my pussy brushed against the grain of wood as I continued lower and lower. The wind blew gently over my skin.

About halfway down, I looked at the green grass below me and froze. My fingers gripped the handhold in front of my face, but I felt my legs go weak. I shut my eyes, picturing the image in my mind of me trapped on the side of the tree… totally nude, like some forest nymph!

“Carrie!” I called down to my friend. “I don’t think I can move…”

“Don’t worry, Erica, I’ll come up and get you.” I heard my naked friend answer below.

She must have climbed back up, because suddenly I felt her touch on my bare calf. I didn’t know how she planned to help me, but it was comforting to have her so near. Following her instructions, I slowly moved my legs farther apart as I hung onto the handhold for dear life. Then Carrie pulled herself a little higher, letting one hand rub the back of my leg. Soon, her head must have been directly beneath my butt.

“Hold on tight, Erica” she said devilishly, and then started to eat out my ass! My clit swelled up immediately, as Carrie licked up all my juices, her tongue bathing my labia from behind. She paused suddenly to ask, “Do you like that?”

“Mmmm hmmmm,” I moaned, grinding my pussy into the tree.

“Well, there’s more where that came from, once you join me back on the ground!”

And just like that, Carrie scurried away, dropping to her bare feet on the grass below. I glanced past my shoulder and saw her flop onto her back, brazenly spreading her legs open wide. She even started to rub her own pussy, further enticing me. I was so horny then, and her ministrations had certainly loosened me up, that I had no problem to lower myself down to the base of the tree.

My legs trembled a little, but I hurried over to where my friend lay prone on the ground. I was eager to softly rub her golden bush with my toes. As soon as I approached, however, Carrie jumped to her feet, her bare breasts bouncing.

“Wait, Erica. We had better check on the boys first” she said. And just like that, she placed a hand discreetly in front of her pussy and started marching toward the house.

I really wasn’t keen on letting Jimmy and Cody see me exposed this way, again. My eyes followed the naked ass of my friend, and I found myself calling out, “Wait up, Carrie!”

With an arm slung over my chest and my own fingers covering my vulva, I jogged to catch up with her. What a sight we must have been, two utterly nude young girls in Alicia’s Aunt’s backyard! When we reached the back door of the house, I gulped dreading the further humiliation. My hands still clutched my body. But I saw that Carrie didn’t even bother to cover her breasts, she felt that her womanhood was all that need be concealed to maintain some decency. She smiled at me, then with her free hand, reached out to open the door.

It was so embarrassing entering the house like this, knowing that a couple of eight-year-olds were hiding somewhere with all our clothes. They had outsmarted us, and now they were about to see our bare bodies for the second time today. At the same time, the shame was also arousing to me, and I absently started grazing my swollen pussy lips with a finger. My condition wasn’t helped by the fact that Carrie was equally unclothed, revealing everything to my eyes except her blonde fleece below. The only thing was, she didn’t seem unnerved by the situation.

“Let’s check the den,” my busty friend suggested.

I only nodded and followed her lead. My feet stepped in time with hers, right on her heels and staying so close behind, I could smell the fragrance of her hair. We walked down a hallway before coming to the open space in the wall, where a couple of steps led to the den. Here, Carrie moved a little further away from me and to the side. We were now totally out in the open of the room as our bare feet crossed the carpet.

“Hey boys,” Carrie announced our presence, one hand resting on her nude hip, the other still shielding her pussy.

Jimmy and Cody had set up a video game consol in front of the large screen TV, and they were clearly surprised to see us.

“What… what are you two doing down here?” Cody squeaked.

His friend also had a look of shock on his face as he turned around. “I didn’t think you girls would follow us into the house! Aren’t you embarrassed…‘cause you don’t have any clothes on?”

Carrie only laughed and squeezed one of her bare breasts. “Nah… you’ve already seen everything we got. It’s no big deal. Right, Erica?”

“Um…” I stammered. What was she doing, trying some reverse psychology on this obnoxious boy? I could only shift from one foot to the other, conscious of their roaming eyes on my nubile body. My arms and hands tensed, trying to keep everything covered.

I think Jimmy sensed my discomfort, and with that, sensed an opportunity to gain the upper hand. “Yeah… well, then why is Erica holding herself all funny-like?”

“It looks like she’s trying to give herself a hug…” Cody giggled.

Carrie, not about to concede any ground, turned to me and said, “You heard them, Erica. Let’s show them were not afraid. Move your hands out of the way.”

Silently I shook my head, no. But Carrie’s eyes flashed and then her lips parted to reveal her charming smile. I really had no choice but to take a deep breath and let my hands fall to my sides.

Uncovered, my nipples sprung out fully erect. I knew that my clitoris was also erect, though thankfully obscured by folds of skin. Still, shaven as I was, an experienced eye would have no difficulty spying my little button poking out from the top of my puffed out pussy lips. Looking over at my friend, I saw that of course, she had remained with one hand resting on top of her pussy. This made me all the more aroused, and all the more humiliated to realize that I was the only one standing here completely naked, with everything on display!

At last, Jimmy grunted, apparently satisfied that wewere indeed brave enough to climb down from the tree-house and enter the home of his Aunt, even if we were stark nude. After staring at me for a while longer, he then said, “Well, I guess we don’t need to give you back your clothes!”

“What?” I exclaimed, then whirled around in frustration, giving the boys a nice look at my bare butt. “Carrie! They can’t be serious… you’re not going to let them keep us naked!”

As much as I wanted to, I refrained from hiding my pink bits. My friend only insisted, “Let them keep our clothes. You know you don’t mind running around like this.”

I didn’t know what she was talking about, but I had to play along or else make Carrie look like a liar. But it was so embarrassing, how could the boys not see me blushing from head to toe, when I turned around again with everything on show. Not only was I completely naked, I was shamed to admit, I was also so hot and aroused.

“Besides,” Carrie continued, “We have some washing up to do. Now you boys stay in here and play your games. Erica and I will be back to check on you. Come on, Erica…”

My eyes were locked straight ahead, and Jimmy and Cody were clearly fascinated by my total nudity. I almost didn’t hear what she said, but then felt Carrie tugging my arm.

“Come… on… Erica! We have some business to take care of in the bathroom.”

I inclined my head toward my friend. “Huh? Oh, yes! Of course!”

Her fingers entwined around mine, and next thing I knew we were skipping hand in hand out of the room, our naked butts bouncing. I heard the two boys laughing behind us, although we were soon back in the hallway, following the corridor until it reached the bathroom.

“OK, Erica, soap me up!” Carrie said as I closed the door upon entering, standing in all her full frontal glory.

I did a quick search around the sink and medicine cabinet for the supplies I would need. “Wait, Carrie. First, I should snip away some of the excess hair, then we can use a razor for the rest.” I paused, taking a pair of grooming scissors in my hand. “Are you sure about this? Do you really want to… to take it all off?”

My naked friend was bent over the tub, filling a basin with warm water. “Oh, yes! I want to be so smooth, as bald as a baby! That’s the only way for you to taste my pussy.”

Well, that had my mouth watering. So I asked Carrie to stand perfectly still, as I positioned myself in front of her. On my way down to examine her crotch, I could not resist taking one of her teats in my mouth and sampling a nipple.

“Ooooh,” Carrie purred delightfully, and stroked her other nipple with her free hand. “Erica, you had better keep your mind on your handiwork!”

I smiled up at my friend, then proceeded to lower myself until I was eye-level with her fuzzy vulva. With the small scissors, I clipped away the blonde curly pubic hair. I occasionally rubbed my hand over her mound, testing the length of the strands, shortening them to the point that only a razor could be used. Already, I could see her pussy lips were engorged, and her clitoris was starting to emerge. I was tempted to have myself a little lick, but she was not cleaned up yet.

“All right, Carrie, now I’m going to put the lather on you.” I said, motioning her to bring me the basin now filled with soft, foamy soap.

Then, with my both hands holding the bowl and lower body completely vulnerable, my naughty friend started stroking and fingering my pussy!

“What… oh! What are you doing?” I gasped.

Carrie laughed and asked unnecessarily, “Are you turned on, shaving me like this?”

“Mmmm, hmmm…” I moaned.

“Good, Erica! Because I want you to be completely aroused as you take off all my hair.”

Well, I didn’t need to look down to know that my pink lips were parted and my clit was sticking straight out, it was so erect. And I was embarrassed to be seen in such a condition, even though Carrie was equally nude.

Standing in the bathtub, I took a moment to catch my breath, then applied the tick lather to my friend’s tummy and legs and pussy. Her body felt so good beneath my hands, I know I must have been leaking juices. My nipples were rock hard. Still, with a steady hand I managed to take the razor and start scraping just below her belly button. Despite how horny I was, I stayed focused on Carrie’s crotch, which was just inches from my face. This in turn, only made me hotter.

Several strokes later, I had carefully removed the last of the fuzz that sprouted along her pussy lips. My hand brushed over her vulva, but there was only soap and pink skin to touch. I did use this opportunity to slip a finger into her wet smooth slit. And then Carrie was reaching for the detachable showerhead, rinsing the suds off her body. I stood back to admire my work.

“Oooh, that looks nice,” I said. “Let me have another feel!”

As I approached my friend, we met in an embrace, my hand massaging her bald pussy. Sharing a kiss, I continued to fondle her labia and began to finger Carrie’s clit. She reached out and tweaked my nipples, causing me to groan with desire. But I would be frustrated once more, when she broke our lip lock and proceeded to climb out of the tub. After drying off with a towel, she turned to me and pointed down at her shaved mound.

“Want to rub some baby oil on my pussy?”

“Sure!” I said with glee, stepping out of the tub and taking the bottle of lotion she handed me. I squirted the clear gel onto my fingers, then began rubbing my friend on the sensitive skin I had just shaved. Carrie was so smooth, it was unbelievable! I knew I was blushing as I started playing with myself right in front of her.

My friend giggled and took a step back. “OK, Erica… I think you did pretty good job. I feel so bare down there!”

I could only nod as my gaze wandered down the length of her long legs, to her cute bare toes, then back up to her now bald pussy. Oh my goodness, Carrie was so naked!

“Come on,” she said suddenly, walking past me to open the bathroom door. “Let’s see if the boys notice…”

“You can’t be serious!” I mean, we could have grabbed towels to cover ourselves, but Carrie only smiled and stepped totally nude into the hallway. More to myself, I said, “They’ll think we like being naked…”

“And remember, Erica, no covering. We have to show Jimmy and Cody that their plan didn’t work.”

I blushed at the thought that I would be showing them everything. What’s worse, as the pink flush of my embarrassment and arousal spread over my body, my nipples stiffened, fully erect. And watching Carrie’s curvaceous bare behind only made my clit stick out even further. It was so obvious how horny I was!Still, I followed my friend through the house, neither of us wearing any clothes.

When we returned to the den, the boys were still playing their video game. Carrie and I walked up right behind them, standing side by side. My blonde friend confidently put her hands on her hips, her big breasts bouncing free. I was less sure of myself and simply stood with arms dangling, although my legs were nicely parted. I was horrified to realize my juicy labia were just hanging out, but there was nothing I could do.

“Hey boys,” Carrie finally said after more moments passed of us being ignored.

Jimmy and Cody reluctantly peeled their eyes away from the television set. Looking over their shoulders, they seemed to do a double take at seeing us standing there stark naked. Jimmy grunted, “Oh… you’re back. Shouldn’t you two be hiding?”

“What were you doing in there for so long,” Cody asked, recalling the place we had gone.

“Um,” I answered quickly, which drew the fourth grader’s eyes to my bare chest. “Carrie had to take a bath…”

“Yup, all clean!” Carrie giggled and made a flourish with her hand that encompassed her nude body.

“I guess if you’re not wearing any clothes,” Cody observed, “you can take a bath any time.”

A little frustrated, my brazen friend shifted her feet further apart, as if trying to focus their attention on her pussy. “Do you notice anything different?”

The boys looked at us in annoyed silence for a moment before Jimmy remarked, “I don’t know… you both don’t have anything down there.”

“Carrie,” I reminded my friend, “You kept your hand over yourself all day, and I don’t think they saw your pubic hair. Now you and I look the same, completely shaved.”

“Oh, I guess so.” She said, a little disappointed. Then, creeping behind me, she called over my shoulder, “You know, boys, the other thing that is good about being naked is that I can show you both how… ticklish… Erica is!”

And suddenly, Carrie began running her fingers up the cheeks of my ass, causing a delightful sensation all over my body.

“Oh! Please… st-stop that!”

“Very ticklish on her butt,” Carrie pointed out. “And under her arms…”

I laughed and squirmed beneath her touch, my tiny tits bouncing and their long nipples quivering. Jimmy and Cody also laughed, enjoying my humiliation as I danced on my bare toes. I pleaded with my friend for no more, but she only ran her hand over my stomach.

“Can you guess where else Erica hates to be tickled?”

Cody was starting to get into this new game now, and eagerly raised his hand. “On her feet?”

“Hmmm,” Carried paused, which allowed me to catch my breath. This was so embarrassing… I was naked and being tickled in front of two eight-year-olds! But my devilish friend would not let up. “OK, Erica, please lie down on the carpet.”

I don’t know why I did as I was told. Maybe I thought I would escape further tickling on my rear end. Quickly I sat down on my butt, then lowered my back to the comfortable floor of the den. I brought up my knees modestly, and for the first time since we had entered the house, I clasped both my hands over my pussy.

Immediately, Carrie was displeased. “No, no… lower your legs all the way to the ground, so that your heels are on the carpet and your toes are sticking straight up. And move your arms extended all the way out on either side!”

I could not resist when she spoke so sweetly. Very soon, I was lying on the carpet in the den of Alicia’s Aunts house, spread eagle. I stared up at the ceiling knowing that there was nothing hiding the view of my bare pink slit. My nipples poked skyward a full inch. Swallowing a lump of fear and excitement, I waited to hear what she would say next.

“Now Jimmy and Cody, I want you to each kneel on either side of Erica. I’m going to see how ticklish she is on the bottom of her feet, but she might try to move around a bit. I want you boys to gently, but firmly, hold down her arms…”

I turned my head to see them get up from their video game, and the unobstructed view they had of my spread pussy, and walk over to kneel by my arms. I whimpered, “Carrie… no!”

“Oh, it’ll be all right,” she reassured me. “Boys, you can only hold onto her arms. Don’t touch any other part of Erica’s body.”

And they carefully did as Carrie said; maybe a little nervous at first. But these two were used to rough-housing and playing physical games. Soon, each one had a nice grip on my wrists and forearms. I turned my head to look at them with my big brown eyes, seeing them in return look down the length of my totally naked body. Then Carrie herself moved around to stand directly between my feet. I lifted my neck a little, and was mesmerized by the revealing sight of all her curves, her swelling breast, and her shiny new hairless pussy. Her lips were closed, giving her a cute camel toe, but I know mine were open like a flower as she knelt down before me.

“Oooh… ha, ha! Oh, stop it, Carrie!”

My friend had reached down and was running her fingers up both soles of my feet. I wriggled a little, the carpet feeling really nice on my behind, but did not break free of the boys’ hold. More tickling from Carrie caused me to arch my back and buck my hips, as a most unwelcome sensation crept into my nether regions. And then, Carrie scooted forward a bit, her large breasts dangling, as she started stroking my calf and bare shins.

“What… what are you doing?” I asked between spurts of laughter.

“I’m tickling your legs, Erica” and indeed, her fingers lightly brushed up to my knees, then started tickling beneath.

“Oh, oh… ha, ha! Please… don’t go any further!”

But Carrie only smiled and was soon touching my naked thighs. This brought yelps of pleasure from me, but horrifying, also small moans of desire. I wasn’t sure I could contain myself, as she stroked inside my leg. I kicked my feet on the floor in frustration, and my friend brushed her fingers tantalizingly close to my pussy lips.

She paused and looked playfully at Jimmy and Cody. “Where do you think Erica is most ticklish?”

In reply, Carrie started touching my pussy, causing my erect clit to stick out from its hood. This, she flicked back and forth, and rubbed the small nub between her thumb and forefinger! Then she resumed her tickle assault all over my shaved vulva.

“Please… stop… Carrie, you’re making me… don’t make me cum…” A huge orgasm was building inside me. “Please… I don’t want to cum in front of them!”

Confused, Cody asked, “Come in front of us? But you’re already here!”

I ignored the boy and bit my lip, trying to hold back a very humiliating climax. Meanwhile, under the guise of playful teasing, Carrie continued to openly play with my pussy. I mean, why didn’t she just take something and insert it inside me! Oh, I shouldn’t think such thoughts, which brought me closer to the edge… I knew I was right about to cum. And it would be wet and messy, my juices squirting all over the carpet. How would I explain that to the boys? They would think I peed myself…

“Aaahh… Aahh..” I thrust my hips up, lifting my pubic mound into Carrie’s furiously circling fingers.

Suddenly there came the sound of a car horn, the vehicle pulling up outside in the driveway. I was aware of Jimmy and Cody releasing their hold on my arms, jumping to their feet. They nearly bolted from the den, not wanting to get caught with two naked seventeen-year-old girls! Carrie also jumped to her toes, causing her bare tits to bounce wildly. I remained on the floor, laying in a very prone position, my body weak from being brought so close to a massive orgasm.

Before the boys could dash from the room, my friend called out, “Jimmy… is that your Aunt’s car?”

Just as she slung her arms over her breasts and draped a hand over her bald pussy, who should come bounding into the den, but our friend Alicia. I was slowly getting to my feet, when we all stopped and everyone looked at each other.

“What’s going on here?” Alica gasped, though a smile played at the corner of her mouth. “Why are you two stark raving naked!”

“It wasn’t our fault,” Jimmy cried like the big baby he was, beneath his bully façade. “They made us do it. Carrie and Erica took off all their clothes… your friends are weird!”

Alicia only shook her head, but turned to the two boys, “Go on and find somewhere else to play.”

Still a little dizzy, I watched the fourth graders exit the room, off to some other part of the house to wonder what just happened. I didn’t think to cover myself immediately, letting everything show. The signs of my arousal were apparent. My whole body was flushed and pink, nipples rock hard and pussy lips puffed out.

“I can’t leave you two alone anymore, can I?” Alicia walked between us, eyeing our total nudity. “You know, I don’t even want to know. But I’m guessing my cousin and his friend ran off with all your clothes, and now you have no way to get dressed.”

In the company of our friend, Carrie lowered her arms and said, “Yeah that’s true… but it allowed Erica the opportunity to shave me!”

Carrie proudly displayed her new hairless crotch to Alicia, even spread her pink lips a little. For the first time, I noticed that her nipples were quite erect… long eraser-head like protrusions atop her large fleshy globes. She was getting turned on by being caught naked! I licked my lips and started to rub my pussy.

“Well, you can’t stay here like this,” Alicia laughed. “My aunt is coming up the driveway with some packages. I have to take the car now, up to school to drop off my report. You naughty girls go out the back door and meet me out front. I’m going to have to take your bare asses with me!”

I put my other hand shyly on top of my nude pussy. “Oooh, Alicia… you’re not going to drive with us in your car, completely undressed?”

“Would you rather stay here and explain to my Aunt why you were running around naked in front of her son and his friend?” She answered the question with a slap on my butt. “Out you two go, now!”

Well, what could we do? Carrie and I jogged back through the house, our nubile bodies jiggling, and soon we were opening the back door to step outside totally nude. The sun was shining down, warm on my skin. As my feet crossed over the grass in the yard, blades tickled between my toes. For the first time, I noticed what an effect this excitement was having on my friend. Peering around the corner of the house to make sure it was safe, from behind I could see Carrie’s pussy lips puff out as she bent down a little. When she turned around completely, her shaved vulva was nicely opening up and she caught me staring at her rock hard nipples.

“Wow,” she giggled, squeezing her own breasts. “This is so hot! We’re going to have to make a run for Alicia’s car… are you ready?”

I simply nodded at my friend, mesmerized by her complete nudity. Then she turned her ass toward me, and sprinted around the side of the house. Caught up in the moment, I didn’t think to cover up anything, but followed right after her. Carrie reached the empty car parked in the driveway first, and she opened the door to slip inside. I stood there, waiting for her to let me in. Instead, she only stuck her tongue out and motioned for me to get in on the other side. Foolishly, I started to walk around the back of the car… just when I stood in full view from street that crossed in front of Alicia’s Aunt’s house, a truck drove by and honked at the sight of my bare body! This was so embarrassing, I thought to myself, hurrying to reach the other passenger door that Carrie opened for me.

“Nice show,” she teased me once I had climbed into the back seat with her.

Still breathing heavy, and flushed from head to toe, I said, “Now what do we do? Is Alicia really going to drive us up to the school like this, in the middle of the day?”

“Oooh, I think so. I mean, she can’t parade us around here in front of Jimmy’s mom!” Carrie was sitting with her legs spread apart, and she started touching her pussy. “How exciting!”

“How humiliating!” I shuddered at the thought of arriving on the school property completely naked.

My friend turned slightly on her side and reached over to massage my left breast, taking a very erect nipple between her thumb and forefinger. “Oh my, Erica… you can’t tell me this isn’t turning you on!”

Shifting my body, I faced Carrie and our heads drew closer. I thought we were about to share an intimate kiss. Suddenly, the driver’s side door opened, startling me, and Alicia climbed behind the wheel.

“Well you two look comfortable back there,” our high-school friend laughed at us. Then she started to adjust the rearview mirror. “Erica, I want you to open your legs all the way apart. Put one foot against the door, and stretch your other leg over Carrie’s lap.”

Even as I positioned my legs as instructed, I tried to protest. “But… why? Now you can see… everything!”

“I had a quick chat with Jimmy and Cody. They told me that in the tree house, you took off your underwear on your own. You were the one who got all naked.”

Oh no, how embarrassing! And now Alicia had me with my pussy on full display; my lips were separated and clitoris was sticking out in plain view.

“So this is your punishment,” Alicia continued, “for being such a naughty little girl. You will sit like that for the entire trip up to school. My goodness, Erica, even in the mirror I can see your clit! Is it true, Carrie, that objects may appear bigger than they actually are?”

Carrie had been rubbing my foot and bare leg lying over her thighs, but now she reached with her hand to stroke my little button. “I don’t know, Alicia… it’s pretty swollen.”

“Mmmm…. ahhhh!” I purred, squeezing my own titties at her touch.

“Ok, girls, hang on!”Alicia called out, readjusting the rearview mirror and pulling out of the driveway.

As we hit the road and started driving forward, my body jerked a little, causing Carrie to cup my pussy full in her hand. She used her other hand to pull the long blonde hair out of her face, then bent down to suckle on my tit. It was amazing how she licked and played with the nipple using her tongue. At the same time, she continued to tickle my labia and then inserted her finger in my wet pussy.

“Oh, yes! Oh, yes!” I cried out in pleasure.

Alicia only laughed as she made her way down the neighborhood streets. She was the only one wearing any clothes, while her two naked seventeen-year-old friends masturbated in the back seat.

“Remember, Erica, you have to keep your legs all the way apart,” Carrie reminded me. She used the palm of her hand to caress my body, rubbing circles down my stomach and vulva, then lower to feel my inner thigh. My friend dropped to her knees on the floor of the car and moved closer so that she was more or less in front of me. I placed my hands on top of her soft head of hair, guiding her down until her mouth kissed my bellybutton. But Carrie didn’t stop there. Soon, she was lapping up my juices and sucking on my pussy lips. Then she took my clit between her teeth…

“Ooooh! I’m going to cum, I’m going to cum!”

At the sound of my voice raised in ecstasy, Alicia floored the pedal and we sped down the road. This had the effect of throwing my buxom blonde friend on top of me, landing with her large breasts in my face. The sudden forward motion also had the effect of preventing me from reaching my orgasm. Although I did take this opportunity to ravish Carrie’s body.

She settled down in front of me, so close our bare pussies touched. I reached around her back and squeezed her ass tightly. Meanwhile, my nose was still buried between her tits, as I kissed her cleavage and licked her rising nipples. Pretty soon, my friend was moaning too, our bodies rubbing against each other. This was the most amazing ride I had ever taken!

“OK, ladies… we’re here.” Alicia announced, easing the car to a stop in the school parking lot.

The school was closed for a teacher’s conference, so there wouldn’t be any students around. It was a good thing, because I had completely lost sense of my surroundings and was playing with Carrie’s naked breasts while she kissed me full on the mouth. But realizing the car had stopped, she gently pulled away letting a finger trace down my chin, then moved to a more comfortable position in the back seat. My body was still tingling as I watched Alicia walk around and open the door at my side.

“Out of the car, Erica…”

Well, I was so worked up and horny at that point, I nearly jumped outside. It took me a moment to comprehend that I was standing bare-ass naked in front of my high-school. Only then did I remember to cover my small breasts and place a hand over my shaved pussy.

“You too, Carrie,” Alicia said, folding her arms patiently. Carrie climbed forward on her hands and knees, exiting by the same door until her bare feet touched the black pavement.

I watched our friend look us over, totally nude from head to toe. The situation was keeping me really aroused, so I made a bold suggestion. “Alicia, why don’t you take off your clothes, too? It would be so cool if you delivered that overdue report in the nude! We’ll go with you.”

Alicia examined our unclothed bodies before her and laughed, “Are you crazy? I’m not going to run around the school naked…”

However, her voice trembled just a little, and she rubbed a foot behind her leg.

“You know that Erica loves this,” I heard Carrie saying as she moved my arms and hands out of the way. “Look how pointy her nipples are… and her cute little pussy is just so ripe! You should join us, and we’ll all three go inside naked. It’ll be fun!”

I stood there, extremely embarrassed to be exposed this way, but it did seem to have an effect on our friend. Alicia looked around the empty lot nervously and asked, “What, just take off my clothes right here?”

“Uh-huh,” Carrie answered from behind me, her arms snaking around my body to play with my tits.

There was a pause for a moment, Alicia staring at my nude slender form. Then she lifted her sweatshirt up over her head, opening the car door to place it inside. Next, she unbuttoned the shirt she was wearing and removed it as well, so that her bra was now out in the open. I saw goose bumps spreading over her bare tummy.

“This is crazy,” our brunette friend muttered, even while she unbuckled her belt, lifting her legs out of her loose khaki trousers. Besides her bra, all she had left was her panties, shoes and socks. “Do I have to take off… everything?”

Carrie reached down and parted my pussy lips with her index and middle finger. “Absolutely! You have to be totally naked. Just look at Erica, here. You can see all her pink parts!”

“Oh, but…” Alicia started, stepping out of both shoes, then bending down to peel off her socks. When she was standing in the school parking lot in her bare feet, she continued, “Well, you won’t be able to see everything on me.”

By way of explanation, she lowered her underwear to reveal a trim, but nice brown bush.

“Hmmm… you should think about shaving that,” Carrie suggested. She walked out in front of Alicia and said, “I really like how my nude pussy looks. And it feels so smooth! Why don’t you test Erica…”

I gasped at the suggestion, but did not move to cover myself. Alicia smiled shyly and giggled, unsure of what to do. Slowly, I watched her arm extend toward me, and then her fingers lightly touched my vulva. With more confidence, Alicia rubbed and prodded my hairless mound, even sticking a finger inside my slit!

“Uungh…ahhh!” I moaned.

Alicia laughed, “Oh my, she’s wet!”

Naked as the day she was born, Carrie took our friend’s arm in her hands, and raised it so she could suck the finger that dripped with my pussy juice. “Now let’s get the rest of these things off you!”

It didn’t take much more convincing, Alicia rolled her panties down her legs and off her toes. Then she turned around to let Carrie unhook her bra. It was unreal watching all of this. I was completely naked, my eyes fixed on Carries bare ass as she took from Alicia her last article of clothing. And then all three of us were totally nude in front of our school!

“Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh,” Alicia suddenly giggled draping arms over her decent sized breasts and her bush. “All those times we stripped Erica… so this is what it feels like!”

“Mmmm, not exactly” I pointed out, while thumbing my clit in front of her. It was so hot seeing my friends naked with me, knowing we could all be caught. “But no one else has seen you yet.”

Carrie gave Alicia a playful slap on her bare butt. “And no more covering! We let it all hang out, right Erica? You’ve got to show tits, ass, and pussy if you want to be part of the Nude Sister Club!”

We all laughed at such a declaration, especially Carrie, which caused her gorgeous breasts to bounce wildly. Finally, Alicia put her hands at her sides, revealing her shapely figure. I noticed that all our nipples were very erect. But while our darker haired friend had the concealment of her pubes, and Carrie was sporting a cute camel toe, I looked down to see my pussy was wide open and glistening. Oh, it was so embarrassing… we were all naked, but clearly I was the most aroused. I decided I had better not keep touching myself.

“Well, I guess I should grab my report to bring upstairs,” Alicia announced.

When she opened the front passenger side door, our friend had to bend over to retrieve the school report out of her bag. Carrie and I got a nice view of her pink pussy lips from behind. Then she stood and spun around, self-consciously placing the binder in front of her crotch.

“No covering,” I reminded her, my own hands resting lightly on the sides of my legs.

Alicia sighed and also dropped her arms, and it appeared there was some moisture in her bush. “Right… OK, let’s go!”

“I think we had better go around through the back entrance,” Carrie said, taking my wrist and pulling me along.

We crept over to the side of the building, until our butts were against the brick wall, our shaved pussies totally exposed. Alicia reluctantly came over to join us, her boobs bouncing deliciously. She looked so naughty holding her report binder like a studious school girl, but not wearing any clothes! When she stood next to me with her legs slightly parted, I thought I noticed her labia starting to peek out.

“Erica,” Carrie whispered in my ear, drawing my focus away from Alicia’s pussy. “Go and see if it’s safe…”

I started to shake my head, saying that I didn’t want to go alone, but Carrie took my face in her hands and kissed me full on the mouth. Standing on my bare toes, I placed my hands on her breasts just to feel her nipples rise against my palms. Well, after that, how could I refuse!

Breathless, I took a few steps away from my friends and rounded the corner, expecting it to be just as quiet on this side of the school. At first, all I could concentrate was on the sight of my bare skin moving forward across the blacktop. Away from the prying eyes of Alicia and Carrie, I let my hands slip back into a defensive position. Actually, because I am sensitive about the size of my breasts, I had my palms cupped over quivering nipples and left my pussy completely exposed. I slowly walked this way a few more feet, before I heard the sound of voices!

Looking to my left, I stopped and watched figures moving over the grassy sports field. It appeared the boys soccer team was practicing today! Oh no, did they see me? For a moment, I panicked and brought my hands to my head and froze, which had the effect of revealing my entire nude body. I heard the coach’s whistle and voices raised in the heat of the activity. I wasn’t sure if anyone had noticed me…

Finally I came to my senses and turned around (showing my bare butt to the soccer team) so I could run back around the corner where my friends were waiting.

“Eek! Carrie… Alicia,” I called out, “They’re holding soccer practice this afternoon!”

My two friends giggled as I hunched slightly before them, nervously glancing over my shoulder as if I was being followed. Carrie pushed my arms out of the way and asked, “So did any hot guys get to see you?”

“Oh my,” Alicia now had her head swerving from side to side. “This is getting a little risky… maybe I should just get dressed and, well… you can wait in my car.”

Our bolder, and buck naked blonde friend simply started moving toward the school’s front entrance. “Oh, I would be so disappointed. Come on, let’s deliver that report!”

Alicia and I looked at each other, and shrugged our bare shoulders. To tell the truth, I was so horny right now, I wasn’t ready to put my clothes back on. Of course, I didn’t have any way to get dressed again, which is what made it so exciting for me, the fact that I was essentially trapped here naked. And Alicia’s sweet areolas were puffed up with nipples firmly erect. I could see that she was enjoying this too. We decided to follow Carrie, even though we knew there were other people around.

With the front parking lot empty except for one car, it was relatively safe for us to proceed. Soon, our bare legs and feet were climbing the steps that led to the large double doors. Alicia and I were on either side of our friend, and as we came closer, we could make out our reflections in the dark glass. Three pairs of breasts jiggled forward, and I realized that our backsides were totally on display should anyone come around and look in our direction.

“Hurry,” I said to my two taller friends, dancing on my toes. “Let’s get inside…”

Carrie tweaked one of my nipples and laughed, “My, aren’t you anxious to show off your nude little body to the faculty! OK, let’s go!”

“You… you don’t think we’ll really get caught,” Alicia asked apprehensively.

But I had already opened the unlocked door, and ushered my naked friends inside. I urged them to move quickly, as it appeared awfully quiet once we stepped inside the school. This was so unreal, so exhilarating to be standing like this in the lobby, completely undressed! Passing by the glass trophy case, we were treated again to the images of our young unclothed bodies… perky nipples and pussies in full view. The sight had me nearly fingering myself.

“So… so where do we have to bring your report,” I asked, desperately trying to keep my hands away from my crotch.

Alicia spun around, a little disorientated, giving me a nice look at her shapely ass. “Um… well, his classroom is on the third floor. I thought I would just leave it on his desk.”

“Mmmm,” Carrie purred, “I think I’ll see if the front office is empty. Maybe I’ll sit in the principal’s chair and play with myself!”

“Oh, you are just horrible!” Alicia laughed and spanked the busty blonde on her butt.

Carrie smiled devilishly and replied, “Well maybe I’ll cum all over his chair…”

“That, I have got to see,” I giggled excitedly, then added, “Are you really ready to cum?”

In reply, my friend walked up to me and spread her shaved pussy lips. I could see the wetness of her exposed pink parts, and even her clitoris was sticking out a little. Carrie took my fingers and placed them on her slit. I started toying with her slick pussy, and pushed her clit with my thumb.

“Oooh, Erica… we had better hurry, or you just might bring me off right here!”

Together, we ran down the hall, our bare feet slapping down the corridor. I could hear Alicia approaching fast behind us. This was inredible, I thought as we entered the front office. I would die of embarrassment if anyone found us naked, but it was also so hot and arousing! We were standing right in front of the counter where the secretaries sat, just across from the pigeon-holed mailboxes where the teachers would come to collect their papers. Alicia, Carrie, and I giggled like schoolgirls… naughty schoolgirls without a stitch of clothing! Our butts wiggled with the thrill of our total nudity.

And then I watched Carrie’s full bare ass walk around the counter and knock lightly on the door to the Principal’s office. She pressed her body against the wood and charmingly asked if anyone was inside. I had the sudden fear that the door would open, and our Principal would step out. And what a sight he would be greeted with… three of his senior girls standing stark naked before his office! We would all be in so much trouble; he would take us inside and make us each stand with hands on our heads, revealing absolutely everything, while he administered individual over the knee, bare-butt spankings…

“Damn, it’s locked,” Carrie muttered as she tried the knob.

“We could try the Dean of Students office,” Alicia suggested helpfully. “It’s just next door.”

Our friend whirled around, causing her big tits to bounce wildly. She had a great grin on her face, and I was already heading back into the hallway. I was so caught up in the situation, I didn’t bother to look around first or take any precautions for modesty. Oh well, I figured, no one seems to be around anyway. Part of me was thinking that we were supposed to be delivering Alicia’s overdue report, and we should do that before our luck runs out. But another part of me, nearly half an inch fully erect and sticking out of its hood, was so tempted by the idea of Carrie masturbating in front of us. I found that the door to the Dean of Students office opened quite easily. It was dark and quiet inside.

I jumped with a squeak when Carrie appeared behind me, running a playful finger up the crack of my ass. She gently pushed passed me, turning on the light to survey the contents of the room. Alicia and I padded in after her, and shut the door closed.

“OK, it’s show time!” our friend announced as she strolled around the messy desk strewn with papers and folders.

She eagerly climbed into the black leather seat, which must have felt good on her hot naked skin. Carrie draped her long legs over each of the armrests, leaving her bald pussy wide open. First she squeezed her luscious breasts, and massaged them until there wasn’t a soft nipple in the room. Then she licked the fingers of one hand, letting it slowly trace down her chest and belly. Alicia and I both looked on, amazed, as Carrie began to touch her vulva. Tickling, then stretching her labia, finally darting her finger inside the folds of pink skin. While she continued to rub her breast, I watched her toes curl with the rapid tapping of her clitoris.

Finally, I couldn’t watch any longer. Remembering her promise from earlier in the day, the reason why she let me shave her, I slid myself in front of the chair and sank to my knees. I was vaguely aware of Alicia following behind me, but my eyes were focused on Carrie’s sweet pussy. When I put my hands on her thighs, she pulled out her finger and let me start to eat. My tongue lapped up her juices and began sucking her lips. Meanwhile, Carrie ran her fingers through my hair, gently pushing my head deeper into her crotch.

“Mmmm… ahhhh,” I moaned in unison with my friend. There was something incredible going on down by my own pussy!

Alicia had laid back on the carpet of the office floor, her face just beneath my body. She placed her hands on my softly rocking hips, and was now licking my clitoris! I couldn’t believe how good it felt… I couldn’t believe how good Carrie tasted. I couldn’t believe we were having a threesome in the office of the Dean of Students!

Carrie gave a gasp of pleasure, and her cum dripped onto my tongue. I was also about to have a massive orgasm, which would cream Alicia’s face. I was wondering which one of us would have to munch on her carpet, when suddenly the door opened!

“What the hell is going on here,” came the sound of a female voice.

I was on all fours, my face buried in Carrie’s leaking pussy, and Alicia lay beneath me, her legs spread wide open. Whoever just walked in had a clear view of my bare backside, and my brunette friend’s furry slit. The voice, however, did not sound like an older woman, but someone about our age.

“Oh… hi, Lisa!” Carrie giggled as she stretched her arms languidly.

Immediately jumping to my feet, I stepped over Alicia and turned around to face Lisa the Bitch. She was wearing a smart button-down shirt and a black pair of trousers. Her lip curled in a sneer as she looked over my nude body from head to toe. I saw that she was holding a bundle of something in her arms.

Lisa looked down at Alicia, still lying naked on the floor, then back at me. “I noticed Alicia’s car outside, and found a full set of clothes on the seat. I figured you would be involved, Erica.”

Covering my small tits and pussy, I tried to explain. “Well, um, you see… Carrie and I were already n-naked… and Alicia had to drive us to school so her Aunt wouldn’t catch us n-naked… and then we talked Alicia into taking off everything so she could deliver her school report…”

“Actually, it was all Erica’s idea,” Carrie smiled at her friend Lisa. She kept her bare shapely legs hanging over the chair’s armrests and pointed at her pussy. “She even shaved me bald, the horny little girl!”

Oh, this was so embarrassing! To be caught stark nude by Lisa was badeenough, but for her to see me eating out Carrie, and then learn that I had shaved her pussy hair… I was blushing all over, even as my three pink parts were swollen hard!

Lisa shook her head and dropped Alicia’s clothes on her belly. “Stand up and get dressed.”

Alicia clutched her things tightly to her stomach with one arm, and used the back of the other to wipe her mouth. I hadn’t cum yet, but clearly my juices had trickled onto her lips. I watched as she quickly put on her underwear, and pants and shirt. As she pulled on her socks and shoes, for some reason, I felt so humiliated. All I could do was clasp both my hands in front of my pussy.

“There will be towels in the gym locker room,” Lisa told us. “Alicia, grab your report and you two follow me!”

I sighed with relief as we exited the office and stepped out into the empty hallway. At least, she was going to let us get covered. I didn’t know how much longer I could keep running around in the bare, as I never reached my orgasm and I was horny as hell! But I was also a little afraid, because if Lisa had been roaming around and discovered us, then so could other people… other teachers, or worse, our classmates. They would all laugh at me to see me in such a state! Carrie, however, didn’t seem to mind.

“Will you stop bouncing like that!” Lisa snapped walking next to our buxom friend.

Squeezing her breasts, Carrie laughed, “I can’t help it… my titties are just so big and bouncy!”

“And her butt, too,” Alicia commented. “It’s a good thing you normally wear clothes, because every part of you absolutely jiggles!”

“And look how smooth her pussy is now,” Lisa said out loud.

Oh, oh… they were blatantly talking about Carrie’s nude body, which was driving me crazy. I held my breasts with both hands as my bare legs rubbed together walking down the corridor. My out outer lips opened up, causing my labia to hang down. The sound of Lisa’s heels clicking over the floor only heightened my embarrassment, Alicia’s shoes echoing in time. In contrast, my bare feet slapped loudly on the cool floor, making me so aware of my nudity.

The four of us continued this way, rounding a corner until we started approaching the area where the gymnasium was located. I suddenly remembered that the boys soccer team was practicing outside, and they could come in through the back entrance at any moment. I looked around fretfully as I walked bare-ass nude with my other naked friend and our two clothed friends. Now I cautiously lowered my hand to hide my protruding clitoris, just as Lisa brought us to a stop.

“OK, in we go…” the bossy blonde commanded.

Over the laughter of Alicia and Carrie, I whined, “But… but, Lisa, this is the door to the boys locker room!”

“Exactly,” she said pushing me through with a shove. The other girls followed after.

Luckily, the wide room was empty. In three full years at this high school, I had never been inside here. It was kind of weird moving along the tiles, though it was not much different from the girls locker room. There was a faint musky smell in the air, the scent of deodorant or aftershave, too. The fact that I was stark naked made it all the more bizarre, but I was strangely fascinated by the occasional piece of sports equipment lying about. I let my hands drop to my sides.

“You were right,” Carrie called from somewhere in the distance.

I don’t remember us becoming separated so quickly. Then I watched as she strolled out from behind a shower stall, a white towel wrapped tightly around her body. Keeping it closed in the front with her hand, the cloth material reached from the top of her breasts to just the tops of her thighs. She was still showing a lot of skin, but had everything covered.

“Perfect,” Lisa said with hands on her hips, then motioned for all of us to gather around. “Erica, you of course must remain totally naked. That is your punishment for being such a dirty girl, and making my friends take off their clothes!”

“But…” I started to plead, spreading my arms wide for emphasis, which only caused me to expose all my private parts.

Lisa, however, only folded her arms across her chest and continued. “And such a dirty little girl needs to take a shower.”

I looked around, thankfully it was just us four senior girls. Alicia and Carrie grinned at me, as I was the only one still nude. Turning to Lisa, I asked, “You want me to take a shower… in the boys locker room?”

Even as I spoke the words, my nipples instantly hardened. I could swear they were pointing toward the ceiling. I dare not look down at my pussy. But Lisa stood in front of me and softly touched my clit.

“That’s right, Erica. You are going to take a shower, and you may not play with yourself. Under no circumstances are you allowed to cum!”

“Mmmm,” I moaned and knew that I would do whatever she asked.

Suddenly, the locker room door banged open, and there was the noise of many male voices…laughing, talking, and shouting. But they were brought to an abrupt hush of silence, when they caught sight of the four girls standing in the center of the floor. Four high school seniors, one of them just wearing a towel. And the other one… Oh my gosh, I was completely naked in front of the boys soccer team! My brown eyes went wide as I looked at each of their faces, before I remembered to cover myself with hands and arms.

“Just in time,” Lisa announced like a circus ringmaster. “You boys are in for a treat, as our friend here needs to use the shower. I’m sure no one here will mind as we wait for her to finish?”

As the team shuffled forward to take their seats on the benches, I couldn’t help but notice a lot of bulges in their collective shorts. It kind of made me feel good to know that my body gave them an erection, but I guess the whole situation was kind of hot. I saw more then a few boys staring at Carrie in her towel instead of me, and that also made me a little embarrassed. Trying to see if there was any way out of this, I looked to Lisa with my arms wrapped around my chest and hips. But her icy glare only sent me hopping toward the nearest shower stall.

Now I knew that all eyes had turned in my direction, as everyone had a good look at my cute little ass. There were some whistles and there were even some who said as much. So I shook my butt a little as I reached out to turn the faucet. Careless, I kept my legs parted slightly, and as I bent forward to take the soap, my pussy lips were in clear view from behind! The water hit me, causing me to jump on my toes. That sent my bare tits quivering, though no one saw this. I started soaping up my belly and thighs. Turning to my side, I rubbed my lean legs from my knees down to my feet. From this profile view, the boys could see how pointy my nipples were, sticking straight out like darts. I was thankful for the spray of water that prevented me from hearing their comments!

Well, after I rinsed off my front and sides, I lathered up my butt cheeks and lower back. There was nothing left to do but turn around now and show them everything. The stream of water felt so good as it hit my skin, I really wanted nothing more than to masturbate in front of the soccer team, but I knew Lisa said I couldn’t. In fact, if I even touched myself, I think I would cum on the spot… that would be so humiliating! Instead, I closed my eyes and let my hands run through my hair beneath the showerhead. Of course, this had me exposing everything to the boys, and I mean nothing was left to the imagination. They saw my perky tits, by flat tummy, and pink little pussy. What’s worse, as I arched my back to rinse my hair real good, my pussy lips parted and my clit was poking right at them. I’m pretty sure some of the boys were rubbing their groin.

Finally, I spun around to turn off the faucet. I was left standing naked and dripping wet before a dozen or so people, including my friends. Water beaded over my body, running down my legs, and I just stood there not even bothering to hide my nudity. I couldn’t believe the show I had just given!

Then Lisa handed me a towel and said, “You can dry yourself, Erica, except for your hair.”

A little confused, I proceeded to pat down my arms and my chest, yet leaving my hair to hang glistening in strings. I finished rubbing off the rest of my body, then wrapped the towel around me, making a knot in front of my A-cup breasts. There were a few jokes about what was keeping it up, which made me blush.

“I didn’t say you could keep the towel!” Lisa scolded, then yanked the cloth material right off me.

Immediately, my nipples sprang out fully erect, and someone commented that was what had been holding the towel up. For sure, my nips were so extended, I think you could place coat hangers on each one! I was about to place a hand over my bald pussy, when Lisa took my arm and started to drag me back toward the locker room exit. Slowly she marched me in front of the line of soccer players who got a nice close-up look at my passing nude body.

“All right, show’s over,” Lisa said, but not before one of the guys slapped me on the bare ass!

Alicia and Carrie (still clad in just a towel) joined us by the door. Before leaving, one of the dazzled and dumbfounded boys called out, “You mean you’re taking her outside naked?”

“Yeah, it’s like an initiation… or something,” Carrie laughed. Then she opened her towel to give the team a quick parting flash, which brought much applause at the sight of her massive round breasts and shaved pussy.

Once we were back in hallway, I watched my blonde friend fit the towel snugly around her body again. This, and thefeel of my still-wet hair dripping on my bare shoulders, served to remind me that I remained quite nude.

“Now what?” I asked timidly, although the way I looked at each of my friends, it might have sounded a bit too eager.

Alicia held her binder in front of her chest. “I still have to deliver my report, or I’m going to be in trouble.”

“Well, we can’t let that happen,” Lisa said patting my friend on the shoulder. “Erica, are your hands dry?”

I held out my palms, which caused Carrie to smile in delight, as it left me with everything on display. Knowing that her eyes were locked on my hairless crotch, I still managed to answer, “Yes… Lisa, only my head is still wet.”

“That will be good enough. Here, take Alicia’s binder. You are going to deliver the report for her. I know for a fact that her teacher is back in the classroom working on papers.”

Speechless, I stared at Lisa for a moment. When she thrust the report into my arms, I grasped it tightly, turning my head to see if anyone was watching. Just a little while ago, I had licked my lips and was turned on by the vision of an unclothed Alicia carrying around her schoolwork. Now the tables were turned, and I was the naughty schoolgirl; naughty and naked and about to show myself in front of a teacher?

“Lisa… I c-cant… I can’t do that!” I whimpered, crossing my arms over the binder against my tits.

She moved close and let her fingers stroke the wet strands of my hair. “Sure you can, Erica. You’ll just have to explain that you were taking a shower, and someone stole all your clothes. But you promised Alicia that you would drop off her report. And you couldn’t let down your best friend, now could you?”

I looked wide-eyed at Alicia who only giggled at me, “Why, Erica, what a good friend you are! You would even deliver my report to my teacher, bare-ass nude, just so I wouldn’t get in trouble!”

“That’s ridiculous,” I shook my head, sending droplets of water flying to either side of the hallway. “I won’t do it…”

“Oh no?” Lisa smiled mischievously, then reached down to cup my totally exposed bare pussy. “How close are you to having an orgasm?”

“Aaahhh…” I gasped feeling her tickle my clit. And there was nothing I could do to stop these sensations! Carrie moved in behind me, started fondling my ass. As soon as she kissed the back of my neck, I whispered, “I’m going to cum!”

“No you are not,” Lisa said and withdrew her hand. Even the warmth of Carrie’s body vanished as she backed away. Oh, this was so frustrating! Lisa continued her instructions. “Now, not only are you going to bring Alicia’s report to her teacher stark naked, but also extremely aroused… on the very edge of a climax! And without letting him on to what you are doing, you are going to have that orgasm right in front of her teacher…”

In spite of the predicament I was in, I started rubbing the report against my nipples. “Please don’t make me do this!”

“We’re going to inspect you when you’re done, Erica, so don’t disappoint us!”

Alicia and Carrie just smiled at me, as I clutched the binder to my stomach. “Can I cover myself, at least?”

Lisa thought for a moment, and said, “We’ll leave that up to you. Who knows… maybe you want to show off your little body! All right, then, let’s go before your hair dries, and you loose your excuse for running around naked.”

She made a good point. As absurd as this story was going to be, it was the only excuse that would afford me the opportunity to approach another teacher without any clothes. I began walking back down the quiet corridor, toward the school lobby where the stairs were. The other three girls followed behind me, watching my tender ass wiggle with each step. No one else was around, though I was very careful as I turned each corner. Soon, I reached the foot of the stairwell. For a moment, I thought my friends would disappear on me. I glanced over my shoulder, looking to Alicia for direction.

“My class is on the third floor… room 305,” She told me.

Lisa then put a hand on her arm, preventing my friend from following me. “You’re going up by yourself, Erica. And when you finish your task, Carrie is going to inspect you. So you better make it a good one…”

I gulped in fear, staring from one blonde to the other. Carrie coyly adjusted the towel around her bosom and winked at me. I supposed the thought that afterward she would have to finger or lick my pussy to prove that I had cum upstairs, gave me some encouragement. So with butterflies in my tummy, I lifted my bare foot to the first step.

It was one thing to be seen naked by the soccer team. I mean, they were just teenage boys and some were probably just as embarrassed as I was. I bet some of them were jerking themselves off right now. But exposing myself to a teacher was going to be really humiliating. What if I ended up taking his class in the second half of the year? Every time he would look at me, he would remember that sight of my nude body that I was about to show him deliberately. Well, it wasn’t quite deliberate… Lisa was making me do this!

I touched my hair as I arrived on the landing to the third floor. The top had dried a little, but the ends were still wet. And there were still drops of water on the bare skin of my shoulders. I also touched my pussy lightly, knowing that I would have to reach an orgasm quickly and without being too obvious about it. No problem there, my clitoris was already swollen. I was so ready to go off.

The hallways were darkened up here, as classes were not in session today. This made me feel a little more relaxed, and I even lowered the binder and my other hand to my sides. The tiles of the floor were of course cool beneath my feet, making me acutely aware of my naked condition and keeping me horny. There was a shaft of light coming out of one room off to the side… no doubt, Alicia’s classroom. Damn! I was hoping he would have been gone, and I would have to leave the report by the door. But then, part of me also wanted to carry out this mission.

Silently I crept along the walls, until my next step would have my toes and leg in full view of the open doorway. I took a deep breath. I draped an arm tightly across my chest so that both my nipples were covered. Alicia’s report, I held against my bare pubic mound. Another deep breath, and I walked inside the classroom.

Seeing the teacher hunched over his desk, absorbed in his work, I cleared my throat and said, “Excuse me…”

And then I glanced to my side and saw that there were other students in here! Two boys and two girls… they looked to be freshmen or sophomores. Oh no, Lisa had set me up! And they could see the totally exposed side of my body!

“Yes, what is it…” the teacher started as he put down his pen and peered over his glasses at me. “My goodness, young lady, where are your clothes?”

I was still fixed on the students now giggling at me, but then turned back to answer the teacher. “Oh my… I, uh, that is… I was taking a shower in the boys, I mean girls, locker room, and…”

“Why have you walked up here completely naked?” He asked impatiently. “Are you in my 9^th grade English class?”

How embarrassing! Because of my slight and slender frame, he thought I was maybe 14 years old!

“Nooo!,” I whined, stepping up on my toes a little, as if that would make me look taller. “I got out of the shower… and, and all my clothes were gone. I’m a senior like Alicia in your 12^th grade class…I promised I was going to drop off her report today!”

An older, balding man, Alicia’s teacher now sat back in his chair, eyeing me from head to toe. “Ah yes, that is correct. She was already overdue with that assignment, and today was the very last day I would accept it from her. Very considerate of you, Miss…?”

“Erica,” I nodded shyly, then glanced back at the younger students ogling my bare body. My nipples were so erect they felt like they were on fire!

“Yes, well, it was very considerate of you, Erica, to deliver Alicia’s report in spite of your… situation.”

A moment of awkward silence passed between us, I don’t think anyone in the room was breathing. Finally, the teacher shifted in his chair and glared at me, holding out his hand.

“I suppose you had better give that to me, Erica.”

I nodded, and slowly lowered my arm to grip the binder on its other edge. This exposed to him my bare breasts. Then, with shaking hands, I stretched my arms out to present the report, bringing my pussy into view. Alicia’s work must have had the scent of my feminine musk. The teacher sat forward a little to take my only covering in his fingers. He had to tug at first before I finally released it. And then I brought my own hands to my sides.

Now I was standing completely naked at the front of the classroom next to the teacher’s desk. There were five people looking at me, and I wasn’t hiding anything. I thought I would die of shame, but I also felt so hot and sexy.

“Is there anything else,” the teacher asked, with an unobstructed view of my small tits and labia.

I stood there, and bit my lip to keep from making a sound. My legs rubbed together slightly, enough to cause friction and a warm tingling inside my pussy. My hips bucked forward and back just a little, as if I had momentarily lost my equilibrium. And then my eyes fluttered, my toes curled, my arms quivered, and silently I had a very public orgasm. I could feel my girl cum trickling down my inner thigh, and I knew I had better return to my friends.

Exasperated at my brazen display of total nudity, Alicia’s teacher asked, “Can you not find something to wear at all?”

“Aaah…” I started, still feeling the lingering aftereffects of my climax, “Um… I just remembered I have some spare clothes in my car.”

I don’t think he believed me, but over the giggling of his students, he said, “Well, please hurry back downstairs and get dressed. The school is nearly empty, so hopefully no one else will see you!”

“Yes sir,” I replied meekly, turning around so that I flashed my butt to the other boys and girls.

If he only knew that an entire soccer team had already seen my naked body! I quickly spun on my heel to face the door, exposing my puffed out pussy lips from behind as I jogged out into the hallway. I wish my pointy nipples didn’t wiggle so much with my movements, causing the students to laugh and whistle at my departure.

I raced down the stairs, not knowing what to expect. Half of me would not be surprised to find that Lisa, Carrie, and Alicia had left me stranded here. I was just thinking about the possibility of another walk home in the nude, my bare feet slapping over the last few steps. But exiting the stairwell into the lobby, the three girls were waiting for me.

“Did he get my report,” Alicia seemed more concerned about getting in trouble with her teacher than me. I nodded, and she gave me an approving peck on the cheek. “Good girl, Erica!”

“And how about the other part of your special delivery,” Lisa folded her arms. “Go ahead… spread that pink slit of yours!”

Stark naked in the high school lobby, I placed my feet about shoulder-width apart, and squatted just a little. With my two index fingers, I pulled open my vulva and showed the girls.

“Well, she certainly looks wet,” Carrie observed.

She padded up to me and held onto her towel so that it wouldn’t slip. Her fingers pressed lightly on my belly, then she moved her hand to run along the tops of my thighs. Feeling the slickness of my skin, she ventured further north, and pushed her long middle finger deep inside my pussy. As I gasped with pleasure, I came again, and Carrie lifted up her palm to lick off my sweet cum.

“Mmmm… this is a fresh batch,” my friend said between sucking her fingers dry. “But it’s definitely not her first ejaculation!”

Oh, to hear her talk that way, in such graphic detail! I was so embarrassed even in front of my friends. There was no hiding my humiliation and arousal. Breathless, I asked “Can… can we just go now?”

“Oooh, Erica is so cute when she’s blushing,” Alicia pointed out. “She’s pink all over! I want to driver her home like this.”

Lisa started leading us to the school’s front door. “OK, but Carrie is riding with me. We need to discuss our plans for little Erica.”

We walked outside into the cool air of the latter afternoon. My throbbing nips remained erect, although I cautiously placed a hand over my pussy. I saw that Lisa had parked her blue Volkswagen next to Alicia’s car. The two drivers entered their vehicles, and waited for Carrie and I to open the passenger side doors so we could climb inside. At least she still had her towel… I was wearing nothing!

Backing up in the empty school parking lot, the cars then circled and spun around, pulling next to each other facing opposite directions. Lisa and Alicia rolled down their windows.

“Let’s drive around until dark,” Lisa said, “and then head back to your Aunt’s house. We can sneak back into your cousin’s tree house!”

Alicia nodded and rubbed my bare thigh. “Oooh, this sounds fun!”

We ended up following Lisa as we left the parking lot and pulled onto the street. I was nervous, sitting there in Alicia’s car, up front and without a stitch. My perky breasts were on full display, I let my hands rest in my lap.

“What an exciting day,” my friend next to me said. “I wonder what could make it even more wild?”

Ahead of us, Lisa was maybe two car-lengths down the road. Suddenly, their passenger side window opened as Carrie stuck out her arm to wave at us. And then, something large and white came flying out the window, passing me to the right, whipping down the street.

She had thrown her towel out of the moving automobile!

I immediately lifted my legs apart and placed my bare feet on the dashboard of Alicia’s car. And began to bring myself to another orgasm…

**17 - Erica’s Boots**

I was wearing a pair of the cutest ankle-high suede boots, which I had just purchased moments ago. They were absolutely adorable; light brown and velvety soft to the touch. They also felt really comfortable on my feet. Sometimes it’s hard for me to find shoes in my exact, tiny size. But these boots fit perfectly. I also liked the way the heel made me look taller than I am.

We were at the mall, my friend Alicia and I, hoping to finish our shopping spree before the stores closed for the evening. I was so taken with my new boots, I even wore them right out of the store. Without hesitating, I dumped the old pair of worn shoes into the nearest trash receptacle. Now my ensemble was complete, dressed in a little white skirt coming down to about mid-thigh, and a short-sleeved tan top that just covered my bellybutton. This outfit was actually quite daring for me, but it was nice outside and I was feeling good tonight. Maybe I would show a bit of skin…

“Hey, Erica,” Alicia started pulling me by the arm. “Let’s see if that new CD is in.”

I watched as the crowd in the mall was starting to thin out, then said to my friend, “Do you think we still have time? The record store is all the way on the other side.”

Alicia smiled at me and answered, “Well we can make it if we hurry!”

And with that, my friend bolted off in the direction toward the opposite end of the mall. She was clad in modest jean shorts and a comfortable fitting T-shirt, and rubber soled sandals that made her dash more easily. I started moving after her and found that while the boots were comfortable enough, it was the rest of my clothes that were clearly not ideal for running. For one thing, I realized my shirt may have been a little too tight. As my chest heaved up and down, my nipples were rubbing against the clingy material. And then I had to use my hands to keep my skirt from flapping up and down, flashing my blue panties. To make matters more difficult, I was running against the tide of people, as most of them were heading toward me, toward the exit. Well, it was a little embarrassing to say the least.

I was sure that this would all be a waste of energy and the store would be closing. But upon entering the more deserted section in the back of the mall, I saw Alicia waving at me from between those security detectors they use to make sure you don’t slip away with the merchandise. Pausing, I looked down and saw that my nipples were protruding, making little indentations in my shirt. Great, now I had to walk into a record store, and everyone would know my nips were erect. For some reason, since I had stopped running, I felt kind of chilly. Rubbing my bare arms, a shiver went down my back.

“Come on, Erica, we don’t have all night…”

Hearing my friends voice prompted me to move ahead, still clutching my elbows in opposite hands. There was a girl at the front check-out desk, who looked to be about the same age as us, seventeen or eighteen. She was busy closing out the cash register, but when she lifted her head up, she snapped her chewing gum at me as I walked past.

“Are you Alicia’s little sister?”

I was a bit taken aback at her question and told her that in fact I went to school with Alicia. She just shook her head like she didn’t believe me, and then resumed her money counting. I guess my boots made me appear taller, but so much for making me look older…

Moving on, I casually strolled down the aisles of CD racks organized in different music styles. There was one other guy in the store, listening to some sample tracks on one of those kiosk machines. I saw him glance my way, which made me feel a little better. Taking my time, I liked how the boots accentuated my slender legs, and even flashed a little thigh beneath the hem of my skirt. He fumbled with his headphones a little, and then went back to concentrating on his music selection. I giggled and kept walking. Usually, I don’t behave like this, but for some reason my outfit had me feeling flirtatious.

Alicia was already at the back of the store, where they had motion picture soundtracks lining the walls, as well as other listening accessories and a poster rack. I didn’t plan on buying anything, but I wondered if Alicia had found what she was looking for. It seemed the store really should be closing in a matter of minutes. When I reached the back wall, I noticed that it was pretty well secluded here. I mean I could see that the one guy had already departed, leaving just the cashier girl, Alicia and me. Once the hit song playing over the speakers was turned off, I knew it must be time to go.

“Did they have the CD in?” I asked my friend.

Absently flipping through some boy band posters, she said, “Nah… looks like they all sold out. I can try back next week, though.”

I was just about to suggest we think about leaving, when two new people entered from the front of the store. Two young women, I observed from the corner where we stood. The late arrivals were heading straight toward the back of the store, coming clearer into view.

“Oh my gosh,” I said pointing. “It’s Carrie and Lisa! I didn’t know they were at the mall today.”

Alicia turned to me and smiled, “Yeah, I thought they had work or something. This is great… we can all hang out together, tonight!”

“Cool,” I replied, although whenever Lisa was involved, I was a little nervous. She could be bitchy and bossy sometimes. And sometimes it seemed she was determined to get a laugh out of everyone at my expense. I self-consciously tugged the bottom of my skirt, but it didn’t quite reach my knees.

“Hey, Alicia… hey, Erica,” Carrie greeted us pleasantly.

Lisa was carrying a pair of large shopping bags, which she dropped to the ground not too far from my feet. “Well, well little girls… I see we’re out late at the mall. Let’s see what kind of trouble we can get into.”

“Oh, Lisa,” Alicia laughed excitedly, “You’re always spoiling for some fun. Now what sort of wild things could four high school seniors possibly dream up?”

Carrie, meanwhile, had crouched down to admire my footwear. “Oooh, Erica… I just love those boots! Are they new?”

“Yeah,” I said feeling a bit flushed. “I just bought them…”

“Well let Carrie see them,” Lisa looked at me coldly. I immediately knew there was no avoiding her commands.

I extended my leg as far forward as I could, even raising the hem of my skirt an inch or two, and turned my foot at different angles to show off the boot. First, I looked at Carrie to see her appreciation. But then I found myself turning toward Lisa, seeking her approval as well.

Arms folded across her chest, Lisa only shook her head. “That’s not good enough. Take off the boot, Erica, and let Carrie hold them.”

Not knowing why, I bent down to lower the zippers and then stepped out of both boots. This meant of course I was now standing in the back of the record store in my bare feet, and I picked up the boots, handing them to Carrie. All the while, I was aware of the gray carpet beneath my toes. I felt really exposed for some reason, looking down to see all that flesh showing from the point where my skirt ended. Nervously, I rubbed one bare boot behind my other leg, watching Carrie enjoy the suede with her fingers.

“These are really nice, Erica!” Carrie gasped to my pleasure. “And just right for your size. Hmmm… imagine Erica running around in these little boots, and nothing else!”

Oh, oh… why did she have to say something like that? I could feel my skin blush with embarrassment, even as the mental image was getting me hot. Instantly, the thought caused my nipples to rise, pushing outward against my shirt. My greater fear was that Carrie’s comment would give certain people certain ideas.

Lisa must have been reading my mind. She picked up one of her shopping bags and held it in front of Carrie. “I have a better idea. Go ahead, drop Erica’s little booties in here… for safe keeping.”

“But,” I started to protest, “but I just bought those. They’re really expensive, and I like wearing them.”

Lisa watched in satisfaction as Carrie placed first one of my new boots, then the other, inside the bag. Then she turned to me and said, “Come on, Erica, tell the truth. You much prefer running around in your bare feet.”

I shook my head, but found myself saying, “Maybe sometimes… but not at night, in the middle of the mall! Please be careful with them.”

“You really like your new boots, don’t you?” I could see Lisa scheming already. Her eyes held a mischievous glint. This was going to be bad. “All right, I’ll tell you what. I’m going to mind your new purchase until you get home. If you want them back in the same excellent condition they are in now, you’re going to have to do something for me.”

I gulped and squeaked, “What… what do I have to do?”

“Give Alicia your belt and skirt.”

Oh my goodness, we were huddled in the rear of the mall’s record store, which was due to be closing any moment. I was sure the cashier girl who thought I was Alicia’s little sister would be coming back here to throw us out. And I didn’t have any shoes on!

My friend stepped close to me and patted my cheek reassuringly. “If it will make it easier, I can take the belt myself.”

Smiling the whole time, Alicia popped open the buckle, and she slowly pulled my belt through the loops at the sides and back of my skirt. This she then rolled up in her hand and took a step back. All eyes were on me.

“Well?” Lisa demanded.

What could I do? I was in a trance, caught in Lisa’s spell. Besides, I really wanted my boots back. The last thing I wanted was to provoke her into doing something nasty to them, and ruining the suede. My hands were shaking a little, even as I tried not to think that I was in a public record store. At least there was no one else around. Slowly my fingers found the button at the side of my hip, then eased down the delicate zipper. I let the skirt fall to the floor, revealing my blue set of panties.

“Wow, nice pair of briefs,” Carrie clucked with glee. I lifted my bare feet out of the white material, reached down and picked it up. Then, as instructed, I handed my skirt over to Alicia.

“Thank you,” Lisa said before holding the shopping bag open like a trick-or-treater. “Kindly deposit these items on top of Erica’s boots. And now, Erica, if you will just remove your panties…”

My mouth hung open for a moment, and then I realized I was standing here in my underwear. “Oh, Lisa… you can’t really mean for me to do… that! I’ll be bottomless in the mall. Totally bottomless; without my shoes, that will leave me completely naked from the waist down.”

“Exactly,” Lisa said in a mocking tone of voice. “And unless you want to be without your boots for a long time, you will take off your panties and give them to me.”

I paused, hesitating, looking at each of the girls. Carrie and Alicia tried to contain their laughter. They apparently found this very amusing.

“Right now!”

At the sound of Lisa’s sharp words, I hooked my thumbs in the blue elastic and peeled my panties all the way down my legs and off my feet. Retrieving them and holding out an arm, Lisa snatched my only shred of underclothing and stuffed the panties into her bag. Everyone got a good look at my nude pussy, but then I clamped my hands over my vulva. This was so humiliating! And all this just to get my boots back…

“What’s taking so long back here!” came the sound of a young female voice.

Oh no, the counter girl was heading over to us, and I was dressed in only a shirt that just reached down to my navel! She hadn’t seen me yet, because Alicia and Carrie were blocking me from view. But when she approached, my friends stepped aside and let her through. I don’t know why, but I lifted both my hands, bringing them to cover my face in shame.

The cashier girl whistled, “Nice camel toe…”

Oh, oh… she was talking about my little pussy. Cleanly shaved, the outer lips were pressed together as I kept my legs shut tight. But my nipples were rock hard and stretching out my top. This evidence of my horniness was not lost on Lisa. She took my arms and pulled them away from my face.

“Erica, I swear… what is it with you and your damn pointy nipples!”

With that, Lisa grabbed the bottom of my shirt and started lifting. At first I thought she was going to embarrass me by exposing my titties. But she actually moved rather quickly and decisively. She pulled the fabric all the way up my body… up to my chin, then over my head… and then off my head and arms completely. In one motion, Lisa stepped back and tossed the shirt into her shopping bag. Oh my God… she had just stripped me stark naked in the back of the music department!

A moment of silence elapsed as everyone took in the sight of my nude body. This was broken by the snap of the cashier girl’s chewing gum. She stood right in front of me, looking me up and down from head to toe. I noticed she was kind of dressed in a goth/punk outfit. A lot of black, and chains that dangled from her shirt and pants. Her hair had streaks of blue. I watched her eyes evaluating me, and thought that her dark heavy clothes only seemed to emphasize my total nudity.

“Yeah, she’s pretty cute,” the cashier girl commented.

Carrie leaned forward, pointing at my hairless crotch. “I know, isn’t she! And wait until you see what happens to her amazing pussy…”

Oh, why did Carrie have to draw everyone’s attention to my sweet little snatch! I kept my hands at my sides, but I knew I was opening up like a flower down there. Lowering my head, sure enough, the outer lips of my vulva were puffed out. No more camel toe, as I spread my legs ever so slightly, my juicy labia unfolded and hung down. All this scrutiny was making me very horny and to embarrass me further, I could feel my engorged clitoris starting to swell up. One little sexy thought, and my erect clit would be fully exposed. That’s when it hit me, I was standing bare ass naked in the mall’s record store…

“Pop!” Carrie laughed with delight, “There it goes… I believe we have achieved complete erection!”

The cashier girl reached out and gently laid a finger on my clit. “Not a bad little joy button, Erica.”

“Mmmmph,” I moaned, sensitive to her touch. She was bringing me to the edge of orgasm, but I had a feeling my friends wouldn’t let me cum. “Can… ah, ah… can I just have my clothes back?”

“I don’t think you’re ready to get dressed yet,” Lisa announced.

The cashier girl who had been softly stroking my pussy, snapped her chewing gum, then suddenly whipped out her set of keys and headed off toward the front of the store. “Well, I have to lock down the store for the night. You ladies best be leaving.”

Alicia and Carrie each took one of my hands, preventing me from covering up at all. Alicia turned to me and said, “OK, Erica, looks like we have to go now.”

“But… but, I’m still completely naked!” I felt like a child saying this, pointing out the obvious, and more so felt like a youngster being dragged away from the toy store. As the girls, who were both bigger than me, started moving forward, I had no choice but to follow along in their clutches. Behind me, Lisa tickled my ass, causing me to scoot ahead even faster. I must have been in a daze or something, as I didn’t put up much of a protest. Before I knew it, we exited the store, my bare feet finding the cold tiles of the shopping mall’s main floor.

At this point, Alicia and Carrie let go of me, and my hands instinctively moved to cover my tits and pussy. I watched in horror as the grey metal security gate came crashing down in front of the store. The noise made me fearful that other people would look in our direction. There were other voices and sounds coming from further away in the mall, but this was pretty much the nightly closing routine. Nothing unusual here, except for the totally nude young girl standing outside!

“Damn it, Gwen,” Lisa said to the punky record store clerk. “I left my packages in there.”

Gwen continued to look me over from head to toe, snapping her gum critically, before turning to answer Lisa, “Well, I’ll be opening up tomorrow morning. They’ll be safe until then. You can swing by and pick them up.”

“But my clothes are in there!” I nearly shrieked. “All of my clothes…”

Alicia rubbed my shoulder reassuringly. “Oh, Erica, I guess you’ll just be spending the night like this.”

I couldn’t imagine taking one more step bare-assed naked, my nipples aching they were so hard. Suddenly, there came an announcement over the mall PA system, that all shoppers must leave the building. Her shift over, the goth attired teen was already departing, wishing me the best of luck. I looked from one friend to another, but they all just smiled at me.

“What… what am I supposed to do?” I asked, seeking some kind of emotional support.

“Well for starters, you can move your hands out of the way!” Carrie not only suggested, but actually took my wrists in her hands and gently lowered my arms to my sides.

I took a deep breath and could feel my skin flush in embarrassment as I had everything now on display. Before I knew it, my friends started walking forward, and I had to hurry to keep from being left behind. Without bothering to cover up, I did move more freely. I reached out and tugged on Lisa’s jacket.

“Will you guys at least take me straight home,” I asked quietly.

The tall blonde only glared down at me. “Why? I’m not going to allow your nudity spoil our fun. I think we are going to keep you naked all night!”

“Please don’t do that,” I begged Lisa.

The four of us stopped at a corner section of the mall. Once we rounded the bend, we would be heading directly for the exit. I was glad for the pause, to settle my quivering tummy and reassess the situation. The girls surrounded me, thankfully hiding me from view, but their eyes were locked on my bare little body.

Lisa, ever the antagonist, reached out with her arm and ran a finger between my perky breasts. “Why not, Erica? Why shouldn’t we keep you naked?”

Oh, this was so humiliating… I pointed down at my shaved and glistening pussy and confessed, “Because the longer I stay nude, the more horny I get!”

Alicia and Carrie giggled, but Lisa only folded her arms decisively. “Then this should be a pretty interesting evening!”

We then started moving again, or I should say, my three friends abruptly turned around the corner leaving me to keep pace. I looked over my shoulder and saw that the mall had indeed emptied out considerably. No one was following us or watching my bouncing bare butt! When I entered the wide concourse leading to the lobby, my heart started beating faster and my legs froze.

“Lisa!” I said in a harsh whisper, ducking back behind the corner. “Carrie… Alicia! Help!”

Mercifully, the girls stopped in their tracks and came laughing back to me. When they inquired as to what was the matter (as if they had to ask!) I told them there were too many people exiting from the stores, and there was a security guy standing in front of the entrance. I would never make it out like this.

“Hmm,” Lisa began plotting a strategy. “I see your point. Or should I say, two points…”

And to further embarrass me, she tweaked my very erect nipples in each of her hands. Then she moved her hands to cup my breasts. I wondered what the hell she was doing! As her hands gently pressed down my stomach and hips, I realized how great her fingers felt on my naked skin. I closed my eyes, feeling my clitoris swell and poke out of its hood, even as Lisa pulled me close and cupped my cheeks, lifting me to my toes by my little bottom.

Then she explained, “You’re pretty light, Erica. So here is what we’re going to do. Stand with your hands on your hips…”

I did as I was told, and saw Carrie lick her lips hungrily at the sight of my totally bare body flushed pink. I was getting horny, and she knew it! But then Lisa interrupted my thoughts by telling me I must stay very still… and they would pretend I was a mannequin, and carry me out of the mall!

“It will never work!” I cried.

Lisa only scowled at me, not liking her plans criticized. “Well, Miss Smartypants, it’s either that, or you walk out of here like a normal girl… who’s not wearing any clothes!”

What could I do? I gulped, and stared straight ahead, while placing my arms fixed bent at my sides. Of course, this left my inch long nipples exposed, and everything below. But I guess not having any pubic hair made it seem more plausible to pass as plastic, Playtex, or rubber. Or so I tried to convince myself. Suddenly, Alicia and Carrie moved to either side of me, gripping underneath my arms. The two stronger eighteen-year olds had no problem lifting me clean off my feet! Soon they were marching me down toward the exit of the mall.

Still, they had to pause a couple of times to lower me to the ground. I did my best to keep my limbs rigid. It was hard, because my tummy was filled with butterflies. I also had to try not to blink, even though I knew other people were leaving in the same direction and some had already passed us. Every now and then, Carrie let slip her hand, “accidentally” brushing my bald vulva. So on top of everything else, I also had to keep from moaning or making other noises of desire.

Lisa went ahead of us, and walked right up to the security guard. I guess she was explaining that she and her friends worked in one of the department stores, and they had to take this mannequin with them. I tried not to shiver thinking about all the people passing who could see my completely nude body. But it got even worse when Lisa dashed out the automatic doors so she could pull her car right up to the entrance, and left Alicia, Carrie, and me, waiting five feet away from the guard.

My two adorable friends thought they would be cute, and waved at the man. While needing to keep an eye on the departing customers, he shuffled a little closer to us. Oh my gosh, I was just standing there completely naked, and his eyes roamed over very inch!

“Damn,” the guard whistled in our direction. “They keep making those things more and more lifelike!”

Alicia smiled agreeably. “Yeah, they really ought to have let us take her with an outfit!”

Carrie tried to stifle a chuckle, while behind me she began fondling my ass! She started out just tickling my rear, then caressing both my butt cheeks. Discreetly, the incorrigible high school senior then slipped a finger into my crack. Carrie was seeing if I would blow my cover… I remained perfectly still, but was becoming increasingly excited as she played with my pussy lips from behind.

The mall security guard casually looked around and wrinkled his nose. “Something smell like fish?”

Oh no, he could smell my musky odor, and I knew I was so wet between my legs! Alicia and Carrie could barely contain themselves from bursting out in laughter. I wasn’t sure how much longer I could stand it. A small crowd started to form, of people pausing on their way out toward the exit. I began to fear I wasn’t fooling anybody…

Suddenly Lisa appeared back through the doors, and motioned toward us. “OK, girls, let’s bring her out!”

Once again, my two taller friends grabbed me beneath my arms and lifted. I did my absolute best to keep my legs and the rest of my body straight. Even though I wanted to curl my toes at the feel of their fingers around my hot skin. If anyone looked closely, they would see my little pink clit fully erect and sticking out! This was so embarrassing! I secretly bit my lip as we headed out the doors, into the night air.

Lisa instructed Alicia and Carrie to place me in the passenger side of her Volkswagen Beetle. We then drove slowly around, following them to Alicia’s car. Once we were out of view from anyone else in the parking lot, I didn’t have to pretend to be a mannequin and could let my body relax. I bent my knees to each side so that my legs were spread wide open. Then I began to madly rub my pussy.

The dominating blonde looked over at me and said, “What do you think you’re doing!”

“Oh, Lisa!” I moaned between gasps of breath. “That was so hot! Being carried out of the mall completely naked… in front of so many people! I think I’m going to explode!”

“Well you may not masturbate in my car, Erica. Take your hands away, and place them at your sides!”

Reluctantly, I slowed down my fingering, then clenched my fists on my thighs. When Lisa put her hand on the automatic shift, I reached out and grabbed her wrist and brought her fingers lightly over my pussy. I’m usually not that aggressive, but at that moment I was so horny!

“Please, Lisa… won’t you finish me off?”

She looked at me with her piercing blue eyes, and answered, “I’m not that kind of woman! Now keep your hands to yourself…”

As we proceeded to drive away from the mall, I moaned and complained, but did as I was told. Of course, I could feel my pussy quiver and pulse, begging to be touched. I bucked my hips, and thought I might have an orgasm right there without even using my hands!

“You had better calm yourself down, little girl,” Lisa said. “Or else you’re going to be in bad shape when we arrive at the movie theatre.”

Clasping palms over my elongated nipples, I blinked at her. “Movie… movie theatre?”

“That’s right, Erica. You see, Carrie and I were going to catch a show tonight. Can you think of any reason why you and Alicia shouldn’t join us?”

I licked my lips, imagining the possibilities of what she was planning. Nevertheless, I shyly answered, “Because I’m totally naked… I’m not wearing a thing!”

Lisa only laughed, “Well now, that has nothing to do with Alicia. Why spoil her fun?”

Turning around so that I was sitting on my knees, I looked over the seat and saw that Alicia’s car was following close behind. The girls even waved at me. I wonder if they knew what Lisa had in store for the rest of the evening. And then there was a loud honking from a car passing us on the left. Oh my gosh… in this position, I was really mooning the oncoming traffic!

I quickly sat back down on my bare ass, crossing my legs tight and folding my arms across my breasts. That little shock helped to cool me down a bit, as I was more embarrassed now. Slouching a little in the seat, I tried to get a bearing on our surroundings. We were driving off a main road, and in the opposite direction of the multi cinemaplex we normally would go to. That caused me to sigh in relief. As we continued down the quiet street, I realized it was the smaller town theatre that Lisa was talking about. They usually had only two shows playing at any given time, cheap, like for five bucks.

Of course, when we pulled into the parking lot, I saw that there were about a dozen cars here, close together. No one else was outside. I guess the movie had already started. But there was always the risk of teenagers hanging out here, smoking and stuff. Alicia parked her car in an empty spot across from us. Then she and Carrie got out and walked over to Lisa’s blue Beetle.

“So what’s the plan?” Carrie asked cheerfully, leaning on the driver’s side rolled down window.

Lisa looked up and replied, “The movie should have started only ten minutes ago. We’re not that late. You and I will go in and buy tickets, while Alicia and Erica sneak around through the back fire exits, like the kids do…”

My eyes went wide hearing this, and I shivered.

But Alicia, opening the door on my side, also voiced concern. “Why do I have to enter illegally? I don’t want to get into trouble!”

Lisa stepped out of the car, and came around to admonish the dark-haired girl. “Well someone has to stay with Erica! If we leave her alone, she’s likely to stay outside and play with herself all night long!”

“Is that right, Erica?” Alicia looked down at my flushed naked body. “Tell us what you would like to be doing.”

All my friends were gathered outside, I was the only one still in the car. Looking up at them, I felt so small. It was kind of humiliating, but I had to admit there was still one thing on my mind.

“I… I want to cum.”

“Well there will be none of that,” Lisa informed me. “Now get out of my car, before we miss more of the movie!”

There were lights fixed on the outside of the building, so the small parking lot was pretty well lit. I was pretty nervous as I extended a slender, trembling leg out the door. But as soon as my bare toes touched the blacktop, I froze. I didn’t think I could go any further. And then Carrie reached down to take me by the arms.

“Come on, Erica… it will be so much fun!” she said as she pulled me to stand outside the Volkswagen.

Oh, oh! I was completely nude in the middle of the movie theatre parking lot! I heard Lisa shut the door behind me, then click on her key chain to lock it shut. For some reason, that made me feel more naked, like I had one less hiding place. My perky titties quivered with nipples sticking straight up, begging for attention.

And then Alicia took me by the hand like I was a child. “Guess we better find the back fire exit!”

I glanced over my shoulder and watched Carrie and Lisa walk briskly toward the main entrance. No covering now, as Alicia pulled me along after her, leaving my pink pussy lips to feel the breeze. The rest of my body jiggled and bounced at her side until we reached some concrete steps that led to a metal door. We had to wait a few moments to let the other two get their tickets and find a seat inside.

“How do you feel right now?” Alicia inquired, eyeing my naked body up and down.

I rubbed my arms a little, but made no effort to cover myself in front of my friend. Sliding the toes of one foot behind my bare calf I answered, “Kind of chilly… a little scared, and embarrassed, too.”

“Hmmm,” Alicia had a thoughtful look in her eye. She gently took my breasts in her hands, and began massaging the sensitive nipples between her thumb and forefinger. “These seem pretty stiff to me… You sure you’re not enjoying this, Erica?”

“Ohhh, that feels so good,” I purred. “Please don’t stop!”

But then my friend removed her hands and said, “I think it’s probably safe to go inside now.”

When Alicia pushed open the back door just a crack, I could hear the sounds and voices from the movie. There was the flicker of light from the projector, but the rest of the inside would be in complete darkness. Well, of course she had given me such a cruel little tease, I didn’t even hesitate to follow her into the theatre. My heart was beating fast as I realized we could be caught by an usher, and I didn’t have any clothes on! The fire exit door closed behind us, my feet stepping onto the carpeted aisle floor.

We stayed close to the wall, walking up the incline and trying to find where our other friends were seated. Occasionally I looked up at the large screen, wondering if I could be seen by the light it shed. Even if the slender silhouette of my figure was noticeable, all eyes seemed to be fixed on the movie. The thought struck me that I was totally nude inside a small theatre with other people. Instinctively, my arms folded to cross over my tits and cover my pussy.

“There they are!” sounded the voice of Carrie, and I thought I could just make out her form standing to wave us over.

“Shhh!” some hissed.

“Sit down!” another voice complained from behind.

Oh my, I really didn’t want her drawing all this attention! I looked over my shoulder toward the exit sign, seeing that we had come up rather a long way. We were closer to the back of the theatre, near the doors that opened out into the lobby. When we reached the row of seats where Lisa and Carrie were sitting, Alicia made me get in first. My bare legs climbed over one of my friends, and I found the cushion of an empty chair waiting for me. Gratefully, I sank down as best I could.

“Erica, is that you?” Carrie asked in a harsh whisper.

Of course I kept quiet, practically holding my breath. But requiring verification, my strawberry-blonde friend reached across the seat and began touching my bare body. She clasped my arm at first, but that wasn’t enough. Carrie had to let her fingers wander over my chest until they found and started playing with a nipple. Then she slid her hand down my leg and squeezed the thigh. Unseen, I wiggled my toes appreciatively. I didn’t expect her to go any further, but sure enough, she stretched her arm out and found my pussy, gently massaging my bald vulva.

“Mmmmm,” I purred.

Lisa grabbed my other arm and shook me. “Knock it off, you two. Erica is not allowed to have an orgasm in the movie theatre!”

“Shhh,” someone else added in annoyance.

Appropriately reprimanded, Carrie retracted her arm and kept her hands to her self. We settled in to continue watching the movie. But being naked and horny, I found it rather difficult to concentrate. I noticed there wasn’t anyone sitting directly in front of us for a couple of rows. So I sank a little lower in my seat, and lifted my legs to the chair before me. Each ankle fit nicely in the space between the tops of each chair back. Thus, spread out brazenly, I began stroking my clitoris. I was thankful for the darkness that allowed me to be completely naked in public. If the house lights should suddenly turn on, I would be displaying all my pink parts!

Uninterested in the movie, I began to fantasize about my friends. I imagined Lisa, Alicia, and Carrie taking off all their clothes, too. Imagine four female high school seniors, stark naked in the back of a movie theatre. I pictured us getting up and streaking the lobby, then running out into the parking lot and streaking to our cars. I wondered how many people would see our nude bodies…

Suddenly, Lisa was shaking my smooth shoulder. “I’m thirsty, Erica. Alicia and I need a couple of sodas. We can share with you and Carrie.”

“Oh…” I gasped, momentarily bewildered as I brought my feet quickly to the floor. I even crossed my legs as if to conceal my swollen pussy lips. Actually, a drink did sound nice, to cool my overheated body. “Um, OK…”

“Good. Here’s ten dollars, and don’t forget to bring me back the change!” Lisa said as she produced a bill and held it inches from my face.

I gripped the arms of the seat tight. “What? You want me to get the soft drinks for you? But Lisa… I’m naked!”

“Shhh!”

There was a pause of silence, before Lisa continued. She practically whispered in my ear, “Yes, I know that, Erica. But you see, this is a very small, cheap little theatre. Only one guy is outside collecting tickets, and now that both shows started, the lobby is empty. There are snack machines and soda machines, so you can help yourself…”

I gently stroked my left nipple as I listened, Lisa’s breath hot but sweet on the side of my face. That didn’t sound too bad. If I could sneak out of here under the cover of darkness, get the drinks from the empty lobby, then return to my friends without being seen. It was absolutely crazy, but also had me really excited. And it would give me a chance to stretch my legs.

Standing up, I felt a trickle of wetness run down my thigh. That was pretty embarrassing, especially as I had to climb back over Lisa and Alicia. They would really find out how much this was turning me on. Out of habit, I excused myself quietly while the girls could hardly stifle their giggles. Finally, my bare feet reached the carpet of the aisle, my hand reached out to touch the side wall. I looked out upon a sea of blackness, illuminated only by the bright picture at the front of the theatre. Taking a deep breath, I padded closer to the exit sign that led out into the lobby.

I figured I had better do this quickly. Not sure what would be waiting on the other side, I instinctively clasped the hand holding the money over my pussy and pushed open the door. I didn’t want any light from outside to stream through and give me away, so I hurried forward and let the door close behind me. Adjusting my eyes to the bright surroundings, it looked like I was alone.

Still, I clutched my arm over my bare breasts, and now I was truly covering my pink bits. I shivered a little and trembled, listening for any nearby voices. Oh my gosh, I was so naked out here! I took a couple of baby steps forward, turning my head to each side. There wasn’t any sign of the guy collecting tickets. That was good, because I didn’t even buy a ticket, which I did feel kind of guilty about. I was amazed to realize that my guilt only increased my arousal. My skin was heating up now, I swallowed a lump of fear nervously, so tempted to start playing with myself. And then I saw the vending machines that Lisa was talking about.

My feet padded across the floor as I dashed over to the snacks and soda dispensers nestled side by side in a corner. Immediately, I scanned the selection of soft drinks. I had no idea what Lisa wanted! I figured I had best go with a diet, since she was in great shape and probably always watching her calories. Me, I didn’t have to worry about that, as I was naturally trim and had a flat sexy tummy. I lifted up the bill she had given me and prepared to insert it into the machine… only to discover that it did not take ten dollar bills!

“Holy shit!” came the sound of a young male voice.

I whirled around on my heel, quickly draping an arm across my tits and placing the currency strategically over my nude pussy. My eyes met what appeared to be a teenage boy, although he was dressed in a ridiculous usher’s uniform. Well, at least he was dressed. I guess this was the guy who worked here at night.

“Um… hi,” I said, watching his eyes look me over from head to toe.

He stood frozen for a second, then alertly informed me, “You’re naked…”

“Yeah,” I kind of laughed in spite of the embarrassing situation. “It’s, ah… a bet. No, a dare…”

“A dare?”

Looking around to make sure it was just the two of us in the lobby, I said, “Yeah, um, my friends in the theatre… they dared me to take off my clothes and come out here to get a soda. I didn’t think I would run into anybody…”

The boy continued to stare openly, then said, “Wow… that is so hot!”

I felt kind of flushed standing here, talking to him while I was totally nude. But like he said, it was kind of hot, and I was already turned on. I shyly rubbed my foot behind my other leg, while my fingers stretched teasingly in front of my crotch.

“The only thing is… this machine doesn’t take large bills. Do you… do you think you could get me some change?” I asked with my big brown eyes wide, really hoping that he wouldn’t call security or anything like that. Then again, he probably was security!

“Yeah, sure… you just have to follow me to the ticket counter,” he said and immediately turned toward the entrance of the building.

Of course, there was that small closet-like room when you first walked in, with a pane of glass shielding the ticket-taker. Into this room, the boy disappeared. I shrugged my shoulder and followed his steps. Once I reached the counter window, I had to wait patiently while he opened the register. My toes wiggled on the carpet of the lobby. It then occurred to me that there was another movie playing, and I had no idea when it was over. If the theatre should let out, probably a dozen people would come streaming out and would see me naked!

And then I realized I was standing just a foot away from the main door to the building. Anyone arriving to buy tickets for the next show, would really be in for a treat! I was utterly surrounded by potential sudden exposure! I wished he would hurry.

“All right, I can give you a five and five singles,” the boy said from behind the window.

I blinked, and suddenly understood that I had to fork over Lisa’s ten spot. Carefully, squirming a bit in embarrassment, I lowered my other arm to cover my pussy while I placed the bill on the counter. I quickly took the rest of the money, then spun around to walk back over to the soda machines. My butt must have jiggled deliciously with my hasty steps, as my palm bounced against my bald vulva.

Now I had to use both hands as I stood in front of the vending machine, to select a crisp dollar bill and insert it into the slot. I punched up a diet soda, and waited for the can to drop. Thinking I had a bit of privacy, I bent down to retrieve the can, which left my pussy lips clearly visible from behind.

“Turn around,” came the sound of the teenage movie clerk.

I was startled by the tone and proximity of his voice, so my reflexes just took over and I did as I was told. But now I had a cold can of soda in one hand, and the rest of the money clenched in my other hand. Both arms dangling, I covered nothing!

He looked me over suspiciously and said, “I don’t remember you buying a ticket tonight.”

“Well…” I started, but for a moment, all I could think of was his eyes focused on the pink folds of skin of my shaved pussy. “Maybe you don’t recognize me because I don’t have any clothes on?”

The teenager took a step closer. “Yeah… what were you wearing?”

“Um… I came in with my friends,” I answered. I didn’t want to admit that I had been naked already! “One was a blonde dressed in dark pants and a blue top. Another was a tall girl with strawberry-blonde hair…”

Strolling around me, the boy was feeling very sure of himself as he admired my bare backside. “Yeah, I think I remember them.”

“Look! Can I just go back in the theatre and put my clothes on? Maybe you didn’t see me, because I’m small…”

Standing back in front of me, evaluating my chest, he agreed. “Yes, your tits are kind of small. But those nipples… are so long! They’re like sticking out an inch! Can I touch them?”

“Um… no!” I replied rather firmly. But the attention my nudity was drawing was making me very excited. I was afraid I would start touching them myself, or other parts of my body, if I didn’t get back to my friends soon.

“OK, well, you do have a pretty cute body. I guess I can let you go back inside now.”

Relieved, but also blushing fiercely, I only answered, “Uh-huh…”

Somewhat in a daze, I watched as he opened the door to the theatre for me. I padded across the floor, passing very close to the young man as I slipped into the waiting darkness. His uniform sleeve brushed my bare arm, sending a thrill through my entire body. I wondered if he had noticed my clit poking out, or if he could smell my musky juices. He probably wanted to hurry off to the men’s room and do his own thing!

The door closed behind me, and my eyes needed a moment to adjust so that I could proceed. Down the sloped aisle I continued, hoping no one else would have the sudden urge to use the restrooms. I don’t know what I would do if I ran into another person like this. I counted the rows as I made my way down, remembering that we were five away from the back of the room. With the movie holding everyone’s attention, I snuck between the seats again and tapped Alicia on the shoulder.

“What took you so long?” she asked.

In response, I handed her the soda can and shuffled sideways so that my ass was directly in front of her face. When I stepped across her seat and moved in front of Lisa, I feared she would grab my butt cheeks and do something naughty to me. Wow, this was not helping my situation! Finally, I reached the empty seat next to Carrie and sank into the cushion.

Once I handed Lisa back her change, my hands were free to wander. In the darkness of the theatre, I used my fingers to spread open my pussy lips, and felt my clit poke out fully erect. I was dying for someone to touch me there! Instead, Lisa was soon shaking my arm.

“Hey, Erica… I told you to get us two sodas!”

Caught with my hands on my pussy, I turned and looked at her. “Please don’t make me go back out there! The guy who works here already saw me… naked!”

“Really?” Lisa seemed amused by my humiliating encounter. “You must be ready to explode right now. Well, I’d love to cool you down, but you can’t have our soda, since you only bought one. Now sit still like a good little girl, with both hands on the arm rests.”

Afraid of what she might do to me, or force me to do, I complied… bringing my arms to rest at the sides of my seat in the theatre. My whole body tingled, being totally nude in room full of clothed people. I swear my pussy twitched and quivered. If anyone saw me like this, at the height of my arousal, I think I would die of embarrassment! I stared straight ahead, and tried to watch the movie.

I heard Lisa take a sensual slurp from the soda can, her lips practically next to my ear. “Carrie… would you like a sip of my drink?”

My friend leaned over me on the other side and answered, “Why thank you, Lisa. I would like a drink. My mouth is just parched!”

But instead of asking me to pass the can to her, Lisa reached across and deliberately brushed the tin surface against my elongated nipple. Carrie took the soda from her once it was between my breasts, and pulling it toward her, she also rubbed my other nipple against the can. I could not help but watch as she titled her head back and took a long gulp, her profile was beautiful as a bead of condensation dribbled down her chin. I licked my lips, silently spreading my legs apart even wider. Then Carrie passed the can back toward Lisa, again pausing to rub it over my bare breasts.

“Oh…. ahhh…” I moaned, the soda can feeling so good on my skin. There was no stopping the orgasm that was building between my legs.

By the time Lisa took back her soda, also teasing my hard nipple, I was beyond containing myself.

I lowered my right hand to my crotch and started masturbating. Right there, in the theatre, sitting between my high school friends and among dozens of strangers. I was completely naked, and the thought drove me wild. Slipping a finger deep inside me, I poked and prodded, stroking my most sensitive spot. With a final bucking of my hips, I achieved a clitoral ejaculation, creaming the cushion of the seat.

“Mmmm… yes! Yes! Oh, yes!” I cried in release.

“Shhh!”

But I didn’t care, not about the sounds I was making or the chances of being caught. I was just so relieved to let out all that pent up excitement. Finally, I closed my eyes, and sank a little in the chair, a hand resting on my belly and a sweet smile upon my lips. And then, Lisa was shaking my shoulder again.

“Are you quite finished, Erica?”

“Mmm-hmmm,” I purred as I languidly stretched my legs.

Lisa leaned over close, hooking a strand of my hair behind my ear and whispered, “Good… because the movie is about to end. The lights will be going on, and as people start leaving the theatre, they will see that you are… bare… ass… naked!”

“Oh my,” I sat upright quickly, gathering my arms around my small but perky breasts. “What should I do?”

On my right side, Carrie rubbed my shoulder sympathetically. “You had better leave now, unless you want to put on a show. We’ll meet you in the parking lot.”

“But… but… that usher guy is still out front!”

“Maybe,” Lisa replied coldly, “but he has already seen your nude little body.”

I started to stand on trembling legs. Now that I thought about it, I was never sure how I was going to be leaving the movie theatre! I couldn’t believe I let Lisa trap me like this. Suddenly, there came from the speakers the loud rock music as the end credits began to crawl up the screen. The movie was over, and I knew a lot people didn’t stay to watch all the credits. Ahead of me, I saw the shapes of figures below rising from their seats. I wasn’t sure if the lights stayed off for all the credits, or if they could turn on at any moment, but I had to act fast.

Clumsily, I slid sideways over the legs of my still-seated friends. This time I was facing forward, and my pink pussy was eye level with Lisa and Alicia. Thankfully, they didn’t make a move to further stimulate me and humiliate me. They let me pass, and soon my feet found the carpet of the side aisle that would run up to the back exit.

And then the lights went on.

Oh my gosh, oh my gosh… it happened so fast! I just froze, up against the wall. At that moment, I was most embarrassed about my pussy. Because of my recent state of arousal, my juicy labia were still prominent and hanging out, my clit still extended. I placed a hand over my crotch and began quickly moving toward the door.

“Streaker!” someone yelled, and it sounded a lot like Lisa!

I didn’t bother to turn around, I could feel everyone’s eyes on my bare ass. I stretched out my one free arm to open the door, my other hand still shielding my bald pubic mound. Abruptly I burst into the lobby, stark naked, only to find that the other theatre was already emptying out. About a half of dozen people saw me and pointed.

Oh no, oh no, oh no! Confused, I lifted both hands to cover my nipples. Then I clasped my hands back over my pussy. I kind of hopped around in a circle, this was so embarrassing! More people got a good look at my body. Amid the commotion of voices laughing, cheering, and whistling, I spotted the door by the ticket counter. Blushing all over, I ran in that direction.

As I passed the window, the teenager who worked at the movie theatre called out, “Hey! You can’t keep running around like that!”

This actually made me pause and look at him and say I was sorry. I guess this was my punishment for sneaking in without buying a ticket! As I then proceeded to make my way outside, the door suddenly opened before me. A couple was on their way in…

“Oh my goodness!” said an older woman. “That little girl hasn’t any clothes on!”

“Excuse me,” I mumbled, more apologetic as I brushed my bare body past them.

Upon stepping outside, I immediately felt the cool night air wash over me, which was rather nice. Although it did have the effect of stiffening my nipples. And then I remembered that I had entered the building with Alicia through the back fire exits. Now it took me a moment to get my bearings, and realize that I was standing naked on the sidewalk that crossed in front of the movie theatre!

Cars honked as they drove down the street. Oh my gosh… they had just seen my butt! I whirled around, one arm slung over my breasts, and cupped my vulva in my other hand. Starting to walk in one direction, I saw some people leaving a restaurant down the street. More words were shouted as they pointed at me. I turned and ran the other way, my cute little ass bouncing as I hurried, feet slapping over the pavement.

By the time I made it back into the parking lot of the movie theatre, lots of people were hanging out by their cars. This included Lisa, Alicia, and Carrie as they leaned against their respective vehicles and waved me over. People called out to me as I passed among them, with an arm slung across my tits and my other hand discreetly covering my hairless pussy. Some of the things they said were flattering, some, not so pleasant. There were words commenting on my nice legs, or my tight behind. Others asked me to move my arms out of the way, and show them everything. Part of me wanted to do just that, but I was really embarrassed… especially because I was growing aroused again!

In the end, despite all that had happened, I’m still a pretty shy and decent girl. So I desperately kept my pink bits hidden as I approached the side of Lisa’s car. But wouldn’t you know, the bitch kept the door locked! I bounced impatiently on my toes, knowing that all eyes were on my bare backside. Slowly, the power window rolled down in front of me.

“I think you know what you have to do, Erica,” Lisa said, sliding in to sit behind the wheel. “Turn around and wave good night to all your fans…”

Well, I guess I was going to be an exhibitionist, whether I liked it or not! I turned around reluctantly and saw that ten people, men and women, were watching me. I parted my legs slightly, the naughty side of me reasoning that if I was going to show, I would show it all! With my hands lowered to rest on my hips, out sprung my pointy nipples. The lips of my shaved vulva were totally exposed, and I could feel my labia sticking out as well. I was just about to use my fingers to spread open my pink gash, when I heard the door behind me unlock.

I twisted my nude body around, and lifted the handle. Then I quickly jumped inside the car. Another moment out there, and I’m sure I would have been rubbing my clit in front of everyone!

Lisa looked over at me as she started the engine and began to drive off. “You’re such a bad girl, Erica.”

“No, no I’m not!” I cried. “It’s all your fault! You stripped me naked and kept me nude all night long! You’re the one who makes me so hot and horny!”

The blonde’s eyes flashed for an instant, but then she smiled deviously at me. I immediately regretted my outburst as she said, “Well I hope your body can handle all the excitement, little girl. Because tomorrow, you are coming with me to pick up your boots!”

I was very quiet for the rest of the drive home. My mind pondered the challenge that awaited me, for I didn’t need to ask what Lisa had planned.

The next day, Lisa’s Blue Beetle pulled up quietly in front of my house, just around six in the morning. It was still early so that my parents wouldn’t be awake for another half an hour. I had watched from the living room window, waiting for her arrival. Then I took a deep breath and walked into the hallway. I had noticed it was just starting to get light outside. With a trembling hand, I opened the front door and pushed my leg forward, stretching beyond the safety and concealment of my home.

A slender, shapely leg that was completely bare, all the way down to my delicate toes.

**18 – Erica’s Birthday**

“Hey, everybody… it’s little Erica’s birthday today!”

Lisa stood up in the middle of the room and made the embarrassing announcement. I just put my head down and tried to bury my face in my arms. We were in our morning study hall period, and the teacher had just excused himself a few minutes ago. It was Lisa and myself, and ten other seniors. We were told that we were old enough to be left unsupervised, and he could trust us to continue our work. So then, why did Lisa pull this childish prank?

True, it was my birthday. I had always looked forward to my spring-time birthday, as it meant only a couple of more months of school. But this year in particular, it was more like a matter of weeks, and we would be finished with high school! That thought did have me giddy.

Carrie was also in this study hall with us, and I heard her say, “You know, Lisa… I believe it is tradition for the young lady to receive a friendly paddling on her birthday bottom!”

My eyes went wide, and my head jerked up, as I listened to muffled laughter from the other students in the classroom.

“Yes, I suppose eighteen swats ought to do,” Lisa replied. “One for each year!”

I watched as the bitchy blonde climbed out of her seat and walked up to the front of the room. She passed by the blackboard and continued over to the door, sticking out her head to make sure the coast was clear in the corridor. Then she shut the door firmly and looked in my direction.

“Go on, Erica, you don’t want to keep Lisa waiting.” Carrie laughed from the desk across from me.

Turning my head, I saw that the other boys and girls who were our classmates, were starting to take an interest in the drama unfolding before them. Few students were engaged in busywork, or utilizing the period for its intended purpose. Not that anyone took academics very seriously this late in the year…

Lisa folded her arms over her chest and started tapping her foot. “Come on, Erica! Get up here so I can give you your birthday spanking!”

Well, don’t you know, she spoke with such authority and such a commanding voice, I was finding it hard to refuse. Even though I was mortified by the very suggestion, still, I couldn’t be sure what she had planned if I didn’t cooperate. All eyes in the class were now upon my slender form as I slowly rose from my seat. I guess this was all just in the spirit of fun, and we seniors had been in a party state of mind since mid-February!

I was dressed in white baggy shorts and a navy blue sweatshirt, as it was still cool enough outside. And of course I had my sneakers and white ankle socks. As I stepped around the chair and walked forward to where Lisa was standing, I knew all the guys were checking out my legs. Self-consciously, I tugged on the bottom of my sweatshirt, which I was glad was not tight fitting.

“All right, Erica… put your palms up against the chalkboard, and stick your butt out a little!”

Hearing Lisa talk about my ass in front of everyone made me blush. And behind me, I could hear people chuckling or making crude comments. But nevertheless, I reached out both arms so they were straight in front of me, hands flat on the slate. I bent my one leg a bit, causing my bottom to present an inviting target.

“Um, not too hard,” I tried to whisper. But nervous and excited, I said it too loud, which only brought more laughter.

At my side, Lisa only smirked. Then she turned to face her audience and I can only imagine she made some grand flourishing gesture. All at once, I felt her hand playfully smack the backside of my shorts.

“One!” She said with all the enthusiasm of a game show hostess. Another slap landed briskly on my cheek as Lisa called out, “Two!”

“Hey, Lisa…” someone yelled, “Isn’t it customary to deliver a spanking with her shorts down?”

I shook my head, no, while remaining in my vulnerable position, while Lisa mulled over this option. “Hmmm, that is a good point. Erica, I’m afraid you’re going to have to drop ‘em!”

“But… but…” I stammered, unable to believe what I was hearing.

Lisa shuffled around so she was directly behind me. “Aw, what’s the matter? You are wearing underwear today, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I replied meekly. But that wasn’t good enough for Lisa.

While my arms were still stretched out as if holding up the wall with the blackboard, the dominating senior smoothly reached around my waist and began searching for the clasp on my shorts. From the view of everybody still in their seats, it must have looked like she was riding my ass! I wiggled a little, and moaned, but it wasn’t much of a struggle. Pretty soon, her fingers popped open the button, then started tugging the fabric down my hips.

“What was that?” Lisa mocked me, as she eased the shorts slowly down my legs. “I guess we’re about to find out what kind of undies you picked out this morning!”

Suddenly, she gave a firm yank and brought the material down to my ankles. Oh my gosh! I had just been pantsed in front of my second period study hall! This was so embarrassing… Lisa stood up and stepped to the side to admire her handiwork. And that gave everyone a clear view of my white little panties!

Oh, oh! I just remembered which pair I had picked out this morning. They had a sheer front, so I dare not turn around now, or else people would see my camel toe pussy. And the back was practically a thong… not a scrap of material covering my butt cheeks! I don’t know why I put on these skimpy things! I had just turned eighteen today, and I guess I was feeling sexy. I never imagined I would be showing them off at school!

“Now where was I,” Lisa continued. And then I felt her hard slap land soundly on my ass. “Three!”

There was something about hearing her bare hand hit the bare skin of my ass that made this very arousing. And the feel was incredible, even if it did sting a little. I could feel myself moistening down there, and my clit was beginning to swell up. Lisa’s hand smacked my other cheek.

“Four!”

“Oh,” I gasped, even though I didn’t mean to. It came out a little too much like a squeal of pleasure. My classmates would start to figure this was turning me on! And then Carrie spoke up.

“Ahem… It just occurred to me, Lisa. Since today is Erica’s birthday… maybe she should be in her birthday suit!”

My limbs went rigid in the front of the room, as the students erupted in whistles and cheers. Gosh, I hoped the teacher didn’t come back in right now, with my shorts down around my feet! But then, if he didn’t return to take control of the class, there was no telling what Lisa might actually do…

I felt her slip a finger inside the elastic band of my panties and snap it against the curve of my hip. “What do you say, Erica? Do you want to get into your birthday suit for us?”

“No!” I said, slightly turning my head to regard Lisa. “You can’t be serious! We’re in the middle of school… there are a dozen students here!”

With hands on her hips, deadly serious, she said, “Take off your clothes.”

A hush fell over the room. There was a cough, then voices murmuring. Someone asked if I would really do it.

“Absolutely,” Lisa declared. She was defiant, imperial, and not one to be made a fool of. “Erica will take off everything I tell her to. She’ll be totally naked, bare as the day she was born… if I say so!”

My legs trembled a little, and I couldn’t seem to make my arms work. This was like a nightmare and fantasy all rolled into one.

“Now, strip!” the blonde commanded. Then she moved closer and put a hand on my back. “Don’t worry, Erica, I’ll let you stay facing forward. So you won’t have to give us a full frontal show.”

As if that was supposed to make me feel better! In the middle of confused and conflicting emotions, Lisa told me to step out of my shorts completely. They were loose and already bunched up around my shoes. So finally, I shook and lifted one leg first, and then raised my other foot. Once I was free of the material, Lisa reached down and took this piece of clothing. It felt really strange to be standing up here, with my back turned toward the class, in just my sweatshirt and underwear!

“Take off your shoes and socks…”

I bit my lip in frustration. Oh, this was really it! Very carefully, I squatted down and started unlacing my sneaker. If I kept going, there would be no stopping her! What if the teacher suddenly came back… unless he left for the whole period, then we would be alone for another thirty minutes. I reluctantly pulled the sneakers off my feet, hearing them bounce to the floor. Dreading every moment of this, yet reveling in the humiliation, I peeled off each of my socks.

Now I stood again, in my bare feet, feeling the coolness of the tiles. I lifted one foot to my toes, giving the students in the front seats a view of my naked sole. Lisa stood to the side, evaluating my form and slender shapely legs.

With an elbow resting in one hand, tapping her chin with a finger, she said, “I think you should remove that ugly sweatshirt next!”

Oh, my panties were getting really damp now! I nervously gripped the edge of my sweatshirt in clenched fists. Underneath, I was only wearing a bra, and this just as skimpy as my underwear. Fully erect at this point, my nipples nearly pushed through the flimsy material. I lifted the heavier fabric for a moment, and then fidgeting, I noticed that I could stretch the shirt down further and effectively cover my bottoms… more or less. Pulling it as far as possible until it just reached the tops of my thighs, I looked over my shoulder at the other students.

Then I looked at Lisa with my brown eyes wide. “I can’t! I can’t do it…”

I held on to the sweatshirt tight using one hand, and lunged for the classroom door. Pulling it open quickly, I then bolted out into the hallway in my bare feet and panties. I looked around, but the corridor was thankfully empty. Still, I tugged harder on my shirt so that it completely hid my undies. I tried to ignore my lack of footwear.

Lisa was furious. Even as I started walking away, I heard her call my name, standing just in classroom doorway. I could feel her eyes burning into my back!

“Erica,” she hissed. “I’m not done with you! I’m going to track you down, and strip off every last piece of your clothing, birthday girl!”

Oh my, she sounded rather determined! I could hear the uproar of the other students’ laughter, and thought it would be best if I didn’t stick around. Now, I wasn’t sure if Lisa would really come after me, but I decided I should find a place to hide. My light steps took me around the corner of the hallway, where fortunately, because classes were still in session, the doors were closed. No one would see me as my bare legs passed by… I really couldn’t believe I was wearing so little! A quick glance over my shoulder showed that I wasn’t being followed. Then I ducked into the girls’ bathroom at the end of the corridor.

“This is crazy,” I said to myself as I looked around at the empty stalls. “What a way to spend your birthday!”

Running my fingers through my hair, I wondered desperately what I was going to do. I supposed it was only a matter of time before Lisa came in here and found me, and followed through with her threat. Maybe it would be better if she stripped me naked in the privacy of the restroom, instead of in front of a class full of students. But then she might take my clothes and leave me here.

Well, before I decided what to do next, I realized that I needed to sit down and have myself a pee. Entering one of the unoccupied stalls, I dropped my panties to my feet. This made me shudder as it underscored that fact that I wasn’t wearing any pants… or shoes, or socks! Lowering my head, I watched my bare toes wiggle on the tiles of the floor. I absently let my underwear fall off first one foot, then the other. Now I was completely bottomless!

Of course, the irrational thought did cross my mind that I should take off the rest of my clothes and beat Lisa at her own game. Maybe I would streak the halls. Raising the bottom of the sweatshirt a bit, my hand wandered down and touched my pussy. I pictured myself running through the school totally nude. Oh, Oh… that would be so hot! But, yet, I knew I wasn’t brave enough to do that on my own. Besides, I had turned eighteen today… I was practically an adult! And adults didn’t do those sort of sophomoric pranks, right?

As I finished my business and emptied my bladder, I suddenly remembered that I had an exam in my next period English class! Damn, what was I going to do now! I really couldn’t miss that test. And then I heard the door to the restroom open, two girls entering and chattering away. Quickly, I reached down and found my panties, pulling them back up my legs. This was so embarrassing! Especially, as I didn’t want the girls to see me without my shoes…

They must have stopped to check themselves in the mirror first. As I waited nervously, I curled my feet around the base of the bowl. The two girls continued to talk about some stupid teacher they had, and softball practice after school. Finally, they went into the two stalls on either side of me. I took that opportunity to get up and exit my own, and hurry out of restroom without being discovered.

Once I was back in the hallway, I made sure to pull the sweatshirt all the way down so that I didn’t reveal my snug panties. Placing my arms at my sides, I was relieved to see that, indeed, the navy hem came right up to the tops of my thighs. Breathing easier, I still didn’t like the fact that I was barefoot. But I couldn’t go back to the study hall classroom, because I was afraid Lisa might take my shirt and bra! I then recalled that my English professor didn’t have a class this period… that meant his room might be empty! I decided I would try to sneak into the room before it started, and wait for the next class to begin.

It was so quiet, I could hear my feet slapping across the floor, feeling my bare skin lift from the cool tiles with each step. I was getting hot beneath my sweatshirt! Finding the stairwell that led to the second floor, I quickly climbed up the flights, aware that my sweatshirt was riding up my body. And I really didn’t want to be seen from behind, on account of my thong underwear!

I poked my head out of the alcove and saw that this floor was as deserted and quiet as the one below. So I bravely stepped out into the corridor and started toward the direction of the English classroom. But when I turned the corner, there were a couple of boys at their lockers! I hesitated for a moment, but then decided I had best act normal and walk past them.

Well, of course, first I made sure my sweatshirt was back at a decent level. And then I proceeded to march forward, my arms at my sides even as my hips wiggled just slightly. I couldn’t take my eyes of these two students, who appeared to be freshmen or sophomores. That’s because as I approached, their combined gazes were locked on my eighteen-year-old form. I watched as they devoured the sight of my slender legs, completely bare all the way to my toes. Oh my gosh, I felt so naked to be out in the hallway like this! I knew they were wondering, even fantasizing, about if I had anything under my shirt. Licking my lips, I realized I had better get to my classroom fast and calm down a bit.

The boys were speechless as I passed by them, and they made no comment or curious remark. I suppose they might think that seniors are entitled to walk around barefoot and fancy-free, especially a month before graduation. It was rather satisfying to think I was being recognized as an upperclassman for once, and the thought that I only had on my underwear caused me to shiver a little.

All the way at the end of the corridor, just after the last lockers, was my English Literature classroom. The door was open, but I could see the lights were turned off. That was a good sign. Sure enough, I slipped inside the room, which was otherwise empty at this point. I glanced up at the clock… fifteen minutes until the next bell rang. The teacher would probably be pleased to see I had arrived so early, and on a test day!

Finding a book from the shelves that lined the back of the room, I seated myself at a desk also in the back and tried to look busy or at least studious. Needless to say, I had a difficult time concentrating. My butt cheeks had direct contact with the wooden chair, and though I crossed my legs underneath, I couldn’t help but rub my toes behind my calf.

“Erica!” came the voice of my teacher walking through the door. “What a surprise. I’m pleased to see you arrived extra early!”

I smiled to myself at his predicted declaration. “Um, yeah… I wanted to be extra prepared.”

Suddenly I felt very flustered. I mean, here I was sitting with just a baggy sweatshirt to conceal my underwear. I didn’t have my shorts or shoes, or socks. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea…

“Well, don’t let me disturb you,” the teacher was continuing. “I only wish the rest of your classmates were as conscientious as you!”

I only grunted, “Uh-huh…”

My head bent down, I pretty much had my face in the open pages of the book, to hide my blushing. One elbow was propped up on the desk, the hand teasing and twirling the brown tresses of my hair. But my other arm… I secretly lowered, and began patting the front of my sheer panties. While the teacher made his preparations for the test, writing instructions on the board, my fingers were soon wandering inside the delicate material. Getting more comfortable as I sat here in isolation, I began pulling and rubbing my soft pussy lips. I bit my lip, willing myself not to do this… but I was getting so aroused! The thought struck me of removing my panties completely, and that caused my clitoris to swell up fully erect. I now used my index and middle fingers to make up and down motions above my slit…

“Mmmm…”

And then the bell rang, bringing me to my senses, as I abruptly brought both hands onto the desk. Oh my, had I just been about to masturbate in a classroom alone with another teacher? I placed my hand to my chest, feeling my heart racing. I must have looked pretty flushed, as I watched the first several students file into the room.

“Erica, where are your shoes?” asked a girl who sat down behind the desk across from me.

It then occurred to me that no one had to know I had worn sneakers and socks this morning. If I had been wearing sandals or flip-flops, it would be perfectly normal to go without any additional foot covering. I took a deep breath, turned my head to face my classmate.

“Um… I had gym just before class, and I lost my flip-flops in the locker room. I didn’t want to be late for the test…”

“So you ran all the way up here in your bare feet?” the girl asked, amazed. Then giggling, she said, “Well, you have very pretty toes.”

For some reason, that made me feel very embarrassed. “Um… thank you.”

The exam was administered without further incident. It was a test on the various literary works we had read over the course of the year, kind of a summary of the characters and themes that were explored in this class. I did my best to focus, so that I wouldn’t screw up. And in fact, concentrating on the test actually made me forget about what I was, or wasn’t, wearing!

When the period was over, the teacher had us place our papers on his desk as we left the room. I didn’t even think about getting caught, I just made sure my shirt was suitably adjusted and walked right up to the front of the room. Upon turning on my heel, the teacher looked down and frowned at me.

“Erica, why did you take off your shoes?” he said accusingly.

The other student was at my side and spoke on my behalf. “Oh, no, sir. She never had them on! You see, Erica misplaced them in the locker room before coming up to class.”

I blushed hearing the other girl lie for me. The teacher answered dubiously, “Is that so! Well, I do appreciate your consideration of arriving in a timely fashion, if not for inappropriate school attire.”

“I really wanted to do well on this test,” I whined, tugging nervously on the end of my sweatshirt.

The other girl grabbed my arm and said, “Come on, Erica… I have gym this period. I’ll walk with you back to the locker room, and we can look for your flip-flops.”

With that, we were excused, although once we exited the room, other students walking the halls stopped to point and laugh at me. At least my friend was going to escort me to the gym area, so I wouldn’t be alone. I think I would have died of shame if I were caught out here with everyone staring at my bare legs and feet! Of course, I had no idea how I would explain the situation once we got to locker rooms. Maybe the girl had an extra pair of sneakers she could lend me…

We continued through the halls, and down to the ground floor, making our way to the gymnasium side of the building. The two of us passed against a crowd of students making their way to their other classes, and I was very sensitive to the eyes scanning my lower body. A few more mischievous hands tickled the sides of my legs. By the time we reached the girls’ locker room, I was nearly out of breath.

“Hello, Erica!”

Oh no… Lisa stood in front of the door, her arms folded across her chest. Instinct took over, and I turned around hoping to flee from the blonde bitch. But the other girl who had seemed so helpful, had been behind me, and I almost tumbled over her. Lisa moved quickly and forcefully, taking a good handful of the back of my sweatshirt. With one hand, she raised the fabric up my body, revealing my skimpy panties.

“Ha!” the girl from my English class laughed. “Looks like you lost more than your shoes, Erica!”

Lisa snarled for her to go about her business and disappear into the locker room. Then it was just the two of us, out here in the empty hallway. I hoped no one showed up late for gym!

“You know, Erica, I still have to finish your birthday spanking. But not until you are properly exposed…”

Using her other arm, Lisa reached underneath my sweatshirt and found the clasp of my matching bra. Her fingers quickly undid the hook, while she pulled me close against the front of her body. I couldn’t put up much of a struggle, I was helpless as she yanked down my bra and pulled it free.

The release of the undergarment sent me staggering forward a few steps, and out of Lisa’s clutches. I turned my head and saw her twirling it on her finger. It then occurred to me that I was topless under my sweatshirt, and I could feel my nipples spring out to rub against the material. In fact, I now had only two articles of clothing left!

“Time to finish the job,” Lisa laughed, “and strip you completely naked!”

“No!” I practically shrieked, and I ran back down the hallway.

At this point, I wasn’t too concerned about my little white panties, but just wanted to get away from Lisa. Luckily, I had a pretty light schedule, and this was another free period for me. Although, even if I did have a class, I didn’t think I could attend in this state. As I continued to run through the now empty hallways of the school, I could feel my elongated nipples brushing up and down on the inside of my sweatshirt. It was driving me crazy, and my whole body started to tingle. I needed to find some relief! Looking behind me, I saw that Lisa did not give chase. Instead, it seemed like she was content to stalk me for the remainder of the day.

My legs had carried me up to the third floor of the building, and here I slowly made my way down the corridor that led to my locker. There was another person up here as well, but luckily it turned out to be my friend, Alicia.

“Whoa, Erica… you look like you’ve had a pretty wild morning.”

Slouching against the wall, I answered my friend, “It’s Lisa. She’s out to get me. She’s determined to give me a special birthday spanking…”

Alicia giggled, “Oh, that’s sounds fun!”

“In my birthday suit!” I glared and crossed my arms over my chest.

“What… here? In school?” When I nodded, Alicia only shook her head. “You mean Lisa is trying to take all your clothes? How far has she gotten…”

I lifted up one leg to offer proof. “She’s taken my sneakers and socks and shorts. And just now, my bra!”

“Wow… at this rate, Erica, you’ll be nude by lunchtime!”

“Don’t say that!” I scolded my friend. “This is so embarrassing… what am I going to do?”

Alicia gave the matter some thought. Then she snapped her fingers and said, “The school book store! My friend, Debbie, works there this period. We can hang out with her. Lisa will never think to look for you there.”

“Um, OK…” I replied hesitantly.

I mean I suppose it sounded as good as any place to be. And we weren’t likely to encounter that many students. Of course, this meant another trip back to the school’s first floor, but then Lisa might be looking elsewhere anyway. Alicia grabbed her bag and closed her locker. Then we were back off down the hallway.

Walking next to me, my friend lowered her eyes and commented, “Your legs are really smooth. You do a good job shaving, Erica! Are you still bald… down there?”

“Alicia!” I expressed shock at the question. The topic, however, did cause my pussy to quiver and twitch.

“Well, if Lisa has her way, I suppose the whole senior class will find out how bare you are!”

And laughing, Alicia skipped down the stairs. I was a bit more careful as I stepped lightly in my bare toes. I also didn’t want to make my breasts shake up and down by engaging in strenuous motions. When I reached the landing that opened onto the first floor, Alicia was waiting for me. We continued walking in the direction toward the bookstore, and there was an occasional student here and there. But I guess having a companion with me took some of the attention off my strange appearance. Still, I received a few odd stares.

“Hey, Debbie!” Alicia greeted her friend behind the counter. “You mind if me and Erica chill out with you this period?”

The redheaded junior shrugged her shoulders. “Nah, it’s been pretty dead this morning. Couple of dudes asked me to stash their cigarettes for them.”

Debbie then inquired as to why I didn’t have any shoes on. I told her it was a long story. She then asked if I was naked underneath my sweatshirt!

“Of course not!” I answered indignantly. But her presumption was not far from the truth.

Things were going fairly well for the remainder of the morning. I was beginning to think I would have to venture into the cafeteria soon. That was something I dreaded. But I could feel my tummy rumble, and it wouldn’t be long before I was craving something to eat. I suddenly remembered that Carrie shared the same lunch period with me. Maybe I could hook up with her, and she could get me some food while I tried to remain out of sight…

“Hey, ladies…”

My heart nearly dropped when I looked up and saw Lisa enter the small bookstore. She sauntered over to the counter, and gave Alicia a wink. She flashed a wicked smile at me, and then turned to the girl at the register.

“I need a three-ring binder for my history class,” she said imperiously, laying her money on the counter.

The stationary supplies were stacked behind us. Debbie reached back to get a binder for Lisa, when the bitch said that she wanted a red one. The only red three-ring binder was on one of the higher shelves. Debbie looked at the clock on the back wall, then looked back at Lisa.

“Look, the period is almost over, and my next class is all the way on the third floor. Do you really need a red binder? I’ll have to pull out that old rickety step-ladder, and I hate standing on it…”

The bossy blonde shut the younger girl up with a hand raised in her face. “Oh, relax! I’ve already paid for the damn thing. Why don’t you run along to your class, and let Alicia and Erica wait for the next shift. Besides, Erica is better suited for climbing, since she doesn’t have any shoes!”

“Oh would you?” Debbie turned to me with great joy in her eyes. Apparently, she had often run late for her class because of her bookstore duties, and she was eager for a chance to leave early. She didn’t even wait for an answer. The bell rang, she grabbed her things, and headed out into the hallway. “See you later, Alicia! Thanks, Erica!”

When it was just the three of us, Lisa ordered me to climb up the stepladder and fetch her the red binder. She suggested that I do it now, while students were changing classes, and before the next student store clerk arrived. That made some sense, so I quickly found the folding metal ladder and placed it in front of the shelf. Like Debbie said, it was kind of unsteady. I could see how putting any extra weight on it might make it collapse.

My toes curled around the first rung. Of course, I am not that tall to begin with, so I had to climb onto the next step, and finally all the way to the top of the ladder. Even then, I had to stretch up with both arms just to reach the stupid binder! This caused my sweatshirt to ride up my back… soon my bellybutton and stomach were exposed in the front.

Immediately, Lisa was behind the counter, and directly behind me. She gently took the sides of my panties.

“Oh my!” I gasped, feeling her tease and tug the fabric. “Please, Lisa… don’t do this! You’ve already taken the rest of my clothing!”

But Lisa had me trapped, and she was in no mood to negotiate. While I stood frozen on the ladder, my arms high above my head, she very deliberately pulled down my underwear. I blushed knowing my naked ass came fully into view. Once the material reached my feet, Lisa took first one ankle in her hand and methodically extracted the foot from my panties. Then she did this with the other foot, taking my panties completely off.

I was now totally bottomless. If I turned around now, Lisa’s mouth that was so often twisted in a charming but condescending sneer, would be level with my hairless pussy. I felt my lower lips begin to open, my clit starting to peek out of its hood. Wow, I couldn’t believe that this was sexually exciting me! Taking the new binder in my arms, I held it tight to my chest while my legs very carefully navigated the steps down the ladder.

When I reached the floor, I did turn around just in time to see Lisa stuff my panties in her pocket. Nervously, I handed her the item that she paid for, wondering if she was going to make another move on me. I really had nowhere to hide and was completely at her mercy.

Instead, she started walking away saying, “Thank you, Erica. Alicia and I have to be off to class. But I’ll be back to take the rest of your things, before the end of the day!”

“The rest of my things?” I cried, clutching the end of my sweatshirt. “But this is all I have! If you take my sweatshirt, I’ll be totally…”

I couldn’t bring myself to say it. I just watch as my best friend and Lisa made their way out of the bookstore, and disappeared into the river of students coursing through the hallway. Now what was I supposed to do! My fingers gripped the sides of the navy blue fabric, and I tugged it as low as possible until I was certain my poor little pussy was covered. Still, this did nothing to prevent the trickle of my juices that ran down my leg.

Suddenly two boys stumbled into the room. They looked like they were 15 or 16, pimple faced, but starting to sprout some fuzz on their chins.

“Hey… where’s Deb?” one of them with grungy looking hair spoke to me.

“Um… she left to go to class. I told her I would watch the store…”

The other boy huffed his displeasure and looked rather agitated. “Bitch! I knew we couldn’t trust her!”

“Cool it, man,” the first guy chided his buddy. Then he turned to me, still standing behind the counter. “Listen… We asked Debbie to stash our smokes for us, cause our teacher has been busting our ass lately.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t think I can help…”

The other teen, clearly ready for his nicotine fix, slapped his hand on the top of the counter. “Come on, man! She took our packs, said she would hold on to them for us this period! She must have put them somewhere!”

I turned my head slightly, doing a quick scan to see if I could find any packs of cigarettes stashed away. Truth be told, I was startled and a bit intimidated by these two aggressive boys. And here I was, standing bottomless behind the store counter!

“Behind you,” the first student said pointing, causing me to twist my body and regard the shelves lining the wall. “I see something in between those textbooks. Deb must have hid them up there…”

Up there? Oh gosh… I raised my head to see where he indicated. The shelf wasn’t so high that I needed the ladder again, but without shoes, I would still need to raise my arms. I thought about stalling, or making some excuse… but I could see the second student fidgeting and looking apprehensive. He must be going through withdrawal or something. I figured, I had best get rid of the boys as quickly as possible.

Now that I looked more closely, I could just make out a couple of small rectangular boxes wedged between two hard-covered books. I hadn’t noticed them before. First, I used one hand to hold down my sweatshirt while I lifted my arm to reach the cigarettes. My fingers just brushed lightly against the pack. I looked back at the boys apologetically.

Oh, hell! I finally decided to stand on my bare tiptoes, and raise both my arms to get the cellophane-wrapped contraband! Filthy habit, anyway. I was more frustrated as I wanted to get out of here, but I was also embarrassed about what they were about to see. I could feel the fabric of the sweatshirt ride up my middle, and soon my entire backside was on display. By the time I found the cartons, my only piece of clothing was hiked up beneath my elbows. What a show!

I made sure to let the shirt drop all the way down once I stood flat on my feet again. I even smoothed down the front and back with my hands, as if that would make it seem like everything was normal. Then, blushing, I turned around and slid the cigarettes across the countertop.

The first boy stared for a moment, a bit slack-jawed. I thought I detected a string of drool from the corner of his mouth. “Uh… thanks…”

The other boy just grabbed the cartons and stuffed them in his pockets. He hurriedly turned to leave the school bookstore. Seeming rather oblivious, I guess he missed my cheeky flash. I watched his friend slug him in the arm as they passed through the open door.

“Dude! That chick didn’t have anything on under that shirt!”

Oh my gosh, I thought as I raised my hands to my mouth. What had I just done? I hoped he wouldn’t spread the news that I was walking around bottomless. In fact, I was completely naked, under this sweatshirt! But the other boy appeared to be disbelieving, and I guess his friend might start to think his eyes were playing tricks on him. I had a hard time believing it myself. So when the two were gone, and the rush of students in the hall had thinned out considerably, I slowly lifted the edge of the shirt up to my bellybutton.

Looking down, I saw my bald pussy… outer lips bright pink and puffed out. From behind the counter, I just had to lower my hand and touch the sensitive folds of skin. Ooh, that sent a thrill through my body! I nearly came on the spot!

“Hello there,” came the voice of someone entering the room. “Where’s Debbie?”

Wow… I jerked my sweatshirt back down fast, and so hard, I think I may have torn it a little at the tops of my shoulders! Flustered I answered, “She, ah… had to cum… I mean, go to class! I said I would look after the store until the next shift arrived.”

“Oh,” said the geeky looking boy with blonde hair and glasses. “I don’t recognize you…”

Recovering from the initial shock, I finally started making my way around to the other side of the counter and replied, “That’s because I’m not in your class. I’m a senior. I was doing Deb a favor.”

There was an awkward moment of silence as the Junior evaluated me. As his eyes fell to take in the sight of my bare feet, my toes wiggled under the scrutiny. “Where are your shoes?”

“Don’t ask… lost them in gym class.” I waved away any further inquiry, waiting for the boy to step aside. Even though he was lanky, he was still much taller than me, and I could not immediately get past him.

Pointing toward a section of shelves, he informed me, “You know, we do sell gym supplies here.”

“Really?” my face brightened for a moment. “Oh, but I’m afraid I don’t have any money on me.”

Suddenly, the teen’s eyes narrowed behind his thick spectacles and he took a step forward. “Hey, now! How do I know you weren’t in here stealing from the store?”

“What!” I said, appalled by the accusation. “That’s ridiculous. Look, you can plainly see that I didn’t steal any footwear. Besides, I was trying to help a friend… that’s the only reason I’m here!”

Folding his arms suspiciously, he proceeded to walk around me, closer to the counter and the register. I stood frozen, and he did not take his eyes off me. “Maybe I should report this to the Dean of Students. Maybe you stuffed some money, or pens or paperclips in your pockets!”

“Please don’t,” I squeaked, keeping my legs tight together. Fidgeting, I rubbed the front of one bare foot behind the calf of my other leg. “Oh for crying out loud…”

I told him that it was quite impossible for me to have stuffed anything inside my pockets. When he demanded to know why, I bit my lip in frustration and looked over my shoulder. The hallway was empty. The bell for next period had rung, so students would already be in their classes.

“Listen…” I whispered, trembling a little. “I can prove to you that I didn’t take anything from the store. But you have to promise not to tell anyone about this, OK?”

The 11^th grader nodded his head, as my fists clenched at the sides of my sweatshirt. He waited for me to continue. Very slowly, I pulled the material higher and higher. I closed my eyes, as I couldn’t bring myself to see his reaction when my pussy came into view. Feeling the fabric bunched up at my waist, I paused, expecting some kind of whistle or crude remark.

“Well… you might still have something hidden under that baggy shirt!” said the clever boy.

I took a deep breath and let out a sigh. I mean, here I was standing with my clean-shaven privates on display, but I decided to lift the shirt even higher. My hands curled tightly around the material, which I brought up to just below my breasts. Now my entire abdomen was exposed, and everything below! Still, he wasn’t satisfied and suggested that I could conceal smaller items, if I was careful not to let them fall out.

At that moment, the humiliation of the situation, and the wrongful accusation was just too overwhelming. I reached behind my head, and grabbed the shirt at my back. I began to pull the material over my head, and off my overheated body. The room must have been filled with the musky aroma of my horniness. Placing the sweatshirt on the top of the bookstore counter, I then took a step back, hands on my hips. It was then that I realized, I didn’t have any clothes on at all!

My fingers immediately clasped over my bald pubic mound and I stammered, “Look… I’m, like, really naked here. I mean stark naked…”

“Yes, I can see that,” the boy replied dryly. From behind the glasses, his eyes devoured my nubile body. “I suppose it would be impossible for you to hide any items from the store. Well, I just had to be sure, you know.”

We stared at each other for a minute in silence as I shyly rubbed a foot behind the other leg. And then it occurred to me, I was free to get dressed now! That is, if you can call throwing a large sweatshirt over your otherwise naked body, getting dressed… I turned around so that he saw my butt, and numbly picked up the material. Once I had pulled my head through the top and my arms through the sleeves, I shook out my hair. Tugging and straightening the bottom edge of the shirt, I proceeded to walk out of the bookstore.

“What? You’re just going to walk out of here like that?” asked Einstein.

But I only thought, oh my… he had seen me fully nude. And now I couldn’t look him in the eye. I just ignored his question as I padded out into the hallway. Good thing I was graduating next month, and would probably never see the kid again in my life.

I figured it was about ten minutes into my lunch period. Silently, I made my way toward the cafeteria, clutching both hands in front of my chest… I was so nervous! I could hear the noise level increase, as I drew closer, the sound of voices talking and shouting and laughing. While my body was perspiring beneath the sweatshirt, my bare feet felt cold as they slapped across the floor. Approaching the doors, I realized I had to be very careful. If Lisa was in here, waiting for me, she could whip my shirt off… and leave me naked in front of everyone! And then I remembered that she and Alicia had class this period, so I would be safe. Breathing a little easier, I entered the spacious room packed with students.

Immediately, I saw Carrie sitting at a table off to the side, in the section where we Seniors usually sat. I raised my head in her direction and she waved me over. Amid the snickering as I passed by others already taking their lunch, I reached the bench and quickly slid my legs under the table. My friend reached down and squeezed my knee.

“So, Lisa really seemed like she was out to get you this morning,” Carrie said. “What a great trick… you should have seen the look on your face!”

I lifted my friend’s hand back onto the table and pressed her fingers urgently. “Carrie… it’s no joke! Lisa has already taken my bra and panties! I don’t have anything on under this sweatshirt…”

The strawberry-blonde girl was silent for a moment, then said, “Really? So you’re completely naked except for one baggy thing? Wow… that is so hot!”

“Come on, Carrie, you’ve got to help me,” I cried. “Go up and get me something to eat, please.”

Carrie paused to look down at my bare feet and legs before replying, “I’ll tell you what, Erica. I will help you. Since you obviously can’t be carrying any excess items, I will lend you some lunch money, but you have to get on line yourself. This, I want to see!”

“Um, well, OK…” I started meekly. “I am pretty hungry.”

Once she handed me a few dollar bills, I slowly lifted myself from behind the table. Carrie took this opportunity to playfully raise the back of my sweatshirt, to have a look with her own eyes!

“Sweet ass, Erica!” she teased.

“Stop it!” I whispered harshly, as I hurried to smooth the material back down again.

I danced a few steps forward on my toes, away from Carrie’s naughty fingers. Then I looked to make sure I was properly covered, the navy blue hem just reaching down to my thighs. With the money gripped tight in my hand, I bravely walked toward the front of the cafeteria. There were more whistles and pointing and laughing. Now I really felt exposed! But I thought the worst would be over once I stood in line. No sooner had I taken my place and started shuffling forward, then someone else got in line behind me.

“Is this a dare?” asked a boy standing so close, I could smell his deodorant and feel his breath on the back of my neck. “Did your friends dare you to walk up here without your shoes?”

He inched closer, even as I took another step forward. My goodness, he was practically on top of my butt! I was afraid he might start touching me, with exploring fingers. At the same time, I felt my nipples stiffen, pushing straight out against the heavy fabric.

“You smell kind of musky,” he continued, leaning close as I hooked a strand of brown hair behind my ear. “Are you even wearing shorts?”

I did not answer, but closed my eyes. Allowing myself to move when I sensed the line shifted, drifting on the bare soles of my feet. I could picture everyone in the cafeteria at their tables watching me, wondering if I indeed had anything on under my sweatshirt. All this student needed to do to satisfy his curiosity was grasp the edges and lift the material higher than my hips. Then everyone would find out my secret. Imagining myself up here with the shirt completely off, I could feel my shaven pussy lips part, my clit growing erect.

“What will it be, flower girl?”

The throaty voice of the lady who worked behind the serving counter interrupted my arousal. I looked around confused for a bit, then looked down behind the glass shield that protected the food.

“I… um… let’s see. I guess I’ll just take a banana and a milk carton.”

Looking at me kind of disapprovingly, the cafeteria lady dumped the piece of fruit onto my tray, along with a half-pint carton of milk. I blushed furiously as she stared at my smooth, creamy legs and hurried over to the register. There, I paid for my meager takings, and quickly headed back over toward Carrie. With the tray held in both my hands, I was helpless to prevent my shirt from riding up as I moved. I feared that the bottom of my cheeks might be coming into view.

“Hmmm,” Carrie mused, picking up the banana once I was seated. “Were you thinking of eating this, or feeling a little playful?”

I told her that wasn’t funny, taking it back and started peeling down the skin. Although I had to admit, I was getting pretty horny. Just sitting here completely bottomless in a room with all these students, made me excited. I gulped down the carton of milk, then wiped my mouth with the sleeve of my sweatshirt. Carrie could see the look in my eye, sense my body tingling… I was fidgety and restless.

“Come on,” my friend announced, standing up and grabbing her books. “I have an idea!”

Well, I didn’t know what she had in mind, but it appeared it would involve leaving the cafeteria. I would be glad to get away from all those staring eyes, which were only making me hotter! Leaving the tray and empty carton on the table, I rose to my feet and began to follow the taller girl.

We walked out into the hallway, where it was relatively quieter. Carrie took my hand and started pulling me down the corridor. It was halfway through the period, so classes would still be in session. But my friend wasn’t taking me toward the classrooms on this floor. I soon realized, we were approaching the health office!

“Didn’t you see Nurse Baker in the lunch room?” Carrie explained. “She has monitor duties this period! It will be nice and safe inside her office…”

Sure enough, my friend brazenly opened the door to the Nurse’s office, and flicked on the lights to show that the room was indeed empty. There was a wide desk, a scale, some chairs and a brown leather examination table. It was here that Carrie had me climb up and sit. My legs dangled childishly, my toes unable to reach the floor.

“Let’s get this thing off you!” Carrie said, tugging at my sweatshirt.

“But… I…”

It was no use. My words became muffled as the material was lifted up my body and smothered my face. In spite of my objections, I even found myself raising my arms, so she could take the last piece of clothing off me. Free of the hot, confining fabric, I ran my fingers through my hair. I looked down at my entirely bare body, then back at a smiling Carrie.

“Oh my gosh!” I squealed. “I’m naked!”

Folding the sweatshirt, Carrie placed it aside and said, “But doesn’t that feel so much better?”

Of course, it was true, the air did feel nice on my uncovered skin. But I was little embarrassed because atop my small breasts, my nipples stuck out and quivered. And in the back of my mind, I was afraid that someone might find us in here at any moment.

“Now just lie down, Erica, and try to relax,” Carrie instructed.

I did as I was told, bringing my legs up so that my heels rested on the leather table. With one arm as a pillow beneath my head, I let my other hand fall on my tummy. I closed my eyes, but could hear Carrie walking over to the end by my feet. When she ran a finger up one sole, I shivered, but she didn’t launch into a full tickle attack. Instead, my friend only teased between my toes, and then began rubbing.

“How does a nice birthday massage sound?” she asked in a soothing voice.

I could only answer with a kitten’s purr, “Mmmm…”

Carrie stood to the side and leaned over me as she squeezed and kneaded my feet, calves, and lower legs. She was steadily working her way up so that her fingers ran along my shins and knees, pressing gently. When she reached higher, I spread my thighs apart, allowing her to rub them down with her hands. Carrie then lowered my own hand to my side, so she could continue her ministrations to my stomach. Using both her thumbs, she palpated my abdomen, then smoothly traced circles around my belly button. I arched my back, inviting her to play with my tits. Giggling, Carrie obliged, cupping both my breasts then pinching and teasing each nipple.

And then her hand, which felt unbelievably amazing, snaked back down my torso. Over my stomach, past my navel… down toward my sensitive nether regions where she began stroking my pussy.

“Ooooh…. aaaahhh!” I moaned quietly.

My clitoris poked out of its hood, and Carrie manipulated the small nub between her fingers. She rapidly had me on the edge of an orgasm, here, in the middle of school, in the health office!

“Happy Birthday, Erica…”

“Where is Nurse Baker?” came the sound of a girl’s voice suddenly entering the room.

My body froze, as I had just been ready to cum and start bucking my hips. Carrie’s hands stilled my trembling legs, straightening them out on the table. Then she turned around to face the intruder.

“The school nurse does not have office hours this period,” my friend said in a stern tone of voice. “I am her Senior assistant, and I was in the middle of this student’s sports physical.”

I tried to lay unmoving, although I was mortified to be caught nude like this. My hands did discreetly clasp over my bald vulva.

“Oh,” came the other girl’s meek reply. “Well, we have our health forms that need to be signed, so I guess we’ll have to wait until the Nurse gets back.”

We? My eyes opened up wide to hear the plural pronoun used, and I tried to turn my head so I could see just who had entered the room. But Carrie was kind of blocking my view as she continued to address the younger student.

“Sure… you and your friend can have a seat over there.” Then turning back to me, she said, “All right, Erica. You can slide off the table now.”

I tried to shake my head “no”, but soon Carrie had taken both my hands in hers, and gently lifted my body to a sitting position. Keeping my knees tight together, I swung my legs over the side of the leather examination table. When Carrie took a step back, I slid my butt off the edge, my bare feet landing on the floor with a smack. Instinctively, I placed one hand in front of my wet pussy and held the other arm against my breasts.

It was a good thing, because I finally saw who our guests were. Further away, against the side wall when you first walked in, sat a girl with glasses and blonde pigtails. And next to her, looked to be another freshman… a boy whose eyes were as wide as saucers at the sight of my eighteen-year-old bare body!

“OK, Erica, please lower your arms so I can finish the examination,” Carrie said so sweetly, but not sparing me any embarrassment.

I felt humiliated, but I was also really turned on at that moment. As if I was under some sort of hypnotic trance, very slowly, I began to move my arms and hands out of the way. Swallowing a lump of excitement down my throat, I could feel the tips of my fingers brushing the sides of my legs, and I knew that I stood fully nude in front of two more students; with everything exposed.

Carrie eyed me critically and said clinically, “Mm-hmmm… you seem pretty fit, Miss.”

“Oh my goodness” the other girl finally piped up. “Should we be in here? I mean, Brian shouldn’t see her without any clothes on…”

My friend had maneuvered herself so that she stood behind me, even pushing me forward a little, and answered over my shoulder. “It’s all right. Erica doesn’t mind. And we have to get this examination done today.”

Then Carrie cupped each of my butt cheeks and began fondling them sensually. It felt really nice, I even spread my legs wider apart! While she had her hands on my ass, the strawberry-blonde leaned close to my ear and started whispering. She told me that I looked so cute, and that she knew I liked being naked. She told me that she enjoyed showing me off to other people, and it made me hot, too. Well, while Carrie spoke softly into my ear and continued to rub my butt, I was getting more and more aroused… my nipples stuck out so hard, they pointed toward the ceiling. And my pussy was now like a blossoming flower, all the pink folds of skin opened up and glistening. My clit poked out like a third nipple.

“Erica looks horny,” the boy student suddenly said aloud.

The girl sitting next to him smacked him in the arm. “Brian, that is so rude! You should probably step out of the room… stop looking at her tits!”

Oh wow, this was too much! But at the same time, such an incredible experience! I was ashamed to hear them talk about my nudity, yet I did not bother to cover up. I was on the edge, wondering what Carrie would do to me next. While I really wanted to cum, I didn’t want to do that in front of two younger students. But if my friend even touched my pussy in slightest, I knew it would set me off. Thankfully, she remained very professional, and asked me to walk onto the scale.

Well, once I stood facing the wall, my profile exposed just how erect my nipples really were. Part of me wished that Carrie would start flicking them up and down, rolling the pointy protrusions between her fingers. Instead, she pretended to adjust the weights and take my measurements.

Next, she asked me sit on the stool in the corner so she could take my temperature. I mean, Carrie was really playing up the part of Nurse’s Assistant! My bare butt hit the black leather seat, and by reflex,I placed my feet on the bottom circular rung, toes curling. I rested my hands on my knees, with legs spread apart. Across the room, the other two students had a clear view of my gaping pussy. Carrie leaned down and placed the thermometer in my mouth, under my tongue. Our eyes met, and I wondered how long she was going to make me remain in this position… my juicy pink labia unfolded and clitoris sticking out.

Another minute went by, then Carrie looked at her watch and her eyes kind of went wide. She pulled the instrument abruptly past my lips and said, “OK, Erica, looks like you have a clean bill of health! No problems here…”

I watched as she dumped the thermometer in the wastebasket, then gathered up my sweatshirt. Understanding suddenly, this meant it was time to go.

“All right, off to class!” Carrie announced even as she headed toward the office door.

I jumped to my feet and started following after. And this meant, I would be walking completely naked past the two students!

“Oh… but,” the girl said and watched me fast approaching. “Shouldn’t you let her get dressed first?”

Carrie paused for a second, hugging her books and my only article of clothing to her chest, and answered, “Let’s give her some privacy, shall we? Erica can get changed in the girls’ bathroom…”

And before I knew it, she disappeared, and I was right behind her. We were suddenly in the middle of the hallway, but I didn’t have any clothes on at all! I took a few delicate steps forward, slapping my hand over my bald pussy mound.

“You… you’re going to give me my sweatshirt, Carrie, aren’t you?” I asked desperately.

The taller girl stood and held out the material in both hands at arm’s length. “Of course, silly! Even though you are more adorable nude, I don’t want you to get in trouble.”

And with a final laugh, she tossed me the shirt. I clumsily pulled it over my head, rushing because I didn’t know how long our isolation on this end of the school would last. Almost tearing the fabric as I pulled it down, making sure that everything was concealed. I must have looked a mess… hot and flustered, my hair out of place. My eyes lingered on the sight of Carrie swaying her hips as she proceeded down the corridor, on the way to her next class. She blew a kiss at me over her shoulder, and then was gone.

Leaving me to stand alone in my bare feet as the bell to change classes rang. I tried to clear my thoughts and think. It was just after my normal lunchtime… I had sociology next. But I really didn’t feel like sitting in another room filled with students. This time, I was wearing so little. I was afraid I would be pushing my luck, and my series of humiliations would only escalate. There was no doubt about it, I needed to cool down and find a place to hide.

Making the turn around the corner, too late, I saw Lisa walking in my direction. I turned, then spun around again, uncertain of which way to run. The hallway was filling up with students as the dominating blonde closed the distance between us. Finally I just froze, leaning back against a set of lockers, trying to will myself to become invisible. This was it… there were dozens of our classmates and underclassmen coursing back and forth. They would all see me when Lisa reached out and took off my sweatshirt. They would all see me naked! My legs trembled, and I bit nervously on my fingertips.

“Hello, Birthday Girl…” Lisa sneered as she stood in front of me. She placed one arm out, palm against the wall the way some guys do when they’re chatting up a girl.

I gripped the edges of the oppressive fabric tightly and squeaked, “Please, don’t!”

“Don’t, what?” she teased. “Don’t lift up your sweatshirt? Don’t take it off completely? You know, you could have avoided all of this by just following instructions earlier. But now, Erica, you’re in for a real treat!

“I have gym this period, and I want you to meet me outside. Go to the softball diamond and wait for me in the dugout. Don’t even think of disobeying, or so help me… I’ll drag your little ass into the lunch room and strip you in front of the entire cafeteria!”

And with that menacing threat, Lisa released her hold on my shirt, which I just realized she had curled into a knot at my bellybutton. Quickly, I unfolded the front of the material and smoothed it down, looking around to make sure no one had seen the brief flash of my crotch. Lisa was already off to the other side of the building where the gym was, and I had been given my orders. Thinking over the situation and circumstances, and what it might have been, maybe it wouldn’t be so bad.

Well, I had already decided that I was in no shape to go to my next class. Some fresh air might even do me some good. I tried to be hopeful about the whole thing, as the line of passing students thinned out. Waiting a few more minutes to collect my thoughts, the sound of the school bell rang again. Now that classes had resumed, I began walking down the hall toward the exit that would take me to the sports field.

I made it to the doors without being discovered. Well, without any more than a few curious glances from the people I hurriedly walked by. Not wanting to further irritate Lisa and keep her waiting, I wasted no time pushing myself outside, into the bright afternoon sunlight of early April. Shading my eyes at first as I scoped out my surroundings, the air did feel nice on my thighs and lower legs. My toes were warm on the concrete steps that led away from the building. And so over the asphalt pavement, my nubile limbs carried me until I reached the fresh-cut grass of the playing fields.

Then it was just a matter of dashing toward the baseball diamond, the one we girls used for softball. It was actually very quiet out here. I guess the girls had not yet finished changing into their gym uniforms. There was kind of a strange feeling standing out here by myself, and I started having naughty thoughts. Like what would it be like to pitch to the softball team in the nude. Or step up to bat without any clothes on! But then I remembered that Lisa explicitly asked me to wait for her in the dugout. So I walked in silence down the sidelines, blades of grass tickling the soles of my feet. Down the steps I went, and found that it was quite cool and shady inside here.

It was from this vantage point that I watched as a troop of high school seniors, almost a dozen girls, marched toward the field. It didn’t see any sign of the gym teacher. Some of them were carrying various items of equipment… gloves, bats, helmets, and such. Lisa walked out in front, idly tossing the large rawhide-stitched sphere up and down in her hand.

She was dressed in the red school uniform gym shorts, which fit snug about her hips and thighs. Her legs were long and tan, ending in a pair of slouch socks and sneakers. Her white top was tied off at the midriff, probably against regulation, but showed off her sexy tummy. Lisa looked hot!

“All right, ladies,” the blonde called out as she took the pitcher’s mound. “Since Ms. Hovorkova has a lot of end of the year paperwork to do, I volunteered to run this class for her. And I have a little surprise for us today!”

There was a moment of curious apprehension in the air, I even found myself a little breathless. Everyone knew, Lisa was not someone to be messed with, and she was capable of coming up with all sorts of devious plans.

Looking upon the girls that were gathered about her, she continued. “Today is my friend Erica’s eighteenth birthday. And right now, she is over there in the dugout, waiting for her birthday surprise. So, Erica… why don’t you come out here and join us on the field.”

I took a deep breath, starting to rise from my sitting position on the bench, when Lisa made one more request.

“And leave the sweatshirt behind…”

Oh no! She had me trapped, and now she was going to embarrass me in front of her gym class! I’m sure I knew some of the girls out there… I still had to take other classes with them. But Lisa had given me my instructions, and I knew it could get far worse if I did not listen. I looked around for help, foolishly, but I was alone in the half-darkness of the dugout.

Slowly, reluctantly, I began to lift the sweatshirt off my body. I felt the rise of the material brush against my stomach and then my stiff nipples. The fabric bunched up above my head, and I pulled it over my shoulders… pulling out each arm one at a time. Completely off, I clutched it for a moment against my chest, and then threw it to the side. Now I wasn’t wearing anything! For a moment, I arched my back with legs spread wide apart on the bench. My hand nervously ran through my hair and shook it out a little. Then I stood up, my bare feet hesitantly approaching the dugout steps.

“We’re waiting, Erica…” came the not too subtle voice of the dominating blonde.

Well, I climbed up the short steps… then walked bare-assed nude onto the field. My arms were folded tightly across my small tits, so that I clutched my elbows in opposite hands. There was nothing hiding my bellybutton, my pussy, or any inch of my slim legs. I did not dare to look at my female classmates as I approached, but kept my head bent down, eyes locked on my toes moving softly over the grass as I placed one foot in front of the other.

“Oh my gosh, she’s naked!” one of the girls giggled.

I shivered as I passed by another who said, “That’s some birthday outfit…”

And there was more chattering and chuckles as I shyly made my way toward Lisa. This was so embarrassing, being eyed critically and evaluated by my peers. At least if there were some guys around, they might have complimented my cute body. But then, that might have made me hornier! Lisa told me to join her on the pitcher’s mound, in the center of the baseball diamond under the bright sunlight. As I did so, my feet kicked up some dust until I climbed the hill and had my heels resting on the white rubber. I was facing the outfield, my ass toward home plate. Wondering what would happen next, I clasped both my hands over my shaved pussy.

“Now then,” Lisa announced. “Earlier this morning, little Erica ran out on me, before her special birthday spanking was completed. But we can start all over, from the beginning, and I’ll let everyone take a turn!”

I couldn’t believe I was standing out here in the middle of my high school sports field, stark naked! Suddenly, I felt the first swat hit my bottom. Lisa also made the second slap, as my butt cheeks bounced, and caused me to insert a finger into my pink slit.

“Ooooh,” I closed my eyes and moaned.

“Who wants to come next,” Lisa teased invitingly as she rubbed my ass.

I could hear one of the girls approaching, and suddenly my entire body was tingling. Lisa’s contact with my bare skin had been electric, and now I fully realized that other girls were going to be touching my body. Biting my lip, I wondered if I would make it through this humiliating ordeal before cumming in front of the entire gym class. It didn’t help that my nipples sprung out erect and I silently began rubbing my clit. I felt someone’s palm strike my butt, and the girl grabbed a handful and squeezed before moving away.

When another girl came up and landed a smack, I spread my legs apart, knowing that my pussy lips could be seen from behind.

“Do we have to spank her on the ass?” one of the gym students asked.

Lisa thought about this for a moment before saying, “I guess her whole body is fair game. Erica, put your hands on your head…”

Damn! That meant I wouldn’t be able to secretly play with myself, although maybe that was a good thing. Still, it also meant everything would now be exposed, and would be a potential target! My hands slowly separated from my crotch as I raised them to my head. Then I joined my fingers once more, intertwining with locks of my hair, standing with my legs shoulder-width apart. The girl skipped over to my side and gave me a light pat on my tummy. She also let her lingering fingers trace a circle around my belly button.

The next girl walked around until she stood square in front of me. I opened my eyes to find her looking me up and down from head to toe.

“You’ve got cute tits, Erica,” she said pleasantly and proceeded to playfully pull on my elongated nipples.

She continued to squeeze both my breasts and then reached around to give me a slap on the ass. Then she joined the other three girls sitting cross-legged on the grass. The next student followed and walked in front of me where she cupped my bare pussy! Her fingers spread my outer lips and fondled my labia…

“Aaaahhh!”

“Oh my, she’s wet… I think someone is enjoying this!”

I was vaguely aware of another handful of students marching behind me, each one administering more traditional spankings. But then another girl stepped in front of me, placing her hands on my slender hips that flared out with feminine grace. She had long black hair that she wore in a topknot, and had a smattering of light freckles across her nose, and sparkling grey eyes.

She moved in close and kissed me full on the lips, our tongues meeting and dancing inside my mouth. A quick slap on my butt followed as she said, “Happy Birthday, Erica.”

By this time, I was more than ready to explode! I closed my eyes and lost myself to this world of ecstasy. While my hands clenched atop my head, I was wild with anticipation wondering where the next set of hands would touch me. My clitoris had swelled up and was poking at the girls. Each time someone’s palm hit my nude ass, I bucked my hips a little more. This was really it… I was going to have an orgasm right here on the pitcher’s mound. And what was worse, in this heightened state of arousal, I tended to squirt, so all the girls would witness my climax.

Suddenly, after another girl had spanked me, I heard Lisa call out, “That’s eighteen!”

There was a round of applause and giggling, as I spun around confused. Here I was, naked, with nipples and clit erect, and on the edge of a massive orgasm. Keeping my hands on my head, my lean body practically begging for someone to finish me off.

“Is there something you would like to do for us?” Lisa asked with an evil smile, arching one eyebrow.

I turned around again, looking at the twelve girls in the middle of the infield. Some of them were standing with arms folded, others were kneeling or seated on the grass. Each watched me intently as if to see if I would really masturbate outside in front of them, as if I were some sort of exhibitionist slut! I felt myself blush… quickly I covered my breasts and pussy with my hands.

“Please,” I said turning back to face Lisa. “Let me have my sweatshirt and go back inside to finish…”

The blonde’s face darkened and she frowned at me. “No. I’m keeping your sweatshirt, along with the rest of your clothes, unless you lie down right now and cum! Otherwise, you can march your naked ass back into the school and do whatever you need to do!”

I wanted to give in, I really did. But not in front of our classmates. It had been almost two years since Lisa started teasing me and embarrassing me in public. From some small part of me deep down inside, I found a reserve of courage. I raised my chin and lowered my arms. Then I began to walk totally nude off the baseball field. My hips even wiggled with confidence as I headed toward the school, flaunting my sexy eighteen-year-old ass.

Of course, my plan was to dash into the nearest girls’ bathroom, masturbate wildly, and then hide out for the rest of the day. But as my toes reached the edge of the grass, I thought I heard over my shoulder Lisa say something.

“Don’t worry… I think by now, Alicia has pulled the fire alarm!”

“Wha-what?” I paused, spun around, not fully comprehending.

Considering my options, I decided to start jogging toward the building. Indeed, soon enough I heard the dreaded clanging of the alarm bell! I froze, I panicked… I watched as the side doors opened and a flood of students came teaming out into the parking lot. That was it, I decided, I was going home! I would deal with the consequences later.

But even as I ran in the other direction, there was absolutely no cover, and someone yelled, “Holy Shit! That girl is naked!”

I streaked past the freshman biology class, as well as the marching band that must have had their practice interrupted, and at least a dozen other classes trying to file into some sort of organized line. First I tried to keep one hand on my hairless crotch. But I found I needed both arms pumping so I could run faster. Too late, I saw that I was moving straight toward the principal, my sweet pussy lips flapping in the breeze!

I did not stop, but kept running past him, although I thought I heard him mutter something.

“Damn senior prank!”

Well, at least he recognized me as a senior… I wondered if he enjoyed the view.

Amid the rising commotion, the whistles and catcalls and other unbelievable responses, I headed off the school property and began my embarrassing expedition back to my house. It certainly wasn’t the first time I had to run home naked, and I had learned specific routes to take and side ways to go to avoid being caught.

Finally, when I reached my doorstep, I found the spare key and let myself in. It was the middle of the day so I would have the whole house to myself…

SURPRISE!!!!

My older stepbrother and his buddies paused to exclaim, in the middle of hanging up party decorations. Then he looked at me curiously and remarked, “Um… you’re home early, Erica…”

“Eeek!” I screeched and dashed bare-assed down the hall where I locked myself in my room. I flung my body face down on the bed, and slung an arm between my legs so I could tickle my anus. I think I masturbated for two hours.

What a way to kick off my birthday!

**19 - Erica's Senior Adventure By Drew**

**Part 1**

I woke up early. Thank god it was Saturday. I was lying on the daybed in Alicia's room. The sheets were cool on my naked skin. I loved the way they made me feel.

I never slept naked in my bed, I always with a long sleep-shirt, because I felt warm and cozy in it.

I slept naked at Alicia's house though. She’s always insisting I get comfortable with being naked, and to be naked when we're alone in her room, doing whatever!

Just to “get used to it.” Far from comfortable, and far from “getting used to it,” I'm still embarrassed! I wondered if secretly she enjoyed looking at me naked.

I was always catching her looking at my body, especially my shaved crotch.

And it's easy for her to insist on me being naked, she's always covered up, why, even at night she sleeps in a bra and panties! And I'm nude! I'm on display for her to ogle all the time when we're alone, watching TV, listening to music, and even studying after school!

But I don't get to see her naked, and haven't, since we were little kids.

Somehow, it didn't seem fair. Thinking about my best friend naked was making me a little horny. I shook my head to clear it, “ah!” No way.

I figured it was just better to just go along rather than argue with her. Besides, she's already seen me naked a bunch of times.

So I'd spent the night there, as Alicia and I needed to get caught up on a geometry project and study for a test on Monday. If we failed the test then neither of us would get to go to the Senior Class Dinner and Show.

And everyone seemed to be going, and Alicia, of course, wanted to go too. Me, on the other hand, would have been happy staying home and watched TV.

The test was fifty one percent of our class grade. Failing it was out of the question. It took us all Friday night, but we finally finished it and we both fell asleep.

I awoke with a start!

What woke me up was Alicia yelling and screaming. She'd been talking on the cell-phone, and talking to me so fast I could barely keep up with her!

"Erica! Wake up Erica! The show after the Dinner is BO! From American Idol! She screamed.

“Ohmygawd! It's BO! BO! From American Idol! I've got us tickets! And we got a room! The Senior Dinner, then the concert!” she blurted out all at once.

“Sarah got the room for me..errr..for us! Remember her? The salesgirl at the Mall? We can stay the night too, so we don't haveta drive home in the dark, so cool!” She was grinning ear to ear, she was so excited!

I remembered Sarah, the lady who embarrassed me at the mall, but I was happy that Alicia was happy. I was suspicious.

She saw it. "Hummmmm, okay!" I said quietly, I looking at my feet. Her face dropped.

"Oh Erica, C’mon, you've got to come with me!" She pleaded. "What else would you do all weekend? We already covered homework and the stupid geometry questions."

She took my hands, sat beside me on the daybed and looked me in the eyes with that "I'll be friends forever" look.

I hesitated before saying anything, to think fast.

I didn't really want to go, especially to stay overnight, but I didn't want to let her down.

I didn't think it'd be much fun.

I didn't watch TV much and didn't even know who Bo was. But, if I didn't go with her I knew her Mom would never let her go alone.

"Alicia, I cant go anywhere, I don't have any money," secretly hoping that would be the end of it.

"That's okay Erica! My Dad gave me a credit card for my seventeenth birthday, remember?" I sounded like I was making excuses. She began to frown.

"Alicia..."

"Your Mom and Dad won't have a problem with you using it to spend the weekend, at a Hotel, to see a show, and pay my way for it all too? Uh huh." I said a little sarcastically.

She pouted. "If they know you're coming they'll say it's okay Erica. I know they will. Now will you please call and ask your Mom!? Please Erica, pretty please?" and took both my hands, pleading.

She looked ready to cry now, and I caved in, like always. Why do I always give in to her?

"Okayyy, then, I'll try, hand me the phone," she let go of my hands and handed me the phone.

I called my Mom, and all the while Alicia was making praying motions with her hands, mouthing a silent "please" with such an earnest look on her face. I grinned at her, giving her the thumbs up. I put my hand over the phone.

"My Mom says its okay if your Mom does and only if the two of us go, and no boys."

I wish, just once, my mom would say "NO" when I need her to, when I want her to, I thought glumly.

Alicia screamed again! Jumping up and down and clapping, then dancing around me. I loved seeing her like this though. She was so happy, like a little kid.

She was such a good friend, I'd have hated to let her down now.

Holding the phone to my ear, I finished the call, saying "Okay, Mom, bye Mom, see ya Sunday night, yes Mom, Alicia has a cell-phone, just in case," I said and clicked off.

I couldn't let her down and not go. I loved her very much. After all, we grew up together, and she was my best friend.

Alicia and I stared at each other, then she screamed! Loud!

Alicia collapsed on the bed giggling, staring at the ceiling.

**Part 2**

She was dreaming of the good-looking guys she'd see, no doubt. So was I, but I didn't really want to go. Besides, any guys we'd run into would think I'm her little sister, probably.

Damnit, I'm a senior in high school, I wish my boobs would grow bigger.

Even though I didn't want to go, I said yes.

I guess it's just a natural thing between us that she leads and I follow. I wish I knew why I was like that. Best not to dwell on stuff, I thought.

She looked me up and down, winked and said you need to get dressed soon. Her eyes kept glancing from my pussy to my tits! Still sitting by the side of the day-bed, I looked up at her, waiting for her to move, hand me my clothes, something.

She didn't move, though, just stared at me, arms folded. I blushed, and she giggled.

It was also chilly in here, I had goosebumps on my arms, and the little blonde hairs on my nipples were excited. Being ogled by my best friend was making me horny! I was embarrassed. I pretended to scratch my left nipple, hiding my tits.

Alicia just giggled and smirked at me, now both my nipples had popped out like baby carrots, hard and long. I turned red, blushing from my breasts on up to the tops of my ears, and warm.

Alicia laughed out loud, clapped, then pointed at my now moist lips, "Erica...uhhhhh."

She knew I was horny! I glanced down, and sure enough, there was a tiny pearl drop, right at the bottom of my labia. I immediately crossed my legs, but Alicia just smiled, then handed me a Kleenex.

The bedroom door swung open, and in walked Alicia's Mom!

She didn't even knock! What's up with parents anyway? Alicia just smiled at her mother, and gestured to me.

I just stood there, unsure of what to do or where to move my arms, so I did nothing. I tossed the used Kleenex in the little trashcan next to the dresser.

Her mother stopped with her arms full of Alicia's clothes, looked me up and down with her eyes, then turned to the dresser.

"Mom, we're going to the concert! Erica can come too! She just talked to her Mom, and she said yes. Aint that cool!"

"Is'nt it dear, and if you say so." Her mother smiled pleasantly at her and me. Her mother was actually kind of pretty, in an old person sort of way, I thought. She must be in her mid-forties.

And had big boobs, wearing low rider jeans? Pretty daring, for an older lady.

Her arms full of underwear, she walked past me to the dresser...I could smell fresh scent of soap on her, as she bent down to grab the drawer handle her boob brushed my elbow as she knelt down.

I gasped slightly at the touch. It felt so soft. She wasn't wearing a bra herself! Her Moms' nipples were swaying under her t-shirt and soft, as opposed to my hard ones, which were dying to be tweaked.

Her butt was presented to me as well, and her two round butt-cheeks presented a nice sight. "Nice?" I thought, surprised at the thought.

Damn! What was wrong with me? Here I am, naked, checking out other women, Alicia's mom at that! And I'm horny too?

She straightened up, looked at my naked pussy and tits in a single glance, then my eyes, and smiled. Maybe she was judging my development, or lack of it. I felt warm again.

Compared to Alicia I did look 12 or 14.

"Well then, Erica, you'd better get dressed, if you're going on a trip. You certainly can't go naked, even if you are practicing to be a nudist."

She stood beside Alicia and they both had their arms folded, like they were waiting for me to do something.

I looked sharply at Alicia, "Nudist! Why I'm no..." Alicia broke in, "I told her all about it Erica, so it's cool for you to be naked around the house." I was stunned, because the thought of being a nudist hadn't really occurred to me.

I didn't think nudists got turned on by being nude. Maybe there was something wrong with me, 'cause I got turned on by it?

"Alicia told me you were interested in becoming a nudist, but I thought she was joking!"

"I..uhm..uh..why yes.." I mumbled, looking at Alicia, who shrugged her shoulders.

Her Mother had never seen me nude, until now, but there'd been a few close calls, and here I was now, standing bare-assed naked in front of her. A nudist! Oh good grief! I tried to avoid eye contact and looked at my toes.

"Uhm, well, yes, its uhm...very comfortable Ma'am.

Alicia got busy by grabbing my clothes up from the pile by her bed, but she made no move to give them to me.

Alicia's mother had a slight smile on her face, probably wondering why I hadn't talked to her about it before, or my mother, about this nudist thing. S\*\*t! What if she tells my Mom?

The thought made me blush again, my nudity! Me naked in front of the family! Strolling around naked in front of their family? Not likely!

"Why yes dear, what a great idea. Don't mind Dan or my Husband. I already warned them you may be naked, once in a while."

Dan was eighteen, Alicia's brother, and her Husband, Don, was a good-looking man of forty-five. I hope I didn't have to be naked in front of them, even more eyes on my shaved pussy and under-developed looking body. Judging me, checking me out. Damn, I thought, this is getting complicated, this naked thing.

"I'll be downstairs girls, if you need anything," her Mom said, leaving the room, and leaving the door open.

Suddenly sensitive to noises of the house, I could hear some video game and football, and voices. Young voices. Male and female.

"Oh my Gawd! What? Someone's coming." I shot a fearful look at Alicia, who just smiled, handing me my small pile of clothes. Was she enjoying this? My embarrassment? Some friend.

Having me stay at her house naked all the time, then exposing me naked to her family? What's she up to?

I began to put my socks on, and voices, young voices, were getting closer.

The bedroom door was already open, and in marched Lisa, Carrie, and Henry! Henry? Oh my god!

**Part 3**

I stood up fast, looked right and left for somewhere to hide, feeling the butterflies in my tummy, but there was nowhere, so I covered my pussy and tits with my arms, uttering a small, choked, "hi," my little pile of clothes forgotten in the panic.

I stared dumbly at Lisa; Henrys' eyes were stuck on my tits, which were hard and poking out.

Carrie moved over to my side and put her arm around me, comfortingly, "Ohhhhh Erica, we just cant keep clothes on you can we?" she said, smiling at her friends.

Alicia stood back, grabbed a pillow and tossed it to me.

"Yeah," piped in Lisa, 'just like a little kid, easy access to that little snatch of hers." She was frowning at me. Put your eyes back in your head Henry, and tell her."

At this I turned a bright pink, while covering my important parts with the long bed-pillow.

"I don't need easy access to it," I mumbled meekly.

I wish I could control these urges! I was getting moist at all the attention, as everyone was checking me out, and Carrie began doing a slow backrub, from my neck to the bottom of my butt-cheeks. She knew what she was doing, or rather what it was doing to me.

Henry, shaken out of his trance after a punch on the arm by Lisa, spoke up, "Oh yeah, Alicia, I'm doing the honors as the activities chairman, but I need a speaker for the dinner, and we'd like that to be you."

Alicia looked stunned. Her mind was on cute guys, not nerdy boys in nerdy clubs.

"But I'm not PART of YOUR club, Henry, bunch of geeks in that club, setting around all afternoon, after class, playing with yourselves." She said laughing.

"Well, I need a speaker,' he said, non-plussed, 'and Lisa or Carrie wont do it. We want a chick to do it, okay? Looks better on us."

Carrie, whose hand was busy petting my butt, smiled at Lisa, nodding. "We have better things to do."

Lisa smiled big, "I think our naked Princess here could handle that Henry!"

My eyes got big, "oh no, you cant mean me..."

But Alicia was staring right at me, grinning.

"NoNo, Alicia, I didn't even want to go to this thing in the first place.

Lisa spoke up, "all in favor of Erica being the speaker say aye!"

Everyone raised his or her arms, saying aye! Carrie grabbed my arm and raised it too..oops, s\*\*t, there went the pillow.

Everyone's eyes were on my naked body. I'd managed to put on one sock before they all barged in.

Naked again in front of everyone. The backrub had had the desired effect, and I was fairly wet now, the pillow that had hidden my wetness from Henrys' drooling face, now at my feet.

My clit had begun its journey out of the hood, sure enough, I looked down, and my lips had begun to part, and they were very wet. My body was doing what my mind said not to.

Carrie ran her thumb down hard on my lower spine, I groaned "ahhhhh."

Taking my groan for an aye! Carrie blurts, "Its unanimous!! The Naked princess, I mean Erica as speaker!"

Lisa moved directly in front of me, pulling me by both nipples towards her, hissed, "And don't chicken out on us, little girl," emphasizing the word, "little." At that I cringed. She still held my nipples, and that hurt!

"We have plans for a good time, and don't want anything spoiling it, got it?" She was staring me right in the eyes.

I just mumbled "ouch!!!..okay..i'll do it.." The after-pain from my nipple pinch felt kinda good. What a cruel, mean b\*\*ch Lisa was.

Why was she like that? Did she hate me? I dont remember ever crossing her. Maybe I'll never know.

"Good! Then it's all set!" Lisa kicked Henry in the ass, "C'mon Henry, you've had your eyes full long enough. Go on, get out of here!" She shoved him roughly out the door.

Henry mumbled something and left, head down.

Alicia spoke up, "We're leaving very soon, we'll meet you two there," pointedly not saying anything about Henry, whom she hated for treating me like s\*\*t at the waterpark that one day. She hadn't had much use for him since then. He was my secret crush, and had then made fun of me and my body.

Carrie pulled her arm away from my slender back, reached around fast and pressed my clit, in front of everyone. I felt both legs go out from under me, but Lisa rushed to catch me, grabbing me under the arms before I fell.

"Damn Princess, get a grip, willya?" She looked at me with wonder. Mad, to weird, then concerned in a minute, Lisa scares me sometimes.

I just stared at her, hands uselessly dangling at my side, I had butterflies on butterflies...and my clit was already outside the hood, tingling. I was half into a climax, and feeling it, weak kneed.

I wondered gamely if all women's' clits did that, but I had nothing to compare it to, except gym class, but I waited to shower 'til the last girl was out, lest Lisa and her friends torment me even worse...about my tiny tits and stripping me for no good reason! They must just get a kick out of it.

Lisa moved towards the door, "bye Erica, bye Alicia. Meet us in the parking lot, okay? We'll all go in together."

Carrie turned her head back to me and blew a kiss. "Bye Naked Erica, thanks for the show."

Inwardly I groaned, and we're all going to college too. The same one.

After a few uncomfortable moments, Alicia made eye contact. I fidgeted, rubbed my belly, and gave Alicia a frantic look. My legs were crossing like I had to pee real bad.

"Go home and pack your stuff Erica," Alicia smiled. "I'll be by to pick you up in a little bit. Here, take these, will you please put them on?" she said, tossing me my clothes. I hesitated.

"No Erica, not now! Get a move on, no masturbating before we go, no time! And no, I can't help you."

She handed me my book-bag, and my clothes, in a pile with my shoes. "Come on Erica, if you don't want to be late leaving, I suggest you get a move on."

Alicia never seemed to stop studying my body. Especially if my pussy-lips were apart, or my butt exposed for some reason. She watched intently as I dressed, then gestured to the door.

"After you, Erica." she said, as I walked out the bedroom door.

I headed out.

**Part 4**

I was standing on the curb, and there was Alicia, grinning ear to ear. She drove an old Toyota, and coming down the street, pulled into my driveway, but didn't get out. I stood there with my hands deep in my pockets, watching her. I was still not wanting to go to this thing.

"I see you've got an overnight bag Erica! Great! Hurry up, let’s go!" "Great outfit Erica,’ she laughed, rolling her eyes at me, ‘where’s your suitcase?” “I wanna go comfortable Alicia, okay?” I said, grabbing my bag and bottle of water.

I was wearing an old wrap-around denim skirt, a large black printed T, with “Ace Hardware” on it, and open toed sandals for footwear. Under these clothes I had plain white cotton panties and a sports bra. It’s what I usually wore on weekends, but today I had reasons besides comfort for wearing them. I got in her noisy little car.

She yelled, “Here we GOOOOOO," and began backing out.

I was praying everyone would think I’m dressed so shabby, they’d give up on this speaking idea of theirs. I didn’t bring any other clothes either, on purpose, since I didn’t plan on spending Saturday there at the hotel. I never went out anywhere anyway, except school, the library or the mall, and I didn't need to be dressed up for those places, I reasoned. And the show with this "Bo" person wasn't anything to dress up for, and neither was the dinner. But Alicia must have thought so, cause she was dressed in full party clothes. Frankie B. blue Jeans, pink camisole, red lame' throw and plenty of jewelry. I raised my eyebrows. “Wow!” I thought, she looked older to me. It must be the make-up.

I never wore any at all, it was just too much hassle. Alicia told me I had natural good looks, which didn’t need make-up. Maybe she didn’t want competition when it came to cute guys, probably, either way. I didn’t care to buy it, or wear it.

We were cruising down the highway when the car started making these funny thumping noises. “Alicia?” I yelled through the music she was blasting. “Alicia, what’s wrong with the car?” I tapped her shoulder and pointed at the hood. She stopped bobbing her head for a second, looked at me then turned the volume to her stereo down. Her eyes were big and round.

“Hey! Hey!! What’s that, what’s that!!?” Eyebrows up, her mouth was an open “O.” The engine thumped loud then quit. “Sh\*t!” she mouthed.

The car coasted to a stop. I got out and stood by the side of the road, next to the car. Alicia climbed out, then stood by the shoulder.

“Erica, come over here, get off the road, someone’s gonna hit ya,” she said, pulling me by the shirtsleeve. We were both standing off the road, next to a ditch full of smelly water. There was nothing for miles around but pastures, blue skies and sun. And a cow here and there, behind a zillion miles of fence. I was feeling real gloomy about this. Alicia looked puzzled.

“I just had it fixed Erica. S\*\*t, what’re we gonna do now?” "We'd better call your Dad to come get us Alicia." I suggested. She looked horrified! All I knew is I wanted to get away from here, the middle of smelly nowhere.

Alicia would have none of it. "What? NO Erica! We'll miss the fun tonight if we do that, plus my folks’ll never let me take the car anywhere again! They'll junk it! I love this car." Her lower lip began to quiver, so I tried to figure something out, someone safe to call but I couldn't think of anything.

"Well what can we do? Uhm, we can't walk all the way there Alicia."

"Well! We can hitchhike, no one around here will mess with us. I've got mace in my purse," she said, patting her purse. Besides, there’s no one on these roads but farmers anyway."

"Sarah will help us get my car fixed when we get there. I'm sure she knows lots of guys that can help us." She looked satisfied with her latest idea.

"Maybe you should call her to give us a ride too, huh?" I suggested. The hell with hitching. I was feeling real gloomy now. I would've called my Dad myself to come get us, but I didn't have a cell phone. Alicia dug around in her purse, "I was in such a hurry I forgot it, dammit! Oh well, we wont be here that long Erica. Relax, don't let this ruin our weekend," she said, forcing a smile. I was scared. Alicia and I sat on the rear bumper and waited for a car to stick our thumbs out at. I was getting very bummed when Alicia nudged me in the side. "Hey! Ow!" "Erica! Erica! Look! a car!"

Alicia jumped up, grabbed my arm and nearly pulled me into the road. I resisted her and backed up off the road. I was more than a little nervous thumbing. Who knows how many perverts are out stalking the road? What if it's the police! Hitching is against the law. I backed away and tried to duck behind the little car.

Alicia frowned, "Erica, get back over here! Stick out your thumb!" she was motioning me to move closer to the road. Instead I backed up even more, away from the road.

The car was heading toward us, fast! And it wasn't slowing down. It was getting close when it veered towards us! I could just see the driver and passengers and knew they were women, blonde hair was blowing out the driver’s window. The big SUV braked then fishtailed right towards me! Alicia ran up the road a little, and I backed up fast, too fast.

Jumping backwards, I lost my balance, falling down the short slope, landing face down in the mossy mud. It stank! The water had gross green stuff on it too.

Ignoring the girls in their car Alicia ran over to me, "Erica! Hey! Are you okay?"

I was soaked, and so were my clothes. My hair had gobs of wet muck in it.

"Alicia, this s\*\*t stinks! Ohmygawd, help me up!" I propped myself up on my elbows, looking around, then shaking my head, little droplets of brown muck flying around.

Alicia took off her pumps and stepped down gingerly to help me up.

She extended her hand to me, and I reached up to grab it. I was nearly glued to the muddy ground, and every time I moved I made sucking noises! I tried sitting on my butt, and sticking out my arms. She reached down and pulled me up by my outstretched hands.

She pulled me up hard and fast, and I felt something give. My skirt stayed stuck in the mud! "Oh Sh\*t!!" I looked down, I heard car doors slam. Followed by a lot of laughing and familiar voices!

Oh shit, "the bitch" Lisa and her friends! There must have been six girls in that car, Lisa’s parents car. And Escalade. Who else would do such a stupid thing, I thought angrily. She could have killed us! I looked down at myself, covered in muddy water and slop.

Lisa "the bitch" and Carrie strolled over, laughing loudly, but the others stayed inside. The other two smiling girls leaned against their car, sizing us, or me mostly, up.

**Part 5**

Upon hearing Lisa laughing her butt off, Alicia turned her head to look at her, letting go of my hand. Back I went, into the mud! This time I went flat on my back. Propping myself up on both elbows, I said “Alicia, please, a hand?” Lisa and Carrie strolled to the edge of the road, looking down at me. Lisa “the bitch” sneered, "Hey! Can we help? Yah need a lift somewhere? The thrift store? Erica? The junkyard? Alicia? Buy a new car?" Laughter from the Escalade.

Carrie, standing beside Lisa, looked me up and down and grinned. Her eyes wandered all over me, taking in every detail. She spoke, "Alicia, do you and your little friend need help? I’ve heard mud baths are good for your skin Erica, but errrrreally." She said, rolling her eyes. “Why is it every time I see you you're naked or nearly naked hm?" Her arms were crossed, like waiting for an answer from me.

“The Bitch” aimed a frown at me, then explained to Carrie as she would a small child, "She's a little exhibitionist Carrie, can’t you guess that by now? I mean, look at her." I didn't say anything. I was feeling pretty crappy, and the mud was beginning to itch, in sensitive areas. I hoped I wouldn’t get a disease from this. And I felt ashamed at my body being studied yet again by Lisa and Carrie. Alicia had her back to me.

I wonder what they think about when they look at my tits, I thought. Probably why they’re so small, will they get bigger, maybe. Or my pussy. The clit that seems to be like a tiny wiener, with a mind of its own, literally, under its hood! Argh! These thoughts! I mean, here I am lying on my back, in stinky muddy water, thinking about my body.

Alicia turned on them both, her little fists at her hips. She looked angry. "She fell in because you scared her Lisa! Why didn't you slow down, instead of scaring her? Us!"

Lisa’s eyes were big and round, pretending surprise at such a thought. "Aww, I wouldn't do that, would I? Carrie? Sheri? Laura?? I think our little naked Princess is just precious. And so is that t-shirt, I mean like, just look at her nipples!" More laughter. The others I could barely make out. The girls still inside the car. It must have been too dirty for them to get out and look, maybe they’d get dirt on their shoes or something.

Lisa, growing bored already, spoke to noone in particular, “We really need to get moving, let's go.” And spun around heading back to the car.

She wouldn’t, or would she? She would! "Wait! Help me out of here! Alicia, help me out! Oh, ohhhh this sh\*t stinks! OhmyGawd! Don’t leave me here!" I was struggling to get up. I got up on wobbly feet, minus my skirt. Since my thong looked like I pooped it, I peeled it off and held it out for Alicia to grab onto, to help me up and out of there.

Alicia stepped to the edge, again. I could hear snickering coming from the road, that B\*tch Lisa, of course, laughing at me, entertaining her friends.

She probably hoped I never got out of there. Carrie just stood there staring at Alcica and I, arms still crossed.

“Carrie! Don’t just stand there. A hand, please?" Alicia looked at me, "She’s stuck! Oh yuck, this stinks hahaha..oop..oh, yes..okay Carrie, grab her other hand, I’ll grab the rag...errr...thong haha." "Oh. hah. huh," I said back to her.

Lisa, now the tug-of-war coach, says, “okay, girls, when I say One Two Three pull, PULL!” She started clapping! Oh good grief, I thought.

Carrie and Alicia each had me, and in unison, we yelled “One,Two,Three, PULL!” Out and up I slid, on my belly. All I had to wear was a messed up t-shirt now, covered in crud.

"Shit." I muttered. It was my favorite shirt too! That's what I get for wearing it here. "Alicia, my shirt, I've ruined it too."

Alicia looked me over and tried very hard not to laugh. Instead, she giggled, “Uh oh Erica, hope you brought more clothes! Well, we could always go shopping again.” She reached over to put her arm around my shoulder, I thought anyway, instead she grabbed the hem of my t-shirt and in one broad motion it was over my head and on the ground!

"There, now doesn’t that feel better Erica? You need to get cleaned up somehow." I was completely naked now,on display, not even my sandals were spared from the mud. I stood there shivering, although it wasn't cold, my nipples were at full attention, but I was anything but horny. I felt gross.

Lisa, Carrie, Sheri and Laura all came to stare at me, leaving the other two still in the car. Facing me, Lisa said, “Erica, we really need to go now, but you, well, you’re a mess, and this is a problem.” Carrie winked at me again. What’s with the winking, does she know something I don’t? Sheri and Laura were giggling to each other, whispering behind their hands, all the while staring at me, or rather, my tits and crotch. They all looked so clean and fresh, in their best evening clothes. Everyone did, except me. I wondered what was next.

Carrie spoke up, smiling. “Alicia, this muddy little girl ain’t sitting next to me like that! Make her get cleaned up." Lisa grinned an evil grin. "Oh yes, Alicia," she grinned wickedly.

I don't want dirty little butts ruining my parents' car-seats little girl." At this Carrie burst out laughing. “Dirty butts? Naww, not our Erica. Sexy wet butts, well yeah!” she laughed out loud, patting me on the butt.

My heart began to thud in my chest. My belly felt funny, surely they wouldn’t leave me alone out here with the broken down car. I was beginning to get nervous. My hands were shaking. Surely they wouldn't leave me. Alicia wouldn't. "But, there's no shower around here! Not even a pond or creek! There's nothing. How am I supposed to get cleaned up? Haven’t you got a beach towel or towel or something in there?" I looked at Alicia then Lisa.

“This is my parents car Erica, get it, Parents? Like duh,” rolling her eyes again. Looking at Carrie, Lisa said, "Get her cleaned up dammit, and lets go." “The bitch” threw her the car keys. Carrie left my butt and me alone and went to the trunk, sticking the key in. She glanced over her shoulder at me and laughed, "Here we go! Time to get cleaned up Erica!"

**Part 6**

The two softball team girls were still in the big SUV, watching a movie. Carrie and Lisa were standing beside it. Alicia, Sheri and Mink were still in a half circle staring at me, my body. Studying me! Probably thinking how underdeveloped I am in the breasts, or why my pubis is always smooth.

Time kind of slowed down for a few seconds. I didn’t know which way to turn or where to go. So I stayed stock still, covering my chest with my arms.

Looking at Lisa, who then nodded, Carrie went between the two cars, keys in hand. Lisa just stood there,watching.

She reminded me of an old schoolteacher, with her arms crossed like that, I giggled, and they’re both just as sour. Sour apples. Sour grapes?

Carrie had an ear to ear grin on her face as she opened the door hatch. Sheri, who was very interested now, moved to join her, "ooOOoo, whatcha got in mind

Carrie?" she seemed very interested in what was goin on. Carrie shrugged, "Well? Ask Lisa, it's her party. We used it last night but it's empty now, sorta."

As Carrie opened it, I could see there was a pretty big cooler in the back. A huge one. It could have fit a ten-year-old in it, maybe. Carrie motioned me to come to her and Lisa, whose face was expressionless. I meekly complied, stepping up to face them. Naked, dirty, and deeply embarrassed.

Oh, I thought, What is this? Extra clothes must be in it! Maybe I'm supposed to ride in this. Would I fit? No way. Hide in it? What. What was I thinking? I wasn't. I was naked, dirty, and being displayed in front of other girls.

I looked to Alicia, who was busy chatting with the other girls, Mink and Sheri. What a stupid name I thought. Mink. Named after fur. Or a rodent. A mink was a rodent, I thought, and with those god awful streaks in her hair, she even looked like one. Argh! I'm not that sort of person to be criticizing people by their appearance. Far from it, look at me! I'm covered in crud!

I was still kind of crouched down beside the Toyota so passing cars wouldn't see me. There was only two or three feet between the cars, Lisa’s car being in front of Alicia’s Toyota. Carrie shrugged her shoulders.

"Alright then Lisa, what's the deal with the cooler?" Sheri asked "the Bitch" in a cheery voice. Something was up. My belly was warning me.

"Just watch,' Lisa replied. 'Carrie, Sheri, if you please?" Lisa said, pointing at the cooler. "Move your ASSes!"

Lisa spoke “Carrie, look at the time,” she said, tapping her watch impatiently.

Lisa spoke up, "Alicia and Mink, you two get between the cars, we don't need anyone calling the cops on us, which they will if they see our little naked

mud-pie here squatting, they'll think she's taking a poop."

Squatting? This didn’t sound good. Why would I be squatting. "Squatting? Lisa! What?" I croaked. More butterflies overwhelmed me.

What the hell do they want from me? I’m already naked and dirty! Where’s Alicia? I looked behind me and she was still cracking up. No help there. The two girls in the SUV were now looking over the back seats at us, their movie temporarily forgotten. There must be something better to watch. And that was me.

“Well Erica, uhhhm, like Carrie lost a contact somewhere over there,” she said, pointing at a spot under the open hatch door. “And since you’re already dirty, well, squat yer little butt down there and find it for her. Hurry now Erica, we ARE leaving in five.”

I knelt down, Carrie had me by an elbow, I thought that was kind of sweet, except she had a hand on my ass while she was helping, groping me.

I was on all fours, trying unsuccessfully to find her contact. I heard rustling above my head.

I went rigid in shock, jumped up on my knees. "AHHHH SH\*\*\*T!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. My God it was freezing cold! They up-ended that damned cooler full of cold water on me! Lisa also had a quart water bottle and was pouring it over my head, the mud running out, thinning, then dripping through my shoulders to the ground.

“Oh GAWD! OHMYGAWD! Argh!” my screaming startled the others. I must have turned three shades of white, and feeling as though I was going to pass out.

Alicia looked shocked, as if she didn’t know this was coming. Mink and Sheri just stood there, doubled over laughing and patting each other on the back. I could see two grinning faces above the seats inside the car, and heard more laughing.

Carrie became worried and was immediately at my side. She put her arm around me, regardless of what little dirt was left there. “Well shit! you’re okay.

Let’s do this, she IS getting pissed.” Carrie then got busy with the water, wiping me down with her hands.

“There now,’ Lisa said, ‘you’re getting rinsed off and we’re getting the f\*\*k out of here, before you completely ruin our plans Erica, right?! Alicia. Get over here and help her rinse that sh\*t off.”

“No thanks Lisa, it looks like Carrie’s got that uh, covered.” The other two girls stood leaning against the toyota, smiling and occasionally making remarks, but I couldn’t hear them. I squeezed my eyes shut tight. My nipples were so tight they hurt, and so did the goosebumps crawling up and down my body, including my clit.

Carrie took the rag and began to wipe me down, starting at the top of my head, massaging my neck and shoulders and rinsing at the same time, then dipping the rag in the cooler, she wiped my chest, back, and hips. She then gently worked her way down my hips, thighs and legs. Squeezing the excess water from the rag, she then laid it down.

“There, that’s good, Erica, let us make sure your cute little slit is clean, okay?” On her knees now, Carrie grabbed both my legs and spread them apart, bending her head down and gazing between my legs. She stuck her finger in my belly button!

I stood there, shaking, embarrassed, and compliant, like a little kid being wiped down by their grandma.

Shivering, I tried to cover my hard nipples, but Carrie kept pulling my arms back down. I was becoming excited, in spite of freezing my ass off.

Carrie just smiled, “Ooo Naked Princess, you’ve goose bumps!, I wonder if the inside of your pussy gets them, huh?, your tummy sure does, like pussy bumps?

Let’s see,” at that point I was turning bright red.

Lisa laughed out loud, a real hard belly laugh too. I noticed their eyes and all were on me. I felt a chill run down the back of my spine! They were all studying me! My god!, my pussy!, the insides!”

She took her thumb and index finger and gently pulled my lips apart. I gasped, and looked down at her, she was breathing hard, her eyes sparkling.

With her thumb and middle finger keeping my lips apart, she used her index finger to tickle my now very excited clit. Her other hand grabbed onto my butt cheeks hard! Squeezing them like fresh bread! “Oh, uh, ah, ah, ah ah ah ah ah! CarrieeeeeeEEEEE!” My knees went out, and I floated right into Carries waiting arms.

**Part 7**

Alicia and Carrie gently lifted me by the elbows and carried me to the open door of the car. I sat on the running board, legs open, drying out. The two girls were standing outside of the SUV, looking me over, joining Alicia and Carrie.

The brunettes name was Sarah, I remembered her now. The blonde I never did know, but she also stood there, looking me over, with her hands on her hips. “Oh thank you Erica, what a great show! The only thing missing was some hot guys and we could've had a great show! Well, we’ve at least got some pictures!” Sarah had her cell-cam in her hand. She seemed very happy at this moment.

Carrie spoke quietly, glaring at them both, “If those pictures ever make it to anyone we know, I will personally kill you.” They looked at each other, the brunette pocketed the phone. Blondie stuck her nose in the air, then rolled her eyes and got back inside the SUV.

Lisa added wryly, "Now that would have been something alright, Carrie and a guy.”

"Enough Lisa!” snapped Carrie, "you're in such a hurry to go, well, we’re ready.”

Mink and Sheri were ready too, waiting to get in the car, stopping to look me over.

"Erica, you've got the longest nipples of any girl I've ever seen." Sheri said, studying my tits. The blonde joined in saying, "You must have shaved last night Erica, did you?"

"Uhm, well, no, Alicia and I were up late studying, I didn't have a chance.”

“Then it's naturally smooth? You're seventeen Erica," she said, as if this was a topic we needed to discuss.

My nipples became tight again with everyone examining me like I’m a piece of beef. These comments were not meant to be sexy, but to me they were. I think I may be weird. They were making me wet and I was becoming warm, flushed! I moved my hand to cup my pussy, hiding my crotch from their view.

"And now she plays with herself?" Sheri laughs. "Let me see, Erica", she laughed, pulling my hand down. Sure enough, I was wet, my lips were becoming full and my clit was getting bigger. My hand went right back up! “No no sweetie, let everyone see, you’re our little flasher aren’t you?” Sheri was giggling while she pulled my hand out of the way.

"Well her pussy is no little girls,' that's for sure, I mean, like, look at her clit, my gawd, she must have a regular party with it that long!" laughs the brunette again.

Mud soaked then drenched here on a country road, stripped, shamed, then climaxing in front of a dozen people, girls at that, it felt like everyone’s eyes were on my body. I was excited and ashamed at the same time.

Lisa, her patience had run out, I guess, announced, “Alright, everyone in, lets go.”

We all got inside the Escalade, and that was it, only I was naked and everyone else had clothes on.

**Part 8**

We made it to the Hotel.

It was a simply designed place, very modern. Like a big box in the middle and a wing on each side. There was a curious glass thing on the end of one of the buildings, looked like a greenhouse.

Hummm, uh, a pool probably. Stupid lookin’ place. Red brick, long glass windows, very Midwestern, very simple design.

We made it to the parking lot, then pulled into the center of the hotel complex. The girls were getting very rowdy at this point. No doubt the smell in the car, coming from me, had something to do with it?

The odors of the nasty water and my wetness hung in the air, even with the windows open, and the smelly tree thing dancing around on the rearview mirror.

Lisa had the a/c on too, but that didn’t help us in the back, really, nor my nipples either! The goose bumps on my arms were constant! I was hot and sticky, in all the wrong places. I smiled to myself, a joke.

Lisa yelled, “Here we are everyone! The Raddison Hotel! Everyone out!” She frowned, her usual face.

I looked around for something to cover up with, but there was nothing, not even a hankie! I slid over after Carrie got out, checked for wet spots, there were none, then crawled out of the back seat. Stepping down to the pavement, I hid behind Carrie, holding my bottle of water in front of my crotch.

I started hopping around, cause the pavement was boiling! That pavement was hot! I nearly ran into some shade provided by a spindly spruce in the parking island.

Alicia got out the other side, then came around the car to Carrie and I. The others had left laughing and skipping without a backwards glance.

It was Alicia, Carrie, Lisa, and me, naked. Standing in the shade, hidden behind Carrie, I wondered what was next. I was worrying about security guards, cameras, or worse, the cops!

"We need to get your bag out of the trunk Alicia! And I can’t go anywhere till I’m dressed!" I looked around nervously.

"Okay Erica, hang on," she said. She was digging around in her purse again. I always wonder why she does that whenever we arrive somewhere. We stop, she digs.

Lisa wrinkled her nose, "Something smells." glaring at me. She moved downwind, away from me. Carrie put her arm around my neck and squeezed, pulling me sideways so I had to hold onto her for balance. "Oh Erica, you're just SO, SO huggable!" she baby-talked me.

"And such a smooth, smooth pussy, you wanna be my baby? Baby girl?" She was joking, I hoped.

"Carrie! Stop, please! Quit goofing around. I need something to wear! And someone's gonna get us busted, me!" I struggled to get back behind her.

I was imagining everyone in their rooms was watching me behind the slit in the curtains.

"Carrie! Stop!" I moved her around in front of me again. I had to push, then guide her, all the while she's frowning, like I hurt her feelings or something. Playing around like that's gonna get me in trouble! Now please chill out." I noted a trace of desperation in my voice, as opposed to her 'ready to party voice.

"Aw, Erica, and I had an early birthday present for you, but now, well, you'll just haveta wait, you party pooper," she giggled, and winked at Alicia.

I wondered if even Lisa ever got under this girls skin. She always seemed to be so carefree and open. A polar opposite of me!

Lisa stood stoically, surveying the scene. "Ya know, this place is kinda small for a band, well, that Bo guy aint worth a crap anyway. He's lucky there's anyone showing up at all, at least we get a dinner out of this."

Carrie looked at me with a very, very strange look. She turned to Lisa.

"You don't have to be an asshole Lisa, Bo happens to be Alicias favorite singer," Carrie said.

"Tough shit, I dont haveta like him." Lisa sneered. "Look, Alicia, hurry up, get yer room keys, I don't like standing around here with Erica being naked and all."

I spotted the windows to the managers’ office, and there were two white faces peering out, I couldn’t make out if they were male or female. But upon closer look, worse, the lobby was full of old people, men and women, who were staring at us. My God, I must look pretty stupid, standing here like this, hiding behind Carrie.

I knew they could see we were up to something, those old farts, and hiding behind Carrie was'nt much protection, but it was better than just standing here, out in the open, proud and naked.

I had my arms on the back of Carries' shoulders, and stood close to her. I felt something touch my clit! Her fingers were pressing on my clit, sideways, and tapping it. Carrie giggled. "A teaser, soon to be birthday girl."

She swung around sideways to face me, then...

I felt the familiar tingling spreading to my nipples. The blush! My head was getting lighter and I was getting a little wobbly on my feet.

Carrie planted a big kiss on my mouth. I stepped back just a little, but I didn't resist her. I didn't know what to do so I just stood there, naked and trembling. Carries fingers began exploring.

ALicia just stood back from us taking it all in. She looked at Lisa expectantly.

"Oh good fuc\*ing grief Carrie, we really should get going. Alicia, go and get yer room, we're driving around the side and parkin. GO!" she nearly shouted.

Lisa crossed her arms again, and glared, but her eyes didn't look mad, I didn'nt think.

Oh good grief! I'm wet again! I felt a trickle running down my leg. All thoughts of being seen and hassled were now forgotten.

"Ahh, I..I.. Alicia! Go get a room key, please hurry!" I croaked.

"Hurry up, dammit," Lisa began pacing around.

"Oh alright. I was just getting my credit card. Thought I may have had my phone, but I don't."

Alicia walked away from us. Lisa had moved in close to shield others' eyes from me. Carrie still hid me from the front, but anyone driving into the parking lot would see me from the side, hiding behind Carrie, with her hands groping.

I feel so good, and scared! I was hot, tingly and wet. I needed a shower, and above all, something to wear!

Alicia came back out of the Office part of the building, keys in hand, heading towards us. Carrie let me go, or rather my pussy. I looked up, and suddenly the other girls were there! In a semi-circle, surrounding me. Where'd they come from? My eyes must've been closed.

Lisa had propped herself up on the Escalade.

"Erica baby, I need to go and park now. Come on Carrie, let’s go." She laughed, and so did her friends. I just now realized they were standing there, on the other side of the car, looking at whatever. Whispering to each other. Had I been dreaming? Standing up? No.

Sheri came up beside us, and along with her other friend, I found myself surrounded, but Lisa of all people, rescued me from their comments and stares.

"Erica, I’m going to leave, Alicia can deal with you. Let’s get your stuff."

She went around the car to the back, opened the trunk again and lo!

“Well shit Erica,” Lisa was laughing hard, 'didn't you...what..you forgot your stuff!?"

“What, well, yeah, but did you get Alicia’s stuff?" I said nervously.

“Yes, here, take it, enjoy, have fun, have a good time!" She swung it out of the back and heaved it at me.

I reached up and caught it, now my soaking wet crotch was full on display. I was blushing bad, thinking everyone probably knows I’m horny too. I felt like crying. I almost did. I held Alicia's bag close to my body, sort of covering me, but not quite.

Lisa, Carrie, the car and everyone was suddenly gone. Alicia stood facing me, I stood behind the spindly tree. At least the lobby looked empty from here.

"Where’s your overnight bag Erica?" Alicia asked me, staring curiously.

"I didn’t take one, remember?" I said, beginning to sob. Naked, stranded with no ride except for that bitch Lisa. And Carrie! I couldn't find words for her.

"Well, did you ask them if they had anything you could wear for now? What about the dinner tonight? What ya gonna wear to that! You're supposed to be speaking at it. And ya cant naked. Well.." she began to giggle. "Oop, ah, no, you can't," she put her hand to her mouth to hide a smile.

"It's not funny Alicia! You know those girls wouldn’t go out of their way for me, to help me for anything! Especially Lisa." My lips were trembling, I was now crying.

Alicia came close and hugged me tight, I dropped the bag. My feet were getting a little tender, as I kept stepping onto the hot ashpalt. I stopped after a few minutes, I just felt helpless. She broke off the hug and eased me into a crouching position.

"Hummmmm, Erica, let's sneak around the side of the building, you better sort of hide between these parked cars, and I'll see if I can get you in without being seen, ok?" She took my hand and began leading me around.

Alicia led, and I followed, alert for anything and anyone.

**Part 9**

I half squatted, half stood between cars, frantic. My god, it seemed like everywhere I looked people were looking at me, but I couldn’t really see any of the windows of the hotel. I could hear peoples’ voices but I thought I was well hidden between the parked cars.

I was hoping this was a dream, a bad nightmare I’d wake up from. How did I wind up naked and stranded here? Lisa, of course. But it wasn’t a bad dream, my burning feet were telling me this.

I stopped, and my belly felt like it was coming out my throat, I was so nervous. I was afraid of being caught and thrown in jail or something.

I zigzagged between cars, constantly bumping my shins on the front ends or rear bumpers. Red marks were beginning to appear on my legs. Why weren’t there parking stops in this place?

Some stupid pickup truck had a towing ball that nearly took my kneecap off! “Oww! Ow! Fvck fvck! That hurt!” I thought aloud, rubbing my bruised leg.

I stood there a second, both hands wresting on my knees as I caught my breath, my nakedness forgotten for the moment. But that was about to change.

Massaging my right kneecap, I heard someone whistling! More than one! I heard some males laughing, boys’ voices, and some females saying something in the distance. My belly sunk furthur, and the voices were getting louder, which means, closer! My belly told me to run, to hide, and to get away! I ran.

I stood, hiding myself, or so I thought, between an Expedition and another big truck. No shortage of monster trucks in this part of the country.

I thought I’d be hidden well enough for now, but they found me anyway. The little group of teenagers must have looked under the big truck and seen my feet.

They came around the truck, with a perfect view of me. The boys were on one end and the girls moved over to the other, so either way, they were going to see me naked, and block my escape.

I could have rushed by the girls, but my legs were wobbly with fear,and horniness, so I just stood there, frozen. I felt the tell-tale trickle of cum starting at my labia, heading south.

I tried to back up a little, keeping an equal distance between the four of them, on each side of me, my arms were out, and I backed up a little, then burnt my butt-cheeks on the side of the Expedition.

"Ow! OWW! Ohmygawd!" I jumped forwards, my little boobs bouncing, chest out, butt red.

My nipples, never completely soft, got harder and tight, and my crotch was getting sloppy, fast. Even through the damp dirt smell I could smell me! They were gonna check me out alright. I felt trapped, and that was making me excited.

Horny?! I didn’t even know these kids, yet exposing myself to them was making me very horny. I already felt as exposed as I could be!

How could it? How could that make me horny? I need to think about this whole thing, I'm really going to have to figure it out, I thought, but not now.

My wet crotch wanted me to stay and be teased or checked out by them, my mind wanted me to flee to the safety of Alicia, wherever she was.

I'm just a tiny girl, and these people were all bigger than I was.

“Right there Chuck, I told ya she was naked!” said an excited male voice.

The Talker paused, staring, wrinkling his nose, “Whoa, been rolling around in pig-shit?” he aimed his insult at me.

“Who is she? Who is this bitch?” asked Chuck excitedly, grinning. He had his camera phone out, was looking at it, and me, while his two female companions just glared at me, hips thrust out and their arms crossed.

“Wow! Dunno, dude… she looks kinda young, better not take her picture bro’,” the Talker added, frowning.

At this my nipples popped out full, poking the air, probing for excitement.

Judging by the the girls hands waving across their noses, I knew they could smell me too. The dirt and my pussy.

“FVck that,” said cell-phone Chuck, “if she’s old enough to flash her stuff, she’s definitely old enough. “

The Blonde girl said “What stuff? Where’s her tits? Her pussy is smooth!” she looked me up and down critically, like I was a bad piece of meat, then frowned. “What’s your name little girl?”

At ‘little’ I felt the familiar warmth creep up my neck, and my cheeks.

I said in a very weak voice, “Erica.” I stared at her eyes, hoping to get warning if I was going to get tackled.

“Well, now, embarrassed and naked Erica, are you hurt? Why are you naked, and smell like shit?” Blonde girl had her hands on her hips, glaring. She knew I wasn’t hurt.

“I…I was kicked out of the car by my friends, they left me like this,” I started giggling, a nervous reaction I guess.

“What the fVck you laughing at? You dumbass naked cow!” Bleach blonde began raising her voice.

“Uh oh,” I thought. I better get the hell away!

She looked hard, this one. Her friend Bleach Blondie and Budweiser Girl.

I couldn’t stop smiling at my little joke.

The other Blondie came towards me a little, leaned in and took a close look at my pussy. I backed up, thinking I was going to get hit. I stood motionless, I didn’t want them rushing me, jumping me.

Cell phone Chuck said “Leave her alone Mary, maybe she really is messed up,’ “Hey, ah, Erica, you drunk or stoned or something, huh?” He moved in closer.

Mary and her bleach blonde friend leaned in close, waving their hands at my pussy, looking for something. I knew what, after a moment.

“Well, she shaves, she’s got a few shaving bumps, but look!' cried Bleach Blondie,'C’mere Mary, look at that clit!

My gawd! It’s huge! And, and she’s horny! EEEwwwww!” She backed up, frowning.

Her index finger was about one inch away from it, pointing out for the others this miracle clit she’d discovered.

“Yeah, look, look, right there it is!” Chuck said, pointing his cell-phone right at me, at my clit, and I could feel it pulsing with each rapid heartbeat, poking out of its hood.

“Whatta slut! Is my boyfriend making you horny, bitch?” exclaimed Budweiser Girl.

“Bitch!” hissed her friend. “Let’s kick her skinny little ass Mary!” the two blondes looked ready, and kind of pissed, although their eyes never seemed to leave my pussy.

No help from the guys, they just stood and waited, probably hoping I’d get the shit beat out of me, so they could see my gaping wet puss lips and butthole as their girlfriends beat me up.

All four faces were leaning in close to look at my pussy, mouths hanging open. I just stood there, not moving, letting them examine my now swollen pussy.

I about fell down, the blood seemed to be rushing from my head, but not from embarrassment.

I was horny at being displayed, I was getting dizzy. I was horny all right. But by being insulted? Examined? Stared at? "Not now," I thought, sort it out later.

All this took place in a matter of a few short minutes, but it seemed longer. I was going to have to “handle” this horniness soon. My nipples were beginning to hurt. Maybe when I'm excited like this time somehow works different, well, at least to me anyway.

Appearing out of nowhere I heard a mans voice shouting, “HEY, what are you kids doing to her?” The owner of the monster truck! He came around behind the two boys, and with a whoop they all ran away, laughing, the girls taunting me, why they shot me the bird I don’t know. I couldn’t help being naked! If I’d had clothes or some thing I wouldn’t be naked! Without looking back I tore off out of there, away from the Truck mans voice.

**Part 10**

Throwing aside caution, I ran towards the end of the building, where I spotted Alicia, grinning and beckoning me with her arm in a ‘come here’ motion. If people out here think I’m streaking, well, they'd just have to.

That loud man had drawn attention to me, even if he did save my bare butt from those creeps, he still created more onlookers! Damnit!

People seemed to be popping up out of nowhere for a look.

Running more to get away from the voices and people behind me...I jogged towards Alicia. She was standing stock still, arms folded, tapping her foot in an exaggerated way.

“Took ya long enough Erica,” she said through an exagerrated yawn.

I panted, out of breath, “I wanted to make sure the coast was clear, where WERE you?” Her face fell. She must’ve thought I was yelling at her.

She had her hand holding the door open, but her body was outside the door, facing me.

“Well, okay, Erica, if you want to be that way about it then, fine. You can follow me if you want to get cleaned up and not stink, or stay out here and show off to your audience,” she gestured towards the parking lot which was now a small crowd.

“Hurry Alicia,’ I croaked, ‘let me inside! I'm sorry I raised my voice! Let me in, please!” I begged.

Without a word she turned and opened the door for me to go in first. I noticed she didn’t have anything for me to wear either.

I was wide eyed, she wouldn’t allow me to follow behind her? I was suspicious, this was a long, long hall. Anyone could come popping out of those doors. She knows someone might , yet she wants me in front.

May be she was still mad at me for supposedly yelling at her. Maybe this is payback, exposing me in front of guests here.

I could barely make anything out, i was sun blinded for a few minutes, Not even sunglasses to hide my naked eyes, I thought glumly.

There were doors across from each other, all the way down the hall, with grey carpeting that didn’t feel good to my feet at all, as they were sensitive to anything now, and felt funny, almost not feeling.

What was most weird was my pussy clenched at the sudden drop in temperature. My nipples still strained for some pinching, begging for that little electric jolt, the one that runs straight to my clit, but no relief was in sight. Stress horny! Is there such a thing? Why do I think about this cr\*p when i'm naked and scared! I had to pee too.

The outer doors slammed shut behind me. That was the end of the show I was giving everyone outside, even though there were a bunch of dumb grinning kids with their tongues glued to the glass, they couldn’t see me cause Alicia was now behind me, looking at whatever she was looking at. My best friend, checking out my butt as i walked?

“Erica, you’re walking funny. Are you alright? Here, you follow me, I don’t want any cameras seeing you, or other people,” she looked concerned.

Oh! What a weird thought. Someone concerned about the way I felt, I was stinking, dirty, I needed a bath, clean clothes, and my feet were feeling strange. I was fine. I figured it was better to just let it all go than argue, we’re best friends anyway. I followed Alicia now, close behind her.

Looking at her butt, watching her cheeks bounce,“I'm okay Alicia, can we please, please get to the room. You did get a room key didn’t you?”

Smiling at me over her shoulder, “Yes Silly, Karen had it all set. She even got her boyfriend to get my car! And fix it! No one has to know anything now! ” She was so proud of herself she was almost skipping. I just wish she’d grabbed a towel or something from the room before she came out to get me.

I didn’t think I was hot for her, or any other girl, for that matter. Watching her butt cheeks bounce as she walked was making me wet again. Alicia was a young woman now, as was I, but I didn’t look like it. I looked like a fifteen year old, with barely any boobs, yet wide hips with a very strange appearing clit, that pokes out by itself, and nipples that seemed unusually long, at least to me...but some young men liked them that long, Alicia had told me that one night. Come to think of it, I’ve heard good comments from the remarks made to me at school, when I was stripped naked at school, anyway.

At least I had that going for me! My parents weren’t rich like Lisa’s, and I wasn’t sexy or anything like Alicia or Carrie. Carrie had her big boobs and pretty hair and Alicia with her near perfect body and pretty face.

Thinking about all this stuff, while petrified of being caught, was making me hornier, even though I smelled like woman’s sweat and that damned creek, or sewer! I hope I don’t get sick from that stuff.

“Keep moving Erica! Keep going,” insisted Alicia, as we walked further and further down the hall.

I heard voices from each door as we passed, as if there was a big speaker in there, men and women’s voices from both sides of the hall were muted, and it sounded like…teaching. Some sort of conference? My anxiety level was rising, thudding in my chest told me that, and my pussy begun to throb too. My labia must be sloppy by now! I imagined I could hear the squishing as I walked.

I didn’t have time to think about that very long, because sure enough, near the end of the hall, one of those doors opened, I heard a lot of clapping and out of the door popped a few older women and some younger ones, wearing some sort of uniform, fussing around a table on wheels. There was a bunch of dirty dishes and such on it, and hiding the table itself was a big tablecloth. The young ones went back inside the room. Servers, I thought.

“Push, push!” The older woman crowed.”There! Over the damned threshold, stupid. No! Watch it!” She had her hands clutched firmly on the handles of the table. The other woman looked like she was trying to steady a large drink bowl and a stack of coffee cups and junk, all ready to fall off, it looked like.

I got right behind Alicia, our bodies so close as to be touching her back with my nipples. I put my hands on her shoulders to help steady me, and she whispered, “Just keep walking Erica, pretend they aren’t there.” Easy for her to say, she’s not the one who’s naked! I just mumbled a weak and breathy "okay.".

The plastic bowl, little cups and utensils all spilled off the cart onto the floor with a little crash. The two women stood away for a second, to survey the mess on the floor.

Alicia moved to the wall, slowing her pace, me clinging to her back, trying to get around the women and the mess they’d made.

I felt more open and exposed than before, with my wet pussy. and wanted to cover up, so I hid what I could with my hands, since I didn’t have shoes even.

“Hey honey, are you okay?” The younger looking lady looked me up and down.

Alicia immediately stepped in. “Oh yes, we were just wrestling a little by the pool and she broke her suit!” Alicia smiled sweetly at the woman, she just stared at me, or rather my eyes, then my tits. The other older womans’ mouth fell to her chest, and stayed that way. Gross. And I thought I looked bad.

The younger woman was frowning. “Sure sister, sure. How the hell do you 'break' a swim suit? What you two really been up to huh?” She then smiled at us both.

“Some sort of school prank? A bet? She lost eh?” She slowly took my nakedness in, lingering on my tits, then lower, her eyes widened.

“Look at that girls clit Jane,” her eyes then bugged out,I could swear she was squealing. Sure enough, being inspected was making me horny, again!

Jane, the older one, looked worried, “What’s wrong with you? Do you need a Doctor child?” she looked genuinely concerned.

I was speechless at being horny yet again for weird reasons, at least they seemed weird.

Alicia grabbed my hand and tugged it, and me, away from the new hotel employee fan club I had. She’d grabbed my right hand, bringing it across my crotch and brushing my clit in the process.

I mumbled to the older woman, yes ma’am, I'm ah! Oh..Ohhkay!” I breathed heavily.

“Erica, come ON!” Alicia yanked me sideways and off we went, leaving the two women behind us looking very surprised.

“Erica, we must get to our room fast! Before you get us in trouble!” she said with urgency, she really was in a hurry too.

We made it to the end of the hall with no more incidents, leaving behind the older woman to fuss at the other, I overheard something about getting their butts in gear and to quit staring at that childs ass.

“Erica, did you know you were playing with your pussy when those women were checking you out?” Alicia asked,smiling over her shoulder at me.

Alicia had mentioned to me once, at one of my many sleepovers at her house that I masturbated in my sleep.I didn’t realize I’d been doing that in my sleep until she told me. My nipples felt sensitive upon waking sometimes, playing with them a little bit in my sleep too, I guess. My panties being soaked I just figured was nature or something.

I was being checked out by her in my sleep? Wait a minute! Then it was the same with Lisa and Carrie too. They’ve watched me sleep too! It dawned on me, the thought of Carries’ naked body under her thin nightgown, nipples round and nicely tipped, breasts full, lips glossed and full, like I imagined her pussy to be, glossed and full, dripping like mine does…

“Erica, what are you doing? Stop that! Not now! Not here, sh\*t!” she turned around quickly but it was too late. She had one of my hands, my other went for my tits. I now took her hand and pressed it into my clit, hard. Moving it side to side then up and down with her middle knuckle was all it took. I’d been ready for a while now, and I looked at her frantically, I’d imagined. She looked shocked but didn't try to pull away, if anything, she seemed kind of fascinated.

I pressed my crotch firmly into her fist and rubbed once, twice, hard. “OOOOhhhhhh,” My free hand pinched my nipple and twisted hard, and I arched backwards with another spasm of sheer joy! Ahhhhhh Gawwwddddd UHHmmmmmmm..” I moaned as I twisted, one naked leg going up luxuriously over my other leg, my free hand still pinching and rubbing my nipples and clit.

I released her hand and she grabbed my shoulder, I looked in her eyes and she seemed sheepish, maybe even embarrassed by my orgasm. She was breathing funny though, slowly, heavy. I was weak in the knees, my pussy was still clenching inside, spasming, and juices leaking down my thighs, leaving clean streaks amid the dirt.

My face burned, a full body blush heading up then down, my body being so pale I blushed like a pale red rose at midday.

Alicia took both my hands and draped them over her shoulders, turning around yet again. “You done?” she said quietly. She still seemed embarrassed. She raised her voice a little. “Are you oHkAY Erica? We really need to get moving. We’re lucky there’s noone around, since we missed the lunch crowd and caterers, we need to get to our room. Lisa and Carrie will be by the pool, waiting for us. So will some others, probably.”

I sputtered, “Others? Everyone we know is here tonight from school. If they see me like this…?” I was very nervous, and must have looked it too, chewing on my lower lip.

“So what Erica,” she stopped and looked at me.

“So what?” I stammered.

“You’re going to junior college first? Or what? Whether a four year or not, you’ll never see most of these geeks again. The rest will stay in that crappy little town we live in, and that’s that.”

“Yeah,” I mumbled, but I thought privately, If I don’t get thrown in jail first.

Inside, my odor was getting stronger. Okay, now Erica, if you stand close behind me, no one in the pool will see that you’re naked, ok? If Lisa and Carrie are there, they'll help us, and their friends. Karen’s around somewhere too, and she’s the boss here, so we should be okay.”

I took a deep breath. “Lisa? Help me?” I said a little too loud. No one popped their heads out from the lobby. Lucky me.

Pool? Oh no! And I was still no closer to peeing.

**Part 11**

“Just a minute there! You two. Ladies, stop! Stop right there!” shouted a female voice. A big woman approached Alicia and me, blocking the hallway, and our exit to the pool.

Alicia froze. “Oh, no,” She said to the woman, “we have to get her to our room. No time to stop,” and Alicia made to brush by her, but the big woman blocked our way.

Alicia made to side step her and was again blocked. I took my arms off Alicia’s back now, and let them hang by my sides, feeling defeated. I just stared at the woman, and she stared back, at my tits.

Busted, I thought. My parents will be crushed. And my Grandma, what will she think? She’ll be crushed too! Maybe have a heart attack or something, when she hears I'm thrown in jail for being naked in public.

The Woman was wearing a green polo with the hotels’ logo on it, and a badge had her name “Billie” on it. She grabbed my elbow, pinched hard between her thumb and forefinger.

“Come with me. You. And yes, you too, naked kid!” I meekly followed along. Alicia looked pissed, but remained silent. We were going the opposite way of the double doors to the pool.

I kinda waddled my way on the sides of my feet. I was afraid to look at them.

“Ladies, we should go this way,” she said, firmly guiding Alicia and I towards the Managers office a few feet away.

Alicia spoke up, “We’re friends of the assistant manager here, Her name's Karen. You know? Long brown hair? We have a room here and everything.”

“Oh yes, Karen, uh huh, and did you know, anyone can say anything, if they’re in trouble,” she sneered back.

Billie spoke to Alicia first. “And who might this dirty child be, hanging on your back. Are you giving piggyback rides today young lady? Huh?" she said to Alicia. She then reached in her pocket and pulled a small radio back out, and then spoke into it.

“Johnny, call Karen to the Office, please. We have a situation here.” I wondered nervously who Johnny was.

“Okay, sit down, and lets wait till Karen gets here.” She motioned towards the leather chairs. I moved towards one next to Alicia. My friend sat down and I was about to sit too, still hiding my shaved pussy from this woman.

“No! Not you, little missy,” She frowned at me, “those chairs cost a fortune, and I don’t want you getting them filthy.” Humbled, I just stood in front of her desk with my arms covering my bald pussy, feeling the embarassment creep up my neck as a warm blush. I stared at the carpet, because if I made eye contact with her I knew she'd be staring at my tits. The boys are bad enough, but this, this is humiliating!

Alicia glanced sideways at me, did I catch a smirk? I raised my eyebrow at her and she just shrugged. I brought an arm to cover my boobs, hiding the nipples effectively, but exposing my shave job in the process.

Easy for Alicia think this is funny, she’s not nude and nasty, about to get busted, and worse, there were no clothes or anything to cover up with in here. Not even a newspaper! Plus I gotta pee! Bad!

Billie was herself seated at the smaller of the two desks. I took the room in at a glance. Very spartan. I could see the parking lot clearly through the large glass windows. Two desks with computers on it, and the two comfortable armchairs were set in front of the desk, and a long sofa was behind us, against the wall. No wall hangings, no nothing, except us.

I stood naked and helpless in front of this strange woman, unsure of what was coming next.

I took in this woman named Billie. Oh my, she was a woman, I think.

What an ugly hairdo she wore, I thought, cut short like a boys, and slicked back with some sort of goop. Come to think of it, she was wearing mens slacks and mans’ belt too. Even her shoes looked like guys shoes. I couldn’t tell if she had tits or not, under that large polo, but if she did have any, they were flatter than mine. Hummm. This woman, was grossing me out.

“Okay girls, lets see your room key.” She held out her hand to Alicia, who began rummaging through her little clutch purse. She handed the key to Billie.

“Don’t worry missy, I know you aint got it,” she said, leering at my bald pussy, there’s only one place you could put a key, but I don’t think you got it there.” She ventured a smile at her little joke, the b\*tch.

There was silence while she typed something in her computer, opened a desk drawer and pulled out a folder, with some paperwork in it.

Looking up from the room application, she said, "Alright then, Alicia. What say we cut to the chase then, what's really going on here hm?" SHe looked at Alicia then me, then back to Alicia.

Alicia tried explaining, “But we only just got here. We were going to go to our room and get something for her. ”

Still looking at the floor, I spoke quietly, “I'm sorry, Ma’am, I had a swimming suit accident. It ahh, fell off while I was swimming. We weren't swimming here.”

“You better not have been swimming here! Here she is, naked, and I certainly don’t remember you two coming through the front door.”

Billie stood up, pointing at me. “Flashing, streaking, whatever you want to call it, being naked in public will get you both busted!” she declared.

The woman got up, then proceeded to walk around us both, slowly, looking us up and down.

Leaving Alicia she came to face me. I looked up, as this woman was a head taller than I.

Hands on both her hips, she glared at me, “How’d this kid get so dirty, anyway?” She asked Alicia. I could feel her beady eyes on me.

Alicia had had enough, "We said we didn't swim here, what do you think we did, roll her around in the dirt afterwards?"

Alicia made for the door but the big woman got beside it. "I wouldn't if I were you. Just stay put a minute."

I couldn’t make eye contact. Billie went back to her desk, and then sat down. I stayed where I was, mindful of the phone on the desk. I was hoping she wouldn’t call anyone.

Alicia continued, “We were swimming at a pond on the way here, it was so damned hot. Erica’s suit fell off and we couldn’t find it, then Erica didn’t want to ruin the car upholstery, so she stayed naked.”

Billie's eyebrows rose a bit, then laughed.

“Alright, Ms…Alicia is it? Okay.” She looked up from her computer. Your paperwork is all right here, but it says this Erica kid is fifteen. Is that right?” she looked me over again, this time not trying to hide the direction of her gaze. My pussy, tits, face, her eyes resting on my pussy again.

People need to understand I have eyes too. Why do the guys and women talk to my tits. Maybe 'cause they're out there with nothing hiding them? Well, they stare at them when I have clothes on too. Must be my nipples, poking through the bra.

I sputtered, “But I’m not a kid, I’m eighte…” before Alicia cut me off.

“Yes, that’s right! Fifteen!” Alicia glanced at me, smiled and winked.

The big woman continued, “Alright, well kids aren’t supposed to be naked around here. Don’t you know there are all kinds of perverts out there? You need to get her dressed right away, before someone comes in here and complains, or she gets attacked, got it?” She was frowning at Alicia during this mini-lecture. Alicia looked kinda bored with the whole thing.

Karen chose that moment to walk in. She was dressed for business in a nice, knee length black skirt, white blouse and black blazer with the hotels' logo embroidered on the breast pocket. Black pumps and hose rounded her out.

Seeing her dressed up so lady..well, businesslike, I felt even more naked than before, with only dirt to hide me.

Feeling the cool breeze of the air conditioners blow through my damp thighs and across my shoulders and chest made me feel very nude, and unprotected.

Karen looked a little older than when I saw her at the Mall, certainly better. Like an adult! She streaked her hair beautifully. And that makeup! She was model pretty. I was jealous. I briefly wondered what she looked like naked.

“Well well well Billie, what have we here?” she chirped, smiling at me. Her eyes did a slow dance over my dirty nude body, then she looked away.

“A couple of silly girls up to no good, Karen, probably some sort of graduation prank, but they got this kid involved, who knows what nonsense is going on.”

Billie had stood up when Karen had walked in the room.

Karen said to Alicia, “You’d better get this girl to your room, before there’s trouble, and try not to get caught, ok?” Karen smiled at me, looking amused.

“We’re out of here Karen, and thanks.”

“Alright, better hide her, or get her some clothes, something, alright? I’ll catch up to you.”

“Be right back Billie, I’ll tell you all about it,” Karen said to Billie over her shoulder and walked out right behind us.

We left the office and slid into the hallway, leaving the strange Billie by herself.

Alicia said to me, “We’re gone.” She took my hand and quickly led me out, but then Karen was right behind us.

“Alicia, jeezuz, what happened," Karen sounded angry,"Are you both trying to get me in trouble? Get her out of here!”

Alicia spoke calmly,"We were on our way to the room, until that Billie lady stopped us.”

“Yeah? Well, you’re gonna have to go through the pool to get there, or walk all the way around, and you cant do that! Because there’s open windows all over the damned place, not to mention banquet rooms being full, and used!” Karen looked us both over.

“You, dear, may have a problem.” She'd seemed angry but now looked more concerned. "Are you okay Erica? Did those girls hurt you somehow?"

I just shook my head "no."

“I just..” I blurted, "I gotta pee! Bad!” My knees were crossing now and I did a side stepping dance trying to hold it in!

Alicia just laughed, along with Karen.

"Get moving you two." then spanked me on the ass, a hard slap!

Why that b\*tch! Does she really think I'm a kid? Godammit that stung!

**Part 12**

“Alicia,” I pleaded, I just can’t do it! Go alone, if you have to. Go get me a towel or something then come back.”

My heart sank as I realized there was nowhere to hide, especially here. The toilets were outside the gates, near the opposite entrance where I wanted to be.

I saw a whole lot of people, tanning, some playing cards, drinking. The guys were fooling around trying to get the girls wet, some older kids splashing at one another.

Everyone seemed pretty happy, and it looked like fun, except to me. My head felt like it was going to float off my body, my clit was engorged, and nipples were tingling at the thought. I was naked!

“Don’t be silly Erica, they’re all looking at other stuff, partying, and way too busy to pay any attention to you at all.” She surveyed the scene. “Everyone’s partying, now chill out, and lets have some fun.” Alicia faced me, then looked beside me, startled. “Carrie!”

Carrie appeared literally out of nowhere. She stood behind me, smiling. “Nice suit Sweetie, mmm, I love it. Skin. Ah, a naked dirt swimsuit, it's definately you Erica,” she giggled. She came around to face me, hand on hips, looking me up and down, studying me, “Oh yes sweetie, it’s very “you.”

I couldn’t take my eyes off her stomach, at the slope leading down to her pussy. I could see the fine red hairs off her abdomen in the sunlight. She was having an effect on me, and she knew it. My crotch was wet now, with the exposure and all these people around.

Yet I was frozen to the spot.

Carrie was wearing a very skimpy string bikini, which left nothing to the imagination. Looking nervously at the pool, I grabbed Carries’ arm and squeezed. “You’ve go to get me something to cover up with Carrie, I’m going to get in big trouble!" I gripped her arm with both my hands, feeling a little frantic.

Carrie leaned in close, whispering in my ear, “Sweetie, if we just walk slowly like everything’s cool there won’t be a problem, okay? Here, take Alicia’s purse and hold it to your side, and press close to me, then no one can see your tits poking out the sides, they’re not big enough to. They’ll think you’re wearing a bikini.”

"No, but I have long nipples," I thought defensively, but said nothing.

Alicia entered through the gates first, followed by Carrie and I. We moved almost side by side, Alicia in front, but to anyone who happened to notice I was definitely naked. And scanning the pool area where Lisa and some of my classmates were, they knew it for sure! Lisa!

Lisa, her friends and others were looking at us, and many were either smiling or laughing. A few girls pointed. A few whistles punctuated the air, but no one else seemed to notice.

“Okay now, follow my lead,” Carrie whispered.

The guy lifeguard had an Ipod plugged into his ear. He wasn’t watching sh\*t! But the female guard, she was watching us. I couldn’t see behind her sunglasses but her head was aimed right at me, smiling. “Uh oh, I thought, here’s trouble.”

Down she came, off her perch, and headed towards us. “Excuse me Miss! Miss, please, ladies, stop there please!”

Carrie and I stopped, but Alicia kept walking, ignoring the woman, and leaving me exposed to her! Now the woman could see me naked, all of me! And Alicia walked right past her!

This lady didn’t even look over twenty, and she looked pretty hot too, with a visor cap and pink two-piece suit. Her tan was well developed. She was hot, and I found myself comparing my white, underdeveloped body to hers.

She looked me over, slowly, from the top of my head, stopping at my eyes, then my chest, and she leaned in even closer!

Inspecting my crotch, her eyes widened but she said nothing.

“Hey, are’nt little kids supposed to use the kiddies pool!” Lisa shouted at the top of her lungs at us, now that got the attention I didn’t want.

Everywhere I looked, people were staring at me. I couldn’t understand why some girls were giving me dirty looks. The guys were pretty predictable, grinning, leering, and cheering.

But the women, some looked stunned, and angry, but a few were smiling at me. I knew they were looking at my body, which still looked fifteen. I didn’t know whether to run away or just sit down on the deck. My legs felt like sitting,like water, and I was blushing so hard I felt like I had a fever!

Just about everyone was staring, as the lifeguard took in the situation.

Carrie broke the silence, “We were heading towards the shower, I mean, before we go swimming, ya know? This is my younger sister, Erica.”

My sister! What? Why is it every time wind up getting stripped I’m everyone’s sister, little sister or younger sister? I was shaken out of my thoughts as the pretty guard spoke to me.

“Jeez kid, you okay?” She looked amused and confused at the same time.

“I think I’ll escort you two to the shower first, then you better get over to the kiddie pool.

"You’re a little old to be running around here naked," she said, while ogling my tits, and hairless pussy.

I was instantly relieved, thinking now she’d kick us out of here and end this ordeal, but no.

“But as long as your sister’s with you, you should be alright here.” She said, raising her eyebrow, smiling.

Carrie looked at me and I her, she made a kissing noise at me.

Carrie took my arm, guiding me to the showers, dead ahead, following the guards’ lead.

I stumbled along, with Carrie still kind of shielding me from the side. I knew it was hopeless at that point. Here I am, naked in front of everyone in this pool.

All this attention to my body was making me excited. My clit was swelled up to the point it was poking out again, no doubt what the life-guard had been studying.

**Part 13**

A young couple had wandered by, the boy blurting out , “Wow! wow Wow! That girl is naked!” The girl stared me down, giving me dirty looks. After slugging him in the arm, she pushed him ahead, both moving away.

By now most of the people in the pool, the men, women, and the families, had stopped what they were doing to stare at me, the naked girl. I was so embarrassed so bad I was gonna pee my pants, if I was wearing any, that is. But my feet hurt. And I was tingling from my nipples to my clit.

Something tickled my inner thigh. I stopped to glance down and there was a small sticky pearl running down my leg.

Carrie followed my gaze, and at that moment reached around and put her finger in it! She brought her finger to her nose, sniffing “Mmm sweet Erica, this IS sweet, at least you’re clean inside huh?”

She proceeded to burst out laughing. “C’mon Erica, I know you love it, you say you don’t, but then explain this,” Then stuck her finger in MY nose so I smelled it! I was more confused in my embarrassment than ever! By her!

“Oh good grief Carrie, In front of all these people? Please, I need to get to that shower.”

My face was hot, with excitement, or shame, I don’t know. I didn’t have time to dwell on any of that, cause here came Lisa.

As Lisa and her friends moved toward us, I noticed a door on the side of the building that opened up to the pool from the managers’ office.

Funny I hadn’t noticed that before. Maybe cause I didn’t see anywhere to hide over there. There was simply too much going on at once, especially with my body!

That’s why the Managers’ office was so close to the double doors, I imagined. Karen had a perfect view of everything. Including me, and the commotion I was causing.

Carrie could’nt have been more proud of me. The way she had her arm around me with her elbow pressed in my back made my tits poke out more than they normally would be.

She guided me towards our goal, with Alicia in the lead. Carrie seemed to be parading me around! I was confused.

“Carrie look! Over there, at the door!” I pointed.

“Karen? Oh yeah, Karen, the mall chick, yeah, where?” She turned her head.I saw others at the door too. A lot of others, smartly dressed people in suits! And they were coming out too!

At just that moment, some idiot did a cannonball, splashing Alicia, soaking her. She took off at a sprint, leaving me naked for everyone ahead of us to ogle. And for some reason, I grew hornier, so horny it hurt, almost.

I bolted towards the nearest cover, the showers. Carrie was right behind me.

There was a small divider between the two stalls, and I ducked inside. About that time hot pokers were being driven into the soles of my feet. My legs gave out and I started to slide down off the wall.

“Ah! Ah! Carrie, my feet!” I nearly cried.

Carrie had helped me sit down, so I didn’t really fall down. But my feet were literally on fire now. The pain had knocked me on my butt.

The pretty guard returned, looked me over, her mouth a round “O.” She seemed frozen in place. I realized why. I’d held my pee in so long I didn’t feel it start. I was frantic, not wanting anyone to see this very intimate act, especially boys, or anyone else really.

I could hold it no longer, and out it gushed, a hot yellow stream in nearly a straight line. I had to go so bad it bounced off the wall and pooled at my feet, making them burn even worse!

Carrie allowed me to get my business done without trouble. I finished. Seeing the faces of total strangers watching me do my most intimate business was too much, I started crying.

I’d finally reached that point.

“Erica, it’s okay sweetie, really, it is. It’s okay sweetie,” Carrie just held me as I sobbed, hugging my back, arms wrapped around my neck, her head next to mine. She left my breasts alone. In fact, her arms covered them.

The onlookers didn’t seem to mind the show, or me crying either. Someone put their big toe in the crack of my butt.

The girls gave me curious looks, but the boys! They were pointing and laughing at me. A very large crowd surrounded me in the shower stall. I just wanted to crawl up inside myself, they all saw me pee! I was utterly humiliated.

Lisa and her crowd made their appearance, standing tall over everyone. Lisa had a commanding presence, that’s a fact, as did her cheerleader friends.

She was stunning.

**Part 14**

She took everything in at a glance, then loudly yelled to everyone, “It's not polite to stare, get away from her! Right now,”

Noone seemed to notice or care.

Lisa shouted at everyone, and sounded pissed off! “Start walking! Okay? Give her some room everyone, shit, get a life!”

Lisa stood seemingly on guard, ready to kick ass, with her friends beside and behind her.

I couldn’t believe what was coming out of Lisa’s mouth! She sounded like she was defending me. Maybe it was okay for her and her friends to f\*ck with me but noone else. Odd of her, but I was grateful for the break. Everyone staring at my pussy and tits was getting real old.

Carrie looked at her, and Lisa nodded. Alicia wandered back, next to the lifeguard chick, dripping water.

The crowd now became smaller, most everyone walked away grinning, some shaking their heads, others just laughing. Some guys and girls were actually somber.

The pretty guard stood to one side of the open shower and Alicia on the other. With Carrie still at my back I was able to draw my legs up to my chest, leaving my pussy to get some air.

Carrie then stood and whispered something to Lisa. I looked up over my shoulder and saw Lisa nod.

“I dunno Carrie,” Lisa drawled, ”I think she’s horny is all.” They both looked at me critically. Alicia squatted down and kissed me on the cheek. I guess she knew I was upset. She should, I’d been crying a river.

Alicia reached around the wall and turned the water on, but cool water, not hot. The cool water on my feet was very soothing.

“Now let’s get you cleaned up, k?" Carrie began by kneeling down,"C’mon sweetie.” Carrie cooed. She took my hand and helped me stand, cool clear water running little rivers between my tits. I was too scared to be horny at this point. Excited? Maybe. I guess so! I'd been getting wet drool down my legs earlier. There were a lot of people here!

The water found its way over my slit, and the hood was beginning to grow, despite my embarassment.

Carrie handed me a little hotel-sized bar of soap.

“I don’t have any shampoo, but once we get you cleaned up, you can have a big towel and shampoo in the room. What’s wrong with you, why are you standing like that?"

I must have been rocking back and forth on my feet.

"Sit down then Sweetie, lets get you cleaned up, I’ll help.” Carrie moved to steady me, since I was getting wobbly.

I didn’t realize it, but what Lisa probably thought was me being horny and walking funny was this! Because my feet were hot, not only that, they were on fire, and I was moving side to side to protect them, sorta without thinking about it.

“Here sweetie,” she gave me a little hand towel, and with both her hands under my armpits, helped me to a sitting position. She’d then laid the towel down in a neat square for my ass-cheeks to rest on.

“Sweetie, I'm going to wash your back, and some of your front too, ok? Let me see your feet, k? C’mon, don’t be shy Erica, I’ve seen you naked so many times, yes, with your little pussy open too, lets see.” She chided, like I was a little kid in the tub.

She moved my legs apart, leaning in and looking between them while rubbing soap onto my back. Slowly, the dirt was coming off in little rivers down between my breasts, and through the crack in my pussy.

The sensation of cool water against the hot sun was fantastic, I had goose bumps, and my pussy-lips were swelling at Carries touch. She had washed most of the dirt off by that time then moved to my feet.

She grabbed a foot as if to massage it then cupped the bottom of my left foot, at which I let out a yelp, it hurt like nothing I ever felt before.

"Ahhh, there you go Erica, now just relax a sec." She wasn’t smiling though, and made a motion for Alicia and Lisa to come here, The lifeguard was right behind them.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Karen was heading out the managers' door!

I was getting chills, but it felt wrong, and not the good kind. Sunburn? A little maybe. My feet still hurt.

“We need to get her to a room, now Lisa, right now!” Carrie wasn’t smiling. She looked concerned, maybe frantic.

Lisa reached down and scooped me up like I was a paperweight. One Arm under my neck, the other under both my legs. I got a mental image of the sight I was giving everyone. My tits, butt hole and slit out for everyone to see.

But that was nothing to what I saw coming out of Karens’ doors, I nearly flipped out! I choked! I was mortified!

Out the Managers’ door and onto the pool deck came Karen, followed by a Television camera crew! Oh My GOD!

Sure enough, there was the Anchor from the Channel Seven news!

**Part 15**

I asked the TV Lady in a small voice, “Please, take that camera away. Alicia, make them leave me alone, please?”

Lisa gave the cameraman a dirty look, angrily stopping to face the crew, exposing my butt and slit to the cameraman in the process.

Could I get any more embarrassed than I was now?

Lisa, of all people, had told her to ‘get the f\*ck away and leave her alone,’ while heading away from the crowds’ laughing and pointing.

She moved towards the exit gates past the spa, with a lot of people following behind, probably waiting to see what was next.

I’d never viewed Lisa as someone to stick up for me, quite the opposite!

And Lisa jumped right in HER face, CameraLadys. I guess her bossiness has no boundaries.

Couples were passing us, I was sure, to get a good look at ’the naked girl’ on our way to the gates.

Seeing the looks of pure horror on the older fat ladies, and glee on their equally fat partners made me want to laugh.

Almost, if my ass hadn’t been on display for everyone to see.

Here I was like, my bottom hole was exposed to everyone here! So was my slit!

I was trying my best to shrink into Lisa’s chest, but couldn’t get any smaller.

At least my tits weren’t poking on Lisa’s. They were barely visible to everyone here too.

Lisa, God, she was strong!

Lisa shouted “Carrie, move these f\*king people out of the way. Make way, goddamit! Coming through!”

We’d finally made it past the people at the pool, the Network Lady close behind us, babbling something or other at the cameraman.

Lisa walked with me still cradled in her arms. Carrie, Karen and Lisa were right behind us. We were heading to the room Alicia had for us, I guessed.

With my legs bouncing up and down with each step Lisa took, so also was the pressure building in my clit.

I was leaking. White glistening strings of pearly white were leaking down into my butt like string cheese, and I could feel it, some finding its way onto Lisa’s bikinied pelvis.

“Eew ... Erica, can’t you do anything, get sick even, without getting horny? Yuck.”

My butt-cheek was slapping at her side as she walked. It must be dripping off the bottom on her.

Lisa seemed totally disgusted, like she’d seen a maggot.

Angry, Lisa bellowed,” Alicia, where the hell is your room at, and it better be close!”

Alicia had stopped in front of a room. Fumbling around for her door key.

Making exaggerated sighs, Lisa growled, ”Yoo-Hoo! Alicia, open the damned DOOR! This girl IS heavy!”

I stayed silent, and horny, though it all, wondering what the fuss was really about.

I wasn’t sick, didn’t have a fever, and I wasn’t in pain of any kind, minus some sunburn.

My feet didn’t hurt, even though I’d peed on them.

Lisa’s kindness ended abruptly when we entered the room. She dumped me on the twin bed like a sack of potatoes, stood back and said, “Princess Erica, did you like being the star of that little TV show?”

An evil smile crept to her face, she couldn’t have planned something like this, so well was the outcome.

She stared at me, hands on her hips, looking all-imperial like, “Well? Did ya?”

I blurted out,” No! I didn’t Lisa!” as the others filed in beside the bed, staring at me, naked.

Her eyes narrowed, making a face, “Well, you wouldn’t know it by your sloppy pussy, like yuck, I have a party to be at,” and she left out the door without a backwards glance, slamming the door.

**Part 16**

I was on TV! Or was going to be. I began to sob, thinking of my parents watching that, worrying about me being raped or something. Or my Grandma, I know she watches the news!

Carrie stroked my hair and arm, trying to calm me, as I’d begun crying AND sobbing.

Lifeguard chick just stood there ogling, eyes wide, lips half open, arms crossed. Maybe she was waiting for a bus, I thought sarcastically.

Getting her eyes full of my bald pussy and tits, that’s for sure. I turned away.

Lifeguard Chick said quietly, “Karen, Alicia, look at her feet,” she sounded worried.

“Not the tops Alicia! DUH! The bottoms of her feet, shit!” she rolled her eyes.

Alicia bent over and examined the soles of my feet, ”Oh GAWD, OOOOOo! GRRRROs! Karen! Look. Like gross!”

Karen pointed at my feet, putting her forefinger to her lips, “Shh, shut up” she mouthed, looking very angry, but I caught it. “Gimme yer radio Karen, please.”

Lifeguard Chick then spoke into Karen’s’ little radio I’d seen on the man looking fat lady at the front desk.

Lady lifeguard then bent to speak to me,” Well,” she drawled, “it doesn’t look too bad. I’ve had blisters on my feet worse than that.”

So that was it! Is that all? My hairless pussy and tits being stared at were more of a worry to me than a few blisters.

Crap! There were Women looking at my pussy! My little tits! Comparing my body to theirs? Who knows?

I was so ashamed at being studied like a bug in an ant-farm. Especially having my ‘sometimes’ gaping examined by them right now!

Speaking to the rest of the crowd standing around staring, Lifeguard Chick said, “She’ll be fine. But they, the blisters are broken, we’ll need to get them cleaned up.”

She looked up at Karen, who’d been real quiet so far. “Don’t worry,” Lifeguard chick said, “You aint gonna get sued.”

There was a knock at the door, “Halloo,” A mans voice. “Halloo, Miss? Karen? Can I come in?”

More eyes I thought glumly. I’d have covered myself but Carries’ stroking felt so good I was nearly calmed down.

“Well,” Carrie said, “Lets get some wet towels on her shoulders at least, Alicia?”

She did just that. Carrie hadn’t felt necessary to cover my naked pussy. Somehow.

So there I lay, smelling like sex, sweat and a hint of pee, with my friends in the same room.

Yet I was the only one naked. Now some guy was here too! Somehow I felt smaller than them.

Karen opened the door, letting the daylight in the darkened room.

I saw a small crowd at the door, onlookers, wondering why an EMT would be banging on my door, who flopped, or whatever.

Karen introduced him, ”Erica, this is Giles, he’s our Resident EMT, and said he’d take a look at you, ok? IF he says you gotta to to ER, then you gotta go, okay?”

Fine, fine, good, I thought. What are more eyes to me? I felt so small.

This Giles couldn’t take his eyes off my bald pussy. Maybe wondering how old I was probably, with such little tits and neatly shaved puss.

He probably thought I was younger. No wonder his eyes were popping out of his ugly head.

“Hi there Erica, are you in pain now?” Now that he mentioned it, my feet were beginning to throb a bit. I nodded yes.

“Well then,” he continued, ”they look swollen, you there, and you, take a pillow and put one under each foot, elevating them,” he said, gesturing to Karen and Lifeguard chick.

Karen smiled, putting one pillow on one side of the twin bed and Lifeguard Chick put one on the other, cupping each foot in it’s feathery down pillows.

They felt exquisite, I didn’t know feet being handled could feel so erotic, because the cool air flowing on my now spread pink parts, was wet.

“Oh God,” I thought, what if they can see my actual hole? They’ll know I'm horny!” Being the focus of so many people!

Plus Carrie was petting my hair, neck, and breasts, tracing circles around my aureoles. Of course, my nipples were fully out, pointing at the ceiling.

They’d been wrinkled up darned near all day, from the different sensations. The sun, touching, cold, and excitement, all good and bad, and now Carrie was making them totally erect again! They were pink to red. And all these eyes on my open pussy!

Then for some reason, my Grandma’s wrinkled face watching her TV flashed by my thoughts.

“Oh God! What’s going on!” I panicked. I came up for air, a reality check.

Karen and my new friends just grabbed each leg and my arms to prevent me from thrashing around.

Carrie licked her fore-finger cooing,” It’s okay Erica, it’s okay,” then putting her whole hand on my breasts, rubbing, lightly kneading what I had.

“Hey stupid,” Carrie said to the dumb looking EMT, who was in awe at the sight of my damp slit in motion.

“Her problem is her feet, not her pussy, get cracking,” she commanded.

“There there Sweetie, everything’s gonna be okay. Don’t be scared Erica, I'm here, okay?” Like I was 12 years old.

Her left arm was still caressing my tits, one at a time, and the other held my right arm in her lap.

I was staring up at her softest of spots, between her breasts and her armpit. So pale, so white, I could see little blue veins heading upwards towards her chest.

I was getting wet for real now.

**Part 17**

The small group stood about the bed, wondering what was coming next. I was sure by following their gaze they were waiting for my clit to pop out, those that knew how big mine was.

As it was now, I knew my little happy button was ready to make an appearance, if my tits, hair stroking and weird foot massage kept up like this!

“Oh yes, of course. Her feet,” Giles stammered, looking flushed. The creep was getting his eyes full. All I had to cover up with was wet towels on my shoulders.

“Oh well, Uhm Hm. Just a moment,” he said, producing a big med kit from behind him. He took a towel, lifting each of my feet and put a small wash towel under them. Swabbing it with beta-dine made them feel warm, my feet! Heavenly!

“Okay kid, first we gotta clean it, then I’ll lance the ones that aren’t broken, then you’ll be good to go, ok? You wont feel a thing, I promise.”

My eyes were big, lance them? In my mind I saw a huge lance from the middle ages being poked into the soles of my feet!

“What!, no way!” I tried to prop up on my elbows, tensing my belly muscles, and making my love bud leave its cozy, wet home, its hood!

Karen and Carrie spoke as one, “Yes way!”

Carrie grabbed my chin, a little hard to get my attention, I guess.

She went on, explaining, “Erica, it’s the only way you’re going to speak tonight, then we’ll get you a wheelchair,” she smiled.

The Giles guy leaned into my feet and did something I couldn’t feel to my feet. I squirmed.

Alicia piped in, “If this don’t get fixed Erica, they’ll call your parents, who will call my parents, and we’ll both be screwed! They’ll NEVER trust us to go to College together!” she was near tears, I thought, maybe of losing her credit card, though. Where did THAT come from?

I was ashamed immediately at that. These were my friends, who only wanted the best for me. Here I was, being treated like a Queen, even though I was hurt, and naked.

And all I wanted to do was get my cookies off right there, in front of them. Well, not that, but I needed to release that pressure. The tickling was driving me nuts, so were my nipples. I desperately wanted to squeeze and pinch them.

With Carrie nearby, I thought guiltily, it’d only take a pull to slip off and release her top.

I was ashamed once more! My pussy and the electrical current were tickling me from my nipples to my clit.

Was that taking over everything?? I gave up thinking.

I was getting the royal treatment, but was blushing at being the only one naked in the room. Noone else was going to get naked in here, that’s for sure!

“Uhm, Carrie,” I’d begun to moan a little,” Can I get something to cover my crotch, please?”

She’d stopped stroking my tits for a second, leaned over and licked my earlobe, “Oh, not yet Kitten, the fool, er..the guy here aint finished with your exam, I mean, what if your little kitty-cat down there got sunburned, or blistered,” she was teasing my whole ear now.

I twisted on the bed at the sensation of her tongue-tip in my ear, pushing out the first pearl of Woman-cum at this new humiliation.

Well, I knew I should be ashamed, but here I was, naked, helpless, with several sets of eyes on me. Eyes that now knew my most intimate regions, my anus even! My God!

How could I be ashamed if I was leaking juice? I was totally confused, so I let Carrie take over her ministrations, for the moment.

She seemed to know what this was all about, and that’s better. I settled down and lay still in the bed, softly moaning.

They could count my shaving bumps, they were so close to me, that is, if I had any.

“There, done, a little betadine now,” he said, washing that over my entire feet. It felt warm. He then wiped it off leaving a red smear on my feet. My feet were orange now! I was giggling at the massage.

“Ahh, you like that do ya? Our little patient here is feeling better. Karen, could you call the Restaurant and see if we can get some food here? Little Miss here needs some food, soon.”

“Alicia,” Karen asked, “Would you mind terribly?”

“Ah I’ll go, sure,” Alicia smiled, “This is almost done anyway, c-ya soon Erica, enjoy!” she smiled, seeming unaffected by my predicament. Was she my friend? Yes. She was weird though, sometimes.

Lady Lifeguard piped up, she’d seen enough of my petite body too, I guess, and was about to follow Alicia back to the pool.

“I’ve got work to do Karen,” she explained,” We all done here?” she met Karen’s eyes. Karen had a strange look on her face, almost sexual. Her lips were fuller and darker. She was blushing!

“Ah, a country not heard from, yeah, go ahead,” she said, and the Lifeguard followed Alicia out.

“Okay, Carrie is it?” Dufus Giles said, “Please turn our little patients head, I don’t want her to see this, okay? Good.”

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Carrie moved my head towards her lap, as she was sitting sideways on the bed, my arm still over her lap. I caught a faint whiff of her sex. She must’ve been getting off on me, for some reason I hadn’t figured out yet.

He took a large disposable towelette then put it right on my slit! He then began wiping my slit front to bottom! Like he was wiping a baby’s ass! The F\*CKER! OhMyGOD! THAT was freaking COLD!

My eyes got big, and my back arched way up.

Carrie laughed out loud! She was still giggling at me, like I was the funniest thing on the planet.

“Oh my God Erica, Haha! You should have seen your face when he put his hand on your pussy! Hahaha OMG! You’re Priceless. You’re so damned adorable. You weren’t expecting that were you Sweetie!?” She smiled down at me.

“NO!” I croaked, I was actually thinking about my pussy and how it felt before this fool ruined it.

“It felt real damned cold Carrie!”

Mood ruined, I yelled at the idiot, “Stop that, you, stop that right now!”

I was wounded! Not this Dufus! F\*cker ruined my sex buzz too! The prick! Well, it felt like a buzz. He nearly put that towelette in my asshole!

Carrie must have been reading me, “There there now, let the man finish Erica, and then we’ll have a few moments alone, okay?” She began stroking my face, cheek, and hair again.

Carrie turned on Dufus Giles too, “Hurry up dammit! We aint got all day here, ya know?”

“Just a minute kids,” Dufus Giles grumbled, putting his emphasis on “kids.”

“Almost done, Crap, let me wrap ‘em for ya, stay still!” He replied frowning, looking wounded at my outburst.

“Karen,” he said to the older Woman, “Give me a hand, I’ll wrap one and you wrap the other.”

Karen unrolled a long wide gauze strip, and followed Giles’ lead, wrapping in long slow motions, slowly covering each foot in gauze.

All was finished, I guess, as I looked up to Carrie’s face. Karen sat on the other side of the bed now, taking my left arm and stroking it.

I looked into Carries eyes, and she was mesmerized by the moment. She leaned in for a kiss, “I'm so sorry about all this Erica, I mean before, at the pool, I had no idea you were hurting,” she whispered, tears in her eyes.

We kissed, just a light one on the lips, and a flick of her tongue-tip. My clit poked immediately out now, all the way, and Karen’s’ eyes got large. She stretched her arm out, forefinger ready to touch it.”

The room went silent. Even Dufus Giles stopped to watch.

Karen, who’d had enough of this Giles, told him, “Ladies only, Giles, you’ve seen enough teen pussy for one day. Goodbye.” She pointed at the door.

He took his sweet-assed time to gather his stuff, while keeping a watchful eye on my spread thighs and open sex.

“Okay Geek, get out now. Enough show for you,” Lisa growled.

He left quickly after that, muttering to himself, “You’re welcome Giles,” slamming the door behind him.

That Dumb-ass Giles has probably never seen a naked woman, much less a teenage one,” Carrie joked to Karen.

Karen nodded in agreement, smiling at the thought of the stupid, ogling and predictable man.

Together they went to work on me, Carrie and Karen both! I received a slow, erotic massage, front and back. It was soooo delicious feeling.

I didn’t know what I’d done to earn this, but I wasn’t complaining.

I dozed off somewhere after the EMT guy left and the sensual massage. A tray of cold sandwiches was left beside the end table along with a warm beer.

I was alone, and covered by a sheet. As I sat up, I noticed there were two robes hanging by the tub/shower enclosure, which I desperately wanted to use. I reeked.

And it was dark outside.

**Part 19 – End**

The small group of women, along with me, reached the large room where dinner was being held.

Everyone I'd met today was here, too, except the Nurse guy.

The women staff I'd met in the hallway, food service staffers I guessed, were busy doing make-work stuff while waiting for dinner to be brought from the kitchen.

A soundstage had been setup for the dancing afterwards, complete with disco-ball, spotlights and lasers.

From the ceiling hung multi-colored streamers in the center of the room. Right now under all this silliness were long tables waiting for food and drinks, punchbowl and all.

Big round tables for five had been arranged throughout the large area, tablecloths complete with dinnerware and candles and students.

The room was complete with the Senior Class students, waiting to hear words of wisdom from the speaker. Me!

A small cadre represented the schools' Administration, all at their own tables, separate from the students.

Towards the rear center of the stage, this was where I was supposed to speak at, a wooden podium below a small handicap ramp, complete with mike and speaker.

Carrie kept kneeling down while pushing me, licking my ear, and caressing my neck with her tongue.

"Oh God Carrie, please stop!!" I begged her, but my hand was working furiously on my clit.

I was getting close, the pressure was building, the dizziness giving way to euphoria. I began to writhe, moaning, sliding back and forth for real on the wet wheelchair seat.

The portly Superintendent of Schools broke my reverie.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome the Senior Class Speaker this Evening!"

"Erica..Uhhh..Erica...uhmhm..Miss..uh, please step up to the podium!"

Carrie and Alicia burst out laughing, while Lisa just sat at one of the tables, sneering at this old fool, who didn't know a damned thing about anything.

One of the Science Club girls moved towards the podium, whispering something in his lard-butt-ear.

The Principle continued, fumbling around on the podium. The Nerd Girl returned to her seat.

"Oh yes, of course, will someone please assist the Speaker to the Podium," then continued, "I'm sure the Class is grateful to this courageous young Lady, I understand she was in an accident today, and deserves our respect." At this I heard outright laughter, from guys but many more girls.

I blushed furiously, thinking of those laughing, each and every one of them making noises and catcalls had seen me naked at some time or another in high school.

Or even today! The memory of my slit being displayed again made me shiver, yet it felt good!

He stood away then, stumbling back down the handicapped ramp. Then recovering his balance, he stood next to it, clapping.

Amid tittering and whispers, I heard a few insults and snickering, especially from the Pep Club tables. ...in jocks.

This time Alicia, acting all sweet like, got behind me and whispered sweetly in my ear, "Keep it short sweetie, I wanna party soon, okay?" followed by some giggling. "You may want to have both hands showing, you naughty girl you."

I was too horny at the moment to pay attention. The nervousness and being excited was like being drunk.

I quickly stopped the slit rubbing I'd been doing, bringing both hands to the armrests as we moved. The robe covered just enough, but without it being actually on.

I was sure people could see the soft skin on my sides, from my armpit to my thigh, and know I was naked.

I wished I'd masturbated before coming to this thing, but I didn't have any choice. MY choices always seemed to be made for me, by my friends.

I was wheeled up the ramp slowly, amid light applause from the room. The nerds no doubt.

Alicia seemed to have trouble pushing the heavy chair and my body weight. Struggling, we made it to the small platform, then rested the chair on the podium platform. I set the little brake handles.

I looked over the room from my seated position. There sure were a lot of eyes on me. I caught Lisa and Carrie both looking at me intensely. I saw no signs of anything in their faces, nothing bad anyway.

God, I was naked before them all! Almost! I was sloppy wet, and sticking to the damned seat. Alicia stood in front of me as the crowd waited silently, waiting for me to begin.

She was fussing with the robe, making sure I was covered up. She sort of tucked me in, stuffing the robe into my sides.

After adjusting the robe, Alicia grabbed the microphone stand, adjusting it down to chair height. I heard something else going on but ignored it.

She bent down behind me, moved around the wheel, giving me a kiss on the forehead, whispering "Good Luck Erica."

Smiling an angels' smile she left.

I straightened up in the chair, feet pressing on the stirrups. Alicia trotted merrily off the stage to sit beside Lisa.

They appeared intense like they were watching a movie, at the suspenseful part. I was already nervous. I wish they'd stop staring at me!

I kept my eyes focused on my friends, trying to keep my mind off my pussy, and the intense need to release.

I cleared my throat,"I..uhm..I'm glad I was chosen to ah..speak..here tonight. Uhm...thanks to Henry for giving me this honor." There were a few half-hearted claps in the now attentive audience. I didn't dare look to see what I was showing, or hiding.

Turning my head side to side, slowly, very slowly I scanned the tables, one by one. Yes, I thought, all eyes were on me. Ohmygod, I can't think of anything to say!

I shuffled in my chair, adjusting my position.

I heard creaking from the chair. Slowly, it began to move backwards. Alicia! Ohmygod! The brakes!

I began rolling backwards, imperceptibly at first, then quicker. I felt something tug sideways on the robe!

"Ohmygod!" I shrieked out loud into the mike.

Pressing my feet in the stirrups hard made the chair move back quicker.

The mood of the room had changed. I heard female giggling and outright laughing from the room.

I saw only big eyes and hands in front of mouths, And expressions of awe and shock from adults and schoolmates alike!

The belt from the robe had become caught in the spokes! And the belt loop in the robe was literally pulling it off my body! I tried to clutch the robe tight!

As the wheels rolled back, it was pulling my belt and robe off my side! As the chair kept going, I jumped away from my stirrups from panic or reflex, I tried to stand! My erect nipples were showing!

Everyone could see them! Everyone!

Naked from the waist up, I jumped, and the chair went out from behind me, taking the robe with it.

My hands covered my tits immediately. My face was a mask of shock.

My face was hot and belly hollow with fear, but my clit was exposed, and out for all to see. And it said otherwise. I was drenched, and everyone knew it! The damned spotlight!

It must have been being naked in front of the crowd or something. I shouldn't have been playing with my clit!

A hush went over the room. I didn't wait around to see everyone's looks of surprise. Seeing the Principles' look of pure horror and open mouth, and spotting Carrie and Lisa's expressions of pure glee told me enough. "Run!"

And run I did, feet forgotten, bandages trailing behind my orange feet. I'd been seen naked before, but this! I was on fire, I was so embarrassed, and excited beyond words! I was sure I was dribbling cum behind.

I found the nearest double doors, leaving riotous laughter behind me. I burst through them.

I found myself in another large meeting hall, and this time, it was not empty! These two rooms had been cut in half! Separated by a long partition curtain.

In long rows of wide chairs resembling pews, I noted at a glance the large wooden cross on a small stage, with some nice looking man in front of it. He was wearing a suit, was about all I waited around to see. This was a Service! He was a PASTOR!

I ran down the front aisle, darting behind the stage, the only door I could see to get out of here.

This time shouts of anger and screams from gray & white haired people followed behind me. One woman fainted.

I'd had enough of streaking, so through the doors I ran, around the Hotel building rather than through the pool, making it to the parking area outside of Alicia's room.

I realized I didn't have a room key, but anywhere was better than inside the Hotel. I paused yet again to make sure I wasn't being followed.

I heard a woman's voice calling me, "Erica? Erica? Is that you out there sneaking around?"

My God! It was Katie! Lifeguard Lady. "Come on out Erica, I have your room key dear."

I crept towards her slowly, wary of tricks by my friends.

"It's okay Honey, just in case, your friend Carrie gave it to me," she smiled, taking my hand.

"She said you were accident prone, but this! You wound up naked! Again!"

Blushing, I shyly nodded, exposing my pink parts were the least of my worries at the moment.

"Seems that happens a lot Erica?" she grinned.

"I..I guess.." I stammered, not knowing what to say to this pretty woman.

Would it get better at College? I thought silently.

**20 – Graduation**

Well, the big day was finally here! Four years of high school torture were coming to a close, along with all the embarrassment and humiliation and peer pressure that accompanies the usual, normal teenage anxiety. I suppose I did have some good times, some even pretty wild, but I sure was glad to be moving on and I would hardly miss this rabble.

My family pulled up to the front of the school, and I quickly jumped out of the car. I waved goodbye to my parents and stepbrother. Now that I was actually on the property, I was excited to get this event underway. We had done all the photographs and the whole bit earlier in the morning. Now, as my family drove off to find a decent parking spot, I hurried in my heels into the building. My cap and gown were nervously tucked under my arm.

Our senior class was supposed to be divided into different homerooms to make it more manageable to prepare for the ceremony. I was directed to room 103, where there would be teachers and monitors helping the students. Clutching my things, I walked through the door and immediately saw my friends waving to me from the back of the crowded room. Alicia was there, but so were Lisa and Carrie, who normally were not in my homeroom. I guess they had slipped in here, and no one really noticed or cared. I hurried over to join them.

“Hi, Erica!” Alicia squealed joyfully.

“What are you wearing?” Lisa asked more soberly, even expressing displeasure.

I was dressed in a nice light blue, satiny dress. It had thin straps at my shoulders, and fit my slim figure kind of snugly. Still, it was sleek and comfortable, and the hem came down to just about my knee. Of course I also had a great pair of blue shoes that I especially picked out because they went so well with the dress. They didn’t have any straps or buckles.

Looking around at my three friends already attired in their flowing graduation robes, I asked, “What… what do you mean?”

“You know,” Carrie teased with a charming smile. I suddenly felt very awkward and out of place as the only one without her gown on. “Remember what we planned, Erica? We even agreed that we were all going to do it together…”

“We were drunk that night,” I replied.

Alicia wore a petulant frown and pleaded at me with her big brown eyes. “But we were all serious. The four of us agreed to go through with this!”

My stomach turned in a knot of fear and excitement. I intertwined my fingers in front of my chest as I looked at each girl, one by one. They returned my gaze unflinching.

“You mean, none of you are wearing anything beneath your gowns?” I asked incredulously, even lowering my voice to a harsh whisper.

Lisa glanced coolly at Alicia, and then at Carrie. The bossy blonde bitch tilted her head, imperiously, giving an unspoken command to one of my friends. It was Carrie who stepped forward, looking around to make sure that no one else was paying any attention to us in the back of the room. Moving near me, she shyly began to lower the zipper on the front of her gown. It was a thin, delicate strip of material, very fragile. Soon, she was able to fold away a flap, enough to expose her body from her neckline to her navel.

Carrie’s bare breast stared back at me, with a very pink nipple atop the areola! My mouth must have hung open for a moment… and the strawberry blonde girl, feeling frisky, pulled aside the other flap. Now both her tits bounced in front of me. I looked carefully, part of me wishing she would unzip the gown all the way and show me everything. But I was convinced she was naked. And then my friend quickly covered up again, leaving me to wonder if I had really just been flashed!

“So what’s it going to be?” Lisa demanded, more than asked.

I felt my own nipples harden as I thought about the implication of the whole suggestion. “I didn’t… think you guys were serious… all three of you are nude, under those gowns?”

“Except for our shoes,” Alicia giggled as she lifted the hem of the burgundy material.

For a moment, I thought she was going to raise her gown high enough to show me her pussy. But then she let the gown fall again, and folded her arms expectantly. I looked around, unsure of what to do. My eyes searched frantically the classroom, but the supervising adults were busy assisting other students who needed their help. A group of boys were goofing off in the distance. It was like nobody even cared what we were doing back here.

“But I liked this dress,” I found myself whining. “I bought it just for today’s occasion! And now I’m supposed to leave it behind?”

Lisa took a purposeful step forward until she was towering over me, making me tremble. “Listen, little girl… I’ve taken off all my clothes, and I’m not about to show off my body to the entire school, unless you join us!”

I bit my lip as I looked up at the formidable blonde. It was obvious she had just had her nails and hair done, and she looked great. The mortarboard cap rested at an angle upon her coif of golden waves. I realized then, that I had never seen Lisa naked. Here was a chance, for once, for us to be equals. As my eyes scanned down the length of her figure, I found myself wondering how bare she really was, and even anticipating such an unveiling.

Alicia stepped to my side, and took my own cap and gown from my hands. I hadn’t made any comment, but they could tell that the decision was made. I guess there was a certain look in my eye. My skin began to tingle.

“What… here?” I still made one final protest. “You want me to get undressed right here?”

“Sure,” Carrie laughed as she closed in on the other side, the girls effectively forming a half-circle around me in the corner. “You’re small, Erica, and no one will see anything with us big girls blocking the view!”

Oh, those words made me feel like such a child… even though I was only hours away from my high school graduation. But matters started to accelerate when I pulled the straps of the dress off my shoulders, and then Alicia reached out to tug the front all the way down to my belly button! I hadn’t been wearing a bra, and now my titties popped out free and perky. Taken by surprise, I gasped, with my hands stretched out at my sides.

“Small indeed,” Lisa scoffed.

“But already at full attention,” Carrie pointed out, and emphasized the comment by touching my elongated nipples.

“Can we just get this over with?” I asked, becoming very aroused as I stood unseen in the back of a crowded classroom, naked to the waist.

My friend Alicia obliged by continuing to tug at the dress around my hips. And here I thought she was supposed to be one of my body shields! I noticed the eyes of the other two girls following the descent of my clothing, so I took that opportunity to cover my breasts… a palm held over each. Alicia had lowered the material further down my legs, kind of half bending and half crouching to do so, when she suddenly paused.

“Lift your feet, Erica,” she said sweetly.

I did so, but actually slipped my toes out of each heel. Since it was warm outside, I hadn’t put on any panty hose or stockings. Now I waited for what seemed like forever as Alicia pulled the satin dress off the length of my slender legs. Then my bare feet came to rest on the cool tiles of the classroom floor.

“Are you ladies all right back there?” asked one of the female teachers from the center of the room.

Oh my gosh! I was only wearing a brief pair of panties… I pressed my elbows together, hiding my bare tits. Desperately I looked around, but Alicia had put aside my gown where it was out of reach, along with my discarded dress!

Lisa then turned to face the teacher with hands on her hips, although she still stood in front of me. “We were just helping Erica straighten her gown, but maybe you can come over here and check her out…”

“No, no!” I squeaked like a trapped mouse. “I’m fine… I’m almost ready!”

The teacher replied, “Well hurry up, girls. You need to begin lining up for the procession in a few minutes.”

And with that statement of worn-thin patience, she focused her attention elsewhere. I let out a sigh, even as Lisa turned around again with an evil grin on her lips. She was always out to embarrass me, it seemed, right up until the end. At least she was naked, too, I tried to remind myself. But somehow the blonde in her silken graduation robe stood with a grace and confidence that made me feel less secure.

Blocking my view from the side, Carrie reached out her hand and snapped the elastic at my hip. “We’re waiting, Erica.”

“I can do this myself,” I tried to sound brave.

Truthfully, I was mixed with fear and the thrill of the stunt we were about to pull off. Also, I was getting kind of horny, and that is probably what lent me the strength to follow through with my promise. One last time I looked around, and it seemed all was safe. The other three girls essentially formed a tight huddle before me. I just hoped they didn’t bolt once I had removed my underwear! Despite this wild thought, I pushed my thumbs into the waistband of the panties and started pulling them down.

I took a deep breath, then in one decisive motion, I whisked the delicate material to my toes and stepped out of them. Picking them up, I simply handed them to Alicia. Carrie let out a piercing whistle.

Oh my gosh, I was totally naked! I brought my hands to my head fretfully, knowing there was nothing I could do at this point. I was so nude and vulnerable. My nips poked out proudly, and in all the excitement, my shaven lips of pink had parted. I kept reminding myself that my friends were all naked, too, except I didn’t even have any shoes on; or my robe either! The sounds of the classroom suddenly swirled about me: the rustle of papers and programs, shuffling feet, talking and laughing voices… and this all made me acutely aware that I wasn’t wearing stitch. There must have been fifty people in the room!

“Um,” I said shivering a little, and gradually brought one hand down to cover my bald vulva. “Can I have my gown now?”

Thankfully, Alicia was there with my robe already unfolded. She helped me slip my arms into the sleeves, first one and then the other, until the enveloping material hung loosely at my sides. It felt really amazing on my bare skin, yet the dark red of the school colors made it so no one would ever know we were naked underneath. Carrie twisted me around halfway so that I was facing her. She picked up the hem, and was going to zip up the front. But first, she ran her hand between my breasts, tracing a narrow groove down my stomach and playfully tickled my slit! Instantly, my clit emerged out of its hood, poking right at her. She always knew the worst places to touch me!

Now that my pussy was all opened up like a flower, Carrie slowly slid the zipper up to my neck. Just at that moment, one of our teachers walked in between the four of us.

“All set, girls?” she asked. Then looking down at my feet, remarked, “Oh, Erica, put your shoes back on for goodness sake! It’s only for a few hours. If they were going to be so uncomfortable, maybe you should have picked out a different pair. Although they do make you look more grown-up…”

As my friends giggled, I steadied myself against Alicia and obediently slipped my feet back into the heels, thinking that even my teacher thought I looked like a little girl! But standing straight up again, the graduation gown swished over my body, making me squirm with delight. It’s a good thing the material fell loosely from my shoulders, since my nipples were rock hard and would have made indentations! I wondered if the other girls experienced the same sensations under their gowns?

Before I could truly appreciate the magnitude of the situation, one of the lead chaperones stood at the classroom door and said we needed to start lining up. He asked everyone to be quiet and follow instructions in a neat and orderly fashion. Of course, this did not happen all at once.

Lisa took the opportunity to tug my sleeve and say, “Remember, Erica, just like we planned a few weeks ago. We’ll be right behind you…”

I nodded slowly, although I was more enjoying the way the silky material brushed against my bare legs. And then the four of us started to separate, as the students were arranged in alphabetical order by last name. Carrie paused to pat me on the butt, and rub sensuous circles so that I could practically feel her hand through the fabric!

“See you on stage,” she laughed with a wink.

Watching my friends depart, I felt a lot more self-conscious about my nudity hidden only by the delicate gown. I could picture the other students, our classmates, their gazes penetrating and guessing my naughty secret. But how could they? The hem came down to about mid-calf, and the zipper in front started just below the base of my neck. From outward appearances, everything looked normal. Someone moved behind me and poked me in the back.

“Come on Erica, you’re supposed to be in front of me,” the senior boy said.

I instinctively began walking forward, the burgundy silk rippling across my naked ass. And he was probably watching my backside the whole time! I clutched the front of the robe nervously as I took my place in line. Was I really going to go through with this? Was I about to strip in front of my graduating class… the faculty, and all those people in attendance? Everyone was going to see me, absolutely naked! The thought, replaying over and over in my mind, caused my nipples to stiffen further and point toward the ceiling…

“Oh, my cap!” I suddenly cried, reaching up to touch my soft locks of hair.

Luckily, one of the helpers was nearby, and she found the mortarboard that Alicia forgot to give me. While we waited in line, she dutifully affixed it atop my head, using bobby pins to keep it in place. The woman, probably a student’s mother, was standing so close to me. If she could look down between the folds of the gown, all she would see is bare skin! And as she fussed and straightened my hair, all I could think was that except for my eyebrows, she was touching the only hair on my body. I was afraid she might smell the muskiness of my arousal.

Patting me on the shoulder, the lady said, “There you go. And don’t worry if you feel a little damp, dear, it’s all right to be nervous…”

Well, I was damp all right, but it was not just the sweat of nerves. I felt a trickle run from inside my thigh, down my leg, reminding myself that I was completely nude under these academic vestments!We began moving forward again, and I started fidgeting with the zipper.

Entering the hallway, we were told to stay still and be quiet. This waiting around was really starting to feel like forever, and now I was getting more and more excited! Suddenly, there was a commotion from the back of the line, and a voice raised defiantly. It sounded like Carrie.

“But I really have to use the ladies room! I am not sitting through this ceremony trying to hold it in!”

Students nearby broke into laughter, and I could tell the frustrated teacher just gave in. Carrie broke ranks and left her place, marching down the hallway to the nearest restroom. She didn’t even glance back when she passed by me. And then I realized that in order for her to use the toilet, she would have to momentarily remove her gown! She would be stark naked in the bathroom! Impulsively, I raised my hand thinking to excuse myself as well. It would be a nice treat to get a sneak preview of Carrie’s buxom body. But then I reconsidered, since the teachers who were in no mood to start granting everyone bathroom breaks would probably just yell me at!

A couple of minutes later, Carrie came walking back down the hallway, looking much relieved and swinging her curvy hips. She looked so beautiful, her red and golden tresses cascading from beneath her graduation cap, to trail all the way down her back. This time, she smiled and winked at me. Just a brief, surreptitious glance, and my clitoris pushed against the fabric of my robe.

I could finally start to hear music playing. It was the recessional that was used for the graduates to march into the wide auditorium and take their places. There was the sound of hesitant, shuffling feet, and harsh voices telling us to keep moving. The whole thing kind of passed by in a blurry haze. I kept looking at the backs of the students in front of me, seeing them in the same burgundy robes that I wore… except I wasn’t wearing anything underneath! I wondered how my friends were faring. I couldn’t believe Lisa was going to show off her tits and ass to the entire school. What a send-off! The four of us dropping our robes to reveal everything…

Before I knew it, my feet had carried me up the short black steps and I was walking across the stage. The music continued to surround me. All the way on the other side was a raised dais, where sat the principal and teachers and other honored guests. They would all see us too. I kept my eyes locked straight ahead, careful not to trip or get my robe caught on anything. That would be embarrassing! Near the center of the stage, close to the edge was a podium, and rows of seats were arranged for the graduates behind it. Of course, our graduating class had to be split so that when these positions were filled up here, the remainder of the student body proceeded to fill up the first row of auditorium seats. Alicia, Carrie, Lisa and I, all had spots under the bright lights of the stage.

The entrance music came to its conclusion, and we were permitted to sit down. As the opening remarks were made, I squirmed a little between the two boys on either side of me. Needless, to say, I felt restless and uneasy. I crossed my legs at first, mindful of our classmates watching from below, and the hint of the view they might get. My bare leg resting over my knee, the hem of the gown rose up past my shins. My foot started bobbing up and down, which I discovered created a delightful sensation in my naked crotch. I even let my shoe dangle teasingly from my toes, my bare heel coming into view. This lasted for a few moments, until the shoe slipped off my foot and clunked to the stage!

Actually, I’m sure no one noticed, but I felt like all eyes were upon me. I quickly uncrossed my legs and reached down to pick up the clumsy heel, and slipped it back on. Flustered, I looked around, then decided to keep both feet on the floor and legs together. I did however fold my hands neatly in my lap. But this only caused me to press the silk of the gown against my naked skin beneath. My pussy quivered, moist and hairless. When I lifted my arms, I noticed a dark wet spot on the deep red material! Fidgeting some more, I loosely rearranged the folds of the gown and would continue to pick at them throughout the ceremony.

Somewhere through the valedictorian’s address, I glanced down the line of students to my left. Alicia was sitting several seats away, but she eventually glanced back and waved at me. Lisa and Carrie would be closer to the end of the row. I felt reassured, and started thinking about the sight our classmates behind us would enjoy, four teenage female asses when we took off our robes. My legs parted ever so slightly. My fingers casually wandered up to my neck, and lowered the zipper just half an inch.

It was decided of course, that night we had concocted this crazy plan, that we were going to drop our gowns after receiving our diplomas and everyone had returned to their seats. My friends and I weren’t sure what the reaction of school officials would be, but we wanted to wait until we had technically graduated, before we pulled off such a stunt. I continued to wait as my tummy filled with butterflies, the moment drawing ever nearer. And then the Dean of Students started reading off the roll of names…

The girl next to the boy that sat to my right stood up and turned her side to the audience. Then the boy did the same. I guess instinct and those late afternoon rehearsals took over, as I rose to my feet and faced toward the podium. I was conscious of the gown sticking to my overheated body, except where my erect nipples pushed out. Gosh, I hope no one in the audience noticed. What was I saying? In a few moments, everyone would see how hard my nipples were, and every inch of the rest of me! I felt myself blush as I started marching forward.

While the Dean announced each name, the Assistant Principal handed each student their diploma, and shook their hand before they turned around to go back to their seat. Family members and friends in the audience had been instructed to hold their applause until all the graduates had been awarded their diplomas. But there were always those people who defied the request, as if their son or daughter was the most important kid in the school. I hoped my parents wouldn’t embarrass me.

When my turn came, I was actually ashamed taking the document from the Assistant Principal, knowing full well that I was completely nude beneath my gown. My pointy nipples and clit throbbed as he shook my hand. As I looked him in eye, my one thought was that hand had been rubbing my crotch a little while ago.

“Congratulations, Erica!” he said, squeezing my fingers.

I could only reply meekly, “Thank you, sir.”

At last, I had returned to my seat up on stage, and it was only minutes before my friends and I would put our plan into action. All eyes in the audience were on the remaining students parading up to the podium. Our classmates, those who had already walked, were now checking out their diplomas. I took a deep breath. This was the opportunity to begin lowering the zipper on the front of my graduation robe. My intention was to get it down completely and unhooked, while keeping the folds firmly closed over my chest and stomach. Then it would be simple enough to stand and shake the light material off my shoulders…

Oh my gosh, I couldn’t believe I was doing this! The zipper had reached my navel.

A sudden idea struck me, and I curled my feet around the front legs of my chair. Without anybody paying attention, one by one, I kicked off my shoes. If I was going to strip naked in front of the school, I was going to get completely naked!

Clutching the sides of the opening gown tight, I carefully lifted the hem so I could undo the zipper. It popped free, and now only my hands kept the material concealing the front of my body. I lowered my legs, my bare toes touching the hardwood stage floor. Looking out into the seas of faces beyond the stage, I could just make out the faces of my fellow students in the front row. The rest of the audience was shrouded in the shadows and darkness of the auditorium. But they could see me… they would see all of me.

I was so nervous… and excited too! Leaning all the way forward, I looked back down the row to my left. Sure enough, Alicia turned my way and smiled. I watched her giggle, then she stuck her leg out, pulling up the edge of her gown. The little tease! But the thought of her naked up here with me, along with Lisa and Carrie, made me hot. I could just picture Carrie’s big boobs bouncing as she streaked across the stage. We were so close I could taste it!

And then the last of the graduates marched down the steps, back to the first row of seats in the auditorium. There was a hush as the Dean of Students and the Assistant Principal returned to their own seats on the dais. The Principal would make his way to the podium to say a few words, then allow the assembly to start cheering and applauding. This was our moment, our window of opportunity, that fraction of time when we could steal all the attention on stage.

Expecting my friends to act in concert, I jumped to my feet, taking about four steps forward. My heart beat wildly as I pulled apart the folds of my gown… and arched my shoulders free of the material. Behind me, the light burgundy fabric, the dark red of our school colors, floated to the ground.

I froze, time stood still.

I was standing totally nude in front of everyone… completely naked, except for the graduation cap on my head.

Everyone was staring at me, at my bare body. The students behind me, watched the gentle curve of my back and supple roundness of my cute little ass. In shock, I raised up on my toes, and they even caughta glimpse of my bare sole. On the dais to my right, the eyes of the school officials went wide at the sight of my long nipples quivering up and down. The Principal and his colleagues had a perfect view of my profile, my hip and the slenderness of my leg. Oh no! The local politician who had given the key note speech… he was seeing every inch of me, too, from the tip of my shoulder, to the curl of my pinky toe!

As if in slow motion, I brought my hands to my mouth, still disbelieving what I had just done. And my entire lower body was on display, from my creamy thighs to the soft indentation of my stomach narrowing and below, not a wisp of hair covered my pubic mound. Oh my gosh, everyone in the audience was looking at my bald pussy!

Where were Alicia and Carrie, I thought as I shyly looked over my left shoulder. Did I jump up too soon? Foolishly, I waited a moment, half-expecting my friends to join me. It might have only been a second or a minute, or it felt like hours… standing here naked in front of the entire school. From the corner seat at the edge of the stage, I saw Lisa rise, but only to get a good look at me. As the other students opened their mouths in broad grins and pointed at the various pink parts of my body, Lisa folded her arms and smirked.

At that moment, I realized I had been tricked.

And then I noticed the flashes of cameras going off. One by one, I watched the dazzling lights flicker in the darkness of the auditorium, like stars winking in the night sky. Instead of covering up, as I should have, I brought my hands to my head, making sure the graduation cap was securely in place. Confused, I whirled around giving the guests in attendance a treat of my cute little behind. My classmates who had been sitting up on stage with me, now they all saw my tits and pussy! With my fingers seemingly twined into my hair, I turned and started to run across the stage.

But in my anxiousness to flee the scene, I headed in the wrong direction! Toward the raised dais I hurled my body, pulling up short just at the last second or else I would have ended up giving the congressman a lap dance! I spun around, my ass in his face, and I’m afraid the school officials could all see my pink pussy lips from behind. As I ran now in the opposite direction, I suppose there were shouts and hooting and hollering; as well as laughing and exclamations of outrage. However, at the moment, it seemed there was a profound gasp of silence except for my bare feet slapping over the waxed hardwood floor.

The last thing I remember leaving the stage was Lisa reaching out to slap me in the butt. This caused me to finally lower my arms, hands covering my juicy cheeks. I skipped down the steps on trembling legs, and jogged through the wing that opened out into the hallway.

“Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!” I gasped, the thrill of what had just happened sending a shiver through my body.

Squeezing my breasts, I leaned against the wall. I had to pause to catch my breath. At least it was quiet out here, for the moment, as no one had chased after me. In fact, there was absolutely no one else around, which gave me a moment to think. How could I have been so stupid! I looked down and saw my pussy lips had parted. My clitoris was erect, sticking out of its hood. Gazing further down my naked leg, I wiggled my toes on the floor. Oh, why did I kick off my shoes? Now I was totally nude…

Then I remembered the flat-topped and tasseled mortarboard. Reaching up with my hand, I found the hairpins and undid the cap secured to my head. As I removed it, I shook out my shoulder-length hair. But at least now I had something to cover with. I held the graduation gap discreetly over my crotch and started to walk down the hallway.

Every few seconds, I turned around again, worried that someone would be following. What a scene I must have caused! I don’t know how I was going to explain this to my parents. If Lisa and Carrie and Alicia had joined me, I could have laughed it off as a graduation prank. But I was the only one to strip naked in front of everyone… oooh, I can’t believe they set me up like that! Still, the thought of all those eyes on my nude little body was fresh in my mind, and kept my nipples pretty erect! Well, I just had to get back to the classroom and put my clothes back on.

As my feet slapped across the tiled floor, I kept my head down and kept the cap pressed tight against pussy. Unfortunately, the gold tassel was tickling my labia and making me very aroused. I pumped my free arm at my side as I quickly rounded the corner and worked my way closer to the room.

Just a few more yards, a couple of more steps… and then…

“Where do you think you are going, Erica?”

I suddenly spotted black shoes in front of me. Stopped barefoot in my tracks, I looked up and up, and saw the massive girth of the Principal blocking the door to the classroom! OK, he wasn’t that fat, but he was tall and wide, his bulk filling the doorway. He frowned as he looked down at my slender form, crossing his arms over his chest. It was all I could do to keep the graduation cap over my vulva, and slung my other arm across my tits. I was speechless, dying of embarrassment.

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, the large man asked, “Where are your clothes, Erica?”

“Inside the classroom,” I squeaked and kind of pointed with my small chin. I tried to avert my eyes shyly, but found myself drawn to his disapproving stare. This was so humiliating!

“You didn’t have anything on under your graduation robe, Miss?”

Ashamed, I shook my head.

The principal paused to consider the situation, it seemed he was searching his memory. “There was one time, I recall, you were running in the hallway and bumped into me. It must have been when you were only a Sophomore. You were wearing your gym T-shirt, because you said someone had stolen your clothes in the locker room. You’ve always been careless with your clothes, haven’t you? But tell me, Erica, that day you really weren’t wearing anything beneath the T-shirt, were you…”

“No!” I finally confessed. “I didn’t have on any shorts or panties!”

“But you did have shoes and socks, didn’t you?” the Principal continued, making me relive that day of misfortunes. I lowered my head, and curled my bare toes self-consciously. The lecture continued, “And now look at you… an eighteen-year-old young woman, just graduated, and you are stark naked!”

I could tell he was upset. As I bit my lip, he asked me where my graduation gown was. He forced me to admit, even though he saw the whole thing, that I had slipped it off my shoulders back on stage, during the ceremony. Then he suggested since I had little regard for the trappings of my scholastic achievement, I should hand over the rest of the academic vestments.

“What… what do you mean?” I asked nervously.

“The mortarboard and tassel,” he said without emotion. “Let me have it.”

My eyes went wide, and I clutched the only thing hiding my frontal nudity, saving me from totally exposing myself. “But… right here?”

When his expression did not change, I realized that I had no choice. I looked over my bare shoulder, then back at the principal. Swallowing a lump of fear down my throat, I slowly raised my hands, lifting the cap and presenting it to him. It felt like the heaviest thing in the world. But the man grabbed the cap and yanked it free from my fingers with such force, I instinctively dropped my arms to my side like an obedient student.

I stood completely nude before the Principal. He regarded me for a moment, the graduation cap tucked under one arm, then he casually pointed at my pussy.

“What is that, Erica? You are eighteen, and you haven’t reached puberty yet?”

The man forced me to confess that I shaved off my pubic hair. Even as the words fell from my lips, I shifted my legs slightly apart. Though my eyes were closed, I could feel my labia unfolding like a flower.

“Your classmates will be returning momentarily,” he announced. “Follow me to the office…”

I opened my eyes just in time to see the principal step forward, shutting the classroom door behind him. The dark sleeve of his jacket brushed my arm as he walked past me. I wasn’t sure if I was in even more trouble, or if he meant that in the office I would have more privacy as the students came marching out of the auditorium. Why couldn’t he just let me get dressed! Turning around, I decided to follow the man.

He clearly wasn’t interested in leering at my nubile body. In fact, I had to jog to keep up with him. He moved quickly for a big man. But as I brought my hands up again to regain some modesty, I felt how hard and extended my nipples were. I had been so preoccupied with the principal looking at my bare pussy, I forgot he must have gotten an eyeful of my titties! There was no doubt he knew how aroused I was right now. I felt myself blush in embarrassment.

When I reached the main office, the principal ushered me through the door. He then casually strolled across the carpet, to take a seat behind his desk. But beneath his calm exterior, I sensed he was seething. I felt like I was walking on eggshells, so I kind of just stood there with my hands held politely behind by back. Maybe I bent one knee forward just a little, raising up on my toes.

Oh my gosh! I was standing in the middle of the principal’s office and I wasn’t wearing a stitch of clothing!

“What are we going to do about this, Erica?” the man asked as he templed his fingers in thought. “If I remember correctly, you once streaked a football game. And not too long ago, you were caught naked during a fire drill. That is most serious, young lady…”

I really didn’t know what to say. I was already dreadfully embarrassed, and also scared. Yet my erect nipples continued to point and quiver, and I knew my clit was sticking straight out. A trickle of wetness ran down the inside of my leg. This was actually making me very horny! As the silence stretched between us, regarding each other intently, I realized that I might start masturbating in front of my principal!

Then a group of people shuffled through the door and into the office. Instinct finally took over at the prospect of being seen by others, and I clasped my hands in front of my pussy.

“I told you she would be down here!” Alicia said as she came to stand by my side.

She was followed by Lisa and Carrie, the two of them chuckling and finding this all so amusing. All three of the girls were still dressed in the graduation gowns. I looked over at my friends, then back at the principal behind his desk. Suddenly a great surge of resentment flooded my body.

“This is all their fault!” I cried. Not thinking, I placed my hands firmly on my hips, letting my labia hang down.

“Oh?” the Principal raised an eyebrow.

I suddenly felt very foolish, but I was determined to stand my ground. “You… you see, it was all a stupid dare. And they took off they’re clothes, too! They were going to drop their robes on stage in front of everyone. But they tricked me!”

“Is this true?” the large man remained seated but shifted his gaze to the ladies now standing in the room in their heels and burgundy gowns.

“Take it off, Carrie!” I demanded, my perky breasts bouncing in excitement. I was going to have Carrie stripped in the Principal’s Office! “Sir, make her take off her graduation robe…”

The eyes of the strawberry-blonde went wide at she looked from me to the school official. He only nodded, which made Carrie’s mouth hang open for a moment or two. Then she slowly turned around to face away from the desk. She hesitated, her fingers clutching the zipper just below her neck. I wondered if our principal would make the others disrobe as well. Then he would have four nude young women to deal with. The thought of my friends sharing in my humiliation had me licking my lips. I even brought my hands up to pinch my nipples.

Finally, Carrie lowered the zipper and began shuffling the silky material off her body. Her smooth bare shoulders came immediately into view. I watched her take a deep breath, preparing for the inevitable. And then she dropped the gown completely to the floor.

She was wearing a strapless short mini-dress!

I couldn’t believe my eyes as Carrie turned around, and even struck a pose with one knee bent forward and hands on her hips. She looked hot, but she definitely did not look naked! The strawberry-blonde flipped her hair back and teasingly stuck her tongue out at me.

“But… but, how?” I stammered uncomprehending. “I saw you! You didn’t have anything on, except your shoes!”

At this point, the principal arched one eyebrow, clearly exasperated. Lisa walked behind me and placed her hands on my shoulders and said, “I think our friend Erica is just a little worked up. She’s had an emotional day. In fact, I think it was all that pent up stress finally boiling up, that caused her to pull such a stunt. I mean, can you imagine… she stripped completely naked in front of everyone!”

I felt my ears burn red in embarrassment, but I also felt Lisa begin massaging my shoulders, which felt really good. Standing behind me, she ran a hand down the curve of my spine. Then she started gently rubbing my ass! Right here, in the Principal’s Office! Oh my gosh, I hoped she wasn’t going to make me cum…

“I’ve already spoken to her parents,” Alicia was continuing. “I explained that Erica was really nervous about starting college, and afraid to graduate. This was her way of letting go, I guess. I think it’s best, sir, if you let us take her off your hands.”

Now my ears couldn’t believe what was being said, but the Principal seemed to give it some consideration. “Very well, ladies. I believe you can set a good example for your friend. She really has to learn to put these childish pranks behind her.”

At those words, Lisa firmly squeezed my butt cheeks, causing me to bounce up on my toes. The Principal brought his serious gaze full upon me, upon my small breasts sticking out and pink pussy lips that were already spread open.

“Now, Erica, I am going to hold on to your diploma. You can come back to the office on Monday to pick it up. And please come wearing something… more decent.”

My eyes fluttered and my body shook, just a little, as I felt myself have a small orgasm. Please come… Please cum… I can’t believe he said that while I was standing here totally nude!

“Thank you,” I gasped.

Closest to the door, Carrie bent down demurely so she could retrieve her graduation gown. This she slung over her arm, then straightened out her dress, which barely went down past her crotch. She practically glided out the office door, and Lisa pushed me forward to follow on trembling legs. Alicia was last, saying goodbye to the Principal. I thought I overheard her saying something about what a pleasure it had been to go to school here.

One we were back in the bobby, Lisa shoved me into the waiting arms of Carrie. I knew she was a little upset because I tried to get her in trouble, and tattled on her.

“Um, I… that really is a nice dress,” I tried to sound pleasant.

Carrie responded by reaching up to pinch my erect nipples and pull me forward a few steps. “Yes it is, Erica. I stripped naked in the girls bathroom this morning, and left it hanging in one of the stalls. It’s a good thing it was still there when I excused myself from the marching line. I took quite a chance, you know. I could have ended up nude in front of the principal just like you…”

“I’m sorry!” I said, breathless, as the taller girl began to slowly walk her fingers down my bare stomach. Then she smiled at me.

“But I like your outfit, too!” Carrie giggled, and put her finger in my pussy. “Oh my, but what’s this?”

I stood mortified as she withdrew her digit and held it up for Lisa to see. On her tip, there glistened a sizable pearl drop of my cum. Carrie, brought it up to her lips and sucked it off. When Alicia joined us, Carrie pointed at my bald crotch, much to my humiliation.

“Someone has been secreting, the dirty little girl!”

**21 – After Graduation**

“Where… where are you taking me?” I asked as the girls led me out into the hallway.

Carrie had a firm grip on my wrist and answered, “Well I don’t think you want to go back to the classroom, Erica! It will be crawling with students and parents and teachers by now.”

“Oh my,” I gasped. “But my clothes…”

Padding along side the strawberry-blonde haired girl, I was completely naked. In fact, I was still a little lightheaded over the whole situation. I had just graduated high school, and had streaked in front of everyone at the ceremony. Well, I thought my friends here were going to join me in this parting prank, but they had set me up. My small tits bounced playfully as I danced forward on my bare toes, trying to keep up with the taller girl.

Alicia swiftly caught behind me and slapped my ass. “Don’t worry, Erica, we’ll take you home…”

“Don’t worry? Don’t worry!” I cried in disbelief. “Look, I don’t have any clothes on right now, I still have to face my family, and come back here on Monday to pick up my diploma from the Principal… who has already seen all of me!”

We had reached the lobby entrance to the school, which thankfully was deserted. But I knew it would only be for a precious few more moments, as the graduates finished taking their photos near the auditorium or back by the classrooms. I wished we could just keep moving, but here, the four of us paused. Carried let go of her hold on me, resting her hands on her curvy hips as she eyed me up and down. Embarrassed, blushing, I tried to hide my breasts with an arm while letting the other one hang in front of my pussy. Lisa circled around me like a hawk.

“Hmmm… or maybe we could find some place to tie you up and leave you here,” the bossy blonde bitch said in a serious tone of voice. “Like a parting gift to our Class… I bet we could think of all sorts of positions, such as your legs spread, with everything on display!”

My eyes went wide at the very suggestion, and as if compelled by Lisa’s own words, my hands slowly lowered to delicately touch the sides of my legs. I’ve grown proud of them as one of my more attractive features, long and slender. Well, for me anyway, since I’m kind of short but my legs are proportioned to give the illusion of length. I guess because my ass is cute and small, and just beneath my bare crotch, these shapely stems stretch down all the way to my pretty toes. Lisa must have taken my lack of response for compliance.

“Good, then you will come along with us, and not give us any trouble?” Lisa stepped in front of me, lifted my chin with her finger.

“Huh?” I blinked, momentarily confused. “N-no… no trouble. I promise, I’ll be good!”

Lisa nodded in satisfaction, then spun around on her heel. It occurred to me at that moment that she and Alicia were still wearing their burgundy gowns. Only Carrie had taken hers off, which was worse for me because she was dressed in a sexy black outfit. The footsteps of my friends clicked toward the school entrance, and I was left no choice but to follow in my bare feet.

“After you, Erica,” smiled Alicia as she politely held the door open for me.

Completely naked, I walked out of the building and paused on the steps between the two blondes. It was bright and sunny out, and after being inside for hours, I needed to shield my eyes using both hands like a visor.

A car honked its horn and still dazzled, I cried, “Oh my gosh… what was that!”

“Oh dear, it seems there are some people out here,” Lisa said most insincerely. “We had better hide your nudity…”

Taking her cue, Carrie stood on one side of me and casually held her hand in front of my left breast. I could feel her palm brush my elongated nipple. Lisa was standing on my right, and did likewise, placing her palm over my other erect nipple. It was almost like the two of them were posing, with me in the middle…

I heard a snap, or a click, and a whirl…

“What about my pussy?” I whined.

Carrie squeezed my tit and laughed, “Well our hands can’t be all places at once, you know! Unless you want me to start rubbing you in front of everybody…”

“Everybody?” I squinted my eyes as I peered out over the parking lot. “How many people are out here?”

Suddenly, Lisa grabbed me by the elbow and urged, “Come on, little girl, we better go before a crowd starts to form!”

As she pulled me off toward the side, I looked over my shoulder to see maybe a handful of young people pointing and smiling. They were probably friends or relatives of the students. One of them had a camera, another a cell phone that looked like it could take pictures! I blushed, thinking the parting image of my bare backside they would capture. Fortunately, Alicia was soon behind me, as all three of my friends rushed my body toward our getaway car. However, not before another car sped by and beeped!

I winced as I hopped across the hot blacktop without any shoes on. Of course, in their high heels, the other girls moved more stately, not in that much of a hurry. It didn’t seem like we were being followed. Eventually we turned around the corner of the big building, and made our way in the direction of where Alicia’s car was parked.

The first thing Lisa did was make my friend pop open her trunk. I stood around nervously, but watched as the two girls peeled off their graduation gowns and placed them neatly folded in the compartment. Carrie, who already had her robe off, threw hers in as well.

“Couldn’t you at least let me wear one of the robes?” I asked, feeling ashamed of my total nudity.

They were dressed really nice, though perhaps Alicia more modestly than the other two. Lisa’s tight, white skirt was not as short as Carrie’s black micro-dress, but her top was pretty low cut revealing a decent amount of cleavage. A bit envious, I brought my hands up to hide my own smaller tits.

Carrie walked past me to open up the back seat door, pausing to trace a finger around my exposed belly button. “It’s all right, Erica. Our robes wouldn’t have fit you anyway!”

“That’s right,” Lisa remarked. “Now get your naked little ass in the car before we drive off with out you!”

I wasn’t quite sure if that was preferable, not knowing what was in store for me. But Carrie jumped in the back, and I found my eyes following her long shapely legs. She even kicked off her heels and wiggled her bare toes at me! Well, I immediately thought of a naughty idea, which propelled me into entering the car. Closing the door behind me, I positioned my body so I was leaning against the interior panel, facing Carrie. She did the same on her side, stretching her leg across the seat… and started to rub my pussy with her foot!

The ignition started, Alicia checked the rearview mirror as she started pulling out of the parking spot. I think she shook her head and grinned at us.

“Oooooh, yes!” I moaned when Carrie’s toe entered my bald slit.

“Hey, you two… knock it off!” Lisa turned around and snapped. “Don’t make me come back there! Carrie, put on your damn shoes.”

The strawberry-blonde only giggled as she withdrew her legs, it seemed she enjoyed getting caught pleasuring me. Quite shyly, she slipped her feet back into her heels and crossed her legs. Frustrated, I wondered why Lisa had to be so bossy, and how come she got to ride shotgun for that matter! As we continued to drive out of the school lot, I crossed my arms self-consciously over my chest. But the evidence of my arousal could not be hidden, with my pussy lips pink and puffed out.

Realizing I needed to do something about my excited condition, I asked Alicia, “So… you’re taking me straight home, right?”

“Sure,” the long-haired brunette answered, glancing again in the rearview mirror. “Whatever you say, Erica.”

I guess I breathed a sigh of relief, lowering a hand to cover my crotch. But I also slouched down in the back seat, suddenly aware that we were driving through residential streets. Treetops passed by in rows as the car moved down the road. I was just hoping I wouldn’t get caught like this. And then Carrie was clearing her throat next to me.

“You know, it is awfully hot back here. I could really use a refreshment.”

At first I blushed, thinking Carrie’s initial comment was referring to my nude body. If she really wanted to stop for a drink, though, I wondered what she was getting at. Maybe when I was dropped off at my house, she expected to come inside and be offered a beverage. Lisa had her passenger window rolled down, and pointed her arm outside.

“Alicia, pull into there… the place called The Juice Box.”

“The what? What are we doing?” I asked, leaning forward a little.

Lisa turned to look at me over the headrest and said, “Carrie is thirsty. And now that she mentioned it, I’m kind of parched, too. Hell, we just graduated, we should celebrate!”

“Yes, but…” I felt my mouth starting to go dry, my limbs numb.

“Oooh, I like this idea!” Alicia giggled. She eased the car into the parking lot. “We won’t leave you out, Erica. We’ll get you something.”

Great! Well, I figured I could wait in the car and try to cover up, while my friends went inside and bought their refreshments. I crossed my legs and held a hand over each of my tits and peered out the window. It looked like there was no one else around.

When the car came to a complete stop, Lisa said, “Now everyone just stay here for a moment. I’m going to scope things out and explain the situation…”

Explain the situation? I didn’t like the sound of that. But before I could object or voice my concerns, the dominating blonde opened her door and stepped outside. We watched as Lisa confidently strode into the little parlor shop called The Juice Box. They had all sorts of treats like ices, and sodas, and creamy beverages. The sun beat down through the back windshield, and I felt a bead of sweat form between my shoulder blades. A cool drink did sound pretty tempting.

About a minute later, Lisa approached the side of the car and abruptly opened the rear passenger door. I squealed and lifted my legs up, kind of trying to curl myself into a ball. My eyes darted past the young woman standing outside, to see if anyone else might catch a glimpse of my bare skin. But Lisa only reached down to grab my arm just above my elbow.

“Come on, Erica, time to get our after-graduation refreshments…”

Wide-eyed I struggled, even as I slid my legs over the seat. “But you can’t… I’m completely naked!”

“This ought to be a good one!” Carrie nudged me forward, her hands lightly on my back.

Lisa smiled with self-satisfaction. “I told the lady behind the counter that we just graduated, and furthermore, our friend Erica received a full paid scholarship to college… as a life drawing model. There was just one catch…”

“Oh, you must be joking!” I gasped, now standing on the hot asphalt of the parking lot. I clasped both my hands over my pussy. “She wouldn’t really fall for that, would she?”

Lisa shrugged her shoulders and then started to turn away. But not without issuing a warning, “I don’t know, she didn’t seem like the sharpest knife in the drawer. The key is, she thinks you are an experienced nude model, so you had better not cover up or look uncomfortable. You might give yourself away.”

“But…” I found my hands obeyed the blonde’s command before I could even consider my actions, and dropped them to my sides. My hairless vulva glistened in the bright sunlight. “What if I refuse to go in?”

The driver-side car doors slammed shut, and Alicia clicked the electronic lock and said, “Then I suppose you would have to find another way home!”

My three friends stepped on to the curb, about to enter the little shop. I was left standing stark naked in the middle of the parking lot, in the early afternoon. Desperate, I looked around, heeding Lisa’s words and not covering my private parts. Instead, my fingers ran through my hair nervously, twisting a sandy brown lock. My other finger absently grazed and flicked a nipple, which was long and pointy. Oh, this was no good! Yet I knew the girls were not beneath stranding me here. I took a deep breath, rubbing my flat stomach, then my leg moved forward.

When I entered through the door, the air conditioning hit my body, causing my already rock hard nipples to stick up at the ceiling. Like a magnet, I felt drawn to the service counter where my friends were waiting. My bare feet padded over the black and white checkered tiles, and I realized my other hand was still teasing a locket of my hair making me appear as a sassy schoolgirl. My other arm swung easily at my side, and I think I swished my nude hips as I crossed the floor. I really didn’t mean to act so brazen, but I was just playing the part.

“Hmmm, so you’re the art model?” the woman behind the counter evaluated me, her head resting on her arms folded atop the glass shelf.

I nodded, yes, as I came within a foot of the woman. She looked like she was in her late twenties, maybe thirty. The lady had curly blonde hair and green eyes. Her voice, the way she spoke, was sweet as honey and kind of had a southern drawl.

“A scholarship, huh?” she continued. “I thought that was for sports or people with some smarts. Never heard of one for taking off your clothes.”

“It’s a new program…” I blurted out.

The counter lady smiled but continued on, “Well, you sure are a pretty little thing. But I guess they really make you earn your money! What’s it like, all those people seeing you naked all the time?”

I was starting to get all fidgety under this scrutiny, and I clasped my hands behind my back to keep from touching myself. With the front of one foot brushing the back of my other calf I answered uncomfortably, “Um, it’s all right… you get used to it.”

“You know you’resticking out, darling?”

On either side of me, Alicia, Carrie, and Lisa burst out laughing. I was so embarrassed! Quickly I turned around so the lady wouldn’t see me blushing, although my butt must have been bright pink. On the other end of the shop were some empty booths and tables for the customers, and I started walking in this direction to find an escape from all these prying eyes.

Over my shoulder I heard the woman call out, “I’m sorry, sweetie… it must be very sensitive.”

I just put my head down and quickened my steps to the table. Did she mean the topic itself was sensitive, or was she actually talking about my little button? I couldn’t figure it out, but knowing her eyes were on my bouncing ass was making me hot. I hurriedly slid into the booth and crossed my legs. Meanwhile, the girls finally placed their orders and waited to take their drinks before joining me.

“You haven’t been pleasuring yourself, have you?” Carrie asked as she scooted me further behind the table with a bump of her hip.

Alicia and Lisa came around from the other side, their skirts brushing the vinyl cushion of the booth. I was positioned between the two blondes, directly behind the center of the table. From here, I had a clear view of the service counter at the front of the store, and within sight of the service lady. Also, in the process of jostling and repositioning ourselves, my legs had come uncrossed. Lisa’s hand on my thigh prevented me from regaining even a little modesty, and I found I couldn’t answer Carrie’s question.

“Well then,” she continued, “Since you ran away, I didn’t know what you wanted to cool off. So I got you this…”

Carrie then proceeded to hand me what appeared to be a cherry Popsicle. I took it from between her fingers with my own hand trembling a little. Then I watched as she took a long slurp on the straw of her icy drink. Finally, feeling like I should do something, I removed the paper wrapper from the Popsicle and touched the tip with my tongue. It was cold! But the cherry flavor, I had to admit, was delicious. Carrie had made a good choice. Now my mouth molded with the frozen treat, and I eagerly lapped my tongue along its side. For some reason, doing this stark naked made me feel incredibly horny, and I absently stretched my legs out beneath the table while tweaking one my nipples.

At the same time, Lisa was rubbing the inside of my thigh making me wetter by the minute. “Wow, Erica, I think John might be jealous…”

“Nah, he’s not nearly as enjoyable as that Popsicle,” Carrie commented out of nowhere.

We all turned amazed to look at our strawberry-blonde friend. My eyes were wide and attentive, but I continued to suck on my frozen treat. Alicia laughed in disbelief and asked Carrie if she and John had slept together.

She shrugged her shoulders and confessed, “It was really no big deal. We were bored one night, and well, you know how these guys are…”

“Why, Carrie, you little slut!” Lisa said dryly, but was apparently only teasing.

Suddenly, Carrie reached beneath the table and grabbed my bare leg, squeezing my thigh. “Yeah, but I was only curious. Besides, it’s much more fun playing with Erica!”

I know I turned bright red as the girls all giggled. Thinking back over the year, I really didn’t know how to describe our relationship. I mean Alicia was my best friend, but Carrie really knew how to get me excited. In fact, right at that moment, sitting in the booth in the ice-cream shop, I felt ready to explode. The four of us continued to reminisce and gossip, although I mostly listened, too preoccupied with my nudity to contribute anything substantive.

Finally Lisa turned to me and asked, “Erica… would you be a dear and toss our trash away?”

Twiddling my own wooden Popsicle stick between by fingers, I found Alicia and Lisa’s crumpled drink cups pushed into my other hand. My eyes wandered to the garbage reciprocal that was on the other side of the shop and shoved in a corner. Close to the restrooms, I thought maybe this wasn’t a bad idea as I could take a moment to slip inside and relive myself.

With my hands full, I expected Carrie to get up from the table in order to let me out. But instead, the provocative young woman invited me to climb over her! Certainly, I was slim enough to move across her, but it would be a tight fit. Still facing forward, I first draped one leg over her own bare leg. Soon, I was practically sitting in her lap. I leaned forward as much as I could, causing my pussy lips to brush the surface of the table. Of course, with my hands occupied, I was totally helpless against her fingers roaming across my lower body, tickling me from behind! Thankfully, I escaped her clutches before she brought me to an embarrassing orgasm.

A couple of unsteady steps onto the floor of the shop, and I turned my head to look over my shoulder, flashing a look that told Carrie she was a naughty girl. She only winked and playfully stuck her tongue out at me. Now I straightened myself and regained a little bit of composure, stepping gracefully toward the trash bin, totally nude. My toes were light as I crossed the distanced and dumped all our disposables.

Just as I was wiping my hands of any grime or stickiness, the door to the men’s restroom slammed open. I hadn’t seen any other customers in here, so I was absolutely shocked, just standing there and not covering anything. As it turns out, it was not a customer, but a fifteen or sixteen-year-old boy who worked at the shop! He had a silly little paper hat atop his head, a white apron, and several towels and cloths slung over his shoulder. The teenager walked right in front of me, stopped, and gaped at my nubile body.

In the back of my mind, I remember Lisa telling me that I had to act natural, to be able to pull off my excuse for being naked.So as humiliated as I was, I forced myself to casually lower my arms. Unfortunately, my nipples were sticking straight out, and all Carrie’s teasing had left my labia hanging out in the open!

“Oh, wow…” he exhaled, a string of drool hanging from his mouth.

“I’m going to college as a nude model,” I informed him in my most confident, haughty voice, then spun around on my bare heel to return to my friends.

I could feel the eyes of the boy roving all over my backside. From the tips of my smooth shoulders, down the elegant curve my spine, my supple behind and the length of my slender naked legs. There was nothing I could do to prevent my ears burning bright red, although thankfully they were concealed my hair.

When I reached the table, I waited impatiently for Lisa, Alicia, and Carrie to get up. They made me stand there for a few moments, while I fidgeted and reached an arm across my stomach to clutch my other elbow, and shyly stood on the toes of one foot. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw that the shop-worker had not moved but continued to enjoy my unclothed form.

“Can we go already?” I hissed through my teeth.

“Mmmm, you look like you’re ready to go,” Carrie replied with great meaning, as she finally slid out of the booth.

I could only lift up a hand to twist the ends of my hair, watching my other friends rise from the table. They graciously stood behind me, blocking the teenager’s view, and Lisa’s fingertips on my bare back propelled me forward.

“Bye, bye, sweetie,” the counter lady called out as I approached the exit. “Good luck in college… hope to see you around!”

Trying to be polite, I smiled and waved goodbye. Then Carrie pushed open the doors and I followed her outside. Only to be greeted by an older couple walking toward the shop!

“Oh my!” the white-haired woman gasped at the sight of me, naked as a jaybird in broad daylight…

Carrie giggled, and the other girls pushed me to keep me moving, as I stepped into the warm afternoon air. Before I knew it, my friends had me by the hands, pulling me toward Alicia’s car. I skipped over the parking lot asphalt, and they opened the driver side back door for me to climb in. I was on my hands and knees crawling across the upholstery as Carrie came sliding in behind me.

“Now that’s an inviting position,” she chuckled.

Oh how I wished she had something to stick up there! I found myself really flushed and excited… I even wiggled my butt in her face, but then the car started and we were pulling back out onto the street. The motion of the vehicle kind of dropped me back into a sitting position, although one leg was lifted up on the seat with my foot tucked beneath me, knee sticking out, while my other leg was stretched forward, hiding nothing.

“Hey, Lisa!” Carrie looked at me, then pointed her chin up at the front passenger seat. “After we drop off Erica, and go back to your house, can we go swimming?”

The blonde maneuvered herself around so she could address us both. “Well, I’m not letting you borrow one of my bathing suits, so what do you have in mind?”

Here, Carrie glanced at me and licked her lips, then answered almost with a purr, “I’m just dying to strip off this dress… you know I’m not wearing anything underneath… and maybe I could go skinny-dipping?”

Her words had an incredible effect on me, as I pictured her taking off her clothes in Lisa’s back yard and jumping into the pool. Maybe afterward she would be laying out, catching some sun, totally nude. I didn’t realize it, but my hand had drifted down and started rubbing my pussy.

“So just how horny are you?” Lisa mocked me.

I blushed, to be caught masturbating in my best friend’s car, I mean right in front of two other girls! This was unbelievable, and I was going to be in college in just a few months! But the more I thought about the day’s events, the closer I was bringing myself to the edge…

“All right, Erica, here’s the plan. We’ll take you home so you could finish whatever you need to do. Then later tonight, I want you to join us at my graduation party.”

“But, but…” I stammered, still gliding a finger over my soft lower lips. “Won’t there be other students there? Friends from school who all saw me…”

Lisa grinned her evil grin and replied, “Well, yes, they’ve all seen you naked. So now maybe they would like to see you when you’re dressed! I expect you to be there no later than 10:00pm”

“But how will I explain… oh my, that will be so embarrassing!”

Turning to face Alicia who was about to drive onto my block, Lisa said, “I think there is a little league game scheduled at the park today. Why don’t we head over there and drop Erica off…”

“No, no!” I cried and brought my knees together, hugging my body. “I’ll come to your graduation party, Lisa! I’m sure it will be fun.”

“Oh, it will be,” the bossy blonde said with a mischievous glint in her eye. “It will be.”

**22 – Lisa’s Party**

OK, so that was about the most embarrassing thing I've ever had to do. And I've done some pretty humiliating stuff. But facing my parents and other relatives upon returning home, after streaking my high school graduation was unbelievable. I was till naked when my friends dropped me off in front of my house. The last time my family had seen me, earlier in the day, at least I had been wearing my graduation cap. Now I didn't even have that.

They made me stand in the kitchen as I explained myself, shyly blocking my breasts with an arm and hiding my bald pubic mound. I know my stepbrother also sitting at the table was enjoying the eyeful. Of course, my best friend Alicia had soften the matter by finding my parents immediately after the ceremony, and telling them that it was just a prank because I was so stressed out about going to college. Well, my mother and father seemed to buy it, but they wanted to hear it from my own mouth.

So I stammered my excuses, shuffling from one bare foot to the other, and blushing like a shamed little girl the whole time. I guess I kind of looked really mortified, which helped ease my parents' fears that their eighteen-year-old daughter wasn't becoming some exhibitionist slut. Still, I had to put up with a lecture from them, and that I shouldn't be running around without any clothes on. Rolling my eyes, I sighed and listened, while my poor nipples were rock hard! It was pretty frustrating that I couldn't truthfully put the blame on Lisa who had tricked me. Nor could I admit that it secretly turned me on…

Well, in the end, my parents are fairly easy going, and they let me off without any further punishment. I suppose they might think about me a bit differently now. Later on, in private, my mother would confide that she saw this as a way of me coming out of my inhibited shell, and added that I was blossoming into a beautiful young woman. As if this had been a good thing!

When I had been dismissed from the kitchen, I hurried down the hallway and locked myself in my room to calm down and collect my thoughts. Of course, this included masturbating for about forty minutes, and reaching a tremendous orgasm. I was lying face down on my bed with my bare ass in the air, and had to bite the pillow to keep from screaming in ecstasy.

Afterward, when I had dozed off for an hour or so, I quietly made my way to the washroom and had a nice relaxing bath. I should mention, that my family had planned a graduation party for me tomorrow, so the rest of this Saturday was going to be relatively peaceful. In fact, because of this planning, I was thankfully left alone. My stepbrother had his own life and other things to do, and my parents had left to take care of some last minute party arrangements. I was a big girl now, despite my juvenile stunt back at the school, and they trusted me.

So as it turns out, when I asked my parents in the early evening about going out with Lisa, Carrie, and Alicia, they actually gave me permission! I kind of downplayed the party bit, not wanting risk raising fears or speculation. It was only a little get-together, I told them. But the funny thing was, my parents encouraged me to go out see my friends, to have fun and have a good time. Unbelievably, they seemed to think those girls were a positive influence on me, despite that they were the reason for so much of my nudity! How ironic was that.

Finally, I was able to prepare for Lisa's graduation party with a clear conscious. I found that my special dress that I had worn especially for the ceremony must have been brought back from the school by my parents. And it appeared to have been dry-cleaned. How sweet. I thought maybe if I looked my best, it would help me when I faced the other students at the party. So I eagerly slipped on the sleek satiny dress, and admired myself in the mirror. There wasn't much left to the imagination as the material hugged my slim figure. Still, what I saw made me smile. After fussing with my hair some more, I stepped into my heels and headed out the door.

During the drive over to Lisa's house, I started to grow a little nervous, and felt the familiar sensation of butterflies in my tummy. I mean, she wasn't going to use this opportunity to further embarrass me, was she? And then there was Carrie. The buxom strawberry-blonde who had a habit of making me undress and showcase my cute little body. But the difference was, while Lisa would strip me in a bossy and intimidating fashion, Carrie was more seductive. And then my good friend Alicia was always around to help, or lend emotional support whenever I was loosing my clothes!

By the time I pulled onto the street in front of the house, I was getting a little worried. What if Lisa was up to something? I saw a line of cars parked along both sides of the road. It looked like our entire graduating class was here. I wondered if the party was going to be supervised.

Even outside, I could hear the music blaring as I walked up the driveway with my blue purse, and approached the door.

"Erica, it's ten o'clock!" Lisa said as she greeted me. "You're right on time, for once.

Looking around nervously, I answered, "I didn't want to be late…"

Carrie was quickly bouncing into the doorway and ran a hand down the front of my dress. "Oooh… that's nice!"

"I was wearing this in the morning," I explained a little flustered.

"Were you?" Carrie smiled her playful smile. "I hadn't noticed…"

Trying to glance between the two taller girls, I asked, "Um… is Alicia here?"

Lisa took my purse from my hands and said, "Yes, Erica, she's here. She's probably somewhere in the back. Now come on in and enjoy yourself!"

As the girls led me inside the house, I had to adjust my eyes a little. The lights had been dimmed, but not to the point that the rooms were dark. It was in this half-light, and the glaring festive lights that were strewn about the place, that made me squint. Passing by the first couple of people, some girls I recognized from school, I thought I heard them snicker. But the music was much louder, and there was a buzz of voices and other noises generally associated with a party going on.

"Hi, Erica," a boy said as I brushed passed his arm.

It seemed his eyes devoured me, and he practically licked his lips. Or maybe it was just my imagination. I brought my hand up first to block the sounds in one ear, and then absently teasing my hair, as Carrie pulled me along by my other wrist. The house was pretty spacious, and soon we were lost amid the interconnecting rooms and hallways.

"Looked good, Erica," someone else called to me. "Going to dance for us tonight?"

I know I must have been blushing, and I lowered my head trying to avert my eyes. We continued to press through groups of people, and Carrie had a steady hand on my back. Moving close, she whispered in my ear.

"Try to loosen up, Erica. Most of them have seen you naked, so there's nothing to hide!" And with that, my friend even hooked one of my dress straps and slid it off my shoulder.

"Oh!" I gasped, but the material clinging to my body was not likely to fall down.

However, the thought that these people had seen me naked was causing me to experience a range of emotions. Not to mention certain reactions. I wasn't wearing a bra, and my hardening nipples protruded against the front of my silky dress.

Thankfully, Lisa finally led us to the refreshment bar. I immediately felt better once I took a cup of punch. Now that we were in a more open area, I was able to look out across the room and count dozens of young men and women dancing and having a good time. I realized that some of our classmates were dating guys in college, and apparently they had been invited as well. Still, I couldn't help but feel all eyes eventually roaming in my direction, remembering the day's earlier events. I had a flashback of me standing totally nude on the high school auditorium stage, and my body flushed red.

Suddenly, Alicia appeared in front of me. "Hi, Erica! I'm so glad you were able to make it! No trouble at home, then? Hmmm… that's an interesting look… but if you're going to go strapless, you need to lower both sides!"

Momentarily dazed, I stood with one hand half-raised holding my drink, and a napkin gripped in my other hand at my side. Alicia reached out, and casually flicked the other shoulder strap of my dress, and it fell like a band around my upper arm.

"Yeah, that looks so much better," Carrie agreed, taking the opportunity to run her fingers over the top of my chest, my now bare shoulders, and tickled the back of my neck.

I noticed for the first time that she was dressed in a long-sleeved hot pink outfit. It seemed like it was all one piece, coming down to about mid thigh, where her long shapely legs continued to the floor. She had her hair teased up, and was wearing hoop earrings.

Slowly, I found myself slipping into the atmosphere of light-hearted fun. It took me a little while, but with the girls at my side, I began to enjoy myself. We wandered out into the back yard, and mingled with more of our classmates. Eventually the questions started, guys and girls I knew from my classes, asking me about the graduation ceremony. Some of them asked why I did it. Some wanted to know how it felt. It was mostly the guys who made me feel more comfortable, because they questioned neither my motives nor my feelings. They just told me I looked hot.

As the night progressed, I soon found myself even sharing a few awkward dances. I was smiling now, and stepping freely about the property, talking easily with students I knew, and also strangers. I had never felt this way before, and wondered if maybe I was starting to act more mature.

My friends and I had become separated for a while, and back in the house, I located Alicia and Carrie sitting on a couch with a group of people. There was a coffee table in front of them, which had some bottles and glasses, and a deck of cards.

"Hey, Erica, come over here for a minute!" Alicia called out to me.

I maneuvered myself over to the sofa and squeezed in between my friends. We were in a side room, off from the main den and living room of the house. A hallway ran just outside that led to some bathrooms and the stairs, which climbed toward the second floor. We chatted for a bit, and then one of the girls with a college boyfriend started talking about a party game.

"Mike told me about this one they played at his school," she explained. "It's pretty simple, but it can get kind of daring. You use a standard deck of cards, but take out the 10's and the picture cards and the Aces. Those are the ones you shuffle and play with."

I looked curiously at my friends, then asked, "What are the bottles for?"

"Well, this is mainly a drinking game," the girl laughed. "So we have a line of cups here for you, some filled with alcohol, and some with healthy drinking water. We deal out three cards to you in a round, sort of like a casino slot machine. You flip them over one at a time. If you draw a ten, you have a drink of water. If it's a Jack, or Queen, or King, then you have a shot of liquor…"

"That's seems weighted toward the drinking side…" I pointed out.

Carrie giggled, "That's what makes it fun. But wait 'till you hear what happens if you draw an Ace!"

I raised my light eyebrows inquisitively, but also felt my body shiver a little as the girl continued.

"Well, ladies, if you don't play your cards right and happen to draw an Ace… you have to remove a piece of clothing!"

Now we all giggled and squirmed here on the love seat. Out of the corner of the eye, I think I noticed a mixed group of people taking an interest in what we were discussing. I watched mesmerized as someone filled up those little pint-sized plastic cups. First a set with mineral water, and then another set with something that must have come from the liquor cabinet of Lisa's parents. Before I knew it, three cards were laid face down in front of me.

"How many pieces of clothing are you wearing?" Alicia whispered in my ear.

I crossed my arms, and clutched my elbows in opposite hands. "Um, well if you count each shoe as one item… then four all together."

"Oh my, how enticing!" the girl dealing the cards laughed. "So as long as you don't draw all four Aces, you won't end up naked…"

My ears turned bright red at even the thought, while those around us erupted in cheers and whistles. For some reason, I felt really confined, sitting there on the couch, as if I was trapped. It seemed more of a crowd had slowly drifted into the cozy room, giving us their attention. All of a sudden, I felt hands on my shoulder from behind.

"So what are you waiting for, Erica?" Lisa's words dripped onto my skin. "Draw your first card!"

Swallowing a lump of fear and excitement, I instinctively reached out my hand, fingers hesitating just above the card.

"One more rule," the girl sitting in front of the table said. "Once you begin, you have to play out each round… no matter which cards you draw!"

This brought an appreciative gasp from our audience. And now my heart was really beating faster. I looked around me, to find Carrie and Alicia offering grins of assurance. And Lisa the bitch stood over me, to make sure I wasn't going anywhere.

"Wait a minute," I said, stalling for time. "If this is supposed to be a game, shouldn't I be playing against somebody?"

There was some mumbling among the guys and girls who had gathered around. I was feeling pleased with myself, as if I had pointed out a flaw in their little scheme. And then suddenly, a young man did step forward, and he plopped himself down in front of the coffee table. It was Henry, the boy I used to have a crush on!

"I'll play you, Erica," He said in a challenging tone of voice. "Although I not sure how much drink that tiny body of yours can handle. Um… I believe you were about to draw your first card?"

Frustrated, I crossed my slender legs so he couldn't look up my dress. Then I bit my lip and turned over the card on the left. It was a Queen of Hearts. The crowd applauded, and I quickly had one of the cups with booze shoved in my face.

"Gaaagh!" I sputtered and nearly gagged as I gulped down a mouthful of the drink. "What is this stuff?"

Behind me, Lisa ran her fingernails through my shoulder-length hair and said, "Oh don't worry. It's some of Daddy's best. I don't think it will kill you."

Amid the laughter, Henry bravely flipped over his card to reveal a Jack of Spades. He coolly took his drink of alcohol, then tossed the cup away.

"Hey watch it!" Lisa complained. "You spill any of that stuff on this carpet, and I'll make you clean it up with your tongue!"

When I cautiously turned over the next card, I was grateful to see it was a Ten of Diamonds. I accepted the much-needed cup of water, and then waited for Henry to take his turn. He drew a King of Diamonds. Taking another quick shot of liquor, the boy only laughed, although he was mindful to put the cup down gently. He didn't seem bothered by the drink, but maybe if I got him drunk enough, we could end this silly game.

My next card was a Jack of Clubs. Reluctantly, I had another shot, which I managed to get down without spitting up. Henry ended the round with yet another drinking card, the King of Hearts. Three shots for him, but he didn't seem the worse for it. Meanwhile, I was getting nervous about the ones we had already discarded, and the four Aces were still out there.

Sure enough, the very first card I chose to open the next round, was the Ace of Clubs. Damn! I glanced over my shoulder shyly, as the crowd hooted and clapped and cheered. What could I do? I had been backed into this corner, so I simply lowered my arms and slipped off one of my heels. This, Carrie picked up and discreetly passed over her shoulder to Lisa.

Henry smiled, and casually flipped over his card… a Ten of Spades. He actually looked disappointed! Still, he raised his cup of water to me in a mock salute, and then tilted his head back. Now all eyes were upon me again, as I reached to make my next move. Damn! Ace of Hearts…

"Quit it, Alicia! I can do this myself!" But my brunette friend had reached down and already taken off my other shoe.

This was also passed overhead to Lisa, while Carrie slid off the couch and knelt on the carpeted floor. She gently took my foot in her hand and began rubbing and tweaking my toes. That did feel really nice, and helped keep my mind off the game's escalating situation. I almost didn't notice that Henry had drawn another card, the Queen of Spades, and had gulped down another hard drink. Now maybe the boy was looking a bit flushed in the face, but everyone was waiting for me to continue.

Just one more card, and my round would be over. But what if it was another Ace? I could be sitting here in just my little underwear! Even worse, the very idea had made my nipples harden and stick straight out. I put one hand over my eyes, and tenuously flipped over the card. I was relieved to see the Jack of Hearts. Although it meant another horrible drink, at least I could keep my dress on!

Henry drew a Queen of Diamonds for his last card of the round. He took his gulp, and it seemed his eyes were starting to glaze over. I grinned to myself, thinking that I might actually be winning. I mean, maybe I was completely bare foot, but this guy was looking ready to pass out. Aroused by the teasing possibility of success, I found myself anxious for the next set of cards to be dealt.

Still, I had to be cautious. One wrong hand, and my fortunes could reverse in a hurry. Excitedly, I rubbed my feet on the carpet, and tapped my fingers in a mysterious rhythm on the face down card. It was like a superstitious voodoo ritual, and the guys and girls in the room were getting into it, as I built the suspense. Slowly I turned the card over… Ten of Hearts! I let out a sigh of relief, and there was a collective gasp around me.

Now I was really getting into it. I did a quick tabulation in my head. There was just one Ten left, two Aces, and the rest were drinking cards. It was like it had become a contest to see what would happen first, Henry getting drunk, or me stripped naked. I thought I liked my chances, because there was equal opportunity that he might pull an Ace and have to take something off as well. Well, in point of fact, on his first turn, Henry drew a Queen of Clubs. A little less confident, he picked up the cup, took his drink, and placed it back on the table.

Hands on my knees, I batted my eyelashes and smiled at the eighteen-year-old-young man. He looked like he was about to tip over. I did my ritual again, much to the delight of our audience. I rubbed my bare feet on the carpet, did a mini air-drum solo, and tapped the card I was about to turn over, as if I was communing with the Great Party Game Spirits. Everyone was cheering and clapping, as my fingers flipped the card face up.

Ace of Spades.

Oh no! Just like that, I sobered quickly, and put my hands over my mouth. Realizing that I was now going to have to take off my dress, Henry broke into a broad drunken grin. There was whistling and cheering, as Alicia and Carrie took my hands and lifted me to my feet. I guess half the house and everyone outside didn't know what was going on in here. But there were maybe twenty people in this room, some faces familiar, some college aged.

"Wait…" I cried, desperately trying to think of a way out of this.

But my friends, the girls on either side of me, were eager to grab the bottom ends of my dress and do a little shimmy dance like game show hostesses. Alicia and Carrie began to slowly raise the material, revealing first my thighs… then my sheer white panties. There was a lot of applause as my sexy trim stomach came into view. Next thing I knew, the satiny fabric was all around my face and my arms were raised high in the air. But being shorter than the other girls, they had no difficulty in whipping the dress all the rest of the way off my body, and tossed it behind the couch.

I now stood topless in front of everybody, and in fact, I was only dressed in a tiny pair of panties! My nipples were fully erect, almost pointing straight up. It seemed like I basked for a moment in my embarrassment, before thinking to lift my hands and cover my small breasts. Behind me, Lisa reached forward and pulled on the elastic band, peeking down my butt crack.

"Cute underwear, Erica…" She said, people in the room whistled, pointed, and laughed.

When my panties were snapped against my lower back, I firmly planted my ass on the couch, crossing legs and crossing my arms over my chest. I wished there was a throw pillow around or something that I could hide over my body. But instead, Carrie and Alicia took their seats at my side, snuggling against me and rubbing my bare arms.

I watched as Henry finally drew his next card. My only hope was if it turned out to be the last Ace. But instead, it was the King of Clubs. He steadied himself, placing both his hands on the low table, then picked up his shot of liquor. I was doubtful how much longer he could hold out. But then, I didn't have a whole lot to hold onto either…

"Now remember," the girl who introduced us to this game faced me. "You have to play out this round, no matter what card it is."

I'm sure everybody in the room was thinking the same thing. If that card was the Ace, I would have to strip totally naked! Once in a day was bad enough, but to be seen like that at Lisa's party was too much. I looked around nervously, and even ran a hand through my hair, exposing a pink nipple. Then I clutched both my titties in my other arm, and bent forward to turn the next card.

It was the Ten of Clubs.

A groan of disappointment escaped the crowd, and I realized that my heart was beating wildly. I sank back into the sofa, clasping hands over my breast in relief. Then I remembered to cross my legs, fearing people might notice my camel toe pussy through the panties. Carrie was good enough to take a cup of water and bring it to my lips. Of course, before she returned the cup to the table, she took a moment to trace her hand around my belly button. She came teasingly close to slipping inside my panties!

"OK, listen up," the girl with cards announced. "There are just three cards left. Here is what we'll do. Erica can choose one, and Henry can choose one. And then we'll see how much we will get to see…"

The room burst into more cheers and whistles, obviously anticipating that I might draw the final Ace. Suddenly, I jumped to my feet, standing in a room full of people in just my brief white panties. An arm slung across my tits, I had one knee bent forward, and the leg kind of raised on my pretty little toes.

"No, wait!" I cried, holding out my fee hand. "The last round ended… I quit. Henry wins, OK?"

As her guests grumbled, Lisa walked around the couch, holding my dress and shoes in her arms. "Well that doesn't seem very fun, Erica. You know, if you don't continue the game, I'm going to keep your clothes until the end of the party."

I was quiet for a moment, as all eyes turned on me to see what I would do. Their stares drank in every inch of my body, wearing but the skimpiest of underwear. With my hands cupping my breasts, I turned around to face Lisa, and the party guests had a full view of my panty-clad ass.

"Fine," I said bravely. "Keep them!"

I don't think there was anyone more shocked in that room than myself as I spun on my heel and padded across the carpet. Carefully, I kept my elongated nipples shielded by my two palms. I was afraid if I had lost my panties, everyone would see how horny I really was.

"Excuse me," I said shyly as I walked between two of our graduated classmates.

As I stepped into the hallway outside, I did not immediately notice that Henry had passed out on the floor. All I kept thinking was how embarrassing this was, and that I couldn't believe I was walking around Lisa's house full of people in just my underwear. When I stepped barefoot into the other rooms, all eyes were upon me. Some smiled knowingly, others wore confused expressions. One girl called me a dirty name, but most of the guys seemed to appreciate my new outfit.

Actually, I had a plan to try and salvage some dignity. Or maybe it was just the alcohol working its way through me. I did feel a little light-headed. But I needed to head toward the other end of the house, and make my way toward the backyard. However, as I shuffled down the hallway, rubbing against bodies that were wearing clothes, I was stopped when I crossed in front of the refreshment bar.

"Hey, Erica," a young man from our school approached me. "You look so beautiful. Can I pour you a drink?"

Blushing from the compliment, I paused and lifted a hand to twist the ends of my hair. I also struck a bashful pose, rubbing a bare foot behind my other leg.

"You look like you could use a drink," he continued and handed me a glass.

For some reason, those shots of liquor really did make me feel kind of thirsty. Without thinking, I accepted his refreshment, lifting the glass to my mouth. This left my small but perky tits uncovered, with nipples poking straight at the guy. He then asked me if I wanted to dance! Well, while the idea of doing a nearly naked dance in the middle of the room was exciting to me, and it would be nice to feel another person's hands on my body… I told him that I had to refuse.

"I lost my clothes in a party game," I finally confessed as the boy took my glass and continued to walk with me.

Unfortunately, his company put me somewhat at ease, lowering my guard. And I suppose the effects of the alcohol didn't help, as I now lowered my arms and swung them easily at my sides. My bare breasts bounced playfully with my steps, and I allowed him to open the glass sliding door for me, leading to Lisa's backyard.

I now walked outside in just my little underwear. I wasn't covering anything. The lights that were strung from the house shined down in a multitude of colors, and there was loud music playing here as well. I saw a few couples making out in various places. Other people stopped and stared at me. There were whistles and more comments, as I calmly made my way to the in-ground pool.

No one had thus far disturbed the sparkling blue water. I sat down on the edge, and lowered my legs into the pool. Leaning back on the heels of my hands, I let my feet kick and make playful splashes. The boy who had walked me this far was still standing in disbelief. I suppose it was nice of him to stay near, and keep any of the other guys from trying anything funny. Then again, I'm sure he enjoyed looking down at my lean figure and bare tits, nipples fully extended.

"I was thinking about going for a dip," I looked up and said casually.

The young man smiled and asked if I wanted him to hold my clothes. I laughed, knowing that all I had on was a pair of panties. And then I told him that I wasn't going skinny-dipping.

With that, I slowly lowered myself into the water, the level rising to just above my bellybutton. It was cool at first, but also very refreshing. I waded out a little further, moving toward the deep-end. Of course, the thought did enter my mind that I should lose the panties entirely. But the whole point was I was trying to avoid these people seeing me in the nude. So I made sure my underwear was snugly in place, and swam deeper into the pool.

When I climbed up the ladder on the other side, I shivered in the night air as my feet slapped onto the marble slate. I slicked my hair back, water dripping down and glistening off my nubile body. Looking down, I saw that my clinging panties had turned transparent, and there was no secret that my pussy was hairless. But what I didn't anticipate was that my little button was also hardening, and was now poking at the wet material. How embarrassing! And I had nothing to cover up with…

Suddenly, I saw Carrie walking along the side of the pool, swaying her curvy hips as usual. Above the regular party noises, I could hear the click of her black heels on the cement as she approached me. It looked like she had something slung over her arm.

"Silly Erica! Did you go for a little swim without telling me?" the strawberry-blonde teased.

As my friend stepped in front of me, she reached out and tweaked one of my nipples. I then noticed that it was a towel she was carrying. This was kind of what I had planned… that if I jumped into Lisa's swimming pool, she would have to give me something to dry off. Carrie held the towel open and before me like a screen.

"Come on, girl, let's get you out of those soggy things before you catch cold!" she laughed.

My eyes went wide, and heart started beating fast again. "What? Out here? You want me to take off my panties out here…"

Carrie wiggled her hips and motioned the towel like a prized bull-fighter. "Yeah, come on. I'll cover you right up!"

Well, I guess my underwear did feel kind of uncomfortable right now, while that big snugly brown towel looked pretty inviting. Again, I was blocked from the view of other people by the buxom, taller girl. So I shrugged my bare shoulders and hooked my thumbs inside the wet elastic band. Quickly, I peeled them down my legs and off my feet. Now standing totally naked, my pink labia began to unfold as my friend drank in my nudity.

"Nice flower," Carrie whistled appreciatively. "Seems a shame to cover it up…"

"Hurry, Carrie!" I urged, growing more anxious and even hornier by the second.

The seductive eighteen-year-old finally took a step forward so she could wrap the towel around my slender body. It enfolded me once, and then I was able to tuck in the edges in the middle of my chest. The hem started just above my breasts, and fell to about the middle of my thigh. While I was embarrassed to be out here in Lisa's backyard in just this towel, technically not wearing any clothes at all, I had to admit the fabric felt really soft on my skin.

"All right, let's get you inside!" Carrie reached out to grab my hand and pull me away from the pool.

I helplessly followed after her, my feet slapping over pavement, and my other hand griping the front of the towel tight. Passing by the boy who had walked me out here, I wondered if he had caught a glimpse of me shedding those panties. Carrie and I passed through more groups of people on our way back into the house. But it was getting late, and more and more of these party guests were too drunk to care or too involved with activities of their own.

Unsure where we were going, I could only keep jogging to match Carrie's longer strides and jiggling body. We continued hand in hand down the hallway and into another sitting room. There was a winding set of stairs around the corner.

Carrie turned to me and said, "Hmmm… let's see where these go!"

"Do you think it's all right?" I asked nervously. "What about Lisa and her parents?"

"Oh, Lisa's parents left her to mind the house on her own. They're very trusting of their daughter. Frankly, I don't think they wanted to be bothered with the craziness of this party."

"Oh, I see…" I murmured as we climbed to the second floor.

It was fairly spacious up here as well, with some vanity rooms and washrooms branching off the main corridor. My friend peeked in, opening the door to one room. Apparently one she was looking for as she groped around and flicked on the light. Padding a couple of steps across the salmon colored carpet, I realized we were in the master bedroom!

Turning my head around, I faced Carrie and said, "We shouldn't be in here!"

"Oh relax, Erica! It's actually nice to be away from all that noise downstairs."

Now that she mentioned it, there was a certain peaceful quality to this isolated room. The music and voices had been reduced to a faint hum, barely heard through the floor. As I inched shyly closer to the bed, Carrie disappeared into the side bathroom and came out with a brush.

"Must comb out the tangles in your pretty hair," she giggled.

The girl led me to an ornate table off to the side, with a wide mirror and a little pink bench in front. She instructed me to sit, and I made my back very straight as I watched the reflection before my eyes. Behind me, Carrie started to gently pull the brush through the strands of my hair, darkened from the pool water. Her technique was terrific, the teeth of the comb gliding through my soft tresses, and it felt so good! Her touch on my skin, sometimes playing with my ears, or massaging the back of my neck and shoulders, soon had me purring like a kitten.

I slowly undid the towel and let it drop to the floor. Carrie continued to brush out my hair as I sat completely naked on the seat. Occasionally, she would run her fingertips down my spine, or reach around to cup one of my breasts. When she was finished, she lifted me to my feet and turned me around to face her.

"There, Erica… all done," she whispered. "Are you dry enough to get onto the bed?"

In reply, I now took her hand, and had her follow me toward the center of the room. I hopped onto the mattress, and then scooted my bare butt up until I reached the pillows and headboard. Carrie did a sultry little walk around the foot of the bed, and then climbed on top of the sheets from the side.

With her still fully clothed, and me absolutely naked, I think it only heightened my arousal. She slid up next to my body, and placed her hand between my breasts. Very slowly and sensuously, Carrie traced her fingers further down my stomach, causing me to arch my back when she paused just above my bald pubic mound. I was on the edge of pent up excitement, quivering beneath her touch, and then she softly stroked my pussy lips.

"Ooooh!" I moaned with breathless passion.

Carrie giggled at my response and continued to finger my little button. But she also lowered her head against my bosom, and took one of my breasts in her mouth. Running her tongue all around the areola, she suckled on my tender nipple.

"Oh, yes!" I cried. "Carrie… Carrie, take off your clothes!"

"Oh, you want to see me naked, huh?" the busty blonde teased.

I eagerly licked my lips and rubbed the heels of my feet on the bed sheets. "Mmmm hmmm…"

Carrie rolled over momentarily and swung her long legs over the side of Lisa's parents' bed. While I idly rubbed my pussy, I watched as she bent down to undo the straps of her heels. First I heard one shoe drop to the floor with a clunk, and then the other. Then the strawberry-blonde climbed back onto the bed, standing on the mattress. She carefully stepped over so that she was positioned directly above me. I had been waiting for this moment, it seemed, all day!

As my friend crossed her arms to grip the opposite ends of her short dress, she gradually eased the material up her hips. By the time her trim golden fleece came into view, it was obvious she had not been wearing panties. I held her legs on either side of me, while Carrie raised her dress higher and higher, revealing her bare tummy. She was right about to lift it over her breasts and off her body completely, when suddenly the bedroom door flew open!

"Oh, hello, girls!" Lisa marched into the room. "Not interrupting anything, am I?"

I watched Carrie pull down her dress so fast, covering her ass and smoothing down the front of the material. Guiltily, she two stepped over to the side of the bed and hopped to the floor. Still in a mixed state of arousal and shock, I was left lying spread eagle with my labia unfolded and hanging out.

Lisa shot a disapproving glance at Carrie and said, "You should know better."

"Yes, but just look at Erica," she grinned. "All naked and juicy."

I couldn't believe they were talking about me like I was dessert or something! After a moment's consideration, Lisa walked to the edge of the bed, reached over and wiggled my big toe.

"Well, you did do a good job of stripping her nude…"

At her touch and those words, I started to slide my knees up, desiring some modesty. "What… what does that mean?"

"It means," Lisa continued, "that as your graduation present to me, you're going to start cleaning up the party mess downstairs."

"If you need help cleaning up, Lisa, all you had to do was ask," I tried to sound pleasant and polite, while covering my tits with my hands.

But the bossy blonde only laughed, "So you won't mind picking up after our guest… totally naked?"

Carrie winked at me and giggled. I squirmed on the bed and begged Lisa not to make me go downstairs like this.

"Please let me at least put on some underwear?" I crawled forward with a desperate look in my eye.

Lisa was in no mood to hear it. "No, Erica, you're going to clean up without a single stitch on. They are going to see all of you… again!"

"But, Lisa, right now… I'm so horny!" I blushed making the confession, although I suppose my fully erect nipples only highlighted the fact.

Carrie laughed, "Oh, you're always horny! Being naked just brings out your best side, tee hee!"

And then she grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me off the bed! I hopped on my toes and scampered after her as she and Lisa headed for the door. They dragged me right out of the bedroom, into the upstairs hallway. My eyes were big and wide, and I flailed around with my one free arm, not really covering anything.

"Oh my gosh, oh my gosh…" I stammered as we reached the top of the stairs.

Lisa looked back at me and narrowed her eyes, asking, "What's the gig deal? Most of these people saw you running around at graduation earlier!"

"And a lot of them didn't!" I gasped, thinking about my pink pussy on display.

The three of us weren't half way down the carpeted steps, when one of the guests pointed and called out.

"Hey look everybody! It's Erica, and she's bare ass nude!"

It felt like the whole house erupted and whistles and catcalls. All sorts of remarks came my way. Of course, many had seen me walking around in just my underwear a little while ago. But now, without even a shred of clothing, it was like they were all staring at every inch of my body. My tight little ass wiggled as I passed through groups of these young men and women, following in the wake of Carrie and Lisa.

Totally naked, I was led into the kitchen. With one arm across my body, I gripped my other forearm and stood helpless just waiting to see what would happen. Some people walking by commented on my nipples, or talked about my smooth shaved pussy. There were some compliments, but also a lot of dirty suggestions. When Lisa came back, she had a garbage bag, and told me to start picking up plates and cups, discarded food, and other trash.

"What… here, now?" I asked dismayed. "With everyone still around?"

In response, Lisa stood before me, statuesque as ever and held out her arm with the large plastic bag. I looked all about, but there was nowhere for me to run this time. So resigning myself to this embarrassing task, I took the bag between trembling fingers. At a nod from Lisa, I slowly turned around and started to walk out of the kitchen.

At first I just dragged the empty bag behind me, while keeping a palm discreetly over my pussy. I could believe all these people were watching me, and the looks I was receiving from both guys and girls! As I continued down the hall, they had an unobstructed view of my bare behind. I was blushing so hard, thinking about being totally nude from head to toe! To try to keep my mind off the situation, I started to focus on the mess made by the party.

Near the entrance to the house, I found some beer cans and an ashtray. I figured this was a good start, so I did my best to squat down by bending at the knees, and picked up the trash. Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad, I thought to myself as I headed for the next room.

But when I reached the spacious den that had been converted into a dancing hall, more people were seeing me naked for the first time. There were squeals of delight, loudest among them from my friend Alicia. While others applauded or cheered or whistled in my direction, she hurried over to my side.

"Wow, Erica, you look so good!"

I knew she was only trying to make me feel better. What she really meant to say was that I looked so horny, with my nipples standing fully erect, and other pink bits visibly excited. But Alicia kept chatting with me as I gradually made my way around the room, carefully picking up litter from the floor. And then other people started coming up to me and pointed out spots I missed, or an overturned glass on a table. Every now and then, as I was kept lingering in this room, someone would flick one of my extended nipples or slap me on the butt!

Feeling a little hot and breathless, I finally escaped to one of the quieter rooms off to the side. There were still people sitting around, a couple making out on one of the sofas. I was told that behind another couch, there was a bunch of drinking cups that some slob had tossed away. Encouraging me to do my job, Alicia took the bag so I could investigate. Strangely, without that sack to hold on, I had now lost my last piece of security and felt even more exposed!

There was a foot of space, maybe, between the couch and the wall. I climbed up onto the cushions to have a better look. With my knees sinking into the seat, the bottoms of my bare feet hung out over the edge, and I knew my pussy lips were peeking down below the sweet curve of my ass. I pushed my breasts against the back of the couch as I peered over the top. But being shorter, I had to scramble further up, and practically lean over so that my arms were dangling behind the sofa. So intent was I on stretching my fingers to reach the plastic cups, I had failed to consider the sight of my bare ass sticking up and out for everyone in the room to enjoy.

Suddenly my limbs went tense, my toes spread, barely touching the floor. Something wet and cold was pressed against my butt cheek! I could hear muffled laughter, my face turning bright red, as a cylinder like object was rolled across my skin. The tip was smooth, almost like glass, as it was traced down the crack of my ass until making contact with my sensitive pussy lips…

"Oh…" I moaned, clenching my little fists behind the couch.

And then, involuntarily, I began flexing my cheeks. I realized that my quivering pussy must be opening and closing, as if gasping to be filled with something. Wetness trickled down my leg as the cold cylinder object merely grazed my snatch from behind, but did not penetrate. How I wanted it inside me!

This went on, I don't know, a few seconds or minutes… I wished it would last forever. But then a hand was on my bare back, urging me up and on my feet. As I withdrew my trembling arms, I remembered to grab two handfuls of the empty plastic cups. Thus, when I turned around to drop these items in the bag Alicia was holding out for me, I also saw the object that had been teasing and fondling my rear.

"Don't forget to take this," Carrie giggled, taking a pull from a long-necked beer bottle.

After I watched her casually toss it into the garbage bag, I looked around at the faces in the room. There was a mix of reactions, mostly of amusement, but some females expressed disgust. I could not believe I was just standing here stark naked, and they had all seen Carrie toying my bottom! But I had such an awesome orgasm building up, that I knew I had to find some relief.

Leaving Alicia with the disposables, I spun around and jumped out of the room. Completely nude, I ran through Lisa's house, brushing past people I knew from school as well as others I did not. Occasionally, I lifted my hands to massage my breasts and tweak my nipples. At last, I made it around a corner and approached the stairs that would lead me upstairs to some privacy.

But Lisa herself suddenly emerged, and blocked my path. "Going somewhere, Erica? Have you picked up all the trash from the party?"

"Mmmm hmmm," I moaned, licking my lips. "But I need to use the bedroom… I mean bathroom!"

The tall blonde eyed my bare slender form up and down and said, "I'm sure you do. But I'm not going to allow you to cum on my parents' bed. If you need to satisfy your urges, you naughty girl, you can do it right here on the stairs!"

With that, Lisa calmly stepped aside, although remained leaning one arm on the ornate banister. All I could do was gingerly move forward and sit my butt down on the wide carpeted steps. My legs were spread wide apart, and the bottom of my heels rested on the floor, toes sticking up. I leaned back on an elbow, while bringing my other arm around to run fingers down my stomach and tap my bald pussy.

The first touch was electric, and I bucked my hips, continuing to rub my vulva. I don't know how many of the party's guest would manage to gather around and watch me masturbate on Lisa's stairs. But at this point, I didn't care. I was squeezing my tender breasts, slipping first one then two fingers inside me. I easily found my erect button, and started rubbing circles over it with my thumb. This usually was the fastest way for me to bring myself to orgasm, but also one of the most powerful. I bit my lip as I whimpered and moaned, although soon was too far-gone and shouting out words of heated passion. With eyes closed, my fingers worked my slit until I felt myself about to cum.

A rush of thoughts and memories flooded my mind, along with the one mental image of myself sitting here totally naked, openly playing with body in front of everyone at Lisa's graduation party. With an intense climax, I let myself go, my sweet juices squirting out in a stream to the applause of many. My body convulsed… I came multiple times… and then my limbs went slack.

It was then that Lisa allowed Carrie and Alicia to take me upstairs to get cleaned up. By this time, late in the hour as it was, people were starting to depart. I'm sure they would be talking about my little show for a long time. I would learn later on that the girls passed off my actions due to the state of inebriation from the drinking game. They also used that excuse to convince Lisa (who would never be so kind on her own) to let me stay the night, so I could drive home safely in the morning.

And in the back of my hazy mind, I remembered that I had my own graduation party to attend on Sunday.

I just hoped it wouldn't be as eventful!

**23 – Erica Campus**

I had procrastinated all summer, and my first year in college was about to start. It was just around the corner. But in order to complete my registration for classes, I had to get my school medical records in order. This could have been done much earlier in the year, even when I was still in high school, getting the proper shots and physicals and making sure the paperwork was forwarded to my college. But I guess I had been distracted.

So here it was, early September, and I found myself sitting in the campus health office. My legs were crossed and dangled over the side of the examination table, while I fidgeted and twisted my hands in my lap. Alicia and Carrie had been good enough to drive me up to our new college, and I had promised them this wouldn't take too long. Unfortunately, this process was taking longer than I expected.

The health official returned to the room, a clipboard tucked beneath her arm, and stethoscope hanging around her neck. "All right, Erica. Let's just check your breathing and we'll be almost finished."

I hated how she spoke to me like a child. It made it sound more like I was seeing a pediatrician, than the nurse at my college's health office! Oh well, I suppose it didn't help, the way I was dressed. I was wearing my denim overalls, and had a white long-sleeved top beneath.

The much taller woman stepped behind me, and pressed her fingers against my back. "Let's undo these straps, so I can get a better listen."

For some reason, I gulped, and nervously unclipped the button on one of my overalls straps. Then I undid the other one, slipping both straps off my arms. Now with the material unobstructed, the nurse was able to take the bottom of my shirt and lift higher, all the way up my back. I wasn't wearing a bra. And when she placed that cold metal stethoscope against my bare skin, I believe my nipples instantly hardened and poked straight out!

With my hands on my knees, I did as I was instructed, taking deep breaths and allowing the nurse to continue her examination. But then she came around to stand in front of me, so that she could listen to my heart. As she moved closer to my body and reached out to touch my shirt-covered breast, I could smell her intoxicating perfume. I started to twitch and swing the overalls straps anxiously in my hands.

"You know, Erica," the nurse paused and explained, "this would be much easier if we just got these things off you!"

Hearing the frustration in her voice, I simply nodded my little chin, while kicking off both my sneakers to let them drop to the floor. Then I hopped down from the examination table so that I could lower my overalls and step out of the pants legs. Once removed, the nurse took these and folded them at the end of the table. I was left standing in only a white pullover top that came down to my bellybutton, ankle socks, and pink pair of panties!

"Those are cute," the woman remarked as she clicked around in her heels.

I was so busy blushing, that when she asked me to lift my shirt a little, I did not even hesitate. I raised the fabric until my bare abdomen was in view, gripping my hands tight just beneath my breasts. Fortunately, the nurse did not ask me to take the top completely off, or she would have seen how erect my nipples were! However, she did place one hand lightly on my back, and reached beneath the front of my shirt to put the stethoscope on my chest. This caused me to suck a quick intake of air, and even made me rise up on my toes.

The nurse, very clinically, moved the cold metal piece across my chest. At times, she did in fact brush my extended nipples. But then she would bring her stethoscope lower, pressing down on my stomach, and just below my navel. I felt my pussy quiver at her palpitations! And then thankfully, she finished her examination.

"Very good, Erica. Everything seems to be normal. Now if you will just step onto the scale over here, and then we'll be done…" the woman instructed.

I pulled down my shirt and scampered to the other side of the room in my panties, nearly slipping as my socks glided across the floor. I was a little embarrassed with my butt and bare slender legs on display. The woman had me step onto the scale platform, arms at my sides. I tried to present my best posture.

"How old are you, Erica?" the nurse asked as she adjusted the scale's weights.

I watched her pull up the vertical measuring rule, unfolding the metal piece until it touched the top of my head.

"Eighteen," I answered softly.

She grunted something and then scratched some marks onto her clipboard. After a few minutes, she told me I could step off the scale. I walked back toward the middle of the room, and then stood with my hands clasped in front of my panties.

"Well, Erica, you certainly appear to be healthy and fit," the nurse said by way of conclusion. "A little slim, I suppose, but all your vitals are very good. I have no problem clearing you for registration."

Breathing a sigh of relief, I let my hands separate, arms dangling at my sides. I was given a health form that said I was approved to sign up for classes, and instructed to take this to the Registrar's Office.

The tall woman smiled at me and said, "When you've finished with your business, I need you to return that form to me. I will be here for the rest of the day."

Again, I slowly nodded, showing that I understood her directions. And then I was apparently dismissed, as the nurse collected her things and proceeded to walk out the door. I was left alone for a moment to collect my own thoughts and sort out my undulating emotions. For some reason, I felt butterflies in my tummy.

Just as I was about to gather my discarded overalls, Alicia and Carrie suddenly burst into the office.

"Come on, Erica!" my friends chimed together. Then Alicia said, "We didn't expect to have to wait for you all day. Are you done yet?"

I blushed at first, caught in my underwear and little socks. "I'm… I'm finished. I just have to bring this form to Registrar's…"

"Hmmm… Let me see that," Carrie quickly stepped forward and snatched the paper from my fingers.

Clasping my hands behind my back, I watched the strawberry-blonde girl scan the rather uninteresting document. Then she passed it to Alicia, who had been standing with her arms folded. Before I knew it, Carrie was standing toe-to-toe with me, smiling at me, and placed her hands on my hips. She playfully snapped the elastic of my panties on one side… and then started to actually tug them lower!

"What… what are you doing?" I gasped.

Carrie squatted as she pulled my underwear down so that my smooth vulva was in view and in front of her face. "I'm stripping you, silly!"

I shivered as she breathed the words onto my hairless pussy.When she told me to lift, all I could do was obediently raise my leg, allowing her to take the panties completely off my feet. I saw that Alicia only stood by and chuckled!

Carrie stood up again, eyeing my half-naked figure, twirling the delicate pink fabric around her finger. She casually strolled behind me where she then smacked my bare ass, causing me to jump a little. But then she rubbed slow sensual circles over the stinging cheek. It felt really nice, but whenever Carrie did this, it usually meant she was about to coax me into doing something.

The buxom blonde was now standing fully behind me, and she gripped the bottom of my shirt, beginning to lift. Now I was struck breathless as my perky tits popped into view with elongated nipples quivering up and down. Carrie leaned in close and spoke into my ear.

"Because you made us wait outside for so long, Erica, we are going to let you deliver that health form in the nude!"

My eyes went wide, as I reached up with both my hands to squeeze my breasts. "You mean… totally nude?"

"Yeah!" Carrie giggled. "Won't that be so exciting!"

Finally, I broke free of that wild girl's clutches, nearly stumbling into Alicia. I straightened my shirt as I spun around and said, "Wait a minute… I'm new on this campus; I haven't even begun classes! I get be caught running around naked!"

I looked back to Alicia for support, but she only poked me in the ass and said, "How about this, Erica… we can give you back your panties, but then you have to go to the Registrar's Office topless. Or you can keep your shirt, but you'll have to make the trip bottomless!"

Leaning against the examination table, Carrie clapped her hands and squealed with delight. Frankly, I wasn't too sure about either proposition. I mean, either way, I would be flashing around my pink bits! Why couldn't they just let me get dressed? But I already saw Carrie take my folded-up overalls and hug them against her body. I suppose my underwear was in that pile as well.

"All right, I'll keep my shirt," I said after some thought.

Truthfully, I was embarrassed about the hardened state of my nipples and didn't want them exposed. And I guess I've always been insecure about my smallish breasts. Self-consciously, I tugged on the end of my white top, but the fabric barely stretched down to my hips. With a nervous sigh, I folded my hands over my pussy.

Alicia walked around to join Carrie by the table, and patted the leather upholstery. "Oh, Erica, would you just climb up here and lie down for a second?"

Uncertain of what she had in mind, and more concerned about the whole situation, I shuffled over and hopped up on the table. When I stretched my legs straight out, I shyly placed a hand over my pussy. Even though these girls had seen me naked before, I was still embarrassed. I was taken by surprise when Alicia lifted my foot and pulled off the ankle sock!

"Wha… Why did you do that?" I asked, even as my friend tugged off the other sock.

Rubbing my bare feet, the brunette answered, "Well, if you're going to be bottomless, then that means nothing on beneath your waist!"

"Oh!" I said, while Alicia continued to play with my feet. "But I thought I could at least wear my shoes…"

My friend still had a foot in her hand, gently lifting and easing my leg back and forth, teasing my pretty little toes.

"Nope," she said simply.

And then Carrie grabbed my hands, and pulled me off the examination table. My butt made an un-sticking sound as I was lifted off the leather. Briefly, I looked around, and saw no sign of the rest of my clothes. I turned to the strawberry-blonde for an explanation.

"I had to hide them out of view," Carrie said nonchalantly. "So the nurse wouldn't get suspicious. They should be here when we get back…"

Amazed, I could only watch her swing her curvy hips as she headed for the door. Alicia passed by my side, pausing to pat me on the behind. She offered some encouraging words and then she too started leaving the room. I had no choice but to follow after.

This was so crazy! I was only wearing one piece of clothing! Of course I hadn't thought this through. But if I had chosen to go topless, at least I would have been wearing my panties and sneakers. I bet that would have been a cute sight! Now, I was left to creep forward on my bare tiptoes, sticking my head out into the hallway to make sure it was clear.

When me feet slapped onto the cold tiles, it then struck me that I was actually inside a building on campus, with my crotch and ass completely on display! All the excitement certainly caused my body to react in unwanted ways, and I know my pink labia were unfolded and visible. This, Carrie was quick to point out.

"Oh, you look so adorable," she giggled. "Pretty soon, it will be poking out…"

I couldn't believe she was say such a thing out loud! And here I was hoping not to draw any attention. The girls walked on either side of me, and I had to admit that the breeze blowing across my bare lower half was very stimulating. Occasionally they would reach out to pinch or tickle my butt, making me very horny! Thankfully, it was still a few days before the semester began, so the building was empty as I continued my bottomless stroll.

Unfortunately, when we rounded the corner and stepped into the corridor leading to the exit, I saw the door starting to open! My friends acted quickly, shuffling in front of me, just as a guy and a girl came walking in our direction. I slipped directly behind Carrie and we backed up against the wall to let these people pass. They looked like students, possibly in our freshman class. It would be so humiliating to be caught like this! Clutching onto my taller friend's shoulders, I was afraid, but also turned on. I began rubbing myself against Carrie, grinding my crotch into her ass. As I slowly bounced on my toes, my shirt began to ride up until my bare stomach brushed her back.

The college students continued down the hallway, walking past the three of us and giving us a smile and a pleasant hello. I shifted and maneuvered myself constantly, so that my body was never in view, just my face peeking over Carrie's shoulder. After the couple had disappeared beyond the corner, the buxom blonde stepped away from me and turned around.

I looked down to see that my top had lifted practically to my chin, leaving my breasts totally exposed with nipples throbbing. My arms were still covered, but everything from my neck down was now on display!

"Careful, Erica, you almost lost your shirt!" Carrie moved closer again, placing her hand between my tits. "And you were getting the back of my shorts damp, tee-hee!"

She giggled as she then helped lower my top, pulling it back down to my midriff. But before turning from me, she stuck the length of her middle finger all the way inside my lubricated pussy! Carrie slid her finger out slowly, pausing to tickle my special spot.

"Mmmmm," I shuddered and groaned.

The eighteen-year-old vixen licked my juices of her finger, and winked at me. Alicia, however, was quick to grab my elbow before I could start rubbing myself.

"Come on, girls!" she said. "We had best get going before Erica looses control."

And just like that, we were marching toward the door. With Alicia still holding, even dragging me, by my one arm and my other hand clutching the health form… I had no way to cover up. My tight naked ass bounced and wiggled as I padded barefoot across the floor.

Carrie moved ahead of us on her long shapely legs, opening the door to check that no one else was around. She waved Alicia and me forward, and they ushered me outside. Immediately, the bright sunlight hit my legs and toes and tickled my pussy, bathing me in a warm feeling in my tummy. It felt so amazing to be standing out here on my new college campus, wearing just a pullover shirt! Of course, it helped that there was not a lot of activity going on, and it seemed relatively quiet.

I noticed, thankfully, that Alicia had parked her car nearby, right up against the curb. Apparently she was not too concerned with getting a ticket from the campus security. I figured that was another good sign, that I didn't see anyone patrolling this area, so we were probably alone. In general, the campus had a nice secluded feel to it, with rows of maple trees lining the streets and walkways.

Carrie and I jiggled down the pavement; me because my butt was exposed, and Carrie because her body was just naturally made for jiggling! Alicia opened up the back seat passenger side door, and I waited for her to let me in. I watched her bend over, as if she was rummaging around for something, and then she straightened and turned around.

"Here you go, Erica!" Alicia exclaimed and presented me with a handsome black portfolio.

I stood there for a moment, one hand covering my pussy, and asked, "What's this?"

"Well, I figured you could use a little protection… so why don't you place your health form in this folder, and you can carry it in front of you." Alicia smiled at her generosity.

I blinked, suddenly comprehending. "You mean you aren't going to just drive me to the Registrar's Office?"

Both the girls laughed and Carrie said, "Now what would be the point of taking your pants, underwear, shoes and socks, if we didn't make you walk bottomless across the campus!"

"Look, you've got your top on," Alicia added, "so you're decent from the waist up. Now if we run into anybody, you just keep that binder in front of your crotch!"

Carrie chimed in helpfully, "And I'll be sure to keep my hands on your buns, so that no one sees your cheeks!"

Oh my gosh… I was so embarrassed, wondering exactly what would happened! As we made our way down the silent sidewalk, I firmly gripped the portfolio so that it covered me from my pubic mound down to the middle of my thighs. We eventually reached the wider street that had to be crossed, since the administrative building was on the other side of the campus. But first we had to wait as a car drove by on the road in front of us. The girls were on either side of me, and I just stood there in my bare feet, knowing that my little button was poking out of its hood. Thankfully, the black binder effectively hid my pink parts.

After the way was clear, we dashed through the crossway, my toes arched as I scampered over the blacktop paving. Then there was a path that cut across a wide green lawn, and now I noticed more students about. They weren't close by, but Alicia and Carrie huddled near in case they had to quickly cover my backside. As we proceeded to walk out in the open, my friends assured me that at this distance, no one would be able to detect anything.

And then I spotted someone walking down the same path, heading toward us! I pressed the leather-bound folder tightly against my thighs, and pointed with my other hand. Panicking, I almost dropped my covering completely and streaked across the open field. But Alicia gripped my arm and urged me to stand my ground. I shyly rubbed my toes behind my other leg, and waited for this guy to approach. At least if I had some shoes on, I wouldn't feel so naked!

Lugging a backpack over his shoulder, he walked down the path with his head down, not paying us much attention.

Just as he passed Alicia to my side, Carrie suddenly twirled around and brought her back against mine… eclipsing my smaller form and hiding my bare bottom. On top of that, she teased and pulled on the tresses of her red-golden hair, even playing with the waistband of her shorst. The guy cast a backward glance over his shoulder, caught one sight of Carrie, and stumbled in his tracks. I hadn't realized it at first, but she had lowered the back of her shorts and slid her panties down a little so that she could rub her butt against mine! Meanwhile, this guy thought she was flirting with him! Thank goodness for my friend's flirtatious antics, as now he was the one embarrassed and he scrambled to continue on his way without tripping over his feet.

After this poor young man was out of sight, we all burst out laughing, and Carrie readjusted and pulled up her underwear.

"You're too much!" Alicia said smiling, but shook her head.

I was smiling too, until I looked at Carrie in front of me, and realized that I no longer had my ass protected! "Oh my gosh, we should get going!"

"Whatever you say, Sweet Cheeks!" Carrie giggled, emphasizing her point as she reached around to slap my rear end.

The three of us moved at a quicker pace, heading toward the main buildings. Being the shortest, I had to hurry my steps so that I wouldn't fall behind the other girls. I wanted them close by, especially as I could see more people in the area. Oh, why did they ever make me do this! As humiliating as it was to have my butt on display, and there was nothing I could do about it, I still felt my nipples inexplicably stiffen.

As we drew near the edge of the path, I could make out groups of young men and women passing into and out of the building. There were people on marble benches, too, that were spread across the plaza. This was the center that had a lot of the classrooms, as well as the campus bookstore and cafeteria. It was likely to be crawling with students, even before school officially started. But across the plaza on the left, was the administrative building that I needed to reach, in order to deliver my health form and register.

I tugged on Alicia's shirt, signaling for her to stop. "Wait a moment… I remember that there is another entrance to that building. There are steps along the side!"

"I don't know, Erica," my friend frowned as I tried to urge her in a different direction, heading off the path.

Carrie tugged at my own shirt, the only piece of clothing I was wearing. "Yeah, I was kind of hoping you would be brave enough to walk across the plaza."

"I don't think I can!" I protested, my eyes wide.

"Not challenging enough for you, huh?" Carrie continued to tease, now playing with the ends of my soft brown hair. "Tell you what… let me hold onto the binder, then take off your shirt… and I dare you to walk up to the building stark naked!"

"No way!" I nearly shouted, though I was mighty tempted, almost mesmerized by my friend's sensuous curves and ruby lips.

Determined to keep my resolve, and what was left of my dignity intact, I shrugged my arms free and started to inch away from the girls. When my bare feet found the green grass of the lawn, I turned around and began creeping toward the hedges that ran along the base of the administrative building. I knew Alicia and Carrie's eyes were fixed on my cute little ass, I just hoped no one else was watching! But I was also aware of my labia hanging down, and I was sure that my pussy lips were visible from behind.

Walking in a half-crouch, I tried my best to pull my shirt further down. It was no use, since the material wouldn't even stretch past my bellybutton.I paused behind the concealment of some shrubbery, wondering how I was going to do this. Beyond the long row of leafy hedges, I saw the start of white marble steps climbing up toward the building.

Suddenly, a shadow fell over me… I raised my head to see Alicia and Carrie standing next to me. They had decided to help me along, after all! But first, the girls reached down and grabbed me under each of my arms, and gently lifted me to my feet. The motion caused my shirt to ride up a little so that for a moment, my shaved pink pussy was not covered and clearly on display!

"Oooh, someone's kitty wants to come out to play," Carrie giggled. "Can I pet her?"

I quickly lowered my arm holding Alicia's black portfolio, and hid my sensitive vulva. "Let's just go and get this over with!"

The girls had a nice little chuckle at my expense, but then they gathered around me. Alicia was on my side, and Carrie just a step behind, which allowed me to walk across the lawn without my bottomless state being too noticeable. Although knowing that the strawberry-blonde young woman's eyes were focused on my bare butt, had me blushing quite a bit!

When we reached the side steps to the building, there was thankfully no one in sight. Taking a deep breath, I turned to my brunette friend, Alicia.

"They're not going to let me walk around like this inside, and they certainly won't let me register. Quick, take off your shorts and flip-flops and let me wear them!"

The girls exchanged amused glances, and then Alicia said, "Well I'll let you borrow my flip-flops so you don't get caught running around barefoot. But as for my shorts…"

"You've made it this far," Carrie finished. "Why cover up your bottom now?"

Damn! I was hoping to strip one of my friends for once, and leave her to wriggle in embarrassment. Instead, I had to content myself with watching Alicia step out of her flip-flops and kick them in my direction. As I slid each thong between my toes, I realized they were a little big on my petite feet, but I could certainly manage.

"I guess I'll just wait out here," Alicia grumbled and folded her arms.

I stood for a moment and gazed down my friend's shapely tanned legs, ending with her own pretty feet arched on the white marble steps. Involuntarily, I licked my lips. Then Carrie gave me a playful slap on the ass, causing me to yelp, and face the doors. Time for us to get going!

Nervously, I looked over my shoulder, across the wide lawn of the campus. I could see people in the distance, but no one close enough to see what was going on. Carrie had jogged ahead, and opened the building's side entrance doors. This left me to slap the rest of the way in Alicia's borrowed flip-flops, with my naked ass on fully exposed. The folder, I kept firmly clamped over my hairless crotch. Just before ducking inside, I turned to see Alicia wink at me and blow a sarcastic kiss.

As soon as I stepped inside, I could feel my heart pounding. Here I was, in one of the wings of my college Administrative Building, completely bottomless! I was excited, and aroused, and at the same time, scared to death of getting caught. Carrie gave me a reassuring little smile, then nodded in the direction of some wide spiral stairs that wound their way up to the second floor. That was where the Office of the Registrar was located.

I looked around anxiously, but the two of us were alone at the foot of the stairway. Should I go first, I wondered, even as I lifted my leg to the step. I mean, I would have my front covered with Alicia's folder. But my supple bottom would be at the mercy of my friend's wandering hands. At least she would shield me from anyone coming up the stairs behind us.

Of course, just as I feared, when I had climbed halfway up about five or six steps, Carrie placed her fingertips on my butt! I froze… it felt like she spread my ass cheeks apart! I nearly dropped the portfolio with my papers.

"Carrie… what are you doing?" I gasped.

A few steps below me, the girl continued to fondle my behind and said, "Just examining you, Erica. Your butt is blushing… it's all pink and rosy! And I can see how excited you are just between your legs. I bet your nipples are so hard, right now."

"No they're not!" I hushed her, even though they were. "Stop it, Carrie! You're making me… very… horny!"

Over my shoulder, I saw Carrie give me a self-satisfied smirk as she continued to rub my ass. "Mmmm-hmmm… as if you weren't already!"

My legs felt weak, like Jell-o, and I almost slipped off Alicia's flip-flops. I was afraid where Carrie was going with this. It would be one thing to get caught without any pants on. But I imagined people walking down the stairs to find me getting eaten out on these college steps! That would be pretty embarrassing! With a moan of frustration, I bravely gripped the black folder hiding my erect clitoris, and started climbing up the stairs again.

While I fretfully tousled my hair with a free hand, I could hear the strawberry-blonde giggling behind me. And then she skipped up the flight of stairs to walk next to me as we turned the corner. At first I was relieved that she was on my side, and not playing with my naked bottom. But then I got frightened again, feeling all exposed an drafty back there. How strange that Carrie was my security blanket as well as my biggest tormentor, all at once and the same time!

"Oh, calm down, Erica!" she said, putting an affectionate arm around me and squeezing. "Look… there's the office right up ahead, and not even a line!"

I noticed then that we had reached the hallway of the second floor, luxurious in its rich red carpeting and all the scholastic tapestries. Looking around at the surroundings that were still fairly new to me, I momentarily lost my sense of awareness. Lowering my arm, I casually swung the folder at my side, as we walked down the corridor. Carrie grinned, but then admonished me just before we approached the doorway.

"Don't walk in there with your pussy showing," she said in a loud whisper.

Oh my goodness, she was right! Even though hearing her talking about my naughty parts made me shiver with delight, I recovered my bearings in time to slap that portfolio below my bellybutton just as we crossed into the office. It appeared that there were only a few admissions staff workers behind the large counter, and they did not note our entrance.

I walked right up to the tall station, which came up to about my breasts, and laid the black binder on top. Hopefully, Carrie would take care of protecting my bottom, while behaving herself! Luckily, we were the only two students here. God, I wanted to get this over with!

"Um, hi…" I started, slipping a foot out of Alicia's flip-flop to nervously rub my toes behind my other leg. "I'm… I'm here to register for classes."

An older lady with glasses and white curly hair turned around to regard me. "Oh, hello dear. Register for classes, did you say? Seems a little late, with the term starting in a couple of days. You must be new…"

And bottomless, I thought to myself. Behind me, I heard Carrie rustling one of those fold out registration guides that spread out like a newspaper, listing all the available classes. I felt her approach me, leaning the paper against my lower back and butt. The hair on my neck stood on end, I had goose pimples, a blushed bright red. I suppose the lady just thought it was Freshman nervousness. Conscious of my uncovered pussy opening up, I mumbled something about my health form and handed her the paper.

"You know, Erica," the lady commented as she reviewed the form and supplied me with a pen and class schedule. "If you had submitted this earlier, you could have been registered by now. I'm afraid all the classes you wanted to take might be filled up already"

"Oh, that's all right," Carrie chimed in over my shoulder. "Erica is undecided as a major, so she can sign up anything. She just wants to experience it all!"

I tried to ignore my friend's melodic voice, her sweet breath in my ear. But then she whipped away the registration schedule and placed it on top the high counter. I was left standing bottomless in front of the Registrar!

In the next moment, a couple of other students walked in through the door at the other side of the office. A guy and a girl, I think they glanced in my direction, but Carrie quickly sidestepped and blocked me from their view. Unfortunately, this meant my cute little ass was hanging bare out in the open. Hoping no one would enter behind me, I spread my legs slightly and stood on my toes so I could continue filling out my schedule. It was hard to concentrate, knowing that my pussy lips were peeking out between my legs, and I nervously hooked a strand of hair behind my ear. This was so hot! All I could think about as I aimlessly selected classes, was that when I took these classes, I would always remember I had signed up for them half-naked. At one point, I reached down and touched my shaved vulva.

Finally, I managed to get through this exercise, which seemed to take forever. Signing my name with trembling fingers, I handed the schedule back to the Registrar lady.

"Oh no, this will never do," she replied. "See here, young lady? There is a conflict between these two classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays. You can keep one, but you will have to pick something else to put in that slot."

Across from us, I heard the other two students chuckle. I felt like such a child! I guess they were older and had no problem filling out their schedules. Or maybe they were making changes to maximize their free time and signing up with the best professors. All I knew was that I felt humiliated and incredibly horny. Blushing, I crossed out the one offending class and scanned the sheet for a suitable replacement. The room felt so warm, I started fidgeting with the bottom of my shirt, lifting it until my bellybutton was exposed. I wished I could take it off completely.

Oh my gosh… then I would be standing totally nude in front of everyone!

"Erica, let me help you," Carrie offered, seeing me at a loss. "You can take this seminar here. I signed up for that one, too!"

I simply nodded my head, unable to find the words to speak. My mind was in a haze… the longer we stayed here, the more I was growing aroused. Again, I heard the older students snickering at my indecision and hesitation. Thank goodness that my busty, curvy friend was able to block the side of my body, or they would have seen my bare hip and leg. And maybe something else, which was poking out of its hood! I slid the class schedule back to the lady, and then turned my head in time to see the nineteen or twenty-year-olds shuffle out of the office.

"Hear you go, Dear," the Registrar gave me back my health form, even placing it in Alicia's folder for me. "Now you are all set to begin your first term. You must be so excited!"

My eyes were wide, my butt clenched reflexively, and I knew I was wet down there. Carrie and I had to get out of here, or I was afraid I might have an orgasm right in the Administrative Building! What were my friends thinking, sending me up here wearing so little?

"You should go first," Carrie whispered and nudged me with her arm.

I paused, hoping that the woman behind the counter would go back to her clerical duties and not pay any attention to us. Of course, I realized that I would need to turn around and I was worried about revealing my bare ass. Instead, I gripped Alicia's folder containing my health form and class schedule, pulling it down fast to cover my crotch. I then took several slow steps, walking backward and easing away from the counter. The lady eyed me curiously, and Carrie watched with an amused expression. I just hoped that no one would walk up behind me, or that I wouldn't back into anyone.

Fortunately, my friend had the good sense to briskly walk around me, and make sure the hallway outside was clear. But before I could finally make my escape, the old lady offered a parting bit of advice.

"Erica, I wouldn't wear such tiny shorts to your classes!"

Oh, oh! If only she knew I wasn't wearing any shorts or underwear at all! Ashamed, I nodded by head, and then practically stumbled into Carrie's waiting arms. She gripped my shoulders tight, gradually spinning me around. My back was pressed hard against her body. I almost started grinding my butt against her crotch!

"No time for that, sweetie," She purred in my ear. "Just keep walking…"

In this fashion, we awkwardly made our way back down the corridor. Carrie stepped in time with my heels, and I kept that portfolio held tight over my tingling pussy. Her scent and close embrace was driving me crazy, but it was a good thing we stuck together. More students passed us in both directions. There was no way I would have been able to hide my rear if she had been strolling casually at my side! The thought of how vulnerable I was had my heart beating fast, and my tummy fluttering. As we began to descend the winding staircase, a couple of female students came bounding up toward us.

"Nice legs!" one of them teased and they giggled as they passed us on the stairs.

I realized now that while the flare of my hips and lower regions were effectively covered, I was still showing a lot of skin; from the tops of my thighs all the way down my slender legs, to the tips of my pretty toes, my feet nearly falling out of Alicia's flip flops. Blushing, I heard the heavy footsteps of a man walking down the steps above us. Carrie and I froze, and then edged our way to the side of the wall.

He looked like he might be one of the professors… dressed in a brown tweed suit; balding and overweight, his arms burdened with a briefcase and books. The man paused when he reached the steps with Carrie and me, peering at us from behind his glasses. I guess we looked pretty indecent. Nevertheless, my friend gave him a friendly hello, I'm sure with an innocent smile. Then the gentleman muttered in aggravation, as if he had forgotten something. He shifted his weight and started huffing his way back up the stairs, the two of us soon forgotten.

Carrie took this opportunity to give me a little shove, to get me moving again. Unfortunately, she caught me off guard. I stumbled forward and down the steps, with both arms flailing to keep my balance. In this manner and skidded down the last flight with my pussy and ass uncovered! When I landed on the level floor, I used my free hand to place in front of my glistening crotch, and leaned my head against the binder in my other arm. Carrie skipped down the remaining steps to join me.

"Wasn't that fun!" she gave an exhilarating sigh.

Pouting, I answered, "Look… I just want to get back to the nurse's office and put on some pants!"

"Oh, all right," Carrie relented with a pout of her own, adding, "if you insist."

We then proceeded to walk toward the building's side entrance, and pushed open the doors. There was Alicia, who had apparently hoisted herself up on the concrete perimeter that ran along either side of the broad steps. Swinging her legs and bare feet, she glared at me as we approached.

"You know, Erica, I've been spending a lot of the day waiting around for you!" She frowned at me standing below her, shyly clutching her binder in front of my privates. "First you took forever getting that health examination. And now you made me stay out here alone while you registered for your classes. What took you so long?"

"I'm sorry," I said meekly.

Suddenly Carrie stepped purposely between us. "Let me hold on to your folder, Erica, while you remove the flip-flops and give them back to Alicia."

"Oh, but… I can just slip them off…" I started to protest, unwilling to loose my pubic shield.

Alicia leaned back on her hands, and stretched one of her legs in front of me, wiggling her toes in my face. "Fine, but I want you to put them on my feet, like a good little bottomless servant! After all, it might make up for all the trouble you've made me put up with."

This last bit, she added with a sly smile, as if she were up to something. But I suppose my friend did have a point. She was nice enough to drive me up to the college in the first place, and lend me her flip-flops. I bit my lip and looked at Carrie. Then, reluctantly, I handed the black portfolio to the buxom strawberry-blonde. Immediately, I clasped both my hands over my bare pussy.

In this position, I bashfully slid first one foot, and then the other out of Alicia's shoes. My toes curled on the marble warmed by the angle of the sun. Now I had to bend down at my knees to pick up the borrowed flip-flops. The whole time, I kept one eye on the building's doors. Without the folder, or anything on my feet, I felt so naked out here!

I needed both my hands now to hold Alicia's bare heel and submissively pull the thong of her flip-flop between her toes. Beneath the hem of my shirt, my pink pussy lips parted, letting my labia hang out. This was so embarrassing! But as soon as both flip-flops were back on my brunette friend's feet, she hopped off the ledge to land in front of me, making me take a step back.

"Thank you, Erica," she said sweetly. "But it seems I've lent you two of my things today: my shoes and my portfolio…"

Standing with my arms dangling nervously at my sides, I tried to answer enthusiastically, "Yes, Alicia, I really appreciate you helping me!"

"Well, I think I'm still going to borrow something from you in return," my friend reached out to brush a lock of hair behind my ear. "Your… shirt!"

Giggling with delight, Alicia had her fingers instantly on my shoulders, grabbing at the material of my shirt. I was totally defenseless! She pulled the fabric up my body, all the way to my neck… then she pulled even further, turning the shirt inside out as it wrapped around my head. In a blind panic, I took three steps backward. Gleefully, Alicia tugged the shirt toward her and it peeled entirely off my arms…

Free of the soft, clingy material, I turned around dazed for a moment. I blinked and saw Carrie pointing at me, her mouth hanging open. My hand grazed down my bare stomach. I lowered my eyes, and saw my erect nipples quivering.

Oh my gosh… I was stark naked on my college campus!

No shoes, no shirt, I had absolutely nothing on! My palms quickly covered my small tits, and I swung my head around fearfully.

"Alicia!" I cried, hopping on the steps of my school's Administration Building, totally nude!

My friends gingerly approached me, laughing and grinning. They told me not to make a scene, that I might draw other people's attention. Alicia plucked my class schedule and health form out of her folder, and held them out to me.

"Here you go, Erica," she said. "I guess you can take these back to the nurse."

This was unbelievable. One arm still slung across my chest, I actually took the paperwork from her. A handful of pages, that was all I had now. I was afraid to cover my pussy, because the juices of my arousal would get the papers wet. And then the doors behind us were flung open.

"Holy crap, there's a naked girl out here!" exclaimed a young male voice.

I turned halfway around to see a mixed group of college students. They had already seen my ass, I didn't want them to see my pink flower. Especially as my erect clitoris was sticking out! My friends, Alicia and Carrie just burst out laughing. Well, at the sound of the approaching voices, I was spurred into action…

My fingers curled around the paperwork while my other arm flailed out at my side and I ran down the steps of the building, cute little ass bouncing all the way. My bare feet hit the open lawn, and I streaked across the campus field. Fortunately classes were not in session yet, or there would have likely been hundreds if not thousands of students around. Still, there were isolated pockets of people who saw me. But I wasn't sure how much detail they could make out, so I just kept running.

Pumping my arms at my sides, my nipples poked straight ahead. There was a nice breeze blowing over my shaved pussy lips, but I didn't have time to savor such sensations. I had to get back to my clothes at the health office! When I reached the edge of the lawn, there were still paths and intersections that I had to cross. Completely naked, I jogged by some people sitting on benches, and heard whistles and yells of delight. But then I realized the flaw in my brash, wild plan.

Before I could reach the Health Office, I had to cross the two-lane road bisecting the campus! I actually had to stop and stand on the sidewalk, waiting for the oncoming traffic to ease. Shyly, I cupped my pussy with one hand and stood on my bare toes, poised to run once the cars drove down the street. Each going in opposite direction, they honked their horns at the sight of my nubile form, and then it was safe for me to pass. As soon as my feet slapped across the asphalt, I knew the drivers were turning to check out my ass!

Once on this side of the campus, I had to pick my way carefully, not wanting to take a wrong turn and end up near the dormitories! This meant my progress was slowed to a crawl, and I found myself walking bare-assed naked down the sidewalk. At one point, I had to pass a fenced tennis court, and about half a dozen college guys were staring at me. I had to admit, it made me feel kind of hot, but I was also embarrassed by this brazen display of nudity.

Across from the tennis court, I spotted the large white building that housed the health office, and I hurried my pace. Of course, I wiggled my hips and shook my ass just a little, even slipping a finger inside my pussy when I heard the whistles and cheering. Now I crept forward as I closed in on the door, not wanted to give a full frontal flash to any unsuspecting campus visitors.

Thankfully, it was still quiet as I stepped barefoot into the corridor. I had the impression from the nurse that it was going to be a slow day. Well, it turned out to be pretty memorable for me! I couldn't believe it was almost over. Tip-toeing down the hallway, I absently pinched and stroked one of my nipples.

I reached the examination room undetected, and placed my papers on a nearby desk. Letting out a sigh of relief, I stood in the center of the room with my hands on my hips. Now where did Carrie put my things? Suddenly, the door to the office opened behind me, causing me to jump…

"Erica!" came the surprised voice of a woman, the college health official. "Why are you undressed?"

I spun around, bright red, arms dropping at my sides to let her see me in all my glory. "Um… I, that is… I registered for classes and I'm returning the health form!"

The statuesque brunette brought a hand to her mouth, trying to hide a smile. "Yes, dear, but why did you take off all your clothes?"

"Well, ma'am…" I started, stalling for time and thinking of an excuse. Moving over to the table, I hopped up on its surface, spreading my knees wide apart. "I thought since I was here… maybe I could get a complete physical examination!"

Eyeing me shrewdly, the college nurse glanced at the clock on the wall, then instructed me to lay down completely. This I did eagerly, with hands trembling at my sides. As I lay on the table fully nude, I watched her retrieve her stethoscope and clipboard. I noticed she didn't bother to close the door as she clicked in her heels across the office.

When the nurse placed her hands on my bare tummy, my whole body tingled! I squirmed a little, and fear I may have let a moan escape my lips. She commented on the erect state of my nipples, and sensed that I was experiencing more than embarrassment. By the time she began the vaginal examination, I was on the verge of an orgasm. Very clinically, she softly spread my pussy lips, remarking on the hyperextension of my clitoris. The nurse took great interest in slowly rubbing the small fleshy protrusion between her thumb and forefinger, causing me to arch my back.

"Aaaahh…" I gasped, unable to hold out much longer.

At that moment, Carrie and Alicia walked into the room, carrying my shirt and retrieving the rest of my clothes. Just then, the nurse probed my pussy… sticking her finger deep inside my slit!

My perky tits bouncing, nipples tall and quivering, I started to cum. I was so humiliated, as my juices flowed onto the brown leather of the examination table, but it felt so good! Looking between my legs, which the nurse had lifted in each of her hands, I saw her give me an understanding smile. I then turned my head to see Alicia and Carrie standing there, trying to conceal their laughter, and not doing a very good job!

"As I noted, Erica, you are a very healthy young woman," the nurse reaffirmed.

She thanked me again for taking care of the registration paperwork, and told me that I could get cleaned up and dressed. Before exiting the room, she paused between my friends and gave them this friendly advice:

"Try to keep her out of trouble. She's very excitable…"

The two girls giggled, and promised they would look after me! Like I was some child under their guardianship! But rather than be upset or angry, as I sat up and rolled myself over on the table, being naked in the room with Alicia and Carrie only made me horny. When the nurse finally left us alone, I started masturbating again… face down, slipping an arm between my legs, and bringing myself to have two more orgasms.

"One for each of us," Carrie teased as she took a handful of tissues and patted down my legs and pussy.

Once I was able to put on my underwear, shirt, and overalls, Alicia affectionately straightened and smoothed out my hair.

What a way to begin college!

**24 - Erica and the Guard By Drew**

“OH Erica, come ON, if you don’t hurry we’ll be late!” Alicia warned, wagging her forefinger at me.

We had to leave an hour early to Orientation, so Alicia could pay for her parking sticker. We knew there’d be a wait, thinking everyone probably had the same idea as us.

I pulled on my panties, grabbing the first t-shirt on the pile of clean clothes on my bed, then pulled it on. I didn’t have time to fuss with a bra today, besides, I had my new sweater to wear over it.

Since this wasn’t really a school day with classes, I didn’t think it mattered how I was dressed.

She was getting impatient. “Look Slowpoke, if we don’t get there on time, I don’t get a parking sticker. No sticker for me means we take the train to school! You and I!”

I imagined fat old guys leering at me, and grubby young ones, and other assorted creatures that inhabit public transportation, shivering. I didn’t want that!

I slipped on my blue jeans. I was ready to go, but my pointy nipples could be plainly seen through my t-shirt! I thought maybe I should wear the sweater now. It was a beautiful oversized angora button up.

“I'm coming, I’m coming, just give me a minute,” I scolded her, while putting on my Nikes.

“We’ve got to leave right now Erica! Come on!” she yelled, grabbing me hard by the arm. I had just enough time to grab my purse.

Outdoors, It was getting cooler out now, and shivering, my nipples proved it.

We ran out the door to Alicia’s car.

“Alicia! We’re not that late!”

Today was the first day of school, for freshmen anyway, and Alicia and I were to get our syllabuses. First we had to go to Orientation though, after the parking thing at Security.

We drove the miles in silence, each of us wondering what the year would bring us. I was getting excited, College! No more High School, or high school pranks!

The parking lot wasn’t full yet, but would be by eight.

Campus security was behind Administration, and to get there we decided to walk, as there was no parking to be had close to the Security building.

“Come on silly, this’ll only take a minute. Then we gotta go to Admin, and after that we’ll meet everyone at the Quad,” Alicia stated with certainty.

I wondered if I’d see Lisa and Carrie. I was sure I would, sooner or later. I wondered how Lisa would handle being the Freshman rather than top Senior, the bossy b\*tch! And Carrie, my panties were damp just thinking of her.

We both walked quickly around Admin, walking its long length past the side door where I’d lost my pants and flip-flops to Alicia. I shuddered, remembering my bottomless venture through those doors the last time, thanks to Alicia and Carrie.

At last we reached the Security building.

The long Security building was actually modern for the school. Modern ugly. It looked like a doublewide trailer with wooden steps leading to a small platform before the door. At some time it’d been painted white. Now it was gray, with splinters.

Sure enough, there was a long line of young guys and girls hanging out there talking, sitting on the sidewalk in little groups, cell phones and Ipods glued to their ears.

“Good! This isn’t too bad Erica! Wait right here while I get what I need.” She said, moving towards end of the line. I stood alone on the sidewalk, watching everything and everyone.

Alicia, standing in line, moved closer and closer to the trailer door, which was standing open. Inside I saw a few Security people inside standing around and one uniformed Woman sitting at a card table, doing paperwork as students walked in.

I was bored senseless, just hanging out when Lisa and Carrie seemed to appear out of nowhere!

“Well hi little Erica,” Lisa grinned menacingly, emphasizing “little.”

Carrie appeared by my side, rubbing my arm. “Brrrrr, I didn’t bring a sweater Erica, I'm glad you did,” she grinned and winked.

Carrie leaned in close to me, whispering, “Mmm, this sweater feels good Erica, angora! I’m so cold, and here you are, all snug and comfy. Can I get in?” she asked as she grabbed the open side of the sweater and tried to stretch it around her, pulling me tight into a sideways hug. Her tit was pressing my arm, and she was right! Her skin was cold. Her nipple was hard!

“So what are ya waiting for Erica, give it to her!” Lisa ordered, now interested. Most of the time she seemed uninterested in Carrie’s antics with me.

“Your face is red, Erica,” Lisa said, “You look warm enough,”

Ohmygod, I thought, what are these two up to? I stood back, shook my arms out of it and handed it to a smiling Carrie.

Carrie wrapped the sleeves around her waist. “Woo hoo!” she laughed, “Oooh, my butts warmer, thank you Princess!”

Carrie then moved behind me, rubbing my neck and shoulders through my t-shirt, my nipples became excited at her massage, popping through the thin t-shirt.

My clit had begun its journey outward, I knew, giving me goose bumps. It felt great!

“Now doesn’t that feel better Sweetie? Than roasting in that awful sweater?” Carrie asked innocently.

“Oh yes,” I murmured, my hand automatically went to my crotch.

By this time everyone had stopped what they were doing, staring goggle-eyed at us, and I guess we did look kind of sexy! How does she do it? Whenever she’s touching me I forget everything else, except my budding clit!

Lisa, her arms crossed as usual, declared, “I need to go in and get MY sticker Carrie. Stay here, and I’ll be right back.”

Lisa stopped suddenly, while staring at my chest, a slow smile began to form on her lips.

“Carrie, why don’t you keep Little Missy here entertained til I get back, oh, where did you find that awful t-shirt Erica?”

“Uh oh,” I thought.

A lot of older students wandered by us. They knew we were new, and obviously freshmen.

We saw a Goth guy and girl passing out flyers depicting a fist against a rising sun, whatever that was. Only right now they were more interested in my t-shirt than anything else, thanks to that B\*tch, Lisa, drawing attention to Carrie and I.

Carrie was still massaging my neck when Alicia entered the building, followed by Lisa. I saw that Lisa hadn’t bothered to go to the end of the line and wait like everyone else. She just followed Lisa, saying brightly, “Thanks for holding my spot, Alicia!”

After a few moments I heard Lisa’s voice, followed by a louder female voice. Lisa must have been speaking to the Guard.

From the corner of my eye a face appeared from one of the windows. Staring at Carrie and me! Or maybe just me. I was uncomfortable.

I’d had enough of being stared at, saying “Let’s go Carrie, they can find us in the Quad.” And began walking away from the staring face.

We’d made it maybe a hundred yards before I heard a yell. “Excuse me young Lady! You, there, in the TEE SHIRT!”

Turning my head, I saw Alicia and a grinning Lisa walking towards Carrie and I, along with the Security Guard! The Woman one!

I froze, she couldn’t mean me, no!

“Yes, you!” she shouted. “Stop right there you.”

I didn’t know what she wanted, and I didn’t want to find out. I didn’t want trouble, and the way Lisa was grinning at me, I knew that was coming my way.

I slowed down, but kept walking. I whispered, “Carrie, maybe she’ll go away if we keep walking!”

Carrie turned towards me, whispering, “Erica, you should stop Sweets, see what she wants.”

“I cant! I have to find the mentor today. I have to go!” I pleaded to Carrie, shrugging her hand off my arm.

“Erica, knock it off,” Carrie said with authority, “Stop being a silly girl. She wants to talk is all, you haven’t done anything wrong, or have you?”

“Hmm Naughty girl?” She asked, rubbing my butt. I stopped, and the Guard and Lisa caught up to us.

“All right Miss, freshman huh?” The Guard asked me, ignoring Carrie.

I nodded “yes.”

She was looking me over alright, staring at my tits. My nipples were poking way out from the cold! Everyone’s staring at my tits today? I looked down at them, they looked normal to me, and no coffee spills there either.

This guard looked to be about 21, blonde, dressed in a tailored uniform shirt, worn over a white t-shirt with matching slacks with patent leather work shoes with big soles! She was pretty too!

Lisa and Carrie had backed up behind me, and Alicia stood aside. Watching.

The Guard began her lecture, “Are you aware, young woman, that political t-shirts are not allowed to be worn on campus? Did you not read the handbook before coming here?”

Mumbling, I said, “I Uhm, I hadn’t read the student handbook yet, sir.”

“Sir? Do I look like a sir to you? You think maybe I'm BUTCH?” Her eyes were round. “I'm a Ma’am to you!”

She was pissed off! At me! How was I supposed to know what to call her? I just got here.

Lisa just laughed at me. “Oh yes Officer, Erica told me your school could take it's f\*ckin rules and stuff ‘em.”

I was shocked at Lisa’s blatant lying, “No way! I Didn't!”

Carrie was shuffling around merrily, grinning.

“I didn’t, I didn’t Si..er..Ma’am.” This happening all at once, on my first day! Trouble!

“Erica is it?” she asked, “Uhm Hm, sounds like you’ve a discipline problem to me!”

She moved in, so close I could smell the juicy fruit gum on her breath.

“Get it off.”

By this time many people had gathered around, I saw students gathering around in a circle to watch the commotion.

“Well, since, by your attire today, I’ll assume you have no respect for anyone. Let’s have it, now!” She held her hand out.

I guess the Guard Ma’am wasn’t a fan of the Governor, ‘cause that’s whose face was on the shirt. I’d gotten it years ago. This wasn’t fair at all! I was feeling helpless, looking to my friends to help me out. All I saw were grins! They were enjoying this!

“But..but, I’ll be topless!” I stammered. I was getting wet, I could feel it coming now! I was blushing, and knew my clit was rising yet again from its cozy home.

“So what Missy, you’re wearing a bra. Maybe your friend there will lend you her sweater! OR you can go home and wear something respectful to this school. But you’re not wearing THAT around HERE where others can see it. Now get it off! Or do I take it off you?”

I was truly scared of her, but I wished she would, but then she’d think I was sick in the head or something.

I couldn’t do it. I guess I’d have to go home. I’d blow my first freshman day, and not get a mentor. I felt like crying. But I was horny too!

Lisa had been sneaking up behind me, “Of course, Officer, we’ll see that Erica complies completely.”

And with fluid motion, yanked the t-shirt over my head then down my arms in two swift movements, like a magician! Then tossed it aside, even taking a bow to the now cheering crowd.

“Oh gosh, ohmygosh,” I had my arms over both tits, hiding my nipples. The crowd, every last face, was once of sheer amusement.

“May we go then, Ma’am?” Lisa asked the Guard innocently.

“I don’t care, get out of here now Young Lady, and take your topless friend with you.” The Guard stated coldly, still staring at my now shivering form.

“Go on! Get out of here!" Guard Ma’am yelled, “Before I call your parents to come and get your naked butt.”

Lisa took off towards her car, probably driving it closer to the main buildings, without saying a word, the B\*tch. The crowd broke up, since I was turned around and covering my tits.

I wondered what I was supposed to do now, for the rest of Orientation day. I began to sob, both hands to my face.

Carrie and Alicia came to my side, and Carries face was full of concern.

“Oh Erica, here you are baby, don’t cry, here.” Carrie wrapped an arm around me, covering my shoulders in the angora sweater, “There, feel better? We can have more fun when it warms up, I promise.” She said it sincerely, like she was doing me a favor. Maybe she was! I smiled at her, still feeling a little horny.

Carrie winked, “Oh Erica, you’re SO cute.”

**25 - No Experience Necessary By Drew**

Authors Note:

Erica continues on her first freshman day at college. No classes, just orientation and mentoring.

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We’d made it to the Quad without further interruptions or pestering from Carrie and Lisa.

Alicia seemed determined to be my shadow through the whole morning! Maybe she was just nervous herself.

She’d be more nervous if it were her nipples poking out of this sweater like mine were.

“Come on Erica, she said cheerfully, ”Let’s go check the jobs board, and see if there’s some part-time jobs there.”

Job? I thought. Who’s talking about a job?

“I don’t know about that Alicia, since I don’t drive, how’ll I get home after classes then a job? The train?”

I thought to myself, “NO FVCKIN WAY.”

“Well, maybe if you get a car, you wont have to rely on me for rides huh?” she looked at me thoughtfully, “I don’t mind it though Erica, really.”

She grinned, smiling at some inner secret only she knew of. She must be thinking of me naked in the passenger seat.

I’d thought about a job and car before, but never thought I could get the money to buy a car! Much less drive one!

She brightened up, “Well, Karen’s got one for sale, Erica, it’s a Toyota, and it runs real good, and it’s cheap!”

For a split second I’d had a vision of myself driving around naked, and my nipples reacted. That’d be hot!

My sweater was tickling my nipples, and the angora was just SO soft, I loved it. But if anyone looked through the side of it, they’d see my hard, pointy nipples poking outwards like darts. My Levi’s were low-cut, without the belt loops, I just loved the way my abdomen sloped downwards to my nearly hairless mound. The bump of my clit was nearly visible.

They could see my nipples anyway, I imagined, as I was getting tickled while wearing it! They were hard, and stuck out when aroused.

“Well, Erica? Lets go, we don’t have to meet our Mentors ‘til later, so lets go and see what they have posted.”

And with that we headed towards now familiar Administration Building.

Trundling up the steps, I noticed the jobs board posted around the corner of the entrance, so everyone passing by the building couldn’t see it. Too sloppy I imagined, to be seen from the walk.

Across the main entrance doors, standing in display cases were the usual trophies and flags, statuettes and ancient photos of some local sports heroes.

Alicia went right away to the jobs board, dragging me along by the hand. We looked them over, and there weren’t that many really.

“Here we are Erica, hey, here’s one, Customer Service for Cell-Phone Company,” She squealed with excitement.

In my mind I had a vision of me wandering around a tiny store full of people, bored senseless yet busy. I couldn’t think of anything I’d rather do less.

“Ugh, that sounds stupid and boring Alicia, what’s the next one?” My clit was beginning to itch, the more my sweater tickled. I was sweating too.

This was all going to be sales cr\*p job ads, like selling stuff at the malls.

“Okayyyyy, here we ARE! Physical Therapy Assistant. No experience necessary, Girls Swim Team, right here on Campus!”

“Hmmm, I thought, I was taking only four classes this year, since my grades were well above average I could skip the GenEd classes, mostly.

Alicia beamed at me, as if she’d just found a thousand dollars.

“Oh Erica! How exciting would that be! Lisa and Carrie both will be on that team! They’d be so proud of you! Like me!” She had both my shoulders, jumping up and down with excitement! My sweater wasbeing pulled dow in the process too!

“Oh yeah!! Uhm, but, I don’t know anything about that sporty stuff Alicia! You’re pulling my top off too!”

“Oh! Sorry Erica, that’s just SO cool, you could be there with the Coach!” she seemed genuinely excited, though I don’t know why.

Just helping out, handing out towels or something! “Oh!” I thought, naked women in the showers. This time I wouldn’t be the only one naked in gym. Lisa and Carrie would be though. Lisa naked, something I thought I’d never live to see.

I reasoned that if I got hired, a car might solve the ride and driving problems, rather than depending on Alicia, Lisa or Carrie for lifts. And their favorite past-time of getting me naked in public. Although the thought gave me shivers, in my crotch.

“It says no experience-required dummy.” She calmly explained, “Go and talk to the Coach after your Mentor cuts you loose,” and letting go of my hand, pushed me back out the front entrance with both her hands.

“Quick, go get something to eat and go talk to the Coach!”

I was getting that hollow ball of fear in my belly, as if I had to give a speech or something. I dreaded a job interview. I was nervous about this interview.

“I-I'm not hungry really, and I think I’ll skip lunch Alicia.” I said exhaling, with a fair amount of apprehension.

“Whatever you say Erica, just be sure and talk to her, ‘cause I told Karen you’d want to buy the car.”

I guess I’d better get hired, now that Alicia’s helping me get the car.

I’d been assigned a Mentor, Mary, a College Prep who didn’t really want to deal with me. At least she acted like that. But she did show me around the campus and field house, where hopefully I’d work at after classes.

Mary and I met again at the Quad. I was standing around, pacing, and feeling out of place in my jeans and sweater.

Everywhere I turned, the girls here seemed to be wearing the latest fashion, to impress their friends or pick up guys, I thought.

I wondered if something was wrong with me, not dwelling on such things. I'm just a simple girl with simple tastes.

Appearing from a group of those well-dressed girls, I mean really dressed up, was Mary, wearing a skirt, cropped top jacket and halter. And a nice pair of pumps too.

No hoodies here and t-shirts like I like. I was a little bewildered. I also saw there were no hot guys in their little group either. A sisterhood, maybe. A fraternity.

“Been waiting long Erica?” She asked as I shook my head no.

“Good, let me finish showing you around, then I have a class to go to. Okay?” her eyes lingered on my clothes, staring down.

Was that a grin or a sneer, I wasn’t sure.

“Nice sweater. Isn’t it hot though?” She reached out to touch it.

I reflectively twisted away, but met her hand instead, on my tit! The she pressed it. She giggled, looking at my nipples poke up and out from the soft material.

Ohmygosh, she touched my tit! I don’t even know her!

“Oooh, you’re hard! I mean, soft! Sweater! hehheh!” She just stood there smiling at me, eyebrow raised.

Blushing, I stammered, “Err, I, uhm, yes, I guess it is ah..warm.”

“Why don’t ya take it off then? Whatcha wearing under it?” she asked as she pulled a little at the collar. I bristled at her touch and backed up a little.

“Uhm, well, no, it’s alright,” I managed to explain that.

The sun had broken through the morning haze, and I wished I had my t-shirt to strip down to. But I didn’t have it, that mean guard lady did.

Tired of whatever game she was playing, Mary said, “Well look, Erica, I have to run right now, I’ll show you around later. Meet ya back here in an hour, okay? Then we’ll be heading to the Auditorium for assembly.”

Leaving me standing there, she turned away, yelling at two other well-dressed girls on their way to class. “Hey, hey wait up! Wait for me!”

I thought I’d take this break to visit the Coach and ask about the Physical Therapy Assistant job.

I wound up under the big round building, the actual gymnasium, where the swimming pool was. It was a large Olympic sized pool in one huge room, with long steel arches to support the gymnasium above us.

There were two sets of double doors on either side of this huge oblong chamber.

There was a deep end and a shallow end too, with a three height level diving boards facing the deep end.

It was shaped like a long rectangle with plenty of deck space, surrounding it with rows and rows of narrow bleachers framing the room like a big “U,” with the pool in the middle.

The Coaches office was directly behind the diving platform, like a big glass box stuck in the center, glass walls giving the Coaching staff an unobstructed view of the whole pool. Behind the desks inside Coaches office, I noticed the locker room in back.

The showers must be there too, I guessed.

Peeking around cautiously, I was nervous.

I guess because of authority figures. I always got nervous before speaking to new people, and I had butterflies in my belly and felt lightheaded.

Maybe skipping brunch for this wasn’t such a good idea.

A woman in her mid-30’s sat at the desk, wearing blue shorts, white polo, and had a whistle dangling from a lanyard around her neck.

Her blonde hair was severely tied back in a ponytail, with a visor cap over it. The Coach was looking down at some paperwork laid out on her desk.

I tapped lightly on the glass. She looked up, clearly annoyed. She was pretty, in an old person thirties sort of way.

Wagging a finger at me to come in, I followed the glass wall around the opposite corner, where a narrow entry door was standing open.

“Can I help you young lady?” She asked while getting up, her eyebrows rose after giving me the up and down once over.

“Are you a student here?” She asked me with pursed lips, frowning.

“Uh, yes Ma’am, I uh, I wanted to ahm, see about the the job Ma’am.” I stammered. Oh god I felt like such a fool at that moment.

What was it about people in authority that got me tongue-tied?

“Oh yes, that. You don’t look like much,” she stood back a bit, appraising me.

“Do you think you can handle it?” She asked, eyes narrowing.

Handle it?

“I..uhh, I can try Ma’am?” I stared back, “Just uhh, work out some muscle cramps on people? I think I can do that. I-I’d like to try anyway.”

I felt like fainting. I hated this nervous part of me.

“Ohhhkay,” she crossed her arms, “I’ll see what we come up with. I know it said “No experience necessary but you look like a featherweight.”

She sat back down, shuffling her papers. Without looking at me, she said, “I have some swimmers coming in this afternoon for a work out. Why don’t you come back, say, two p.m., and we’ll give you a go. Thank you for stopping by, young woman.”

“Uhm, it’s Erica Ma’am.”

And I'm ‘Coach,’ nice to meet you then, be here on time please,” She added dismissively.

I thought of my schedule. I’d ask Mary if I could skip the stupid “Welcome to the Future” play in the Auditorium.

I couldn’t wait to tell Alicia and my friends!

Part 2

I wandered around the Campus, checking out hiding places “just in case,” Since Lisa and Carrie just HAD to choose the college Alicia and I were going to.

Trying to fill in some time before heading back to the Field House, I’d wandered back to the Quad, doing some people watching.

I wanted the job more than ever, after seeing how people dressed here. This certainly wasn’t high school, and I was going to need some money for clothes!

My parents didn’t have any extra to give me, and it was all they could do to pay for my books and classes.

I saw Lisa and Carrie standing around a kiosk, talking to two young women I didn’t know.

I tried not to be noticed by them, but that never seems to happen with Lisa’s radar on.

Lisa, in a voice that asked me to come over but sounded more like a command, “Erica! Come here!”

I approached them slowly, looking the new girls over. They looked nice, pretty too, and dressed like everyone else around here. Very nice.

American Eagle jeans, black boots and peasant top on one, the same with the brunette, but she wore a faded pencil skirt and black twill jacket.

Lisa did the introductions, motioning me to come closer.

“Erica, I’d like you to meet Ashley, and the Lady next to her is Christa.” Carrie went right to my side, putting her arm around my waist, snuggling right up to me.

I began to blush, embarrassed at her intimacy in front of strangers.

The bossy b\*tch continued, “Erica, Ashley and Christa are on the swim team. You’ll be servicing them, as well as the Freshman Swim Team. In otherwards, my Team.”

“We can’t wait," Lisa added, flashing the group a mischievous grin.

My stomach began its descent into my abdomen. I had no idea Lisa was on a swim team. I didn’t know as much about her as I thought, because I was kept busy trying to stay away from her!

Lisa’s had me worried and I haven’t even begun my job!

It was the not knowing what was going to happen, yet I knew my pussy would be drenched soon. That was making me horny! The uncertainty! Or apprehension, either way, I'd be horny.

Carrie had felt me tense up at Lisa’s words, and began to rub my back and neck.

Her small warm hands were having the predictable response in my crotch, but I tried to hide it.

“Erica, Sweetie, these are new friends of ours, now don’t be rude, say hello!” She swatted me on my butt-cheeks, making an audible “smack.”

“Umph,” I exhaled loudly! “Ah..hey!” I gasped.

My ass-cheeks stayed tense, so Carrie’s hand stayed on my butt, rubbing my round cheeks through the denim material.

The two new girls, Ashley and Christa both giggled, looking at me, then Carrie, then Lisa. To gauge their reactions, I guess. Or waiting for Lisa to do something.

Since it seemed to them 'business as usual,' here, they pretended nothing was amiss, yet kept on grinning and smiling to each other.

I wondered what Lisa had told them about me, exactly.

Carrie still had her hand on my butt. She knows no shame! Ass-rubbing in public! My ass at that! On Campus!

Should she be rubbing my ass at all?

I thought a moment, and my mind said no, but my pussy said otherwise, the dampness in my jeans had begun making a spot.

“Ut oh,” I thought nervously, how the hell am I gonna make that go away!

I must smell now too!

I looked pleadingly to Lisa, but she seemed unconcerned about anything at the moment, least of all me.

She just stood there, arms crossed, her gaze was always somewhere above everyone’s eyes, like she was looking for something far away.

The new girls broke this awkward moment. Christa seemed embarrassed at Carries open display of affection.

I was breathing a little heavier, and they could hear it. My knees were getting weak.

“Erica,” Ashley spoke up, “Nice to meet you Erica, I’m glad you took the job, you’re so cute!”

She’s a bubbly girl I think, perky.

I stammered, “Hum, I’m o-kay I guess. Nice to meet you,” I gave her a weak smile.

Carrie interrupted, “Okay? Erica, you’re adorable! Don’t be so modest,” then stuck her fingertips inside my sweater.

“My fingers are cold, I hate that.” Carrie smiled wickedly now, she was up to something.

I tried to reach out and shake Christa and Ashley’s hands. Since they standing further away from me, I had to step in to reach their outstretched hands.

Smiling at Ashley, I shook her hand, looking at her face.

She smiled back in a friendly way, her eyes straying to my chest.

Glancing down at what she was looking at, my right nipple was showing!

I squeaked, “Oopsie!”

I brought my hand over my now exposed tit.

“Carrie!” I gasped again!

Carrie just laughed, “See,” She explained casually to the others, “she’s adorable.”

She’d undone the two top buttons of my sweater, somehow doing it innocently.

“Well well well,” Lisa drawled slowly, “Erica strikes again huh? Our friends here aren’t interested in your little bumps Erica.”

Carrie smiled, adding, “Are you girls? Ladies?”

Ashley and Christa smiled nervously at each other at this turn of events. This must be a new experience for them too. Tits in public. Mine.

Lisa laughed at them. No embarrassment there, I thought dryly. The b\*tch.

Lisa acts like this happens every day. Like watching a person getting felt up in front of new people was an everyday kind of thing.

Lisa eyed them. Why is this b\*tchy, bossy girl always one-upping everyone?

Christa spoke up, ”I just love little boobies Lisa, they’re so cute, especially on a cute person like her,” She added, pointing at me and giggling like a schoolgirl, which she is!

She was so caught up in the moment, she said quickly, “Uhhh! From an art majors’ point of view! Of course.”

She glanced at her friend Ashley, giggling more! If their hands hadn’t been hiding their grins I’d have felt better about them.

Christa, the art girl said to Lisa, “It looks awfully uncomfortable on her Lisa. Look at her face, she’s beet red, like she has a temperature.”

“Carrie,” Lisa commanded, “Do the honors?”

“Oh no Lisa, lets let our new friend here do it. She’s the one who’s concerned for our little Erica’s welfare.”

Ashley reasoned with Carrie, “Well, I just don’t want her to faint or something, she has a busy ‘rest of the day’ today. Especially following us after the meet.”

Ashley came to face me, Carrie now backing away from my butt she’d been massaging.

Christa seemed more than happy to help me out, of my sweater, that is. Thye stood side by side, studying me, my reaction.

I figured I may as well go with it, there's too many to cut and run. Plus I was surrounded!

“Here Sweetheart, you can wear this ugly sweater wrapped around your neck, and the sleeves will hide your cute little ahh.. boobies,” Christa said, facing me.

And with that, she stepped in, unbuttoning the sweaters' last four buttons on my sweater, slowly.

Just her feather-light touch to my belly was sending light waves of pleasure through my lower abdomen. My mound was swelling, opening my pussy-lips and adding pressure to it. My nipples were erect and alert, the wet spot growing. Damn these jeans, what was I thinking?

Carrie held her breath, looking at me, eyes looking shiny.

My clit was aware I was about to be topless again, here on Campus! It was as erect as it could be, trying to poke out in these damned tight jeans.

Maybe that’s why I always wear engineer jeans or bibs, plenty of room for ‘emergencies.’

In front of everyone, I was getting stripped! This important place seemed very wrong to topless in.

She undid the last button, then, using both hands to slowly open both sides of the sweater, she pulled it gently off my shoulders, letting it fall to my waist where it stayed, resting on the curvature of my rounded butt. Her eyes went directly to my nipples, and stayed there, fixed on them.

I was topless.

“Oh my, oh my, lovely, just lovely,” she murmured, looking me over, up and down.

“Her nipples are so long! Ashley, come see!”

I was blushing profusely. I’d been sweating in the heavy garment, and there was a breeze blowing gently over my erect nipples, making electric current to my now engorged clit.

Ashley wasted no time, “Lemme see! Lemme see!”

Great, I was going to have a tit exam in public too.

Ashley leaned in close, her warm breath on my nipples, “OOOooo yes, odd, her breasts are small, but her nipples are so long, and rounded! I bet they’re really sensitive to touch huh Erica?”

She tweaked one between her forefinger and thumb.

I jumped “Ah! Hey! That tickles!”

Looking around anxiously like a caged cat, I looked for an escape from this little group of curious women. Seeing none, I backed up, into Carrie.

“Here Sweetie, let me help you get this old hot thing completely off, then we’ll knot it under your neck!” she said, smiling wide.

Like that was the solution to world poverty or something. At least a knot with sleeves for cover is better than naked on top.

Our group decided to walk away from the Quad, towards the Field House. Somehow we'd not drawn attention to ourselves, me in particular.

The women chatted away amiably as if nothing was wrong, but the two new girls, Christa and Ashley, seemed fascinated by my nudity, albeit topless.

I thought it’d be a good idea not to flash everyone we passed, and there weren’t that many people heading there.

The sweater sleeves did a crappy job of hiding my tits, but I said nothing, else Lisa might decide to do more, and I’d be in worse shape for my job interview as I was now.

**26 – Erica Red**

I opened the door to my room nervously, hearing Carrie's playful knock.

"Sqeee!" the strawberry-blonde exclaimed. "Oh, you did it, Erica! It looks so adorable!"

Fussing bashfully, I averted my eyes and lifted a hand to tease the tips of my shoulder-length locks. Greatly daring, I had taken the brave step and dyed my hair red. Well, not completely red… but I did have my sandy-brown tresses streaked with red highlights. The only thing was, the treatment darkened the overall color making me appear more brunette, and the red really stood out, almost fiery in contrast.

Carrie, looming before me, pushed me back a few paces as she entered my room. Suddenly, her hand that was softly on my chest, reached down to pop open the button of my jeans. They were tight, and hugged my slender legs and hips nicely. I guess I had been dressing sexier since we started college.

"Oh!" I gasped, when my friend opened the front flaps wide. "What… what are you doing?"

The taller young woman had prodded me into the middle of my room. Now she stood back, one knee bent forward and hands on her own curvy hips as she evaluated me. "Take off your clothes…"

"Carrie!" I brought my hands to my mouth in shock, but nearly melted as she gave me a sly smile.

"Come on, Erica," she giggled. "I want to see what your new hair-do looks like when you're naked!"

Flustered, I turned around, continuing to play with the open flaps of my jeans. The room was feeling really warm. Then my eye caught sight of the digital clock on my dresser. I spun on my heel to face Carrie.

"Um, no time for that! We're going to be late…"

The girl hefted her backpack over her shoulder and pouted. "But I have a new outfit for you to try on."

Grabbing my books on the nearby end table, I squeezed past Carrie on my way out through the door. "No time for that either!"

I could hear my friend chuckling about my haste and urgency, as she bounded down the hall after me. Soon we were both outside and piled into her car. It was a rather uneventful drive to campus, as I simply closed my eyes and listened to Carrie chatting away. I think I liked listening to her melodic voice more than the music from the radio.

"See… we had plenty of time!" Carrie said once we pulled into the student parking lot. "Well, maybe I can get you to change into my new outfit before class…"

I turned my head to look over the shoulder of the passenger seat headrest, still fussing with my newly dyed hair. Checking the vanity mirror, I asked distractedly, "What… right here?"

"Of course!" the bubbly blonde answered. "Now come on, get your clothes off."

I looked at my friend out of the corner of my eye. "Everything?"

"Mmm hmmm," she nodded and licked her lips.

"Carrie, no!"

After a breathless pause, I gathered my books in one arm and pushed open the passenger side door. I had to admit, parts of my body were starting to tingle. But I tried to put this out of my mind as I started walking briskly across the parking lot.

When Carrie caught up with me, I tried to explain. "Look… we really are going to be cutting it kind of close. We have to walk all the way to the building with our classroom. And honestly, I just have a feeling that if I start to undress, something terribly embarrassing will happen!"

"Whatever you say," my friend said with a warm smile. "Maybe later…"

As we stalked forward in silence, in the cool autumn air, I wondered what she meant by that last comment. We were beginning to merge with a larger press of students. My thoughts were soon drawn elsewhere as I took note of these strange faces passing before us, all around us, even turning back to regard Carrie and I. There was a cute guy… and over there, a young woman with a nice butt… cool shoes on that one… wow, how do they afford such expensive accessories, with the cost of tuition?

Then I started noticing more and more people secretly pointing at the two of us and snickering. Just a glimpse here, or a flash of someone's amused eyes, maybe someone mouthing some words that I didn't quite understand.

"Carrie, why are they staring at us?" I asked, rising up on my toes to whisper in my friend's ear.

She kept me moving with a hand on my back, but said innocently, "I don't know. Two hot freshman females… I guess there's a lot to ogle."

"Perhaps you," I confided while blushing.

"Erica!" Carrie squeezed my shoulder cheerfully. "You are so cute! I bet they're all staring at your hot new sexy red hair!"

I wish she didn't remind me. Now I was feeling more self-conscious, and I was starting to regret taking any measures that would draw added attention. Still, I tried to hold my little chin up high as we crossed the plaza and came within sight of the central building. With Carrie at my side, we paraded through the automatic sliding doors.

Once we were inside, there was a buzz of activity. I could see countless students making their way back and forth between classrooms. Some people stopped to check bulletin boards. There were kiosk machines everywhere, it seemed, and always a throng of young people waiting to access their schedule or other information. A couple of times, we saw an older man or woman toting textbooks and notebooks. "Returning" students, I guessed.

And then Carrie was waving over to a group of girls, some of the other freshmen we met during the first few weeks of the term. At once, she bounced over to greet them, and I was left sauntering my way behind her.

"Ooooh…. Erica, I like your hair!" Ashley grinned and clapped her hands.

Christa, an art student, eyed me critically and then said. "Um yeah, that does give you a more sultry look. But are you trying to start a new fashion trend?"

"Huh?" I was caught off-guard, pausing with my hands midway running through my dark scarlet tresses.

"I think it brings out her brown eyes," Carrie said helpfully.

Christa only shook her head and laughed. "Yes, but what has that got to do with why her jeans are hanging open…"

"What?!!" I practically screeched, turning around in embarrassment.

I looked down, and realized for the first time, that I had never fixed the front of my jeans after Carrie unbuttoned them this morning! They were so comfortable that I swear I didn't notice. And with the tight fit, it wasn't like they were ever in danger of slipping down. But as I held open both flaps in disbelief, I saw that my panties would have been in full view! I had chosen the briefest of silky underwear, also because of the snug fit, which just barely came up to my crotch. I was pretty certain that anyone seeing the front of my panties would know I was clean shaven.

And I had just walked across campus like this!

As I fumbled and tried to hurriedly snap shut my pants, Carrie giggled. "Oh, too bad you had to mention it to Erica. I was going to pull them down when we walked into class!"

The girls burst out laughing, and I was left standing mortified, my brown eyes wide. Maybe I was a little turned on, too.

"You wouldn't have!" I gasped.

Carrie ran a finger lightly down the side of my face. "Maybe, maybe not. Maybe I would have pulled your underwear down at the same time, and exposed your cute little ass!"

Speechless, I took a deep breath, while running my hands fretfully through my hair. The buxom strawberry-blonde took this opportunity to step forward, and proceeded to undo the buttons that I had just fixed.

Well, once again, it seemed decisions about how I present myself were taken out of my hands. At the urging of our two new friends, I was persuaded to leave my jeans open, with my low-cut panties on display! I mean, how humiliating… if I wasn't wearing at least this shred of material, my pussy would be showing! But no one seemed to mind, although people did continue to point and stare as we started back down the wide corridor. I sure didn't want to arrive late to class like this!

Along with a pack of other students, we rounded a corner and then had to climb some stairs to the second floor. I felt Carrie slip behind me, and I immediately tensed. I didn't know if she would truly pants me in the middle of all these people! But we continued to press forward, and I had to hold my books tight against my shirt as I felt my nipples hardening. My friend had her backpack slung over her shoulders, so she had both hands free to bring them to rest on my sweet hips.

As we approached the classroom door, I could feel Carrie's fingers on the sides of my jeans. I saw that there were already dozens of students seated and waiting for the professor's lecture to begin. Her fingers hooked around the denim material… and then hooked inside the elastic band of my panties!

"Do it!" I whispered to her, over my shoulder.

Her big breasts squished against my back, her nose and mouth were on my neck, and then inhaling the perfume of my red-dyed hair. My heart was beating faster, and my clit poked out fully extended.

"Do it!" I pleaded. And yet, I couldn't believe I was asking Carrie to pull down my pants and underwear in front of everyone.

Her grip tightened, we were standing at the head of the classroom. I closed my eyes, bracing myself for the exposure, ready to savor the humiliation. And then I heard heavy footsteps behind us, and a gruff male voice.

"Ladies, do please find yourselves some seats…" said the Professor in an exasperated tone.

Carrie quickly steered me with her hold on my jeans, and turned me to start walking down an aisle between seats. The Professor never saw my open pants, but he continued to admonish us like naughty schoolgirls.

"I hope I'm not going to have to keep an eye on you two!"

"Yes, sir. We will be good," Carrie replied sweetly. I could picture her turning to do a curtsey.

We finally made it to the end of the row of desks. They were those metal chairs, with the collapsible writing tray that pulled up and folded over. Carrie sat in the seat in front of me, and I slid into the desk-chair behind her. While we waited for the last few students to arrive, my friend leaned back so I could brush out her long strawberry-blonde hair.

Leaning forward, I confessed to her, "That would have been so hot, if you stripped me in front of the Professor!"

"Yeah, I wonder when was the last time he saw a young girl's puckered flower!" Carrie giggled.

Oh my, when she put it like that, it would be pretty embarrassing to show my genitals! I leaned back and slowly slipped a hand into my panties. It was then that I discovered that I had made myself wet, and the light fabric was drenched! I was afraid that the front was probably rendered transparent, and during my walk down the aisle, the seated students must have gotten a good look at my camel-toe pussy!

Too late, I was already stroking my hairless vulva, inserting a finger and using my thumb to tease my swollen clitoris. Right here in our college classroom!

"Mmmmmph!" I gave a strangled, muffled groan, and accidentally kicked Carrie's chair.

My friend turned around to look at me, a bemused expression on her face. "Erica, did you just have an orgasm?"

"Oh, Carrie…" I cried softly in bittersweet misery. "I've made myself cum. It's seeping through my panties and running down my leg!"

Carrie was silent for a moment, and then she said kindly, "Don't worry, baby girl. We'll get you all fixed up after class. Just try to relax, it will be all right."

"OK," I murmured, somewhat soothed by the young woman's words.

The rest of the class, I kind of sat there in a haze, not really paying attention. I don't believe I ever opened up my notebook. Later, I would have to catch up with Carrie. But as we neared the end of the period, I began to worry if people would smell the aroma of my juices. And worse would be when I had to stand up again.

Well, eventually the dreaded lecture was over. I waited a good few minutes for the students on either side of us to get out of their seats and leave the room. Soon, I looked up to see Carrie standing with arms folded across her breasts, foot tapping. Biting my lip, I reluctantly eased my legs to the side of the chair, and climbed to my feet. When I looked down at myself, I was horrified.

The crotch of the small panties was of course drenched. But even more embarrassing, my juices had streamed down both my legs, and left dark rivers down the front of my jeans. I was unable to even button them closed again, as Carrie only laughed and took my hand. She said I looked "cute", like a little girl who had wet herself! With my other hand feebly clutching my books, we made our exit from the classroom.

I really wasn't sure what it would look like. I mean, how likely was it that a college student would piss herself? Would people assume I must have been masturbating and creamed my pants? Maybe it could have been some other kind of liquid accident. Unfortunately, the way the twin trail of stains ran from the inside of my thighs down to the front of my knees, it was obvious that the source of the stains emanated from my crotch. I just wanted to get these jeans off!

It was so humiliating as we continued to press ourselves through the building. Not only was I brazenly displaying my damp undies, that hung down to reveal not a wisp of pubic hair, but people were seeing my cum stains as well! And I bet they could smell the musk of my horniness. I wish Carrie didn't get me so excited all the time!

Fortunately, we had some time to spare before our next classes, although we didn't have those together. Still, my friend suggested we head over to the Performing Arts Center, where Alicia was scheduled to try out for the orchestra. She promised me it would be a lot more private over there, not as many people around, and we could take care of my little "accident". I wasn't sure what she had in mind, but I followed anyway, since Carrie was tugging me along by the hand.

We had a bit of a hike across campus, prolonging my embarrassing predicament. There were more whistles and grins from the passing student population, as well as mocking laughter. I wonder if Carrie knew that the more I was humiliated like this, the more I sought her comfort and nurturing embrace. All I could think of was sucking on her juicy teats, which kept my mind off the snickering comments about the state of my jeans.

Before I knew it, we had crossed one of the campus streets, into a faculty parking lot and were heading up the steps to the Performing Arts Center. Once inside the main lobby, it was definitely a lot quieter here, and it was a relief to be out of sight from prying eyes. Carrie led me around a corner, and then down some wide black wooden steps. I felt like I was being taken to a dungeon!

In fact, on the lower level was where they had a number of rehearsal studios, classrooms, and a couple of practice stages. It was into the musky darkness of one of these auditorium-like chambers that the two of us slunk into. At least, no one would be able to see my embarrassing jeans with the fronts pulled open. But we could see about a dozen students with various musical instruments lined up on stage. Just beneath the platform appeared to be the director of the Music Program, and his associates.

There were less than a handful of people in the raised seating closest to the stage, other friends of the other students being evaluated. All told, I figured there were twenty people between the students and faculty. Carrie paused when we walked into the room and pointed to Alicia with her flute.

"Hi Alicia!" she called out, bouncing up and down.

Our brunette friend giggled and waved back at us. But the Music Director was not at all pleased. He turned to look in our direction and warned us that interruptions would not be tolerated. Carrie was always getting me in trouble. I hope she didn't get me thrown out of college!

After making our apologies, she and I scurried up to the back row, and filed all the way toward the middle of the seats. We had an excellent view of the musicians on stage. But as soon as one talented young man began playing a violin solo, Carrie decided it was time to take care of business.

"OK, Erica, let's get these things off you!"

In the semi-darkness of the back row, no one noticed as my friend moved across a couple of seats so she could lift my legs and begin working on the laces of my sneakers. Within moments, both my shoes bounced to the floor. Thankfully, the sound of the music covered any noise. She then took my jeans by the sides, and started wiggling them down my legs. It was surreal, being stripped by Carrie like this in a room full of people, and I couldn't offer any resistance.

When I was sitting sideways in my silky, skimpy panties, Carrie held my feet in her lap and caressed my bare legs. I was wearing short ankle socks, the kind with the frilly cuffs.

"Oooh, I like these!" my friend commented as she then leaned across me to touch the elastic band of my panties.

Her fingers worked quickly, and soon the delicate material was being pulled down my hips… past my butt, lower and lower, until Carrie had my underwear around my feet. She took them off completely, then discarded the damp things to the side.

"Oh!" I gasped, feeling my bald pussy exposed.

"Shhh!" came the hushed warning from one of the folks below.

"Sorry!" Carrie said aloud, with me laying here bottomless!

In the effort of getting my shoes off, and my pants and underwear, I had raised my shirt up until the hem was just below my breasts. I was effectively naked from my tummy down to my socks. Carrie leaned across me again, running a hand over my flat sexy stomach, and then bent down to kiss my bellybutton.

"You know, Erica," she looked up with a devilish smile. "I could strip you totally nude back here. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Uh-huh…" I said weakly, spreading my legs apart.

Carrie sat up straight eagerly, giggling, and took one of my feet in her hands. I watched as she began peeling off the sock until my bare heel came into view. But then I stopped her.

"Wait… I don't think this is a good idea," I said squirming in my seat. "There's a lot of people in this room, and I could get caught!"

My friend considered for a moment. "Hmmm… I suppose you're right. Maybe I should just let you get dressed."

But first, Carrie told me, I had to get cleaned up. My legs were still spread obscenely wide, with one resting on the back of the chair between us, and my other slender leg dangling to the floor. Between this parted view, I observed Carrie go into her backpack and retrieve some tissues.

I placed my hands behind my head and arched my back all the way, until I was just staring up into the darkness of the ceiling. Alicia must have started her audition, as I heard a sweet melody on the flute. This was so unreal, lying like this in the back row of a theatre in the Performing Arts Center, while Carrie began squeezing my knees and rubbing my thighs. She was checking for the sticky spots, but her hands felt amazingly good. I'm afraid I trembled at her touch, my pussy opening up in her face.

"There, there," she said… and started to lick between my thighs!

"Aaaahhhh…" I had to bring a clenched fist to my mouth to keep from moaning.

"Shush!" came an annoyed voice close to the stage.

Meanwhile, Alicia kept playing her flute, and Carrie kept licking my smooth legs. Finally, she moved her face close enough to breath on my pussy. She stuck her tongue out, just able to use the tip to taste and flick my clitoris. Then she lapped one big stroke over my bare pubic mound, which caused me to shudder, but did not send me over the edge.

"All clean," Carrie announced, and now used the tissues to pat my crotch and inner thighs dry.

I blinked, uncomprehending for a moment, as my friend turned around and started going through her bag again. I was so aroused, now I was ready to tear the rest of my clothes off! Instead, Carrie held out what appeared to be a little skirt. It was tartan, a kind of black and purple plaid, and from waistband to hem did not seem very wide.

Carrie helped me to a more comfortable sitting position and explained, "This is your new outfit, Erica!"

"What… what about my panties?" I asked, looking around for my discarded underwear.

My friend only laughed, "Oh, you don't want those things right now. Besides, it will be so cool for you to go the rest of the day without anything under your skirt!"

"I guess… but will it cover me?" I was uncertain, taking the material and holding it against my body.

"It will cover enough," Carrie admitted. "Now go ahead, and put it on."

Well, I wrapped the skirt around my slim hips, and it did fit rather nice. Pulling the zipper up at the side, the hem fell just below my crotch, leaving me showing a lot of thigh. I could feel my bare ass on the cushion of the seat, which meant the back only hung low enough to conceal my cheeks from being seen from behind. What a way this would be to spend sitting in class!

Carrie was crouched down on the floor again, putting the sneakers back on my little feet. From such a position, she had an obstructed view of my bare pussy, with my knees parted. I know she had just been getting friendly with my kitty only moments ago, but somehow being exposed beneath a short pleated skirt like this, seemed so naughty!

Just then, I looked up and noticed Alicia had finished her beautiful flute solo. There was a brief exchange with the Music Director, and then she started packing up her instrument. Carrie helped me to my feet, and signaled we should go toward the stage to meet our friend. Cautiously I maneuvered my nubile body between the rows of seats, conscious of the skirt that felt too short.

As I walked down the sloped floor, I realized that the wooly fabric swished deliciously over my bald vulva. And if I pressed my hand against my crotch, the tiny bristles of fibers would tickle my lower lips! I would have to be very careful how I moved, and where I placed my hands…

"Alicia! That was wonderful!" the strawberry-blonde bounced past me in her excitement.

Alicia broke into a wide grin and said, "It was so sweet of you two to come and watch! I think you brought me good luck…"

"Ladies!" the Music Director interrupted. "There are other students that are being evaluated. I'm going to have to kindly ask you to leave the room!"

I must have been blushing, and too flustered in my little skirt to do anything. But the other girls giggled at their indiscretion, and when the director turned his head back to the stage, Carrie stuck her tongue out at him. All I could think of, was where that tongue had been a few minutes ago…

"Oh, be nice!" Alicia laughed, grabbing Carrie by the arm and me by my shirt, and tugging us toward the doors to the theatre.

When we tumbled out into the hall of the Performing Arts Center, we rounded a corner before my brunette friend took appraisal of me for the first time.

"Erica!" she exclaimed, much to my embarrassment. "Your hair… that looks so hot! And that cute skirt, where did you get it?"

"Carrie gave it to me," I mumbled, rubbing one sneaker behind my other leg.

Alicia cradled an elbow in her hand as she continued to regard me. "Yeah, it doesn't look like something you'd usually pull out of your wardrobe. But with your red hair and that purple little thing, Erica, you look positively sexy!"

Carrie had skillfully positioned herself behind me, wrapping her arms around me in a hug. But then she looked at Alicia from over my shoulder…

"Well, check this out!"

With just the three of us standing out here in the hallway, Carrie flipped up my skirt, holding the hem high above my hips!

"Oh my gosh!" Alicia pointed and laughed. "Erica, your… you know… it's sticking right out!"

"Maybe she's happy to see you," Carrie giggled and tickled my butt with her fingers.

I thought I would die of embarrassment. I wiggled and squirmed, my bare pussy still on display, until I thought I would slip out of the skirt entirely.

"So no panties, huh?" Alicia continued to observe me. "Carrie, I guess you won't be satisfied until you send our girl to class without a stitch on!"

My strawberry-blonde friend lifted her hands to touch and fondle my ears. "Oooh… I think I may just do that. One day, I'll talk Erica into walking up to her class stark naked, and finding a seat in the front row!"

"No… way!" I protested, and turned myself around to face the buxom young woman.

"Well, you have to admit, that secretly you would like to try it…"

And then, Carrie planted a kiss on me, full on the lips! Our tongues touched briefly, before she gently pulled my bottom lip through her teeth. After that, all I could do was murmur.

"Maybe…"

Alicia grabbed me by the arm, and pulled me out of the embrace. "All right, you two. I have to make it to my next class, and I want Erica to walk with me."

"My class is on the other side of campus," Carrie pouted. "When can we hook up again?"

Our natural brunette friend gave the matter some thought, and then said, "Let's meet up back here at the Performing Arts Center after class. The auditions will be over by then, and I think this place will be pretty deserted."

"Cool!" Carrie exclaimed, her face brightening. "I'll tell Christa and Ashley. Maybe they can hang out with us later!"

With that, she turned and bounced down the hallway, leaving Alicia and I to walk in the opposite direction.

"Um… that was a very nice flute solo," I said awkwardly as soon as we left the building.

However, all Alicia wanted to talk about was how much she liked my new hair, and how hot I looked in this little plaid skirt. I guess that should have made me feel better, but the attention only seemed to bring humiliation. She kept saying that she couldn't believe I wasn't wearing any panties. Sometimes, it seemed like she announced this news to the whole campus!

We had to walk to the student parking lot first, so Alicia could put her flute back in her car. Then my friend was dragging me back across the street, heading toward the science center. At times, she moved so fast and pulled me along after her, I feared the back of my skirt was flapping up… flashing my bare ass! There certainly were a lot of comments as we walked past and through crowds of students.

Alicia seemed so proud at the responses I was getting, meanwhile I felt so ashamed! More so, because I was getting totally turned-on!

Finally, we had to part ways, and my friend teased me one last time, reminding me not to loose my skirt. Well, I wasn't going to let that happen as I began my walk across the street to another building. Still, it was pretty hard to keep my mind off my body, especially the bits that were so sensitive. I fumbled with the hem of the material on my way to class, and I was sure everyone knew that I didn't have on any underwear. There were some looks of disgust, I guess, and lots of smiles and winks. Most people couldn't take their eyes off my sweet schoolgirl legs, or so I liked to imagine.

Sitting through that hour and a half long lecture was torture! I never thought college classes could be so boring. But then, I had registered late, so I suppose I didn't have the best pick of interesting subjects. My mind started to drift, and I played with the idea of slowly removing the skirt Carrie gave to me. Then I would find an excuse to jump out of my chair, and stand bottomless in front of all these students! Of course, such thoughts only served to make me horny, but I dare not touch myself again. I didn't want to have another "accident" like earlier.

Toward the end of the lecture, one girl sitting in front of me turned around and snapped shut her compact mirror. "You know… if you're going to shave your pussy, you should really wear a longer skirt…"

Oh my gosh, I was so embarrassed! She probably thought I was some kind of slut! I think I would have buried my face in my arms, but then the professor signaled that we were dismissed. Rising to my feet, I simply grabbed my books, and ran out of the classroom. Amazingly, all I could think of now, was how much I wanted to see my friends.

As I jogged across campus, I could feel the little skirt gently lifting up and down off my lap. I'm sure the cheeks of my cute behind peeked into view as I scampered over the path. But I didn't care. I just wanted to be away from all those staring, leering eyes. And all those students who knew my dirty little secret…

When I reached the Performing Arts Center, I paused to catch my breath. Actually, I waited a few minutes to calm myself down before proceeding to venture inside. The remainder of my schedule was clear today. I wondered if the other girls were here already, and if Carrie would get Christa and Ashley to join us.

True enough, as I entered the building, the place seemed very quiet. My sneakers squeaked and echoed down the ground floor corridor.

"Hello?" I bravely called out.

There was no reply. No music students or drama students, and no faculty. I shrugged my shoulders, but also felt a shiver run down my spine. For some reason, I trembled with fear and excitement.

All by myself, I found the stairs that led to the lower level, to one of the performance stage rooms with its bright lights and black walls. It was here that I discovered Carrie and her two friends waiting.

"Hi Erica!" Ashley waved me over. "Oh my, but that is a darling skirt!"

They were sitting up on the raised platform, a good several feet off the floor, and I mumbled, "Thanks…"

"We were just talking," Carrie said as she helped me up the steps, "and saying how it was too bad you don't play an instrument, Erica!"

"Oh, but I've never been musically talented," I admitted.

Christa smiled as she took in the sight of me standing in the spotlight. "But we could just picture you up here as part of the orchestra, or playing in the jazz band…"

"Maybe she could have one of her clothing accidents!" Ashley giggled and winked at me.

Blushing, I tried to explain, "Well I don't like being up in front of an audience, so you'll never catch me on stage."

"Is that so?"

We all turned to look back toward the doorway to the room. To my surprise, it was the blonde bitch Lisa! And she was walking toward the stage with Alicia. I saw that my friend had returned with her flute case. Since I remembered she had made a special trip to put it back in her car, I figured it must have been Lisa's suggestion that she bring back to the Performing Arts Center. I wondered what she had in mind.

As instructed, Alicia climbed onto the stage and began unpacking her instrument. She assembled the two pieces, and then Lisa started to explain.

"Erica, you may not be any good at making music. But you do like to dance, don't you?"

Rubbing a foot shyly behind my leg, I looked down at the bossy blonde and answered, "Yes… I like to dance."

Carrie clapped her hands and said, "This should be entertaining!"

"Indeed," Lisa continued. "Now, little Erica, when Alicia begins to play for us on her flute… you're going to dance. And as you dance to her music, you're going to strip!"

"What?!!" I cried as my friends erupted in cheers and laughter. "What if… what if she keeps playing?"

Lisa only offered a smug smirk as she found herself a seat in the front row, directly in front of the stage. "Well that depends on how far Alicia wants to go…"

I stood with my mouth hanging open. Speechless, I couldn't find the words to express my doubt or concerns. I noticed Lisa didn't make any comment about my hair. And then, my brunette friend put the flute to her lips and played a few notes. I looked to her, my eyes wide.

She started playing a really beautiful melody, similar to the one she played at her audition. Then her eyes narrowed, and she changed the tune to a more slinky, slithery number, almost like a snake charmer from India. I couldn't help but let the music seep into my body. My shoulders started reflexively shifting up and down, as I wiggled my hips in time with Alicia's rhythm. I closed my eyes and ran both my hands through my hair.

And then my fingers wandered down my shirt, grabbing and squeezing my breasts. It wasn't so much as Lisa's command, as the spirit of the music, which made me start to undo the buttons. Soon, I had the front all the way open, my bare tummy and cute bellybutton on display. Alicia kept playing, and I kept dancing… turning around slowly, shrugging the light material of my shirt off my shoulders. I felt so alive, my heart beating faster, and then I took my top completely off so that the fabric floated to the floor in front of the stage. Standing up there in just my bra, my hands instinctively cupped my breasts. I silently shook my head.

However, I could see my friend smiling at me with her eyes, and I had no choice but to move my hands behind my back to reach for the clasp of my bra. Alicia did not let up, her fingers weaving that strange and exotic melody. I still shook my hips, and stretched my legs, stepping in time with the music… even as I unhooked my lacey bra, and let the shoulder-straps ease down my arms. They were all watching me. Not only Lisa and Alicia, but Carrie and Ashley and Christa, all in rapt attention!

Caught up in the sexy song and dance, I pulled the bra off my chest. I held onto it for a moment, and then tossed it down to land in Lisa's lap. I was standing topless on stage in my college Performing Arts Center! At first, I raised my palms to cover my tits… but I saw Ashley and Christa sitting in the corner with big grins on their faces. I lowered my arms, and showed them my bare breasts. My nipples were so hard!

Turning my head to the side, I glanced over my smooth shoulder to plead with Alicia. She only inclined her head and persisted with her rousing melody. I swayed to the music, my tits bouncing and nipples quivering with my motions. I think I may have run my tongue over my teeth… this was getting hot! Lowering myself to my hands and knees, I wiggled my butt, which was covered only by the most minimal of clothing. I dangled my feet over the edge of the stage, and started to crawl forward… slowly I pulled each foot out of its shoe, letting my sneakers drop to the floor below. Then, with a gracefulness only made possible by Alicia's music, I pushed myself up on my arms and rose to a standing position.

Again, I ran my hands through my hair, then over the skin of my tight stomach. Taking steps across the platform, I bent one leg up behind me, and reached back to grab the toe of my ankle sock. I was able to pull the fabric free, and let my bare toes fall to the stage. Tossing the sock away, I spun around and started moving toward Alicia. I lifted my other lower leg so that my heel was almost touching my butt, and leaned back to take hold of that sock. Easily, it slipped off and was thrown across the room.

It was then I realized I was standing barefoot on the stage, in front of my friends. In fact, I was wearing just one item of clothing, that tiny plaid skirt, which Carrie had given me! Clasping my hands and bringing them up beneath my chin, I looked at Alicia and shook my head.

Without even pausing to take a breath, the talented brunette kept playing her flute. She was going to make me do it. I looked around nervously, even as I continued to gyrate my hips to the music. Oh my gosh, oh my gosh… I just had one piece if clothing on. Already, my fingers were fumbling for the zipper. I still turned my head side to side, begging Alicia to end her song, and she still kept blowing and nimbly running her fingers along the instrument.

I turned around so my back was to Carrie and the other girls, and I stood facing Lisa. The zipper lowered, the button popped, I let the skirt descend to my feet. Rather than stepping out of the material, I raised a leg deliciously and kicked the skirt off my foot to go flying toward the audience.

I was absolutely naked, from head to toe, on the stage!

Oh, I was so bare up here! As I slowly turned around to face my other friends, I couldn't help but lift my hands up to squeeze my breasts. When I pulled my fingers away, my nipples were so elongated and hard. I swear they were wiggling on their own, to the sound of Alicia's flute music. And I know the girls were eyeing the rest of my figure, checking out my slender hips and bald pussy. Unsure of what to do, I looked shyly over my shoulder, even rising up on my toes, so that Lisa saw the bottom of my bare foot. I found Lisa evaluating me critically, arms folded and legs crossed. The fact that she was seeing my ass on full display like this, caused my clitoris to poke straight out.

Well, Alicia kept playing her flute, and I had already taken off all my clothes. What more were they expecting? I continued my nude slow dance, moving around the stage, arms raised above my head. Then, looking from Carrie to Ashley and then to Christa, I reached down and flicked my clit!

"Aaaahh…" I whimpered and slipped a finger inside.

"Hmmm… it appears Erica is ready to conclude her performance!" Carrie observed.

The girls, smiles on their faces, started to move closer to me… and I didn't know what to do! I just stood there, butt naked, about to masturbate in front of them. Glancing to my left, I saw even Lisa had gotten up out of her seat and was making her way up the stage. Nervously, I took a few steps backwards, my bare feet sticking and un-sticking off the hardwood floor. But I couldn't help playing with myself, especially with Alicia watching me and playing her instrument.

"Look at her go!" Ashley said amazed.

Before I knew it, the girls were practically on either side of me, and Christa commented, "What a cute body she has!"

I honestly thought I was going to collapse. The exposure was too much for me, sending me over the edge. And then, suddenly, there was Lisa dragging a folding chair across the stage and setting it behind me. I thankfully sat down, my legs spread wide apart.

"Ooooh! Mmmmm…." I moaned and writhed with pleasure.

The whole time, I never broke eye contact with Alicia. As I continued to rub my pussy, I pictured her using that flute… well, I had certain ideas about where she might put it. But then, Lisa reached down and grabbed my arms! She took me by the wrists and pulled them away from my body, exposing everything!

At first I whimpered, and wiggled my butt a little on the chair in a futile struggle. My bare legs were still spread open, I even hooked my feet around the opposite sides of the seat. Caught tight in Lisa's grip, I felt helpless, and hot at the same time.

"Please…" I arched my back and thrust my little tits forward. "I want to cum!"

But the blonde bitch only kept me on display like this, while the other three girls stood before me and looked down at my nude body. Alicia took great interest in playing her flute, which was having an effect on my pink parts. I could feel my clit wiggling in time with the music, as if it had a mind of its own. I was about to start bucking my hips, and I was afraid I was going to squirt in the direction of my friends.

Suddenly, the music stopped. Alicia gently lowered the flute from her lips. My eyes were wide with anticipation, but nothing happened. I could feel my heart still beating fast, and my pussy twitched, but I no longer convulsed with an impending orgasm. Lisa let go of my hands and slowly backed away from the chair. All eyes were upon me as I sat up and then stood on my trembling legs.

I was still very horny, but I did not try to touch myself. Maybe I wanted one of my friends to finish me off! In a bit of a daze, I ran a hand through my hair and looked around. All of my clothes were scattered, some items not even on the stage. Gingerly, I started walking forward.

"Wow, Erica…" said Carrie who stayed in front of me, "You're as pink down there, as, well… now you match your hair!"

I blushed even more as Ashley and Christa crept behind me and said what a nice butt I have. That only reminded me I was so completely naked up here, nothing was hidden. With my arms at my sides, I turned around, showing them my bare titties with nipples poking out.

"What… what are you doing?" I asked, seeing Lisa gathering up my socks and top.

The devious blonde ignored me at first, and proceeded to walk down the steps. She purposefully picked up my shoes from the floor, and then retrieved my bra and skirt over near the seats. All I could do was stand there in my bare feet and watch.

Pausing to regard me, Lisa finally said, "Seems like I'm cleaning up after you, naughty girl!"

"But… but, you're taking everything," I gasped, moving a few nervous steps closer to the edge of the stage. "You have to leave me something!"

Lisa tweaked my big toe, then ran a hand around the back of my calf. She looked up and said, "No, I don't think I will."

I almost melted at her tender touch and icy words. She was going to leave me here, in my college's Performing Arts Center, totally nude. Bringing my hands up to cover my breasts, I looked over my shoulder at my friends for support, but they only shrugged. And giggled and smiled… they were obviously enjoying my predicament.

Carrie glided over to me, and placed her palm on my ass. "Come on, Erica, we'll walk with you back to my car. I'll skip class and drive you home. Unless, that is, you want to go streaking through the campus!"

I backed away from the strawberry-blonde's eager suggestion, and even lowered a hand to cover my pussy. "Um, no… I think I would rather go home, and, well, you know…"

The truth was, I was still very aroused. Alicia's song has brought me very close, and I had not been able to relieve myself. Now, the girls were hovering around me, absolutely devouring the sight of my bare slim figure. They were prolonging my nudity and loving every minute of it! And I was getting hotter by the minute. I even lowered my arms again, showing all my private parts. It seemed only a few weeks ago we had met Ashley and Christa, and now they were seeing me entirely naked!

The girls slowly moved closer to me, so I was essentially being herded down the steps of the performance stage. I kept a minimum distance, but certainly within arms length, so that anyone one of them could have touched my body with their soft feminine touch. Lisa watched us all parade along the side of the room, smiling in satisfaction.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't expect to see…" came the male voice that I recognized as one of the teachers in the music department.

I froze, up in front of the line, my friends mere steps behind me. In the dim light upon first entering from the hallway, I don't think the teacher immediately saw that I wasn't wearing any clothes. But then he continued walking toward us, and his eyes adjusted, if he could believe what his eyes were seeing. I just stood there, arms dangling at my sides. My breasts and erect nipples were in plain view, and as my hairless body glistened, my pink labia were unfolded. I hoped he didn't notice my clitoris poking out!

And then there was Lisa, quickly at our side, almost coming between the teacher and me. Almost, but not quite… I was still on display in all my glory, unable to turn away or cover up my pink bits.

"Erica, here, was just finishing up rehearsing for a nude scene in one of the drama club's productions," Lisa casually explained.

"Oh, I see…" said the music teacher when he found the words to speak again. His eyes roamed from the tips of my shoulders to my bare toes on the carpet of the theatre floor. "I hope I didn't interrupt… but I am scheduled to rehearse the chorus now."

Just then a group of students came piling in through the door from the outside corridor. There were lots of young women, and quite a few guys, too. I thought I was going to die of shame. For some reason, I could not make my legs move. I just watched and watched as about a couple dozen or so people entered the room. And they were all looking at me!

"That's all right, we were about to be leaving," Lisa continued. She then squeezed my fingers in her hand, and began pulling me toward the room's exit.

Of course, this meant I was not able to use that hand to cover myself. Nor did I bother with my other arm, which only flailed out at my side as I scampered after her on my tiptoes. Passing by the college chorus students, that is when the comments started. First there were gasps of shock, then chuckles. Some mocked my small tits, while others said I looked like a slut because of my shaved pussy. Still, there were those who said I had a really nice ass!

I could hear the teacher admonishing his students behind us, reminding them not to be rude, that they should respect the sacrifices I needed to make for my "art". My whole body blushed furiously… I was so embarrassed! By this time, Alicia and the others had caught up with us and were right on my heels. Their hands found my back, my butt, and my hips as they practically pushed me the rest of the way and out into the Performing Arts Center hallway.

There was nothing I could do as I was ushered through the building, surrounded on the sides and in back by my friends. But when a few straggling students came rushing in our direction, they were treated to sight of my full frontal nudity. I just closed my eyes and let the girls guide me, self-conscious of my bare feet slapping along the floor, my perky breasts bouncing with our steps, and my pussy lips sticking out, begging to be stroked!

Lisa stopped us when we climbed to the ground floor of the building. "Well, little girls, this is where I take my leave. It was a very entertaining diversion, Erica. I'll send your clothes over when I get around to it…"

"But…" I started, even reaching out with an arm, only to watch Lisa march imperiously down the hall with all my things.

Standing stark naked in the middle of my four friends, I wondered what I was going to do. Carrie took the opportunity, with my arms lowered, to flick my nipples and rub them between her fingers.

"Oh, but you looks so cute!" she squealed. "I could just eat you up! Are you sure you still don't want to streak the science center or something? Maybe wander into a classroom like this?"

I shook my head, no, but continued to let Carrie massage my breasts.

"I think Erica looks horny," Christa observed studiously. "Maybe she should find someplace to finish masturbating…"

I couldn't believe she would say that right in front of me! Of course, there was no denying the veracity of her statement. Secretly, I wondered if she wanted to finish me off. Or at least, that is what I fantasized.

Finally Carrie took my hand and gently pulled me toward the doors of the building. "All right, Erica, I'll take you home so you don't have to spend the rest of the day naked at college."

The sun was only just going down in the late afternoon, it was still plenty light out. As we stepped in to the cool fresh air, I shivered a little and rubbed my arms. I thought about all the other buildings that lined the way through campus toward the student parking lot, and all the people that would still be around.

"Oh, but Carrie…" I whispered breathlessly, as I stood on my tiptoes and clasped my hands in front of my bald pussy. "Couldn't you just bring your car around to this parking lot, and pick me up here?"

The buxom blonde giggled and winked at me. "What? And leave you with these three, to have their way with you?"

At this playful remark, Ashley put her hand on my hip, then began to caress my little bare bottom. "I have to admit, Erica, you're wearing a pretty tempting outfit!"

Everyone laughed, but meanwhile my heart was racing. I could see Carrie had no intention to drive over to this lot. So it was either walk with her back to her car, or loose the opportunity for a ride home. I pressed myself close to Carrie, and began following her as we started our walk across campus. One last time, I turned my head to see Alicia, Ashley, and Christa smiling at my naked ass. They each blew a kiss at me, then separated to go off in different directions.

We actually picked a strategic route, and moved carefully to minimize people seeing me. It wouldn't do any good for us to get caught by security. And while this resulted in a good bit of hiding, or waiting for the coast to be clear, it also meant I was nude even longer, with Carrie occasionally teasing and petting my body. By the time we reached the student parking lot, the two of us had to make a final run for it. On her long legs, the strawberry-blonde easily loped ahead of me to her car. I was left jogging over the blacktop totally naked, and my poor nipples were so hard! A few students finishing up their day were also in the parking lot, and there were plenty of whistles and pointing.

I jumped into Carrie's car, and we sped out of the stall and out onto the main campus road. My friend looked over at me and smiled.

"Now remember, Erica, you may not cum until we get you back home and inside your room."

I was about ready to explode from all the excitement, and I shyly asked the young woman driving, "Will you… will you help me?"

"Only if you stay red all over," Carrie answered curiously.

Then I looked down and saw my body flushed a rosy pink from the exertion as well as the humiliation and arousal. I touched my nipples between my thumbs and forefingers, pinching and stretching them out a full inch. Of course, between my legs, I was already pink and juicy. She would probably have to spank me to make my bottom bright red. And then I looked in the mirror and watched a ringlet of scarlet hair fall playfully on my forehead. For the first time today, I was really glad I had dyed my hair red!

**27 - Sunday Softball**

I hadn’t realized my good fortune that several weeks had passed without my friends pulling some kind of incident to cause my embarrassment and humiliation. This was especially true, as my birthday was earlier in April. I had just turned nineteen-years-old, was finishing up my first year at college, and nothing outrageous had happened. I breathed an inward sigh of relief. Maybe it was because we had a damp and sullen early Spring. But now the sun was out again, and the warm weather had arrived. I should learn to appreciate the relative peace and quiet while it lasts.

It seems all that was going to change, one Sunday morning just before the end of the month. My friend Alicia called me over and explained that she needed to take her cousin Jimmy to the little league game at the park. Her Aunt and Uncle were going away, and she was the only one able to give him a ride. I really didn’t want to get involved. Not that I wasn’t feeling nice or helpful, but I’ve always found her cousin to be a rude little beast.

Of course, enough whining and pleading from Alicia, and her telling me how pretty I looked (not sure why she threw that in, but I guess flattery couldn’t hurt…) and I finally agreed to accompany her. We drove over to her Aunt’s house, and collected the boy in his amusing Little League uniform, and promised his parents we would take good care of him. No sooner did we get to the car, then Jimmy announced that he wanted to ride up front with his cousin! I was told to get in the back seat, where he dumped the rest of his equipment, his aluminum bat and glove. Alicia’s cousin made a point to turn around in his seat and tell me not to touch anything.

Well, already I felt pretty foolish, being bossed around and treated like such. I folded my arms grumpily and crossed my legs. Doing so, I noticed for the first time that the shorts I was wearing revealed rather a lot of my slender legs. I think the boy watched me during the whole drive, either over the headrest, or catching glimpses in the rearview mirror. By the time we reached the park, I was blushing furiously.

We unloaded out of the car, and Jimmy grabbed his bat and glove, running ahead of us toward the field.

“Your cousin is creepy,” I remarked to Alicia.

My friend only laughed and said, “I guess you’ve made an impression on him. Maybe he likes you…”

Now that would surprise me! The way he always acted disrespectful and called me names. I didn’t think he even liked girls. But what was more surprising was that upon strolling over to the chain link fencing leading to the backstop, we were greeted by Lisa and Carrie!

“Lovely spring day, isn’t it?” the strawberry blonde, Carrie, smiled.

At her side, Lisa frowned and said, “I think it feels too warm. It’s not even summer and it’s like eighty degrees. Why are we here anyway?”

This also caught me surprise. Usually it was Lisa doing the plotting and scheming and deciding what we did as a group. The fact that she was a little in the dark, made me ease up and let down my guard.

“I recall that we did not do anything special for little Erica for her birthday,” Carrie was continuing. “So what would be better than to take this opportunity to spend some time together, enjoying the sunshine, watching some innocent softball?”

I looked from each of the girls, one to another, and asked, “You mean that’s it? Sounds harmless enough.”

“Of course!” Alicia teased and grabbed my arm. “What kind of trouble could we get into here?"

With that, we all giggled, and started heading for the bleachers off to the side. I noticed that there were a lot of parents and grandparents here, a pretty good-sized crowd, but they were able to find seating in the first few rows. Soon there was the smell of barbeques and soft drinks pulled from coolers, and ice cream, as refreshments were passed around. As for we college girls, we climbed toward the highest bleachers in the back and off to the edge, directly across from third base. I hoped we didn’t seem too odd keeping apart from the other families, but then, no one really paid any attention to us.

Alicia sat on my right hand side, while Lisa made herself comfortable on my left. Carrie positioned herself on the bench just in front of us, and I watched the sunlight play upon her tresses of red and gold. After practice was over, the Little Leaguers took the field. Everyone in attendance cheered and encouraged the earnest ballplayers. In the middle of the first inning, Carrie swung her body around and looked up at us.

“Hey, Erica… do you remember your birthday a few years ago?”

I immediately felt my face flush, and I started to bring my hands to my mouth in shock. “How could I forget! That was so embarrassing!”

“It’s kind of sad that we didn’t give you a big send-off, this year,” Alicia added, almost regretfully. Although she was smiling.

Squirming a bit, I answered, “Yeah, well, I’m not too disappointed…”

My friends exchanged looks, as I wasn’t sure how that came out. I wasn’t even sure what I really meant. Nervously, I tugged on the ends of my hair and stretched a leg out in front of me.

“Erica, those are cute shorts,” Alicia commented.

“And it looks like somebody has started working on her tan already!” Carrie joined in playfully.

“What… what do you mean?” I felt myself begin to heat up under their collective scrutiny. “It hasn’t exactly been tanning weather…”

Alicia rubbed my arm and said, “Just a little time outdoors in the sun, and you’re already getting some color!”

At this point, Lisa leaned in and said with great meaning, “Maybe Erica would like to get an all-over tan!”

“Oh…” I squeaked.

Carrie was already giddy and she quickly took the laces of my sneakers in her fingers. With nimble skill, she had them undone, then pulled a shoe off each foot.

“No socks, Erica?” she asked even as she cradle my bare foot in her hands.

I shook my head, “Nope… no socks.”

Wow, did I feel like a little girl, sitting up here between my bigger friends. Looking down, I saw the hem of my shorts end in the middle of my thighs, leaving my legs bare all the way down to my cute little toes. I wiggled them self-consciously, feeling a familiar tingle of excitement in my tummy.

“She needs to work on her shoulders,” Lisa gave her unasked for critical opinion… and then plucked at the fabric of my T-shirt!

“Oh, wait… no!” I squealed.

But it was too late. With Lisa being determined and forceful on one side, I was helplessly unaware of my friend Alicia giggling and lifting up my shirt from my other side. Together they stretched and pulled the material, up, up and off my body!

“No bra, either,” Carrie observed.

“Oh my gosh!” It all happened so fast!

Suddenly, I was sitting up here in the bleachers completely topless. There were like fifty or a hundred people below us, as well as the players on the field. Not to mention their coaches… and the umpires! But no one paid any notice to the three college girls surrounding me, who were more interested in my clothes than in the Little League game. I crossed my arms over my titties, shoving hands beneath opposite armpits.

The sun sure did feel nice on my back, and my stomach was still fluttering as Alicia leaned forward to unsnap the button on my shorts. They were stripping me, right here in the middle of the park, during a softball game! I couldn’t struggle, with my hands tied up covering my breasts. Gosh, I didn’t want anyone to see how hard my nipples were growing. Sitting on the bench below us, Carrie took a firm grip so she could yank the shorts down my legs.

They slid off easily, and then the strawberry blonde tossed them aside. Leaving me to sit here in just a pair of white panties! Maybe I should have stood up and tried to get away. But that would be just too embarrassing… to be seen bare-chested and in my little underwear. My eyes were wide as I turned my head side to side, pleading with Alicia and Lisa.

“Don’t… don’t you think you’ve gone far enough?”

Lisa informed me quite clearly, “No tan lines for you, Erica!”

I was truly shocked. It was broad daylight, and there were so many people around us. The three girls were laughing and I was beginning to get turned on. I still hugged myself tightly, hiding the only pink bits that were on display. But then Alicia delicately took hold of one side of the elastic band at my waist, as Lisa grabbed the other side in her fist. Carrie reached forward slowly peeled the front of the panties away from my body.

The three girls counted together… “One… two… three!”

Down they came, pulled lower and lower by three separate hands. Lisa held on to my back to keep me from falling over. I never stood a chance. My butt lifted off the wooden plank of the bleachers, as the girls rolled the scrap of material over my creamy thighs. And then it was all Carrie, taking the last piece of clothing off of me… relishing the moment as she slipped one leg out and let the fabric dangle for a moment at the tip of my toes. When I lowered my leg, my underwear fell completely off and floated to the ground below.

I was stark naked! I squirmed and fidgeted, crossing my completely bare legs, then placing a hand over my now exposed crotch. The girls huddled protectively around me. Slowly they reassured me that no one suspected any of this foolishness. The game was still going on, and the crowd of parents, friends, and other family members were captivated by the action on the field.

Lisa, Carrie, and Alicia gradually coaxed me into lowering my arms and settling into a more relaxed position. I leaned back a little, allowing my feet to rest on the long bench in front of me. Letting one hand rest on my flat tummy, I closed my eyes, picturing my clean-shaven pussy, pink and bright in the sunshine. The girls actually made me watch an inning unfold. I couldn’t believe I was watching totally nude, as Alicia’s cousin came to bat.

“Happy Birthday, Erica!” My friends teased.

Suddenly, there was a crack of the bat. The pitch had been thrown, and Jimmy made direct contact. I was just able to get enough of my bearings to see that it was stroked into leftfield, and landed a few yards past third base…

Alicia, Lisa, and Carrie jumped to their feet in excitement and yelled, “SURPRISE!”

Instinctively, I jumped up, too, and I could feel my bare bottom bounce. What I didn’t expect was that my friends then sprang away from me, clamoring down the bleachers, into the crowd below. For a moment I stood alone.

And absolutely naked! First, I brought my hands to my head, uncomprehending. It was like a lightning reflex, and my tits and pussy were on view. Was everyone looking in my direction? I happened so fast… the “ping” of the aluminum bat, the girls jumping out of their seats, and now I was up here not wearing any clothes at all!

No time for covering up, I spun around and began to sidestep over the descending bleachers. But I had to move slowly, because I didn’t want to trip, or get a splinter in my bare foot. The crowd was cheering. Were they watching me, or were they watching Jimmy round the bases? I couldn’t look. I just kept my eyes on my legs and feet shuffling down, closer to the field, while my arms flailed about.

When my toes sank into the grass, I was at once and the same time disorientated and aroused! My nipples poked out, pointing toward the sky. All I knew was that I needed to run back to Alicia’s car. But which way had we parked? I found myself running closer to the sideline, and I pulled up just before I reached the dirt of the base path. By that time, the ball that Jimmy hit had been flung back toward the infield.

The third base player made the catch and spun around… and was greeted by my clit emerging out of its hood. Confused, or reacting on so many practice drills, the boy reached out and touched the ball to my soft stomach.

“Oh!” I gasped.

Then, from over my shoulder, I could make out the sounds of shouting voices: “Run home! Run home!”

Yes, that is what I needed to do! I turned around on my bare heel, and began sprinting toward home plate. Although I guess I had been tagged out already. But looking over my shoulder, I saw that the ball was dropped, as the players and coaches watched on in disbelief, and Alicia’s cousin came running behind me.

All I remember next was rushing past the crowd and the home plate umpire. Once I made it beyond the backstop, I saw the parking fields ahead in the distance. There, I would rejoin my friends and we could make our escape. Alicia of course had to return to pick up her cousin. And neither of them would let me for get that Sunday game, where my unexpected streak helped Jimmy’s team score the winning run.

How embarrassing!

**28 – Erica’s Streak**

We were gathered in Ashley's comfy dorm room. Her friend Christa was there, as well as my friend, Alicia. Well, I guess we had all become friends since college started. It's just that, Alicia and I had known each other since high school, and I learned that the other two girls had been together since junior high. We all seemed to get along pretty well.

It was a Friday night, and after our last class, Alicia and I had crashed over at Ashley's dorm and hung out for the rest of the afternoon. There was a carton of half-eaten pizza over on the table, and some bottles of water and soft drinks. Alicia now came walking out of the washroom, and sat down on the sofa next to me.

"Hey, Erica…" my brunette friend announced, "Ashley and I were up for a little adventure tonight!"

I looked at the other two girls across the small room, and then back at Alicia. "Oh, really? And just what did you two have planned?"

"Well, Sweetie pie…" she now slid closer to me, even draping an arm around my neck and gently fondling one of my ears. "We were thinking about streaking the dormitories over on the other side of the campus!"

A shiver ran up my spine, and I laughed nervously. "That's crazy! All three of you?"

"Not exactly," Christa said stepping forward. "You see, I'm going to stay dressed since I can't risk my Art scholarship by getting into trouble and getting caught. But, I'll still be able to help them, keeping an eye out and making sure everything is safe."

Ashley bounced onto the floor and curled up beneath my feet. "But we are doing the streak, each under separate conditions. Alicia is going to run in just her underwear…"

"That hardly seems like streaking," I remarked, perhaps, regretfully.

"Wait until you see the kind she is wearing!" Ashley continued. "And I'm going to run through in just a towel… nothing underneath!"

I gulped, "So where does that leave me?"

Alicia ran her finger down my earlobe, then brushed my cheek, turning my little chin to look her in the eye. "Erica, we were thinking you could run with us, you know, without anything on at all."

"Are you serious?" I gasped, and tried to push myself away.

"What's the matter?" Christa giggled. "You're the one always getting naked."

Folding my arms across my chest, I pouted. "I am not always getting naked. Bad stuff just happens to me. Or I get tricked. Or Lisa strips me…"

"Mmmm, I bet you would do it if Carrie was here," Ashley teased. "She likes your body."

Momentarily confused, I fidgeted with the buttons on my shirt. "She… she does?"

"So what to you say, Erica?" my friend urged, whispering in my ear. "Will you take off your clothes for us?"

"Um, I don't know…"

My face was blushing bright red, as I squirmed on the couch. I even kicked off a sneaker. How do I keep finding myself in these situations! Finally, I looked at all three girls around me, and I felt very shy.

"I can't!" I told them. "I can't just go running bare ass nude through the campus!"

As Alicia, Christa, and Ashley stared and frowned at me, I was starting to feel guilty. I mean, I didn't want to ruin their fun. But why did I have to be the one to go totally bare? I stood up in the center of the room, one shoe on and one shoe off, and ran my hand through my hair. What a decision to make!

Unable to bear their disappointment, I suggested, "How about if I wear a towel, too."

Ashley exchanged glances with Alicia and then said, "Only one of us gets to wear a towel."

"I'll flip you for it!" I shouted excitedly.

I don't know why I blurted that out. Part of me didn't want to be going along with this daring scheme in the first place. But it seemed already, I was being swept away by the events unfolding. Before I could think, Christa reached into her pocket and pulled out a coin.

"OK, here are the rules," the Art student explained. "I'll do the toss, and when it lands… if it's heads, Erica can wear Ashley's towel. But if it's tails… then Erica, has to strip… right here, completely naked. And she'll have to do the streak without any clothes on!"

The other girls whistled and cheered, as I felt myself flush in embarrassment. There was no turning back now. One coin toss would decide my fate for the evening. And I was just as torn. Part of me hoping it would come out heads, part of me wishing for tails!

I sucked my breath in, watching as Christa stood forward, the coin held in her outstretched palm. A hush fell over the three of us, as she tossed the quarter high into the air. My eyes followed its rise, and what seemed to be its slow descent… until the college girl caught it again. She slapped the coin onto her forearm, but held her hand covering it for a moment. The suspense was killing me!

Now Christa peered beneath her fingers, really drawing out the tension, and then said, "The toss is… heads! Erica goes with the towel."

"Yes!" I exclaimed jubilantly.

I collapsed back onto to the sofa, even kicking my legs up and down in excitement. I couldn't believe I had won! The girls let me celebrate for a few more moments, but it seemed they had gotten their hopes on exposing my cute little ass this evening. Well, too bad for them!

"All right, Missy," our moderator Christa finally said. "Have it your way. But now it's time to get you prepared…"

Ashley's friend disappeared into the bathroom, and then was back out with a single pink towel. It looked like it would be pretty soft, I just hoped it would also cover enough!

Then Alicia took me by the hand and we stood up, walking over to the dorm's bedroom. Not that it appeared to be very spacious. Only enough room for Ashley's bed, her closet, and a nightstand. And enough room to get changed in.

"Now remember," Alicia explained, "This towel will be the only thing you are allowed to wear. So we want you to hand everything through the door as you get ready. EVERYTHING… do you understand, Erica?"

I nodded my head with eyes wide. I guess I wasn't so far away from total nudity as I imagined. But there was nothing I could do about it now. I was given the towel, and then I shyly closed the door behind me.

I had kicked off my other sneaker back when we were in the other room. So it only seemed natural for me to bend at the waist and pull both my socks off my little feet. As instructed, I cracked open the door a bit and stuffed the cotton material into my friend's hands. Then I took a deep breath, before undoing the buttons of my shirt and removing my top. Again, I slid this past the door, into Alicia's waiting fingers. Working quickly, I next unhooked my bra. Like a good little girl, I stuck my arm and bare shoulder out into the room to discard this item. Alicia used this opportunity to check that I was indeed topless, and she playfully tweaked on of my nipples!

"Ouch!" I said, although they were already growing hard and pointing out. I could hear the other girls giggle.

Now I slid my jeans down my legs and off my feet, hurrying so I could cover up again. I wondered what they were doing with my clothes, as I removed and handed over each item. By the time I was down to just my panties, I was pretty turned on. I was almost afraid to take off this last piece, because I might be tempted to start playing with myself. But there was not time for that. So I closed my eyes, and shimmied the delicate material down my hips, thighs, knees, and finally kicked them off my ankles. It's not like they haven't seen me before, but I actually held a hand over my pussy as I opened up the door and gave Alicia my underwear.

Then, with Ashley's bedroom door still open, I turned around so I could fetch the towel. The girls all whistled at the sight of my rear. In a way, I guess that made me smile. But I also blushed bashfully. I wrapped the only covering I would have, tightly around my body. Now my breasts are kind of small, so I was afraid there wouldn't be anything to keep the towel up. Still, my nipples were elongated and sensitive, the soft cloth brushing against them delightfully. The edge hung down to just above my knee, and of course, I tucked in the folds in front of my chest.

"Be careful not to loose that!" Ashley teased as I made my entrance into the middle of the room.

In fact, as I walked around, I was very conscious of just that. It suddenly dawned on me that I would be scampering across campus like this, as well as running through buildings. Looking down, I wiggled my toes, then brushed a foot nervously behind the other calf. I lifted a hand to grip the folds of the towel more securely. My shoulders were so bare, and I think I sprouted goose bumps on the soft skin exposed beneath my neck, just above my covered titties.

I swallowed back a lump of anxiety, and tried to sound brave. "Well, now it's your turn, Ashley. And you have to strip stark naked!"

The perky college stood up, and stepped toe to toe with me, making me feel very vulnerable. "Mmmm… I don't think so. The bet only said that if the coin came out tails, you would have to streak in your birthday suit."

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked, slightly trembling with fear and excitement.

Alicia, too, looked interested in this development. "Yeah, Erica has a point. Two points, actually…"

"Maybe three," Christa laughed, sneaking up behind me. "I bet her clit is sticking out right now!"

"Come on, guys," I protested, although I did feel my pussy twitching beneath the folds of the towel. "This is about Ashley, and how is she going to do the streak?"

Alicia walked over to our friend and said, "Indeed, we already agreed that I'm going to make the run in my bra and panties…"

Now it was Ashley's turn to look at each of us, before answering confidently, "Fine… then I'll streak the dormitories in just my panties! I'll do it topless."

We all watched in amazement as Ashley calmly walked into the kitchen area. She opened up the refrigerator and found herself a wine cooler. I guess a little alcohol wouldn't hurt on a night like this. In my pink towel, I moved across the room to join her, my bare feet slapping over the tiles as I neared the refrigerator. She handed me her drink, which I took a sip, and then the perky college girl started taking off her clothes!

First, Ashley pulled off her T-Shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra anyway, and her boobies bounced free. Placing her shirt on the counter, she used a heel to pry a shoe off each foot, leaving her feet as bare as mine. Then she pulled down her pants, stepping out of them and throwing them onto the counter as well. Dressed in only a pair of white panties, Ashley placed her hands on her hips. I stared at her breasts enviously, and I think I noticed her nipples begin to stiffen. At that point, she raised her hands to modestly cover her tits.

Now Ashley turned to look at the other two girls in the room and said, "Your turn, Alicia! Better get those things off you…"

My friend smiled, and then glided over to stretch herself out on the sofa. She was dressed nicely today, and I had told her that earlier this morning. She had shiny black pumps on, and the brunette let her fingers wander down her legs to find and undo the buckles. With a thud, the two shoes dropped to the floor. Alicia was also wearing dark tights, but she quickly had her hands beneath her skirt and was rolling the fabric down her shapely legs. She stretched them off her feet and then tossed the tights in our direction. Pausing for a moment, she rubbed her lower legs sensuously and wiggled her toes.

Suddenly, Alicia rearranged herself into a position sitting straight up on the couch. Using both hands, she pulled from the bottom of her sweater and lifted it completely over her head and off her body. Always well endowed, we saw her breasts jiggle inside a sexy, lacey black bra. Christa let out an appreciative whistle as Alicia stood up and started to undo her skirt. She let it drop to the floor to reveal a matching pair of black lace panties. I was getting wet!

But when my friend turned around to daintily pick her skirt up from the floor, we all saw that she was wearing a thong! Both cheeks of her beautiful ass were on display. Standing here next to a topless Ashley, and having just watched Alicia strip down to so little, I felt very horny. I almost wished I wasn't wearing the towel at all!

Alicia neatly folded her clothes, then came over to join us in the kitchen, walking on her tip toes. That only made her seem taller. Of the three of us, she definitely had the bustiest chest. And of course, I was the smallest, which made me feel self-conscious all over again.

"You know, Alicia, if you were going to be wearing that little thing," Ashley winked and teased, "maybe you should just go bottomless!"

I gasped, as the others laughed. Alicia spun around, and then stood in front of me, her boobs practically in my face. She hooked her thumbs inside the elastic waistband, and began to tease them over her hips. I thought I even saw a tuft of brown pubic hair peek into view.

My friend continued to wiggle her hips and asked, "You mean go running around with just a hand between my legs?"

Again, we all giggled and laughed, although I felt my tummy fill with butterflies.

"I'll do it…" Alicia declared, "but only if Erica looses the towel, and runs completely naked!"

Christa and Ashley urged me on, saying how cool that would be. One girl topless, one bottomless… and me in the middle, totally nude. Oh my gosh, I really wanted to do it! If it was just the four of us, I probably would. But despite my beating heart, somewhere in the back of my mind, I remembered that we would be going across campus and inside another dormitory building filled with students.

"I'm sorry," I squeaked. "No… I can't."

Alicia just smiled and snapped her panties against her hips, even hiking them up into her crotch a bit. "Suit yourself, Erica."

We began to shuffle ourselves back into the main room. I guess we were all about ready to get going. Alicia was next to me on one side, and Ashley was on the other, still cupping her breasts. Then Christa stepped into the middle of the room and held out a hand to stop us.

"Oh, I just have to get a picture of this!" she cried.

"What?" I asked, startled. I did not expect this adventure was going to be documented.

Ashley, too, seemed a bit concerned as she huddled closer to me and said, "Yeah, what is this for your "art" collection? You had better not show these to anybody!"

Fishing through her bag for her digital camera, Christa replied, "Oh, it's only for us girls. To share the memories, you know?"

"Or mammeries," I quipped, glancing at Alicia's cleavage and licking my lips.

Oh my gosh, what was I thinking! This was my best friend. But standing in between the girls, in just a little pink towel, I was so aroused! As Christa readied her camera, I suddenly thought the other two might yank the towel off me at the last second. That would be so embarrassing, because right at that moment, my pussy lips were spread and my clitoris had popped out of its hood!

"I just hope it's not too chilly out tonight!" Alicia giggled.

After another glance at my friend in her sexy underwear, I started to think how daring she was behaving this evening. I wondered if she was up to something. And then Christa took our picture, saving the digital capture of we three young women wearing so little. I guess, technically, I was the most covered, so that made me feel a little better.

The Art student then put her camera back in her bag, before casually walking over to the door. It was odd, seeing her fully dressed, while the rest of us were somewhat indecent. She stepped out into the hallway, and then turned to motion that it was all clear.

Alicia squeezed my arm and said, "Here we go, Erica!"

Now that I was caught up in the emotion, this was pretty exciting! Not only to be walking outside the dorm room in a short towel, but also because of my friend in her bra and panties, and Ashley in just her panties. The three of us moved carefully in our bare feet, and followed Christa's lead. Presumably, she would take us safely out of the building and pick our way across campus, while keeping an eye out for any trouble.

At this stage, we must have still felt secure as we were in a familiar setting, only a few yards from the safety of Ashley's room. So we kind of walked loosely, not huddled together. With the clothed Christa pointing out the way, her friend followed next, still clutching her breasts. I was behind her, and I was starting to realize how hot Ashley looked in just her snug white panties. Her back was so smooth and bare, and she had a really nice butt. I felt myself blush, imagining the girl loosing her underwear and seeing her naked ass! Alicia marched alongside me, and I wondered if she guessed my thoughts.

We rounded a corner, and suddenly crossed the path of another group of female students.

"Wow, nice outfits!" one of the girls said.

"Going out on the town like that?" asked another, eyeing my two friends clad in their panties.

"What's with the little girl in the towel?" teased a college co-ed from across the hall.

Christa came to our defense, or so I thought she would, but instead replied, "These ladies are up for some campus streaking."

"Sounds fun," the first student answered mischievously, and they began to gather around us. "Actually, your friend in the middle is kind of cute…"

As the girls moved closer, one of them reached out to touch the hem of my towel, causing me to squeak. "Please don't! I'm not wearing anything else… I'm naked!"

"Well, that's the idea isn't it?" the other girl playfully snapped Ashley's panties, since she was helpless with her hands covering her tits. "Shouldn't you ladies be discarding the rest of your things?"

I was kind of nervous and excited at the same time. What if they ended up taking my towel off? I didn't want these other girls to see my pointy nipples and shaved pussy. Why didn't Christa do something! Thankfully, it was my friend Alicia who intervened.

Clad in just her bra and thong, the busty brunette looked them in the eye and said, "We are going to take everything off when we get to the dormitory building across campus!"

"Oh, that does sound pretty wild," the first girl said, with a measure of respect.

The three female dorm students stepped back, allowing us room to move forward again. I gave them a parting glance, and tightened my tiny towel in front of my chest. If I raised it just high enough, I wondered if I could flash the bottoms of my butt cheeks. Before rounding the corner of the hallway, Christa made sure it was clear this time.

"Have a good time, ladies!" one of the girls called out, and then started walking in the opposite direction.

Quickly passing by the closed doors of other dorm rooms, I turned to Alicia and gasped, "Did you mean what you said? Are you two going to finish stripping when we get to the building?"

"I don't know, Erica. Do you want to?"

I thought about it for a moment, my heart beating faster. "Um… all right… I'll do it if you do!"

"You hear that, Ashley?" my brunette friend jiggled her way forward. "Erica and I are going to show it all…"

I saw Ashley squeeze her breasts tight as she turned to us with a shocked expression. "Oh, really? Well that's more than what I signed up for… I was supposed to be wearing the towel. No way I'm loosing my panties!"

Alicia seemed to reconsider her words and said, "I guess we'll see what happens when we get there."

Now I was filled with suspense! I think I might have dropped my only covering right there, if Alicia asked me to, with little more than a promise that she would remove her underwear. This was so hot! I bounced on my little toes. Fortunately, Christa kept us moving, and soon we were heading down a hallway that led to the building's back entrance.

First we had to climb down some stairs. Our student bodyguard dutifully opened the door and made sure no one was climbing up in our direction. It was somewhat amusing that Christa was expected to shield us from discovery or getting into trouble, when we were wearing so little. The more I thought about it, we were probably already in trouble, but there was no turning back now. Following on the heels of Christa's shoes, our bare feet slapped over the tiled steps, as we descended to the ground floor level.

It felt like my pubic mound was pulsating beneath the towel as we took a few nervous steps into the new hallway. Hearing the sound of other student voices, I really wanted to touch myself. I couldn't imagine what it would be like in the dorms across campus, where we would be deliberately running through a crowd! For now, Christa had us stay close to the wall and we inched our way closer to the door. This was unreal!

Just as some footsteps came from around the corner, our fully dressed friend shoved us forward saying, "Out! Get outside!"

Well, before I knew what was happening, we were ushered through a doorway and down a little corridor. And then Christa pushed us out into the open night air! It was just Alicia in her bra and panties, me in my towel, and Ashley in only a scrap of underwear. I clutched the cloth tight in front of my body, feeling a cool breeze over my lower legs and shoulders. I bet if Ashley wasn't covering her bare breasts, I would see how hard her nipples were!

My brunette friend rubbed her arms, then playfully snapped the waistband of her own thong, making me wonder if she was horny like me. "Isn't this exciting!"

"Uh-huh," I said, with wide eyes, and moved close enough to touch Alicia's tummy.

Then Christa was at our sides, pulling me along by the arm, "OK, ladies, we have to hurry… don't want to get caught loitering around like this."

She was right. I couldn't think of any possible explanation if security or other classmates should stumble upon us out here, standing around half-naked. Well, at least I had my midriff covered, and I was probably the warmest. Goose pimples began to form on the bare skin of my other friends. We had to keep moving.

Christa led us in a circuitous route around the back of the building. I hoped no one on the upper floors looked out their windows to watch us. But then, it was dark out, and not well lit along the path we were taking. However, that would change as we made our progress across the campus and toward the other building. We crept along side paths, keeping behind the landscaped shrubbery when we could. Often, the three of us would crouch down in hiding, while Christa scoped out the area and let us know it was safe to continue.

Halfway through a campus parking lot, Ashley stopped and said, "I don't know if we should go through with this…"

I looked at the perky nineteen-year-old, standing on the curb directly beneath an exterior light. She was completely exposed, with the fingers of her hands minimally covering her breasts. I wondered if her panties were wet. Watching her squirm and fidget, I certainly thought she would feel better if she took them off!

"Come on, we're almost there!" Alicia urged as she walked by fully lit in her black bra and panties.

Following my friend's steps, I glanced up at the row of lights that continued into the distance. I clutched my towel tight and thought that anyone who should pass in this direction, would be treated to quite a sight. Christa kept us all moving, and soon the other dormitory loomed into view.

It was explained to me that this was where those upper class students who lived on campus were housed. The idea was that few of these people would be in any of the classes my friends and I were taking. And a lot of them would be graduating at the end of the semester, so it was unlikely that three younger students streaking the place would be remembered. At least, it sounded good to me, although I was still nervous.

We skirted around the front of the building, giving a wide berth to the marble steps that led to the doors, where young men and women were exiting and entering. There was a way through the cut lawn, once more shrouded in semi-darkness, and Christa would lead us to an alternative entrance. It seemed since these were the older students, there would be less authority supervisors around to keep an eye on them. But I did see a campus security car pass by, patrolling the street. I guess that was a good thing.

"All right, ladies…" Christa announced, barely raising her voice above a whisper. "This is it!"

A white side door faced us on ground level, and we found that it opened easily. Passing through, it was completely dark inside. The four of us shuffled forward, with anxious giggles, and Christa hushing us not to make too much noise. I realized that Ashley would have to stretch her arms out to feel her way forward, and this meant her titties were uncovered, bouncing free! I scampered ahead, and placed my hands on her bare back.

"Ooooh!" Ashley practically squealed. "Erica, is that you? Your fingers are cold!"

Alicia brushed by my arm and said, "I bet I know some place where she's hot…"

Again, we tried to stifle our giggles, taking comfort in each other since we were wearing so little. Suddenly the lights went on, and we saw Christa standing next to a switch. Looking around the room, it appeared we had entered some sort of back pantry or storage room. The walls were lined with shelves, containing household goods and boxes, kitchen and cooking supplies. There also appeared to be a reserve of all manner of snacks and chips and bottles of soda. I just hoped one of the college students didn't get the munchies and come looking in here.

Now that we had some light, the three of us gingerly spread apart a little from one another. Instinctively, Ashley had slung an arm over her breasts, and held her other hand clasped in front of her panties. Alicia stood on the tips of her bare toes, rubbing her elbows and looking delicious in her sexy underwear. We all waited a moment, listening for any sounds or voices outside of the room. Then I bravely stepped into the middle.

"So, um, did you want to do like you said earlier?" I asked as I nervously twisted the end of my towel.

Alicia arched an eyebrow and grinned. "What do you mean, Erica?"

"You know, should we go all out, and really streak this place?"

"You mean like go… totally naked?" Alicia continued to tease me, even as she rubbed the front of her sheer panties. "I don't know… what do you think, Ashley?"

Our perky topless friend only tugged her own panties higher, while keeping her tits carefully concealed. "I told you, I'm not going any further."

Alicia turned back to me and said, "Looks like it's your move, Erica. If you drop your towel, I'll take off my underwear!"

Oh my! I turned my head, to see Christa waiting and she smiled at me. A hush fell over the room, and it seemed like we were the only four people down here. So I took a deep breath, undoing the front of my towel that had been folded over and tucked in. For a heartbeat, I gripped the edges tight… and then let it fall to the floor.

I stood nude in front of my two friends, as Christa checked out my bare ass.

"It's not like it was going to cover much anyway," I laughed nervously, with one hand touching the side of my leg, and the other teasing the ends of my hair.

The others just continued to stare at my naked body. I felt my blood race and my heart quicken, knowing that they were seeing every inch of me. Then I looked down, and saw that my pink nipples protruded out, fully erect. Placing my hands on my soft, trim tummy, I noticed my clitoris had unfolded out of its hood and was poking directly at the girls. Embarrassed, I quickly clasped my hands over my shaved pussy.

Alicia shook her head, and then said, "Well, if you're going to run through the halls looking like that… the least I can do is join you."

Christa had stepped to my side, and picked up the towel crumpled at my feet. "You two are crazy!"

My friend Alicia playfully stuck out her tongue, watching the fully dressed girl fold the towel neatly over her arm. Then the busty brunette reached behind her back, and started to unclasp her black lacy bra. This was going to be hot… Alicia and me running through the dorms stark naked!

A loud bang, like the sound of a door slamming, startled us all! I jumped to my toes, while my friend still had her arms to her chest, clutching the cups of her bra. We looked around in shock, my eyes going wide as I realized I had absolutely nothing on.

"I think it came from behind us!" Christa said, pushing me forward with a hand on my rear.

Ashley and Alicia skipped forward in their underwear.

"What if there are people out in hall?" I cried, covering up my small titties with both hands, which left my pussy entirely exposed!

Well, sure enough, as we piled out of the storage room, we could hear voices. Lots of voices… it sounded like they were surrounding us, coming from all directions. First we broke one way, and then Christa grabbed me by the wrist in order to pull me down another hallway. This was happening too fast, I thought, as my arms flailed out and I ran bare assed naked after her.

For those initial moments of panic, everything was like a blur. I was in a strange building, full of college students, and I wasn't wearing any clothes. Over and over, I told myself not to loose contact with Christa who had my only covering. I completely forgot about Alicia and Ashley. We rounded one corner, and not a split second too soon, spotted a group of twenty-something year olds. As if acting on reflex alone, the art student whipped me around and pushed me down a different corridor. I guess she didn't want to get caught with the naked girl!

"Hey!" came a voice raised behind us.

Christa seemed to ignore this possibility of being discovered, and steered me toward a set of stairs. "Up! Up you go…"

"Oh! But…" I heard myself gasp, as my body tingled with excitement and arousal.

I climbed forward on tiptoes, my bare feet arched and hands grasping in front of me. Christa must have gotten a pretty intimate look between my legs, from behind. I could feel my tiny boobies shake and quiver, and I stepped nude into an upstairs hallway. Without waiting for direction, I continued to streak down the momentarily silent corridor. These must have been dorm rooms, with the doors branching off on either side of me. And it was only a matter of time before students might come walking out, crossing my path. The idea thrilled me and scared me, which kept my eyes wide, heart beating fast, and tummy fluttering!

Slowing down, I rounded a corner cautiously. Fortunately it was still quiet. It seemed like most of the activity was still downstairs, where I guess they had the kitchens and entertainment rooms. I leaned my back against the wall, pausing to catch my breath. Naked! Here in one of the campus dormitories! I rested a hand on my flat stomach, lowering my eyes past my very erect nipples. At that moment, I really wished I had some pubic hair. As it was, I was all bare, and… well, showing a whole lot of pink!

Cupping my hands to my breasts, I shyly peeked back around the corner.

Where was Christa? And where were Ashley and Alicia, for that matter? I couldn't believe we had gotten separated so quickly. I figured I should probably go back, retrace my steps and find them. Suddenly, I heard a door begin to open. A couple of college students walked out into the hallway. Just as I pulled my face and shoulder behind the corner again, another door opened, followed by the sound of voices. The students greeted each other, started a casual conversation. No chance going back that way.

The thought occurred to me that there was a very real probability of getting caught. I was totally nude, and there were lots of other young people around. I had to keep myself from dwelling on such things, as it only served to make me horny. And the last thing I wanted was to be caught playing with myself!

Well, I decided I had better keep moving forward. Crossing my arms over my tits, I clutched my shoulders in opposite hands and padded down the hallway. I could feel my cute little bottom bouncing behind me, and in front, my labia unfolded and flapping exposed. Unlike the other corridor, this one had no side doors but the walls were lined with bulletin boards or decorative artwork. I came to another branching passage, and ducked this way, since I really had no clue as to the layout of the building.

Now some other rooms opened up on this floor, and I approached these cautiously. One such that I heard sounds from, appeared to have a big screen television, and male voices were raised in heated, passionate tones. I guess there was a game on tonight. Peering inside, I saw the backs of three young men, who were intently focused on the action on the big screen. I pressed myself against the wall, so close, so that my nipples and protruding clit rubbed the surface. Greatly daring, I stepped sideways and stuck the entire length of my slender bare leg into the room. I even wiggled my toes!

When I didn't get a reaction from the guys, I figured it was safe. So I carefully shielded my breasts and clasped a hand over my pussy, then scampered past the open doorway. My heart was beating wildly! Covering up this way, I jogged down the rest of the dormitory hallway. I could hear other voices, but now I wasn't sure where they were coming from. When I reached an intersecting corridor, I turned the corner.

Another set of stairs loomed before me. My hair swished across my back as I looked over my shoulder, considering my options. I could turn around and try to run past another hallway, but I didn't know how long my luck would hold out. Something told me, I should be trying to find a way back down and regroup with my friends, not climb higher into an unknown building.

But I was naked… and part of me wanted to know what would happen if others saw me like this. Would they even want to see me naked, especially the older students who were twenty or twenty-one? Young adults really, and here I was hardly a year out of high school. I was raw and innocent… and I found my hands wandering over my nubile body. Letting my arms fall to my sides, to keep from teasing myself, I placed a bare foot on the first step.

There were twelve steps in total that I counted, as I climbed the flight with legs slightly trembling. They opened out onto a new wing of the dormitory, and I looked around at these surroundings, staying near the wall. More doors started in the distance, so I figured these were other student apartments. As I slowly moved my body forward, my nipples poked out, almost pointing at the ceiling. This was so hot… I wished my friends were with me!

Suddenly, one of the doors opening sounded behind me! Instead of running, I froze, hands on my chest. I heard a gasp, then a young female voice.

"Well, that's a cute little outfit, honey!"

"Eek!" I cried, maybe a little too loudly.

Flustered, I spun halfway around, and then stood on the toes of one leg. I raised my other leg in embarrassment while hugging my arms across my chest. And then I realized that the girl standing in front of me was Carrie!

"What are you doing running around up here, Erica, without any clothes on?" she asked, as a broad grin spread across her features.

The strawberry blonde was wearing a short, one-piece mini dress. She always looked sexy in black, and I tried to answer her, "I was doing a streak with Alicia and Ashley… and… um…"

"Are they naked, too?" Carrie asked, amused.

"Um… well, maybe. I don't know. We kind of got separated…" I answered feebly.

"Put your hands on your head," my friend commanded, and after I did as I was told, she began walking slowly around me. "So you were the only one in the nude when you started this little adventure?"

I stood with my feet spread shoulder-width apart. My fingers trembled, so I knotted them together atop my head. My little tits were thrust out as I replied, "Oh gosh, Carrie, we could get caught out here any minute! Um, let me see, Alicia was just in her underwear… she had started to take off her bra, when we had to run. Ooooh, and Ashley had been only wearing a pair of panties, but she was covering up her bare tits! "

Of course, as I talked about the other girls, this continued to excite me. Already throbbing, my nipples positively wiggled and stuck up toward the ceiling. And down below, my bare pussy had opened up, and you could guess what was poking out.

"Mmmm, sounds pretty risky!" Carrie purred as she slipped in behind me.

First she had her hands on my hips. Then before I knew it, she was all over my body, rubbing down my back and smooth ass. One arm reached around me and squeezed a breast, while her other softly caressed my stomach. I arched up on my bare toes, allowing her to explore and tease. When she started to move her fingers lower and stroke my labia, I though Carrie was going to take me right here in the hallway!

"Oh! Mmmm, yes!" I moaned. And then, in the middle of being pleasured, I asked, "But what are you doing here, Carrie?"

"Evidently, driving you wild!" she laughed playfully. "Although I was actually on another date tonight…"

I squirmed around, trying to press my body against hers. "A date?"

"It was nothing special," Carrie mumbled as I tried to hike up her dress "Besides, I'm having much more fun with you, Erica! Maybe I even heard about the possibility of your little streak tonight, and made arrangements to join you…"

"Oh, that would be so hot!" I nearly cried out with joy. "Come on, let's get this off you, and we can go streaking together!"

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she answered with a sly grin.

Unfortunately, the taller girl pulled away from me slightly, and neatly pressed down the front of her dress. I watched her, my hands hanging at my sides, body still tingling. If I didn't find some relief fast, I was going to cum right here in the dormitory hallway.

Carrie evaluated my naked form and sucked on her finger in thought. "I'll tell you what, Erica… I'll go and look for the others and then head back to Ashley's dorm room. Once we get there, I'm going to slip out of my clothes and take a nice warm bath. And if you make it back in time, you can join me!"

"But what am I supposed to do now?" I whined. "Can't I just go with you?"

"No!" Carrie insisted. She stepped forward again, emphasizing her point by flicking my nipples. "I want you to run around to the other side of this floor. That will give me a head start to find Alicia, Ashley, and Christa. Now stay hard for me!"

Well! That wouldn't be too difficult! My titties were throbbing as she let go, and skipped back down the hallway, toward the stairs I had climbed earlier. I let my hand absently wander, until my fingers made contact with my adorable pussy. Oh, gosh I was wet! One more reason why I really didn't want to get caught like this. Anxiously, I spun around on my bare heel, and began to creep forward in the opposite direction.

It was a weird feeling as I passed by the doors to the student apartments on either side. I mean, anyone could burst out at any moment. Really, I was lucky to have only been spotted by my friend Carrie. And yet, for some reason, I proceeded to walk right down the middle of the corridor instead of hugging the wall. At first, of course, I clutched arms and hands over my breasts and crotch. But my pink bits were just so sensitive, I couldn't continue to walk in that position. By the time I reached the corner, I was not covering up at all.

Peering around the edge of the wall, I saw that there was another staircase ahead. I could definitely hear the faint sound of voices from below, but I figured I would have to make my way out of the building sooner or later. So I bravely stepped out onto the carpeted steps and began moving toward the lower floor. All nude, and horny!

I was just thinking that I should let it all hang out, and run through the dorms even if everybody sees me. It was late, a Friday night, and no one on campus really knew me. And then, rounding the corner at the foot of the stairs, another young woman walked right in front of me…

Oh my gosh, it was Lisa!

"Well, well, Erica. I was just looking for you," the arrogant blonde said, eyeing me from head to toe.

I gasped, my heart nearly stuck in my throat. On the one hand, I was glad that it was yet another of my high school acquaintances who caught me, and not some stranger. But I was always ashamed whenever Lisa saw me naked. Especially totally naked. She was so beautiful, and I really had no idea what she thought of my body. She always would make fun of my small tits, but Lisa never said if she thought I was cute or sexy or anything. It was kind of driving me crazy.

Running both my hands through my hair, I spread my legs a little, to make sure she got a good look at my pink pussy and extended clitoris. "Um, hello… Lisa. What are you doing here?"

"That's funny," the young woman laughed derisively. "Asking me about my business, while you are in a campus building completely in the nude."

When Lisa put it like that, reminding me of the seriousness of the situation, I instinctively locked my knees together and dropped a hand to cover my baldness.

"You still look like a little girl," she remarked coolly. "Move your hands out of the way."

I immediately did as instructed. However, I couldn't help but steal a glance over my bare shoulder, wondering who might wander down the stairs and get an unobstructed view of my little bottom. Lisa moved closer, folded her arms, and continued to eye me critically.

"Your nipples are so pink, and long, Erica. I can tell you've been playing with yourself…"

Licking my lips, I remembered Carrie's hands on my body. "Um, not exactly."

Lisa then crouched down in front of me, her face inches away from my pussy. I just stared straight ahead as she inhaled, taking in the aroma of my arousal, and then she blew gently across my exposed lower lips. Almost, I wanted to place my hands on her head and draw her near. I did separate my legs further, allowing the college freshman easier access. Shocked, and extremely excited, I felt Lisa use her fingers to spread apart my labia and peer into my vagina.

"Well I can see you are about to let loose your juices," the girl remarked, pausing to press my clitoris with her thumb!

I tried to speak, while moaning beneath her touch. "Ah… I think… mmmm… I should be going now!"

At this point, Lisa stood up and casually wiped her fingers on her pants leg. I noticed for the first time she was wearing some kind of baggy khakis, but had a tight top that complimented her well-shaped breasts. Lisa reached into her pants pockets, and pulled out a couple of items. It looked like…

"Don't you want to wait for Alicia?" the scheming nineteen-year-old smiled.

"Oh, my, are those?" I brought one hand to my mouth and pointed with the other. "Are those Alicia's bra… and panties?"

Lisa twirled the black lacy things on the tips of her fingers. "Took them right off her. Teach her to go running around campus in her underwear!"

"You mean she is stark naked?"

The bossy blonde just grinned and started to turn away. "Follow me, Erica."

I gladly padded after her, thinking about the sight of luscious Alicia fully nude, somewhere in the building. For a moment, it made me forget that I was just as vulnerable, as I marched down the hall. Still, my slim legs trembled, and arms quivered, with my own body completely on display. We were moving so quickly, no time to check if we might run into someone. Maybe that's what Lisa wanted. Maybe that's what I wanted, too…

We approached a doorway, and Lisa paused to turn and look at me.

"Can't you close that thing up?" she asked, annoyed.

I lowered my eyes, then shyly cupped both hands over my pussy, which of course had parted invitingly. "I'm sorry, Lisa… it's just so exciting!"

"A fine way to greet your friend," the blonde said disapproving of my condition. "Don't try to hide your nipples, Erica. They are sticking straight up at the ceiling."

Rubbing a bare foot behind my leg, I replied, "My breasts are looking perky tonight, aren't they?"

Lisa only grunted, "They are still a bit too small. But I guess we can't all be so well endowed. It amazes me how easily you run around stark naked!"

"But, I…"

The door was thrown open, and Lisa grabbed me by an arm. She practically pulled me close to her, only to shove me forward with her hands on my smooth bare bottom. I jiggled and skipped a couple of steps into the room, hearing the bossy blonde behind me.

"Alicia will be waiting for you," Lisa laughed.

And then the door was closed.

Instinctively, I spun around, rubbing my arms as if there was a chill in the room. Gathering my bearings I saw that I was in what looked to be a student apartment. It was similar to Ashley's dorm, but much nicer. There was a red loveseat directly in front of me, and I started moving in this direction. As I walked forward slowly, my toes sank into a rich plush carpet.

I turned my head to better take in my surroundings. This really was a nice pad. I wondered if all upperclassmen were provided such furnishings. The place did seem empty. For some reason, the idea of being totally nude in some student's apartment, a student I couldn't possibly know, made me incredibly horny.

"Alicia… are you in here?" I called out softly, as I crept deeper into the room

There was a door closed off to the side, and I paused standing in front of it. I ran a hand down my stomach and licked my lips, imagining my friend equally undressed on the other side. Filled with anxiety, I inched up on my tiptoes. My butt cheeks clenched reflexively, in anticipation. I placed my hand on the doorknob and turned.

Peering inside as I pushed forward, the room appeared to be dimly lit. There was a flickering light coming from a distant corner, almost projected off the back wall. Bravely, I willed my body to keep moving, and stepped full into the room.

"Alicia, are you in here?" I called into the semi-darkness.

A voice, a young male voice, replied, "Quiet, we're trying to watch the movie!"

Before I could even react, another young man's voice piped up, "Who's Alicia?"

I just froze, mid stride. Had Lisa tricked me again? Maybe I walked into the wrong room! I kind of had one slender leg stretched in front of me, slightly bent as I prepared to take another unclad step. I had lifted my arms, when sudden doubt had paralyzed me in uncertainty, my fingers lightly touching my bare shoulders. In the flickering light from the plasma television on the wall, I could tell that my slim figure was silhouetted against the open door behind me. And my nipples, uncovered, were sticking straight out.

That was the pose I struck when the lights of the room were turned up.

I found myself staring like a deer caught in headlights, into the equally wide eyes of two college guys who had craned their necks around to identify the intruder. As they evaluated my full frontal nudity, I also noted that these guys did not appear to be jocks or preps. In fact, they looked like a couple of Sci-Fi geeks. One had glasses and wore an open buttoned-down shirt un-tucked. The other was bearded and a little overweight. My eyes darted to one of the room's walls where a Star Trek poster was hung.

"Looks like you have your dorm numbers mixed up," the genius with the glasses said.

"Looks like some new entertainment has arrived," said Beardy, reaching over to crack open a beer can.

"Um, I…" all I could do was stammer.

Then the other guy with the remote, that apparently controlled not only the television but also the dimmer switch, started to make introductions! "Hi, my name is Bob… and this is Jake."

"I'm Erica…" I said shyly, feeling a pink blush spread all over my body.

Jake offered a friendly smile and asked, "Would you like a beer?"

I shook my head no. Then I raised one hand to tease the ends of my hair. It was an annoying habit that I needed to break, especially when I was naked! I still had nothing covered. My heart was racing, and I took a small step forward, my bare feet shuffling over the carpet. These guys were like twenty or twenty-one, and although not the hottest looking, they kept me aroused knowing they were seeing every inch of my body.

Bob adjusted his sitting position (probably to hide something in his pants!) and said to his friend, "She looks like one of those girls on that radio show."

"Hey, yeah. She's completely hairless," Jake stated the obvious. "But she'd need a boob job"

I thought I would die of embarrassment! Hearing them critical of my little tits, I felt so humiliated. But still, I did not try to run. However, I did lift my hands to cover my breasts.

"No, no, it's OK," Bob tried to reassure me. "I think they're cute. You can lower your arms…"

There was definitely a charge of sexual tension in the room, but I sensed that I was not in any danger. I doubt these guys saw much action, and me walking in on them bare-ass nude was probably such a thrill. Slowly, I moved my hands out of the way. I was going to switch hands and shield my pussy, but a look from Jake's puppy dog eyes, and I left my clean-shaven slit on display.

Bob and his friend sat captivated on the floor, and asked if I would climb onto the bed.

"Um, I don't think that's a good idea…" I replied, biting my lip.

"It's not what you think," Bob laughed. "It's just… I want to see if you can walk over the corner bedpost…"

I giggled in spite of myself, and the situation. "What?"

"Here, look…" Jake crawled over to the other side of the bed, and pointed at the decorative ornament used on the bottom post.

Atop the metal frame, at each edge, was a smooth globe. I couldn't tell if it was glass or some other silver material. It kind of had a planetary look to it, and was about the size of a volley-ball. Some kind of new age modern art furniture, I figured. Moving closer to inspect, I lifted a knee and let it sink into the soft mattress. Now I could place both hands on the ornate bedpost, which I found to be cool to the touch.

The guys urged me forward. This was weird. But kind of fun, too. I realized that I would have to hoist myself a little in order to clear the globe's surface. With one foot still on the floor, I stretched my leg, raising up on my toes. I pushed down on the sphere, almost like a gymnast trying to vault a beam. I only made it half-way…

Hard and smooth, the round post made contact with my labia and sent a shock of pleasure through my body. My pussy lips were brushed delightfully across its surface. I found that I could let go with my hands and essentially straddle the globe. Was this something they had seen on their radio show? Well, it felt amazing! Running my hands through my hair, I actually started to hump the bedpost, rubbing my soft pussy back and forth, my clit dangling out and wiggling.

"Oh… mmmm, yes! Mmmmm!"

As soon as I squeezed my breasts and pinched a nipple, I realized that I was masturbating in front of two unknown college guys. Although I knew their names, so I suppose we weren't complete strangers. But I didn't care. It was too late, and if someone didn't stop me, I was going to cum all over this guy's room!

"What the hell?" came an angry female voice behind me.

Still straddling the silvery sphere, I looked over my bare shoulder to see that a young woman had entered the room. She had short hair, and was a bit overweight herself. One look at her Star-Trek T shirt, and my face dawned with understanding. She was one of these guys' Sci-Fi friends. This was her room!

Before I knew it, Star Trek lady grabbed me by my arm. She pulled me off the bed and whirled me around. The boys got a pretty good look up my ass, and between my legs as well!

"I am so sick of this," the lady complained. "These other college guys dating high school girls! They bring them on to campus, have their way with then, and then they get lost! What are you fifteen, sixteen years old?"

"No, I… oooh!" I yelped as she smacked my bare butt.

Jake and Bob tried to come to my defense. "Come on Nancy, don't be hard on her…"

"Speaking of hard-ons, " Nancy said with finality, "This little show is over!"

I realized then that the boys were in no condition to help me. The college girl was much stronger than me, and there was nothing I could do as she pulled me out, back into the living room. To my surprise, there was another girl sitting out here, with long blonde hair and glasses. Past her amazed expression I was pushed, all the way to the entrance to the girl's apartment.

I had hope at worst she would toss me back into the hallway, where Lisa would be waiting to laugh at me. Where the hell was Alicia, anyway, or my other friends! Unfortunately, I was in no such luck. Nancy continued to drag me buck naked down the corridor. She was moving so fast, so it was all I could do to keep up on my rubbery legs. My free arm was flailing out, and unable to cover anything.

As we passed other dorm rooms, doors opened up, and other students stepped outside to see what the commotion was. I had been so close to orgasm, I was afraid that my nipples and clit were still erect. A dozen or more people caught view of my nubile form.

Our forced march through the dormitory continued, and there was still no sign of my friends. I'd like to say I was dragged kicking and screaming through the twisting passages, but in truth, I was too flustered to do anything about it, so it seemed like I went along holding Nancy's hand. We walked into a common area where there were maybe thirty students… and they saw EVERYTHING!

"Streaker!" somebody shouted.

There were whistles and clapping, and then the chant was picked up: "Streaker! Streaker!"

Now that Nancy had gotten the whole floor of the dormitory worked up, she was prepared to release her hold on me. First, she pulled me close and whispered in my ear.

"Now get out, you tart, and find security or some phone to call home to Mommy to pick you up!"

Totally naked, I ran down some steps into a lobby or waiting area. Behind me, the crowd followed, calling out and making comments about my chest and bouncing bottom. With arms stretched out to either side of me, I made a frantic dash for the exit, my pink pussy lips flapping in front of me. I hope none of these older students would remember my face.

Once I left the confines of the building, the cool nighttime air washed across my overheated body. It felt so good! I actually had to pause a moment to catch my breath, and flick my elongated nipples. Then I slipped a finger inside…

"Ooooh…"

No time for that! I had to get back to Ashley's room. This meant a further streak through campus, and then a daring climb through her building. But what if she wasn't back at her room herself? Then again, there had been no sign of Ashley or Christa or Alicia, since we separated. I guess Lisa had tricked me after all. They were probably sitting back in my friend's dorm room have a great laugh at my expense.

And then I remembered that Carrie was supposed to join me in a hot bath once I had returned. That, and the fact that my only clothes were still at Ashley's place, caused me to pick up my pace and start jogging across campus. Thankfully it was a Friday night, so a lot of students had gone home for the weekend, or would be out on the town. Also, the faculty would be gone, so I wouldn't have to worry about an embarrassing encounter with any of my professors.

By the time I made it back to the dormitory for new students, I shied up again. These were my potential or current classmates. I had to be really careful, and didn't want to get in trouble or get a reputation for doing this sort of thing. With one hand covering my pussy, I pulled on the glass door that led to the rear of the building. I still felt really sexy as I sneaked through the corridor on my bare tiptoes, hugging my body, but knowing that my cute little ass was so exposed.

As I peered around the corner on the floor that led to Ashley's dorm room, I felt I playful slap on my bottom. I turned around to see one of the girls who taunted us earlier in the evening.

"Well, I guess you went through with it," she said with a marked tone of respect in her voice.

"Uh-huh," I answered, while trying to hide how horny I was.

The girl looked me over, and then snickered, "You look like you're ready to have a screaming orgasm!"

I just turned around, flashing her my butt, and ran down the hallway. She would no doubt hear me when I finally found my release. Moving forward I kept my head lowered, but did glance up to check the numbers on each door. Finally I made it to Ashley's small apartment.

"Ashley, Christa… are you inside?" I asked, not too quietly, as I pounded on the door. "If you don't let me in… I'm going to cum… out here in the hallway!"

There was a loud whistle behind me, as someone stepped out from the doorway directly across from my bare behind. My fingers touched my sensitive lips and stroked. I thought I heard the snap and whirl of a digital camera, or maybe it was just my imagination.

The door opened, and Carrie greeted me, wearing a short bathrobe. "Oh hello, Erica. You're running a little late tonight. I've already had my bath."

"Let me in!" I squealed.

My friend, the buxom strawberry blonde stepped aside, allowing me to scurry past her into the dorm living room. Ashley and Christa were on the couch, covering their mouths to try and contain their fits of laughter. I noticed Ashley was wearing a long T-Shirt.

"So just how exciting was that, Erica?" the art student, Christa, teased me.

I put my hands on my head and showed them. Then I spun around and tried to get to the bathroom, but Carrie stopped me.

"Alicia is in the shower right now…

I was already fingering myself as I asked, "Did.. mmmm… did Alicia streak through… campus?"

"Not exactly," Carrie informed me. "You see, when Lisa discovered us, she offered Alicia a towel in exchange for her underwear… which she used to bait you back at the Seniors dorms. You are the only one who did a fully naked streak! We're so proud of you!"

The humiliation of being played for a fool only served to heighten my arousal. The fact that I had been caught nude in two more campus buildings made me hot. I sank to the floor, spreading my legs wide apart, and began openly playing with my pussy.

"Oh my," Carrie giggled. "This is going to be a big one…"

The other girls turned to watch me masturbate. Behind me, through the locked bathroom door, I knew Alicia would hear my cries of pleasure and ecstasy. It did not take long before I brought myself over the edge, my body undulating in wave after wave of orgasm.

And the whole time, I was thinking about Jake and Bob.

I looked at my wristwatch, trying to judge how long I would have to wait around for Alicia. She had stay and practice for one of her stuffy musical performances at the college, and then we would have the rest of the afternoon free. I told her that I didn't much feel like sitting through all that at the campus Arts center, so I made my way to the student commissary. After grabbing a quick drink, I stopped to relieve myself, and then was feeling quite refreshed.

Stepping back outside the building, I found a marble bench to sit on, leaning back on the heels of my hands. It was a lovely day out, and I was thinking I should have brought along some sunglasses. As I turned my head and squinted, I noticed that the campus had pretty much thinned out since the end of the spring semester. Of course, there were still activities going on, leaving plenty of students to watch passing by. Or perhaps, they were watching me.

I lowered my head, pulling my bottom lip through my front teeth. Blushing, I crossed my legs. Today, I had worn a cute denim skirt that came down to the middle of my thighs. I had a white long-sleeved top on, but it was of a light mesh material, and kept me cool. On my feet there were a pair of leather open-toed sandals. I would have dangled the one shoe on the edge of my bobbing foot, but the straps had buckles and did not slip off easily. Maybe that was a good thing.

Instead, I leaned forward, and ran my hands along the length of my bare, smooth legs… over my shins and calves, and then back up again. The sun felt really nice on my skin. Something about the way I let my fingers roam over my knee made me a little self-conscious. Like maybe I was showing too much skin. But then, it hardly seemed anyone noticed me.

Over my shoulder, I heard the door to the building opened suddenly. Not unusual, except it had been relatively quiet for the last ten minutes or so. The sound of bustling movement startled me, and I quickly dropped both feet to the ground and sat up straight. I turned my head to look behind me, and observed an amusing sight.

A young man appeared to be navigating down the path. But his outfit was absolutely comical. He had this oversized bright yellow jumpsuit on, and big rubber boots. I watched him lurch first to his left, and then to his right, as if he was unsure about which direction he was supposed to be heading. Strapped over his head were some kind of half glasses, half goggles with thick black rims. They were about as ugly as anything I had ever seen. Still, I laughed.

Before I knew it, the oddly dressed individual was moving in my direction. I don't know why, but I lifted my legs a little, stretching them out fully in front of me. In spite of the bewildered rush he appeared to be in, that caught his attention!

The young man paused, then turned to regard me. "Erica?"

At the sound of his voice, I suddenly realized who this was. Looking closer, I recognized the face, even with those ridiculous goggles, which were not that much more ridiculous than the glasses he had worn the first time we met. It was Bob, the senior I had bumped into a few weeks ago in the dormitories. I gave him a shy little wave.

"Erica!" the young man continued, "I almost didn't recognize you with…"

He stopped mid-sentence, before he could finish the embarrassing statement. Blushing, I lowered my head. I know what Bob was going to say. He almost didn't recognize me, with my clothes on! I could hear him clear his throat nervously, shuffling just a few feet off to my side.

Finally, I looked up again with a weak smile. "So, um, is there some kind of bio-hazard emergency on campus?"

Bob blinked for a moment, confused, then spread his arms out. "Oh, you mean this get-up? I'm sorry… it must look very bizarre…"

"Yes, it does," I giggled.

Now the young man straightened himself and answered, "Well it is for a very important procedure that I am on my way to, this very minute. It's part of a special grant-writing project that Jake and I have been working on. We are about to present to the science committee for evaluation."

"So, you are dealing with dangerous chemicals, or something?" I asked, somewhat intrigued.

Bob began to pace, and I could tell he was anxious to be on his way. "Not exactly. We're not entirely sure what we are dealing with, so we have to take precautions. It has to do with quantum molecular structure on the atomic level…"

My eyes shifted as he trailed on about concepts I could not possibly fathom. I guess at some point he noticed my disinterest. Bob took a few steps down the path, then turned and motioned with his arm.

"Erica, would you like to come along?" he asked. "I'm headed for the Science Center, and the graduate staff will be waiting."

I glanced again at my watch. Alicia would probably be another couple of hours. And it did seem kind of prestigious, the way Bob described all the academic big shots that were going to be evaluating his work. Since I had nothing to better to do, I figured I would tag along. Besides, my class schedule never involved any advanced sciences, so none of the faculty would recognize me.

"All right!" I said, and jumped to my feet.

It would do me some good to stretch my legs with a walk around campus, instead of just sitting on my ass. As Bob began once more heading in a new direction, I had to hurry to keep up with him. We probably looked very strange, next to one other. With the college senior in his nuclear plutonium protection suit, and nineteen-year-old me in my little denim skirt. Thinking about it, I was probably the prettiest girl Bob had ever been seen with. And knowing that I could take people's eyes off him as we trekked across campus, made me feel really good.

We reached the halls of the Science Center, and proceeded to enter the cold white building. I recall now, that I did have a very general, basic science course in my first term. But I hadn't been here since, and certainly had never seen any of the higher floors.

Bob led me over to an elevator, which we took up four levels. It was on this wing, he explained, that the evaluation/experiment would be taking place. Our footsteps echoed as a moment of awkward silence passed between us.

"So, um, you're going on to graduate school next year?" I asked, twisting a lock of hair behind my ear.

Bob nodded his head earnestly. "Jake and I were accepted into a top-notch national program. Now if all goes well today, we may be awarded a fellowship in addition to that! Isn't this exciting?"

"Yeah…" I mumbled, and gazed around up at the walls that reached toward the skylights, our steps sounding down the corridor.

In truth, I still had no idea what Bob was talking about, or what this experiment was supposed to be. But it sure sounded like the science professors were impressed, and some people from other state universities would be attending. I started to feel like I was way out of place, being among such intellectuals. And here I was, just a year out of high school!

Reaching the end of the corridor, we came to an intersection, and turned a corner that led to a large metal door. Bob had to enter a security code, for us to enter.

"It's nothing Top Secret," he laughed. "The school of science is just very protective about their laboratory equipment."

We padded now across a carpeted foyer, which led to some sort of waiting area. Through another door, I saw that there was a long table, and about a dozen people seated on chairs behind it. Older men and women, these folks had to be the most serious people I had ever seen in my life. They were diligently taking a flurry of notes, and hardly acknowledged our entrance.

The senior student looked around for a moment, but apparently there was no other seating to be found in the small antechamber. He then motioned to the opposite side of the room, across from the table, where there was a glass wall. Behind this divider, I could see it was brightly lit, with all sorts of instruments, computers and monitors, and Bob's friend, Jake. There was also a rectangular door cut into one end of the Plexiglas, and through this I was ushered.

"Jake, you remember Erica?" my companion greeted his lab partner.

I blushed as the other grinned beneath his beard. He was also dressed in the same type of yellow jumpsuit and was wearing rubber boots. Because he was a bit larger than Bob, he looked kind of like a puffed out clown. I put a hand to my mouth to keep from giggling. This was supposed to be a serious academic dissertation.

The boys found me a black laboratory stool, and I moved this over to the corner to have a seat, out of the way. I really shouldn't think of them as boys, although they had all the enthusiasm of a couple of youngsters playing with a new chemistry set. Still, I had to keep in mind that these were twenty-two or twenty-three year old young men. Looking out through the glass at the line of stern faces behind the table, I had the sudden thought that I was the sexiest person in the room!

Bob began to address the assembled professors and fellow scientists. I saw that the counter in front of the Plexiglas had a standing microphone, and his words would be amplified on the other side. As he continued to launch into a well-prepared preliminary discussion, I took note of the rest of the laboratory surroundings. Next to the counter was a station that had some dishes and beakers and graduated cylinders. On the other side, was a set of high-tech consoles, and Jake was dutifully running calculations and keeping an eye on things.

As the presentation wore on, I wondered if I would not have been better staying at Alicia's music performance. Or else I could have remained back at the student center, and found something else to keep me amused. Just when I thought it couldn't get any more boring, a loud buzzing like an alarm sounded inside the chamber. It made me jump a little, and I put my hands to my little ears. Well, at least this was unexpected…

Bob stopped in the middle of his presentation and looked around nervously. To his side, Jake hopped on another computer and began typing frantically. I had the sense that this was not part of their demonstration. Looking outside the glass partition, I watched the professors and the scientists, exchanging glances, some wearing frowns of disapproval. Then my eyes were drawn to the work surface of the counter in front of Bob. There were two trays hooked up to an assortment of fine wires, and within were twin pools of undulating silver. It looked like some kind of liquid metal.

"A distortion in the alloy compound!" Jake was muttering, whatever that meant.

Bob spun around, his gaze intense behind the goggles as he surveyed the lab station. All the while, the buzzing noise persisted, and the fluorescent ceiling lights began to flicker. The young man stepped in front of me, then took my hands in his rubber gloves, and pulled me to my feet. Without explanation, he quickly walked me over to the door cut into the Plexiglas.

We both looked up to see that a light on top of the door that had been dim, was now flashing bright red. A bolt had automatically slid into place on the other side of the door, preventing it from being opened.

"Are we…is everything all right?" I asked with some degree of trepidation.

Again, Bob seemed to look me over from head to toe, than dragged me toward the middle of the room. He conferred with his partner Jake, who then immediately typed something and brought up another program. Finally, he turned to address the committee, and I had the feeling he was about to make up some bullshit.

"This is all perfectly normal," he was saying through the microphone. "We have set up a control, in order to replicate the challenging reactions that we have observed while studying this extremely delicate material."

I saw him gesture at the silvery substance, which bubbled violently, and didn't look anything at all like delicate. Bob then went on to nonchalantly inform the panel that the substance he and Jake had been working with was highly sensitive and reactive to other metals. He turned slightly, pointing an arm toward the ground, at my feet.

"Erica," he whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "I need you to remove your shoes."

I looked down, then back at the young man in disbelief. "What?"

"Your sandals," Bob tried to explain, "the buckles are metal. They are destabilizing the compound… we have to get rid of them!"

"Oh, um, of course…" I muttered, as if it made all the sense in the world!

Yet I found myself shyly crouching down on one knee, so I could unfasten the buckles. First I did one shoe, and then the other. I leaned on Bob for support, as I stood back up, now able to lift my toes out of each sandal. The tiles of the lab station were cool beneath my bare feet, sending shivers up my legs and causing me to rub my arms. Out of nowhere, Jake bent down and snatched up my footwear.

Now I watched amazed as Jake brought them over to the back wall and activated a bin of some sort, which I hadn't noticed before. It looked like it could be a containment unit, although I had no idea for sure. I hoped it wasn't a disposal bin that he dumped them inside… I wanted those sandals back!

Curling my toes self-consciously as I stood in the room's center, I saw Jake return to the main computer. On the screen there was a big red bar and lots of numbers, all changing rapidly and well beyond my comprehension. I did notice that the red bar moved down a little.

Bob made some kind of scientific sounding declaration to the review panel, and then he turned his attention once more toward me. He stepped close in front of me, his back to the glass window. When he took my hands in his, it was such a sweet moment. I could see that he was confident, but not all that sure what was going on. He asked if I could remove my wristwatch.

Well, what could I do? Clearly the metallic band, no matter how thin and fragile, was still disrupting their experiment. I licked my lips, and then carefully undid the clasp. Handing the watch over to Bob, he tossed it to his partner, who in turn discarded it into the mysterious bin.

Instinctively, my eyes darted to the computer screen, as I absently massaged my wrist. The red bar moved slightly. Or was it just a trick of the flashing and flickering lights? The boys seemed to think something happened, as they nodded silently at one another. Bob stepped in front of the microphone, going on about how their Subject had displayed a number of variables that triggered fascinating ionic developments. As if to underscore his point, the liquid metal leaped up, like a silvery finger beckoning to the young scientists. I tried to see if the professors were impressed, but I couldn't tell.

Shuffling around in his rubber boots, Bob moved to stand behind me, placing his hands on my shoulders and back. Wide-eyed, I arched up on my toes, but kept my arms straight at my sides. I may have even pushed out my chest a little. He continued to palpitate the supple curve of my spine, taking a great interest in the make of my shirt.

"Erica… this material," he started, "your top is woven with miniature metal links. I'm afraid I need… you need, to take it off."

My hands reached up to grip the edge at my waist. "You want me to get undressed… in front of your teachers?"

"They're scientists, Erica. They understand that this is part of the research," he tried to sound convincing.

Unable to find words, all I could do was gasp, as he brushed the bottom of my shirt. Meanwhile, my fingers fumbled with the front edge, just enough so that my bellybutton peeked into view.

Jake strode over and leaned in close to me. "Listen, Erica, I don't know why Bob brought you in here without proper protection. But it's evident that the metal on your clothes is causing the compound to become agitated. We need it to stabilize, or it might evolve into a hazardous substance!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! And then Bob placed his hands lightly on my hips, speaking in a softer tone of voice, and he also seemed a little embarrassed himself.

"Are you… are you wearing a bra?"

"Yes!" I said rather breathlessly.

I backed up, and the smooth heel of my foot pressed against the hard toe of the young man's boot. I felt vulnerable, yet at the same time, secure in his half-embrace.

"Erica, please…" Jake implored, looking nervously at the laboratory workstation, then back at me. "Take off your shirt!"

Well, I suppose it was all in the name of science. So I turned around, now facing Bob. I hesitated, and found I couldn't look him in the eye. Fingers curling around the bottom of my shirt, I began to pull it up… exposing my bare stomach… and then higher, until my white bra came into view. I was feeling all sorts of emotions, from fear that I had actually messed up their experiment, to the delicious humiliation of being commanded to strip. Now I lowered my head, and pulled my mesh top the rest of the way off, twisting it inside out as it came off my arms.

I just handed the material over to Jake, and watched him quickly dispose of it inside that bin. Realizing that I was now standing here in my bra, I folded my arms across my chest. Then I turned around to see if there was any improvement on the monitor. It seemed that the red bar indicator moved noticeably. I guess the metal on my clothes really was somehow interfering with conditions in the room.

From behind me, I heard Bob say, "Oh no…"

"What is it?" I asked as I spun around again, my foot rubbing the back of my bare calf.

The aspiring graduate student looked past me to acknowledge the panel observing this demonstration, and then he said, "Um… Erica, your bra… has a metal clasp."

"Of course it does," I answered quickly. "Oh, wait… you don't mean…"

Jake suddenly popped back behind me, and somehow he managed to manipulate the metal bra hook with his rubber gloves. Before I knew it, I was practically cradling the A cups in my arms. At least positioned between the two boys, the gathered faculty on the other side of the glass could not see me.

I carefully slid the bra straps off my shoulders one at a time, and then gave the undergarment to Jake for him to confiscate. Briefly, I stood before Bob bare-chested, my tits uncovered and my nipples growing long and hard. Ohmygosh, I didn't want him to get the wrong idea, like I was enjoying this! I lifted up my hands to cover my breasts, but Bob gave me an understanding smile of gratitude.

Topless! I was now topless in the college science building… and there were like a dozen smart and important people watching me! I didn't think I could stand it much longer, so with my hands still cupping my titties, I pushed myself forward and jogged toward the corner of the room. My bare feet slapped over the tiles, until I reached the laboratory stool I had been seated on.

Over my shoulder, I could here Bob address the panel. Then it sounded like he turned to have a heated discussion with Jake.

"What? What else could it be?" I heard the bearded young man state earnestly.

And then Bob came clomping over to me in his dumb rubber boots. He put his hands on my bare shoulders, and gently turned me around. Again, standing like this in front of the young man, I found that I couldn't look him directly in the eye. Instead, I blew a whistle of air up from my bottom lip, causing a strand of my soft brown hair to rise off my face. My arms were still hugging my chest, when Bob lowered his hands to my hips.

"Oh, Erica…" he spoke somewhat dismayed. "Your skirt!"

"Do you like it?" I asked sarcastically, while feeling nervous, excited, thrilled and embarrassed all at the same time.

He smiled briefly, and then said, "Yes, it's very nice. But I count at least 5 metallic buttons sewn into the material. We need you to let us remove it from the experimental zone."

"What exactly is happening to all my stuff?" I pouted.

Bob looked back over his shoulder at Jake, before answering me, "We need to take these metal items out of an area where they can't interact with the substance we are working on. In that container, the buckles on your sandals, your wristwatch, and your mesh shirt, won't be able to destabilize the molecular…"

"Yeah, yeah… and now you want my skirt, too!" I said, even as I lowered one hand to pop open the button. "Oh my… I guess we forgot to count the metal zipper as well!"

That sealed it. With one arm slung across my breasts, I let the denim skirt wiggle down my hips, and fall to the floor completely. I shyly lifted each leg, so that Bob could bend down and retrieve the material.

Before he returned the item to his lab partner, I reached out to touch his arm. "Bob… um, I just want you to know, I'm really embarrassed."

Even as I made the confession, I could feel the pink blush spreading up my thighs and tummy, my neck flushing and ears turning red. What I wondered, was if the astute scientist knew also that I was getting very aroused!

"I know," he replied softly. "I'm sorry about this. I'll make it up to you."

While I stood there in just my little white panties, I watched Bob proceed to deliver my clothes to Jake, and then spoke once more to the assembled professors. I imagine he had to explain what was going on, all about his hypothesis that the metal things I was wearing had caused a strange and potentially dangerous reaction with the compound they were studying. From the corner, I could not see the computer screen, but I hoped that red bar had gone all the way down, since I didn't have any more metallic items on me. Feeling a little horny, and a little adventurous, I crept quietly closer to the center of the room so that the panel might have a better look at my slim nineteen-year-old figure. I bet I made a more interesting body of research!

Bob and Jake now both monitored their testing material and consulted the computer programs. Again they seemed to have a spirited exchange. I caught Jake gesturing in my direction. Now what?

Both young men approached me. Bob asked me nicely if I had any other metal on me. I told him that there was nothing I could think of.

"Is your clit pierced?" Jake scratched his beard and narrowed his eyes as he looked at my crotch.

I nearly put my hands on my hips in shock, but that would have revealed how hard my nipples were. "Excuse me?"

"Your clitoris," Jake continued, "does it have a piercing?"

"No way!" I answered truthfully, even as the object of this sensitive discussion began to poke out.

Jake looked at his partner, and then said, "It certainly looked big enough, if I remember correctly. You know, Erica, you could have a little circlet through the apex of your labia, with a metallic ball resting on that extended, fleshy nub."

"No!" I repeated, growing more and more turned on.

Before Bob could intercede on my behalf, his partner challenged me, "I don't believe you. There is still some metal in this room, coming… coming from you! Take off your panties, Erica."

My eyes went wide, as I shuffled nervously from one bare foot to the other. He wanted me to remove my underwear? Right here in front of everybody? I looked at Bob, but I could tell he was just as conflicted… not wanting to humiliate me any further, but also perplexed as to the source of any disruptive metal objects. Well, I had to prove to him that I was not hiding anything and was not the cause of their presentation's problems.

First, I turned my back so that it was facing the viewing glass. All these professors and scientists were going to get a good look at my bare ass, but I tried not to think about that. I lowered my arms to hook my thumbs in the sides of my panties. My nipples were quivering, my tummy fluttering, as I began to slowly peel the elastic waistband down my hips. I wondered if I could have just lowered them in front, or rolled them halfway down my thighs, but my trembling hands did not stop. They kept tugging the material down my legs, until I was able to shake them past my knees.

I let my underwear fall all the way to my ankles. Then I stepped completely out of them. Ohmygosh! I stood fully nude in front of the two boys. Nothing was left to the imagination!

Reflexively, my hands darted to cover my pussy, and tried to shield my nipples, as I modestly bent a knee forward. But then I remembered that I was supposed to show these young scientists everything, like an examination. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and moved my hands out of the way. I even shifted my legs further apart. This caused my pink lower lips to unfold completely, my clitoris protruding out of its hood. I hoped Jake was satisfied…

However, he only crouched down in front of my bald crotch, and said, "Erica, spread your labia apart…"

"Oh!" I gasped, but my hands willingly sought to touch that most silky, sensitive skin.

I pressed my thumbs into my shaved mound, using my two index fingers to pull apart the lips. Into my steaming slit, the young man peered. And then he stuck his finger out, encased in a rubber glove, and touched my clit!

"OHHH! Mmmmmm…." I moaned, my body shuddering at such pleasurable sensations.

Jake then stood up and shook his head. "Nope, definitely no ring or any signs of piercing. I doubt you could ever get through the procedure, Erica."

"So then where is the metal coming from?" Bob inquired.

At this point, the young man acted like a gentleman and stepped behind me, essentially blocking the view of my totally naked body from the science faculty. But then he placed his hands on the sides of my bare legs and began patting me down! My arms sprung out like airplane wings, as he moved higher and higher. I stood up on my tiptoes, allowing him access to every nook and cranny. Although secretly I would have liked the touch of his uncovered fingers caressing my skin, the Playtex rubber gloves he was wearing were not entirely unpleasant.

Bob reached around, feeling my stomach… no, no ring in the belly button. His hands roamed higher, eventually making contact with my small but succulent breasts. As elongated as my nipples were, I thought it pretty obvious that my nipples were not pierced either. Thank goodness Jake had already inspected me down below, because I think if Bob touched my pussy with his rubber gloves, I would have cum right there in the middle of the room!

Still, I was hot as hell, and building toward an orgasm. I know it was more of a clinical search to find any kind of foreign object with even a trace of metal on my person, but it felt like my body was being teased and played with. And we had an audience! I arched my back, grinding my pretty ass against the front of Bob's jumpsuit. Licking my lips, I ran both my hands through my hair, lifting the locks, exposing the supple back of my neck and…

"Erica! Your earrings!" Jake called out.

I was sort of in a daze, and mumbled, "Mmmm…yes…nibble my earlobes…"

"No, no… hold that position!" Bob said firmly.

Suddenly, I was a little more aware of my nudity, but I did as I was told. I kept my hands on top my head, fingers interlocked. With my feet spread about shoulder-width apart, my pussy lips hung down enticingly between my legs. Bob moved in for a closer look at my ears, pressing his body against mine, and gingerly touched the jewelry.

"Yes, I believe that's it!" Bob confirmed.

Jake stepped forward to take a closer look himself. It was like a naked Erica sandwich, with me squeezed between the two young men. The bearded graduate student put his finger to my chin, turning my head so that he could better examine the jewelry.

Finally he said, "You're going to have to remove those earrings."

"Um, OK," I whispered.

Now he stepped away from me, giving me room to maneuver. My whole body was flushed, and I noticed he was perspiring too. But was it from the stress of this wildly unexpected meltdown of their presentation, or because he and his friend had their hands full with a nude young girl? I straightened out a little as my fingers worked at the clasp and pin in each earlobe. Of course this left my front completely exposed. And as my body was starting to calm down, the orgasm starting to subside, I was growing more and more embarrassed about my lack of clothing.

When I had pulled out the two earrings, I glanced over my shoulder and shyly handed them to Bob. I wondered if he knew how close he had been to making me cum. It was at that point, I found myself wondering what it would be like to have him inside me!

"Whoa, looks like someone's thinking dirty thoughts," Jake remarked.

I looked down and saw that my nipples were pointing toward the ceiling. I guess my clit was still pretty erect, probably sticking right out at Jake. Blushing, I placed a palm over my pink pussy. For some reason, now that I had taken off the last of my accessory items, along with all of my clothes, I felt more naked than ever. It's like they had now seen every inch of me.

Bob picked my panties up off the floor, and carefully wrapped my ear jewelry. He then walked over to the containment bin, opened the hatch, and dropped my things inside.

"You didn't have to put her underwear in there," Jake said to his friend.

For the first time, I noticed that the compartment opened and closed with a hiss of air, like it was pressurized.

Bob regarded the unit, then turned back to face us. "Oh, right… I guess not."

Before I could ask him to retrieve the article, so at least I might salvage some decency, suddenly the lights in the room began to stop flickering. The buzzing alarm also died down. And I could only imagine that the image on the computer screen of that glaring red bar must have disappeared. No more metal at all in the laboratory station, and not even a stitch on me!

At once, the transparent door in the Plexiglas wall swung open, as a stream of professors and fellow scientists entered the room. I was shocked at first, as here I was, standing in the middle, stark naked. I wished that I could find some place to hide. But the academic review panel was more interested in that mysterious silvery substance that the boys had been working with.

As they began questioning Jake and Bob, I quietly stepped to the side. Eventually, I made my way over to the corner stool, and sat down for the remainder of the evaluation. Of course, I demurely crossed my legs, and held one hand in front of each breast, effectively shielding my pointy nipples. I bit my lip and bobbed my foot, waiting for this to be concluded. What I didn't realize until too late, was that this stool was positioned in the corner, right across from the open doorway.

One by one, the faculty members and board members departed from the chamber, and each and every one of them had to pass by me on the way out! So much for being ignored. Most of them inclined their head or nodded, as if thanking me for my participation in the experiment. As if this had been a planned demonstration! Sitting there completely bare, I thought to myself that I had never been seen by any of my own college professors like this. I wondered if there was a chance I might take a course with any of them over the next few years. Certainly, there was the very real likelihood I might run into them on campus!

When the last woman had exited the chamber, I asked, "Are they gone?"

"Yes, they will be forming their own committee now to discuss the merits of our findings," Bob said, perhaps a bit worried.

I looked to my side to verify that the adjoining room was indeed empty, and then hopped off my seat. With one hand still between my legs, I shyly walked over to the workstation area. Standing on my bare tiptoes, I curiously watched the slow ripple of the liquid alloy in the two trays. It looked so peaceful now, and kind of calming.

"So what exactly does this stuff do?" I asked, raising my free hand to hook a strand of hair behind my ear.

Jake was quickly at my side and explained, "It's still in the experimental stages, but we believe that we have discovered a new free-form metal. You've been seeing it here in its most malleable state… but when removed from the testing pan and subjected to the room's atmospherics, the substance can be molded and will then retain any shape."

I blinked, completely lost.

"Here, watch…" Jake chuckled.

And just like that, the bearded young man plunged both his gloved hands into a silvery pool. I gasped in amazement when he pulled out a considerable quantity, and began shaping it into a perfect sphere. Then, like a magician making balloon animals at a kid's birthday party, he winked with a mischievous look in his eye. Jake rolled the ball between his two hands, faster and faster, so that the shape became long and narrow. Soon, it took on the form of a cylinder. But he was cleverly able to tweak the substance, pinching and twisting it, until he had made a cone at one end, turning it into a seven or eight inch smooth silver rocket.

I brought both my hands to my chest, rubbing my nipples with the palms of my hands, and let out a small, "Ooooh…"

In response, Jake touched me with the morphed silver, just below my bellybutton. He slowly traced a line down to my crotch, causing me to separate my legs a bit. He teased my bare pubic mound with the tip of the hardened object.

"Oh!" I squealed, "You wouldn't…"

Already open and lubricated, my pussy let the silver crafted instrument slip right in. It was a perfect fit! I closed my eyes, and held my breath, waiting to see if he would start pleasuring me.

"Come on, Jake, you know it's not meant for that!" I heard Bob reprimand his friend.

The other young scientist held it inside me a moment longer, and then withdrew the object glistening with my juices. "A thousand and one uses, Bob. Think of the fun we could have!"

Nevertheless, these boys were all business when it came down to their science project. So despite having created perhaps a breakthrough in feminine pleasure toys, Jake placed the transformed metal back into the tray. I was amazed to see it revert to its liquid state again, and I was breathing hard from excitement. Then the young man took me by the hand, pulling me away from the lab counter.

"I know, Erica, it's pretty incredible," Jake said. "But we have to lock everything down for the rest of the day."

We were halfway through the room when I gasped, "What… what about my clothes?"

Jake let go of me, pausing to look up and down my naked body, from head to toe. All I could was stand there, blushing, not bothering to cover up. In fact, I clasped my hands sweetly behind my back, even raised one foot on my delicate toes.

"Do you want to tell her, or should I?" Jake asked his friend.

I opened my mouth to object, but Bob was already behind me, placing a hand on my shoulder. He had taken off his rubber gloves.

"I'm sorry, Erica, but in order to prevent the metal from your watch and jewelry and all your clothes disrupting the material we've been working with, we had to use that containment bin…"

Now I folded my arms across my little tits. "Yes, I gathered that!"

"Well, that bin cryogenically sustains the items placed within for a period of twenty-four hours. The good news is, your things are unable to harm our research, and they will be perfectly fine."

I spun around to face Bob fully nude. "You mean I can't get them out of there… until tomorrow?"

Behind me, Jake whistled. "You've got a great ass, Erica."

Now I turned around again, completely flustered. I bit my lip and ran a hand through my hair. These two guys were so unreal. Bob always seemed sweet and sincere, and then Jake had his direct approach of just saying whatever was on his mind. And yet by all indications, they were both brilliant chemistry students. Though by no means were they the most attractive samples of the college's male population, they were still cute in their oddball sort of way. I found myself torn between wanting to scream at them, or wanting them to have their way with me!

"Don't worry," Bob was continuing. "We'll have everything sorted out and returned to you."

"Well, what am I going to wear now?" I pouted.

Jake looked about the stark, clinical laboratory and then snapped his fingers. "The lab coats!"

"There are lab coats in here?" I asked in disbelief, placing my hands on my nude hips.

Bob moved around to my side and said, "No, not up here. And you remember, we were locked behind this partition as a safety precaution, while we confiscated all the destabilizing metal."

"But there are more labs on the floor below us, and they have closets full of protective jackets!" Jake replied.

"Can I wait here, while you bring me back one?" I inquired shyly, once more cupping my hands in front of my pussy.

Placing a hand on my bare back, Bob urged me forward. "I really need to lock down the station, Erica."

"Oh…" I said in a small voice.

At first, I thought he meant the rectangular lab work area behind the Plexiglas wall. But soon the boys ushered me barefoot onto the carpeted adjoining area, where the review panel had sat behind a long table. Further on we pressed, through the waiting area and out the door. My tummy fluttered as I was being separated from my clothes with each step, and I instinctively brought my hands to my mouth, to keep from protesting. Down below, my pussy lips unfolded and flapped with my walking motions. Before I even realized what had happened, I found myself standing outside in the corridor as Bob punched in the security code.

Ohmygosh! I was totally naked up here in the college Science Hall! I had never been in any of the classroom buildings unclothed before! I felt a sense of thrill flood through my body, and I was nervous and embarrassed at the same time. At least it was the summer session, and I don't think there were any students around.

Jake must have guessed my thoughts, and placed a comforting hand on my stomach, which nearly started me purring. "Don't worry, Erica. I doubt any other students would be in this building."

With that, the two boys headed off down the hallway, their big rubber boots echoing over the tiled floor. I was left to follow, padding after them softly, my perky tits bouncing. They weren't going in the direction of the elevator, but instead we continued along the main corridor. Hopefully, the academic review board had gone in a different direction, maybe left the building entirely. I didn't want to be seen by them again!

Around the corner were some spiral stairs, which the two graduate students quickly descended. I paused for a moment before lowering my toes to follow in the wake of their footsteps. I had one arm extended, hand gliding along the slim banister, while with my other hand I rested my fingers on my bare shoulder. After climbing down a few feet, Bob and Jake stopped, turning their heads to see that I was keeping up. Instinctively, when they stopped, I also halted my descent, standing with my legs apart.

Blushing, I realized that from where they were looking up, not only did they see my bald pink pussy, but they could also see deeper inside me. What a sight that must have been, glistening with the first drops of cum! I really needed to get covered up. So I hurriedly pushed my way forward, reaching and even squeezing between the two young men.

"Right, you should probably go in front of us," Jake muttered.

Of course, now that I wasn't sure where I was going or who I might run into, I carefully wrapped an arm around my breasts, and lowered one hand in front of my crotch. Still, I know my little bottom bounced playfully as I proceeded down the steps. I took a deep breath as I walked out into the landing, and then emerged in the middle of a new corridor. We were along the edge of the building, I realized, as tall wide windows ran along the length of the entire wall.

"Guys! I'm totally exposed up here!" I called over my shoulder, hugging my body tight.

Jake walked past me and said, "It should be all right… I doubt anyone ever looks up to see what's going on inside this wing of the Science Center!"

Fascinated, I let my arms drop to my sides, and strolled to the edge of the window. Framed in steel and marble, the glass reached from floor to ceiling. I took a couple more steps forward, placed my hands on the transparent surface. Lowering my eyes, I could make out several people crossing over a path below. Now I pressed my bare body full against the glass. My extended nipples and breasts squished upon the window, and my pussy was spread like little pink wings. I even lifted up on my toes.

"Um, Erica, what are you doing?" Bob asked as he and Jake stopped to turn around and look at me.

At the sound of his voice, I spun on my heel, leaning my ass against the window. My pokey nipples snapped up and down, quivering wildly. And my shaved lips were left hanging open, my enormous clit sticking out.

I was so embarrassed standing there, and mumbled, "Just making sure no one could see me…"

"Right," Jake chuckled. "Like I said, we had better get you covered up before you catch something."

Now I felt like a scolded little girl, who had been caught playing out in the rain. I shyly cupped both hands in front of my pussy, and shuffled after the two young men. What would they think of me!

We entered a room off to the side, and I saw that the layout was pretty much like a clinical laboratory. Actually, not much different than the chemistry classrooms we had back in high school. Although, I imagine the equipment here was much more sophisticated. All the way in the back, looked to be rows of closets, and perhaps some lockers.

I stood in the middle of the lab, continually checking over my shoulder as I bounced up and down on my feet. The boys moved ahead and made a search through the wardrobe. Finally, Bob returned to me, holding out a white coat. First, I lowered my eyes shyly. And then I slowly pulled my hands apart, away from my crotch, letting everything hang out. Ohmygosh, I was so horny! Stretching my arms out, I allowed Bob to slip the lab coat over my body.

Once my arms were through the sleeves, I found that the cuffs came a little past my hands, like it was too big for me. But the hem only fell to the middle of my smooth thighs, so I guessed this was a coat for a short person. My fingers trembling, I did up the buttons until I was decent again.

Well, except that this was the only thing I was wearing! I rubbed my bare foot up and down my other leg's shin. This was making me hotter! I wondered who would get to use the coat next, and if they would smell my arousal in this jacket. My arms reached up and I ran a hand through my hair.

"I wouldn't lift your arms up too much," Jake advised.

With my hands still placed atop my head, I looked down to see the coat was raised enough, permitting my pussy to peek out. I felt so naughty! And then the two boys were at my side, each gently taking me by the elbow.

Bob explained, "If you wouldn't mind just waiting outside for a moment, Erica. We would like to change out of these suits."

"Wait a minute," I protested, flustered and squirming out of the hold of the young men. "You two have seen me naked all day today! Why should I give you any privacy?"

The science graduates exchanged glances as we continued toward the door, and Jake answered, "That doesn't seem very lady-like. Besides, we did find you something to cover up with!"

"I suppose…" I mumbled, fidgeting with the buttons of the lab coat.

Bob put a hand on my arm and said, "Now you just wait out in the hall for a minute, and then we'll all go get something to eat."

Now that he mentioned it, I was kind of famished. But my mind wasn't really on food. I couldn't help but be fixated on the polyester material swishing across my boobs and pussy, the fact that I was stark naked under this coat! And the thought of these guys undressing, was actually turning me on. Reluctantly, I backed out of the door and stepped to the side.

I bit my lip and tried to be good. But curiosity got the better of me. After about thirty seconds, I leaned forward, sneaking a peek back inside the laboratory room. Jake and Bob had ditched their ridiculous yellow over-clothes, and were down to their boxers and T-shirts. They had their backs to me, and I had to wonder just how big their erections were! I could feel my own clit throbbing…

Before I knew it, or even realized it, my lab coat was completely unbuttoned and I was stroking my bald vulva. However, the show wasn't going to last, as the boys found their change of clothes in the lockers and were soon dressed again in slacks and shirts. Keeping enough sense not to be discovered, I quickly spun around and leaned against the wall with my eyes closed.

"Erica, if you want to preserve your modesty, you're going to have to keep that coat buttoned up!" Jake chided me as he walked outside the room with his friend.

Embarrassed, I quickly grabbed the open flaps of the coat and yanked them over the front of my body. I told them the jacket was just uncomfortable.

Jake continued to tease, suggesting, "We could always return it to the closet…"

"Um, where are we going?" I asked, momentarily toying with the idea of an extended streak.

Bob stepped forward, redoing the buttons for me like a gentleman. "We're going back to the Student Center, to grab a quick bite to eat."

"Oh," I said in a small voice, standing up on my toes. "I guess I better keep this on."

I giggled nervously while Bob finished making sure I was proper. We then started down the hallway, back the way we had come. Now I let my arms hang at my sides, once more the cuffs falling down past my hands. I was still conscious of my feet slapping over the white gleaming ties. The boys must have noticed too, as they kept glancing at my sweet bare legs beneath the hem of the coat.

Admittedly, it was pretty exciting walking through the building like this, and served to keep me on edge. Of course, the place was deserted, just the three of us echoing down the stairs and corridors.

When we walked outside onto the college campus, the late afternoon sun was still high in the sky. It was warm, so I did not mind my barefoot condition so much. But instinctively, I raised both my hands to shield my eyes like a visor from the sun. That revealed a little bit of pink, and made me shiver.

"Ooops!" I gasped, quickly lowering my arms.

"Come on, Erica," Jake laughed, and I followed the boys down the path.

We passed a few people on the way to the Student Center. I actually don't think anyone paid me any attention, dressed in the white lab coat, and walking between these two science geeks. Now it was me who was glad to have their unremarkable presence avert any eyes of interest.

That is, until we reached the wide plaza that stretched out before the glass and marble structure. It didn't take long, moving past hedges and benches, for us to be spied and greeted. We stopped in our tracks, as a brunette girl approached us.

"Erica, where have you been?" asked Alicia walking right up to me.

"I'm sorry!" I confessed, blushing between the two young men. "I completely forgot about your practice! It was only going to be for a little while, but I got caught up…"

Alicia folded her arms and narrowed her eyes. "I bet!"

"Jake, Bob…" I gushed, motioning back and forth between them, "this is my best friend, Alicia."

"Pleased to meet you," Jake gave a friendly little wave.

Alicia smiled then turned her eye back on me. "And what are you supposed to be, Erica?"

"A lab assistant," I sputtered.

My friend chuckled then said, "Well you look silly, because that coat doesn't even fit. Take it off, and where are your shoes!"

"I can't!" I squeaked, my eyes going wide, hands clutching the buttons of the lab coat. "I mean, I don't have anything on, under this…"

"What?" Alicia tried to suppress her own girlish giggle.

I looked from one science graduate to the other, and then replied bashfully, "I'm not wearing any clothes!"

Now Alicia gave the boys a mischievous smile. "So what exactly were you three up to, hmmm?"

"Oh, it's not like that," Bob interceded on my behalf. "We were running an important science demonstration, and there was a malfunction. Your friend, Erica…"

"She'll tell me about it later," Alicia said, stopping him mid-sentence with a raised hand.

"We were just about to get something to eat," Jake said smoothly, jerking his head back at the Student Center. "Care to join us?"

My busty brunette friend agreed, and soon we were heading for the wide double doors. It was a quick walk down the hall, and around the corner to the student commissary. Only a couple of people passed us on our way in. The great eating hall was very spacious, obviously needing to accommodate the campus population when the full semesters were in session. For now, with only the four of us making our way past the empty tables, the place seemed cavernous. There were pillars and decorative walls that sort of divided this part of the building into to sections. We moved beneath a painted frieze and found ourselves a table in the corner.

"You ladies wait here," Bob offered, "while Jake and I go up to see what's left on the menu."

After they had departed, heading for the grill and order counter all the way on the other side of the commissary, Alicia slid next to me. She put a hand meaningfully on my knee, and tucked a lock of hair behind my ear.

"Your new friends?" she questioned me, fondling my earlobe.

"Um, I guess. They're all right," I answered, confused by my surging emotions.

Alicia continued her interrogation. "You even took off your earrings, Erica. I guess they saw all of you… every inch?"

I licked my lips and nodded, "Mmmm-hmmm."

"So which one do you fancy?" Alicia pressed on.

"Oh, I don't know," I said blushing. "It's not like that. I mean they are both kind of cute, in that nerdy sort of way. They are really very smart. And Bob, the one with the glasses, he is so sweet…"

Alicia put her hand on my left breast and said, "Erica, your heart is beating faster…"

"It is?"

My friend only smiled knowingly and said, "I'm going to help you out. I'll go up there and find some way to keep Jake distracted. When Bob comes back, you can be alone with him. But first, let me have the coat."

"Alicia!" I sat up, amazed. "I told you… I'm naked under this jacket!"

Looking around, as if to confirm that we were indeed isolated in this corner, she declared, "It's what you want. Now come on, hand it over. You'll thank me later, Erica."

I remained seated, but nervously popped open the top button of the lab coat. My eyes were wide, and I couldn't believe I was doing this! Fingers moving quickly before I had a chance to change my mind, I undid the second and then all the rest of the buttons. We were in the Student Center, for goodness sake! Any other time during the Fall or Spring, there would be thousands of young people around us. I shrugged the white coat off my shoulders so I could pull out my arms one at a time.

Instantly my nipples hardened, waiting to be played with. Alicia smiled in satisfaction as I scooted around on the seat, and then passed the jacket into her arms.

I was sitting here totally nude!

My slim body was bare and exposed, for a second I relished the brazen display. Then I crossed my legs demurely and hunched forward just a bit. I clutched my arms around my knee, as my foot started bobbing up and down.

"You look adorable!" Alicia grinned as she stood up, taking the lab coat with her.

My eyes watched and followed as she calmly waked away from the table. Further and further she drifted, leaving me here, naked. I started to think that this wasn't such a good idea, as any stray student could come wandering over here at any moment. Maybe I should get up and run. But where would I go? I hoped Bob would bring me something good to eat.

No sooner did I have that incongruous thought, then the young man came shuffling into view. I felt kind of scared and nervous, but also very excited. It's not like he hadn't seen me undressed before! But something about this unlikely of all locations, in the middle of the day, heightened the sexuality of my nudity. I brushed my hair back folding my hands behind my head, presenting my tits as he stepped closer to the table.

"Erica!" Bob exclaimed, nearly tripping over his feet and dropping his tray. "Where is your coat?"

Feeling very sexy, I answered, "I took it off…"

The young man nearly stumbled again. "Yes, but here? We're in the middle of campus… there are a half a dozen people on the other side of the hall…"

"There are?" I now stood up out of my seat.

Bringing my hands to my mouth in shock, my soft tummy was in full view, and inches beneath my bellybutton, my pink labia had unfolded. The possibility that there were others in the building, in the same room, was too much for me. I felt a thrill up and down my spine, and tingle in my bare butt cheeks. I waited for Bob to set the tray down on a table to the side.

And then I myself, slowly climbed up onto the table in front of me. I eased my petite body down, lying on my back. My arms at my sides, I had my toes and nipples sticking straight up at the vaulted ceiling above.

Bob removed his glasses to wipe clean the lenses, and put them back on. "Erica… what?"

"I want you to touch me, Bob," I moaned softly.

The young man moved up against the table's length, staring down at me. I watched his eyes roam all over my body, and it felt so good! My fingers drummed the surface in anticipation, the excitement of being so vulnerable, nothing covered. I arched my back a little.

Bob reached down and took my bare toes between his fingers, causing me to squeal unexpectedly at his choice. He massaged my feet sensuously, sending a charge up my legs and into my crotch. I had no idea they were so erogenous! His hands, used to manipulating all sorts of things in the science world, were amazing.

"You are very pretty," he said with such sincerity, causing me to coo.

Working his way up my thighs also got a reaction and I encouraged him saying, "Mmmm… why don't you try a more daring spot."

Understanding my intent, the young man brushed his fingers lightly, first across my stomach, and then over my nineteen-year-old bald pussy. He used his thumb and forefinger to spread apart my glistening lips. With a buck of my hips, his hand slipped, causing his finger to thrust deep inside me…

Wow! This was incredible! As he slowly began to work my pussy, I reached up and squeezed my tender breasts. All I could think of was how different this was from Carrie's softer feminine touch. She had played with me before, but it was unlike what I was experiencing now. I guess I was still a virgin, having never been penetrated by a man before. I'm not sure Bob knew what he was doing, exploring my body like this for the first time. But his fingers would teasingly brush my clitoris, bringing me so close, and then move away. It was driving me wild!

"Kiss my tits!" I moaned breathlessly.

Like a good boy, he lowered his head, enough to blow on my elongated nipples. Soon his mouth was attached to my breast, his tongue flicking back and forth, back and forth. I was being sucked on and fingered in my college's Student Center, and I was loving it!

"Aaaah…" I heard myself moan.

I knew I couldn't take much more teasing. Sliding myself over the side of the table, I pushed Bob into a chair. I then climbed naked into his lap. My arms were thrown around him as I kissed the young man full on the lips. I could feel his hardness through his pants, pressing into my crotch.

Now I turned myself around, still sitting his lap, but facing forward. I let him play with and fondle my tits, while grinding my ass into the bulge in his pants. Then I took his wrist in my hand, and guided his fingers down to my open pussy.

"Touch me here," I gasped as he kissed me on the neck.

With my assistance, I moved his finger onto my clitoris. Once he found the erect little button, I think the intelligent boy knew what to do. Circling, rubbing, and teasing the extended nub, made my bare legs shoot out and toes spread apart!

"Ohhhh… Yes! Yeeeessss! " I gave a loud cry, enough for everyone to hear, as I had my orgasm.

Down his hand and arm my juices trailed. I wondered if I was the first girl Bob had made cum. And in public, too! With that thought, I had another orgasm, gushing like a fountain.

When my body stopped quivering, I crawled around to sit forward in his lap once more. We kind of cuddled, as he played with my boobs softly and kissed my lips. A little surprised, and feeling a bit guilty, I noticed he had not… subsided.

"I'm sorry," I said blushing with shame, and confusion. "I don't know if I'm ready to have you inside me, yet…"

Bob just looked at me with an understanding smile. He raised his finger still wet with my juices and said that would have to do. We hugged a little longer, his other hand rubbing my back. And then I asked him if he could find Alicia. I suddenly wanted to be with my best friend.

Naked, I huddled behind some chairs, and waited for her to return with the lab coat. But before she let me put it on, Alicia had to question me first.

"So did you get laid?"

"Not quite," I replied, with an arm crossed over my breasts, and one hand hiding my pussy. "But he's the first guy I ever had finger me to orgasm…"

Alicia laughed and started to put the lab coat protectively around my shoulders. "Well, that's a start!"

**30 – Ice Cream**

Once again, I found myself over Alicia's aunt's house. We had made plans to go to the mall today, but she was called on at the last minute to watch her cousin. This always seemed to happen when the two of us were trying to spend some quality girl time together! As it was, the guard duty would not be for the whole day, only the early part of the afternoon until Jimmy's mother returned from a hairdresser's appointment.

It was the first week of June, and we were enjoying our break from school, but the weather was already heating up. I remember walking out of the house that morning, and it was so warm outside. Nice and sunny, but I still had to make sure to dress appropriately. I wore a pair of baby blue Capri pants and a pink tank top that just came down to my stomach. It felt kind of sexy to have my bellybutton on display. But I was really proud of how I accessorized, with a floral print sash that I used as a belt. A pair of flip-flops completed my ensemble.

Alicia and I had been hanging out in the kitchen, her cousin Jimmy was playing outside. Suddenly, my friend's cell phone rang, startling us both. I was hoping that it might be Carrie or one of our friends from college, and they might swing over here to keep us entertained for the next hour. Instead, it was apparently a message from Alicia's job.

"Shit! I forgot about that!" the brunette said as she slammed shut her phone.

Elbows on the table, head resting in my hand, I asked, "What is it?"

"Erica, honey, I need to ask a favor," she started sweetly, and I knew I wouldn't like it. "I was supposed to leave a key for one of my co-workers, but I took it home with me last night. I need to run it over there, and then I'll be right back."

I looked up, putting two and two together. "You mean I can't go with you? I have to stay here… alone… with Jimmy?"

Alicia was already grabbing her keys and turned to answer before departing. "Oh, you'll be fine. He hardly even knows you're here. Now don't get into trouble!"

With a slight giggle, my friend in denim shorts bounced out of the kitchen. I could hear the front door open and close as she hurried outside. The engine of her car in the driveway started, and then she drove off. Miserable, I stood up and walked over to the kitchen counter and looked forlornly out the window.

"What's the matter, Erica?"

I turned around to see Jimmy enter through the open doorway. He was ten years old now, and getting more and more unpredictable. I remember just a couple of years ago he was chubby and always mean. Now, he had grown some, almost as tall as me! And since he started playing sports, he was loosing some of that baby fat. I guess I still thought of him as an annoying little pain that always ruined our fun.

When I didn't answer, Alicia's cousin pulled his arms from behind his back, and showed that he was holding two ice-cream cones. He took a couple of steps forward, and then motioned that he was willing to share one of them with me. I was taken aback by his generosity, and on this warm lazy day, and icy creamy treat did sound tempting.

"Would you like chocolate or vanilla?" he asked.

I regarded the boy carefully, just to make sure this wasn't some kind of prank. "Um… vanilla sounds nice."

Figuring he would hand me the chocolate just to spite me, instead, he politely extended his arm and offered me the cone with the white ice cream swirled smooth. I took this gratefully, and gave him a smile. Then I took a tenuous lick, and it was delicious!

"You look pretty today," Jimmy remarked.

What had come over him? First manners, and now flattery! I felt myself blush as I replied, "Thank you."

But I may have gotten my hopes up too soon. Looking around, Jimmy spied the one chair that was in the utility kitchen. I thought he might continue to charm me, and offer me to have a seat. However, showing a bit of his old self, the boy dragged it around the table and made himself comfortable! I narrowed my eyes at him, but I guess I couldn't really complain. So I took another lick of the ice cream.

I was standing in the corner, wedged into the L-shaped counter. Seeing the brat swinging his legs contentedly in the chair, I decided to do him one better. First I kicked off my flip-flops. Then, holding onto the cone carefully in one hand, I braced myself with the other and hoisted up onto the counter. I scooted all the way back, bringing my knees up and spread apart, so that my feet rested on the surface. My tongue took another taste of the treat, as I wiggled my toes at Jimmy.

And then the boy began to chuckle. Not a playful, childish giggle, but almost as if he was laughing at me.

"What?" I asked, and then looked down.

To my dismay, I saw that in the movements and motions of lifting up onto the counter and positioning myself comfortably… the front of my pink top had ridden up! Without a bra, the hem of the shirt now rested on top of my breasts, my nipples sticking out exposed. I had one hand wrapped around the front of my bare shin, and the other of course held the cone. Instead of adjusting my top, flustered, I took another lick of the ice cream.

It was really good! So I continued to savor the cool creamy sweetness on my tongue, with my tits hanging out. The mix of sensations was starting to make me confused and I think the cold must have gone to my head. Knowing that my nipples were bit by bit extending, I just continued to rub my shin and lick. Was I getting turned on by this?

Suddenly, a big lump of ice cream slipped off the cone to fall, splat, on my pants!

"Eeeee!" I squealed, while Jimmy laughed. "Oh no!"

The boy remained seated, but offered his expert opinion. "What a mess! You're gonna have to take them off, Erica."

I looked up with wide eyes. "You mean, here? In front of you?"

"Right now," Jimmy encouraged. And then took a lick of his own chocolate ice cream.

My breasts were still uncovered. But now I had the cold wetness in my lap and dripping down my pants leg to worry about. Moving my hand up, I hooked a thumb into the front of the waistband. But these Capri pants were not going to slide off easily. I took another lick from what remained on the cone while considering my options. It looked like I was going to have to strip.

Fingers moving quickly, I untied the sash belt and pulled it through the loop. This allowed access to the button, which I popped open. Still using one hand, I lowered the zipper and let the flap fall to one side. My nipples pointed toward the ceiling, keeping up the hem of my pink top. Now I hooked my thumb on the side of my opened pants and began to tug down. Perched on the countertop, the light blue material slipped first off one leg, and then they fell completely off my toes onto the floor.

I took another lick of the ice cream cone. Here I was, sitting in front of Alicia's cousin in just my underpants, and my top hiked up with bare breasts on display. The panties I was wearing were white, and kind of sheer in the front, but had a pattern of yellow daisies along the elastic band. I felt ridiculous. But I also felt myself getting aroused.

"Erica, I don't like those underwear," Jimmy said in a bossy tone of voice.

I shuffled down to the floor, my toes arching on the kitchen tiles, and said, "It's embarrassing enough that you are seeing me in these. What don't you like about them?"

"The little flowers, for one thing," the boy gave his honest answer.

My tongue worked its way around the edge of the cone, slurping up the last of the ice cream. I turned around, opening up one of the bottom cabinets and found the garbage bin. After I tossed the cone away, I looked back over my shoulder.

"Maybe I could just lower the band a little, so you don't see the daisy pattern…"

From his chair, Jimmy returned, "I don't know…"

Hooking my thumbs into the elastic band at my hips, I started to twist and roll down the material. I might have gone a little too far, when I felt the crack of my ass exposed.

"How's that?" I asked, my heart beating faster.

Jimmy waited a moment before answering. "Lower them some more."

I sighed and leaned forward. Pulling my panties further down, I felt them slip beneath the curve of my bottom. In front of me, my smooth vulva was uncovered. I gasped, but still gripped the edge of the material tightly.

"Is that good enough?" I asked breathlessly, rising up on my toes.

"Keep going," Alicia's dominating cousin ordered.

Now I had to decide how to proceed. Inch by inch, I was loosing my underwear. Obviously, at this point he could see my bare backside. But I didn't know if I could tug the panties down any more, without bending over… and that meant showing a whole lot more pink parts. I bit my lip, and then took hold of the lowered elastic band with both hands, just beneath my ass. With a final yank, I simultaneously straightened my back, and let the white delicate fabric fall down my legs, to the floor.

"Satisfied!" I gasped, with that strange conflict of emotions, of being annoyed by his demands, yet humiliated and thrilled at the same time.

"You know, Erica…" the little monster continued to tease and mock me. "I really didn't like them at all. Please step over in front of the sink."

As it was, he could clearly see my cute shapely bottom, flushed pink with embarrassment. I turned my head and looked to my side, where the kitchen sink was an arm's length away.

"Oh!" I squeaked, bouncing up and down on my toes. "But if I move at all, even just over there, I'll have to step out completely…"

I couldn't finish, nor could I wait for his reply. My hands resting on the counter surface, I slowly lifted one leg and carefully edged to my right. Doing so caused me to then lift my other leg and bring it back so that my ankles touched and knees were locked together. Shifting my eyes to look to my left, I saw the discarded panties lying on the floor a couple of feet way.

Ohmygosh! I was standing completely bottomless in Alicia's Aunt's kitchen. Even my top had been raised high enough so that from the middle of my back all the way to my heels, I was totally bare! The sense of Jimmy's eyes roaming over my slender form was too much, so I quickly turned around to face forward. Of course, first I was sure to clasp both my hands in front of my pussy.

We stared at each other for a moment. I could feel my tummy fluttering, the sensations I always felt whenever I was standing in front of someone undressed, no matter who it was. Shyly, I lowered my eyes, only to see that my pink top remained scrunched up, long nipples sticking out beneath the hem. My first thought was to reach up and straighten it out, but I was afraid of moving my hands away and revealing the soft velvety folds of skin of my parted pussy. Maybe if I used one hand…

Suddenly, from behind me and out the window, I could hear a car pulling up in the driveway. I took a step backward, my bare ass pushing up against the kitchen cabinet.

I tried to look over my shoulder without turning around. "Do you think Alicia is home already? What a relief!"

"That's not Alicia's car," Jimmy said as he stood up off the chair. "That's my mom! Quick, run down into the basement!"

"Ohmygosh!" I squealed and started skipping toward the door that led downstairs, with my hands between my legs, bare feet slapping over the kitchen tiles.

When I placed my fingers on the knob, I spun around, flashing my breasts with nipples quivering.

"My clothes!" I shouted, listening for Jimmy's mother at the front door.

"Right!"

The boy acted quickly, springing forward to grab my things on the floor. He picked up my flip-flops and underwear, and was careful carrying my pants, which must have been covered with melted ice cream. I opened the basement door for him, wanting him to lead the way. Actually, I wanted to keep him from following my naked ass down the stairs. But he gave me a nudge with his shoulder, more like a shove, and sent me scampering ahead.

As my toes balanced on the edge of each step, I let my arms swing out to either side. Since Jimmy was behind me, I figured I didn't have to hide my shaved pussy. All of a sudden, I felt Alicia's cousin grab the back of my shirt in one hand.

"Might as well take this, too!" I heard him say.

The pink material of my tank top, already bunched up around my neck, would be easy to pull over my head. And with my slender arms in a lateral position, they gave no resistance in lifting up to effortlessly slip between the holes at each side. I was actually impressed at the strength of Jimmy's grip, able to strip off my top in one motion. Momentum carried me forward, and the result was that descending a couple of more steps left me without any clothes on at all.

"Jimmy, I'm naked!" I cried, but kept moving.

We both made it to the basement floor, my heart racing with excitement. Totally nude, I felt my clitoris emerge erect out of its hood, so I was certain to keep my palm lowered discreetly. With my other arm slung tightly across my breasts, I spun around to face the ten-year-old accusingly.

Jimmy looked at my clothes, all my clothes, in his arms and then waved my pink tank top in front of me. "You weren't even wearing it right, Erica."

"But… now I'm not wearing ANYTHING!"I squealed, blushing all over.

The boy, apparently pleased with himself, just marched past me. How did this happen so fast? Stark naked in the basement of Alicia's aunt's house, with Alicia's cousin! I hope he didn't get any ideas. Then again, I hoped I didn't get any ideas. I saw that Jimmy was heading off to a small room in the corner, which I remembered from being down here previously, was where the washer and dryer were kept. Nervously I hugged my body and kept a hand between my legs as I shuffled forward.

"You're walking funny," Jimmy remarked, watching me approach from over his shoulder.

I bit my lip and glanced down to make sure I had all my pink bits covered, then said, "Well it's kind of embarrassing… to be nude… in front of a boy."

Jimmy just shrugged.

"Hey, um…" I whispered as I moved over to his side, "do you have to wash everything? Maybe I could just put on…"

"Too late!" the boy said as he slammed down the lid of the washing machine.

All my clothes were in there. I bounced up on my toes, hearing the water start to pour in, and wondered if I would ever find some relief. A glance around the room showed that there was not any spare clothing lying around, either freshly washed or otherwise. I guess they must have just put away their laundry.

And then from upstairs came a woman's voice hollering, "Jimmy! Where are you? And where is Alicia?"

"Better go explain this to Mom," the boy sighed as he started to jog out of the room.

For a moment I was startled, first worrying that Alicia's aunt would come down here and find me undressed. Then, as I watched Jimmy bound toward the steps, I began to imagine him telling his mother that I had taken off all my clothes, which was not entirely true. Instinctively, I reached out with one arm to stop him and started to run after him. With my arms completely out of the way, my little tits bounced playfully. I was about to call out, when I decided that I didn't want to call any more attention to myself. So fearing the worst, I turned around and walked naked back to the laundry room.

While I waited to find out what would happen, I figured I would tend to my load of clothes. Returning to the machine, I saw that it had entered the spin cycle, and looked like it would be a few more minutes. I stood up on my bare toes, trying to keep my soles off the concrete slab, and drummed my fingers atop the appliance. My mind started to drift as I closed my eyes, until I heard a cough behind me.

I saw Jimmy standing in the doorway. Ohmygosh! How long had he been staring at my ass? Spinning around, our eyes locked for an awkward few seconds. Then I realized, he could see my pussy! Quickly, I cupped both hands over my smooth mound.

The boy walked closer, and he did not look pleased. "I told my Mom that you had an accident with the ice cream and that you were down here cleaning up. I also told her that Alicia had to run to work. So now she ordered me to come back down here so you can keep an eye on me."

"Me?" I gasped, rubbing the front of one foot behind a bare calf. "Keep an eye on you?"

"Yeah," Jimmy grunted.

Then Alicia's cousin stomped over to a corner and sat down on the floor. I didn't know what to do. What I really wanted to do was run and hide… or run and find some safe place to do something else. He continued to glare at me, as if it was my fault that I had ruined his fun. For some reason, I felt horribly guilty and embarrassed at the same time.

Uneasy silence passed between us for a few moments. I was about to try and engage him in some small talk, when at my side, the washing machine began its gradual slowing of the spin cycle, then slowly, slowly, came to a stop.

"Clothes are done," I squeaked, breathless.

Jimmy motioned with his head and replied, "You still got to put them in the dryer. I'm not doing your chores for you!"

"Oh!" I gasped.

Here, I thought he might help me. But his command was so forceful, that I immediately turned around. I paused, standing in front of the washing machine. My butt, round and supple was completely on display. Knowing that he was looking at me caused my cheeks to clench and unclench reflexively.

Concentrating on what I needed to do, I took a deep breath, and then lifted the lid. I had to reach my arms into the basket in order to fish out my clothes. This made me separate my legs further apart, as I bent over, unfortunately exposing more of my nubile body. I grabbed my shirt and pants and white panties with the floral print. Jimmy was right, they were still too damp and had to go into the dryer. I wondered where he put my flip-flops.

I took the wet bundle clutched in my arms, sidestepping to face the other appliance. The door was low, and I needed to squat down to open it and shove my things inside. After I dumped the three articles, I remained in that crouched position for a moment. One hand on my knee, I ran my other hand through my hair. I could feel my labia unfolded and hang down from my shaved pussy lips. Part of me wondered which parts Jimmy was looking at, and if he knew what they were.

Before I could loose control, though, I forced myself to stand up again. I turned the dial on low, and changed the setting to delicates. Hopefully this would only take another ten minutes.

"This is boring!" Jimmy complained.

Boring! Stranded in a laundry room with a buck-naked nineteen-year-old girl. I suppose some things never changed, at least before puberty. The dryer began to hum and churn, and I could feel the surface was delightfully warm to my touch. I inched closer, until my toes brushed against the foot of the dryer. Gripping either side, I leaned forward so that my crotch made direct contact. The machine, grinding, churning, vibrating… felt wonderful rubbing my protruded clitoris!

"Jimmy!" I called out. "Ah… mmmm… why don't you go into the other room?"

Oblivious to the beginning of my secret masturbation, he asked dubiously, "Are you sure? Mom said that you should keep an eye on me?"

I took all the strength I could muster, not to scream out in ecstasy, as I tossed my head back and looked over my shoulder. "Yes! But… mmmm… you could play video games, while we wait!"

That seemed to pique Jimmy's interest. I guess he figured if I was asking him to leave, then I would be the one who was disobeying his mother's wishes. Maybe I would get a spanking. All I knew was that if he didn't get out soon, I was going to have a very humiliating orgasm.

Continuing to rub myself on the front of the dryer, I watched the boy finally yield and get up to walk out of the laundry room. Straining to hear, I thought I could just make out him hooking up his video console, and sort through his collection of discs. Thank goodness! I just hoped he didn't walk back in too soon…

With Jimmy gone, I spun around to fully face forward. My nipples stood out rock hard and erect. I hoisted myself up, and hopped onto the top of the dryer. Legs dangling, I slid my bare heels across the appliance door. My bottom bounced deliciously on the rumbling machine, the heat washing over my body and into my vagina. I leaned back on the heel of one hand to brace myself, and then slipped a finger deep inside my pussy. This was bliss! I must have sat here and toyed myself for five minutes…

"Ahem!"

All of a sudden, I opened my eyes to see that Alicia had walked into the room. She stood a few feet in front of the doorway, an amused expression on her face. The sight of her there, and being caught masturbating, sent a torrent of emotions through me.

My index finger plucked the nub of my clitoris, lifting, pulling… rubbing it in sensual circles. That sent me over the edge. A single stream a girl juice squirted out of my pussy as I climaxed. That familiar thrill of delight shuddered through my body. Licking my wet lips, I took a moment to catch my breath, and then slid back to the floor.

"That was incredible," I sighed.

On trembling legs, I walked forward, almost forgetting that I was still totally naked. My arms dangled casually at my sides. Alicia stopped my advance, placing her fingers on my soft stomach.

Looking me over, my friend asked, "Erica, where are your clothes?"

I lifted my hands to squeeze my breasts, and turned my head to indicate the appliances behind me. "Had an accident with Jimmy's ice cream."

"And you had to take off everything to wash them?" Alicia continued suspiciously, as if I was a naughty little girl.

"Well, I dropped some ice cream on my pants," I admitted, "and they needed to be washed."

Alicia shook her head, then laughed, "What about your underwear?"

"Jimmy didn't like the flowers…" I answered, thinking how ridiculous that sounded when said aloud.

My best friend pointed at my bare crotch and said, "So you decided to show him that one?"

Blushing, I looked down, to see, that my pink pussy was indeed opened up like a blossoming rose.

"Ohmygosh!" I gasped, starting to realize how much I had really shown.

"What about your top?" Alicia was making me confess everything!

I stood up on my toes, to try and see past the taller brunette. No sign of Jimmy, but I still answered vaguely, "I lost it on my way down here…"

Alicia just burst out laughing. "Oh, you're too much, Erica!"

And then I thought back over everything, the memory of events washing over my mind and body. "Ohmygosh, Alicia! Your cousin had me completely naked! He saw me naked again!"

Alicia came over to stand at my side, wrapping a comforting arm around me like a good friend. "Jimmy thinks you're beautiful, you know."

"He… he does?" I stammered, unsure of what to think.

I felt my face flush, my ears turning bright red. My tummy quivered, and I was still a little horny. Hearing people talk about my nudity, or knowing that people liked my body, was more and more having that effect on me. Suddenly, the buzzer on the dryer went off… my clothes were done.

Alicia helped me get dressed, although I had to be gentle because my pussy and nipples were still sensitive. When I was fully clothed, I looked around for my flip-flops. But they were nowhere in sight. So barefoot, I followed my friend back out of the laundry room. Over in the recreation area, Jimmy was absorbed in playing his video games.

As we passed by, heading for the steps, he glanced my way and muttered, "Your feet still stink!"

Dressed once more in my little pink top that revealed my bellybutton, and summer Capri pants that came down enticingly to just above my calves, I twirled around and skipped up the stairs. Smiling to myself, as I could imagine what he really thought.

31 – Eyes

I found myself sitting in a waiting room with my friend Carrie. Things had cooled off somewhat between us, between making new friends at college, and being occupied by other interests. It seemed we hadn’t done anything fun for a while. This morning, when she asked me to accompany her to the eye doctor, I hardly thought anything exciting would happen.

The room we sat in was square, with individuals chairs lined up against the walls to each side. An end table had some magazines strewn about the surface. There was a receptionist’s window off to the left, but the office was lightly staffed today, so she was not at her station. We were the only two patients in the room.

Well, truthfully, Carrie was the only patient. She was here for a routine eye examination, but I think she was dreading the possibility of needing glasses. Although, why she would suddenly develop worsening vision at the tender age of nineteen, was beyond me. I think she really just hated the glaucoma test where they shoot a mist directly into your eye. Anyway, she had appeared nervous this morning, which is why I decided to tag along with her.

It was pretty quiet, and we did not engage in much conversation. More of that had been going on lately, as we had less and less to talk about. Suddenly, as I was flipping through the pages of some reading material, Carrie reached over and shook my arm.

She had a mischievous look in her eye. “Hey, Erica, want to have some fun?”

Lowering the booklet to my lap, I asked, “What could we possibly do for fun in this boring little room?”

“Let’s take off our clothes!” Carrie giggled.

I gave her a disapproving frown and shook my head. When she only grinned and winked at me, I began to feel my heart pitter-patter. Still, I tried to retain control of the situation.

“Carrie…” I started, “What are you talking about? We’re in the middle of the doctor’s office and anyone could walk in here. The nurse could come back to check on us, or the doctor might be ready for your appointment!”

My friend stood up from her chair and strolled over to look past the glass window and counter in the wall. “Not going to happen. Their schedule was completely open this morning, which is why I arranged to be here so early. No other patients coming in…”

“Yeah, but that could change. Someone could walk in,” I protested.

Carrie just shrugged her shoulders and walked easily around the waiting room. She was wearing a yellow sweater today and a white skirt. She did look very pretty, her long strawberry-blonde hair flowing down her back.

“My, it’s getting warm in here!” the buxom college girl teased, and then she began to pull her sweater over her head!

I tried to pretend I was unfazed by her casual undressing. Instead, I went back to reading my book. I mean she had simply removed her outer sweater… nothing wrong with that. She folded it up neatly, and made a point to place it on the chair next to me.

“Now you take something off,” Carrie challenged me.

I kept my head down looking past the pages open in my lap, and at what I was wearing today: a nice black shirt, and a wine-colored sleeveless top. I couldn’t really take off anything, or I would be sitting in my underwear! I told Carrie just that.

When she continued to pester me, I sighed and offered, “How about just a quick flash, while no one is around?”

The taller girl walked across the room and stretched, leaning against the opposite wall. She languidly slid one foot out of a shoe. Then Carrie kicked off her other shoe. She bent down slowly to pick them up, and tiptoed barefoot across the carpet to put them with her sweater.

“No,” she said decisively. “I want to take off everything… all our clothes! Come on, Erica, I’m already beating you two items to nothing.”

I crossed my legs, feeling myself begin to get a little flustered. Was she serous? What an outrageous suggestion! This was just too crazy to even consider. Finally, when my friend took her seat again, I figured she must have had enough of this game. Her shoes and sweater sat in a pile between us.

My eyes returned to scanning the information in the booklet I was holding. I really had no idea about the subject, or any interest. But I wanted to try and ignore Carrie. I heard some shuffling across from me, and I didn’t even glance out of the corner of my eye. After a moment, I could sense her silently get back up to her feet. She twirled around on her toes, until she came to stand in front of me.

Abruptly, Carrie dropped her silky panties into the book on my lap. I regarded them in disbelief, and then raised my eyes to see the young woman smiling down at me.

“I’m not wearing anything beneath my skirt,” she stated unnecessarily. “Are you?”

“Of course I am!” I replied, half laughing, half offended.

Now I plucked Carrie’s underwear off the pages, delighting in their feel between my fingers. As nice as they were, I managed to put them aside, stuffing the delicate material into one of Carrie’s shoes. But now that she had my attention, I thought I could feel my own nipples harden inside my shirt, so I folded my arms across my chest.

My playful friend just giggled and began to fiddle with the buttons on her long-sleeve white blouse. Starting with the top button, her fingers worked their way down, quickly, and with determination. I wondered how far she would go? It was like I was getting my own private striptease… and Carrie was just waiting to see when I would join in!

With the sides of her shirt hanging open, the curvaceous girl spun around, her hair streaming gracefully with her motions. Now facing away from me, Carrie began to shimmy the blouse off her shoulders. She lowered it down her back, and then began to actually pull her arms out of the sleeves! One at a time, and then the shirt was completely off. It was tossed away, landing on the collection of her things on the chair. And then she turned around with her hands on her hips.

I did some quick figuring, and realized that she was only dressed in a bra and her white skirt!

“Oh my gosh, Carrie, you’re going to get in trouble!” I found myself embarrassed for my friend, even a little thrilled.

She only pouted and said, “But I’m not done yet…”

With that confident statement, Carrie reached both her hands behind her back so she could manipulate the clasp of her bra. I guess it didn’t take very long, before she had it unhooked, and let it fall to the floor!

“Carrie, you are so topless!” I gasped in astonishment.

Quickly, I bounded from my seat and crouched on the deep blue carpet. I picked up her bra as if I if I was afraid of it being discovered. Meanwhile, her big bare breasts bounced above me as she ran her hands through her hair. I licked my lips at the sight of her pink areolas and nipples. Catching my look of longing, Carrie cupped her boobs and gave them a good squeeze. Then letting a hand wander down her tummy, she stuck her tongue out at me teasingly.

Next thing I knew, she popped open the button on her skirt and pulled down the side zipper. Releasing her hold, the skirt floated to her feet. I looked up to see her closed pussy lips, crowned with a patch of trim golden pubic hair. Carrie clutched her breasts again, and then skipped out of her skirt, totally naked.

Totally naked! What was the girl thinking? I scurried to collect her skirt in one hand, her bra still in my other. Standing up, I watched amazed as she reclined in one of the waiting room chairs, fully nude. She arched her back a little and traced a finger across her mound. I hesitated, wondering if I should give back her clothes and urge her to get dressed. Instead, I returned to my seat and placed Carrie's things with her shoes, sweater, and shirt.

"Um, Carrie…" I started to feel myself heating up and getting wet. I plucked at my top clinging uncomfortably to my body. "Wow… you are, like, really… I mean, absolutely stark…"

"Not so loud, Erica!" my naughty friend laughed, leaning forward. "You want to tell the whole office?"

She glided off the chair, and I could hear the vinyl upholstery pull away from her bare skin. Carrie wrapped her arms around her shoulders for a second, and then took a few cautious steps into the middle of the room. She was standing in direct view of the door that opened up and led back to the examination area. And I had an unobstructed view of her bare bottom. I almost wanted to reach out and squeeze those full, round cheeks!

Jiggling with each step, she tentatively approached the door. What was she doing? Was Carrie going to try and walk through the office completely naked? Maybe she would be more relaxed if she got her eyes checked without wearing any clothes. I could just picture her laid out on the examination chair, her legs parted, bare toes wiggling…

I wanted to tell her to stop, but I couldn’t find the words. It was like I was totally mesmerized by her risky behavior and display of total nudity. She gave me a coy look over her shoulder as if she was reading my mind.

Suddenly, we both heard a clicking sound from the door, the knob being turned, and about to be opened. Not the entrance to the waiting room, which would have been embarrassing enough, but the door directly in front of naked Carrie! I could only gasp, unsure of what to do. My friend, however, was quick on her bare feet. She leapt to the side, squeezing herself into the far corner of the room. The door opened outward… effectively pinning her against the wall. Maybe it was my imagination, but viewing her trapped profile, I thought I noticed Carrie's nipples spring out fully erect at that moment.

The receptionist walked into the waiting room and said, "The doctor is ready to see you now…"

She looked up from her clipboard and right at me sitting with my legs crossed on the chair. The nurse asked me where my friend was. I tired not to give Carrie away, my eyes darting behind the opened door just for a second, to watch the busty blonde's nude quivering form.

"Um… Carrie had to strip, I mean, step out for a moment… to get something to drink!" I finally blurted out, patting my hand on top of her folded sweater as if that explained everything.

The receptionist regarded me curiously and then said, "Well, I'm sorry we kept you two waiting. As soon as she returns, tell her she can come right back to the examination room."

"OK," I mumbled, again trying to avert my eyes from the corner and not draw attention to Carrie huddled with her knees locked together and hands clutching her breasts.

The lady took a step back, and whirled around to walk through the doorway. Her hand casually snaked behind her to grab the doorknob and pull it shut as she left the waiting room. I wondered if Carrie's heart was beating as fast as mine! That was too close.

Placing one hand behind her head, and resting her face in the other hand, Carrie left her crotch momentarily uncovered. I looked and saw that her pussy lips were parted. Then I remembered, that the mere fact of being naked didn't necessarily stimulate a reaction out of Carrie's body, but the possibility of getting caught often led to her arousal. She licked her lips and silently mouthed, "Oh, Wow!"

I felt my own clitoris start to swell and peek out of its hood, especially as I was struck by a clever idea.

Watching my friend approach me slowly on her bare toes, I asked, "You aren't really looking forward to this appointment, Carrie? I mean… it would be nothing to blow it off?"

"What?" She stopped, stark naked in the middle of the room, and shook her head.

Quickly, I gathered up the things that were piled on the seat next to me: Carrie's sweater and skirt, her shoes and shirt, and even her bra and panties! I took all her clothes, every stitch. My mind could hardly believe I was doing this. The nineteen-year-old nude blonde was also shocked, as she could only look over her shoulder, afraid the receptionist might return. Not so confident now, she looked rather bashful. Her body flushed a nice rosy pink.

With Carrie's clothing bunched up in my arms, I stood and swiftly sidestepped toward the office entrance. My eyes never left her figure revealed in all its curvy glory, as I backed up and reached for the door. In another second, the handle was turned and I flung the door open…

"Bye!" I said with a giggle and ducked out into the hallway.

I could just make out a harsh whisper behind me, "Erica!"

The eye doctor had his office located in a professional building down town. There were other practices and businesses, which also had their address at these premises. We were on the third floor of the building, and the carpeted hall stretched out before and behind me. It might have been a slow morning for eye examinations, but I wondered if any of the other rooms were very occupied. Walking backwards, I held Carrie's clothes tightly in my arms, and began moving toward the exit. After about three seconds, I saw my friend's toes and fully bare leg stick outside the door.

She managed to pull the rest of herself out into the hallway. Carrie had one arm slung across her boobs, fingers wrapped around her opposite shoulder. With her other arm lowered, she tried to hide her pubic hair. This floor of the building did seem to be deserted, or at least the corridor was empty, as she shuffled forward totally nude.

"Erica… what's gotten into you!" she squealed, hugging her body.

I just laughed and ran all the way to the end of the hallway. When I turned around again, it was just in time to see Carrie running with her arms flailing at her sides, her big tits bouncing up and down. I paused at the door that led to the building's stairs, waiting for her to catch up to me.

Inclining my head at her bare chest, I commented, "Someone looks pretty excited."

"Well, yeah…" Carrie said a bit breathless and even pulled on one of her erect nipples. "It would be even more exciting if you joined me!"

As tempting as that sounded, I only smiled and shook my head. "Since I've got all your clothes, I guess I'm the one in control. You could always hang around here for your nude eye exam!"

With that, I pushed open the door and entered the stairwell. I heard the door close behind me as I skipped down the first flight of steps. Leaning against the wall, I waited to see what Carrie would do. I wondered what was going through her mind. Soon, the door above me opened again, my friend's unclothed form emerging. I listened as her bare feet slapped down the stairs, my eyes wandering up her long shapely legs. Once more, she had an arm held across her breasts, and her other hand hiding her pussy.

"Erica!" she whispered my name, her voice quivering just a little as each step brought her closer. "Now you've had your fun… let me have my clothes back."

I eyed her up and down from head to toe. Then smiling, I turned and hurried down the next flight of stairs. This was too delicious! I knew she didn't have anywhere to go, and would have to follow me.

"Erica…" my friend called again, Carrie's voice rising as we neared the ground floor of the building.

Clutching her things to my chest, I reached the stairwell door and pushed it opened. I had to peer into the lobby and make sure it was safe. And then I dashed out into the wide-open space. The main entrance had tall, double glass doors. Moving toward them, I could see some people walking by and a few cars passed in either direction on the street. This was probably too risky, and figured it would be as far as I take this stunt. Unless, there was another way out back…

Behind me, the door leading to the stairs opened and closed. I spun around and watched busty Carrie approach me on tiptoes, still hugging her breasts tight. She came slowly, as if unsure of her surroundings, or who might be waiting out here with me. The strawberry-blonde did a complete turn around as she moved forward, flashing me her beautiful butt. Then she faced the entrance, visible to the street.

"Oh my gosh!" Carrie squealed.

Her first reaction as she froze, was to strike an awkward stance with knees locked together, but bare feet spread apart. Immediately, her hand darted down her stomach to cover her pussy. I wasn't sure if anyone outside caught sight of her from this angle, but she then turned around and crouched down behind a potted plant.

The next thing I knew, a man dressed in the business suit pushed through the entrance and stepped into the building. If he needed to use the stairs, Carrie would be so busted! Instead, he brushed past me taking a side hallway around the corner.

"Excuse me, Miss," he said as the sleeve of his jacket brushed my elbow.

The brief physical contact caused my nipples to stiffen, thinking about my naked friend hiding just a few feet away! But I was also able to better check the layout of the ground floor. There were two corridors that branched off from the lobby we were in. My black pumps clicked across the glossy marble as I walked toward one of the building directories posted on the wall. All of Carrie's clothes were bundled in my arms.

Looking over my shoulder, to my amazement, I saw the young woman slowly stand and start to pad over toward me. She turned her head side to side, making sure no one else was around, but had to use one hand to pull her mass of hair away from her face. This left her boobs bouncing free, while she kept the other hand cupped over her pubic mound. Still, her hips wiggled seductively as she walked forward.

"Look," Carrie whispered in desperation, sliding next to me. "You can't keep me nude like this…"

I glanced down at her trim tummy and long legs, wondering if beneath her palm, her pussy was opening up in arousal. "Why not? You and Alicia and Lisa have left me naked so many other times!"

"But this is different," she pleaded, bouncing up on her bare toes.

Instead of answering, I quickly turned away and hurried toward one of the hallways. It was a good thing I had my hands full, or else I would have slapped Carrie on the ass, just to watch her jiggle. Following my steps, I heard the sweet sound of her feet sticking and un-sticking across the smooth polished floor. Again, I found myself wondering what she was feeling and how horny she really was.

Reaching the side corridor, we quietly shuffled over carpeting once more, passing the closed doors of offices. This way led directly through the building, and to a back door that opened out onto the parking lot. I skipped ahead, making it to the exit first. When Carrie saw where I was going, she raised a hand to her mouth in disbelief, and let her other arm swing anxiously at her side. Her tits and pussy were out in the open as she slid against the wall.

"Erica… we aren’t going outside? I'm so naked!" and Carrie rubbed her hands down her body as if to underscore the point. "I can't be seen like this!"

I positioned myself against the opposite wall, enjoying her display of full frontal nudity. "So how is this different from all the other times you made me run around without my clothes?"

Carrie stepped cautiously into the middle of the hallway, massaging and squeezing her breasts. "Just look at me! I'm positively indecent… I'm all curves and jiggling parts. It's hard to hide my boobs, and if I turn around, you can even see my lower lips from behind!"

"Yes you can," I admitted, breathless, even as she turned and bent down to touch her toes. I was in awe of her incredible body.

Now she stood up and crossed the distance between us, pressing her bare breasts against me. "But when you're naked, Erica, you just look cute. So it's not so bad."

"Yeah, well," I started to reply. I couldn't believe we were discussing this! "What about my long nipples and my… you know. It sticks out too, and I tend to show a lot of pink, when I show everything."

Carrie placed her hand on my crotch and said, "Mmmm… is it sticking out now?"

It was! But I didn't want this going where it was about to. So I quickly squirmed away from Carrie's touch, and headed for the door. With my foot, I was able to push it open, and then ran out into the parking lot in broad daylight, with all of her clothes.

I scanned the area, and was able to locate my friend's car, near the side road we took when we turned into the lot. Without waiting for Carrie to keep up, I ran over to the car. Leaning against the hood, I watched as a second later, she bravely walked outside the building.

Completely naked!

This was so hot. First she kept a hand clasped over her pussy. Then she used both hands to try and hold on to her bouncing tits. Finally, she realized that she had to navigate her way over the blacktop on the tips of her toes, so she wouldn't get any pebbles or gravel on the bottoms of her bare feet. The end result was that Carrie did a bashful balancing act past the scattered parked cars, with arms stretched out to either side. But by the time she reached me, she was back rubbing and squeezing her breasts hard.

"Oh, Erica this is too much! People can look out their office windows and see me…"

I nodded my head slightly in the direction of the multi-storied brick building. There was a line of windows facing out toward the lot. I supposed anyone on the higher floors might peer through the glass and see the two of us standing by Carrie's car. But we were closer to the edge of the pavement, rather than square in the middle. Still, she was fully nude and she hugged her shoulders tightly, dancing nervously on her toes.

Suddenly, Carrie ran a hand through her hair, and I thought I could make out a little pearl droplet on the tip of her protruding nipple.

"Oh my gosh, Carrie! Are you… lactating?" I asked, blushing.

The strawberry blonde looked down, then lifted up her tits in both hands and giggled, "Um… got milk?"

I stared at her in amazement, finding it very erotic, and then asked, "You're not… I mean, you didn't get…"

"No, no," Carrie laughed. "This is something I've been practicing all summer. Usually it takes a lot of time and persistence in order to self-induce lactation. I think being naked out here made it happen much quicker…"

As I watched, another small droplet of her breast milk formed on the tip of her other nipple. "Wow… that's kind of… kinky! How does it feel?"

"Hmmm," my friend closed her eyes and purred. "It's very sensual. And the taste is sweet like sugar!"

Just like that, Carrie raised a finger to flick each of her nipples, and then sucked the finger in her mouth. It was one of the most outrageously hot things I had ever seen. But I didn't want her to see how excited I was, so I quickly turned around, and searched for her keys inside her skirt.

"Are you going to drive me home, or are you going to make me drive in the nude?" Carrie asked over my shoulder.

My hands trembled slightly, but I was able to open the electronic lock. I pulled open the driver side door, and tossed all of Carrie's items on the seat: her sweater, her shirt, her skirt, shoes, bra and panties. Then I shut the door fast, and clicked the lock again. Turning around, I grinned at my very naked friend.

"We're going to take a little walk," I said.

Carrie couldn't help but giggle, causing here breasts to flop up and down. She placed a hand on her stomach, her finger tracing a circle around her bellybutton. Her other hand rested lightly on the side of her leg as she tossed her head back and gave a nervous look over her shoulder. I guess she didn't want to hang around and get caught out here. At least, that was what I was counting on.

Shoving her keys in my pocket, I immediately started to move away from the car. Looking behind me, I saw Carrie hunch over and take some hesitant steps to follow, while keeping her hands on the automobile. But I continued to walk straight ahead, leaving the parking lot entirely. Soon she would have to leave her cover.

I remembered that the road we pulled off of to enter the lot was a quiet, secluded street lined with tall leafy trees. Further down the block would lead us back to the main avenue that ran in front of the office building. But going in the opposite direction would take us further away from town and into a more residential area. I skipped along the side of the road, turning to see Carrie scamper and scurry and try to hide her nudity.

As she had said herself, it was almost impossible. Even with an arm slung across her tits, it just barely concealed her areolas and nipples, which were pretty erect. There was still a lot of cleavage, and not much left to the imagination about the size of her bouncing globes. While she kept one hand between her legs, her five fingers were spread, allowing teasing glimpses of her blonde pubic hair or the pink of her aroused pussy lips. And when she spun around at the slightest noise or sound of voices, there was no hiding that beautiful bare ass. Walking backward to keep an eye on any traffic that might turn onto the road, Carrie was a sight to behold from behind.

"Where are you going, Erica?" she asked, turning to face me.

I smiled and said, "I think the park is only a couple of blocks around the corner…"

"It is?" Carrie scratched her head, looking up and down the street. "How do you know that?"

"Let's just say, I've become familiar with the necessary paths to take, when all your clothes have been stolen!"

I actually shivered, standing in the shadow of a towering elm tree, thinking about all the naked walks home I've had to manage. But now, I was the one fully dressed, and my buxom friend was absolutely nude. Confidently, I began walking down the street.

At one point, I had to cross to the other side of the road. Carrie was about to follow right after me, but she was quick to hear the sound of tires on the pavement. I watched her duck behind the girth of a tree, just as a car came driving up behind us. It passed by without noticing us. But regarding Carrie as she pressed her body against the tree, reminded me of the times I had to sneak behind such hiding places. Usually, my pointy nipples or extended clit would rub against the bark. Once, I had an orgasm while waiting for a bike rider to cycle down the road.

When it was quiet again and safe enough, Carrie jiggled her way over to the other side of the street. As we stood on the grass, I wondered if she enjoyed the tickle of the short green blades as her feet sank into the ground. I told her to put her hands at her sides.

"You have to brush off the wood chips, when you stand so close to the trees," I explained as my hand swept between her breasts and down her tummy, until my fingers found her pubic hair.

"Thanks, Erica!" she said, standing up on her toes, almost inviting me to slip my finger inside her pussy. "You really are an expert on this!"

As tempting as her warm slit was, I pulled away my hand and moved further down the block. After we walked past a few more houses, I had to stop again and get my bearings. While it was fun leading Carrie around while she was naked, I had a specific place in mind I wanted to get to.

"All right, we have to cut across this property," I said after a moment.

"What?" my friend asked startled. "You mean like we have to walk onto their lawn… into their back yard?"

I nodded my head with certainty. "This house is located right in back of the park's hiking trails. The only way to get into the park without being noticed, is through the woods here."

Carrie clutched her boobs, one in each hand and protested, "So I'm supposed to go trespassing, without any clothes on?"

"Look…" I said, pointing to the empty driveway. "There's no car. They probably left for the morning already. I'm sure there's nobody home!"

"Well, why didn't you say so!" my friend giggled and dropped her hands to her hips.

To my surprise, she then marched up the driveway completely naked, but then turned onto a little path that wound its way to the front porch. The busty nineteen-year-old girl stepped up to the door, first making sure she couldn't be seen from the street. Then she proceeded to ring the doorbell!

"Carrie! What are you doing!" I called from the driveway. "You are going to get in trouble!"

But she only laughed, not covering up at all. She even put her hands on her head and shook her tits at the door. "What, Erica? You said no one was home…"

Suddenly, we could hear heavy footsteps coming from the upstairs of the house. Carrie and I froze for a moment and exchanged shocked looks. Then I pointed frantically toward the backyard. She read my signal, and came bouncing down the front porch steps. From inside the house, we heard someone calling that they would just be a minute.

"Quick… run into the woods!" I urged her.

When she reached where I was standing, she still looked a little unsure. Keeping one hand between her legs, she nibbled on her fingernails anxiously. Finally, I grabbed her arm and pulled her after me as we ran along the side of the house. Carrie… naked, in some stranger's yard. This was hot!

I guess it was fortunate that she had lured the homeowner to the front of the house, as we rounded the corner. If we had proceeded straight onto the property, they might have seen us from an upstairs window. We could just hear the door swing open on its hinges, a voice raised in annoyance at finding nobody there. Carrie and I raced across the lawn, and I had to keep her from slipping on the grass in her bare feet. When we made it safely inside the tree line, I paused and saw that her nipples were very erect. Beneath my shirt, so were mine.

"Wow!" Carrie gasped, holding a hand to her smooth stomach. With her other hand, she teased the ends of her strawberry-blonde hair, looking absolutely delicious.

"No time for that!" I muttered, reaching out to take my friend's fingers again.

Under the cover of branches, we pressed deeper into the woods. I needed to navigate our way onto the proper path that would lead us into the park. Occasionally, leaves would swipe past my face, or slender limbs would snag at my clothes. With one hand, I pushed forward, stepping over roots and the brush that grew along side of the trail. After a few minutes, I heard Carrie giggling behind me.

"What?" I asked, half-turning me head.

Carrie picked some twigs out of her mass of hair and said, "Oh, these woods, Erica! I feel like every branch is caressing my body! How do you do it?"

"Usually I'm running through here," I confessed to my naked friend, "not taking a leisurely stroll. Still…"

Carrie plucked a stray leaf from her pubic hair, and I could see she was moist down there. "Still, what, Erica?"

"Um… I guess there were some times, you know, when I was just so hot and excited… I would lay down on the ground and masturbate."

"Ohmygosh!" Carrie laughed. "You've played with yourself out here? So close to the park!"

Even though she was the one bare ass nude, I felt myself blush at the admission. All I could do was nod my head. I looked at Carrie with longing, maybe even a bit of envy.

"So where are you taking me?" the long-legged girl finally asked.

I told her that I had a surprise for her. Something to teach her lesson for being so naughty, and taking off all her clothes at the doctor's office. As I thought about it, I was amazed at how far we had ventured away from her things. We had walked at least a couple of miles, and the only clothing to be found, was on me! The idea sent a thrill of excitement up and down my spine. Carefully, I stepped onto the open path.

"Erica… I can't go out there!" Carrie whispered from behind the branches of a young sapling.

I smiled at her and said, "Oh, so now you’ve gone all bashful!"

"It's not that," she replied as she crossed an arm over her breasts and lowered a hand over her pussy. "I already told you that my nudity is really brazen, I mean I'm so out there! But now… I'm also kind of horny!"

Shaking my head to hide my grin, I answered, "Well, that's too bad. You wanted some excitement. Now come out here!"

Meekly, Carrie stretched out her bare leg, her toes daintily finding the light dirt path. It was fun to watch her squirming and shuffling forward, trying to keep her big boobs cradled in one arm. I pointed to a spot on the ground, and made her walk into the middle of the trail. Knowing that just the possibility of being caught increased her arousal, I wondered what would happen if a bike rider or jogger did pass us now. She would probably have an orgasm right in front of me!

Licking my lips, I slowly walked around the girl. Her knees were locked together, keeping one hand over her crotch. So I decided to admire her from behind. Carrie's ass was so round, and juicy. Smooth and golden, I finally couldn't help but place my palm on one of her cheeks.

"Put your hands on top of your head," I said, enjoying this newfound dominance.

She hesitated, and then Carrie shook out her long blonde hair. Reluctantly, she pulled her arms away from her body so that she could lock her fingers above her head. Perhaps out of reflex, she also separated her legs, positioning her feet about shoulder-width apart. A casual glance below saw that her labia were hanging down. I stepped fully behind my friend, and gave her ass a good squeeze.

"Oooooh!" she responded, even arching up on her toes.

Then I walked a few feet backward, leaving her standing there, completely on display. I really wanted to see if someone would come up the path in either direction. She would be so humiliated! I looked over my shoulder, but I didn't see anyone. Another minute passed, and I was getting pretty excited myself, from the anticipation. I could only imagine what Carrie was feeling. Finally, I figured it was time to move on.

"All right," I said as I walked past her, "You can come along and follow me if you wish…"

Stopping with hands on my hips, I flipped my hair over my shoulder kind of like the way Lisa used to do, and looked behind me. Carrie's hazel eyes were wide, and her hands still entwined above her head. With her breasts uncovered, I could see just how hard her nipples really were. I looked her up and down one more time, and then resumed my course down the path.

It didn't take long before the strawberry-blonde was shuffling next to my side, rubbing her bare arm against mine. The physical contact made my heart race, and I could feel that she was hot. She also smelled wonderful, the perfume of her hair mixing with her feminine musk.

"Where are we going, Erica?" she squeaked into my ear.

I said nothing, but continued to walk ahead until the trail ended in a T-section. A path branched off to the left and the right. In the middle, a wooden sign was posted with directions. One arrow indicated the direction to the campgrounds. The other… pointed the way toward a small miniature golf putting range that was annexed to the park.

Turning my head from the sign to smile at Carrie I said, "This ought to be fun!"

And just like that, I skipped down the trail, giggling with the possibilities. Carrie came bouncing up behind me, her boobs undulating and hips wiggling. She had her arms stretched out in front of her and at her side as she crept forward, almost as if she could no longer touch her body.

"Erica… you aren't taking me to the putting green, are you?" she reached out and tugged on my shirt. "There might be people there, and they will see me naked!"

I put my hand on her soft stomach, just above her pubic hair, and gently pushed away. "Maybe they will get quite an eyeful…"

"Oh!" Carrie groaned, but followed after my footsteps.

We rounded a bend in the trail, and I could see that ahead it would be opening up away from the trees. I could also see a small building, with the stand out front where they rented the clubs and golf balls. Feeling a twinge of guilt, I told Carrie to stay put while I scoped it out.

She was squatting in a crouch when I returned to tell her that the putting greens were empty this morning.

"The guy at the caddy shack is pretty cute," I said, smiling down at her. "So here's what I want you to do. While I go keep him occupied, you know, by talking to him about his stick and balls… you can run to the first tee. It's behind a high hedge, completely out of view."

Hugging her shoulders, Carrie tossed her mane of hair back and squealed, "Erica, what's gotten into you! Stick and balls, indeed! You can't honestly expect me to streak across the park golf course?"

"Well, it's not that far for you to go. The area is pretty small, mostly for families and kids." I glanced back over my shoulder, and then turned to my friend. "Just wait for me to engage the attendant."

"Oh sure, and then I'll just run stark naked to the first hole!" the blond girl pouted, even as I noticed a bit of pink peeking between her legs. "He probably goes to our college."

Licking my front teeth with my tongue, I answered, "Yeah… he's about nineteen or twenty. I'll ask him…"

And with that declaration, I spun around and began heading toward the end of the trail. As I had scouted earlier, the building was directly ahead, and the only other person around was inside. While I kept him occupied, Carrie would just need to sneak out and run to the side, around the hedge wall. Of course, she would be out in the open, in broad daylight. But it would be the one chance she would get.

"Hi!" I said pleasantly as I stepped up to the counter of the golf equipment shack.

The young man, lean and sprouting facial hair, raised his head from the magazine he was reading. "Oh, um… hello. Can I help you?"

I looked around coyly, teasing the ends of my shoulder-length hair with one hand. "I'd like a golf club, please."

"You want to play golf?" he asked, confused. "By yourself? You don't really look dressed for it."

Amazingly, I felt my heart beating fast, as he checked out my slim figure and slender legs. I teased the hem of my skirt a little and said, "Um, yeah… that's all right."

Now feeling more mischievous, I stood up on the toes of my shoes and leaned forward. My elbows were on the counter, and the front of my shirt hung low. I know I don't have big titties like Carrie, but my breasts can be cute and perky. My nipples were sticking straight out at that moment, and I wasn't wearing a bra.

I lowered my eyes to check out the boy's crotch, and said, "I just want to work on my stroke."

The poor guy nearly fell out of his seat! He fumbled and stuttered, and finally asked what size I liked. Blushing, I told him it didn't matter. He then turned his back so that he could find me a suitable golf club. It was then I turned my head and caught a glimpse of Carrie in the nude, walking out onto the grass. She looked uncertain of which way to go, and paused with both hands cupped over her pussy.

"Go that way!" I called out, swinging my arm to the side.

"What?" the attendant asked, starting to turn around.

Thinking quickly, I thrust my other finger forward, gesturing wildly. "No, that one!"

His eyes were drawn away from the spectacle of my naked friend creeping past the building, and toward a titanium putter mounted on the wall. He went to retrieve the club, and by the time he faced the counter, Carrie had vanished. The young man however, gave me a smirk.

"You like the good stuff, huh?" he chuckled.

I shrugged my shoulders, and tried to act casual. "Yeah, well, only the best will do."

"By the way, my name is Ty," he then felt it appropriate to introduce himself. "Have I seen you before? Like maybe you go to my college…"

I think I was still blushing, and I answered with eyes lowered shyly, "My name is Erica. I'm starting my second year at school…"

"Yeah, I think you're in my World Literature class, or something! Anyway, listen, this kind of club is actually a little more expensive to rent. And only regular members are allowed to used it."

"Oh," I said in a small voice.

But then Ty leaned in close to the counter and whispered, "I can let you use it this morning, because no one else is scheduled, and my boss isn't around. But you have to promise me that you will return it to me as soon as you are finished, OK, Erica?"

"Thank you, Ty," I smiled at the young man, and then started to leave with the club held tightly in both hands.

"Erica!" he called out before I had even taken a step. "Don't forget your ball!"

Seeing the small dimpled golf ball on the counter, I giggled. I then took this between by thumb and forefinger and thanked the attendant again. He waved, and I kind of backed away slowly, our eyes still lingering. And then I spun around and skipped off toward the first tee with all the enthusiasm of a schoolgirl.

When I ducked behind the high wall draped in ivy and leaves, I nearly stumbled into Carrie. She bounced on her toes, one arm slung across her boobs, the other hanging down in front of her crotch. Apparently, she had stayed just out of sight around the corner, but had watched the whole rental exchange.

"Making new friends, are we?" she teased.

I gave her a wink and said, "I could always introduce you, if you like!"

"Ha ha," Carried laughed, "maybe later when I'm not so bare. Or maybe we could have a threesome!"

"Oh, Carrie, you are so horrible!" I said, using the end of the club to brush her arm away from her body. I touched her pussy with the leather grip.

"Say, that is a nice stick," she purred.

I held it there for a moment, wondering if I could even push it inside her. And then all my ideas, my planning, the whole point of this trip to the park, suddenly came together. I snapped the golf club up, resting it on my shoulder.

"We're going to have a contest," I informed Carrie.

Folding her arms across her tits, my friend said, "I am not playing nine holes of golf in the nude!"

"We don't need to," I tried to continue. "Listen, you'll take the first turn. See how many puts it takes you to sink the first hole."

"That sounds dirty," Carrie giggled.

With a sigh, I went on, "Yeah, well, I think I can beat you. How ever many strokes it takes, I think I can do it in less."

"You are the expert on stroking, Erica!" my friend emphasized her innuendo by running a finger through her golden pubic hair. "So what happens when you beat me? I'm already naked…"

I walked around her, measuring the distance from the starting tee to the first hole. "If I shoot under your par, then you have to masturbate right here on the green… with this club!"

"Oh wow…" Carrie gasped, her eyes wide. "That's a lot. If I cum right now, I'll have a screaming orgasm! That will be so embarrassing, to do that in public!"

"I know," I smiled, returning to the tee and placing the golf ball.

The strawberry-blonde shyly tip toed over to stand next to me. "So what happens if I win?"

"What?" Momentarily distracted, I hadn't thought of that. I was wondering what the artificial grass beneath her feet felt like.

Carrie stroked her beautiful chin for a moment, and then said, "How about… if I get the ball in less strokes than you, then you have to give me your clothes to wear!"

"What?" I exclaimed again. "They will never fit!"

Cupping her big breasts in her hands and jiggling them up and down, my friend laughed, "I'll make do. But also, if you loose, you have to do whatever I tell you for the rest of the day!"

At this point, I was pretty sure I was going to win. I've played more than a few rounds of miniature golf with my family. But I can't ever imagine seeing busty Carrie doing this. I just wanted to get the whole thing over with, and complete her humiliation. So many times, I had been stripped and forced to pleasure myself, or tricked into playing with myself in front of everyone. Now it was time for me to be in control!

"Sure, sure… whatever," I waved away her stipulation, and presented her the titanium putter.

Since Carrie had to take the stick in both hands, she was unable to cover up at all. I had to admit she did look hot, standing there fully nude at the tee. She rubbed the toes of one foot behind her other leg, bashfully unsure of herself or what to do. Her eyes roamed down the length of the club, all the way to the little ball waiting at her bare feet. It was if she suddenly realized she would have to bend down a little to take a swing, and what a sight that would be!

"Try not to swing too hard," I felt it necessary to give her a bit of advice.

"Thanks, Erica!" she smiled warmly, and prepared to line up her shot.

Her heels were together, and she wiggled her toes on the green felt. Fingers were wrapped tightly around the leather grip of the golf club, one hand just below the other. As she bent forward in order to line the putter up with the ball, her naked breasts hung down. I could see that her pink nipples were still very erect. It seemed like she was taking a long time, almost deliberately drawing this out, but I didn't mind. I walked behind her, and watched Carrie wiggle her hips, her butt jiggling with the motion. From between her separated thighs, I could see her pink pussy lips.

Her stomach clenched, her ass cheeks clenched as her whole bare body tightened up. At the last second, she swung her head to look over her shoulder, as if to make sure no body would see her making this naked swing. Then she brought her hands back, opening up her stance.

It was like watching her in slow motion. With her legs parted, I saw her labia unfold and drop down. Then she brought her arms forward in a vigorous down stroke, the head of the club making contact with the ball. Her boobs bounced wildly, her bottom undulating with the momentum of her swing. It was such an erotic spectacle! I felt my own clitoris emerge out of its hood.

The ball soared into the air and made a glorious arch to land within a few yards of the first hole. It bounced on the green… once, twice, and then rolled toward the lip of the implanted cup. The ball teetered on the edge for a second, and then dropped in.

Carrie dropped her golf club and brought both hands to her mouth in amazement.

"Ohmygosh, Erica!" she cried. "Did you see that?"

Speechless, all I could do was continue to watch as she jumped up and down on her toes. She spun around, giving me an unobstructed look at every inch of her. I don't know if she was even aware of her nudity, but as she brought her hands to her head in disbelief, her breasts flopped around in playful circles. Then totally naked, she ran down to the hole in order to confirm her shot. Finally, I was forced to follow after her.

"Ohmygosh! That's what they call, like, a hole-in-one… right?" Carrie could not contain her exuberating joy.

I began to realize that she was not playing me, that this impossible shot was indeed a fluke, a freak of luck. I don't know how she did it, but my inexperienced friend did it, and without wearing any clothes! She was completely nude! I scratched my head bewildered.

"Now it's your turn, little Erica!" Carrie giggled.

Before she handed me the club, first my friend took me by wrist and gently placed my hand on her fuzzy vulva. My fingers sought her inviting lips, her hardened clit, and I could feel how hot and wet she was.

"For luck!" she moaned, and then Carrie kissed me on the lips.

While I was standing there breathless, she then took my hand and thrust the club into my trembling grip. What was going on? Carrie giggled and crouched down, her face just inches from the front of my skirt. But all she did was reach into the cup in the ground and retrieve the ball.

"Here you go, sweetie," she said standing back up with a bounce and a jiggle. "You go and take your shot, and I'll wait here. I don't want to distract you…"

Right. So I numbly took the little ball in the palm of my other hand and began to march back to the tee. I was dimly aware of the dimples being pressed into my skin, and I gripped the putter tightly. All I had to do was make a hole-in-one myself. Then we could play a tiebreaker on the second hole. And I was much better than Carrie at miniature golf. But if I didn't sink the ball on my first swing…

I began to line up the head of the golf club with the ball. Concentration was key. I just had to take a nice, easy swing, not too hard. The same advice I had given to Carrie just moments ago. As I tried to get into a rhythm and comfortable stance, I realized that it would be tough to make this shot in my skirt. That must have been how my friend was able to get a hole-in-on, since she was not encumbered my pants, or underwear, or anything at all!

With that memory, I glanced up from the ball, and looked down the green fairway. Holding the flag that marked the first hole, Carrie stood facing me, full frontal. I mean, she wasn't covering up her tits or her pussy. Of course, at this distance, I couldn't make out her little pink details. But the fact that she was standing there stark naked, on one of the park's public putting greens, made my hands shake.

Before I could let myself get too nervous, I pulled back my hands, raising the club, and then bringing it down and across in one easy motion.

"Oh shit!" I cried.

Too late, my reckless swing hit the tee, knocking it of the felt surface. The ball popped in the air, slicing about a dozen yards ahead, and bounced in the middle of the track. Nowhere near the first hole. I saw Carrie do a jump in the air, spinning around, and showing me her bare ass in the process.

Part of me was embarrassed that I had made such a pathetic shot. I hugged my shoulders, and turned my head to look behind me. Also, I was worried about Carrie drawing any attention to us over here. As far as the caddy shack attendant knew, it was just me practicing alone on the course. And then I was fearful that other patrons of the park, families or kids, might arrive on the scene at any moment.

"Come over here, Erica!" my friend Carrie waved with her arm.

I hung my head in shame, but began to dutifully plod forward. Halfway up, taking measured steps, I paused to retrieve the golf ball. I guess I could have taken another shot, but what was the point? Carrie already beat me. Before I knew it, I found myself standing across from her, the hole in the ground between us.

Nude, the strawberry-blonde folded her arms over her breasts and evaluated me. "I think I want you take off your shoes, Erica."

"But they won't fit you," I said miserably.

Carrie looked down at my feet, but insisted. "I want to try."

Well, I had lost the bet, as improbable as that had been, and now I had to listen to her demands. With a deliberate huff, I crouched down so I could undo the strap at my ankle. I unclasped each one, and then standing up, kicked off both my shoes. As I predicted, Carrie could just manage to slip her toes inside, but was unable to squeeze her heel the rest of the way in. My feet are just too cute and little. I also realized that the feel of the felt surface was kind of nice beneath my soles.

"All right, I guess I won't be wearing these," my friend acknowledged. "But I will carry them with me so it looks like I juts took off my shoes for a barefoot stroll."

I couldn't help but giggle, "And a bare everything stroll!"

Immediately, I wished I hadn't said that. Carrie smiled at me and then lowered her eyes to look down the length of her own naked body. She rubbed her hand on her sexy stomach, making a circle around her bellybutton. Her pussy was opened up pink, and the sunlight seemed to glisten off her golden pubic hair.

"Time to cover up this girl," my friend declared. "Erica, give me your skirt."

"Oh, but you know it will be too tight!" I whined, even as my fingers fidgeted for the zipper at my side.

Carrie held out her arm, saying, "I've worn tight skirts before."

Soon, the material slipped through my hands, gliding down my slender nineteen-year-old legs. I couldn't believe I was standing here on the miniature golf course of a public park! Stepping to the side, I looked down to see I was wearing no shoes or socks or pants or skirt. My hands reflexively crossed over the front of my panties.

"You look so cute like that!" Carrie exclaimed, and waited for me to pick up my own shirt and hand it to her. "Just like a little girl…"

Once she had the item, she wasted no time wrapping it around her hips. Of course, the strawberry-blonde young woman was several inches taller than me, so the hem fell just at the top of her thighs. She had to wiggle around a bit, to hold the sides together and pull up the zipper. I told her she was going to stretch the material, but she only stuck her tongue out at me! So much for being a good sport.

Still topless, Carrie placed her hands on her hips and said, "Now give me you shirt!"

"Oh, but…" I squirmed, arching up on the toes of one foot, keeping a hand in front of my damp panties, and the other tugging the bottom of my sleeveless top.

"Come on," she snapped her fingers impatiently. "You enjoyed a free boob show for long enough. Now its time for me to cover up!"

I didn't know what to do. I was standing here in my underwear. There was no way I could find the words to argue, and besides, I had lost the bet. Slowly, I turned around so that my back was facing Carrie. Now both my hands gripped the bottom of my shirt. I closed my eyes and peeled the material up my body, up and over my head!

"Erica, you're not wearing a bra!" my friend said with a giggle.

"No," I replied, clutching the shirt to my chest.

Carrie continued, "Well, come on, turn around and let me see your titties."

Of course, I had no choice but to face forward once more. Reluctantly, I dropped my arms to my sides. I know she had seen my small breasts before, but having spent all morning running around with her and her big bouncing boobs, made me feel really self-conscious. And on top of that, my long pink nipples were very erect.

"Precious," Carrie commented as she took my shirt away from me.

Now I was even more embarrassed, as a blush spread over my body from my ears down to the tips of my toes. I shifted my arms, bringing one up to hold across my tits, and I kept one hand lowered in front of my panties. I couldn't believe I was out here in just a pair of little white underpants! While my busty friend pulled my top over her head, I looked around nervously, my heart beating faster.

Of course, she was just able to squeeze her head through my top, and it only barely covered her breasts. Her stomach and lower back were in full view. In fact, combined with the tight black skirt that looked more like a belt, Carrie had a very promiscuous appearance. If it were possible, I'd say she looked hotter than when she was naked. But then, at least she did have all her parts covered up. She would have to be careful how she walked.

"All… all right," I stammered, flustered by my near nudity. "Where do we go from here?"

Carrie in fact moved around easily in my ill-fitting clothes, and bent at her knees to pick up the golf club. "First, I think you are supposed to return this to the equipment shack!"

"Oh!" I gasped, immediately bringing my hands up to hide my breasts, just close enough for my nipples to tickle my palms. "You… you're going to make me return the golf club in just my panties?"

"No, that would be silly," Carrie giggled. "I want you to remove your underwear!"

Now I dropped my arms to my sides again, this time in shock. Was she serious, or just kidding? I mean, I couldn't show myself to that guy who went to our college! And she wanted me to walk right up to him, stark naked? I just stood there, my bare tits sticking out as my toes curled on the ground.

"What's the matter, Erica?" my friend smiled and started to walk around me.

When she stood behind me, Carrie gently placed the head of the golf club on my back. The cool metal on my skin made my arms spring out to either side like airplane wings. I remained in that position as she traced the club down the supple curve of my spine, as my nipples grew long and hard. By the time she reached the elastic band of my panties, I had arched up on my tiptoes.

I heard the golf club drop to the ground behind me, bouncing to the turf. And then Carrie's hands were on my hips, causing me to close my eyes. Swiftly, she grabbed the silk material of my underwear and pulled down. They fell to my feet, and I lifted one at a time in order to step out of my last piece of clothing. For some reason, I returned my toes to the ground with legs separated farther than before.

I was naked. Naked on the first hole of the park's miniature golf course! Suddenly, I opened my eyes as if I couldn't believe this was happening, or maybe hope that I would wake from a bad dream. As if seeking more proof, I lifted my fingers to brush my nipples shyly, to run down my stomach and touch my bare pussy, and then slapped both my hands on the smooth cheeks of my ass.

"Oh!" I finally gasped.

Then I bent fully at the waist, letting my hair hang down over my head. I'm pretty trim, so I can easily touch my toes while keeping my legs perfectly straight. Looking upside down between my legs, I could see Carrie laughing.

"Ooooh, what a nice rosebud, Erica!" she giggled.

Ohmygosh, she was talking about my little anus! I was showing her so much, yet I remained in this position, perhaps waiting for my friend to stick her finger in my ass. Instead, I watched her crouch down carefully to pick up my panties, and then she strolled past me without even a pat on the butt.

Straightening myself again, I stepped fully nude over to her side, and asked, "Where… where are you going?"

"I've got to watch you bring back the golf club," Carrie said, while casually dangling my shoes on the tips of her fingers.

I took one look down at my body, and then back at the strawberry-blonde young woman. "You're really going to make me do it? I mean… I am so naked! What was that you said earlier, how it didn't seem right for you to be seen without any clothes on?"

Carrie turned to face me, standing so close that our toes touched. "Yes, but you're so cute when you're nude, Erica!"

"Thanks… but… well, just look at my breast, and how long my nipples are!" I said blushing. "And, and, I'm absolutely hairless so I'm just showing nothing but pink!"

As if on cue, Carrie traced a finger around my bellybutton and down to my most sensitive folds of skin, which caused my clitoris to spring out fully erect. "Yes, it sure looks like he will be getting an eyeful."

And that brought an end to any further discussion. Speechless, I watched Carrie spin around, moving closer to the edge of the wall so she could peer past the hedges and see the equipment shack. I was at a loss. But we had made a bet, and I now I had to do as she said. Also, I did promise Ty that I would bring the expensive club back to him. I just never thought it would be like this!

Flustered and nervous, my heart beating wildly, I returned to the golf club lying the ground. The metal was cool in my grip, reminding me of my total nudity. I also retrieved the golf ball that we had left rolling on the turf. This, I squeezed tight in one hand as butterflies filed my tummy. The club I held between my breasts, the head hanging in front of my crotch to hide my little pussy.

"You look so adorable!" Carrie giggled as I slowly walked past her.

Thinking about it, I probably should have run straight over to the caddy shack, so I would not get caught by anyone else, and also to get this over with as soon as possible. But I could not will my legs to move any faster. I was somehow delighting in the sensations of my bare feet when I finally reached the real grass of the park grounds. With measured steps, I walked closer and closer to the small building, completely naked.

I could see the young man, Ty, sitting behind the counter. He was once more absorbed in reading his magazine. I wondered if I was forgotten already. Glancing to my side, I noted my smooth round shoulder, and the sun beat down on my back and bare ass. I'm really not an exhibitionist, and I was so embarrassed to be doing this.

My feet shuffling through the grass probably alerted him to my presence. As I neared the counter, he looked up from the magazine and then went back to reading. And then he did a double take, unable to believe his eyes.

"Oh… wow!" the young man gasped, sitting up in his chair.

My nude hips were fully in view, of course, as were my small tits with nipples sticking straight out. One arm hung down at my side, and I squeezed the golf ball tighter. But I was very careful with my other arm, to hold the club as still as possible, covering my bald pussy. I realized that Carrie, looking on like a voyeur, had a clear view of my naked little bottom.

Ty, now started to get to his feet and asked, "Erica… what happened?"

"I decided to take off my shoes," I answered, making this up as I went along.

"Your shoes?" Ty pressed himself forward to look over the counter, to see my toes in the grass, and the length of my totally bare slender legs.

My clit pushed against the head of the golf club and I gasped, "Um… yes. My shoes were too uncomfortable for me to walk around on the green. And I was having a hard time practicing my swing, so I took off my skirt, too."

"You took off your skirt…" the young man repeated, amazed.

I couldn't believe I was talking to this guy who was in my college English class, and might be in more classes this year, standing here nude. My toes curled, and my sensitive nipples started poking toward the sky. Only the wide head of the putter hid my shaved slit, which had opened.

"And then it was just so hot," I continued, "and you said no one else would be around, so I took off my top. But I don't have a bra on today."

Ty gave a soft chuckle, "I can see that."

Ohmygosh! He could also see how hard my nipples were, and I pictured him tweaking them and sucking on my tits. I'm sure he could tell how horny I was.

"Well, I figured, what the hell… you know?" I giggled nervously. "And I removed my underwear."

Shaking his head, the young man said, "So you stripped off on the golf course, and practiced naked? That's pretty hot!"

"Um, yeah, it is… I mean it was!"

A moment of awkward silence passed between us, which seemed to last forever, until Ty cleared his throat. "I suppose I need to take that golf club back from you, Erica."

Realizing that this golf club was all I was wearing, I reluctantly answered, "Oh… right."

Ty swept his palm across the counter and said, "You can lay the club right here."

I lowered my eyes and saw my nipples quivering to either side of the titanium shaft. The head was steady between my legs for a moment longer. I took a deep breath, and then raised the club to drop it on the counter. Immediately, I cupped my other hand, the one that was holding the golf ball, over my pussy. Secretly I rolled the dimpled ball over my clit, making a small moan.

"Was it good for you?" the young man asked.

"What?" I gasped, a little startled, as I hadn't even had an orgasm yet. But I was very close.

Then Ty explained, "The golf club… it's really sweet. Perfectly balanced, one of the finest pieces of equipment we have. It kind of suits you, Erica."

I blushed, but said nothing.

"I'm going to need the ball back, if you're done with it," he added.

Ashamed because I had been slowly masturbating with the little sphere, I was quick to place it on the counter next to the club. But this time, I brought my hand down, lowering my arm to my side. As I lifted my other hand to tease the ends of my hair, I stood before the young man with everything on display. Nothing was left to the imagination. Shyly, I took a step forward and let my fingers fall on the edge of the counter. Naked, I crouched down, feeling my pink labia hang between my legs.

"Listen, um, Ty… this is really embarrassing," I confessed.

He just smiled down at me for a moment, and then told me I had no reason to be ashamed! He took my little fingers in his hands and asked me to stand up again. Slowly, I agreed, even allowing the young man to lift my arms as I straightened up to stand on my toes. Now I was really showing everything, giving him a good look at my pussy. All pink and hairless, my clit sticking out of its hood. But when he let go his hold, my first instinct was to bring my arms to my chest, crossing my wrists so that the elbows covered my small tits.

I couldn't believe I was just letting this guy look at me! It felt so dirty, but the sensations I was getting were also unbelievable. When he asked me to turn around, I just dropped my hands to my sides and slowly spun until I was facing the golf course. I closed my eyes, because I half-expected to be a line of people there, witnessing my total nudity. But I also relished the thought of Ty checking out my bare ass, my tight and supple behind.

"Hey, Erica," he said in a husky voice, causing me to look over my shoulder. "Do you want to come back around and hang out inside the shack?"

He adjusted his pants a little, and I knew what he had in mind. Of course, I was very horny too, so the offer was tempting. I wouldn't mind him playing with me, even teasing and fingering me, but I had a feeling it would go further than that. Technically, I was still a virgin, having never been penetrated by a man. And now I was really confused with emotions, between what my body wanted to do, and what my head said I shouldn't do.

I had moved around to the side of the equipment shack, and look inside with longing. Just at that moment, from seemingly out of nowhere, Carrie came walking up to us. Suddenly, I felt all self-conscious again. I threw an arm across my breasts while slipping a hand down in front of my crotch. She had my shoes that didn't fit her hooked on a finger and slung over one shoulder. Dressed in my skirt that was too tight and only came down to the tops of her thighs, the strawberry blonde was all legs and bare feet. And beneath my top that she was wearing, her big tits heaved.

"Isn't Erica just so cute!" Carrie said as she slapped my ass, causing me to bounce up on my toes.

Ty looked from me to my friend, back and forth between us. His eyes darted from totally naked me, to busty Carrie who left little to the imagination. I think it was just dawning on him that she was dressed in the clothes I had been wearing earlier. He looked very confused.

Meanwhile, Carrie slipped behind me and moved my arms out of the way. She just couldn’t resist the urge to keep me exposed. But then she slid her own arm around my body, letting her hand rub down my stomach. Gently, she used two fingers to spread apart my pussy. I just closed my eyes and whimpered. She was going to masturbate me, and make cum right in front of this guy!

Or so I thought.

Instead, after a moment of holding me in this embrace, Carrie called out over my shoulder, "Sorry, Ty, but this show is over. Erica is coming with me!"

And just like that, my friend took me by the hand and started pulling me away from the golf course. We were headed back toward the trails that led into the park. She had my shoes in one hand, and naked me following after. It was hard to keep up with her long strides, so I just scampered along with my little tits and bare butt bouncing.

The two of us retraced our steps from earlier in the morning. Carrie even made me stand in that same place in the middle of the path, legs separated and hands on my head. Only this time, after what seemed an eternity of standing there with my nude body on display, someone did pass by riding a bike!

"Eeeek!" I squealed, hearing the tires skid on the dirt trail.

At that moment, Carrie grabbed me again, and took me into the woods off to the side. We ran past the leaves and snagging branches, not daring to look behind us. But all the strain of running and scrambling finally took its toll on my skirt that never really fit the taller blonde in the first place. As we reached the edge of that neighbor's property line, I looked down and saw that it was no longer around Carrie's waist.

"Ohmygosh, you're bottomless!" I pointed and covered my mouth in shock.

Carrie look down and said, "Oh… I know! And I dropped your shoes somewhere back there, sorries!"

OK, so now we were down to just one article of clothing between us. What a sight we made, two nineteen-year-old girls streaking across some stranger's lawn. I could feel the wind caress my completely bare body, rushing past my flapping pussy lips. I wondered what it felt like for Carrie, the wind whistling through her pubic hair.

We snuck behind one of the wide trees that lined the street, in order to catch our breath and appraise the situation. I was just peeking ahead to see if the coast was clear, when I I heard Carrie muttering behind me. Not thinking anything at first, I reach out to take my friend by the hand, and pull her after me as I stepped into the deserted road. There was some resistance, and then Carrie stumbled along right next to me.

"Erica!" she gasped.

I turned my head only to see that my worn and flimsy top, stretched beyond possibility when Carrie had been wearing it, had gotten stuck on the bark of the tree and had torn. My eyes shifted, and locked on Carrie's pretty hazel eyes. Then I looked down and saw that she was completely naked again… just like me!

"Come on, I've still got the keys!" she held her fist up triumphantly.

Well, it was every girl for herself now, as we bounded down the street toward the parking lot of the professional office building. My nipples were sticking straight out as I ran, and watched Carrie's luscious bottom bounce. I could just picture her tits swinging up and down wildly.

Needless to say, she was the first one to reach her car. She opened the lock, and wasted no time pulling on her skirt and throwing her sweater over her head to conceal her chest. By the time I caught up with her, she was fully dressed. I was left stark naked and blushing.

She made me stay that way as we drove back to her house. I couldn't believe that she was the one who started all this, Carrie had been the one to strip off in the first place, yet somehow I had lost all my clothes! It just didn't seem fair. But then, by the time we made it up to her room, I really didn't care.

I let my friend make love to me, and she gave me an incredible orgasm. As we cuddled afterward on the bed, her finger lazily tracing my slender body, Carrie cupped my chin and kissed me on the lips.

"You have very pretty eyes, Erica," she said.

Leaving me as confused as ever.

**32 - Erica's White Hat**

Christa, our friend from college, was having an art gallery showing. She was so excited, and she wanted me Carrie and Ashley to attend, to give her support. It was being held at a really swanky mansion on the estate of one of our school's board trustees. This would be one of Christa's first public displays of her work, and a chance for her to meet some pretty influential people. I thought it sounded like it would be extremely boring. But there promised to be free wine and cheese. There really was only one problem.

You see, Carrie had been teasing me all semester long, and I in turn had chided her about her slipping grades. So finally, we made an agreement of sorts. I told her if she received less than a B in this World History class she was taking, she would leave me alone. But if she got a better grade, she could choose one night during the next semester and I would have to wear whatever she picked out for me.

Well, the term ended, and let me say I was shocked to find out that Carrie received an "A+"… I couldn't believe it! I still couldn't believe it, even when she pulled up her transcript on the computer. In fact, I made her take me to the professor to hear him confirm that she earned such a high grade. Personally, I started to think she might have used some of her feminine charms on him. But a deal was a deal, and now I waited anxiously for our date and the wardrobe Carrie selected for me.

Of course, she decided to pick the night of Christa's art gala. It was in April, toward the end of the Spring semester. Earlier that evening, I found myself in Carrie's room, as she placed a box on her bed.

"Here we go, Erica!" the strawberry-blonde grinned triumphantly.

With a sigh of resignation, I said, "All right, let's get on with it. I hope you didn't find something that will make me look too much like a slut. Or too uncomfortable… oh God, I hope you don't embarrass me!"

"Not at all," Carrie giggled.

So I lifted the lid of the box. It even had a green ribbon and bow that I had to untie first. Carrie really went out of the way to make the package presentable. I reached in, and pulled out a soft, white knit hat.

"Oh," I gasped, perhaps a bit guiltily. "This is actually kind of nice."

It was like a cozy little beret, hand-knitted with an adorable pattern. I quickly put it on my head, adjusting the brim on my forehead a couple of inches above my eyebrows, making sure my shoulder length brown hair underneath was snug in place. Checking myself out in the mirror, it was quite cute!

"Wow," I turned to express my appreciation to Carrie. "I really like this. This is a pleasant surprise. So where is the rest of the outfit?"

My friend then lowered her eyes. She was standing with one foot behind her other leg, and slowly traced a finger along the rim of the box. She had on black slacks, and a smart jacket. I wondered how I would be accompanying her.

"That's it," Carrie finally answered.

I reached my hands up to touch the soft white hat, not understanding. "You mean we are all set to go? This is all you had planned for me…"

"That is all I had planned for you to wear." The corner of Carrie's mouth turned up in a mischievous smile. "The hat… and nothing else!"

I stood there frozen, hands still on my head, processing what she just told me. When I didn’t move or give any indication that I would move, Carrie folded her arms across her chest and shifted her weight onto her other foot.

"You heard me, Erica. Let's not waste any more time… go ahead and strip naked!"

"But…" I started, even as I lowered my hands enough to bring my fingers to the top button on my sweater. "But… everything? You can't be serious!"

The taller girl only shook her head, adamant. "You have no idea how hard I worked to get an A in that class. Now you will have to fulfill your end of the bargain. I bought that nice hat for you, but it's all I'm going to allow you to wear."

"Oh," I replied, and turned around because I was blushing.

To my surprise, my fingers started quickly slipping the rest of the buttons through the little loops. When the front of the sweater hung open, I was able arch my back and pull the sleeves off my arms. I let the warm fuzzy fabric fall to the floor. Then I looked shyly over my shoulder.

Carrie only insisted, "Keep going."

Well, I had a long sleeved pullover shirt beneath my sweater. The bottom hem, I now gripped in both my hands and began tugging up, until my flat stomach and bellybutton was exposed. I was careful lifting this higher, over my face, trying not to knock the hat off my head. But it was a good fit, and I was able to remove my shirt completely without my hair moving out of place. Still, after dropping my shirt to the floor, I paused to check the mirror. Self-consciously, my hands reached up to cover my black A-cup bra.

"The arrangement stated that I could decide how you would be dressed," Carrie continued explaining, reminding me of the predicament I created for myself. "I chose a piece of clothing for you. We never said it had to be more than one article of clothing, right Erica?"

I turned around, bringing my hands behind my back at the same time. "Um, I guess. It's just that, I never expected I would have to get…"

"All nude!" my friend clapped her hands enthusiastically.

"I was going to say undressed," I returned, then unclasped my bra and threw it at her.

Covering my bare titties with my hands, I stepped out of my shoes, one at a time. I couldn't believe I was doing this, and that she was going to make me wear the hat without any other clothes. Shifting one arm up across my small breasts, I was able to reach down and find the buttons on my tight jeans. I really liked the way my ass looked in these jeans. I never thought I would be baring my ass tonight like this!

Shaking the denim down my slender legs, I let them crumple at my feet. Then I was able to essentially walk out of them, in just my socks and panties. I was standing right in front of Carrie, and felt so humiliated, yet also a thrill of excitement. So I turned around, allowing me to drop my hands and hook each thumb in the sides of my underwear. I peeled the black lacy things down my hips, under the curve of my bottom, and past my thighs. As they dropped further past my knees, I was able to raise a leg and gently tug the panties off the end of my foot.

When I had them off completely, I clutched the delicate fabric to my bald pubic mound. I turned around once more, naked, facing my friend.

But Carrie only pointed to my feet and said, "Take off your socks, too, Erica."

Well, what could I do? I had to let go of my underwear, although I still kept a palm over my pussy. Lowering myself to sit on Carrie's carpeted bedroom floor, I began to slowly peel off my red, blue, and green multi-colored socks. First my bare heel, and then my little toes came into view. As I tossed them aside, I looked around to see all my clothes scattered about the room. Once I was completely nude, I sat there with only the soft white hat on my head.

Pulling my knees to my chest bashfully, I hugged my bare legs and looked up at Carrie. "So… OK, you made your point and got me to take off my clothes. I guess this means we're not going to Christa's show. What… what are you going to do with me?"

That last part came out a little breathlessly, and involuntarily I glanced over to Carrie's bed. It looked rather inviting, picturing myself lying on the mattress spread eagle, wearing only this hat. But my friend merely walked around me, first stooping to pick up my two socks, and then the rest of my things. She gathered up my clothes, and I watched her place everything neatly on her dresser.

"On the contrary," Carrie said, looking at me from across the room.

A bit unsteady, I climbed to my feet, still cupping my hands over my hairless crotch. "What?"

"We are going to Christa's art show," the strawberry-blonde informed me.

I blinked and gasped, "We are?"

"As soon as you're ready, Erica. Now put your hands at your sides."

Still confused, and uncertain about what she had planned, I closed my eyes and did as Carrie instructed. I even arched my back and stuck my chest out a little, feeling my butt cheeks clench behind me. My heels were together, toes curled on the carpet. Carrie approached me softly.

"With your little pink flower and just your hat, you will look so adorable!" she said.

My little flower! Good grief, I was completely naked! The problem was, it wouldn't take much to make me horny, and then I was likely to go ahead with whatever crazy idea she had in mind. I kept my eyes closed and bit me lip, waiting to find out what would happen next. As I listened to her softly walk away from me, I opened my eyes.

Reaching the door to her bedroom, the young woman turned to me and said, "Come along now, we don't want to be late."

My boobs were feeling perky, and with the nipples growing fully extended, I didn't really bother covering them. So I arched up on my bare toes and started to walk forward, hands resting lightly on my slender legs. Carrie left the room, and I followed her into the hallway.

"Oh gosh!" I suddenly whispered harshly. "You're mother isn't still home, is she?"

Spinning around to face me, my friend paused and traced a finger around my bellybutton. "I don't know, Erica. We will just have to be careful…"

Now I was really nervous. While Carrie proceeded to march confidently down the stairs, I looked around apprehensively. I crossed my arms in front of my chest, fingers touching my bare shoulders. I wish I had more arms. Being totally nude, there was just too much of my pretty body to hide. She could have made me go topless, which would have been humiliating enough, because I am self-conscious about my small breasts. Or she could have made me go bottomless, if she just wanted to show off my ass. But instead, Carrie made me take off everything, leaving nothing to the imagination. I wondered how we were going to get away with this.

I suppose part of that curiosity helped push me forward. Unbelievably, I began descending the stairs, prepared to go out like this to our friend's art gallery. Lowering my eyes shyly, I quickly clasped my hands over my pussy.

In this fashion I slowly crept down the steps. Kind of hunched over a little, and my eyes darting this way and that. By the time I reached Carrie at the foot of the stairs, she had folded her arms impatiently.

"What's the matter, Erica? Put your arms at your sides," my friend commanded me.

I did as she asked, but did not look directly at her. Instead, I raised my eyes to the ceiling, although I could sense my nipples poking out, even quivering. I just stood there, naked, as she checked me out.

"That's a cute little camel-toe you've got going now," Carrie remarked. "Do you think you can stay closed like that all night?"

I gasped, "I… I don't know…"

My friend just smirked, admiring my shaved pussy, while I tried not to think of anything sexual. Finally, Carrie turned away and walked toward the kitchen. I thought maybe we should head straight for the front door in order to leave quickly. Oh gosh, I couldn't believe I was eager to walk outside without wearing any clothes! Well, except for my white hat.

"Come on," she called after me.

Reluctantly, arms hugging my body again, I followed her into the kitchen. Still no sign of Carrie's mother, so it seemed we were safe for the moment. But I noticed that the lights were brighter here than in the other parts of the house. Standing in the middle of the floor, I was completely on display! I spun around on my heel, which allowed her to see my well-lit bare behind.

"Isn't this fun, Erica?" Carrie giggled.

I looked shyly over my shoulder. "What? Are you kidding? I'm scared to death!"

"Can I tickle your bottom?" she asked.

Before I could say or do anything, my taller friend took a step toward me and closed the distance between us. She placed a hand gently on my butt cheek, and then ran her fingers lightly over my skin. Her touch was incredible as she traced a nail down my back. I closed my eyes, savoring the sensation, and lifted my arms away from my body. Carrie continued to teasingly caress my ass.

Leaning her head next to mine, she whispered in my ear, "You don't have a camel-toe anymore, do you…"

"No," I answered breathlessly.

**Erica's White Hat - Part 2**

I already knew my labia had unfolded, and my clit was sticking out.

"Good," Carrie said with a nibble on my earlobe. "I bet you're more relaxed, too. Do you want something to eat before we leave?"

Rubbing a hand over my stomach, I blinked and said, "No thank you, I don't think so…"

Now my naughty friend slinked away from her embrace and retreated to the table in the center of the kitchen. I turned around fully to see her selecting an item from the fruit bowl. She pulled out a long carrot, ribbed and juicy, with tantalizing bristles on the skinny end.

Immediately, I brought my hands to my mouth. What was she thinking! The last time I was naked in Carrie's kitchen, I had played with myself using a carrot. But that was a couple of years ago, when I was only seventeen. Waving the orange vegetable in front of me now reminded me of this, and I blushed in humiliation.

"Have a seat in that chair," Carrie gestured to the side. "And spread your legs wide open."

Well, my eyes went wide at the suggestion. Yet still, I found myself hurrying over to the black table chair with its floral print cushion. Sitting on the edge, I did as she asked, and wrapped my slender legs around the bottom. As I brought my hands up to squeeze my breasts, I felt my bare toes curl in anticipation.

Carrie stepped in front of me, and pointed the carrot right at my pussy.

"Oh!" I squeaked helplessly. "Are you going to masturbate me right here, before we go to the art gallery?"

The strawberry blonde crouched down, as if considering. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, Erica?"

"No! I mean, yes… I mean, what if you make me cum?" I was so confused, and my rock hard nipples betrayed my emotions.

Carrie just smiled and placed the tip of the carrot against my pussy. I let out a small gasp, waiting for her to insert it all the way. My whole body trembled. This was so wrong, yet would feel so good! But before we could go any further, I suddenly heard the voice of Carrie's mother calling, approaching the kitchen.

"Are you two girls still here?" she was asking. "Aren't you going to be late for the show?"

My friend wasted no time standing up and retreating to the table with the fruit bowl. Completely naked, I bolted from the chair, hearing it scrape across the floor as my bare feet slapped over the tiles. I was just ducking behind the counter when Carrie's mother walked into the kitchen. Our eyes met, and I froze. Fortunately, I only had my head visible above the countertop.

"Hello, Erica," the red-haired woman said pleasantly. "What an adorable hat!"

I was blushing all over as I answered, "Um, yes, thank you… Carrie got it for me."

Turning to look at my friend, I saw that she was happily munching on the carrot. On the end that had so briefly touched my pussy lips. It was like she was indirectly eating me. The thought made me so hot and excited, I had to reache down with an arm and start rubbing my clitoris in a circular motion. I couldn't believe I was doing this, with Carrie's mother right here in the room with us!

"Let me see the rest of your outfit," she said, taking a step forward.

Even Carrie's eyes went wide, and she quickly intervened. "It's nothing special really. Just more or less what she had on when she came over tonight."

The woman looked at her own daughter and commented, "Well you certainly look nice. It's too bad Erica dressed down for the show… she might be embarrassed around those fancy people."

"I'll be all right," I squeaked, though making sure to keep my shoulders and the rest of my bare body below the counter.

Suddenly Carrie started heading for the backdoor. "Hey, Mom, I thought I heard a noise last night… do you think the lock was broken?"

"Oh dear, I hope not!" her mother answered, moving closer to inspect the door.

I felt the cool air blow inside as my friend pushed the door open. While her mother had her back turned, checking to see if the lock or hinges had been tampered with, Carrie glanced over at me sharply. That was my cue to get going. Reaching up with my hands to make sure the hat was still in place, I took a deep breath. Then I sprung to my feet.

Oh gosh, I was so nude… but there was nothing I could do about it! If Carrie's mother turned around again, I don't know how I would explain this crazy situation. Well, certainly I didn't have time to dwell on the matter. Clutching my hands to my breasts, I tiptoed out into the middle of the kitchen, and then streaked into the hallway.

My toes found the carpet quickly, and I did not stop, but ran toward the front door. My cute little butt wiggled as I fumbled with the lock on the doorknob. I pulled the door toward me, and hastily slipped outside.

I dashed out onto Carrie's front yard, totally naked!

Thankfully, it was kind of dark out, so I don't think I could have been easily seen. I dropped my arms to my sides, letting my nipples extend fully and delighting in the night air enveloping my hairless body. Even if I cut a slim silhouette in the darkness, I thought it might be evident that I wasn't wearing a shirt. But looking around, I seemed that none of the neighbors were out. Although I did see some lights on in the houses across the street.

Moving quickly now, I found Carrie's car parked on the side of the street, since her mom's SUV was in the driveway. Of course, when I tried the passenger side door of the vehicle, it was locked. Frustrated, and not thinking clearly, I scampered around the front of the car to see if the driver's side was open.

Bouncing on my toes as I jiggled the handle, a car came speeding down the road in my direction. All I could do was turn my head to look across my shoulder, and squint in the bright headlights that flooded over my form. The car rolled by slowly, checking out my bare ass that was completely on display.

"Hey, baby!" I heard some young male voices call out.

Frightened, I ran around the rear of the car, back onto Carrie's property and ducked down behind the passenger side. My strawberry-blonde friend arrived at that moment, placing a hand on my back.

"Erica, what are you doing?" she asked, as if she was amused.

Shivering slightly, I felt a familiar mixture of shame and excitement at being seen. I didn't answer, but waited for her to unlock the door for me. I eagerly climbed inside, though I sat with my legs spread apart and hands resting on my thighs.

Carrie got in on her side and quickly started the ignition. She cranked up the heat, which was welcome and felt really good. I reached forward and adjusted the vent in front of me so that the warm air was blowing directly on my shaved pussy. Pretty soon, I was purring like a kitten.

"Enjoying yourself?" Carrie checked the rearview mirror, then looked over at me and smiled.

"Oh, Carrie," I said with a bit of a whine. "I can't believe you did this to me!"

My friend grinned and asked innocently, "Did what?"

I was rubbing my pussy now as I answered, "You know… got me completely naked, and into your car… and, where are we going, again?"

"I told you, we are going to see Christa at her art show," Carrie reminded me.

Stretching my legs out fully, I tried to emphasize my nudity. "Oh, but… how are we going to do that?"

"I've got it all figure out," my buxom blonde friend said confidently. "Remember right after graduation, how we went to that ice-cream parlor and told the lady that you won an art scholarship as a nude model?"

My eyes went wide thinking about that episode. Turning on my side, I pulled my legs up onto the seat. My bare toes curled and I asked Carrie what she was thinking.

All she did was giggle, "It will be fun! Outrageous, but still fun…"

"Yes, but if I am to play the part of a model… then I have to act natural, and can't cover up! And I'm still very aroused. Won't that seem strange?"

With one hand on the wheel, Carrie reached over and traced a finger along the length of my erect nipple. "Well, you will just have to calm yourself down before we get there, or else people will just think you get turned on being a nude model."

"Oh gosh," I gasped. "That will be so embarrassing!"

Fortunately, we had some time before we reached the estate. I didn't think my condition would subside anytime soon. With Carrie so well dressed, and me stark naked, it was hard not to remain excited. But at least I had some time to collect my thoughts. We continued to drive down Main Street, and I was so preoccupied with my situation, I didn't pay any attention to the passing traffic. Whether anyone got a good look at me, I don't know, but it would hardly be more than a quick flash of my little titties.

Pulling onto a side street, we followed this around until it turned into a private road. Christa had given Carrie very precise directions, and she was easily able to find her way to the manor. Oh God, I hoped they didn't have valet parking! I could just picture some hot college-aged guy asking to take my coat, and then finding out I didn't have any clothes on at all! My pussy was already watering.

Carrie handed me a tissue, patting down my crotch. "Try to stay dry, Erica!"

I wish I could conceal the evidence of my arousal, but it was no use. My clitoris was enlarged, and because I am shaved bare, there was no hiding it. I just hoped nobody touched me there!

As it turned out, parking spots had been made available, and Carrie pulled in between two other cars. Two really expensive looking cars, and they were thankfully empty. Such high class, rich people would be here, I felt myself blushing.

"OK, here's the plan," Carrie said suddenly. "I'll go in first and find Christa. Give me some time to explain to the host…"

"Wait!" I interrupted. "I thought we could go in together?"

The strawberry-blonde seemed to consider for a moment, but then said, "No, I think it is better this way. You need me to sort of break the ice, lessen the shock. Wait about five minutes, and then you can follow me inside. Now out of the car, Erica…"

"But… but," I stammered, all confused.

Carrie had already climbed out from behind the wheel, and stepped over to the passenger side. She opened the door wide, waiting for me patiently. When I crossed my legs, but otherwise made no move, she folded her arms across her chest.

"Really! I can't lock the car with you sitting inside," she explained. "And I'm not letting you have my keys!"

Somewhat persuaded by her forceful argument, I slowly turned around to face the taller girl. I gently stretched a slender leg out of the car, lowering my toes to the lawn that was neatly manicured. Then I pulled the rest of my body outside, hurriedly looking around to see if any other guests were near. I rubbed my elbows and shivered, but not from the cold. My pussy absolutely tingled.

Carrie closed the door behind me, and then I heard the beep of the electronic locks. Once more, she asked me to put my arms at my sides. When I did so, my nipples stuck out, long and hard. This made her giggle, before she stuffed her keys in her purse and began walking toward the large house.

"Don't get into any trouble!" she laughed as she threw her mane of red and golden tresses over her shoulder.

I just stood there and watched her vanish from sight. My arms, still dangling at my sides, trembled a little. Oh gosh, I was completely naked out here, and there was nothing I could do about it! In a moment of brief panic, I spun around and tried to jiggle the car door handle with both my hands. Of course, it was locked fast.

Five minutes, Carrie had told me to wait. I turned around again so I could lean against the car, feeling the door panel on my bare ass. Although I was nervous, I casually glanced at my wrist to check the time. But I wasn't wearing a watch! For that matter, I didn't have any jewelry, not even a necklace or earrings, either. I was so, absolutely nude… well, except for my hat.

**Erica's White Hat - Part 3**

I really wanted to touch my pussy, but thought better of it, folding my arms over my breasts. Already my lips were hanging out there, flapping in the cool night breeze. I figured if I at least dried up a bit, it wouldn't be that bad. Since I didn't know exactly what time it was, after another moment, I decided to head toward the mansion.

Walking through the grass, I found myself arching up on my tiptoes as I moved forward. Maybe with my lack of shoes, I was self-conscious about wanting to appear taller. Or else I feared the short blades of grass would tickle the bottoms of my bare feet too much. The result was that I left my cute little behind sticking out and wiggling with each step, as I clutched my hands to cover my tits.

As I approached the building, I wasn't sure what to expect. This was such a rich, stately place, that I wouldn't have been surprised to find armed guards frisking the guests as they entered. How embarrassing that would be, them in their uniforms and me strolling in totally bare. Of course, they would still have to pat me down, just to be safe… their hands roaming over my nineteen-year-old body… fingers spreading apart my pink labia and pressing my clitoris…

"Oh!" I gasped, realizing that I was about to get carried away with my fantasy!

Looking around, I saw that I had left the surrounding landscaped lawn and stepped onto the gravel and asphalt of the wide circle driveway. There were lampposts brightly lit along the way. Had I been about to masturbate, I would have been on full display for anyone watching from inside the house! Quickly, I cupped my hands over my bald crotch and skipped ahead toward the marble portico.

Thankfully, there was no one else around. No other guests arriving at the same time, and as it turned out, no guards armed or otherwise, stationed at the doors. Reaching these, I paused to admire their rich mahogany finish, running my hand along the surface. The doors had double brass handles and gold leaf trimming. This place really was fancy! Instinctively, I reached out to push the doorbell button.

Upon hearing the chimes ring out, I felt a sudden rush of embarrassment about this outrageous entrance I was about to make. Blushing all over, I scrunched down at the foot of the door, balancing on my toes while I hugged knees to my chest.

As soon as I turned my head to glance over my shoulder, the wide doors opened.

"Yes, may I help… you?"

An older man, balding and with a thin moustache, stood in the doorway. He was wearing a black tuxedo and white gloves. At first, I imagine he had looked straight ahead, and it must have appeared no one was standing there. But it didn't take long for his imperious gaze to fall on my huddled form at his feet.

Before he could say anything, I popped up so I could stand and face him, arms at my sides. I don't know why I did this, but something in the back of my mind remembered that I was not supposed to act too bashful. So instead, my hard nipples stuck straight out, pointing accusingly at the gentleman. There was no doubt that I was excited. My chin trembled a little. I was so embarrassed!

He was actually quite a distinguished looking gentleman, very tall, at least a foot taller than me. Somehow I felt like a child beneath his authoritative scrutiny. This only made me spread my legs apart further and stand up on my toes, revealing everything. At least I pretended to look past him, as if I was searching for my friends in the room beyond. But I noticed as his eyes swept past my naked, nubile body, the man remained calm and collected.

"You must be the art model that the young lady was telling us about," he said, almost without any reaction at all. "Erica, I believe?"

As he arched a salt and pepper eyebrow, I wondered if he knew my secret, that this was all a ruse. "Um, yes, that's me. I'm Erica…"

"I would offer to take your coat, but…" the butler said smoothly. "May I take your hat, instead?"

Immediately, I reached up with both my hands to touch my soft white hat, the only piece of clothing I was wearing! "No… no, that's all right… thank you!"

He then turned from the doorway, and gestured for me to follow him. With his back toward me, I brought my hands down to cover my mouth in disbelief. I couldn't believe I was doing this! Here I was, in some stranger's very large home, and I was stark naked! What would the guests think of me? Well, I had no choice now, but to trail behind the gentleman on my bare toes, my cute little ass bouncing with each step.

I led down a brief hallway, and then turned a corner where I was shown into a sweeping ballroom. This was where the art gallery had been set up. The manservant left me on my own to walk through the wide-open archway. As I scanned the spacious chamber, I thought I counted maybe fifty or more people gathered about; mingling, engaged in conversation, or looking at some display of paintings.

There was a clink of wine glasses… oh no! And now I saw other young men and women dressed in white jackets and black trousers, the caterers walking around with cheese samples or other appetizers. My lip trembling, I stretched my leg forward to walk into the room. Leaving the rich carpet, my toes felt the coolness of the waxed hardwood floor, as smooth as my shaved pussy. I think I shuddered a little, and fought back the urge to have an orgasm.

Five steps into the fancy chamber, and it seemed all eyes fell upon me. There were some gasps, I think, but no one cried out. I took another step forward. My eyes were round as I turned my head, looking straight at people who were looking at me. And I was bare nude! My heart pounded in my chest, but I kept my arms at my sides. I didn't know how long I could stand everyone just staring at me!

Then Carrie rushed over to me, taking my hand, and said out loud, "Oh, Erica! You made it! Christa will be so pleased. Come with me, there's some people I want you to meet."

I said nothing, but allowed Carrie to drag me through the ballroom, passing groups of people who took note of my naked body. My free arm swung casually at my other side, although I had to clench my little fist. All the way toward the end of the chamber she brought me, where there was a huge fireplace and mantle. Our friend Christa was there, talking to a gentleman in a sports jacket and a ponytail, and maybe three other guests.

"Ah, the college Art model!" the man said, peering over the rim of round-lens tinted glasses.

My fingers drummed nervously on my bare thigh. I really wanted to move my hand to cover my pussy. But instead, I just let it sit out there, silky lips very pronounced. Reaching out my other hand, he took my fingers and kissed them delicately. All at once, I felt sexy and horny, and ashamed that I could do nothing to hide my aroused body parts.

"Delighted to meet you, Erica," he continued, but then suddenly dropped my hand so that he could make a frame with his thumbs and forefingers. "That is just too perfect! The way the hat sets on your head… your face… your figure… incredible!"

Remarkably, I managed to keep from having an orgasm right on the spot, despite blushing fiercely. "Thank you…"

The artist then turned to my college friend. "Christa, darling, why don't you have any pictures displayed with this exquisite model?"

It seemed it took a moment for Christa to speak, but then she answered, "I haven't actually painted Erica…"

"Well, this is a crime that most be corrected!" the eccentric man said with a gesture and flourish.

Just as quickly, he turned and darted off in a different direction. The other guests had also gradually dispersed, momentarily leaving me with my friends, Carrie and Christa.

"Oh… my… God!" the art student finally exclaimed. "I can't believe you did this! You're. like, standing here… in front of everyone… naked!"

"Carrie made me do it!" I said in self-defense, although the admission of being dominated only added to my humiliation.

The strawberry-blonde smiled, and walked around me, keeping her hands to herself in this public setting. "That's right, a bet's a bet, Erica. At least it seems, Garth likes you."

"Who's Garth?" I asked, looking shyly over my shoulder to see guests pointing at my ass.

"Garth Bucchanan… Only the hottest and most up and coming painter in the art world!" Christa said emphatically. "You certainly got him to notice you!"

I thought a heard a tone of jealousy in our friend's voice. Like maybe I was taking the attention away from her. Well, it wasn't my fault! It's not like I wanted to stroll into a public gallery totally nude. I clasped my hands behind my back, feeling helpless.

"Look at you, you're not even trying to cover up!" Christa continued, accusingly.

"But…" I started to try to explain this was just part of the act, and I had to go along with it.

Too late, the young art student stormed off to another side of the ballroom where her paintings were displayed. I had to admit, with her long auburn hair streaming out behind her, she looked adorable when she as angry. Especially in her short black skirt, tights, and glasses. Licking my lips, I secretly grazed a nipple with my finger.

"Somebody's thinking dirty thoughts," Carrie teased, standing next to me and pointed at my crotch.

I looked down at myself and then back at my friend. "Ohmygosh, Carrie! My clitoris is sticking out of its hood! Can't I please cover up… maybe I could hold my hat in front of my pussy?"

"Now how would that look," the strawberry-blonde said, shaking her head. "You will remain wearing the hat… on your head! But now that you mention it, I am kind of thirsty."

At that moment, Carrie raised her arm and called over one of the catering staff, a handsome young man who had a tray of champagne glasses. All I could do was watch, with my hands at my side, as he approached to bring us our drinks. I did lift one leg a little, so I could rub my bare toes behind my other leg. When the guy stood right in front of us, I tried not to make direct eye contact. I was so embarrassed! But as Carrie took two glasses in her hands, I stole a glance to see he was looking up and down my body. As he slowly backed away, there was a definite bulge in his pants. I guess at least that made two of us erect.

"Here, have one of these," Carrie said, pushing a glass into my fingers. "You look a little overheated, Erica."

Instead of responding, I took a quick gulp of the champagne. It was delicious! Chilled and refreshing, and made me feel all tingly. Boy did my body respond! I arched up on my toes and tossed my head back, feeling my skin flush a nice rosy pink. My nipples were so hard, they pointed toward the vaulted ceiling above. Taking another sip, I did feel somewhat more relaxed.

"There, that's better!" Carrie giggled. "Now go ahead and mingle with some of the guests…"

As my friend turned to walk away, I reached out an arm, "Wait! Don't leave me!"

But the tall young woman just continued to move across the room, and I really didn't want to make a spectacle by chasing after her. So I was by myself again. In a room with almost a hundred people, and I was totally nude. It was like one of my biggest fantasies, but also frightening at the same time. I took another drink, emptying my glass.

Well, this was supposed to be an art gallery, I figured I might as well look at some paintings! I turned around slowly, knowing that everyone was watching me from the corner of their eyes. So I bravely began to walk the room, one arm cradling my other elbow, as I leisurely strolled over the floor on my bare toes. My butt cheeks clenched, feeling the stare of strangers looking at my ass. One side of the room was not that crowded, and I gravitated in this direction.

I tried to appear interested in the painting in front of which I stood. Even bending down a little to get a closer look, although I'm afraid this only left more of my genitalia visible from behind. Straightening myself again, I rubbed the empty champagne glass against my lip.

"You look like you could use a refill," came the voice a woman looming up beside me.

She startled me, and I almost jumped. "Oh! I'm sorry… um, yes, that would be nice."

The lady was beautiful, tall and nicely figured, with jet black hair that fell over her bare shoulders, as she wore a strapless cocktail dress. She also had fashionable black-rimmed glasses, but these only contributed to her elegance, intelligence, and sophistication. At once, I felt intimidated being a silly naked nineteen-year-old college student. But she took my glass, and handed me a fresh drink, putting me a little more at ease.

"I can see why you were chosen for this assignment," she said while evaluating my body. "You carry your nudity with a natural grace, not often seen among models. Although it is not usual for models to exhibit such obvious displays of sexual arousal…"

**Erica's White Hat - Part 4**

My mouth hung open for a moment and I thought I would die of shame. "But… it's just… a little chilly in here, that's all!"

The woman, however, was not inclined to believe me. She reached out and ran her finger along the length of my very long, very hard nipple! I nearly dropped my drink to the floor.

"Mmmmm!" I closed my eyes and moaned.

With a soft chuckle of satisfaction, the lady continued, "It's all right, dear, I understand. I know why you did this tonight. You are really quite an ordinary girl. Wearing clothes, I can't imagine you ever standing out. Your breasts are too small, but when you are nude, no one notices and they compliment your petite frame. The erection of your nipples also helps compensate for the lack of size. And the shaved pubis, giving an unobstructed view of your most womanly features, makes you at least an interesting subject. But fully dressed, you are hardly more than a little girl."

I stood there the whole time with my eyes closed, fighting back tears. It was so humiliating to be addressed like this. The truth in what she was trying to say was so hard. I wasn't a model at all. Just an ordinary girl seeking attention. But the odd thing was that her talking about me this way also turned me on! I kept hoping this strange beautiful woman would continue to caress my breasts, maybe finger my pussy, or even spank my bottom!

And then a male hand on my shoulder caused me to open my eyes.

"Erica!" said the artist known as Garth. "I would like to speak with you for a moment."

Taking a sip of my champagne, I looked hesitantly at the woman who had been critical of me. She gave a small nod of her head, a brief smile, and then offered to take my half-empty glass.

"I suppose she may have some potential," the lady said with cool regard before turning to walk away.

With both arms now dangling at my sides, Garth lifted his hand to gently cup my little chin. In this way, he proceeded to lead me across the room, in full view of everybody! All I could do was follow after, bare feet slapping over the hardwood floor. He took me to another painting, which he explained in great detail.

Then the man turned to me and said, "You have such a delightful figure, Erica! Yet also possess a vision of erotic beauty. Really, it's a quality I have not found in a model in a very long time. I would like you to sit for me…"

"Um, I don't know," I stammered, blushing. Clasping my hands behind my back, he got a good long look at my tits and pussy. "You really want me to pose for you? But where, when?"

"Next week," Garth explained, "I have been invited as a guest instructor at the local high school. I would like you to model for the students in the advance art class. You might even thinking of it as a home coming, of sorts."

My eyes went wide at the very thought. He was expecting me to return to my old high school and participate in a life drawing class? The idea made me shiver, and I had to plant my feet flat on the floor with legs shoulder-width apart, to keep my balance. This of course left my bare labia hanging out. But I was more worried, what if some one found out, who knew that I never received an art model scholarship to college?

"OK, I'll do it," I said softly, although I could hardly believe the words were my own.

Part of me realized that my concern about being discovered was probably unnecessary. I mean, it had been a year and a half since I graduated, so who would remember? And what did it matter if I got a scholarship or not, since this artist had chose me to be the model. Maybe the students would think I just needed the money.

"You will be well compensated," Garth said to my agreement, as if he was reading my mind. "The only request I ask is that you bring that adorable hat. It is perfect on you!"

I blushed at the compliment, blushed thinking about all those horny students seeing me. I imagined there would be boys and girls in the class. This well-known and important artist then took down my phone number, and I felt like a schoolgirl who had been asked on a date. Biting my lip, I moved closer to him, wondering if he wanted to have sex with me, or if he knew I was a virgin.

Just like that, then, Garth said he would contact me later in the week to confirm. He gave me a quick kiss on the cheek before heading off to engage another group of guests in the ballroom. I was a little breathless, and somewhat dizzy from the champagne. Spotting Carrie's mane of strawberry-blonde hair, I ran stark naked through the gallery, breasts and bottom bouncing.

"Carrie! We have to go now," I said, clutching the arm of my friend.

She had been entertaining a group of old men, and they certainly didn't mind the opportunity to view me up close.

"What's the matter, Erica?" she grinned.

Pulling her aside, I whispered, "I feel like I'm going to explode! If we don't leave now, I'm afraid I'm going to do something really embarrassing…"

Carrie paused to consider for a moment, and then glanced in a direction toward the center of the room. "There was an interesting piece of abstract sculpture on a pedestal over there. Kind of phallic shaped, smooth and hard. You could probably use that object to get yourself off…"

"Please don't make me do that!" I squeaked.

My friend regarded me, taking a moment to brush her fingers down my hair that stuck out of the sides of the white hat. "But you would do that, wouldn't you, Erica? If I asked you to, you would play with yourself in the middle of the room, in front of everybody… even using a piece of decorative art."

I could already feel an orgasm building between my legs as I answered, "I don't know. I think so…"

"That is so hot!" Carrie giggled, and took me by the hand. "OK, let's go home."

Amazingly, I did not climax during the ride home. Although my skin felt so alive, I couldn't banish the memory of all those people seeing me naked. I touched myself quite a bit, but still did not cum. We arrived at Carrie's house well after her mother had gone to bed. My friend waited patiently as I got dressed again, and then drove me straight to my house.

I ran to my bedroom and stripped down. Atop the comfort of my sheets, I masturbated furiously, in a variety of positions, multiple times. Biting my pillow to stifle the screaming orgasms, I spent the whole night thinking about Garth and modeling for my high school. In the morning, I had to shyly bring my sheets to the laundry-mat.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was on a Thursday of the following week that I had to prepare for my appearance. I was thankful to be in between college semesters, and didn't have any classes. But the days couldn't go by fast enough! I was so excited, and scared to death. Finally, I had to confide in Carrie that Garth had asked me to pose for him, for real. She of course thought it was an awesome idea, and said she wished I had done something like this when we were still in school. I just hoped she didn't tell anyone else.

Unsure of how to dress for a life-drawing class, I simply put on some jeans and a jacket, and sneakers that would be easy to slip off. And I wore the soft white knit hat, which had been how Garth insisted on wanting to paint me. As I checked my reflection in the window of the car, I realized that I didn't look much different from the students. Hopefully, I would at least pass for a senior.

It was a bright sunny day, uncharacteristically warm upon my arrival at the school. I had brought a large empty tote bag, slung over one shoulder as I walked briskly up to the building. Finding myself on familiar school property, a flood of memories washed over me. I had to pause at the doors, thinking about the many incidents that had occurred, bringing me such shame and pleasure. God, I hoped no one remembered me! I grabbed a pair of sunglasses just to be sure.

The first thing I had to do was report to the main office. I moved quickly, passing students and faculty without a remark. It was the middle of the day, as the advanced art class was scheduled in the afternoon. Making my way to the door, I stepped up to the wide desk that ran the width of the room.

"Is it too bright in here?" the secretary asked when she finally looked up and noticed me. "Please don't wear sunglasses indoors, young lady."

Fumbling to get them off my face, I said nervously, "Oops… sorry! It was just, you know, very sunny outside."

"And what were you doing outside?" she continued to eye me suspiciously, "when you should be in class?"

I realized that this secretary thought I was a student! "Oh, I don't go to school here… I attend the local college. Today, I am assisting Mr. Buchannan."

"Really," the lady answered, either unimpressed or not believing me.

I looked apprehensively over at the door to the Principal's office, which was closed. If anyone would remember me, especially how I graduated, it would be him. After a moment of tense, awkward silence, the secretary told me I could find the art class up on the third floor.

Thanking her, I collected my bag and shuffled back into the hallway. The bell had rung, and now students were sweeping through the corridor. I started to press my way through the crowd, figuring that I would have to mix with them as I went up the stairs. But then I remembered I wasn't in a hurry to get to class. I could wait until the next period started and it was quiet, and take my time.

Standing with my back to the wall, I watched the boys and girls make their way through the school. So many memories, thinking back to just a few years ago. Suddenly, some guy came walking over, and leaned against the wall next to me. He was taller than me, and I thought maybe he was seventeen or eighteen-years-old. Easily, he could have been in only a class or two lower than me.

"Hey," he said, when I didn't look in his direction.

I wanted to ignore him, but finally answered, "Um, hi…"

"Hey," he repeated, bobbing his head up and down. "You just transfer here?"

Oh thank goodness this guy didn't recognize me! As such, and feeling more confident, I replied, "I'll have you know, that I am a college student."

"No shit?" he said, eyeing me up and down. "Like a student-teacher or something?"

That actually made me giggle, and I told him, "Something like that. I'm actually here to help a guest instructor, Garth Buchannan."

"Oh, cool, up in the art classroom! I can show you how to get there…"

I was about to tell him that I knew the way, but then realized that I need not divulge that I had gone to school here. So I motioned with my arm for him to lead the way, and together we headed for the stairs. Along the way, I learned that his name was Bradley. When we reached the third floor, the classroom was only a couple of doors down the hall. I expected him to depart company to go wherever else he needed to be. But to my surprise, he followed me right into the room.

It was then that I noticed he carried a large sketchpad. Looking inside once I stepped through the doorway, I saw the class was packed, thirty-five or forty people maybe. And Bradley was one of the art students! Anxiously, I lifted my hands to adjust the white hat above my brow.

"Cool hat," the young man commented, before he went to find an available seat.

I let my gaze drift to the other side of the classroom, and there found Garth chatting with some of the other young men and women in the class. He was wearing a black turtleneck sweater, with his round tinted glasses and ponytail, looking totally hip. Seeing me enter, the artist waved me over.

"Erica! I'm delighted you could join us," he called out. "I was wondering when you would show your pretty face."

Blushing as I crossed the distance between us, I mumbled, "Didn't expect the class to start so soon…"

"Oh, I've had a great turn out all day," Garth explained. "A lot of interest from this school. But the other classes were not as exciting as this one will be. I think we have some truly talented artists in this room."

He then introduced me to the class, and I gave a little wave. I reminded myself that I shouldn't act too shy, especially as I was about to bare all. Considering that, I looked about the crowded classroom, and then turned to the guest instructor.

"Um, Garth, is there some place I can go… to get ready?"

**Erica's White Hat - Part 5**

The man arched an eyebrow curiously, and said, "Well, if you would like to freshen up, or need some privacy, I believe the girls restroom is outside, further down the hall."

"Oh, but…" I brought my hand to my mouth in surprise. "That would mean walking all the way back here. Isn't there any accommodations in the classroom?"

Garth seemed at a loss for words, but a girl in the front row corner nearest to us spoke up. "There is a supply closet behind you. It's not very big, it's where we keep smocks and easels and stuff. I think there's a mirror in there."

I immediately turned around and spied a door in the corner of the front of the classroom. With my bag in tote, I hurriedly opened it up and stepped inside. For a minute there, I thought I was going to have to strip in front of the entire class! Although perhaps this was not much better. Reaching up, I pulled on a string, which turned on the single light bulb above. It was pretty cozy in this closet all right, but I did have some elbowroom.

The first thing I did was to remove my sneakers. I found a little stool that I was able to sit down on and pull the shoes of my feet. I wasn't wearing socks today. Placing my footwear at the bottom of the bag, I stood up again so I could take off my light jacket. With this discarded, I nimbly went to work on the buttons of my shirt. One, two, three, they were undone, allowing me to peel the fabric off my shoulders.

I didn't bother to wear a bra, either, so I was now topless. Feeling my nipples harden in the relatively warm room, I thought, Oh God it's happening already! But I had given my promise, and so biting my lip, I proceeded to pull down my pants. These, along with my shirt and jacket, I folded and placed in the tote bag. One more item, and I would be nude.

Shaking my head, I thought, how do I talk myself into these things! Self-consciously, I rubbed my stomach, tracing a finger around my bellybutton. My tummy, while fluttering with butterflies, was slim and sexy so I had nothing to worry about. But I really wished my breasts were larger. These high-school girls had bigger tits than me! Taking a deep breath, I slowly lowered my underwear, letting them fall to my bare ankles. I then stepped out of them, reached down, and tossed them into the bag.

On the back of the closed door was hung a full-length mirror, just like the student said. I blushed seeing my naked reflection. Instead of looking at my bald pussy, or checking out my ass, I crouched down a little so that I could make sure my hat was on straight. I guess I did have a pretty face. And the hat did look adorable. So, after taking a deep breath, I pulled the door slowly toward me. Just open enough to stick my head out in view of the class.

"I'm…. I'm ready, Mr. Buchannan," I said softly.

"That's good," Garth answered with a smile. "I believe you have kept us all waiting in breathless anticipation!"

That got an appreciative chuckle from the class. It also made me lower my own eyes, and I think I was blushing. Had to act natural, I kept reminding myself, as I stood up on my toes. Finally, I pushed the door all the way open so I could walk out into the front of the classroom.

I walked out, with arms at my side, completely naked. Full frontal nudity. Immediately I was aware of my nipples sticking out. I tried not to make direct eye contact with any of the students. There was a gasp, I think, and then maybe a giggle? I must have been hearing things. They would all be very polite. This was the advanced art class after all. But these were still hormone driven teenagers. And I was just a regular nineteen-year-old girl, standing here bare ass nude.

Turning around to face Garth, everyone got a look at my cute little bottom. I didn't know how a model was supposed to act! Should I be more discreet? I really felt like a student who had just taken off her clothes and ran into class. Which is exactly what I had done. All I could do now was stand there with my ass on display, showing the teacher my tits and hairless pussy.

"Where would like me to go?" I asked, breaking the stillness of the room.

Garth took a moment to answer, almost as if he had to clear his throat. "This seat will do, Erica."

He indicated a black-cushioned stool set up in the front of the classroom, not more then five feet before the first row of students. As I turned to walk over to take my place, I noticed him wash a hand over his face. Was he nervous? I sat down, and crossed my legs demurely.

"Erica is a nude model at the college," Garth stepped forward to address the class. "She is very… gifted. This is simply the way she expresses herself, the setting in which she is most at ease. Even though we will be working on just a portrait today, I trust you will all keep your focus and not let your eyes wander…"

As the students chuckled and giggled, my own eyes went wide. A portrait! Then he had never intended for me to pose in the nude! That was why Garth insisted that I wear the hat! Ohmygosh, I had just stripped naked and was totally bare in front of these high school students for no reason! I didn't know what to do… I couldn't get up and run, but I was so embarrassed! This must have been quite a shock for the class.

"Chin up," Garth said gently as he moved to my side and lifted my head a little higher.

His glasses lowered on the bridge of his nose, I looked into his eyes briefly, and then stared straight ahead. He then asked that I bring my fingertips to my shoulders. When I didn't move, the artist took my hands and positioned them accordingly. I believe my nipples grew even longer as he touched me!

"I'm sorry, Erica," Garth then said crouching in front of me. "I didn't expect you to give us the full treatment today… but I need to pose you correctly to give the best vantage point for the students. May I?"

My lip trembled a little, but I made no sound. At least, I did not protest, which the teacher took to mean I did not refuse. He put his strong hands on my bare thigh… it felt so good! But then Garth reached down and took my foot and little toes in his other hand. Very lightly, he lifted and uncrossed my legs. He separated them, my legs spread apart, letting my heels rest on the foot of the stool. I still had my hands frozen, fingertips touching my shoulders. Garth put his hands on my slim waist, pulling me closer to the edge of the seat.

He stood up, turned back to face the classroom. I was left sitting there with my long nipples protruding, my pussy open, and clit sticking out! I thought I would die of shame. But to these students, it was all in the name of art, so I just played along like this was perfectly natural.

Almost numb, I could barely hear the sounds of pencils being scratched across sketchbooks. I guess it was good they were just focusing on my face. Maybe I could try to relax a little. But after a while, Garth would stand behind me, placing his hand on my bare back, making me stay sitting straight. His touch heightened the awareness of my nudity, making me wet. I hoped the students in the front row didn't notice the moisture collecting on the black cushion between my legs. They would think I was a slut! Some of them probably already did, since I had totally shaved my pussy.

I tried not to concentrate too much on my nudity. But as my eyes roamed across the room, I couldn't help but catch a knowing smirk or a wink, or even a disapproving frown. Yet all the while, the students continued to work. There were some using pencil or chalk, some painting on canvases. A couple of times, Garth would turn my head at a different angle, but always leaving my body as it was, on complete display. The remainder of the class, he would walk around instructing, making points about light and shadow, which I eventually lost interest in. All I knew was that I wanted to cum!

Finally, after I don't know how long, the students began to gather their things and leave the room. Was it over already? I think my mind had drifted for most of the period, lost in an erotic daze. Now, I was afraid to move, that I might show more evidence of my arousal. I did relax my arms a little, bringing them down, but still sat forward with my tiny tits sticking out. The boys and girls walked past me on their way out, thankfully, none of them stopping to chat with me. Not even Bradley.

When it was only Garth and I left in the room, I bounced to my toes and rushed over to the artist. My pointy nipples quivered in anticipation, my pussy puckered out waiting to be played with. I reached out to bring my hand to his chest, but he caught my wrist firmly.

"You are not a nude model, are you, Erica…" he said softly.

Eyes wide, I blushed from head to toe. Just like that, the ruse was over. He saw through everything. No loner a fine art model, I was now just a nineteen-year-old college girl without any clothes on. Oh God, I was so embarrassed because if it weren't for this act, he would not be seeing me completely naked!

"What… what do you mean?" I asked, trying to hold together a shred of dignity.

Garth smiled, he was not angry, maybe only disappointed. "You put up a good front last week, Erica, no pun intended. You really carried yourself well. I never intended for you to pose nude in front of these students, or I would have asked you directly. But your willingness to be naked, and your body's reaction, lead me to believe this was all experimental for you."

"I'm sorry," I whispered. "It's not like that…"

Putting a finger to my lips, he said, "It's all right. You were very brave to go through with this. And I'm sure the students were able to capture some incredible emotion on your face. I'll leave you some time to yourself, so you can get dressed, and…"

His voice trailed off. I think he meant if I wanted to be alone to masturbate, he would give me all the privacy I needed. That was thoughtful of him, but also very humiliating! I guess he understood. I watched as he collected some things, and then left the classroom. Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath and let out a sigh.

"Hello, Erica!" came a female voice I recognized from college.

It was Christa, standing in front of me! She was dressed in a black sweater and designer jeans. Her long auburn tresses fell about her shoulders, as she peered at me through sleek glasses perched on her cute little nose. She looked preppy, but also kind of hot. Or maybe it was just me, standing here naked. I rubbed my arms, brushing the toes of one foot behind my bare leg.

"Christa! What are you doing here?" I asked in surprise.

The college art student folded her arms and continued to evaluate my body. "Well, Erica, I was told that you would be coming to the high school today, to show off in front of Garth again."

"No! He invited me to come…" I squeaked, and immediately clasped both hands over my pussy, seeing her eye my engorged lips accusingly.

"And did you?" Christa asked, referring to the play on words.

I shook my head shyly. "No… not yet."

The young lady smiled and said, "Then this should be interesting."

I could only watch as she started to walk around, to the corner in the front of the classroom. She found the supply closet door and disappeared inside. A second later, she returned, holding my tote bag.

"Are these all your clothes?" Christa moved in front of me. She was not much taller, but at least she had shoes on!

"Yes, please…" I started to reach out for the bag.

Christa pulled my belongings away and instead said, "Take off your hat."

"My hat?" I asked, reaching up my hands to touch the soft knit cap. "But Carrie got it for me, and I like it. And it's… the only thing I'm wearing!"

"Only thing you were wearing," Christa corrected. "Now take it off!"

Well, I didn't want to take my chances getting her upset. She already suspected I had been stealing all the attention from her. I pulled the white hat off my head, and swept my arm down to hold it in front of my crotch. With my other hand, I brushed out my hair, shaking loose my brown locks. Except for my eyebrows, the only hair on my body.

Christa held open the bag with the rest of my clothes. "Drop it in here."

I did as I was told, truly discarding my last article of clothing. Now I felt my exposure and embarrassment was complete. I let my arms fall to my sides, showing all my pink parts.

"Look at the size of your clitoris, Erica!" the girl gasped. "But Carrie is right. You do look adorable when you've been stripped and left totally naked."

Her words reminding me of my erect clit, I could feel it sticking out of its hood, and I separated my legs slightly. Rolling my eyes toward the ceiling, I couldn't bear to look at her seeing me like this. I really just wanted her to touch me, and bring me to sweet orgasm.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of her footsteps… walking away! I lowered my eyes to watch Christa drift toward the open classroom door. For a moment I froze, uncomprehending that she was taking my clothes with her. Then I cupped a hand over my pussy, and tiptoed after the young lady.

"Christa, no!" I whispered. "What are you doing?"

She did not answer, but proceeded to walk right out into the hallway, my bag slung over her shoulder. It was late in the day, probably the last period, if I recalled. Many of the Senior students would have gone home. The corridor was momentarily deserted, and with this being the Art wing, not too many students would be roving about. I brought my other arm across my breasts, to hide the erection of my nipples, leaving the classroom completely bare.

"Come on, Christa, this isn't funny…" I pleaded, my feet cold on the floor.

The college girl turned around so she could face me, while walking backwards. "Oh, this isn't about a prank, Erica. This is about… revenge!"

Anxiously, I looked over my shoulder. Then I ran nude down the hallway. It was hard, trying to keep myself covered, but I had to run just to keep up. I could feel my bottom bouncing playfully, as my unfolded labia wiggled in the palm of my hand.

"What's the matter," Christa stopped to tease me. "Don't you want to stay in the classroom and wait for Garth to return? Or maybe someone else will come along and want to play with you. Are you afraid more people will get to see your nude little body?"

"Yes," I answered, approaching the girl shyly.

Christa walked around me slowly, placing a hand on my smooth ass. "But just a little while ago, you were sitting naked in front of fifty high school students, with your legs spread open."

"But I was only pretending to be an art model," I tried to explain. "If I'm caught now, running through the school like this, I will have no excuse. It will be so embarrassing!"

The twenty-year-old girl came to stand in front of me again. She took my arms in her hands, gently moving them out of the way, and I didn't give much resistance. She cupped one of my small firm breasts, easing her thumb across the elongated nipple. I closed my eyes and gasped with pleasure.

"So you're really not an exhibitionist, Erica? You truly are shy and bashful," She was actually playing with my tits in the middle of the school hallway. "But it turns you on, too!"

"Uh-huh," I confessed, wishing she would lower her fingers and finish me off.

And then, she stopped touching me. I opened my eyes to see Christa smiling, as she backed away, further down the corridor. I just stood there, naked and desperate, with everything hanging out.

"Come on, Erica, I want you to streak the high school!"

**Erica's White Hat - Part 6**

With that statement, the auburn-haired college girl waved the bag and jogged past some empty classrooms. I had no choice but to follow her! I mean, she had all my clothes. Not really covering up, I had one hand resting lightly on my tummy while my other arm flailed at my side, bare feet slapping over the tiles. She rounded a corner, and as I reached the edge of the wall, I hesitated.

This hallway had rooms with closed doors. I wasn't sure, but there could be classes going on inside. Christa was careful to be quiet, and she slowed her pace to stroll casually down the center of the corridor. The tote bag swung merrily at her side. Glancing over her shoulder, she winked at me from behind her sexy glasses.

I hurried to try to catch up with her. Why couldn't she just give me my clothes back? Or at least let me run around in my underwear. Halfway through the corridor, Christa dashed to one side, toward one of the rooms. She peered through the rectangular window for a minute, and then to my surprise, she pushed the door wide open.

I heard voices coming from the classroom! At the last second, I jumped over to the wall, on the same side as the open doorway. My ass was pressed against the cold metal lockers and I arched up on my bare toes. Arms held straight at my sides, I spread my fingers in shock. Then I heard a male teacher talking to Christa.

"I'm applying to start my student teaching here," she explained to him, standing just a few feet away from me, in front of the door. "Could you tell me which way is the Main Office?"

There was a titter of laughter from the students, and then the teacher replied, "Well the Main Office is on the first floor, Miss. On the other side of the building. Would you like me to send a student with you to show you the way?"

Ohmygosh! As I stood there right outside the classroom, my nipples pointed out like darts. No, no… they were sticking up at the ceiling, they were so hard! And I was getting wet down there, too!

"Um, that's OK," Christa finally said. "I think I can find my way."

The teacher then answered, "All right, but you can leave the door open. We've finished our exam in here."

I watched as the college girl waved and began moving down the hallway again. Inside the room to my left, I heard papers shuffling, desks and chairs moving about. Christa turned around and beckoned me with a finger. I shook my head silently. But she only grinned, waving the bag of clothes in front of me.

Thinking back, I probably could have turned around and gone the other direction. But that seemed like it would take too long, and I might run into more people. Besides, I had to follow Christa. It was like since she had all my clothes, she controlled me. If I sidestepped across the hall, the class might see my bare behind. So I faced forward and grabbed my tits and chased after Christa.

Fortunately I don't think anyone heard the naked girl running past the open classroom. I certainly didn't stop to look back! I couldn't believe I was running through my old high school in the middle of the afternoon, naked as the day I was born. All my bits were waving in the air, and danced excitedly as I rounded the corner and nearly crashed into Christa.

She put her hands on my slender hips and held me at arms length. "School is going to let out soon, Erica. Maybe we should make a trip to the Main Office, and pay the Principal a visit!"

"No!" I squealed. "He already caught me naked, on the day of Graduation. I can't imagine what he would think if he saw me in college now, but still nude!"

Christa regarded me curiously, even raised an eyebrow. "Um, that sounds like a fun story I have to hear. Maybe we could keep chatting in the hallway until the bell rings. Then all the students will scramble to their lockers and find you waiting here…"

"No, please!" I squeaked again, moving closer so that my toes touched her shoes.

"Wow, Erica, you're really turned on by this," she observed. "Catch me if you can!"

With a sudden bound, the auburn-haired girl spun around and ran. I tried to make a grab for the bag, but she was too quick. My lunge carried me forward, and I was left with no choice but to continue running after her. Feet slapping and little tits bouncing, the breeze over my pussy was incredible! I streaked the entire length of the hallway, watching Christa disappear down the stairs.

I was really nervous now, as I headed onto the steps approaching the lower floors. This was no longer streaking a single corridor. I mean, I was running through my old high school stark naked! Even in my younger days, I had never done anything this outrageous. The sound of my feet echoed in the stairwell, as I heard the other girl racing all the way to the ground floor.

When I bolted out into the open, I saw there were some people further down the hall. I had to get my bearings… one way would lead to the cafeteria, another to the offices. Just in time, I rounded a corner, and found Christa standing there with my bag of clothes.

"What's down this way, Erica?" she asked, as if she expected a tour!

Running a hand through my hair reminded me that I was no longer even wearing a hat. "Ah, um… this way leads to the band room…"

"Cool!" the art student exclaimed and continued down the hallway.

Fully nude, I followed after. "Christa, wait! They're probably rehearsing…"

Indeed, as I moved closer, I could hear the sounds of instruments playing. Sections of pieces, and then the music would stop. The band instructor would have them go over the music again, or he might ask for only one instrumental section to play. Then they would all play together. There must have been thirty or forty students in the room, combined from all classes, Freshmen to Seniors. Although most Seniors usually skipped band practice. Ohmygosh, that meant fourteen-year-olds would see me naked!

Christa, seeing me approach and my apprehensive expression, thought it would be funny to try her lost student-teacher stunt again. When there was a break in the playing, she walked into the classroom with my clothes. I heard her apologize for interrupting as she asked for directions.

"I need to report back to the Main Office," she was saying.

"Billy, show this young lady to the office," the band instructor said, sounding annoyed.

"Sure thing!" came a young excited voice, since after all, Christa was a pretty cute twenty-year-old.

I looked around in panic. Across the hall was the door that led to the auditorium. I didn't think I had many options… Hopefully, there wasn't an assembly going on! Before I spent too much time thinking about it, I ran to the wall on the other side and pulled open the heavy black door.

Inside, the auditorium was dark and quiet. The only light was up on the stage. I took a moment to catch my breath. My heart was beating wildly! As a placed my hand to my chest, I couldn't help but squeeze one of my breasts. Oh how I had often wished my tits were bigger, so that I could suck on my own nipples. Before I knew it, I was running a hand down my body, making myself hotter and hotter…

"Erica, are you in here?"

At the sound of the voice coming from the opening door at the back of the large room, I ran forward and climbed up onto the well-lit stage. I ran out into the center, remembering how the hardwood floor felt beneath my little bare feet. The memories of my high school graduation sent shivers up my spine. Standing nude on the raised platform, I watched as it was only Christa who entered the auditorium.

"You look so cute up there!" she called out, running down the aisle to the foot of the stage. "I ditched the kid, telling him I could find my own way."

"Is it… is it safe?" I asked biting my fingers nervously as I crept toward the girl.

Christa shrugged her shoulders, "As safe as it's going to be…"

I walked over and sat down, letting my legs hang off the edge of the stage. Christa took my foot in one of her hands and began caressing, tracing her fingers around my toes. Her touch made me excited, and I lay on my back, staring up at the ceiling… my hard nips pointing straight up. She spread my legs apart, and I let her see my excited pussy.

"Do you remember the time when your died your hair red, we made you strip on stage at the college Performing Arts Center?" she asked.

How could I forget! Thinking about that episode, I pulled my legs up onto the stage, and rolled over to lie on my stomach. I was stretched out nude along the width of the edge and rested my head on my folded arms. Christa was able to rub her hand down my naked back, and felt my tender behind exposed under the lights.

"What a hot little bottom you've got, Erica!" She giggled and continued, "Do you remember how Alicia's music was making you masturbate? But Lisa wouldn't let you finish…"

Flustered and horny, I rolled over on my back, arms at my sides, hoping that Christa would touch my front. "Yes… yes, I remember."

"Well, I want you to cum for me, right now!" the art student said suddenly. "Carrie told me that you squirt when you orgasm, and I want to see!"

"Oh!" I gasped. "But why? Why here… why now? It will be so embarrassing!"

Christa took a step away from the stage, and it almost looked like she was going to take a front row seat. "Let's just say you owe me, Erica. Now start playing, or you won't get your clothes back!"

I had to admit, the blackmail added to my humiliation, but also turned me on. Propping myself up on one arm, I brought my knees up a little and began stroking my pussy. I kind of wanted someone else to do this to me, but it looked like I would have to give a solo performance. Amazed out how puffed out my smooth pussy lips were, I wasted no time rubbing and probing and…

"Oooh!" I started to moan aloud in pleasure.

My fingers worked the parts of my body I had come to know so well. Twisting my nipples, then running a hand down my stomach to my pubic mound. I couldn't believe I was doing this alone, in front of Christa! I slapped my bald pussy getting it nice and wet. Then I was able to insert two fingers, while manipulating my clitoris with my thumb.

"Ah, ah, ah!" I was getting very vocal, and my cries echoed through the auditorium.

"Do it on the stage!" Christa said excitedly, referring to the uncontrollable orgasm I was about to have.

While lost in my self-pleasuring, I somehow managed to hear the girl's instruction. I spun around on my butt and positioned myself so that my open legs faced the back of the stage. Now I lifted my feet high in the air, which was the most frequent way I would ejaculate. It was just a matter of repeatedly working my fingers in and out, harder and faster, as my body quivered in ecstasy.

And then it happened. I let out a stream of girly juice that squirted in an arc across the stage, droplets falling on the waxed hardwood platform. For a minute it seemed, I just bucked my hips and bounced on my naked ass, experiencing multiple orgasms.

"That was awesome!" Christa laughed as she climbed up onto the stage. "Wow, Erica, you got to return to your old high school and cum all over the auditorium stage! I think you should leave it as a surprise for the band that will be here soon for after school rehearsal."

Blushing, and feeling very ashamed, I asked, "Where are my clothes?"

"I left them in the band room," Christa smiled. "But don't worry. The band members will be joining us shortly. I suppose you could sneak in once they leave the classroom, or wait until they file into the auditorium and see you in all your glory…"

I stood up on shaky legs and had to lean on the college girl for support. Because of the way I had positioned myself, I actually didn't get much on my inner thighs. My clit was sticking out, and there was maybe a pearl drop of cum at the bottom of my pussy, but that was it.

Christa looked at my crotch for a moment, and then said, "Oh, Erica, here… you can have this!"

She reached behind her back and pulled out the knitted white hat that had started this whole mess! Since it didn't go with her outfit, I guess, she was willing to return it to me. I took the hat thankfully, and immediately lowered it to cover my shaved pink vulva. It actually felt kind of nice down there.

"Now go run through the back door," Christa advised me. "Head around the corner, and you will be able to slip back in the classroom while the students enter here through the side door."

That made sense. It was funny though, her giving me directions, when I was well familiar with my former high school. I found the steps that led off the stage, still keeping the white hat placed over my pussy. As my feet hit the auditorium floor, I heard the first few voices coming from behind the black theatre curtains! I quickly ran down the center aisle, although it was actually running up an incline toward the back doors. There was giggling behind me, but I didn't turn to look over my shoulder.

Rushing out into the school's main lobby area, I found a crowd of students pressing to leave the building! Had the last bell rang already? I guess it had, since that was why the band students were heading into the auditorium. And all the other students, those who didn't have after-school activities, the whole high school it seemed, was on their way to leave the building!

I don't know if I was noticed at first. Most of the student body was focused on the exit, not on the auditorium and my emerging body. Keeping my back against the wall, I stood up on my toes, holding that hat in front of my crotch. But with my bare legs, flat stomach, and pink nipples pointing out, there was no mistaking I was naked. I held my breath and sidestepped toward the edge of the wall, hoping no one would approach me, or I wouldn't run into anyone.

It was when I rounded the corner that I heard the shouts and whistles. Sure, now everyone waited to see my bare ass! Oh God, this was so embarrassing! They would have no idea that I was a model for an art class today, and an unnecessary nude model at that! And with my slim, petite figure, I was as likely to be considered a high school student rather than a nineteen-year-old young woman. Maybe they would think I was a sophomore who got her clothes stolen.

My feet slapping down the hallway, I hurried into the band room without thinking. More so, because I wanted to find cover, as I didn't know if anyone was chasing after me. I was grateful to see the room had indeed emptied out, silent except for the clutter of chairs, music stands, and open instrument cases. I dropped the hat and walked fully nude over to the teacher's desk, where I saw Christa had conveniently left my tote bag.

What was she thinking! It was a good thing that the band teacher didn't send some student to bring it down to the Main Office. On the other hand, maybe that's what Christa was hoping. Shuddering at the possibility of the thought, I reached down and began to pick out my clothes. Once I was dressed again, I let out a sigh of relief. I pulled on the white hat, glad to have it back on my head, instead of as a shield to hide my pussy.

As I walked down the hallway, swinging the empty bag at my side, I remembered all the adventures I had here during high school. I guess this was just one more to add to my exciting collection of memories. Hopefully, I wouldn't be returning to the school any time soon!

**33 - Erica - Gone Fishing**

Summer was finally here, and I couldn't wait to try out my new bikini. Well, I wouldn't be trying it out in public. It was much too racy to wear to the beach, or even around other people, I thought. I had just turned twenty, and my friends had gotten me the bathing suit kind of as a gag gift. But little did they know, I thought it was really cute, and the idea of prancing around in such a skimpy little thing turned me on!

The problem was, this was my first opportunity to test it. Not only because it was finally nice and really warm, like eighty degrees, but I finally had some time alone. With my parents out looking for lawn furniture and my older step-brother away, I had the house all to myself. When I was sure it was safe, I stripped down in my bedroom and put on the bikini.

The bottoms were high-cut, with elastic strings that ran over my hip. They dipped down to hold up the patch of fabric covering my pubic mound. It was V-shaped and very tiny. No way someone could wear this unless they were completely shaved down there. It was perfect for me. The back was a thong style, with just a little triangle of material at the top of my ass crack. For the top of the bikini, it was just two more triangles attached by a string that tied behind my neck. They barely covered my areolas and nipples. I swear, if I had bigger breasts, it would be impossible to wear.

The bikini itself was bright pink, kind of like the way I blushed, or the color of my naughty parts when I was excited. Like I said, my friends thought it was a joke. But while I laughed it off at my birthday party, saying I would never dare get caught in this ridiculous thing, I secretly yearned to try it on. Now as I watched myself in the bedroom mirror, I saw how much skin I was showing and I felt sexy.

I smacked my hand playfully on my bare cheeks, and then proceeded to head out the door. My plan was to get some sun today. Out in the backyard, I would have plenty of privacy. As long as I didn't doze off, I might even take off my top. I just needed to grab some sunscreen from the bathroom and I would be all set.

Walking down the hallway in my little bikini, I suddenly heard a knock at the front door! I froze, my heart starting to race. Who could be stopping by? My friends had other plans today, as far as I knew. Looking down at my near naked body, I blushed. It's hard to believe after all the things I have been through, but getting caught like this would be so embarrassing!

"Just a minute!" I called out, bring my hands to my head in slight panic.

Quickly, I rushed back down the hall and slipped into my bedroom. I did a search, but my clothes from last night were already in the wash. The doorbell rang out in succession, as though someone were pressing it three times in a row. How rude! Flustered, I finally spotted a long T-shirt draped over the back of a chair. I sometimes used it as a nightshirt, but not recently. Picking it up, I brought it to my nose to smell that it was fresh and clean. I dashed toward the front door, pulling my head and arms through the sleeves as I ran.

Smoothing it out, the shirt fell loose about my shoulders, and came down to almost my knees. Now I was decent. I fanned myself with a hand and caught my breath, before opening the door to see whom my unexpected visitor was.

Standing in front of my house, huddled together on the welcome mat, was the woman I knew to be Alicia's Aunt. And with her, one on each side, was her son Jimmy and his friend Cody. I realized now that it was Alicia's obnoxious cousin who had had been ringing the doorbell impatiently. I was shocked, my mind fuzzy, and all I could seem to think was, what the hell were they doing here?

Ohmygosh! What if she found out! I mean, that I had been seen naked by Jimmy on more than one occasion. Even Cody had seen me without my clothes on. It's not like it was my fault, or I had wanted these boys to see me in the nude… things, just sort of got out of hand. But what if he told! That little bastard, what if Jimmy talked about me stripping in front of them? And now his mother had come here to yell at me. She brought him with her to confront me about my inappropriate behavior…

"Hello there, Erica," Alicia's Aunt said with a pleasant smile.

Thinking perhaps I had overreacted, I answered a little more relieved, "Um… hi."

"I am so sorry to bother you," the woman continued, a hand on her son's shoulder. "But I am in a bit of a crisis here. I had promised to take Jimmy and his friend to the park today. Unfortunately, some unexpected family business came up, and I have to run out of town. Alicia is at work right now, so I was wondering, would you mind looking after the boys?"

I stood there, my mouth hung open, speechless.

Alicia's Aunt must have read the expression on my face, and she hastily added, "I don't mean to impose on you, Erica. I could take them with me, but I'm afraid, well… you know how Jimmy gets. You've supervised these two before, and did such a good job! Alicia said you wouldn't mind."

"Did she," I muttered, rubbing my elbows in opposite hands.

Standing there barefoot, a long T-shirt over my new bikini, I really didn't know what to think. The boys were staring at me quietly, Jimmy's mother waiting expectantly. She had no idea about the little problems I had when alone with these two. I suppose I could have refused, saying I had other plans. But I felt guilty because I did not want to admit the real reason. So instead, I said I would watch the boys.

"All right!" Jimmy pumped his arm excitedly. He then added, "I just gotta grab our stuff from the car."

His enthusiasm made me blush a little, and I smiled weakly from the doorstep. Cody stayed near me, his hands in his pockets. I watched as Alicia's Aunt returned to where she had parked, allowing her son to rummage through the back seat, and then pull some things out of the trunk. I realized as he began walking toward the house, that he was carrying two fishing poles and a tackle box.

Alicia's Aunt waved goodbye to me, thanking me and reminding her son and his friend to behave for me. Then, just like that, she backed onto the road and sped away. Maybe it was my imagination, but it seemed she was rather anxious to be off, before I could change my mind.

"What's the matter, Erica? You didn't think we were going to hang around your boring house all day," Jimmy said as he handed one of the rods to Cody.

It was a beautiful day outside, and I answered, "No, I guess not. Your mother said something about… going to the park?"

"Yes," Cody piped up. "We found a secret fishing hole, no one else knows about. Jimmy and I are going to be the first ones to try it out!"

"A secret fishing hole, huh?" I ran a hand absently through my soft brown hair.

As I looked down at Cody, I turned to regard Jimmy, and found that I had to look up to see eye to eye with him. I kept forgetting how big he had grown. What was he now, twelve or thirteen? I could already see the difference between the two friends. Cody still had a boyish innocence, clinging to his youth. But Jimmy was getting more confident, bolder, and more obnoxious. He was the kind of kid who seemed older than his age, probably already sneaking through his father's Playboy collection. That made me more nervous.

"Well what are you just standing around for?" the larger boy demanded.

The town park was within walking distance from my house. I know, because I had taken the route through the woods many times, after I had lost my clothes. Thinking about this made me blush again, and I rubbed my toes shyly behind my other leg.

"Let me just put some shoes on," I finally said, almost as if asking permission.

Before I could embarrass myself further, I turned around and ran back into the house. Padding down the hallway in my bare feet, I entered my room and grabbed the first pair of shoes I could find. They were brown leather sandals, and quite comfortable. Then, grasping the fabric of the T-shirt in my hands, I paused and wondered if I should find something else to wear. But we were just going to the park, and I did have my bathing suit on underneath. Besides, it was summer. I shrugged my shoulders and prepared to meet the boys outside my house.

Jimmy was eager for us to be on our way as I reappeared through the front door. "Come on, Erica, let's go! We don't want the fish to get away, or someone else to find our secret spot!"

"All right, all right!" I huffed. "I just have to lock the door…"

But after I removed the key from the bolt lock, I turned around and patted my shirt. The boys were watching me curiously. Soon, Alicia's cousin grew impatient as his expression changed to show he regarded me as a silly girl.

"No pockets," I said weakly. "Um, do you think… if I give you the key to hold onto, you promise you won't lose it, Jimmy?"

"Yeah, I won't lose it," Jimmy grumbled.

It wasn't something I wanted to do, or felt entirely comfortable about. But the only other choice was to go back inside and find another shirt, or throw on a pair of shorts. And I figure the longer I kept Jimmy waiting, the more likely he would be to cause trouble or give me a problem. So I dropped the brass key into hand, which he promptly stuffed into the pocket of his own khaki long shorts. I mean, what could happen, I would have my eye on him the whole time.

Finally, I motioned to the boys we were ready to leave, and we began marching down the driveway. As I said, it was a lovely day outside, not at all a bad day to go for a walk. The neighborhood I lived in was very residential, typically suburban. Carrie lived a few blocks away from me. The old high school was a bit further, as was the library, but I had walked the distance before and without any clothes, too! Not by my choice…

Heading along the sidewalk in the direction of the town park, Jimmy and Cody walked in front of me, chatting and giggling amongst each other. Better this way, so I could keep my eyes on them. I started to think this would be a breeze, and I would enjoy a pleasant trip to the park as well. But by the time we turned onto a side street lined with trees, the boys slowed down to walk on either side of me.

"Hey, Erica, are you wearing anything under that shirt?" Jimmy suddenly asked.

Flustered, I almost tripped, as I clutched at the material and sputtered, "What… why would you think that? I mean, of course I am!"

The boy only continued to tease me, "Alicia told me that one time you went to school without any underwear on!"

Cody, on my other side, burst out laughing. Apparently he found the idea very amusing.

"No! That's not true," I said defiantly, although I felt myself blush.

"Maybe she went to school… naked," Cody giggled.

I was thankful for the shade of the trees, which hid my look of embarrassment. "Boys! I don't know what's gotten into you two. I'll have you both know, I am wearing my bathing suit under this T-shirt!"

"Oh," muttered Jimmy, perhaps a bit disappointed.

And that put an end to that little discussion. We continued along our way, Alicia's cousin and his friend carrying their fishing poles and the tackle box. At least they hadn't made me drag along their gear. I suppose a few inappropriate questions were not too bad, if that was all the discomfort I had to endure. Approaching the avenue that ran along the side of the park, the entrance was just around the block. However, Jimmy stopped us, and pointed to an opening in the woods, between the fences.

"There!" he said and moved toward the tree-line.

I stepped away from the sidewalk nervously. Cody had already joined his friend. Closer inspection showed there was indeed a trail running deeper into the park. Then, I let out a small gasp, for I suddenly recognized this path and this break in the fence. Only, I was used to exiting the park in the opposite direction. Many times I had traveled this way, after Lisa or my friends had stripped me of all my clothes. Sometimes, it would be too much for me, and before I ran home I would lie down nude in the grass and masturbate. Right where the boys were now standing…

"What's wrong?" Jimmy asked. "Are you afraid you might get lost?"

"No, no…" I answered, tugging on the end of my T-shirt. "I think I've been here before."

His face wrinkled in doubt, Jimmy looked at the trail, and then turned back to me. "Impossible! This is our secret path. You can't tell anyone!"

"Oh, all right, I promise!" I said feeling exasperated. "Let's just go."

The three of us plunged into the woods, easily following the dirt path. After we wound our way through the trees, I realized that there were other trails that branched off the main one. Some of these, I don't think I had walked before. But Jimmy seemed to know where he was going. I was helpless but to follow after him and his friend. Now I understood why his mother was so eager to drop him off on my hands. The boy was determined to find this fishing hole, even when I suggested we make our way back to the larger park grounds.

We must have walked for twenty minutes before I pressed through some trees and started walking down hill. Soon we emerged in a wide clearing, and stretched out before us was a placid lake. I noticed, too, there was a wooden dock… maybe like a wharf … that extended out over the water. It was in this direction that the boys headed, and I followed after.

"This is kind of nice," I said, viewing the full lake surrounded completely by trees.

Hooking a strand of hair behind my ear, I continued to take in my surroundings. It was very quiet, seemed to be very private. Indeed, just the way we were enclosed in here, made it seem like Jimmy was the first person to discover this isolated spot. So tranquil, we could have been at some remote cabin resort. I never knew this was part of the park.

The boys dropped their tackle box near the edge of the dock, and started to set up their fishing poles. I walked over curiously to watch. It amazed me that they actually knew what they were doing. I was never good with rods and reels and anything to do with the hobby.

Cody suddenly looked up at me and asked, "Are you gonna go skinny-dipping?"

"What?" came my startled response, eyes wide, as I clutched my T-shirt.

Jimmy's friend shrugged. "You said you brought your bathing suit. If you go swimming, since you're skinny, that's called skinny-dipping…"

"I am not skinny!" I protested, even though in truth I have a slim figure and small breasts.

Working on some fishing line, Alicia's cousin laughed, "No, Cody… skinny-dipping means you go swimming without your bathing suit. Without any clothes on at all!"

"Oh," Cody said sheepishly.

Feeling that I needed to assert my authority, I answered firmly, "Well I will not be going swimming. And I'm not going to let you two see my bathing suit."

Jimmy stood up to look at me and asked, "Why not, Erica?"

"Because…" I replied, flustered and blushing. "It's a little bikini. And boys your age shouldn't see me in it."

"Whatever," Jimmy mumbled, rolling his eyes. "At least you can help us out by attracting the fish to us."

I wasn't sure if that was an insult, or if he was serious. "What do you mean by that?"

The larger boy hoisted his fishing pole and cast his line, then turned to me and said, "Take off your shoes and splash your feet in the water."

Skeptical, I asked, "And what will that do?" "The ripples in the water will make the fishes come over here by us," Cody answered excitedly. "We learned that in science class!"

"And your legs are long enough to reach," Jimmy added.

Actually, I never thought of myself as having long legs. But they were slender and proportioned with the rest of my body to give the illusion of length. I also wondered if disturbing the smooth lake would in fact scare the fish away. And then Alicia's cousin started teasing me again.

"Unless you're afraid you might frighten the fish with your smelly feet!" he said rudely.

Well, I knew how this game was played. I stuck out my tongue at Jimmy, and proceeded to march confidently past the boys. When I stood at the edge of the dock, I looked down to see my reflection in the water line. I supposed I would just be able to splash around with my toes. So I sat on the ground and quickly undid the straps on my sandals. After all that walking, it did feel rather nice, and I rubbed my little feet appreciatively. I then swung my legs over the side, letting them dangle. My bare toes skimmed the surface of the lake… and it felt good!

Leaning back on the heels of my hands, I kicked my legs up and down. It did make me feel a little silly, but the boys urged me to keep splashing.

"All right, that's enough," Jimmy said after a while.

The boys now intent on their fishing, I stood up and walked back across the dock. I looked behind me to see the wet footprints of my bare feet on the wooden boards. My sandals were left near the edge, but I figured I didn't need them for the moment. Instead, I found a spot on the middle of the docks, and gently lay down. With my arms resting beneath my head, it was pretty comfortable. The sun shone directly above, warming my face, legs, and toes.

It was rather peaceful for a while, until I heard the sound of feet stomping on the dock, next to my head. I opened my eyes to see Jimmy staring down at me. He didn't seem too happy.

"What's the matter?" I asked pleasantly.

Alicia's cousin frowned and said, "It's not working. There aren't any fish around."

He seemed so disappointed at that moment, that I couldn't help but climb to my feet and put a comforting hand on his shoulder. This, the boy shrugged away. In response, I ran my fingers through his unruly mop of hair, and then game him a playful little shove.

"Maybe you're just not good at fishing," I teased.

That only worked to get Jimmy's ire and he turned around and said, "Yeah… well, maybe you're not really wearing a bathing suit under that shirt!"

"Jimmy," I said blushing, "didn't I already tell you that I'm wearing my bikini?"

Now the boy stood with his hands on his hips, challenging me. "That's what you said… but you won't show us! If you're really have your bathing suit on today, prove it."

"Fine, I'll show you!" I answered defiantly.

The two of us stared at each other for a moment, neither willing to yield. Barefoot, I was about the same height as the boy. It's almost like we were suddenly equals, peers on the school playground. Alicia's obnoxious cousin expected me to strip for him, remove my T-shirt, and stand on the dock in my tiny pink bikini. But I had a better idea…

With one hand, I gripped the bottom of the shirt and made sure to pull it down tight. This caused the back to ride up a bit, but I was facing Jimmy so he wouldn't see. I then reached my other hand under the shirt and found the tie at my hip. Once this was undone, it was easy for the little things to slip down my legs and fall to my feet. I stepped to the side so I could carefully bend down to pick up the fabric, and then tossed them at Jimmy.

Ohmygosh! I had just removed my bikini bottoms!

Jimmy held the material stretched between his two hands. Mesmerized, it was almost as if he couldn't believe I had been wearing these. I hoped he didn't sniff them… that would be too embarrassing! But then he balled them up in his fist and pointed at me with his other finger.

"Yeah, all right, so maybe these were all you had on," he said accusingly. "My cousin tells me you usually don't wear a bra or nothing, because you have small tits."

"Jimmy!" I cried, instinctively lifting my hands to clutch the shirt in front of my breasts. "Where did you learn to talk like that?"

The boy shrugged, but continued watching me. I felt myself heating up under his scrutiny, and really just wanted him to go back to fishing with his friend. So I slowly reached my hands behind my head… I had to be careful not to raise the hem of the T-shirt too high or else I would expose my naked pussy. Silently, my fingers slipped down my neck, finding the tie-string that kept the bikini top in place. Working this loose, I was able to then pull the fabric through the top of my shirt. This too, I threw at Alicia's cousin.

He was able to catch the bikini top with his free hand, and left me standing in just my long T-shirt. I hoped he didn’t expect me to go further! Very self-consciously, I smooth down the front of the shirt to make sure I stayed decent.

Jimmy looked at my pink bikini bottoms in one hand, the tiny top in his other, and then smiled at me. "Thanks, Erica! These will make a good lure…"

Honestly, I wasn't quite sure what to make of that statement. But I saw him turn around and run excitedly back to his friend. Running my own hand through my hair, I was a little confused about what had just happened. Had I just been tricked out of my bikini? Well, I decided, at least it got the little monster to leave me alone. I made a point to walk a bit further down the dock, putting more distance between the boys and me. Then I found a nice spot to sit down again, hugging my knees to my chest.

Some time passed, with the sun still bright in sky above. Not a cloud in sight, it was perfect weather for laying out. Part of me started to regret being dragged along to the park, missing out on the chance to do some tanning. Glancing over my shoulder, I marveled again out how private this lake location was. It's not like there were any other fishermen coming to this spot. Truly, it appeared that Jimmy was the first to discover the place. For their part, he and his friend were now happily occupied casting their lines and excited about the prospect of catching something.

Slowly, I rose to my feet. The boys didn't notice. Looking all around, there was not another soul in sight. No one was watching me. Before I could change my mind, I grabbed the back of the T-shirt and pulled it over my head! Immediately, I clutched the shirt to my body, hiding my full frontal nudity. Behind me, however, my cute little bottom wiggled out in the open, delighting in the warmth and fresh air on my back and bare butt.

I knelt down on the dock, and then lay completely on my stomach, across the width of the wooden pier. Because I am totally shaved, my pussy was sensitive coming into contact with the ground. But once I settled in, it wasn't that bad. I found my nipples were a little bit harder than I would have liked, but for once, I was glad not to have big squishy breasts. The T-shirt, of course, I draped behind me covering my naked ass. It was like at the being at a masseuse, when one has just a towel placed over their butt for modesty.

Folding my arms, I was able to rest my head, facing in the direction so I could keep an eye on the boys at the other end of the fishing pier. I had moved my hair out of the way, so that my shoulders were exposed. Oh God, this felt so nice! The sun beat down on the soles of my feet, my calves and legs and played wonderfully across my back. It wasn't too hot, just the touch of gentle rays caressing my body. Now as long as I didn't fall asleep…

"Hey Cody, do you think I can reel it in?"

I woke to the sound of Jimmy talking to his friend. Opening my eyes, I was a little groggy. How much time had went by? It couldn't have been more than a few minutes! Very conscious of my vulnerable state, I was relieved to feel the fabric of my T-shirt still covering my bottom. But then I saw that the boys were standing only several feet away from me, and Jimmy had his fishing pole.

"I don't know," the other boy said. "She looks like she's sleeping…"

My body froze as I heard Jimmy laugh, "I bet I can do it without waking her up!"

Then the next thing I knew, I watched as Alicia's cousin swung his fishing rod back, and cast the line in my direction… I didn't have time to react or anything! I just closed my eyes and curled my toes in anticipation. What was he thinking!

The line sailed over me, and I heard the metal hook hit the wood of the pier at my side.

"Missed!" Cody exclaimed.

"Oh yeah?" Jimmy said.

Only half opening one eye, I now watched the boy start to reel in the line. Sure enough, as the hook was dragged across the wooden dock, it caught on the material of the T-shirt placed over my bottom. I didn't realize just how effective these fishing hooks were. When I was about to reach my arm back to keep the shirt secure, Jimmy pulled up and lifted the T-shirt right off me!

Jimmy's friend clapped and shouted, "I see Erica's butt!"

Too late, my hand landed and made contact with the smooth skin of my uncovered bottom. Immediately I jumped to my feet in surprise. Jimmy held his fishing pole with both hands, staggering back a little as he hoisted the long T-shirt dangling on the hook. The T-shirt, the only thing I had been wearing, which now left me… completely naked!

The boys looked at me standing there, amazed about how suddenly I had been stripped.

"Oh!" I gasped, and then quickly moved my arms to cover my little tits and pussy.

But Alicia's cousin only turned around, and started running toward the end of the dock. I had no idea what he was up to, and I decided I had better chase after him. Cody giggled when I ran by him, my bare feet taking quick steps as I was hugging my body. It was frustrating because I was ashamed about losing my clothes, but being totally nude around others was also exciting. I bit my lip and shuffled closer to the water.

"Jimmy, what are you doing… " I asked shyly. "Stop playing around… don't do that!"

The boy was watching me with a mischievous look in his eye. As I inched closer on my toes, he swung the line over the lake, my T-shirt waving like a banner in the breeze. He was so obnoxious! I hated him having me in a compromising position, and I was embarrassed by the way my body was reacting. Very carefully, I held one arm tight across my breasts, hiding my extended nipples. Down below, I kept a palm covering my smooth crotch, although I could already feel the silky outer lips opening up.

"All… all right, that's enough…" I said, but I couldn't reach out an arm to grab the shirt.

Jimmy lowered the line until the shirt was just above the surface of the water, and he said, "Put your hands behind your head, Erica!"

Oh God, this couldn't be happening! The cheeks of my cute little bottom clenched nervously as I stood there. I mean, here I was just totally bare in broad daylight! The sun beat down on my shoulders as I hesitated. There was no choice really, because I needed to get that shirt back and cover up quick. What I couldn't figure out though, is what Jimmy had in mind. In the past, the boy would always make fun of me, or just tease me if I lost my clothes. But now… it's like he wanted to see me naked.

Very carefully, I crossed my legs at the ankles. I wanted to stay closed, that is, I was mortified at the thought of my pussy opening up. Then, very slowly, I lifted my arms, bringing them in back of my head. I took a deep breath. My hands were clasped over my soft hair, leaving my elbows sticking out on either side of my face. They weren't the only things sticking out…

"Pointy, pointy!" Jimmy taunted me, bobbing his fishing pole up and down.

That made me arch up on my toes, pushing my chest out further. "Jimmy… don't! Please, just let me have my clothes back!"

Alicia's cousin paused as if considering, but then replied, "First you have to walk the whole dock. Go all the way to the end, then turn around and come back here."

"But why!" I gasped, and shifting my weight, accidentally separated my legs.

Jimmy shrugged, "Alicia says you like to do stuff like this. Walk around nude…"

"That's not true!" I insisted, curling my fists behind my head.

By now, my erect nipples were sticking up toward the sky. This was so embarrassing! I was about to move my hands to hide my pink parts, when Jimmy told me that I had to make the walk with my arms at my sides. Too late, I could sense my labia unfolding and my clitoris emerging out of its hood. I desperately wanted to cover up, not put on a gynecological display. So I turned around on my heel, and started walking toward the end of the dock.

The problem was, I was now waving my pink bits in the direction of Jimmy's friend, Cody. I don't think he had moved the whole time. But now he sat with his legs crossed pretzel style, and watched me with a broad grin. I'm sure he had no idea what was going on inside me, my tummy fluttering deliciously, nor how my body was reacting. Jimmy parading me around in front of his friend must have been the height of humiliation, but also strangely arousing. My areolas were pink on top of the fair skin of my swelled-up perky breasts, each nipple extending long and hard. I wanted to reach my hand and trace a finger over this erogenous zone, but I dare not do that here!

As I walked by him, I kept my eyes lowered, focusing on putting one bare foot in front of the other. I tried not to think about the boys seeing every inch of me. It also occurred to me that Jimmy had a nice long view of my naked backside. My ass wiggled playfully with each step, my pussy lips poking briefly between my legs, which must have been a tantalizing sight. All this, I did with my arms rigidly at my sides like a model walking the catwalk.

When I reached the far end of the pier, my eyes were fixed on the tree line. I wondered if I could make a desperate run into the woods. But then, I would probably never get my clothes back. For a moment, I hesitated, standing there and wondering what to do. Before I even realized it, I had slipped a finger inside my pussy! I looked down and gasped as I touched myself, rubbing and flicking my clitoris up and down.

Well this was no good! I couldn't allow myself to masturbate with Alicia's cousin and his friend watching me. Even though it felt incredible. Reluctantly, I turned around again. At the last moment, I pulled my finger out of my pink slit. Balling my hands into fists at my sides, I began to jog back to where Jimmy waited for me. My little tits bounced up and down, my pussy lips flapping like flower petals as the breeze tickled my smooth shaven skin. By the time I reached the boy, I was breathless.

"Can I… can I have my T-shit back?" I finally asked.

Jimmy still had the material hooked on the end of his fishing line, which he held over the lake. "Why, are you embarrassed, Erica?"

"Yes!" I nearly cried, my whole body blushing from shame and arousal.

"Well, OK," Jimmy muttered. "I guess you can cover up, then."

Grateful to regain some modesty, I wrapped both arms across my breasts, hugging my chest. I then dropped down in a crouch, with knees together. In this position, I waited for the boy reel in his line. It was agonizing to watch the shirt lift higher and higher, above the surface of the water. My heart was beating fast, relishing my outdoor nudity for a moment longer.

And then a gust of wind swept over the expanse of the lake. Alicia's cousin held onto the rod with both hands, but the line swung to the side… and my T-shirt was whipped right off the hook, landing on the water in the distance!

"Jimmy!" I squealed in disbelief, crawling over to the edge of the dock.

In shock, I saw the white material floating upon gentle ripples, further and further away. But it didn't take long to get completely saturated and sink beneath the water. As I slowly raised myself to squat naked on the wooden pier, I ran one hand through my hair. My other arm reached out helplessly, and then dropped to my side. It was too late to do anything, unless I wanted to jump in the lake and search the murky bottom. I suddenly jumped up and around, to find Alicia's cousin standing behind me.

"Oh, Jimmy, what did you do!" I grabbed the boy's shirt collar in my fist, forgetting that I was totally nude in front of him.

"Hey, careful, Erica!" he dropped his fishing pole in protest and wrapped his fingers around my wrist. "You'll poke my eye out with one of those things…"

Breathless, I realized he was talking about my erect nipples. I was so humiliated, seeing them quiver just inches from his face. Letting go of my hold, I backed away several steps, bringing my arms close to cover my breasts and drape a hand in front of my pussy.

I decided to try a more tactful approach and said, "OK… Jimmy, what about my bikini? You still have that, right?"

Jimmy bent down to pick up his fishing rod, and reeled the line all the way in. "I told you, Erica, we used it for our lure. Both the top and bottom, one for me and one for Cody…"

"You're joking!" I gasped, slapping my hands on my thighs, before remembering to clasp them over my hairless crotch.

"Nah," Jimmy shrugged. "And it worked, too. We each caught a fish. But I think the lures got lost or eaten or something."

"A couple of fish ate my bikini?" I almost laughed in spite of myself. Unable to hide my skepticism, I brought my hands to my hips. "Well how about my shoes?"

"How come you don't have no hair down there?" Alicia's cousin asked as pointed a finger right at my pussy.

My face turned bright red, and I could feel my whole body blush in front of him. But I couldn't bring myself to cover up again. He seemed genuinely curious about my bare pubic mound, which was getting me excited. In fact, I was afraid to make a move, even as I sensed my clitoris poking out of its hood.

"Don't… don't change the subject," I said bashfully. "What happened to my sandals? I took them off… right over here."

The boy shrugged his shoulders, unconcerned. "They must have fallen into the lake."

This was unbelievable! I spun around and scampered along the edge of the dock where the boys had been fishing. I don't know what good they would have done me, but something about losing my last items of clothing really sent a shiver up my spine. We were at the town park, miles away from my house, and I had nothing on at all! Seeing Alicia's cousin and his friend in their own shorts and T-shirts, heightened the awareness of my nudity.

"Jimmy!" I squealed, bouncing up to the boy. "All my clothes are gone! I'm out here, STARK NAKED!"

With a smirk and a chuckle, he answered, "Yeah… I can see that, Erica. And soon, I guess those guys will, too."

"Huh?" I jerked my head to the side in surprise. "Where did they come from!"

Quickly, I grabbed the boy by his shoulders and spun him around so I could crouch behind him. Clutching the back of his shirt, I pulled him close in order to hide my nude little body. He squirmed and put up a fuss, but I didn't let go. Peering over his shoulder, I could see a group of men coming down the trail that led to the lake. They appeared to be older, fully tacked out with gear and equipment, and I counted six of them.

Jimmy twisted his head enough so that his face was next to mine and he grinned. "Looks like we weren't the only ones who knew about this fishing hole!"

I felt my knees go weak, and I was afraid I might actually have an orgasm. Certainly, the longer I stayed out here, the more likely I was to do something truly embarrassing. Biting my lip, I decided I would have to make a break for it, and run into the woods. At least there, I could hide among the trees. The problem was, Jimmy and I were down on the end of the dock that stretched over the water's edge, while the outdoorsmen were just approaching the other end.

Before it was too late, I pulled Jimmy to the side, and ran down the length of the wooden pier. I could hear him calling out after me, as he and his friend were no doubt enjoying the sight of my bouncing bare bottom.

"Hey, Erica, where are you going!" the obnoxious boy teased.

I passed by the group of fisherman, close enough to see scruffy white beards and one of the men had a cooler, probably filled with beer. Close enough, that they could see I was shaved hairless. But hopefully my naked run was a blur, and they wouldn't believe their eyes. My feet reached the gentle grass, and I didn't stop until I plunged beneath the branches and leaves of tall trees, momentarily out of view.

Ducking behind the trunk of run tree, I closed my eyes and felt the bark on my naked skin. I brought a hand up to my chest as I tried to catch my breath. There was only one thing that would calm my racing heart, I thought, cupping a breast and brushing my thumb along the very hard nipple.

"Was that girl wearing any clothes?" I heard a man ask.

Still pressing my body against the tree, I turned around so I could peer back toward the lake. I saw that the fisherman was talking to Jimmy. I knew I should have kept running, but I had to hear this explanation. Alicia's cousin looked ahead into the woods, and I think he saw where I was hiding. Then he turned back to look up at the taller man.

"Nah," he said with a wave of a hand. "That's my sister. She was sunbathing out here in a very small bikini. She gets very shy around people…"

I found myself thinking that was very sweet of the boy to lie on my behalf. That excuse didn't seem half-unreasonable. And now that I was gone, I'm sure those fishermen had figured they had just seen me in a very revealing bathing suit. That would keep them from nosing around, or chasing after me. Already, I could see them pick up their gear again and start walking toward the end of the dock.

Now I had to decide what to do. I had no clothes on… at all. Looking down, I was flustered seeing how my body was still reacting, and I ran a hand through my hair. Nipples stood proud and erect, and my shaved pussy lips were pink and spread open. Plus it was broad daylight. I really didn't want to be seen like this. Thought about trying to make my way home, but I wasn't sure about leaving Jimmy and his friend. How would I explain that to his mother?

So I would have to wait it out, and hope that the group of fishermen would not stay all day. Or maybe the boys would get bored and come looking for me. God, that would be so embarrassing! Still, for the time being, it appeared that Alicia's cousin and his friend were busy discussing their fishing hobby and had forgotten all about the naked twenty-year old girl in the woods.

I closed my eyes and clutched my little tits with both hands, sensuously rubbing my nipples against my palms. This would be a good time to find some relief, I thought to myself. But I didn't want to get caught masturbating so close to the group of people near the water. Expecting I might have a very loud orgasm, I figured they would hear me. How would I explain that to the boys!

Before waiting any longer, I turned and moved a little deeper into the trees surrounding the lake. I thought about heading toward the path we first followed to the lake, but then I worried what if more fishermen or other people started to show up. Changing directions, my bare body slipped further away from the dock, the water, and the trails. I actually found it rather sexy moving through the branches and trees, like some untamed wild animal. It was kind of arousing. I even stooped down in crouch, my bare feet stepping over dry leaves and pine needles, and tossed back my mane of soft brown hair.

It wasn't long before I found a new trail to follow. Not very wide, there was room for only one person to walk between the slender tree trunks. I figured this was good, as I was unlikely to encounter any hikers along this little path. Vaguely conscious of the where I was going, I tried to keep in mind that the lake was on my left side. I mean, I certainly did not want to get lost!

And then the path came to an end, blocked off by some logs and fallen tree limbs. Moving closer to investigate, I saw that I was all the way on the other side of the lake. Off in the distance across the water, I could make out the edge of the dock where Jimmy and Cody and the fisherman were. I wondered if they could see me.

Greatly daring, I climbed onto a large trunk that lay across the ground. My toes curled on the surface of the mossy bark, which felt kind of nice, like I was at one with nature. Slowly, I stood up and raised my arms to the sky. I almost wanted to shout… but thought better of calling attention to myself. Instead, I shook my tits in their direction. Then my hand wandered down my stomach, fingers finding my bald crotch. First I spread open my soft vaginal lips, and started stroking my pussy.

What was I doing! I thought, even as a loud moan escaped my lips and my body shuddered.

Quickly, I climbed down from the tree trunk before I could make a spectacle of myself. Turning around I found another stack of fallen limbs and logs, these effectively shielding me from view on the other side. I brought my hands to the rough surface of the bark, and peered out in this new direction. The trees ended here, giving way to a wide open field of grass. Closing my eyes, I tried to picture this setting from a different angle. Suddenly, I realized that I was near the golf course! I had no idea it was so close to the lake.

The leaves rustled overhead, and a gentle breeze blew over my naked body. I actually smiled in spite of myself, because it felt so nice. Arching up on my toes, I just enjoyed the sensations of the outdoors. Honestly, I was usually running to get home, whenever I had found myself in the woods without any clothes. Now I had some time to relax and savor the moment.

But the fleeting peaceful reverie was interrupted by the unmistakable sounds of steps crunching over twigs and branches on the ground behind me. Oh no! What, did Jimmy come looking for me? I was so embarrassed to have him sneak up on me, looking at my bare bottom. Cupping my hands to my breasts, I couldn't bring myself to turn around.

"Erica… is that you?" asked the voice of a young male, about my age.

Shyly, I looked over my shoulder. "Ty?"

Ty… the young man who worked at the golf equipment shack. The guy who went to my college. We were even in the same literature class last year. Even though this was so humiliating to be caught like this, my nipples popped out fully erect. I had to lower my hands to cup my little pussy.

"Hey, Erica," he said gently, and took a cautious step closer. "I thought it was you. I would recognize that ass… I mean, I would… well, it's just that I don't know too many other pretty girls who run around the park buck naked!"

That made me giggle, although hearing him talk about my nudity absolutely excited me! I separated my hands and lifted them to the tree in front of me. Shifting my weight to my other leg, my butt wiggled with the motion, and I wondered if he could see my pussy lips from behind.

"Um, what did happen to your clothes?" the young man asked, still confused.

I stole another glance over my shoulder and saw that he have moved up right behind me, close enough to touch me. Slowly, I turned around, keeping my hands clasped over my pink slit. My toes touched his shoes as we looked at each other.

"Is your friend Carrie around?" Ty suddenly asked, remembering our first encounter.

That actually made me annoyed, and I curled my fists and planted them on my hips. "No, she is not here! I was looking after my friend's cousin and his buddy, and the brats took my bathing suit… everything I was wearing!"

Ty brought a hand to his mouth to stifle a chuckle. "Wow, Erica… that is pretty funny. But I'm glad its just you here, without your friend… or your clothes."

"Oh," I gasped, and blushed.

Then I lowered my eyes shyly, looking down, only to see that with my hands my hips I was left totally exposed. My labia were pronounced and hanging out, and my clitoris erect, but I couldn't move my hands to cover up.

"That's one smooth…" Ty started to say. "Um, may I?"

"Mmm-hmmm," I answered, raising my arms so I could run my hands through my hair.

The young man placed his hands on my hips and bent down so that he was eye-level with my shaved pubic mound. Very slowly, he traced his finger down my body until he made contact with the pink lips of my vagina. He stroked them softly, causing me to stand up on the tips of my toes.

"Oh, wow!" I suddered.

It had been a long time since another boy touched my pussy. And at twenty-years old, I was technically still a virgin. Right then, at that moment, I decided I wanted him to take me.

Ty was already up on his feet, leaning in to kiss and suck on my nipples. He could probably tell how excited I was and that I was ready to go. His hands roamed over my body, and I was loving it! The young man moved behind me, reaching his arms around to caress and rub my stomach. When he pulled my hair to the side and kissed me on the neck, it was the most amazingly passionate moment of my life. While one hand clutched and squeezed my breast, he lowered his other arm so that he could begin fingering my pussy.

As he pulled my body close to his, I could feel his hardness press against my bare bottom. I was just waiting for him to drop his pants. Would he try to take me from behind? My mouth was watering as I closed my eyes and let him tease my nipples.

"Oh, TY… don't stop!" I cried out with pleasure. "Don't… stop…"

"Hey you! What are you doing to Erica!"

Opening my eyes, I saw Jimmy standing in front of us. I had been grinding my ass into Ty's crotch, and he had both his hands on my tits. We both froze.

"Ah, Jimmy… it's not what you think," I said, helpless.

"Is this your friend's cousin?" the young man spoke into my ear.

I couldn't believe this was happening! I really wanted to have sex with this guy! We had been flirting with each other since last year, and now I was so horny. Besides the total humiliation of being caught like this, it was incredibly frustrating.

Jimmy curled his fingers in a fist and cried, "You better not hurt her!"

That was actually kind of cute, as I could see the boy take on a fierce countenance and he stepped forward. My knight in shining armor, saving me from danger. More like saving my virginity! Still, the sentiment gave me a warm feeling in my tummy that I couldn't quite describe. Like having an older brother stick up for me on the schoolyard.

"I think I had better go," Ty said, and I could feel him adjusting his pants behind me.

I was speechless. To be interrupted like this was just so unreal… I wondered if he was upset, if he would hate me. While I wanted him to stay and pleasure me, I couldn't do anything with Jimmy standing there! Ty brushed passed me and said, maybe another time. Then he proceeded back down the trail, presumably to find the path that led to the golf course. I stood standing with arms hanging at my sides, fully nude in front of Alicia's cousin.

"What was he doing to you," the boy asked suspiciously.

"Nothing…" I stammered, blushing. "We were just… playing." Jimmy came over to stand next to me, as if making sure I was all right. "You mean like tickling you?"

Ty, the twenty-year-old guy from college, was taller than me. But Jimmy and I were about the same height. It was almost as if we were peers. I stood very still, my whole body flushed, conscious of how close I was to having an orgasm. My nipples stuck straight out, quivering. The boy walked around me, and I could sense he was budding with curiosity.

"Sort of," I said breathlessly. "Would… would you like to tickle me?"

I knew it was wrong, and I shouldn't have said it! But I was not thinking straight. My mid was in a fog, I guess I was still thinking with my body. Fortunately, Jimmy was probably just as confused, and the boy kept his distance.

"Nah," he answered, rubbing his nose. "I think we should start getting back home."

Turning my head, I was conscious of my bare profile and ashamed. "Well… how am I going to do that? All my clothes are gone…"

Jimmy moved around me, looking on the ground and at the trees surrounding us. He kicked over a log, and then found a low hanging branch. I watched as he carefully pulled off a few broad leaves.

Walking up to me, he said, "Here, Erica, you can wear this…"

The boy reached out his arm, and placed a bright green leaf right on my pussy!

"Oh! Jimmy!" I gasped. "You… you shouldn't touch me… there!"

But to my amazement, the leaf momentarily stuck to my shaved lips, which were moist and excited. I held my breath and tried not to move.

"Take these," Jimmy handed me two more leaves. "Hold 'em up to your tits. It will be like a tiny bikini, like what we said to the fishermen."

In disbelief I took a leaf in each hand, between my fingers, covering my erect nipples. "What about my butt?"

Alicia's cousin shrugged his shoulders. "You'll just have to stay facing forward, and don't turn around. Come on, let's go!"

With that, the boy spun around and started down the trail again. I saw that he had picked up a long, gnarled branch and was using it as a walking stick. Not knowing what else to do, I tiptoed after him. It was easy enough to keep the two leaves up top held daintily in front of my small breasts. I wasn't sure how long the leaf below, however, would remain on my crotch. I tried to be careful, I really did. At first, with my thighs squeezed together, the leaf stayed pressed against my pubic mound. But soon I had to take longer strides in order to keep up with Alicia's cousin.

We rounded a bend in the trail, and I recognized that we were getting closer to the dock by the lake. My heart was beating fast again. Suddenly, I looked down, and saw that my leaf covering had vanished! The nub of my clit was poking out, and I figure the contact along with the movement must have been too much. Frustrated, embarrassed, and aroused, I tossed the other leaves to the ground.

"Jimmy," I called out. "Jimmy… I'm naked again!"

Immediately I dropped down in a crouch, with my knees wide apart and my hands on the ground in front of me to keep my balance. In this position, I was aware of my pink labia hanging out, dangling, clearly visible. But there was nothing I could do about my excited pussy.

The boy stopped in his tracks, turning his head to look over his shoulder. He did not look pleased. Rather, it seemed he was annoyed that I had misplaced the leaves of my pretend bikini. He shook his head as he faced me, and I stood up swiftly, with my arms at my sides. Jimmy raised his walking stick, using it to point at my full frontal nudity.

"Maybe you like running around without any clothes," he suggested.

"No!" I insisted. "It's just that… I guess the leaves were kind of itchy. My skin is very sensitive."

I blushed, telling him this, even more so because my nipples were now pointing toward the sky. It was then I realized that I wanted to make the trip back home like this. I had done it before, of course, but not in the company of others who were dressed properly. The fact that it would be two younger boys I was supposed to be looking after, only increased my humiliation and excitement.

After a moment, Jimmy move the stick to point at my crotch. "So really, how come you don't got no hair down there?"

"Well, um," I stuttered, caught off guard. "I shave off all the hair, since, oh God! I like the way it feels… I mean looks!"

The boy scrunched up his face, as if trying to make up his mind what he thought of my private parts, which weren't so private any more. "Yeah, it does look… interesting. Is that why that guy was tickling you there?"

"Can we just get going?" I answered flustered, deciding Alicia's cousin had gotten enough of an up close examination.

I shyly cupped both hands over my pussy, and crossed my feet at the ankles. Waiting anxiously, I rubbed my toes behind my other leg. This exposure was making me hornier, if that were possible, and more embarrassed at the same time. Finally, Jimmy started moving down the path again.

"Come on, Naked Erica, it's a long way back home!" he chided me.

**34 - Erica's Thanksgiving by American Cowboy**

"Oh come on, Erica, it will be fun!" my friend Christa said, sitting atop her bed in her room.

It was the first week of November, unseasonably warm, and we were gathered at the house of my friend from college. It was the four of us, Christa and myself, along with Alicia and Carrie. The busty brunette and the buxom blonde were my close friends since high school. Now, the ginger-haired art student peered at me over the rim of her stylish black glasses.

"I don't know," I whined. "I'm just not comfortable around kids…"

At my side, Alicia giggled and pinched my arm. "You're just saying that because my cousin is always catching you naked! I swear, that boy has learned more about female anatomy from you…"

"Quit it!" I folded my arms and turned away, feeling my ears blush bright red.

Christa continued her pestering, "Well they are not little kids. They are seventh graders… practically young men and women. And I could really use your help on this project."

Her project was to create a Thanksgiving-themed feast complete with costumes and decorations. This was to be arranged at the local junior high school, and it was all part of the Art degree Christa was working toward. Carrie and Alicia were pitching in, and now they wanted me involved.

"You'll make such a cute little Indian," Carrie said.

I frowned at her and replied, "I believe the correct term is Native American."

The playful strawberry-blonde only smiled and squealed, "That's perfect! You will make a great Naked American…"

"Native American!" I repeated, feeling flustered and nervous. "Really, Carrie, you need to learn to be more sensitive."

Christa suddenly bounced off the bed and grabbed her bag. "Then it's decided! We're all in this together. Now let's go shopping."

Well! I wasn't really sure that anything had been decided, but who could argue with a trip to the mall. So I found myself trailing after the girls as we piled into Alicia car and drove off. Leaving me to wonder what I had gotten myself into. It was made clear to me there would be no backing out and that was that. With a sigh, I just resigned to being a part of the project and tried not to worry about it. Then I could enjoy the rest of the day.

The next three weeks seemed to fly by. Now Thanksgiving was only a few days away, and I know kids all over were looking forward to the holiday break, even us kids going to college. Yet here I was, standing in the girls bathroom of a junior high school, surrounded by my friends, Christa, Alicia, and Carrie.

The seventh grade classroom had already been prepared for the feast, and that was fun. But now it was time to change into our costumes. Alicia and Christa were going as Puritan women, in their long black dresses and white kerchiefs over their heads. To my surprise, Carrie actually put her hair up and dressed like a boy Pilgrim, complete with the tall black hat and a toy popgun. She was adorable in her puffed out pants and buckle shoes. There was something strangely erotic about this beautiful young woman wearing these old fashioned men's clothes.

Now I was stripped down to my underwear, which made me very embarrassed because my other friends were all covered up. Carrie handed me a doeskin loincloth and I quickly tied it on at my waist. The brown tasseled hem barely reached past the crotch of my panties. And I was pretty sure I was showing too much hip and leg. But before I could say anything, Alicia was behind me unhooking my bra!

"Hey!" I cried, startled and embarrassed.

Christa held up the matching doeskin top and explained, "Really Erica, the Indians weren't running around in those lacy things back then! This is much more authentic."

Submissively, I dropped my arms and allowed Alicia to come around so she could pull my bra off my body. I closed my eyes knowing that my breasts were feeling quite perky today, and… oh! I could sense my nipples sticking out, almost wiggling.

"Here, you better put this on," Christa's infectious giggle caused me to open my eyes again.

Before I could be further humiliated, I grabbed the top and hurried to get it in place. It kind of tied on like a bikini, with durable strings that fastened at the back of my neck. There were tassels that hung down in front, but my tummy was left quite bare. I had to admit, the feel of the soft material on my skin felt really nice. Adjusting the top to make sure I was covered, I then walked over and slipped my feet into a pair of boots.

"I figured these might go with this outfit," I said shyly to the other girls looking at me.

Carrie folded her arms in disapproval. "This isn't Cowboys and Indians, Erica! And Indians didn't wear cowboy boots!"

"Native Americans…" I started to remind her.

"Just take them off," my friend insisted. "You'll have to go barefoot, like a good little Indian princess."

I clutched my hands to my chest, looking around with wide eyes. The girls said nothing, waiting for me to continue. So I obediently lifted my legs, though reluctantly stepping out of the boots. I watched as Alicia gathered all my things to be taken back to the classroom. Arching up on my toes, I was starting to feel a little nervous.

"Something is still not quite right," Carrie declared, eyeing me critically.

Christa then opened up her bag and found what was missing. She pulled out a simple headdress. Really it was just a band, and had a single soft feather sticking up in the back. The detailed-orientated Art student walked over to my side and placed the final part of the costume on my head. I had to reach up myself, checking that the band was secure around my hair, and I could feel it was a snug fit.

At that moment, with my hands positioned on top of my head, Carrie stepped in front of me so she could stick her fingers under my loincloth.

"Wh- what…" I gasped, startled.

In one quick motion, Carrie yanked my panties down my legs completely! Christa and Alicia were on either side of me, holding me steady. This allowed the strawberry-blonde to take one foot in her hand as she slipped the fabric free and then removed them from my other foot. She stood up, twirling the material around her finger.

"There," she said triumphantly. "Now you look perfect, Erica!"

My hands darted down from the feather, to the doeskin cloth, which was the only thing covering my bare crotch. "How…"

"She's even talking like an Indian," Alica giggled.

I turned to look at my friend in surprise. "Seriously! I cannot go out into the school like this! I'm barefoot, and… I'm hardly wearing anything at all…"

Christa did a slow walk around me. I could tell she was actually considering going ahead with this! When they told me I would be dressed in a Native American costume, I never thought it would be an outfit so risky! And to be paraded around in front of a class of Junior high school students, like this.

"No, no, it's not that bad," Christa said, apparently warming up to the idea. "This is much closer to an authentic representation, Erica."

Speechless for a moment, I could only reply, "But… my underwear!"

Carrie grabbed her gun and took me by the wrist with her other hand. "Don't worry so much. Let's go!"

Alicia in her pilgrim woman outfit moved ahead to open the door. With Christa behind me, I was dragged out of the restroom and into the school hallway. There were some students about, and they watched us with great interest. They pointed and laughed, but more so in a spirit of fun and enjoying the holiday. No one seemed to think I was inappropriately dressed. My little bare feet slapped over the floor as we marched toward the seventh grade classroom. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad.

Then, Carrie leaned in close and whispered in my ear, "God, you look sexy!"

That made my face blush bright red, and I could feel my nipples poking beneath the doeskin top. I suddenly felt very self-conscious again, but now it was too late. The teacher greeted us at the door and invited us inside.

"Don't you ladies look wonderful!" she said with great enthusiasm. "What splendid costumes! Good job, Christa. Now I will leave the students in your care until I return later this afternoon."

The classroom had been festively decorated for Thanksgiving. In addition to the autumn colors, there were harvest scenes and Indian tribal colors. The desks were pushed together to make a large banquet table, around which all the students were seated. They were all prepared for a sumptuous feast.

I kind of stood shyly off to the side, while Christa talked to the boys and girls about the importance of this day of remembrance. She told them about how grateful the Pilgrims were to have the assistance of the Native Americans to get them through that first rough year in the New World. It was at that point, she signaled me to bring out the first platter of food, just like we had rehearsed.

Of course, when we were going through her lesson plan, I had been fully dressed. Now I was scantily clad in a loincloth and basically a bikini top. I looked at Christa and silently shook my head. She in return, shot me a glance so fierce, that I really had no choice but to follow her instructions. So I started to walk to the table on the side where all the food was prepared.

Moving slowly, so as not to reveal too much, I felt like all eyes were upon me. While my friends were dressed in baggy, conservative clothes, I had much of my slender twenty-year-old body on display. I imagined the students enjoyed the stark contrast, the show of my bare tummy as well as my arms and legs and feet. Trying not to make eye contact, I reached the table and picked up a tray of sliced turkey meat.

Christa went on to explain how the Native Americans showed the Pilgrims the best places to hunt, in order to make their provisions most bountiful. She was really doing a great job, and Carrie was hamming it up with the toy popgun. Finally, I placed the platter on the center of the stable and stepped back toward the front of the classroom.

All the students looked at me and thanked me, as if they were real Pilgrim boys and girls. That actually made me smile, and created a warm feeling in my tummy. That is until, one boy in the back of the room.

"She doesn't look like a real Indian," he stated.

I thought that was a bit obnoxious, since of course we were only pretending. It's not like I ever claimed such heritage. For that matter, my friends were not real Pilgrims, and Carrie was certainly not a man! But that did not seem to bother the other students who were now mumbling in agreement. Somehow, it was only me who they decided, did not fit the part.

I figured it was probably because of my fair complexion. These students were probably used to reading their history books and seeing pictures of Native Americans with more brown or reddish skin. And my hair was soft brown, coming down to my bare shoulders, instead of long, black and braided. But seriously, what were they expecting?

Carrie was crouched down between a couple of girls, who were sharing some reading material. Evidently, it contained pictures of the Mayflower, and the Pilgrims being greeted by the Natives. Another boy found a book about the various tribal people and showed this to Carrie as well.

"I see what you mean," my friend said.

The young woman dressed as a Pilgrim stood up and walked back toward the front of the room, moving behind me. I felt her hand on my shoulders and I froze.

"It seems the boys and girls are used to seeing Indians bare-chested…" Carrie giggled.

Before I could react, or say or do anything, the girl had her fingers on the leather tie string. It came undone quickly, and then Carrie reached up to unravel the tie behind my neck. Sweeping her hand in front of me, she pulled the doeskin top completely off.

And just like that, I found myself standing before thirty students with my small tits sticking out! In fact, I was up here in front of everybody only in a loincloth! Alicia and Christa looked shocked at first, but then broke out in laughter as the seventh graders cheered their approval.

Carrie held the material over her head for everyone to see. She then went on to explain how the Native Americans taught the Pilgrims to use animal skins to make all sorts of helpful and wonderful things. I'm sure she was making this up as she went along. I watched as she gave my top away to one of the girls, who delighted in the soft pliable leather. Rubbing my bare toes behind my other leg, I lifted my hands to hide my elongated nipples.

But Christa was soon at my side, moving my arms out of the way. "Erica is a shy little Indian!"

"We can't be doing this!" I hissed, my eyes darting around the room.

The college Art student only rubbed my arm affectionately saying, "Just play it off as being natural. It certainly is more realistic. And since the teacher isn't here, I guess I'm in charge… and I say it's OK! Besides, female Native Americans weren't self-conscious about their chests."

"Well I am!" I sputtered, feeling my whole body blush.

The girls then left me, so they could attend to the rest of the feast. For a moment, I just stood there, trying hard not to cover my breasts because that would draw attention to my embarrassment. I felt like I was standing up in front of the class in just my panties. But as I slowly started to move and walk on my bare tiptoes around the corner of the room, I realized it was much worse.

I was now even more sensitive to the soft flaps of the loincloth bouncing over my pussy and my bottom. There was nothing covering my sides, only the twined strings across my hips like a bikini. I was sure that if any of the seventh-graders got too curious, they might easily peek beneath the single item of clothing that I was wearing. Not to mention my exposed nipples, which were so erect!

Rubbing my arm just above my elbow, I used my other hand to reach down and make sure that the front loincloth stayed in place. I had made it to the table where we had set up refreshments and other desserts. Here, I hoped I could remain mostly out of the way, and let Christa, Alicia, and Carrie take care of the rest.

But attending to all thirty students, the girls had their hands full. Suddenly, one of the boys seated at the side of the table closer to me, was asking for more grape juice. I looked around, then realizing that he expected me to refill his cup. Nervously, I picked up the pitcher and walked over to his chair. This was as near as I had been to any of the students.

He held his drinking glass firmly on the table, and I had to bend over so I could pour the juice without spilling any. Straightening myself again, I thought that wasn't so bad. And then his friend on the other side of me, gulped down his drink, asking me to fill it back up. With a sigh, I turned and bent down and proceeded to pour the juice out of the pitcher.

Behind me, I felt a little tug on the loincloth. I looked over my shoulder, to see the young man inspecting the material.

"Please," I said quietly, "Please don't play with that…"

The boys giggled, which made me blush. But he did let go and I was free to return to the food and refreshments station. Now I watched as they continued to turn around and laugh. I decided I had better move to another part of the room. So with my little tits sticking out, I stepped lightly toward the back of the classroom and walked around the table. A couple of girls stopped me, and one of them told me that I was pretty.

"Thank you," I said shyly, reaching up a hand to tease the ends of my hair.

Noticing the books that were open on the table before them, I recognized these girls as the ones Carrie had been chatting with. Her friend had the doeskin top that my friend had given away! She had the soft leather stretched out and was stroking it like she might a furry pet.

The girl looked up at me and said, "This is so nice. Did it come as part of a set?"

"I think so," the other seventh grade girl said, lifting up my front loincloth.

"Um, please be careful," I told them, trying not to point out that I had nothing on underneath.

"I wish I could have been an Indian," the first girl said, holding up the top to her own budding chest.

Her friend rubbed the front of my loincloth and asked excitedly, "Oh! Can we try this on as well?"

"Girls, no!" I started, feeling very flustered and embarrassed. "I'm sorry…"

"But why not?" they both whined in unison.

I squatted down between the two of them, and drew them close. My voice was barely above a whisper as I explained the loincloth was the only piece of clothing I was wearing. I didn't want anyone else to hear.

Then one of the girls stood up and offered me her seat. "You must be tired from standing, especially since you aren't wearing shoes!"

Well, I had to admit it would be nice to sit down even just for a minute. I slid over onto the chair, and carefully crossed my legs. Reaching my hand lower, I rubbed my heel and bare toes. It felt sort of strange sitting at the table like this, surrounded by the other Junior high school students. Many of them were as tall as me, so I practically fit in.

"Now we can have a closer look at this one," the girl said, quickly untying the straps at my hip.

I was alarmed, but afraid to jump out of the seat. "No! You can't… I'll be completely naked…"

"You still have your Indian headdress," the other young lady pointed out, gently patting the feather that stuck up behind my head.

Self-consciously, I lifted my hands to touch the leather band around my hair and forehead, making sure it was secure in place. In that moment, the other student finished the knot and was able to whip the loincloth right off me! Stunned, I sat there… nude at the table!

The girl held the material against the front of her pants and twisted around to show her friend. "You know, we read that the Native Americans helped teach the Pilgrims how to dress warmly for the winter."

The girls continued to giggle and chat. Amazingly, I felt myself getting turned on! Well how could I not, being unclothed in a junior high classroom surrounded by dozens of young people. It was my worst nightmare, and the humiliation only began to increase my arousal.

At that moment, the door opened, as the teacher returned to check on how things were going.

"Hide me!" I squeaked.

"No, just stay where you are," the girl standing up advised, while rubbing my bare shoulders. "I bet she won't even notice."

Her friend sitting next to me reached over and squeezed my thigh. "Pretty cool, huh?"

I watched as the teacher walked over to Christa on the other side of the room. She said that everything looked wonderful, and the students nearby nodded in agreement. Luckily, I was all the way in the back, and did my best blend in. I wished I could turn invisible.

"And where is your friend who was dressed as an adorable little Indian?" the teacher asked.

Alicia moved in to take the woman by the arm and answered, "Oh, Erica has been very helpful. She has been spending extra time with the boys and girls to make sure they understand the true spirit of cooperation between the Native tribal people and the first settlers."

Hearing that statement made me blush, and I wondered if my friends had known about my predicament. It seemed odd that they had left me on my own for so long. But I saw now that Alicia's explanation had satisfied the teacher, as she started to depart from the classroom.

Pulling the white tablecloth over my lap, I kept my legs crossed and began to bob my foot up and down. By squeezing my thighs together and contracting my vaginal muscles, I was able to create a rather nice sensation. I was starting to feel really good, in a bad way.

Suddenly, a boy slid his chair next to me. "Hey, what's your Indian name?"

"Wha… What?" I stammered. "I don't understand…"

"Come on," he insisted, "the Natives had tribal names, like Pocahontas, right? Are you still wearing your costume?"

The news must have spread around this side of the table. His questions had me flustered. I turned my head, and saw the girls waving my doeskin top and the loincloth.

One of them spoke, "She was showing how the Indians cared for the Pilgrims by giving us her clothes."

The boy grinned. "Yeah? Then I guess your Indian name can be Running Bear. Although you better make that, B-A-R-E! So how about you run over and get me more juice."

"Oh!" I gasped as the students around me giggled and teased. "But… but…"

All of a sudden, it was like I was back in high school. The way things would get out of control, events leading me to do things I never thought I would do. I could see the eager, curious look in their eyes and I knew these students wanted to see me naked. It made me feel so excited, and guilty at the same time! I found myself placing my feet on the floor and pushing back the chair.

Then I slowly stood up, arms at my sides. They looked at me, at my full frontal nudity, completely bare from head to toe. Everyone was looking at me!

Realizing that I could not remain in the classroom like this, I spun around and started to walk quickly around the side of the room. This allowed more people watching my pointy nipples quiver and my tight bottom bouncing. Only when I reached the front of the classroom did I shyly cup a hand over my pussy and hide my breasts.

"Erica, what happened to the rest of your outfit?" Carrie laughed.

Confused, as it did not seem I had much to begin with, I asked, "Rest?"

"You still have your Indian feather," the strawberry-blonde pointed with her chin.

Like playing a game of "Simon Says", I felt compelled to lift my hands up to touch the feather attached to the headband. I lifted both my hands, leaving them in that position. In this way, I stood totally naked before the class… my shaved pussy lips parted, and I could feel my clit becoming erect. Closing my eyes, I shuddered.

"Carrie," I whispered. "I need to go… I'm very horny, and I can't stay here!"

When my friend's heavy sleeve brushed past my elbow, I had to open my eyes again. She was headed for the classroom door, where she opened it up and took a peek outside into the hallway. Then she pointed to two boys along the side of the table, the two who had been pestering me earlier.

"You and you," Carrie said with authority. "Come up here."

The young gentlemen were all too happy to oblige. Alicia and Christa moved over as well, standing in front of me to shield my body from the rest of the class.

"What's going on here?" my two friends dressed as Puritan women both asked.

Carrie had her toy popgun and pointed it at me. "It seems Erica has been a naughty little Indian, and must be cast out of the tribe. Boys, do you think we could chase her all the way to the playground?"

My eyes went wide in shock.

One of the seventh-graders rubbed his shirt across his nosed then answered, "Yeah, I guess. What happens if we catch her?"

"Well, let's give her a head start…" the twenty-year-old blonde who was herself dressed up like a Pilgrim smiled so mischievously, it made my erect nipples stand straight up!

Then, just like that, she fired her toy gun, which made a loud pop and sent a cork connected by a string in my direction. It hit me in the tummy and made me jump, the whole class erupting in laughter. Suddenly, the mood had changed from a Thanksgiving feast, to more like a Salem witch hunt! Taking my cue, I dashed out of the classroom, fully naked into the school hallway.

Oh my gosh! I thought to myself, strangely remembering to adjust the Indian feather and headband. Out here it was quieter, but the stillness of the corridor made me very aware of my nudity. A little further down I crept, until I could hear the muffled sounds coming from other classrooms. What if a teacher walked out of her room! I quickly clasped both hands over my pussy and spun around.

Desperately, I thought I should head for the girls bathroom. Maybe my clothes were still there. I honestly don't remember if Alicia had taken them with her. I looked over my shoulder, then jogged through the hallway, my bare bottom bouncing playfully. If only I wasn't in some junior high school… this was so humiliating!

And then I heard voices coming from around the corner. Carrie, maybe? But instead it was an older woman's voice and another lady. It might be a school administrator… and a class mother! I was horrified at the thought of being caught running around without any clothes on. So I considered my options in a panic. The boys had said I could run out onto the playground. Maybe that was a good idea, and I should leave the school building.

The voices grew closer as my bare feet slapped over the tiles. I had to think quick… which way was the exit? I paused after I passed by some festive holiday decorated bulletin boards. My nipples and pussy quivered, my whole body seemed to tingle.

"Oh…" I moaned, as I scanned the hallway to make sure the coast was clear.

Before I knew it, I was streaking past the main office. Hopefully any secretaries would be too preoccupied to watch me running through the hallway. I glanced again over my bare shoulder, to see that no one was following me. But then I looked straight ahead, only to nearly stumble into a student who was dressed for hall monitor duties.

The boy was wearing a bright orange sash that was slung over his shoulder and fastened at the hip. His eyes were wide as he raised a hand, effectively stopping me in my tracks. I stood with my arms dangling at my sides, eyeing the hall monitor sash longingly. It would have fit nicely over my slim body, effectively shielding one breast and maybe hang low enough to cover my crotch.

"Um," the junior high school boy stammered.

"Ah…" I started to explain, "Is this the way out of the school?"

The boy looked me over from head to toe and then asked, "Do you have a hall pass?"

"Look!" I answered, feeling incredibly flustered, "I'm completely naked! I don't have anything on me…"

"Oh, but you're dressed like an Indian," the hall monitor observed.

His mention of my minimal costume caused me to lift my hands again self-consciously to the headband. My tits stuck out a little further, or I should say, my elongated nipples. Then I turned around, afraid that someone would be coming around the corner at any moment. This gave the boy a nice view of my feather from behind, if that's what he was looking at.

"Yes, I was helping out at the seventh grade Thanksgiving feast, and I lost the rest of my costume in an accident," I confessed.

Cupping my hands over my shaved pubic mound, I glanced over my shoulder at the boy. I told him that I needed to leave because I was so embarrassed about what had happened. He seemed to genuinely feel sorry for me. Holding out his arm, he pointed the way to the exit.

"Thank you," I said shyly. "And please don't tell anyone you saw me like… this." As I crossed my arms in front of my bare body, I proceeded to jog down the length of the hallway until I reached the exit. The whole time, my cute little ass wiggled and bounced, making me feel very horny. I couldn't wait to be alone. Pushing the door open, I checked to see that no one was immediately outside the school building. I turned my head to look back down the corridor, where the hall monitor was watching me. Very slowly, I stuck my slender leg outside and wiggled my toes. Then I pulled the rest of myself through, walking outside totally naked!

I shivered a bit, but more out of excitement than because I was cold. Actually, I was rather warm, and the fresh air felt nice on my skin. Slipping a finger inside my pussy, I found I was quite hot! Right there, I started masturbating, on the steps of the junior high school.

"There she is!" someone shouted.

Opening my eyes halfway, I saw three people coming straight at me. It was Carrie, I realized, and the two boys from Christa's classroom. Oh, why now! I looked down, and saw that I still had a finger between my soft, silky, pink folds of skin. This, I removed, and stood with my arms at my sides for a second feeling ashamed and blushing.

It's like they knew I would emerge out of this doorway. As surely as my clitoris emerged out of its hood, fully erect for all to see. So I placed a palm in front of my pussy and swung my other arm out as I started to run off to the side.

"Don't let her get away!" Carrie called out.

Get away? Where could I possibly go? We were still on school property, and that thought frightened me and thrilled me at the same time. I ran barefoot across the parking lot, spotting the playground over by the grass and some trees. It looked like there were a number of places to hide, as long as the kids didn't come out for recess. Well, I could hide from anyone leaving the building, but Carrie and the boys saw exactly where I was going.

Halfway toward the edge of the asphalt pavement, the boys caught up with me. Nude, I had stepped daintily on my tiptoes, aware of my delicate pink parts on display in broad daylight. But the boys in their sneakers had no trouble closing the distance. They came up beside me and took me by the wrists, one on each side. In this way, they deliberately walked me over to the swing sets.

Here they made me sit while we waited for Carrie to join us. The black rubber seat felt nice on my bottom. I crossed my legs, keeping my toes raised off the ground, and covered my small tits with my hands. The young woman who was dressed as a pilgrim approached the three of us and stood in front of me.

"Well, boys, what have you found?" she asked, smiling.

One of the young men behind me said, "We caught a wild Indian!"

"Native American," I squeaked, and started bobbing my foot up and down.

Carrie bent down and took both my feet in her hands. Gently, she separated them, spreading my legs wide apart. I was revealing a lot, but I knew she wanted me to stay in that position.

The strawberry-blonde young woman looked over at the seventh graders. "And what do we do with a captured Native?"

The boys thought for a moment before one of them said, "I was watching some old movies, with Cowboys and Indians… sometimes they would scalp them."

"Well, as you can see," my friend pointed directly at my bald crotch, "this little Indian doesn't have much hair on her body. But let's tie her up!"

I almost jumped out of the swing, shocked by her suggestion. But Carrie was standing in front of me, and my legs were opened invitingly, making me aroused and ashamed at the same time. The boys on either side of me grabbed my arms, pulling them away from my body. At once, my perky breasts were exposed and Carrie leaned forward to flick my nipples.

"Oh…" I moaned.

Taking my arms, the two young men brought them to the chain links that hung from above, supporting the swing seat. They then began to wind some sort of rope around my wrists, tying me to the chains. I squirmed and kicked my bare feet up and down, but it was no good.

"It was a good idea to grab these jump ropes," one of them said.

In protest I cried, "Do you treat the other girls in your class like this!"

Actually, the thought of being a girl back in junior high school and getting stripped stark naked on the playground by my classmates was very exciting. In a sense, these boys were fulfilling a fantasy of mine, and I felt an orgasm building. I struggled against the ropes and chains one more time, and then planted my heels in the ground.

The three Pilgrims now stood in front of me, seeing every inch of my unclothed body.

"I guess you can take her feather as a trophy," Carrie offered.

One boy ran behind me, the other move forward, practically climbing on top of me. Together they reached for the Native American headband, lifting it off my hair. I whimpered, completely nude and helpless. In fact, now that they had the feather, I felt like they had removed everything I was wearing… stripped entirely!

I bucked my hips once, as a pearl drop of cum formed just below my pink clitoris.

"OK, boys, you can go back to class now and show the others how you dealt with the Indian," Carrie instructed.

"Cool!" they both shouted, and with the headband and feather in hand, then ran back to the school building.

A little dazed, I shook out my shoulder-length brown hair. I tried to stand up, but I was tied to the swing. My pussy quivered and twitched as Carrie took a step closer to me, lowering her popgun.

"Carrie, why did you do this to me?" I asked breathlessly. "I am so close… this is so humiliating!"

In reply, my friend pulled the trigger, ejecting the toy cork on a string. Although it did not hit me, the sound made my body jump and spasm. Carrie grinned and took the cork between her thumb and forefinger. She lifted it to her mouth first, sucking on it and getting it nice and wet. Then she lowered her hand so she could rub the cork next to my pussy lips.

"And what would you be most thankful for, Erica?" the strawberry-blonde asked in a sultry voice.

I was now beginning to experience convulsions as my toes curled and I clenched my fists. "Please… please make me cum!"

Carrie put the toy gun down, and then removed her tall pilgrim hat. She unloosed the tie and shook out her mane of red and golden hair. She looked beautiful.

"Now it's time for me to enjoy a holiday feast," the girl giggled.

Placing her hands on my thighs, she crouched down and brought her head between my legs.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

**35 – Erica’s Paint Job**

My stepbrother Robert and I were going to be spending some time together, as we agreed to help paint inside my grandmother's house. She lived at a stately old home on a large property, that hadn't been fixed up for a while. The house itself was a Victorian, so it was at least a hundred years or older.

I should clarify that Robert, again, is my stepbrother and the son of my father from a previous marriage. It was my father's mother that we were helping, so I guess that would make her my step-grandmother as well. I never got to see her much, and didn't really know her. For that matter, she was off vacationing in Europe and we wouldn't even be meeting this time. Robert and I would have the whole house and property to us.

My brother was a couple of years older than me, and in fact he was just out of college. We rarely had a chance to hang out together, since high school it seemed. I was always running around with my friends and he had his own social circles. Now the two of us could catch up a little. That was good, I guess. But I suddenly started feeling nervous once we were in his car and heading off for his grandmother's house.

She lived about two hours away, which meant this could be a long awkward drive. I was dressed in white overalls with a cute pink shirt underneath. The pants came down to just above my calves, leaving my lower legs bare. I had sneakers on, but wasn't wearing any socks. Remembering how I looked in the mirror that morning, I thought it was a pretty cute ensemble. Now I shifted my gaze to Robert as we drove in silence, and then stared straight ahead again. I was wondering if he thought I looked cute.

My stray thoughts wandered, as I recollected that he had already seen me naked twice. Not something simple like a quick flash pulling on a top or changing out of a swimsuit; but he had seen me completely, totally nude from head to toe and under very embarrassing circumstances. Both times had been in my senior year of high school. Once when I had just turned eighteen, and again right after graduation. Both times, after Robert had seen me without any clothes on, I had run to my room and masturbated. I had secretly fantasized about him watching me.

My mind and emotions were getting all confused now. I don't know if my body had developed much since then. I had always been slim, and smooth. Smooth as in, not a hair on my body beneath my eyebrows. My breasts were small and perky sometimes, with long nipples when I was excited. And I had an adorable little bottom, or so some friends had told me. But the burning question inside me was… would Robert be curious about what I looked like now, two years later? I shifted uncomfortably in the passenger seat next to him.

"Hey, Erica, what's wrong?" he turned his head and asked.

I crossed my legs and fussed and sighed, before stammering, "Nothing!"

"All right, kiddo," he replied, using his affectionate nickname for me. "Just put on some music. We will be there in no time."

And so we turned on the radio for some background distraction. At least he let me pick the station. This helped me relax a bit. Soon I was able to take my thoughts off those embarrassing moments of the past. I could look forward to working with him and just having fun, while helping our grandmother.

We approached the property from a quietly meandering road. There really was a lot of privacy out here. The closest neighbor on either side could not be seen from the house. Robert drove up the long driveway and parked the car. As we both got out, I walked around to the back so I could take some of the paint cans.

"I already brought over some of the other supplies we need," he explained.

Nodding my head, I had the handle of one can in my grip, while Robert carried two. From the size of the house, I figured we were going to need a lot more. Then for some reason, an unrelated memory from my high school days came back to me. Walking next to my stepbrother, I blushed and lowered my eyes.

Robert caught my sudden shyness and grinned, "What?"

"Well…" I started slowly, bouncing the can of paint against my thigh as we climbed toward the house. "I was just thinking… remembering… there was a time I was naked in the high school auditorium."

Shaking his head with a laugh, Robert said, "Yeah, I know. Graduation. I was there, remember?"

Actually, I was shocked to find myself sharing this even as I continued, "No… I'm not talking about that event. There was another time…"

"Another?" now it was his turn to act shocked.

I bit my lip as the two of us approached the front door. "Once, when I was maybe sixteen, we all got called down to the auditorium for an assembly. It was like the entire sophomore class. My friends Alicia, Carrie… and Lisa were there."

"And what happened?" Robert asked, holding the door open to let me through.

"They started teasing me," I told him truthfully, "and they got me in trouble. The teacher, Mrs. Green, I think…"

My stepbrother chuckled, "Yeah, I remember her. Go on, kiddo."

"Well, she scolded me, and told me to sit still. I was so embarrassed. But she told me to sit absolutely still, and not to make any noise. The girls took advantage of the situation, and with the lights down, started to undress me!"

Robert ushered me into a spacious room, where all the furniture had been moved out. He put down the two heavy paint cans, and I did the same. I noticed that there were white sheets laid out over the hardwood floor in preparation. There were more cans of paint against a wall, as well as the brushes. It looked like we would be all set to begin. I wondered if I should drop the subject.

"So, then what," Robert finally asked. "I mean, they just were messing with you and unbuttoned your shirt or something?"

Strolling around the room, I saw there would be a lot of space to work in. Two doorways on opposite sides led deeper into the house. And I think around the corner, I spotted a large spiral staircase. I paused, and glanced over my shoulder.

"No, no… they started by taking off my shoes," I told him. "But I couldn't do anything about it. So then they peeled off my socks…"

At this point, I crossed my legs, and stepped one foot on top of the other. Pushing down, I was able to pop my heel out of the sneaker. Slowly, I lifted my foot out completely, and then kicked off my other sneaker. I twirled around, standing up on my bare tiptoes to face Robert.

"So you were barefoot, Erica," his gazed lowered to look at my pretty feet. "Just like you are now…"

I nodded my head and replied, "But the girls didn't stop! They took off my skirt next, and then my blouse… leaving me sitting in the auditorium in just my underwear!"

My last words came a little breathless, and I could feel my heart beating faster. Oh my God, did he expect me to provide a demonstration right here, as part of telling the story? I didn't think I could go that far. Undress right now in front of Robert? I mean, I kind of wanted to, but I couldn't. I realized I had better finish this up before things got out of hand.

Waving my hand dismissively, I continued, "Yeah, well… the girls made me take off my panties, and Alicia who was sitting behind me, unclasped my bra. Once they pulled it off, there I was… sitting buck naked in the auditorium surrounded by a hundred students. Pretty stupid, huh?"

Robert was quiet for a moment before he smiled, "It must have been pretty wild. Your friends are crazy…"

I lowered my eyes bashfully, clutching my hands behind my back. What I didn't tell him was that after I was nude, I had played with myself and had an orgasm. But I think he knew I was embarrassed about the episode. Although I'm sure he sensed there was more that I was not telling. Oh God, now I was making myself horny!

"Um, I guess we should stop wasting time," I mumbled and pointed my chin at the paint cans.

The young man in his mid-twenties shook his head and laughed, as if my little story had been a mere diversion to keep us from doing any work. He moved past me and found one set of cans. Popping the lids, Robert began the mix the colors together until they were a creamy butterscotch. I watched as he stirred the paint, almost mesmerized by the smooth languid circles.

"All right, kiddo," he said handing me a brush. "Start over on that side, but don't paint too close to the door."

I said that I understood, and then with brush in hand, skipped barefoot across the room. It wasn't until after I started, that I noticed Robert had picked out a wall on the opposite side to begin with. He was keeping some distance between us. I turned to face him and pouted, then stuck my tongue out at him like a brat.

It was probably good that we didn't work too close together, so I could keep my mind on my work. On the one hand, I was a little annoyed as if he didn't appreciate my company. Then I thought how humiliating it would be if he knew my secret thoughts. But finally, as I continued to paint my side of the room, I was feeling more and more playful.

After about an hour, we had made some good progress. I had reached the edge of the open doorway, leaving a half a foot of space as I was instructed. In this way, I was able to put down my brush and touch my fingers to the unpainted wall as I leaned forward into the next room.

"Hey, Robert…" I called out. "Where do these stairs lead?"

The young man, busy working, looked over at my slender form hovering in the doorway. "Where do you think they lead? Upstairs! There are some old rooms up there, but they are unused. Grandmother can't be bothered to climb stairs anymore."

"Oh," I answered softly. "OK… do you think it's all right if I have a look?"

Now Robert put down his paintbrush. "Come on, Erica, stop fooling around. There's nothing up there… just old, empty dusty rooms!"

"Then I won't be but a moment!" I giggled and ran through the doorway.

As my feet slapped over the wooden floors, I reached the staircase and paused. Would he follow me, I wondered. After waiting a moment, I lifted my leg and began to climb the winding steps. They took me high onto the second floor, and Robert was right. It was pretty empty and quiet up here. There was hardly any furniture at all. Just an odd end table shoved against the wall, and the occasional old-fashioned lamp, which I could trace my fingers around.

Walking more slowly, I stayed close to the balcony. This house must contain so many memories, I thought. Maybe I could make a few memories of my own today. My hand absently played with the buckle on my overalls, even unfastening it. This allowed me to swing the strap lightly as I paced the deserted hallway.

I had the sudden idea to strip naked, and then walk back into the room downstairs. I would act all innocent, and see if Robert noticed. That made me giggle to myself. Of course he would notice! He would see my small perky tits and erect nipples, as well as my completely shaved pussy…

"Oh my God, what am I doing?" I said as I shook my head. "This is nonsense!"

Banishing these thoughts, I proceeded to turn around, preparing to stroll back down the staircase. Getting naked in front of Robert might have been a fantasy of mine, but it didn't mean I would act on it. My hand came to rest on the ornate handrail at the top step.

Then I was struck by an alternative thought. Perhaps it was a bit much for me to go bare-assed nude in front of the young man, but maybe I could try the next best thing. I hurried back to the side and peered over the balcony. No sign of Robert come looking for me. I then quickly unsnapped the other button of my white overalls, and let the top half fall to my waist.

Since I wasn't wearing any shoes, it was easy for me to let the pants drop the rest of the way down my legs, and just walk out of them. With my overalls lying crumpled on the floor, I grabbed the bottom of my pink shirt and pulled it up, completely over my head. I wasn't wearing a bra today, so I was now topless as I let the article of clothing slip to the ground. Before I could change my mind, I immediately tugged on my panties, lowering them to my feet, and then stepping out of my underwear.

For a brief second, I savored my secret nudity. Robert had no idea I was standing up here in my bare birthday suit, and the realization was delicious! However, I promptly retrieved my overalls and began to pull them onto my legs. I gave a little jump when I tugged them up, the seam of the material making contact with my hairless crotch. Finally, I brought the straps over my bare shoulders and fastened the buttons.

"There!" I breathed in satisfaction.

Then, before I could change my mind, I bent down to scoop up my panties and shirt. I couldn't believe I had been wearing so little today. And now I was wearing eve less! It was as though my body was acting on impulse, as I dashed down the hallway into a side room. Across the floor I crept until I came to a window that faced outside. Using the two pieces of clothing to protect my soft hands, I was able to push against the wooden frame and lift up.

I poked my head outside, enjoying a clear view of the expansive property. The sky was bright blue and the fresh air was pleasantly warm. And then I tossed my shirt and panties out the window! They floated on the breeze as the items were carried gently away from the house and drifted toward the ground. I had only a vague idea where they landed.

So now I was dressed in my white overalls… and that was it!

Rubbing my arms a little, I turned around and walked out of the room. The straps felt good on my bare shoulders. Of course, in front, they only marginally concealed my nipples. I would have to be very careful how I walked. Although, I had a feeling my small tits would be peeking out quite a bit. At least the rest of my bare body was decently covered. Excitedly, I wondered how long it would take Robert to figure out I hadn't on any underwear.

By the time I returned to the upstairs hallway, I was growing slightly nervous. I mean, I hoped I didn't push this too far, or let things get out of hand. My bare toes found the top step of the winding staircase, and I slowly made the descent. About halfway down, I stopped and bit my lower lip. Oh God, my nipples were so erect, and my pussy tingled. He would know I was horny. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, then continued.

Finally I made it to the ground floor. Hopefully, Robert wouldn't be upset that I had disappeared like that. I figured I would just quietly return to my paint can and brush, and continue working like nothing was different. It was kind of like a game, as long as he didn’t get too close.

As soon as I walked through the open doorway, the young man called out.

"Oh, there she is!" he said, laughing.

I took two more steps into the room, and then saw there was another young gentleman with him. This guy looked to be about Robert's age. He had a painter's cap on his head, turned backward, but I thought I saw tufts of blonde hair above his ears. I immediately stopped dead in my tracks and started blushing.

Robert waved me over, and then turned to his friend. "Gus, this is my little step-sister, Erica…"

The other twenty-something-year-old guy began walking toward me, with his hand extended in greeting. I arched up on my toes, instinctively trying to appear taller, then glanced anxiously over my shoulder. Oh, why had I discarded my other clothes completely out of the house! I trembled, fearing my secret would be revealed all too soon. And then I held out my hands in protest, before he could get near.

"Wait!" I cried out. "I, uh… you know, been painting and I don't want to get paint on your hands…"

He stopped, as I had requested, but then gave me a little wave. "Hello, Erica. I'm Robert's friend, Gus."

"Nice to meet you," I said, blushing at the young man.

Robert must have caught this and added, "Erica is kind of shy… sometimes."

Gus only smiled warmly and pointed at the open paint cans by the doorway. "Well, it looks like you got a head start on me. But pretty soon, I will be making a mess, too. Maybe then we can shake hands."

My nipples were rock hard and my pussy twitched beneath my overalls.

"Sure," I said softly.

And then he turned around to join my stepbrother, gathering up supplies. In this way he walked back across the room, allowing me to breath a sigh of relief. Hopefully he would keep his distance by painting over there. I don’t think he had come close enough yet to notice my topless state under my shoulder straps.

So finally I turned my back to the boys and prepared to resume the work I had started earlier. Picking up a brush, I moved on to the next wall and began applying the paint in broad strokes. I tried to keep my mind focused on the job, but it wasn't easy.

Behind me, I could hear Robert and Gus talking about the room and how to get the best coverage, how many coats of paint it would take, stuff like that. Their male voices filled my head, reminding me of my femininity, if that makes any sense. In other words, I was self-conscious of being the only girl around these two guys, and it made me feel a little vulnerable. Perhaps my own body betrayed me as my nipples pointed up, fully erect. Occasionally I would graze one with a finger and it made me moan.

Still, I listened to every word between the young men. There conversation drifted to sports and work and other subjects that occupied their lives. It was like I had already been forgotten. Although I suppose that may have been a good thing. I didn't want to draw attention to myself.

Suddenly, Gus called out across the room, "Hey, Erica, what year in high school are you?"

"High school?" I replied in shock, and then turned around to face my stepbrother and his friend. "Didn't Robert tell you? I graduated two years ago! I'm in the second year of college!"

So upset about the accusation of still being in high school, I almost marched over to slap him in the face. But I didn't take too many steps forward because my small breasts started bouncing, and my long nipples quivered. Instead, I just glared at Gus.

"Hey, I'm sorry!" he shrugged his shoulders apologetically. "I didn't know… you look like you could be… you look young, that's all."

Next to him, Robert laughed. "Yeah, Erica's sweet and innocent."

Oh God! Why didn't he just tell him that I had no pubic hair! Well, not that he knew. Except the last time my stepbrother had seen me naked, he saw that I shaved my pussy. Oh, I was getting myself flustered all over again. And I was doubly embarrassed because what Robert said was true. Despite everything I had been through, I was still a virgin. My ears turned bright red, and I was about to put down my paintbrush and leave the room.

"Hey, kiddo, where do you think you're going?" Robert called after me.

Even though I wanted to be left alone, something in his voice compelled me to stop. I had already ditched him once today, so I suppose walking away would just be irresponsible. Standing up on my bare toes, I looked over my shoulder.

"I have to go out back to the garage and find a ladder," he explained. "You stay here and keep painting with Gus."

Now I spun around again, clutching my hands in front of my chest. "Oh, but I could go and look for the ladder…"

Robert shook his head, "It will be pretty big, and I don't think you could carry it by yourself. Besides, I don't want you to wander off."

The last part he said with a wink, before turning to leave the room. I heard his footsteps down the hall and eventually leading him out of the house, the door opening and slamming shut. Just like that, I was alone with Gus. I mean he seemed like a nice guy, although I had only met him this afternoon. But if he was one of Robert's friends, I guess it would be safe.

In awkward silence, the two of us resumed painting the walls, working on opposite sides of the room. Finally Gus spoke up, inviting me to paint along the section where he and Robert had been.

"Um, that's OK," I said. "I'm fine over here."

But the young man only laughed, "No, seriously, Erica. You can be putting a coat on this wall, and as it dries, I'll paint the second coat."

I had no intention of moving, although my toes curled in excitement. Oh, how I wish I had been wearing shoes and socks right now! I pretended to ignore him.

"Or I can just start on the second coat over there," Gus continued. "Where you were painting earlier."

"Suit yourself," I mumbled, trying to sound uninterested.

I listened as he picked up his paint can and walked over to my side of the room. Part of me wished that Robert would hurry back. Part of me wished he would take a very long time. Feeling kind of warm, I cleared my throat. I realized I was using my brush on just one spot, over and over again.

And then Gus stood behind me, his hand reaching over to gently take my wrist. In this way, he guided the paintbrush, making long slow strokes. He put his other hand on my waist, easing me down until I was in a crouched position, as we painted lower to the floor. Then he pulled me up again.

"There, that's better," he said softly. "You see... the paint is applied much more evenly."

"Mmm-hmmm," was all I could answer, somewhat dazed.

My free hand, the one that wasn't holding the paintbrush, absently strayed toward the button on my overalls. My eyes were closed, it's like I forgot where I was or what I was doing. In this way, I unbuttoned the left strap, and let it fall off my shoulder.

"Well, you certainly came dressed comfortably," I heard Gus chuckle.

"Huh?" I gasped, my eyes fluttering open.

I looked down, and saw one bare tit sticking out with a very long nipple.

"Oh my God!" I blushed, embarrassed. "I didn't mean… it's not like… I had a shirt on, but…"

Gus smiled and laughed again. "It's OK, Erica. I saw before that you weren't wearing a shirt beneath those overalls. Since you have small breasts, it's really not that noticeable. I figured you dress like that quite often..."

"Small breasts!" I blurted out, angrily and blushing furiously.

The young man held up his hands in defense, saying, "Well, yeah, they are kind of on the small side. But don't get me wrong... they look nice. And, um, you have cute feet, too."

"Oh God," I murmured, closing my eyes.

My knees felt weak, as my arms hung at my sides. I almost dropped the paintbrush. Desperately curious, I wondered what other parts of my body he liked. For a moment, silence returned between us. I could smell him close to me. And then I heard the front door bang open.

"Hey, Gus! Give me a hand with this!" I heard my stepbrother Robert calling out.

Just as I opened my eyes, I watched his friend turn around and quickly head out of the room. I was left standing there, pondering our encounter, thinking about the possibilities. My overalls were still being held up by only one strap, as I did not adjust the other one. When the boys came back, hauling the ladder into the room, I only raised a hand to hide my exposed nipple. And I thought to myself how Gus must have seen it fully erect.

Robert and his buddy struggled to carry the ladder close to the wall on the side. Not so much because it was heavy, but the thing looked like it might fall apart. The ladder was probably twelve feet tall, and made out of creaking wood. Each rung was sanded and polished smooth, cylinder shaped, almost like rolling pins. But the edges seemed to be worn, making me wonder how steady it would be to climb.

"I don't know, are you sure about this?" Gus was expressing his concern.

Robert continued evaluating the worth of the ladder, then said, "Well how else are we going to paint up there by the molding?"

I watched the two young men debate the issue. Truthfully, I had no idea how stable it was, but I did have doubts of my own. Then the guys turned to look at me standing in the corner.

Gus snapped his finger saying, "Erica could do it! She's light enough, I bet the ladder would hold her..."

"What?" Robert and I exclaimed at the same time.

"No offense, kiddo," My stepbrother assured me and then turned to his friend, "But Erica is kind of... accident prone."

"I am not!" I stamped my bare foot on the floor. "But I am a little scared of heights..."

Gus folded his arms and grinned like a little boy. He did look good in his tight T-shirt. I took a small, hesitant step forward.

"No way! It's too dangerous," Robert protested.

But his friend was eyeing me, drawing me closer. "What do you say, Erica? Think you can do it?"

I stopped about halfway toward them. With one hand over my heart, I could feel it beating faster. Although the real reason was that I was hiding an exposed breast. And now my tummy fluttered, my legs trembled.

"You want me to go all the way up there?" I started slowly. "And paint... how am I going to do that?"

Gus inclined his head toward the opposite side of the room, and told Robert to go get the hook-pole. When my stepbrother turned in that direction, I scampered over on my toes until I was in front of Gus. I then faced the ladder, placing both hands on the rung that was eye level. The overall strap that had been unbuttoned, fell to my side.

"Now what?" I squeaked.

What happened next sent a thrill of electricity through my body. Gus placed one hand on my bottom, and finding a clean paintbrush, inserted it bristles down into my back pocket. I had forgotten these overalls had back pockets. They were closed tight, and the young man had to really work the brush in, as I wiggled my ass. But once it was in place, the brush was secure and would not fall out until I pulled it out. Maybe I was just horny, but there was something sexual about all of this.

And then I realized that as he was standing behind me, Gus must have gotten a good look down my back. He would have seen that I wasn't wearing panties... I think he saw my crack!

Robert's friend leaned close and spoke into my ear," I think you should start climbing, Erica."

Immediately, I raised one bare foot to the bottom rung. Putting my weight on it, the ladder did indeed hold. So then I grabbed the rung above my head and pulled myself upward. Just a few feet off the ground, I turned my head to look over my shoulder, and watched my stepbrother approach with the long metal pole that had a hook on the end.

"We will pass up the paint can to you," Gus was explaining. "You don't even have to take the can. Just dip and paint..."

"All right," I mumbled and continued my ascent.

As I mentioned, I really was kind of scared of heights. I don't know why I was doing this stupid thing. My hands gripped the rungs more tightly as I climbed higher, lifting each foot one at a time. I clutched my body to the ladder, pressing close as I pulled myself toward the top.

And as Robert mentioned, I am a bit accident-prone. Or at least it seems that way. You see, the front of my overalls had two buttons, just beneath my breasts. The shoulder straps each ended in a thin metal loop that hooked over these buttons. Of course, I already had one strap undone, hanging uselessly at my side. In fact, each time I climbed higher, my nipple was rubbing against the rungs, being flicked slowly up and down. It felt incredible. But so occupied was I with this situation, I did not notice on my right side, a nail that was partially banged into the ladder.

When I pulled myself up, nearing the top of the ladder, the head of the nail slipped under the clasp of the shoulder strap. It snapped the loop right off the button in one motion, even as I climbed to the next rung. The result was that the strap lifted up, and fell behind my arm. Before I realized it, both of my little tits were sticking out, and the top half of my overalls were hanging from my hips. Add the weight of the wide paintbrush in my back pocket... and gravity took effect at once.

The white overalls started sliding down my smooth slender legs. I had no shoes on, or anything else, to catch the fall of the material. Besides, I was already midway stepping up to the next rung, as I pulled myself higher. I was probably ten feet off the ground. As I lifted my toes away from the ladder, the pants dropped completely off one leg.

Not even dangling for a second. My other foot reached for the rung I was standing on, pulling right out of the overalls that now descended to the floor. I stood there, quivering, my toes curled around the wooden rung. My fingers curled on the rung in front of my face.

Fully naked on the ladder... my stepbrother and his friend watching me from below!

I managed to peek over my shoulder, enough to look past the curve of my back and supple behind. The boys were staring up with faces of astonishment. I think my whole body started blushing. And then, Robert pounced on the overalls that had fallen off me, picking them up in amazement.

"Erica, where are your clothes?" he called out.

Next to him, his friend Gus washed a hand over his mouth and replied, "Looks like you're holding them."

But Robert only shook his head. "Erica, come back down here."

"No!" I answered in a small voice.

"Seriously, Erica, you can't stay up there," my stepbrother repeated. "Come on and climb down. We'll hold the ladder steady."

"But I'm... nude," I foolishly stated the obvious. "And... and... you will see me."

However, the boys just stepped to the ladder, one on each side. Robert and Gus took firm hold with both their hands, waiting for me to start my descent. I can't believe this had happened, so fast, and like this! I took a deep breath. Slowly I lowered one leg, one very bare leg, aware of my nudity from my toes all the way to my buttocks. If climbing up the ladder with one bare tit sticking out had been incredible... I couldn't describe the sensation of climbing down completely naked! And I couldn't cover up at all because I still needed both hands to cling tightly to the rungs. At least they were only seeing my backside, for the moment.

As my legs moved and separated, it occurred to me that if they looked up, they might see more intimate parts. My pussy lips were puckered out and moist, offering maybe even a glimpse up my vagina. The thing was, because I was still frightened about the height, I was in no hurry to get back down. My foot would lower and hover just above the next rung, allowing a lingering, teasing view of slender form. Although I was the one who felt like I was being teased.

Finally, my toes touched the sheet on the hardwood floor. I found myself between the two young men, and staggered backward, cupping both hands over my pussy. The way they had discovered my secret lack of clothing, made me want to die of embarrassment. Robert folded up the overalls and slung them over his shoulder, pointing an accusing finger at me.

"So where are the rest of your clothes?" he asked again.

"I don't know!" I answered, and then made the humiliating confession. "I threw my shirt and underwear out of an upstairs window..."

Meanwhile, Gus had found my sneakers and dangled them playfully in front of me. I bit my lip, and then gingerly reached out an arm. Still, I remembered to keep one hand over my shaved vulva.

"No, Erica," my stepbrother moved between us. "You will not get these back until you find the rest of what you were wearing today. I suggest you go outside and start looking for your stuff."

"Not a single thing?" I gasped, with my eyes wide and innocent.

Robert glanced at his friend, as if asking if it would be all right with him. "Listen, kiddo, I don't care if you spend the rest of the day naked. This is what you get for playing around."

I sighed, and turned around slowly, showing the boys my bare butt. Hugging my body tight, I looked over my shoulder, pouting. Then I told my older stepbrother that I understood. Sufficiently scolded, I walked out of the room without a shred of clothing.

My immediate thought, after the initial shock had worn off, was to go back to the room upstairs to see if I could find where my clothes had landed. Once I was out of view of the boys, I was able to relax my pose, dropping my arms to my sides. Now I jogged up the wide staircase, my little tits bouncing deliciously. By the time I reached the second floor balcony, I stopped to notice just how erect my nipples were.

"Oh..." I moaned, tracing a finger down my stomach and around my bellybutton.

Trying to stay focused I padded down the hall and into the empty room in the corner. The last time I was here, at least I had on my overalls. I crossed the floor and walked all the way to the open window. Sticking my head out, the breeze up here felt nice on my face and bare shoulders. Scanning the property below, I could not detect any sign of my pink shirt, or the light wisp of my panties. I guess I would have to do a ground level search.

Returning to the head of the staircase, I paused to consider my options. Since there was a lot of privacy surrounding the house, that shouldn't be such a problem. Robert and Gus would still be about the place, but I figured they would stay in the room painting. Unless they went on a break at some point, or found a window to spy on me. How voyeuristic! I closed my eyes for a second, picturing me prancing around the yard in my birthday suit. My stepbrother and his friend watching in secret...

Gliding down the stairs, I ran a hand along the old mahogany banister. As I neared the floor, I discovered that the steps were not so wide that I couldn't place a hand on each railing to either side of me. In order to do this however, I also had to stretch my slim legs wide apart. With a bare foot hanging off the right and left side of the broad step, this left my pink labia to dangle out in the open.

At that moment, Gus came walking around the corner, gulping a bottle of water. Our eyes met and we both froze. Unfortunately for me, I remained in this rather revealing position. We just stared at each other, or rather... I stared at him staring at me, if that makes any sense.

Finally he lowered his bottle, and asked, "Did you find any of your clothes yet?"

I wrapped my fingers tightly around the railings, feeling my butt cheeks clench, and answered in a husky voice, "No... not yet."

The young man was drinking in the sight of my full frontal nudity. He was seeing my pussy for the first time, clean shaved, and succulent lips just sitting out there, waiting to be fondled. The longer I stood like this, the harder it was for him to stay a polite gentleman. I guess I couldn't blame him.

With a sudden smile, he said, "Good. It would be a shame to cover up such a pretty flower."

And he reached out with one hand to lightly touch my pussy. It made my toes curl, and my body quiver. He didn't make contact with my clitoris or insert a finger or anything like that. It was just a brief, gentle brush, acquainting his touch with my sensitive folds of skin. It felt absolutely amazing!

"Mmmph," a small whimper escaped my lips, and I was quickly on the verge of orgasm.

But then I heard Robert calling out, approaching from the other room. For some reason, I was afraid to let him catch his friend playing with me. Oh, my nipples were sticking straight out, and there was just no way of hiding from Gus how turned on I was. I had to get away from here, or else I would lose control completely.

I hopped onto the floor and dashed around the opposite corner. This led me to a new hallway, a part of the house I hadn't been to before. Keeping close to the wall, I inched forward until I found a side door that opened back outside. I wasted no time rushing into the fresh air, stark naked.

This was such torture! My own stepbrother was keeping me from getting dressed. And his friend was keeping me horny. And then I understood Robert's intention. He wanted me to go off somewhere by myself, so I could masturbate and release all my pent up sexual excitement. That was actually rather sweet of him. Always looking out for his little sister.

Well, I walked further away from the old house realizing here was my chance. I could find a nice spot on the property, perhaps under a tree, or just lie down in the grass. Then I could make myself cum, and finally begin to calm down. I paused, turning around to look back at the house. Raising one hand, I stroked my chin in thought, while resting the fingers of my other hand lightly on my tummy. A cool breeze blew over my body, tickling my privates.

"I'm not ready to orgasm yet," I said to myself.

Even though in truth, I could go off with the slightest touch, I decided instead to look for my clothes. So I started to walk around the property, imagining my nude body was in view for anyone gazing from a distant window. Still, I did not hide or cover up, but made a slow and deliberate search for shirt and panties. Too bad there weren't any neighbors close by, I giggled. Although part of me was also relieved, as the privacy made my task all the more easier.

From the outside, I wasn't quite sure I could locate the room from where I had tossed out my things. And it was entirely possible the two articles of clothing were blown about and scattered across the yard. I didn't really want to go around the front, because even with the long driveway, there was a very real possibility of being seen from the road. Boldly, I made my way around the side of the house until I could see Robert's car.

"Oh my gosh!" I gasped, covering a hand over my mouth and pointing.

Down at the bottom of the driveway, I spotted a piece of pink material fluttering on the ground. Now how did it blow all the way out there? But it had to be my T-shirt, since there was no other source of pink on this side of the property. Then I lowered my eyes to look at my smooth pussy, and blushed.

Cupping a hand over my pubic mound, I slung an arm over my perky breasts and jogged across the front lawn. Suddenly, I was very self-conscious about my nudity, even crouching down as I reached the car. Just in time, too, as I watched a truck or a van rumbling down the normally quiet street. I hoped the boys didn't schedule any deliveries!

My heart was beating faster now, with realization setting in that I was squatting outside totally bare. Robert and Gus might even have a little fun and lock me out of the house! Quickly, I glanced behind me and rubbed my shoulders. Listening for the sound of any other vehicles or other people about, I decided to make a run for it.

Scampering barefoot all the way down the driveway, I discovered that my shirt had been whipped into the middle of the road! There was a house on the opposite side of the street, which I seemed to only notice now as I tiptoed out in the open. Oh God, they could be watching me! I bashfully lowered an arm to pick up the T-shirt between my fingers. Just then, a car rolled onto this section of the road. Honestly, Robert and I hadn't seen a soul on our way up here. Where were these people coming from?

I didn't have time to put on my top, but clutched the shirt in a fist as I spun around and dashed back toward my grandmother's house. Nearly stumbling as I reached the driveway, there was a loud beep from the car as it drove past me. I was blushing furiously at the thought of a stranger catching me bare-ass nude.

Shaking out the shirt, I found it wasn't that dirty. It hadn't gotten ripped or torn, either. So now I slipped it over my head, stretching the material down my chest and elongated nipples. But it was a cute and tiny little thing, coming down to just above my bellybutton. I took a deep breath and sighed, briefly scanning the front lawn of the property.

There was no way I would be able to find my underwear. The only reason I got my T-shirt back was because the bright pink color stood out. But if I could convince Robert to return my overalls to me, then I would be decent again. I still had not masturbated. I hoped he wouldn't be disappointed or angry with me. Nervously, I walked bottomless up to the front door.

Once inside again, I shuffled down the hall the way we had originally entered, only this time with my bare butt wiggling and hands clasped over my pussy. Stepping into the spacious great room, I saw my stepbrother and his friend still at work painting. I arched up on my toes, waiting for them to notice me.

"Hi Robert, hi... Gus," I finally spoke.

The two young men turned to regard me. Their eyes wandered from my pretty feet up my claves and knees and smooth thighs. They saw me standing in the doorway, with only my hands to hide my hairless crotch. I could feel my clit poking out.

Robert put down his paintbrush and said, "So it looks like you found your shirt, Erica."

"Yeah," I mumbled and walked slowly into the room.

Gus, seeing my shirt for the first time today commented, "It looks nice on you."

I lifted a hand to tease a lock of hair, while trying to maintain some modesty. "At least I have something on. Now do you think... can I have the rest of my clothes?"

The boys look at each other, as if considering my request. My eyes were drawn past them to the corner of the room where I thought I saw my overalls folded neatly and my sneakers placed on top. Robert whispered into his friend's ear, sharing a private conversation. Then my stepbrother walked across the room to collect my things.

However, to my surprise, he only picked up the sneakers before turning back in my direction! About halfway toward where I stood, Robert bounced my shoes to the floor and they landed at my feet.

"Since you only came back with one article of clothing," Gus explained, "we decided you can't have everything back."

I touched one of the sneakers with my toes, and then looked back at the two young men. "Oh, um, well... I wish you would let me put my pants back on!"

The two of them only grinned. I guess it's what I deserved. But this was so humiliating, being disciplined by my stepbrother in front of his friend. And asking permission to get dressed again made me feel very embarrassed. I crouched down, and then lowered myself to sit bare assed on the floor. In this way, I fit the sneakers snugly on my feet. With my legs separated as I sat on the floor, I'm sure they caught more than a glimpse of my pussy. But there was nothing I could do about it.

Finally I stood back up again, reaching behind me to brush my exposed little bottom. A pair of sneakers and a short pink T-shirt... that's all I was wearing! I waited to see what would happen next.

Robert had a clean paintbrush in his hand and with this he walked over to me. "Here you go, Erica. Time for you to get back to work."

My eyes went wide hearing his instructions. In shock, I dropped both arms to my sides. At the same time, erect nipples pushed out from beneath my shirt. This was too much! They wanted me to continue painting... bottomless?

"But... but..." I stammered helplessly.

Robert gently lifted my hand by the wrist and placed the brush between my fingers. "That's right, kiddo, get your butt over there and back to work!"

I could see he was serious, though not at all upset with me. He was just letting me deal with the consequences of my foolish actions. Like a good older stepbrother. So I stepped across the room with my free hand between my legs. I half expected a slap on my ass. But the boys were well behaved, and nobody touched me.

Let me tell you, it was not easy painting while keeping one hand over my pussy! It did not stay there very long. I kept glancing over my shoulder, fidgeting, knowing my butt was being watched. Even worse, I was conscious of my excited labia unfolded and hanging down between my legs. When Gus came over to switch paint cans, I had to take the handle with my free hand. I walked to the next section of the wall with my pussy lips parted and visibly on display.

We finished the second coat of paint after a few more hours. Luckily my stepbrother and his friend were in fact serious about their work, and did not spend much time teasing me. I had to admit, the three of us did a good job, even despite my condition. It was just turning dark out when we called it a day.

"All right, Erica, it's time for us to go home," Robert announced.

I looked over at my overalls still folded neatly in the corner, and then I looked over at Gus standing off to the side. No one made a move to gather my discarded clothes. I'm really not sure what Robert had in mind. He didn't say I wasn't going to get them back. All I knew is that it would be a long ride home, nearly two hours.

Finally, I got up the nerve to approach my stepbrother and asked, "Would... would it be all right if Gus drives me home tonight?"

Robert rubbed his chin in thought, and then looked at his friend. The blonde-headed young man only shrugged his shoulders, said it would be no trouble. Again, Robert considered for a few minutes as I waited anxiously in the middle of the room. He then walked over to his friend and pulled him off to the side. I watched as they had another private conversation, certainly out of earshot from me.

At last, Gus came over dangling his keys in one hand. With his other, he took my fingers and led me toward the door. Of course I kept one hand discreetly covering my bald crotch. I looked back over my shoulder and said goodbye to my stepbrother.

Robert laughed and said, "See you in the morning, kiddo..."

Leaving the house, the early evening air caressed my legs and bottom. It felt really good to be out here like this! Still, I couldn't believe I was about to get into this guy's car dressed in only a T-shirt and sneakers. But I was incredibly horny, as you can imagine. Besides, if Robert didn't think it was safe, he would have never let me go along.

Gus had his car, a black sleek sporty type, parked on the side of the property. It was just off the driveway, and I had not noticed it before. He clicked the electronic locks, motioning me to climb inside. The upholstery was gorgeous, as my legs and backside made contact with the brown leather seats. I waited for Gus to get behind the wheel, my heart beating faster.

He started the engine, which purred with smooth efficiency. The sound made me stretch my legs and arch my back a little. Folding my arms behind my head, I sat with my lap completely uncovered. The interior was dark now, with only the various blue or red lights illuminating the driver's display.

Pulling out onto the road, we sped off in the direction leading back to my town. For a while, we did not encounter much traffic, either oncoming or approaching behind us. It seemed like it was just the two of us out here, and the initial silence we shared was nice.

After a few more minutes, I turned and asked Gus, "What did my stepbrother tell you before we left?"

"Are you sure you want to know?" he glanced over at my slender form in the passenger seat and grinned. "It might be kind of embarrassing."

Lowering an arm so that I could trace a finger around my bellybutton, I smiled back. "That's OK, I've had a kind of embarrassing day today, you know?"

"All right," the young man chuckled. "Your stepbrother cares very much about you, Erica. He just told me to be careful. And he told me... not to have sex with you."

I almost bolted upright, hearing the confession. "Oh really! You know, I am in college, remember? I think I'm old enough to decide whether or not I want to get lucky!"

"Yeah, I know, it's not that I was presuming anything," Gus stammered apologetically, which was kind of cute. "Robert just reminded me that you are still sweet and innocent, and I kind of agree."

Opening my mouth, I found I didn't know how to respond. I was still a virgin, that was true. I shut my mouth and didn't say anything. After a few minutes driving down the highway, I quietly kicked off both my sneakers.

"Gus?" I asked in a small voice.

I think he could pick up the scent of my musky feminine aroma as he answered, "Yes... Erica?"

"Gus, I've removed my sneakers and I am completely barefoot now..."

Robert's friend continued driving, keeping his eyes on the road, but answered, "You really do have pretty feet. I like your cute little toes."

That made me giggled, and in fact I reached down to rub my lower legs. The carpeted floor mats were delightful. I then sat back up, bringing my hands to the bottom of my short T-shirt. Taking a deep breath, I waited to see if Gus would try to stop me. Slowly, I pulled the material higher, all the way up to my chin. My small tits stuck out, with extended nipples. I sat forward a little so I could tug the shirt over my head, tossing it behind into the back seat.

"I'm naked again," I said with breathless anticipation. "Did Robert say anything about not touching?"

I wish I could say that I behaved like a lady on the ride home, or acted like a good girl. But I was so horny, that I just couldn't help myself. I'm ashamed to admit, I sat there nude in the passenger seat, teasing and flaunting my body completely on display. I closed my eyes, and spread my legs apart.

Gus pulled over to the side of the road, and asked me to get out of the car. I did so without question. We were on a stretch of the highway without many building close by, just woods to the left and right. It was peaceful and quiet as I stood on the edge of the cool pavement not wearing any clothes. Still, it felt like other cars could drive by any moment, or a police patrol car. I dangled my arms at my sides as my stepbrother's friend walked around and pulled me under a bright light.

He touched every inch of me, I think. I was delirious with pleasure as he fondled my nipples and kissed my lips and neck. Gus was wonderful with his hands, caressing my stomach and bare bottom. He knelt down and licked my pussy while I ran my fingers through his hair. And then he gently lifted me to the hood of his car, where he took my foot in his hand and sucked on my toes. It didn't stop there, as he placed me in other positions and touched my most sensitive areas.

Finally, he began playing with my clitoris, right there in the open on the side of the highway! It didn't take long for him to finger me to multiple orgasms, making me cum as I squirted and cried in ecstasy. My body convulsed with the release I had sought for so long today, and Gus held me in his arms. We climbed into his car's back seat and cuddled, before I eventually fell asleep.

The next day, Robert told me that Gus was going to be moving away, which is why he didn't want me to get too attached. That's my stepbrother, always looking out for me. I was a little sad to hear the news. But the memory of our drive home, brought a sweet smile to my lips.

**36 – Erica - Gone Fishing part 2**

Home at last, I was finally standing before the front door of my house. It was bright and sunny in the early afternoon, and Alicia's cousin was on one side of me with his friend Cody on the other. They were trying to behave, but positioned in between them, I could hear the boys snickering.

I was absolutely stark naked.

My feet were crossed at the ankles, arched up on my bare toes, and I had one arm across my breasts while the other was slung low so that my hand could cover my shaved pussy. What a humiliating walk home this had been! Jimmy had tricked me out of all my clothes back at the lake. First he got me to take off my bikini, because I was still wearing a long T-shirt. But then the clever boy used his fishing line to strip me completely. Both the shirt and my little bathing suit ended up in the water. Cody insisted that a fish ate my tops and bottoms.

As ridiculous as it sounded, the real bottom line is that I was left with nothing to wear… at all! We had to make an unbelievable trip from the town park back to my house, hoping to arrive before Alicia's Aunt returned to pick up her son and his friend. They stayed close to me when we were beneath the canopy of trees, and I know they enjoyed the sight of my helpless nudity. As embarrassed as I was, it also turned me on. I did my best to hide my erect nipples and quivering lower lips. For the most part, the boys marched ahead of me once we were beyond the safety of the woods

Out in the open, the boys served as good lookouts, making sure there was nobody around. I would have been so ashamed to be caught with these two, plus I'm sure I would have gotten into trouble. Luckily, even the few times I think I was spotted, Jimmy and Cody stayed out of view. Or they pretended that they didn't know me… pointing and laughing as I ran to find a place to hide.

Remarkably, the three of us returned to my house with no other problem than that my whole body was tingling with excitement.

"OK, Jimmy," I turned to look at the boy. "Let's have the key so we can get inside and I can get dressed…"

Alicia's cousin seemed to frown at the prospect of me putting on clothes again, although he stuck his hand in his pants pocket to retrieve the key I had told him to hold onto. After a moment, he put his other hand in his other pocket. He shrugged his shoulders, but didn't look me in the eye.

Folding both arms across my breasts I said, "Jimmy… Tell me you didn't lose the key!"

"I don't know!" he finally blurted out. "It's your fault because you weren't wearing any clothes!"

"Naked Erica!" Cody giggled and teased me. "Bare butt!"

I pulled a strand of my brown hair behind an ear, glancing over my shoulder to see that the boy did indeed have an ample view of my tender bottom. Immediately I dropped down into a crouch and pulled my knees to my chest, also afraid of calling any attention from the road. Lowering my eyes, I saw that my nipples were still so hard. I looked up at Jimmy and blushed.

"But I was wearing clothes when we left this morning! I just didn't have any pockets…"

Jimmy grinned and said, "That's not my problem. You should be more careful."

I couldn't believe the brat was blaming me! He was the one who had lost my clothes and the key! Now I was left stranded out here in my bare birthday suit. What I wouldn't give to be left alone so I could spread my legs and start playing with my pussy. I tried to fight back these urges and suppress such naughty thoughts.

"What should I do?" I asked the younger boy.

Again, Jimmy shrugged his shoulders, before suggesting, "Maybe you can lay down on the front lawn and finish getting your sun tan."

"Oh!" I gasped. "I couldn't do that… people in the neighborhood... might see me."

"Maybe you can go in the backyard," Cody added, trying to be helpful.

It did seem like staying out here was becoming more risky. I thought about it, and started to plan how I might get out of this situation. Very slowly, I stood up, carefully keeping myself covered with my hands. I eased my way between the boys, stepping down off the front stoop.

With my bare ass turned toward the street, I remained facing Jimmy and his friend. "OK… that's… that's a good idea. I'll go into the backyard, while you two wait out here. When your mother shows up, Jimmy, just tell her that I am inside and say goodbye for me."

Figuring that should take care of any embarrassing encounter, I proceeded to sidestep across the lawn, edging my way around the house. We have a low chain-link fence, which divides the front and back yard. I opened the gate and then dashed out of view.

Believe it or not, I have not often been naked in my own backyard. It seems like I was always getting stripped in public, and in the most humiliating of places. But at home, I was usually good at keeping my clothes on. As I now walked brazenly across the patio, I felt myself blushing. Sure I had fantasized many times about being nude out here. There was something about walking around where my family would so often get together for barbeques or other gatherings over the summer. Sometimes I thought about my stepbrother who was a few years older than me, and allowing him and his friends to catch me… and see everything! The shame only made me more aroused.

Of course, now all I could think about was finding a spot to have a nice big orgasm. I didn't care if the boys heard me, as long as they didn't see me. Letting my hands cup my breasts, I enjoyed my long pink nipples wiggling up and down. I found a tree and decided that was where I wanted to get off. It had low hanging leafy branches that would provide a nice shade. Since I had a little more privacy, I didn't need to cover up, but skipped through the grass with my arms raised in the air.

When I reached the tree, I dropped my hands to my sides. It had been such a long day! This actually felt exhilarating, being completely nude outside and away from the leering eyes of Jimmy and his friend. I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. Then, after stretching my arms, I bent down at the waist so I could shake out my hair, letting it fall over my face and touch the ground. I was also able to touch my bare toes with my fingers, and because I have a trim stomach, I was able to keep my legs straight.

But all of a sudden… with my head upside down, I opened my eyes to glance past my ankles, and saw two pairs of boys sneakers standing behind me! For a moment, I froze, just leaving my bottom exposed in the most intimate way and pussy lips dangling. My heart was beating so fast, as I finally pulled myself up and spun around.

"Jimmy! What are you doing back here?" I squealed.

The boys were quiet for a moment, before Alicia's cousin answered back, "What were you doing, Erica?"

"Looked like she was doing exercises," Cody immediately suggested. "You know, like we have to do at the start of gym class!"

With that, the boy began to hop in place, waving his arms above his head in time with his leaps. I watched, sort of amazed, and realized he was doing jumping jacks. My eyes followed him up and down, while my heart was beating faster. What… what were they expecting?

"Now it's your turn," Jimmy folded his arms and said when his friend had stopped.

I nervously shifted my eyes from one young man to the other and replied, "Um, that's right… I was doing some… exercises."

Fully naked in my backyard, I stood up on my toes, clutching my small breasts. The boys waited for me to begin. So I jumped in the air and raised my arms in an arc above my head. At the same time, I split my slender legs apart, and then brought them together as I returned to the ground. I found that I was able to get into a precise rhythm, which of course left me entirely exposed. I mean, I know my pussy was opening up and my clit was enormous. But at least the motions kept my hands off my overexcited body.

Oh God, this was so embarrassing! Perhaps the most humiliating thing Jimmy had made me do yet. My tits and nipples were bouncing up and down, my bare butt clenching with each leap and contraction of my legs. The worst part was… the worst part was… I think I was about to cum!

"Yeah, I'd say Erica is pretty good… for a girl!" Jimmy said with mocking laughter. "With all her girl parts wiggling around!"

"Oh!" I gasped.

At that exact moment, there was the sound of a car horn coming from the front of the house!

"That's your mom," Cody said to his friend.

Alicia's cousin watched me trembling, desperate to hold back my orgasm, before he turned to the other boy. "All right, let's get our stuff."

The second the two of them walked around the side of the house and left the backyard, I fell face forward to the ground. Immediately, I had one arm beneath my stomach, reaching down with my hand to rub my pussy furiously. Lifting my little bottom in the air, I gyrated my hips as I stroked and teased and fingered myself to ecstasy. I had to muffle my moans of pleasure with my other forearm.

When I finished, I was absolutely spent. All I could do was roll over on my back and just lie there. I could still feel my bald pussy twitching. Now I knew, I should really try to figure out what to do next. How was I going to get back inside? I didn't have any clothes on! But I was so sleepy, and I dozed off…

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke to some kind of wonderful feeling between my legs. My mind still fuzzy, I kept my eyes closed while arching my back. My bare toes curled and I started purring. It just felt so good! My fingers wandered to my chest as I touched my elongated nipples. I was still nude… and someone was licking my pussy!

Opening my eyes in a flash, I looked down and saw strawberry blonde hair.

"Carrie!" I cried. "Oh… mmmmm, yes! Oh, what are you doing to me!"

My friend from college raised her head enough to giggle and say, "I'm eating you out, Erica!"

I couldn't believe this! I had gone from almost having sex with a guy for the first time earlier today, to now this encounter. But it did feel amazing! As much as I wanted her to stop, I didn't want her to stop, if that made any sense. Carrie just had this way of running her tongue along my sensitive folds of skin, and flicking my clit…

She paused so that she could crawl over me, almost straddling my body. "I stopped by a few minutes ago, and thought no one was home. But the side gate was open so I came back here… and found you stark naked, lying on the ground spread eagle. Someone's been having fun!"

"Uh-huh," I moaned, helpless beneath Carrie's touch.

She rolled over on her side, next to me, so she could trace her hand down my stomach. Her finger circled around my bellybutton, and further down, began to massage my hairless vulva.

"You know, you were all pink and erect," Carrie explained, referring to my nipples and clitoris. "It was so inviting, I couldn't resist. Besides, I could tell you had just masturbated, and my dirty girl needed to be cleaned."

It was then Carrie asked me to tell her what had happened today. All the while keeping her hand on my crotch, which kept me pretty excited. More than once, I bucked my hips and lifted my bottom, as she slipped a finger inside me.

"Wow, that is amazing!" my friend said when I had finished about the part where Ty was pleasuring me, just like the strawberry-blonde young woman was doing now. "It seems everyone can't keep their hands off of you, Erica! But somehow, I don't think you are done for today…"

That statement made me open my eyes wide. I suddenly felt very guilty about my nudity, and ashamed. Carefully, I pulled my knees close so I could get to my feet and stand up.

"What… what do you mean my that?" I asked.

Carrie, still lying on the ground, looked up at me and said, "Nothing… I was just going to the beach today and I hoped you would come with me."

I licked my lips, but did not answer. For the first time, I noticed that Carrie was wearing denim shorts that showed off her long legs, and a white shirt with little red floral prints. And sneakers, which made me look down at my own bare feet and wiggle my toes in the grass.

"You mean you want me to go to the beach with you like this… naked!" I gasped.

Now the buxom blonde climbed to her feet so she could take my hand. "No, silly, I have some clothes for you to wear."

I was about to protest, but too late, I found myself being dragged across my backyard. Shuffling after her, Carrie pulled me around the side of the house. Once we were out on the front lawn, I could see her car parked in the driveway. But I was also self-conscious about my state of undress!

"Carrie, couldn't you have brought the clothes out back?" I whined as I placed a hand over my pussy and looked around fearfully.

The taller girl let go of my other arm and said, "I hadn't thought of that."

So now I covered my small breasts as well, and stood on my toes while Carrie unlocked her car. She bent over so that she could move the front seat forward, leaving me mesmerized by her ass in denim shorts. Finally when she turned around again, she had two articles of clothing in her hands.

"Here, Erica, try this on!" she giggled and tossed a white top in my direction.

It was light and sleeveless, almost like a tank-top, except it had more material at the shoulders. No buttons, only holes on top and at the sides. I quickly pulled it over my head and covered my tits. But gripping the hem in both hands, I tugged as hard as I could, only to find that the shirt did not even reach my bellybutton. I was standing completely bottomless in front of my house in the bright sunlight, labia dangling and my pronounced pussy lips spread open.

"Well, now, as much as I would hate to cover up your blossoming flower," Carrie laughed as she pointed, "I suppose I can let you have this, too."

Again, leaving my crotch exposed, I used both hands to catch the other item she then threw at me. It was a red, pleated skirt. Quickly, I stepped into it and found that the skirt fastened with adjustable Velcro straps. Snug around my waist, I finally had my ass and pussy covered for what seemed like the first time today.

The hem came down to my thighs, leaving a lot of my bare legs exposed. "What else have you got for me, Carrie?"

My friend grinned and shrugged her shoulders. "I told you were going to the beach, Erica. What more do you need?"

"So… no shoes or underwear?" I blushed and fidgeted with the hem of the skirt, bashfully rubbing my toes behind my other leg.

"Nope!" the strawberry-blonde answered. "But don't worry, I'll change into my bathing suit, so you don't feel uncomfortable."

At first I nodded my head, folding my arms across my chest, figuring she meant she would slip into her bikini when we arrived at the beach. Suddenly, Carrie kicked off both her sneakers while undoing the top button of her shorts!

"What… right here?" I gasped. "On my front lawn…"

The girl, now barefoot, proceeded to pull up her shirt. I saw she wasn't wearing a bra as her large naked breasts bounced into view. She took her top off completely, and then continued to strip. With a wiggle of her hips, she had her denim shorts down her legs and stepped out of them. Now Carrie gave a cautious look over her shoulder. I couldn't believe she was doing this! And none of my neighbors were around to watch. But a car could drive by at any moment. As if realizing this, but resolute in her actions… Carrie lowered and removed her panties, standing fully nude in front of me.

"Quit staring, Erica," my friend teased, sticking her tongue out at me as she dropped her arms to her sides.

I found myself saying out loud, "Carrie… you're gorgeous!"

It had been a while since the last time I saw her with her clothes off, and now my eyes couldn't get enough of her voluptuous twenty-year-old body. Part of me was envious, and yet still feeling a tingle of desire.

"Want to touch?" the naked young woman continued to tease me.

Before I could even think, I step forward through the grass until my bare toes met hers. She gave a swift intake of air as I stood so close, my trembling fingers reaching out. First my hands lifted up her boobs to play with them. They were more than a handful! I rubbed my palms gently over her nipples. Raising a finger, I touched her face, noticing that the summer had brought out pretty freckles across her fair skin. I lowered my other hand, running along the curve of her nude hip. And then I found her tuft of golden pubic hair. But it was trim and groomed just above her otherwise shaved pussy, and I felt her lips were silky smooth.

"How do you keep such a cute camel-toe?" I asked, truly amazed, as I tickled her vulva.

Carrie spread her legs apart only slightly and answered, "Oh, it takes plenty of willpower."

"Why are you doing this?" a little breathless, I continued to let my hands roam over every inch of her body. "We're standing so close to the street… aren't you worried someone might see us?"

"Maybe," the strawberry-blonde giggled playfully. "But I know this excites you!"

She then reached out with both her hands and raised the front of the red skirt all the way up to my stomach. My clit poked out, erect and wiggling. Just then, a car came speeding down the road! They might have caught a glimpse of Carrie's naked butt, before she swung behind me, still keeping my skirt raised. A beep of the horn suggested that the driver definitely saw something!

"I guess we're ready to go to the beach," my friend giggled and sucked on my earlobe.

Closing my eyes, I felt her drop the skirt back into place. For a brief moment I stood there waiting to see what would happen next, before I realized Carrie must have returned to her car. Looking to my side, I saw that she had the driver's door open and was seated facing me. She spread her legs wide, leaving nothing to the imagination, as she pulled on her bikini bottoms. I watched as she reached over the seat to grab her top, and tied this around her titties.

Standing up again, she walked up to me and asked, "What do you think?"

"It's hot," I told her truthfully. "Too bad I lost my own bikini today. We would have made a good pair."

Carrie grinned and said, "You still look cute in your outfit. And even more adorable out of it, hee hee."

That comment made me blush. I pressed down the front of the skirt to make sure I was decent, and I could feel my aroused pussy lips beneath the material. Bringing my hands up, I rubbed my bare stomach, tracing a circle around my cute bellybutton. I really wasn't wearing a whole lot. And without any shoes, I sort of felt like a bashful child. At least Carrie was even more exposed.

But then she wandered across the green grass to where she had done her striptease. The young woman picked up her denim shorts, sliding them up her long legs. Unbelievable! She even stopped to put her sneakers back on. Grabbing her shirt off the ground, she headed back toward the car, flipping her golden red tresses over her shoulder.

"Be a dear, Erica, and pick up my panties," she smiled as she got behind the steering wheel.

I did as she asked, crouching down to retrieve her delicate underwear. Although I paused to take a quick sniff of her alluring perfume, I was ashamed to have her watch me do it. Quickly, I folded them up in my hand and jogged barefoot around the other side of the car.

Once I climbed inside, I placed my feet on the plush floor mats. Carrie put the vehicle in reverse and pulled straight out the driveway, turning onto the road in front of my house. Her sneaker hit the pedal, and we were off to the public beach. Lowering her window, the girl's strawberry-blonde hair streamed out behind her. I did the same, letting my shoulder-length hair whip about my face. It was such a beautiful day outside!

Halfway there, as we were cruising down the highway, I folded the hem of the skirt up to my lap. In this way, with my knees separated, I let my pink pussy sit out there and breathe in the fresh air. Carrie glanced over at me and smiled approvingly.

"Do you want to touch it?" I found myself asking.

Carrie's expression actually looked shocked, as she laughed, "Erica! You naughty girl! You really haven't had enough today, have you?"

"I'm sorry," I confessed. "It's just that… well, you made me so horny back there at my house!"

We drove for another moment in silence, except for the girly pop music from the CD Carrie was playing on the stereo. My hands clutched the fabric of the skirt, bunched up around my tummy. I was completely naked below the waist. My toes curled in anticipation.

"Hmmm, I'll tell you what," Carrie finally said. "Since you seem to be in a playful mood… How about I pull into the next gas station we pass. I dare you to take off your clothes and pay the attendant!"

I pouted my lips, pretending to be disappointed. "Oh, Carrie! A naked gas dare? That's not very original."

The twenty-year-old girl lowered her eyes at my hairless crotch, and then looked at my chest where my nipples were already poking out the white top. "Come on, Erica, you can't tell me it ever gets old. And why look here… a gas stop just ahead!"

Turning my neck, I watched as the sign loomed into view, advertising its prices and the food market. I don't think I actually agreed to go along with this, but suddenly Carrie was moving into the right lane and driving off the exit. My eyes were wide as we pulled onto the service road. Traffic was light, so she was able to roll into the gas station lot and drive up to a self-serve pump.

"Here we are," Carrie giggled.

She turned off the ignition, and then reached down beneath the seat to find her purse. Soon she had a ten-dollar bill between her fingers. Shifting on her side to face me, the young lady grinned from ear to ear. Patiently she waited, waiting for me to undress completely.

My fingers clutched the white shirt and I said nervously, "But… I wasn't expecting this!"

Carrie excitedly grabbed her keys, encouraging me to take off the skirt and top. "Oh, but it will be awesome! I'll get out to pump the gas. You just have take the money inside and pay the cashier…"

"Stark naked," I mumbled.

However, when my friend looked at me in a certain way with her hazel eyes, I simply melted. Might as well do this while there were no other cars nearby. I reached behind my neck and found that the sleeveless shirt pulled off easily. In seconds, I had it removed and was sitting in the car with my bare tits sticking out. Before I could change my mind, my fingers found the Velcro straps attached to the red skirt and had these undone. I pushed open the passenger side door and climbed out… leaving the skirt behind!

The slab of concrete was warm under my toes. I looked down at my totally bare body, and immediately clutched my hands to my breasts. In this way, I started to run toward the building with my naked bottom bouncing. That was when Carrie called after me.

"Erica! You need to take the money!" She said, waving the bill.

Blushing from head to toe, I had to turn around and run back to Carrie who was already out of the car and standing next to the gas pump. Oh God, I was really staying out here a lot longer than I had hoped! If anyone from the market was paying attention, they would have had a good long look. My friend just giggled and gave me the ten dollars.

Now I had the money held in a tight fist in one hand. I curled my other fingers and swung my arm as I spun around to march toward the market again… not covering up at all! My tummy filled with butterflies, as I never got over the emotions of people seeing me naked. Especially when strangers were seeing me for the first time, which caused shame and arousal to flood through my body.

My bald pussy twitched and quivered as I approached the door. Glancing over my shoulder, I watched as a car pulled up to another pump. But there wasn't anything I could do now... it was too late! I froze... I just stood there and watched as a whole family emptied out from opening doors.

The father got out from the driver side, and walked around the back of the car to reach the gas cap. I don't think he saw me, yet. From the passenger side, his wife stepped out, and she immediately had her hands full ushering out of the parked automobile a boy and a girl. Brother and sister, I imagined.

Great, more kids would see me nude!

At this point, my whole body was still facing the entrance to the food mart. Turning my head forward, I caught the reflection of my nipples, bellybutton, and uncovered pussy in the glass door. Then I heard a gasp behind me.

"Young lady, what are you doing!" came the woman's voice. "Where are your clothes?"

I whipped around, spinning on my bare heel to face the mother with her two children beside her. The dollar bill was still clutched in my fist, and the fingers of my other hand drummed nervously on the side of my leg. She reached an arm around so she could shield her son's eyes. The little girl, however, looked up at me and giggled.

Finally becoming self-conscious about my nudity, I moved my open hand over to cup my pussy. I then swung an arm across my breasts. Lifting one foot, I brushed my toes behind my other leg.

"Oh..." I gasped, but that was all I could say.

Now the father started approaching the building. He stopped as soon as he spotted me in front of the entrance, looking at my slender figure from head to toe. His wife continued to yell at me.

"I was going to the beach, OK?" I squealed, wishing they would just leave me alone.

The woman was not impressed, and frowned disapprovingly. "What kind of beach, young lady? Where is your bathing suit..."

"I'm going to a nude beach!" I felt my face blushing as I made up this story. "I didn't even bother to put on any clothes today!"

Then I realized I had better get moving, before she called the police. Or before she humiliated me even more by asking why I shaved all my pubic hair. So I turned around again, flashing the family my bare bottom. Sometimes I wished I had long hair like Carrie. But as the ends of my hair brushed my shoulders, I knew they were seeing all of my back and the supple curves of my young body.

I pulled open the door, and ran into the market. The cool air conditioning hit my skin, forcing me to pause and stand up on my toes. My erect nipples responded by pointing toward the ceiling. Glancing to my left, I found the cashier's counter being manned by a college-aged guy staring at me. I hoped he didn't go to my school!

Marching up to the register, I slapped the money down on the counter just as the family now entered and watched me in disbelief. I couldn't believe I was doing this either. I turned my head to look at them, and then returned to the attendant.

"I am on my way to a naked... um, a nude beach," I stammered, and started teasing the ends of my hair anxiously. "Can I get ten dollars on pump..."

It was then I realized that I hadn't paid attention to the number of the pump Carrie pulled next to. For his part, the attendant continued to stare at me speechless, while the woman huffed and muttered more unkind words.

I pressed against the counter and stood up on my bare toes. "Um... I don't know the number of the pump. My friend... she's the one with the red Saturn..."

"Is she going to the beach with you too?" the young man asked eagerly.

I lowered my eyes, and now with both hands free, clasped them over my pussy. "Uh-huh..."

With that admission, the attendant rushed out from behind the register. He wrapped his fingers around my upper arm, just above the elbow, excitedly pulling me toward the doors. We pushed past the stunned family, and my other arm was flailing away, leaving none of my parts hidden.

We burst into the broad daylight, and I had to shield my eyes from the harsh glare of the sun. The first thing I noticed was a third car had pulled into the station. A young couple, about my age, was just getting out by the pumps. I quickly swung my arm toward where Carrie had parked.

"There! Over there!" I indicated with such enthusiasm, my little tits were bouncing up and down.

The gas station attendant regarded me, and then saw Carrie smile and wave over at us. She of course was dressed in her denim shorts and bikini top. Not that she was anything less than a knockout. But the fact that she was wearing clothes, made me even more aware of my nudity. Especially as I had announced we were going to a clothing optional beach, but I was the only one naked!

"Listen, that's the pump we need ten dollars on," I explained, desperately trying to pull free from his guiding hand.

He continued to hold my arm a little longer, keeping me out in the open and exposed. I'm ashamed to admit, it was also turning me on. I licked my lips, and stopped squirming and struggling.

"Yeah, that's pump number one," the young man informed me. "What's your name?"

"Erica..." I said shyly, without thinking.

He smiled and then gradually released his hold, at last letting go of my fingers. "You got a cute body, Erica. And your friend's not too bad, either."

I thought I would die on the spot, because my whole body was tingling in front of everyone. Glancing down, I saw my clit was sticking right out! Hurriedly I ran back to Carrie's car, my bare feet slapping over the pavement. Curling up in the front seat, I waited for my friend to pump the gas, which seemed to take forever.

Finally, when she got back behind the wheel, she said, "Well, that was a fun show!"

"Carrie... where are the clothes you gave me?" I asked, feeling my tummy start to flutter deliciously.

"I locked them in the trunk," the strawberry-blonde giggled. "Oh, you are just too far out now to even consider getting dressed again!"

Before I could respond, we had pulled out of the gas station and were speeding down the road.

"What do you mean by not getting dressed again?" I looked over at Carrie with my brown eyes wide. "You mean... ever again?"

My friend, who was driving, glanced sideways at me and giggled. "Sure, why not! Hee hee, I like that idea. Maybe from now on, whenever I am around, you will have to take off all your clothes... on the spot!"

"Oh," I said in a small voice, lifting my hands to clutch my breasts.

The strawberry-blonde smiled as she effortlessly changed lanes on the highway, without using her blinker. "But you don't have to worry about that now, Erica. Since you're already naked. How long do you think I can keep you like this?"

I looked down at my bare toes and wiggled them on the floor mats of the car. Completely naked, and the last clothes I had been wearing were locked inside Carrie's trunk. This was really too much!

"Well, my parents are going to be gone for most of the day," I started slowly. "We could go back to my house, and I guess it would be all right for me to stay nude."

Carrie tossed back her mane of red and gold tresses, then glanced in the rearview mirror. "No way! It's summer, and we are going to have ourselves some fun. But you will be baring that cute little body of yours the whole time!"

"Oh, Carrie..." I moaned and closed my eyes.

What she truly had in mind, I had no idea. We just continued to drive along, and I felt completely helpless. I couldn't believe she was doing this to me. She had already got me in trouble at the gas station. My hands fussed and alternated between covering my small breasts or lying clasped in my lap. Sometimes I drummed my fingers nervously on the sides of my legs, leaving everything exposed.

Before long, yet all too soon, my friend started slowing down as we pulled off an exit on the highway. I hunched forward a little, turning my head to try and orientate myself about where we were headed. Carrie looked over at me and saw my confusion.

"I told you, Erica," she said. "We are going to the beach!"

Somewhat surprised, I asked, "You mean we are really going to a nude beach, like I told people back at the station?"

"No," Carrie laughed. "We are going to a public beach."

Speechless, I spread my arms for emphasis, indicating that I wasn't properly dressed for the regular beach. No bikini or anything. Did she expect to parade me outside, nude in public? But to my amazement, my friend only followed the signs all the way to the parking lot. Outside the window, I could almost hear the waves crashing from beyond. My tummy fluttered with fear... and excitement.

Carrie turned off the ignition, and then leaned over on her side facing me. She reached her arm over and lightly traced a circle around my navel with her finger.

"Wait here for a second," she said with a big grin.

"Sure, I'm not going anywhere," I answered a little breathlessly.

With that, Carrie slid back the other way and got out of the car. Although I wanted to slink down as much as possible so as not to be seen, I found that I had to turn around to see what the girl was up to. I noticed that nobody was parked near us for the moment, so I maneuvered myself to a kneeling position on the seat and peeked over the headrest. My friend was getting something out of the trunk.

I watched her slam the back panel shut, and proceed to walk around to the passenger side of the car. She flung the door open leaving me totally exposed, if anyone had been looking in this direction. My eyes darted past her, making sure it was clear, then saw her drop her bag to the ground. In her other arm, she had a folded blanket.

"Here, Erica, cover yourself with this..." she said as she shook out the blanket now with both hands.

"What?" I stammered, still uncomprehending.

Carrie tapped her foot on the pavement, apparently loosing patience. "Look, just come out here, OK?"

I swung my legs around on the seat, dropping my bare toes to the parking lot. Shyly, I stepped out of the car in front of Carrie. Turning my head to the left and the right, my hair brushed my shoulders. Instinctively, I had one hand lowered to hide my crotch, the other arm across my breasts.

The taller girl moved forward and draped the blanket in front of me, wrapping it around my shoulders. It was red and brown, and the soft wooly material tickled my nipples. Carrie took a step back to evaluate me. Underneath the covering, my fingers fidgeted as I grasped the fabric and twisted it around my body so that I was wearing it like a cape. I found that I could keep the sides clenched shut in my fists, almost as if I was keeping a jacket closed with my hands.

"Yes, that is much better," Carrie held her chin in one hand and nodded critically.

I looked down, confirming that the hem of the blanket reached midway past my thighs. However my knees, lower legs and little feet were all bare and exposed. I tried to peer over my shoulder, to get a look behind.

"Is my ass covered?" I asked desperately.

Carrie giggled and replied, "Yeah, I can't see your cute little bottom anymore."

I took a few hesitant steps to the side, and then spun around, embarrassed and frustrated. "Carrie, I can't go onto the beach like this!"

"Of course you can," my friend returned defiantly. "Lots of people bring their blanket onto the beach."

"Not if that's the only thing they are bringing... or wearing!" I said, feeling my face blush.

The strawberry-blonde flashed her charming smile and said, "Well that will be our little secret. Come on, Erica, this is going to be so fun!"

I shuffled back and forth, and brushed my toes behind my other leg. Naked under a blanket! What was she thinking? Glancing to my left, I noticed a couple of cars pulling into the parking lot. It was so nice outside that I bet it would probably be a crowded day at the beach. Looking to my right, I saw Carrie had already skipped ahead in her bikini top and denim shorts and long tan legs.

"Wait up!" I squeaked and clutched the blanket tightly in front of my body as I rushed forward.

There were a couple of lifeguard-looking dudes near the entrance to the public beach. I guess they were officials or something, because they had whistles that hung from their necks. While I wanted to scamper past them quickly, I was afraid of my blanket slipping or getting whipped away. And my nipples were growing long again. I found myself staring shyly at the two young men, and they were watching me curiously.

Fortunately, Carrie had not run too far toward the beach. She saw me dithering there, and swept over to my side. The strawberry-blonde found one of my hands and started to pull me forward. With my one other hand, I clutched onto that blanket for dear life!

"Don't worry," Carrie turned and said to the lifeguards, "she's with me."

I put my head down, and the two of us walked onto the beach. Just as I expected, I saw that there was a multitude of people, a good-sized crowd populating the sandy shore. Glancing over my shoulder, I found the two guys following us with their eyes.

"Ohmygosh, Carrie," I looked up at my friend. "Do you think they thought I was a little kid?"

The taller, buxom young lady smiled back at me. "I don't know, Erica. I bet if you weren't wearing that blanket, they would see you are all woman. Are your nipples hard?"

"Yes," I admitted shamefully.

Carrie continued to walk forward, squeezing my hand. "And I bet your clitoris is sticking out, right?"

"Carrie!" I squealed in shock. "Come on, stop teasing me like that!"

Flipping back her mane of red and golden tresses, she only replied, "Hmmm. Well, we will find out soon enough."

"What... what is that supposed to mean?" I gulped.

We pressed on in silence, leaving my mind racing. I kept my head down, to watch where my bare feet were going, since I did not want to have an embarrassing fall. At least Carrie still had on her sneakers. We walked by a lot of people, more young men and women, teenagers, and whole families. I felt like they were all looking at me. Did they know?

"Just try to act casual," my friend leaned close to whisper in my ear.

I closed my eyes and shuddered a little. Resigned to simply let Carrie drag me where she would, I followed without further protest. The blanket was still covering me, as I could feel its tiny fibers tickling my otherwise nude body. In this way, I passed concealed through probably a hundred people or more.

Finally we reached a spot, and I could hear the crash of the waves nearby.

"Here we are," Carrie said in a cheerful voice.

Opening my eyes to look around, I was amazed to find she had selected a spot that was not so surrounded by people. Oh, there was still everybody easily within view. Just not right on top of us, or next to us on either side. Maybe it was because we were closer to the water. I could see a concession stand not too far behind us. Further down along the beach, there appeared to be set up a volleyball net.

The twenty-year-old girl stood in front of me and tugged on the blanket. "Come on, Erica. Help me spread this out on the sand."

"What?" my eyes grew wide and I clutched the blanket even tighter. "You can't! You said I could wear this..."

"No, silly," Carrie giggled. "I said you could wear it so that we could sneak onto the beach. You know, temporarily. But now we need it to lie on. Hurry up, I'm dying to get my clothes off!"

Well, I don't know what she had in mind, but those words certainly aroused my imagination. I opened up the blanket as if it was trench coat and I was flashing her. For a few seconds, I just stood there showing her my tits, bellybutton, legs, and pussy. Then Carrie reached out her hand, grabbing a fist full of the fuzzy material. She nearly yanked the thing off my body, and I only managed to maintain hold of the edge in front of me with both hands.

My bare butt was totally exposed on a public beach! Instinctively, my toes curled in the sand. The blanket was spread out between the two of us, almost as if we were setting a tablecloth... or making a bed. Carrie grinned from ear to ear at having me in such a vulnerable state and position. That only caused my poor pink nipples to stiffen.

We slowly lowered the blanket to the ground, neat and flat, with me having to bend over completely nude. It wasn't very large, obviously, as I had been wearing it like poncho mere moments ago. But there was probably enough room for both Carrie and I to lie down side by side. At first, I clutched my hands to my breasts, and then dropped a hand to hide my pussy. Looking around, it did not appear that anyone had seen my unveiling.

Immediately, I sank to my knees on the comfortable fabric. I maneuvered myself back a little, and then lay down on my stomach. Sure, this left my little bottom exposed. But hopefully no one would notice until they came too close. I tried to relax, though I felt my heart pitter-patter beneath me, and folded my arms under my chin. Raising my eyes, it seemed Carrie towered over me.

She smiled and popped open the button of her denim jeans, while simultaneously stepping on one sneaker in order to pull out her other foot. Soon she was completely barefoot, and inches from my face were her perfect manicured toes. Carrie continued to strip for me, just like back at my house, pulling her shorts all the way down her legs until she could step out of them.

Now clad in just her bikini, my friend rolled over onto the blanket next to me and propped herself up on her elbows. I was facing toward the water with my ankles crossed. My butt cheeks clenched nervously. Carrie, however, had positioned herself the opposite way so that her head was close to mine and we could talk face to face. I looked at her in her bikini and pouted.

"What's the matter, Erica?" she asked.

"Oh, I thought you were going to take off everything, too," I said bashfully. "You know..."

My friend gasped, pretending to act shocked, and then teased a lock of my hair. "Now what fun would that be? If you and I were both naked, we would probably end up having sex right here on the beach. And then they would throw us out for sure!"

"Mmmm-hmmm," I answered dreamily.

After a few minutes, Carrie was restless and started to shift around. I of course stayed very still. But soon I felt her wandering fingers on my shoulders and back. It wasn't long before she was touching my butt, slowly rubbing the smooth bare skin, and even teasing the top of my crack.

"Oooh," a small coo escaped my lips.

Now caressing my claves and feet, the strawberry-blonde suddenly suggested, "Why don't you flip over on your back, Erica."

"I couldn't!" I lifted my head and glanced past my shoulder at her. "I mean... I don't want you to see."

"Don't want me to see, huh?" Carrie broke out into a broad grin. "This sounds too intriguing. What don't you want me to see? Come on, now, flip over like a good little girl."

I bit my lip in frustration, and all I managed to squeak out was "But..."

Instead of finishing, I took a deep breath and swallowed the lump of fear in my throat. I mean, people would be walking by us sooner or later. Still, I gently rolled to my side, and then turned over completely, staring up at the sky. My hands moved to cover my exposed private parts.

My friend only chided me. "Erica, you can't lay with your arms like that. It will certainly look suspicious. Just relax, and act natural!"

"Natural, huh?" I grumbled.

But doing as I was told, I slowly moved my arms off my body, letting them fall loosely to the ground. How do these things happen to me? Here I was, lying stark naked on a public beach, in the middle of the afternoon! Carrie ran her nimble fingers down my stomach, making me arch my back and spread my legs apart. Then she came around to inspect me.

"Oh, now I see," she said very seriously. "You've got a wet pussy, Miss! That's what I was afraid of. I don't want you to stain the blanket, tee hee."

I was blushing from head to toe, while the precocious young lady reached for her tote bag and pulled out some Kleenex tissues. She was kneeling next to me, preparing to pat down my legs, inside my thighs.

"Carrie, please..." I muttered.

Too late, she was cleaning up my fluids, which absolutely humiliated me. There was nothing I could do, though but let her minister to me like I was a child who soiled herself. Even worse, there was nothing left for me to hide.

"AAAAHHHH..." I moaned when she made direct contact with my sensitive pussy.

Carrie only chuckled, and continued to wipe down my crotch. She was very thorough. When she was done, I was not completely dry. My excited vagina was still moist, but at least I didn't have any juices running down my leg. With her bare fingers, Carrie puckered out my rubbery pussy lips, making a suitable presentation of my pubic area!

"Your clit is enormous today, Erica," she informed me. "Clearly visible..."

I know. Even without her touching myself, I could sense the pink nub hyper-extended and pushing out of its clitoral hood. Not just poking out, but sticking out for the whole world to see. This was so embarrassing!

"Carrie, do you think my pussy lips are too big?" I asked, feeling self-conscious. "I mean, my labia... when they are unfolded, and just hanging out..."

Putting her hand below my bellybutton, she answered, "Oh my, no! I love the way they look! They are so sexy, Erica. It's great that you shave completely, because you can really see every last detail. And they are symmetrical, too. Like pretty butter-fly wings."

"Yeah, well..." I closed my eyes and absently started rubbing a long nipple. "Sometimes when I am running around naked, I can feel them, dangling between my legs and flapping in the wind."

Carrie continued to rub my stomach. "I bet that feels incredible. And when the breeze tickles your hairless pussy out in the open..."

"Ohhh... Uh!" I gasped, starting to buck my hips.

Suddenly, I heard a domineering female voice coming from above, "What the hell is she doing?"

I heard Carrie giggle and answer, "I'd say it looks like Erica is having an involuntary orgasm!"

Immediately, I opened up my eyes, and found myself staring up at my blonde-headed nemesis from high school, Lisa. She was dressed in a black bikini, no shoes. Turning my head, I saw that my friend Alicia was with her. Then to my shock, and utter embarrassment, I saw that they were accompanied by two of our other classmates from high school, John and Henry! So here I was, lying in front of five people, two of them guys... pussy up and stark nude!

"Involuntary?" Lisa asked with disdain in her voice. "So it wasn't her idea to come to the beach without any clothes?"

Standing at her side, John's eyes roamed the length of my outstretched body and said, "Looking good, Erica!"

At this, Lisa curled her lip and took a step closer. She was right in front of me. In fact, I even spread my legs further apart so she could stand between my ankles. The young woman took advantage of the situation by placing the toes of her bare foot gently on my hairless pussy.

"Aaah," I gasped and clenched my fists.

"Tell me why you are out here naked," Lisa demanded from me. "From the beginning."

But first, she continued to massage my crotch. She was able to pinch my puckered out pussy lips between her toes, playing with them and then rubbing my clit. Then, in front of everybody, she stuck her toe inside my pussy and wiggled it around.

"Oh God, Lisa," I sqealed. "You're going to make me cum!"

The blonde bitch only smirked, "Then you had better tell me everything."

So I was forced to describe my day, starting with the humiliating adventure with Alicia's cousin. Then I told them how upon my return, Carrie found me and masturbated me in my back yard. There was the trip to the gas station, and all those people who saw me there. That was the last time I had been wearing clothes, which Carrie now had locked in the trunk of her car. As I explained the ride to the beach and wearing a blanket, Lisa kept me on edge the whole time. My story was interrupted several times by squeals and squirming and moaning out loud.

Alicia, my best friend, was laughing. "I was going to take Jimmy to the beach today. Now I see he already got an eyeful of you, Erica."

"How many orgasms have you had today?" Lisa asked, slowly withdrawing her foot.

"She must be the horniest girl I know," Henry observed. "Look how long her nipples are!"

Meanwhile, I just lay there writhing on the blanket, letting five people watch me. My hands were now roaming all over my body and I licked my lips. Under the bright sun, I was so bare and pink, and they saw everything.

"All right, that's enough!" Lisa said, apparently loosing her patience. "Up on your feet, Erica."

She reached down and grabbed me by the arm. I whined and struggled a bit, but Lisa is much stronger than me. Soon, I was standing in the middle of everyone. Self-consciously, I tried to cover up, only to have my arms pulled out of the way. Carrie had found a comb, and was brushing out my shoulder-length hair while rubbing my back. As I stood with my feet separated, I know my aroused labia were unfolded and dangling. My clitoris was still wiggling up and down.

The blonde bitch now placed a finger under my chin, making me look her in the eye. "I am thirsty. In fact, I think we could all use a drink. Go over to the concession stand and bring us some refreshments. Get drinks for everyone, except for yourself."

"Don't worry, Erica, I'll let you have a sip of mine," Alicia reassured me.

I glanced down at my slim body, and then turned my head in the direction of the refreshment stand. "Oh! But I can't walk around like this..."

"Do it," Lisa insisted, placing her hands on her hips. "We will be waiting for you."

Well, Lisa looked so hot standing there in her bikini. I opened my mouth to object, but couldn't say anything. This was so embarrassing, especially with John and Henry watching me, and I felt helpless. Of course, the humiliation only made me more excited.

"Not much has changed since high school," John grinned.

Carrie had gone into her bag and returned to my side with a twenty-dollar bill. "Here you go, sweetie. Just like at the gas station!"

I took the money between my fingers, and then rubbed my arm as I hesitated. The concession stand was maybe sixty yards away, behind us. I could see people going up to it, getting ice creams and sodas, and then leaving. My friends were watching to see what I would do. Waiting for last customers to go back toward the beach, I took a deep breath.

Completely naked, I started walking across the sand.

At first, my eyes darted in every direction. Looking over my shoulder, I saw my own friends smile and wave, encouraging me. My tight little bottom clenched, my whole body was tingling. Did anyone else notice the nude girl strolling up to the snack bar? What if the lifeguards caught me! I had the hand with the money clutched in front of my pussy, holding my lowered arm with my other hand. The warm sand did feel really nice beneath my toes.

Because there was no one else presently being serviced at the stand, I was able to walk up to the counter before the attendant noticed me. To my good fortune, I realized that standing right up against front of the stand, I was hidden from the waist down. Only my bellybutton was visible. So cradling an arm in front of my small perky breasts, I cleared my throat.

"Excuse me," I said nervously.

Turning around from whatever he was doing, a young man faced me. Around a corner, another girl came out wearing an apron. They looked like they were about my age.

"Hi, can we help you?" the young lady asked nicely.

I brushed my toes up and down the calf of my other leg and said, "Yeah... can I get five, ah, five ice cherry drinks, please."

"Um, is something wrong?" the guy asked.

Looking down, I saw that I had switched the positioning of my arms, and now held one hand each in front of my tits. Hiding my erect nipples, this must have seemed strange standing there. I looked around, and saw another group of people now heading toward the stand. I had to get out of here!

"Listen, this is kind of embarrassing," I confessed desperately. "But I lost my top in the water..."

The girl was preparing the drinks, heard me and laughed. "And you couldn't throw on a shirt or something?"

"Ah, you know how it is," I said bouncing up on my toes, worried about the new customers coming closer. "My friends teased me and made me get them some refreshments before they would give me something to wear!"

The college-aged guy had placed a tray on the counter and was fitting the plastic cups into the slots. "So you walked all the way over here, even though you lost your bikini top?"

"She lost her bikini bottoms, too!" a boy's voice called out in back of my head.

Spinning my head, the ends of my hair swished over my shoulder as I spotted four boys lined up behind me. They reminded me of Alicia's cousin Jimmy and looked about thirteen-years-old, which meant they were about as tall as me. Their curious eyes scanned the length of my bare back as well as my ass, and my slender legs.

"Wait... you mean she's naked?" the guy at the counter asked.

I was blushing from head to toe. Why couldn't the ground open up and swallow me? Six people now, I was fully nude in between six strangers!

"Keep it in your pants," the counter girl admonished her co-worker, then turned to me. "I hope you at least brought money, honey?"

The secret out, I dropped my arms to my sides, placing the twenty-dollar bill on the counter. I could tell the young man wanted to say something about my succulent nipples, but he thought better of it. The girl took the cash and rang up the register.

"You better take your drinks and put some clothes on," the girl said, adding with a wink, "Before you get into trouble."

I could only nod my head as I reached to pick up the tray. Behind me, I heard the boys laughing. I'm sure they would go back and tell their parents or whomever they were with. The tray was heavy with the five drinks, and I had to use both hands to carry it. This left my female genitalia completely uncovered as I turned around. As I took a few steps forward, I glanced over my shoulder shyly and saw the counter-girl smack the other guy's arm.

"She's only sixteen," I heard her say. "Silly kid."

"I think she's hot," one of the boys was telling his buddies.

Actually, I'm twenty. But I guess that didn't matter. With the tray lifted high on my chest, the icy drinks kept my nipples hard and pointy. I hurried in a straight line to my friends, with my bald pussy on display, trying to be very careful despite my nudity. I did not want to spill any and get Lisa mad at me.

When I arrived back at the spot, they made me stand on the blanket while they surrounded me. Each one of them took their drink like I was a serving maid. When Henry pulled his cup out of the tray, he made sure to graze my elongated nipple, while his other hand patted my nude bottom. They all had their drinks, and I was left with nothing. Just like I was wearing.

"Cherry?" Lisa asked, criticizing me. "You got us all cherry? Couldn't you have been more original?"

I placed the empty cardboard tray in front of my pussy and answered, "I'm sorry... I couldn't think straight!"

Alicia was soon at my side to comfort me. First, however, she took the tray away from me and discarded it to the ground. Then she asked if I wanted to share her beverage. I nodded that I did. The busty brunette stood in front of me, and held out the cup with the straw. I paused for a second, taking a moment to realize that all my girlfriends had bigger tits than me. Yet it was my small breasts that were exposed for everyone to see! I closed my eyes and sucked on Alicia's straw.

Suddenly, I felt someone's hands on my back. Massaging my shoulders, then running down my slender hips. It was one of the guys, and off to the side I saw John lying on the beach with Carrie. Knowing then who it was behind me, I gasped when Henry leaned forward and kissed me on my neck.

"Oh! What... what are you doing!" I said breathlessly.

In reply, Henry reached his arms around, pulling me closed. His hands found my bare breasts, and he started teasing my nipples.

"It's not fair that only Lisa gets to have fun with you," the young man said.

At that moment, the blonde bitch walked over and broke up our embrace. "You know, that gives me an idea."

"I'd like to go home now," I said, hearing the chill in her voice.

"Oh no," Lisa said firmly, patting me on the cheek. "I still want to have more fun with you, Erica. You are going to play a little volleyball with John and Henry here. If they win, I'll let Henry make out with you until you have an orgasm."

As the boys whistled and celebrated, I was blushing furiously. The truth was, I was so horny, that I didn't mind any one of them touching me. But it was embarrassing to have Lisa control me and decide my sexual desires. I thought back to Ty from much earlier in the day, and how close I had come to having sex. Although I once had a crush on Henry, I wasn't sure I wanted to lose my virginity to him.

"Carrie, go find us a volleyball," Lisa commanded.

The strawberry-blonde was on it, with a giggle and a salute. She headed off toward the more crowded beach, jiggling all over the place. I'm sure she would have no trouble getting what she wanted.

That gave me some time to think before the match started. "Can Alicia be my partner?"

Lisa only shrugged. My friend came over and said she was on my side. Alicia rubbed my shoulder and gave me an affectionate kiss on the cheek. I was so sensitive right now, even a simple friendly gesture sent an erotic thrill through my body.

After a few minutes, Carrie came sauntering back to our group, tossing a volleyball up and down. That gave me an idea, and I turned toward Lisa.

"How about we make this a little more interesting," I suggested. "Since I'm putting something on the line, I think there should be a prize if me and Alicia win."

"That sounds fair," my friend and partner said. "What do you have in mind, cutie?"

I licked my lips and answered, "If we win... then Lisa and Carrie have to strip NAKED! Right here on the beach! Then you'll know how it feels."

"I'm up for it," Carrie immediately agreed. "If Erica and Alicia win, I will take off my bikini and stay completely nude."

But Lisa seemed to be considering more slowly. "I don't know. That might be too tempting for the boys to throw the match. Unless..."

John and Henry only looked at each other and grinned. It seemed that either way, they came out winners. But this was not about them. This was about me getting even with Lisa.

"OK," Lisa finally decided. "I'll take off my bikini too, if you win, Erica. But slight change of plans. I am going to be your volleyball partner."

"What?" Alicia and I both shouted at the same time.

"Don't you think there might be, um, a conflict of interest?" I asked, pressing the issue. "I mean, if we win, you have to get naked. So won't you try to lose on purpose?"

Lisa walked up close to me, reaching down to place her finger on my clit. "I guess you'll have to try extra... hard!"

My legs trembled as I moaned beneath her touch. She had such a way with me, that I could never refuse, no matter what she said. Lisa then spun me around and started marching me off toward the volleyball net. Soon the other girls and the other two guys joined us. Even though they were in bathing suits, it was still awkward for me being the only one fully nude.

Thankfully, there was so one else using the net. But like the concession stand, there was no telling when other people on the beach might come this way. I hoped we could finish the game quickly. As John and Henry walked around to one side, Lisa explained the rules, which she no doubt made up on the spot.

"We will play to see who gets to three points first. If Team Erica is victorious, then Carrie and I will remove our bikinis and you all get to see us in our birthday suits. If the boys win, then Henry gets to give Erica an orgasm right here on the beach. Alicia will be the referee."

The six of us agreed, although I still didn't think it was very fair. I realized, strolling around the net on my bare toes, that this was no time for being shy. I would have to be nimble, and let it all hang out, if I was going to play well. And I wasn't even that athletic.

Carrie stayed on the sidelines, doing a teasing dance. Alicia took the ball from her and walked up to the center of the net. This would be to decide who serves first. She waited until John, Henry, Lisa and I were in positions, and then she tossed the volleyball high in the air.

At once, I sprinted forward, my little tits bouncing up and down, The boys came running in my direction, broad smiles on their faces. We all reached the net and jumped as the ball started its descent. Doing this nude, my nipples brushed the black threads of the netting.

"Oh!" I gasped, and missed the ball.

The boys however did not, and either John or Henry smacked the volleyball, spiking it on my side of the net. I landed on my ass in the sand. Turning my head, I saw that Lisa did not even run up to the net for this first play. She just stood there, coolly blowing on her fingernails.

"John and Henry serve first," Alicia announced, moving to collect the white rubber sphere.

As I stood up, I brushed sand off my legs and bare butt in frustration. I even glared at Lisa. Of course, she wasn't paying attention to me. So I turned to get into position, with arms at my sides, standing full frontal before the boys.

That didn't seem to distract them, as Henry made the first serve. He popped the ball in the air with his fist, sending it sailing over the net, toward Lisa. I waited expectantly for her to make the return volley. Instead, she only stood there, and let the ball hit the ground at her feet.

"Point for the boys," Alicia called out.

"You're not even pretending to try!" I whined, stamping my little foot.

Lisa picked up the ball, glancing at me imperiously. "Maybe I just want to make it interesting."

She tossed the ball over the net, back to John. They would get to serve again. But this time I knew what to expect. I put my hands on my thighs, crouching a little in anticipation, my pussy lips wiggling between my legs. No time to think about that now, even though I was blushing.

The young man smacked the ball toward our side, spinning closer toward Lisa. This time, I dashed to my left, swinging my arm out to hit the ball back over the net. It didn't go that far, just barely clearing the net. Henry ran up and was able to get another spike shot in, driving the ball immediately into the sand on our side. I never had a chance to get to it.

"Two points for John and Henry!" Alicia called out, almost cheerfully.

Carrie on the sidelines clapped her hands, but then pouted. "Too bad, I thought I might get to work on an all-over tan."

That comment caused my heart to beat faster, thinking how I had a chance to get the buxom strawberry-blonde nude on the beach with me. But I had to concentrate. This wasn't over yet. I briefly lifted my hands to my own breasts, lightly touching my erect nipples. They were nice and hard, and I left them sticking straight out as I turned to face the boys.

It was Henry's turn to serve again. By now, I knew their game plan. Lisa was obviously no help to me. He would hit the ball in her direction. I was ready for it, I just had to get a lucky return shot in, to at least get us on the score board. My fists clenched, my toes curled in the sand. I was totally naked, but I didn't care. My eyes darted to Lisa who was looking quite bored.

Henry was directly across from me on the other side of the net. Swinging his arm up, he punched the ball high in the air. Instinctively, I turned my head to the left, getting ready to run into position. Then, to my shock, I saw out of the corner of my eye that the volleyball was aimed straight at me!

I was caught off balance, having shifted my weight to make a lunge to the side. Now I had to run forward as the white sphere came hurling at me. Nude volleyball! I couldn't believe I was playing nude volleyball! Desperately, I slapped at the ball with both my hands, sending it over to the boys. But momentum carried me forward… and Henry was easily able to make a return serve. This time, the ball sailed in Lisa's direction, but there was nothing I could do about it.

With a poof, the volleyball landed in the sand.

"John and Henry win!" Alicia called out.

I felt numb for a moment as I just stood there. Henry was quickly around the net and had an arm around my shoulder. My body responded, tingling at his touch. John joined his friend around the other side.

"How about a kiss for the winners, Erica?" he asked.

A little breathless, I closed my eyes and puckered my lips. Was I really going to let these guys play with me while my girlfriends watched? Suddenly, I felt his mouth around my breast, sucking and licking the nipple!

"Oh!" I gasped. "Mmmm…. Wait!"

Behind me, Henry had both hands on my hips and was giving my ass a good rub. John pulled away as Lisa stepped forward. I looked at her dreamily, while my bottom was being fondled.

"Are we going to do this here?" I purred.

Lisa ran a finger down my stomach, and then touched my sensitive pussy, searching for my clit. "I think the next group is here to use the volleyball net. We better find some place more private. I hope I don't have to drag you…"

"Ahhh…" I moaned as she flicked my clitoris up and down. Henry was sucking on my earlobe. "Mmmm… no! Yes… I'll go wherever you want me to!"

Lisa instructed us to follow her. Apparently, Carrie had already gotten the blanket and Alicia gathered up the rest of our things. Together we walked down the stretch of beach. How long were they going to keep me on edge? I think we passed some people, but I was kind of in a daze. Being the smallest and in the middle, I don't know if they saw that I was nude.

Finally, we came to a path that led behind some reeds. Tucked away from the main public area, there was an isolated clearing. Here, Carrie and Alicia spread out the blanket. My legs trembling, I lowered myself to the ground, lying on my back just like they had found me. My arms were stretched out above my head, which was turned on the side resting my cheek on the soft blanket. In this way, I was completely exposed, completely vulnerable. A delicate flower waiting to be plucked. And all my friends from high school would get to watch.

John and Henry made themselves comfortable on either side of me. I held my breath anxiously, but soon enough their fingers were touching my nude body. They started slowly running their hands down my sides, caressing the bare skin of my hips and tummy. I forgot who was who, as I closed my eyes and simply enjoyed the sensuality of it all.

When my nipples began to be teased, the rest of my body reacted. I moaned out loud and arched my back. I couldn't help it, but I made it so obvious what gave me the most pleasure. Fingers ran down the length of my legs as I raised my own hands to squeeze my small breasts. Someone sucked on my toes, driving me wild.

"Play with it… play with my pussy!" I cried out in absolute ecstasy.

 One of the boys began kissing my inner thigh, and I knew I wouldn't last much longer. All the events of the day were building up to a massive orgasm. I squirmed and moaned and gave into my desire. Looking down, I saw Henry licking my shaved pubic mound.

"Oh… Oh, yeah… Oh, oh…don't stop… Ah!" I gasped.

The young man crawled up my body and kissed me on the mouth. His tongue flicked over mine, while his hand stayed down to tickle my vagina. Soon he inserted a finger inside my pink slit, and began pushing in and out. My bare pussy lips rubbed against his hand as he fingered me in front of all our friends.

This was it, and I moaned, "I'm… I'm going to cum!"

Henry pressed his thumb on my clitoris, moving it up and down and in a circle, and I started to squirt. I was embarrassed because I had never let a boy masturbate me like this before. But I was also a little frustrated, because part of me wanted him inside me for the first time. Instead, I lifted my legs as my little wet pussy pulsed with a series of orgasms.

"Oooooh… uh-uh…mmmm… Oh! Oh! YEEEEESSSS!!!!"

"Wow, nice one, Erica!" the strawberry-blonde Carrie was cradling my head in her lap.

All I could do was lie there with my knees wide apart, every intimate detail of my anatomy on display. My friend gently brushed my hair, as I rested a hand on my bare tummy. I was spent.

"What are we going to do about these two?" I heard Alicia ask.

Slowly opening my eyes, I saw that John and Henry were standing off to the side, with large bulges in the front of their bathing suits. If only they could lose those trunks, it would be quite a sight for us ladies! Lisa walked over to the boys, and slipped a hand into each of their waistbands.

"Hmmm," the bossy blonde said, looking straight at me. "I think we can let these guys come back with us, Alicia. Once we get to my house, we can finish them off. See you later, Carrie."

She didn't even say goodbye to me. Just like that, Lisa led the two young men away. I can only imagine how she was dragging them along. My friend Alicia waved goodbye to me and blew a kiss, and was then following Lisa.

"What are we going to do?" I looked up at Carrie.

The young woman continued to stroke my face, as always, making my toes curl in the sand. "I don't know. We could follow them, crash over at Lisa's house. But you have to stay naked, Erica."

"Um, OK," I replied. "But how do we get off the beach?"

Carrie just smiled and said, "Better get this blanket wrapped around you…"

THE END

**37 - Erica’s Cell Phone**

I was sitting in the back of the classroom of one of my dull college lectures. My schedule changed around a bit this semester, and this was one of the courses I was taking in the evening. It wasn’t too bad, only Tuesday and Thursday nights, like tonight. Suddenly, I felt a buzz in my pocket and I looked around, seeing if anybody noticed. It was my cell phone. I had set the ring tone to silent, but kept it on vibrate. Bashfully, I pulled the slim phone from my jeans pocket so I could see who was trying to contact me. From the number, I recognized it was my friend Carrie. And then she sent me a text message. Again, I hurriedly looked over my shoulder and to my left and right, making sure the professor or any other students had not heard the disruption of the class. I lowered my eyes to peek at the text. “Hi, Erica!” it said with a smiley face. Then my eyes went wide. One more time, I glanced around the room nervously, but no one was paying attention to me. Snapping my cell phone shut, I grabbed my bag and quietly slid out from behind my desk. Without causing a commotion, I was able to leave through the side door at the back of the room. I passed only a few people in the hallway, other students who were on break from other classes. This wing of the building did not seem too crowded. Nevertheless, I found the nearest stairwell, and hurried to the ground floor. My sneakers echoed around me. Once more, I checked the cell phone in my hand, to make sure I read Carrie’s text message correctly. I burst through the doorway, and quickly turned to search for one of the restrooms on this level. However, I was stopped when one of my professors saw me. “Erica, is that you?” he called out to me. At first I thought to ignore him, but then I mumbled, “Yes, sir, it’s me.” “I didn’t realize you were taking evening classes this semester,” the man said, seeming to show an interest in my studies. “You are already in one of my courses earlier in the day. I doubt you could put up with more of my lectures at night.” He was much taller than me, and I had to look up to answer, “No, sir. I mean… um, yes, that would be fine… it’s just… I have a heavy schedule this semester!” “I understand,” he smiled at my flustered response. “I just hope it is not too overwhelming for you, Erica. You are not running late to class are you?” “No! I just stepped out to use the, um, ladies room.” Oh, God this was humiliating! The professor waved me off, saying, “See you in class tomorrow morning.” I waited until he turned and headed back down the hallway. Then I adjusted the strap of my backpack over my shoulder, and made my way toward the restroom. With one hand, I pushed open the door, disappearing into the relative privacy. There was no one else here. I dropped my bag to the floor. My heart was still racing. I don’t know why the brief encounter with my professor had me so shaken. Again, I glanced down at my cell phone, to check the text message. And then I kicked off my sneakers. One was lying on its side, the other with the rubber sole on the tiled floor. I put my phone on the counter in front of the long bathroom mirror, then stepped back so I could pull off my shirt. Today I was wearing a white bra, which covered my small breasts. Working quickly, my fingers reached behind me and unhooked the clasp. I let the bra fall to the floor with my shirt. Crouched down, I opened up my back pack and proceeded to stuff the items inside along with my sneakers. Then I stood up again and unbuttoned the front of my jeans. The tight denim material slid down my slender legs. Once these were off, I folded them neatly and fit them in my black backpack as well. I paused, and looked around the enclosed space of the women’s restroom. My tits were perky in front of me. Closing my eyes, I slipped my thumbs inside the elastic waistband of white sheer panties. Fingers trembled and I had butterflies in my tummy. As I pulled the back down, I felt my bottom exposed. That was all it took, and I continued to drop my panties all the way to my feet. Oh God, if someone walked in right now, I would be mortified! This thought made me act quickly, lifting my toes and stepping out of the silky underwear. I reached down to pick them up and hurriedly stuff them in the backpack. Also, I grabbed my cell phone and put it away with the rest of my books and clothes. Resisting the urge to hug the nylon bag to my body, instead I slipped the one strap over my bare shoulder. Totally nude, I moved toward the bathroom door. First, I opened it just a crack, so I could peek my face out and decide if it was safe. The bottom floor of the building was quiet, with most of the evening classes taking place upstairs. But if other students were allowed a break at this time, they might come down here to use the restrooms, and there were vending machines around here. My hand pulled open the door, and then I walked into the wide hallway. I listened to it close behind me. In my other hand, I squeezed the shoulder strap of my bag, feeling it rest against my bare back. Blushing, I took one more step away from the relative safety of the ladies room. Now I let my fingers absently brush my stomach. I traced a circle around my cute little bellybutton, which was on display. Finally, I lowered the hand to cover my bald pussy as I started for the front of the building. I couldn’t believe I was doing this! My heart was beating faster now, and I couldn’t help but look one more time behind me. There was about another hour or so remaining before class let out for the evening. I willed my legs to move forward, not wanting to linger and get caught like this. The dark glass of the exit loomed before me, allowing my eyes to catch my naked reflection. With one hand tight around the shoulder strap on my bag, and the other hand cupping my hairless vulva, I stepped in front of the door used for disabled students access. This opened automatically, and I rushed through. Outside, I felt the night air on my body. My nipples were instantly erect, sticking out pink from my otherwise fair skin. I shivered, but not because it was cold. Taking a few more barefoot steps onto the plaza in front of the building, I paused, and then looked around nervously. “Carrie!” I whispered harshly. I didn’t want to call any attention to myself. But her text message simply said to meet her outside. After I undressed, of course. She was very clear about that part. I had to take off every single item. In my mind, I could still see the winking emoticon. Not hearing any reply, I walked even further away from the college building. Up ahead there was a low circular brick wall, and in the middle the school planted manicured hedges. It kind of obscured my view of the path beyond. Plus, it was dark out. Suddenly, a young woman came bounding toward me, around the curve of the masonry. She had long, strawberry-blonde hair. And she was grinning from ear to ear. “Oh, Erica, you did it!” Carried squealed with playful delight. “You got my message!” “Uh-huh,” I said, shocked that I had walked so far from my class, and a little breathless. My friend was wearing jeans that hugged her round bottom. She was taller than me, and had on a top that only reminded me her breasts are bigger than mine. I was feeling very self-conscious about my small tits as we stood in front of one another. “So where are your clothes?” Carrie giggled. I slipped the black backpack around and held it with both hands in front of myself. “In here. Everything’s in here.” The young woman held out her arms in request. “Let me see, Erica.” Reluctantly, after looking left and right and over my shoulder, I gave the bag to her. This momentarily left me with nothing. I felt even more exposed, if that was possible, and slapped an arm across my chest and hid my pussy with my other hand. Behind me, my ass cheeks clenched as I anxiously stood up on my toes. Carrie had opened the zipper so she could idly pick through the items inside my backpack. It seemed to take forever. I was sure I was going to get caught. Finally, I gasped, “So… what happens now?” Through her red and golden tresses, she peered back at me with mischievous green eyes. “Now you go back to class, Erica.” “What!” I nearly shrieked, and even dropped my arms. “I can’t go back to class like this!” We were standing outside, not very far from the academic building where other students might exit. At least it was dark, although I’m sure my bare skin must stand out if anyone looked closely. I turned my head again, to notice the lights at the building’s entrance, as well as windows up on the second and third floors. “Aw, you are so cute and nude!” Carrie teased. “Here’s the deal. I will let you have your bag back, after I confiscate all your clothes. Then you return to your classroom…” I trembled and repeated in a small voice, “Go to class naked with just my backpack?” “Or,” the strawberry-blonde held up her hand, indicating that I had a choice, “you can come along with me, Erica, but I get to keep your bag and all the stuff inside!” Bringing a finger to my lip, I slowly turned around and faced the building. It’s like I wanted to show Carrie my bare ass, and make her realize I was completely naked! My mind raced, wondering what would be the better option. Of course I knew I couldn’t go back to the classroom, but part of me fantasized about it. At last, I turned around again to look at the young woman. “I can’t do it! I’m too scared…” “Good,” Carrie hefted my backpack over her shoulder. “I was hoping to get you to hang out with me.” Her eyes lowered, and I followed her gaze. My outer pussy lips had parted and my pink labia were unfolding. Even though we were friends, I was still greatly embarrassed by this uncontrollable display of my arousal. To make matters worse, I had lost my only covering. My arms dangled helplessly at my sides as my nipples poked out long and hard. The precocious young woman tossed back her mane of hair and smiled at me. She spun around, to head back toward the winding path that cut through our college campus. I ran my hands through my own wavy brown shoulder-length hair. What was I supposed to do? I followed after Carrie. “Wait up!” I squeaked, wanting to stay close to her. OK, this was weird, walking around my college naked at night. It’s not like streaking, since my friend walked at a casual pace. I moved at her side, sometimes clasping both hands over my pussy, sometimes holding my hands in front of my breasts. Sometimes, I twirled around as we walked, because I was nervous and worried about who might see me from behind. After a while, I asked Carrie, “Um… can we get off the main path?” Looking around at the wide lawns to either side of us, she answered, “What’s the matter, Erica? Do your pretty little feet hurt?” The real reason was that I was certain we were going to run into other students very soon. We had come close to the residence halls and the parking lots were not too far. I thought Carrie was going to take me to her car and drive me somewhere. “Oh, no, we are going to continue our evening stroll,” she told me. “But we can cut across the grass here.” I watched as she departed from the paved walkway and started moving in a new direction. Then, I hurried to follow her. My bare butt bounced playfully. At first, I was relieved to be off the campus path and less likely to be seen. However, the short blades of grass tickled my bare feet, making me more aware of my nudity. The sensations cause my skin to tingle, and I secretly touched one of my nipples. This was outrageous! I screamed to myself, and a part of me wanted to ask Carrie to give me my clothes back. But I only mustered the courage to ask my friend, “Where are we going?” The strawberry blonde smiled down at me. “I thought we might get a bite to eat. There is a place that opened up, just outside the campus. It’s a gourmet hot dog take-out restaurant.” “I hadn’t noticed,” I mumbled. Together we passed over the moonlit lawn. This early in Spring, it was still warm outside. I only hoped Carrie knew where she was going. It was difficult for me to concentrate and keep my sense of direction, before feeling lost. And then, after a few more minutes, we approached a two lane street. I thought I recognized it as the one that led to the college entrance. Confident, Carrie stepped out onto the side of the road. More bashful, I slipped behind her. A pair of headlights flooded the quiet avenue as a car drove by in the night. The driver honked the horn, but continued on past us. “Oh my gosh!” I cried next to my taller friend.

**38 – Erica at the Barbeque By American Cowboy**

Late in May, I was invited to a barbeque get-together with Carrie and Alicia, and a few friends from college. What I didn’t know was that Lisa would be there too, the bossy blonde bitch who had always picked on me in high school. The girls told me it would be fine, but there were already people around who I didn’t recognize, and immediately felt shy and nervous.

Still, it was a beautiful sunny afternoon. I was dressed in shorts that showed off my slender legs, and a T-shirt with no bra underneath. Also, I was wearing sneakers with no socks. My outfit was comfortable enough. Again, had I known who was going to be at the house, I think I would have put more clothes on.

The house itself belonged to one of my college professors. An older student was working with him on a research project, and had access to the property while the professor was away. By older student, I mean a guy in is mid-twenties, who supposedly seemed decent enough from what I had heard. But for me being innocent and nineteen-years-old, the whole idea was exciting as well as making me anxious.

Upon arriving at the house with my friends from school, we found that Lisa was already in the backyard. She was there along with a handful of other college students of mixed company, guys and girls. Don’t ask me how they even managed to arrange to use the house, or how my friends got involved, except for the one graduate and I guess some connections.

Right away, Lisa started teasing me about my small breasts in front of everyone!

“Cut it out,” I remember whining as the other young men and women laughed, even Alicia and Carrie.

For some reason, I had to urge to step out of my sneakers. As if I could do anything to distract from the verbal undressing Lisa was giving me. I realized then that she was really annoyed. As if she didn’t want me to even be here. Somehow, my friends brought me along anyway, against Lisa’s wishes. At that moment, it made me feel so grateful of Alicia and Carrie for sticking by me.

“Why, I bet Erica’s not even wearing a training bra under that T-shirt!” the blonde young woman continued to get laughs at my expense.

“No… maybe!” I replied, confused, whirling around to see many faces I did not recognize.

Lisa, sensing she had me right in the crosshairs, folded her arms in triumph. “Then go ahead, lift up your shirt.”

It’s like we were in high school all over again. “No! I won’t… you’re right, Lisa, I’m not wearing a bra!”

My face blushed in embarrassment as I made the admission. The reason of course was because my breasts were so small. Even with Carrie and Alicia on either side of me, resting a reassuring hand on my shoulder, I was envious of my two friends who were more developed.

The other guests at the house had apparently enjoyed enough of my torment, as they started to spread out and seek amusement elsewhere. A couple of guys went over to the barbeque grill to make preparations and get things started. Some girl went in search of stereo speakers they could use to pump out party music. I thought I could hang around with my friends, but Alicia suddenly disappeared. And I saw Carrie off in the distance, the strawberry-blonde already the center of flirtatious attention.

I kind of wandered around, not really talking much. Most of the college students here were strangers to me, and I’m not very good at making new friends. I longed for the company of my friends, even Lisa, who at least I knew since high school.

Then I turned, and saw Alicia come out of the house. She was wearing a black bikini. Putting her hands to the sides of her mouth, she called to the other guests.

“Hey, girls! Let’s try out the swimming pool!” the busty brunette suggested.

There followed a rush of young women, hurrying to get inside so they could change.

I looked up at Alicia, confused. “No one told me to bring a swimsuit…”

“We didn’t mention it?” my friend smiled. “Oh, sorry, Erica. Well I guess you can always go swimming in your underwear. Just like the time we were at the water park, a few years ago!”

Ugh, I didn’t want to be reminded of that episode, and I folded my arms across my chest. “But I’m still not wearing a bra!”

“What’s that about Erica not being able to wear a bra?” I heard Lisa’s mocking voice behind me.

Looking over my shoulder, I saw her approach in a pink bikini, along with some other girls.

“I was only saying she should go in the pool in her panties,” Alicia, my best friend, responded. “Because she forgot to bring a swimsuit.”

Lisa tossed back her luxurious blonde hair, unimpressed. “I say let the little princess go skinny-dipping.”

“No!” I squeaked.

The others laughed. To my amazement, I watched Carrie then bounce out of the professor’s house, wearing only a towel. Or so it seemed. She was such a tease. But she quickly whipped the covering away to reveal a green two-piece bathing suit that highlighted her soft red and golden tresses, as well as her curvy figure. There were definitely appreciative whistles from the guys in the group.

However, Lisa was determined to bring the attention back to me, and not in a good way.

“Well if you’re not going swimming with us,” she insisted, “then you can make yourself useful and help out at the grill.”

I only turned my head for a moment, to notice a couple of hot guys in their early twenties working at the barbeque. But in the next instance, Lisa had a hand on the collar of my T-shirt and was shoving me forward. Even though she was barefoot and I was still in sneakers, the blonde young woman was taller than me.

Half stumbling, half dancing across the backyard patio, when we reached the party’s cooks, Lisa introduced us. “Hey, Brad… hey, Steve. This is Erica, and she is going to be assisting you.”

Brad looked like a surfer, with sandy brown hair. Steve was darker and had a close-cropped beard going on.

“Hey, Erica,” they both said in unison.

I averted my eyes shyly, barely able to muster a little wave. With Lisa holding tight onto my T-shirt, there was no place I could go. They chatted for a bit, before she asked if they had a spare apron around.

“Sure, right over here,” and Brad pulled a white one from a rack on the side of the grill.

Lisa took it, and folded the apron over one arm. “This is what you will be wearing, Erica. But first…”

Spinning me around to face her, the blonde college girl suddenly grasped the bottom hem of my T-shirt! She lifted it swiftly, catching me completely by surprise. My face was muffled in the fabric even as my arms were raised, allowing Lisa to pull off the T-shirt.

Immediately, my hands darted to cover my breasts and hide my nipples. Behind me, I was aware of the two boys watching me in my shorts and sneakers, and seeing my bare back. I gasped, and crept closer to my nemesis, Lisa.

“Please… please don’t strip me,” I whispered.

The blonde twenty-year-old only smirked, and unfolded the apron. She set about at once, draping it over my head, and tying the strings behind my neck. I pulled my arms out and she spun me around, ungraciously making a knot in the apron string at my back. Looking at the boys, they seemed to be enjoying this. But then my eyes went wide. Lisa had grabbed my shorts, together with my panties, and yanked them to my feet!

“Oh!” I gasped.

The front side of the apron of course covered me well enough, reaching down to my thighs. I lifted one leg at a time, allowing Lisa to take the rest of my clothes. Part of me wanted to run away.

“Sneakers off,” she demanded.

I couldn’t believe this was happening, and so fast. “But, Lisa…”

Despite the weak protest, my mind whirled and I found myself easing one bare heel out of a sneaker. I slipped the other off, so that my toes arched on the white concrete patio. Now I was completely naked under the apron. Over my shoulder, I saw Lisa grab the shoes and toss them across the back yard.

She gave me a slap on my exposed bare bottom. “Well, guys, I’m off to splash around in the pool!”

I did not turn around, but watched out of the corner of my eye as Lisa stalked off in her bikini. It made me feel very self-conscious as I saw the boys eyeing her curves. My fingers fidgeted nervously with the front of the apron, hoping to be ignored, yet envious of the attention of the other young women. Again, my emotions were very confused.

In a way, I sort of felt like a little girl who was not old enough to swim with the grown-ups. Even though it was my own fault, because I did not bring a bathing suit. So I was forced to stay behind and help with the cooking.

Then I heard Steve say to his friend, “Brad… the grill!”

All three of us turned to the stainless steel barbecue, and saw smoke coming from under the closed hood. The boys quickly threw on protective mitts and opened up the hatch, which allowed flames to jump out. I was startled, but also amazed at how efficiently these college guys went about working the grill and getting everything under control. However, the hot dogs apparently could not be salvaged.

“Looks like we need to put on another batch,” Brad laughed as he dumped the charred and blackened meat into the garbage.

Steve then turned to regard me. “Erica, go grab us some wieners.”

I stood, shocked, and stared at the boys. Not boys, I kept telling myself. Young men, who were just a few years older than me. My eyes shifted to look at them in their long shorts, wandering to steal a glimpse at their crotches. I opened my mouth and licked my lips.

“Thirsty?” Brad inquired. “You can grab a beer while you are down there.”

I looked around foolishly. “Oh! Um, where are your… I mean, where do you keep your wieners… the hot dogs!”

The guys chuckled, and then pointed to a large cooler resting on the ground not far from the barbeque grill. Shyly, I began to shuffle over. At first I sidestepped, keeping my apron covered front facing Brad and Steve. I paused and looked down at the cooler again. It was made of blue durable plastic, and had a white top with flaps that appeared to open on either end. There were probably compartments, with drinks on one side and foodstuff on the other.

As I moved closer, I realized that I had to turn slightly to open the cooler properly. I was aware of my bare feet on the nicely maintained patio. Crouching down, my knees spread apart. This caused me to open up. My labia, my inner pussy lips, had already unfolded. In this position, they would hang down and wiggle. I blushed, and glanced back at the two young men.

They were watching me. Brad and Steve were all smiles, amused and interested in what I was doing. They weren’t looking at the girls in the pool. Their eyes were on me, naked under the apron and squatting on the side of the cooler. The realization sent a thrill through my body, a warm flush over my skin and made my long nipples stand out.

I reached my arms across the top, searching for the latch on the other side. Then I leaned over, standing up some more, and sticking my bottom out. I did not keep my legs together, but had my feet about shoulder width apart, knowing the boys would be looking at my butt. It wiggled slowly as I popped open the container and took my time feeling inside.

They were not only seeing my pussy from behind. These guys from college, who I didn’t know, were getting a nice long view of my tight little “o” just above. This was so horribly embarrassing, yet also a huge turn-on. I lingered in this position a bit longer, then finally pulled out two packages of hot dogs.

**Erica and the Barbeque - Part 2**

Suddenly, I felt ashamed about my exposure all over again. I quickly stood up and turned around, facing the boys. My cheeks blushed bright red as I stepped toward them. They were taller than me, of course, and I had to look up as I obediently held out the wieners for the grill. Lisa said I had to help the guys cook, and that’s what I was doing.

Steve indicated that I should peel open the plastic packaging. “We’ve got the fire going, you hand us the dogs.”

“OK,” I replied, wearing only an apron, and used both hands to tear open the wrapping.

They were foot-longs, my fingers slowly pulling out the first beefy piece of meat. With wide eyes, I gave this to Brad, conscious of my bare bottom sticking out behind me. In fact, since I was now facing the grill, my bare backside was on display for the rest of the party guests over by the pool, if they looked in my direction.

I pulled out another raw hotdog, and wiggled it between my fingers while waiting to give it to Steve. Already, I could smell the meat cooking on the barbeque and it was a delicious aroma. The more I handled the long frankfurters, the more naughty thoughts started to creep into my head. I wanted to put one in my mouth, without the bun, and suck on it suggestively. Then I had another wicked idea.

I wanted the hotdog inside me! I wanted to masturbate with it, no… I wanted to be masturbated with it! The thought was wild, and it was a good thing I had that apron covering me. I pictured sliding the wiener deep inside my pussy, getting my juices all over it, even my cum. Then we would place the hotdog on the grill! Whoever selected that one, would be eating my pussy juice!

“You all right, Erica?” one of the guys asked me as I numbly handed over the last beef frank.

Coming out of my daydream, I gasped. My body was undeniably responding to my thoughts. Already, my nipples had grown erect. And underneath the front of the apron, my clitoris… my clitoris was poking out! I wanted to touch myself, but I couldn’t.

“I’m… I’m fine,” I replied breathlessly.

Steve lifted the front of my apron and wiped his hands. “Good, so you can help us with the potato salad.”

Quickly, I turned away before the boys could see my vulva shaved bald. I scurried back over to the cooler, where I imagined they kept the other food items. My bottom bounced playfully for them. I wish Lisa had not put me in this predicament!

There was another fifteen minutes of cooking at the barbeque, and we threw on some burgers as well. When the guys finished, I followed instructions by placing everything on serving trays, including plates and plastic forks and knives, cups and napkins. I would be the one to make several trips serving everyone else who was now seated at tables around the pool, including Brad and Steve.

It was humiliating not only because I was forced to do this with just the apron covering the front of my body, but also I was not even allowed a seat at the table. There were no chairs reserved for me. Again, I felt like a child, among the group of young adults.

“Where am I going to sit?” I whined in front of the others, who were laughing at me. Carrie suggested I could sit on her lap, if I took off my apron!

“No!” I squeaked, blushing.

Then Lisa stood up and walked around me. “Erica, I’ve had enough of you acting like a baby.”

Her fingers reached up to manipulate the knot at the back of my neck. I struggled and squirmed, but the taller blonde college girl soon had her other hand toying with the lower apron strings. As the others were watching, I managed to spin around so I was facing Lisa, but still caught in her embrace. I looked up into her cold, calculating eyes.

We danced around, closer to the edge of the pool.

“Time to go for a swim,” Lisa laughed.

I was off balance already, when she gave me a push. My arms flailed out wildly. I could feel my bare heels on the curve of the cement perimeter, slipping backward. The young woman reached out and grabbed the front of the apron in her fist. Momentum and gravity kept me going in the opposite direction.

The apron strings had been loosened by Lisa’s hands, and they came undone completely as I fell.

I fell into the water with a splash.

When I came up for air, I could hear an uproar of whistles, cheers and laughter from the guys and girls who went to my school. I raised my head to find Lisa standing on the edge of the deep end. She was wearing a smirk, one hand on her hip, and in the other… she waved the white apron.

I didn’t have to look down. I could feel the refreshing water over my body, seeping into my holes and making my bare skin tingle. Treading water, I was completely embarrassed by the fact that I was now totally naked. The others must have gotten a nice glimpse when I staggered and fell into the pool, the apron whisked right off me. Now I dunked my head underwater, fully submerged, my legs kicking beneath me.

Again, I had to resurface to breathe, and I slicked my hair back with my hands. Since I was doggie-paddling, I could not cover up. I was afraid that the girls who were still in their bathing suits would jump back in the pool and tickle and tease me.

After a while, Lisa ever being in control of the situation, ordered me to get out.

“No… I can’t!” I gasped. “Somebody bring me a towel!”

The others laughed, but Lisa remained steadfast. “Don’t make me come in there and carry you out!”

My friend Alicia chimed in, “Aw… but Erica looks adorable skinny-dipping!”

Oh God, she was right, I was skinny-dipping, alone, in front of these people who attended my college! I swam around a little, feeling my pink labia wiggle in slow motion underwater. The further I moved away from the edge of the inground pool, the more they could see me from the table. I tried to keep only my bare shoulders visible.

Finally, I decided I had better not test Lisa’s patience. With much reluctance, I paddled my way over to the stainless steel ladder that hung on the other side. Nervously, my fingers curled around the top rung and I pulled myself out of the water. I bashfully glanced across at the gathered twenty-something-year-olds around the table.

Stark nude, I emerged from the swimming pool. Immediately I covered my small tits and pussy with my hands. Water glistened on my body in the sun, dripping from my dark hair hanging down in strings just past my neck. I started to walk toward the table on the deck. Trailing behind me, I made little footprints on the white marble, or cement, or whatever it was.

The other ladies were still in their bikinis, although some had wrapped towels around their waists. I was the only one naked. This of course earned whistles and howls from the guys. It sort of made me feel good, but I was also embarrassed from head to toe in front of the ones who I didn’t know very well. Besides my small breasts, which I was always self-conscious about, I was now ashamed to show my pussy. It was hairless and pink, sloppy with pronounced labia that dangled like wings. In addition, my clit was poking out. I was afraid I would look horny, and I was!

“Can I put on some clothes?” I pleaded.

Lisa shook her head. “No way, Erica. This is too good.”

“But, Lisa…” I whined.

“But, Lisa!” the blonde young woman repeated, mocking me. “Sorry, princess, but you will be spending the remainder of your time here this way. I guess you could always leave.”

I had made it all the way to the table, and everyone could see me as I desperately tried to cover myself. Some of my friends, like Alicia and Carrie, smiled along like this was all in fun. Others were clearly amazed that Lisa was able to boss me around. It was pretty unbelievable. Then one of the guys spoke up.

“Hey, we could use some more drinks over here,” he said, watching me, the naked serving girl. Lisa only folded her arms, expecting me to perform my duties. I knew I was trapped. Alicia and Carrie were my ride here, so I could not realistically just leave as she had suggested. Defeated, I shyly lowered my other arm so I could use both hands to cup my pussy, and this caused my long nipples to spring out. There were more giggles and laughter. I turned around and started to walk toward the barbeque grill and the cooler with the refreshments.

They all got to enjoy a long view of my bare bottom. Unobstructed, with no apron tie-strings across the middle of my back, or knotted behind my neck. I was all smooth skin from shoulders to heels, and I could feel every pair of eyes on my slim figure. When I reached the cooler, I bent down and pulled out four bottles of beer. I was able to grasp two in each hand, the long bottlenecks between my fingers, but I couldn’t help brushing them over my tits.

“Oooh,” I secretly moaned at the delightfully cold sensation.

Returning to the poolside table, I walked with my arms extended, leaving my full frontal nudity on display. It’s not that I was growing more confident, but to my horror, I was becoming so aroused. Lisa knew this, and I think it was her game. Besides, I really had no choice since I had to be careful carrying the beers.

I padded barefoot right up to the young man who made the request, and placed the bottles on the table. Rather than stepping back, I simply lowered my arms to my sides.

From there, they passed around the beers and one of the girls asked, “How did you get these, Carrie? You’re not twenty-one.”

“I was very persuasive,” my friend with long strawberry-blonde hair replied.

Another guy who went to our college laughed. “You mean you showed the clerk your charms. Flashed your boobs…”

“Flashed?” Carrie pretended her gasp in shock, her green eyes sparkling. “No, I stripped naked right there in the store!”

The young men and women laughed. I knew she was joking. By the idea made me very hot. That’s why she said it. Carrie glanced over at me and winked. And then I had my hand running down my tummy, my other fingers teasing a nipple.

Before I knew what had happened, I found myself sitting on the lap of the young man, facing my friends and the other guests. It was like I was just standing there one moment, and the next I was giving him a not so private lapdance! I don’t think he touched me to pull me over. Instead, I just sat down and started grinding against him.

“Your friend is kind of sexy,” I heard the guy say as his hands held my waist.

“More like she’s some kind of a secret nympho,” another young lady replied.

“Are you sure she’s legal? Looks like she’s still in high school,” one girl commented on my petite and youthful appearance.

“Her breasts are too small,” Lisa chimed in, unimpressed as usual.

Oh! They were all talking about me as I wiggled around naked in the arms of this college guy, being felt up and played with! My heart was beating faster with sexual excitement. I knew I was going to cum, right here in front of everybody.

“Well, Erica is still a virgin,” Alicia said, not to embarrass me, but perhaps to defend my behavior or protect me.

“Not for long…” the boy behind me laughed suggestively.

And then all of a sudden, everything went crazy. The graduate student who had let us onto the professor’s property came rushing out the back door. I had not realized he was absent from the poolside table along with the rest of us. And now, I was in a daze, only half aware of my surroundings.

“We have to clear out!” the young man shouted, waving his arms. “He’s back! I thought Professor Green was away for the week… Everyone grab your things and get out of here!”

Immediately, there was a whirlwind of activity. I was pushed aside, as the fellow jumped up from his chair. Some of the other guys ran to the barbeque grill to grab the cooler and any leftover food. The girls in their bikinis picked up towels and hurried into the house where the rest of their clothes were.

For a brief moment, I stood alone in the backyard completely bare.

**Erica and the Barbeque - Part 3**

My eyes blinked, and then I decided I should run into the professor’s house as well. I climbed up the deck to find the sliding backdoor left open. Quickly, I slipped inside the home. It was a large home, and a little disorientating, especially trying to make my way around in a panic. When I stepped into the kitchen area, my toes on the tiles reminded me of my nudity. Holding my small breasts with both hands, I ran into a hallway.

I followed this around, stopping just as I passed an open bathroom. Catching my reflection in the mirror, I saw my shoulder-length hair was drying, but still stringy from the water. I reached for a comb lying on the sink, and pulled it through once. My brunette tresses went silky straight then started to form waves.

“What am I doing?” I gasped, looking down to notice my nipples pointing at the ceiling.

Abruptly, I placed the comb back on the vanity counter and slipped back into the hallway. My mad dash through a stranger’s house continued. Well, not exactly a stranger. Professor Green taught some introductory courses, one which I had finished taking. I just did not want him to find me like this! He must be paid well between his research projects and work at the university, as I discovered more extravagant furnishings in each room I passed through.

I heard footsteps upstairs, and figured it was the girls getting changed in a hurry. Nervous, scared and excited, I wondered what to do. Alicia and Carrie were my ride, so I thought I should try to find them and stick together. The grand staircase that led to the second floor was near the entry foyer of the house. I was making my way in that direction when the front door started to open.

“Oh gosh!” I whimpered to myself, a hand running down my bare tummy.

Turning around completely, I decided to dash into a side room. This appeared to be a richly furnished study or library. Mahogany woodwork everywhere, shelves lined with books from floor to ceiling, and even a fireplace. The chair in the corner looked like it would feel delightful to sit in, shiny leather against my skin. I had only paused for a second to take in the lavish setting, and then I heard more footsteps just outside in the hallway.

Quickly as I could, I scampered around to duck behind a desk.

Professor Green walked into the study.

“Hello… who’s there?” he called out.

Horrified, I crouched down and found I could fit under the desk, staying hidden because of the front facing modesty panel. That was kind of ironic, considering my present condition. I listened to the man’s shoes on the hardwood floor. An older gentleman, a little heavyset, my college professor had a grey beard and kind of a grandfatherly quality about him.

He searched the room visually for the intruder. I could feel his eyes scanning along the walls, peering behind round-rimmed glasses. Without realizing what I was doing, my fingers reached down and I started stroking my pussy lips. The inner folds, my labia, were already pulled out and moist. Now I made sure my clitoris was exposed, rubbing the hyper-extended nub.

My heart was beating wildly as I started to get swept up in a flood of emotions. Of course I tried to be quiet and hear if the professor was approaching. I closed my eyes and bit my lip, one hand holding a knee while the other played with my pussy.

The rubber-tipped end of a cane tapped the floor in front of the desk I was hiding under.

“And who do these little toes belong to?” the older gentleman asked.

Shocked that my foot was visible, I still managed to squeak, “No one!”

“No one?” he chuckled at my small feminine voice. “Now come out from there, Miss.”

I had been discovered, and I was trapped. There was no choice but to reveal myself to my college professor. Nervously, I wrung my hands trying to stall for time.

“I’m nineteen-years-old,” I told him from beneath the study’s desk.

Professor Green tapped his cane patiently.

“I go to the college you teach at,” I continued. “And… I was in one of your classes in the Spring semester.”

“Fascinating,” he replied dryly.

Finally, I braced myself and started to scoot my butt over, out from under my hiding place. I turned around so that I was facing the desk from the other side, and placed my fingers on the polished surface. Slowly, I raised my head so he could see me.

“Erica… is that you?” the professor seemed just as surprised as I had been about getting caught.

“Yes, sir.” I answered.

“What ever are you doing in my house?” the man asked, genuinely perplexed.

Instead of responding, I moved a little higher so that my bare shoulders came into view. I glanced to either side shyly, and then looked back at the college professor. He said my name again. I was surprised he remembered me.

Slowly I raised myself until I was standing behind the desk. First my small perky breasts, with long nipples wiggling up and down. Then my trim stomach was revealed with my adorable bellybutton on display. The front of the desk just managed to shield my bare genitalia.

“My goodness, Erica, are you…”

I opened my mouth to explain, “Yes, I don’t have any clothes on whatsoever.”

As I made the admission, shame washed over my body, yet the humiliation of the situation created a wonderful feeling between my legs and in my tummy. On the floor, my toes curled with naughty delight.

But Professor Green’s voice brought me out of my dreamy state. “Erica, why are you in my house, naked?”

Suddenly, I felt that I should cover up for the college students who organized today’s barbeque. Not that they did anything for me. In fact, it was because of their irresponsible behavior I was even in this mess! But somehow, I couldn’t bring myself to get them in trouble.

“Well, um,” I started, grasping for an excuse and lifting one hand to graze a nipple, “you see, I had come over here today hoping I could speak to you about my classes. And then when I found you weren’t home, I wandered around to the backyard. Your pool looked so inviting, I decided to take a swim. But I didn’t bring a bathing suit with me…”

My voice trailed off, and the professor did not seem all that convinced. “You went skinny-dipping in my swimming pool?”

Bashfully, I started to walk out from behind the desk. The knowledge that I was lying, made me want to show myself. I came around to stand before the older gentleman, head to toe nude, my hairless pussy unfolding for him.

“It’s a lovely pool,” I told my college professor breathlessly. “Oh! Mmmm… and then I saw the backdoor was open, so I came in here… after I dried off.”

I brought both hands to my breasts and quickly turned around.

Seeing my tender bare bottom, Professor Green replied, “That is strange. The only other person with a key to this house is Todd, the graduate student I am working with.”

Uh-oh! I was going to get that young man into trouble with my wild story! Surely he would be questioned. Of course he set up this whole barbeque party to begin with, unless maybe someone at college put him up to it. Thinking to change the subject, I walked forward to one of the bookshelves lining the wall of the study.

I stood up on my toes so I was showing the soles of my bare feet, reaching with both arms to caress the leather-bound books on higher shelves. My legs were apart, allowing my pink labia to dangle into view. I felt my brunette hair fall just past my neck, as I looked over my shoulder to make sure the professor was watching.

“You have an interesting collection,” I told him, stretched out fully nude in front of the bookcase.

“Erica,” he said softly.

Before my teacher could continue, I saw Alicia walk by the open doorway! She spotted me, and made such a face like she couldn’t believe what was going on. But my friend motioned silently with her arms that the girls were getting ready to leave. I didn’t want to call attention to her, so instead I turned around and faced Professor Green. Walking toward him, at the same time, I was planning to make a hasty exit. Unfortunately, I was incredibly aroused and the evidence was all over my body.

“Actually, sir, I came here today to ask you about attending classes.” I paused and licked my lips. “Naked…”

The older gentleman removed his glasses, wiping them with a handkerchief he had pulled from his jacket. “Well, I’m not certain that would be appropriate.”

While he was preoccupied, I decided to make my move. The truth is, if I stayed in that room one more minute, I was going to orgasm and squirt my juices all over the floor. Desperate and anxious, I looked to my left. Then I stepped to the side, preparing to leave the study.

“I’m sorry, I have to go!” my voice trembled with excitement.

I ran back out into the hallway, swift and nubile. My bottom bounced playfully behind me as I passed through the entry foyer, my erect nipples wiggling and pussy lips flapping. Fingers reached for the knob on the front door, which I pulled open. I streaked outside into the daylight.

“Hurry, Erica!” my friend Carrie called for me from the car on the side of the street.

“Oh… oh!” I cried, trying to hold it in, as I shuffled barefoot down the driveway.

I was grateful my friends even waited around. But another car drove by on the road, beeping its horn when I was in full view. Despite some moments earlier when I was acting sexy, I was in fact totally embarrassed.

The girls of course laughed, finding this all so hilarious. Alicia in the back seat pushed opened the door for me to tumble inside the car. Before the professor even knew what happened, Carrie sped off. I did hope I had bought enough time for the other students to collect their things and clear out.

To my amazement and frustration, my friends would not let me cum. I begged and pleaded, but Alicia kept my hands from my body, grinning during the entire ride back home. I’m not sure what Lisa did with my clothes, but I probably would not be seeing them again.

Carrie suggested we make a stop at the shopping mall, but Alicia had the good sense to advise her to drop me off at my house first. When we arrived, I eagerly jumped out of the car, waving goodbye to my friends. I dashed up the front path and found the door already open.

Walking inside, I was startled to run into my older stepbrother Robert in the kitchen. I had completely forgot he was over here today. Standing in the doorway, my arms hung at my sides allowing the young man to look me up and down. Then he laughed.

“Erica, I could have sworn you had clothes on when you left this morning,” Robert teased.

I wiggled my toes and replied, “Yeah, well, it’s a long story.”

“Did you want to tell me about it, kiddo?” he asked politely. “I’ll get you a drink.”

The thought of staying undressed and chatting with my stepbrother had me positively soaking. My skin tingled. I lifted a hand to run through my hair. But I couldn’t do it. My face blushing, I turned to leave the kitchen.

“No thank you!” I said, overwhelmed with emotion.

Then I ran the rest of the way down the hallway and into my bedroom. I climbed onto my bed and started playing with myself. My knees were sticking up, wide apart, as one hand reached between to open my bare lips. I fingered and rubbed and teased, while my other hand massaged my breasts.

Soon, I had a very vocal orgasm, knowing that Robert was in the house. It seemed I could not stop cumming as my whole body quivered on the sheets.

And I left the door to my bedroom wide open.

**39 -**

my neighbors might see me, but then again, they might very well see me standing here on the doorstep. So I allowed Carrie to lead me by the hand, as we walked back onto the driveway toward the side of the house. Of course, she made no effort to be cautious about it. Just parading around her naked friend, like it was the most natural thing in the world. We opened up the gate on the chain link fence, the grass on my feet feeling so sensual. There did seem to be more privacy once we were behind my house, although there really aren’t any high trees along the edge of the property. If anyone was home next door, and happened to be in their yard, and happened to look in this direction, they might see me.

At her next suggestion, Carrie had me reclining on one of the white lounge chairs on the patio. The plastic felt nice on my bare back and bare butt. Above, the sun was beating down on my body and I was feeling really good. My friend knelt at my side, beginning to gently massage my breasts.

“So tell me about your walk home,” She breathed in my ear. “How many people saw you naked?”

I squirmed a little, remembering the events of just a little while ago, bringing my knees up in a slightly more guarded position. Carrie’s palm on my thigh soon had my legs stretched out along the length of the chair, even parted.

“Well…” I started slowly. “Things were good at first. I escaped from your house, and made it safely down the street. There was a boy mowing the lawn, but I don’t think he saw me from behind the fence. Then I made it a couple of blocks further, and that’s when… Oh my gosh, Carrie! Those guys from school, John and Henry, they saw me completely naked! I showed them everything…”

Squeezing my knee with one hand, my friend traced a circle around my bellybutton, but she didn’t touch my shaved mound. “That sounds hot! What else happened?”

My skin was hot beneath her touch as I answered, “Oh… then a mother and her little boy saw my bare behind. I ran most of the way home, then, and I’m sure a handful got a look at my body. A couple of neighbors from a few blocks down, a girl delivering cookies, even a car beeped their horn as it drove past me!”

“Wow, sounds like you put on quite a show!” Carrie proceeded to wet one of her fingers and flick my nipples back and forth.

“Uh-huh,” was all I could reply, spreading my legs wider apart.

“Well, I’ve got something for you, Erica. But first I want you to close your eyes.”

I did as I was asked, and when I felt her hands lift off my body, I let my own fingers play with my titties. Suddenly, there was a cold object placed on my tummy. My toes curled, but I kept my eyes shut. Carrie started rolling this thing over my stomach, not an unpleasant feeling. It seemed cylinder in shape, or maybe like a cone… one end fatter than the other end. Also, I could tell its surface was ribbed. The suspense was driving me mad, as she rolled it along my inner thigh.

“What is it, Carrie!”

My friend laughed, “It’s a carrot, Erica. Now what do you think I should do with it?”

I opened my eyes, and indeed, held between her fingers was the six or seven inch orange vegetable. She used the bristles on the unpeeled skinny end to tantalize my erect clitoris. I desperately cried out, “Put it inside me… Put it inside my pussy!”

This time it was Carrie who did as was asked, and she slowly lined up the carrot with my vagina. I was already well-lubricated so when she pushed the tip forward, she found that it easily slid in. My friend teasingly pulled it out completely as I gasped with pleasure. But the carrot entered again, and my greedy pussy lips clamped like a vice. Now Carrie pushed and pulled, back and forth, even twisting it as she thrust deeper and deeper. My hips bucked and started lifting up and down as we got into a sexual rhythm.

“Ah, ah… Oh… Oh, yes! Oh yes!” I was screaming in ecstasy, unconcerned at this point with my neighbors. While Carrie continued to masturbate me on my backyard patio, I raised my legs to the sky and started rubbing my clit furiously.

“Mmmm…. I’m cumming! I cumming!”

“There’s my baby girl,” Carrie rejoiced at my juices squirting out, creaming the carrot and running down her arm.

I gave a final gasp, then a moan as my body finished its convulsion. My friend withdrew the carrot and stood up, gazing down at my naked form. Walking around the lounge chair, she absently tweaked my big toe. Then she headed over to the back door, which I lazily watch her open rather easily.

Still basking in the afterglow of my outdoor orgasm, I stretched out languidly, a hand resting on the curve of my hip. My eyes followed Carrie’s movements as she disappeared into the house. A moment later she was back out again, a dishtowel draped over one arm, and still holding the carrot.

“I called your parents this morning, asked them to leave the back door open for you.” She explained. “Come on, Erica, let’s find you something to eat for lunch.”

My legs were a bit sore and trembling a bit as I swung them over the chair and slowly rose to my feet. I ran a hand through my hair and shook it out, then completely naked, crept toward my fully clothed friend.

“What are you going to eat?” I asked casually.

In response, Carrie only smiled at me. Then she lifted the carrot to her lips. The skinny end, still dripping with my sweet pearly white nectar, she put in her mouth and took a big bite.

**16 - Erica and the Tree House by AMERICAN COWBOY**

“It’s a secret club!” Jimmy’s friend told us with a frown.

Alicia’s cousin, Jimmy, folded his arms across his chest adopting an equally stern expression. “Very secret… and definitely, no girls allowed!”

Carrie and I were over the house of Alicia’s Aunt, having offered to look after her eight- year-old cousin and his friend, so that she could work on a report for school. This task was supposed to have been Alicia’s responsibility, but being such a good friend, Carrie volunteered to take the little brats off her hands. Somehow, I got roped in along with the deal. What I really didn’t understand was why Carrie chose to provoke the boys and indulge their childish behavior.

“So you’re saying,” my blonde-headed friend perpetuated the argument, “that if Erica and I wanted to join your club, you wouldn’t let us… just because we are girls?”

I tried to intervene and restore some perspective to the situation. “Carrie, I really don’t care about joining their silly club.”

The boys ignored me, and Jimmy continued his taunt. “That’s right! There are strict rules about joining… the most important one is you can’t be a girl!”

“That doesn’t seem very fair,” Carrie said most seriously, then smiled at me and winked.

Jimmy’s friend, whose name was Cody, only replied, “Well, that’s the rules!”

“Come on, Carrie, let’s go inside and watch TV or something.” I tried to pull my friend’s arm, but of course I couldn’t get her to budge. She was still standing there, pointlessly making her case to the boys.

“But please… we’d really love to see your cool tree-house!” Here, Cody gave Alicia’s cousin a horrified glance. “Isn’t there anything we could do, to let us join your club?”

My friend was insane, I decided, or terminally bored. Why would two seventeen-year-old high school seniors have any interest in the tree-house of a couple of fourth-graders? Maybe she was up to something, but I didn’t want to stick around to find out what. I started walking away, then turned to see Carrie still waiting to hear Jimmy’s answer.

“Isn’t there some way… some condition that you could let us in?” She sounded so earnest, so desperate, but when Carrie looked in my direction, her teeth flashed in a charmingly cunning smile.

I actually thought Jimmy was going to turn away. I figured he was tired of this game and wanted to go back to playing with Cody. Instead, the boy moved closer to Carrie, his pudgy face coming right up to her bosom.

“All right, but first you have to swear you will never tell anybody about our club. Not even my cousin, Alicia!”

I looked at my friend in disbelief, but she only placed one hand over her heart and raised the other arm. “Ok, we swear…”

“And,” Cody stepped forward to stand by his friend, “you’ll have to do whatever we tell you. Because you’re different from us… we’ll have to treat you different!”

Now Carrie giggled and said, “Oh, yes, we agree!”

“Carrie!” I exclaimed, watching her hop up and down to show her enthusiasm.

Jimmy glanced at me, then back at my friend before gruffly saying, “Fine! Let’s go!”

The two boys led us to the largest tree in the backyard. It must have been a willow or something like that, with its massive trunk rising up to the spreading branches above. There were rectangular wooden blocks nailed into the bark, apparently good enough for use as hand and footholds. Looking up, I could just make out the planks of the platform. From down here, the tree-house seemed a lot bigger than I imagined.

“We’ll go up first,” Jimmy announced. “Then, if you girls still want to be in our secret club, you’ll have to climb up on your own.”

At the thought of scaling such a height, I reached over and squeezed Carrie’s arm. She just smiled and patted me on the shoulder. Her eyes danced with excitement. We watched Alicia’s cousin and friend scamper up the side of the tree like squirrels. Pretty soon, they had disappeared, lost among the leaves and branches.

“You can come up now,” Cody’s voice laughed down at us. “If you girls aren’t too scared!”

“Erica, why don’t you start climbing,” Carrie suggested. “This way, if you should fall, I’ll be here to catch you!”

I must admit, I was more concerned about reaching the tree-house, and then being left alone with the little monsters. But I trusted my friend enough to suppose she would be following soon after. And the idea that she was below, ready to lend support, was reassuring. So I flipped my light brown hair back and said, Thanks, then placed my sneaker on the first block.

It was rather easy going as I lifted myself with my hands, and stepped up with my other foot. I’m pretty light, and the wooden blocks were solidly secured to the tree trunk. When I was well off the ground, I looked back to see Carrie waving at me. Oh my, I must have climbed a good ten feet! And it looked like there was another couple of yards to go. Now I was starting to get a little nervous. I mean, I could still lift myself forward, but I wondered about getting back down.

Once my hands found the platform of the tree-house, my head popped through an opening in the floor. From here, it was just a matter of pulling the rest of my body up and sliding over to the other side. Shaking leaves out of my hair, I saw that the wood planks were actually quite sturdy, nestled between the wide branches and bolted down tight. Alicia’s Uncle must have done a hell of a job putting this together. It was quite spacious, too, with a light thatched roof placed some six feet above, which easily cleared the top of my head by ten inches. Even Carrie would be able to stand up in here and not feel too cramped. For the boys, it was perfect. I saw that they had set up a table and had some food and drinks out. There was a pile of comic books in one corner, along with drawing paper, pencils and markers, toy vehicles and action figures. A couple of flashlights were available on the floor, for when they had sleepovers up here, I guessed.

“Erica!” my friend’s cousin barked at me. Jimmy and Cody were sitting pretzel-style near the opposite wall of the tree-house. “Go stand over there in the corner…”

“And put your hands on your head!” Cody added.

I must have been so relieved to not be climbing anymore, that I simply did as I was told, including locking my fingers atop my soft head of hair. Of course, in this position, with my arms raised, the bottom of my T-shirt rode up just a little, exposing my bellybutton. For some reason, I felt very embarrassed at that moment. Oh, please, I wish Carrie would hurry and get up here! I had no idea what those two devils might do to me.

After a few torturous moments of silence, Carrie’s head emerged through the opening in the platform. She looked around with a bemused expression on her face, then climbed the rest of the way into the tree-house. I just stood there, my back to the wall, and fingers entwined above my head like I was some sort of prisoner.

“What’s going on here,” Carrie laughed. “Are we playing Simon Says?”

“Sure,” Jimmy grunted with arms folded, appearing nothing so much as an Indian Chief in his tee-pee. “And Simon Says to go stand over in that corner.”

My friend gleefully followed the command, first checking to make sure she wouldn’t bump her head on the roof. I watched as she maneuvered herself to stand in the corner to my left. We were separated by maybe eight feet. Giggling across at me, she then likewise placed her hands atop her head. This also caused Carrie’s already short shirt to ride up even further, just below her breasts, revealing more of her sexy tummy. The four of us looked at each other, not a word was spoken. It was kind of awkward.

“Now what do we do with them?” Cody’s inquiry broke the silence.

Jimmy’s dark glower passed over Carrie and I before he spoke. “Since this is a secret club, there have to be rules.”

“Yeah, well one of your rules was that girls aren’t supposed to be able to join,” I felt the need to point out.

This clearly made Alicia’s cousin upset, and he stood up in a huff. “So now the new rule is, no girls are allowed in… unless they’re in their underwear!”

“What!” I exclaimed.

Carrie brought her hand to her mouth coyly, but I saw that she was grinning.

“That’s right,” Cody teased. He obviously thought the idea was very funny. “If you two want to be members of our club, you have to take your clothes off!”

On her own, Carrie sat down on the floor with her legs crossed, and started unlacing a sneaker. She wasn’t wearing any socks. My friend looked over at me still standing in the corner, and said, “Rules are rules, Erica…”

“But I don’t even want to be in their stupid club!” Now I lowered my hands, spreading my arms emphatically.

“It’s too late,” Jimmy informed me. “You’ve already been up in our tree-house, so that makes you a member. But because you’re a girl, you can’t dress like us. So you’re only allowed to be wearing your underpants!”

I just stood there, wondering what was going through the boy’s mind. Next semester I would be taking a developmental psychology class, and supposed this subject might be covered. But apparently, this was nothing sexual or erotic for Jimmy and his friend. I believe Alicia’s cousin simply enjoyed bossing around two older girls, and the humiliation was just part of his bullying. Meanwhile, Cody was mature enough to only appreciate the humor of the situation, as he giggled with every mention of the word “underwear” or “underpants”. Maybe they were just curious.

Looking to my side, I saw that Carrie had already discarded her shorts, and was in the process of peeling off her top. Once the shirt was removed, tossed onto the floor of the tree-house, she leaned back on the heels of her hands… scantily clad in but a bra and pair of panties!

The sight of her luscious body had me licking my lips. I felt my nipples harden and press against my T-shirt. Down below, my clit began poking out from its hood. I hoped it wouldn’t be noticeable through the material of my own moistening panties. Carrie pulled the long tresses of her strawberry-blonde hair over her shoulder and said, “Ok, Erica, now it’s your turn…”

As if mesmerized by her long legs and all that bare skin, my fingers started fidgeting with the button on my jeans. Would I actually go along with this silly game? Well, no sooner had I undone the front of my pants, then I sat down on the floor, kicking off both sneakers. Next, I quickly peeled the socks from my feet, tossing them onto the pile of what was mostly Carrie’s clothes.

For a second, I looked toward my friend for some guidance. She only smiled and even hooked her thumb inside the waistband of her panties and let the elastic snap against her tummy. Oh, that did it for me! Soon I was wiggling my butt on the floor, shuffling the jeans down my legs and completely off my feet. I sat with my bare legs spread for a moment, before pulling up my knees in a more modest position.

“OK, now what?” I asked, a little breathless.

The boys looked at Carrie, then to me, still frowning as they evaluated the two of us dressed only in our underwear.

But Cody pointed out, “Hey, Erica, you’re still wearing your shirt!”

“That’s right,” Jimmy announced. “You have to take it off, just like Carrie did. Come on, we’re waiting!”

“But… but…” I stammered, my hands gripping tightly the bottom of my T-shirt.

Carrie turned toward me, playfully showing off her cleavage. She started rubbing the lacey fabric that supported her ample bosom so nicely. “What’s the matter, you don’t want to show us your bra?”

“Carrie,” I gasped, unsure of how to continue. “I’m… I’m not wearing a bra!”

This got a hearty laugh from the boys, especially Cody who was delighted to hear that forbidden female undergarment mentioned twice aloud. Meanwhile, Carrie took this opportunity to reach behind her back, and unhook her own bra. My eyes were wide as I watched her slowly slide the straps down her shoulders, still keeping a forearm tight against her chest!

“There, Erica… if it will make you feel better, I’ll pretend I wasn’t wearing one either.”

And with that, she slipped it off her breasts, and threw it toward the center of the tree-house. Her one arm was shielding her nipples, and then she used both hands to cover up her big titties. Oh my gosh, Carrie was now totally topless… in fact, she had on just one piece of clothing; her skimpy, lacey undies!

She looked at me with her hazel eyes, making me horny. Without giving it another thought, I pulled my T-shirt up and over my head. I used both hands to toss it like a basketball onto the growing pile of our clothes. Of course, this left me with my perky tits momentarily exposed to the boys. Blushing, I quickly brought my arms down, cupping a breast in each palm. I looked over again, I couldn’t believe she was sitting there just like me, half-naked. Then I turned my face back toward the boys.

“All right,” Jimmy said, satisfied with our condition of dress. “So now you’re only wearing your underwear. I want you to both stand up, and… put your backs against each other.”

My friend and I stood up, since our legs were getting cramped anyway. We even moved forward a little, clutching our equally bare breasts. I felt the wood planks beneath my feet and toes, hoping I wouldn’t step on a splinter. Near the middle of the tree-fort, Carrie and I turned around, facing opposite walls. We each took a small step back until we came in contact with each other. The length of her hair tickled my naked back, but felt nice. I knew the top of my head must only come up to her neck. I felt her curvaceous ass through the material of panties as our butts touched.

Cody then asked with child-like innocence, “Could you move your arms out of the way?”

I didn’t know what to do! I mean, I really didn’t want to show off my tits like this to Alicia’s cousin and his friend. I still couldn’t believe that I was standing here right now, dressed in so little! But if I was forced to lower my hands, then that meant Carrie would also…

“Come on,” Jimmy growled. “Boy, Erica, you don’t take orders as good as Carrie!”

Oh, oh! She did it! She must have dropped her arms, and her big bare breasts were bouncing free! Mmmm… that thought sent my tummy quivering. In fact, right then, I moved my hands to allow my fingers to run down my stomach. My nipples sprung out, fully erect. What a profile that must have made, as I put my hands at my sides! I was embarrassed, but very aroused, knowing Carrie was just as exposed.

Jimmy told us to face forward again, so that we were next to one another. I slowly turned my legs, feeling Carrie do the same, even though this would mean showing the boys everything up top. When our arms were side by side, I was tempted to steal a glance to my left, to get a peek at her wonderful naked breasts. But I was too humiliated by my own pointy nipples, and just kept my eyes locked ahead.

“Ha, ha!” Cody laughed out loud. “Carrie’s got bigger boobies than Erica!”

I thought I would die of shame. Here I was, almost completely nude, being mocked by an eight-year-old! My face and body flushed a deep shade of pink as I struggled with the urge to cover up my tits again. But I stood with my chest pushed out, nipples standing proud.

“Go ahead,” Jimmy joined in laughing at me. “Turn around to face each other, so you can see how much bigger they are!”

Well, here was the moment of truth. I had long been waiting to see Carrie’s yummy titties, I just never thought it would be like this. Licking my lips, I spun around on my bare heel and looked up at my friend’s eyes. Then my gaze traveled down her face, her chin, her lovely neck. I looked straight forward, to behold a wonderful sight…

“Hi,” she said softly and reached out to flick one of my erect nipples with a finger. “Happy to see me?”

I was speechless, I think I had to catch my breath. Her breasts were beautiful. They were well-rounded and symmetrical; bouncing juicy globes. Her pink nipples protruded just a little, but she was not nearly as erect as I was. Either she wasn’t as horny, or she was still having fun. I couldn’t take my eyes off those swelling mounds. I wanted to grasp her tits in my hands and squeeze… but I couldn’t… I wouldn’t dare do that in front of the boys. Still, I suddenly had the desire to be completely naked with her.

“I have an idea,” Cody’s high-pitched voice disturbed my lustful fantasy. “We could draw pictures of Erica and Carrie. You know, Jimmy, like the ones we saw in the art books at the library!”

Alicia’s cousin looked around the tree-house kind of bored and lazily. He spotted the paper and markers in the corner. As he got up to retrieve these items, he only mumbled, “Yeah, I guess we could do that.”

Carrie turned her head to the boys and asked, “How do you want your models to pose?”

“I don’t know,” Cody only shrugged his shoulders. The art classes in the elementary school were clearly not up to this level.

Then my friend looked at me again, gazing at my body from head to toe, and placed one of her hands on my shoulder. With her other hand, she took me by the wrist and said, “Erica, bend your knee forward a little, and try to hold this position.”

She placed my hand on her belly, just above the crotch of her panties. My fingers rested lightly on the soft skin beneath her navel. My other hand, she had me place on my hip. Then she brought her other arm onto my shoulder, gently drawing me closer. I felt so hot, so horny, drinking in her voluptuous body. About five feet over to our sides, Cody and Jimmy sat on the floor, scribbling in their pads of white parchment. I suddenly had a tempting thought.

“Cody,” I started to ask, turning my head slightly.

“Hold still!” Jimmy complained.

Sweetly, I began again, “Cody… in those books at the library… did those people…”

“It wasn’t just any people,” the boy corrected me. “They were all girls like you and Carrie!”

“OK… did those girls… were they wearing anything at all?”

Cody rubbed his nose in thought, paused, then continued to make markings on his sheet of paper. Across from him, Jimmy tore out one piece of paper and was beginning a fresh page. “Nah… they didn’t have no clothes on.”

“Oh,” I said while the hand that was on my hip, slipped smoothly into my panties. “Then you wouldn’t mind if I take these off?”

I tried to make this sound as innocent and helpful as possible. After all, it was Carrie who I wanted to see me naked. And hopefully she would follow my lead. When the boys didn’t answer, I used my one hand to tug and pull and slowly peel the material down my legs. I wondered if Carrie would assist me, but she only smiled as my bare pussy came into view, her hands still on my shoulders. I managed to get the panties below the curve of my ass, and when they were down to my knees, I shook my thighs and let them fall the rest of the way to the floor. Then I kicked my last article of clothing off my feet and toes.

I was now standing totally nude in the middle of Alicia’s cousin’s tree-house. The maneuvering I had to do to loose the panties had left my legs spread apart, which caused my pink lips to separate. Carrie could see my clitoris sticking straight out.

“OK,” my friend suddenly said, making me very aware of my sudden nudity. “Time for a new pose!”

Gripping me by the sides of my arms, Carrie pulled me a little closer, but then spun me halfway around… so that I was facing Cody and Jimmy! She moved to stand behind me, but kept a hand at each of my elbows, and all my arms could do were dangle. This left me with everything totally exposed, from my poor aching nipples to my shaved little pussy. I closed my eyes, knowing that there was nothing left to the imagination. The boys tore off a piece of drawing paper, and started scratching anew.

I felt Carrie release her hold on me, though at this point I made no effort to cover up my nude body. Over my shoulder, I could hear her shift from one foot to the other, shuffling something down her legs. Just then, I opened my eyes, and watched as what had to be her panties were thrown, sailing over my head. They landed on the floor, not too far from the pile of the rest of our clothes. Oh my, she was now completely naked behind me! Oh, oh… we were both so naked right now! My pussy tingled, and I really wanted to stroke my clit right then and there. I also wanted to turn around and see Carrie for myself. But she quickly placed her hands on my hips and stepped in closer so that her breasts squished against my bare back. And I felt something warm, soft and downy brush the crack of my ass. I guess my friend had a nice little tuft of pubic hair!

“Let’s draw pictures of their butts!” Jimmy suggested quite rudely, as if he was bored with my display of full frontal nudity.

I immediately complied, hoping to catch Carrie off guard and get a look at her pussy. But her long legs moved in step with mine, and soon I was watching her golden-red tresses cascade down her back. However, I did drop my gaze to stare for a moment at her gorgeous ass. It was so full and curvy… like her large breasts, I just wanted to reach out and grab a handful! Oh my, but all I could do was bring my arms up and pinch my own nipples.

“Could you two stand next to each other again?” Cody asked, wanting to get a look at Carrie’s butt as well. I don’t think he would appreciate it the way I did.

We did as instructed, and my naked friend and I were soon staring ahead at the wall, while the boys scribbled interpretations of our posteriors. Shoulder to shoulder, Carrie looked over at me with a secret smile. With my hands still hovering over my breasts, my lower body was completely vulnerable for contact. She reached an arm across and started touching my tummy with her fingers. Our backs and bare asses were to the fourth-grade artists, and this left her free to get into some mischief. Soon, her fingers wandered further south, and Carrie was stroking my bald pussy.

“Ooooh… Ah… Please don’t make me cum,” I whispered even as I parted my legs. Her middle finger flicked my clit, then darted inside me. “Oh, yes! No! Please… don’t do this… in front… of them!”

Carrie withdrew her hand, just as I felt I was about to have an orgasm. That was close, but oh so frustrating. I was breathing heavily, but remained in this position. I hoped the boys didn’t wonder about my labia hanging down and clearly visible from behind. Or the wetness running down my legs due to my heightened state of arousal. Fortunately, as I recovered from my near embarrassing climax, I heard the boys scramble to their feet and start walking away from us, to the other side of the tree-house.

I self-consciously turned around, draping my arms over my tits and pussy. Still turned-on, I couldn’t help but feel ashamed that my friend had been masturbating me, and nearly brought me to orgasm. I looked over at her deliciously nude body, but she had also placed a strategic hand over her bush. As she walked forward, her butt jiggled seductively, and I had to stop from fingering myself. Instead, I quickened my steps, bare feet padding across the wooden planks to stand at her side.

Jimmy and Cody laughed at us, greatly amused by the two naked seventeen-year-olds in their tree-house. I couldn’t speak for Carrie, but if they only knew how horny I was! Then Jimmy pointed and said, “There… we’ve laid out our artwork for you to admire.”

“Kind of like the art galleries they have in school,” Cody piped in.

The boys stepped aside, allowing us to continue to shuffle forward, still clutching our private parts. They didn’t have anything to hang the drawings on the wall, the papers were just spread across the floor. This meant Carrie and I had to hunch down a little and bend over to get a good look at the pieces of paper. And that must have given the boys a good look at our bare behinds! But they made no comments, and I supposed we were soon forgotten. So I too ignored Jimmy and Cody, and concentrated on their artwork.

Jimmy really didn’t put much effort into his drawings. They were little better than stick figures. Actually, the ones that said “Erica” were pretty much simple lines. I noticed that he gave “Carrie” nice big balloons for breasts. Sneaking a quick peek, I saw the real things hanging down in her arms, but her hand was still between her legs. Then I turned my attention to the drawings Cody had made, and saw he had been more detailed, maybe even talented. His version of Carrie had long yellow hair, and of course large circular breasts, but they were not oversized. Her facial features were done quite well, for an eight-year-old. My face came out pretty good too, I guess. It was kind of embarrassing because anyone could recognize that these pictures were supposed to be my friend and me. Although I noticed on my chest, Cody had made two little markings that must have been my nipples. And there between my legs on the paper, he had drawn what looked like a little pinky sticking out of my hairless crotch. Oh my goodness, the boy had drawn my clit! I now used my fingers to spread apart my vulva, and sure enough, the nub of my clit poked out like a third nipple. How humiliating!

“Hey, guys, these are not bad,” Carrie said cheerfully. She turned around with one hand placed in front of her pussy, and the other arm somehow concealing just the nipples of her breasts. “Um, Erica…”

“What?” I asked, looking to my side. I was really tempted to give her a pat on the ass.

I noticed that she let her one arm drop to the side, though still kept her pussy covered. “Erica… They’re gone.”

“What… who, Jimmy and Cody?” I stood up, letting my own arms fall, exposing my entire naked body. “Good. We can get dressed and get down from this tree!”

“No,” Carrie said as she pulled me by the hand toward the middle of the floor. “Our clothes are gone. Everything… I think Alicia’s cousin took them when he and his friend left!”

Oh no! Now we were stuck up in Jimmy’s tree-house, and we were both completely nude! I had no idea how we could get down. Turning my head, I saw there was not a scrap of clothing to be found. Those boys had taken our sneakers and shirts, our pants and shorts, and both our underwear. Pacing around the area, my nipples were quivering, still long and hard. I faced my body toward Carrie, but she didn’t appear to have any answers. I walked back to stand in front of my friend, who only kept one hand covering her pussy hair.

“So now what do we do,” I asked, exasperated, my own hands on my hips.

Carrie just smiled wickedly and lifted a finger to brush my chin. “Well… it’s pretty quiet up here. We could always make out…”

I stood there silent, struck by the very thought. Here I was, stranded in a tree-house with my buxom friend totally naked… this was perfect! Our eyes locked as she moved her hand to gently stroke the side of my face, tracing the edge of my ear. Her fingers came to rest behind my head, weaving through my hair, and she pulled me closer. Our faces were just and inch apart, our noses touched, then our lips met.

We kissed passionately, with my tongue finding hers and dancing inside her mouth. I held onto her waist while Carrie’s other hand tweaked and pulled my nipple. Oh, this was so hot! I pressed my body into hers, standing on my toes to feel our pussies grind together. Her soft, fleecy pubic hair washed over my smooth mound. Now our breasts touched, and it was electric… the sensation of her pink nipples rising to brush against my own. We rubbed our bodies together as I clenched the roundness of her bare ass. She let me kiss her face and her neck, and lick between her titties. I let her finger my clitoris, moaning in absolute ecstasy!

“Ah… Oh, yes! Oh, yes!” I called out, when Carrie sank to her knees so that she could lick my pussy. My hands rested on her head as she plunged her tongue between the folds of my snatch. Then my friend rocked backward onto the floor, laying completely on her back. With her arms, she lowered me on top of her body, breasts crushing together as we kissed again.

“Mmmm… Carrie, let’s do a 69,” I suggested, even as I repositioned myself so that my crotch was directly above her mouth. Her tongue teasingly flicked my labia as for the first time, I was able to appreciate her naked lower body. Straddling her face, I rubbed both my hands down her belly, pausing only to let my fingers twirl around her golden bush. I bent down my head, to take a nice long inhale of her pussy. Then, feeling her spread apart my butt cheeks, I began patting her vulva, searching for her clitoris. Just as I was about to take a mouthful of blonde carpet, she stopped me with a poke in the ass.

“Wait, Erica… not yet!”

I continued to stroke her pussy, even slipping a finger inside her, but turned my head to ask, “Oh, Carrie… why not?”

She gently pushed my bare legs off her chest so that she could sit up again. “I want you to do something for me.”

“Oh, what’s that?” I turned myself around and scooted forward to sit in her lap. Our pussy lips were so close, they touched, and I juggled her tits in my hands as I gave her a kiss.

Carrie returned the kiss sweetly, then said, “I want you to shave me. Completely. When my pussy is as bald as yours, I’ll let you eat me out.”

“I kind of like your fuzz,” I admitted to my friend. “But when did you want to do this?”

“Right now!” Carrie laughed excitedly. She jumped to her feet and pulled me up afterward.

I looked around nervously, still overheated, half-expecting to see that Jimmy and Cody caught us playing with each other in their tree-house! Self-consciously, my hand clamped over my pink pussy. Of course, there wasn’t anybody else up here. It was just us completely naked seventeen-year-old girls. Still, I kept myself covered as I crept along with my friend.

“Carrie… we can’t go down there like… this!”

What a sight my friend was, bending over the opening in the floor, which caused her lower lips to stick out from behind. She stayed in this position, hands on her knees, but turned her head to face me. “Sure we can, Erica. It’s not like they haven’t seen our naked bodies! And besides, we are supposed to be looking after them.”

“Yes,” I said, “but not in the nude…”

“I don’t see how we have much choice. Come on, it will be fun!” And with that, Carrie proceeded to drop her legs down the hole between the wooden planks, the rest of her bare form following after.

This was crazy! It was hard enough to believe we let a couple of fourth graders steal all our clothes. I guess the only thing to do was to confront the boys. So I spun myself around, and gingerly lowered my feet until they found the first block of wood nailed into the side of the tree. My arms supported my weight as I descended further, toes reaching for the next block. Now I remembered that on my climb up here, I had clung tightly to the trunk. This time it was a bit different climbing down, completely naked. The gnarled bark was caressing my most sensitive pink parts; my pussy brushed against the grain of wood as I continued lower and lower. The wind blew gently over my skin.

About halfway down, I looked at the green grass below me and froze. My fingers gripped the handhold in front of my face, but I felt my legs go weak. I shut my eyes, picturing the image in my mind of me trapped on the side of the tree… totally nude, like some forest nymph!

“Carrie!” I called down to my friend. “I don’t think I can move…”

“Don’t worry, Erica, I’ll come up and get you.” I heard my naked friend answer below.

She must have climbed back up, because suddenly I felt her touch on my bare calf. I didn’t know how she planned to help me, but it was comforting to have her so near. Following her instructions, I slowly moved my legs farther apart as I hung onto the handhold for dear life. Then Carrie pulled herself a little higher, letting one hand rub the back of my leg. Soon, her head must have been directly beneath my butt.

“Hold on tight, Erica” she said devilishly, and then started to eat out my ass! My clit swelled up immediately, as Carrie licked up all my juices, her tongue bathing my labia from behind. She paused suddenly to ask, “Do you like that?”

“Mmmm hmmmm,” I moaned, grinding my pussy into the tree.

“Well, there’s more where that came from, once you join me back on the ground!”

And just like that, Carrie scurried away, dropping to her bare feet on the grass below. I glanced past my shoulder and saw her flop onto her back, brazenly spreading her legs open wide. She even started to rub her own pussy, further enticing me. I was so horny then, and her ministrations had certainly loosened me up, that I had no problem to lower myself down to the base of the tree.

My legs trembled a little, but I hurried over to where my friend lay prone on the ground. I was eager to softly rub her golden bush with my toes. As soon as I approached, however, Carrie jumped to her feet, her bare breasts bouncing.

“Wait, Erica. We had better check on the boys first” she said. And just like that, she placed a hand discreetly in front of her pussy and started marching toward the house.

I really wasn’t keen on letting Jimmy and Cody see me exposed this way, again. My eyes followed the naked ass of my friend, and I found myself calling out, “Wait up, Carrie!”

With an arm slung over my chest and my own fingers covering my vulva, I jogged to catch up with her. What a sight we must have been, two utterly nude young girls in Alicia’s Aunt’s backyard! When we reached the back door of the house, I gulped dreading the further humiliation. My hands still clutched my body. But I saw that Carrie didn’t even bother to cover her breasts, she felt that her womanhood was all that need be concealed to maintain some decency. She smiled at me, then with her free hand, reached out to open the door.

It was so embarrassing entering the house like this, knowing that a couple of eight-year-olds were hiding somewhere with all our clothes. They had outsmarted us, and now they were about to see our bare bodies for the second time today. At the same time, the shame was also arousing to me, and I absently started grazing my swollen pussy lips with a finger. My condition wasn’t helped by the fact that Carrie was equally unclothed, revealing everything to my eyes except her blonde fleece below. The only thing was, she didn’t seem unnerved by the situation.

“Let’s check the den,” my busty friend suggested.

I only nodded and followed her lead. My feet stepped in time with hers, right on her heels and staying so close behind, I could smell the fragrance of her hair. We walked down a hallway before coming to the open space in the wall, where a couple of steps led to the den. Here, Carrie moved a little further away from me and to the side. We were now totally out in the open of the room as our bare feet crossed the carpet.

“Hey boys,” Carrie announced our presence, one hand resting on her nude hip, the other still shielding her pussy.

Jimmy and Cody had set up a video game consol in front of the large screen TV, and they were clearly surprised to see us.

“What… what are you two doing down here?” Cody squeaked.

His friend also had a look of shock on his face as he turned around. “I didn’t think you girls would follow us into the house! Aren’t you embarrassed…‘cause you don’t have any clothes on?”

Carrie only laughed and squeezed one of her bare breasts. “Nah… you’ve already seen everything we got. It’s no big deal. Right, Erica?”

“Um…” I stammered. What was she doing, trying some reverse psychology on this obnoxious boy? I could only shift from one foot to the other, conscious of their roaming eyes on my nubile body. My arms and hands tensed, trying to keep everything covered.

I think Jimmy sensed my discomfort, and with that, sensed an opportunity to gain the upper hand. “Yeah… well, then why is Erica holding herself all funny-like?”

“It looks like she’s trying to give herself a hug…” Cody giggled.

Carrie, not about to concede any ground, turned to me and said, “You heard them, Erica. Let’s show them were not afraid. Move your hands out of the way.”

Silently I shook my head, no. But Carrie’s eyes flashed and then her lips parted to reveal her charming smile. I really had no choice but to take a deep breath and let my hands fall to my sides.

Uncovered, my nipples sprung out fully erect. I knew that my clitoris was also erect, though thankfully obscured by folds of skin. Still, shaven as I was, an experienced eye would have no difficulty spying my little button poking out from the top of my puffed out pussy lips. Looking over at my friend, I saw that of course, she had remained with one hand resting on top of her pussy. This made me all the more aroused, and all the more humiliated to realize that I was the only one standing here completely naked, with everything on display!

At last, Jimmy grunted, apparently satisfied that wewere indeed brave enough to climb down from the tree-house and enter the home of his Aunt, even if we were stark nude. After staring at me for a while longer, he then said, “Well, I guess we don’t need to give you back your clothes!”

“What?” I exclaimed, then whirled around in frustration, giving the boys a nice look at my bare butt. “Carrie! They can’t be serious… you’re not going to let them keep us naked!”

As much as I wanted to, I refrained from hiding my pink bits. My friend only insisted, “Let them keep our clothes. You know you don’t mind running around like this.”

I didn’t know what she was talking about, but I had to play along or else make Carrie look like a liar. But it was so embarrassing, how could the boys not see me blushing from head to toe, when I turned around again with everything on show. Not only was I completely naked, I was shamed to admit, I was also so hot and aroused.

“Besides,” Carrie continued, “We have some washing up to do. Now you boys stay in here and play your games. Erica and I will be back to check on you. Come on, Erica…”

My eyes were locked straight ahead, and Jimmy and Cody were clearly fascinated by my total nudity. I almost didn’t hear what she said, but then felt Carrie tugging my arm.

“Come… on… Erica! We have some business to take care of in the bathroom.”

I inclined my head toward my friend. “Huh? Oh, yes! Of course!”

Her fingers entwined around mine, and next thing I knew we were skipping hand in hand out of the room, our naked butts bouncing. I heard the two boys laughing behind us, although we were soon back in the hallway, following the corridor until it reached the bathroom.

“OK, Erica, soap me up!” Carrie said as I closed the door upon entering, standing in all her full frontal glory.

I did a quick search around the sink and medicine cabinet for the supplies I would need. “Wait, Carrie. First, I should snip away some of the excess hair, then we can use a razor for the rest.” I paused, taking a pair of grooming scissors in my hand. “Are you sure about this? Do you really want to… to take it all off?”

My naked friend was bent over the tub, filling a basin with warm water. “Oh, yes! I want to be so smooth, as bald as a baby! That’s the only way for you to taste my pussy.”

Well, that had my mouth watering. So I asked Carrie to stand perfectly still, as I positioned myself in front of her. On my way down to examine her crotch, I could not resist taking one of her teats in my mouth and sampling a nipple.

“Ooooh,” Carrie purred delightfully, and stroked her other nipple with her free hand. “Erica, you had better keep your mind on your handiwork!”

I smiled up at my friend, then proceeded to lower myself until I was eye-level with her fuzzy vulva. With the small scissors, I clipped away the blonde curly pubic hair. I occasionally rubbed my hand over her mound, testing the length of the strands, shortening them to the point that only a razor could be used. Already, I could see her pussy lips were engorged, and her clitoris was starting to emerge. I was tempted to have myself a little lick, but she was not cleaned up yet.

“All right, Carrie, now I’m going to put the lather on you.” I said, motioning her to bring me the basin now filled with soft, foamy soap.

Then, with my both hands holding the bowl and lower body completely vulnerable, my naughty friend started stroking and fingering my pussy!

“What… oh! What are you doing?” I gasped.

Carrie laughed and asked unnecessarily, “Are you turned on, shaving me like this?”

“Mmmm, hmmm…” I moaned.

“Good, Erica! Because I want you to be completely aroused as you take off all my hair.”

Well, I didn’t need to look down to know that my pink lips were parted and my clit was sticking straight out, it was so erect. And I was embarrassed to be seen in such a condition, even though Carrie was equally nude.

Standing in the bathtub, I took a moment to catch my breath, then applied the tick lather to my friend’s tummy and legs and pussy. Her body felt so good beneath my hands, I know I must have been leaking juices. My nipples were rock hard. Still, with a steady hand I managed to take the razor and start scraping just below her belly button. Despite how horny I was, I stayed focused on Carrie’s crotch, which was just inches from my face. This in turn, only made me hotter.

Several strokes later, I had carefully removed the last of the fuzz that sprouted along her pussy lips. My hand brushed over her vulva, but there was only soap and pink skin to touch. I did use this opportunity to slip a finger into her wet smooth slit. And then Carrie was reaching for the detachable showerhead, rinsing the suds off her body. I stood back to admire my work.

“Oooh, that looks nice,” I said. “Let me have another feel!”

As I approached my friend, we met in an embrace, my hand massaging her bald pussy. Sharing a kiss, I continued to fondle her labia and began to finger Carrie’s clit. She reached out and tweaked my nipples, causing me to groan with desire. But I would be frustrated once more, when she broke our lip lock and proceeded to climb out of the tub. After drying off with a towel, she turned to me and pointed down at her shaved mound.

“Want to rub some baby oil on my pussy?”

“Sure!” I said with glee, stepping out of the tub and taking the bottle of lotion she handed me. I squirted the clear gel onto my fingers, then began rubbing my friend on the sensitive skin I had just shaved. Carrie was so smooth, it was unbelievable! I knew I was blushing as I started playing with myself right in front of her.

My friend giggled and took a step back. “OK, Erica… I think you did pretty good job. I feel so bare down there!”

I could only nod as my gaze wandered down the length of her long legs, to her cute bare toes, then back up to her now bald pussy. Oh my goodness, Carrie was so naked!

“Come on,” she said suddenly, walking past me to open the bathroom door. “Let’s see if the boys notice…”

“You can’t be serious!” I mean, we could have grabbed towels to cover ourselves, but Carrie only smiled and stepped totally nude into the hallway. More to myself, I said, “They’ll think we like being naked…”

“And remember, Erica, no covering. We have to show Jimmy and Cody that their plan didn’t work.”

I blushed at the thought that I would be showing them everything. What’s worse, as the pink flush of my embarrassment and arousal spread over my body, my nipples stiffened, fully erect. And watching Carrie’s curvaceous bare behind only made my clit stick out even further. It was so obvious how horny I was!Still, I followed my friend through the house, neither of us wearing any clothes.

When we returned to the den, the boys were still playing their video game. Carrie and I walked up right behind them, standing side by side. My blonde friend confidently put her hands on her hips, her big breasts bouncing free. I was less sure of myself and simply stood with arms dangling, although my legs were nicely parted. I was horrified to realize my juicy labia were just hanging out, but there was nothing I could do.

“Hey boys,” Carrie finally said after more moments passed of us being ignored.

Jimmy and Cody reluctantly peeled their eyes away from the television set. Looking over their shoulders, they seemed to do a double take at seeing us standing there stark naked. Jimmy grunted, “Oh… you’re back. Shouldn’t you two be hiding?”

“What were you doing in there for so long,” Cody asked, recalling the place we had gone.

“Um,” I answered quickly, which drew the fourth grader’s eyes to my bare chest. “Carrie had to take a bath…”

“Yup, all clean!” Carrie giggled and made a flourish with her hand that encompassed her nude body.

“I guess if you’re not wearing any clothes,” Cody observed, “you can take a bath any time.”

A little frustrated, my brazen friend shifted her feet further apart, as if trying to focus their attention on her pussy. “Do you notice anything different?”

The boys looked at us in annoyed silence for a moment before Jimmy remarked, “I don’t know… you both don’t have anything down there.”

“Carrie,” I reminded my friend, “You kept your hand over yourself all day, and I don’t think they saw your pubic hair. Now you and I look the same, completely shaved.”

“Oh, I guess so.” She said, a little disappointed. Then, creeping behind me, she called over my shoulder, “You know, boys, the other thing that is good about being naked is that I can show you both how… ticklish… Erica is!”

And suddenly, Carrie began running her fingers up the cheeks of my ass, causing a delightful sensation all over my body.

“Oh! Please… st-stop that!”

“Very ticklish on her butt,” Carrie pointed out. “And under her arms…”

I laughed and squirmed beneath her touch, my tiny tits bouncing and their long nipples quivering. Jimmy and Cody also laughed, enjoying my humiliation as I danced on my bare toes. I pleaded with my friend for no more, but she only ran her hand over my stomach.

“Can you guess where else Erica hates to be tickled?”

Cody was starting to get into this new game now, and eagerly raised his hand. “On her feet?”

“Hmmm,” Carried paused, which allowed me to catch my breath. This was so embarrassing… I was naked and being tickled in front of two eight-year-olds! But my devilish friend would not let up. “OK, Erica, please lie down on the carpet.”

I don’t know why I did as I was told. Maybe I thought I would escape further tickling on my rear end. Quickly I sat down on my butt, then lowered my back to the comfortable floor of the den. I brought up my knees modestly, and for the first time since we had entered the house, I clasped both my hands over my pussy.

Immediately, Carrie was displeased. “No, no… lower your legs all the way to the ground, so that your heels are on the carpet and your toes are sticking straight up. And move your arms extended all the way out on either side!”

I could not resist when she spoke so sweetly. Very soon, I was lying on the carpet in the den of Alicia’s Aunts house, spread eagle. I stared up at the ceiling knowing that there was nothing hiding the view of my bare pink slit. My nipples poked skyward a full inch. Swallowing a lump of fear and excitement, I waited to hear what she would say next.

“Now Jimmy and Cody, I want you to each kneel on either side of Erica. I’m going to see how ticklish she is on the bottom of her feet, but she might try to move around a bit. I want you boys to gently, but firmly, hold down her arms…”

I turned my head to see them get up from their video game, and the unobstructed view they had of my spread pussy, and walk over to kneel by my arms. I whimpered, “Carrie… no!”

“Oh, it’ll be all right,” she reassured me. “Boys, you can only hold onto her arms. Don’t touch any other part of Erica’s body.”

And they carefully did as Carrie said; maybe a little nervous at first. But these two were used to rough-housing and playing physical games. Soon, each one had a nice grip on my wrists and forearms. I turned my head to look at them with my big brown eyes, seeing them in return look down the length of my totally naked body. Then Carrie herself moved around to stand directly between my feet. I lifted my neck a little, and was mesmerized by the revealing sight of all her curves, her swelling breast, and her shiny new hairless pussy. Her lips were closed, giving her a cute camel toe, but I know mine were open like a flower as she knelt down before me.

“Oooh… ha, ha! Oh, stop it, Carrie!”

My friend had reached down and was running her fingers up both soles of my feet. I wriggled a little, the carpet feeling really nice on my behind, but did not break free of the boys’ hold. More tickling from Carrie caused me to arch my back and buck my hips, as a most unwelcome sensation crept into my nether regions. And then, Carrie scooted forward a bit, her large breasts dangling, as she started stroking my calf and bare shins.

“What… what are you doing?” I asked between spurts of laughter.

“I’m tickling your legs, Erica” and indeed, her fingers lightly brushed up to my knees, then started tickling beneath.

“Oh, oh… ha, ha! Please… don’t go any further!”

But Carrie only smiled and was soon touching my naked thighs. This brought yelps of pleasure from me, but horrifying, also small moans of desire. I wasn’t sure I could contain myself, as she stroked inside my leg. I kicked my feet on the floor in frustration, and my friend brushed her fingers tantalizingly close to my pussy lips.

She paused and looked playfully at Jimmy and Cody. “Where do you think Erica is most ticklish?”

In reply, Carrie started touching my pussy, causing my erect clit to stick out from its hood. This, she flicked back and forth, and rubbed the small nub between her thumb and forefinger! Then she resumed her tickle assault all over my shaved vulva.

“Please… stop… Carrie, you’re making me… don’t make me cum…” A huge orgasm was building inside me. “Please… I don’t want to cum in front of them!”

Confused, Cody asked, “Come in front of us? But you’re already here!”

I ignored the boy and bit my lip, trying to hold back a very humiliating climax. Meanwhile, under the guise of playful teasing, Carrie continued to openly play with my pussy. I mean, why didn’t she just take something and insert it inside me! Oh, I shouldn’t think such thoughts, which brought me closer to the edge… I knew I was right about to cum. And it would be wet and messy, my juices squirting all over the carpet. How would I explain that to the boys? They would think I peed myself…

“Aaahh… Aahh..” I thrust my hips up, lifting my pubic mound into Carrie’s furiously circling fingers.

Suddenly there came the sound of a car horn, the vehicle pulling up outside in the driveway. I was aware of Jimmy and Cody releasing their hold on my arms, jumping to their feet. They nearly bolted from the den, not wanting to get caught with two naked seventeen-year-old girls! Carrie also jumped to her toes, causing her bare tits to bounce wildly. I remained on the floor, laying in a very prone position, my body weak from being brought so close to a massive orgasm.

Before the boys could dash from the room, my friend called out, “Jimmy… is that your Aunt’s car?”

Just as she slung her arms over her breasts and draped a hand over her bald pussy, who should come bounding into the den, but our friend Alicia. I was slowly getting to my feet, when we all stopped and everyone looked at each other.

“What’s going on here?” Alica gasped, though a smile played at the corner of her mouth. “Why are you two stark raving naked!”

“It wasn’t our fault,” Jimmy cried like the big baby he was, beneath his bully façade. “They made us do it. Carrie and Erica took off all their clothes… your friends are weird!”

Alicia only shook her head, but turned to the two boys, “Go on and find somewhere else to play.”

Still a little dizzy, I watched the fourth graders exit the room, off to some other part of the house to wonder what just happened. I didn’t think to cover myself immediately, letting everything show. The signs of my arousal were apparent. My whole body was flushed and pink, nipples rock hard and pussy lips puffed out.

“I can’t leave you two alone anymore, can I?” Alicia walked between us, eyeing our total nudity. “You know, I don’t even want to know. But I’m guessing my cousin and his friend ran off with all your clothes, and now you have no way to get dressed.”

In the company of our friend, Carrie lowered her arms and said, “Yeah that’s true… but it allowed Erica the opportunity to shave me!”

Carrie proudly displayed her new hairless crotch to Alicia, even spread her pink lips a little. For the first time, I noticed that her nipples were quite erect… long eraser-head like protrusions atop her large fleshy globes. She was getting turned on by being caught naked! I licked my lips and started to rub my pussy.

“Well, you can’t stay here like this,” Alicia laughed. “My aunt is coming up the driveway with some packages. I have to take the car now, up to school to drop off my report. You naughty girls go out the back door and meet me out front. I’m going to have to take your bare asses with me!”

I put my other hand shyly on top of my nude pussy. “Oooh, Alicia… you’re not going to drive with us in your car, completely undressed?”

“Would you rather stay here and explain to my Aunt why you were running around naked in front of her son and his friend?” She answered the question with a slap on my butt. “Out you two go, now!”

Well, what could we do? Carrie and I jogged back through the house, our nubile bodies jiggling, and soon we were opening the back door to step outside totally nude. The sun was shining down, warm on my skin. As my feet crossed over the grass in the yard, blades tickled between my toes. For the first time, I noticed what an effect this excitement was having on my friend. Peering around the corner of the house to make sure it was safe, from behind I could see Carrie’s pussy lips puff out as she bent down a little. When she turned around completely, her shaved vulva was nicely opening up and she caught me staring at her rock hard nipples.

“Wow,” she giggled, squeezing her own breasts. “This is so hot! We’re going to have to make a run for Alicia’s car… are you ready?”

I simply nodded at my friend, mesmerized by her complete nudity. Then she turned her ass toward me, and sprinted around the side of the house. Caught up in the moment, I didn’t think to cover up anything, but followed right after her. Carrie reached the empty car parked in the driveway first, and she opened the door to slip inside. I stood there, waiting for her to let me in. Instead, she only stuck her tongue out and motioned for me to get in on the other side. Foolishly, I started to walk around the back of the car… just when I stood in full view from street that crossed in front of Alicia’s Aunt’s house, a truck drove by and honked at the sight of my bare body! This was so embarrassing, I thought to myself, hurrying to reach the other passenger door that Carrie opened for me.

“Nice show,” she teased me once I had climbed into the back seat with her.

Still breathing heavy, and flushed from head to toe, I said, “Now what do we do? Is Alicia really going to drive us up to the school like this, in the middle of the day?”

“Oooh, I think so. I mean, she can’t parade us around here in front of Jimmy’s mom!” Carrie was sitting with her legs spread apart, and she started touching her pussy. “How exciting!”

“How humiliating!” I shuddered at the thought of arriving on the school property completely naked.

My friend turned slightly on her side and reached over to massage my left breast, taking a very erect nipple between her thumb and forefinger. “Oh my, Erica… you can’t tell me this isn’t turning you on!”

Shifting my body, I faced Carrie and our heads drew closer. I thought we were about to share an intimate kiss. Suddenly, the driver’s side door opened, startling me, and Alicia climbed behind the wheel.

“Well you two look comfortable back there,” our high-school friend laughed at us. Then she started to adjust the rearview mirror. “Erica, I want you to open your legs all the way apart. Put one foot against the door, and stretch your other leg over Carrie’s lap.”

Even as I positioned my legs as instructed, I tried to protest. “But… why? Now you can see… everything!”

“I had a quick chat with Jimmy and Cody. They told me that in the tree house, you took off your underwear on your own. You were the one who got all naked.”

Oh no, how embarrassing! And now Alicia had me with my pussy on full display; my lips were separated and clitoris was sticking out in plain view.

“So this is your punishment,” Alicia continued, “for being such a naughty little girl. You will sit like that for the entire trip up to school. My goodness, Erica, even in the mirror I can see your clit! Is it true, Carrie, that objects may appear bigger than they actually are?”

Carrie had been rubbing my foot and bare leg lying over her thighs, but now she reached with her hand to stroke my little button. “I don’t know, Alicia… it’s pretty swollen.”

“Mmmm…. ahhhh!” I purred, squeezing my own titties at her touch.

“Ok, girls, hang on!”Alicia called out, readjusting the rearview mirror and pulling out of the driveway.

As we hit the road and started driving forward, my body jerked a little, causing Carrie to cup my pussy full in her hand. She used her other hand to pull the long blonde hair out of her face, then bent down to suckle on my tit. It was amazing how she licked and played with the nipple using her tongue. At the same time, she continued to tickle my labia and then inserted her finger in my wet pussy.

“Oh, yes! Oh, yes!” I cried out in pleasure.

Alicia only laughed as she made her way down the neighborhood streets. She was the only one wearing any clothes, while her two naked seventeen-year-old friends masturbated in the back seat.

“Remember, Erica, you have to keep your legs all the way apart,” Carrie reminded me. She used the palm of her hand to caress my body, rubbing circles down my stomach and vulva, then lower to feel my inner thigh. My friend dropped to her knees on the floor of the car and moved closer so that she was more or less in front of me. I placed my hands on top of her soft head of hair, guiding her down until her mouth kissed my bellybutton. But Carrie didn’t stop there. Soon, she was lapping up my juices and sucking on my pussy lips. Then she took my clit between her teeth…

“Ooooh! I’m going to cum, I’m going to cum!”

At the sound of my voice raised in ecstasy, Alicia floored the pedal and we sped down the road. This had the effect of throwing my buxom blonde friend on top of me, landing with her large breasts in my face. The sudden forward motion also had the effect of preventing me from reaching my orgasm. Although I did take this opportunity to ravish Carrie’s body.

She settled down in front of me, so close our bare pussies touched. I reached around her back and squeezed her ass tightly. Meanwhile, my nose was still buried between her tits, as I kissed her cleavage and licked her rising nipples. Pretty soon, my friend was moaning too, our bodies rubbing against each other. This was the most amazing ride I had ever taken!

“OK, ladies… we’re here.” Alicia announced, easing the car to a stop in the school parking lot.

The school was closed for a teacher’s conference, so there wouldn’t be any students around. It was a good thing, because I had completely lost sense of my surroundings and was playing with Carrie’s naked breasts while she kissed me full on the mouth. But realizing the car had stopped, she gently pulled away letting a finger trace down my chin, then moved to a more comfortable position in the back seat. My body was still tingling as I watched Alicia walk around and open the door at my side.

“Out of the car, Erica…”

Well, I was so worked up and horny at that point, I nearly jumped outside. It took me a moment to comprehend that I was standing bare-ass naked in front of my high-school. Only then did I remember to cover my small breasts and place a hand over my shaved pussy.

“You too, Carrie,” Alicia said, folding her arms patiently. Carrie climbed forward on her hands and knees, exiting by the same door until her bare feet touched the black pavement.

I watched our friend look us over, totally nude from head to toe. The situation was keeping me really aroused, so I made a bold suggestion. “Alicia, why don’t you take off your clothes, too? It would be so cool if you delivered that overdue report in the nude! We’ll go with you.”

Alicia examined our unclothed bodies before her and laughed, “Are you crazy? I’m not going to run around the school naked…”

However, her voice trembled just a little, and she rubbed a foot behind her leg.

“You know that Erica loves this,” I heard Carrie saying as she moved my arms and hands out of the way. “Look how pointy her nipples are… and her cute little pussy is just so ripe! You should join us, and we’ll all three go inside naked. It’ll be fun!”

I stood there, extremely embarrassed to be exposed this way, but it did seem to have an effect on our friend. Alicia looked around the empty lot nervously and asked, “What, just take off my clothes right here?”

“Uh-huh,” Carrie answered from behind me, her arms snaking around my body to play with my tits.

There was a pause for a moment, Alicia staring at my nude slender form. Then she lifted her sweatshirt up over her head, opening the car door to place it inside. Next, she unbuttoned the shirt she was wearing and removed it as well, so that her bra was now out in the open. I saw goose bumps spreading over her bare tummy.

“This is crazy,” our brunette friend muttered, even while she unbuckled her belt, lifting her legs out of her loose khaki trousers. Besides her bra, all she had left was her panties, shoes and socks. “Do I have to take off… everything?”

Carrie reached down and parted my pussy lips with her index and middle finger. “Absolutely! You have to be totally naked. Just look at Erica, here. You can see all her pink parts!”

“Oh, but…” Alicia started, stepping out of both shoes, then bending down to peel off her socks. When she was standing in the school parking lot in her bare feet, she continued, “Well, you won’t be able to see everything on me.”

By way of explanation, she lowered her underwear to reveal a trim, but nice brown bush.

“Hmmm… you should think about shaving that,” Carrie suggested. She walked out in front of Alicia and said, “I really like how my nude pussy looks. And it feels so smooth! Why don’t you test Erica…”

I gasped at the suggestion, but did not move to cover myself. Alicia smiled shyly and giggled, unsure of what to do. Slowly, I watched her arm extend toward me, and then her fingers lightly touched my vulva. With more confidence, Alicia rubbed and prodded my hairless mound, even sticking a finger inside my slit!

“Uungh…ahhh!” I moaned.

Alicia laughed, “Oh my, she’s wet!”

Naked as the day she was born, Carrie took our friend’s arm in her hands, and raised it so she could suck the finger that dripped with my pussy juice. “Now let’s get the rest of these things off you!”

It didn’t take much more convincing, Alicia rolled her panties down her legs and off her toes. Then she turned around to let Carrie unhook her bra. It was unreal watching all of this. I was completely naked, my eyes fixed on Carries bare ass as she took from Alicia her last article of clothing. And then all three of us were totally nude in front of our school!

“Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh,” Alicia suddenly giggled draping arms over her decent sized breasts and her bush. “All those times we stripped Erica… so this is what it feels like!”

“Mmmm, not exactly” I pointed out, while thumbing my clit in front of her. It was so hot seeing my friends naked with me, knowing we could all be caught. “But no one else has seen you yet.”

Carrie gave Alicia a playful slap on her bare butt. “And no more covering! We let it all hang out, right Erica? You’ve got to show tits, ass, and pussy if you want to be part of the Nude Sister Club!”

We all laughed at such a declaration, especially Carrie, which caused her gorgeous breasts to bounce wildly. Finally, Alicia put her hands at her sides, revealing her shapely figure. I noticed that all our nipples were very erect. But while our darker haired friend had the concealment of her pubes, and Carrie was sporting a cute camel toe, I looked down to see my pussy was wide open and glistening. Oh, it was so embarrassing… we were all naked, but clearly I was the most aroused. I decided I had better not keep touching myself.

“Well, I guess I should grab my report to bring upstairs,” Alicia announced.

When she opened the front passenger side door, our friend had to bend over to retrieve the school report out of her bag. Carrie and I got a nice view of her pink pussy lips from behind. Then she stood and spun around, self-consciously placing the binder in front of her crotch.

“No covering,” I reminded her, my own hands resting lightly on the sides of my legs.

Alicia sighed and also dropped her arms, and it appeared there was some moisture in her bush. “Right… OK, let’s go!”

“I think we had better go around through the back entrance,” Carrie said, taking my wrist and pulling me along.

We crept over to the side of the building, until our butts were against the brick wall, our shaved pussies totally exposed. Alicia reluctantly came over to join us, her boobs bouncing deliciously. She looked so naughty holding her report binder like a studious school girl, but not wearing any clothes! When she stood next to me with her legs slightly parted, I thought I noticed her labia starting to peek out.

“Erica,” Carrie whispered in my ear, drawing my focus away from Alicia’s pussy. “Go and see if it’s safe…”

I started to shake my head, saying that I didn’t want to go alone, but Carrie took my face in her hands and kissed me full on the mouth. Standing on my bare toes, I placed my hands on her breasts just to feel her nipples rise against my palms. Well, after that, how could I refuse!

Breathless, I took a few steps away from my friends and rounded the corner, expecting it to be just as quiet on this side of the school. At first, all I could concentrate was on the sight of my bare skin moving forward across the blacktop. Away from the prying eyes of Alicia and Carrie, I let my hands slip back into a defensive position. Actually, because I am sensitive about the size of my breasts, I had my palms cupped over quivering nipples and left my pussy completely exposed. I slowly walked this way a few more feet, before I heard the sound of voices!

Looking to my left, I stopped and watched figures moving over the grassy sports field. It appeared the boys soccer team was practicing today! Oh no, did they see me? For a moment, I panicked and brought my hands to my head and froze, which had the effect of revealing my entire nude body. I heard the coach’s whistle and voices raised in the heat of the activity. I wasn’t sure if anyone had noticed me…

Finally I came to my senses and turned around (showing my bare butt to the soccer team) so I could run back around the corner where my friends were waiting.

“Eek! Carrie… Alicia,” I called out, “They’re holding soccer practice this afternoon!”

My two friends giggled as I hunched slightly before them, nervously glancing over my shoulder as if I was being followed. Carrie pushed my arms out of the way and asked, “So did any hot guys get to see you?”

“Oh my,” Alicia now had her head swerving from side to side. “This is getting a little risky… maybe I should just get dressed and, well… you can wait in my car.”

Our bolder, and buck naked blonde friend simply started moving toward the school’s front entrance. “Oh, I would be so disappointed. Come on, let’s deliver that report!”

Alicia and I looked at each other, and shrugged our bare shoulders. To tell the truth, I was so horny right now, I wasn’t ready to put my clothes back on. Of course, I didn’t have any way to get dressed again, which is what made it so exciting for me, the fact that I was essentially trapped here naked. And Alicia’s sweet areolas were puffed up with nipples firmly erect. I could see that she was enjoying this too. We decided to follow Carrie, even though we knew there were other people around.

With the front parking lot empty except for one car, it was relatively safe for us to proceed. Soon, our bare legs and feet were climbing the steps that led to the large double doors. Alicia and I were on either side of our friend, and as we came closer, we could make out our reflections in the dark glass. Three pairs of breasts jiggled forward, and I realized that our backsides were totally on display should anyone come around and look in our direction.

“Hurry,” I said to my two taller friends, dancing on my toes. “Let’s get inside…”

Carrie tweaked one of my nipples and laughed, “My, aren’t you anxious to show off your nude little body to the faculty! OK, let’s go!”

“You… you don’t think we’ll really get caught,” Alicia asked apprehensively.

But I had already opened the unlocked door, and ushered my naked friends inside. I urged them to move quickly, as it appeared awfully quiet once we stepped inside the school. This was so unreal, so exhilarating to be standing like this in the lobby, completely undressed! Passing by the glass trophy case, we were treated again to the images of our young unclothed bodies… perky nipples and pussies in full view. The sight had me nearly fingering myself.

“So… so where do we have to bring your report,” I asked, desperately trying to keep my hands away from my crotch.

Alicia spun around, a little disorientated, giving me a nice look at her shapely ass. “Um… well, his classroom is on the third floor. I thought I would just leave it on his desk.”

“Mmmm,” Carrie purred, “I think I’ll see if the front office is empty. Maybe I’ll sit in the principal’s chair and play with myself!”

“Oh, you are just horrible!” Alicia laughed and spanked the busty blonde on her butt.

Carrie smiled devilishly and replied, “Well maybe I’ll cum all over his chair…”

“That, I have got to see,” I giggled excitedly, then added, “Are you really ready to cum?”

In reply, my friend walked up to me and spread her shaved pussy lips. I could see the wetness of her exposed pink parts, and even her clitoris was sticking out a little. Carrie took my fingers and placed them on her slit. I started toying with her slick pussy, and pushed her clit with my thumb.

“Oooh, Erica… we had better hurry, or you just might bring me off right here!”

Together, we ran down the hall, our bare feet slapping down the corridor. I could hear Alicia approaching fast behind us. This was inredible, I thought as we entered the front office. I would die of embarrassment if anyone found us naked, but it was also so hot and arousing! We were standing right in front of the counter where the secretaries sat, just across from the pigeon-holed mailboxes where the teachers would come to collect their papers. Alicia, Carrie, and I giggled like schoolgirls… naughty schoolgirls without a stitch of clothing! Our butts wiggled with the thrill of our total nudity.

And then I watched Carrie’s full bare ass walk around the counter and knock lightly on the door to the Principal’s office. She pressed her body against the wood and charmingly asked if anyone was inside. I had the sudden fear that the door would open, and our Principal would step out. And what a sight he would be greeted with… three of his senior girls standing stark naked before his office! We would all be in so much trouble; he would take us inside and make us each stand with hands on our heads, revealing absolutely everything, while he administered individual over the knee, bare-butt spankings…

“Damn, it’s locked,” Carrie muttered as she tried the knob.

“We could try the Dean of Students office,” Alicia suggested helpfully. “It’s just next door.”

Our friend whirled around, causing her big tits to bounce wildly. She had a great grin on her face, and I was already heading back into the hallway. I was so caught up in the situation, I didn’t bother to look around first or take any precautions for modesty. Oh well, I figured, no one seems to be around anyway. Part of me was thinking that we were supposed to be delivering Alicia’s overdue report, and we should do that before our luck runs out. But another part of me, nearly half an inch fully erect and sticking out of its hood, was so tempted by the idea of Carrie masturbating in front of us. I found that the door to the Dean of Students office opened quite easily. It was dark and quiet inside.

I jumped with a squeak when Carrie appeared behind me, running a playful finger up the crack of my ass. She gently pushed passed me, turning on the light to survey the contents of the room. Alicia and I padded in after her, and shut the door closed.

“OK, it’s show time!” our friend announced as she strolled around the messy desk strewn with papers and folders.

She eagerly climbed into the black leather seat, which must have felt good on her hot naked skin. Carrie draped her long legs over each of the armrests, leaving her bald pussy wide open. First she squeezed her luscious breasts, and massaged them until there wasn’t a soft nipple in the room. Then she licked the fingers of one hand, letting it slowly trace down her chest and belly. Alicia and I both looked on, amazed, as Carrie began to touch her vulva. Tickling, then stretching her labia, finally darting her finger inside the folds of pink skin. While she continued to rub her breast, I watched her toes curl with the rapid tapping of her clitoris.

Finally, I couldn’t watch any longer. Remembering her promise from earlier in the day, the reason why she let me shave her, I slid myself in front of the chair and sank to my knees. I was vaguely aware of Alicia following behind me, but my eyes were focused on Carrie’s sweet pussy. When I put my hands on her thighs, she pulled out her finger and let me start to eat. My tongue lapped up her juices and began sucking her lips. Meanwhile, Carrie ran her fingers through my hair, gently pushing my head deeper into her crotch.

“Mmmm… ahhhh,” I moaned in unison with my friend. There was something incredible going on down by my own pussy!

Alicia had laid back on the carpet of the office floor, her face just beneath my body. She placed her hands on my softly rocking hips, and was now licking my clitoris! I couldn’t believe how good it felt… I couldn’t believe how good Carrie tasted. I couldn’t believe we were having a threesome in the office of the Dean of Students!

Carrie gave a gasp of pleasure, and her cum dripped onto my tongue. I was also about to have a massive orgasm, which would cream Alicia’s face. I was wondering which one of us would have to munch on her carpet, when suddenly the door opened!

“What the hell is going on here,” came the sound of a female voice.

I was on all fours, my face buried in Carrie’s leaking pussy, and Alicia lay beneath me, her legs spread wide open. Whoever just walked in had a clear view of my bare backside, and my brunette friend’s furry slit. The voice, however, did not sound like an older woman, but someone about our age.

“Oh… hi, Lisa!” Carrie giggled as she stretched her arms languidly.

Immediately jumping to my feet, I stepped over Alicia and turned around to face Lisa the Bitch. She was wearing a smart button-down shirt and a black pair of trousers. Her lip curled in a sneer as she looked over my nude body from head to toe. I saw that she was holding a bundle of something in her arms.

Lisa looked down at Alicia, still lying naked on the floor, then back at me. “I noticed Alicia’s car outside, and found a full set of clothes on the seat. I figured you would be involved, Erica.”

Covering my small tits and pussy, I tried to explain. “Well, um, you see… Carrie and I were already n-naked… and Alicia had to drive us to school so her Aunt wouldn’t catch us n-naked… and then we talked Alicia into taking off everything so she could deliver her school report…”

“Actually, it was all Erica’s idea,” Carrie smiled at her friend Lisa. She kept her bare shapely legs hanging over the chair’s armrests and pointed at her pussy. “She even shaved me bald, the horny little girl!”

Oh, this was so embarrassing! To be caught stark nude by Lisa was badeenough, but for her to see me eating out Carrie, and then learn that I had shaved her pussy hair… I was blushing all over, even as my three pink parts were swollen hard!

Lisa shook her head and dropped Alicia’s clothes on her belly. “Stand up and get dressed.”

Alicia clutched her things tightly to her stomach with one arm, and used the back of the other to wipe her mouth. I hadn’t cum yet, but clearly my juices had trickled onto her lips. I watched as she quickly put on her underwear, and pants and shirt. As she pulled on her socks and shoes, for some reason, I felt so humiliated. All I could do was clasp both my hands in front of my pussy.

“There will be towels in the gym locker room,” Lisa told us. “Alicia, grab your report and you two follow me!”

I sighed with relief as we exited the office and stepped out into the empty hallway. At least, she was going to let us get covered. I didn’t know how much longer I could keep running around in the bare, as I never reached my orgasm and I was horny as hell! But I was also a little afraid, because if Lisa had been roaming around and discovered us, then so could other people… other teachers, or worse, our classmates. They would all laugh at me to see me in such a state! Carrie, however, didn’t seem to mind.

“Will you stop bouncing like that!” Lisa snapped walking next to our buxom friend.

Squeezing her breasts, Carrie laughed, “I can’t help it… my titties are just so big and bouncy!”

“And her butt, too,” Alicia commented. “It’s a good thing you normally wear clothes, because every part of you absolutely jiggles!”

“And look how smooth her pussy is now,” Lisa said out loud.

Oh, oh… they were blatantly talking about Carrie’s nude body, which was driving me crazy. I held my breasts with both hands as my bare legs rubbed together walking down the corridor. My out outer lips opened up, causing my labia to hang down. The sound of Lisa’s heels clicking over the floor only heightened my embarrassment, Alicia’s shoes echoing in time. In contrast, my bare feet slapped loudly on the cool floor, making me so aware of my nudity.

The four of us continued this way, rounding a corner until we started approaching the area where the gymnasium was located. I suddenly remembered that the boys soccer team was practicing outside, and they could come in through the back entrance at any moment. I looked around fretfully as I walked bare-ass nude with my other naked friend and our two clothed friends. Now I cautiously lowered my hand to hide my protruding clitoris, just as Lisa brought us to a stop.

“OK, in we go…” the bossy blonde commanded.

Over the laughter of Alicia and Carrie, I whined, “But… but, Lisa, this is the door to the boys locker room!”

“Exactly,” she said pushing me through with a shove. The other girls followed after.

Luckily, the wide room was empty. In three full years at this high school, I had never been inside here. It was kind of weird moving along the tiles, though it was not much different from the girls locker room. There was a faint musky smell in the air, the scent of deodorant or aftershave, too. The fact that I was stark naked made it all the more bizarre, but I was strangely fascinated by the occasional piece of sports equipment lying about. I let my hands drop to my sides.

“You were right,” Carrie called from somewhere in the distance.

I don’t remember us becoming separated so quickly. Then I watched as she strolled out from behind a shower stall, a white towel wrapped tightly around her body. Keeping it closed in the front with her hand, the cloth material reached from the top of her breasts to just the tops of her thighs. She was still showing a lot of skin, but had everything covered.

“Perfect,” Lisa said with hands on her hips, then motioned for all of us to gather around. “Erica, you of course must remain totally naked. That is your punishment for being such a dirty girl, and making my friends take off their clothes!”

“But…” I started to plead, spreading my arms wide for emphasis, which only caused me to expose all my private parts.

Lisa, however, only folded her arms across her chest and continued. “And such a dirty little girl needs to take a shower.”

I looked around, thankfully it was just us four senior girls. Alicia and Carrie grinned at me, as I was the only one still nude. Turning to Lisa, I asked, “You want me to take a shower… in the boys locker room?”

Even as I spoke the words, my nipples instantly hardened. I could swear they were pointing toward the ceiling. I dare not look down at my pussy. But Lisa stood in front of me and softly touched my clit.

“That’s right, Erica. You are going to take a shower, and you may not play with yourself. Under no circumstances are you allowed to cum!”

“Mmmm,” I moaned and knew that I would do whatever she asked.

Suddenly, the locker room door banged open, and there was the noise of many male voices…laughing, talking, and shouting. But they were brought to an abrupt hush of silence, when they caught sight of the four girls standing in the center of the floor. Four high school seniors, one of them just wearing a towel. And the other one… Oh my gosh, I was completely naked in front of the boys soccer team! My brown eyes went wide as I looked at each of their faces, before I remembered to cover myself with hands and arms.

“Just in time,” Lisa announced like a circus ringmaster. “You boys are in for a treat, as our friend here needs to use the shower. I’m sure no one here will mind as we wait for her to finish?”

As the team shuffled forward to take their seats on the benches, I couldn’t help but notice a lot of bulges in their collective shorts. It kind of made me feel good to know that my body gave them an erection, but I guess the whole situation was kind of hot. I saw more then a few boys staring at Carrie in her towel instead of me, and that also made me a little embarrassed. Trying to see if there was any way out of this, I looked to Lisa with my arms wrapped around my chest and hips. But her icy glare only sent me hopping toward the nearest shower stall.

Now I knew that all eyes had turned in my direction, as everyone had a good look at my cute little ass. There were some whistles and there were even some who said as much. So I shook my butt a little as I reached out to turn the faucet. Careless, I kept my legs parted slightly, and as I bent forward to take the soap, my pussy lips were in clear view from behind! The water hit me, causing me to jump on my toes. That sent my bare tits quivering, though no one saw this. I started soaping up my belly and thighs. Turning to my side, I rubbed my lean legs from my knees down to my feet. From this profile view, the boys could see how pointy my nipples were, sticking straight out like darts. I was thankful for the spray of water that prevented me from hearing their comments!

Well, after I rinsed off my front and sides, I lathered up my butt cheeks and lower back. There was nothing left to do but turn around now and show them everything. The stream of water felt so good as it hit my skin, I really wanted nothing more than to masturbate in front of the soccer team, but I knew Lisa said I couldn’t. In fact, if I even touched myself, I think I would cum on the spot… that would be so humiliating! Instead, I closed my eyes and let my hands run through my hair beneath the showerhead. Of course, this had me exposing everything to the boys, and I mean nothing was left to the imagination. They saw my perky tits, by flat tummy, and pink little pussy. What’s worse, as I arched my back to rinse my hair real good, my pussy lips parted and my clit was poking right at them. I’m pretty sure some of the boys were rubbing their groin.

Finally, I spun around to turn off the faucet. I was left standing naked and dripping wet before a dozen or so people, including my friends. Water beaded over my body, running down my legs, and I just stood there not even bothering to hide my nudity. I couldn’t believe the show I had just given!

Then Lisa handed me a towel and said, “You can dry yourself, Erica, except for your hair.”

A little confused, I proceeded to pat down my arms and my chest, yet leaving my hair to hang glistening in strings. I finished rubbing off the rest of my body, then wrapped the towel around me, making a knot in front of my A-cup breasts. There were a few jokes about what was keeping it up, which made me blush.

“I didn’t say you could keep the towel!” Lisa scolded, then yanked the cloth material right off me.

Immediately, my nipples sprang out fully erect, and someone commented that was what had been holding the towel up. For sure, my nips were so extended, I think you could place coat hangers on each one! I was about to place a hand over my bald pussy, when Lisa took my arm and started to drag me back toward the locker room exit. Slowly she marched me in front of the line of soccer players who got a nice close-up look at my passing nude body.

“All right, show’s over,” Lisa said, but not before one of the guys slapped me on the bare ass!

Alicia and Carrie (still clad in just a towel) joined us by the door. Before leaving, one of the dazzled and dumbfounded boys called out, “You mean you’re taking her outside naked?”

“Yeah, it’s like an initiation… or something,” Carrie laughed. Then she opened her towel to give the team a quick parting flash, which brought much applause at the sight of her massive round breasts and shaved pussy.

Once we were back in hallway, I watched my blonde friend fit the towel snugly around her body again. This, and thefeel of my still-wet hair dripping on my bare shoulders, served to remind me that I remained quite nude.

“Now what?” I asked timidly, although the way I looked at each of my friends, it might have sounded a bit too eager.

Alicia held her binder in front of her chest. “I still have to deliver my report, or I’m going to be in trouble.”

“Well, we can’t let that happen,” Lisa said patting my friend on the shoulder. “Erica, are your hands dry?”

I held out my palms, which caused Carrie to smile in delight, as it left me with everything on display. Knowing that her eyes were locked on my hairless crotch, I still managed to answer, “Yes… Lisa, only my head is still wet.”

“That will be good enough. Here, take Alicia’s binder. You are going to deliver the report for her. I know for a fact that her teacher is back in the classroom working on papers.”

Speechless, I stared at Lisa for a moment. When she thrust the report into my arms, I grasped it tightly, turning my head to see if anyone was watching. Just a little while ago, I had licked my lips and was turned on by the vision of an unclothed Alicia carrying around her schoolwork. Now the tables were turned, and I was the naughty schoolgirl; naughty and naked and about to show myself in front of a teacher?

“Lisa… I c-cant… I can’t do that!” I whimpered, crossing my arms over the binder against my tits.

She moved close and let her fingers stroke the wet strands of my hair. “Sure you can, Erica. You’ll just have to explain that you were taking a shower, and someone stole all your clothes. But you promised Alicia that you would drop off her report. And you couldn’t let down your best friend, now could you?”

I looked wide-eyed at Alicia who only giggled at me, “Why, Erica, what a good friend you are! You would even deliver my report to my teacher, bare-ass nude, just so I wouldn’t get in trouble!”

“That’s ridiculous,” I shook my head, sending droplets of water flying to either side of the hallway. “I won’t do it…”

“Oh no?” Lisa smiled mischievously, then reached down to cup my totally exposed bare pussy. “How close are you to having an orgasm?”

“Aaahhh…” I gasped feeling her tickle my clit. And there was nothing I could do to stop these sensations! Carrie moved in behind me, started fondling my ass. As soon as she kissed the back of my neck, I whispered, “I’m going to cum!”

“No you are not,” Lisa said and withdrew her hand. Even the warmth of Carrie’s body vanished as she backed away. Oh, this was so frustrating! Lisa continued her instructions. “Now, not only are you going to bring Alicia’s report to her teacher stark naked, but also extremely aroused… on the very edge of a climax! And without letting him on to what you are doing, you are going to have that orgasm right in front of her teacher…”

In spite of the predicament I was in, I started rubbing the report against my nipples. “Please don’t make me do this!”

“We’re going to inspect you when you’re done, Erica, so don’t disappoint us!”

Alicia and Carrie just smiled at me, as I clutched the binder to my stomach. “Can I cover myself, at least?”

Lisa thought for a moment, and said, “We’ll leave that up to you. Who knows… maybe you want to show off your little body! All right, then, let’s go before your hair dries, and you loose your excuse for running around naked.”

She made a good point. As absurd as this story was going to be, it was the only excuse that would afford me the opportunity to approach another teacher without any clothes. I began walking back down the quiet corridor, toward the school lobby where the stairs were. The other three girls followed behind me, watching my tender ass wiggle with each step. No one else was around, though I was very careful as I turned each corner. Soon, I reached the foot of the stairwell. For a moment, I thought my friends would disappear on me. I glanced over my shoulder, looking to Alicia for direction.

“My class is on the third floor… room 305,” She told me.

Lisa then put a hand on her arm, preventing my friend from following me. “You’re going up by yourself, Erica. And when you finish your task, Carrie is going to inspect you. So you better make it a good one…”

I gulped in fear, staring from one blonde to the other. Carrie coyly adjusted the towel around her bosom and winked at me. I supposed the thought that afterward she would have to finger or lick my pussy to prove that I had cum upstairs, gave me some encouragement. So with butterflies in my tummy, I lifted my bare foot to the first step.

It was one thing to be seen naked by the soccer team. I mean, they were just teenage boys and some were probably just as embarrassed as I was. I bet some of them were jerking themselves off right now. But exposing myself to a teacher was going to be really humiliating. What if I ended up taking his class in the second half of the year? Every time he would look at me, he would remember that sight of my nude body that I was about to show him deliberately. Well, it wasn’t quite deliberate… Lisa was making me do this!

I touched my hair as I arrived on the landing to the third floor. The top had dried a little, but the ends were still wet. And there were still drops of water on the bare skin of my shoulders. I also touched my pussy lightly, knowing that I would have to reach an orgasm quickly and without being too obvious about it. No problem there, my clitoris was already swollen. I was so ready to go off.

The hallways were darkened up here, as classes were not in session today. This made me feel a little more relaxed, and I even lowered the binder and my other hand to my sides. The tiles of the floor were of course cool beneath my feet, making me acutely aware of my naked condition and keeping me horny. There was a shaft of light coming out of one room off to the side… no doubt, Alicia’s classroom. Damn! I was hoping he would have been gone, and I would have to leave the report by the door. But then, part of me also wanted to carry out this mission.

Silently I crept along the walls, until my next step would have my toes and leg in full view of the open doorway. I took a deep breath. I draped an arm tightly across my chest so that both my nipples were covered. Alicia’s report, I held against my bare pubic mound. Another deep breath, and I walked inside the classroom.

Seeing the teacher hunched over his desk, absorbed in his work, I cleared my throat and said, “Excuse me…”

And then I glanced to my side and saw that there were other students in here! Two boys and two girls… they looked to be freshmen or sophomores. Oh no, Lisa had set me up! And they could see the totally exposed side of my body!

“Yes, what is it…” the teacher started as he put down his pen and peered over his glasses at me. “My goodness, young lady, where are your clothes?”

I was still fixed on the students now giggling at me, but then turned back to answer the teacher. “Oh my… I, uh, that is… I was taking a shower in the boys, I mean girls, locker room, and…”

“Why have you walked up here completely naked?” He asked impatiently. “Are you in my 9^th grade English class?”

How embarrassing! Because of my slight and slender frame, he thought I was maybe 14 years old!

“Nooo!,” I whined, stepping up on my toes a little, as if that would make me look taller. “I got out of the shower… and, and all my clothes were gone. I’m a senior like Alicia in your 12^th grade class…I promised I was going to drop off her report today!”

An older, balding man, Alicia’s teacher now sat back in his chair, eyeing me from head to toe. “Ah yes, that is correct. She was already overdue with that assignment, and today was the very last day I would accept it from her. Very considerate of you, Miss…?”

“Erica,” I nodded shyly, then glanced back at the younger students ogling my bare body. My nipples were so erect they felt like they were on fire!

“Yes, well, it was very considerate of you, Erica, to deliver Alicia’s report in spite of your… situation.”

A moment of awkward silence passed between us, I don’t think anyone in the room was breathing. Finally, the teacher shifted in his chair and glared at me, holding out his hand.

“I suppose you had better give that to me, Erica.”

I nodded, and slowly lowered my arm to grip the binder on its other edge. This exposed to him my bare breasts. Then, with shaking hands, I stretched my arms out to present the report, bringing my pussy into view. Alicia’s work must have had the scent of my feminine musk. The teacher sat forward a little to take my only covering in his fingers. He had to tug at first before I finally released it. And then I brought my own hands to my sides.

Now I was standing completely naked at the front of the classroom next to the teacher’s desk. There were five people looking at me, and I wasn’t hiding anything. I thought I would die of shame, but I also felt so hot and sexy.

“Is there anything else,” the teacher asked, with an unobstructed view of my small tits and labia.

I stood there, and bit my lip to keep from making a sound. My legs rubbed together slightly, enough to cause friction and a warm tingling inside my pussy. My hips bucked forward and back just a little, as if I had momentarily lost my equilibrium. And then my eyes fluttered, my toes curled, my arms quivered, and silently I had a very public orgasm. I could feel my girl cum trickling down my inner thigh, and I knew I had better return to my friends.

Exasperated at my brazen display of total nudity, Alicia’s teacher asked, “Can you not find something to wear at all?”

“Aaah…” I started, still feeling the lingering aftereffects of my climax, “Um… I just remembered I have some spare clothes in my car.”

I don’t think he believed me, but over the giggling of his students, he said, “Well, please hurry back downstairs and get dressed. The school is nearly empty, so hopefully no one else will see you!”

“Yes sir,” I replied meekly, turning around so that I flashed my butt to the other boys and girls.

If he only knew that an entire soccer team had already seen my naked body! I quickly spun on my heel to face the door, exposing my puffed out pussy lips from behind as I jogged out into the hallway. I wish my pointy nipples didn’t wiggle so much with my movements, causing the students to laugh and whistle at my departure.

I raced down the stairs, not knowing what to expect. Half of me would not be surprised to find that Lisa, Carrie, and Alicia had left me stranded here. I was just thinking about the possibility of another walk home in the nude, my bare feet slapping over the last few steps. But exiting the stairwell into the lobby, the three girls were waiting for me.

“Did he get my report,” Alicia seemed more concerned about getting in trouble with her teacher than me. I nodded, and she gave me an approving peck on the cheek. “Good girl, Erica!”

“And how about the other part of your special delivery,” Lisa folded her arms. “Go ahead… spread that pink slit of yours!”

Stark naked in the high school lobby, I placed my feet about shoulder-width apart, and squatted just a little. With my two index fingers, I pulled open my vulva and showed the girls.

“Well, she certainly looks wet,” Carrie observed.

She padded up to me and held onto her towel so that it wouldn’t slip. Her fingers pressed lightly on my belly, then she moved her hand to run along the tops of my thighs. Feeling the slickness of my skin, she ventured further north, and pushed her long middle finger deep inside my pussy. As I gasped with pleasure, I came again, and Carrie lifted up her palm to lick off my sweet cum.

“Mmmm… this is a fresh batch,” my friend said between sucking her fingers dry. “But it’s definitely not her first ejaculation!”

Oh, to hear her talk that way, in such graphic detail! I was so embarrassed even in front of my friends. There was no hiding my humiliation and arousal. Breathless, I asked “Can… can we just go now?”

“Oooh, Erica is so cute when she’s blushing,” Alicia pointed out. “She’s pink all over! I want to driver her home like this.”

Lisa started leading us to the school’s front door. “OK, but Carrie is riding with me. We need to discuss our plans for little Erica.”

We walked outside into the cool air of the latter afternoon. My throbbing nips remained erect, although I cautiously placed a hand over my pussy. I saw that Lisa had parked her blue Volkswagen next to Alicia’s car. The two drivers entered their vehicles, and waited for Carrie and I to open the passenger side doors so we could climb inside. At least she still had her towel… I was wearing nothing!

Backing up in the empty school parking lot, the cars then circled and spun around, pulling next to each other facing opposite directions. Lisa and Alicia rolled down their windows.

“Let’s drive around until dark,” Lisa said, “and then head back to your Aunt’s house. We can sneak back into your cousin’s tree house!”

Alicia nodded and rubbed my bare thigh. “Oooh, this sounds fun!”

We ended up following Lisa as we left the parking lot and pulled onto the street. I was nervous, sitting there in Alicia’s car, up front and without a stitch. My perky breasts were on full display, I let my hands rest in my lap.

“What an exciting day,” my friend next to me said. “I wonder what could make it even more wild?”

Ahead of us, Lisa was maybe two car-lengths down the road. Suddenly, their passenger side window opened as Carrie stuck out her arm to wave at us. And then, something large and white came flying out the window, passing me to the right, whipping down the street.

She had thrown her towel out of the moving automobile!

I immediately lifted my legs apart and placed my bare feet on the dashboard of Alicia’s car. And began to bring myself to another orgasm…

**17 - Erica’s Boots**

I was wearing a pair of the cutest ankle-high suede boots, which I had just purchased moments ago. They were absolutely adorable; light brown and velvety soft to the touch. They also felt really comfortable on my feet. Sometimes it’s hard for me to find shoes in my exact, tiny size. But these boots fit perfectly. I also liked the way the heel made me look taller than I am.

We were at the mall, my friend Alicia and I, hoping to finish our shopping spree before the stores closed for the evening. I was so taken with my new boots, I even wore them right out of the store. Without hesitating, I dumped the old pair of worn shoes into the nearest trash receptacle. Now my ensemble was complete, dressed in a little white skirt coming down to about mid-thigh, and a short-sleeved tan top that just covered my bellybutton. This outfit was actually quite daring for me, but it was nice outside and I was feeling good tonight. Maybe I would show a bit of skin…

“Hey, Erica,” Alicia started pulling me by the arm. “Let’s see if that new CD is in.”

I watched as the crowd in the mall was starting to thin out, then said to my friend, “Do you think we still have time? The record store is all the way on the other side.”

Alicia smiled at me and answered, “Well we can make it if we hurry!”

And with that, my friend bolted off in the direction toward the opposite end of the mall. She was clad in modest jean shorts and a comfortable fitting T-shirt, and rubber soled sandals that made her dash more easily. I started moving after her and found that while the boots were comfortable enough, it was the rest of my clothes that were clearly not ideal for running. For one thing, I realized my shirt may have been a little too tight. As my chest heaved up and down, my nipples were rubbing against the clingy material. And then I had to use my hands to keep my skirt from flapping up and down, flashing my blue panties. To make matters more difficult, I was running against the tide of people, as most of them were heading toward me, toward the exit. Well, it was a little embarrassing to say the least.

I was sure that this would all be a waste of energy and the store would be closing. But upon entering the more deserted section in the back of the mall, I saw Alicia waving at me from between those security detectors they use to make sure you don’t slip away with the merchandise. Pausing, I looked down and saw that my nipples were protruding, making little indentations in my shirt. Great, now I had to walk into a record store, and everyone would know my nips were erect. For some reason, since I had stopped running, I felt kind of chilly. Rubbing my bare arms, a shiver went down my back.

“Come on, Erica, we don’t have all night…”

Hearing my friends voice prompted me to move ahead, still clutching my elbows in opposite hands. There was a girl at the front check-out desk, who looked to be about the same age as us, seventeen or eighteen. She was busy closing out the cash register, but when she lifted her head up, she snapped her chewing gum at me as I walked past.

“Are you Alicia’s little sister?”

I was a bit taken aback at her question and told her that in fact I went to school with Alicia. She just shook her head like she didn’t believe me, and then resumed her money counting. I guess my boots made me appear taller, but so much for making me look older…

Moving on, I casually strolled down the aisles of CD racks organized in different music styles. There was one other guy in the store, listening to some sample tracks on one of those kiosk machines. I saw him glance my way, which made me feel a little better. Taking my time, I liked how the boots accentuated my slender legs, and even flashed a little thigh beneath the hem of my skirt. He fumbled with his headphones a little, and then went back to concentrating on his music selection. I giggled and kept walking. Usually, I don’t behave like this, but for some reason my outfit had me feeling flirtatious.

Alicia was already at the back of the store, where they had motion picture soundtracks lining the walls, as well as other listening accessories and a poster rack. I didn’t plan on buying anything, but I wondered if Alicia had found what she was looking for. It seemed the store really should be closing in a matter of minutes. When I reached the back wall, I noticed that it was pretty well secluded here. I mean I could see that the one guy had already departed, leaving just the cashier girl, Alicia and me. Once the hit song playing over the speakers was turned off, I knew it must be time to go.

“Did they have the CD in?” I asked my friend.

Absently flipping through some boy band posters, she said, “Nah… looks like they all sold out. I can try back next week, though.”

I was just about to suggest we think about leaving, when two new people entered from the front of the store. Two young women, I observed from the corner where we stood. The late arrivals were heading straight toward the back of the store, coming clearer into view.

“Oh my gosh,” I said pointing. “It’s Carrie and Lisa! I didn’t know they were at the mall today.”

Alicia turned to me and smiled, “Yeah, I thought they had work or something. This is great… we can all hang out together, tonight!”

“Cool,” I replied, although whenever Lisa was involved, I was a little nervous. She could be bitchy and bossy sometimes. And sometimes it seemed she was determined to get a laugh out of everyone at my expense. I self-consciously tugged the bottom of my skirt, but it didn’t quite reach my knees.

“Hey, Alicia… hey, Erica,” Carrie greeted us pleasantly.

Lisa was carrying a pair of large shopping bags, which she dropped to the ground not too far from my feet. “Well, well little girls… I see we’re out late at the mall. Let’s see what kind of trouble we can get into.”

“Oh, Lisa,” Alicia laughed excitedly, “You’re always spoiling for some fun. Now what sort of wild things could four high school seniors possibly dream up?”

Carrie, meanwhile, had crouched down to admire my footwear. “Oooh, Erica… I just love those boots! Are they new?”

“Yeah,” I said feeling a bit flushed. “I just bought them…”

“Well let Carrie see them,” Lisa looked at me coldly. I immediately knew there was no avoiding her commands.

I extended my leg as far forward as I could, even raising the hem of my skirt an inch or two, and turned my foot at different angles to show off the boot. First, I looked at Carrie to see her appreciation. But then I found myself turning toward Lisa, seeking her approval as well.

Arms folded across her chest, Lisa only shook her head. “That’s not good enough. Take off the boot, Erica, and let Carrie hold them.”

Not knowing why, I bent down to lower the zippers and then stepped out of both boots. This meant of course I was now standing in the back of the record store in my bare feet, and I picked up the boots, handing them to Carrie. All the while, I was aware of the gray carpet beneath my toes. I felt really exposed for some reason, looking down to see all that flesh showing from the point where my skirt ended. Nervously, I rubbed one bare boot behind my other leg, watching Carrie enjoy the suede with her fingers.

“These are really nice, Erica!” Carrie gasped to my pleasure. “And just right for your size. Hmmm… imagine Erica running around in these little boots, and nothing else!”

Oh, oh… why did she have to say something like that? I could feel my skin blush with embarrassment, even as the mental image was getting me hot. Instantly, the thought caused my nipples to rise, pushing outward against my shirt. My greater fear was that Carrie’s comment would give certain people certain ideas.

Lisa must have been reading my mind. She picked up one of her shopping bags and held it in front of Carrie. “I have a better idea. Go ahead, drop Erica’s little booties in here… for safe keeping.”

“But,” I started to protest, “but I just bought those. They’re really expensive, and I like wearing them.”

Lisa watched in satisfaction as Carrie placed first one of my new boots, then the other, inside the bag. Then she turned to me and said, “Come on, Erica, tell the truth. You much prefer running around in your bare feet.”

I shook my head, but found myself saying, “Maybe sometimes… but not at night, in the middle of the mall! Please be careful with them.”

“You really like your new boots, don’t you?” I could see Lisa scheming already. Her eyes held a mischievous glint. This was going to be bad. “All right, I’ll tell you what. I’m going to mind your new purchase until you get home. If you want them back in the same excellent condition they are in now, you’re going to have to do something for me.”

I gulped and squeaked, “What… what do I have to do?”

“Give Alicia your belt and skirt.”

Oh my goodness, we were huddled in the rear of the mall’s record store, which was due to be closing any moment. I was sure the cashier girl who thought I was Alicia’s little sister would be coming back here to throw us out. And I didn’t have any shoes on!

My friend stepped close to me and patted my cheek reassuringly. “If it will make it easier, I can take the belt myself.”

Smiling the whole time, Alicia popped open the buckle, and she slowly pulled my belt through the loops at the sides and back of my skirt. This she then rolled up in her hand and took a step back. All eyes were on me.

“Well?” Lisa demanded.

What could I do? I was in a trance, caught in Lisa’s spell. Besides, I really wanted my boots back. The last thing I wanted was to provoke her into doing something nasty to them, and ruining the suede. My hands were shaking a little, even as I tried not to think that I was in a public record store. At least there was no one else around. Slowly my fingers found the button at the side of my hip, then eased down the delicate zipper. I let the skirt fall to the floor, revealing my blue set of panties.

“Wow, nice pair of briefs,” Carrie clucked with glee. I lifted my bare feet out of the white material, reached down and picked it up. Then, as instructed, I handed my skirt over to Alicia.

“Thank you,” Lisa said before holding the shopping bag open like a trick-or-treater. “Kindly deposit these items on top of Erica’s boots. And now, Erica, if you will just remove your panties…”

My mouth hung open for a moment, and then I realized I was standing here in my underwear. “Oh, Lisa… you can’t really mean for me to do… that! I’ll be bottomless in the mall. Totally bottomless; without my shoes, that will leave me completely naked from the waist down.”

“Exactly,” Lisa said in a mocking tone of voice. “And unless you want to be without your boots for a long time, you will take off your panties and give them to me.”

I paused, hesitating, looking at each of the girls. Carrie and Alicia tried to contain their laughter. They apparently found this very amusing.

“Right now!”

At the sound of Lisa’s sharp words, I hooked my thumbs in the blue elastic and peeled my panties all the way down my legs and off my feet. Retrieving them and holding out an arm, Lisa snatched my only shred of underclothing and stuffed the panties into her bag. Everyone got a good look at my nude pussy, but then I clamped my hands over my vulva. This was so humiliating! And all this just to get my boots back…

“What’s taking so long back here!” came the sound of a young female voice.

Oh no, the counter girl was heading over to us, and I was dressed in only a shirt that just reached down to my navel! She hadn’t seen me yet, because Alicia and Carrie were blocking me from view. But when she approached, my friends stepped aside and let her through. I don’t know why, but I lifted both my hands, bringing them to cover my face in shame.

The cashier girl whistled, “Nice camel toe…”

Oh, oh… she was talking about my little pussy. Cleanly shaved, the outer lips were pressed together as I kept my legs shut tight. But my nipples were rock hard and stretching out my top. This evidence of my horniness was not lost on Lisa. She took my arms and pulled them away from my face.

“Erica, I swear… what is it with you and your damn pointy nipples!”

With that, Lisa grabbed the bottom of my shirt and started lifting. At first I thought she was going to embarrass me by exposing my titties. But she actually moved rather quickly and decisively. She pulled the fabric all the way up my body… up to my chin, then over my head… and then off my head and arms completely. In one motion, Lisa stepped back and tossed the shirt into her shopping bag. Oh my God… she had just stripped me stark naked in the back of the music department!

A moment of silence elapsed as everyone took in the sight of my nude body. This was broken by the snap of the cashier girl’s chewing gum. She stood right in front of me, looking me up and down from head to toe. I noticed she was kind of dressed in a goth/punk outfit. A lot of black, and chains that dangled from her shirt and pants. Her hair had streaks of blue. I watched her eyes evaluating me, and thought that her dark heavy clothes only seemed to emphasize my total nudity.

“Yeah, she’s pretty cute,” the cashier girl commented.

Carrie leaned forward, pointing at my hairless crotch. “I know, isn’t she! And wait until you see what happens to her amazing pussy…”

Oh, why did Carrie have to draw everyone’s attention to my sweet little snatch! I kept my hands at my sides, but I knew I was opening up like a flower down there. Lowering my head, sure enough, the outer lips of my vulva were puffed out. No more camel toe, as I spread my legs ever so slightly, my juicy labia unfolded and hung down. All this scrutiny was making me very horny and to embarrass me further, I could feel my engorged clitoris starting to swell up. One little sexy thought, and my erect clit would be fully exposed. That’s when it hit me, I was standing bare ass naked in the mall’s record store…

“Pop!” Carrie laughed with delight, “There it goes… I believe we have achieved complete erection!”

The cashier girl reached out and gently laid a finger on my clit. “Not a bad little joy button, Erica.”

“Mmmmph,” I moaned, sensitive to her touch. She was bringing me to the edge of orgasm, but I had a feeling my friends wouldn’t let me cum. “Can… ah, ah… can I just have my clothes back?”

“I don’t think you’re ready to get dressed yet,” Lisa announced.

The cashier girl who had been softly stroking my pussy, snapped her chewing gum, then suddenly whipped out her set of keys and headed off toward the front of the store. “Well, I have to lock down the store for the night. You ladies best be leaving.”

Alicia and Carrie each took one of my hands, preventing me from covering up at all. Alicia turned to me and said, “OK, Erica, looks like we have to go now.”

“But… but, I’m still completely naked!” I felt like a child saying this, pointing out the obvious, and more so felt like a youngster being dragged away from the toy store. As the girls, who were both bigger than me, started moving forward, I had no choice but to follow along in their clutches. Behind me, Lisa tickled my ass, causing me to scoot ahead even faster. I must have been in a daze or something, as I didn’t put up much of a protest. Before I knew it, we exited the store, my bare feet finding the cold tiles of the shopping mall’s main floor.

At this point, Alicia and Carrie let go of me, and my hands instinctively moved to cover my tits and pussy. I watched in horror as the grey metal security gate came crashing down in front of the store. The noise made me fearful that other people would look in our direction. There were other voices and sounds coming from further away in the mall, but this was pretty much the nightly closing routine. Nothing unusual here, except for the totally nude young girl standing outside!

“Damn it, Gwen,” Lisa said to the punky record store clerk. “I left my packages in there.”

Gwen continued to look me over from head to toe, snapping her gum critically, before turning to answer Lisa, “Well, I’ll be opening up tomorrow morning. They’ll be safe until then. You can swing by and pick them up.”

“But my clothes are in there!” I nearly shrieked. “All of my clothes…”

Alicia rubbed my shoulder reassuringly. “Oh, Erica, I guess you’ll just be spending the night like this.”

I couldn’t imagine taking one more step bare-assed naked, my nipples aching they were so hard. Suddenly, there came an announcement over the mall PA system, that all shoppers must leave the building. Her shift over, the goth attired teen was already departing, wishing me the best of luck. I looked from one friend to another, but they all just smiled at me.

“What… what am I supposed to do?” I asked, seeking some kind of emotional support.

“Well for starters, you can move your hands out of the way!” Carrie not only suggested, but actually took my wrists in her hands and gently lowered my arms to my sides.

I took a deep breath and could feel my skin flush in embarrassment as I had everything now on display. Before I knew it, my friends started walking forward, and I had to hurry to keep from being left behind. Without bothering to cover up, I did move more freely. I reached out and tugged on Lisa’s jacket.

“Will you guys at least take me straight home,” I asked quietly.

The tall blonde only glared down at me. “Why? I’m not going to allow your nudity spoil our fun. I think we are going to keep you naked all night!”

“Please don’t do that,” I begged Lisa.

The four of us stopped at a corner section of the mall. Once we rounded the bend, we would be heading directly for the exit. I was glad for the pause, to settle my quivering tummy and reassess the situation. The girls surrounded me, thankfully hiding me from view, but their eyes were locked on my bare little body.

Lisa, ever the antagonist, reached out with her arm and ran a finger between my perky breasts. “Why not, Erica? Why shouldn’t we keep you naked?”

Oh, this was so humiliating… I pointed down at my shaved and glistening pussy and confessed, “Because the longer I stay nude, the more horny I get!”

Alicia and Carrie giggled, but Lisa only folded her arms decisively. “Then this should be a pretty interesting evening!”

We then started moving again, or I should say, my three friends abruptly turned around the corner leaving me to keep pace. I looked over my shoulder and saw that the mall had indeed emptied out considerably. No one was following us or watching my bouncing bare butt! When I entered the wide concourse leading to the lobby, my heart started beating faster and my legs froze.

“Lisa!” I said in a harsh whisper, ducking back behind the corner. “Carrie… Alicia! Help!”

Mercifully, the girls stopped in their tracks and came laughing back to me. When they inquired as to what was the matter (as if they had to ask!) I told them there were too many people exiting from the stores, and there was a security guy standing in front of the entrance. I would never make it out like this.

“Hmm,” Lisa began plotting a strategy. “I see your point. Or should I say, two points…”

And to further embarrass me, she tweaked my very erect nipples in each of her hands. Then she moved her hands to cup my breasts. I wondered what the hell she was doing! As her hands gently pressed down my stomach and hips, I realized how great her fingers felt on my naked skin. I closed my eyes, feeling my clitoris swell and poke out of its hood, even as Lisa pulled me close and cupped my cheeks, lifting me to my toes by my little bottom.

Then she explained, “You’re pretty light, Erica. So here is what we’re going to do. Stand with your hands on your hips…”

I did as I was told, and saw Carrie lick her lips hungrily at the sight of my totally bare body flushed pink. I was getting horny, and she knew it! But then Lisa interrupted my thoughts by telling me I must stay very still… and they would pretend I was a mannequin, and carry me out of the mall!

“It will never work!” I cried.

Lisa only scowled at me, not liking her plans criticized. “Well, Miss Smartypants, it’s either that, or you walk out of here like a normal girl… who’s not wearing any clothes!”

What could I do? I gulped, and stared straight ahead, while placing my arms fixed bent at my sides. Of course, this left my inch long nipples exposed, and everything below. But I guess not having any pubic hair made it seem more plausible to pass as plastic, Playtex, or rubber. Or so I tried to convince myself. Suddenly, Alicia and Carrie moved to either side of me, gripping underneath my arms. The two stronger eighteen-year olds had no problem lifting me clean off my feet! Soon they were marching me down toward the exit of the mall.

Still, they had to pause a couple of times to lower me to the ground. I did my best to keep my limbs rigid. It was hard, because my tummy was filled with butterflies. I also had to try not to blink, even though I knew other people were leaving in the same direction and some had already passed us. Every now and then, Carrie let slip her hand, “accidentally” brushing my bald vulva. So on top of everything else, I also had to keep from moaning or making other noises of desire.

Lisa went ahead of us, and walked right up to the security guard. I guess she was explaining that she and her friends worked in one of the department stores, and they had to take this mannequin with them. I tried not to shiver thinking about all the people passing who could see my completely nude body. But it got even worse when Lisa dashed out the automatic doors so she could pull her car right up to the entrance, and left Alicia, Carrie, and me, waiting five feet away from the guard.

My two adorable friends thought they would be cute, and waved at the man. While needing to keep an eye on the departing customers, he shuffled a little closer to us. Oh my gosh, I was just standing there completely naked, and his eyes roamed over very inch!

“Damn,” the guard whistled in our direction. “They keep making those things more and more lifelike!”

Alicia smiled agreeably. “Yeah, they really ought to have let us take her with an outfit!”

Carrie tried to stifle a chuckle, while behind me she began fondling my ass! She started out just tickling my rear, then caressing both my butt cheeks. Discreetly, the incorrigible high school senior then slipped a finger into my crack. Carrie was seeing if I would blow my cover… I remained perfectly still, but was becoming increasingly excited as she played with my pussy lips from behind.

The mall security guard casually looked around and wrinkled his nose. “Something smell like fish?”

Oh no, he could smell my musky odor, and I knew I was so wet between my legs! Alicia and Carrie could barely contain themselves from bursting out in laughter. I wasn’t sure how much longer I could stand it. A small crowd started to form, of people pausing on their way out toward the exit. I began to fear I wasn’t fooling anybody…

Suddenly Lisa appeared back through the doors, and motioned toward us. “OK, girls, let’s bring her out!”

Once again, my two taller friends grabbed me beneath my arms and lifted. I did my absolute best to keep my legs and the rest of my body straight. Even though I wanted to curl my toes at the feel of their fingers around my hot skin. If anyone looked closely, they would see my little pink clit fully erect and sticking out! This was so embarrassing! I secretly bit my lip as we headed out the doors, into the night air.

Lisa instructed Alicia and Carrie to place me in the passenger side of her Volkswagen Beetle. We then drove slowly around, following them to Alicia’s car. Once we were out of view from anyone else in the parking lot, I didn’t have to pretend to be a mannequin and could let my body relax. I bent my knees to each side so that my legs were spread wide open. Then I began to madly rub my pussy.

The dominating blonde looked over at me and said, “What do you think you’re doing!”

“Oh, Lisa!” I moaned between gasps of breath. “That was so hot! Being carried out of the mall completely naked… in front of so many people! I think I’m going to explode!”

“Well you may not masturbate in my car, Erica. Take your hands away, and place them at your sides!”

Reluctantly, I slowed down my fingering, then clenched my fists on my thighs. When Lisa put her hand on the automatic shift, I reached out and grabbed her wrist and brought her fingers lightly over my pussy. I’m usually not that aggressive, but at that moment I was so horny!

“Please, Lisa… won’t you finish me off?”

She looked at me with her piercing blue eyes, and answered, “I’m not that kind of woman! Now keep your hands to yourself…”

As we proceeded to drive away from the mall, I moaned and complained, but did as I was told. Of course, I could feel my pussy quiver and pulse, begging to be touched. I bucked my hips, and thought I might have an orgasm right there without even using my hands!

“You had better calm yourself down, little girl,” Lisa said. “Or else you’re going to be in bad shape when we arrive at the movie theatre.”

Clasping palms over my elongated nipples, I blinked at her. “Movie… movie theatre?”

“That’s right, Erica. You see, Carrie and I were going to catch a show tonight. Can you think of any reason why you and Alicia shouldn’t join us?”

I licked my lips, imagining the possibilities of what she was planning. Nevertheless, I shyly answered, “Because I’m totally naked… I’m not wearing a thing!”

Lisa only laughed, “Well now, that has nothing to do with Alicia. Why spoil her fun?”

Turning around so that I was sitting on my knees, I looked over the seat and saw that Alicia’s car was following close behind. The girls even waved at me. I wonder if they knew what Lisa had in store for the rest of the evening. And then there was a loud honking from a car passing us on the left. Oh my gosh… in this position, I was really mooning the oncoming traffic!

I quickly sat back down on my bare ass, crossing my legs tight and folding my arms across my breasts. That little shock helped to cool me down a bit, as I was more embarrassed now. Slouching a little in the seat, I tried to get a bearing on our surroundings. We were driving off a main road, and in the opposite direction of the multi cinemaplex we normally would go to. That caused me to sigh in relief. As we continued down the quiet street, I realized it was the smaller town theatre that Lisa was talking about. They usually had only two shows playing at any given time, cheap, like for five bucks.

Of course, when we pulled into the parking lot, I saw that there were about a dozen cars here, close together. No one else was outside. I guess the movie had already started. But there was always the risk of teenagers hanging out here, smoking and stuff. Alicia parked her car in an empty spot across from us. Then she and Carrie got out and walked over to Lisa’s blue Beetle.

“So what’s the plan?” Carrie asked cheerfully, leaning on the driver’s side rolled down window.

Lisa looked up and replied, “The movie should have started only ten minutes ago. We’re not that late. You and I will go in and buy tickets, while Alicia and Erica sneak around through the back fire exits, like the kids do…”

My eyes went wide hearing this, and I shivered.

But Alicia, opening the door on my side, also voiced concern. “Why do I have to enter illegally? I don’t want to get into trouble!”

Lisa stepped out of the car, and came around to admonish the dark-haired girl. “Well someone has to stay with Erica! If we leave her alone, she’s likely to stay outside and play with herself all night long!”

“Is that right, Erica?” Alicia looked down at my flushed naked body. “Tell us what you would like to be doing.”

All my friends were gathered outside, I was the only one still in the car. Looking up at them, I felt so small. It was kind of humiliating, but I had to admit there was still one thing on my mind.

“I… I want to cum.”

“Well there will be none of that,” Lisa informed me. “Now get out of my car, before we miss more of the movie!”

There were lights fixed on the outside of the building, so the small parking lot was pretty well lit. I was pretty nervous as I extended a slender, trembling leg out the door. But as soon as my bare toes touched the blacktop, I froze. I didn’t think I could go any further. And then Carrie reached down to take me by the arms.

“Come on, Erica… it will be so much fun!” she said as she pulled me to stand outside the Volkswagen.

Oh, oh! I was completely nude in the middle of the movie theatre parking lot! I heard Lisa shut the door behind me, then click on her key chain to lock it shut. For some reason, that made me feel more naked, like I had one less hiding place. My perky titties quivered with nipples sticking straight up, begging for attention.

And then Alicia took me by the hand like I was a child. “Guess we better find the back fire exit!”

I glanced over my shoulder and watched Carrie and Lisa walk briskly toward the main entrance. No covering now, as Alicia pulled me along after her, leaving my pink pussy lips to feel the breeze. The rest of my body jiggled and bounced at her side until we reached some concrete steps that led to a metal door. We had to wait a few moments to let the other two get their tickets and find a seat inside.

“How do you feel right now?” Alicia inquired, eyeing my naked body up and down.

I rubbed my arms a little, but made no effort to cover myself in front of my friend. Sliding the toes of one foot behind my bare calf I answered, “Kind of chilly… a little scared, and embarrassed, too.”

“Hmmm,” Alicia had a thoughtful look in her eye. She gently took my breasts in her hands, and began massaging the sensitive nipples between her thumb and forefinger. “These seem pretty stiff to me… You sure you’re not enjoying this, Erica?”

“Ohhh, that feels so good,” I purred. “Please don’t stop!”

But then my friend removed her hands and said, “I think it’s probably safe to go inside now.”

When Alicia pushed open the back door just a crack, I could hear the sounds and voices from the movie. There was the flicker of light from the projector, but the rest of the inside would be in complete darkness. Well, of course she had given me such a cruel little tease, I didn’t even hesitate to follow her into the theatre. My heart was beating fast as I realized we could be caught by an usher, and I didn’t have any clothes on! The fire exit door closed behind us, my feet stepping onto the carpeted aisle floor.

We stayed close to the wall, walking up the incline and trying to find where our other friends were seated. Occasionally I looked up at the large screen, wondering if I could be seen by the light it shed. Even if the slender silhouette of my figure was noticeable, all eyes seemed to be fixed on the movie. The thought struck me that I was totally nude inside a small theatre with other people. Instinctively, my arms folded to cross over my tits and cover my pussy.

“There they are!” sounded the voice of Carrie, and I thought I could just make out her form standing to wave us over.

“Shhh!” some hissed.

“Sit down!” another voice complained from behind.

Oh my, I really didn’t want her drawing all this attention! I looked over my shoulder toward the exit sign, seeing that we had come up rather a long way. We were closer to the back of the theatre, near the doors that opened out into the lobby. When we reached the row of seats where Lisa and Carrie were sitting, Alicia made me get in first. My bare legs climbed over one of my friends, and I found the cushion of an empty chair waiting for me. Gratefully, I sank down as best I could.

“Erica, is that you?” Carrie asked in a harsh whisper.

Of course I kept quiet, practically holding my breath. But requiring verification, my strawberry-blonde friend reached across the seat and began touching my bare body. She clasped my arm at first, but that wasn’t enough. Carrie had to let her fingers wander over my chest until they found and started playing with a nipple. Then she slid her hand down my leg and squeezed the thigh. Unseen, I wiggled my toes appreciatively. I didn’t expect her to go any further, but sure enough, she stretched her arm out and found my pussy, gently massaging my bald vulva.

“Mmmmm,” I purred.

Lisa grabbed my other arm and shook me. “Knock it off, you two. Erica is not allowed to have an orgasm in the movie theatre!”

“Shhh,” someone else added in annoyance.

Appropriately reprimanded, Carrie retracted her arm and kept her hands to her self. We settled in to continue watching the movie. But being naked and horny, I found it rather difficult to concentrate. I noticed there wasn’t anyone sitting directly in front of us for a couple of rows. So I sank a little lower in my seat, and lifted my legs to the chair before me. Each ankle fit nicely in the space between the tops of each chair back. Thus, spread out brazenly, I began stroking my clitoris. I was thankful for the darkness that allowed me to be completely naked in public. If the house lights should suddenly turn on, I would be displaying all my pink parts!

Uninterested in the movie, I began to fantasize about my friends. I imagined Lisa, Alicia, and Carrie taking off all their clothes, too. Imagine four female high school seniors, stark naked in the back of a movie theatre. I pictured us getting up and streaking the lobby, then running out into the parking lot and streaking to our cars. I wondered how many people would see our nude bodies…

Suddenly, Lisa was shaking my smooth shoulder. “I’m thirsty, Erica. Alicia and I need a couple of sodas. We can share with you and Carrie.”

“Oh…” I gasped, momentarily bewildered as I brought my feet quickly to the floor. I even crossed my legs as if to conceal my swollen pussy lips. Actually, a drink did sound nice, to cool my overheated body. “Um, OK…”

“Good. Here’s ten dollars, and don’t forget to bring me back the change!” Lisa said as she produced a bill and held it inches from my face.

I gripped the arms of the seat tight. “What? You want me to get the soft drinks for you? But Lisa… I’m naked!”

“Shhh!”

There was a pause of silence, before Lisa continued. She practically whispered in my ear, “Yes, I know that, Erica. But you see, this is a very small, cheap little theatre. Only one guy is outside collecting tickets, and now that both shows started, the lobby is empty. There are snack machines and soda machines, so you can help yourself…”

I gently stroked my left nipple as I listened, Lisa’s breath hot but sweet on the side of my face. That didn’t sound too bad. If I could sneak out of here under the cover of darkness, get the drinks from the empty lobby, then return to my friends without being seen. It was absolutely crazy, but also had me really excited. And it would give me a chance to stretch my legs.

Standing up, I felt a trickle of wetness run down my thigh. That was pretty embarrassing, especially as I had to climb back over Lisa and Alicia. They would really find out how much this was turning me on. Out of habit, I excused myself quietly while the girls could hardly stifle their giggles. Finally, my bare feet reached the carpet of the aisle, my hand reached out to touch the side wall. I looked out upon a sea of blackness, illuminated only by the bright picture at the front of the theatre. Taking a deep breath, I padded closer to the exit sign that led out into the lobby.

I figured I had better do this quickly. Not sure what would be waiting on the other side, I instinctively clasped the hand holding the money over my pussy and pushed open the door. I didn’t want any light from outside to stream through and give me away, so I hurried forward and let the door close behind me. Adjusting my eyes to the bright surroundings, it looked like I was alone.

Still, I clutched my arm over my bare breasts, and now I was truly covering my pink bits. I shivered a little and trembled, listening for any nearby voices. Oh my gosh, I was so naked out here! I took a couple of baby steps forward, turning my head to each side. There wasn’t any sign of the guy collecting tickets. That was good, because I didn’t even buy a ticket, which I did feel kind of guilty about. I was amazed to realize that my guilt only increased my arousal. My skin was heating up now, I swallowed a lump of fear nervously, so tempted to start playing with myself. And then I saw the vending machines that Lisa was talking about.

My feet padded across the floor as I dashed over to the snacks and soda dispensers nestled side by side in a corner. Immediately, I scanned the selection of soft drinks. I had no idea what Lisa wanted! I figured I had best go with a diet, since she was in great shape and probably always watching her calories. Me, I didn’t have to worry about that, as I was naturally trim and had a flat sexy tummy. I lifted up the bill she had given me and prepared to insert it into the machine… only to discover that it did not take ten dollar bills!

“Holy shit!” came the sound of a young male voice.

I whirled around on my heel, quickly draping an arm across my tits and placing the currency strategically over my nude pussy. My eyes met what appeared to be a teenage boy, although he was dressed in a ridiculous usher’s uniform. Well, at least he was dressed. I guess this was the guy who worked here at night.

“Um… hi,” I said, watching his eyes look me over from head to toe.

He stood frozen for a second, then alertly informed me, “You’re naked…”

“Yeah,” I kind of laughed in spite of the embarrassing situation. “It’s, ah… a bet. No, a dare…”

“A dare?”

Looking around to make sure it was just the two of us in the lobby, I said, “Yeah, um, my friends in the theatre… they dared me to take off my clothes and come out here to get a soda. I didn’t think I would run into anybody…”

The boy continued to stare openly, then said, “Wow… that is so hot!”

I felt kind of flushed standing here, talking to him while I was totally nude. But like he said, it was kind of hot, and I was already turned on. I shyly rubbed my foot behind my other leg, while my fingers stretched teasingly in front of my crotch.

“The only thing is… this machine doesn’t take large bills. Do you… do you think you could get me some change?” I asked with my big brown eyes wide, really hoping that he wouldn’t call security or anything like that. Then again, he probably was security!

“Yeah, sure… you just have to follow me to the ticket counter,” he said and immediately turned toward the entrance of the building.

Of course, there was that small closet-like room when you first walked in, with a pane of glass shielding the ticket-taker. Into this room, the boy disappeared. I shrugged my shoulder and followed his steps. Once I reached the counter window, I had to wait patiently while he opened the register. My toes wiggled on the carpet of the lobby. It then occurred to me that there was another movie playing, and I had no idea when it was over. If the theatre should let out, probably a dozen people would come streaming out and would see me naked!

And then I realized I was standing just a foot away from the main door to the building. Anyone arriving to buy tickets for the next show, would really be in for a treat! I was utterly surrounded by potential sudden exposure! I wished he would hurry.

“All right, I can give you a five and five singles,” the boy said from behind the window.

I blinked, and suddenly understood that I had to fork over Lisa’s ten spot. Carefully, squirming a bit in embarrassment, I lowered my other arm to cover my pussy while I placed the bill on the counter. I quickly took the rest of the money, then spun around to walk back over to the soda machines. My butt must have jiggled deliciously with my hasty steps, as my palm bounced against my bald vulva.

Now I had to use both hands as I stood in front of the vending machine, to select a crisp dollar bill and insert it into the slot. I punched up a diet soda, and waited for the can to drop. Thinking I had a bit of privacy, I bent down to retrieve the can, which left my pussy lips clearly visible from behind.

“Turn around,” came the sound of the teenage movie clerk.

I was startled by the tone and proximity of his voice, so my reflexes just took over and I did as I was told. But now I had a cold can of soda in one hand, and the rest of the money clenched in my other hand. Both arms dangling, I covered nothing!

He looked me over suspiciously and said, “I don’t remember you buying a ticket tonight.”

“Well…” I started, but for a moment, all I could think of was his eyes focused on the pink folds of skin of my shaved pussy. “Maybe you don’t recognize me because I don’t have any clothes on?”

The teenager took a step closer. “Yeah… what were you wearing?”

“Um… I came in with my friends,” I answered. I didn’t want to admit that I had been naked already! “One was a blonde dressed in dark pants and a blue top. Another was a tall girl with strawberry-blonde hair…”

Strolling around me, the boy was feeling very sure of himself as he admired my bare backside. “Yeah, I think I remember them.”

“Look! Can I just go back in the theatre and put my clothes on? Maybe you didn’t see me, because I’m small…”

Standing back in front of me, evaluating my chest, he agreed. “Yes, your tits are kind of small. But those nipples… are so long! They’re like sticking out an inch! Can I touch them?”

“Um… no!” I replied rather firmly. But the attention my nudity was drawing was making me very excited. I was afraid I would start touching them myself, or other parts of my body, if I didn’t get back to my friends soon.

“OK, well, you do have a pretty cute body. I guess I can let you go back inside now.”

Relieved, but also blushing fiercely, I only answered, “Uh-huh…”

Somewhat in a daze, I watched as he opened the door to the theatre for me. I padded across the floor, passing very close to the young man as I slipped into the waiting darkness. His uniform sleeve brushed my bare arm, sending a thrill through my entire body. I wondered if he had noticed my clit poking out, or if he could smell my musky juices. He probably wanted to hurry off to the men’s room and do his own thing!

The door closed behind me, and my eyes needed a moment to adjust so that I could proceed. Down the sloped aisle I continued, hoping no one else would have the sudden urge to use the restrooms. I don’t know what I would do if I ran into another person like this. I counted the rows as I made my way down, remembering that we were five away from the back of the room. With the movie holding everyone’s attention, I snuck between the seats again and tapped Alicia on the shoulder.

“What took you so long?” she asked.

In response, I handed her the soda can and shuffled sideways so that my ass was directly in front of her face. When I stepped across her seat and moved in front of Lisa, I feared she would grab my butt cheeks and do something naughty to me. Wow, this was not helping my situation! Finally, I reached the empty seat next to Carrie and sank into the cushion.

Once I handed Lisa back her change, my hands were free to wander. In the darkness of the theatre, I used my fingers to spread open my pussy lips, and felt my clit poke out fully erect. I was dying for someone to touch me there! Instead, Lisa was soon shaking my arm.

“Hey, Erica… I told you to get us two sodas!”

Caught with my hands on my pussy, I turned and looked at her. “Please don’t make me go back out there! The guy who works here already saw me… naked!”

“Really?” Lisa seemed amused by my humiliating encounter. “You must be ready to explode right now. Well, I’d love to cool you down, but you can’t have our soda, since you only bought one. Now sit still like a good little girl, with both hands on the arm rests.”

Afraid of what she might do to me, or force me to do, I complied… bringing my arms to rest at the sides of my seat in the theatre. My whole body tingled, being totally nude in room full of clothed people. I swear my pussy twitched and quivered. If anyone saw me like this, at the height of my arousal, I think I would die of embarrassment! I stared straight ahead, and tried to watch the movie.

I heard Lisa take a sensual slurp from the soda can, her lips practically next to my ear. “Carrie… would you like a sip of my drink?”

My friend leaned over me on the other side and answered, “Why thank you, Lisa. I would like a drink. My mouth is just parched!”

But instead of asking me to pass the can to her, Lisa reached across and deliberately brushed the tin surface against my elongated nipple. Carrie took the soda from her once it was between my breasts, and pulling it toward her, she also rubbed my other nipple against the can. I could not help but watch as she titled her head back and took a long gulp, her profile was beautiful as a bead of condensation dribbled down her chin. I licked my lips, silently spreading my legs apart even wider. Then Carrie passed the can back toward Lisa, again pausing to rub it over my bare breasts.

“Oh…. ahhh…” I moaned, the soda can feeling so good on my skin. There was no stopping the orgasm that was building between my legs.

By the time Lisa took back her soda, also teasing my hard nipple, I was beyond containing myself.

I lowered my right hand to my crotch and started masturbating. Right there, in the theatre, sitting between my high school friends and among dozens of strangers. I was completely naked, and the thought drove me wild. Slipping a finger deep inside me, I poked and prodded, stroking my most sensitive spot. With a final bucking of my hips, I achieved a clitoral ejaculation, creaming the cushion of the seat.

“Mmmm… yes! Yes! Oh, yes!” I cried in release.

“Shhh!”

But I didn’t care, not about the sounds I was making or the chances of being caught. I was just so relieved to let out all that pent up excitement. Finally, I closed my eyes, and sank a little in the chair, a hand resting on my belly and a sweet smile upon my lips. And then, Lisa was shaking my shoulder again.

“Are you quite finished, Erica?”

“Mmm-hmmm,” I purred as I languidly stretched my legs.

Lisa leaned over close, hooking a strand of my hair behind my ear and whispered, “Good… because the movie is about to end. The lights will be going on, and as people start leaving the theatre, they will see that you are… bare… ass… naked!”

“Oh my,” I sat upright quickly, gathering my arms around my small but perky breasts. “What should I do?”

On my right side, Carrie rubbed my shoulder sympathetically. “You had better leave now, unless you want to put on a show. We’ll meet you in the parking lot.”

“But… but… that usher guy is still out front!”

“Maybe,” Lisa replied coldly, “but he has already seen your nude little body.”

I started to stand on trembling legs. Now that I thought about it, I was never sure how I was going to be leaving the movie theatre! I couldn’t believe I let Lisa trap me like this. Suddenly, there came from the speakers the loud rock music as the end credits began to crawl up the screen. The movie was over, and I knew a lot people didn’t stay to watch all the credits. Ahead of me, I saw the shapes of figures below rising from their seats. I wasn’t sure if the lights stayed off for all the credits, or if they could turn on at any moment, but I had to act fast.

Clumsily, I slid sideways over the legs of my still-seated friends. This time I was facing forward, and my pink pussy was eye level with Lisa and Alicia. Thankfully, they didn’t make a move to further stimulate me and humiliate me. They let me pass, and soon my feet found the carpet of the side aisle that would run up to the back exit.

And then the lights went on.

Oh my gosh, oh my gosh… it happened so fast! I just froze, up against the wall. At that moment, I was most embarrassed about my pussy. Because of my recent state of arousal, my juicy labia were still prominent and hanging out, my clit still extended. I placed a hand over my crotch and began quickly moving toward the door.

“Streaker!” someone yelled, and it sounded a lot like Lisa!

I didn’t bother to turn around, I could feel everyone’s eyes on my bare ass. I stretched out my one free arm to open the door, my other hand still shielding my bald pubic mound. Abruptly I burst into the lobby, stark naked, only to find that the other theatre was already emptying out. About a half of dozen people saw me and pointed.

Oh no, oh no, oh no! Confused, I lifted both hands to cover my nipples. Then I clasped my hands back over my pussy. I kind of hopped around in a circle, this was so embarrassing! More people got a good look at my body. Amid the commotion of voices laughing, cheering, and whistling, I spotted the door by the ticket counter. Blushing all over, I ran in that direction.

As I passed the window, the teenager who worked at the movie theatre called out, “Hey! You can’t keep running around like that!”

This actually made me pause and look at him and say I was sorry. I guess this was my punishment for sneaking in without buying a ticket! As I then proceeded to make my way outside, the door suddenly opened before me. A couple was on their way in…

“Oh my goodness!” said an older woman. “That little girl hasn’t any clothes on!”

“Excuse me,” I mumbled, more apologetic as I brushed my bare body past them.

Upon stepping outside, I immediately felt the cool night air wash over me, which was rather nice. Although it did have the effect of stiffening my nipples. And then I remembered that I had entered the building with Alicia through the back fire exits. Now it took me a moment to get my bearings, and realize that I was standing naked on the sidewalk that crossed in front of the movie theatre!

Cars honked as they drove down the street. Oh my gosh… they had just seen my butt! I whirled around, one arm slung over my breasts, and cupped my vulva in my other hand. Starting to walk in one direction, I saw some people leaving a restaurant down the street. More words were shouted as they pointed at me. I turned and ran the other way, my cute little ass bouncing as I hurried, feet slapping over the pavement.

By the time I made it back into the parking lot of the movie theatre, lots of people were hanging out by their cars. This included Lisa, Alicia, and Carrie as they leaned against their respective vehicles and waved me over. People called out to me as I passed among them, with an arm slung across my tits and my other hand discreetly covering my hairless pussy. Some of the things they said were flattering, some, not so pleasant. There were words commenting on my nice legs, or my tight behind. Others asked me to move my arms out of the way, and show them everything. Part of me wanted to do just that, but I was really embarrassed… especially because I was growing aroused again!

In the end, despite all that had happened, I’m still a pretty shy and decent girl. So I desperately kept my pink bits hidden as I approached the side of Lisa’s car. But wouldn’t you know, the bitch kept the door locked! I bounced impatiently on my toes, knowing that all eyes were on my bare backside. Slowly, the power window rolled down in front of me.

“I think you know what you have to do, Erica,” Lisa said, sliding in to sit behind the wheel. “Turn around and wave good night to all your fans…”

Well, I guess I was going to be an exhibitionist, whether I liked it or not! I turned around reluctantly and saw that ten people, men and women, were watching me. I parted my legs slightly, the naughty side of me reasoning that if I was going to show, I would show it all! With my hands lowered to rest on my hips, out sprung my pointy nipples. The lips of my shaved vulva were totally exposed, and I could feel my labia sticking out as well. I was just about to use my fingers to spread open my pink gash, when I heard the door behind me unlock.

I twisted my nude body around, and lifted the handle. Then I quickly jumped inside the car. Another moment out there, and I’m sure I would have been rubbing my clit in front of everyone!

Lisa looked over at me as she started the engine and began to drive off. “You’re such a bad girl, Erica.”

“No, no I’m not!” I cried. “It’s all your fault! You stripped me naked and kept me nude all night long! You’re the one who makes me so hot and horny!”

The blonde’s eyes flashed for an instant, but then she smiled deviously at me. I immediately regretted my outburst as she said, “Well I hope your body can handle all the excitement, little girl. Because tomorrow, you are coming with me to pick up your boots!”

I was very quiet for the rest of the drive home. My mind pondered the challenge that awaited me, for I didn’t need to ask what Lisa had planned.

The next day, Lisa’s Blue Beetle pulled up quietly in front of my house, just around six in the morning. It was still early so that my parents wouldn’t be awake for another half an hour. I had watched from the living room window, waiting for her arrival. Then I took a deep breath and walked into the hallway. I had noticed it was just starting to get light outside. With a trembling hand, I opened the front door and pushed my leg forward, stretching beyond the safety and concealment of my home.

A slender, shapely leg that was completely bare, all the way down to my delicate toes.

18 – Erica’s Birthday

“Hey, everybody… it’s little Erica’s birthday today!”

Lisa stood up in the middle of the room and made the embarrassing announcement. I just put my head down and tried to bury my face in my arms. We were in our morning study hall period, and the teacher had just excused himself a few minutes ago. It was Lisa and myself, and ten other seniors. We were told that we were old enough to be left unsupervised, and he could trust us to continue our work. So then, why did Lisa pull this childish prank?

True, it was my birthday. I had always looked forward to my spring-time birthday, as it meant only a couple of more months of school. But this year in particular, it was more like a matter of weeks, and we would be finished with high school! That thought did have me giddy.

Carrie was also in this study hall with us, and I heard her say, “You know, Lisa… I believe it is tradition for the young lady to receive a friendly paddling on her birthday bottom!”

My eyes went wide, and my head jerked up, as I listened to muffled laughter from the other students in the classroom.

“Yes, I suppose eighteen swats ought to do,” Lisa replied. “One for each year!”

I watched as the bitchy blonde climbed out of her seat and walked up to the front of the room. She passed by the blackboard and continued over to the door, sticking out her head to make sure the coast was clear in the corridor. Then she shut the door firmly and looked in my direction.

“Go on, Erica, you don’t want to keep Lisa waiting.” Carrie laughed from the desk across from me.

Turning my head, I saw that the other boys and girls who were our classmates, were starting to take an interest in the drama unfolding before them. Few students were engaged in busywork, or utilizing the period for its intended purpose. Not that anyone took academics very seriously this late in the year…

Lisa folded her arms over her chest and started tapping her foot. “Come on, Erica! Get up here so I can give you your birthday spanking!”

Well, don’t you know, she spoke with such authority and such a commanding voice, I was finding it hard to refuse. Even though I was mortified by the very suggestion, still, I couldn’t be sure what she had planned if I didn’t cooperate. All eyes in the class were now upon my slender form as I slowly rose from my seat. I guess this was all just in the spirit of fun, and we seniors had been in a party state of mind since mid-February!

I was dressed in white baggy shorts and a navy blue sweatshirt, as it was still cool enough outside. And of course I had my sneakers and white ankle socks. As I stepped around the chair and walked forward to where Lisa was standing, I knew all the guys were checking out my legs. Self-consciously, I tugged on the bottom of my sweatshirt, which I was glad was not tight fitting.

“All right, Erica… put your palms up against the chalkboard, and stick your butt out a little!”

Hearing Lisa talk about my ass in front of everyone made me blush. And behind me, I could hear people chuckling or making crude comments. But nevertheless, I reached out both arms so they were straight in front of me, hands flat on the slate. I bent my one leg a bit, causing my bottom to present an inviting target.

“Um, not too hard,” I tried to whisper. But nervous and excited, I said it too loud, which only brought more laughter.

At my side, Lisa only smirked. Then she turned to face her audience and I can only imagine she made some grand flourishing gesture. All at once, I felt her hand playfully smack the backside of my shorts.

“One!” She said with all the enthusiasm of a game show hostess. Another slap landed briskly on my cheek as Lisa called out, “Two!”

“Hey, Lisa…” someone yelled, “Isn’t it customary to deliver a spanking with her shorts down?”

I shook my head, no, while remaining in my vulnerable position, while Lisa mulled over this option. “Hmmm, that is a good point. Erica, I’m afraid you’re going to have to drop ‘em!”

“But… but…” I stammered, unable to believe what I was hearing.

Lisa shuffled around so she was directly behind me. “Aw, what’s the matter? You are wearing underwear today, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I replied meekly. But that wasn’t good enough for Lisa.

While my arms were still stretched out as if holding up the wall with the blackboard, the dominating senior smoothly reached around my waist and began searching for the clasp on my shorts. From the view of everybody still in their seats, it must have looked like she was riding my ass! I wiggled a little, and moaned, but it wasn’t much of a struggle. Pretty soon, her fingers popped open the button, then started tugging the fabric down my hips.

“What was that?” Lisa mocked me, as she eased the shorts slowly down my legs. “I guess we’re about to find out what kind of undies you picked out this morning!”

Suddenly, she gave a firm yank and brought the material down to my ankles. Oh my gosh! I had just been pantsed in front of my second period study hall! This was so embarrassing… Lisa stood up and stepped to the side to admire her handiwork. And that gave everyone a clear view of my white little panties!

Oh, oh! I just remembered which pair I had picked out this morning. They had a sheer front, so I dare not turn around now, or else people would see my camel toe pussy. And the back was practically a thong… not a scrap of material covering my butt cheeks! I don’t know why I put on these skimpy things! I had just turned eighteen today, and I guess I was feeling sexy. I never imagined I would be showing them off at school!

“Now where was I,” Lisa continued. And then I felt her hard slap land soundly on my ass. “Three!”

There was something about hearing her bare hand hit the bare skin of my ass that made this very arousing. And the feel was incredible, even if it did sting a little. I could feel myself moistening down there, and my clit was beginning to swell up. Lisa’s hand smacked my other cheek.

“Four!”

“Oh,” I gasped, even though I didn’t mean to. It came out a little too much like a squeal of pleasure. My classmates would start to figure this was turning me on! And then Carrie spoke up.

“Ahem… It just occurred to me, Lisa. Since today is Erica’s birthday… maybe she should be in her birthday suit!”

My limbs went rigid in the front of the room, as the students erupted in whistles and cheers. Gosh, I hoped the teacher didn’t come back in right now, with my shorts down around my feet! But then, if he didn’t return to take control of the class, there was no telling what Lisa might actually do…

I felt her slip a finger inside the elastic band of my panties and snap it against the curve of my hip. “What do you say, Erica? Do you want to get into your birthday suit for us?”

“No!” I said, slightly turning my head to regard Lisa. “You can’t be serious! We’re in the middle of school… there are a dozen students here!”

With hands on her hips, deadly serious, she said, “Take off your clothes.”

A hush fell over the room. There was a cough, then voices murmuring. Someone asked if I would really do it.

“Absolutely,” Lisa declared. She was defiant, imperial, and not one to be made a fool of. “Erica will take off everything I tell her to. She’ll be totally naked, bare as the day she was born… if I say so!”

My legs trembled a little, and I couldn’t seem to make my arms work. This was like a nightmare and fantasy all rolled into one.

“Now, strip!” the blonde commanded. Then she moved closer and put a hand on my back. “Don’t worry, Erica, I’ll let you stay facing forward. So you won’t have to give us a full frontal show.”

As if that was supposed to make me feel better! In the middle of confused and conflicting emotions, Lisa told me to step out of my shorts completely. They were loose and already bunched up around my shoes. So finally, I shook and lifted one leg first, and then raised my other foot. Once I was free of the material, Lisa reached down and took this piece of clothing. It felt really strange to be standing up here, with my back turned toward the class, in just my sweatshirt and underwear!

“Take off your shoes and socks…”

I bit my lip in frustration. Oh, this was really it! Very carefully, I squatted down and started unlacing my sneaker. If I kept going, there would be no stopping her! What if the teacher suddenly came back… unless he left for the whole period, then we would be alone for another thirty minutes. I reluctantly pulled the sneakers off my feet, hearing them bounce to the floor. Dreading every moment of this, yet reveling in the humiliation, I peeled off each of my socks.

Now I stood again, in my bare feet, feeling the coolness of the tiles. I lifted one foot to my toes, giving the students in the front seats a view of my naked sole. Lisa stood to the side, evaluating my form and slender shapely legs.

With an elbow resting in one hand, tapping her chin with a finger, she said, “I think you should remove that ugly sweatshirt next!”

Oh, my panties were getting really damp now! I nervously gripped the edge of my sweatshirt in clenched fists. Underneath, I was only wearing a bra, and this just as skimpy as my underwear. Fully erect at this point, my nipples nearly pushed through the flimsy material. I lifted the heavier fabric for a moment, and then fidgeting, I noticed that I could stretch the shirt down further and effectively cover my bottoms… more or less. Pulling it as far as possible until it just reached the tops of my thighs, I looked over my shoulder at the other students.

Then I looked at Lisa with my brown eyes wide. “I can’t! I can’t do it…”

I held on to the sweatshirt tight using one hand, and lunged for the classroom door. Pulling it open quickly, I then bolted out into the hallway in my bare feet and panties. I looked around, but the corridor was thankfully empty. Still, I tugged harder on my shirt so that it completely hid my undies. I tried to ignore my lack of footwear.

Lisa was furious. Even as I started walking away, I heard her call my name, standing just in classroom doorway. I could feel her eyes burning into my back!

“Erica,” she hissed. “I’m not done with you! I’m going to track you down, and strip off every last piece of your clothing, birthday girl!”

Oh my, she sounded rather determined! I could hear the uproar of the other students’ laughter, and thought it would be best if I didn’t stick around. Now, I wasn’t sure if Lisa would really come after me, but I decided I should find a place to hide. My light steps took me around the corner of the hallway, where fortunately, because classes were still in session, the doors were closed. No one would see me as my bare legs passed by… I really couldn’t believe I was wearing so little! A quick glance over my shoulder showed that I wasn’t being followed. Then I ducked into the girls’ bathroom at the end of the corridor.

“This is crazy,” I said to myself as I looked around at the empty stalls. “What a way to spend your birthday!”

Running my fingers through my hair, I wondered desperately what I was going to do. I supposed it was only a matter of time before Lisa came in here and found me, and followed through with her threat. Maybe it would be better if she stripped me naked in the privacy of the restroom, instead of in front of a class full of students. But then she might take my clothes and leave me here.

Well, before I decided what to do next, I realized that I needed to sit down and have myself a pee. Entering one of the unoccupied stalls, I dropped my panties to my feet. This made me shudder as it underscored that fact that I wasn’t wearing any pants… or shoes, or socks! Lowering my head, I watched my bare toes wiggle on the tiles of the floor. I absently let my underwear fall off first one foot, then the other. Now I was completely bottomless!

Of course, the irrational thought did cross my mind that I should take off the rest of my clothes and beat Lisa at her own game. Maybe I would streak the halls. Raising the bottom of the sweatshirt a bit, my hand wandered down and touched my pussy. I pictured myself running through the school totally nude. Oh, Oh… that would be so hot! But, yet, I knew I wasn’t brave enough to do that on my own. Besides, I had turned eighteen today… I was practically an adult! And adults didn’t do those sort of sophomoric pranks, right?

As I finished my business and emptied my bladder, I suddenly remembered that I had an exam in my next period English class! Damn, what was I going to do now! I really couldn’t miss that test. And then I heard the door to the restroom open, two girls entering and chattering away. Quickly, I reached down and found my panties, pulling them back up my legs. This was so embarrassing! Especially, as I didn’t want the girls to see me without my shoes…

They must have stopped to check themselves in the mirror first. As I waited nervously, I curled my feet around the base of the bowl. The two girls continued to talk about some stupid teacher they had, and softball practice after school. Finally, they went into the two stalls on either side of me. I took that opportunity to get up and exit my own, and hurry out of restroom without being discovered.

Once I was back in the hallway, I made sure to pull the sweatshirt all the way down so that I didn’t reveal my snug panties. Placing my arms at my sides, I was relieved to see that, indeed, the navy hem came right up to the tops of my thighs. Breathing easier, I still didn’t like the fact that I was barefoot. But I couldn’t go back to the study hall classroom, because I was afraid Lisa might take my shirt and bra! I then recalled that my English professor didn’t have a class this period… that meant his room might be empty! I decided I would try to sneak into the room before it started, and wait for the next class to begin.

It was so quiet, I could hear my feet slapping across the floor, feeling my bare skin lift from the cool tiles with each step. I was getting hot beneath my sweatshirt! Finding the stairwell that led to the second floor, I quickly climbed up the flights, aware that my sweatshirt was riding up my body. And I really didn’t want to be seen from behind, on account of my thong underwear!

I poked my head out of the alcove and saw that this floor was as deserted and quiet as the one below. So I bravely stepped out into the corridor and started toward the direction of the English classroom. But when I turned the corner, there were a couple of boys at their lockers! I hesitated for a moment, but then decided I had best act normal and walk past them.

Well, of course, first I made sure my sweatshirt was back at a decent level. And then I proceeded to march forward, my arms at my sides even as my hips wiggled just slightly. I couldn’t take my eyes of these two students, who appeared to be freshmen or sophomores. That’s because as I approached, their combined gazes were locked on my eighteen-year-old form. I watched as they devoured the sight of my slender legs, completely bare all the way to my toes. Oh my gosh, I felt so naked to be out in the hallway like this! I knew they were wondering, even fantasizing, about if I had anything under my shirt. Licking my lips, I realized I had better get to my classroom fast and calm down a bit.

The boys were speechless as I passed by them, and they made no comment or curious remark. I suppose they might think that seniors are entitled to walk around barefoot and fancy-free, especially a month before graduation. It was rather satisfying to think I was being recognized as an upperclassman for once, and the thought that I only had on my underwear caused me to shiver a little.

All the way at the end of the corridor, just after the last lockers, was my English Literature classroom. The door was open, but I could see the lights were turned off. That was a good sign. Sure enough, I slipped inside the room, which was otherwise empty at this point. I glanced up at the clock… fifteen minutes until the next bell rang. The teacher would probably be pleased to see I had arrived so early, and on a test day!

Finding a book from the shelves that lined the back of the room, I seated myself at a desk also in the back and tried to look busy or at least studious. Needless to say, I had a difficult time concentrating. My butt cheeks had direct contact with the wooden chair, and though I crossed my legs underneath, I couldn’t help but rub my toes behind my calf.

“Erica!” came the voice of my teacher walking through the door. “What a surprise. I’m pleased to see you arrived extra early!”

I smiled to myself at his predicted declaration. “Um, yeah… I wanted to be extra prepared.”

Suddenly I felt very flustered. I mean, here I was sitting with just a baggy sweatshirt to conceal my underwear. I didn’t have my shorts or shoes, or socks. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea…

“Well, don’t let me disturb you,” the teacher was continuing. “I only wish the rest of your classmates were as conscientious as you!”

I only grunted, “Uh-huh…”

My head bent down, I pretty much had my face in the open pages of the book, to hide my blushing. One elbow was propped up on the desk, the hand teasing and twirling the brown tresses of my hair. But my other arm… I secretly lowered, and began patting the front of my sheer panties. While the teacher made his preparations for the test, writing instructions on the board, my fingers were soon wandering inside the delicate material. Getting more comfortable as I sat here in isolation, I began pulling and rubbing my soft pussy lips. I bit my lip, willing myself not to do this… but I was getting so aroused! The thought struck me of removing my panties completely, and that caused my clitoris to swell up fully erect. I now used my index and middle fingers to make up and down motions above my slit…

“Mmmm…”

And then the bell rang, bringing me to my senses, as I abruptly brought both hands onto the desk. Oh my, had I just been about to masturbate in a classroom alone with another teacher? I placed my hand to my chest, feeling my heart racing. I must have looked pretty flushed, as I watched the first several students file into the room.

“Erica, where are your shoes?” asked a girl who sat down behind the desk across from me.

It then occurred to me that no one had to know I had worn sneakers and socks this morning. If I had been wearing sandals or flip-flops, it would be perfectly normal to go without any additional foot covering. I took a deep breath, turned my head to face my classmate.

“Um… I had gym just before class, and I lost my flip-flops in the locker room. I didn’t want to be late for the test…”

“So you ran all the way up here in your bare feet?” the girl asked, amazed. Then giggling, she said, “Well, you have very pretty toes.”

For some reason, that made me feel very embarrassed. “Um… thank you.”

The exam was administered without further incident. It was a test on the various literary works we had read over the course of the year, kind of a summary of the characters and themes that were explored in this class. I did my best to focus, so that I wouldn’t screw up. And in fact, concentrating on the test actually made me forget about what I was, or wasn’t, wearing!

When the period was over, the teacher had us place our papers on his desk as we left the room. I didn’t even think about getting caught, I just made sure my shirt was suitably adjusted and walked right up to the front of the room. Upon turning on my heel, the teacher looked down and frowned at me.

“Erica, why did you take off your shoes?” he said accusingly.

The other student was at my side and spoke on my behalf. “Oh, no, sir. She never had them on! You see, Erica misplaced them in the locker room before coming up to class.”

I blushed hearing the other girl lie for me. The teacher answered dubiously, “Is that so! Well, I do appreciate your consideration of arriving in a timely fashion, if not for inappropriate school attire.”

“I really wanted to do well on this test,” I whined, tugging nervously on the end of my sweatshirt.

The other girl grabbed my arm and said, “Come on, Erica… I have gym this period. I’ll walk with you back to the locker room, and we can look for your flip-flops.”

With that, we were excused, although once we exited the room, other students walking the halls stopped to point and laugh at me. At least my friend was going to escort me to the gym area, so I wouldn’t be alone. I think I would have died of shame if I were caught out here with everyone staring at my bare legs and feet! Of course, I had no idea how I would explain the situation once we got to locker rooms. Maybe the girl had an extra pair of sneakers she could lend me…

We continued through the halls, and down to the ground floor, making our way to the gymnasium side of the building. The two of us passed against a crowd of students making their way to their other classes, and I was very sensitive to the eyes scanning my lower body. A few more mischievous hands tickled the sides of my legs. By the time we reached the girls’ locker room, I was nearly out of breath.

“Hello, Erica!”

Oh no… Lisa stood in front of the door, her arms folded across her chest. Instinct took over, and I turned around hoping to flee from the blonde bitch. But the other girl who had seemed so helpful, had been behind me, and I almost tumbled over her. Lisa moved quickly and forcefully, taking a good handful of the back of my sweatshirt. With one hand, she raised the fabric up my body, revealing my skimpy panties.

“Ha!” the girl from my English class laughed. “Looks like you lost more than your shoes, Erica!”

Lisa snarled for her to go about her business and disappear into the locker room. Then it was just the two of us, out here in the empty hallway. I hoped no one showed up late for gym!

“You know, Erica, I still have to finish your birthday spanking. But not until you are properly exposed…”

Using her other arm, Lisa reached underneath my sweatshirt and found the clasp of my matching bra. Her fingers quickly undid the hook, while she pulled me close against the front of her body. I couldn’t put up much of a struggle, I was helpless as she yanked down my bra and pulled it free.

The release of the undergarment sent me staggering forward a few steps, and out of Lisa’s clutches. I turned my head and saw her twirling it on her finger. It then occurred to me that I was topless under my sweatshirt, and I could feel my nipples spring out to rub against the material. In fact, I now had only two articles of clothing left!

“Time to finish the job,” Lisa laughed, “and strip you completely naked!”

“No!” I practically shrieked, and I ran back down the hallway.

At this point, I wasn’t too concerned about my little white panties, but just wanted to get away from Lisa. Luckily, I had a pretty light schedule, and this was another free period for me. Although, even if I did have a class, I didn’t think I could attend in this state. As I continued to run through the now empty hallways of the school, I could feel my elongated nipples brushing up and down on the inside of my sweatshirt. It was driving me crazy, and my whole body started to tingle. I needed to find some relief! Looking behind me, I saw that Lisa did not give chase. Instead, it seemed like she was content to stalk me for the remainder of the day.

My legs had carried me up to the third floor of the building, and here I slowly made my way down the corridor that led to my locker. There was another person up here as well, but luckily it turned out to be my friend, Alicia.

“Whoa, Erica… you look like you’ve had a pretty wild morning.”

Slouching against the wall, I answered my friend, “It’s Lisa. She’s out to get me. She’s determined to give me a special birthday spanking…”

Alicia giggled, “Oh, that’s sounds fun!”

“In my birthday suit!” I glared and crossed my arms over my chest.

“What… here? In school?” When I nodded, Alicia only shook her head. “You mean Lisa is trying to take all your clothes? How far has she gotten…”

I lifted up one leg to offer proof. “She’s taken my sneakers and socks and shorts. And just now, my bra!”

“Wow… at this rate, Erica, you’ll be nude by lunchtime!”

“Don’t say that!” I scolded my friend. “This is so embarrassing… what am I going to do?”

Alicia gave the matter some thought. Then she snapped her fingers and said, “The school book store! My friend, Debbie, works there this period. We can hang out with her. Lisa will never think to look for you there.”

“Um, OK…” I replied hesitantly.

I mean I suppose it sounded as good as any place to be. And we weren’t likely to encounter that many students. Of course, this meant another trip back to the school’s first floor, but then Lisa might be looking elsewhere anyway. Alicia grabbed her bag and closed her locker. Then we were back off down the hallway.

Walking next to me, my friend lowered her eyes and commented, “Your legs are really smooth. You do a good job shaving, Erica! Are you still bald… down there?”

“Alicia!” I expressed shock at the question. The topic, however, did cause my pussy to quiver and twitch.

“Well, if Lisa has her way, I suppose the whole senior class will find out how bare you are!”

And laughing, Alicia skipped down the stairs. I was a bit more careful as I stepped lightly in my bare toes. I also didn’t want to make my breasts shake up and down by engaging in strenuous motions. When I reached the landing that opened onto the first floor, Alicia was waiting for me. We continued walking in the direction toward the bookstore, and there was an occasional student here and there. But I guess having a companion with me took some of the attention off my strange appearance. Still, I received a few odd stares.

“Hey, Debbie!” Alicia greeted her friend behind the counter. “You mind if me and Erica chill out with you this period?”

The redheaded junior shrugged her shoulders. “Nah, it’s been pretty dead this morning. Couple of dudes asked me to stash their cigarettes for them.”

Debbie then inquired as to why I didn’t have any shoes on. I told her it was a long story. She then asked if I was naked underneath my sweatshirt!

“Of course not!” I answered indignantly. But her presumption was not far from the truth.

Things were going fairly well for the remainder of the morning. I was beginning to think I would have to venture into the cafeteria soon. That was something I dreaded. But I could feel my tummy rumble, and it wouldn’t be long before I was craving something to eat. I suddenly remembered that Carrie shared the same lunch period with me. Maybe I could hook up with her, and she could get me some food while I tried to remain out of sight…

“Hey, ladies…”

My heart nearly dropped when I looked up and saw Lisa enter the small bookstore. She sauntered over to the counter, and gave Alicia a wink. She flashed a wicked smile at me, and then turned to the girl at the register.

“I need a three-ring binder for my history class,” she said imperiously, laying her money on the counter.

The stationary supplies were stacked behind us. Debbie reached back to get a binder for Lisa, when the bitch said that she wanted a red one. The only red three-ring binder was on one of the higher shelves. Debbie looked at the clock on the back wall, then looked back at Lisa.

“Look, the period is almost over, and my next class is all the way on the third floor. Do you really need a red binder? I’ll have to pull out that old rickety step-ladder, and I hate standing on it…”

The bossy blonde shut the younger girl up with a hand raised in her face. “Oh, relax! I’ve already paid for the damn thing. Why don’t you run along to your class, and let Alicia and Erica wait for the next shift. Besides, Erica is better suited for climbing, since she doesn’t have any shoes!”

“Oh would you?” Debbie turned to me with great joy in her eyes. Apparently, she had often run late for her class because of her bookstore duties, and she was eager for a chance to leave early. She didn’t even wait for an answer. The bell rang, she grabbed her things, and headed out into the hallway. “See you later, Alicia! Thanks, Erica!”

When it was just the three of us, Lisa ordered me to climb up the stepladder and fetch her the red binder. She suggested that I do it now, while students were changing classes, and before the next student store clerk arrived. That made some sense, so I quickly found the folding metal ladder and placed it in front of the shelf. Like Debbie said, it was kind of unsteady. I could see how putting any extra weight on it might make it collapse.

My toes curled around the first rung. Of course, I am not that tall to begin with, so I had to climb onto the next step, and finally all the way to the top of the ladder. Even then, I had to stretch up with both arms just to reach the stupid binder! This caused my sweatshirt to ride up my back… soon my bellybutton and stomach were exposed in the front.

Immediately, Lisa was behind the counter, and directly behind me. She gently took the sides of my panties.

“Oh my!” I gasped, feeling her tease and tug the fabric. “Please, Lisa… don’t do this! You’ve already taken the rest of my clothing!”

But Lisa had me trapped, and she was in no mood to negotiate. While I stood frozen on the ladder, my arms high above my head, she very deliberately pulled down my underwear. I blushed knowing my naked ass came fully into view. Once the material reached my feet, Lisa took first one ankle in her hand and methodically extracted the foot from my panties. Then she did this with the other foot, taking my panties completely off.

I was now totally bottomless. If I turned around now, Lisa’s mouth that was so often twisted in a charming but condescending sneer, would be level with my hairless pussy. I felt my lower lips begin to open, my clit starting to peek out of its hood. Wow, I couldn’t believe that this was sexually exciting me! Taking the new binder in my arms, I held it tight to my chest while my legs very carefully navigated the steps down the ladder.

When I reached the floor, I did turn around just in time to see Lisa stuff my panties in her pocket. Nervously, I handed her the item that she paid for, wondering if she was going to make another move on me. I really had nowhere to hide and was completely at her mercy.

Instead, she started walking away saying, “Thank you, Erica. Alicia and I have to be off to class. But I’ll be back to take the rest of your things, before the end of the day!”

“The rest of my things?” I cried, clutching the end of my sweatshirt. “But this is all I have! If you take my sweatshirt, I’ll be totally…”

I couldn’t bring myself to say it. I just watch as my best friend and Lisa made their way out of the bookstore, and disappeared into the river of students coursing through the hallway. Now what was I supposed to do! My fingers gripped the sides of the navy blue fabric, and I tugged it as low as possible until I was certain my poor little pussy was covered. Still, this did nothing to prevent the trickle of my juices that ran down my leg.

Suddenly two boys stumbled into the room. They looked like they were 15 or 16, pimple faced, but starting to sprout some fuzz on their chins.

“Hey… where’s Deb?” one of them with grungy looking hair spoke to me.

“Um… she left to go to class. I told her I would watch the store…”

The other boy huffed his displeasure and looked rather agitated. “Bitch! I knew we couldn’t trust her!”

“Cool it, man,” the first guy chided his buddy. Then he turned to me, still standing behind the counter. “Listen… We asked Debbie to stash our smokes for us, cause our teacher has been busting our ass lately.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t think I can help…”

The other teen, clearly ready for his nicotine fix, slapped his hand on the top of the counter. “Come on, man! She took our packs, said she would hold on to them for us this period! She must have put them somewhere!”

I turned my head slightly, doing a quick scan to see if I could find any packs of cigarettes stashed away. Truth be told, I was startled and a bit intimidated by these two aggressive boys. And here I was, standing bottomless behind the store counter!

“Behind you,” the first student said pointing, causing me to twist my body and regard the shelves lining the wall. “I see something in between those textbooks. Deb must have hid them up there…”

Up there? Oh gosh… I raised my head to see where he indicated. The shelf wasn’t so high that I needed the ladder again, but without shoes, I would still need to raise my arms. I thought about stalling, or making some excuse… but I could see the second student fidgeting and looking apprehensive. He must be going through withdrawal or something. I figured, I had best get rid of the boys as quickly as possible.

Now that I looked more closely, I could just make out a couple of small rectangular boxes wedged between two hard-covered books. I hadn’t noticed them before. First, I used one hand to hold down my sweatshirt while I lifted my arm to reach the cigarettes. My fingers just brushed lightly against the pack. I looked back at the boys apologetically.

Oh, hell! I finally decided to stand on my bare tiptoes, and raise both my arms to get the cellophane-wrapped contraband! Filthy habit, anyway. I was more frustrated as I wanted to get out of here, but I was also embarrassed about what they were about to see. I could feel the fabric of the sweatshirt ride up my middle, and soon my entire backside was on display. By the time I found the cartons, my only piece of clothing was hiked up beneath my elbows. What a show!

I made sure to let the shirt drop all the way down once I stood flat on my feet again. I even smoothed down the front and back with my hands, as if that would make it seem like everything was normal. Then, blushing, I turned around and slid the cigarettes across the countertop.

The first boy stared for a moment, a bit slack-jawed. I thought I detected a string of drool from the corner of his mouth. “Uh… thanks…”

The other boy just grabbed the cartons and stuffed them in his pockets. He hurriedly turned to leave the school bookstore. Seeming rather oblivious, I guess he missed my cheeky flash. I watched his friend slug him in the arm as they passed through the open door.

“Dude! That chick didn’t have anything on under that shirt!”

Oh my gosh, I thought as I raised my hands to my mouth. What had I just done? I hoped he wouldn’t spread the news that I was walking around bottomless. In fact, I was completely naked, under this sweatshirt! But the other boy appeared to be disbelieving, and I guess his friend might start to think his eyes were playing tricks on him. I had a hard time believing it myself. So when the two were gone, and the rush of students in the hall had thinned out considerably, I slowly lifted the edge of the shirt up to my bellybutton.

Looking down, I saw my bald pussy… outer lips bright pink and puffed out. From behind the counter, I just had to lower my hand and touch the sensitive folds of skin. Ooh, that sent a thrill through my body! I nearly came on the spot!

“Hello there,” came the voice of someone entering the room. “Where’s Debbie?”

Wow… I jerked my sweatshirt back down fast, and so hard, I think I may have torn it a little at the tops of my shoulders! Flustered I answered, “She, ah… had to cum… I mean, go to class! I said I would look after the store until the next shift arrived.”

“Oh,” said the geeky looking boy with blonde hair and glasses. “I don’t recognize you…”

Recovering from the initial shock, I finally started making my way around to the other side of the counter and replied, “That’s because I’m not in your class. I’m a senior. I was doing Deb a favor.”

There was an awkward moment of silence as the Junior evaluated me. As his eyes fell to take in the sight of my bare feet, my toes wiggled under the scrutiny. “Where are your shoes?”

“Don’t ask… lost them in gym class.” I waved away any further inquiry, waiting for the boy to step aside. Even though he was lanky, he was still much taller than me, and I could not immediately get past him.

Pointing toward a section of shelves, he informed me, “You know, we do sell gym supplies here.”

“Really?” my face brightened for a moment. “Oh, but I’m afraid I don’t have any money on me.”

Suddenly, the teen’s eyes narrowed behind his thick spectacles and he took a step forward. “Hey, now! How do I know you weren’t in here stealing from the store?”

“What!” I said, appalled by the accusation. “That’s ridiculous. Look, you can plainly see that I didn’t steal any footwear. Besides, I was trying to help a friend… that’s the only reason I’m here!”

Folding his arms suspiciously, he proceeded to walk around me, closer to the counter and the register. I stood frozen, and he did not take his eyes off me. “Maybe I should report this to the Dean of Students. Maybe you stuffed some money, or pens or paperclips in your pockets!”

“Please don’t,” I squeaked, keeping my legs tight together. Fidgeting, I rubbed the front of one bare foot behind the calf of my other leg. “Oh for crying out loud…”

I told him that it was quite impossible for me to have stuffed anything inside my pockets. When he demanded to know why, I bit my lip in frustration and looked over my shoulder. The hallway was empty. The bell for next period had rung, so students would already be in their classes.

“Listen…” I whispered, trembling a little. “I can prove to you that I didn’t take anything from the store. But you have to promise not to tell anyone about this, OK?”

The 11^th grader nodded his head, as my fists clenched at the sides of my sweatshirt. He waited for me to continue. Very slowly, I pulled the material higher and higher. I closed my eyes, as I couldn’t bring myself to see his reaction when my pussy came into view. Feeling the fabric bunched up at my waist, I paused, expecting some kind of whistle or crude remark.

“Well… you might still have something hidden under that baggy shirt!” said the clever boy.

I took a deep breath and let out a sigh. I mean, here I was standing with my clean-shaven privates on display, but I decided to lift the shirt even higher. My hands curled tightly around the material, which I brought up to just below my breasts. Now my entire abdomen was exposed, and everything below! Still, he wasn’t satisfied and suggested that I could conceal smaller items, if I was careful not to let them fall out.

At that moment, the humiliation of the situation, and the wrongful accusation was just too overwhelming. I reached behind my head, and grabbed the shirt at my back. I began to pull the material over my head, and off my overheated body. The room must have been filled with the musky aroma of my horniness. Placing the sweatshirt on the top of the bookstore counter, I then took a step back, hands on my hips. It was then that I realized, I didn’t have any clothes on at all!

My fingers immediately clasped over my bald pubic mound and I stammered, “Look… I’m, like, really naked here. I mean stark naked…”

“Yes, I can see that,” the boy replied dryly. From behind the glasses, his eyes devoured my nubile body. “I suppose it would be impossible for you to hide any items from the store. Well, I just had to be sure, you know.”

We stared at each other for a minute in silence as I shyly rubbed a foot behind the other leg. And then it occurred to me, I was free to get dressed now! That is, if you can call throwing a large sweatshirt over your otherwise naked body, getting dressed… I turned around so that he saw my butt, and numbly picked up the material. Once I had pulled my head through the top and my arms through the sleeves, I shook out my hair. Tugging and straightening the bottom edge of the shirt, I proceeded to walk out of the bookstore.

“What? You’re just going to walk out of here like that?” asked Einstein.

But I only thought, oh my… he had seen me fully nude. And now I couldn’t look him in the eye. I just ignored his question as I padded out into the hallway. Good thing I was graduating next month, and would probably never see the kid again in my life.

I figured it was about ten minutes into my lunch period. Silently, I made my way toward the cafeteria, clutching both hands in front of my chest… I was so nervous! I could hear the noise level increase, as I drew closer, the sound of voices talking and shouting and laughing. While my body was perspiring beneath the sweatshirt, my bare feet felt cold as they slapped across the floor. Approaching the doors, I realized I had to be very careful. If Lisa was in here, waiting for me, she could whip my shirt off… and leave me naked in front of everyone! And then I remembered that she and Alicia had class this period, so I would be safe. Breathing a little easier, I entered the spacious room packed with students.

Immediately, I saw Carrie sitting at a table off to the side, in the section where we Seniors usually sat. I raised my head in her direction and she waved me over. Amid the snickering as I passed by others already taking their lunch, I reached the bench and quickly slid my legs under the table. My friend reached down and squeezed my knee.

“So, Lisa really seemed like she was out to get you this morning,” Carrie said. “What a great trick… you should have seen the look on your face!”

I lifted my friend’s hand back onto the table and pressed her fingers urgently. “Carrie… it’s no joke! Lisa has already taken my bra and panties! I don’t have anything on under this sweatshirt…”

The strawberry-blonde girl was silent for a moment, then said, “Really? So you’re completely naked except for one baggy thing? Wow… that is so hot!”

“Come on, Carrie, you’ve got to help me,” I cried. “Go up and get me something to eat, please.”

Carrie paused to look down at my bare feet and legs before replying, “I’ll tell you what, Erica. I will help you. Since you obviously can’t be carrying any excess items, I will lend you some lunch money, but you have to get on line yourself. This, I want to see!”

“Um, well, OK…” I started meekly. “I am pretty hungry.”

Once she handed me a few dollar bills, I slowly lifted myself from behind the table. Carrie took this opportunity to playfully raise the back of my sweatshirt, to have a look with her own eyes!

“Sweet ass, Erica!” she teased.

“Stop it!” I whispered harshly, as I hurried to smooth the material back down again.

I danced a few steps forward on my toes, away from Carrie’s naughty fingers. Then I looked to make sure I was properly covered, the navy blue hem just reaching down to my thighs. With the money gripped tight in my hand, I bravely walked toward the front of the cafeteria. There were more whistles and pointing and laughing. Now I really felt exposed! But I thought the worst would be over once I stood in line. No sooner had I taken my place and started shuffling forward, then someone else got in line behind me.

“Is this a dare?” asked a boy standing so close, I could smell his deodorant and feel his breath on the back of my neck. “Did your friends dare you to walk up here without your shoes?”

He inched closer, even as I took another step forward. My goodness, he was practically on top of my butt! I was afraid he might start touching me, with exploring fingers. At the same time, I felt my nipples stiffen, pushing straight out against the heavy fabric.

“You smell kind of musky,” he continued, leaning close as I hooked a strand of brown hair behind my ear. “Are you even wearing shorts?”

I did not answer, but closed my eyes. Allowing myself to move when I sensed the line shifted, drifting on the bare soles of my feet. I could picture everyone in the cafeteria at their tables watching me, wondering if I indeed had anything on under my sweatshirt. All this student needed to do to satisfy his curiosity was grasp the edges and lift the material higher than my hips. Then everyone would find out my secret. Imagining myself up here with the shirt completely off, I could feel my shaven pussy lips part, my clit growing erect.

“What will it be, flower girl?”

The throaty voice of the lady who worked behind the serving counter interrupted my arousal. I looked around confused for a bit, then looked down behind the glass shield that protected the food.

“I… um… let’s see. I guess I’ll just take a banana and a milk carton.”

Looking at me kind of disapprovingly, the cafeteria lady dumped the piece of fruit onto my tray, along with a half-pint carton of milk. I blushed furiously as she stared at my smooth, creamy legs and hurried over to the register. There, I paid for my meager takings, and quickly headed back over toward Carrie. With the tray held in both my hands, I was helpless to prevent my shirt from riding up as I moved. I feared that the bottom of my cheeks might be coming into view.

“Hmmm,” Carrie mused, picking up the banana once I was seated. “Were you thinking of eating this, or feeling a little playful?”

I told her that wasn’t funny, taking it back and started peeling down the skin. Although I had to admit, I was getting pretty horny. Just sitting here completely bottomless in a room with all these students, made me excited. I gulped down the carton of milk, then wiped my mouth with the sleeve of my sweatshirt. Carrie could see the look in my eye, sense my body tingling… I was fidgety and restless.

“Come on,” my friend announced, standing up and grabbing her books. “I have an idea!”

Well, I didn’t know what she had in mind, but it appeared it would involve leaving the cafeteria. I would be glad to get away from all those staring eyes, which were only making me hotter! Leaving the tray and empty carton on the table, I rose to my feet and began to follow the taller girl.

We walked out into the hallway, where it was relatively quieter. Carrie took my hand and started pulling me down the corridor. It was halfway through the period, so classes would still be in session. But my friend wasn’t taking me toward the classrooms on this floor. I soon realized, we were approaching the health office!

“Didn’t you see Nurse Baker in the lunch room?” Carrie explained. “She has monitor duties this period! It will be nice and safe inside her office…”

Sure enough, my friend brazenly opened the door to the Nurse’s office, and flicked on the lights to show that the room was indeed empty. There was a wide desk, a scale, some chairs and a brown leather examination table. It was here that Carrie had me climb up and sit. My legs dangled childishly, my toes unable to reach the floor.

“Let’s get this thing off you!” Carrie said, tugging at my sweatshirt.

“But… I…”

It was no use. My words became muffled as the material was lifted up my body and smothered my face. In spite of my objections, I even found myself raising my arms, so she could take the last piece of clothing off me. Free of the hot, confining fabric, I ran my fingers through my hair. I looked down at my entirely bare body, then back at a smiling Carrie.

“Oh my gosh!” I squealed. “I’m naked!”

Folding the sweatshirt, Carrie placed it aside and said, “But doesn’t that feel so much better?”

Of course, it was true, the air did feel nice on my uncovered skin. But I was little embarrassed because atop my small breasts, my nipples stuck out and quivered. And in the back of my mind, I was afraid that someone might find us in here at any moment.

“Now just lie down, Erica, and try to relax,” Carrie instructed.

I did as I was told, bringing my legs up so that my heels rested on the leather table. With one arm as a pillow beneath my head, I let my other hand fall on my tummy. I closed my eyes, but could hear Carrie walking over to the end by my feet. When she ran a finger up one sole, I shivered, but she didn’t launch into a full tickle attack. Instead, my friend only teased between my toes, and then began rubbing.

“How does a nice birthday massage sound?” she asked in a soothing voice.

I could only answer with a kitten’s purr, “Mmmm…”

Carrie stood to the side and leaned over me as she squeezed and kneaded my feet, calves, and lower legs. She was steadily working her way up so that her fingers ran along my shins and knees, pressing gently. When she reached higher, I spread my thighs apart, allowing her to rub them down with her hands. Carrie then lowered my own hand to my side, so she could continue her ministrations to my stomach. Using both her thumbs, she palpated my abdomen, then smoothly traced circles around my belly button. I arched my back, inviting her to play with my tits. Giggling, Carrie obliged, cupping both my breasts then pinching and teasing each nipple.

And then her hand, which felt unbelievably amazing, snaked back down my torso. Over my stomach, past my navel… down toward my sensitive nether regions where she began stroking my pussy.

“Ooooh…. aaaahhh!” I moaned quietly.

My clitoris poked out of its hood, and Carrie manipulated the small nub between her fingers. She rapidly had me on the edge of an orgasm, here, in the middle of school, in the health office!

“Happy Birthday, Erica…”

“Where is Nurse Baker?” came the sound of a girl’s voice suddenly entering the room.

My body froze, as I had just been ready to cum and start bucking my hips. Carrie’s hands stilled my trembling legs, straightening them out on the table. Then she turned around to face the intruder.

“The school nurse does not have office hours this period,” my friend said in a stern tone of voice. “I am her Senior assistant, and I was in the middle of this student’s sports physical.”

I tried to lay unmoving, although I was mortified to be caught nude like this. My hands did discreetly clasp over my bald vulva.

“Oh,” came the other girl’s meek reply. “Well, we have our health forms that need to be signed, so I guess we’ll have to wait until the Nurse gets back.”

We? My eyes opened up wide to hear the plural pronoun used, and I tried to turn my head so I could see just who had entered the room. But Carrie was kind of blocking my view as she continued to address the younger student.

“Sure… you and your friend can have a seat over there.” Then turning back to me, she said, “All right, Erica. You can slide off the table now.”

I tried to shake my head “no”, but soon Carrie had taken both my hands in hers, and gently lifted my body to a sitting position. Keeping my knees tight together, I swung my legs over the side of the leather examination table. When Carrie took a step back, I slid my butt off the edge, my bare feet landing on the floor with a smack. Instinctively, I placed one hand in front of my wet pussy and held the other arm against my breasts.

It was a good thing, because I finally saw who our guests were. Further away, against the side wall when you first walked in, sat a girl with glasses and blonde pigtails. And next to her, looked to be another freshman… a boy whose eyes were as wide as saucers at the sight of my eighteen-year-old bare body!

“OK, Erica, please lower your arms so I can finish the examination,” Carrie said so sweetly, but not sparing me any embarrassment.

I felt humiliated, but I was also really turned on at that moment. As if I was under some sort of hypnotic trance, very slowly, I began to move my arms and hands out of the way. Swallowing a lump of excitement down my throat, I could feel the tips of my fingers brushing the sides of my legs, and I knew that I stood fully nude in front of two more students; with everything exposed.

Carrie eyed me critically and said clinically, “Mm-hmmm… you seem pretty fit, Miss.”

“Oh my goodness” the other girl finally piped up. “Should we be in here? I mean, Brian shouldn’t see her without any clothes on…”

My friend had maneuvered herself so that she stood behind me, even pushing me forward a little, and answered over my shoulder. “It’s all right. Erica doesn’t mind. And we have to get this examination done today.”

Then Carrie cupped each of my butt cheeks and began fondling them sensually. It felt really nice, I even spread my legs wider apart! While she had her hands on my ass, the strawberry-blonde leaned close to my ear and started whispering. She told me that I looked so cute, and that she knew I liked being naked. She told me that she enjoyed showing me off to other people, and it made me hot, too. Well, while Carrie spoke softly into my ear and continued to rub my butt, I was getting more and more aroused… my nipples stuck out so hard, they pointed toward the ceiling. And my pussy was now like a blossoming flower, all the pink folds of skin opened up and glistening. My clit poked out like a third nipple.

“Erica looks horny,” the boy student suddenly said aloud.

The girl sitting next to him smacked him in the arm. “Brian, that is so rude! You should probably step out of the room… stop looking at her tits!”

Oh wow, this was too much! But at the same time, such an incredible experience! I was ashamed to hear them talk about my nudity, yet I did not bother to cover up. I was on the edge, wondering what Carrie would do to me next. While I really wanted to cum, I didn’t want to do that in front of two younger students. But if my friend even touched my pussy in slightest, I knew it would set me off. Thankfully, she remained very professional, and asked me to walk onto the scale.

Well, once I stood facing the wall, my profile exposed just how erect my nipples really were. Part of me wished that Carrie would start flicking them up and down, rolling the pointy protrusions between her fingers. Instead, she pretended to adjust the weights and take my measurements.

Next, she asked me sit on the stool in the corner so she could take my temperature. I mean, Carrie was really playing up the part of Nurse’s Assistant! My bare butt hit the black leather seat, and by reflex,I placed my feet on the bottom circular rung, toes curling. I rested my hands on my knees, with legs spread apart. Across the room, the other two students had a clear view of my gaping pussy. Carrie leaned down and placed the thermometer in my mouth, under my tongue. Our eyes met, and I wondered how long she was going to make me remain in this position… my juicy pink labia unfolded and clitoris sticking out.

Another minute went by, then Carrie looked at her watch and her eyes kind of went wide. She pulled the instrument abruptly past my lips and said, “OK, Erica, looks like you have a clean bill of health! No problems here…”

I watched as she dumped the thermometer in the wastebasket, then gathered up my sweatshirt. Understanding suddenly, this meant it was time to go.

“All right, off to class!” Carrie announced even as she headed toward the office door.

I jumped to my feet and started following after. And this meant, I would be walking completely naked past the two students!

“Oh… but,” the girl said and watched me fast approaching. “Shouldn’t you let her get dressed first?”

Carrie paused for a second, hugging her books and my only article of clothing to her chest, and answered, “Let’s give her some privacy, shall we? Erica can get changed in the girls’ bathroom…”

And before I knew it, she disappeared, and I was right behind her. We were suddenly in the middle of the hallway, but I didn’t have any clothes on at all! I took a few delicate steps forward, slapping my hand over my bald pussy mound.

“You… you’re going to give me my sweatshirt, Carrie, aren’t you?” I asked desperately.

The taller girl stood and held out the material in both hands at arm’s length. “Of course, silly! Even though you are more adorable nude, I don’t want you to get in trouble.”

And with a final laugh, she tossed me the shirt. I clumsily pulled it over my head, rushing because I didn’t know how long our isolation on this end of the school would last. Almost tearing the fabric as I pulled it down, making sure that everything was concealed. I must have looked a mess… hot and flustered, my hair out of place. My eyes lingered on the sight of Carrie swaying her hips as she proceeded down the corridor, on the way to her next class. She blew a kiss at me over her shoulder, and then was gone.

Leaving me to stand alone in my bare feet as the bell to change classes rang. I tried to clear my thoughts and think. It was just after my normal lunchtime… I had sociology next. But I really didn’t feel like sitting in another room filled with students. This time, I was wearing so little. I was afraid I would be pushing my luck, and my series of humiliations would only escalate. There was no doubt about it, I needed to cool down and find a place to hide.

Making the turn around the corner, too late, I saw Lisa walking in my direction. I turned, then spun around again, uncertain of which way to run. The hallway was filling up with students as the dominating blonde closed the distance between us. Finally I just froze, leaning back against a set of lockers, trying to will myself to become invisible. This was it… there were dozens of our classmates and underclassmen coursing back and forth. They would all see me when Lisa reached out and took off my sweatshirt. They would all see me naked! My legs trembled, and I bit nervously on my fingertips.

“Hello, Birthday Girl…” Lisa sneered as she stood in front of me. She placed one arm out, palm against the wall the way some guys do when they’re chatting up a girl.

I gripped the edges of the oppressive fabric tightly and squeaked, “Please, don’t!”

“Don’t, what?” she teased. “Don’t lift up your sweatshirt? Don’t take it off completely? You know, you could have avoided all of this by just following instructions earlier. But now, Erica, you’re in for a real treat!

“I have gym this period, and I want you to meet me outside. Go to the softball diamond and wait for me in the dugout. Don’t even think of disobeying, or so help me… I’ll drag your little ass into the lunch room and strip you in front of the entire cafeteria!”

And with that menacing threat, Lisa released her hold on my shirt, which I just realized she had curled into a knot at my bellybutton. Quickly, I unfolded the front of the material and smoothed it down, looking around to make sure no one had seen the brief flash of my crotch. Lisa was already off to the other side of the building where the gym was, and I had been given my orders. Thinking over the situation and circumstances, and what it might have been, maybe it wouldn’t be so bad.

Well, I had already decided that I was in no shape to go to my next class. Some fresh air might even do me some good. I tried to be hopeful about the whole thing, as the line of passing students thinned out. Waiting a few more minutes to collect my thoughts, the sound of the school bell rang again. Now that classes had resumed, I began walking down the hall toward the exit that would take me to the sports field.

I made it to the doors without being discovered. Well, without any more than a few curious glances from the people I hurriedly walked by. Not wanting to further irritate Lisa and keep her waiting, I wasted no time pushing myself outside, into the bright afternoon sunlight of early April. Shading my eyes at first as I scoped out my surroundings, the air did feel nice on my thighs and lower legs. My toes were warm on the concrete steps that led away from the building. And so over the asphalt pavement, my nubile limbs carried me until I reached the fresh-cut grass of the playing fields.

Then it was just a matter of dashing toward the baseball diamond, the one we girls used for softball. It was actually very quiet out here. I guess the girls had not yet finished changing into their gym uniforms. There was kind of a strange feeling standing out here by myself, and I started having naughty thoughts. Like what would it be like to pitch to the softball team in the nude. Or step up to bat without any clothes on! But then I remembered that Lisa explicitly asked me to wait for her in the dugout. So I walked in silence down the sidelines, blades of grass tickling the soles of my feet. Down the steps I went, and found that it was quite cool and shady inside here.

It was from this vantage point that I watched as a troop of high school seniors, almost a dozen girls, marched toward the field. It didn’t see any sign of the gym teacher. Some of them were carrying various items of equipment… gloves, bats, helmets, and such. Lisa walked out in front, idly tossing the large rawhide-stitched sphere up and down in her hand.

She was dressed in the red school uniform gym shorts, which fit snug about her hips and thighs. Her legs were long and tan, ending in a pair of slouch socks and sneakers. Her white top was tied off at the midriff, probably against regulation, but showed off her sexy tummy. Lisa looked hot!

“All right, ladies,” the blonde called out as she took the pitcher’s mound. “Since Ms. Hovorkova has a lot of end of the year paperwork to do, I volunteered to run this class for her. And I have a little surprise for us today!”

There was a moment of curious apprehension in the air, I even found myself a little breathless. Everyone knew, Lisa was not someone to be messed with, and she was capable of coming up with all sorts of devious plans.

Looking upon the girls that were gathered about her, she continued. “Today is my friend Erica’s eighteenth birthday. And right now, she is over there in the dugout, waiting for her birthday surprise. So, Erica… why don’t you come out here and join us on the field.”

I took a deep breath, starting to rise from my sitting position on the bench, when Lisa made one more request.

“And leave the sweatshirt behind…”

Oh no! She had me trapped, and now she was going to embarrass me in front of her gym class! I’m sure I knew some of the girls out there… I still had to take other classes with them. But Lisa had given me my instructions, and I knew it could get far worse if I did not listen. I looked around for help, foolishly, but I was alone in the half-darkness of the dugout.

Slowly, reluctantly, I began to lift the sweatshirt off my body. I felt the rise of the material brush against my stomach and then my stiff nipples. The fabric bunched up above my head, and I pulled it over my shoulders… pulling out each arm one at a time. Completely off, I clutched it for a moment against my chest, and then threw it to the side. Now I wasn’t wearing anything! For a moment, I arched my back with legs spread wide apart on the bench. My hand nervously ran through my hair and shook it out a little. Then I stood up, my bare feet hesitantly approaching the dugout steps.

“We’re waiting, Erica…” came the not too subtle voice of the dominating blonde.

Well, I climbed up the short steps… then walked bare-assed nude onto the field. My arms were folded tightly across my small tits, so that I clutched my elbows in opposite hands. There was nothing hiding my bellybutton, my pussy, or any inch of my slim legs. I did not dare to look at my female classmates as I approached, but kept my head bent down, eyes locked on my toes moving softly over the grass as I placed one foot in front of the other.

“Oh my gosh, she’s naked!” one of the girls giggled.

I shivered as I passed by another who said, “That’s some birthday outfit…”

And there was more chattering and chuckles as I shyly made my way toward Lisa. This was so embarrassing, being eyed critically and evaluated by my peers. At least if there were some guys around, they might have complimented my cute body. But then, that might have made me hornier! Lisa told me to join her on the pitcher’s mound, in the center of the baseball diamond under the bright sunlight. As I did so, my feet kicked up some dust until I climbed the hill and had my heels resting on the white rubber. I was facing the outfield, my ass toward home plate. Wondering what would happen next, I clasped both my hands over my shaved pussy.

“Now then,” Lisa announced. “Earlier this morning, little Erica ran out on me, before her special birthday spanking was completed. But we can start all over, from the beginning, and I’ll let everyone take a turn!”

I couldn’t believe I was standing out here in the middle of my high school sports field, stark naked! Suddenly, I felt the first swat hit my bottom. Lisa also made the second slap, as my butt cheeks bounced, and caused me to insert a finger into my pink slit.

“Ooooh,” I closed my eyes and moaned.

“Who wants to come next,” Lisa teased invitingly as she rubbed my ass.

I could hear one of the girls approaching, and suddenly my entire body was tingling. Lisa’s contact with my bare skin had been electric, and now I fully realized that other girls were going to be touching my body. Biting my lip, I wondered if I would make it through this humiliating ordeal before cumming in front of the entire gym class. It didn’t help that my nipples sprung out erect and I silently began rubbing my clit. I felt someone’s palm strike my butt, and the girl grabbed a handful and squeezed before moving away.

When another girl came up and landed a smack, I spread my legs apart, knowing that my pussy lips could be seen from behind.

“Do we have to spank her on the ass?” one of the gym students asked.

Lisa thought about this for a moment before saying, “I guess her whole body is fair game. Erica, put your hands on your head…”

Damn! That meant I wouldn’t be able to secretly play with myself, although maybe that was a good thing. Still, it also meant everything would now be exposed, and would be a potential target! My hands slowly separated from my crotch as I raised them to my head. Then I joined my fingers once more, intertwining with locks of my hair, standing with my legs shoulder-width apart. The girl skipped over to my side and gave me a light pat on my tummy. She also let her lingering fingers trace a circle around my belly button.

The next girl walked around until she stood square in front of me. I opened my eyes to find her looking me up and down from head to toe.

“You’ve got cute tits, Erica,” she said pleasantly and proceeded to playfully pull on my elongated nipples.

She continued to squeeze both my breasts and then reached around to give me a slap on the ass. Then she joined the other three girls sitting cross-legged on the grass. The next student followed and walked in front of me where she cupped my bare pussy! Her fingers spread my outer lips and fondled my labia…

“Aaaahhh!”

“Oh my, she’s wet… I think someone is enjoying this!”

I was vaguely aware of another handful of students marching behind me, each one administering more traditional spankings. But then another girl stepped in front of me, placing her hands on my slender hips that flared out with feminine grace. She had long black hair that she wore in a topknot, and had a smattering of light freckles across her nose, and sparkling grey eyes.

She moved in close and kissed me full on the lips, our tongues meeting and dancing inside my mouth. A quick slap on my butt followed as she said, “Happy Birthday, Erica.”

By this time, I was more than ready to explode! I closed my eyes and lost myself to this world of ecstasy. While my hands clenched atop my head, I was wild with anticipation wondering where the next set of hands would touch me. My clitoris had swelled up and was poking at the girls. Each time someone’s palm hit my nude ass, I bucked my hips a little more. This was really it… I was going to have an orgasm right here on the pitcher’s mound. And what was worse, in this heightened state of arousal, I tended to squirt, so all the girls would witness my climax.

Suddenly, after another girl had spanked me, I heard Lisa call out, “That’s eighteen!”

There was a round of applause and giggling, as I spun around confused. Here I was, naked, with nipples and clit erect, and on the edge of a massive orgasm. Keeping my hands on my head, my lean body practically begging for someone to finish me off.

“Is there something you would like to do for us?” Lisa asked with an evil smile, arching one eyebrow.

I turned around again, looking at the twelve girls in the middle of the infield. Some of them were standing with arms folded, others were kneeling or seated on the grass. Each watched me intently as if to see if I would really masturbate outside in front of them, as if I were some sort of exhibitionist slut! I felt myself blush… quickly I covered my breasts and pussy with my hands.

“Please,” I said turning back to face Lisa. “Let me have my sweatshirt and go back inside to finish…”

The blonde’s face darkened and she frowned at me. “No. I’m keeping your sweatshirt, along with the rest of your clothes, unless you lie down right now and cum! Otherwise, you can march your naked ass back into the school and do whatever you need to do!”

I wanted to give in, I really did. But not in front of our classmates. It had been almost two years since Lisa started teasing me and embarrassing me in public. From some small part of me deep down inside, I found a reserve of courage. I raised my chin and lowered my arms. Then I began to walk totally nude off the baseball field. My hips even wiggled with confidence as I headed toward the school, flaunting my sexy eighteen-year-old ass.

Of course, my plan was to dash into the nearest girls’ bathroom, masturbate wildly, and then hide out for the rest of the day. But as my toes reached the edge of the grass, I thought I heard over my shoulder Lisa say something.

“Don’t worry… I think by now, Alicia has pulled the fire alarm!”

“Wha-what?” I paused, spun around, not fully comprehending.

Considering my options, I decided to start jogging toward the building. Indeed, soon enough I heard the dreaded clanging of the alarm bell! I froze, I panicked… I watched as the side doors opened and a flood of students came teaming out into the parking lot. That was it, I decided, I was going home! I would deal with the consequences later.

But even as I ran in the other direction, there was absolutely no cover, and someone yelled, “Holy Shit! That girl is naked!”

I streaked past the freshman biology class, as well as the marching band that must have had their practice interrupted, and at least a dozen other classes trying to file into some sort of organized line. First I tried to keep one hand on my hairless crotch. But I found I needed both arms pumping so I could run faster. Too late, I saw that I was moving straight toward the principal, my sweet pussy lips flapping in the breeze!

I did not stop, but kept running past him, although I thought I heard him mutter something.

“Damn senior prank!”

Well, at least he recognized me as a senior… I wondered if he enjoyed the view.

Amid the rising commotion, the whistles and catcalls and other unbelievable responses, I headed off the school property and began my embarrassing expedition back to my house. It certainly wasn’t the first time I had to run home naked, and I had learned specific routes to take and side ways to go to avoid being caught.

Finally, when I reached my doorstep, I found the spare key and let myself in. It was the middle of the day so I would have the whole house to myself…

SURPRISE!!!!

My older stepbrother and his buddies paused to exclaim, in the middle of hanging up party decorations. Then he looked at me curiously and remarked, “Um… you’re home early, Erica…”

“Eeek!” I screeched and dashed bare-assed down the hall where I locked myself in my room. I flung my body face down on the bed, and slung an arm between my legs so I could tickle my anus. I think I masturbated for two hours.

What a way to kick off my birthday!

**19 - Erica's Senior Adventure By Drew**

**Part 1**

I woke up early. Thank god it was Saturday. I was lying on the daybed in Alicia's room. The sheets were cool on my naked skin. I loved the way they made me feel.

I never slept naked in my bed, I always with a long sleep-shirt, because I felt warm and cozy in it.

I slept naked at Alicia's house though. She’s always insisting I get comfortable with being naked, and to be naked when we're alone in her room, doing whatever!

Just to “get used to it.” Far from comfortable, and far from “getting used to it,” I'm still embarrassed! I wondered if secretly she enjoyed looking at me naked.

I was always catching her looking at my body, especially my shaved crotch.

And it's easy for her to insist on me being naked, she's always covered up, why, even at night she sleeps in a bra and panties! And I'm nude! I'm on display for her to ogle all the time when we're alone, watching TV, listening to music, and even studying after school!

But I don't get to see her naked, and haven't, since we were little kids.

Somehow, it didn't seem fair. Thinking about my best friend naked was making me a little horny. I shook my head to clear it, “ah!” No way.

I figured it was just better to just go along rather than argue with her. Besides, she's already seen me naked a bunch of times.

So I'd spent the night there, as Alicia and I needed to get caught up on a geometry project and study for a test on Monday. If we failed the test then neither of us would get to go to the Senior Class Dinner and Show.

And everyone seemed to be going, and Alicia, of course, wanted to go too. Me, on the other hand, would have been happy staying home and watched TV.

The test was fifty one percent of our class grade. Failing it was out of the question. It took us all Friday night, but we finally finished it and we both fell asleep.

I awoke with a start!

What woke me up was Alicia yelling and screaming. She'd been talking on the cell-phone, and talking to me so fast I could barely keep up with her!

"Erica! Wake up Erica! The show after the Dinner is BO! From American Idol! She screamed.

“Ohmygawd! It's BO! BO! From American Idol! I've got us tickets! And we got a room! The Senior Dinner, then the concert!” she blurted out all at once.

“Sarah got the room for me..errr..for us! Remember her? The salesgirl at the Mall? We can stay the night too, so we don't haveta drive home in the dark, so cool!” She was grinning ear to ear, she was so excited!

I remembered Sarah, the lady who embarrassed me at the mall, but I was happy that Alicia was happy. I was suspicious.

She saw it. "Hummmmm, okay!" I said quietly, I looking at my feet. Her face dropped.

"Oh Erica, C’mon, you've got to come with me!" She pleaded. "What else would you do all weekend? We already covered homework and the stupid geometry questions."

She took my hands, sat beside me on the daybed and looked me in the eyes with that "I'll be friends forever" look.

I hesitated before saying anything, to think fast.

I didn't really want to go, especially to stay overnight, but I didn't want to let her down.

I didn't think it'd be much fun.

I didn't watch TV much and didn't even know who Bo was. But, if I didn't go with her I knew her Mom would never let her go alone.

"Alicia, I cant go anywhere, I don't have any money," secretly hoping that would be the end of it.

"That's okay Erica! My Dad gave me a credit card for my seventeenth birthday, remember?" I sounded like I was making excuses. She began to frown.

"Alicia..."

"Your Mom and Dad won't have a problem with you using it to spend the weekend, at a Hotel, to see a show, and pay my way for it all too? Uh huh." I said a little sarcastically.

She pouted. "If they know you're coming they'll say it's okay Erica. I know they will. Now will you please call and ask your Mom!? Please Erica, pretty please?" and took both my hands, pleading.

She looked ready to cry now, and I caved in, like always. Why do I always give in to her?

"Okayyy, then, I'll try, hand me the phone," she let go of my hands and handed me the phone.

I called my Mom, and all the while Alicia was making praying motions with her hands, mouthing a silent "please" with such an earnest look on her face. I grinned at her, giving her the thumbs up. I put my hand over the phone.

"My Mom says its okay if your Mom does and only if the two of us go, and no boys."

I wish, just once, my mom would say "NO" when I need her to, when I want her to, I thought glumly.

Alicia screamed again! Jumping up and down and clapping, then dancing around me. I loved seeing her like this though. She was so happy, like a little kid.

She was such a good friend, I'd have hated to let her down now.

Holding the phone to my ear, I finished the call, saying "Okay, Mom, bye Mom, see ya Sunday night, yes Mom, Alicia has a cell-phone, just in case," I said and clicked off.

I couldn't let her down and not go. I loved her very much. After all, we grew up together, and she was my best friend.

Alicia and I stared at each other, then she screamed! Loud!

Alicia collapsed on the bed giggling, staring at the ceiling.

**Part 2**

She was dreaming of the good-looking guys she'd see, no doubt. So was I, but I didn't really want to go. Besides, any guys we'd run into would think I'm her little sister, probably.

Damnit, I'm a senior in high school, I wish my boobs would grow bigger.

Even though I didn't want to go, I said yes.

I guess it's just a natural thing between us that she leads and I follow. I wish I knew why I was like that. Best not to dwell on stuff, I thought.

She looked me up and down, winked and said you need to get dressed soon. Her eyes kept glancing from my pussy to my tits! Still sitting by the side of the day-bed, I looked up at her, waiting for her to move, hand me my clothes, something.

She didn't move, though, just stared at me, arms folded. I blushed, and she giggled.

It was also chilly in here, I had goosebumps on my arms, and the little blonde hairs on my nipples were excited. Being ogled by my best friend was making me horny! I was embarrassed. I pretended to scratch my left nipple, hiding my tits.

Alicia just giggled and smirked at me, now both my nipples had popped out like baby carrots, hard and long. I turned red, blushing from my breasts on up to the tops of my ears, and warm.

Alicia laughed out loud, clapped, then pointed at my now moist lips, "Erica...uhhhhh."

She knew I was horny! I glanced down, and sure enough, there was a tiny pearl drop, right at the bottom of my labia. I immediately crossed my legs, but Alicia just smiled, then handed me a Kleenex.

The bedroom door swung open, and in walked Alicia's Mom!

She didn't even knock! What's up with parents anyway? Alicia just smiled at her mother, and gestured to me.

I just stood there, unsure of what to do or where to move my arms, so I did nothing. I tossed the used Kleenex in the little trashcan next to the dresser.

Her mother stopped with her arms full of Alicia's clothes, looked me up and down with her eyes, then turned to the dresser.

"Mom, we're going to the concert! Erica can come too! She just talked to her Mom, and she said yes. Aint that cool!"

"Is'nt it dear, and if you say so." Her mother smiled pleasantly at her and me. Her mother was actually kind of pretty, in an old person sort of way, I thought. She must be in her mid-forties.

And had big boobs, wearing low rider jeans? Pretty daring, for an older lady.

Her arms full of underwear, she walked past me to the dresser...I could smell fresh scent of soap on her, as she bent down to grab the drawer handle her boob brushed my elbow as she knelt down.

I gasped slightly at the touch. It felt so soft. She wasn't wearing a bra herself! Her Moms' nipples were swaying under her t-shirt and soft, as opposed to my hard ones, which were dying to be tweaked.

Her butt was presented to me as well, and her two round butt-cheeks presented a nice sight. "Nice?" I thought, surprised at the thought.

Damn! What was wrong with me? Here I am, naked, checking out other women, Alicia's mom at that! And I'm horny too?

She straightened up, looked at my naked pussy and tits in a single glance, then my eyes, and smiled. Maybe she was judging my development, or lack of it. I felt warm again.

Compared to Alicia I did look 12 or 14.

"Well then, Erica, you'd better get dressed, if you're going on a trip. You certainly can't go naked, even if you are practicing to be a nudist."

She stood beside Alicia and they both had their arms folded, like they were waiting for me to do something.

I looked sharply at Alicia, "Nudist! Why I'm no..." Alicia broke in, "I told her all about it Erica, so it's cool for you to be naked around the house." I was stunned, because the thought of being a nudist hadn't really occurred to me.

I didn't think nudists got turned on by being nude. Maybe there was something wrong with me, 'cause I got turned on by it?

"Alicia told me you were interested in becoming a nudist, but I thought she was joking!"

"I..uhm..uh..why yes.." I mumbled, looking at Alicia, who shrugged her shoulders.

Her Mother had never seen me nude, until now, but there'd been a few close calls, and here I was now, standing bare-assed naked in front of her. A nudist! Oh good grief! I tried to avoid eye contact and looked at my toes.

"Uhm, well, yes, its uhm...very comfortable Ma'am.

Alicia got busy by grabbing my clothes up from the pile by her bed, but she made no move to give them to me.

Alicia's mother had a slight smile on her face, probably wondering why I hadn't talked to her about it before, or my mother, about this nudist thing. S\*\*t! What if she tells my Mom?

The thought made me blush again, my nudity! Me naked in front of the family! Strolling around naked in front of their family? Not likely!

"Why yes dear, what a great idea. Don't mind Dan or my Husband. I already warned them you may be naked, once in a while."

Dan was eighteen, Alicia's brother, and her Husband, Don, was a good-looking man of forty-five. I hope I didn't have to be naked in front of them, even more eyes on my shaved pussy and under-developed looking body. Judging me, checking me out. Damn, I thought, this is getting complicated, this naked thing.

"I'll be downstairs girls, if you need anything," her Mom said, leaving the room, and leaving the door open.

Suddenly sensitive to noises of the house, I could hear some video game and football, and voices. Young voices. Male and female.

"Oh my Gawd! What? Someone's coming." I shot a fearful look at Alicia, who just smiled, handing me my small pile of clothes. Was she enjoying this? My embarrassment? Some friend.

Having me stay at her house naked all the time, then exposing me naked to her family? What's she up to?

I began to put my socks on, and voices, young voices, were getting closer.

The bedroom door was already open, and in marched Lisa, Carrie, and Henry! Henry? Oh my god!

**Part 3**

I stood up fast, looked right and left for somewhere to hide, feeling the butterflies in my tummy, but there was nowhere, so I covered my pussy and tits with my arms, uttering a small, choked, "hi," my little pile of clothes forgotten in the panic.

I stared dumbly at Lisa; Henrys' eyes were stuck on my tits, which were hard and poking out.

Carrie moved over to my side and put her arm around me, comfortingly, "Ohhhhh Erica, we just cant keep clothes on you can we?" she said, smiling at her friends.

Alicia stood back, grabbed a pillow and tossed it to me.

"Yeah," piped in Lisa, 'just like a little kid, easy access to that little snatch of hers." She was frowning at me. Put your eyes back in your head Henry, and tell her."

At this I turned a bright pink, while covering my important parts with the long bed-pillow.

"I don't need easy access to it," I mumbled meekly.

I wish I could control these urges! I was getting moist at all the attention, as everyone was checking me out, and Carrie began doing a slow backrub, from my neck to the bottom of my butt-cheeks. She knew what she was doing, or rather what it was doing to me.

Henry, shaken out of his trance after a punch on the arm by Lisa, spoke up, "Oh yeah, Alicia, I'm doing the honors as the activities chairman, but I need a speaker for the dinner, and we'd like that to be you."

Alicia looked stunned. Her mind was on cute guys, not nerdy boys in nerdy clubs.

"But I'm not PART of YOUR club, Henry, bunch of geeks in that club, setting around all afternoon, after class, playing with yourselves." She said laughing.

"Well, I need a speaker,' he said, non-plussed, 'and Lisa or Carrie wont do it. We want a chick to do it, okay? Looks better on us."

Carrie, whose hand was busy petting my butt, smiled at Lisa, nodding. "We have better things to do."

Lisa smiled big, "I think our naked Princess here could handle that Henry!"

My eyes got big, "oh no, you cant mean me..."

But Alicia was staring right at me, grinning.

"NoNo, Alicia, I didn't even want to go to this thing in the first place.

Lisa spoke up, "all in favor of Erica being the speaker say aye!"

Everyone raised his or her arms, saying aye! Carrie grabbed my arm and raised it too..oops, s\*\*t, there went the pillow.

Everyone's eyes were on my naked body. I'd managed to put on one sock before they all barged in.

Naked again in front of everyone. The backrub had had the desired effect, and I was fairly wet now, the pillow that had hidden my wetness from Henrys' drooling face, now at my feet.

My clit had begun its journey out of the hood, sure enough, I looked down, and my lips had begun to part, and they were very wet. My body was doing what my mind said not to.

Carrie ran her thumb down hard on my lower spine, I groaned "ahhhhh."

Taking my groan for an aye! Carrie blurts, "Its unanimous!! The Naked princess, I mean Erica as speaker!"

Lisa moved directly in front of me, pulling me by both nipples towards her, hissed, "And don't chicken out on us, little girl," emphasizing the word, "little." At that I cringed. She still held my nipples, and that hurt!

"We have plans for a good time, and don't want anything spoiling it, got it?" She was staring me right in the eyes.

I just mumbled "ouch!!!..okay..i'll do it.." The after-pain from my nipple pinch felt kinda good. What a cruel, mean b\*\*ch Lisa was.

Why was she like that? Did she hate me? I dont remember ever crossing her. Maybe I'll never know.

"Good! Then it's all set!" Lisa kicked Henry in the ass, "C'mon Henry, you've had your eyes full long enough. Go on, get out of here!" She shoved him roughly out the door.

Henry mumbled something and left, head down.

Alicia spoke up, "We're leaving very soon, we'll meet you two there," pointedly not saying anything about Henry, whom she hated for treating me like s\*\*t at the waterpark that one day. She hadn't had much use for him since then. He was my secret crush, and had then made fun of me and my body.

Carrie pulled her arm away from my slender back, reached around fast and pressed my clit, in front of everyone. I felt both legs go out from under me, but Lisa rushed to catch me, grabbing me under the arms before I fell.

"Damn Princess, get a grip, willya?" She looked at me with wonder. Mad, to weird, then concerned in a minute, Lisa scares me sometimes.

I just stared at her, hands uselessly dangling at my side, I had butterflies on butterflies...and my clit was already outside the hood, tingling. I was half into a climax, and feeling it, weak kneed.

I wondered gamely if all women's' clits did that, but I had nothing to compare it to, except gym class, but I waited to shower 'til the last girl was out, lest Lisa and her friends torment me even worse...about my tiny tits and stripping me for no good reason! They must just get a kick out of it.

Lisa moved towards the door, "bye Erica, bye Alicia. Meet us in the parking lot, okay? We'll all go in together."

Carrie turned her head back to me and blew a kiss. "Bye Naked Erica, thanks for the show."

Inwardly I groaned, and we're all going to college too. The same one.

After a few uncomfortable moments, Alicia made eye contact. I fidgeted, rubbed my belly, and gave Alicia a frantic look. My legs were crossing like I had to pee real bad.

"Go home and pack your stuff Erica," Alicia smiled. "I'll be by to pick you up in a little bit. Here, take these, will you please put them on?" she said, tossing me my clothes. I hesitated.

"No Erica, not now! Get a move on, no masturbating before we go, no time! And no, I can't help you."

She handed me my book-bag, and my clothes, in a pile with my shoes. "Come on Erica, if you don't want to be late leaving, I suggest you get a move on."

Alicia never seemed to stop studying my body. Especially if my pussy-lips were apart, or my butt exposed for some reason. She watched intently as I dressed, then gestured to the door.

"After you, Erica." she said, as I walked out the bedroom door.

I headed out.

**Part 4**

I was standing on the curb, and there was Alicia, grinning ear to ear. She drove an old Toyota, and coming down the street, pulled into my driveway, but didn't get out. I stood there with my hands deep in my pockets, watching her. I was still not wanting to go to this thing.

"I see you've got an overnight bag Erica! Great! Hurry up, let’s go!" "Great outfit Erica,’ she laughed, rolling her eyes at me, ‘where’s your suitcase?” “I wanna go comfortable Alicia, okay?” I said, grabbing my bag and bottle of water.

I was wearing an old wrap-around denim skirt, a large black printed T, with “Ace Hardware” on it, and open toed sandals for footwear. Under these clothes I had plain white cotton panties and a sports bra. It’s what I usually wore on weekends, but today I had reasons besides comfort for wearing them. I got in her noisy little car.

She yelled, “Here we GOOOOOO," and began backing out.

I was praying everyone would think I’m dressed so shabby, they’d give up on this speaking idea of theirs. I didn’t bring any other clothes either, on purpose, since I didn’t plan on spending Saturday there at the hotel. I never went out anywhere anyway, except school, the library or the mall, and I didn't need to be dressed up for those places, I reasoned. And the show with this "Bo" person wasn't anything to dress up for, and neither was the dinner. But Alicia must have thought so, cause she was dressed in full party clothes. Frankie B. blue Jeans, pink camisole, red lame' throw and plenty of jewelry. I raised my eyebrows. “Wow!” I thought, she looked older to me. It must be the make-up.

I never wore any at all, it was just too much hassle. Alicia told me I had natural good looks, which didn’t need make-up. Maybe she didn’t want competition when it came to cute guys, probably, either way. I didn’t care to buy it, or wear it.

We were cruising down the highway when the car started making these funny thumping noises. “Alicia?” I yelled through the music she was blasting. “Alicia, what’s wrong with the car?” I tapped her shoulder and pointed at the hood. She stopped bobbing her head for a second, looked at me then turned the volume to her stereo down. Her eyes were big and round.

“Hey! Hey!! What’s that, what’s that!!?” Eyebrows up, her mouth was an open “O.” The engine thumped loud then quit. “Sh\*t!” she mouthed.

The car coasted to a stop. I got out and stood by the side of the road, next to the car. Alicia climbed out, then stood by the shoulder.

“Erica, come over here, get off the road, someone’s gonna hit ya,” she said, pulling me by the shirtsleeve. We were both standing off the road, next to a ditch full of smelly water. There was nothing for miles around but pastures, blue skies and sun. And a cow here and there, behind a zillion miles of fence. I was feeling real gloomy about this. Alicia looked puzzled.

“I just had it fixed Erica. S\*\*t, what’re we gonna do now?” "We'd better call your Dad to come get us Alicia." I suggested. She looked horrified! All I knew is I wanted to get away from here, the middle of smelly nowhere.

Alicia would have none of it. "What? NO Erica! We'll miss the fun tonight if we do that, plus my folks’ll never let me take the car anywhere again! They'll junk it! I love this car." Her lower lip began to quiver, so I tried to figure something out, someone safe to call but I couldn't think of anything.

"Well what can we do? Uhm, we can't walk all the way there Alicia."

"Well! We can hitchhike, no one around here will mess with us. I've got mace in my purse," she said, patting her purse. Besides, there’s no one on these roads but farmers anyway."

"Sarah will help us get my car fixed when we get there. I'm sure she knows lots of guys that can help us." She looked satisfied with her latest idea.

"Maybe you should call her to give us a ride too, huh?" I suggested. The hell with hitching. I was feeling real gloomy now. I would've called my Dad myself to come get us, but I didn't have a cell phone. Alicia dug around in her purse, "I was in such a hurry I forgot it, dammit! Oh well, we wont be here that long Erica. Relax, don't let this ruin our weekend," she said, forcing a smile. I was scared. Alicia and I sat on the rear bumper and waited for a car to stick our thumbs out at. I was getting very bummed when Alicia nudged me in the side. "Hey! Ow!" "Erica! Erica! Look! a car!"

Alicia jumped up, grabbed my arm and nearly pulled me into the road. I resisted her and backed up off the road. I was more than a little nervous thumbing. Who knows how many perverts are out stalking the road? What if it's the police! Hitching is against the law. I backed away and tried to duck behind the little car.

Alicia frowned, "Erica, get back over here! Stick out your thumb!" she was motioning me to move closer to the road. Instead I backed up even more, away from the road.

The car was heading toward us, fast! And it wasn't slowing down. It was getting close when it veered towards us! I could just see the driver and passengers and knew they were women, blonde hair was blowing out the driver’s window. The big SUV braked then fishtailed right towards me! Alicia ran up the road a little, and I backed up fast, too fast.

Jumping backwards, I lost my balance, falling down the short slope, landing face down in the mossy mud. It stank! The water had gross green stuff on it too.

Ignoring the girls in their car Alicia ran over to me, "Erica! Hey! Are you okay?"

I was soaked, and so were my clothes. My hair had gobs of wet muck in it.

"Alicia, this s\*\*t stinks! Ohmygawd, help me up!" I propped myself up on my elbows, looking around, then shaking my head, little droplets of brown muck flying around.

Alicia took off her pumps and stepped down gingerly to help me up.

She extended her hand to me, and I reached up to grab it. I was nearly glued to the muddy ground, and every time I moved I made sucking noises! I tried sitting on my butt, and sticking out my arms. She reached down and pulled me up by my outstretched hands.

She pulled me up hard and fast, and I felt something give. My skirt stayed stuck in the mud! "Oh Sh\*t!!" I looked down, I heard car doors slam. Followed by a lot of laughing and familiar voices!

Oh shit, "the bitch" Lisa and her friends! There must have been six girls in that car, Lisa’s parents car. And Escalade. Who else would do such a stupid thing, I thought angrily. She could have killed us! I looked down at myself, covered in muddy water and slop.

Lisa "the bitch" and Carrie strolled over, laughing loudly, but the others stayed inside. The other two smiling girls leaned against their car, sizing us, or me mostly, up.

**Part 5**

Upon hearing Lisa laughing her butt off, Alicia turned her head to look at her, letting go of my hand. Back I went, into the mud! This time I went flat on my back. Propping myself up on both elbows, I said “Alicia, please, a hand?” Lisa and Carrie strolled to the edge of the road, looking down at me. Lisa “the bitch” sneered, "Hey! Can we help? Yah need a lift somewhere? The thrift store? Erica? The junkyard? Alicia? Buy a new car?" Laughter from the Escalade.

Carrie, standing beside Lisa, looked me up and down and grinned. Her eyes wandered all over me, taking in every detail. She spoke, "Alicia, do you and your little friend need help? I’ve heard mud baths are good for your skin Erica, but errrrreally." She said, rolling her eyes. “Why is it every time I see you you're naked or nearly naked hm?" Her arms were crossed, like waiting for an answer from me.

“The Bitch” aimed a frown at me, then explained to Carrie as she would a small child, "She's a little exhibitionist Carrie, can’t you guess that by now? I mean, look at her." I didn't say anything. I was feeling pretty crappy, and the mud was beginning to itch, in sensitive areas. I hoped I wouldn’t get a disease from this. And I felt ashamed at my body being studied yet again by Lisa and Carrie. Alicia had her back to me.

I wonder what they think about when they look at my tits, I thought. Probably why they’re so small, will they get bigger, maybe. Or my pussy. The clit that seems to be like a tiny wiener, with a mind of its own, literally, under its hood! Argh! These thoughts! I mean, here I am lying on my back, in stinky muddy water, thinking about my body.

Alicia turned on them both, her little fists at her hips. She looked angry. "She fell in because you scared her Lisa! Why didn't you slow down, instead of scaring her? Us!"

Lisa’s eyes were big and round, pretending surprise at such a thought. "Aww, I wouldn't do that, would I? Carrie? Sheri? Laura?? I think our little naked Princess is just precious. And so is that t-shirt, I mean like, just look at her nipples!" More laughter. The others I could barely make out. The girls still inside the car. It must have been too dirty for them to get out and look, maybe they’d get dirt on their shoes or something.

Lisa, growing bored already, spoke to noone in particular, “We really need to get moving, let's go.” And spun around heading back to the car.

She wouldn’t, or would she? She would! "Wait! Help me out of here! Alicia, help me out! Oh, ohhhh this sh\*t stinks! OhmyGawd! Don’t leave me here!" I was struggling to get up. I got up on wobbly feet, minus my skirt. Since my thong looked like I pooped it, I peeled it off and held it out for Alicia to grab onto, to help me up and out of there.

Alicia stepped to the edge, again. I could hear snickering coming from the road, that B\*tch Lisa, of course, laughing at me, entertaining her friends.

She probably hoped I never got out of there. Carrie just stood there staring at Alcica and I, arms still crossed.

“Carrie! Don’t just stand there. A hand, please?" Alicia looked at me, "She’s stuck! Oh yuck, this stinks hahaha..oop..oh, yes..okay Carrie, grab her other hand, I’ll grab the rag...errr...thong haha." "Oh. hah. huh," I said back to her.

Lisa, now the tug-of-war coach, says, “okay, girls, when I say One Two Three pull, PULL!” She started clapping! Oh good grief, I thought.

Carrie and Alicia each had me, and in unison, we yelled “One,Two,Three, PULL!” Out and up I slid, on my belly. All I had to wear was a messed up t-shirt now, covered in crud.

"Shit." I muttered. It was my favorite shirt too! That's what I get for wearing it here. "Alicia, my shirt, I've ruined it too."

Alicia looked me over and tried very hard not to laugh. Instead, she giggled, “Uh oh Erica, hope you brought more clothes! Well, we could always go shopping again.” She reached over to put her arm around my shoulder, I thought anyway, instead she grabbed the hem of my t-shirt and in one broad motion it was over my head and on the ground!

"There, now doesn’t that feel better Erica? You need to get cleaned up somehow." I was completely naked now,on display, not even my sandals were spared from the mud. I stood there shivering, although it wasn't cold, my nipples were at full attention, but I was anything but horny. I felt gross.

Lisa, Carrie, Sheri and Laura all came to stare at me, leaving the other two still in the car. Facing me, Lisa said, “Erica, we really need to go now, but you, well, you’re a mess, and this is a problem.” Carrie winked at me again. What’s with the winking, does she know something I don’t? Sheri and Laura were giggling to each other, whispering behind their hands, all the while staring at me, or rather, my tits and crotch. They all looked so clean and fresh, in their best evening clothes. Everyone did, except me. I wondered what was next.

Carrie spoke up, smiling. “Alicia, this muddy little girl ain’t sitting next to me like that! Make her get cleaned up." Lisa grinned an evil grin. "Oh yes, Alicia," she grinned wickedly.

I don't want dirty little butts ruining my parents' car-seats little girl." At this Carrie burst out laughing. “Dirty butts? Naww, not our Erica. Sexy wet butts, well yeah!” she laughed out loud, patting me on the butt.

My heart began to thud in my chest. My belly felt funny, surely they wouldn’t leave me alone out here with the broken down car. I was beginning to get nervous. My hands were shaking. Surely they wouldn't leave me. Alicia wouldn't. "But, there's no shower around here! Not even a pond or creek! There's nothing. How am I supposed to get cleaned up? Haven’t you got a beach towel or towel or something in there?" I looked at Alicia then Lisa.

“This is my parents car Erica, get it, Parents? Like duh,” rolling her eyes again. Looking at Carrie, Lisa said, "Get her cleaned up dammit, and lets go." “The bitch” threw her the car keys. Carrie left my butt and me alone and went to the trunk, sticking the key in. She glanced over her shoulder at me and laughed, "Here we go! Time to get cleaned up Erica!"

**Part 6**

The two softball team girls were still in the big SUV, watching a movie. Carrie and Lisa were standing beside it. Alicia, Sheri and Mink were still in a half circle staring at me, my body. Studying me! Probably thinking how underdeveloped I am in the breasts, or why my pubis is always smooth.

Time kind of slowed down for a few seconds. I didn’t know which way to turn or where to go. So I stayed stock still, covering my chest with my arms.

Looking at Lisa, who then nodded, Carrie went between the two cars, keys in hand. Lisa just stood there,watching.

She reminded me of an old schoolteacher, with her arms crossed like that, I giggled, and they’re both just as sour. Sour apples. Sour grapes?

Carrie had an ear to ear grin on her face as she opened the door hatch. Sheri, who was very interested now, moved to join her, "ooOOoo, whatcha got in mind

Carrie?" she seemed very interested in what was goin on. Carrie shrugged, "Well? Ask Lisa, it's her party. We used it last night but it's empty now, sorta."

As Carrie opened it, I could see there was a pretty big cooler in the back. A huge one. It could have fit a ten-year-old in it, maybe. Carrie motioned me to come to her and Lisa, whose face was expressionless. I meekly complied, stepping up to face them. Naked, dirty, and deeply embarrassed.

Oh, I thought, What is this? Extra clothes must be in it! Maybe I'm supposed to ride in this. Would I fit? No way. Hide in it? What. What was I thinking? I wasn't. I was naked, dirty, and being displayed in front of other girls.

I looked to Alicia, who was busy chatting with the other girls, Mink and Sheri. What a stupid name I thought. Mink. Named after fur. Or a rodent. A mink was a rodent, I thought, and with those god awful streaks in her hair, she even looked like one. Argh! I'm not that sort of person to be criticizing people by their appearance. Far from it, look at me! I'm covered in crud!

I was still kind of crouched down beside the Toyota so passing cars wouldn't see me. There was only two or three feet between the cars, Lisa’s car being in front of Alicia’s Toyota. Carrie shrugged her shoulders.

"Alright then Lisa, what's the deal with the cooler?" Sheri asked "the Bitch" in a cheery voice. Something was up. My belly was warning me.

"Just watch,' Lisa replied. 'Carrie, Sheri, if you please?" Lisa said, pointing at the cooler. "Move your ASSes!"

Lisa spoke “Carrie, look at the time,” she said, tapping her watch impatiently.

Lisa spoke up, "Alicia and Mink, you two get between the cars, we don't need anyone calling the cops on us, which they will if they see our little naked

mud-pie here squatting, they'll think she's taking a poop."

Squatting? This didn’t sound good. Why would I be squatting. "Squatting? Lisa! What?" I croaked. More butterflies overwhelmed me.

What the hell do they want from me? I’m already naked and dirty! Where’s Alicia? I looked behind me and she was still cracking up. No help there. The two girls in the SUV were now looking over the back seats at us, their movie temporarily forgotten. There must be something better to watch. And that was me.

“Well Erica, uhhhm, like Carrie lost a contact somewhere over there,” she said, pointing at a spot under the open hatch door. “And since you’re already dirty, well, squat yer little butt down there and find it for her. Hurry now Erica, we ARE leaving in five.”

I knelt down, Carrie had me by an elbow, I thought that was kind of sweet, except she had a hand on my ass while she was helping, groping me.

I was on all fours, trying unsuccessfully to find her contact. I heard rustling above my head.

I went rigid in shock, jumped up on my knees. "AHHHH SH\*\*\*T!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. My God it was freezing cold! They up-ended that damned cooler full of cold water on me! Lisa also had a quart water bottle and was pouring it over my head, the mud running out, thinning, then dripping through my shoulders to the ground.

“Oh GAWD! OHMYGAWD! Argh!” my screaming startled the others. I must have turned three shades of white, and feeling as though I was going to pass out.

Alicia looked shocked, as if she didn’t know this was coming. Mink and Sheri just stood there, doubled over laughing and patting each other on the back. I could see two grinning faces above the seats inside the car, and heard more laughing.

Carrie became worried and was immediately at my side. She put her arm around me, regardless of what little dirt was left there. “Well shit! you’re okay.

Let’s do this, she IS getting pissed.” Carrie then got busy with the water, wiping me down with her hands.

“There now,’ Lisa said, ‘you’re getting rinsed off and we’re getting the f\*\*k out of here, before you completely ruin our plans Erica, right?! Alicia. Get over here and help her rinse that sh\*t off.”

“No thanks Lisa, it looks like Carrie’s got that uh, covered.” The other two girls stood leaning against the toyota, smiling and occasionally making remarks, but I couldn’t hear them. I squeezed my eyes shut tight. My nipples were so tight they hurt, and so did the goosebumps crawling up and down my body, including my clit.

Carrie took the rag and began to wipe me down, starting at the top of my head, massaging my neck and shoulders and rinsing at the same time, then dipping the rag in the cooler, she wiped my chest, back, and hips. She then gently worked her way down my hips, thighs and legs. Squeezing the excess water from the rag, she then laid it down.

“There, that’s good, Erica, let us make sure your cute little slit is clean, okay?” On her knees now, Carrie grabbed both my legs and spread them apart, bending her head down and gazing between my legs. She stuck her finger in my belly button!

I stood there, shaking, embarrassed, and compliant, like a little kid being wiped down by their grandma.

Shivering, I tried to cover my hard nipples, but Carrie kept pulling my arms back down. I was becoming excited, in spite of freezing my ass off.

Carrie just smiled, “Ooo Naked Princess, you’ve goose bumps!, I wonder if the inside of your pussy gets them, huh?, your tummy sure does, like pussy bumps?

Let’s see,” at that point I was turning bright red.

Lisa laughed out loud, a real hard belly laugh too. I noticed their eyes and all were on me. I felt a chill run down the back of my spine! They were all studying me! My god!, my pussy!, the insides!”

She took her thumb and index finger and gently pulled my lips apart. I gasped, and looked down at her, she was breathing hard, her eyes sparkling.

With her thumb and middle finger keeping my lips apart, she used her index finger to tickle my now very excited clit. Her other hand grabbed onto my butt cheeks hard! Squeezing them like fresh bread! “Oh, uh, ah, ah, ah ah ah ah ah! CarrieeeeeeEEEEE!” My knees went out, and I floated right into Carries waiting arms.

**Part 7**

Alicia and Carrie gently lifted me by the elbows and carried me to the open door of the car. I sat on the running board, legs open, drying out. The two girls were standing outside of the SUV, looking me over, joining Alicia and Carrie.

The brunettes name was Sarah, I remembered her now. The blonde I never did know, but she also stood there, looking me over, with her hands on her hips. “Oh thank you Erica, what a great show! The only thing missing was some hot guys and we could've had a great show! Well, we’ve at least got some pictures!” Sarah had her cell-cam in her hand. She seemed very happy at this moment.

Carrie spoke quietly, glaring at them both, “If those pictures ever make it to anyone we know, I will personally kill you.” They looked at each other, the brunette pocketed the phone. Blondie stuck her nose in the air, then rolled her eyes and got back inside the SUV.

Lisa added wryly, "Now that would have been something alright, Carrie and a guy.”

"Enough Lisa!” snapped Carrie, "you're in such a hurry to go, well, we’re ready.”

Mink and Sheri were ready too, waiting to get in the car, stopping to look me over.

"Erica, you've got the longest nipples of any girl I've ever seen." Sheri said, studying my tits. The blonde joined in saying, "You must have shaved last night Erica, did you?"

"Uhm, well, no, Alicia and I were up late studying, I didn't have a chance.”

“Then it's naturally smooth? You're seventeen Erica," she said, as if this was a topic we needed to discuss.

My nipples became tight again with everyone examining me like I’m a piece of beef. These comments were not meant to be sexy, but to me they were. I think I may be weird. They were making me wet and I was becoming warm, flushed! I moved my hand to cup my pussy, hiding my crotch from their view.

"And now she plays with herself?" Sheri laughs. "Let me see, Erica", she laughed, pulling my hand down. Sure enough, I was wet, my lips were becoming full and my clit was getting bigger. My hand went right back up! “No no sweetie, let everyone see, you’re our little flasher aren’t you?” Sheri was giggling while she pulled my hand out of the way.

"Well her pussy is no little girls,' that's for sure, I mean, like, look at her clit, my gawd, she must have a regular party with it that long!" laughs the brunette again.

Mud soaked then drenched here on a country road, stripped, shamed, then climaxing in front of a dozen people, girls at that, it felt like everyone’s eyes were on my body. I was excited and ashamed at the same time.

Lisa, her patience had run out, I guess, announced, “Alright, everyone in, lets go.”

We all got inside the Escalade, and that was it, only I was naked and everyone else had clothes on.

**Part 8**

We made it to the Hotel.

It was a simply designed place, very modern. Like a big box in the middle and a wing on each side. There was a curious glass thing on the end of one of the buildings, looked like a greenhouse.

Hummm, uh, a pool probably. Stupid lookin’ place. Red brick, long glass windows, very Midwestern, very simple design.

We made it to the parking lot, then pulled into the center of the hotel complex. The girls were getting very rowdy at this point. No doubt the smell in the car, coming from me, had something to do with it?

The odors of the nasty water and my wetness hung in the air, even with the windows open, and the smelly tree thing dancing around on the rearview mirror.

Lisa had the a/c on too, but that didn’t help us in the back, really, nor my nipples either! The goose bumps on my arms were constant! I was hot and sticky, in all the wrong places. I smiled to myself, a joke.

Lisa yelled, “Here we are everyone! The Raddison Hotel! Everyone out!” She frowned, her usual face.

I looked around for something to cover up with, but there was nothing, not even a hankie! I slid over after Carrie got out, checked for wet spots, there were none, then crawled out of the back seat. Stepping down to the pavement, I hid behind Carrie, holding my bottle of water in front of my crotch.

I started hopping around, cause the pavement was boiling! That pavement was hot! I nearly ran into some shade provided by a spindly spruce in the parking island.

Alicia got out the other side, then came around the car to Carrie and I. The others had left laughing and skipping without a backwards glance.

It was Alicia, Carrie, Lisa, and me, naked. Standing in the shade, hidden behind Carrie, I wondered what was next. I was worrying about security guards, cameras, or worse, the cops!

"We need to get your bag out of the trunk Alicia! And I can’t go anywhere till I’m dressed!" I looked around nervously.

"Okay Erica, hang on," she said. She was digging around in her purse again. I always wonder why she does that whenever we arrive somewhere. We stop, she digs.

Lisa wrinkled her nose, "Something smells." glaring at me. She moved downwind, away from me. Carrie put her arm around my neck and squeezed, pulling me sideways so I had to hold onto her for balance. "Oh Erica, you're just SO, SO huggable!" she baby-talked me.

"And such a smooth, smooth pussy, you wanna be my baby? Baby girl?" She was joking, I hoped.

"Carrie! Stop, please! Quit goofing around. I need something to wear! And someone's gonna get us busted, me!" I struggled to get back behind her.

I was imagining everyone in their rooms was watching me behind the slit in the curtains.

"Carrie! Stop!" I moved her around in front of me again. I had to push, then guide her, all the while she's frowning, like I hurt her feelings or something. Playing around like that's gonna get me in trouble! Now please chill out." I noted a trace of desperation in my voice, as opposed to her 'ready to party voice.

"Aw, Erica, and I had an early birthday present for you, but now, well, you'll just haveta wait, you party pooper," she giggled, and winked at Alicia.

I wondered if even Lisa ever got under this girls skin. She always seemed to be so carefree and open. A polar opposite of me!

Lisa stood stoically, surveying the scene. "Ya know, this place is kinda small for a band, well, that Bo guy aint worth a crap anyway. He's lucky there's anyone showing up at all, at least we get a dinner out of this."

Carrie looked at me with a very, very strange look. She turned to Lisa.

"You don't have to be an asshole Lisa, Bo happens to be Alicias favorite singer," Carrie said.

"Tough shit, I dont haveta like him." Lisa sneered. "Look, Alicia, hurry up, get yer room keys, I don't like standing around here with Erica being naked and all."

I spotted the windows to the managers’ office, and there were two white faces peering out, I couldn’t make out if they were male or female. But upon closer look, worse, the lobby was full of old people, men and women, who were staring at us. My God, I must look pretty stupid, standing here like this, hiding behind Carrie.

I knew they could see we were up to something, those old farts, and hiding behind Carrie was'nt much protection, but it was better than just standing here, out in the open, proud and naked.

I had my arms on the back of Carries' shoulders, and stood close to her. I felt something touch my clit! Her fingers were pressing on my clit, sideways, and tapping it. Carrie giggled. "A teaser, soon to be birthday girl."

She swung around sideways to face me, then...

I felt the familiar tingling spreading to my nipples. The blush! My head was getting lighter and I was getting a little wobbly on my feet.

Carrie planted a big kiss on my mouth. I stepped back just a little, but I didn't resist her. I didn't know what to do so I just stood there, naked and trembling. Carries fingers began exploring.

ALicia just stood back from us taking it all in. She looked at Lisa expectantly.

"Oh good fuc\*ing grief Carrie, we really should get going. Alicia, go and get yer room, we're driving around the side and parkin. GO!" she nearly shouted.

Lisa crossed her arms again, and glared, but her eyes didn't look mad, I didn'nt think.

Oh good grief! I'm wet again! I felt a trickle running down my leg. All thoughts of being seen and hassled were now forgotten.

"Ahh, I..I.. Alicia! Go get a room key, please hurry!" I croaked.

"Hurry up, dammit," Lisa began pacing around.

"Oh alright. I was just getting my credit card. Thought I may have had my phone, but I don't."

Alicia walked away from us. Lisa had moved in close to shield others' eyes from me. Carrie still hid me from the front, but anyone driving into the parking lot would see me from the side, hiding behind Carrie, with her hands groping.

I feel so good, and scared! I was hot, tingly and wet. I needed a shower, and above all, something to wear!

Alicia came back out of the Office part of the building, keys in hand, heading towards us. Carrie let me go, or rather my pussy. I looked up, and suddenly the other girls were there! In a semi-circle, surrounding me. Where'd they come from? My eyes must've been closed.

Lisa had propped herself up on the Escalade.

"Erica baby, I need to go and park now. Come on Carrie, let’s go." She laughed, and so did her friends. I just now realized they were standing there, on the other side of the car, looking at whatever. Whispering to each other. Had I been dreaming? Standing up? No.

Sheri came up beside us, and along with her other friend, I found myself surrounded, but Lisa of all people, rescued me from their comments and stares.

"Erica, I’m going to leave, Alicia can deal with you. Let’s get your stuff."

She went around the car to the back, opened the trunk again and lo!

“Well shit Erica,” Lisa was laughing hard, 'didn't you...what..you forgot your stuff!?"

“What, well, yeah, but did you get Alicia’s stuff?" I said nervously.

“Yes, here, take it, enjoy, have fun, have a good time!" She swung it out of the back and heaved it at me.

I reached up and caught it, now my soaking wet crotch was full on display. I was blushing bad, thinking everyone probably knows I’m horny too. I felt like crying. I almost did. I held Alicia's bag close to my body, sort of covering me, but not quite.

Lisa, Carrie, the car and everyone was suddenly gone. Alicia stood facing me, I stood behind the spindly tree. At least the lobby looked empty from here.

"Where’s your overnight bag Erica?" Alicia asked me, staring curiously.

"I didn’t take one, remember?" I said, beginning to sob. Naked, stranded with no ride except for that bitch Lisa. And Carrie! I couldn't find words for her.

"Well, did you ask them if they had anything you could wear for now? What about the dinner tonight? What ya gonna wear to that! You're supposed to be speaking at it. And ya cant naked. Well.." she began to giggle. "Oop, ah, no, you can't," she put her hand to her mouth to hide a smile.

"It's not funny Alicia! You know those girls wouldn’t go out of their way for me, to help me for anything! Especially Lisa." My lips were trembling, I was now crying.

Alicia came close and hugged me tight, I dropped the bag. My feet were getting a little tender, as I kept stepping onto the hot ashpalt. I stopped after a few minutes, I just felt helpless. She broke off the hug and eased me into a crouching position.

"Hummmmm, Erica, let's sneak around the side of the building, you better sort of hide between these parked cars, and I'll see if I can get you in without being seen, ok?" She took my hand and began leading me around.

Alicia led, and I followed, alert for anything and anyone.

**Part 9**

I half squatted, half stood between cars, frantic. My god, it seemed like everywhere I looked people were looking at me, but I couldn’t really see any of the windows of the hotel. I could hear peoples’ voices but I thought I was well hidden between the parked cars.

I was hoping this was a dream, a bad nightmare I’d wake up from. How did I wind up naked and stranded here? Lisa, of course. But it wasn’t a bad dream, my burning feet were telling me this.

I stopped, and my belly felt like it was coming out my throat, I was so nervous. I was afraid of being caught and thrown in jail or something.

I zigzagged between cars, constantly bumping my shins on the front ends or rear bumpers. Red marks were beginning to appear on my legs. Why weren’t there parking stops in this place?

Some stupid pickup truck had a towing ball that nearly took my kneecap off! “Oww! Ow! Fvck fvck! That hurt!” I thought aloud, rubbing my bruised leg.

I stood there a second, both hands wresting on my knees as I caught my breath, my nakedness forgotten for the moment. But that was about to change.

Massaging my right kneecap, I heard someone whistling! More than one! I heard some males laughing, boys’ voices, and some females saying something in the distance. My belly sunk furthur, and the voices were getting louder, which means, closer! My belly told me to run, to hide, and to get away! I ran.

I stood, hiding myself, or so I thought, between an Expedition and another big truck. No shortage of monster trucks in this part of the country.

I thought I’d be hidden well enough for now, but they found me anyway. The little group of teenagers must have looked under the big truck and seen my feet.

They came around the truck, with a perfect view of me. The boys were on one end and the girls moved over to the other, so either way, they were going to see me naked, and block my escape.

I could have rushed by the girls, but my legs were wobbly with fear,and horniness, so I just stood there, frozen. I felt the tell-tale trickle of cum starting at my labia, heading south.

I tried to back up a little, keeping an equal distance between the four of them, on each side of me, my arms were out, and I backed up a little, then burnt my butt-cheeks on the side of the Expedition.

"Ow! OWW! Ohmygawd!" I jumped forwards, my little boobs bouncing, chest out, butt red.

My nipples, never completely soft, got harder and tight, and my crotch was getting sloppy, fast. Even through the damp dirt smell I could smell me! They were gonna check me out alright. I felt trapped, and that was making me excited.

Horny?! I didn’t even know these kids, yet exposing myself to them was making me very horny. I already felt as exposed as I could be!

How could it? How could that make me horny? I need to think about this whole thing, I'm really going to have to figure it out, I thought, but not now.

My wet crotch wanted me to stay and be teased or checked out by them, my mind wanted me to flee to the safety of Alicia, wherever she was.

I'm just a tiny girl, and these people were all bigger than I was.

“Right there Chuck, I told ya she was naked!” said an excited male voice.

The Talker paused, staring, wrinkling his nose, “Whoa, been rolling around in pig-shit?” he aimed his insult at me.

“Who is she? Who is this bitch?” asked Chuck excitedly, grinning. He had his camera phone out, was looking at it, and me, while his two female companions just glared at me, hips thrust out and their arms crossed.

“Wow! Dunno, dude… she looks kinda young, better not take her picture bro’,” the Talker added, frowning.

At this my nipples popped out full, poking the air, probing for excitement.

Judging by the the girls hands waving across their noses, I knew they could smell me too. The dirt and my pussy.

“FVck that,” said cell-phone Chuck, “if she’s old enough to flash her stuff, she’s definitely old enough. “

The Blonde girl said “What stuff? Where’s her tits? Her pussy is smooth!” she looked me up and down critically, like I was a bad piece of meat, then frowned. “What’s your name little girl?”

At ‘little’ I felt the familiar warmth creep up my neck, and my cheeks.

I said in a very weak voice, “Erica.” I stared at her eyes, hoping to get warning if I was going to get tackled.

“Well, now, embarrassed and naked Erica, are you hurt? Why are you naked, and smell like shit?” Blonde girl had her hands on her hips, glaring. She knew I wasn’t hurt.

“I…I was kicked out of the car by my friends, they left me like this,” I started giggling, a nervous reaction I guess.

“What the fVck you laughing at? You dumbass naked cow!” Bleach blonde began raising her voice.

“Uh oh,” I thought. I better get the hell away!

She looked hard, this one. Her friend Bleach Blondie and Budweiser Girl.

I couldn’t stop smiling at my little joke.

The other Blondie came towards me a little, leaned in and took a close look at my pussy. I backed up, thinking I was going to get hit. I stood motionless, I didn’t want them rushing me, jumping me.

Cell phone Chuck said “Leave her alone Mary, maybe she really is messed up,’ “Hey, ah, Erica, you drunk or stoned or something, huh?” He moved in closer.

Mary and her bleach blonde friend leaned in close, waving their hands at my pussy, looking for something. I knew what, after a moment.

“Well, she shaves, she’s got a few shaving bumps, but look!' cried Bleach Blondie,'C’mere Mary, look at that clit!

My gawd! It’s huge! And, and she’s horny! EEEwwwww!” She backed up, frowning.

Her index finger was about one inch away from it, pointing out for the others this miracle clit she’d discovered.

“Yeah, look, look, right there it is!” Chuck said, pointing his cell-phone right at me, at my clit, and I could feel it pulsing with each rapid heartbeat, poking out of its hood.

“Whatta slut! Is my boyfriend making you horny, bitch?” exclaimed Budweiser Girl.

“Bitch!” hissed her friend. “Let’s kick her skinny little ass Mary!” the two blondes looked ready, and kind of pissed, although their eyes never seemed to leave my pussy.

No help from the guys, they just stood and waited, probably hoping I’d get the shit beat out of me, so they could see my gaping wet puss lips and butthole as their girlfriends beat me up.

All four faces were leaning in close to look at my pussy, mouths hanging open. I just stood there, not moving, letting them examine my now swollen pussy.

I about fell down, the blood seemed to be rushing from my head, but not from embarrassment.

I was horny at being displayed, I was getting dizzy. I was horny all right. But by being insulted? Examined? Stared at? "Not now," I thought, sort it out later.

All this took place in a matter of a few short minutes, but it seemed longer. I was going to have to “handle” this horniness soon. My nipples were beginning to hurt. Maybe when I'm excited like this time somehow works different, well, at least to me anyway.

Appearing out of nowhere I heard a mans voice shouting, “HEY, what are you kids doing to her?” The owner of the monster truck! He came around behind the two boys, and with a whoop they all ran away, laughing, the girls taunting me, why they shot me the bird I don’t know. I couldn’t help being naked! If I’d had clothes or some thing I wouldn’t be naked! Without looking back I tore off out of there, away from the Truck mans voice.

**Part 10**

Throwing aside caution, I ran towards the end of the building, where I spotted Alicia, grinning and beckoning me with her arm in a ‘come here’ motion. If people out here think I’m streaking, well, they'd just have to.

That loud man had drawn attention to me, even if he did save my bare butt from those creeps, he still created more onlookers! Damnit!

People seemed to be popping up out of nowhere for a look.

Running more to get away from the voices and people behind me...I jogged towards Alicia. She was standing stock still, arms folded, tapping her foot in an exaggerated way.

“Took ya long enough Erica,” she said through an exagerrated yawn.

I panted, out of breath, “I wanted to make sure the coast was clear, where WERE you?” Her face fell. She must’ve thought I was yelling at her.

She had her hand holding the door open, but her body was outside the door, facing me.

“Well, okay, Erica, if you want to be that way about it then, fine. You can follow me if you want to get cleaned up and not stink, or stay out here and show off to your audience,” she gestured towards the parking lot which was now a small crowd.

“Hurry Alicia,’ I croaked, ‘let me inside! I'm sorry I raised my voice! Let me in, please!” I begged.

Without a word she turned and opened the door for me to go in first. I noticed she didn’t have anything for me to wear either.

I was wide eyed, she wouldn’t allow me to follow behind her? I was suspicious, this was a long, long hall. Anyone could come popping out of those doors. She knows someone might , yet she wants me in front.

May be she was still mad at me for supposedly yelling at her. Maybe this is payback, exposing me in front of guests here.

I could barely make anything out, i was sun blinded for a few minutes, Not even sunglasses to hide my naked eyes, I thought glumly.

There were doors across from each other, all the way down the hall, with grey carpeting that didn’t feel good to my feet at all, as they were sensitive to anything now, and felt funny, almost not feeling.

What was most weird was my pussy clenched at the sudden drop in temperature. My nipples still strained for some pinching, begging for that little electric jolt, the one that runs straight to my clit, but no relief was in sight. Stress horny! Is there such a thing? Why do I think about this cr\*p when i'm naked and scared! I had to pee too.

The outer doors slammed shut behind me. That was the end of the show I was giving everyone outside, even though there were a bunch of dumb grinning kids with their tongues glued to the glass, they couldn’t see me cause Alicia was now behind me, looking at whatever she was looking at. My best friend, checking out my butt as i walked?

“Erica, you’re walking funny. Are you alright? Here, you follow me, I don’t want any cameras seeing you, or other people,” she looked concerned.

Oh! What a weird thought. Someone concerned about the way I felt, I was stinking, dirty, I needed a bath, clean clothes, and my feet were feeling strange. I was fine. I figured it was better to just let it all go than argue, we’re best friends anyway. I followed Alicia now, close behind her.

Looking at her butt, watching her cheeks bounce,“I'm okay Alicia, can we please, please get to the room. You did get a room key didn’t you?”

Smiling at me over her shoulder, “Yes Silly, Karen had it all set. She even got her boyfriend to get my car! And fix it! No one has to know anything now! ” She was so proud of herself she was almost skipping. I just wish she’d grabbed a towel or something from the room before she came out to get me.

I didn’t think I was hot for her, or any other girl, for that matter. Watching her butt cheeks bounce as she walked was making me wet again. Alicia was a young woman now, as was I, but I didn’t look like it. I looked like a fifteen year old, with barely any boobs, yet wide hips with a very strange appearing clit, that pokes out by itself, and nipples that seemed unusually long, at least to me...but some young men liked them that long, Alicia had told me that one night. Come to think of it, I’ve heard good comments from the remarks made to me at school, when I was stripped naked at school, anyway.

At least I had that going for me! My parents weren’t rich like Lisa’s, and I wasn’t sexy or anything like Alicia or Carrie. Carrie had her big boobs and pretty hair and Alicia with her near perfect body and pretty face.

Thinking about all this stuff, while petrified of being caught, was making me hornier, even though I smelled like woman’s sweat and that damned creek, or sewer! I hope I don’t get sick from that stuff.

“Keep moving Erica! Keep going,” insisted Alicia, as we walked further and further down the hall.

I heard voices from each door as we passed, as if there was a big speaker in there, men and women’s voices from both sides of the hall were muted, and it sounded like…teaching. Some sort of conference? My anxiety level was rising, thudding in my chest told me that, and my pussy begun to throb too. My labia must be sloppy by now! I imagined I could hear the squishing as I walked.

I didn’t have time to think about that very long, because sure enough, near the end of the hall, one of those doors opened, I heard a lot of clapping and out of the door popped a few older women and some younger ones, wearing some sort of uniform, fussing around a table on wheels. There was a bunch of dirty dishes and such on it, and hiding the table itself was a big tablecloth. The young ones went back inside the room. Servers, I thought.

“Push, push!” The older woman crowed.”There! Over the damned threshold, stupid. No! Watch it!” She had her hands clutched firmly on the handles of the table. The other woman looked like she was trying to steady a large drink bowl and a stack of coffee cups and junk, all ready to fall off, it looked like.

I got right behind Alicia, our bodies so close as to be touching her back with my nipples. I put my hands on her shoulders to help steady me, and she whispered, “Just keep walking Erica, pretend they aren’t there.” Easy for her to say, she’s not the one who’s naked! I just mumbled a weak and breathy "okay.".

The plastic bowl, little cups and utensils all spilled off the cart onto the floor with a little crash. The two women stood away for a second, to survey the mess on the floor.

Alicia moved to the wall, slowing her pace, me clinging to her back, trying to get around the women and the mess they’d made.

I felt more open and exposed than before, with my wet pussy. and wanted to cover up, so I hid what I could with my hands, since I didn’t have shoes even.

“Hey honey, are you okay?” The younger looking lady looked me up and down.

Alicia immediately stepped in. “Oh yes, we were just wrestling a little by the pool and she broke her suit!” Alicia smiled sweetly at the woman, she just stared at me, or rather my eyes, then my tits. The other older womans’ mouth fell to her chest, and stayed that way. Gross. And I thought I looked bad.

The younger woman was frowning. “Sure sister, sure. How the hell do you 'break' a swim suit? What you two really been up to huh?” She then smiled at us both.

“Some sort of school prank? A bet? She lost eh?” She slowly took my nakedness in, lingering on my tits, then lower, her eyes widened.

“Look at that girls clit Jane,” her eyes then bugged out,I could swear she was squealing. Sure enough, being inspected was making me horny, again!

Jane, the older one, looked worried, “What’s wrong with you? Do you need a Doctor child?” she looked genuinely concerned.

I was speechless at being horny yet again for weird reasons, at least they seemed weird.

Alicia grabbed my hand and tugged it, and me, away from the new hotel employee fan club I had. She’d grabbed my right hand, bringing it across my crotch and brushing my clit in the process.

I mumbled to the older woman, yes ma’am, I'm ah! Oh..Ohhkay!” I breathed heavily.

“Erica, come ON!” Alicia yanked me sideways and off we went, leaving the two women behind us looking very surprised.

“Erica, we must get to our room fast! Before you get us in trouble!” she said with urgency, she really was in a hurry too.

We made it to the end of the hall with no more incidents, leaving behind the older woman to fuss at the other, I overheard something about getting their butts in gear and to quit staring at that childs ass.

“Erica, did you know you were playing with your pussy when those women were checking you out?” Alicia asked,smiling over her shoulder at me.

Alicia had mentioned to me once, at one of my many sleepovers at her house that I masturbated in my sleep.I didn’t realize I’d been doing that in my sleep until she told me. My nipples felt sensitive upon waking sometimes, playing with them a little bit in my sleep too, I guess. My panties being soaked I just figured was nature or something.

I was being checked out by her in my sleep? Wait a minute! Then it was the same with Lisa and Carrie too. They’ve watched me sleep too! It dawned on me, the thought of Carries’ naked body under her thin nightgown, nipples round and nicely tipped, breasts full, lips glossed and full, like I imagined her pussy to be, glossed and full, dripping like mine does…

“Erica, what are you doing? Stop that! Not now! Not here, sh\*t!” she turned around quickly but it was too late. She had one of my hands, my other went for my tits. I now took her hand and pressed it into my clit, hard. Moving it side to side then up and down with her middle knuckle was all it took. I’d been ready for a while now, and I looked at her frantically, I’d imagined. She looked shocked but didn't try to pull away, if anything, she seemed kind of fascinated.

I pressed my crotch firmly into her fist and rubbed once, twice, hard. “OOOOhhhhhh,” My free hand pinched my nipple and twisted hard, and I arched backwards with another spasm of sheer joy! Ahhhhhh Gawwwddddd UHHmmmmmmm..” I moaned as I twisted, one naked leg going up luxuriously over my other leg, my free hand still pinching and rubbing my nipples and clit.

I released her hand and she grabbed my shoulder, I looked in her eyes and she seemed sheepish, maybe even embarrassed by my orgasm. She was breathing funny though, slowly, heavy. I was weak in the knees, my pussy was still clenching inside, spasming, and juices leaking down my thighs, leaving clean streaks amid the dirt.

My face burned, a full body blush heading up then down, my body being so pale I blushed like a pale red rose at midday.

Alicia took both my hands and draped them over her shoulders, turning around yet again. “You done?” she said quietly. She still seemed embarrassed. She raised her voice a little. “Are you oHkAY Erica? We really need to get moving. We’re lucky there’s noone around, since we missed the lunch crowd and caterers, we need to get to our room. Lisa and Carrie will be by the pool, waiting for us. So will some others, probably.”

I sputtered, “Others? Everyone we know is here tonight from school. If they see me like this…?” I was very nervous, and must have looked it too, chewing on my lower lip.

“So what Erica,” she stopped and looked at me.

“So what?” I stammered.

“You’re going to junior college first? Or what? Whether a four year or not, you’ll never see most of these geeks again. The rest will stay in that crappy little town we live in, and that’s that.”

“Yeah,” I mumbled, but I thought privately, If I don’t get thrown in jail first.

Inside, my odor was getting stronger. Okay, now Erica, if you stand close behind me, no one in the pool will see that you’re naked, ok? If Lisa and Carrie are there, they'll help us, and their friends. Karen’s around somewhere too, and she’s the boss here, so we should be okay.”

I took a deep breath. “Lisa? Help me?” I said a little too loud. No one popped their heads out from the lobby. Lucky me.

Pool? Oh no! And I was still no closer to peeing.

**Part 11**

“Just a minute there! You two. Ladies, stop! Stop right there!” shouted a female voice. A big woman approached Alicia and me, blocking the hallway, and our exit to the pool.

Alicia froze. “Oh, no,” She said to the woman, “we have to get her to our room. No time to stop,” and Alicia made to brush by her, but the big woman blocked our way.

Alicia made to side step her and was again blocked. I took my arms off Alicia’s back now, and let them hang by my sides, feeling defeated. I just stared at the woman, and she stared back, at my tits.

Busted, I thought. My parents will be crushed. And my Grandma, what will she think? She’ll be crushed too! Maybe have a heart attack or something, when she hears I'm thrown in jail for being naked in public.

The Woman was wearing a green polo with the hotels’ logo on it, and a badge had her name “Billie” on it. She grabbed my elbow, pinched hard between her thumb and forefinger.

“Come with me. You. And yes, you too, naked kid!” I meekly followed along. Alicia looked pissed, but remained silent. We were going the opposite way of the double doors to the pool.

I kinda waddled my way on the sides of my feet. I was afraid to look at them.

“Ladies, we should go this way,” she said, firmly guiding Alicia and I towards the Managers office a few feet away.

Alicia spoke up, “We’re friends of the assistant manager here, Her name's Karen. You know? Long brown hair? We have a room here and everything.”

“Oh yes, Karen, uh huh, and did you know, anyone can say anything, if they’re in trouble,” she sneered back.

Billie spoke to Alicia first. “And who might this dirty child be, hanging on your back. Are you giving piggyback rides today young lady? Huh?" she said to Alicia. She then reached in her pocket and pulled a small radio back out, and then spoke into it.

“Johnny, call Karen to the Office, please. We have a situation here.” I wondered nervously who Johnny was.

“Okay, sit down, and lets wait till Karen gets here.” She motioned towards the leather chairs. I moved towards one next to Alicia. My friend sat down and I was about to sit too, still hiding my shaved pussy from this woman.

“No! Not you, little missy,” She frowned at me, “those chairs cost a fortune, and I don’t want you getting them filthy.” Humbled, I just stood in front of her desk with my arms covering my bald pussy, feeling the embarassment creep up my neck as a warm blush. I stared at the carpet, because if I made eye contact with her I knew she'd be staring at my tits. The boys are bad enough, but this, this is humiliating!

Alicia glanced sideways at me, did I catch a smirk? I raised my eyebrow at her and she just shrugged. I brought an arm to cover my boobs, hiding the nipples effectively, but exposing my shave job in the process.

Easy for Alicia think this is funny, she’s not nude and nasty, about to get busted, and worse, there were no clothes or anything to cover up with in here. Not even a newspaper! Plus I gotta pee! Bad!

Billie was herself seated at the smaller of the two desks. I took the room in at a glance. Very spartan. I could see the parking lot clearly through the large glass windows. Two desks with computers on it, and the two comfortable armchairs were set in front of the desk, and a long sofa was behind us, against the wall. No wall hangings, no nothing, except us.

I stood naked and helpless in front of this strange woman, unsure of what was coming next.

I took in this woman named Billie. Oh my, she was a woman, I think.

What an ugly hairdo she wore, I thought, cut short like a boys, and slicked back with some sort of goop. Come to think of it, she was wearing mens slacks and mans’ belt too. Even her shoes looked like guys shoes. I couldn’t tell if she had tits or not, under that large polo, but if she did have any, they were flatter than mine. Hummm. This woman, was grossing me out.

“Okay girls, lets see your room key.” She held out her hand to Alicia, who began rummaging through her little clutch purse. She handed the key to Billie.

“Don’t worry missy, I know you aint got it,” she said, leering at my bald pussy, there’s only one place you could put a key, but I don’t think you got it there.” She ventured a smile at her little joke, the b\*tch.

There was silence while she typed something in her computer, opened a desk drawer and pulled out a folder, with some paperwork in it.

Looking up from the room application, she said, "Alright then, Alicia. What say we cut to the chase then, what's really going on here hm?" SHe looked at Alicia then me, then back to Alicia.

Alicia tried explaining, “But we only just got here. We were going to go to our room and get something for her. ”

Still looking at the floor, I spoke quietly, “I'm sorry, Ma’am, I had a swimming suit accident. It ahh, fell off while I was swimming. We weren't swimming here.”

“You better not have been swimming here! Here she is, naked, and I certainly don’t remember you two coming through the front door.”

Billie stood up, pointing at me. “Flashing, streaking, whatever you want to call it, being naked in public will get you both busted!” she declared.

The woman got up, then proceeded to walk around us both, slowly, looking us up and down.

Leaving Alicia she came to face me. I looked up, as this woman was a head taller than I.

Hands on both her hips, she glared at me, “How’d this kid get so dirty, anyway?” She asked Alicia. I could feel her beady eyes on me.

Alicia had had enough, "We said we didn't swim here, what do you think we did, roll her around in the dirt afterwards?"

Alicia made for the door but the big woman got beside it. "I wouldn't if I were you. Just stay put a minute."

I couldn’t make eye contact. Billie went back to her desk, and then sat down. I stayed where I was, mindful of the phone on the desk. I was hoping she wouldn’t call anyone.

Alicia continued, “We were swimming at a pond on the way here, it was so damned hot. Erica’s suit fell off and we couldn’t find it, then Erica didn’t want to ruin the car upholstery, so she stayed naked.”

Billie's eyebrows rose a bit, then laughed.

“Alright, Ms…Alicia is it? Okay.” She looked up from her computer. Your paperwork is all right here, but it says this Erica kid is fifteen. Is that right?” she looked me over again, this time not trying to hide the direction of her gaze. My pussy, tits, face, her eyes resting on my pussy again.

People need to understand I have eyes too. Why do the guys and women talk to my tits. Maybe 'cause they're out there with nothing hiding them? Well, they stare at them when I have clothes on too. Must be my nipples, poking through the bra.

I sputtered, “But I’m not a kid, I’m eighte…” before Alicia cut me off.

“Yes, that’s right! Fifteen!” Alicia glanced at me, smiled and winked.

The big woman continued, “Alright, well kids aren’t supposed to be naked around here. Don’t you know there are all kinds of perverts out there? You need to get her dressed right away, before someone comes in here and complains, or she gets attacked, got it?” She was frowning at Alicia during this mini-lecture. Alicia looked kinda bored with the whole thing.

Karen chose that moment to walk in. She was dressed for business in a nice, knee length black skirt, white blouse and black blazer with the hotels' logo embroidered on the breast pocket. Black pumps and hose rounded her out.

Seeing her dressed up so lady..well, businesslike, I felt even more naked than before, with only dirt to hide me.

Feeling the cool breeze of the air conditioners blow through my damp thighs and across my shoulders and chest made me feel very nude, and unprotected.

Karen looked a little older than when I saw her at the Mall, certainly better. Like an adult! She streaked her hair beautifully. And that makeup! She was model pretty. I was jealous. I briefly wondered what she looked like naked.

“Well well well Billie, what have we here?” she chirped, smiling at me. Her eyes did a slow dance over my dirty nude body, then she looked away.

“A couple of silly girls up to no good, Karen, probably some sort of graduation prank, but they got this kid involved, who knows what nonsense is going on.”

Billie had stood up when Karen had walked in the room.

Karen said to Alicia, “You’d better get this girl to your room, before there’s trouble, and try not to get caught, ok?” Karen smiled at me, looking amused.

“We’re out of here Karen, and thanks.”

“Alright, better hide her, or get her some clothes, something, alright? I’ll catch up to you.”

“Be right back Billie, I’ll tell you all about it,” Karen said to Billie over her shoulder and walked out right behind us.

We left the office and slid into the hallway, leaving the strange Billie by herself.

Alicia said to me, “We’re gone.” She took my hand and quickly led me out, but then Karen was right behind us.

“Alicia, jeezuz, what happened," Karen sounded angry,"Are you both trying to get me in trouble? Get her out of here!”

Alicia spoke calmly,"We were on our way to the room, until that Billie lady stopped us.”

“Yeah? Well, you’re gonna have to go through the pool to get there, or walk all the way around, and you cant do that! Because there’s open windows all over the damned place, not to mention banquet rooms being full, and used!” Karen looked us both over.

“You, dear, may have a problem.” She'd seemed angry but now looked more concerned. "Are you okay Erica? Did those girls hurt you somehow?"

I just shook my head "no."

“I just..” I blurted, "I gotta pee! Bad!” My knees were crossing now and I did a side stepping dance trying to hold it in!

Alicia just laughed, along with Karen.

"Get moving you two." then spanked me on the ass, a hard slap!

Why that b\*tch! Does she really think I'm a kid? Godammit that stung!

**Part 12**

“Alicia,” I pleaded, I just can’t do it! Go alone, if you have to. Go get me a towel or something then come back.”

My heart sank as I realized there was nowhere to hide, especially here. The toilets were outside the gates, near the opposite entrance where I wanted to be.

I saw a whole lot of people, tanning, some playing cards, drinking. The guys were fooling around trying to get the girls wet, some older kids splashing at one another.

Everyone seemed pretty happy, and it looked like fun, except to me. My head felt like it was going to float off my body, my clit was engorged, and nipples were tingling at the thought. I was naked!

“Don’t be silly Erica, they’re all looking at other stuff, partying, and way too busy to pay any attention to you at all.” She surveyed the scene. “Everyone’s partying, now chill out, and lets have some fun.” Alicia faced me, then looked beside me, startled. “Carrie!”

Carrie appeared literally out of nowhere. She stood behind me, smiling. “Nice suit Sweetie, mmm, I love it. Skin. Ah, a naked dirt swimsuit, it's definately you Erica,” she giggled. She came around to face me, hand on hips, looking me up and down, studying me, “Oh yes sweetie, it’s very “you.”

I couldn’t take my eyes off her stomach, at the slope leading down to her pussy. I could see the fine red hairs off her abdomen in the sunlight. She was having an effect on me, and she knew it. My crotch was wet now, with the exposure and all these people around.

Yet I was frozen to the spot.

Carrie was wearing a very skimpy string bikini, which left nothing to the imagination. Looking nervously at the pool, I grabbed Carries’ arm and squeezed. “You’ve go to get me something to cover up with Carrie, I’m going to get in big trouble!" I gripped her arm with both my hands, feeling a little frantic.

Carrie leaned in close, whispering in my ear, “Sweetie, if we just walk slowly like everything’s cool there won’t be a problem, okay? Here, take Alicia’s purse and hold it to your side, and press close to me, then no one can see your tits poking out the sides, they’re not big enough to. They’ll think you’re wearing a bikini.”

"No, but I have long nipples," I thought defensively, but said nothing.

Alicia entered through the gates first, followed by Carrie and I. We moved almost side by side, Alicia in front, but to anyone who happened to notice I was definitely naked. And scanning the pool area where Lisa and some of my classmates were, they knew it for sure! Lisa!

Lisa, her friends and others were looking at us, and many were either smiling or laughing. A few girls pointed. A few whistles punctuated the air, but no one else seemed to notice.

“Okay now, follow my lead,” Carrie whispered.

The guy lifeguard had an Ipod plugged into his ear. He wasn’t watching sh\*t! But the female guard, she was watching us. I couldn’t see behind her sunglasses but her head was aimed right at me, smiling. “Uh oh, I thought, here’s trouble.”

Down she came, off her perch, and headed towards us. “Excuse me Miss! Miss, please, ladies, stop there please!”

Carrie and I stopped, but Alicia kept walking, ignoring the woman, and leaving me exposed to her! Now the woman could see me naked, all of me! And Alicia walked right past her!

This lady didn’t even look over twenty, and she looked pretty hot too, with a visor cap and pink two-piece suit. Her tan was well developed. She was hot, and I found myself comparing my white, underdeveloped body to hers.

She looked me over, slowly, from the top of my head, stopping at my eyes, then my chest, and she leaned in even closer!

Inspecting my crotch, her eyes widened but she said nothing.

“Hey, are’nt little kids supposed to use the kiddies pool!” Lisa shouted at the top of her lungs at us, now that got the attention I didn’t want.

Everywhere I looked, people were staring at me. I couldn’t understand why some girls were giving me dirty looks. The guys were pretty predictable, grinning, leering, and cheering.

But the women, some looked stunned, and angry, but a few were smiling at me. I knew they were looking at my body, which still looked fifteen. I didn’t know whether to run away or just sit down on the deck. My legs felt like sitting,like water, and I was blushing so hard I felt like I had a fever!

Just about everyone was staring, as the lifeguard took in the situation.

Carrie broke the silence, “We were heading towards the shower, I mean, before we go swimming, ya know? This is my younger sister, Erica.”

My sister! What? Why is it every time wind up getting stripped I’m everyone’s sister, little sister or younger sister? I was shaken out of my thoughts as the pretty guard spoke to me.

“Jeez kid, you okay?” She looked amused and confused at the same time.

“I think I’ll escort you two to the shower first, then you better get over to the kiddie pool.

"You’re a little old to be running around here naked," she said, while ogling my tits, and hairless pussy.

I was instantly relieved, thinking now she’d kick us out of here and end this ordeal, but no.

“But as long as your sister’s with you, you should be alright here.” She said, raising her eyebrow, smiling.

Carrie looked at me and I her, she made a kissing noise at me.

Carrie took my arm, guiding me to the showers, dead ahead, following the guards’ lead.

I stumbled along, with Carrie still kind of shielding me from the side. I knew it was hopeless at that point. Here I am, naked in front of everyone in this pool.

All this attention to my body was making me excited. My clit was swelled up to the point it was poking out again, no doubt what the life-guard had been studying.

**Part 13**

A young couple had wandered by, the boy blurting out , “Wow! wow Wow! That girl is naked!” The girl stared me down, giving me dirty looks. After slugging him in the arm, she pushed him ahead, both moving away.

By now most of the people in the pool, the men, women, and the families, had stopped what they were doing to stare at me, the naked girl. I was so embarrassed so bad I was gonna pee my pants, if I was wearing any, that is. But my feet hurt. And I was tingling from my nipples to my clit.

Something tickled my inner thigh. I stopped to glance down and there was a small sticky pearl running down my leg.

Carrie followed my gaze, and at that moment reached around and put her finger in it! She brought her finger to her nose, sniffing “Mmm sweet Erica, this IS sweet, at least you’re clean inside huh?”

She proceeded to burst out laughing. “C’mon Erica, I know you love it, you say you don’t, but then explain this,” Then stuck her finger in MY nose so I smelled it! I was more confused in my embarrassment than ever! By her!

“Oh good grief Carrie, In front of all these people? Please, I need to get to that shower.”

My face was hot, with excitement, or shame, I don’t know. I didn’t have time to dwell on any of that, cause here came Lisa.

As Lisa and her friends moved toward us, I noticed a door on the side of the building that opened up to the pool from the managers’ office.

Funny I hadn’t noticed that before. Maybe cause I didn’t see anywhere to hide over there. There was simply too much going on at once, especially with my body!

That’s why the Managers’ office was so close to the double doors, I imagined. Karen had a perfect view of everything. Including me, and the commotion I was causing.

Carrie could’nt have been more proud of me. The way she had her arm around me with her elbow pressed in my back made my tits poke out more than they normally would be.

She guided me towards our goal, with Alicia in the lead. Carrie seemed to be parading me around! I was confused.

“Carrie look! Over there, at the door!” I pointed.

“Karen? Oh yeah, Karen, the mall chick, yeah, where?” She turned her head.I saw others at the door too. A lot of others, smartly dressed people in suits! And they were coming out too!

At just that moment, some idiot did a cannonball, splashing Alicia, soaking her. She took off at a sprint, leaving me naked for everyone ahead of us to ogle. And for some reason, I grew hornier, so horny it hurt, almost.

I bolted towards the nearest cover, the showers. Carrie was right behind me.

There was a small divider between the two stalls, and I ducked inside. About that time hot pokers were being driven into the soles of my feet. My legs gave out and I started to slide down off the wall.

“Ah! Ah! Carrie, my feet!” I nearly cried.

Carrie had helped me sit down, so I didn’t really fall down. But my feet were literally on fire now. The pain had knocked me on my butt.

The pretty guard returned, looked me over, her mouth a round “O.” She seemed frozen in place. I realized why. I’d held my pee in so long I didn’t feel it start. I was frantic, not wanting anyone to see this very intimate act, especially boys, or anyone else really.

I could hold it no longer, and out it gushed, a hot yellow stream in nearly a straight line. I had to go so bad it bounced off the wall and pooled at my feet, making them burn even worse!

Carrie allowed me to get my business done without trouble. I finished. Seeing the faces of total strangers watching me do my most intimate business was too much, I started crying.

I’d finally reached that point.

“Erica, it’s okay sweetie, really, it is. It’s okay sweetie,” Carrie just held me as I sobbed, hugging my back, arms wrapped around my neck, her head next to mine. She left my breasts alone. In fact, her arms covered them.

The onlookers didn’t seem to mind the show, or me crying either. Someone put their big toe in the crack of my butt.

The girls gave me curious looks, but the boys! They were pointing and laughing at me. A very large crowd surrounded me in the shower stall. I just wanted to crawl up inside myself, they all saw me pee! I was utterly humiliated.

Lisa and her crowd made their appearance, standing tall over everyone. Lisa had a commanding presence, that’s a fact, as did her cheerleader friends.

She was stunning.

**Part 14**

She took everything in at a glance, then loudly yelled to everyone, “It's not polite to stare, get away from her! Right now,”

Noone seemed to notice or care.

Lisa shouted at everyone, and sounded pissed off! “Start walking! Okay? Give her some room everyone, shit, get a life!”

Lisa stood seemingly on guard, ready to kick ass, with her friends beside and behind her.

I couldn’t believe what was coming out of Lisa’s mouth! She sounded like she was defending me. Maybe it was okay for her and her friends to f\*ck with me but noone else. Odd of her, but I was grateful for the break. Everyone staring at my pussy and tits was getting real old.

Carrie looked at her, and Lisa nodded. Alicia wandered back, next to the lifeguard chick, dripping water.

The crowd now became smaller, most everyone walked away grinning, some shaking their heads, others just laughing. Some guys and girls were actually somber.

The pretty guard stood to one side of the open shower and Alicia on the other. With Carrie still at my back I was able to draw my legs up to my chest, leaving my pussy to get some air.

Carrie then stood and whispered something to Lisa. I looked up over my shoulder and saw Lisa nod.

“I dunno Carrie,” Lisa drawled, ”I think she’s horny is all.” They both looked at me critically. Alicia squatted down and kissed me on the cheek. I guess she knew I was upset. She should, I’d been crying a river.

Alicia reached around the wall and turned the water on, but cool water, not hot. The cool water on my feet was very soothing.

“Now let’s get you cleaned up, k?" Carrie began by kneeling down,"C’mon sweetie.” Carrie cooed. She took my hand and helped me stand, cool clear water running little rivers between my tits. I was too scared to be horny at this point. Excited? Maybe. I guess so! I'd been getting wet drool down my legs earlier. There were a lot of people here!

The water found its way over my slit, and the hood was beginning to grow, despite my embarassment.

Carrie handed me a little hotel-sized bar of soap.

“I don’t have any shampoo, but once we get you cleaned up, you can have a big towel and shampoo in the room. What’s wrong with you, why are you standing like that?"

I must have been rocking back and forth on my feet.

"Sit down then Sweetie, lets get you cleaned up, I’ll help.” Carrie moved to steady me, since I was getting wobbly.

I didn’t realize it, but what Lisa probably thought was me being horny and walking funny was this! Because my feet were hot, not only that, they were on fire, and I was moving side to side to protect them, sorta without thinking about it.

“Here sweetie,” she gave me a little hand towel, and with both her hands under my armpits, helped me to a sitting position. She’d then laid the towel down in a neat square for my ass-cheeks to rest on.

“Sweetie, I'm going to wash your back, and some of your front too, ok? Let me see your feet, k? C’mon, don’t be shy Erica, I’ve seen you naked so many times, yes, with your little pussy open too, lets see.” She chided, like I was a little kid in the tub.

She moved my legs apart, leaning in and looking between them while rubbing soap onto my back. Slowly, the dirt was coming off in little rivers down between my breasts, and through the crack in my pussy.

The sensation of cool water against the hot sun was fantastic, I had goose bumps, and my pussy-lips were swelling at Carries touch. She had washed most of the dirt off by that time then moved to my feet.

She grabbed a foot as if to massage it then cupped the bottom of my left foot, at which I let out a yelp, it hurt like nothing I ever felt before.

"Ahhh, there you go Erica, now just relax a sec." She wasn’t smiling though, and made a motion for Alicia and Lisa to come here, The lifeguard was right behind them.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Karen was heading out the managers' door!

I was getting chills, but it felt wrong, and not the good kind. Sunburn? A little maybe. My feet still hurt.

“We need to get her to a room, now Lisa, right now!” Carrie wasn’t smiling. She looked concerned, maybe frantic.

Lisa reached down and scooped me up like I was a paperweight. One Arm under my neck, the other under both my legs. I got a mental image of the sight I was giving everyone. My tits, butt hole and slit out for everyone to see.

But that was nothing to what I saw coming out of Karens’ doors, I nearly flipped out! I choked! I was mortified!

Out the Managers’ door and onto the pool deck came Karen, followed by a Television camera crew! Oh My GOD!

Sure enough, there was the Anchor from the Channel Seven news!

**Part 15**

I asked the TV Lady in a small voice, “Please, take that camera away. Alicia, make them leave me alone, please?”

Lisa gave the cameraman a dirty look, angrily stopping to face the crew, exposing my butt and slit to the cameraman in the process.

Could I get any more embarrassed than I was now?

Lisa, of all people, had told her to ‘get the f\*ck away and leave her alone,’ while heading away from the crowds’ laughing and pointing.

She moved towards the exit gates past the spa, with a lot of people following behind, probably waiting to see what was next.

I’d never viewed Lisa as someone to stick up for me, quite the opposite!

And Lisa jumped right in HER face, CameraLadys. I guess her bossiness has no boundaries.

Couples were passing us, I was sure, to get a good look at ’the naked girl’ on our way to the gates.

Seeing the looks of pure horror on the older fat ladies, and glee on their equally fat partners made me want to laugh.

Almost, if my ass hadn’t been on display for everyone to see.

Here I was like, my bottom hole was exposed to everyone here! So was my slit!

I was trying my best to shrink into Lisa’s chest, but couldn’t get any smaller.

At least my tits weren’t poking on Lisa’s. They were barely visible to everyone here too.

Lisa, God, she was strong!

Lisa shouted “Carrie, move these f\*king people out of the way. Make way, goddamit! Coming through!”

We’d finally made it past the people at the pool, the Network Lady close behind us, babbling something or other at the cameraman.

Lisa walked with me still cradled in her arms. Carrie, Karen and Lisa were right behind us. We were heading to the room Alicia had for us, I guessed.

With my legs bouncing up and down with each step Lisa took, so also was the pressure building in my clit.

I was leaking. White glistening strings of pearly white were leaking down into my butt like string cheese, and I could feel it, some finding its way onto Lisa’s bikinied pelvis.

“Eew ... Erica, can’t you do anything, get sick even, without getting horny? Yuck.”

My butt-cheek was slapping at her side as she walked. It must be dripping off the bottom on her.

Lisa seemed totally disgusted, like she’d seen a maggot.

Angry, Lisa bellowed,” Alicia, where the hell is your room at, and it better be close!”

Alicia had stopped in front of a room. Fumbling around for her door key.

Making exaggerated sighs, Lisa growled, ”Yoo-Hoo! Alicia, open the damned DOOR! This girl IS heavy!”

I stayed silent, and horny, though it all, wondering what the fuss was really about.

I wasn’t sick, didn’t have a fever, and I wasn’t in pain of any kind, minus some sunburn.

My feet didn’t hurt, even though I’d peed on them.

Lisa’s kindness ended abruptly when we entered the room. She dumped me on the twin bed like a sack of potatoes, stood back and said, “Princess Erica, did you like being the star of that little TV show?”

An evil smile crept to her face, she couldn’t have planned something like this, so well was the outcome.

She stared at me, hands on her hips, looking all-imperial like, “Well? Did ya?”

I blurted out,” No! I didn’t Lisa!” as the others filed in beside the bed, staring at me, naked.

Her eyes narrowed, making a face, “Well, you wouldn’t know it by your sloppy pussy, like yuck, I have a party to be at,” and she left out the door without a backwards glance, slamming the door.

Part 16

I was on TV! Or was going to be. I began to sob, thinking of my parents watching that, worrying about me being raped or something. Or my Grandma, I know she watches the news!

Carrie stroked my hair and arm, trying to calm me, as I’d begun crying AND sobbing.

Lifeguard chick just stood there ogling, eyes wide, lips half open, arms crossed. Maybe she was waiting for a bus, I thought sarcastically.

Getting her eyes full of my bald pussy and tits, that’s for sure. I turned away.

Lifeguard Chick said quietly, “Karen, Alicia, look at her feet,” she sounded worried.

“Not the tops Alicia! DUH! The bottoms of her feet, shit!” she rolled her eyes.

Alicia bent over and examined the soles of my feet, ”Oh GAWD, OOOOOo! GRRRROs! Karen! Look. Like gross!”

Karen pointed at my feet, putting her forefinger to her lips, “Shh, shut up” she mouthed, looking very angry, but I caught it. “Gimme yer radio Karen, please.”

Lifeguard Chick then spoke into Karen’s’ little radio I’d seen on the man looking fat lady at the front desk.

Lady lifeguard then bent to speak to me,” Well,” she drawled, “it doesn’t look too bad. I’ve had blisters on my feet worse than that.”

So that was it! Is that all? My hairless pussy and tits being stared at were more of a worry to me than a few blisters.

Crap! There were Women looking at my pussy! My little tits! Comparing my body to theirs? Who knows?

I was so ashamed at being studied like a bug in an ant-farm. Especially having my ‘sometimes’ gaping examined by them right now!

Speaking to the rest of the crowd standing around staring, Lifeguard Chick said, “She’ll be fine. But they, the blisters are broken, we’ll need to get them cleaned up.”

She looked up at Karen, who’d been real quiet so far. “Don’t worry,” Lifeguard chick said, “You aint gonna get sued.”

There was a knock at the door, “Halloo,” A mans voice. “Halloo, Miss? Karen? Can I come in?”

More eyes I thought glumly. I’d have covered myself but Carries’ stroking felt so good I was nearly calmed down.

“Well,” Carrie said, “Lets get some wet towels on her shoulders at least, Alicia?”

She did just that. Carrie hadn’t felt necessary to cover my naked pussy. Somehow.

So there I lay, smelling like sex, sweat and a hint of pee, with my friends in the same room.

Yet I was the only one naked. Now some guy was here too! Somehow I felt smaller than them.

Karen opened the door, letting the daylight in the darkened room.

I saw a small crowd at the door, onlookers, wondering why an EMT would be banging on my door, who flopped, or whatever.

Karen introduced him, ”Erica, this is Giles, he’s our Resident EMT, and said he’d take a look at you, ok? IF he says you gotta to to ER, then you gotta go, okay?”

Fine, fine, good, I thought. What are more eyes to me? I felt so small.

This Giles couldn’t take his eyes off my bald pussy. Maybe wondering how old I was probably, with such little tits and neatly shaved puss.

He probably thought I was younger. No wonder his eyes were popping out of his ugly head.

“Hi there Erica, are you in pain now?” Now that he mentioned it, my feet were beginning to throb a bit. I nodded yes.

“Well then,” he continued, ”they look swollen, you there, and you, take a pillow and put one under each foot, elevating them,” he said, gesturing to Karen and Lifeguard chick.

Karen smiled, putting one pillow on one side of the twin bed and Lifeguard Chick put one on the other, cupping each foot in it’s feathery down pillows.

They felt exquisite, I didn’t know feet being handled could feel so erotic, because the cool air flowing on my now spread pink parts, was wet.

“Oh God,” I thought, what if they can see my actual hole? They’ll know I'm horny!” Being the focus of so many people!

Plus Carrie was petting my hair, neck, and breasts, tracing circles around my aureoles. Of course, my nipples were fully out, pointing at the ceiling.

They’d been wrinkled up darned near all day, from the different sensations. The sun, touching, cold, and excitement, all good and bad, and now Carrie was making them totally erect again! They were pink to red. And all these eyes on my open pussy!

Then for some reason, my Grandma’s wrinkled face watching her TV flashed by my thoughts.

“Oh God! What’s going on!” I panicked. I came up for air, a reality check.

Karen and my new friends just grabbed each leg and my arms to prevent me from thrashing around.

Carrie licked her fore-finger cooing,” It’s okay Erica, it’s okay,” then putting her whole hand on my breasts, rubbing, lightly kneading what I had.

“Hey stupid,” Carrie said to the dumb looking EMT, who was in awe at the sight of my damp slit in motion.

“Her problem is her feet, not her pussy, get cracking,” she commanded.

“There there Sweetie, everything’s gonna be okay. Don’t be scared Erica, I'm here, okay?” Like I was 12 years old.

Her left arm was still caressing my tits, one at a time, and the other held my right arm in her lap.

I was staring up at her softest of spots, between her breasts and her armpit. So pale, so white, I could see little blue veins heading upwards towards her chest.

I was getting wet for real now.

Part 17

The small group stood about the bed, wondering what was coming next. I was sure by following their gaze they were waiting for my clit to pop out, those that knew how big mine was.

As it was now, I knew my little happy button was ready to make an appearance, if my tits, hair stroking and weird foot massage kept up like this!

“Oh yes, of course. Her feet,” Giles stammered, looking flushed. The creep was getting his eyes full. All I had to cover up with was wet towels on my shoulders.

“Oh well, Uhm Hm. Just a moment,” he said, producing a big med kit from behind him. He took a towel, lifting each of my feet and put a small wash towel under them. Swabbing it with beta-dine made them feel warm, my feet! Heavenly!

“Okay kid, first we gotta clean it, then I’ll lance the ones that aren’t broken, then you’ll be good to go, ok? You wont feel a thing, I promise.”

My eyes were big, lance them? In my mind I saw a huge lance from the middle ages being poked into the soles of my feet!

“What!, no way!” I tried to prop up on my elbows, tensing my belly muscles, and making my love bud leave its cozy, wet home, its hood!

Karen and Carrie spoke as one, “Yes way!”

Carrie grabbed my chin, a little hard to get my attention, I guess.

She went on, explaining, “Erica, it’s the only way you’re going to speak tonight, then we’ll get you a wheelchair,” she smiled.

The Giles guy leaned into my feet and did something I couldn’t feel to my feet. I squirmed.

Alicia piped in, “If this don’t get fixed Erica, they’ll call your parents, who will call my parents, and we’ll both be screwed! They’ll NEVER trust us to go to College together!” she was near tears, I thought, maybe of losing her credit card, though. Where did THAT come from?

I was ashamed immediately at that. These were my friends, who only wanted the best for me. Here I was, being treated like a Queen, even though I was hurt, and naked.

And all I wanted to do was get my cookies off right there, in front of them. Well, not that, but I needed to release that pressure. The tickling was driving me nuts, so were my nipples. I desperately wanted to squeeze and pinch them.

With Carrie nearby, I thought guiltily, it’d only take a pull to slip off and release her top.

I was ashamed once more! My pussy and the electrical current were tickling me from my nipples to my clit.

Was that taking over everything?? I gave up thinking.

I was getting the royal treatment, but was blushing at being the only one naked in the room. Noone else was going to get naked in here, that’s for sure!

“Uhm, Carrie,” I’d begun to moan a little,” Can I get something to cover my crotch, please?”

She’d stopped stroking my tits for a second, leaned over and licked my earlobe, “Oh, not yet Kitten, the fool, er..the guy here aint finished with your exam, I mean, what if your little kitty-cat down there got sunburned, or blistered,” she was teasing my whole ear now.

I twisted on the bed at the sensation of her tongue-tip in my ear, pushing out the first pearl of Woman-cum at this new humiliation.

Well, I knew I should be ashamed, but here I was, naked, helpless, with several sets of eyes on me. Eyes that now knew my most intimate regions, my anus even! My God!

How could I be ashamed if I was leaking juice? I was totally confused, so I let Carrie take over her ministrations, for the moment.

She seemed to know what this was all about, and that’s better. I settled down and lay still in the bed, softly moaning.

They could count my shaving bumps, they were so close to me, that is, if I had any.

“There, done, a little betadine now,” he said, washing that over my entire feet. It felt warm. He then wiped it off leaving a red smear on my feet. My feet were orange now! I was giggling at the massage.

“Ahh, you like that do ya? Our little patient here is feeling better. Karen, could you call the Restaurant and see if we can get some food here? Little Miss here needs some food, soon.”

“Alicia,” Karen asked, “Would you mind terribly?”

“Ah I’ll go, sure,” Alicia smiled, “This is almost done anyway, c-ya soon Erica, enjoy!” she smiled, seeming unaffected by my predicament. Was she my friend? Yes. She was weird though, sometimes.

Lady Lifeguard piped up, she’d seen enough of my petite body too, I guess, and was about to follow Alicia back to the pool.

“I’ve got work to do Karen,” she explained,” We all done here?” she met Karen’s eyes. Karen had a strange look on her face, almost sexual. Her lips were fuller and darker. She was blushing!

“Ah, a country not heard from, yeah, go ahead,” she said, and the Lifeguard followed Alicia out.

“Okay, Carrie is it?” Dufus Giles said, “Please turn our little patients head, I don’t want her to see this, okay? Good.”

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Carrie moved my head towards her lap, as she was sitting sideways on the bed, my arm still over her lap. I caught a faint whiff of her sex. She must’ve been getting off on me, for some reason I hadn’t figured out yet.

He took a large disposable towelette then put it right on my slit! He then began wiping my slit front to bottom! Like he was wiping a baby’s ass! The F\*CKER! OhMyGOD! THAT was freaking COLD!

My eyes got big, and my back arched way up.

Carrie laughed out loud! She was still giggling at me, like I was the funniest thing on the planet.

“Oh my God Erica, Haha! You should have seen your face when he put his hand on your pussy! Hahaha OMG! You’re Priceless. You’re so damned adorable. You weren’t expecting that were you Sweetie!?” She smiled down at me.

“NO!” I croaked, I was actually thinking about my pussy and how it felt before this fool ruined it.

“It felt real damned cold Carrie!”

Mood ruined, I yelled at the idiot, “Stop that, you, stop that right now!”

I was wounded! Not this Dufus! F\*cker ruined my sex buzz too! The prick! Well, it felt like a buzz. He nearly put that towelette in my asshole!

Carrie must have been reading me, “There there now, let the man finish Erica, and then we’ll have a few moments alone, okay?” She began stroking my face, cheek, and hair again.

Carrie turned on Dufus Giles too, “Hurry up dammit! We aint got all day here, ya know?”

“Just a minute kids,” Dufus Giles grumbled, putting his emphasis on “kids.”

“Almost done, Crap, let me wrap ‘em for ya, stay still!” He replied frowning, looking wounded at my outburst.

“Karen,” he said to the older Woman, “Give me a hand, I’ll wrap one and you wrap the other.”

Karen unrolled a long wide gauze strip, and followed Giles’ lead, wrapping in long slow motions, slowly covering each foot in gauze.

All was finished, I guess, as I looked up to Carrie’s face. Karen sat on the other side of the bed now, taking my left arm and stroking it.

I looked into Carries eyes, and she was mesmerized by the moment. She leaned in for a kiss, “I'm so sorry about all this Erica, I mean before, at the pool, I had no idea you were hurting,” she whispered, tears in her eyes.

We kissed, just a light one on the lips, and a flick of her tongue-tip. My clit poked immediately out now, all the way, and Karen’s’ eyes got large. She stretched her arm out, forefinger ready to touch it.”

The room went silent. Even Dufus Giles stopped to watch.

Karen, who’d had enough of this Giles, told him, “Ladies only, Giles, you’ve seen enough teen pussy for one day. Goodbye.” She pointed at the door.

He took his sweet-assed time to gather his stuff, while keeping a watchful eye on my spread thighs and open sex.

“Okay Geek, get out now. Enough show for you,” Lisa growled.

He left quickly after that, muttering to himself, “You’re welcome Giles,” slamming the door behind him.

That Dumb-ass Giles has probably never seen a naked woman, much less a teenage one,” Carrie joked to Karen.

Karen nodded in agreement, smiling at the thought of the stupid, ogling and predictable man.

Together they went to work on me, Carrie and Karen both! I received a slow, erotic massage, front and back. It was soooo delicious feeling.

I didn’t know what I’d done to earn this, but I wasn’t complaining.

I dozed off somewhere after the EMT guy left and the sensual massage. A tray of cold sandwiches was left beside the end table along with a warm beer.

I was alone, and covered by a sheet. As I sat up, I noticed there were two robes hanging by the tub/shower enclosure, which I desperately wanted to use. I reeked.

And it was dark outside.

Part 18

“ERICA! Rise and shine Sweetie!” Carrie called in a singsong voice.

I woke with a start. Loud banging against the door woke me up. I was covered, anyway, with a sheet, and the towels were still on my shoulders.

“What the, wha’? I groaned, sitting up on my elbows.

Lisa was banging against the doorjamb with a wheelchair.

Lisa and Carrie were standing before me, dressed in outfits suited for dancing! Dresses and rug-cutters!!

“Hi Sunshine,” Lisa said, an evil smile on her pretty face. “It’s time Erica. You PROMISED you’d speak at this thing and we’re here, me and Carrie, to help. Say thank you Erica.”

“Uhhh..thanks.” I wondered how the hell I was going to speak when I had no clothes. I thought I’d gotten out of it, but alas, Lisa never forgets anything, with me anyway.

I thought I’d try again,” I can’t talk at this thing Lisa, I aint got any clothes to wear.”

My head was bobbing back and forth between the two. I was wary.

Carrie moved the wheelchair to the side of my bed. “Of course you do Sweetie, it’s hanging by the door, now stand up.”

I looked Lisa in the eye. She just tapped her foot, impatiently.

“Well? Let’s go!” Lisa moved quickly to the bedside, grabbing me under the arm and swinging my legs around, naked, so I could sit up.

“Help me lift her Carrie, help her stand up,” and Carrie did just that.

“Easy Lisa, her feet, remember?” Carrie was frowning, “Erica? Okay Honey? Your feet alright?”

I stood up, wobbling around, still asleep really, but my feet didn’t hurt. They were still wrapped in gauze.

The two of them helped me up by my armpits, then stood me up. With alarm I noted the door was open. “Lisa, someone can see me! The door!”

“Well hurry your little butt up, then, and they wont see you. Now get in the chair Erica.”

Surely they wouldn’t. No! No way would they get me naked in front of the Class. I’d get arrested.

“I’ll get in trouble,” I pleaded with her, “I can’t go anywhere like this L..Lisa!”

Carrie wheeled the chair, swung it around, then Lisa pushed me rudely into it. I sat down hard.

Carrie scolded Lisa, saying, “Lisa! Give her a break! She’s been through a lot.”

Carrie stood waiting for Lisa to make a decision. “She’s got a point, she can’t go in front of them like this.”

“Such a shame Princess, I know they’d love to see your naked little puss, wouldn’t they Carrie?”

“I know I love seeing it,” she looked dreamily at me, holding onto the hand-grips of the chair.

Frowning, Lisa went behind me. I heard rustling from behind.

“I AM enjoying the view Erica,” cooed Carrie, as she reached down to tweak both my nipples.

“Here you are Erica,” Lisa said, as she threw the robe over me, now you’re ready.”

I took the robe from her, wrapping it snug around me as I would a blanket. Carrie began pushing me through the door then beyond, towards the hotel, with Lisa following silently behind.

By now I was sure everyone knew about me being naked and carried like a child through the pool. Even more embarrassing was the fact that my ass and slit were visible being carried that way, and was on TV too! That TV Lady saw it and everyone else saw it. My most intimate place, my secret place.

I was blushing at the memory even.

I was a little confused yes, and I should be devastated, I was so god awful embarrassed today. I might have been crushed, but Lisa’s only crime really, was not giving me anything to cover up with. Carrie and Alicia’s too.

The massage was just so wonderful. It washed away my tensions all right. Carrie and Alicia knew my secret thing, my clit, how it pokes far out from my folds, but Karen! She’d seemed delighted at this discovery, and with her hands she proved it. If only it'd been her mouth! With her pretty smile.

All this bouncing around bare-assed was getting me horny. My butt-cheeks were sweating, so every bump we hit, every seam in the sidewalk, my butt-cheeks slid around a little on the pleather wheelchairs’ sling seat!

The skin on my thighs were rubbing and pulling down on my slit as I bounced around! I could only imagine the suction-cup marks on the seat where my actual butt-hole and slit were sticking, wet with sweat and my moist, dewey juices!

My clit needed some relief, maybe from nerves. I traced circles around it with my middle and forefinger, trying to do it inconspicuously, hiding my right hand under the generous spread of the robe.

We’d arrived too soon at the main hotel. My clit was on full alert, from me rubbing my nub! Waiting for us there at the back entrance were Karen, Alicia, and Lifeguard Lady!

Karen introduced us, “Erica, this is Katie, she helped you this afternoon, do you remember?” Katie bent down, offering a handshake, which I returned after wiping my hand on my covered thigh. But it was the hand that had been massaging my slit under my robe. We shook, and I was giggling at my secret.

“Uhm, yeah, err, thanks Katie, nice to know you.” She laughed, “Nice to see you too! And dressed! Well, Sorta.” She wrinkled her nose a little, but remained silent.

Seeing my face blush then fall, “Oh I'm sorry Erica, I know that must have been horribly embarrassing,” she said with visible concern.

I was furiously blushing, and my ears were warm. Trying to change the subject, I asked her, ”And that man? The Nurse guy?”

“Oh! That’s Giles, Sweetie, he went to some party by the beach, but I’ll tell him you’re up ‘an around I promise. He’ll be pleased.” She smiled a brilliant set of very white and straight teeth. I got wetter.

Silent, Karen stared at me expectantly. Katie looked at her, and Alicia and Carrie each other, waiting for Lisa to say or do something. I giggled again, this seemed silly.

“We gonna stand around making goo-goo eyes? Lets get this over with,” Lisa commanded the group. Her bossiness knows no age or gender, I thought. That leaves me at the bottom of the heap.

My left arm was on the armrest, the other under my floor length robe. I had to relieve some of the pressure that’d been making me heavy, feeling bloated.

Lisa, ever commanding a situation, declared, ”Alright Karen, is the wheelchair ramp ready? We don’t want our little patient here to miss her speaking responsibilities. Right Princess?”

“Lisa, I..I..uhm, didn’t write anything down, er, I did but it’s with my bag in Alicia’s car.”

“Well, fake it then, make something up. That dweeb Henry already told everyone you’d be doing the honors tonight, remember? Shit, that was last May girl.” Easy for her to say, I thought miserably.

Carrie resumed her pushing position behind the wheelchair, rolling us both through the doors, our entourage trailing behind.

“You know Erica,” Carrie began, “I'm behind you and I distinctly smell something sweet. That wouldn’t be you would it?” She poked her head down directly over my face, smiling!

“Argh! Carrie!” I gasped, laughing. She’d kissed my nose with her lips. My nipples were hard and my hand busy as we rolled along to our destination.

We pushed along down the long hallway.

“Let’s go kitten, make me proud tonight?” she purred.

Proud? Ut-oh. Whenever my friends say something like that means stripped naked for me. I was worried, clutching my robe around me tighter.

The reality set in. I felt bare. Exposed! These people around me weren’t in formal wear, but they were dressed nice!

Anything was nice compared to me at the moment. I had a robe, but at the moment it was no more than a wrap like this! And everyone else would be dressed nice too! They’d be dancing after this stupid dinner!

Not only did I not look ‘nice’ I couldn’t dance either! My feet were messed up. I wasn’t even hungry, either. I was horny!

**Part 19 – End**

The small group of women, along with me, reached the large room where dinner was being held.

Everyone I'd met today was here, too, except the Nurse guy.

The women staff I'd met in the hallway, food service staffers I guessed, were busy doing make-work stuff while waiting for dinner to be brought from the kitchen.

A soundstage had been setup for the dancing afterwards, complete with disco-ball, spotlights and lasers.

From the ceiling hung multi-colored streamers in the center of the room. Right now under all this silliness were long tables waiting for food and drinks, punchbowl and all.

Big round tables for five had been arranged throughout the large area, tablecloths complete with dinnerware and candles and students.

The room was complete with the Senior Class students, waiting to hear words of wisdom from the speaker. Me!

A small cadre represented the schools' Administration, all at their own tables, separate from the students.

Towards the rear center of the stage, this was where I was supposed to speak at, a wooden podium below a small handicap ramp, complete with mike and speaker.

Carrie kept kneeling down while pushing me, licking my ear, and caressing my neck with her tongue.

"Oh God Carrie, please stop!!" I begged her, but my hand was working furiously on my clit.

I was getting close, the pressure was building, the dizziness giving way to euphoria. I began to writhe, moaning, sliding back and forth for real on the wet wheelchair seat.

The portly Superintendent of Schools broke my reverie.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome the Senior Class Speaker this Evening!"

"Erica..Uhhh..Erica...uhmhm..Miss..uh, please step up to the podium!"

Carrie and Alicia burst out laughing, while Lisa just sat at one of the tables, sneering at this old fool, who didn't know a damned thing about anything.

One of the Science Club girls moved towards the podium, whispering something in his lard-butt-ear.

The Principle continued, fumbling around on the podium. The Nerd Girl returned to her seat.

"Oh yes, of course, will someone please assist the Speaker to the Podium," then continued, "I'm sure the Class is grateful to this courageous young Lady, I understand she was in an accident today, and deserves our respect." At this I heard outright laughter, from guys but many more girls.

I blushed furiously, thinking of those laughing, each and every one of them making noises and catcalls had seen me naked at some time or another in high school.

Or even today! The memory of my slit being displayed again made me shiver, yet it felt good!

He stood away then, stumbling back down the handicapped ramp. Then recovering his balance, he stood next to it, clapping.

Amid tittering and whispers, I heard a few insults and snickering, especially from the Pep Club tables. ...in jocks.

This time Alicia, acting all sweet like, got behind me and whispered sweetly in my ear, "Keep it short sweetie, I wanna party soon, okay?" followed by some giggling. "You may want to have both hands showing, you naughty girl you."

I was too horny at the moment to pay attention. The nervousness and being excited was like being drunk.

I quickly stopped the slit rubbing I'd been doing, bringing both hands to the armrests as we moved. The robe covered just enough, but without it being actually on.

I was sure people could see the soft skin on my sides, from my armpit to my thigh, and know I was naked.

I wished I'd masturbated before coming to this thing, but I didn't have any choice. MY choices always seemed to be made for me, by my friends.

I was wheeled up the ramp slowly, amid light applause from the room. The nerds no doubt.

Alicia seemed to have trouble pushing the heavy chair and my body weight. Struggling, we made it to the small platform, then rested the chair on the podium platform. I set the little brake handles.

I looked over the room from my seated position. There sure were a lot of eyes on me. I caught Lisa and Carrie both looking at me intensely. I saw no signs of anything in their faces, nothing bad anyway.

God, I was naked before them all! Almost! I was sloppy wet, and sticking to the damned seat. Alicia stood in front of me as the crowd waited silently, waiting for me to begin.

She was fussing with the robe, making sure I was covered up. She sort of tucked me in, stuffing the robe into my sides.

After adjusting the robe, Alicia grabbed the microphone stand, adjusting it down to chair height. I heard something else going on but ignored it.

She bent down behind me, moved around the wheel, giving me a kiss on the forehead, whispering "Good Luck Erica."

Smiling an angels' smile she left.

I straightened up in the chair, feet pressing on the stirrups. Alicia trotted merrily off the stage to sit beside Lisa.

They appeared intense like they were watching a movie, at the suspenseful part. I was already nervous. I wish they'd stop staring at me!

I kept my eyes focused on my friends, trying to keep my mind off my pussy, and the intense need to release.

I cleared my throat,"I..uhm..I'm glad I was chosen to ah..speak..here tonight. Uhm...thanks to Henry for giving me this honor." There were a few half-hearted claps in the now attentive audience. I didn't dare look to see what I was showing, or hiding.

Turning my head side to side, slowly, very slowly I scanned the tables, one by one. Yes, I thought, all eyes were on me. Ohmygod, I can't think of anything to say!

I shuffled in my chair, adjusting my position.

I heard creaking from the chair. Slowly, it began to move backwards. Alicia! Ohmygod! The brakes!

I began rolling backwards, imperceptibly at first, then quicker. I felt something tug sideways on the robe!

"Ohmygod!" I shrieked out loud into the mike.

Pressing my feet in the stirrups hard made the chair move back quicker.

The mood of the room had changed. I heard female giggling and outright laughing from the room.

I saw only big eyes and hands in front of mouths, And expressions of awe and shock from adults and schoolmates alike!

The belt from the robe had become caught in the spokes! And the belt loop in the robe was literally pulling it off my body! I tried to clutch the robe tight!

As the wheels rolled back, it was pulling my belt and robe off my side! As the chair kept going, I jumped away from my stirrups from panic or reflex, I tried to stand! My erect nipples were showing!

Everyone could see them! Everyone!

Naked from the waist up, I jumped, and the chair went out from behind me, taking the robe with it.

My hands covered my tits immediately. My face was a mask of shock.

My face was hot and belly hollow with fear, but my clit was exposed, and out for all to see. And it said otherwise. I was drenched, and everyone knew it! The damned spotlight!

It must have been being naked in front of the crowd or something. I shouldn't have been playing with my clit!

A hush went over the room. I didn't wait around to see everyone's looks of surprise. Seeing the Principles' look of pure horror and open mouth, and spotting Carrie and Lisa's expressions of pure glee told me enough. "Run!"

And run I did, feet forgotten, bandages trailing behind my orange feet. I'd been seen naked before, but this! I was on fire, I was so embarrassed, and excited beyond words! I was sure I was dribbling cum behind.

I found the nearest double doors, leaving riotous laughter behind me. I burst through them.

I found myself in another large meeting hall, and this time, it was not empty! These two rooms had been cut in half! Separated by a long partition curtain.

In long rows of wide chairs resembling pews, I noted at a glance the large wooden cross on a small stage, with some nice looking man in front of it. He was wearing a suit, was about all I waited around to see. This was a Service! He was a PASTOR!

I ran down the front aisle, darting behind the stage, the only door I could see to get out of here.

This time shouts of anger and screams from gray & white haired people followed behind me. One woman fainted.

I'd had enough of streaking, so through the doors I ran, around the Hotel building rather than through the pool, making it to the parking area outside of Alicia's room.

I realized I didn't have a room key, but anywhere was better than inside the Hotel. I paused yet again to make sure I wasn't being followed.

I heard a woman's voice calling me, "Erica? Erica? Is that you out there sneaking around?"

My God! It was Katie! Lifeguard Lady. "Come on out Erica, I have your room key dear."

I crept towards her slowly, wary of tricks by my friends.

"It's okay Honey, just in case, your friend Carrie gave it to me," she smiled, taking my hand.

"She said you were accident prone, but this! You wound up naked! Again!"

Blushing, I shyly nodded, exposing my pink parts were the least of my worries at the moment.

"Seems that happens a lot Erica?" she grinned.

"I..I guess.." I stammered, not knowing what to say to this pretty woman.

Would it get better at College? I thought silently.

**20 – Graduation**

Well, the big day was finally here! Four years of high school torture were coming to a close, along with all the embarrassment and humiliation and peer pressure that accompanies the usual, normal teenage anxiety. I suppose I did have some good times, some even pretty wild, but I sure was glad to be moving on and I would hardly miss this rabble.

My family pulled up to the front of the school, and I quickly jumped out of the car. I waved goodbye to my parents and stepbrother. Now that I was actually on the property, I was excited to get this event underway. We had done all the photographs and the whole bit earlier in the morning. Now, as my family drove off to find a decent parking spot, I hurried in my heels into the building. My cap and gown were nervously tucked under my arm.

Our senior class was supposed to be divided into different homerooms to make it more manageable to prepare for the ceremony. I was directed to room 103, where there would be teachers and monitors helping the students. Clutching my things, I walked through the door and immediately saw my friends waving to me from the back of the crowded room. Alicia was there, but so were Lisa and Carrie, who normally were not in my homeroom. I guess they had slipped in here, and no one really noticed or cared. I hurried over to join them.

“Hi, Erica!” Alicia squealed joyfully.

“What are you wearing?” Lisa asked more soberly, even expressing displeasure.

I was dressed in a nice light blue, satiny dress. It had thin straps at my shoulders, and fit my slim figure kind of snugly. Still, it was sleek and comfortable, and the hem came down to just about my knee. Of course I also had a great pair of blue shoes that I especially picked out because they went so well with the dress. They didn’t have any straps or buckles.

Looking around at my three friends already attired in their flowing graduation robes, I asked, “What… what do you mean?”

“You know,” Carrie teased with a charming smile. I suddenly felt very awkward and out of place as the only one without her gown on. “Remember what we planned, Erica? We even agreed that we were all going to do it together…”

“We were drunk that night,” I replied.

Alicia wore a petulant frown and pleaded at me with her big brown eyes. “But we were all serious. The four of us agreed to go through with this!”

My stomach turned in a knot of fear and excitement. I intertwined my fingers in front of my chest as I looked at each girl, one by one. They returned my gaze unflinching.

“You mean, none of you are wearing anything beneath your gowns?” I asked incredulously, even lowering my voice to a harsh whisper.

Lisa glanced coolly at Alicia, and then at Carrie. The bossy blonde bitch tilted her head, imperiously, giving an unspoken command to one of my friends. It was Carrie who stepped forward, looking around to make sure that no one else was paying any attention to us in the back of the room. Moving near me, she shyly began to lower the zipper on the front of her gown. It was a thin, delicate strip of material, very fragile. Soon, she was able to fold away a flap, enough to expose her body from her neckline to her navel.

Carrie’s bare breast stared back at me, with a very pink nipple atop the areola! My mouth must have hung open for a moment… and the strawberry blonde girl, feeling frisky, pulled aside the other flap. Now both her tits bounced in front of me. I looked carefully, part of me wishing she would unzip the gown all the way and show me everything. But I was convinced she was naked. And then my friend quickly covered up again, leaving me to wonder if I had really just been flashed!

“So what’s it going to be?” Lisa demanded, more than asked.

I felt my own nipples harden as I thought about the implication of the whole suggestion. “I didn’t… think you guys were serious… all three of you are nude, under those gowns?”

“Except for our shoes,” Alicia giggled as she lifted the hem of the burgundy material.

For a moment, I thought she was going to raise her gown high enough to show me her pussy. But then she let the gown fall again, and folded her arms expectantly. I looked around, unsure of what to do. My eyes searched frantically the classroom, but the supervising adults were busy assisting other students who needed their help. A group of boys were goofing off in the distance. It was like nobody even cared what we were doing back here.

“But I liked this dress,” I found myself whining. “I bought it just for today’s occasion! And now I’m supposed to leave it behind?”

Lisa took a purposeful step forward until she was towering over me, making me tremble. “Listen, little girl… I’ve taken off all my clothes, and I’m not about to show off my body to the entire school, unless you join us!”

I bit my lip as I looked up at the formidable blonde. It was obvious she had just had her nails and hair done, and she looked great. The mortarboard cap rested at an angle upon her coif of golden waves. I realized then, that I had never seen Lisa naked. Here was a chance, for once, for us to be equals. As my eyes scanned down the length of her figure, I found myself wondering how bare she really was, and even anticipating such an unveiling.

Alicia stepped to my side, and took my own cap and gown from my hands. I hadn’t made any comment, but they could tell that the decision was made. I guess there was a certain look in my eye. My skin began to tingle.

“What… here?” I still made one final protest. “You want me to get undressed right here?”

“Sure,” Carrie laughed as she closed in on the other side, the girls effectively forming a half-circle around me in the corner. “You’re small, Erica, and no one will see anything with us big girls blocking the view!”

Oh, those words made me feel like such a child… even though I was only hours away from my high school graduation. But matters started to accelerate when I pulled the straps of the dress off my shoulders, and then Alicia reached out to tug the front all the way down to my belly button! I hadn’t been wearing a bra, and now my titties popped out free and perky. Taken by surprise, I gasped, with my hands stretched out at my sides.

“Small indeed,” Lisa scoffed.

“But already at full attention,” Carrie pointed out, and emphasized the comment by touching my elongated nipples.

“Can we just get this over with?” I asked, becoming very aroused as I stood unseen in the back of a crowded classroom, naked to the waist.

My friend Alicia obliged by continuing to tug at the dress around my hips. And here I thought she was supposed to be one of my body shields! I noticed the eyes of the other two girls following the descent of my clothing, so I took that opportunity to cover my breasts… a palm held over each. Alicia had lowered the material further down my legs, kind of half bending and half crouching to do so, when she suddenly paused.

“Lift your feet, Erica,” she said sweetly.

I did so, but actually slipped my toes out of each heel. Since it was warm outside, I hadn’t put on any panty hose or stockings. Now I waited for what seemed like forever as Alicia pulled the satin dress off the length of my slender legs. Then my bare feet came to rest on the cool tiles of the classroom floor.

“Are you ladies all right back there?” asked one of the female teachers from the center of the room.

Oh my gosh! I was only wearing a brief pair of panties… I pressed my elbows together, hiding my bare tits. Desperately I looked around, but Alicia had put aside my gown where it was out of reach, along with my discarded dress!

Lisa then turned to face the teacher with hands on her hips, although she still stood in front of me. “We were just helping Erica straighten her gown, but maybe you can come over here and check her out…”

“No, no!” I squeaked like a trapped mouse. “I’m fine… I’m almost ready!”

The teacher replied, “Well hurry up, girls. You need to begin lining up for the procession in a few minutes.”

And with that statement of worn-thin patience, she focused her attention elsewhere. I let out a sigh, even as Lisa turned around again with an evil grin on her lips. She was always out to embarrass me, it seemed, right up until the end. At least she was naked, too, I tried to remind myself. But somehow the blonde in her silken graduation robe stood with a grace and confidence that made me feel less secure.

Blocking my view from the side, Carrie reached out her hand and snapped the elastic at my hip. “We’re waiting, Erica.”

“I can do this myself,” I tried to sound brave.

Truthfully, I was mixed with fear and the thrill of the stunt we were about to pull off. Also, I was getting kind of horny, and that is probably what lent me the strength to follow through with my promise. One last time I looked around, and it seemed all was safe. The other three girls essentially formed a tight huddle before me. I just hoped they didn’t bolt once I had removed my underwear! Despite this wild thought, I pushed my thumbs into the waistband of the panties and started pulling them down.

I took a deep breath, then in one decisive motion, I whisked the delicate material to my toes and stepped out of them. Picking them up, I simply handed them to Alicia. Carrie let out a piercing whistle.

Oh my gosh, I was totally naked! I brought my hands to my head fretfully, knowing there was nothing I could do at this point. I was so nude and vulnerable. My nips poked out proudly, and in all the excitement, my shaven lips of pink had parted. I kept reminding myself that my friends were all naked, too, except I didn’t even have any shoes on; or my robe either! The sounds of the classroom suddenly swirled about me: the rustle of papers and programs, shuffling feet, talking and laughing voices… and this all made me acutely aware that I wasn’t wearing stitch. There must have been fifty people in the room!

“Um,” I said shivering a little, and gradually brought one hand down to cover my bald vulva. “Can I have my gown now?”

Thankfully, Alicia was there with my robe already unfolded. She helped me slip my arms into the sleeves, first one and then the other, until the enveloping material hung loosely at my sides. It felt really amazing on my bare skin, yet the dark red of the school colors made it so no one would ever know we were naked underneath. Carrie twisted me around halfway so that I was facing her. She picked up the hem, and was going to zip up the front. But first, she ran her hand between my breasts, tracing a narrow groove down my stomach and playfully tickled my slit! Instantly, my clit emerged out of its hood, poking right at her. She always knew the worst places to touch me!

Now that my pussy was all opened up like a flower, Carrie slowly slid the zipper up to my neck. Just at that moment, one of our teachers walked in between the four of us.

“All set, girls?” she asked. Then looking down at my feet, remarked, “Oh, Erica, put your shoes back on for goodness sake! It’s only for a few hours. If they were going to be so uncomfortable, maybe you should have picked out a different pair. Although they do make you look more grown-up…”

As my friends giggled, I steadied myself against Alicia and obediently slipped my feet back into the heels, thinking that even my teacher thought I looked like a little girl! But standing straight up again, the graduation gown swished over my body, making me squirm with delight. It’s a good thing the material fell loosely from my shoulders, since my nipples were rock hard and would have made indentations! I wondered if the other girls experienced the same sensations under their gowns?

Before I could truly appreciate the magnitude of the situation, one of the lead chaperones stood at the classroom door and said we needed to start lining up. He asked everyone to be quiet and follow instructions in a neat and orderly fashion. Of course, this did not happen all at once.

Lisa took the opportunity to tug my sleeve and say, “Remember, Erica, just like we planned a few weeks ago. We’ll be right behind you…”

I nodded slowly, although I was more enjoying the way the silky material brushed against my bare legs. And then the four of us started to separate, as the students were arranged in alphabetical order by last name. Carrie paused to pat me on the butt, and rub sensuous circles so that I could practically feel her hand through the fabric!

“See you on stage,” she laughed with a wink.

Watching my friends depart, I felt a lot more self-conscious about my nudity hidden only by the delicate gown. I could picture the other students, our classmates, their gazes penetrating and guessing my naughty secret. But how could they? The hem came down to about mid-calf, and the zipper in front started just below the base of my neck. From outward appearances, everything looked normal. Someone moved behind me and poked me in the back.

“Come on Erica, you’re supposed to be in front of me,” the senior boy said.

I instinctively began walking forward, the burgundy silk rippling across my naked ass. And he was probably watching my backside the whole time! I clutched the front of the robe nervously as I took my place in line. Was I really going to go through with this? Was I about to strip in front of my graduating class… the faculty, and all those people in attendance? Everyone was going to see me, absolutely naked! The thought, replaying over and over in my mind, caused my nipples to stiffen further and point toward the ceiling…

“Oh, my cap!” I suddenly cried, reaching up to touch my soft locks of hair.

Luckily, one of the helpers was nearby, and she found the mortarboard that Alicia forgot to give me. While we waited in line, she dutifully affixed it atop my head, using bobby pins to keep it in place. The woman, probably a student’s mother, was standing so close to me. If she could look down between the folds of the gown, all she would see is bare skin! And as she fussed and straightened my hair, all I could think was that except for my eyebrows, she was touching the only hair on my body. I was afraid she might smell the muskiness of my arousal.

Patting me on the shoulder, the lady said, “There you go. And don’t worry if you feel a little damp, dear, it’s all right to be nervous…”

Well, I was damp all right, but it was not just the sweat of nerves. I felt a trickle run from inside my thigh, down my leg, reminding myself that I was completely nude under these academic vestments!We began moving forward again, and I started fidgeting with the zipper.

Entering the hallway, we were told to stay still and be quiet. This waiting around was really starting to feel like forever, and now I was getting more and more excited! Suddenly, there was a commotion from the back of the line, and a voice raised defiantly. It sounded like Carrie.

“But I really have to use the ladies room! I am not sitting through this ceremony trying to hold it in!”

Students nearby broke into laughter, and I could tell the frustrated teacher just gave in. Carrie broke ranks and left her place, marching down the hallway to the nearest restroom. She didn’t even glance back when she passed by me. And then I realized that in order for her to use the toilet, she would have to momentarily remove her gown! She would be stark naked in the bathroom! Impulsively, I raised my hand thinking to excuse myself as well. It would be a nice treat to get a sneak preview of Carrie’s buxom body. But then I reconsidered, since the teachers who were in no mood to start granting everyone bathroom breaks would probably just yell me at!

A couple of minutes later, Carrie came walking back down the hallway, looking much relieved and swinging her curvy hips. She looked so beautiful, her red and golden tresses cascading from beneath her graduation cap, to trail all the way down her back. This time, she smiled and winked at me. Just a brief, surreptitious glance, and my clitoris pushed against the fabric of my robe.

I could finally start to hear music playing. It was the recessional that was used for the graduates to march into the wide auditorium and take their places. There was the sound of hesitant, shuffling feet, and harsh voices telling us to keep moving. The whole thing kind of passed by in a blurry haze. I kept looking at the backs of the students in front of me, seeing them in the same burgundy robes that I wore… except I wasn’t wearing anything underneath! I wondered how my friends were faring. I couldn’t believe Lisa was going to show off her tits and ass to the entire school. What a send-off! The four of us dropping our robes to reveal everything…

Before I knew it, my feet had carried me up the short black steps and I was walking across the stage. The music continued to surround me. All the way on the other side was a raised dais, where sat the principal and teachers and other honored guests. They would all see us too. I kept my eyes locked straight ahead, careful not to trip or get my robe caught on anything. That would be embarrassing! Near the center of the stage, close to the edge was a podium, and rows of seats were arranged for the graduates behind it. Of course, our graduating class had to be split so that when these positions were filled up here, the remainder of the student body proceeded to fill up the first row of auditorium seats. Alicia, Carrie, Lisa and I, all had spots under the bright lights of the stage.

The entrance music came to its conclusion, and we were permitted to sit down. As the opening remarks were made, I squirmed a little between the two boys on either side of me. Needless, to say, I felt restless and uneasy. I crossed my legs at first, mindful of our classmates watching from below, and the hint of the view they might get. My bare leg resting over my knee, the hem of the gown rose up past my shins. My foot started bobbing up and down, which I discovered created a delightful sensation in my naked crotch. I even let my shoe dangle teasingly from my toes, my bare heel coming into view. This lasted for a few moments, until the shoe slipped off my foot and clunked to the stage!

Actually, I’m sure no one noticed, but I felt like all eyes were upon me. I quickly uncrossed my legs and reached down to pick up the clumsy heel, and slipped it back on. Flustered, I looked around, then decided to keep both feet on the floor and legs together. I did however fold my hands neatly in my lap. But this only caused me to press the silk of the gown against my naked skin beneath. My pussy quivered, moist and hairless. When I lifted my arms, I noticed a dark wet spot on the deep red material! Fidgeting some more, I loosely rearranged the folds of the gown and would continue to pick at them throughout the ceremony.

Somewhere through the valedictorian’s address, I glanced down the line of students to my left. Alicia was sitting several seats away, but she eventually glanced back and waved at me. Lisa and Carrie would be closer to the end of the row. I felt reassured, and started thinking about the sight our classmates behind us would enjoy, four teenage female asses when we took off our robes. My legs parted ever so slightly. My fingers casually wandered up to my neck, and lowered the zipper just half an inch.

It was decided of course, that night we had concocted this crazy plan, that we were going to drop our gowns after receiving our diplomas and everyone had returned to their seats. My friends and I weren’t sure what the reaction of school officials would be, but we wanted to wait until we had technically graduated, before we pulled off such a stunt. I continued to wait as my tummy filled with butterflies, the moment drawing ever nearer. And then the Dean of Students started reading off the roll of names…

The girl next to the boy that sat to my right stood up and turned her side to the audience. Then the boy did the same. I guess instinct and those late afternoon rehearsals took over, as I rose to my feet and faced toward the podium. I was conscious of the gown sticking to my overheated body, except where my erect nipples pushed out. Gosh, I hope no one in the audience noticed. What was I saying? In a few moments, everyone would see how hard my nipples were, and every inch of the rest of me! I felt myself blush as I started marching forward.

While the Dean announced each name, the Assistant Principal handed each student their diploma, and shook their hand before they turned around to go back to their seat. Family members and friends in the audience had been instructed to hold their applause until all the graduates had been awarded their diplomas. But there were always those people who defied the request, as if their son or daughter was the most important kid in the school. I hoped my parents wouldn’t embarrass me.

When my turn came, I was actually ashamed taking the document from the Assistant Principal, knowing full well that I was completely nude beneath my gown. My pointy nipples and clit throbbed as he shook my hand. As I looked him in eye, my one thought was that hand had been rubbing my crotch a little while ago.

“Congratulations, Erica!” he said, squeezing my fingers.

I could only reply meekly, “Thank you, sir.”

At last, I had returned to my seat up on stage, and it was only minutes before my friends and I would put our plan into action. All eyes in the audience were on the remaining students parading up to the podium. Our classmates, those who had already walked, were now checking out their diplomas. I took a deep breath. This was the opportunity to begin lowering the zipper on the front of my graduation robe. My intention was to get it down completely and unhooked, while keeping the folds firmly closed over my chest and stomach. Then it would be simple enough to stand and shake the light material off my shoulders…

Oh my gosh, I couldn’t believe I was doing this! The zipper had reached my navel.

A sudden idea struck me, and I curled my feet around the front legs of my chair. Without anybody paying attention, one by one, I kicked off my shoes. If I was going to strip naked in front of the school, I was going to get completely naked!

Clutching the sides of the opening gown tight, I carefully lifted the hem so I could undo the zipper. It popped free, and now only my hands kept the material concealing the front of my body. I lowered my legs, my bare toes touching the hardwood stage floor. Looking out into the seas of faces beyond the stage, I could just make out the faces of my fellow students in the front row. The rest of the audience was shrouded in the shadows and darkness of the auditorium. But they could see me… they would see all of me.

I was so nervous… and excited too! Leaning all the way forward, I looked back down the row to my left. Sure enough, Alicia turned my way and smiled. I watched her giggle, then she stuck her leg out, pulling up the edge of her gown. The little tease! But the thought of her naked up here with me, along with Lisa and Carrie, made me hot. I could just picture Carrie’s big boobs bouncing as she streaked across the stage. We were so close I could taste it!

And then the last of the graduates marched down the steps, back to the first row of seats in the auditorium. There was a hush as the Dean of Students and the Assistant Principal returned to their own seats on the dais. The Principal would make his way to the podium to say a few words, then allow the assembly to start cheering and applauding. This was our moment, our window of opportunity, that fraction of time when we could steal all the attention on stage.

Expecting my friends to act in concert, I jumped to my feet, taking about four steps forward. My heart beat wildly as I pulled apart the folds of my gown… and arched my shoulders free of the material. Behind me, the light burgundy fabric, the dark red of our school colors, floated to the ground.

I froze, time stood still.

I was standing totally nude in front of everyone… completely naked, except for the graduation cap on my head.

Everyone was staring at me, at my bare body. The students behind me, watched the gentle curve of my back and supple roundness of my cute little ass. In shock, I raised up on my toes, and they even caughta glimpse of my bare sole. On the dais to my right, the eyes of the school officials went wide at the sight of my long nipples quivering up and down. The Principal and his colleagues had a perfect view of my profile, my hip and the slenderness of my leg. Oh no! The local politician who had given the key note speech… he was seeing every inch of me, too, from the tip of my shoulder, to the curl of my pinky toe!

As if in slow motion, I brought my hands to my mouth, still disbelieving what I had just done. And my entire lower body was on display, from my creamy thighs to the soft indentation of my stomach narrowing and below, not a wisp of hair covered my pubic mound. Oh my gosh, everyone in the audience was looking at my bald pussy!

Where were Alicia and Carrie, I thought as I shyly looked over my left shoulder. Did I jump up too soon? Foolishly, I waited a moment, half-expecting my friends to join me. It might have only been a second or a minute, or it felt like hours… standing here naked in front of the entire school. From the corner seat at the edge of the stage, I saw Lisa rise, but only to get a good look at me. As the other students opened their mouths in broad grins and pointed at the various pink parts of my body, Lisa folded her arms and smirked.

At that moment, I realized I had been tricked.

And then I noticed the flashes of cameras going off. One by one, I watched the dazzling lights flicker in the darkness of the auditorium, like stars winking in the night sky. Instead of covering up, as I should have, I brought my hands to my head, making sure the graduation cap was securely in place. Confused, I whirled around giving the guests in attendance a treat of my cute little behind. My classmates who had been sitting up on stage with me, now they all saw my tits and pussy! With my fingers seemingly twined into my hair, I turned and started to run across the stage.

But in my anxiousness to flee the scene, I headed in the wrong direction! Toward the raised dais I hurled my body, pulling up short just at the last second or else I would have ended up giving the congressman a lap dance! I spun around, my ass in his face, and I’m afraid the school officials could all see my pink pussy lips from behind. As I ran now in the opposite direction, I suppose there were shouts and hooting and hollering; as well as laughing and exclamations of outrage. However, at the moment, it seemed there was a profound gasp of silence except for my bare feet slapping over the waxed hardwood floor.

The last thing I remember leaving the stage was Lisa reaching out to slap me in the butt. This caused me to finally lower my arms, hands covering my juicy cheeks. I skipped down the steps on trembling legs, and jogged through the wing that opened out into the hallway.

“Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!” I gasped, the thrill of what had just happened sending a shiver through my body.

Squeezing my breasts, I leaned against the wall. I had to pause to catch my breath. At least it was quiet out here, for the moment, as no one had chased after me. In fact, there was absolutely no one else around, which gave me a moment to think. How could I have been so stupid! I looked down and saw my pussy lips had parted. My clitoris was erect, sticking out of its hood. Gazing further down my naked leg, I wiggled my toes on the floor. Oh, why did I kick off my shoes? Now I was totally nude…

Then I remembered the flat-topped and tasseled mortarboard. Reaching up with my hand, I found the hairpins and undid the cap secured to my head. As I removed it, I shook out my shoulder-length hair. But at least now I had something to cover with. I held the graduation gap discreetly over my crotch and started to walk down the hallway.

Every few seconds, I turned around again, worried that someone would be following. What a scene I must have caused! I don’t know how I was going to explain this to my parents. If Lisa and Carrie and Alicia had joined me, I could have laughed it off as a graduation prank. But I was the only one to strip naked in front of everyone… oooh, I can’t believe they set me up like that! Still, the thought of all those eyes on my nude little body was fresh in my mind, and kept my nipples pretty erect! Well, I just had to get back to the classroom and put my clothes back on.

As my feet slapped across the tiled floor, I kept my head down and kept the cap pressed tight against pussy. Unfortunately, the gold tassel was tickling my labia and making me very aroused. I pumped my free arm at my side as I quickly rounded the corner and worked my way closer to the room.

Just a few more yards, a couple of more steps… and then…

“Where do you think you are going, Erica?”

I suddenly spotted black shoes in front of me. Stopped barefoot in my tracks, I looked up and up, and saw the massive girth of the Principal blocking the door to the classroom! OK, he wasn’t that fat, but he was tall and wide, his bulk filling the doorway. He frowned as he looked down at my slender form, crossing his arms over his chest. It was all I could do to keep the graduation cap over my vulva, and slung my other arm across my tits. I was speechless, dying of embarrassment.

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, the large man asked, “Where are your clothes, Erica?”

“Inside the classroom,” I squeaked and kind of pointed with my small chin. I tried to avert my eyes shyly, but found myself drawn to his disapproving stare. This was so humiliating!

“You didn’t have anything on under your graduation robe, Miss?”

Ashamed, I shook my head.

The principal paused to consider the situation, it seemed he was searching his memory. “There was one time, I recall, you were running in the hallway and bumped into me. It must have been when you were only a Sophomore. You were wearing your gym T-shirt, because you said someone had stolen your clothes in the locker room. You’ve always been careless with your clothes, haven’t you? But tell me, Erica, that day you really weren’t wearing anything beneath the T-shirt, were you…”

“No!” I finally confessed. “I didn’t have on any shorts or panties!”

“But you did have shoes and socks, didn’t you?” the Principal continued, making me relive that day of misfortunes. I lowered my head, and curled my bare toes self-consciously. The lecture continued, “And now look at you… an eighteen-year-old young woman, just graduated, and you are stark naked!”

I could tell he was upset. As I bit my lip, he asked me where my graduation gown was. He forced me to admit, even though he saw the whole thing, that I had slipped it off my shoulders back on stage, during the ceremony. Then he suggested since I had little regard for the trappings of my scholastic achievement, I should hand over the rest of the academic vestments.

“What… what do you mean?” I asked nervously.

“The mortarboard and tassel,” he said without emotion. “Let me have it.”

My eyes went wide, and I clutched the only thing hiding my frontal nudity, saving me from totally exposing myself. “But… right here?”

When his expression did not change, I realized that I had no choice. I looked over my bare shoulder, then back at the principal. Swallowing a lump of fear down my throat, I slowly raised my hands, lifting the cap and presenting it to him. It felt like the heaviest thing in the world. But the man grabbed the cap and yanked it free from my fingers with such force, I instinctively dropped my arms to my side like an obedient student.

I stood completely nude before the Principal. He regarded me for a moment, the graduation cap tucked under one arm, then he casually pointed at my pussy.

“What is that, Erica? You are eighteen, and you haven’t reached puberty yet?”

The man forced me to confess that I shaved off my pubic hair. Even as the words fell from my lips, I shifted my legs slightly apart. Though my eyes were closed, I could feel my labia unfolding like a flower.

“Your classmates will be returning momentarily,” he announced. “Follow me to the office…”

I opened my eyes just in time to see the principal step forward, shutting the classroom door behind him. The dark sleeve of his jacket brushed my arm as he walked past me. I wasn’t sure if I was in even more trouble, or if he meant that in the office I would have more privacy as the students came marching out of the auditorium. Why couldn’t he just let me get dressed! Turning around, I decided to follow the man.

He clearly wasn’t interested in leering at my nubile body. In fact, I had to jog to keep up with him. He moved quickly for a big man. But as I brought my hands up again to regain some modesty, I felt how hard and extended my nipples were. I had been so preoccupied with the principal looking at my bare pussy, I forgot he must have gotten an eyeful of my titties! There was no doubt he knew how aroused I was right now. I felt myself blush in embarrassment.

When I reached the main office, the principal ushered me through the door. He then casually strolled across the carpet, to take a seat behind his desk. But beneath his calm exterior, I sensed he was seething. I felt like I was walking on eggshells, so I kind of just stood there with my hands held politely behind by back. Maybe I bent one knee forward just a little, raising up on my toes.

Oh my gosh! I was standing in the middle of the principal’s office and I wasn’t wearing a stitch of clothing!

“What are we going to do about this, Erica?” the man asked as he templed his fingers in thought. “If I remember correctly, you once streaked a football game. And not too long ago, you were caught naked during a fire drill. That is most serious, young lady…”

I really didn’t know what to say. I was already dreadfully embarrassed, and also scared. Yet my erect nipples continued to point and quiver, and I knew my clit was sticking straight out. A trickle of wetness ran down the inside of my leg. This was actually making me very horny! As the silence stretched between us, regarding each other intently, I realized that I might start masturbating in front of my principal!

Then a group of people shuffled through the door and into the office. Instinct finally took over at the prospect of being seen by others, and I clasped my hands in front of my pussy.

“I told you she would be down here!” Alicia said as she came to stand by my side.

She was followed by Lisa and Carrie, the two of them chuckling and finding this all so amusing. All three of the girls were still dressed in the graduation gowns. I looked over at my friends, then back at the principal behind his desk. Suddenly a great surge of resentment flooded my body.

“This is all their fault!” I cried. Not thinking, I placed my hands firmly on my hips, letting my labia hang down.

“Oh?” the Principal raised an eyebrow.

I suddenly felt very foolish, but I was determined to stand my ground. “You… you see, it was all a stupid dare. And they took off they’re clothes, too! They were going to drop their robes on stage in front of everyone. But they tricked me!”

“Is this true?” the large man remained seated but shifted his gaze to the ladies now standing in the room in their heels and burgundy gowns.

“Take it off, Carrie!” I demanded, my perky breasts bouncing in excitement. I was going to have Carrie stripped in the Principal’s Office! “Sir, make her take off her graduation robe…”

The eyes of the strawberry-blonde went wide at she looked from me to the school official. He only nodded, which made Carrie’s mouth hang open for a moment or two. Then she slowly turned around to face away from the desk. She hesitated, her fingers clutching the zipper just below her neck. I wondered if our principal would make the others disrobe as well. Then he would have four nude young women to deal with. The thought of my friends sharing in my humiliation had me licking my lips. I even brought my hands up to pinch my nipples.

Finally, Carrie lowered the zipper and began shuffling the silky material off her body. Her smooth bare shoulders came immediately into view. I watched her take a deep breath, preparing for the inevitable. And then she dropped the gown completely to the floor.

She was wearing a strapless short mini-dress!

I couldn’t believe my eyes as Carrie turned around, and even struck a pose with one knee bent forward and hands on her hips. She looked hot, but she definitely did not look naked! The strawberry-blonde flipped her hair back and teasingly stuck her tongue out at me.

“But… but, how?” I stammered uncomprehending. “I saw you! You didn’t have anything on, except your shoes!”

At this point, the principal arched one eyebrow, clearly exasperated. Lisa walked behind me and placed her hands on my shoulders and said, “I think our friend Erica is just a little worked up. She’s had an emotional day. In fact, I think it was all that pent up stress finally boiling up, that caused her to pull such a stunt. I mean, can you imagine… she stripped completely naked in front of everyone!”

I felt my ears burn red in embarrassment, but I also felt Lisa begin massaging my shoulders, which felt really good. Standing behind me, she ran a hand down the curve of my spine. Then she started gently rubbing my ass! Right here, in the Principal’s Office! Oh my gosh, I hoped she wasn’t going to make me cum…

“I’ve already spoken to her parents,” Alicia was continuing. “I explained that Erica was really nervous about starting college, and afraid to graduate. This was her way of letting go, I guess. I think it’s best, sir, if you let us take her off your hands.”

Now my ears couldn’t believe what was being said, but the Principal seemed to give it some consideration. “Very well, ladies. I believe you can set a good example for your friend. She really has to learn to put these childish pranks behind her.”

At those words, Lisa firmly squeezed my butt cheeks, causing me to bounce up on my toes. The Principal brought his serious gaze full upon me, upon my small breasts sticking out and pink pussy lips that were already spread open.

“Now, Erica, I am going to hold on to your diploma. You can come back to the office on Monday to pick it up. And please come wearing something… more decent.”

My eyes fluttered and my body shook, just a little, as I felt myself have a small orgasm. Please come… Please cum… I can’t believe he said that while I was standing here totally nude!

“Thank you,” I gasped.

Closest to the door, Carrie bent down demurely so she could retrieve her graduation gown. This she slung over her arm, then straightened out her dress, which barely went down past her crotch. She practically glided out the office door, and Lisa pushed me forward to follow on trembling legs. Alicia was last, saying goodbye to the Principal. I thought I overheard her saying something about what a pleasure it had been to go to school here.

One we were back in the bobby, Lisa shoved me into the waiting arms of Carrie. I knew she was a little upset because I tried to get her in trouble, and tattled on her.

“Um, I… that really is a nice dress,” I tried to sound pleasant.

Carrie responded by reaching up to pinch my erect nipples and pull me forward a few steps. “Yes it is, Erica. I stripped naked in the girls bathroom this morning, and left it hanging in one of the stalls. It’s a good thing it was still there when I excused myself from the marching line. I took quite a chance, you know. I could have ended up nude in front of the principal just like you…”

“I’m sorry!” I said, breathless, as the taller girl began to slowly walk her fingers down my bare stomach. Then she smiled at me.

“But I like your outfit, too!” Carrie giggled, and put her finger in my pussy. “Oh my, but what’s this?”

I stood mortified as she withdrew her digit and held it up for Lisa to see. On her tip, there glistened a sizable pearl drop of my cum. Carrie, brought it up to her lips and sucked it off. When Alicia joined us, Carrie pointed at my bald crotch, much to my humiliation.

“Someone has been secreting, the dirty little girl!”

21 – After Graduation

“Where… where are you taking me?” I asked as the girls led me out into the hallway.

Carrie had a firm grip on my wrist and answered, “Well I don’t think you want to go back to the classroom, Erica! It will be crawling with students and parents and teachers by now.”

“Oh my,” I gasped. “But my clothes…”

Padding along side the strawberry-blonde haired girl, I was completely naked. In fact, I was still a little lightheaded over the whole situation. I had just graduated high school, and had streaked in front of everyone at the ceremony. Well, I thought my friends here were going to join me in this parting prank, but they had set me up. My small tits bounced playfully as I danced forward on my bare toes, trying to keep up with the taller girl.

Alicia swiftly caught behind me and slapped my ass. “Don’t worry, Erica, we’ll take you home…”

“Don’t worry? Don’t worry!” I cried in disbelief. “Look, I don’t have any clothes on right now, I still have to face my family, and come back here on Monday to pick up my diploma from the Principal… who has already seen all of me!”

We had reached the lobby entrance to the school, which thankfully was deserted. But I knew it would only be for a precious few more moments, as the graduates finished taking their photos near the auditorium or back by the classrooms. I wished we could just keep moving, but here, the four of us paused. Carried let go of her hold on me, resting her hands on her curvy hips as she eyed me up and down. Embarrassed, blushing, I tried to hide my breasts with an arm while letting the other one hang in front of my pussy. Lisa circled around me like a hawk.

“Hmmm… or maybe we could find some place to tie you up and leave you here,” the bossy blonde bitch said in a serious tone of voice. “Like a parting gift to our Class… I bet we could think of all sorts of positions, such as your legs spread, with everything on display!”

My eyes went wide at the very suggestion, and as if compelled by Lisa’s own words, my hands slowly lowered to delicately touch the sides of my legs. I’ve grown proud of them as one of my more attractive features, long and slender. Well, for me anyway, since I’m kind of short but my legs are proportioned to give the illusion of length. I guess because my ass is cute and small, and just beneath my bare crotch, these shapely stems stretch down all the way to my pretty toes. Lisa must have taken my lack of response for compliance.

“Good, then you will come along with us, and not give us any trouble?” Lisa stepped in front of me, lifted my chin with her finger.

“Huh?” I blinked, momentarily confused. “N-no… no trouble. I promise, I’ll be good!”

Lisa nodded in satisfaction, then spun around on her heel. It occurred to me at that moment that she and Alicia were still wearing their burgundy gowns. Only Carrie had taken hers off, which was worse for me because she was dressed in a sexy black outfit. The footsteps of my friends clicked toward the school entrance, and I was left no choice but to follow in my bare feet.

“After you, Erica,” smiled Alicia as she politely held the door open for me.

Completely naked, I walked out of the building and paused on the steps between the two blondes. It was bright and sunny out, and after being inside for hours, I needed to shield my eyes using both hands like a visor.

A car honked its horn and still dazzled, I cried, “Oh my gosh… what was that!”

“Oh dear, it seems there are some people out here,” Lisa said most insincerely. “We had better hide your nudity…”

Taking her cue, Carrie stood on one side of me and casually held her hand in front of my left breast. I could feel her palm brush my elongated nipple. Lisa was standing on my right, and did likewise, placing her palm over my other erect nipple. It was almost like the two of them were posing, with me in the middle…

I heard a snap, or a click, and a whirl…

“What about my pussy?” I whined.

Carrie squeezed my tit and laughed, “Well our hands can’t be all places at once, you know! Unless you want me to start rubbing you in front of everybody…”

“Everybody?” I squinted my eyes as I peered out over the parking lot. “How many people are out here?”

Suddenly, Lisa grabbed me by the elbow and urged, “Come on, little girl, we better go before a crowd starts to form!”

As she pulled me off toward the side, I looked over my shoulder to see maybe a handful of young people pointing and smiling. They were probably friends or relatives of the students. One of them had a camera, another a cell phone that looked like it could take pictures! I blushed, thinking the parting image of my bare backside they would capture. Fortunately, Alicia was soon behind me, as all three of my friends rushed my body toward our getaway car. However, not before another car sped by and beeped!

I winced as I hopped across the hot blacktop without any shoes on. Of course, in their high heels, the other girls moved more stately, not in that much of a hurry. It didn’t seem like we were being followed. Eventually we turned around the corner of the big building, and made our way in the direction of where Alicia’s car was parked.

The first thing Lisa did was make my friend pop open her trunk. I stood around nervously, but watched as the two girls peeled off their graduation gowns and placed them neatly folded in the compartment. Carrie, who already had her robe off, threw hers in as well.

“Couldn’t you at least let me wear one of the robes?” I asked, feeling ashamed of my total nudity.

They were dressed really nice, though perhaps Alicia more modestly than the other two. Lisa’s tight, white skirt was not as short as Carrie’s black micro-dress, but her top was pretty low cut revealing a decent amount of cleavage. A bit envious, I brought my hands up to hide my own smaller tits.

Carrie walked past me to open up the back seat door, pausing to trace a finger around my exposed belly button. “It’s all right, Erica. Our robes wouldn’t have fit you anyway!”

“That’s right,” Lisa remarked. “Now get your naked little ass in the car before we drive off with out you!”

I wasn’t quite sure if that was preferable, not knowing what was in store for me. But Carrie jumped in the back, and I found my eyes following her long shapely legs. She even kicked off her heels and wiggled her bare toes at me! Well, I immediately thought of a naughty idea, which propelled me into entering the car. Closing the door behind me, I positioned my body so I was leaning against the interior panel, facing Carrie. She did the same on her side, stretching her leg across the seat… and started to rub my pussy with her foot!

The ignition started, Alicia checked the rearview mirror as she started pulling out of the parking spot. I think she shook her head and grinned at us.

“Oooooh, yes!” I moaned when Carrie’s toe entered my bald slit.

“Hey, you two… knock it off!” Lisa turned around and snapped. “Don’t make me come back there! Carrie, put on your damn shoes.”

The strawberry-blonde only giggled as she withdrew her legs, it seemed she enjoyed getting caught pleasuring me. Quite shyly, she slipped her feet back into her heels and crossed her legs. Frustrated, I wondered why Lisa had to be so bossy, and how come she got to ride shotgun for that matter! As we continued to drive out of the school lot, I crossed my arms self-consciously over my chest. But the evidence of my arousal could not be hidden, with my pussy lips pink and puffed out.

Realizing I needed to do something about my excited condition, I asked Alicia, “So… you’re taking me straight home, right?”

“Sure,” the long-haired brunette answered, glancing again in the rearview mirror. “Whatever you say, Erica.”

I guess I breathed a sigh of relief, lowering a hand to cover my crotch. But I also slouched down in the back seat, suddenly aware that we were driving through residential streets. Treetops passed by in rows as the car moved down the road. I was just hoping I wouldn’t get caught like this. And then Carrie was clearing her throat next to me.

“You know, it is awfully hot back here. I could really use a refreshment.”

At first I blushed, thinking Carrie’s initial comment was referring to my nude body. If she really wanted to stop for a drink, though, I wondered what she was getting at. Maybe when I was dropped off at my house, she expected to come inside and be offered a beverage. Lisa had her passenger window rolled down, and pointed her arm outside.

“Alicia, pull into there… the place called The Juice Box.”

“The what? What are we doing?” I asked, leaning forward a little.

Lisa turned to look at me over the headrest and said, “Carrie is thirsty. And now that she mentioned it, I’m kind of parched, too. Hell, we just graduated, we should celebrate!”

“Yes, but…” I felt my mouth starting to go dry, my limbs numb.

“Oooh, I like this idea!” Alicia giggled. She eased the car into the parking lot. “We won’t leave you out, Erica. We’ll get you something.”

Great! Well, I figured I could wait in the car and try to cover up, while my friends went inside and bought their refreshments. I crossed my legs and held a hand over each of my tits and peered out the window. It looked like there was no one else around.

When the car came to a complete stop, Lisa said, “Now everyone just stay here for a moment. I’m going to scope things out and explain the situation…”

Explain the situation? I didn’t like the sound of that. But before I could object or voice my concerns, the dominating blonde opened her door and stepped outside. We watched as Lisa confidently strode into the little parlor shop called The Juice Box. They had all sorts of treats like ices, and sodas, and creamy beverages. The sun beat down through the back windshield, and I felt a bead of sweat form between my shoulder blades. A cool drink did sound pretty tempting.

About a minute later, Lisa approached the side of the car and abruptly opened the rear passenger door. I squealed and lifted my legs up, kind of trying to curl myself into a ball. My eyes darted past the young woman standing outside, to see if anyone else might catch a glimpse of my bare skin. But Lisa only reached down to grab my arm just above my elbow.

“Come on, Erica, time to get our after-graduation refreshments…”

Wide-eyed I struggled, even as I slid my legs over the seat. “But you can’t… I’m completely naked!”

“This ought to be a good one!” Carrie nudged me forward, her hands lightly on my back.

Lisa smiled with self-satisfaction. “I told the lady behind the counter that we just graduated, and furthermore, our friend Erica received a full paid scholarship to college… as a life drawing model. There was just one catch…”

“Oh, you must be joking!” I gasped, now standing on the hot asphalt of the parking lot. I clasped both my hands over my pussy. “She wouldn’t really fall for that, would she?”

Lisa shrugged her shoulders and then started to turn away. But not without issuing a warning, “I don’t know, she didn’t seem like the sharpest knife in the drawer. The key is, she thinks you are an experienced nude model, so you had better not cover up or look uncomfortable. You might give yourself away.”

“But…” I found my hands obeyed the blonde’s command before I could even consider my actions, and dropped them to my sides. My hairless vulva glistened in the bright sunlight. “What if I refuse to go in?”

The driver-side car doors slammed shut, and Alicia clicked the electronic lock and said, “Then I suppose you would have to find another way home!”

My three friends stepped on to the curb, about to enter the little shop. I was left standing stark naked in the middle of the parking lot, in the early afternoon. Desperate, I looked around, heeding Lisa’s words and not covering my private parts. Instead, my fingers ran through my hair nervously, twisting a sandy brown lock. My other finger absently grazed and flicked a nipple, which was long and pointy. Oh, this was no good! Yet I knew the girls were not beneath stranding me here. I took a deep breath, rubbing my flat stomach, then my leg moved forward.

When I entered through the door, the air conditioning hit my body, causing my already rock hard nipples to stick up at the ceiling. Like a magnet, I felt drawn to the service counter where my friends were waiting. My bare feet padded over the black and white checkered tiles, and I realized my other hand was still teasing a locket of my hair making me appear as a sassy schoolgirl. My other arm swung easily at my side, and I think I swished my nude hips as I crossed the floor. I really didn’t mean to act so brazen, but I was just playing the part.

“Hmmm, so you’re the art model?” the woman behind the counter evaluated me, her head resting on her arms folded atop the glass shelf.

I nodded, yes, as I came within a foot of the woman. She looked like she was in her late twenties, maybe thirty. The lady had curly blonde hair and green eyes. Her voice, the way she spoke, was sweet as honey and kind of had a southern drawl.

“A scholarship, huh?” she continued. “I thought that was for sports or people with some smarts. Never heard of one for taking off your clothes.”

“It’s a new program…” I blurted out.

The counter lady smiled but continued on, “Well, you sure are a pretty little thing. But I guess they really make you earn your money! What’s it like, all those people seeing you naked all the time?”

I was starting to get all fidgety under this scrutiny, and I clasped my hands behind my back to keep from touching myself. With the front of one foot brushing the back of my other calf I answered uncomfortably, “Um, it’s all right… you get used to it.”

“You know you’resticking out, darling?”

On either side of me, Alicia, Carrie, and Lisa burst out laughing. I was so embarrassed! Quickly I turned around so the lady wouldn’t see me blushing, although my butt must have been bright pink. On the other end of the shop were some empty booths and tables for the customers, and I started walking in this direction to find an escape from all these prying eyes.

Over my shoulder I heard the woman call out, “I’m sorry, sweetie… it must be very sensitive.”

I just put my head down and quickened my steps to the table. Did she mean the topic itself was sensitive, or was she actually talking about my little button? I couldn’t figure it out, but knowing her eyes were on my bouncing ass was making me hot. I hurriedly slid into the booth and crossed my legs. Meanwhile, the girls finally placed their orders and waited to take their drinks before joining me.

“You haven’t been pleasuring yourself, have you?” Carrie asked as she scooted me further behind the table with a bump of her hip.

Alicia and Lisa came around from the other side, their skirts brushing the vinyl cushion of the booth. I was positioned between the two blondes, directly behind the center of the table. From here, I had a clear view of the service counter at the front of the store, and within sight of the service lady. Also, in the process of jostling and repositioning ourselves, my legs had come uncrossed. Lisa’s hand on my thigh prevented me from regaining even a little modesty, and I found I couldn’t answer Carrie’s question.

“Well then,” she continued, “Since you ran away, I didn’t know what you wanted to cool off. So I got you this…”

Carrie then proceeded to hand me what appeared to be a cherry Popsicle. I took it from between her fingers with my own hand trembling a little. Then I watched as she took a long slurp on the straw of her icy drink. Finally, feeling like I should do something, I removed the paper wrapper from the Popsicle and touched the tip with my tongue. It was cold! But the cherry flavor, I had to admit, was delicious. Carrie had made a good choice. Now my mouth molded with the frozen treat, and I eagerly lapped my tongue along its side. For some reason, doing this stark naked made me feel incredibly horny, and I absently stretched my legs out beneath the table while tweaking one my nipples.

At the same time, Lisa was rubbing the inside of my thigh making me wetter by the minute. “Wow, Erica, I think John might be jealous…”

“Nah, he’s not nearly as enjoyable as that Popsicle,” Carrie commented out of nowhere.

We all turned amazed to look at our strawberry-blonde friend. My eyes were wide and attentive, but I continued to suck on my frozen treat. Alicia laughed in disbelief and asked Carrie if she and John had slept together.

She shrugged her shoulders and confessed, “It was really no big deal. We were bored one night, and well, you know how these guys are…”

“Why, Carrie, you little slut!” Lisa said dryly, but was apparently only teasing.

Suddenly, Carrie reached beneath the table and grabbed my bare leg, squeezing my thigh. “Yeah, but I was only curious. Besides, it’s much more fun playing with Erica!”

I know I turned bright red as the girls all giggled. Thinking back over the year, I really didn’t know how to describe our relationship. I mean Alicia was my best friend, but Carrie really knew how to get me excited. In fact, right at that moment, sitting in the booth in the ice-cream shop, I felt ready to explode. The four of us continued to reminisce and gossip, although I mostly listened, too preoccupied with my nudity to contribute anything substantive.

Finally Lisa turned to me and asked, “Erica… would you be a dear and toss our trash away?”

Twiddling my own wooden Popsicle stick between by fingers, I found Alicia and Lisa’s crumpled drink cups pushed into my other hand. My eyes wandered to the garbage reciprocal that was on the other side of the shop and shoved in a corner. Close to the restrooms, I thought maybe this wasn’t a bad idea as I could take a moment to slip inside and relive myself.

With my hands full, I expected Carrie to get up from the table in order to let me out. But instead, the provocative young woman invited me to climb over her! Certainly, I was slim enough to move across her, but it would be a tight fit. Still facing forward, I first draped one leg over her own bare leg. Soon, I was practically sitting in her lap. I leaned forward as much as I could, causing my pussy lips to brush the surface of the table. Of course, with my hands occupied, I was totally helpless against her fingers roaming across my lower body, tickling me from behind! Thankfully, I escaped her clutches before she brought me to an embarrassing orgasm.

A couple of unsteady steps onto the floor of the shop, and I turned my head to look over my shoulder, flashing a look that told Carrie she was a naughty girl. She only winked and playfully stuck her tongue out at me. Now I straightened myself and regained a little bit of composure, stepping gracefully toward the trash bin, totally nude. My toes were light as I crossed the distanced and dumped all our disposables.

Just as I was wiping my hands of any grime or stickiness, the door to the men’s restroom slammed open. I hadn’t seen any other customers in here, so I was absolutely shocked, just standing there and not covering anything. As it turns out, it was not a customer, but a fifteen or sixteen-year-old boy who worked at the shop! He had a silly little paper hat atop his head, a white apron, and several towels and cloths slung over his shoulder. The teenager walked right in front of me, stopped, and gaped at my nubile body.

In the back of my mind, I remember Lisa telling me that I had to act natural, to be able to pull off my excuse for being naked.So as humiliated as I was, I forced myself to casually lower my arms. Unfortunately, my nipples were sticking straight out, and all Carrie’s teasing had left my labia hanging out in the open!

“Oh, wow…” he exhaled, a string of drool hanging from his mouth.

“I’m going to college as a nude model,” I informed him in my most confident, haughty voice, then spun around on my bare heel to return to my friends.

I could feel the eyes of the boy roving all over my backside. From the tips of my smooth shoulders, down the elegant curve my spine, my supple behind and the length of my slender naked legs. There was nothing I could do to prevent my ears burning bright red, although thankfully they were concealed my hair.

When I reached the table, I waited impatiently for Lisa, Alicia, and Carrie to get up. They made me stand there for a few moments, while I fidgeted and reached an arm across my stomach to clutch my other elbow, and shyly stood on the toes of one foot. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw that the shop-worker had not moved but continued to enjoy my unclothed form.

“Can we go already?” I hissed through my teeth.

“Mmmm, you look like you’re ready to go,” Carrie replied with great meaning, as she finally slid out of the booth.

I could only lift up a hand to twist the ends of my hair, watching my other friends rise from the table. They graciously stood behind me, blocking the teenager’s view, and Lisa’s fingertips on my bare back propelled me forward.

“Bye, bye, sweetie,” the counter lady called out as I approached the exit. “Good luck in college… hope to see you around!”

Trying to be polite, I smiled and waved goodbye. Then Carrie pushed open the doors and I followed her outside. Only to be greeted by an older couple walking toward the shop!

“Oh my!” the white-haired woman gasped at the sight of me, naked as a jaybird in broad daylight…

Carrie giggled, and the other girls pushed me to keep me moving, as I stepped into the warm afternoon air. Before I knew it, my friends had me by the hands, pulling me toward Alicia’s car. I skipped over the parking lot asphalt, and they opened the driver side back door for me to climb in. I was on my hands and knees crawling across the upholstery as Carrie came sliding in behind me.

“Now that’s an inviting position,” she chuckled.

Oh how I wished she had something to stick up there! I found myself really flushed and excited… I even wiggled my butt in her face, but then the car started and we were pulling back out onto the street. The motion of the vehicle kind of dropped me back into a sitting position, although one leg was lifted up on the seat with my foot tucked beneath me, knee sticking out, while my other leg was stretched forward, hiding nothing.

“Hey, Lisa!” Carrie looked at me, then pointed her chin up at the front passenger seat. “After we drop off Erica, and go back to your house, can we go swimming?”

The blonde maneuvered herself around so she could address us both. “Well, I’m not letting you borrow one of my bathing suits, so what do you have in mind?”

Here, Carrie glanced at me and licked her lips, then answered almost with a purr, “I’m just dying to strip off this dress… you know I’m not wearing anything underneath… and maybe I could go skinny-dipping?”

Her words had an incredible effect on me, as I pictured her taking off her clothes in Lisa’s back yard and jumping into the pool. Maybe afterward she would be laying out, catching some sun, totally nude. I didn’t realize it, but my hand had drifted down and started rubbing my pussy.

“So just how horny are you?” Lisa mocked me.

I blushed, to be caught masturbating in my best friend’s car, I mean right in front of two other girls! This was unbelievable, and I was going to be in college in just a few months! But the more I thought about the day’s events, the closer I was bringing myself to the edge…

“All right, Erica, here’s the plan. We’ll take you home so you could finish whatever you need to do. Then later tonight, I want you to join us at my graduation party.”

“But, but…” I stammered, still gliding a finger over my soft lower lips. “Won’t there be other students there? Friends from school who all saw me…”

Lisa grinned her evil grin and replied, “Well, yes, they’ve all seen you naked. So now maybe they would like to see you when you’re dressed! I expect you to be there no later than 10:00pm”

“But how will I explain… oh my, that will be so embarrassing!”

Turning to face Alicia who was about to drive onto my block, Lisa said, “I think there is a little league game scheduled at the park today. Why don’t we head over there and drop Erica off…”

“No, no!” I cried and brought my knees together, hugging my body. “I’ll come to your graduation party, Lisa! I’m sure it will be fun.”

“Oh, it will be,” the bossy blonde said with a mischievous glint in her eye. “It will be.”

22 – Lisa’s Party

OK, so that was about the most embarrassing thing I've ever had to do. And I've done some pretty humiliating stuff. But facing my parents and other relatives upon returning home, after streaking my high school graduation was unbelievable. I was till naked when my friends dropped me off in front of my house. The last time my family had seen me, earlier in the day, at least I had been wearing my graduation cap. Now I didn't even have that.

They made me stand in the kitchen as I explained myself, shyly blocking my breasts with an arm and hiding my bald pubic mound. I know my stepbrother also sitting at the table was enjoying the eyeful. Of course, my best friend Alicia had soften the matter by finding my parents immediately after the ceremony, and telling them that it was just a prank because I was so stressed out about going to college. Well, my mother and father seemed to buy it, but they wanted to hear it from my own mouth.

So I stammered my excuses, shuffling from one bare foot to the other, and blushing like a shamed little girl the whole time. I guess I kind of looked really mortified, which helped ease my parents' fears that their eighteen-year-old daughter wasn't becoming some exhibitionist slut. Still, I had to put up with a lecture from them, and that I shouldn't be running around without any clothes on. Rolling my eyes, I sighed and listened, while my poor nipples were rock hard! It was pretty frustrating that I couldn't truthfully put the blame on Lisa who had tricked me. Nor could I admit that it secretly turned me on…

Well, in the end, my parents are fairly easy going, and they let me off without any further punishment. I suppose they might think about me a bit differently now. Later on, in private, my mother would confide that she saw this as a way of me coming out of my inhibited shell, and added that I was blossoming into a beautiful young woman. As if this had been a good thing!

When I had been dismissed from the kitchen, I hurried down the hallway and locked myself in my room to calm down and collect my thoughts. Of course, this included masturbating for about forty minutes, and reaching a tremendous orgasm. I was lying face down on my bed with my bare ass in the air, and had to bite the pillow to keep from screaming in ecstasy.

Afterward, when I had dozed off for an hour or so, I quietly made my way to the washroom and had a nice relaxing bath. I should mention, that my family had planned a graduation party for me tomorrow, so the rest of this Saturday was going to be relatively peaceful. In fact, because of this planning, I was thankfully left alone. My stepbrother had his own life and other things to do, and my parents had left to take care of some last minute party arrangements. I was a big girl now, despite my juvenile stunt back at the school, and they trusted me.

So as it turns out, when I asked my parents in the early evening about going out with Lisa, Carrie, and Alicia, they actually gave me permission! I kind of downplayed the party bit, not wanting risk raising fears or speculation. It was only a little get-together, I told them. But the funny thing was, my parents encouraged me to go out see my friends, to have fun and have a good time. Unbelievably, they seemed to think those girls were a positive influence on me, despite that they were the reason for so much of my nudity! How ironic was that.

Finally, I was able to prepare for Lisa's graduation party with a clear conscious. I found that my special dress that I had worn especially for the ceremony must have been brought back from the school by my parents. And it appeared to have been dry-cleaned. How sweet. I thought maybe if I looked my best, it would help me when I faced the other students at the party. So I eagerly slipped on the sleek satiny dress, and admired myself in the mirror. There wasn't much left to the imagination as the material hugged my slim figure. Still, what I saw made me smile. After fussing with my hair some more, I stepped into my heels and headed out the door.

During the drive over to Lisa's house, I started to grow a little nervous, and felt the familiar sensation of butterflies in my tummy. I mean, she wasn't going to use this opportunity to further embarrass me, was she? And then there was Carrie. The buxom strawberry-blonde who had a habit of making me undress and showcase my cute little body. But the difference was, while Lisa would strip me in a bossy and intimidating fashion, Carrie was more seductive. And then my good friend Alicia was always around to help, or lend emotional support whenever I was loosing my clothes!

By the time I pulled onto the street in front of the house, I was getting a little worried. What if Lisa was up to something? I saw a line of cars parked along both sides of the road. It looked like our entire graduating class was here. I wondered if the party was going to be supervised.

Even outside, I could hear the music blaring as I walked up the driveway with my blue purse, and approached the door.

"Erica, it's ten o'clock!" Lisa said as she greeted me. "You're right on time, for once.

Looking around nervously, I answered, "I didn't want to be late…"

Carrie was quickly bouncing into the doorway and ran a hand down the front of my dress. "Oooh… that's nice!"

"I was wearing this in the morning," I explained a little flustered.

"Were you?" Carrie smiled her playful smile. "I hadn't noticed…"

Trying to glance between the two taller girls, I asked, "Um… is Alicia here?"

Lisa took my purse from my hands and said, "Yes, Erica, she's here. She's probably somewhere in the back. Now come on in and enjoy yourself!"

As the girls led me inside the house, I had to adjust my eyes a little. The lights had been dimmed, but not to the point that the rooms were dark. It was in this half-light, and the glaring festive lights that were strewn about the place, that made me squint. Passing by the first couple of people, some girls I recognized from school, I thought I heard them snicker. But the music was much louder, and there was a buzz of voices and other noises generally associated with a party going on.

"Hi, Erica," a boy said as I brushed passed his arm.

It seemed his eyes devoured me, and he practically licked his lips. Or maybe it was just my imagination. I brought my hand up first to block the sounds in one ear, and then absently teasing my hair, as Carrie pulled me along by my other wrist. The house was pretty spacious, and soon we were lost amid the interconnecting rooms and hallways.

"Looked good, Erica," someone else called to me. "Going to dance for us tonight?"

I know I must have been blushing, and I lowered my head trying to avert my eyes. We continued to press through groups of people, and Carrie had a steady hand on my back. Moving close, she whispered in my ear.

"Try to loosen up, Erica. Most of them have seen you naked, so there's nothing to hide!" And with that, my friend even hooked one of my dress straps and slid it off my shoulder.

"Oh!" I gasped, but the material clinging to my body was not likely to fall down.

However, the thought that these people had seen me naked was causing me to experience a range of emotions. Not to mention certain reactions. I wasn't wearing a bra, and my hardening nipples protruded against the front of my silky dress.

Thankfully, Lisa finally led us to the refreshment bar. I immediately felt better once I took a cup of punch. Now that we were in a more open area, I was able to look out across the room and count dozens of young men and women dancing and having a good time. I realized that some of our classmates were dating guys in college, and apparently they had been invited as well. Still, I couldn't help but feel all eyes eventually roaming in my direction, remembering the day's earlier events. I had a flashback of me standing totally nude on the high school auditorium stage, and my body flushed red.

Suddenly, Alicia appeared in front of me. "Hi, Erica! I'm so glad you were able to make it! No trouble at home, then? Hmmm… that's an interesting look… but if you're going to go strapless, you need to lower both sides!"

Momentarily dazed, I stood with one hand half-raised holding my drink, and a napkin gripped in my other hand at my side. Alicia reached out, and casually flicked the other shoulder strap of my dress, and it fell like a band around my upper arm.

"Yeah, that looks so much better," Carrie agreed, taking the opportunity to run her fingers over the top of my chest, my now bare shoulders, and tickled the back of my neck.

I noticed for the first time that she was dressed in a long-sleeved hot pink outfit. It seemed like it was all one piece, coming down to about mid thigh, where her long shapely legs continued to the floor. She had her hair teased up, and was wearing hoop earrings.

Slowly, I found myself slipping into the atmosphere of light-hearted fun. It took me a little while, but with the girls at my side, I began to enjoy myself. We wandered out into the back yard, and mingled with more of our classmates. Eventually the questions started, guys and girls I knew from my classes, asking me about the graduation ceremony. Some of them asked why I did it. Some wanted to know how it felt. It was mostly the guys who made me feel more comfortable, because they questioned neither my motives nor my feelings. They just told me I looked hot.

As the night progressed, I soon found myself even sharing a few awkward dances. I was smiling now, and stepping freely about the property, talking easily with students I knew, and also strangers. I had never felt this way before, and wondered if maybe I was starting to act more mature.

My friends and I had become separated for a while, and back in the house, I located Alicia and Carrie sitting on a couch with a group of people. There was a coffee table in front of them, which had some bottles and glasses, and a deck of cards.

"Hey, Erica, come over here for a minute!" Alicia called out to me.

I maneuvered myself over to the sofa and squeezed in between my friends. We were in a side room, off from the main den and living room of the house. A hallway ran just outside that led to some bathrooms and the stairs, which climbed toward the second floor. We chatted for a bit, and then one of the girls with a college boyfriend started talking about a party game.

"Mike told me about this one they played at his school," she explained. "It's pretty simple, but it can get kind of daring. You use a standard deck of cards, but take out the 10's and the picture cards and the Aces. Those are the ones you shuffle and play with."

I looked curiously at my friends, then asked, "What are the bottles for?"

"Well, this is mainly a drinking game," the girl laughed. "So we have a line of cups here for you, some filled with alcohol, and some with healthy drinking water. We deal out three cards to you in a round, sort of like a casino slot machine. You flip them over one at a time. If you draw a ten, you have a drink of water. If it's a Jack, or Queen, or King, then you have a shot of liquor…"

"That's seems weighted toward the drinking side…" I pointed out.

Carrie giggled, "That's what makes it fun. But wait 'till you hear what happens if you draw an Ace!"

I raised my light eyebrows inquisitively, but also felt my body shiver a little as the girl continued.

"Well, ladies, if you don't play your cards right and happen to draw an Ace… you have to remove a piece of clothing!"

Now we all giggled and squirmed here on the love seat. Out of the corner of the eye, I think I noticed a mixed group of people taking an interest in what we were discussing. I watched mesmerized as someone filled up those little pint-sized plastic cups. First a set with mineral water, and then another set with something that must have come from the liquor cabinet of Lisa's parents. Before I knew it, three cards were laid face down in front of me.

"How many pieces of clothing are you wearing?" Alicia whispered in my ear.

I crossed my arms, and clutched my elbows in opposite hands. "Um, well if you count each shoe as one item… then four all together."

"Oh my, how enticing!" the girl dealing the cards laughed. "So as long as you don't draw all four Aces, you won't end up naked…"

My ears turned bright red at even the thought, while those around us erupted in cheers and whistles. For some reason, I felt really confined, sitting there on the couch, as if I was trapped. It seemed more of a crowd had slowly drifted into the cozy room, giving us their attention. All of a sudden, I felt hands on my shoulder from behind.

"So what are you waiting for, Erica?" Lisa's words dripped onto my skin. "Draw your first card!"

Swallowing a lump of fear and excitement, I instinctively reached out my hand, fingers hesitating just above the card.

"One more rule," the girl sitting in front of the table said. "Once you begin, you have to play out each round… no matter which cards you draw!"

This brought an appreciative gasp from our audience. And now my heart was really beating faster. I looked around me, to find Carrie and Alicia offering grins of assurance. And Lisa the bitch stood over me, to make sure I wasn't going anywhere.

"Wait a minute," I said, stalling for time. "If this is supposed to be a game, shouldn't I be playing against somebody?"

There was some mumbling among the guys and girls who had gathered around. I was feeling pleased with myself, as if I had pointed out a flaw in their little scheme. And then suddenly, a young man did step forward, and he plopped himself down in front of the coffee table. It was Henry, the boy I used to have a crush on!

"I'll play you, Erica," He said in a challenging tone of voice. "Although I not sure how much drink that tiny body of yours can handle. Um… I believe you were about to draw your first card?"

Frustrated, I crossed my slender legs so he couldn't look up my dress. Then I bit my lip and turned over the card on the left. It was a Queen of Hearts. The crowd applauded, and I quickly had one of the cups with booze shoved in my face.

"Gaaagh!" I sputtered and nearly gagged as I gulped down a mouthful of the drink. "What is this stuff?"

Behind me, Lisa ran her fingernails through my shoulder-length hair and said, "Oh don't worry. It's some of Daddy's best. I don't think it will kill you."

Amid the laughter, Henry bravely flipped over his card to reveal a Jack of Spades. He coolly took his drink of alcohol, then tossed the cup away.

"Hey watch it!" Lisa complained. "You spill any of that stuff on this carpet, and I'll make you clean it up with your tongue!"

When I cautiously turned over the next card, I was grateful to see it was a Ten of Diamonds. I accepted the much-needed cup of water, and then waited for Henry to take his turn. He drew a King of Diamonds. Taking another quick shot of liquor, the boy only laughed, although he was mindful to put the cup down gently. He didn't seem bothered by the drink, but maybe if I got him drunk enough, we could end this silly game.

My next card was a Jack of Clubs. Reluctantly, I had another shot, which I managed to get down without spitting up. Henry ended the round with yet another drinking card, the King of Hearts. Three shots for him, but he didn't seem the worse for it. Meanwhile, I was getting nervous about the ones we had already discarded, and the four Aces were still out there.

Sure enough, the very first card I chose to open the next round, was the Ace of Clubs. Damn! I glanced over my shoulder shyly, as the crowd hooted and clapped and cheered. What could I do? I had been backed into this corner, so I simply lowered my arms and slipped off one of my heels. This, Carrie picked up and discreetly passed over her shoulder to Lisa.

Henry smiled, and casually flipped over his card… a Ten of Spades. He actually looked disappointed! Still, he raised his cup of water to me in a mock salute, and then tilted his head back. Now all eyes were upon me again, as I reached to make my next move. Damn! Ace of Hearts…

"Quit it, Alicia! I can do this myself!" But my brunette friend had reached down and already taken off my other shoe.

This was also passed overhead to Lisa, while Carrie slid off the couch and knelt on the carpeted floor. She gently took my foot in her hand and began rubbing and tweaking my toes. That did feel really nice, and helped keep my mind off the game's escalating situation. I almost didn't notice that Henry had drawn another card, the Queen of Spades, and had gulped down another hard drink. Now maybe the boy was looking a bit flushed in the face, but everyone was waiting for me to continue.

Just one more card, and my round would be over. But what if it was another Ace? I could be sitting here in just my little underwear! Even worse, the very idea had made my nipples harden and stick straight out. I put one hand over my eyes, and tenuously flipped over the card. I was relieved to see the Jack of Hearts. Although it meant another horrible drink, at least I could keep my dress on!

Henry drew a Queen of Diamonds for his last card of the round. He took his gulp, and it seemed his eyes were starting to glaze over. I grinned to myself, thinking that I might actually be winning. I mean, maybe I was completely bare foot, but this guy was looking ready to pass out. Aroused by the teasing possibility of success, I found myself anxious for the next set of cards to be dealt.

Still, I had to be cautious. One wrong hand, and my fortunes could reverse in a hurry. Excitedly, I rubbed my feet on the carpet, and tapped my fingers in a mysterious rhythm on the face down card. It was like a superstitious voodoo ritual, and the guys and girls in the room were getting into it, as I built the suspense. Slowly I turned the card over… Ten of Hearts! I let out a sigh of relief, and there was a collective gasp around me.

Now I was really getting into it. I did a quick tabulation in my head. There was just one Ten left, two Aces, and the rest were drinking cards. It was like it had become a contest to see what would happen first, Henry getting drunk, or me stripped naked. I thought I liked my chances, because there was equal opportunity that he might pull an Ace and have to take something off as well. Well, in point of fact, on his first turn, Henry drew a Queen of Clubs. A little less confident, he picked up the cup, took his drink, and placed it back on the table.

Hands on my knees, I batted my eyelashes and smiled at the eighteen-year-old-young man. He looked like he was about to tip over. I did my ritual again, much to the delight of our audience. I rubbed my bare feet on the carpet, did a mini air-drum solo, and tapped the card I was about to turn over, as if I was communing with the Great Party Game Spirits. Everyone was cheering and clapping, as my fingers flipped the card face up.

Ace of Spades.

Oh no! Just like that, I sobered quickly, and put my hands over my mouth. Realizing that I was now going to have to take off my dress, Henry broke into a broad drunken grin. There was whistling and cheering, as Alicia and Carrie took my hands and lifted me to my feet. I guess half the house and everyone outside didn't know what was going on in here. But there were maybe twenty people in this room, some faces familiar, some college aged.

"Wait…" I cried, desperately trying to think of a way out of this.

But my friends, the girls on either side of me, were eager to grab the bottom ends of my dress and do a little shimmy dance like game show hostesses. Alicia and Carrie began to slowly raise the material, revealing first my thighs… then my sheer white panties. There was a lot of applause as my sexy trim stomach came into view. Next thing I knew, the satiny fabric was all around my face and my arms were raised high in the air. But being shorter than the other girls, they had no difficulty in whipping the dress all the rest of the way off my body, and tossed it behind the couch.

I now stood topless in front of everybody, and in fact, I was only dressed in a tiny pair of panties! My nipples were fully erect, almost pointing straight up. It seemed like I basked for a moment in my embarrassment, before thinking to lift my hands and cover my small breasts. Behind me, Lisa reached forward and pulled on the elastic band, peeking down my butt crack.

"Cute underwear, Erica…" She said, people in the room whistled, pointed, and laughed.

When my panties were snapped against my lower back, I firmly planted my ass on the couch, crossing legs and crossing my arms over my chest. I wished there was a throw pillow around or something that I could hide over my body. But instead, Carrie and Alicia took their seats at my side, snuggling against me and rubbing my bare arms.

I watched as Henry finally drew his next card. My only hope was if it turned out to be the last Ace. But instead, it was the King of Clubs. He steadied himself, placing both his hands on the low table, then picked up his shot of liquor. I was doubtful how much longer he could hold out. But then, I didn't have a whole lot to hold onto either…

"Now remember," the girl who introduced us to this game faced me. "You have to play out this round, no matter what card it is."

I'm sure everybody in the room was thinking the same thing. If that card was the Ace, I would have to strip totally naked! Once in a day was bad enough, but to be seen like that at Lisa's party was too much. I looked around nervously, and even ran a hand through my hair, exposing a pink nipple. Then I clutched both my titties in my other arm, and bent forward to turn the next card.

It was the Ten of Clubs.

A groan of disappointment escaped the crowd, and I realized that my heart was beating wildly. I sank back into the sofa, clasping hands over my breast in relief. Then I remembered to cross my legs, fearing people might notice my camel toe pussy through the panties. Carrie was good enough to take a cup of water and bring it to my lips. Of course, before she returned the cup to the table, she took a moment to trace her hand around my belly button. She came teasingly close to slipping inside my panties!

"OK, listen up," the girl with cards announced. "There are just three cards left. Here is what we'll do. Erica can choose one, and Henry can choose one. And then we'll see how much we will get to see…"

The room burst into more cheers and whistles, obviously anticipating that I might draw the final Ace. Suddenly, I jumped to my feet, standing in a room full of people in just my brief white panties. An arm slung across my tits, I had one knee bent forward, and the leg kind of raised on my pretty little toes.

"No, wait!" I cried, holding out my fee hand. "The last round ended… I quit. Henry wins, OK?"

As her guests grumbled, Lisa walked around the couch, holding my dress and shoes in her arms. "Well that doesn't seem very fun, Erica. You know, if you don't continue the game, I'm going to keep your clothes until the end of the party."

I was quiet for a moment, as all eyes turned on me to see what I would do. Their stares drank in every inch of my body, wearing but the skimpiest of underwear. With my hands cupping my breasts, I turned around to face Lisa, and the party guests had a full view of my panty-clad ass.

"Fine," I said bravely. "Keep them!"

I don't think there was anyone more shocked in that room than myself as I spun on my heel and padded across the carpet. Carefully, I kept my elongated nipples shielded by my two palms. I was afraid if I had lost my panties, everyone would see how horny I really was.

"Excuse me," I said shyly as I walked between two of our graduated classmates.

As I stepped into the hallway outside, I did not immediately notice that Henry had passed out on the floor. All I kept thinking was how embarrassing this was, and that I couldn't believe I was walking around Lisa's house full of people in just my underwear. When I stepped barefoot into the other rooms, all eyes were upon me. Some smiled knowingly, others wore confused expressions. One girl called me a dirty name, but most of the guys seemed to appreciate my new outfit.

Actually, I had a plan to try and salvage some dignity. Or maybe it was just the alcohol working its way through me. I did feel a little light-headed. But I needed to head toward the other end of the house, and make my way toward the backyard. However, as I shuffled down the hallway, rubbing against bodies that were wearing clothes, I was stopped when I crossed in front of the refreshment bar.

"Hey, Erica," a young man from our school approached me. "You look so beautiful. Can I pour you a drink?"

Blushing from the compliment, I paused and lifted a hand to twist the ends of my hair. I also struck a bashful pose, rubbing a bare foot behind my other leg.

"You look like you could use a drink," he continued and handed me a glass.

For some reason, those shots of liquor really did make me feel kind of thirsty. Without thinking, I accepted his refreshment, lifting the glass to my mouth. This left my small but perky tits uncovered, with nipples poking straight at the guy. He then asked me if I wanted to dance! Well, while the idea of doing a nearly naked dance in the middle of the room was exciting to me, and it would be nice to feel another person's hands on my body… I told him that I had to refuse.

"I lost my clothes in a party game," I finally confessed as the boy took my glass and continued to walk with me.

Unfortunately, his company put me somewhat at ease, lowering my guard. And I suppose the effects of the alcohol didn't help, as I now lowered my arms and swung them easily at my sides. My bare breasts bounced playfully with my steps, and I allowed him to open the glass sliding door for me, leading to Lisa's backyard.

I now walked outside in just my little underwear. I wasn't covering anything. The lights that were strung from the house shined down in a multitude of colors, and there was loud music playing here as well. I saw a few couples making out in various places. Other people stopped and stared at me. There were whistles and more comments, as I calmly made my way to the in-ground pool.

No one had thus far disturbed the sparkling blue water. I sat down on the edge, and lowered my legs into the pool. Leaning back on the heels of my hands, I let my feet kick and make playful splashes. The boy who had walked me this far was still standing in disbelief. I suppose it was nice of him to stay near, and keep any of the other guys from trying anything funny. Then again, I'm sure he enjoyed looking down at my lean figure and bare tits, nipples fully extended.

"I was thinking about going for a dip," I looked up and said casually.

The young man smiled and asked if I wanted him to hold my clothes. I laughed, knowing that all I had on was a pair of panties. And then I told him that I wasn't going skinny-dipping.

With that, I slowly lowered myself into the water, the level rising to just above my bellybutton. It was cool at first, but also very refreshing. I waded out a little further, moving toward the deep-end. Of course, the thought did enter my mind that I should lose the panties entirely. But the whole point was I was trying to avoid these people seeing me in the nude. So I made sure my underwear was snugly in place, and swam deeper into the pool.

When I climbed up the ladder on the other side, I shivered in the night air as my feet slapped onto the marble slate. I slicked my hair back, water dripping down and glistening off my nubile body. Looking down, I saw that my clinging panties had turned transparent, and there was no secret that my pussy was hairless. But what I didn't anticipate was that my little button was also hardening, and was now poking at the wet material. How embarrassing! And I had nothing to cover up with…

Suddenly, I saw Carrie walking along the side of the pool, swaying her curvy hips as usual. Above the regular party noises, I could hear the click of her black heels on the cement as she approached me. It looked like she had something slung over her arm.

"Silly Erica! Did you go for a little swim without telling me?" the strawberry-blonde teased.

As my friend stepped in front of me, she reached out and tweaked one of my nipples. I then noticed that it was a towel she was carrying. This was kind of what I had planned… that if I jumped into Lisa's swimming pool, she would have to give me something to dry off. Carrie held the towel open and before me like a screen.

"Come on, girl, let's get you out of those soggy things before you catch cold!" she laughed.

My eyes went wide, and heart started beating fast again. "What? Out here? You want me to take off my panties out here…"

Carrie wiggled her hips and motioned the towel like a prized bull-fighter. "Yeah, come on. I'll cover you right up!"

Well, I guess my underwear did feel kind of uncomfortable right now, while that big snugly brown towel looked pretty inviting. Again, I was blocked from the view of other people by the buxom, taller girl. So I shrugged my bare shoulders and hooked my thumbs inside the wet elastic band. Quickly, I peeled them down my legs and off my feet. Now standing totally naked, my pink labia began to unfold as my friend drank in my nudity.

"Nice flower," Carrie whistled appreciatively. "Seems a shame to cover it up…"

"Hurry, Carrie!" I urged, growing more anxious and even hornier by the second.

The seductive eighteen-year-old finally took a step forward so she could wrap the towel around my slender body. It enfolded me once, and then I was able to tuck in the edges in the middle of my chest. The hem started just above my breasts, and fell to about the middle of my thigh. While I was embarrassed to be out here in Lisa's backyard in just this towel, technically not wearing any clothes at all, I had to admit the fabric felt really soft on my skin.

"All right, let's get you inside!" Carrie reached out to grab my hand and pull me away from the pool.

I helplessly followed after her, my feet slapping over pavement, and my other hand griping the front of the towel tight. Passing by the boy who had walked me out here, I wondered if he had caught a glimpse of me shedding those panties. Carrie and I passed through more groups of people on our way back into the house. But it was getting late, and more and more of these party guests were too drunk to care or too involved with activities of their own.

Unsure where we were going, I could only keep jogging to match Carrie's longer strides and jiggling body. We continued hand in hand down the hallway and into another sitting room. There was a winding set of stairs around the corner.

Carrie turned to me and said, "Hmmm… let's see where these go!"

"Do you think it's all right?" I asked nervously. "What about Lisa and her parents?"

"Oh, Lisa's parents left her to mind the house on her own. They're very trusting of their daughter. Frankly, I don't think they wanted to be bothered with the craziness of this party."

"Oh, I see…" I murmured as we climbed to the second floor.

It was fairly spacious up here as well, with some vanity rooms and washrooms branching off the main corridor. My friend peeked in, opening the door to one room. Apparently one she was looking for as she groped around and flicked on the light. Padding a couple of steps across the salmon colored carpet, I realized we were in the master bedroom!

Turning my head around, I faced Carrie and said, "We shouldn't be in here!"

"Oh relax, Erica! It's actually nice to be away from all that noise downstairs."

Now that she mentioned it, there was a certain peaceful quality to this isolated room. The music and voices had been reduced to a faint hum, barely heard through the floor. As I inched shyly closer to the bed, Carrie disappeared into the side bathroom and came out with a brush.

"Must comb out the tangles in your pretty hair," she giggled.

The girl led me to an ornate table off to the side, with a wide mirror and a little pink bench in front. She instructed me to sit, and I made my back very straight as I watched the reflection before my eyes. Behind me, Carrie started to gently pull the brush through the strands of my hair, darkened from the pool water. Her technique was terrific, the teeth of the comb gliding through my soft tresses, and it felt so good! Her touch on my skin, sometimes playing with my ears, or massaging the back of my neck and shoulders, soon had me purring like a kitten.

I slowly undid the towel and let it drop to the floor. Carrie continued to brush out my hair as I sat completely naked on the seat. Occasionally, she would run her fingertips down my spine, or reach around to cup one of my breasts. When she was finished, she lifted me to my feet and turned me around to face her.

"There, Erica… all done," she whispered. "Are you dry enough to get onto the bed?"

In reply, I now took her hand, and had her follow me toward the center of the room. I hopped onto the mattress, and then scooted my bare butt up until I reached the pillows and headboard. Carrie did a sultry little walk around the foot of the bed, and then climbed on top of the sheets from the side.

With her still fully clothed, and me absolutely naked, I think it only heightened my arousal. She slid up next to my body, and placed her hand between my breasts. Very slowly and sensuously, Carrie traced her fingers further down my stomach, causing me to arch my back when she paused just above my bald pubic mound. I was on the edge of pent up excitement, quivering beneath her touch, and then she softly stroked my pussy lips.

"Ooooh!" I moaned with breathless passion.

Carrie giggled at my response and continued to finger my little button. But she also lowered her head against my bosom, and took one of my breasts in her mouth. Running her tongue all around the areola, she suckled on my tender nipple.

"Oh, yes!" I cried. "Carrie… Carrie, take off your clothes!"

"Oh, you want to see me naked, huh?" the busty blonde teased.

I eagerly licked my lips and rubbed the heels of my feet on the bed sheets. "Mmmm hmmm…"

Carrie rolled over momentarily and swung her long legs over the side of Lisa's parents' bed. While I idly rubbed my pussy, I watched as she bent down to undo the straps of her heels. First I heard one shoe drop to the floor with a clunk, and then the other. Then the strawberry-blonde climbed back onto the bed, standing on the mattress. She carefully stepped over so that she was positioned directly above me. I had been waiting for this moment, it seemed, all day!

As my friend crossed her arms to grip the opposite ends of her short dress, she gradually eased the material up her hips. By the time her trim golden fleece came into view, it was obvious she had not been wearing panties. I held her legs on either side of me, while Carrie raised her dress higher and higher, revealing her bare tummy. She was right about to lift it over her breasts and off her body completely, when suddenly the bedroom door flew open!

"Oh, hello, girls!" Lisa marched into the room. "Not interrupting anything, am I?"

I watched Carrie pull down her dress so fast, covering her ass and smoothing down the front of the material. Guiltily, she two stepped over to the side of the bed and hopped to the floor. Still in a mixed state of arousal and shock, I was left lying spread eagle with my labia unfolded and hanging out.

Lisa shot a disapproving glance at Carrie and said, "You should know better."

"Yes, but just look at Erica," she grinned. "All naked and juicy."

I couldn't believe they were talking about me like I was dessert or something! After a moment's consideration, Lisa walked to the edge of the bed, reached over and wiggled my big toe.

"Well, you did do a good job of stripping her nude…"

At her touch and those words, I started to slide my knees up, desiring some modesty. "What… what does that mean?"

"It means," Lisa continued, "that as your graduation present to me, you're going to start cleaning up the party mess downstairs."

"If you need help cleaning up, Lisa, all you had to do was ask," I tried to sound pleasant and polite, while covering my tits with my hands.

But the bossy blonde only laughed, "So you won't mind picking up after our guest… totally naked?"

Carrie winked at me and giggled. I squirmed on the bed and begged Lisa not to make me go downstairs like this.

"Please let me at least put on some underwear?" I crawled forward with a desperate look in my eye.

Lisa was in no mood to hear it. "No, Erica, you're going to clean up without a single stitch on. They are going to see all of you… again!"

"But, Lisa, right now… I'm so horny!" I blushed making the confession, although I suppose my fully erect nipples only highlighted the fact.

Carrie laughed, "Oh, you're always horny! Being naked just brings out your best side, tee hee!"

And then she grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me off the bed! I hopped on my toes and scampered after her as she and Lisa headed for the door. They dragged me right out of the bedroom, into the upstairs hallway. My eyes were big and wide, and I flailed around with my one free arm, not really covering anything.

"Oh my gosh, oh my gosh…" I stammered as we reached the top of the stairs.

Lisa looked back at me and narrowed her eyes, asking, "What's the gig deal? Most of these people saw you running around at graduation earlier!"

"And a lot of them didn't!" I gasped, thinking about my pink pussy on display.

The three of us weren't half way down the carpeted steps, when one of the guests pointed and called out.

"Hey look everybody! It's Erica, and she's bare ass nude!"

It felt like the whole house erupted and whistles and catcalls. All sorts of remarks came my way. Of course, many had seen me walking around in just my underwear a little while ago. But now, without even a shred of clothing, it was like they were all staring at every inch of my body. My tight little ass wiggled as I passed through groups of these young men and women, following in the wake of Carrie and Lisa.

Totally naked, I was led into the kitchen. With one arm across my body, I gripped my other forearm and stood helpless just waiting to see what would happen. Some people walking by commented on my nipples, or talked about my smooth shaved pussy. There were some compliments, but also a lot of dirty suggestions. When Lisa came back, she had a garbage bag, and told me to start picking up plates and cups, discarded food, and other trash.

"What… here, now?" I asked dismayed. "With everyone still around?"

In response, Lisa stood before me, statuesque as ever and held out her arm with the large plastic bag. I looked all about, but there was nowhere for me to run this time. So resigning myself to this embarrassing task, I took the bag between trembling fingers. At a nod from Lisa, I slowly turned around and started to walk out of the kitchen.

At first I just dragged the empty bag behind me, while keeping a palm discreetly over my pussy. I could believe all these people were watching me, and the looks I was receiving from both guys and girls! As I continued down the hall, they had an unobstructed view of my bare behind. I was blushing so hard, thinking about being totally nude from head to toe! To try to keep my mind off the situation, I started to focus on the mess made by the party.

Near the entrance to the house, I found some beer cans and an ashtray. I figured this was a good start, so I did my best to squat down by bending at the knees, and picked up the trash. Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad, I thought to myself as I headed for the next room.

But when I reached the spacious den that had been converted into a dancing hall, more people were seeing me naked for the first time. There were squeals of delight, loudest among them from my friend Alicia. While others applauded or cheered or whistled in my direction, she hurried over to my side.

"Wow, Erica, you look so good!"

I knew she was only trying to make me feel better. What she really meant to say was that I looked so horny, with my nipples standing fully erect, and other pink bits visibly excited. But Alicia kept chatting with me as I gradually made my way around the room, carefully picking up litter from the floor. And then other people started coming up to me and pointed out spots I missed, or an overturned glass on a table. Every now and then, as I was kept lingering in this room, someone would flick one of my extended nipples or slap me on the butt!

Feeling a little hot and breathless, I finally escaped to one of the quieter rooms off to the side. There were still people sitting around, a couple making out on one of the sofas. I was told that behind another couch, there was a bunch of drinking cups that some slob had tossed away. Encouraging me to do my job, Alicia took the bag so I could investigate. Strangely, without that sack to hold on, I had now lost my last piece of security and felt even more exposed!

There was a foot of space, maybe, between the couch and the wall. I climbed up onto the cushions to have a better look. With my knees sinking into the seat, the bottoms of my bare feet hung out over the edge, and I knew my pussy lips were peeking down below the sweet curve of my ass. I pushed my breasts against the back of the couch as I peered over the top. But being shorter, I had to scramble further up, and practically lean over so that my arms were dangling behind the sofa. So intent was I on stretching my fingers to reach the plastic cups, I had failed to consider the sight of my bare ass sticking up and out for everyone in the room to enjoy.

Suddenly my limbs went tense, my toes spread, barely touching the floor. Something wet and cold was pressed against my butt cheek! I could hear muffled laughter, my face turning bright red, as a cylinder like object was rolled across my skin. The tip was smooth, almost like glass, as it was traced down the crack of my ass until making contact with my sensitive pussy lips…

"Oh…" I moaned, clenching my little fists behind the couch.

And then, involuntarily, I began flexing my cheeks. I realized that my quivering pussy must be opening and closing, as if gasping to be filled with something. Wetness trickled down my leg as the cold cylinder object merely grazed my snatch from behind, but did not penetrate. How I wanted it inside me!

This went on, I don't know, a few seconds or minutes… I wished it would last forever. But then a hand was on my bare back, urging me up and on my feet. As I withdrew my trembling arms, I remembered to grab two handfuls of the empty plastic cups. Thus, when I turned around to drop these items in the bag Alicia was holding out for me, I also saw the object that had been teasing and fondling my rear.

"Don't forget to take this," Carrie giggled, taking a pull from a long-necked beer bottle.

After I watched her casually toss it into the garbage bag, I looked around at the faces in the room. There was a mix of reactions, mostly of amusement, but some females expressed disgust. I could not believe I was just standing here stark naked, and they had all seen Carrie toying my bottom! But I had such an awesome orgasm building up, that I knew I had to find some relief.

Leaving Alicia with the disposables, I spun around and jumped out of the room. Completely nude, I ran through Lisa's house, brushing past people I knew from school as well as others I did not. Occasionally, I lifted my hands to massage my breasts and tweak my nipples. At last, I made it around a corner and approached the stairs that would lead me upstairs to some privacy.

But Lisa herself suddenly emerged, and blocked my path. "Going somewhere, Erica? Have you picked up all the trash from the party?"

"Mmmm hmmm," I moaned, licking my lips. "But I need to use the bedroom… I mean bathroom!"

The tall blonde eyed my bare slender form up and down and said, "I'm sure you do. But I'm not going to allow you to cum on my parents' bed. If you need to satisfy your urges, you naughty girl, you can do it right here on the stairs!"

With that, Lisa calmly stepped aside, although remained leaning one arm on the ornate banister. All I could do was gingerly move forward and sit my butt down on the wide carpeted steps. My legs were spread wide apart, and the bottom of my heels rested on the floor, toes sticking up. I leaned back on an elbow, while bringing my other arm around to run fingers down my stomach and tap my bald pussy.

The first touch was electric, and I bucked my hips, continuing to rub my vulva. I don't know how many of the party's guest would manage to gather around and watch me masturbate on Lisa's stairs. But at this point, I didn't care. I was squeezing my tender breasts, slipping first one then two fingers inside me. I easily found my erect button, and started rubbing circles over it with my thumb. This usually was the fastest way for me to bring myself to orgasm, but also one of the most powerful. I bit my lip as I whimpered and moaned, although soon was too far-gone and shouting out words of heated passion. With eyes closed, my fingers worked my slit until I felt myself about to cum.

A rush of thoughts and memories flooded my mind, along with the one mental image of myself sitting here totally naked, openly playing with body in front of everyone at Lisa's graduation party. With an intense climax, I let myself go, my sweet juices squirting out in a stream to the applause of many. My body convulsed… I came multiple times… and then my limbs went slack.

It was then that Lisa allowed Carrie and Alicia to take me upstairs to get cleaned up. By this time, late in the hour as it was, people were starting to depart. I'm sure they would be talking about my little show for a long time. I would learn later on that the girls passed off my actions due to the state of inebriation from the drinking game. They also used that excuse to convince Lisa (who would never be so kind on her own) to let me stay the night, so I could drive home safely in the morning.

And in the back of my hazy mind, I remembered that I had my own graduation party to attend on Sunday.

I just hoped it wouldn't be as eventful!

23 – Erica Campus

I had procrastinated all summer, and my first year in college was about to start. It was just around the corner. But in order to complete my registration for classes, I had to get my school medical records in order. This could have been done much earlier in the year, even when I was still in high school, getting the proper shots and physicals and making sure the paperwork was forwarded to my college. But I guess I had been distracted.

So here it was, early September, and I found myself sitting in the campus health office. My legs were crossed and dangled over the side of the examination table, while I fidgeted and twisted my hands in my lap. Alicia and Carrie had been good enough to drive me up to our new college, and I had promised them this wouldn't take too long. Unfortunately, this process was taking longer than I expected.

The health official returned to the room, a clipboard tucked beneath her arm, and stethoscope hanging around her neck. "All right, Erica. Let's just check your breathing and we'll be almost finished."

I hated how she spoke to me like a child. It made it sound more like I was seeing a pediatrician, than the nurse at my college's health office! Oh well, I suppose it didn't help, the way I was dressed. I was wearing my denim overalls, and had a white long-sleeved top beneath.

The much taller woman stepped behind me, and pressed her fingers against my back. "Let's undo these straps, so I can get a better listen."

For some reason, I gulped, and nervously unclipped the button on one of my overalls straps. Then I undid the other one, slipping both straps off my arms. Now with the material unobstructed, the nurse was able to take the bottom of my shirt and lift higher, all the way up my back. I wasn't wearing a bra. And when she placed that cold metal stethoscope against my bare skin, I believe my nipples instantly hardened and poked straight out!

With my hands on my knees, I did as I was instructed, taking deep breaths and allowing the nurse to continue her examination. But then she came around to stand in front of me, so that she could listen to my heart. As she moved closer to my body and reached out to touch my shirt-covered breast, I could smell her intoxicating perfume. I started to twitch and swing the overalls straps anxiously in my hands.

"You know, Erica," the nurse paused and explained, "this would be much easier if we just got these things off you!"

Hearing the frustration in her voice, I simply nodded my little chin, while kicking off both my sneakers to let them drop to the floor. Then I hopped down from the examination table so that I could lower my overalls and step out of the pants legs. Once removed, the nurse took these and folded them at the end of the table. I was left standing in only a white pullover top that came down to my bellybutton, ankle socks, and pink pair of panties!

"Those are cute," the woman remarked as she clicked around in her heels.

I was so busy blushing, that when she asked me to lift my shirt a little, I did not even hesitate. I raised the fabric until my bare abdomen was in view, gripping my hands tight just beneath my breasts. Fortunately, the nurse did not ask me to take the top completely off, or she would have seen how erect my nipples were! However, she did place one hand lightly on my back, and reached beneath the front of my shirt to put the stethoscope on my chest. This caused me to suck a quick intake of air, and even made me rise up on my toes.

The nurse, very clinically, moved the cold metal piece across my chest. At times, she did in fact brush my extended nipples. But then she would bring her stethoscope lower, pressing down on my stomach, and just below my navel. I felt my pussy quiver at her palpitations! And then thankfully, she finished her examination.

"Very good, Erica. Everything seems to be normal. Now if you will just step onto the scale over here, and then we'll be done…" the woman instructed.

I pulled down my shirt and scampered to the other side of the room in my panties, nearly slipping as my socks glided across the floor. I was a little embarrassed with my butt and bare slender legs on display. The woman had me step onto the scale platform, arms at my sides. I tried to present my best posture.

"How old are you, Erica?" the nurse asked as she adjusted the scale's weights.

I watched her pull up the vertical measuring rule, unfolding the metal piece until it touched the top of my head.

"Eighteen," I answered softly.

She grunted something and then scratched some marks onto her clipboard. After a few minutes, she told me I could step off the scale. I walked back toward the middle of the room, and then stood with my hands clasped in front of my panties.

"Well, Erica, you certainly appear to be healthy and fit," the nurse said by way of conclusion. "A little slim, I suppose, but all your vitals are very good. I have no problem clearing you for registration."

Breathing a sigh of relief, I let my hands separate, arms dangling at my sides. I was given a health form that said I was approved to sign up for classes, and instructed to take this to the Registrar's Office.

The tall woman smiled at me and said, "When you've finished with your business, I need you to return that form to me. I will be here for the rest of the day."

Again, I slowly nodded, showing that I understood her directions. And then I was apparently dismissed, as the nurse collected her things and proceeded to walk out the door. I was left alone for a moment to collect my own thoughts and sort out my undulating emotions. For some reason, I felt butterflies in my tummy.

Just as I was about to gather my discarded overalls, Alicia and Carrie suddenly burst into the office.

"Come on, Erica!" my friends chimed together. Then Alicia said, "We didn't expect to have to wait for you all day. Are you done yet?"

I blushed at first, caught in my underwear and little socks. "I'm… I'm finished. I just have to bring this form to Registrar's…"

"Hmmm… Let me see that," Carrie quickly stepped forward and snatched the paper from my fingers.

Clasping my hands behind my back, I watched the strawberry-blonde girl scan the rather uninteresting document. Then she passed it to Alicia, who had been standing with her arms folded. Before I knew it, Carrie was standing toe-to-toe with me, smiling at me, and placed her hands on my hips. She playfully snapped the elastic of my panties on one side… and then started to actually tug them lower!

"What… what are you doing?" I gasped.

Carrie squatted as she pulled my underwear down so that my smooth vulva was in view and in front of her face. "I'm stripping you, silly!"

I shivered as she breathed the words onto my hairless pussy.When she told me to lift, all I could do was obediently raise my leg, allowing her to take the panties completely off my feet. I saw that Alicia only stood by and chuckled!

Carrie stood up again, eyeing my half-naked figure, twirling the delicate pink fabric around her finger. She casually strolled behind me where she then smacked my bare ass, causing me to jump a little. But then she rubbed slow sensual circles over the stinging cheek. It felt really nice, but whenever Carrie did this, it usually meant she was about to coax me into doing something.

The buxom blonde was now standing fully behind me, and she gripped the bottom of my shirt, beginning to lift. Now I was struck breathless as my perky tits popped into view with elongated nipples quivering up and down. Carrie leaned in close and spoke into my ear.

"Because you made us wait outside for so long, Erica, we are going to let you deliver that health form in the nude!"

My eyes went wide, as I reached up with both my hands to squeeze my breasts. "You mean… totally nude?"

"Yeah!" Carrie giggled. "Won't that be so exciting!"

Finally, I broke free of that wild girl's clutches, nearly stumbling into Alicia. I straightened my shirt as I spun around and said, "Wait a minute… I'm new on this campus; I haven't even begun classes! I get be caught running around naked!"

I looked back to Alicia for support, but she only poked me in the ass and said, "How about this, Erica… we can give you back your panties, but then you have to go to the Registrar's Office topless. Or you can keep your shirt, but you'll have to make the trip bottomless!"

Leaning against the examination table, Carrie clapped her hands and squealed with delight. Frankly, I wasn't too sure about either proposition. I mean, either way, I would be flashing around my pink bits! Why couldn't they just let me get dressed? But I already saw Carrie take my folded-up overalls and hug them against her body. I suppose my underwear was in that pile as well.

"All right, I'll keep my shirt," I said after some thought.

Truthfully, I was embarrassed about the hardened state of my nipples and didn't want them exposed. And I guess I've always been insecure about my smallish breasts. Self-consciously, I tugged on the end of my white top, but the fabric barely stretched down to my hips. With a nervous sigh, I folded my hands over my pussy.

Alicia walked around to join Carrie by the table, and patted the leather upholstery. "Oh, Erica, would you just climb up here and lie down for a second?"

Uncertain of what she had in mind, and more concerned about the whole situation, I shuffled over and hopped up on the table. When I stretched my legs straight out, I shyly placed a hand over my pussy. Even though these girls had seen me naked before, I was still embarrassed. I was taken by surprise when Alicia lifted my foot and pulled off the ankle sock!

"Wha… Why did you do that?" I asked, even as my friend tugged off the other sock.

Rubbing my bare feet, the brunette answered, "Well, if you're going to be bottomless, then that means nothing on beneath your waist!"

"Oh!" I said, while Alicia continued to play with my feet. "But I thought I could at least wear my shoes…"

My friend still had a foot in her hand, gently lifting and easing my leg back and forth, teasing my pretty little toes.

"Nope," she said simply.

And then Carrie grabbed my hands, and pulled me off the examination table. My butt made an un-sticking sound as I was lifted off the leather. Briefly, I looked around, and saw no sign of the rest of my clothes. I turned to the strawberry-blonde for an explanation.

"I had to hide them out of view," Carrie said nonchalantly. "So the nurse wouldn't get suspicious. They should be here when we get back…"

Amazed, I could only watch her swing her curvy hips as she headed for the door. Alicia passed by my side, pausing to pat me on the behind. She offered some encouraging words and then she too started leaving the room. I had no choice but to follow after.

This was so crazy! I was only wearing one piece of clothing! Of course I hadn't thought this through. But if I had chosen to go topless, at least I would have been wearing my panties and sneakers. I bet that would have been a cute sight! Now, I was left to creep forward on my bare tiptoes, sticking my head out into the hallway to make sure it was clear.

When me feet slapped onto the cold tiles, it then struck me that I was actually inside a building on campus, with my crotch and ass completely on display! All the excitement certainly caused my body to react in unwanted ways, and I know my pink labia were unfolded and visible. This, Carrie was quick to point out.

"Oh, you look so adorable," she giggled. "Pretty soon, it will be poking out…"

I couldn't believe she was say such a thing out loud! And here I was hoping not to draw any attention. The girls walked on either side of me, and I had to admit that the breeze blowing across my bare lower half was very stimulating. Occasionally they would reach out to pinch or tickle my butt, making me very horny! Thankfully, it was still a few days before the semester began, so the building was empty as I continued my bottomless stroll.

Unfortunately, when we rounded the corner and stepped into the corridor leading to the exit, I saw the door starting to open! My friends acted quickly, shuffling in front of me, just as a guy and a girl came walking in our direction. I slipped directly behind Carrie and we backed up against the wall to let these people pass. They looked like students, possibly in our freshman class. It would be so humiliating to be caught like this! Clutching onto my taller friend's shoulders, I was afraid, but also turned on. I began rubbing myself against Carrie, grinding my crotch into her ass. As I slowly bounced on my toes, my shirt began to ride up until my bare stomach brushed her back.

The college students continued down the hallway, walking past the three of us and giving us a smile and a pleasant hello. I shifted and maneuvered myself constantly, so that my body was never in view, just my face peeking over Carrie's shoulder. After the couple had disappeared beyond the corner, the buxom blonde stepped away from me and turned around.

I looked down to see that my top had lifted practically to my chin, leaving my breasts totally exposed with nipples throbbing. My arms were still covered, but everything from my neck down was now on display!

"Careful, Erica, you almost lost your shirt!" Carrie moved closer again, placing her hand between my tits. "And you were getting the back of my shorts damp, tee-hee!"

She giggled as she then helped lower my top, pulling it back down to my midriff. But before turning from me, she stuck the length of her middle finger all the way inside my lubricated pussy! Carrie slid her finger out slowly, pausing to tickle my special spot.

"Mmmmm," I shuddered and groaned.

The eighteen-year-old vixen licked my juices of her finger, and winked at me. Alicia, however, was quick to grab my elbow before I could start rubbing myself.

"Come on, girls!" she said. "We had best get going before Erica looses control."

And just like that, we were marching toward the door. With Alicia still holding, even dragging me, by my one arm and my other hand clutching the health form… I had no way to cover up. My tight naked ass bounced and wiggled as I padded barefoot across the floor.

Carrie moved ahead of us on her long shapely legs, opening the door to check that no one else was around. She waved Alicia and me forward, and they ushered me outside. Immediately, the bright sunlight hit my legs and toes and tickled my pussy, bathing me in a warm feeling in my tummy. It felt so amazing to be standing out here on my new college campus, wearing just a pullover shirt! Of course, it helped that there was not a lot of activity going on, and it seemed relatively quiet.

I noticed, thankfully, that Alicia had parked her car nearby, right up against the curb. Apparently she was not too concerned with getting a ticket from the campus security. I figured that was another good sign, that I didn't see anyone patrolling this area, so we were probably alone. In general, the campus had a nice secluded feel to it, with rows of maple trees lining the streets and walkways.

Carrie and I jiggled down the pavement; me because my butt was exposed, and Carrie because her body was just naturally made for jiggling! Alicia opened up the back seat passenger side door, and I waited for her to let me in. I watched her bend over, as if she was rummaging around for something, and then she straightened and turned around.

"Here you go, Erica!" Alicia exclaimed and presented me with a handsome black portfolio.

I stood there for a moment, one hand covering my pussy, and asked, "What's this?"

"Well, I figured you could use a little protection… so why don't you place your health form in this folder, and you can carry it in front of you." Alicia smiled at her generosity.

I blinked, suddenly comprehending. "You mean you aren't going to just drive me to the Registrar's Office?"

Both the girls laughed and Carrie said, "Now what would be the point of taking your pants, underwear, shoes and socks, if we didn't make you walk bottomless across the campus!"

"Look, you've got your top on," Alicia added, "so you're decent from the waist up. Now if we run into anybody, you just keep that binder in front of your crotch!"

Carrie chimed in helpfully, "And I'll be sure to keep my hands on your buns, so that no one sees your cheeks!"

Oh my gosh… I was so embarrassed, wondering exactly what would happened! As we made our way down the silent sidewalk, I firmly gripped the portfolio so that it covered me from my pubic mound down to the middle of my thighs. We eventually reached the wider street that had to be crossed, since the administrative building was on the other side of the campus. But first we had to wait as a car drove by on the road in front of us. The girls were on either side of me, and I just stood there in my bare feet, knowing that my little button was poking out of its hood. Thankfully, the black binder effectively hid my pink parts.

After the way was clear, we dashed through the crossway, my toes arched as I scampered over the blacktop paving. Then there was a path that cut across a wide green lawn, and now I noticed more students about. They weren't close by, but Alicia and Carrie huddled near in case they had to quickly cover my backside. As we proceeded to walk out in the open, my friends assured me that at this distance, no one would be able to detect anything.

And then I spotted someone walking down the same path, heading toward us! I pressed the leather-bound folder tightly against my thighs, and pointed with my other hand. Panicking, I almost dropped my covering completely and streaked across the open field. But Alicia gripped my arm and urged me to stand my ground. I shyly rubbed my toes behind my other leg, and waited for this guy to approach. At least if I had some shoes on, I wouldn't feel so naked!

Lugging a backpack over his shoulder, he walked down the path with his head down, not paying us much attention.

Just as he passed Alicia to my side, Carrie suddenly twirled around and brought her back against mine… eclipsing my smaller form and hiding my bare bottom. On top of that, she teased and pulled on the tresses of her red-golden hair, even playing with the waistband of her shorst. The guy cast a backward glance over his shoulder, caught one sight of Carrie, and stumbled in his tracks. I hadn't realized it at first, but she had lowered the back of her shorts and slid her panties down a little so that she could rub her butt against mine! Meanwhile, this guy thought she was flirting with him! Thank goodness for my friend's flirtatious antics, as now he was the one embarrassed and he scrambled to continue on his way without tripping over his feet.

After this poor young man was out of sight, we all burst out laughing, and Carrie readjusted and pulled up her underwear.

"You're too much!" Alicia said smiling, but shook her head.

I was smiling too, until I looked at Carrie in front of me, and realized that I no longer had my ass protected! "Oh my gosh, we should get going!"

"Whatever you say, Sweet Cheeks!" Carrie giggled, emphasizing her point as she reached around to slap my rear end.

The three of us moved at a quicker pace, heading toward the main buildings. Being the shortest, I had to hurry my steps so that I wouldn't fall behind the other girls. I wanted them close by, especially as I could see more people in the area. Oh, why did they ever make me do this! As humiliating as it was to have my butt on display, and there was nothing I could do about it, I still felt my nipples inexplicably stiffen.

As we drew near the edge of the path, I could make out groups of young men and women passing into and out of the building. There were people on marble benches, too, that were spread across the plaza. This was the center that had a lot of the classrooms, as well as the campus bookstore and cafeteria. It was likely to be crawling with students, even before school officially started. But across the plaza on the left, was the administrative building that I needed to reach, in order to deliver my health form and register.

I tugged on Alicia's shirt, signaling for her to stop. "Wait a moment… I remember that there is another entrance to that building. There are steps along the side!"

"I don't know, Erica," my friend frowned as I tried to urge her in a different direction, heading off the path.

Carrie tugged at my own shirt, the only piece of clothing I was wearing. "Yeah, I was kind of hoping you would be brave enough to walk across the plaza."

"I don't think I can!" I protested, my eyes wide.

"Not challenging enough for you, huh?" Carrie continued to tease, now playing with the ends of my soft brown hair. "Tell you what… let me hold onto the binder, then take off your shirt… and I dare you to walk up to the building stark naked!"

"No way!" I nearly shouted, though I was mighty tempted, almost mesmerized by my friend's sensuous curves and ruby lips.

Determined to keep my resolve, and what was left of my dignity intact, I shrugged my arms free and started to inch away from the girls. When my bare feet found the green grass of the lawn, I turned around and began creeping toward the hedges that ran along the base of the administrative building. I knew Alicia and Carrie's eyes were fixed on my cute little ass, I just hoped no one else was watching! But I was also aware of my labia hanging down, and I was sure that my pussy lips were visible from behind.

Walking in a half-crouch, I tried my best to pull my shirt further down. It was no use, since the material wouldn't even stretch past my bellybutton.I paused behind the concealment of some shrubbery, wondering how I was going to do this. Beyond the long row of leafy hedges, I saw the start of white marble steps climbing up toward the building.

Suddenly, a shadow fell over me… I raised my head to see Alicia and Carrie standing next to me. They had decided to help me along, after all! But first, the girls reached down and grabbed me under each of my arms, and gently lifted me to my feet. The motion caused my shirt to ride up a little so that for a moment, my shaved pink pussy was not covered and clearly on display!

"Oooh, someone's kitty wants to come out to play," Carrie giggled. "Can I pet her?"

I quickly lowered my arm holding Alicia's black portfolio, and hid my sensitive vulva. "Let's just go and get this over with!"

The girls had a nice little chuckle at my expense, but then they gathered around me. Alicia was on my side, and Carrie just a step behind, which allowed me to walk across the lawn without my bottomless state being too noticeable. Although knowing that the strawberry-blonde young woman's eyes were focused on my bare butt, had me blushing quite a bit!

When we reached the side steps to the building, there was thankfully no one in sight. Taking a deep breath, I turned to my brunette friend, Alicia.

"They're not going to let me walk around like this inside, and they certainly won't let me register. Quick, take off your shorts and flip-flops and let me wear them!"

The girls exchanged amused glances, and then Alicia said, "Well I'll let you borrow my flip-flops so you don't get caught running around barefoot. But as for my shorts…"

"You've made it this far," Carrie finished. "Why cover up your bottom now?"

Damn! I was hoping to strip one of my friends for once, and leave her to wriggle in embarrassment. Instead, I had to content myself with watching Alicia step out of her flip-flops and kick them in my direction. As I slid each thong between my toes, I realized they were a little big on my petite feet, but I could certainly manage.

"I guess I'll just wait out here," Alicia grumbled and folded her arms.

I stood for a moment and gazed down my friend's shapely tanned legs, ending with her own pretty feet arched on the white marble steps. Involuntarily, I licked my lips. Then Carrie gave me a playful slap on the ass, causing me to yelp, and face the doors. Time for us to get going!

Nervously, I looked over my shoulder, across the wide lawn of the campus. I could see people in the distance, but no one close enough to see what was going on. Carrie had jogged ahead, and opened the building's side entrance doors. This left me to slap the rest of the way in Alicia's borrowed flip-flops, with my naked ass on fully exposed. The folder, I kept firmly clamped over my hairless crotch. Just before ducking inside, I turned to see Alicia wink at me and blow a sarcastic kiss.

As soon as I stepped inside, I could feel my heart pounding. Here I was, in one of the wings of my college Administrative Building, completely bottomless! I was excited, and aroused, and at the same time, scared to death of getting caught. Carrie gave me a reassuring little smile, then nodded in the direction of some wide spiral stairs that wound their way up to the second floor. That was where the Office of the Registrar was located.

I looked around anxiously, but the two of us were alone at the foot of the stairway. Should I go first, I wondered, even as I lifted my leg to the step. I mean, I would have my front covered with Alicia's folder. But my supple bottom would be at the mercy of my friend's wandering hands. At least she would shield me from anyone coming up the stairs behind us.

Of course, just as I feared, when I had climbed halfway up about five or six steps, Carrie placed her fingertips on my butt! I froze… it felt like she spread my ass cheeks apart! I nearly dropped the portfolio with my papers.

"Carrie… what are you doing?" I gasped.

A few steps below me, the girl continued to fondle my behind and said, "Just examining you, Erica. Your butt is blushing… it's all pink and rosy! And I can see how excited you are just between your legs. I bet your nipples are so hard, right now."

"No they're not!" I hushed her, even though they were. "Stop it, Carrie! You're making me… very… horny!"

Over my shoulder, I saw Carrie give me a self-satisfied smirk as she continued to rub my ass. "Mmmm-hmmm… as if you weren't already!"

My legs felt weak, like Jell-o, and I almost slipped off Alicia's flip-flops. I was afraid where Carrie was going with this. It would be one thing to get caught without any pants on. But I imagined people walking down the stairs to find me getting eaten out on these college steps! That would be pretty embarrassing! With a moan of frustration, I bravely gripped the black folder hiding my erect clitoris, and started climbing up the stairs again.

While I fretfully tousled my hair with a free hand, I could hear the strawberry-blonde giggling behind me. And then she skipped up the flight of stairs to walk next to me as we turned the corner. At first I was relieved that she was on my side, and not playing with my naked bottom. But then I got frightened again, feeling all exposed an drafty back there. How strange that Carrie was my security blanket as well as my biggest tormentor, all at once and the same time!

"Oh, calm down, Erica!" she said, putting an affectionate arm around me and squeezing. "Look… there's the office right up ahead, and not even a line!"

I noticed then that we had reached the hallway of the second floor, luxurious in its rich red carpeting and all the scholastic tapestries. Looking around at the surroundings that were still fairly new to me, I momentarily lost my sense of awareness. Lowering my arm, I casually swung the folder at my side, as we walked down the corridor. Carrie grinned, but then admonished me just before we approached the doorway.

"Don't walk in there with your pussy showing," she said in a loud whisper.

Oh my goodness, she was right! Even though hearing her talking about my naughty parts made me shiver with delight, I recovered my bearings in time to slap that portfolio below my bellybutton just as we crossed into the office. It appeared that there were only a few admissions staff workers behind the large counter, and they did not note our entrance.

I walked right up to the tall station, which came up to about my breasts, and laid the black binder on top. Hopefully, Carrie would take care of protecting my bottom, while behaving herself! Luckily, we were the only two students here. God, I wanted to get this over with!

"Um, hi…" I started, slipping a foot out of Alicia's flip-flop to nervously rub my toes behind my other leg. "I'm… I'm here to register for classes."

An older lady with glasses and white curly hair turned around to regard me. "Oh, hello dear. Register for classes, did you say? Seems a little late, with the term starting in a couple of days. You must be new…"

And bottomless, I thought to myself. Behind me, I heard Carrie rustling one of those fold out registration guides that spread out like a newspaper, listing all the available classes. I felt her approach me, leaning the paper against my lower back and butt. The hair on my neck stood on end, I had goose pimples, a blushed bright red. I suppose the lady just thought it was Freshman nervousness. Conscious of my uncovered pussy opening up, I mumbled something about my health form and handed her the paper.

"You know, Erica," the lady commented as she reviewed the form and supplied me with a pen and class schedule. "If you had submitted this earlier, you could have been registered by now. I'm afraid all the classes you wanted to take might be filled up already"

"Oh, that's all right," Carrie chimed in over my shoulder. "Erica is undecided as a major, so she can sign up anything. She just wants to experience it all!"

I tried to ignore my friend's melodic voice, her sweet breath in my ear. But then she whipped away the registration schedule and placed it on top the high counter. I was left standing bottomless in front of the Registrar!

In the next moment, a couple of other students walked in through the door at the other side of the office. A guy and a girl, I think they glanced in my direction, but Carrie quickly sidestepped and blocked me from their view. Unfortunately, this meant my cute little ass was hanging bare out in the open. Hoping no one would enter behind me, I spread my legs slightly and stood on my toes so I could continue filling out my schedule. It was hard to concentrate, knowing that my pussy lips were peeking out between my legs, and I nervously hooked a strand of hair behind my ear. This was so hot! All I could think about as I aimlessly selected classes, was that when I took these classes, I would always remember I had signed up for them half-naked. At one point, I reached down and touched my shaved vulva.

Finally, I managed to get through this exercise, which seemed to take forever. Signing my name with trembling fingers, I handed the schedule back to the Registrar lady.

"Oh no, this will never do," she replied. "See here, young lady? There is a conflict between these two classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays. You can keep one, but you will have to pick something else to put in that slot."

Across from us, I heard the other two students chuckle. I felt like such a child! I guess they were older and had no problem filling out their schedules. Or maybe they were making changes to maximize their free time and signing up with the best professors. All I knew was that I felt humiliated and incredibly horny. Blushing, I crossed out the one offending class and scanned the sheet for a suitable replacement. The room felt so warm, I started fidgeting with the bottom of my shirt, lifting it until my bellybutton was exposed. I wished I could take it off completely.

Oh my gosh… then I would be standing totally nude in front of everyone!

"Erica, let me help you," Carrie offered, seeing me at a loss. "You can take this seminar here. I signed up for that one, too!"

I simply nodded my head, unable to find the words to speak. My mind was in a haze… the longer we stayed here, the more I was growing aroused. Again, I heard the older students snickering at my indecision and hesitation. Thank goodness that my busty, curvy friend was able to block the side of my body, or they would have seen my bare hip and leg. And maybe something else, which was poking out of its hood! I slid the class schedule back to the lady, and then turned my head in time to see the nineteen or twenty-year-olds shuffle out of the office.

"Hear you go, Dear," the Registrar gave me back my health form, even placing it in Alicia's folder for me. "Now you are all set to begin your first term. You must be so excited!"

My eyes were wide, my butt clenched reflexively, and I knew I was wet down there. Carrie and I had to get out of here, or I was afraid I might have an orgasm right in the Administrative Building! What were my friends thinking, sending me up here wearing so little?

"You should go first," Carrie whispered and nudged me with her arm.

I paused, hoping that the woman behind the counter would go back to her clerical duties and not pay any attention to us. Of course, I realized that I would need to turn around and I was worried about revealing my bare ass. Instead, I gripped Alicia's folder containing my health form and class schedule, pulling it down fast to cover my crotch. I then took several slow steps, walking backward and easing away from the counter. The lady eyed me curiously, and Carrie watched with an amused expression. I just hoped that no one would walk up behind me, or that I wouldn't back into anyone.

Fortunately, my friend had the good sense to briskly walk around me, and make sure the hallway outside was clear. But before I could finally make my escape, the old lady offered a parting bit of advice.

"Erica, I wouldn't wear such tiny shorts to your classes!"

Oh, oh! If only she knew I wasn't wearing any shorts or underwear at all! Ashamed, I nodded by head, and then practically stumbled into Carrie's waiting arms. She gripped my shoulders tight, gradually spinning me around. My back was pressed hard against her body. I almost started grinding my butt against her crotch!

"No time for that, sweetie," She purred in my ear. "Just keep walking…"

In this fashion, we awkwardly made our way back down the corridor. Carrie stepped in time with my heels, and I kept that portfolio held tight over my tingling pussy. Her scent and close embrace was driving me crazy, but it was a good thing we stuck together. More students passed us in both directions. There was no way I would have been able to hide my rear if she had been strolling casually at my side! The thought of how vulnerable I was had my heart beating fast, and my tummy fluttering. As we began to descend the winding staircase, a couple of female students came bounding up toward us.

"Nice legs!" one of them teased and they giggled as they passed us on the stairs.

I realized now that while the flare of my hips and lower regions were effectively covered, I was still showing a lot of skin; from the tops of my thighs all the way down my slender legs, to the tips of my pretty toes, my feet nearly falling out of Alicia's flip flops. Blushing, I heard the heavy footsteps of a man walking down the steps above us. Carrie and I froze, and then edged our way to the side of the wall.

He looked like he might be one of the professors… dressed in a brown tweed suit; balding and overweight, his arms burdened with a briefcase and books. The man paused when he reached the steps with Carrie and me, peering at us from behind his glasses. I guess we looked pretty indecent. Nevertheless, my friend gave him a friendly hello, I'm sure with an innocent smile. Then the gentleman muttered in aggravation, as if he had forgotten something. He shifted his weight and started huffing his way back up the stairs, the two of us soon forgotten.

Carrie took this opportunity to give me a little shove, to get me moving again. Unfortunately, she caught me off guard. I stumbled forward and down the steps, with both arms flailing to keep my balance. In this manner and skidded down the last flight with my pussy and ass uncovered! When I landed on the level floor, I used my free hand to place in front of my glistening crotch, and leaned my head against the binder in my other arm. Carrie skipped down the remaining steps to join me.

"Wasn't that fun!" she gave an exhilarating sigh.

Pouting, I answered, "Look… I just want to get back to the nurse's office and put on some pants!"

"Oh, all right," Carrie relented with a pout of her own, adding, "if you insist."

We then proceeded to walk toward the building's side entrance, and pushed open the doors. There was Alicia, who had apparently hoisted herself up on the concrete perimeter that ran along either side of the broad steps. Swinging her legs and bare feet, she glared at me as we approached.

"You know, Erica, I've been spending a lot of the day waiting around for you!" She frowned at me standing below her, shyly clutching her binder in front of my privates. "First you took forever getting that health examination. And now you made me stay out here alone while you registered for your classes. What took you so long?"

"I'm sorry," I said meekly.

Suddenly Carrie stepped purposely between us. "Let me hold on to your folder, Erica, while you remove the flip-flops and give them back to Alicia."

"Oh, but… I can just slip them off…" I started to protest, unwilling to loose my pubic shield.

Alicia leaned back on her hands, and stretched one of her legs in front of me, wiggling her toes in my face. "Fine, but I want you to put them on my feet, like a good little bottomless servant! After all, it might make up for all the trouble you've made me put up with."

This last bit, she added with a sly smile, as if she were up to something. But I suppose my friend did have a point. She was nice enough to drive me up to the college in the first place, and lend me her flip-flops. I bit my lip and looked at Carrie. Then, reluctantly, I handed the black portfolio to the buxom strawberry-blonde. Immediately, I clasped both my hands over my bare pussy.

In this position, I bashfully slid first one foot, and then the other out of Alicia's shoes. My toes curled on the marble warmed by the angle of the sun. Now I had to bend down at my knees to pick up the borrowed flip-flops. The whole time, I kept one eye on the building's doors. Without the folder, or anything on my feet, I felt so naked out here!

I needed both my hands now to hold Alicia's bare heel and submissively pull the thong of her flip-flop between her toes. Beneath the hem of my shirt, my pink pussy lips parted, letting my labia hang out. This was so embarrassing! But as soon as both flip-flops were back on my brunette friend's feet, she hopped off the ledge to land in front of me, making me take a step back.

"Thank you, Erica," she said sweetly. "But it seems I've lent you two of my things today: my shoes and my portfolio…"

Standing with my arms dangling nervously at my sides, I tried to answer enthusiastically, "Yes, Alicia, I really appreciate you helping me!"

"Well, I think I'm still going to borrow something from you in return," my friend reached out to brush a lock of hair behind my ear. "Your… shirt!"

Giggling with delight, Alicia had her fingers instantly on my shoulders, grabbing at the material of my shirt. I was totally defenseless! She pulled the fabric up my body, all the way to my neck… then she pulled even further, turning the shirt inside out as it wrapped around my head. In a blind panic, I took three steps backward. Gleefully, Alicia tugged the shirt toward her and it peeled entirely off my arms…

Free of the soft, clingy material, I turned around dazed for a moment. I blinked and saw Carrie pointing at me, her mouth hanging open. My hand grazed down my bare stomach. I lowered my eyes, and saw my erect nipples quivering.

Oh my gosh… I was stark naked on my college campus!

No shoes, no shirt, I had absolutely nothing on! My palms quickly covered my small tits, and I swung my head around fearfully.

"Alicia!" I cried, hopping on the steps of my school's Administration Building, totally nude!

My friends gingerly approached me, laughing and grinning. They told me not to make a scene, that I might draw other people's attention. Alicia plucked my class schedule and health form out of her folder, and held them out to me.

"Here you go, Erica," she said. "I guess you can take these back to the nurse."

This was unbelievable. One arm still slung across my chest, I actually took the paperwork from her. A handful of pages, that was all I had now. I was afraid to cover my pussy, because the juices of my arousal would get the papers wet. And then the doors behind us were flung open.

"Holy crap, there's a naked girl out here!" exclaimed a young male voice.

I turned halfway around to see a mixed group of college students. They had already seen my ass, I didn't want them to see my pink flower. Especially as my erect clitoris was sticking out! My friends, Alicia and Carrie just burst out laughing. Well, at the sound of the approaching voices, I was spurred into action…

My fingers curled around the paperwork while my other arm flailed out at my side and I ran down the steps of the building, cute little ass bouncing all the way. My bare feet hit the open lawn, and I streaked across the campus field. Fortunately classes were not in session yet, or there would have likely been hundreds if not thousands of students around. Still, there were isolated pockets of people who saw me. But I wasn't sure how much detail they could make out, so I just kept running.

Pumping my arms at my sides, my nipples poked straight ahead. There was a nice breeze blowing over my shaved pussy lips, but I didn't have time to savor such sensations. I had to get back to my clothes at the health office! When I reached the edge of the lawn, there were still paths and intersections that I had to cross. Completely naked, I jogged by some people sitting on benches, and heard whistles and yells of delight. But then I realized the flaw in my brash, wild plan.

Before I could reach the Health Office, I had to cross the two-lane road bisecting the campus! I actually had to stop and stand on the sidewalk, waiting for the oncoming traffic to ease. Shyly, I cupped my pussy with one hand and stood on my bare toes, poised to run once the cars drove down the street. Each going in opposite direction, they honked their horns at the sight of my nubile form, and then it was safe for me to pass. As soon as my feet slapped across the asphalt, I knew the drivers were turning to check out my ass!

Once on this side of the campus, I had to pick my way carefully, not wanting to take a wrong turn and end up near the dormitories! This meant my progress was slowed to a crawl, and I found myself walking bare-assed naked down the sidewalk. At one point, I had to pass a fenced tennis court, and about half a dozen college guys were staring at me. I had to admit, it made me feel kind of hot, but I was also embarrassed by this brazen display of nudity.

Across from the tennis court, I spotted the large white building that housed the health office, and I hurried my pace. Of course, I wiggled my hips and shook my ass just a little, even slipping a finger inside my pussy when I heard the whistles and cheering. Now I crept forward as I closed in on the door, not wanted to give a full frontal flash to any unsuspecting campus visitors.

Thankfully, it was still quiet as I stepped barefoot into the corridor. I had the impression from the nurse that it was going to be a slow day. Well, it turned out to be pretty memorable for me! I couldn't believe it was almost over. Tip-toeing down the hallway, I absently pinched and stroked one of my nipples.

I reached the examination room undetected, and placed my papers on a nearby desk. Letting out a sigh of relief, I stood in the center of the room with my hands on my hips. Now where did Carrie put my things? Suddenly, the door to the office opened behind me, causing me to jump…

"Erica!" came the surprised voice of a woman, the college health official. "Why are you undressed?"

I spun around, bright red, arms dropping at my sides to let her see me in all my glory. "Um… I, that is… I registered for classes and I'm returning the health form!"

The statuesque brunette brought a hand to her mouth, trying to hide a smile. "Yes, dear, but why did you take off all your clothes?"

"Well, ma'am…" I started, stalling for time and thinking of an excuse. Moving over to the table, I hopped up on its surface, spreading my knees wide apart. "I thought since I was here… maybe I could get a complete physical examination!"

Eyeing me shrewdly, the college nurse glanced at the clock on the wall, then instructed me to lay down completely. This I did eagerly, with hands trembling at my sides. As I lay on the table fully nude, I watched her retrieve her stethoscope and clipboard. I noticed she didn't bother to close the door as she clicked in her heels across the office.

When the nurse placed her hands on my bare tummy, my whole body tingled! I squirmed a little, and fear I may have let a moan escape my lips. She commented on the erect state of my nipples, and sensed that I was experiencing more than embarrassment. By the time she began the vaginal examination, I was on the verge of an orgasm. Very clinically, she softly spread my pussy lips, remarking on the hyperextension of my clitoris. The nurse took great interest in slowly rubbing the small fleshy protrusion between her thumb and forefinger, causing me to arch my back.

"Aaaahh…" I gasped, unable to hold out much longer.

At that moment, Carrie and Alicia walked into the room, carrying my shirt and retrieving the rest of my clothes. Just then, the nurse probed my pussy… sticking her finger deep inside my slit!

My perky tits bouncing, nipples tall and quivering, I started to cum. I was so humiliated, as my juices flowed onto the brown leather of the examination table, but it felt so good! Looking between my legs, which the nurse had lifted in each of her hands, I saw her give me an understanding smile. I then turned my head to see Alicia and Carrie standing there, trying to conceal their laughter, and not doing a very good job!

"As I noted, Erica, you are a very healthy young woman," the nurse reaffirmed.

She thanked me again for taking care of the registration paperwork, and told me that I could get cleaned up and dressed. Before exiting the room, she paused between my friends and gave them this friendly advice:

"Try to keep her out of trouble. She's very excitable…"

The two girls giggled, and promised they would look after me! Like I was some child under their guardianship! But rather than be upset or angry, as I sat up and rolled myself over on the table, being naked in the room with Alicia and Carrie only made me horny. When the nurse finally left us alone, I started masturbating again… face down, slipping an arm between my legs, and bringing myself to have two more orgasms.

"One for each of us," Carrie teased as she took a handful of tissues and patted down my legs and pussy.

Once I was able to put on my underwear, shirt, and overalls, Alicia affectionately straightened and smoothed out my hair.

What a way to begin college!

**24 - Erica and the Guard By Drew**

“OH Erica, come ON, if you don’t hurry we’ll be late!” Alicia warned, wagging her forefinger at me.

We had to leave an hour early to Orientation, so Alicia could pay for her parking sticker. We knew there’d be a wait, thinking everyone probably had the same idea as us.

I pulled on my panties, grabbing the first t-shirt on the pile of clean clothes on my bed, then pulled it on. I didn’t have time to fuss with a bra today, besides, I had my new sweater to wear over it.

Since this wasn’t really a school day with classes, I didn’t think it mattered how I was dressed.

She was getting impatient. “Look Slowpoke, if we don’t get there on time, I don’t get a parking sticker. No sticker for me means we take the train to school! You and I!”

I imagined fat old guys leering at me, and grubby young ones, and other assorted creatures that inhabit public transportation, shivering. I didn’t want that!

I slipped on my blue jeans. I was ready to go, but my pointy nipples could be plainly seen through my t-shirt! I thought maybe I should wear the sweater now. It was a beautiful oversized angora button up.

“I'm coming, I’m coming, just give me a minute,” I scolded her, while putting on my Nikes.

“We’ve got to leave right now Erica! Come on!” she yelled, grabbing me hard by the arm. I had just enough time to grab my purse.

Outdoors, It was getting cooler out now, and shivering, my nipples proved it.

We ran out the door to Alicia’s car.

“Alicia! We’re not that late!”

Today was the first day of school, for freshmen anyway, and Alicia and I were to get our syllabuses. First we had to go to Orientation though, after the parking thing at Security.

We drove the miles in silence, each of us wondering what the year would bring us. I was getting excited, College! No more High School, or high school pranks!

The parking lot wasn’t full yet, but would be by eight.

Campus security was behind Administration, and to get there we decided to walk, as there was no parking to be had close to the Security building.

“Come on silly, this’ll only take a minute. Then we gotta go to Admin, and after that we’ll meet everyone at the Quad,” Alicia stated with certainty.

I wondered if I’d see Lisa and Carrie. I was sure I would, sooner or later. I wondered how Lisa would handle being the Freshman rather than top Senior, the bossy b\*tch! And Carrie, my panties were damp just thinking of her.

We both walked quickly around Admin, walking its long length past the side door where I’d lost my pants and flip-flops to Alicia. I shuddered, remembering my bottomless venture through those doors the last time, thanks to Alicia and Carrie.

At last we reached the Security building.

The long Security building was actually modern for the school. Modern ugly. It looked like a doublewide trailer with wooden steps leading to a small platform before the door. At some time it’d been painted white. Now it was gray, with splinters.

Sure enough, there was a long line of young guys and girls hanging out there talking, sitting on the sidewalk in little groups, cell phones and Ipods glued to their ears.

“Good! This isn’t too bad Erica! Wait right here while I get what I need.” She said, moving towards end of the line. I stood alone on the sidewalk, watching everything and everyone.

Alicia, standing in line, moved closer and closer to the trailer door, which was standing open. Inside I saw a few Security people inside standing around and one uniformed Woman sitting at a card table, doing paperwork as students walked in.

I was bored senseless, just hanging out when Lisa and Carrie seemed to appear out of nowhere!

“Well hi little Erica,” Lisa grinned menacingly, emphasizing “little.”

Carrie appeared by my side, rubbing my arm. “Brrrrr, I didn’t bring a sweater Erica, I'm glad you did,” she grinned and winked.

Carrie leaned in close to me, whispering, “Mmm, this sweater feels good Erica, angora! I’m so cold, and here you are, all snug and comfy. Can I get in?” she asked as she grabbed the open side of the sweater and tried to stretch it around her, pulling me tight into a sideways hug. Her tit was pressing my arm, and she was right! Her skin was cold. Her nipple was hard!

“So what are ya waiting for Erica, give it to her!” Lisa ordered, now interested. Most of the time she seemed uninterested in Carrie’s antics with me.

“Your face is red, Erica,” Lisa said, “You look warm enough,”

Ohmygod, I thought, what are these two up to? I stood back, shook my arms out of it and handed it to a smiling Carrie.

Carrie wrapped the sleeves around her waist. “Woo hoo!” she laughed, “Oooh, my butts warmer, thank you Princess!”

Carrie then moved behind me, rubbing my neck and shoulders through my t-shirt, my nipples became excited at her massage, popping through the thin t-shirt.

My clit had begun its journey outward, I knew, giving me goose bumps. It felt great!

“Now doesn’t that feel better Sweetie? Than roasting in that awful sweater?” Carrie asked innocently.

“Oh yes,” I murmured, my hand automatically went to my crotch.

By this time everyone had stopped what they were doing, staring goggle-eyed at us, and I guess we did look kind of sexy! How does she do it? Whenever she’s touching me I forget everything else, except my budding clit!

Lisa, her arms crossed as usual, declared, “I need to go in and get MY sticker Carrie. Stay here, and I’ll be right back.”

Lisa stopped suddenly, while staring at my chest, a slow smile began to form on her lips.

“Carrie, why don’t you keep Little Missy here entertained til I get back, oh, where did you find that awful t-shirt Erica?”

“Uh oh,” I thought.

A lot of older students wandered by us. They knew we were new, and obviously freshmen.

We saw a Goth guy and girl passing out flyers depicting a fist against a rising sun, whatever that was. Only right now they were more interested in my t-shirt than anything else, thanks to that B\*tch, Lisa, drawing attention to Carrie and I.

Carrie was still massaging my neck when Alicia entered the building, followed by Lisa. I saw that Lisa hadn’t bothered to go to the end of the line and wait like everyone else. She just followed Lisa, saying brightly, “Thanks for holding my spot, Alicia!”

After a few moments I heard Lisa’s voice, followed by a louder female voice. Lisa must have been speaking to the Guard.

From the corner of my eye a face appeared from one of the windows. Staring at Carrie and me! Or maybe just me. I was uncomfortable.

I’d had enough of being stared at, saying “Let’s go Carrie, they can find us in the Quad.” And began walking away from the staring face.

We’d made it maybe a hundred yards before I heard a yell. “Excuse me young Lady! You, there, in the TEE SHIRT!”

Turning my head, I saw Alicia and a grinning Lisa walking towards Carrie and I, along with the Security Guard! The Woman one!

I froze, she couldn’t mean me, no!

“Yes, you!” she shouted. “Stop right there you.”

I didn’t know what she wanted, and I didn’t want to find out. I didn’t want trouble, and the way Lisa was grinning at me, I knew that was coming my way.

I slowed down, but kept walking. I whispered, “Carrie, maybe she’ll go away if we keep walking!”

Carrie turned towards me, whispering, “Erica, you should stop Sweets, see what she wants.”

“I cant! I have to find the mentor today. I have to go!” I pleaded to Carrie, shrugging her hand off my arm.

“Erica, knock it off,” Carrie said with authority, “Stop being a silly girl. She wants to talk is all, you haven’t done anything wrong, or have you?”

“Hmm Naughty girl?” She asked, rubbing my butt. I stopped, and the Guard and Lisa caught up to us.

“All right Miss, freshman huh?” The Guard asked me, ignoring Carrie.

I nodded “yes.”

She was looking me over alright, staring at my tits. My nipples were poking way out from the cold! Everyone’s staring at my tits today? I looked down at them, they looked normal to me, and no coffee spills there either.

This guard looked to be about 21, blonde, dressed in a tailored uniform shirt, worn over a white t-shirt with matching slacks with patent leather work shoes with big soles! She was pretty too!

Lisa and Carrie had backed up behind me, and Alicia stood aside. Watching.

The Guard began her lecture, “Are you aware, young woman, that political t-shirts are not allowed to be worn on campus? Did you not read the handbook before coming here?”

Mumbling, I said, “I Uhm, I hadn’t read the student handbook yet, sir.”

“Sir? Do I look like a sir to you? You think maybe I'm BUTCH?” Her eyes were round. “I'm a Ma’am to you!”

She was pissed off! At me! How was I supposed to know what to call her? I just got here.

Lisa just laughed at me. “Oh yes Officer, Erica told me your school could take it's f\*ckin rules and stuff ‘em.”

I was shocked at Lisa’s blatant lying, “No way! I Didn't!”

Carrie was shuffling around merrily, grinning.

“I didn’t, I didn’t Si..er..Ma’am.” This happening all at once, on my first day! Trouble!

“Erica is it?” she asked, “Uhm Hm, sounds like you’ve a discipline problem to me!”

She moved in, so close I could smell the juicy fruit gum on her breath.

“Get it off.”

By this time many people had gathered around, I saw students gathering around in a circle to watch the commotion.

“Well, since, by your attire today, I’ll assume you have no respect for anyone. Let’s have it, now!” She held her hand out.

I guess the Guard Ma’am wasn’t a fan of the Governor, ‘cause that’s whose face was on the shirt. I’d gotten it years ago. This wasn’t fair at all! I was feeling helpless, looking to my friends to help me out. All I saw were grins! They were enjoying this!

“But..but, I’ll be topless!” I stammered. I was getting wet, I could feel it coming now! I was blushing, and knew my clit was rising yet again from its cozy home.

“So what Missy, you’re wearing a bra. Maybe your friend there will lend you her sweater! OR you can go home and wear something respectful to this school. But you’re not wearing THAT around HERE where others can see it. Now get it off! Or do I take it off you?”

I was truly scared of her, but I wished she would, but then she’d think I was sick in the head or something.

I couldn’t do it. I guess I’d have to go home. I’d blow my first freshman day, and not get a mentor. I felt like crying. But I was horny too!

Lisa had been sneaking up behind me, “Of course, Officer, we’ll see that Erica complies completely.”

And with fluid motion, yanked the t-shirt over my head then down my arms in two swift movements, like a magician! Then tossed it aside, even taking a bow to the now cheering crowd.

“Oh gosh, ohmygosh,” I had my arms over both tits, hiding my nipples. The crowd, every last face, was once of sheer amusement.

“May we go then, Ma’am?” Lisa asked the Guard innocently.

“I don’t care, get out of here now Young Lady, and take your topless friend with you.” The Guard stated coldly, still staring at my now shivering form.

“Go on! Get out of here!" Guard Ma’am yelled, “Before I call your parents to come and get your naked butt.”

Lisa took off towards her car, probably driving it closer to the main buildings, without saying a word, the B\*tch. The crowd broke up, since I was turned around and covering my tits.

I wondered what I was supposed to do now, for the rest of Orientation day. I began to sob, both hands to my face.

Carrie and Alicia came to my side, and Carries face was full of concern.

“Oh Erica, here you are baby, don’t cry, here.” Carrie wrapped an arm around me, covering my shoulders in the angora sweater, “There, feel better? We can have more fun when it warms up, I promise.” She said it sincerely, like she was doing me a favor. Maybe she was! I smiled at her, still feeling a little horny.

Carrie winked, “Oh Erica, you’re SO cute.”

**25 - No Experience Necessary By Drew**

Authors Note: Erica continues on her first freshman day at college. No classes, just orientation and mentoring. ---------------------------------------------------

We’d made it to the Quad without further interruptions or pestering from Carrie and Lisa.

Alicia seemed determined to be my shadow through the whole morning! Maybe she was just nervous herself.

She’d be more nervous if it were her nipples poking out of this sweater like mine were.

“Come on Erica, she said cheerfully, ”Let’s go check the jobs board, and see if there’s some part-time jobs there.”

Job? I thought. Who’s talking about a job?

“I don’t know about that Alicia, since I don’t drive, how’ll I get home after classes then a job? The train?”

I thought to myself, “NO FVCKIN WAY.”

“Well, maybe if you get a car, you wont have to rely on me for rides huh?” she looked at me thoughtfully, “I don’t mind it though Erica, really.”

She grinned, smiling at some inner secret only she knew of. She must be thinking of me naked in the passenger seat.

I’d thought about a job and car before, but never thought I could get the money to buy a car! Much less drive one!

She brightened up, “Well, Karen’s got one for sale, Erica, it’s a Toyota, and it runs real good, and it’s cheap!”

For a split second I’d had a vision of myself driving around naked, and my nipples reacted. That’d be hot!

My sweater was tickling my nipples, and the angora was just SO soft, I loved it. But if anyone looked through the side of it, they’d see my hard, pointy nipples poking outwards like darts. My Levi’s were low-cut, without the belt loops, I just loved the way my abdomen sloped downwards to my nearly hairless mound. The bump of my clit was nearly visible.

They could see my nipples anyway, I imagined, as I was getting tickled while wearing it! They were hard, and stuck out when aroused.

“Well, Erica? Lets go, we don’t have to meet our Mentors ‘til later, so lets go and see what they have posted.”

And with that we headed towards now familiar Administration Building.

Trundling up the steps, I noticed the jobs board posted around the corner of the entrance, so everyone passing by the building couldn’t see it. Too sloppy I imagined, to be seen from the walk.

Across the main entrance doors, standing in display cases were the usual trophies and flags, statuettes and ancient photos of some local sports heroes.

Alicia went right away to the jobs board, dragging me along by the hand. We looked them over, and there weren’t that many really.

“Here we are Erica, hey, here’s one, Customer Service for Cell-Phone Company,” She squealed with excitement.

In my mind I had a vision of me wandering around a tiny store full of people, bored senseless yet busy. I couldn’t think of anything I’d rather do less.

“Ugh, that sounds stupid and boring Alicia, what’s the next one?” My clit was beginning to itch, the more my sweater tickled. I was sweating too.

This was all going to be sales cr\*p job ads, like selling stuff at the malls.

“Okayyyyy, here we ARE! Physical Therapy Assistant. No experience necessary, Girls Swim Team, right here on Campus!”

“Hmmm, I thought, I was taking only four classes this year, since my grades were well above average I could skip the GenEd classes, mostly.

Alicia beamed at me, as if she’d just found a thousand dollars.

“Oh Erica! How exciting would that be! Lisa and Carrie both will be on that team! They’d be so proud of you! Like me!” She had both my shoulders, jumping up and down with excitement! My sweater wasbeing pulled dow in the process too!

“Oh yeah!! Uhm, but, I don’t know anything about that sporty stuff Alicia! You’re pulling my top off too!”

“Oh! Sorry Erica, that’s just SO cool, you could be there with the Coach!” she seemed genuinely excited, though I don’t know why.

Just helping out, handing out towels or something! “Oh!” I thought, naked women in the showers. This time I wouldn’t be the only one naked in gym. Lisa and Carrie would be though. Lisa naked, something I thought I’d never live to see.

I reasoned that if I got hired, a car might solve the ride and driving problems, rather than depending on Alicia, Lisa or Carrie for lifts. And their favorite past-time of getting me naked in public. Although the thought gave me shivers, in my crotch.

“It says no experience-required dummy.” She calmly explained, “Go and talk to the Coach after your Mentor cuts you loose,” and letting go of my hand, pushed me back out the front entrance with both her hands.

“Quick, go get something to eat and go talk to the Coach!”

I was getting that hollow ball of fear in my belly, as if I had to give a speech or something. I dreaded a job interview. I was nervous about this interview.

“I-I'm not hungry really, and I think I’ll skip lunch Alicia.” I said exhaling, with a fair amount of apprehension.

“Whatever you say Erica, just be sure and talk to her, ‘cause I told Karen you’d want to buy the car.”

I guess I’d better get hired, now that Alicia’s helping me get the car.

I’d been assigned a Mentor, Mary, a College Prep who didn’t really want to deal with me. At least she acted like that. But she did show me around the campus and field house, where hopefully I’d work at after classes.

Mary and I met again at the Quad. I was standing around, pacing, and feeling out of place in my jeans and sweater.

Everywhere I turned, the girls here seemed to be wearing the latest fashion, to impress their friends or pick up guys, I thought.

I wondered if something was wrong with me, not dwelling on such things. I'm just a simple girl with simple tastes.

Appearing from a group of those well-dressed girls, I mean really dressed up, was Mary, wearing a skirt, cropped top jacket and halter. And a nice pair of pumps too.

No hoodies here and t-shirts like I like. I was a little bewildered. I also saw there were no hot guys in their little group either. A sisterhood, maybe. A fraternity.

“Been waiting long Erica?” She asked as I shook my head no.

“Good, let me finish showing you around, then I have a class to go to. Okay?” her eyes lingered on my clothes, staring down.

Was that a grin or a sneer, I wasn’t sure.

“Nice sweater. Isn’t it hot though?” She reached out to touch it.

I reflectively twisted away, but met her hand instead, on my tit! The she pressed it. She giggled, looking at my nipples poke up and out from the soft material.

Ohmygosh, she touched my tit! I don’t even know her!

“Oooh, you’re hard! I mean, soft! Sweater! hehheh!” She just stood there smiling at me, eyebrow raised.

Blushing, I stammered, “Err, I, uhm, yes, I guess it is ah..warm.”

“Why don’t ya take it off then? Whatcha wearing under it?” she asked as she pulled a little at the collar. I bristled at her touch and backed up a little.

“Uhm, well, no, it’s alright,” I managed to explain that.

The sun had broken through the morning haze, and I wished I had my t-shirt to strip down to. But I didn’t have it, that mean guard lady did.

Tired of whatever game she was playing, Mary said, “Well look, Erica, I have to run right now, I’ll show you around later. Meet ya back here in an hour, okay? Then we’ll be heading to the Auditorium for assembly.”

Leaving me standing there, she turned away, yelling at two other well-dressed girls on their way to class. “Hey, hey wait up! Wait for me!”

I thought I’d take this break to visit the Coach and ask about the Physical Therapy Assistant job.

I wound up under the big round building, the actual gymnasium, where the swimming pool was. It was a large Olympic sized pool in one huge room, with long steel arches to support the gymnasium above us.

There were two sets of double doors on either side of this huge oblong chamber.

There was a deep end and a shallow end too, with a three height level diving boards facing the deep end.

It was shaped like a long rectangle with plenty of deck space, surrounding it with rows and rows of narrow bleachers framing the room like a big “U,” with the pool in the middle.

The Coaches office was directly behind the diving platform, like a big glass box stuck in the center, glass walls giving the Coaching staff an unobstructed view of the whole pool. Behind the desks inside Coaches office, I noticed the locker room in back.

The showers must be there too, I guessed.

Peeking around cautiously, I was nervous.

I guess because of authority figures. I always got nervous before speaking to new people, and I had butterflies in my belly and felt lightheaded.

Maybe skipping brunch for this wasn’t such a good idea.

A woman in her mid-30’s sat at the desk, wearing blue shorts, white polo, and had a whistle dangling from a lanyard around her neck.

Her blonde hair was severely tied back in a ponytail, with a visor cap over it. The Coach was looking down at some paperwork laid out on her desk.

I tapped lightly on the glass. She looked up, clearly annoyed. She was pretty, in an old person thirties sort of way.

Wagging a finger at me to come in, I followed the glass wall around the opposite corner, where a narrow entry door was standing open.

“Can I help you young lady?” She asked while getting up, her eyebrows rose after giving me the up and down once over.

“Are you a student here?” She asked me with pursed lips, frowning.

“Uh, yes Ma’am, I uh, I wanted to ahm, see about the the job Ma’am.” I stammered. Oh god I felt like such a fool at that moment.

What was it about people in authority that got me tongue-tied?

“Oh yes, that. You don’t look like much,” she stood back a bit, appraising me.

“Do you think you can handle it?” She asked, eyes narrowing.

Handle it?

“I..uhh, I can try Ma’am?” I stared back, “Just uhh, work out some muscle cramps on people? I think I can do that. I-I’d like to try anyway.”

I felt like fainting. I hated this nervous part of me.

“Ohhhkay,” she crossed her arms, “I’ll see what we come up with. I know it said “No experience necessary but you look like a featherweight.”

She sat back down, shuffling her papers. Without looking at me, she said, “I have some swimmers coming in this afternoon for a work out. Why don’t you come back, say, two p.m., and we’ll give you a go. Thank you for stopping by, young woman.”

“Uhm, it’s Erica Ma’am.”

And I'm ‘Coach,’ nice to meet you then, be here on time please,” She added dismissively.

I thought of my schedule. I’d ask Mary if I could skip the stupid “Welcome to the Future” play in the Auditorium.

I couldn’t wait to tell Alicia and my friends!

Part 2

I wandered around the Campus, checking out hiding places “just in case,” Since Lisa and Carrie just HAD to choose the college Alicia and I were going to.

Trying to fill in some time before heading back to the Field House, I’d wandered back to the Quad, doing some people watching.

I wanted the job more than ever, after seeing how people dressed here. This certainly wasn’t high school, and I was going to need some money for clothes!

My parents didn’t have any extra to give me, and it was all they could do to pay for my books and classes.

I saw Lisa and Carrie standing around a kiosk, talking to two young women I didn’t know.

I tried not to be noticed by them, but that never seems to happen with Lisa’s radar on.

Lisa, in a voice that asked me to come over but sounded more like a command, “Erica! Come here!”

I approached them slowly, looking the new girls over. They looked nice, pretty too, and dressed like everyone else around here. Very nice.

American Eagle jeans, black boots and peasant top on one, the same with the brunette, but she wore a faded pencil skirt and black twill jacket.

Lisa did the introductions, motioning me to come closer.

“Erica, I’d like you to meet Ashley, and the Lady next to her is Christa.” Carrie went right to my side, putting her arm around my waist, snuggling right up to me.

I began to blush, embarrassed at her intimacy in front of strangers.

The bossy b\*tch continued, “Erica, Ashley and Christa are on the swim team. You’ll be servicing them, as well as the Freshman Swim Team. In otherwards, my Team.”

“We can’t wait," Lisa added, flashing the group a mischievous grin.

My stomach began its descent into my abdomen. I had no idea Lisa was on a swim team. I didn’t know as much about her as I thought, because I was kept busy trying to stay away from her!

Lisa’s had me worried and I haven’t even begun my job!

It was the not knowing what was going to happen, yet I knew my pussy would be drenched soon. That was making me horny! The uncertainty! Or apprehension, either way, I'd be horny.

Carrie had felt me tense up at Lisa’s words, and began to rub my back and neck.

Her small warm hands were having the predictable response in my crotch, but I tried to hide it.

“Erica, Sweetie, these are new friends of ours, now don’t be rude, say hello!” She swatted me on my butt-cheeks, making an audible “smack.”

“Umph,” I exhaled loudly! “Ah..hey!” I gasped.

My ass-cheeks stayed tense, so Carrie’s hand stayed on my butt, rubbing my round cheeks through the denim material.

The two new girls, Ashley and Christa both giggled, looking at me, then Carrie, then Lisa. To gauge their reactions, I guess. Or waiting for Lisa to do something.

Since it seemed to them 'business as usual,' here, they pretended nothing was amiss, yet kept on grinning and smiling to each other.

I wondered what Lisa had told them about me, exactly.

Carrie still had her hand on my butt. She knows no shame! Ass-rubbing in public! My ass at that! On Campus!

Should she be rubbing my ass at all?

I thought a moment, and my mind said no, but my pussy said otherwise, the dampness in my jeans had begun making a spot.

“Ut oh,” I thought nervously, how the hell am I gonna make that go away!

I must smell now too!

I looked pleadingly to Lisa, but she seemed unconcerned about anything at the moment, least of all me.

She just stood there, arms crossed, her gaze was always somewhere above everyone’s eyes, like she was looking for something far away.

The new girls broke this awkward moment. Christa seemed embarrassed at Carries open display of affection.

I was breathing a little heavier, and they could hear it. My knees were getting weak.

“Erica,” Ashley spoke up, “Nice to meet you Erica, I’m glad you took the job, you’re so cute!”

She’s a bubbly girl I think, perky.

I stammered, “Hum, I’m o-kay I guess. Nice to meet you,” I gave her a weak smile.

Carrie interrupted, “Okay? Erica, you’re adorable! Don’t be so modest,” then stuck her fingertips inside my sweater.

“My fingers are cold, I hate that.” Carrie smiled wickedly now, she was up to something.

I tried to reach out and shake Christa and Ashley’s hands. Since they standing further away from me, I had to step in to reach their outstretched hands.

Smiling at Ashley, I shook her hand, looking at her face.

She smiled back in a friendly way, her eyes straying to my chest.

Glancing down at what she was looking at, my right nipple was showing!

I squeaked, “Oopsie!”

I brought my hand over my now exposed tit.

“Carrie!” I gasped again!

Carrie just laughed, “See,” She explained casually to the others, “she’s adorable.”

She’d undone the two top buttons of my sweater, somehow doing it innocently.

“Well well well,” Lisa drawled slowly, “Erica strikes again huh? Our friends here aren’t interested in your little bumps Erica.”

Carrie smiled, adding, “Are you girls? Ladies?”

Ashley and Christa smiled nervously at each other at this turn of events. This must be a new experience for them too. Tits in public. Mine.

Lisa laughed at them. No embarrassment there, I thought dryly. The b\*tch.

Lisa acts like this happens every day. Like watching a person getting felt up in front of new people was an everyday kind of thing.

Lisa eyed them. Why is this b\*tchy, bossy girl always one-upping everyone?

Christa spoke up, ”I just love little boobies Lisa, they’re so cute, especially on a cute person like her,” She added, pointing at me and giggling like a schoolgirl, which she is!

She was so caught up in the moment, she said quickly, “Uhhh! From an art majors’ point of view! Of course.”

She glanced at her friend Ashley, giggling more! If their hands hadn’t been hiding their grins I’d have felt better about them.

Christa, the art girl said to Lisa, “It looks awfully uncomfortable on her Lisa. Look at her face, she’s beet red, like she has a temperature.”

“Carrie,” Lisa commanded, “Do the honors?”

“Oh no Lisa, lets let our new friend here do it. She’s the one who’s concerned for our little Erica’s welfare.”

Ashley reasoned with Carrie, “Well, I just don’t want her to faint or something, she has a busy ‘rest of the day’ today. Especially following us after the meet.”

Ashley came to face me, Carrie now backing away from my butt she’d been massaging.

Christa seemed more than happy to help me out, of my sweater, that is. Thye stood side by side, studying me, my reaction.

I figured I may as well go with it, there's too many to cut and run. Plus I was surrounded!

“Here Sweetheart, you can wear this ugly sweater wrapped around your neck, and the sleeves will hide your cute little ahh.. boobies,” Christa said, facing me.

And with that, she stepped in, unbuttoning the sweaters' last four buttons on my sweater, slowly.

Just her feather-light touch to my belly was sending light waves of pleasure through my lower abdomen. My mound was swelling, opening my pussy-lips and adding pressure to it. My nipples were erect and alert, the wet spot growing. Damn these jeans, what was I thinking?

Carrie held her breath, looking at me, eyes looking shiny.

My clit was aware I was about to be topless again, here on Campus! It was as erect as it could be, trying to poke out in these damned tight jeans.

Maybe that’s why I always wear engineer jeans or bibs, plenty of room for ‘emergencies.’

In front of everyone, I was getting stripped! This important place seemed very wrong to topless in.

She undid the last button, then, using both hands to slowly open both sides of the sweater, she pulled it gently off my shoulders, letting it fall to my waist where it stayed, resting on the curvature of my rounded butt. Her eyes went directly to my nipples, and stayed there, fixed on them.

I was topless.

“Oh my, oh my, lovely, just lovely,” she murmured, looking me over, up and down.

“Her nipples are so long! Ashley, come see!”

I was blushing profusely. I’d been sweating in the heavy garment, and there was a breeze blowing gently over my erect nipples, making electric current to my now engorged clit.

Ashley wasted no time, “Lemme see! Lemme see!”

Great, I was going to have a tit exam in public too.

Ashley leaned in close, her warm breath on my nipples, “OOOooo yes, odd, her breasts are small, but her nipples are so long, and rounded! I bet they’re really sensitive to touch huh Erica?”

She tweaked one between her forefinger and thumb.

I jumped “Ah! Hey! That tickles!”

Looking around anxiously like a caged cat, I looked for an escape from this little group of curious women. Seeing none, I backed up, into Carrie.

“Here Sweetie, let me help you get this old hot thing completely off, then we’ll knot it under your neck!” she said, smiling wide.

Like that was the solution to world poverty or something. At least a knot with sleeves for cover is better than naked on top.

Our group decided to walk away from the Quad, towards the Field House. Somehow we'd not drawn attention to ourselves, me in particular.

The women chatted away amiably as if nothing was wrong, but the two new girls, Christa and Ashley, seemed fascinated by my nudity, albeit topless.

I thought it’d be a good idea not to flash everyone we passed, and there weren’t that many people heading there.

The sweater sleeves did a crappy job of hiding my tits, but I said nothing, else Lisa might decide to do more, and I’d be in worse shape for my job interview as I was now.

26 – Erica Red

I opened the door to my room nervously, hearing Carrie's playful knock.

"Sqeee!" the strawberry-blonde exclaimed. "Oh, you did it, Erica! It looks so adorable!"

Fussing bashfully, I averted my eyes and lifted a hand to tease the tips of my shoulder-length locks. Greatly daring, I had taken the brave step and dyed my hair red. Well, not completely red… but I did have my sandy-brown tresses streaked with red highlights. The only thing was, the treatment darkened the overall color making me appear more brunette, and the red really stood out, almost fiery in contrast.

Carrie, looming before me, pushed me back a few paces as she entered my room. Suddenly, her hand that was softly on my chest, reached down to pop open the button of my jeans. They were tight, and hugged my slender legs and hips nicely. I guess I had been dressing sexier since we started college.

"Oh!" I gasped, when my friend opened the front flaps wide. "What… what are you doing?"

The taller young woman had prodded me into the middle of my room. Now she stood back, one knee bent forward and hands on her own curvy hips as she evaluated me. "Take off your clothes…"

"Carrie!" I brought my hands to my mouth in shock, but nearly melted as she gave me a sly smile.

"Come on, Erica," she giggled. "I want to see what your new hair-do looks like when you're naked!"

Flustered, I turned around, continuing to play with the open flaps of my jeans. The room was feeling really warm. Then my eye caught sight of the digital clock on my dresser. I spun on my heel to face Carrie.

"Um, no time for that! We're going to be late…"

The girl hefted her backpack over her shoulder and pouted. "But I have a new outfit for you to try on."

Grabbing my books on the nearby end table, I squeezed past Carrie on my way out through the door. "No time for that either!"

I could hear my friend chuckling about my haste and urgency, as she bounded down the hall after me. Soon we were both outside and piled into her car. It was a rather uneventful drive to campus, as I simply closed my eyes and listened to Carrie chatting away. I think I liked listening to her melodic voice more than the music from the radio.

"See… we had plenty of time!" Carrie said once we pulled into the student parking lot. "Well, maybe I can get you to change into my new outfit before class…"

I turned my head to look over the shoulder of the passenger seat headrest, still fussing with my newly dyed hair. Checking the vanity mirror, I asked distractedly, "What… right here?"

"Of course!" the bubbly blonde answered. "Now come on, get your clothes off."

I looked at my friend out of the corner of my eye. "Everything?"

"Mmm hmmm," she nodded and licked her lips.

"Carrie, no!"

After a breathless pause, I gathered my books in one arm and pushed open the passenger side door. I had to admit, parts of my body were starting to tingle. But I tried to put this out of my mind as I started walking briskly across the parking lot.

When Carrie caught up with me, I tried to explain. "Look… we really are going to be cutting it kind of close. We have to walk all the way to the building with our classroom. And honestly, I just have a feeling that if I start to undress, something terribly embarrassing will happen!"

"Whatever you say," my friend said with a warm smile. "Maybe later…"

As we stalked forward in silence, in the cool autumn air, I wondered what she meant by that last comment. We were beginning to merge with a larger press of students. My thoughts were soon drawn elsewhere as I took note of these strange faces passing before us, all around us, even turning back to regard Carrie and I. There was a cute guy… and over there, a young woman with a nice butt… cool shoes on that one… wow, how do they afford such expensive accessories, with the cost of tuition?

Then I started noticing more and more people secretly pointing at the two of us and snickering. Just a glimpse here, or a flash of someone's amused eyes, maybe someone mouthing some words that I didn't quite understand.

"Carrie, why are they staring at us?" I asked, rising up on my toes to whisper in my friend's ear.

She kept me moving with a hand on my back, but said innocently, "I don't know. Two hot freshman females… I guess there's a lot to ogle."

"Perhaps you," I confided while blushing.

"Erica!" Carrie squeezed my shoulder cheerfully. "You are so cute! I bet they're all staring at your hot new sexy red hair!"

I wish she didn't remind me. Now I was feeling more self-conscious, and I was starting to regret taking any measures that would draw added attention. Still, I tried to hold my little chin up high as we crossed the plaza and came within sight of the central building. With Carrie at my side, we paraded through the automatic sliding doors.

Once we were inside, there was a buzz of activity. I could see countless students making their way back and forth between classrooms. Some people stopped to check bulletin boards. There were kiosk machines everywhere, it seemed, and always a throng of young people waiting to access their schedule or other information. A couple of times, we saw an older man or woman toting textbooks and notebooks. "Returning" students, I guessed.

And then Carrie was waving over to a group of girls, some of the other freshmen we met during the first few weeks of the term. At once, she bounced over to greet them, and I was left sauntering my way behind her.

"Ooooh…. Erica, I like your hair!" Ashley grinned and clapped her hands.

Christa, an art student, eyed me critically and then said. "Um yeah, that does give you a more sultry look. But are you trying to start a new fashion trend?"

"Huh?" I was caught off-guard, pausing with my hands midway running through my dark scarlet tresses.

"I think it brings out her brown eyes," Carrie said helpfully.

Christa only shook her head and laughed. "Yes, but what has that got to do with why her jeans are hanging open…"

"What?!!" I practically screeched, turning around in embarrassment.

I looked down, and realized for the first time, that I had never fixed the front of my jeans after Carrie unbuttoned them this morning! They were so comfortable that I swear I didn't notice. And with the tight fit, it wasn't like they were ever in danger of slipping down. But as I held open both flaps in disbelief, I saw that my panties would have been in full view! I had chosen the briefest of silky underwear, also because of the snug fit, which just barely came up to my crotch. I was pretty certain that anyone seeing the front of my panties would know I was clean shaven.

And I had just walked across campus like this!

As I fumbled and tried to hurriedly snap shut my pants, Carrie giggled. "Oh, too bad you had to mention it to Erica. I was going to pull them down when we walked into class!"

The girls burst out laughing, and I was left standing mortified, my brown eyes wide. Maybe I was a little turned on, too.

"You wouldn't have!" I gasped.

Carrie ran a finger lightly down the side of my face. "Maybe, maybe not. Maybe I would have pulled your underwear down at the same time, and exposed your cute little ass!"

Speechless, I took a deep breath, while running my hands fretfully through my hair. The buxom strawberry-blonde took this opportunity to step forward, and proceeded to undo the buttons that I had just fixed.

Well, once again, it seemed decisions about how I present myself were taken out of my hands. At the urging of our two new friends, I was persuaded to leave my jeans open, with my low-cut panties on display! I mean, how humiliating… if I wasn't wearing at least this shred of material, my pussy would be showing! But no one seemed to mind, although people did continue to point and stare as we started back down the wide corridor. I sure didn't want to arrive late to class like this!

Along with a pack of other students, we rounded a corner and then had to climb some stairs to the second floor. I felt Carrie slip behind me, and I immediately tensed. I didn't know if she would truly pants me in the middle of all these people! But we continued to press forward, and I had to hold my books tight against my shirt as I felt my nipples hardening. My friend had her backpack slung over her shoulders, so she had both hands free to bring them to rest on my sweet hips.

As we approached the classroom door, I could feel Carrie's fingers on the sides of my jeans. I saw that there were already dozens of students seated and waiting for the professor's lecture to begin. Her fingers hooked around the denim material… and then hooked inside the elastic band of my panties!

"Do it!" I whispered to her, over my shoulder.

Her big breasts squished against my back, her nose and mouth were on my neck, and then inhaling the perfume of my red-dyed hair. My heart was beating faster, and my clit poked out fully extended.

"Do it!" I pleaded. And yet, I couldn't believe I was asking Carrie to pull down my pants and underwear in front of everyone.

Her grip tightened, we were standing at the head of the classroom. I closed my eyes, bracing myself for the exposure, ready to savor the humiliation. And then I heard heavy footsteps behind us, and a gruff male voice.

"Ladies, do please find yourselves some seats…" said the Professor in an exasperated tone.

Carrie quickly steered me with her hold on my jeans, and turned me to start walking down an aisle between seats. The Professor never saw my open pants, but he continued to admonish us like naughty schoolgirls.

"I hope I'm not going to have to keep an eye on you two!"

"Yes, sir. We will be good," Carrie replied sweetly. I could picture her turning to do a curtsey.

We finally made it to the end of the row of desks. They were those metal chairs, with the collapsible writing tray that pulled up and folded over. Carrie sat in the seat in front of me, and I slid into the desk-chair behind her. While we waited for the last few students to arrive, my friend leaned back so I could brush out her long strawberry-blonde hair.

Leaning forward, I confessed to her, "That would have been so hot, if you stripped me in front of the Professor!"

"Yeah, I wonder when was the last time he saw a young girl's puckered flower!" Carrie giggled.

Oh my, when she put it like that, it would be pretty embarrassing to show my genitals! I leaned back and slowly slipped a hand into my panties. It was then that I discovered that I had made myself wet, and the light fabric was drenched! I was afraid that the front was probably rendered transparent, and during my walk down the aisle, the seated students must have gotten a good look at my camel-toe pussy!

Too late, I was already stroking my hairless vulva, inserting a finger and using my thumb to tease my swollen clitoris. Right here in our college classroom!

"Mmmmmph!" I gave a strangled, muffled groan, and accidentally kicked Carrie's chair.

My friend turned around to look at me, a bemused expression on her face. "Erica, did you just have an orgasm?"

"Oh, Carrie…" I cried softly in bittersweet misery. "I've made myself cum. It's seeping through my panties and running down my leg!"

Carrie was silent for a moment, and then she said kindly, "Don't worry, baby girl. We'll get you all fixed up after class. Just try to relax, it will be all right."

"OK," I murmured, somewhat soothed by the young woman's words.

The rest of the class, I kind of sat there in a haze, not really paying attention. I don't believe I ever opened up my notebook. Later, I would have to catch up with Carrie. But as we neared the end of the period, I began to worry if people would smell the aroma of my juices. And worse would be when I had to stand up again.

Well, eventually the dreaded lecture was over. I waited a good few minutes for the students on either side of us to get out of their seats and leave the room. Soon, I looked up to see Carrie standing with arms folded across her breasts, foot tapping. Biting my lip, I reluctantly eased my legs to the side of the chair, and climbed to my feet. When I looked down at myself, I was horrified.

The crotch of the small panties was of course drenched. But even more embarrassing, my juices had streamed down both my legs, and left dark rivers down the front of my jeans. I was unable to even button them closed again, as Carrie only laughed and took my hand. She said I looked "cute", like a little girl who had wet herself! With my other hand feebly clutching my books, we made our exit from the classroom.

I really wasn't sure what it would look like. I mean, how likely was it that a college student would piss herself? Would people assume I must have been masturbating and creamed my pants? Maybe it could have been some other kind of liquid accident. Unfortunately, the way the twin trail of stains ran from the inside of my thighs down to the front of my knees, it was obvious that the source of the stains emanated from my crotch. I just wanted to get these jeans off!

It was so humiliating as we continued to press ourselves through the building. Not only was I brazenly displaying my damp undies, that hung down to reveal not a wisp of pubic hair, but people were seeing my cum stains as well! And I bet they could smell the musk of my horniness. I wish Carrie didn't get me so excited all the time!

Fortunately, we had some time to spare before our next classes, although we didn't have those together. Still, my friend suggested we head over to the Performing Arts Center, where Alicia was scheduled to try out for the orchestra. She promised me it would be a lot more private over there, not as many people around, and we could take care of my little "accident". I wasn't sure what she had in mind, but I followed anyway, since Carrie was tugging me along by the hand.

We had a bit of a hike across campus, prolonging my embarrassing predicament. There were more whistles and grins from the passing student population, as well as mocking laughter. I wonder if Carrie knew that the more I was humiliated like this, the more I sought her comfort and nurturing embrace. All I could think of was sucking on her juicy teats, which kept my mind off the snickering comments about the state of my jeans.

Before I knew it, we had crossed one of the campus streets, into a faculty parking lot and were heading up the steps to the Performing Arts Center. Once inside the main lobby, it was definitely a lot quieter here, and it was a relief to be out of sight from prying eyes. Carrie led me around a corner, and then down some wide black wooden steps. I felt like I was being taken to a dungeon!

In fact, on the lower level was where they had a number of rehearsal studios, classrooms, and a couple of practice stages. It was into the musky darkness of one of these auditorium-like chambers that the two of us slunk into. At least, no one would be able to see my embarrassing jeans with the fronts pulled open. But we could see about a dozen students with various musical instruments lined up on stage. Just beneath the platform appeared to be the director of the Music Program, and his associates.

There were less than a handful of people in the raised seating closest to the stage, other friends of the other students being evaluated. All told, I figured there were twenty people between the students and faculty. Carrie paused when we walked into the room and pointed to Alicia with her flute.

"Hi Alicia!" she called out, bouncing up and down.

Our brunette friend giggled and waved back at us. But the Music Director was not at all pleased. He turned to look in our direction and warned us that interruptions would not be tolerated. Carrie was always getting me in trouble. I hope she didn't get me thrown out of college!

After making our apologies, she and I scurried up to the back row, and filed all the way toward the middle of the seats. We had an excellent view of the musicians on stage. But as soon as one talented young man began playing a violin solo, Carrie decided it was time to take care of business.

"OK, Erica, let's get these things off you!"

In the semi-darkness of the back row, no one noticed as my friend moved across a couple of seats so she could lift my legs and begin working on the laces of my sneakers. Within moments, both my shoes bounced to the floor. Thankfully, the sound of the music covered any noise. She then took my jeans by the sides, and started wiggling them down my legs. It was surreal, being stripped by Carrie like this in a room full of people, and I couldn't offer any resistance.

When I was sitting sideways in my silky, skimpy panties, Carrie held my feet in her lap and caressed my bare legs. I was wearing short ankle socks, the kind with the frilly cuffs.

"Oooh, I like these!" my friend commented as she then leaned across me to touch the elastic band of my panties.

Her fingers worked quickly, and soon the delicate material was being pulled down my hips… past my butt, lower and lower, until Carrie had my underwear around my feet. She took them off completely, then discarded the damp things to the side.

"Oh!" I gasped, feeling my bald pussy exposed.

"Shhh!" came the hushed warning from one of the folks below.

"Sorry!" Carrie said aloud, with me laying here bottomless!

In the effort of getting my shoes off, and my pants and underwear, I had raised my shirt up until the hem was just below my breasts. I was effectively naked from my tummy down to my socks. Carrie leaned across me again, running a hand over my flat sexy stomach, and then bent down to kiss my bellybutton.

"You know, Erica," she looked up with a devilish smile. "I could strip you totally nude back here. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Uh-huh…" I said weakly, spreading my legs apart.

Carrie sat up straight eagerly, giggling, and took one of my feet in her hands. I watched as she began peeling off the sock until my bare heel came into view. But then I stopped her.

"Wait… I don't think this is a good idea," I said squirming in my seat. "There's a lot of people in this room, and I could get caught!"

My friend considered for a moment. "Hmmm… I suppose you're right. Maybe I should just let you get dressed."

But first, Carrie told me, I had to get cleaned up. My legs were still spread obscenely wide, with one resting on the back of the chair between us, and my other slender leg dangling to the floor. Between this parted view, I observed Carrie go into her backpack and retrieve some tissues.

I placed my hands behind my head and arched my back all the way, until I was just staring up into the darkness of the ceiling. Alicia must have started her audition, as I heard a sweet melody on the flute. This was so unreal, lying like this in the back row of a theatre in the Performing Arts Center, while Carrie began squeezing my knees and rubbing my thighs. She was checking for the sticky spots, but her hands felt amazingly good. I'm afraid I trembled at her touch, my pussy opening up in her face.

"There, there," she said… and started to lick between my thighs!

"Aaaahhhh…" I had to bring a clenched fist to my mouth to keep from moaning.

"Shush!" came an annoyed voice close to the stage.

Meanwhile, Alicia kept playing her flute, and Carrie kept licking my smooth legs. Finally, she moved her face close enough to breath on my pussy. She stuck her tongue out, just able to use the tip to taste and flick my clitoris. Then she lapped one big stroke over my bare pubic mound, which caused me to shudder, but did not send me over the edge.

"All clean," Carrie announced, and now used the tissues to pat my crotch and inner thighs dry.

I blinked, uncomprehending for a moment, as my friend turned around and started going through her bag again. I was so aroused, now I was ready to tear the rest of my clothes off! Instead, Carrie held out what appeared to be a little skirt. It was tartan, a kind of black and purple plaid, and from waistband to hem did not seem very wide.

Carrie helped me to a more comfortable sitting position and explained, "This is your new outfit, Erica!"

"What… what about my panties?" I asked, looking around for my discarded underwear.

My friend only laughed, "Oh, you don't want those things right now. Besides, it will be so cool for you to go the rest of the day without anything under your skirt!"

"I guess… but will it cover me?" I was uncertain, taking the material and holding it against my body.

"It will cover enough," Carrie admitted. "Now go ahead, and put it on."

Well, I wrapped the skirt around my slim hips, and it did fit rather nice. Pulling the zipper up at the side, the hem fell just below my crotch, leaving me showing a lot of thigh. I could feel my bare ass on the cushion of the seat, which meant the back only hung low enough to conceal my cheeks from being seen from behind. What a way this would be to spend sitting in class!

Carrie was crouched down on the floor again, putting the sneakers back on my little feet. From such a position, she had an obstructed view of my bare pussy, with my knees parted. I know she had just been getting friendly with my kitty only moments ago, but somehow being exposed beneath a short pleated skirt like this, seemed so naughty!

Just then, I looked up and noticed Alicia had finished her beautiful flute solo. There was a brief exchange with the Music Director, and then she started packing up her instrument. Carrie helped me to my feet, and signaled we should go toward the stage to meet our friend. Cautiously I maneuvered my nubile body between the rows of seats, conscious of the skirt that felt too short.

As I walked down the sloped floor, I realized that the wooly fabric swished deliciously over my bald vulva. And if I pressed my hand against my crotch, the tiny bristles of fibers would tickle my lower lips! I would have to be very careful how I moved, and where I placed my hands…

"Alicia! That was wonderful!" the strawberry-blonde bounced past me in her excitement.

Alicia broke into a wide grin and said, "It was so sweet of you two to come and watch! I think you brought me good luck…"

"Ladies!" the Music Director interrupted. "There are other students that are being evaluated. I'm going to have to kindly ask you to leave the room!"

I must have been blushing, and too flustered in my little skirt to do anything. But the other girls giggled at their indiscretion, and when the director turned his head back to the stage, Carrie stuck her tongue out at him. All I could think of, was where that tongue had been a few minutes ago…

"Oh, be nice!" Alicia laughed, grabbing Carrie by the arm and me by my shirt, and tugging us toward the doors to the theatre.

When we tumbled out into the hall of the Performing Arts Center, we rounded a corner before my brunette friend took appraisal of me for the first time.

"Erica!" she exclaimed, much to my embarrassment. "Your hair… that looks so hot! And that cute skirt, where did you get it?"

"Carrie gave it to me," I mumbled, rubbing one sneaker behind my other leg.

Alicia cradled an elbow in her hand as she continued to regard me. "Yeah, it doesn't look like something you'd usually pull out of your wardrobe. But with your red hair and that purple little thing, Erica, you look positively sexy!"

Carrie had skillfully positioned herself behind me, wrapping her arms around me in a hug. But then she looked at Alicia from over my shoulder…

"Well, check this out!"

With just the three of us standing out here in the hallway, Carrie flipped up my skirt, holding the hem high above my hips!

"Oh my gosh!" Alicia pointed and laughed. "Erica, your… you know… it's sticking right out!"

"Maybe she's happy to see you," Carrie giggled and tickled my butt with her fingers.

I thought I would die of embarrassment. I wiggled and squirmed, my bare pussy still on display, until I thought I would slip out of the skirt entirely.

"So no panties, huh?" Alicia continued to observe me. "Carrie, I guess you won't be satisfied until you send our girl to class without a stitch on!"

My strawberry-blonde friend lifted her hands to touch and fondle my ears. "Oooh… I think I may just do that. One day, I'll talk Erica into walking up to her class stark naked, and finding a seat in the front row!"

"No… way!" I protested, and turned myself around to face the buxom young woman.

"Well, you have to admit, that secretly you would like to try it…"

And then, Carrie planted a kiss on me, full on the lips! Our tongues touched briefly, before she gently pulled my bottom lip through her teeth. After that, all I could do was murmur.

"Maybe…"

Alicia grabbed me by the arm, and pulled me out of the embrace. "All right, you two. I have to make it to my next class, and I want Erica to walk with me."

"My class is on the other side of campus," Carrie pouted. "When can we hook up again?"

Our natural brunette friend gave the matter some thought, and then said, "Let's meet up back here at the Performing Arts Center after class. The auditions will be over by then, and I think this place will be pretty deserted."

"Cool!" Carrie exclaimed, her face brightening. "I'll tell Christa and Ashley. Maybe they can hang out with us later!"

With that, she turned and bounced down the hallway, leaving Alicia and I to walk in the opposite direction.

"Um… that was a very nice flute solo," I said awkwardly as soon as we left the building.

However, all Alicia wanted to talk about was how much she liked my new hair, and how hot I looked in this little plaid skirt. I guess that should have made me feel better, but the attention only seemed to bring humiliation. She kept saying that she couldn't believe I wasn't wearing any panties. Sometimes, it seemed like she announced this news to the whole campus!

We had to walk to the student parking lot first, so Alicia could put her flute back in her car. Then my friend was dragging me back across the street, heading toward the science center. At times, she moved so fast and pulled me along after her, I feared the back of my skirt was flapping up… flashing my bare ass! There certainly were a lot of comments as we walked past and through crowds of students.

Alicia seemed so proud at the responses I was getting, meanwhile I felt so ashamed! More so, because I was getting totally turned-on!

Finally, we had to part ways, and my friend teased me one last time, reminding me not to loose my skirt. Well, I wasn't going to let that happen as I began my walk across the street to another building. Still, it was pretty hard to keep my mind off my body, especially the bits that were so sensitive. I fumbled with the hem of the material on my way to class, and I was sure everyone knew that I didn't have on any underwear. There were some looks of disgust, I guess, and lots of smiles and winks. Most people couldn't take their eyes off my sweet schoolgirl legs, or so I liked to imagine.

Sitting through that hour and a half long lecture was torture! I never thought college classes could be so boring. But then, I had registered late, so I suppose I didn't have the best pick of interesting subjects. My mind started to drift, and I played with the idea of slowly removing the skirt Carrie gave to me. Then I would find an excuse to jump out of my chair, and stand bottomless in front of all these students! Of course, such thoughts only served to make me horny, but I dare not touch myself again. I didn't want to have another "accident" like earlier.

Toward the end of the lecture, one girl sitting in front of me turned around and snapped shut her compact mirror. "You know… if you're going to shave your pussy, you should really wear a longer skirt…"

Oh my gosh, I was so embarrassed! She probably thought I was some kind of slut! I think I would have buried my face in my arms, but then the professor signaled that we were dismissed. Rising to my feet, I simply grabbed my books, and ran out of the classroom. Amazingly, all I could think of now, was how much I wanted to see my friends.

As I jogged across campus, I could feel the little skirt gently lifting up and down off my lap. I'm sure the cheeks of my cute behind peeked into view as I scampered over the path. But I didn't care. I just wanted to be away from all those staring, leering eyes. And all those students who knew my dirty little secret…

When I reached the Performing Arts Center, I paused to catch my breath. Actually, I waited a few minutes to calm myself down before proceeding to venture inside. The remainder of my schedule was clear today. I wondered if the other girls were here already, and if Carrie would get Christa and Ashley to join us.

True enough, as I entered the building, the place seemed very quiet. My sneakers squeaked and echoed down the ground floor corridor.

"Hello?" I bravely called out.

There was no reply. No music students or drama students, and no faculty. I shrugged my shoulders, but also felt a shiver run down my spine. For some reason, I trembled with fear and excitement.

All by myself, I found the stairs that led to the lower level, to one of the performance stage rooms with its bright lights and black walls. It was here that I discovered Carrie and her two friends waiting.

"Hi Erica!" Ashley waved me over. "Oh my, but that is a darling skirt!"

They were sitting up on the raised platform, a good several feet off the floor, and I mumbled, "Thanks…"

"We were just talking," Carrie said as she helped me up the steps, "and saying how it was too bad you don't play an instrument, Erica!"

"Oh, but I've never been musically talented," I admitted.

Christa smiled as she took in the sight of me standing in the spotlight. "But we could just picture you up here as part of the orchestra, or playing in the jazz band…"

"Maybe she could have one of her clothing accidents!" Ashley giggled and winked at me.

Blushing, I tried to explain, "Well I don't like being up in front of an audience, so you'll never catch me on stage."

"Is that so?"

We all turned to look back toward the doorway to the room. To my surprise, it was the blonde bitch Lisa! And she was walking toward the stage with Alicia. I saw that my friend had returned with her flute case. Since I remembered she had made a special trip to put it back in her car, I figured it must have been Lisa's suggestion that she bring back to the Performing Arts Center. I wondered what she had in mind.

As instructed, Alicia climbed onto the stage and began unpacking her instrument. She assembled the two pieces, and then Lisa started to explain.

"Erica, you may not be any good at making music. But you do like to dance, don't you?"

Rubbing a foot shyly behind my leg, I looked down at the bossy blonde and answered, "Yes… I like to dance."

Carrie clapped her hands and said, "This should be entertaining!"

"Indeed," Lisa continued. "Now, little Erica, when Alicia begins to play for us on her flute… you're going to dance. And as you dance to her music, you're going to strip!"

"What?!!" I cried as my friends erupted in cheers and laughter. "What if… what if she keeps playing?"

Lisa only offered a smug smirk as she found herself a seat in the front row, directly in front of the stage. "Well that depends on how far Alicia wants to go…"

I stood with my mouth hanging open. Speechless, I couldn't find the words to express my doubt or concerns. I noticed Lisa didn't make any comment about my hair. And then, my brunette friend put the flute to her lips and played a few notes. I looked to her, my eyes wide.

She started playing a really beautiful melody, similar to the one she played at her audition. Then her eyes narrowed, and she changed the tune to a more slinky, slithery number, almost like a snake charmer from India. I couldn't help but let the music seep into my body. My shoulders started reflexively shifting up and down, as I wiggled my hips in time with Alicia's rhythm. I closed my eyes and ran both my hands through my hair.

And then my fingers wandered down my shirt, grabbing and squeezing my breasts. It wasn't so much as Lisa's command, as the spirit of the music, which made me start to undo the buttons. Soon, I had the front all the way open, my bare tummy and cute bellybutton on display. Alicia kept playing, and I kept dancing… turning around slowly, shrugging the light material of my shirt off my shoulders. I felt so alive, my heart beating faster, and then I took my top completely off so that the fabric floated to the floor in front of the stage. Standing up there in just my bra, my hands instinctively cupped my breasts. I silently shook my head.

However, I could see my friend smiling at me with her eyes, and I had no choice but to move my hands behind my back to reach for the clasp of my bra. Alicia did not let up, her fingers weaving that strange and exotic melody. I still shook my hips, and stretched my legs, stepping in time with the music… even as I unhooked my lacey bra, and let the shoulder-straps ease down my arms. They were all watching me. Not only Lisa and Alicia, but Carrie and Ashley and Christa, all in rapt attention!

Caught up in the sexy song and dance, I pulled the bra off my chest. I held onto it for a moment, and then tossed it down to land in Lisa's lap. I was standing topless on stage in my college Performing Arts Center! At first, I raised my palms to cover my tits… but I saw Ashley and Christa sitting in the corner with big grins on their faces. I lowered my arms, and showed them my bare breasts. My nipples were so hard!

Turning my head to the side, I glanced over my smooth shoulder to plead with Alicia. She only inclined her head and persisted with her rousing melody. I swayed to the music, my tits bouncing and nipples quivering with my motions. I think I may have run my tongue over my teeth… this was getting hot! Lowering myself to my hands and knees, I wiggled my butt, which was covered only by the most minimal of clothing. I dangled my feet over the edge of the stage, and started to crawl forward… slowly I pulled each foot out of its shoe, letting my sneakers drop to the floor below. Then, with a gracefulness only made possible by Alicia's music, I pushed myself up on my arms and rose to a standing position.

Again, I ran my hands through my hair, then over the skin of my tight stomach. Taking steps across the platform, I bent one leg up behind me, and reached back to grab the toe of my ankle sock. I was able to pull the fabric free, and let my bare toes fall to the stage. Tossing the sock away, I spun around and started moving toward Alicia. I lifted my other lower leg so that my heel was almost touching my butt, and leaned back to take hold of that sock. Easily, it slipped off and was thrown across the room.

It was then I realized I was standing barefoot on the stage, in front of my friends. In fact, I was wearing just one item of clothing, that tiny plaid skirt, which Carrie had given me! Clasping my hands and bringing them up beneath my chin, I looked at Alicia and shook my head.

Without even pausing to take a breath, the talented brunette kept playing her flute. She was going to make me do it. I looked around nervously, even as I continued to gyrate my hips to the music. Oh my gosh, oh my gosh… I just had one piece if clothing on. Already, my fingers were fumbling for the zipper. I still turned my head side to side, begging Alicia to end her song, and she still kept blowing and nimbly running her fingers along the instrument.

I turned around so my back was to Carrie and the other girls, and I stood facing Lisa. The zipper lowered, the button popped, I let the skirt descend to my feet. Rather than stepping out of the material, I raised a leg deliciously and kicked the skirt off my foot to go flying toward the audience.

I was absolutely naked, from head to toe, on the stage!

Oh, I was so bare up here! As I slowly turned around to face my other friends, I couldn't help but lift my hands up to squeeze my breasts. When I pulled my fingers away, my nipples were so elongated and hard. I swear they were wiggling on their own, to the sound of Alicia's flute music. And I know the girls were eyeing the rest of my figure, checking out my slender hips and bald pussy. Unsure of what to do, I looked shyly over my shoulder, even rising up on my toes, so that Lisa saw the bottom of my bare foot. I found Lisa evaluating me critically, arms folded and legs crossed. The fact that she was seeing my ass on full display like this, caused my clitoris to poke straight out.

Well, Alicia kept playing her flute, and I had already taken off all my clothes. What more were they expecting? I continued my nude slow dance, moving around the stage, arms raised above my head. Then, looking from Carrie to Ashley and then to Christa, I reached down and flicked my clit!

"Aaaahh…" I whimpered and slipped a finger inside.

"Hmmm… it appears Erica is ready to conclude her performance!" Carrie observed.

The girls, smiles on their faces, started to move closer to me… and I didn't know what to do! I just stood there, butt naked, about to masturbate in front of them. Glancing to my left, I saw even Lisa had gotten up out of her seat and was making her way up the stage. Nervously, I took a few steps backwards, my bare feet sticking and un-sticking off the hardwood floor. But I couldn't help playing with myself, especially with Alicia watching me and playing her instrument.

"Look at her go!" Ashley said amazed.

Before I knew it, the girls were practically on either side of me, and Christa commented, "What a cute body she has!"

I honestly thought I was going to collapse. The exposure was too much for me, sending me over the edge. And then, suddenly, there was Lisa dragging a folding chair across the stage and setting it behind me. I thankfully sat down, my legs spread wide apart.

"Ooooh! Mmmmm…." I moaned and writhed with pleasure.

The whole time, I never broke eye contact with Alicia. As I continued to rub my pussy, I pictured her using that flute… well, I had certain ideas about where she might put it. But then, Lisa reached down and grabbed my arms! She took me by the wrists and pulled them away from my body, exposing everything!

At first I whimpered, and wiggled my butt a little on the chair in a futile struggle. My bare legs were still spread open, I even hooked my feet around the opposite sides of the seat. Caught tight in Lisa's grip, I felt helpless, and hot at the same time.

"Please…" I arched my back and thrust my little tits forward. "I want to cum!"

But the blonde bitch only kept me on display like this, while the other three girls stood before me and looked down at my nude body. Alicia took great interest in playing her flute, which was having an effect on my pink parts. I could feel my clit wiggling in time with the music, as if it had a mind of its own. I was about to start bucking my hips, and I was afraid I was going to squirt in the direction of my friends.

Suddenly, the music stopped. Alicia gently lowered the flute from her lips. My eyes were wide with anticipation, but nothing happened. I could feel my heart still beating fast, and my pussy twitched, but I no longer convulsed with an impending orgasm. Lisa let go of my hands and slowly backed away from the chair. All eyes were upon me as I sat up and then stood on my trembling legs.

I was still very horny, but I did not try to touch myself. Maybe I wanted one of my friends to finish me off! In a bit of a daze, I ran a hand through my hair and looked around. All of my clothes were scattered, some items not even on the stage. Gingerly, I started walking forward.

"Wow, Erica…" said Carrie who stayed in front of me, "You're as pink down there, as, well… now you match your hair!"

I blushed even more as Ashley and Christa crept behind me and said what a nice butt I have. That only reminded me I was so completely naked up here, nothing was hidden. With my arms at my sides, I turned around, showing them my bare titties with nipples poking out.

"What… what are you doing?" I asked, seeing Lisa gathering up my socks and top.

The devious blonde ignored me at first, and proceeded to walk down the steps. She purposefully picked up my shoes from the floor, and then retrieved my bra and skirt over near the seats. All I could do was stand there in my bare feet and watch.

Pausing to regard me, Lisa finally said, "Seems like I'm cleaning up after you, naughty girl!"

"But… but, you're taking everything," I gasped, moving a few nervous steps closer to the edge of the stage. "You have to leave me something!"

Lisa tweaked my big toe, then ran a hand around the back of my calf. She looked up and said, "No, I don't think I will."

I almost melted at her tender touch and icy words. She was going to leave me here, in my college's Performing Arts Center, totally nude. Bringing my hands up to cover my breasts, I looked over my shoulder at my friends for support, but they only shrugged. And giggled and smiled… they were obviously enjoying my predicament.

Carrie glided over to me, and placed her palm on my ass. "Come on, Erica, we'll walk with you back to my car. I'll skip class and drive you home. Unless, that is, you want to go streaking through the campus!"

I backed away from the strawberry-blonde's eager suggestion, and even lowered a hand to cover my pussy. "Um, no… I think I would rather go home, and, well, you know…"

The truth was, I was still very aroused. Alicia's song has brought me very close, and I had not been able to relieve myself. Now, the girls were hovering around me, absolutely devouring the sight of my bare slim figure. They were prolonging my nudity and loving every minute of it! And I was getting hotter by the minute. I even lowered my arms again, showing all my private parts. It seemed only a few weeks ago we had met Ashley and Christa, and now they were seeing me entirely naked!

The girls slowly moved closer to me, so I was essentially being herded down the steps of the performance stage. I kept a minimum distance, but certainly within arms length, so that anyone one of them could have touched my body with their soft feminine touch. Lisa watched us all parade along the side of the room, smiling in satisfaction.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't expect to see…" came the male voice that I recognized as one of the teachers in the music department.

I froze, up in front of the line, my friends mere steps behind me. In the dim light upon first entering from the hallway, I don't think the teacher immediately saw that I wasn't wearing any clothes. But then he continued walking toward us, and his eyes adjusted, if he could believe what his eyes were seeing. I just stood there, arms dangling at my sides. My breasts and erect nipples were in plain view, and as my hairless body glistened, my pink labia were unfolded. I hoped he didn't notice my clitoris poking out!

And then there was Lisa, quickly at our side, almost coming between the teacher and me. Almost, but not quite… I was still on display in all my glory, unable to turn away or cover up my pink bits.

"Erica, here, was just finishing up rehearsing for a nude scene in one of the drama club's productions," Lisa casually explained.

"Oh, I see…" said the music teacher when he found the words to speak again. His eyes roamed from the tips of my shoulders to my bare toes on the carpet of the theatre floor. "I hope I didn't interrupt… but I am scheduled to rehearse the chorus now."

Just then a group of students came piling in through the door from the outside corridor. There were lots of young women, and quite a few guys, too. I thought I was going to die of shame. For some reason, I could not make my legs move. I just watched and watched as about a couple dozen or so people entered the room. And they were all looking at me!

"That's all right, we were about to be leaving," Lisa continued. She then squeezed my fingers in her hand, and began pulling me toward the room's exit.

Of course, this meant I was not able to use that hand to cover myself. Nor did I bother with my other arm, which only flailed out at my side as I scampered after her on my tiptoes. Passing by the college chorus students, that is when the comments started. First there were gasps of shock, then chuckles. Some mocked my small tits, while others said I looked like a slut because of my shaved pussy. Still, there were those who said I had a really nice ass!

I could hear the teacher admonishing his students behind us, reminding them not to be rude, that they should respect the sacrifices I needed to make for my "art". My whole body blushed furiously… I was so embarrassed! By this time, Alicia and the others had caught up with us and were right on my heels. Their hands found my back, my butt, and my hips as they practically pushed me the rest of the way and out into the Performing Arts Center hallway.

There was nothing I could do as I was ushered through the building, surrounded on the sides and in back by my friends. But when a few straggling students came rushing in our direction, they were treated to sight of my full frontal nudity. I just closed my eyes and let the girls guide me, self-conscious of my bare feet slapping along the floor, my perky breasts bouncing with our steps, and my pussy lips sticking out, begging to be stroked!

Lisa stopped us when we climbed to the ground floor of the building. "Well, little girls, this is where I take my leave. It was a very entertaining diversion, Erica. I'll send your clothes over when I get around to it…"

"But…" I started, even reaching out with an arm, only to watch Lisa march imperiously down the hall with all my things.

Standing stark naked in the middle of my four friends, I wondered what I was going to do. Carrie took the opportunity, with my arms lowered, to flick my nipples and rub them between her fingers.

"Oh, but you looks so cute!" she squealed. "I could just eat you up! Are you sure you still don't want to streak the science center or something? Maybe wander into a classroom like this?"

I shook my head, no, but continued to let Carrie massage my breasts.

"I think Erica looks horny," Christa observed studiously. "Maybe she should find someplace to finish masturbating…"

I couldn't believe she would say that right in front of me! Of course, there was no denying the veracity of her statement. Secretly, I wondered if she wanted to finish me off. Or at least, that is what I fantasized.

Finally Carrie took my hand and gently pulled me toward the doors of the building. "All right, Erica, I'll take you home so you don't have to spend the rest of the day naked at college."

The sun was only just going down in the late afternoon, it was still plenty light out. As we stepped in to the cool fresh air, I shivered a little and rubbed my arms. I thought about all the other buildings that lined the way through campus toward the student parking lot, and all the people that would still be around.

"Oh, but Carrie…" I whispered breathlessly, as I stood on my tiptoes and clasped my hands in front of my bald pussy. "Couldn't you just bring your car around to this parking lot, and pick me up here?"

The buxom blonde giggled and winked at me. "What? And leave you with these three, to have their way with you?"

At this playful remark, Ashley put her hand on my hip, then began to caress my little bare bottom. "I have to admit, Erica, you're wearing a pretty tempting outfit!"

Everyone laughed, but meanwhile my heart was racing. I could see Carrie had no intention to drive over to this lot. So it was either walk with her back to her car, or loose the opportunity for a ride home. I pressed myself close to Carrie, and began following her as we started our walk across campus. One last time, I turned my head to see Alicia, Ashley, and Christa smiling at my naked ass. They each blew a kiss at me, then separated to go off in different directions.

We actually picked a strategic route, and moved carefully to minimize people seeing me. It wouldn't do any good for us to get caught by security. And while this resulted in a good bit of hiding, or waiting for the coast to be clear, it also meant I was nude even longer, with Carrie occasionally teasing and petting my body. By the time we reached the student parking lot, the two of us had to make a final run for it. On her long legs, the strawberry-blonde easily loped ahead of me to her car. I was left jogging over the blacktop totally naked, and my poor nipples were so hard! A few students finishing up their day were also in the parking lot, and there were plenty of whistles and pointing.

I jumped into Carrie's car, and we sped out of the stall and out onto the main campus road. My friend looked over at me and smiled.

"Now remember, Erica, you may not cum until we get you back home and inside your room."

I was about ready to explode from all the excitement, and I shyly asked the young woman driving, "Will you… will you help me?"

"Only if you stay red all over," Carrie answered curiously.

Then I looked down and saw my body flushed a rosy pink from the exertion as well as the humiliation and arousal. I touched my nipples between my thumbs and forefingers, pinching and stretching them out a full inch. Of course, between my legs, I was already pink and juicy. She would probably have to spank me to make my bottom bright red. And then I looked in the mirror and watched a ringlet of scarlet hair fall playfully on my forehead. For the first time today, I was really glad I had dyed my hair red!

27 - Sunday Softball

I hadn’t realized my good fortune that several weeks had passed without my friends pulling some kind of incident to cause my embarrassment and humiliation. This was especially true, as my birthday was earlier in April. I had just turned nineteen-years-old, was finishing up my first year at college, and nothing outrageous had happened. I breathed an inward sigh of relief. Maybe it was because we had a damp and sullen early Spring. But now the sun was out again, and the warm weather had arrived. I should learn to appreciate the relative peace and quiet while it lasts.

It seems all that was going to change, one Sunday morning just before the end of the month. My friend Alicia called me over and explained that she needed to take her cousin Jimmy to the little league game at the park. Her Aunt and Uncle were going away, and she was the only one able to give him a ride. I really didn’t want to get involved. Not that I wasn’t feeling nice or helpful, but I’ve always found her cousin to be a rude little beast.

Of course, enough whining and pleading from Alicia, and her telling me how pretty I looked (not sure why she threw that in, but I guess flattery couldn’t hurt…) and I finally agreed to accompany her. We drove over to her Aunt’s house, and collected the boy in his amusing Little League uniform, and promised his parents we would take good care of him. No sooner did we get to the car, then Jimmy announced that he wanted to ride up front with his cousin! I was told to get in the back seat, where he dumped the rest of his equipment, his aluminum bat and glove. Alicia’s cousin made a point to turn around in his seat and tell me not to touch anything.

Well, already I felt pretty foolish, being bossed around and treated like such. I folded my arms grumpily and crossed my legs. Doing so, I noticed for the first time that the shorts I was wearing revealed rather a lot of my slender legs. I think the boy watched me during the whole drive, either over the headrest, or catching glimpses in the rearview mirror. By the time we reached the park, I was blushing furiously.

We unloaded out of the car, and Jimmy grabbed his bat and glove, running ahead of us toward the field.

“Your cousin is creepy,” I remarked to Alicia.

My friend only laughed and said, “I guess you’ve made an impression on him. Maybe he likes you…”

Now that would surprise me! The way he always acted disrespectful and called me names. I didn’t think he even liked girls. But what was more surprising was that upon strolling over to the chain link fencing leading to the backstop, we were greeted by Lisa and Carrie!

“Lovely spring day, isn’t it?” the strawberry blonde, Carrie, smiled.

At her side, Lisa frowned and said, “I think it feels too warm. It’s not even summer and it’s like eighty degrees. Why are we here anyway?”

This also caught me surprise. Usually it was Lisa doing the plotting and scheming and deciding what we did as a group. The fact that she was a little in the dark, made me ease up and let down my guard.

“I recall that we did not do anything special for little Erica for her birthday,” Carrie was continuing. “So what would be better than to take this opportunity to spend some time together, enjoying the sunshine, watching some innocent softball?”

I looked from each of the girls, one to another, and asked, “You mean that’s it? Sounds harmless enough.”

“Of course!” Alicia teased and grabbed my arm. “What kind of trouble could we get into here?"

With that, we all giggled, and started heading for the bleachers off to the side. I noticed that there were a lot of parents and grandparents here, a pretty good-sized crowd, but they were able to find seating in the first few rows. Soon there was the smell of barbeques and soft drinks pulled from coolers, and ice cream, as refreshments were passed around. As for we college girls, we climbed toward the highest bleachers in the back and off to the edge, directly across from third base. I hoped we didn’t seem too odd keeping apart from the other families, but then, no one really paid any attention to us.

Alicia sat on my right hand side, while Lisa made herself comfortable on my left. Carrie positioned herself on the bench just in front of us, and I watched the sunlight play upon her tresses of red and gold. After practice was over, the Little Leaguers took the field. Everyone in attendance cheered and encouraged the earnest ballplayers. In the middle of the first inning, Carrie swung her body around and looked up at us.

“Hey, Erica… do you remember your birthday a few years ago?”

I immediately felt my face flush, and I started to bring my hands to my mouth in shock. “How could I forget! That was so embarrassing!”

“It’s kind of sad that we didn’t give you a big send-off, this year,” Alicia added, almost regretfully. Although she was smiling.

Squirming a bit, I answered, “Yeah, well, I’m not too disappointed…”

My friends exchanged looks, as I wasn’t sure how that came out. I wasn’t even sure what I really meant. Nervously, I tugged on the ends of my hair and stretched a leg out in front of me.

“Erica, those are cute shorts,” Alicia commented.

“And it looks like somebody has started working on her tan already!” Carrie joined in playfully.

“What… what do you mean?” I felt myself begin to heat up under their collective scrutiny. “It hasn’t exactly been tanning weather…”

Alicia rubbed my arm and said, “Just a little time outdoors in the sun, and you’re already getting some color!”

At this point, Lisa leaned in and said with great meaning, “Maybe Erica would like to get an all-over tan!”

“Oh…” I squeaked.

Carrie was already giddy and she quickly took the laces of my sneakers in her fingers. With nimble skill, she had them undone, then pulled a shoe off each foot.

“No socks, Erica?” she asked even as she cradle my bare foot in her hands.

I shook my head, “Nope… no socks.”

Wow, did I feel like a little girl, sitting up here between my bigger friends. Looking down, I saw the hem of my shorts end in the middle of my thighs, leaving my legs bare all the way down to my cute little toes. I wiggled them self-consciously, feeling a familiar tingle of excitement in my tummy.

“She needs to work on her shoulders,” Lisa gave her unasked for critical opinion… and then plucked at the fabric of my T-shirt!

“Oh, wait… no!” I squealed.

But it was too late. With Lisa being determined and forceful on one side, I was helplessly unaware of my friend Alicia giggling and lifting up my shirt from my other side. Together they stretched and pulled the material, up, up and off my body!

“No bra, either,” Carrie observed.

“Oh my gosh!” It all happened so fast!

Suddenly, I was sitting up here in the bleachers completely topless. There were like fifty or a hundred people below us, as well as the players on the field. Not to mention their coaches… and the umpires! But no one paid any notice to the three college girls surrounding me, who were more interested in my clothes than in the Little League game. I crossed my arms over my titties, shoving hands beneath opposite armpits.

The sun sure did feel nice on my back, and my stomach was still fluttering as Alicia leaned forward to unsnap the button on my shorts. They were stripping me, right here in the middle of the park, during a softball game! I couldn’t struggle, with my hands tied up covering my breasts. Gosh, I didn’t want anyone to see how hard my nipples were growing. Sitting on the bench below us, Carrie took a firm grip so she could yank the shorts down my legs.

They slid off easily, and then the strawberry blonde tossed them aside. Leaving me to sit here in just a pair of white panties! Maybe I should have stood up and tried to get away. But that would be just too embarrassing… to be seen bare-chested and in my little underwear. My eyes were wide as I turned my head side to side, pleading with Alicia and Lisa.

“Don’t… don’t you think you’ve gone far enough?”

Lisa informed me quite clearly, “No tan lines for you, Erica!”

I was truly shocked. It was broad daylight, and there were so many people around us. The three girls were laughing and I was beginning to get turned on. I still hugged myself tightly, hiding the only pink bits that were on display. But then Alicia delicately took hold of one side of the elastic band at my waist, as Lisa grabbed the other side in her fist. Carrie reached forward slowly peeled the front of the panties away from my body.

The three girls counted together… “One… two… three!”

Down they came, pulled lower and lower by three separate hands. Lisa held on to my back to keep me from falling over. I never stood a chance. My butt lifted off the wooden plank of the bleachers, as the girls rolled the scrap of material over my creamy thighs. And then it was all Carrie, taking the last piece of clothing off of me… relishing the moment as she slipped one leg out and let the fabric dangle for a moment at the tip of my toes. When I lowered my leg, my underwear fell completely off and floated to the ground below.

I was stark naked! I squirmed and fidgeted, crossing my completely bare legs, then placing a hand over my now exposed crotch. The girls huddled protectively around me. Slowly they reassured me that no one suspected any of this foolishness. The game was still going on, and the crowd of parents, friends, and other family members were captivated by the action on the field.

Lisa, Carrie, and Alicia gradually coaxed me into lowering my arms and settling into a more relaxed position. I leaned back a little, allowing my feet to rest on the long bench in front of me. Letting one hand rest on my flat tummy, I closed my eyes, picturing my clean-shaven pussy, pink and bright in the sunshine. The girls actually made me watch an inning unfold. I couldn’t believe I was watching totally nude, as Alicia’s cousin came to bat.

“Happy Birthday, Erica!” My friends teased.

Suddenly, there was a crack of the bat. The pitch had been thrown, and Jimmy made direct contact. I was just able to get enough of my bearings to see that it was stroked into leftfield, and landed a few yards past third base…

Alicia, Lisa, and Carrie jumped to their feet in excitement and yelled, “SURPRISE!”

Instinctively, I jumped up, too, and I could feel my bare bottom bounce. What I didn’t expect was that my friends then sprang away from me, clamoring down the bleachers, into the crowd below. For a moment I stood alone.

And absolutely naked! First, I brought my hands to my head, uncomprehending. It was like a lightning reflex, and my tits and pussy were on view. Was everyone looking in my direction? I happened so fast… the “ping” of the aluminum bat, the girls jumping out of their seats, and now I was up here not wearing any clothes at all!

No time for covering up, I spun around and began to sidestep over the descending bleachers. But I had to move slowly, because I didn’t want to trip, or get a splinter in my bare foot. The crowd was cheering. Were they watching me, or were they watching Jimmy round the bases? I couldn’t look. I just kept my eyes on my legs and feet shuffling down, closer to the field, while my arms flailed about.

When my toes sank into the grass, I was at once and the same time disorientated and aroused! My nipples poked out, pointing toward the sky. All I knew was that I needed to run back to Alicia’s car. But which way had we parked? I found myself running closer to the sideline, and I pulled up just before I reached the dirt of the base path. By that time, the ball that Jimmy hit had been flung back toward the infield.

The third base player made the catch and spun around… and was greeted by my clit emerging out of its hood. Confused, or reacting on so many practice drills, the boy reached out and touched the ball to my soft stomach.

“Oh!” I gasped.

Then, from over my shoulder, I could make out the sounds of shouting voices: “Run home! Run home!”

Yes, that is what I needed to do! I turned around on my bare heel, and began sprinting toward home plate. Although I guess I had been tagged out already. But looking over my shoulder, I saw that the ball was dropped, as the players and coaches watched on in disbelief, and Alicia’s cousin came running behind me.

All I remember next was rushing past the crowd and the home plate umpire. Once I made it beyond the backstop, I saw the parking fields ahead in the distance. There, I would rejoin my friends and we could make our escape. Alicia of course had to return to pick up her cousin. And neither of them would let me for get that Sunday game, where my unexpected streak helped Jimmy’s team score the winning run.

How embarrassing!

28 – Erica’s Streak

We were gathered in Ashley's comfy dorm room. Her friend Christa was there, as well as my friend, Alicia. Well, I guess we had all become friends since college started. It's just that, Alicia and I had known each other since high school, and I learned that the other two girls had been together since junior high. We all seemed to get along pretty well.

It was a Friday night, and after our last class, Alicia and I had crashed over at Ashley's dorm and hung out for the rest of the afternoon. There was a carton of half-eaten pizza over on the table, and some bottles of water and soft drinks. Alicia now came walking out of the washroom, and sat down on the sofa next to me.

"Hey, Erica…" my brunette friend announced, "Ashley and I were up for a little adventure tonight!"

I looked at the other two girls across the small room, and then back at Alicia. "Oh, really? And just what did you two have planned?"

"Well, Sweetie pie…" she now slid closer to me, even draping an arm around my neck and gently fondling one of my ears. "We were thinking about streaking the dormitories over on the other side of the campus!"

A shiver ran up my spine, and I laughed nervously. "That's crazy! All three of you?"

"Not exactly," Christa said stepping forward. "You see, I'm going to stay dressed since I can't risk my Art scholarship by getting into trouble and getting caught. But, I'll still be able to help them, keeping an eye out and making sure everything is safe."

Ashley bounced onto the floor and curled up beneath my feet. "But we are doing the streak, each under separate conditions. Alicia is going to run in just her underwear…"

"That hardly seems like streaking," I remarked, perhaps, regretfully.

"Wait until you see the kind she is wearing!" Ashley continued. "And I'm going to run through in just a towel… nothing underneath!"

I gulped, "So where does that leave me?"

Alicia ran her finger down my earlobe, then brushed my cheek, turning my little chin to look her in the eye. "Erica, we were thinking you could run with us, you know, without anything on at all."

"Are you serious?" I gasped, and tried to push myself away.

"What's the matter?" Christa giggled. "You're the one always getting naked."

Folding my arms across my chest, I pouted. "I am not always getting naked. Bad stuff just happens to me. Or I get tricked. Or Lisa strips me…"

"Mmmm, I bet you would do it if Carrie was here," Ashley teased. "She likes your body."

Momentarily confused, I fidgeted with the buttons on my shirt. "She… she does?"

"So what to you say, Erica?" my friend urged, whispering in my ear. "Will you take off your clothes for us?"

"Um, I don't know…"

My face was blushing bright red, as I squirmed on the couch. I even kicked off a sneaker. How do I keep finding myself in these situations! Finally, I looked at all three girls around me, and I felt very shy.

"I can't!" I told them. "I can't just go running bare ass nude through the campus!"

As Alicia, Christa, and Ashley stared and frowned at me, I was starting to feel guilty. I mean, I didn't want to ruin their fun. But why did I have to be the one to go totally bare? I stood up in the center of the room, one shoe on and one shoe off, and ran my hand through my hair. What a decision to make!

Unable to bear their disappointment, I suggested, "How about if I wear a towel, too."

Ashley exchanged glances with Alicia and then said, "Only one of us gets to wear a towel."

"I'll flip you for it!" I shouted excitedly.

I don't know why I blurted that out. Part of me didn't want to be going along with this daring scheme in the first place. But it seemed already, I was being swept away by the events unfolding. Before I could think, Christa reached into her pocket and pulled out a coin.

"OK, here are the rules," the Art student explained. "I'll do the toss, and when it lands… if it's heads, Erica can wear Ashley's towel. But if it's tails… then Erica, has to strip… right here, completely naked. And she'll have to do the streak without any clothes on!"

The other girls whistled and cheered, as I felt myself flush in embarrassment. There was no turning back now. One coin toss would decide my fate for the evening. And I was just as torn. Part of me hoping it would come out heads, part of me wishing for tails!

I sucked my breath in, watching as Christa stood forward, the coin held in her outstretched palm. A hush fell over the three of us, as she tossed the quarter high into the air. My eyes followed its rise, and what seemed to be its slow descent… until the college girl caught it again. She slapped the coin onto her forearm, but held her hand covering it for a moment. The suspense was killing me!

Now Christa peered beneath her fingers, really drawing out the tension, and then said, "The toss is… heads! Erica goes with the towel."

"Yes!" I exclaimed jubilantly.

I collapsed back onto to the sofa, even kicking my legs up and down in excitement. I couldn't believe I had won! The girls let me celebrate for a few more moments, but it seemed they had gotten their hopes on exposing my cute little ass this evening. Well, too bad for them!

"All right, Missy," our moderator Christa finally said. "Have it your way. But now it's time to get you prepared…"

Ashley's friend disappeared into the bathroom, and then was back out with a single pink towel. It looked like it would be pretty soft, I just hoped it would also cover enough!

Then Alicia took me by the hand and we stood up, walking over to the dorm's bedroom. Not that it appeared to be very spacious. Only enough room for Ashley's bed, her closet, and a nightstand. And enough room to get changed in.

"Now remember," Alicia explained, "This towel will be the only thing you are allowed to wear. So we want you to hand everything through the door as you get ready. EVERYTHING… do you understand, Erica?"

I nodded my head with eyes wide. I guess I wasn't so far away from total nudity as I imagined. But there was nothing I could do about it now. I was given the towel, and then I shyly closed the door behind me.

I had kicked off my other sneaker back when we were in the other room. So it only seemed natural for me to bend at the waist and pull both my socks off my little feet. As instructed, I cracked open the door a bit and stuffed the cotton material into my friend's hands. Then I took a deep breath, before undoing the buttons of my shirt and removing my top. Again, I slid this past the door, into Alicia's waiting fingers. Working quickly, I next unhooked my bra. Like a good little girl, I stuck my arm and bare shoulder out into the room to discard this item. Alicia used this opportunity to check that I was indeed topless, and she playfully tweaked on of my nipples!

"Ouch!" I said, although they were already growing hard and pointing out. I could hear the other girls giggle.

Now I slid my jeans down my legs and off my feet, hurrying so I could cover up again. I wondered what they were doing with my clothes, as I removed and handed over each item. By the time I was down to just my panties, I was pretty turned on. I was almost afraid to take off this last piece, because I might be tempted to start playing with myself. But there was not time for that. So I closed my eyes, and shimmied the delicate material down my hips, thighs, knees, and finally kicked them off my ankles. It's not like they haven't seen me before, but I actually held a hand over my pussy as I opened up the door and gave Alicia my underwear.

Then, with Ashley's bedroom door still open, I turned around so I could fetch the towel. The girls all whistled at the sight of my rear. In a way, I guess that made me smile. But I also blushed bashfully. I wrapped the only covering I would have, tightly around my body. Now my breasts are kind of small, so I was afraid there wouldn't be anything to keep the towel up. Still, my nipples were elongated and sensitive, the soft cloth brushing against them delightfully. The edge hung down to just above my knee, and of course, I tucked in the folds in front of my chest.

"Be careful not to loose that!" Ashley teased as I made my entrance into the middle of the room.

In fact, as I walked around, I was very conscious of just that. It suddenly dawned on me that I would be scampering across campus like this, as well as running through buildings. Looking down, I wiggled my toes, then brushed a foot nervously behind the other calf. I lifted a hand to grip the folds of the towel more securely. My shoulders were so bare, and I think I sprouted goose bumps on the soft skin exposed beneath my neck, just above my covered titties.

I swallowed back a lump of anxiety, and tried to sound brave. "Well, now it's your turn, Ashley. And you have to strip stark naked!"

The perky college stood up, and stepped toe to toe with me, making me feel very vulnerable. "Mmmm… I don't think so. The bet only said that if the coin came out tails, you would have to streak in your birthday suit."

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked, slightly trembling with fear and excitement.

Alicia, too, looked interested in this development. "Yeah, Erica has a point. Two points, actually…"

"Maybe three," Christa laughed, sneaking up behind me. "I bet her clit is sticking out right now!"

"Come on, guys," I protested, although I did feel my pussy twitching beneath the folds of the towel. "This is about Ashley, and how is she going to do the streak?"

Alicia walked over to our friend and said, "Indeed, we already agreed that I'm going to make the run in my bra and panties…"

Now it was Ashley's turn to look at each of us, before answering confidently, "Fine… then I'll streak the dormitories in just my panties! I'll do it topless."

We all watched in amazement as Ashley calmly walked into the kitchen area. She opened up the refrigerator and found herself a wine cooler. I guess a little alcohol wouldn't hurt on a night like this. In my pink towel, I moved across the room to join her, my bare feet slapping over the tiles as I neared the refrigerator. She handed me her drink, which I took a sip, and then the perky college girl started taking off her clothes!

First, Ashley pulled off her T-Shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra anyway, and her boobies bounced free. Placing her shirt on the counter, she used a heel to pry a shoe off each foot, leaving her feet as bare as mine. Then she pulled down her pants, stepping out of them and throwing them onto the counter as well. Dressed in only a pair of white panties, Ashley placed her hands on her hips. I stared at her breasts enviously, and I think I noticed her nipples begin to stiffen. At that point, she raised her hands to modestly cover her tits.

Now Ashley turned to look at the other two girls in the room and said, "Your turn, Alicia! Better get those things off you…"

My friend smiled, and then glided over to stretch herself out on the sofa. She was dressed nicely today, and I had told her that earlier this morning. She had shiny black pumps on, and the brunette let her fingers wander down her legs to find and undo the buckles. With a thud, the two shoes dropped to the floor. Alicia was also wearing dark tights, but she quickly had her hands beneath her skirt and was rolling the fabric down her shapely legs. She stretched them off her feet and then tossed the tights in our direction. Pausing for a moment, she rubbed her lower legs sensuously and wiggled her toes.

Suddenly, Alicia rearranged herself into a position sitting straight up on the couch. Using both hands, she pulled from the bottom of her sweater and lifted it completely over her head and off her body. Always well endowed, we saw her breasts jiggle inside a sexy, lacey black bra. Christa let out an appreciative whistle as Alicia stood up and started to undo her skirt. She let it drop to the floor to reveal a matching pair of black lace panties. I was getting wet!

But when my friend turned around to daintily pick her skirt up from the floor, we all saw that she was wearing a thong! Both cheeks of her beautiful ass were on display. Standing here next to a topless Ashley, and having just watched Alicia strip down to so little, I felt very horny. I almost wished I wasn't wearing the towel at all!

Alicia neatly folded her clothes, then came over to join us in the kitchen, walking on her tip toes. That only made her seem taller. Of the three of us, she definitely had the bustiest chest. And of course, I was the smallest, which made me feel self-conscious all over again.

"You know, Alicia, if you were going to be wearing that little thing," Ashley winked and teased, "maybe you should just go bottomless!"

I gasped, as the others laughed. Alicia spun around, and then stood in front of me, her boobs practically in my face. She hooked her thumbs inside the elastic waistband, and began to tease them over her hips. I thought I even saw a tuft of brown pubic hair peek into view.

My friend continued to wiggle her hips and asked, "You mean go running around with just a hand between my legs?"

Again, we all giggled and laughed, although I felt my tummy fill with butterflies.

"I'll do it…" Alicia declared, "but only if Erica looses the towel, and runs completely naked!"

Christa and Ashley urged me on, saying how cool that would be. One girl topless, one bottomless… and me in the middle, totally nude. Oh my gosh, I really wanted to do it! If it was just the four of us, I probably would. But despite my beating heart, somewhere in the back of my mind, I remembered that we would be going across campus and inside another dormitory building filled with students.

"I'm sorry," I squeaked. "No… I can't."

Alicia just smiled and snapped her panties against her hips, even hiking them up into her crotch a bit. "Suit yourself, Erica."

We began to shuffle ourselves back into the main room. I guess we were all about ready to get going. Alicia was next to me on one side, and Ashley was on the other, still cupping her breasts. Then Christa stepped into the middle of the room and held out a hand to stop us.

"Oh, I just have to get a picture of this!" she cried.

"What?" I asked, startled. I did not expect this adventure was going to be documented.

Ashley, too, seemed a bit concerned as she huddled closer to me and said, "Yeah, what is this for your "art" collection? You had better not show these to anybody!"

Fishing through her bag for her digital camera, Christa replied, "Oh, it's only for us girls. To share the memories, you know?"

"Or mammeries," I quipped, glancing at Alicia's cleavage and licking my lips.

Oh my gosh, what was I thinking! This was my best friend. But standing in between the girls, in just a little pink towel, I was so aroused! As Christa readied her camera, I suddenly thought the other two might yank the towel off me at the last second. That would be so embarrassing, because right at that moment, my pussy lips were spread and my clitoris had popped out of its hood!

"I just hope it's not too chilly out tonight!" Alicia giggled.

After another glance at my friend in her sexy underwear, I started to think how daring she was behaving this evening. I wondered if she was up to something. And then Christa took our picture, saving the digital capture of we three young women wearing so little. I guess, technically, I was the most covered, so that made me feel a little better.

The Art student then put her camera back in her bag, before casually walking over to the door. It was odd, seeing her fully dressed, while the rest of us were somewhat indecent. She stepped out into the hallway, and then turned to motion that it was all clear.

Alicia squeezed my arm and said, "Here we go, Erica!"

Now that I was caught up in the emotion, this was pretty exciting! Not only to be walking outside the dorm room in a short towel, but also because of my friend in her bra and panties, and Ashley in just her panties. The three of us moved carefully in our bare feet, and followed Christa's lead. Presumably, she would take us safely out of the building and pick our way across campus, while keeping an eye out for any trouble.

At this stage, we must have still felt secure as we were in a familiar setting, only a few yards from the safety of Ashley's room. So we kind of walked loosely, not huddled together. With the clothed Christa pointing out the way, her friend followed next, still clutching her breasts. I was behind her, and I was starting to realize how hot Ashley looked in just her snug white panties. Her back was so smooth and bare, and she had a really nice butt. I felt myself blush, imagining the girl loosing her underwear and seeing her naked ass! Alicia marched alongside me, and I wondered if she guessed my thoughts.

We rounded a corner, and suddenly crossed the path of another group of female students.

"Wow, nice outfits!" one of the girls said.

"Going out on the town like that?" asked another, eyeing my two friends clad in their panties.

"What's with the little girl in the towel?" teased a college co-ed from across the hall.

Christa came to our defense, or so I thought she would, but instead replied, "These ladies are up for some campus streaking."

"Sounds fun," the first student answered mischievously, and they began to gather around us. "Actually, your friend in the middle is kind of cute…"

As the girls moved closer, one of them reached out to touch the hem of my towel, causing me to squeak. "Please don't! I'm not wearing anything else… I'm naked!"

"Well, that's the idea isn't it?" the other girl playfully snapped Ashley's panties, since she was helpless with her hands covering her tits. "Shouldn't you ladies be discarding the rest of your things?"

I was kind of nervous and excited at the same time. What if they ended up taking my towel off? I didn't want these other girls to see my pointy nipples and shaved pussy. Why didn't Christa do something! Thankfully, it was my friend Alicia who intervened.

Clad in just her bra and thong, the busty brunette looked them in the eye and said, "We are going to take everything off when we get to the dormitory building across campus!"

"Oh, that does sound pretty wild," the first girl said, with a measure of respect.

The three female dorm students stepped back, allowing us room to move forward again. I gave them a parting glance, and tightened my tiny towel in front of my chest. If I raised it just high enough, I wondered if I could flash the bottoms of my butt cheeks. Before rounding the corner of the hallway, Christa made sure it was clear this time.

"Have a good time, ladies!" one of the girls called out, and then started walking in the opposite direction.

Quickly passing by the closed doors of other dorm rooms, I turned to Alicia and gasped, "Did you mean what you said? Are you two going to finish stripping when we get to the building?"

"I don't know, Erica. Do you want to?"

I thought about it for a moment, my heart beating faster. "Um… all right… I'll do it if you do!"

"You hear that, Ashley?" my brunette friend jiggled her way forward. "Erica and I are going to show it all…"

I saw Ashley squeeze her breasts tight as she turned to us with a shocked expression. "Oh, really? Well that's more than what I signed up for… I was supposed to be wearing the towel. No way I'm loosing my panties!"

Alicia seemed to reconsider her words and said, "I guess we'll see what happens when we get there."

Now I was filled with suspense! I think I might have dropped my only covering right there, if Alicia asked me to, with little more than a promise that she would remove her underwear. This was so hot! I bounced on my little toes. Fortunately, Christa kept us moving, and soon we were heading down a hallway that led to the building's back entrance.

First we had to climb down some stairs. Our student bodyguard dutifully opened the door and made sure no one was climbing up in our direction. It was somewhat amusing that Christa was expected to shield us from discovery or getting into trouble, when we were wearing so little. The more I thought about it, we were probably already in trouble, but there was no turning back now. Following on the heels of Christa's shoes, our bare feet slapped over the tiled steps, as we descended to the ground floor level.

It felt like my pubic mound was pulsating beneath the towel as we took a few nervous steps into the new hallway. Hearing the sound of other student voices, I really wanted to touch myself. I couldn't imagine what it would be like in the dorms across campus, where we would be deliberately running through a crowd! For now, Christa had us stay close to the wall and we inched our way closer to the door. This was unreal!

Just as some footsteps came from around the corner, our fully dressed friend shoved us forward saying, "Out! Get outside!"

Well, before I knew what was happening, we were ushered through a doorway and down a little corridor. And then Christa pushed us out into the open night air! It was just Alicia in her bra and panties, me in my towel, and Ashley in only a scrap of underwear. I clutched the cloth tight in front of my body, feeling a cool breeze over my lower legs and shoulders. I bet if Ashley wasn't covering her bare breasts, I would see how hard her nipples were!

My brunette friend rubbed her arms, then playfully snapped the waistband of her own thong, making me wonder if she was horny like me. "Isn't this exciting!"

"Uh-huh," I said, with wide eyes, and moved close enough to touch Alicia's tummy.

Then Christa was at our sides, pulling me along by the arm, "OK, ladies, we have to hurry… don't want to get caught loitering around like this."

She was right. I couldn't think of any possible explanation if security or other classmates should stumble upon us out here, standing around half-naked. Well, at least I had my midriff covered, and I was probably the warmest. Goose pimples began to form on the bare skin of my other friends. We had to keep moving.

Christa led us in a circuitous route around the back of the building. I hoped no one on the upper floors looked out their windows to watch us. But then, it was dark out, and not well lit along the path we were taking. However, that would change as we made our progress across the campus and toward the other building. We crept along side paths, keeping behind the landscaped shrubbery when we could. Often, the three of us would crouch down in hiding, while Christa scoped out the area and let us know it was safe to continue.

Halfway through a campus parking lot, Ashley stopped and said, "I don't know if we should go through with this…"

I looked at the perky nineteen-year-old, standing on the curb directly beneath an exterior light. She was completely exposed, with the fingers of her hands minimally covering her breasts. I wondered if her panties were wet. Watching her squirm and fidget, I certainly thought she would feel better if she took them off!

"Come on, we're almost there!" Alicia urged as she walked by fully lit in her black bra and panties.

Following my friend's steps, I glanced up at the row of lights that continued into the distance. I clutched my towel tight and thought that anyone who should pass in this direction, would be treated to quite a sight. Christa kept us all moving, and soon the other dormitory loomed into view.

It was explained to me that this was where those upper class students who lived on campus were housed. The idea was that few of these people would be in any of the classes my friends and I were taking. And a lot of them would be graduating at the end of the semester, so it was unlikely that three younger students streaking the place would be remembered. At least, it sounded good to me, although I was still nervous.

We skirted around the front of the building, giving a wide berth to the marble steps that led to the doors, where young men and women were exiting and entering. There was a way through the cut lawn, once more shrouded in semi-darkness, and Christa would lead us to an alternative entrance. It seemed since these were the older students, there would be less authority supervisors around to keep an eye on them. But I did see a campus security car pass by, patrolling the street. I guess that was a good thing.

"All right, ladies…" Christa announced, barely raising her voice above a whisper. "This is it!"

A white side door faced us on ground level, and we found that it opened easily. Passing through, it was completely dark inside. The four of us shuffled forward, with anxious giggles, and Christa hushing us not to make too much noise. I realized that Ashley would have to stretch her arms out to feel her way forward, and this meant her titties were uncovered, bouncing free! I scampered ahead, and placed my hands on her bare back.

"Ooooh!" Ashley practically squealed. "Erica, is that you? Your fingers are cold!"

Alicia brushed by my arm and said, "I bet I know some place where she's hot…"

Again, we tried to stifle our giggles, taking comfort in each other since we were wearing so little. Suddenly the lights went on, and we saw Christa standing next to a switch. Looking around the room, it appeared we had entered some sort of back pantry or storage room. The walls were lined with shelves, containing household goods and boxes, kitchen and cooking supplies. There also appeared to be a reserve of all manner of snacks and chips and bottles of soda. I just hoped one of the college students didn't get the munchies and come looking in here.

Now that we had some light, the three of us gingerly spread apart a little from one another. Instinctively, Ashley had slung an arm over her breasts, and held her other hand clasped in front of her panties. Alicia stood on the tips of her bare toes, rubbing her elbows and looking delicious in her sexy underwear. We all waited a moment, listening for any sounds or voices outside of the room. Then I bravely stepped into the middle.

"So, um, did you want to do like you said earlier?" I asked as I nervously twisted the end of my towel.

Alicia arched an eyebrow and grinned. "What do you mean, Erica?"

"You know, should we go all out, and really streak this place?"

"You mean like go… totally naked?" Alicia continued to tease me, even as she rubbed the front of her sheer panties. "I don't know… what do you think, Ashley?"

Our perky topless friend only tugged her own panties higher, while keeping her tits carefully concealed. "I told you, I'm not going any further."

Alicia turned back to me and said, "Looks like it's your move, Erica. If you drop your towel, I'll take off my underwear!"

Oh my! I turned my head, to see Christa waiting and she smiled at me. A hush fell over the room, and it seemed like we were the only four people down here. So I took a deep breath, undoing the front of my towel that had been folded over and tucked in. For a heartbeat, I gripped the edges tight… and then let it fall to the floor.

I stood nude in front of my two friends, as Christa checked out my bare ass.

"It's not like it was going to cover much anyway," I laughed nervously, with one hand touching the side of my leg, and the other teasing the ends of my hair.

The others just continued to stare at my naked body. I felt my blood race and my heart quicken, knowing that they were seeing every inch of me. Then I looked down, and saw that my pink nipples protruded out, fully erect. Placing my hands on my soft, trim tummy, I noticed my clitoris had unfolded out of its hood and was poking directly at the girls. Embarrassed, I quickly clasped my hands over my shaved pussy.

Alicia shook her head, and then said, "Well, if you're going to run through the halls looking like that… the least I can do is join you."

Christa had stepped to my side, and picked up the towel crumpled at my feet. "You two are crazy!"

My friend Alicia playfully stuck out her tongue, watching the fully dressed girl fold the towel neatly over her arm. Then the busty brunette reached behind her back, and started to unclasp her black lacy bra. This was going to be hot… Alicia and me running through the dorms stark naked!

A loud bang, like the sound of a door slamming, startled us all! I jumped to my toes, while my friend still had her arms to her chest, clutching the cups of her bra. We looked around in shock, my eyes going wide as I realized I had absolutely nothing on.

"I think it came from behind us!" Christa said, pushing me forward with a hand on my rear.

Ashley and Alicia skipped forward in their underwear.

"What if there are people out in hall?" I cried, covering up my small titties with both hands, which left my pussy entirely exposed!

Well, sure enough, as we piled out of the storage room, we could hear voices. Lots of voices… it sounded like they were surrounding us, coming from all directions. First we broke one way, and then Christa grabbed me by the wrist in order to pull me down another hallway. This was happening too fast, I thought, as my arms flailed out and I ran bare assed naked after her.

For those initial moments of panic, everything was like a blur. I was in a strange building, full of college students, and I wasn't wearing any clothes. Over and over, I told myself not to loose contact with Christa who had my only covering. I completely forgot about Alicia and Ashley. We rounded one corner, and not a split second too soon, spotted a group of twenty-something year olds. As if acting on reflex alone, the art student whipped me around and pushed me down a different corridor. I guess she didn't want to get caught with the naked girl!

"Hey!" came a voice raised behind us.

Christa seemed to ignore this possibility of being discovered, and steered me toward a set of stairs. "Up! Up you go…"

"Oh! But…" I heard myself gasp, as my body tingled with excitement and arousal.

I climbed forward on tiptoes, my bare feet arched and hands grasping in front of me. Christa must have gotten a pretty intimate look between my legs, from behind. I could feel my tiny boobies shake and quiver, and I stepped nude into an upstairs hallway. Without waiting for direction, I continued to streak down the momentarily silent corridor. These must have been dorm rooms, with the doors branching off on either side of me. And it was only a matter of time before students might come walking out, crossing my path. The idea thrilled me and scared me, which kept my eyes wide, heart beating fast, and tummy fluttering!

Slowing down, I rounded a corner cautiously. Fortunately it was still quiet. It seemed like most of the activity was still downstairs, where I guess they had the kitchens and entertainment rooms. I leaned my back against the wall, pausing to catch my breath. Naked! Here in one of the campus dormitories! I rested a hand on my flat stomach, lowering my eyes past my very erect nipples. At that moment, I really wished I had some pubic hair. As it was, I was all bare, and… well, showing a whole lot of pink!

Cupping my hands to my breasts, I shyly peeked back around the corner.

Where was Christa? And where were Ashley and Alicia, for that matter? I couldn't believe we had gotten separated so quickly. I figured I should probably go back, retrace my steps and find them. Suddenly, I heard a door begin to open. A couple of college students walked out into the hallway. Just as I pulled my face and shoulder behind the corner again, another door opened, followed by the sound of voices. The students greeted each other, started a casual conversation. No chance going back that way.

The thought occurred to me that there was a very real probability of getting caught. I was totally nude, and there were lots of other young people around. I had to keep myself from dwelling on such things, as it only served to make me horny. And the last thing I wanted was to be caught playing with myself!

Well, I decided I had better keep moving forward. Crossing my arms over my tits, I clutched my shoulders in opposite hands and padded down the hallway. I could feel my cute little bottom bouncing behind me, and in front, my labia unfolded and flapping exposed. Unlike the other corridor, this one had no side doors but the walls were lined with bulletin boards or decorative artwork. I came to another branching passage, and ducked this way, since I really had no clue as to the layout of the building.

Now some other rooms opened up on this floor, and I approached these cautiously. One such that I heard sounds from, appeared to have a big screen television, and male voices were raised in heated, passionate tones. I guess there was a game on tonight. Peering inside, I saw the backs of three young men, who were intently focused on the action on the big screen. I pressed myself against the wall, so close, so that my nipples and protruding clit rubbed the surface. Greatly daring, I stepped sideways and stuck the entire length of my slender bare leg into the room. I even wiggled my toes!

When I didn't get a reaction from the guys, I figured it was safe. So I carefully shielded my breasts and clasped a hand over my pussy, then scampered past the open doorway. My heart was beating wildly! Covering up this way, I jogged down the rest of the dormitory hallway. I could hear other voices, but now I wasn't sure where they were coming from. When I reached an intersecting corridor, I turned the corner.

Another set of stairs loomed before me. My hair swished across my back as I looked over my shoulder, considering my options. I could turn around and try to run past another hallway, but I didn't know how long my luck would hold out. Something told me, I should be trying to find a way back down and regroup with my friends, not climb higher into an unknown building.

But I was naked… and part of me wanted to know what would happen if others saw me like this. Would they even want to see me naked, especially the older students who were twenty or twenty-one? Young adults really, and here I was hardly a year out of high school. I was raw and innocent… and I found my hands wandering over my nubile body. Letting my arms fall to my sides, to keep from teasing myself, I placed a bare foot on the first step.

There were twelve steps in total that I counted, as I climbed the flight with legs slightly trembling. They opened out onto a new wing of the dormitory, and I looked around at these surroundings, staying near the wall. More doors started in the distance, so I figured these were other student apartments. As I slowly moved my body forward, my nipples poked out, almost pointing at the ceiling. This was so hot… I wished my friends were with me!

Suddenly, one of the doors opening sounded behind me! Instead of running, I froze, hands on my chest. I heard a gasp, then a young female voice.

"Well, that's a cute little outfit, honey!"

"Eek!" I cried, maybe a little too loudly.

Flustered, I spun halfway around, and then stood on the toes of one leg. I raised my other leg in embarrassment while hugging my arms across my chest. And then I realized that the girl standing in front of me was Carrie!

"What are you doing running around up here, Erica, without any clothes on?" she asked, as a broad grin spread across her features.

The strawberry blonde was wearing a short, one-piece mini dress. She always looked sexy in black, and I tried to answer her, "I was doing a streak with Alicia and Ashley… and… um…"

"Are they naked, too?" Carrie asked, amused.

"Um… well, maybe. I don't know. We kind of got separated…" I answered feebly.

"Put your hands on your head," my friend commanded, and after I did as I was told, she began walking slowly around me. "So you were the only one in the nude when you started this little adventure?"

I stood with my feet spread shoulder-width apart. My fingers trembled, so I knotted them together atop my head. My little tits were thrust out as I replied, "Oh gosh, Carrie, we could get caught out here any minute! Um, let me see, Alicia was just in her underwear… she had started to take off her bra, when we had to run. Ooooh, and Ashley had been only wearing a pair of panties, but she was covering up her bare tits! "

Of course, as I talked about the other girls, this continued to excite me. Already throbbing, my nipples positively wiggled and stuck up toward the ceiling. And down below, my bare pussy had opened up, and you could guess what was poking out.

"Mmmm, sounds pretty risky!" Carrie purred as she slipped in behind me.

First she had her hands on my hips. Then before I knew it, she was all over my body, rubbing down my back and smooth ass. One arm reached around me and squeezed a breast, while her other softly caressed my stomach. I arched up on my bare toes, allowing her to explore and tease. When she started to move her fingers lower and stroke my labia, I though Carrie was going to take me right here in the hallway!

"Oh! Mmmm, yes!" I moaned. And then, in the middle of being pleasured, I asked, "But what are you doing here, Carrie?"

"Evidently, driving you wild!" she laughed playfully. "Although I was actually on another date tonight…"

I squirmed around, trying to press my body against hers. "A date?"

"It was nothing special," Carrie mumbled as I tried to hike up her dress "Besides, I'm having much more fun with you, Erica! Maybe I even heard about the possibility of your little streak tonight, and made arrangements to join you…"

"Oh, that would be so hot!" I nearly cried out with joy. "Come on, let's get this off you, and we can go streaking together!"

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she answered with a sly grin.

Unfortunately, the taller girl pulled away from me slightly, and neatly pressed down the front of her dress. I watched her, my hands hanging at my sides, body still tingling. If I didn't find some relief fast, I was going to cum right here in the dormitory hallway.

Carrie evaluated my naked form and sucked on her finger in thought. "I'll tell you what, Erica… I'll go and look for the others and then head back to Ashley's dorm room. Once we get there, I'm going to slip out of my clothes and take a nice warm bath. And if you make it back in time, you can join me!"

"But what am I supposed to do now?" I whined. "Can't I just go with you?"

"No!" Carrie insisted. She stepped forward again, emphasizing her point by flicking my nipples. "I want you to run around to the other side of this floor. That will give me a head start to find Alicia, Ashley, and Christa. Now stay hard for me!"

Well! That wouldn't be too difficult! My titties were throbbing as she let go, and skipped back down the hallway, toward the stairs I had climbed earlier. I let my hand absently wander, until my fingers made contact with my adorable pussy. Oh, gosh I was wet! One more reason why I really didn't want to get caught like this. Anxiously, I spun around on my bare heel, and began to creep forward in the opposite direction.

It was a weird feeling as I passed by the doors to the student apartments on either side. I mean, anyone could burst out at any moment. Really, I was lucky to have only been spotted by my friend Carrie. And yet, for some reason, I proceeded to walk right down the middle of the corridor instead of hugging the wall. At first, of course, I clutched arms and hands over my breasts and crotch. But my pink bits were just so sensitive, I couldn't continue to walk in that position. By the time I reached the corner, I was not covering up at all.

Peering around the edge of the wall, I saw that there was another staircase ahead. I could definitely hear the faint sound of voices from below, but I figured I would have to make my way out of the building sooner or later. So I bravely stepped out onto the carpeted steps and began moving toward the lower floor. All nude, and horny!

I was just thinking that I should let it all hang out, and run through the dorms even if everybody sees me. It was late, a Friday night, and no one on campus really knew me. And then, rounding the corner at the foot of the stairs, another young woman walked right in front of me…

Oh my gosh, it was Lisa!

"Well, well, Erica. I was just looking for you," the arrogant blonde said, eyeing me from head to toe.

I gasped, my heart nearly stuck in my throat. On the one hand, I was glad that it was yet another of my high school acquaintances who caught me, and not some stranger. But I was always ashamed whenever Lisa saw me naked. Especially totally naked. She was so beautiful, and I really had no idea what she thought of my body. She always would make fun of my small tits, but Lisa never said if she thought I was cute or sexy or anything. It was kind of driving me crazy.

Running both my hands through my hair, I spread my legs a little, to make sure she got a good look at my pink pussy and extended clitoris. "Um, hello… Lisa. What are you doing here?"

"That's funny," the young woman laughed derisively. "Asking me about my business, while you are in a campus building completely in the nude."

When Lisa put it like that, reminding me of the seriousness of the situation, I instinctively locked my knees together and dropped a hand to cover my baldness.

"You still look like a little girl," she remarked coolly. "Move your hands out of the way."

I immediately did as instructed. However, I couldn't help but steal a glance over my bare shoulder, wondering who might wander down the stairs and get an unobstructed view of my little bottom. Lisa moved closer, folded her arms, and continued to eye me critically.

"Your nipples are so pink, and long, Erica. I can tell you've been playing with yourself…"

Licking my lips, I remembered Carrie's hands on my body. "Um, not exactly."

Lisa then crouched down in front of me, her face inches away from my pussy. I just stared straight ahead as she inhaled, taking in the aroma of my arousal, and then she blew gently across my exposed lower lips. Almost, I wanted to place my hands on her head and draw her near. I did separate my legs further, allowing the college freshman easier access. Shocked, and extremely excited, I felt Lisa use her fingers to spread apart my labia and peer into my vagina.

"Well I can see you are about to let loose your juices," the girl remarked, pausing to press my clitoris with her thumb!

I tried to speak, while moaning beneath her touch. "Ah… I think… mmmm… I should be going now!"

At this point, Lisa stood up and casually wiped her fingers on her pants leg. I noticed for the first time she was wearing some kind of baggy khakis, but had a tight top that complimented her well-shaped breasts. Lisa reached into her pants pockets, and pulled out a couple of items. It looked like…

"Don't you want to wait for Alicia?" the scheming nineteen-year-old smiled.

"Oh, my, are those?" I brought one hand to my mouth and pointed with the other. "Are those Alicia's bra… and panties?"

Lisa twirled the black lacy things on the tips of her fingers. "Took them right off her. Teach her to go running around campus in her underwear!"

"You mean she is stark naked?"

The bossy blonde just grinned and started to turn away. "Follow me, Erica."

I gladly padded after her, thinking about the sight of luscious Alicia fully nude, somewhere in the building. For a moment, it made me forget that I was just as vulnerable, as I marched down the hall. Still, my slim legs trembled, and arms quivered, with my own body completely on display. We were moving so quickly, no time to check if we might run into someone. Maybe that's what Lisa wanted. Maybe that's what I wanted, too…

We approached a doorway, and Lisa paused to turn and look at me.

"Can't you close that thing up?" she asked, annoyed.

I lowered my eyes, then shyly cupped both hands over my pussy, which of course had parted invitingly. "I'm sorry, Lisa… it's just so exciting!"

"A fine way to greet your friend," the blonde said disapproving of my condition. "Don't try to hide your nipples, Erica. They are sticking straight up at the ceiling."

Rubbing a bare foot behind my leg, I replied, "My breasts are looking perky tonight, aren't they?"

Lisa only grunted, "They are still a bit too small. But I guess we can't all be so well endowed. It amazes me how easily you run around stark naked!"

"But, I…"

The door was thrown open, and Lisa grabbed me by an arm. She practically pulled me close to her, only to shove me forward with her hands on my smooth bare bottom. I jiggled and skipped a couple of steps into the room, hearing the bossy blonde behind me.

"Alicia will be waiting for you," Lisa laughed.

And then the door was closed.

Instinctively, I spun around, rubbing my arms as if there was a chill in the room. Gathering my bearings I saw that I was in what looked to be a student apartment. It was similar to Ashley's dorm, but much nicer. There was a red loveseat directly in front of me, and I started moving in this direction. As I walked forward slowly, my toes sank into a rich plush carpet.

I turned my head to better take in my surroundings. This really was a nice pad. I wondered if all upperclassmen were provided such furnishings. The place did seem empty. For some reason, the idea of being totally nude in some student's apartment, a student I couldn't possibly know, made me incredibly horny.

"Alicia… are you in here?" I called out softly, as I crept deeper into the room

There was a door closed off to the side, and I paused standing in front of it. I ran a hand down my stomach and licked my lips, imagining my friend equally undressed on the other side. Filled with anxiety, I inched up on my tiptoes. My butt cheeks clenched reflexively, in anticipation. I placed my hand on the doorknob and turned.

Peering inside as I pushed forward, the room appeared to be dimly lit. There was a flickering light coming from a distant corner, almost projected off the back wall. Bravely, I willed my body to keep moving, and stepped full into the room.

"Alicia, are you in here?" I called into the semi-darkness.

A voice, a young male voice, replied, "Quiet, we're trying to watch the movie!"

Before I could even react, another young man's voice piped up, "Who's Alicia?"

I just froze, mid stride. Had Lisa tricked me again? Maybe I walked into the wrong room! I kind of had one slender leg stretched in front of me, slightly bent as I prepared to take another unclad step. I had lifted my arms, when sudden doubt had paralyzed me in uncertainty, my fingers lightly touching my bare shoulders. In the flickering light from the plasma television on the wall, I could tell that my slim figure was silhouetted against the open door behind me. And my nipples, uncovered, were sticking straight out.

That was the pose I struck when the lights of the room were turned up.

I found myself staring like a deer caught in headlights, into the equally wide eyes of two college guys who had craned their necks around to identify the intruder. As they evaluated my full frontal nudity, I also noted that these guys did not appear to be jocks or preps. In fact, they looked like a couple of Sci-Fi geeks. One had glasses and wore an open buttoned-down shirt un-tucked. The other was bearded and a little overweight. My eyes darted to one of the room's walls where a Star Trek poster was hung.

"Looks like you have your dorm numbers mixed up," the genius with the glasses said.

"Looks like some new entertainment has arrived," said Beardy, reaching over to crack open a beer can.

"Um, I…" all I could do was stammer.

Then the other guy with the remote, that apparently controlled not only the television but also the dimmer switch, started to make introductions! "Hi, my name is Bob… and this is Jake."

"I'm Erica…" I said shyly, feeling a pink blush spread all over my body.

Jake offered a friendly smile and asked, "Would you like a beer?"

I shook my head no. Then I raised one hand to tease the ends of my hair. It was an annoying habit that I needed to break, especially when I was naked! I still had nothing covered. My heart was racing, and I took a small step forward, my bare feet shuffling over the carpet. These guys were like twenty or twenty-one, and although not the hottest looking, they kept me aroused knowing they were seeing every inch of my body.

Bob adjusted his sitting position (probably to hide something in his pants!) and said to his friend, "She looks like one of those girls on that radio show."

"Hey, yeah. She's completely hairless," Jake stated the obvious. "But she'd need a boob job"

I thought I would die of embarrassment! Hearing them critical of my little tits, I felt so humiliated. But still, I did not try to run. However, I did lift my hands to cover my breasts.

"No, no, it's OK," Bob tried to reassure me. "I think they're cute. You can lower your arms…"

There was definitely a charge of sexual tension in the room, but I sensed that I was not in any danger. I doubt these guys saw much action, and me walking in on them bare-ass nude was probably such a thrill. Slowly, I moved my hands out of the way. I was going to switch hands and shield my pussy, but a look from Jake's puppy dog eyes, and I left my clean-shaven slit on display.

Bob and his friend sat captivated on the floor, and asked if I would climb onto the bed.

"Um, I don't think that's a good idea…" I replied, biting my lip.

"It's not what you think," Bob laughed. "It's just… I want to see if you can walk over the corner bedpost…"

I giggled in spite of myself, and the situation. "What?"

"Here, look…" Jake crawled over to the other side of the bed, and pointed at the decorative ornament used on the bottom post.

Atop the metal frame, at each edge, was a smooth globe. I couldn't tell if it was glass or some other silver material. It kind of had a planetary look to it, and was about the size of a volley-ball. Some kind of new age modern art furniture, I figured. Moving closer to inspect, I lifted a knee and let it sink into the soft mattress. Now I could place both hands on the ornate bedpost, which I found to be cool to the touch.

The guys urged me forward. This was weird. But kind of fun, too. I realized that I would have to hoist myself a little in order to clear the globe's surface. With one foot still on the floor, I stretched my leg, raising up on my toes. I pushed down on the sphere, almost like a gymnast trying to vault a beam. I only made it half-way…

Hard and smooth, the round post made contact with my labia and sent a shock of pleasure through my body. My pussy lips were brushed delightfully across its surface. I found that I could let go with my hands and essentially straddle the globe. Was this something they had seen on their radio show? Well, it felt amazing! Running my hands through my hair, I actually started to hump the bedpost, rubbing my soft pussy back and forth, my clit dangling out and wiggling.

"Oh… mmmm, yes! Mmmmm!"

As soon as I squeezed my breasts and pinched a nipple, I realized that I was masturbating in front of two unknown college guys. Although I knew their names, so I suppose we weren't complete strangers. But I didn't care. It was too late, and if someone didn't stop me, I was going to cum all over this guy's room!

"What the hell?" came an angry female voice behind me.

Still straddling the silvery sphere, I looked over my bare shoulder to see that a young woman had entered the room. She had short hair, and was a bit overweight herself. One look at her Star-Trek T shirt, and my face dawned with understanding. She was one of these guys' Sci-Fi friends. This was her room!

Before I knew it, Star Trek lady grabbed me by my arm. She pulled me off the bed and whirled me around. The boys got a pretty good look up my ass, and between my legs as well!

"I am so sick of this," the lady complained. "These other college guys dating high school girls! They bring them on to campus, have their way with then, and then they get lost! What are you fifteen, sixteen years old?"

"No, I… oooh!" I yelped as she smacked my bare butt.

Jake and Bob tried to come to my defense. "Come on Nancy, don't be hard on her…"

"Speaking of hard-ons, " Nancy said with finality, "This little show is over!"

I realized then that the boys were in no condition to help me. The college girl was much stronger than me, and there was nothing I could do as she pulled me out, back into the living room. To my surprise, there was another girl sitting out here, with long blonde hair and glasses. Past her amazed expression I was pushed, all the way to the entrance to the girl's apartment.

I had hope at worst she would toss me back into the hallway, where Lisa would be waiting to laugh at me. Where the hell was Alicia, anyway, or my other friends! Unfortunately, I was in no such luck. Nancy continued to drag me buck naked down the corridor. She was moving so fast, so it was all I could do to keep up on my rubbery legs. My free arm was flailing out, and unable to cover anything.

As we passed other dorm rooms, doors opened up, and other students stepped outside to see what the commotion was. I had been so close to orgasm, I was afraid that my nipples and clit were still erect. A dozen or more people caught view of my nubile form.

Our forced march through the dormitory continued, and there was still no sign of my friends. I'd like to say I was dragged kicking and screaming through the twisting passages, but in truth, I was too flustered to do anything about it, so it seemed like I went along holding Nancy's hand. We walked into a common area where there were maybe thirty students… and they saw EVERYTHING!

"Streaker!" somebody shouted.

There were whistles and clapping, and then the chant was picked up: "Streaker! Streaker!"

Now that Nancy had gotten the whole floor of the dormitory worked up, she was prepared to release her hold on me. First, she pulled me close and whispered in my ear.

"Now get out, you tart, and find security or some phone to call home to Mommy to pick you up!"

Totally naked, I ran down some steps into a lobby or waiting area. Behind me, the crowd followed, calling out and making comments about my chest and bouncing bottom. With arms stretched out to either side of me, I made a frantic dash for the exit, my pink pussy lips flapping in front of me. I hope none of these older students would remember my face.

Once I left the confines of the building, the cool nighttime air washed across my overheated body. It felt so good! I actually had to pause a moment to catch my breath, and flick my elongated nipples. Then I slipped a finger inside…

"Ooooh…"

No time for that! I had to get back to Ashley's room. This meant a further streak through campus, and then a daring climb through her building. But what if she wasn't back at her room herself? Then again, there had been no sign of Ashley or Christa or Alicia, since we separated. I guess Lisa had tricked me after all. They were probably sitting back in my friend's dorm room have a great laugh at my expense.

And then I remembered that Carrie was supposed to join me in a hot bath once I had returned. That, and the fact that my only clothes were still at Ashley's place, caused me to pick up my pace and start jogging across campus. Thankfully it was a Friday night, so a lot of students had gone home for the weekend, or would be out on the town. Also, the faculty would be gone, so I wouldn't have to worry about an embarrassing encounter with any of my professors.

By the time I made it back to the dormitory for new students, I shied up again. These were my potential or current classmates. I had to be really careful, and didn't want to get in trouble or get a reputation for doing this sort of thing. With one hand covering my pussy, I pulled on the glass door that led to the rear of the building. I still felt really sexy as I sneaked through the corridor on my bare tiptoes, hugging my body, but knowing that my cute little ass was so exposed.

As I peered around the corner on the floor that led to Ashley's dorm room, I felt I playful slap on my bottom. I turned around to see one of the girls who taunted us earlier in the evening.

"Well, I guess you went through with it," she said with a marked tone of respect in her voice.

"Uh-huh," I answered, while trying to hide how horny I was.

The girl looked me over, and then snickered, "You look like you're ready to have a screaming orgasm!"

I just turned around, flashing her my butt, and ran down the hallway. She would no doubt hear me when I finally found my release. Moving forward I kept my head lowered, but did glance up to check the numbers on each door. Finally I made it to Ashley's small apartment.

"Ashley, Christa… are you inside?" I asked, not too quietly, as I pounded on the door. "If you don't let me in… I'm going to cum… out here in the hallway!"

There was a loud whistle behind me, as someone stepped out from the doorway directly across from my bare behind. My fingers touched my sensitive lips and stroked. I thought I heard the snap and whirl of a digital camera, or maybe it was just my imagination.

The door opened, and Carrie greeted me, wearing a short bathrobe. "Oh hello, Erica. You're running a little late tonight. I've already had my bath."

"Let me in!" I squealed.

My friend, the buxom strawberry blonde stepped aside, allowing me to scurry past her into the dorm living room. Ashley and Christa were on the couch, covering their mouths to try and contain their fits of laughter. I noticed Ashley was wearing a long T-Shirt.

"So just how exciting was that, Erica?" the art student, Christa, teased me.

I put my hands on my head and showed them. Then I spun around and tried to get to the bathroom, but Carrie stopped me.

"Alicia is in the shower right now…

I was already fingering myself as I asked, "Did.. mmmm… did Alicia streak through… campus?"

"Not exactly," Carrie informed me. "You see, when Lisa discovered us, she offered Alicia a towel in exchange for her underwear… which she used to bait you back at the Seniors dorms. You are the only one who did a fully naked streak! We're so proud of you!"

The humiliation of being played for a fool only served to heighten my arousal. The fact that I had been caught nude in two more campus buildings made me hot. I sank to the floor, spreading my legs wide apart, and began openly playing with my pussy.

"Oh my," Carrie giggled. "This is going to be a big one…"

The other girls turned to watch me masturbate. Behind me, through the locked bathroom door, I knew Alicia would hear my cries of pleasure and ecstasy. It did not take long before I brought myself over the edge, my body undulating in wave after wave of orgasm.

And the whole time, I was thinking about Jake and Bob.

**29 – Erica and the Science Student**

I looked at my wristwatch, trying to judge how long I would have to wait around for Alicia. She had stay and practice for one of her stuffy musical performances at the college, and then we would have the rest of the afternoon free. I told her that I didn't much feel like sitting through all that at the campus Arts center, so I made my way to the student commissary. After grabbing a quick drink, I stopped to relieve myself, and then was feeling quite refreshed.

Stepping back outside the building, I found a marble bench to sit on, leaning back on the heels of my hands. It was a lovely day out, and I was thinking I should have brought along some sunglasses. As I turned my head and squinted, I noticed that the campus had pretty much thinned out since the end of the spring semester. Of course, there were still activities going on, leaving plenty of students to watch passing by. Or perhaps, they were watching me.

I lowered my head, pulling my bottom lip through my front teeth. Blushing, I crossed my legs. Today, I had worn a cute denim skirt that came down to the middle of my thighs. I had a white long-sleeved top on, but it was of a light mesh material, and kept me cool. On my feet there were a pair of leather open-toed sandals. I would have dangled the one shoe on the edge of my bobbing foot, but the straps had buckles and did not slip off easily. Maybe that was a good thing.

Instead, I leaned forward, and ran my hands along the length of my bare, smooth legs… over my shins and calves, and then back up again. The sun felt really nice on my skin. Something about the way I let my fingers roam over my knee made me a little self-conscious. Like maybe I was showing too much skin. But then, it hardly seemed anyone noticed me.

Over my shoulder, I heard the door to the building opened suddenly. Not unusual, except it had been relatively quiet for the last ten minutes or so. The sound of bustling movement startled me, and I quickly dropped both feet to the ground and sat up straight. I turned my head to look behind me, and observed an amusing sight.

A young man appeared to be navigating down the path. But his outfit was absolutely comical. He had this oversized bright yellow jumpsuit on, and big rubber boots. I watched him lurch first to his left, and then to his right, as if he was unsure about which direction he was supposed to be heading. Strapped over his head were some kind of half glasses, half goggles with thick black rims. They were about as ugly as anything I had ever seen. Still, I laughed.

Before I knew it, the oddly dressed individual was moving in my direction. I don't know why, but I lifted my legs a little, stretching them out fully in front of me. In spite of the bewildered rush he appeared to be in, that caught his attention!

The young man paused, then turned to regard me. "Erica?"

At the sound of his voice, I suddenly realized who this was. Looking closer, I recognized the face, even with those ridiculous goggles, which were not that much more ridiculous than the glasses he had worn the first time we met. It was Bob, the senior I had bumped into a few weeks ago in the dormitories. I gave him a shy little wave.

"Erica!" the young man continued, "I almost didn't recognize you with…"

He stopped mid-sentence, before he could finish the embarrassing statement. Blushing, I lowered my head. I know what Bob was going to say. He almost didn't recognize me, with my clothes on! I could hear him clear his throat nervously, shuffling just a few feet off to my side.

Finally, I looked up again with a weak smile. "So, um, is there some kind of bio-hazard emergency on campus?"

Bob blinked for a moment, confused, then spread his arms out. "Oh, you mean this get-up? I'm sorry… it must look very bizarre…"

"Yes, it does," I giggled.

Now the young man straightened himself and answered, "Well it is for a very important procedure that I am on my way to, this very minute. It's part of a special grant-writing project that Jake and I have been working on. We are about to present to the science committee for evaluation."

"So, you are dealing with dangerous chemicals, or something?" I asked, somewhat intrigued.

Bob began to pace, and I could tell he was anxious to be on his way. "Not exactly. We're not entirely sure what we are dealing with, so we have to take precautions. It has to do with quantum molecular structure on the atomic level…"

My eyes shifted as he trailed on about concepts I could not possibly fathom. I guess at some point he noticed my disinterest. Bob took a few steps down the path, then turned and motioned with his arm.

"Erica, would you like to come along?" he asked. "I'm headed for the Science Center, and the graduate staff will be waiting."

I glanced again at my watch. Alicia would probably be another couple of hours. And it did seem kind of prestigious, the way Bob described all the academic big shots that were going to be evaluating his work. Since I had nothing to better to do, I figured I would tag along. Besides, my class schedule never involved any advanced sciences, so none of the faculty would recognize me.

"All right!" I said, and jumped to my feet.

It would do me some good to stretch my legs with a walk around campus, instead of just sitting on my ass. As Bob began once more heading in a new direction, I had to hurry to keep up with him. We probably looked very strange, next to one other. With the college senior in his nuclear plutonium protection suit, and nineteen-year-old me in my little denim skirt. Thinking about it, I was probably the prettiest girl Bob had ever been seen with. And knowing that I could take people's eyes off him as we trekked across campus, made me feel really good.

We reached the halls of the Science Center, and proceeded to enter the cold white building. I recall now, that I did have a very general, basic science course in my first term. But I hadn't been here since, and certainly had never seen any of the higher floors.

Bob led me over to an elevator, which we took up four levels. It was on this wing, he explained, that the evaluation/experiment would be taking place. Our footsteps echoed as a moment of awkward silence passed between us.

"So, um, you're going on to graduate school next year?" I asked, twisting a lock of hair behind my ear.

Bob nodded his head earnestly. "Jake and I were accepted into a top-notch national program. Now if all goes well today, we may be awarded a fellowship in addition to that! Isn't this exciting?"

"Yeah…" I mumbled, and gazed around up at the walls that reached toward the skylights, our steps sounding down the corridor.

In truth, I still had no idea what Bob was talking about, or what this experiment was supposed to be. But it sure sounded like the science professors were impressed, and some people from other state universities would be attending. I started to feel like I was way out of place, being among such intellectuals. And here I was, just a year out of high school!

Reaching the end of the corridor, we came to an intersection, and turned a corner that led to a large metal door. Bob had to enter a security code, for us to enter.

"It's nothing Top Secret," he laughed. "The school of science is just very protective about their laboratory equipment."

We padded now across a carpeted foyer, which led to some sort of waiting area. Through another door, I saw that there was a long table, and about a dozen people seated on chairs behind it. Older men and women, these folks had to be the most serious people I had ever seen in my life. They were diligently taking a flurry of notes, and hardly acknowledged our entrance.

The senior student looked around for a moment, but apparently there was no other seating to be found in the small antechamber. He then motioned to the opposite side of the room, across from the table, where there was a glass wall. Behind this divider, I could see it was brightly lit, with all sorts of instruments, computers and monitors, and Bob's friend, Jake. There was also a rectangular door cut into one end of the Plexiglas, and through this I was ushered.

"Jake, you remember Erica?" my companion greeted his lab partner.

I blushed as the other grinned beneath his beard. He was also dressed in the same type of yellow jumpsuit and was wearing rubber boots. Because he was a bit larger than Bob, he looked kind of like a puffed out clown. I put a hand to my mouth to keep from giggling. This was supposed to be a serious academic dissertation.

The boys found me a black laboratory stool, and I moved this over to the corner to have a seat, out of the way. I really shouldn't think of them as boys, although they had all the enthusiasm of a couple of youngsters playing with a new chemistry set. Still, I had to keep in mind that these were twenty-two or twenty-three year old young men. Looking out through the glass at the line of stern faces behind the table, I had the sudden thought that I was the sexiest person in the room!

Bob began to address the assembled professors and fellow scientists. I saw that the counter in front of the Plexiglas had a standing microphone, and his words would be amplified on the other side. As he continued to launch into a well-prepared preliminary discussion, I took note of the rest of the laboratory surroundings. Next to the counter was a station that had some dishes and beakers and graduated cylinders. On the other side, was a set of high-tech consoles, and Jake was dutifully running calculations and keeping an eye on things.

As the presentation wore on, I wondered if I would not have been better staying at Alicia's music performance. Or else I could have remained back at the student center, and found something else to keep me amused. Just when I thought it couldn't get any more boring, a loud buzzing like an alarm sounded inside the chamber. It made me jump a little, and I put my hands to my little ears. Well, at least this was unexpected…

Bob stopped in the middle of his presentation and looked around nervously. To his side, Jake hopped on another computer and began typing frantically. I had the sense that this was not part of their demonstration. Looking outside the glass partition, I watched the professors and the scientists, exchanging glances, some wearing frowns of disapproval. Then my eyes were drawn to the work surface of the counter in front of Bob. There were two trays hooked up to an assortment of fine wires, and within were twin pools of undulating silver. It looked like some kind of liquid metal.

"A distortion in the alloy compound!" Jake was muttering, whatever that meant.

Bob spun around, his gaze intense behind the goggles as he surveyed the lab station. All the while, the buzzing noise persisted, and the fluorescent ceiling lights began to flicker. The young man stepped in front of me, then took my hands in his rubber gloves, and pulled me to my feet. Without explanation, he quickly walked me over to the door cut into the Plexiglas.

We both looked up to see that a light on top of the door that had been dim, was now flashing bright red. A bolt had automatically slid into place on the other side of the door, preventing it from being opened.

"Are we…is everything all right?" I asked with some degree of trepidation.

Again, Bob seemed to look me over from head to toe, than dragged me toward the middle of the room. He conferred with his partner Jake, who then immediately typed something and brought up another program. Finally, he turned to address the committee, and I had the feeling he was about to make up some bullshit.

"This is all perfectly normal," he was saying through the microphone. "We have set up a control, in order to replicate the challenging reactions that we have observed while studying this extremely delicate material."

I saw him gesture at the silvery substance, which bubbled violently, and didn't look anything at all like delicate. Bob then went on to nonchalantly inform the panel that the substance he and Jake had been working with was highly sensitive and reactive to other metals. He turned slightly, pointing an arm toward the ground, at my feet.

"Erica," he whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "I need you to remove your shoes."

I looked down, then back at the young man in disbelief. "What?"

"Your sandals," Bob tried to explain, "the buckles are metal. They are destabilizing the compound… we have to get rid of them!"

"Oh, um, of course…" I muttered, as if it made all the sense in the world!

Yet I found myself shyly crouching down on one knee, so I could unfasten the buckles. First I did one shoe, and then the other. I leaned on Bob for support, as I stood back up, now able to lift my toes out of each sandal. The tiles of the lab station were cool beneath my bare feet, sending shivers up my legs and causing me to rub my arms. Out of nowhere, Jake bent down and snatched up my footwear.

Now I watched amazed as Jake brought them over to the back wall and activated a bin of some sort, which I hadn't noticed before. It looked like it could be a containment unit, although I had no idea for sure. I hoped it wasn't a disposal bin that he dumped them inside… I wanted those sandals back!

Curling my toes self-consciously as I stood in the room's center, I saw Jake return to the main computer. On the screen there was a big red bar and lots of numbers, all changing rapidly and well beyond my comprehension. I did notice that the red bar moved down a little.

Bob made some kind of scientific sounding declaration to the review panel, and then he turned his attention once more toward me. He stepped close in front of me, his back to the glass window. When he took my hands in his, it was such a sweet moment. I could see that he was confident, but not all that sure what was going on. He asked if I could remove my wristwatch.

Well, what could I do? Clearly the metallic band, no matter how thin and fragile, was still disrupting their experiment. I licked my lips, and then carefully undid the clasp. Handing the watch over to Bob, he tossed it to his partner, who in turn discarded it into the mysterious bin.

Instinctively, my eyes darted to the computer screen, as I absently massaged my wrist. The red bar moved slightly. Or was it just a trick of the flashing and flickering lights? The boys seemed to think something happened, as they nodded silently at one another. Bob stepped in front of the microphone, going on about how their Subject had displayed a number of variables that triggered fascinating ionic developments. As if to underscore his point, the liquid metal leaped up, like a silvery finger beckoning to the young scientists. I tried to see if the professors were impressed, but I couldn't tell.

Shuffling around in his rubber boots, Bob moved to stand behind me, placing his hands on my shoulders and back. Wide-eyed, I arched up on my toes, but kept my arms straight at my sides. I may have even pushed out my chest a little. He continued to palpitate the supple curve of my spine, taking a great interest in the make of my shirt.

"Erica… this material," he started, "your top is woven with miniature metal links. I'm afraid I need… you need, to take it off."

My hands reached up to grip the edge at my waist. "You want me to get undressed… in front of your teachers?"

"They're scientists, Erica. They understand that this is part of the research," he tried to sound convincing.

Unable to find words, all I could do was gasp, as he brushed the bottom of my shirt. Meanwhile, my fingers fumbled with the front edge, just enough so that my bellybutton peeked into view.

Jake strode over and leaned in close to me. "Listen, Erica, I don't know why Bob brought you in here without proper protection. But it's evident that the metal on your clothes is causing the compound to become agitated. We need it to stabilize, or it might evolve into a hazardous substance!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! And then Bob placed his hands lightly on my hips, speaking in a softer tone of voice, and he also seemed a little embarrassed himself.

"Are you… are you wearing a bra?"

"Yes!" I said rather breathlessly.

I backed up, and the smooth heel of my foot pressed against the hard toe of the young man's boot. I felt vulnerable, yet at the same time, secure in his half-embrace.

"Erica, please…" Jake implored, looking nervously at the laboratory workstation, then back at me. "Take off your shirt!"

Well, I suppose it was all in the name of science. So I turned around, now facing Bob. I hesitated, and found I couldn't look him in the eye. Fingers curling around the bottom of my shirt, I began to pull it up… exposing my bare stomach… and then higher, until my white bra came into view. I was feeling all sorts of emotions, from fear that I had actually messed up their experiment, to the delicious humiliation of being commanded to strip. Now I lowered my head, and pulled my mesh top the rest of the way off, twisting it inside out as it came off my arms.

I just handed the material over to Jake, and watched him quickly dispose of it inside that bin. Realizing that I was now standing here in my bra, I folded my arms across my chest. Then I turned around to see if there was any improvement on the monitor. It seemed that the red bar indicator moved noticeably. I guess the metal on my clothes really was somehow interfering with conditions in the room.

From behind me, I heard Bob say, "Oh no…"

"What is it?" I asked as I spun around again, my foot rubbing the back of my bare calf.

The aspiring graduate student looked past me to acknowledge the panel observing this demonstration, and then he said, "Um… Erica, your bra… has a metal clasp."

"Of course it does," I answered quickly. "Oh, wait… you don't mean…"

Jake suddenly popped back behind me, and somehow he managed to manipulate the metal bra hook with his rubber gloves. Before I knew it, I was practically cradling the A cups in my arms. At least positioned between the two boys, the gathered faculty on the other side of the glass could not see me.

I carefully slid the bra straps off my shoulders one at a time, and then gave the undergarment to Jake for him to confiscate. Briefly, I stood before Bob bare-chested, my tits uncovered and my nipples growing long and hard. Ohmygosh, I didn't want him to get the wrong idea, like I was enjoying this! I lifted up my hands to cover my breasts, but Bob gave me an understanding smile of gratitude.

Topless! I was now topless in the college science building… and there were like a dozen smart and important people watching me! I didn't think I could stand it much longer, so with my hands still cupping my titties, I pushed myself forward and jogged toward the corner of the room. My bare feet slapped over the tiles, until I reached the laboratory stool I had been seated on.

Over my shoulder, I could here Bob address the panel. Then it sounded like he turned to have a heated discussion with Jake.

"What? What else could it be?" I heard the bearded young man state earnestly.

And then Bob came clomping over to me in his dumb rubber boots. He put his hands on my bare shoulders, and gently turned me around. Again, standing like this in front of the young man, I found that I couldn't look him directly in the eye. Instead, I blew a whistle of air up from my bottom lip, causing a strand of my soft brown hair to rise off my face. My arms were still hugging my chest, when Bob lowered his hands to my hips.

"Oh, Erica…" he spoke somewhat dismayed. "Your skirt!"

"Do you like it?" I asked sarcastically, while feeling nervous, excited, thrilled and embarrassed all at the same time.

He smiled briefly, and then said, "Yes, it's very nice. But I count at least 5 metallic buttons sewn into the material. We need you to let us remove it from the experimental zone."

"What exactly is happening to all my stuff?" I pouted.

Bob looked back over his shoulder at Jake, before answering me, "We need to take these metal items out of an area where they can't interact with the substance we are working on. In that container, the buckles on your sandals, your wristwatch, and your mesh shirt, won't be able to destabilize the molecular…"

"Yeah, yeah… and now you want my skirt, too!" I said, even as I lowered one hand to pop open the button. "Oh my… I guess we forgot to count the metal zipper as well!"

That sealed it. With one arm slung across my breasts, I let the denim skirt wiggle down my hips, and fall to the floor completely. I shyly lifted each leg, so that Bob could bend down and retrieve the material.

Before he returned the item to his lab partner, I reached out to touch his arm. "Bob… um, I just want you to know, I'm really embarrassed."

Even as I made the confession, I could feel the pink blush spreading up my thighs and tummy, my neck flushing and ears turning red. What I wondered, was if the astute scientist knew also that I was getting very aroused!

"I know," he replied softly. "I'm sorry about this. I'll make it up to you."

While I stood there in just my little white panties, I watched Bob proceed to deliver my clothes to Jake, and then spoke once more to the assembled professors. I imagine he had to explain what was going on, all about his hypothesis that the metal things I was wearing had caused a strange and potentially dangerous reaction with the compound they were studying. From the corner, I could not see the computer screen, but I hoped that red bar had gone all the way down, since I didn't have any more metallic items on me. Feeling a little horny, and a little adventurous, I crept quietly closer to the center of the room so that the panel might have a better look at my slim nineteen-year-old figure. I bet I made a more interesting body of research!

Bob and Jake now both monitored their testing material and consulted the computer programs. Again they seemed to have a spirited exchange. I caught Jake gesturing in my direction. Now what?

Both young men approached me. Bob asked me nicely if I had any other metal on me. I told him that there was nothing I could think of.

"Is your clit pierced?" Jake scratched his beard and narrowed his eyes as he looked at my crotch.

I nearly put my hands on my hips in shock, but that would have revealed how hard my nipples were. "Excuse me?"

"Your clitoris," Jake continued, "does it have a piercing?"

"No way!" I answered truthfully, even as the object of this sensitive discussion began to poke out.

Jake looked at his partner, and then said, "It certainly looked big enough, if I remember correctly. You know, Erica, you could have a little circlet through the apex of your labia, with a metallic ball resting on that extended, fleshy nub."

"No!" I repeated, growing more and more turned on.

Before Bob could intercede on my behalf, his partner challenged me, "I don't believe you. There is still some metal in this room, coming… coming from you! Take off your panties, Erica."

My eyes went wide, as I shuffled nervously from one bare foot to the other. He wanted me to remove my underwear? Right here in front of everybody? I looked at Bob, but I could tell he was just as conflicted… not wanting to humiliate me any further, but also perplexed as to the source of any disruptive metal objects. Well, I had to prove to him that I was not hiding anything and was not the cause of their presentation's problems.

First, I turned my back so that it was facing the viewing glass. All these professors and scientists were going to get a good look at my bare ass, but I tried not to think about that. I lowered my arms to hook my thumbs in the sides of my panties. My nipples were quivering, my tummy fluttering, as I began to slowly peel the elastic waistband down my hips. I wondered if I could have just lowered them in front, or rolled them halfway down my thighs, but my trembling hands did not stop. They kept tugging the material down my legs, until I was able to shake them past my knees.

I let my underwear fall all the way to my ankles. Then I stepped completely out of them. Ohmygosh! I stood fully nude in front of the two boys. Nothing was left to the imagination!

Reflexively, my hands darted to cover my pussy, and tried to shield my nipples, as I modestly bent a knee forward. But then I remembered that I was supposed to show these young scientists everything, like an examination. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and moved my hands out of the way. I even shifted my legs further apart. This caused my pink lower lips to unfold completely, my clitoris protruding out of its hood. I hoped Jake was satisfied…

However, he only crouched down in front of my bald crotch, and said, "Erica, spread your labia apart…"

"Oh!" I gasped, but my hands willingly sought to touch that most silky, sensitive skin.

I pressed my thumbs into my shaved mound, using my two index fingers to pull apart the lips. Into my steaming slit, the young man peered. And then he stuck his finger out, encased in a rubber glove, and touched my clit!

"OHHH! Mmmmmm…." I moaned, my body shuddering at such pleasurable sensations.

Jake then stood up and shook his head. "Nope, definitely no ring or any signs of piercing. I doubt you could ever get through the procedure, Erica."

"So then where is the metal coming from?" Bob inquired.

At this point, the young man acted like a gentleman and stepped behind me, essentially blocking the view of my totally naked body from the science faculty. But then he placed his hands on the sides of my bare legs and began patting me down! My arms sprung out like airplane wings, as he moved higher and higher. I stood up on my tiptoes, allowing him access to every nook and cranny. Although secretly I would have liked the touch of his uncovered fingers caressing my skin, the Playtex rubber gloves he was wearing were not entirely unpleasant.

Bob reached around, feeling my stomach… no, no ring in the belly button. His hands roamed higher, eventually making contact with my small but succulent breasts. As elongated as my nipples were, I thought it pretty obvious that my nipples were not pierced either. Thank goodness Jake had already inspected me down below, because I think if Bob touched my pussy with his rubber gloves, I would have cum right there in the middle of the room!

Still, I was hot as hell, and building toward an orgasm. I know it was more of a clinical search to find any kind of foreign object with even a trace of metal on my person, but it felt like my body was being teased and played with. And we had an audience! I arched my back, grinding my pretty ass against the front of Bob's jumpsuit. Licking my lips, I ran both my hands through my hair, lifting the locks, exposing the supple back of my neck and…

"Erica! Your earrings!" Jake called out.

I was sort of in a daze, and mumbled, "Mmmm…yes…nibble my earlobes…"

"No, no… hold that position!" Bob said firmly.

Suddenly, I was a little more aware of my nudity, but I did as I was told. I kept my hands on top my head, fingers interlocked. With my feet spread about shoulder-width apart, my pussy lips hung down enticingly between my legs. Bob moved in for a closer look at my ears, pressing his body against mine, and gingerly touched the jewelry.

"Yes, I believe that's it!" Bob confirmed.

Jake stepped forward to take a closer look himself. It was like a naked Erica sandwich, with me squeezed between the two young men. The bearded graduate student put his finger to my chin, turning my head so that he could better examine the jewelry.

Finally he said, "You're going to have to remove those earrings."

"Um, OK," I whispered.

Now he stepped away from me, giving me room to maneuver. My whole body was flushed, and I noticed he was perspiring too. But was it from the stress of this wildly unexpected meltdown of their presentation, or because he and his friend had their hands full with a nude young girl? I straightened out a little as my fingers worked at the clasp and pin in each earlobe. Of course this left my front completely exposed. And as my body was starting to calm down, the orgasm starting to subside, I was growing more and more embarrassed about my lack of clothing.

When I had pulled out the two earrings, I glanced over my shoulder and shyly handed them to Bob. I wondered if he knew how close he had been to making me cum. It was at that point, I found myself wondering what it would be like to have him inside me!

"Whoa, looks like someone's thinking dirty thoughts," Jake remarked.

I looked down and saw that my nipples were pointing toward the ceiling. I guess my clit was still pretty erect, probably sticking right out at Jake. Blushing, I placed a palm over my pink pussy. For some reason, now that I had taken off the last of my accessory items, along with all of my clothes, I felt more naked than ever. It's like they had now seen every inch of me.

Bob picked my panties up off the floor, and carefully wrapped my ear jewelry. He then walked over to the containment bin, opened the hatch, and dropped my things inside.

"You didn't have to put her underwear in there," Jake said to his friend.

For the first time, I noticed that the compartment opened and closed with a hiss of air, like it was pressurized.

Bob regarded the unit, then turned back to face us. "Oh, right… I guess not."

Before I could ask him to retrieve the article, so at least I might salvage some decency, suddenly the lights in the room began to stop flickering. The buzzing alarm also died down. And I could only imagine that the image on the computer screen of that glaring red bar must have disappeared. No more metal at all in the laboratory station, and not even a stitch on me!

At once, the transparent door in the Plexiglas wall swung open, as a stream of professors and fellow scientists entered the room. I was shocked at first, as here I was, standing in the middle, stark naked. I wished that I could find some place to hide. But the academic review panel was more interested in that mysterious silvery substance that the boys had been working with.

As they began questioning Jake and Bob, I quietly stepped to the side. Eventually, I made my way over to the corner stool, and sat down for the remainder of the evaluation. Of course, I demurely crossed my legs, and held one hand in front of each breast, effectively shielding my pointy nipples. I bit my lip and bobbed my foot, waiting for this to be concluded. What I didn't realize until too late, was that this stool was positioned in the corner, right across from the open doorway.

One by one, the faculty members and board members departed from the chamber, and each and every one of them had to pass by me on the way out! So much for being ignored. Most of them inclined their head or nodded, as if thanking me for my participation in the experiment. As if this had been a planned demonstration! Sitting there completely bare, I thought to myself that I had never been seen by any of my own college professors like this. I wondered if there was a chance I might take a course with any of them over the next few years. Certainly, there was the very real likelihood I might run into them on campus!

When the last woman had exited the chamber, I asked, "Are they gone?"

"Yes, they will be forming their own committee now to discuss the merits of our findings," Bob said, perhaps a bit worried.

I looked to my side to verify that the adjoining room was indeed empty, and then hopped off my seat. With one hand still between my legs, I shyly walked over to the workstation area. Standing on my bare tiptoes, I curiously watched the slow ripple of the liquid alloy in the two trays. It looked so peaceful now, and kind of calming.

"So what exactly does this stuff do?" I asked, raising my free hand to hook a strand of hair behind my ear.

Jake was quickly at my side and explained, "It's still in the experimental stages, but we believe that we have discovered a new free-form metal. You've been seeing it here in its most malleable state… but when removed from the testing pan and subjected to the room's atmospherics, the substance can be molded and will then retain any shape."

I blinked, completely lost.

"Here, watch…" Jake chuckled.

And just like that, the bearded young man plunged both his gloved hands into a silvery pool. I gasped in amazement when he pulled out a considerable quantity, and began shaping it into a perfect sphere. Then, like a magician making balloon animals at a kid's birthday party, he winked with a mischievous look in his eye. Jake rolled the ball between his two hands, faster and faster, so that the shape became long and narrow. Soon, it took on the form of a cylinder. But he was cleverly able to tweak the substance, pinching and twisting it, until he had made a cone at one end, turning it into a seven or eight inch smooth silver rocket.

I brought both my hands to my chest, rubbing my nipples with the palms of my hands, and let out a small, "Ooooh…"

In response, Jake touched me with the morphed silver, just below my bellybutton. He slowly traced a line down to my crotch, causing me to separate my legs a bit. He teased my bare pubic mound with the tip of the hardened object.

"Oh!" I squealed, "You wouldn't…"

Already open and lubricated, my pussy let the silver crafted instrument slip right in. It was a perfect fit! I closed my eyes, and held my breath, waiting to see if he would start pleasuring me.

"Come on, Jake, you know it's not meant for that!" I heard Bob reprimand his friend.

The other young scientist held it inside me a moment longer, and then withdrew the object glistening with my juices. "A thousand and one uses, Bob. Think of the fun we could have!"

Nevertheless, these boys were all business when it came down to their science project. So despite having created perhaps a breakthrough in feminine pleasure toys, Jake placed the transformed metal back into the tray. I was amazed to see it revert to its liquid state again, and I was breathing hard from excitement. Then the young man took me by the hand, pulling me away from the lab counter.

"I know, Erica, it's pretty incredible," Jake said. "But we have to lock everything down for the rest of the day."

We were halfway through the room when I gasped, "What… what about my clothes?"

Jake let go of me, pausing to look up and down my naked body, from head to toe. All I could was stand there, blushing, not bothering to cover up. In fact, I clasped my hands sweetly behind my back, even raised one foot on my delicate toes.

"Do you want to tell her, or should I?" Jake asked his friend.

I opened my mouth to object, but Bob was already behind me, placing a hand on my shoulder. He had taken off his rubber gloves.

"I'm sorry, Erica, but in order to prevent the metal from your watch and jewelry and all your clothes disrupting the material we've been working with, we had to use that containment bin…"

Now I folded my arms across my little tits. "Yes, I gathered that!"

"Well, that bin cryogenically sustains the items placed within for a period of twenty-four hours. The good news is, your things are unable to harm our research, and they will be perfectly fine."

I spun around to face Bob fully nude. "You mean I can't get them out of there… until tomorrow?"

Behind me, Jake whistled. "You've got a great ass, Erica."

Now I turned around again, completely flustered. I bit my lip and ran a hand through my hair. These two guys were so unreal. Bob always seemed sweet and sincere, and then Jake had his direct approach of just saying whatever was on his mind. And yet by all indications, they were both brilliant chemistry students. Though by no means were they the most attractive samples of the college's male population, they were still cute in their oddball sort of way. I found myself torn between wanting to scream at them, or wanting them to have their way with me!

"Don't worry," Bob was continuing. "We'll have everything sorted out and returned to you."

"Well, what am I going to wear now?" I pouted.

Jake looked about the stark, clinical laboratory and then snapped his fingers. "The lab coats!"

"There are lab coats in here?" I asked in disbelief, placing my hands on my nude hips.

Bob moved around to my side and said, "No, not up here. And you remember, we were locked behind this partition as a safety precaution, while we confiscated all the destabilizing metal."

"But there are more labs on the floor below us, and they have closets full of protective jackets!" Jake replied.

"Can I wait here, while you bring me back one?" I inquired shyly, once more cupping my hands in front of my pussy.

Placing a hand on my bare back, Bob urged me forward. "I really need to lock down the station, Erica."

"Oh…" I said in a small voice.

At first, I thought he meant the rectangular lab work area behind the Plexiglas wall. But soon the boys ushered me barefoot onto the carpeted adjoining area, where the review panel had sat behind a long table. Further on we pressed, through the waiting area and out the door. My tummy fluttered as I was being separated from my clothes with each step, and I instinctively brought my hands to my mouth, to keep from protesting. Down below, my pussy lips unfolded and flapped with my walking motions. Before I even realized what had happened, I found myself standing outside in the corridor as Bob punched in the security code.

Ohmygosh! I was totally naked up here in the college Science Hall! I had never been in any of the classroom buildings unclothed before! I felt a sense of thrill flood through my body, and I was nervous and embarrassed at the same time. At least it was the summer session, and I don't think there were any students around.

Jake must have guessed my thoughts, and placed a comforting hand on my stomach, which nearly started me purring. "Don't worry, Erica. I doubt any other students would be in this building."

With that, the two boys headed off down the hallway, their big rubber boots echoing over the tiled floor. I was left to follow, padding after them softly, my perky tits bouncing. They weren't going in the direction of the elevator, but instead we continued along the main corridor. Hopefully, the academic review board had gone in a different direction, maybe left the building entirely. I didn't want to be seen by them again!

Around the corner were some spiral stairs, which the two graduate students quickly descended. I paused for a moment before lowering my toes to follow in the wake of their footsteps. I had one arm extended, hand gliding along the slim banister, while with my other hand I rested my fingers on my bare shoulder. After climbing down a few feet, Bob and Jake stopped, turning their heads to see that I was keeping up. Instinctively, when they stopped, I also halted my descent, standing with my legs apart.

Blushing, I realized that from where they were looking up, not only did they see my bald pink pussy, but they could also see deeper inside me. What a sight that must have been, glistening with the first drops of cum! I really needed to get covered up. So I hurriedly pushed my way forward, reaching and even squeezing between the two young men.

"Right, you should probably go in front of us," Jake muttered.

Of course, now that I wasn't sure where I was going or who I might run into, I carefully wrapped an arm around my breasts, and lowered one hand in front of my crotch. Still, I know my little bottom bounced playfully as I proceeded down the steps. I took a deep breath as I walked out into the landing, and then emerged in the middle of a new corridor. We were along the edge of the building, I realized, as tall wide windows ran along the length of the entire wall.

"Guys! I'm totally exposed up here!" I called over my shoulder, hugging my body tight.

Jake walked past me and said, "It should be all right… I doubt anyone ever looks up to see what's going on inside this wing of the Science Center!"

Fascinated, I let my arms drop to my sides, and strolled to the edge of the window. Framed in steel and marble, the glass reached from floor to ceiling. I took a couple more steps forward, placed my hands on the transparent surface. Lowering my eyes, I could make out several people crossing over a path below. Now I pressed my bare body full against the glass. My extended nipples and breasts squished upon the window, and my pussy was spread like little pink wings. I even lifted up on my toes.

"Um, Erica, what are you doing?" Bob asked as he and Jake stopped to turn around and look at me.

At the sound of his voice, I spun on my heel, leaning my ass against the window. My pokey nipples snapped up and down, quivering wildly. And my shaved lips were left hanging open, my enormous clit sticking out.

I was so embarrassed standing there, and mumbled, "Just making sure no one could see me…"

"Right," Jake chuckled. "Like I said, we had better get you covered up before you catch something."

Now I felt like a scolded little girl, who had been caught playing out in the rain. I shyly cupped both hands in front of my pussy, and shuffled after the two young men. What would they think of me!

We entered a room off to the side, and I saw that the layout was pretty much like a clinical laboratory. Actually, not much different than the chemistry classrooms we had back in high school. Although, I imagine the equipment here was much more sophisticated. All the way in the back, looked to be rows of closets, and perhaps some lockers.

I stood in the middle of the lab, continually checking over my shoulder as I bounced up and down on my feet. The boys moved ahead and made a search through the wardrobe. Finally, Bob returned to me, holding out a white coat. First, I lowered my eyes shyly. And then I slowly pulled my hands apart, away from my crotch, letting everything hang out. Ohmygosh, I was so horny! Stretching my arms out, I allowed Bob to slip the lab coat over my body.

Once my arms were through the sleeves, I found that the cuffs came a little past my hands, like it was too big for me. But the hem only fell to the middle of my smooth thighs, so I guessed this was a coat for a short person. My fingers trembling, I did up the buttons until I was decent again.

Well, except that this was the only thing I was wearing! I rubbed my bare foot up and down my other leg's shin. This was making me hotter! I wondered who would get to use the coat next, and if they would smell my arousal in this jacket. My arms reached up and I ran a hand through my hair.

"I wouldn't lift your arms up too much," Jake advised.

With my hands still placed atop my head, I looked down to see the coat was raised enough, permitting my pussy to peek out. I felt so naughty! And then the two boys were at my side, each gently taking me by the elbow.

Bob explained, "If you wouldn't mind just waiting outside for a moment, Erica. We would like to change out of these suits."

"Wait a minute," I protested, flustered and squirming out of the hold of the young men. "You two have seen me naked all day today! Why should I give you any privacy?"

The science graduates exchanged glances as we continued toward the door, and Jake answered, "That doesn't seem very lady-like. Besides, we did find you something to cover up with!"

"I suppose…" I mumbled, fidgeting with the buttons of the lab coat.

Bob put a hand on my arm and said, "Now you just wait out in the hall for a minute, and then we'll all go get something to eat."

Now that he mentioned it, I was kind of famished. But my mind wasn't really on food. I couldn't help but be fixated on the polyester material swishing across my boobs and pussy, the fact that I was stark naked under this coat! And the thought of these guys undressing, was actually turning me on. Reluctantly, I backed out of the door and stepped to the side.

I bit my lip and tried to be good. But curiosity got the better of me. After about thirty seconds, I leaned forward, sneaking a peek back inside the laboratory room. Jake and Bob had ditched their ridiculous yellow over-clothes, and were down to their boxers and T-shirts. They had their backs to me, and I had to wonder just how big their erections were! I could feel my own clit throbbing…

Before I knew it, or even realized it, my lab coat was completely unbuttoned and I was stroking my bald vulva. However, the show wasn't going to last, as the boys found their change of clothes in the lockers and were soon dressed again in slacks and shirts. Keeping enough sense not to be discovered, I quickly spun around and leaned against the wall with my eyes closed.

"Erica, if you want to preserve your modesty, you're going to have to keep that coat buttoned up!" Jake chided me as he walked outside the room with his friend.

Embarrassed, I quickly grabbed the open flaps of the coat and yanked them over the front of my body. I told them the jacket was just uncomfortable.

Jake continued to tease, suggesting, "We could always return it to the closet…"

"Um, where are we going?" I asked, momentarily toying with the idea of an extended streak.

Bob stepped forward, redoing the buttons for me like a gentleman. "We're going back to the Student Center, to grab a quick bite to eat."

"Oh," I said in a small voice, standing up on my toes. "I guess I better keep this on."

I giggled nervously while Bob finished making sure I was proper. We then started down the hallway, back the way we had come. Now I let my arms hang at my sides, once more the cuffs falling down past my hands. I was still conscious of my feet slapping over the white gleaming ties. The boys must have noticed too, as they kept glancing at my sweet bare legs beneath the hem of the coat.

Admittedly, it was pretty exciting walking through the building like this, and served to keep me on edge. Of course, the place was deserted, just the three of us echoing down the stairs and corridors.

When we walked outside onto the college campus, the late afternoon sun was still high in the sky. It was warm, so I did not mind my barefoot condition so much. But instinctively, I raised both my hands to shield my eyes like a visor from the sun. That revealed a little bit of pink, and made me shiver.

"Ooops!" I gasped, quickly lowering my arms.

"Come on, Erica," Jake laughed, and I followed the boys down the path.

We passed a few people on the way to the Student Center. I actually don't think anyone paid me any attention, dressed in the white lab coat, and walking between these two science geeks. Now it was me who was glad to have their unremarkable presence avert any eyes of interest.

That is, until we reached the wide plaza that stretched out before the glass and marble structure. It didn't take long, moving past hedges and benches, for us to be spied and greeted. We stopped in our tracks, as a brunette girl approached us.

"Erica, where have you been?" asked Alicia walking right up to me.

"I'm sorry!" I confessed, blushing between the two young men. "I completely forgot about your practice! It was only going to be for a little while, but I got caught up…"

Alicia folded her arms and narrowed her eyes. "I bet!"

"Jake, Bob…" I gushed, motioning back and forth between them, "this is my best friend, Alicia."

"Pleased to meet you," Jake gave a friendly little wave.

Alicia smiled then turned her eye back on me. "And what are you supposed to be, Erica?"

"A lab assistant," I sputtered.

My friend chuckled then said, "Well you look silly, because that coat doesn't even fit. Take it off, and where are your shoes!"

"I can't!" I squeaked, my eyes going wide, hands clutching the buttons of the lab coat. "I mean, I don't have anything on, under this…"

"What?" Alicia tried to suppress her own girlish giggle.

I looked from one science graduate to the other, and then replied bashfully, "I'm not wearing any clothes!"

Now Alicia gave the boys a mischievous smile. "So what exactly were you three up to, hmmm?"

"Oh, it's not like that," Bob interceded on my behalf. "We were running an important science demonstration, and there was a malfunction. Your friend, Erica…"

"She'll tell me about it later," Alicia said, stopping him mid-sentence with a raised hand.

"We were just about to get something to eat," Jake said smoothly, jerking his head back at the Student Center. "Care to join us?"

My busty brunette friend agreed, and soon we were heading for the wide double doors. It was a quick walk down the hall, and around the corner to the student commissary. Only a couple of people passed us on our way in. The great eating hall was very spacious, obviously needing to accommodate the campus population when the full semesters were in session. For now, with only the four of us making our way past the empty tables, the place seemed cavernous. There were pillars and decorative walls that sort of divided this part of the building into to sections. We moved beneath a painted frieze and found ourselves a table in the corner.

"You ladies wait here," Bob offered, "while Jake and I go up to see what's left on the menu."

After they had departed, heading for the grill and order counter all the way on the other side of the commissary, Alicia slid next to me. She put a hand meaningfully on my knee, and tucked a lock of hair behind my ear.

"Your new friends?" she questioned me, fondling my earlobe.

"Um, I guess. They're all right," I answered, confused by my surging emotions.

Alicia continued her interrogation. "You even took off your earrings, Erica. I guess they saw all of you… every inch?"

I licked my lips and nodded, "Mmmm-hmmm."

"So which one do you fancy?" Alicia pressed on.

"Oh, I don't know," I said blushing. "It's not like that. I mean they are both kind of cute, in that nerdy sort of way. They are really very smart. And Bob, the one with the glasses, he is so sweet…"

Alicia put her hand on my left breast and said, "Erica, your heart is beating faster…"

"It is?"

My friend only smiled knowingly and said, "I'm going to help you out. I'll go up there and find some way to keep Jake distracted. When Bob comes back, you can be alone with him. But first, let me have the coat."

"Alicia!" I sat up, amazed. "I told you… I'm naked under this jacket!"

Looking around, as if to confirm that we were indeed isolated in this corner, she declared, "It's what you want. Now come on, hand it over. You'll thank me later, Erica."

I remained seated, but nervously popped open the top button of the lab coat. My eyes were wide, and I couldn't believe I was doing this! Fingers moving quickly before I had a chance to change my mind, I undid the second and then all the rest of the buttons. We were in the Student Center, for goodness sake! Any other time during the Fall or Spring, there would be thousands of young people around us. I shrugged the white coat off my shoulders so I could pull out my arms one at a time.

Instantly my nipples hardened, waiting to be played with. Alicia smiled in satisfaction as I scooted around on the seat, and then passed the jacket into her arms.

I was sitting here totally nude!

My slim body was bare and exposed, for a second I relished the brazen display. Then I crossed my legs demurely and hunched forward just a bit. I clutched my arms around my knee, as my foot started bobbing up and down.

"You look adorable!" Alicia grinned as she stood up, taking the lab coat with her.

My eyes watched and followed as she calmly waked away from the table. Further and further she drifted, leaving me here, naked. I started to think that this wasn't such a good idea, as any stray student could come wandering over here at any moment. Maybe I should get up and run. But where would I go? I hoped Bob would bring me something good to eat.

No sooner did I have that incongruous thought, then the young man came shuffling into view. I felt kind of scared and nervous, but also very excited. It's not like he hadn't seen me undressed before! But something about this unlikely of all locations, in the middle of the day, heightened the sexuality of my nudity. I brushed my hair back folding my hands behind my head, presenting my tits as he stepped closer to the table.

"Erica!" Bob exclaimed, nearly tripping over his feet and dropping his tray. "Where is your coat?"

Feeling very sexy, I answered, "I took it off…"

The young man nearly stumbled again. "Yes, but here? We're in the middle of campus… there are a half a dozen people on the other side of the hall…"

"There are?" I now stood up out of my seat.

Bringing my hands to my mouth in shock, my soft tummy was in full view, and inches beneath my bellybutton, my pink labia had unfolded. The possibility that there were others in the building, in the same room, was too much for me. I felt a thrill up and down my spine, and tingle in my bare butt cheeks. I waited for Bob to set the tray down on a table to the side.

And then I myself, slowly climbed up onto the table in front of me. I eased my petite body down, lying on my back. My arms at my sides, I had my toes and nipples sticking straight up at the vaulted ceiling above.

Bob removed his glasses to wipe clean the lenses, and put them back on. "Erica… what?"

"I want you to touch me, Bob," I moaned softly.

The young man moved up against the table's length, staring down at me. I watched his eyes roam all over my body, and it felt so good! My fingers drummed the surface in anticipation, the excitement of being so vulnerable, nothing covered. I arched my back a little.

Bob reached down and took my bare toes between his fingers, causing me to squeal unexpectedly at his choice. He massaged my feet sensuously, sending a charge up my legs and into my crotch. I had no idea they were so erogenous! His hands, used to manipulating all sorts of things in the science world, were amazing.

"You are very pretty," he said with such sincerity, causing me to coo.

Working his way up my thighs also got a reaction and I encouraged him saying, "Mmmm… why don't you try a more daring spot."

Understanding my intent, the young man brushed his fingers lightly, first across my stomach, and then over my nineteen-year-old bald pussy. He used his thumb and forefinger to spread apart my glistening lips. With a buck of my hips, his hand slipped, causing his finger to thrust deep inside me…

Wow! This was incredible! As he slowly began to work my pussy, I reached up and squeezed my tender breasts. All I could think of was how different this was from Carrie's softer feminine touch. She had played with me before, but it was unlike what I was experiencing now. I guess I was still a virgin, having never been penetrated by a man before. I'm not sure Bob knew what he was doing, exploring my body like this for the first time. But his fingers would teasingly brush my clitoris, bringing me so close, and then move away. It was driving me wild!

"Kiss my tits!" I moaned breathlessly.

Like a good boy, he lowered his head, enough to blow on my elongated nipples. Soon his mouth was attached to my breast, his tongue flicking back and forth, back and forth. I was being sucked on and fingered in my college's Student Center, and I was loving it!

"Aaaah…" I heard myself moan.

I knew I couldn't take much more teasing. Sliding myself over the side of the table, I pushed Bob into a chair. I then climbed naked into his lap. My arms were thrown around him as I kissed the young man full on the lips. I could feel his hardness through his pants, pressing into my crotch.

Now I turned myself around, still sitting his lap, but facing forward. I let him play with and fondle my tits, while grinding my ass into the bulge in his pants. Then I took his wrist in my hand, and guided his fingers down to my open pussy.

"Touch me here," I gasped as he kissed me on the neck.

With my assistance, I moved his finger onto my clitoris. Once he found the erect little button, I think the intelligent boy knew what to do. Circling, rubbing, and teasing the extended nub, made my bare legs shoot out and toes spread apart!

"Ohhhh… Yes! Yeeeessss! " I gave a loud cry, enough for everyone to hear, as I had my orgasm.

Down his hand and arm my juices trailed. I wondered if I was the first girl Bob had made cum. And in public, too! With that thought, I had another orgasm, gushing like a fountain.

When my body stopped quivering, I crawled around to sit forward in his lap once more. We kind of cuddled, as he played with my boobs softly and kissed my lips. A little surprised, and feeling a bit guilty, I noticed he had not… subsided.

"I'm sorry," I said blushing with shame, and confusion. "I don't know if I'm ready to have you inside me, yet…"

Bob just looked at me with an understanding smile. He raised his finger still wet with my juices and said that would have to do. We hugged a little longer, his other hand rubbing my back. And then I asked him if he could find Alicia. I suddenly wanted to be with my best friend.

Naked, I huddled behind some chairs, and waited for her to return with the lab coat. But before she let me put it on, Alicia had to question me first.

"So did you get laid?"

"Not quite," I replied, with an arm crossed over my breasts, and one hand hiding my pussy. "But he's the first guy I ever had finger me to orgasm…"

Alicia laughed and started to put the lab coat protectively around my shoulders. "Well, that's a start!"

**30 – Ice Cream**

Once again, I found myself over Alicia's aunt's house. We had made plans to go to the mall today, but she was called on at the last minute to watch her cousin. This always seemed to happen when the two of us were trying to spend some quality girl time together! As it was, the guard duty would not be for the whole day, only the early part of the afternoon until Jimmy's mother returned from a hairdresser's appointment.

It was the first week of June, and we were enjoying our break from school, but the weather was already heating up. I remember walking out of the house that morning, and it was so warm outside. Nice and sunny, but I still had to make sure to dress appropriately. I wore a pair of baby blue Capri pants and a pink tank top that just came down to my stomach. It felt kind of sexy to have my bellybutton on display. But I was really proud of how I accessorized, with a floral print sash that I used as a belt. A pair of flip-flops completed my ensemble.

Alicia and I had been hanging out in the kitchen, her cousin Jimmy was playing outside. Suddenly, my friend's cell phone rang, startling us both. I was hoping that it might be Carrie or one of our friends from college, and they might swing over here to keep us entertained for the next hour. Instead, it was apparently a message from Alicia's job.

"Shit! I forgot about that!" the brunette said as she slammed shut her phone.

Elbows on the table, head resting in my hand, I asked, "What is it?"

"Erica, honey, I need to ask a favor," she started sweetly, and I knew I wouldn't like it. "I was supposed to leave a key for one of my co-workers, but I took it home with me last night. I need to run it over there, and then I'll be right back."

I looked up, putting two and two together. "You mean I can't go with you? I have to stay here… alone… with Jimmy?"

Alicia was already grabbing her keys and turned to answer before departing. "Oh, you'll be fine. He hardly even knows you're here. Now don't get into trouble!"

With a slight giggle, my friend in denim shorts bounced out of the kitchen. I could hear the front door open and close as she hurried outside. The engine of her car in the driveway started, and then she drove off. Miserable, I stood up and walked over to the kitchen counter and looked forlornly out the window.

"What's the matter, Erica?"

I turned around to see Jimmy enter through the open doorway. He was ten years old now, and getting more and more unpredictable. I remember just a couple of years ago he was chubby and always mean. Now, he had grown some, almost as tall as me! And since he started playing sports, he was loosing some of that baby fat. I guess I still thought of him as an annoying little pain that always ruined our fun.

When I didn't answer, Alicia's cousin pulled his arms from behind his back, and showed that he was holding two ice-cream cones. He took a couple of steps forward, and then motioned that he was willing to share one of them with me. I was taken aback by his generosity, and on this warm lazy day, and icy creamy treat did sound tempting.

"Would you like chocolate or vanilla?" he asked.

I regarded the boy carefully, just to make sure this wasn't some kind of prank. "Um… vanilla sounds nice."

Figuring he would hand me the chocolate just to spite me, instead, he politely extended his arm and offered me the cone with the white ice cream swirled smooth. I took this gratefully, and gave him a smile. Then I took a tenuous lick, and it was delicious!

"You look pretty today," Jimmy remarked.

What had come over him? First manners, and now flattery! I felt myself blush as I replied, "Thank you."

But I may have gotten my hopes up too soon. Looking around, Jimmy spied the one chair that was in the utility kitchen. I thought he might continue to charm me, and offer me to have a seat. However, showing a bit of his old self, the boy dragged it around the table and made himself comfortable! I narrowed my eyes at him, but I guess I couldn't really complain. So I took another lick of the ice cream.

I was standing in the corner, wedged into the L-shaped counter. Seeing the brat swinging his legs contentedly in the chair, I decided to do him one better. First I kicked off my flip-flops. Then, holding onto the cone carefully in one hand, I braced myself with the other and hoisted up onto the counter. I scooted all the way back, bringing my knees up and spread apart, so that my feet rested on the surface. My tongue took another taste of the treat, as I wiggled my toes at Jimmy.

And then the boy began to chuckle. Not a playful, childish giggle, but almost as if he was laughing at me.

"What?" I asked, and then looked down.

To my dismay, I saw that in the movements and motions of lifting up onto the counter and positioning myself comfortably… the front of my pink top had ridden up! Without a bra, the hem of the shirt now rested on top of my breasts, my nipples sticking out exposed. I had one hand wrapped around the front of my bare shin, and the other of course held the cone. Instead of adjusting my top, flustered, I took another lick of the ice cream.

It was really good! So I continued to savor the cool creamy sweetness on my tongue, with my tits hanging out. The mix of sensations was starting to make me confused and I think the cold must have gone to my head. Knowing that my nipples were bit by bit extending, I just continued to rub my shin and lick. Was I getting turned on by this?

Suddenly, a big lump of ice cream slipped off the cone to fall, splat, on my pants!

"Eeeee!" I squealed, while Jimmy laughed. "Oh no!"

The boy remained seated, but offered his expert opinion. "What a mess! You're gonna have to take them off, Erica."

I looked up with wide eyes. "You mean, here? In front of you?"

"Right now," Jimmy encouraged. And then took a lick of his own chocolate ice cream.

My breasts were still uncovered. But now I had the cold wetness in my lap and dripping down my pants leg to worry about. Moving my hand up, I hooked a thumb into the front of the waistband. But these Capri pants were not going to slide off easily. I took another lick from what remained on the cone while considering my options. It looked like I was going to have to strip.

Fingers moving quickly, I untied the sash belt and pulled it through the loop. This allowed access to the button, which I popped open. Still using one hand, I lowered the zipper and let the flap fall to one side. My nipples pointed toward the ceiling, keeping up the hem of my pink top. Now I hooked my thumb on the side of my opened pants and began to tug down. Perched on the countertop, the light blue material slipped first off one leg, and then they fell completely off my toes onto the floor.

I took another lick of the ice cream cone. Here I was, sitting in front of Alicia's cousin in just my underpants, and my top hiked up with bare breasts on display. The panties I was wearing were white, and kind of sheer in the front, but had a pattern of yellow daisies along the elastic band. I felt ridiculous. But I also felt myself getting aroused.

"Erica, I don't like those underwear," Jimmy said in a bossy tone of voice.

I shuffled down to the floor, my toes arching on the kitchen tiles, and said, "It's embarrassing enough that you are seeing me in these. What don't you like about them?"

"The little flowers, for one thing," the boy gave his honest answer.

My tongue worked its way around the edge of the cone, slurping up the last of the ice cream. I turned around, opening up one of the bottom cabinets and found the garbage bin. After I tossed the cone away, I looked back over my shoulder.

"Maybe I could just lower the band a little, so you don't see the daisy pattern…"

From his chair, Jimmy returned, "I don't know…"

Hooking my thumbs into the elastic band at my hips, I started to twist and roll down the material. I might have gone a little too far, when I felt the crack of my ass exposed.

"How's that?" I asked, my heart beating faster.

Jimmy waited a moment before answering. "Lower them some more."

I sighed and leaned forward. Pulling my panties further down, I felt them slip beneath the curve of my bottom. In front of me, my smooth vulva was uncovered. I gasped, but still gripped the edge of the material tightly.

"Is that good enough?" I asked breathlessly, rising up on my toes.

"Keep going," Alicia's dominating cousin ordered.

Now I had to decide how to proceed. Inch by inch, I was loosing my underwear. Obviously, at this point he could see my bare backside. But I didn't know if I could tug the panties down any more, without bending over… and that meant showing a whole lot more pink parts. I bit my lip, and then took hold of the lowered elastic band with both hands, just beneath my ass. With a final yank, I simultaneously straightened my back, and let the white delicate fabric fall down my legs, to the floor.

"Satisfied!" I gasped, with that strange conflict of emotions, of being annoyed by his demands, yet humiliated and thrilled at the same time.

"You know, Erica…" the little monster continued to tease and mock me. "I really didn't like them at all. Please step over in front of the sink."

As it was, he could clearly see my cute shapely bottom, flushed pink with embarrassment. I turned my head and looked to my side, where the kitchen sink was an arm's length away.

"Oh!" I squeaked, bouncing up and down on my toes. "But if I move at all, even just over there, I'll have to step out completely…"

I couldn't finish, nor could I wait for his reply. My hands resting on the counter surface, I slowly lifted one leg and carefully edged to my right. Doing so caused me to then lift my other leg and bring it back so that my ankles touched and knees were locked together. Shifting my eyes to look to my left, I saw the discarded panties lying on the floor a couple of feet way.

Ohmygosh! I was standing completely bottomless in Alicia's Aunt's kitchen. Even my top had been raised high enough so that from the middle of my back all the way to my heels, I was totally bare! The sense of Jimmy's eyes roaming over my slender form was too much, so I quickly turned around to face forward. Of course, first I was sure to clasp both my hands in front of my pussy.

We stared at each other for a moment. I could feel my tummy fluttering, the sensations I always felt whenever I was standing in front of someone undressed, no matter who it was. Shyly, I lowered my eyes, only to see that my pink top remained scrunched up, long nipples sticking out beneath the hem. My first thought was to reach up and straighten it out, but I was afraid of moving my hands away and revealing the soft velvety folds of skin of my parted pussy. Maybe if I used one hand…

Suddenly, from behind me and out the window, I could hear a car pulling up in the driveway. I took a step backward, my bare ass pushing up against the kitchen cabinet.

I tried to look over my shoulder without turning around. "Do you think Alicia is home already? What a relief!"

"That's not Alicia's car," Jimmy said as he stood up off the chair. "That's my mom! Quick, run down into the basement!"

"Ohmygosh!" I squealed and started skipping toward the door that led downstairs, with my hands between my legs, bare feet slapping over the kitchen tiles.

When I placed my fingers on the knob, I spun around, flashing my breasts with nipples quivering.

"My clothes!" I shouted, listening for Jimmy's mother at the front door.

"Right!"

The boy acted quickly, springing forward to grab my things on the floor. He picked up my flip-flops and underwear, and was careful carrying my pants, which must have been covered with melted ice cream. I opened the basement door for him, wanting him to lead the way. Actually, I wanted to keep him from following my naked ass down the stairs. But he gave me a nudge with his shoulder, more like a shove, and sent me scampering ahead.

As my toes balanced on the edge of each step, I let my arms swing out to either side. Since Jimmy was behind me, I figured I didn't have to hide my shaved pussy. All of a sudden, I felt Alicia's cousin grab the back of my shirt in one hand.

"Might as well take this, too!" I heard him say.

The pink material of my tank top, already bunched up around my neck, would be easy to pull over my head. And with my slender arms in a lateral position, they gave no resistance in lifting up to effortlessly slip between the holes at each side. I was actually impressed at the strength of Jimmy's grip, able to strip off my top in one motion. Momentum carried me forward, and the result was that descending a couple of more steps left me without any clothes on at all.

"Jimmy, I'm naked!" I cried, but kept moving.

We both made it to the basement floor, my heart racing with excitement. Totally nude, I felt my clitoris emerge erect out of its hood, so I was certain to keep my palm lowered discreetly. With my other arm slung tightly across my breasts, I spun around to face the ten-year-old accusingly.

Jimmy looked at my clothes, all my clothes, in his arms and then waved my pink tank top in front of me. "You weren't even wearing it right, Erica."

"But… now I'm not wearing ANYTHING!"I squealed, blushing all over.

The boy, apparently pleased with himself, just marched past me. How did this happen so fast? Stark naked in the basement of Alicia's aunt's house, with Alicia's cousin! I hope he didn't get any ideas. Then again, I hoped I didn't get any ideas. I saw that Jimmy was heading off to a small room in the corner, which I remembered from being down here previously, was where the washer and dryer were kept. Nervously I hugged my body and kept a hand between my legs as I shuffled forward.

"You're walking funny," Jimmy remarked, watching me approach from over his shoulder.

I bit my lip and glanced down to make sure I had all my pink bits covered, then said, "Well it's kind of embarrassing… to be nude… in front of a boy."

Jimmy just shrugged.

"Hey, um…" I whispered as I moved over to his side, "do you have to wash everything? Maybe I could just put on…"

"Too late!" the boy said as he slammed down the lid of the washing machine.

All my clothes were in there. I bounced up on my toes, hearing the water start to pour in, and wondered if I would ever find some relief. A glance around the room showed that there was not any spare clothing lying around, either freshly washed or otherwise. I guess they must have just put away their laundry.

And then from upstairs came a woman's voice hollering, "Jimmy! Where are you? And where is Alicia?"

"Better go explain this to Mom," the boy sighed as he started to jog out of the room.

For a moment I was startled, first worrying that Alicia's aunt would come down here and find me undressed. Then, as I watched Jimmy bound toward the steps, I began to imagine him telling his mother that I had taken off all my clothes, which was not entirely true. Instinctively, I reached out with one arm to stop him and started to run after him. With my arms completely out of the way, my little tits bounced playfully. I was about to call out, when I decided that I didn't want to call any more attention to myself. So fearing the worst, I turned around and walked naked back to the laundry room.

While I waited to find out what would happen, I figured I would tend to my load of clothes. Returning to the machine, I saw that it had entered the spin cycle, and looked like it would be a few more minutes. I stood up on my bare toes, trying to keep my soles off the concrete slab, and drummed my fingers atop the appliance. My mind started to drift as I closed my eyes, until I heard a cough behind me.

I saw Jimmy standing in the doorway. Ohmygosh! How long had he been staring at my ass? Spinning around, our eyes locked for an awkward few seconds. Then I realized, he could see my pussy! Quickly, I cupped both hands over my smooth mound.

The boy walked closer, and he did not look pleased. "I told my Mom that you had an accident with the ice cream and that you were down here cleaning up. I also told her that Alicia had to run to work. So now she ordered me to come back down here so you can keep an eye on me."

"Me?" I gasped, rubbing the front of one foot behind a bare calf. "Keep an eye on you?"

"Yeah," Jimmy grunted.

Then Alicia's cousin stomped over to a corner and sat down on the floor. I didn't know what to do. What I really wanted to do was run and hide… or run and find some safe place to do something else. He continued to glare at me, as if it was my fault that I had ruined his fun. For some reason, I felt horribly guilty and embarrassed at the same time.

Uneasy silence passed between us for a few moments. I was about to try and engage him in some small talk, when at my side, the washing machine began its gradual slowing of the spin cycle, then slowly, slowly, came to a stop.

"Clothes are done," I squeaked, breathless.

Jimmy motioned with his head and replied, "You still got to put them in the dryer. I'm not doing your chores for you!"

"Oh!" I gasped.

Here, I thought he might help me. But his command was so forceful, that I immediately turned around. I paused, standing in front of the washing machine. My butt, round and supple was completely on display. Knowing that he was looking at me caused my cheeks to clench and unclench reflexively.

Concentrating on what I needed to do, I took a deep breath, and then lifted the lid. I had to reach my arms into the basket in order to fish out my clothes. This made me separate my legs further apart, as I bent over, unfortunately exposing more of my nubile body. I grabbed my shirt and pants and white panties with the floral print. Jimmy was right, they were still too damp and had to go into the dryer. I wondered where he put my flip-flops.

I took the wet bundle clutched in my arms, sidestepping to face the other appliance. The door was low, and I needed to squat down to open it and shove my things inside. After I dumped the three articles, I remained in that crouched position for a moment. One hand on my knee, I ran my other hand through my hair. I could feel my labia unfolded and hang down from my shaved pussy lips. Part of me wondered which parts Jimmy was looking at, and if he knew what they were.

Before I could loose control, though, I forced myself to stand up again. I turned the dial on low, and changed the setting to delicates. Hopefully this would only take another ten minutes.

"This is boring!" Jimmy complained.

Boring! Stranded in a laundry room with a buck-naked nineteen-year-old girl. I suppose some things never changed, at least before puberty. The dryer began to hum and churn, and I could feel the surface was delightfully warm to my touch. I inched closer, until my toes brushed against the foot of the dryer. Gripping either side, I leaned forward so that my crotch made direct contact. The machine, grinding, churning, vibrating… felt wonderful rubbing my protruded clitoris!

"Jimmy!" I called out. "Ah… mmmm… why don't you go into the other room?"

Oblivious to the beginning of my secret masturbation, he asked dubiously, "Are you sure? Mom said that you should keep an eye on me?"

I took all the strength I could muster, not to scream out in ecstasy, as I tossed my head back and looked over my shoulder. "Yes! But… mmmm… you could play video games, while we wait!"

That seemed to pique Jimmy's interest. I guess he figured if I was asking him to leave, then I would be the one who was disobeying his mother's wishes. Maybe I would get a spanking. All I knew was that if he didn't get out soon, I was going to have a very humiliating orgasm.

Continuing to rub myself on the front of the dryer, I watched the boy finally yield and get up to walk out of the laundry room. Straining to hear, I thought I could just make out him hooking up his video console, and sort through his collection of discs. Thank goodness! I just hoped he didn't walk back in too soon…

With Jimmy gone, I spun around to fully face forward. My nipples stood out rock hard and erect. I hoisted myself up, and hopped onto the top of the dryer. Legs dangling, I slid my bare heels across the appliance door. My bottom bounced deliciously on the rumbling machine, the heat washing over my body and into my vagina. I leaned back on the heel of one hand to brace myself, and then slipped a finger deep inside my pussy. This was bliss! I must have sat here and toyed myself for five minutes…

"Ahem!"

All of a sudden, I opened my eyes to see that Alicia had walked into the room. She stood a few feet in front of the doorway, an amused expression on her face. The sight of her there, and being caught masturbating, sent a torrent of emotions through me.

My index finger plucked the nub of my clitoris, lifting, pulling… rubbing it in sensual circles. That sent me over the edge. A single stream a girl juice squirted out of my pussy as I climaxed. That familiar thrill of delight shuddered through my body. Licking my wet lips, I took a moment to catch my breath, and then slid back to the floor.

"That was incredible," I sighed.

On trembling legs, I walked forward, almost forgetting that I was still totally naked. My arms dangled casually at my sides. Alicia stopped my advance, placing her fingers on my soft stomach.

Looking me over, my friend asked, "Erica, where are your clothes?"

I lifted my hands to squeeze my breasts, and turned my head to indicate the appliances behind me. "Had an accident with Jimmy's ice cream."

"And you had to take off everything to wash them?" Alicia continued suspiciously, as if I was a naughty little girl.

"Well, I dropped some ice cream on my pants," I admitted, "and they needed to be washed."

Alicia shook her head, then laughed, "What about your underwear?"

"Jimmy didn't like the flowers…" I answered, thinking how ridiculous that sounded when said aloud.

My best friend pointed at my bare crotch and said, "So you decided to show him that one?"

Blushing, I looked down, to see, that my pink pussy was indeed opened up like a blossoming rose.

"Ohmygosh!" I gasped, starting to realize how much I had really shown.

"What about your top?" Alicia was making me confess everything!

I stood up on my toes, to try and see past the taller brunette. No sign of Jimmy, but I still answered vaguely, "I lost it on my way down here…"

Alicia just burst out laughing. "Oh, you're too much, Erica!"

And then I thought back over everything, the memory of events washing over my mind and body. "Ohmygosh, Alicia! Your cousin had me completely naked! He saw me naked again!"

Alicia came over to stand at my side, wrapping a comforting arm around me like a good friend. "Jimmy thinks you're beautiful, you know."

"He… he does?" I stammered, unsure of what to think.

I felt my face flush, my ears turning bright red. My tummy quivered, and I was still a little horny. Hearing people talk about my nudity, or knowing that people liked my body, was more and more having that effect on me. Suddenly, the buzzer on the dryer went off… my clothes were done.

Alicia helped me get dressed, although I had to be gentle because my pussy and nipples were still sensitive. When I was fully clothed, I looked around for my flip-flops. But they were nowhere in sight. So barefoot, I followed my friend back out of the laundry room. Over in the recreation area, Jimmy was absorbed in playing his video games.

As we passed by, heading for the steps, he glanced my way and muttered, "Your feet still stink!"

Dressed once more in my little pink top that revealed my bellybutton, and summer Capri pants that came down enticingly to just above my calves, I twirled around and skipped up the stairs. Smiling to myself, as I could imagine what he really thought.

**31 – Eyes**

I found myself sitting in a waiting room with my friend Carrie. Things had cooled off somewhat between us, between making new friends at college, and being occupied by other interests. It seemed we hadn’t done anything fun for a while. This morning, when she asked me to accompany her to the eye doctor, I hardly thought anything exciting would happen.

The room we sat in was square, with individuals chairs lined up against the walls to each side. An end table had some magazines strewn about the surface. There was a receptionist’s window off to the left, but the office was lightly staffed today, so she was not at her station. We were the only two patients in the room.

Well, truthfully, Carrie was the only patient. She was here for a routine eye examination, but I think she was dreading the possibility of needing glasses. Although, why she would suddenly develop worsening vision at the tender age of nineteen, was beyond me. I think she really just hated the glaucoma test where they shoot a mist directly into your eye. Anyway, she had appeared nervous this morning, which is why I decided to tag along with her.

It was pretty quiet, and we did not engage in much conversation. More of that had been going on lately, as we had less and less to talk about. Suddenly, as I was flipping through the pages of some reading material, Carrie reached over and shook my arm.

She had a mischievous look in her eye. “Hey, Erica, want to have some fun?”

Lowering the booklet to my lap, I asked, “What could we possibly do for fun in this boring little room?”

“Let’s take off our clothes!” Carrie giggled.

I gave her a disapproving frown and shook my head. When she only grinned and winked at me, I began to feel my heart pitter-patter. Still, I tried to retain control of the situation.

“Carrie…” I started, “What are you talking about? We’re in the middle of the doctor’s office and anyone could walk in here. The nurse could come back to check on us, or the doctor might be ready for your appointment!”

My friend stood up from her chair and strolled over to look past the glass window and counter in the wall. “Not going to happen. Their schedule was completely open this morning, which is why I arranged to be here so early. No other patients coming in…”

“Yeah, but that could change. Someone could walk in,” I protested.

Carrie just shrugged her shoulders and walked easily around the waiting room. She was wearing a yellow sweater today and a white skirt. She did look very pretty, her long strawberry-blonde hair flowing down her back.

“My, it’s getting warm in here!” the buxom college girl teased, and then she began to pull her sweater over her head!

I tried to pretend I was unfazed by her casual undressing. Instead, I went back to reading my book. I mean she had simply removed her outer sweater… nothing wrong with that. She folded it up neatly, and made a point to place it on the chair next to me.

“Now you take something off,” Carrie challenged me.

I kept my head down looking past the pages open in my lap, and at what I was wearing today: a nice black shirt, and a wine-colored sleeveless top. I couldn’t really take off anything, or I would be sitting in my underwear! I told Carrie just that.

When she continued to pester me, I sighed and offered, “How about just a quick flash, while no one is around?”

The taller girl walked across the room and stretched, leaning against the opposite wall. She languidly slid one foot out of a shoe. Then Carrie kicked off her other shoe. She bent down slowly to pick them up, and tiptoed barefoot across the carpet to put them with her sweater.

“No,” she said decisively. “I want to take off everything… all our clothes! Come on, Erica, I’m already beating you two items to nothing.”

I crossed my legs, feeling myself begin to get a little flustered. Was she serous? What an outrageous suggestion! This was just too crazy to even consider. Finally, when my friend took her seat again, I figured she must have had enough of this game. Her shoes and sweater sat in a pile between us.

My eyes returned to scanning the information in the booklet I was holding. I really had no idea about the subject, or any interest. But I wanted to try and ignore Carrie. I heard some shuffling across from me, and I didn’t even glance out of the corner of my eye. After a moment, I could sense her silently get back up to her feet. She twirled around on her toes, until she came to stand in front of me.

Abruptly, Carrie dropped her silky panties into the book on my lap. I regarded them in disbelief, and then raised my eyes to see the young woman smiling down at me.

“I’m not wearing anything beneath my skirt,” she stated unnecessarily. “Are you?”

“Of course I am!” I replied, half laughing, half offended.

Now I plucked Carrie’s underwear off the pages, delighting in their feel between my fingers. As nice as they were, I managed to put them aside, stuffing the delicate material into one of Carrie’s shoes. But now that she had my attention, I thought I could feel my own nipples harden inside my shirt, so I folded my arms across my chest.

My playful friend just giggled and began to fiddle with the buttons on her long-sleeve white blouse. Starting with the top button, her fingers worked their way down, quickly, and with determination. I wondered how far she would go? It was like I was getting my own private striptease… and Carrie was just waiting to see when I would join in!

With the sides of her shirt hanging open, the curvaceous girl spun around, her hair streaming gracefully with her motions. Now facing away from me, Carrie began to shimmy the blouse off her shoulders. She lowered it down her back, and then began to actually pull her arms out of the sleeves! One at a time, and then the shirt was completely off. It was tossed away, landing on the collection of her things on the chair. And then she turned around with her hands on her hips.

I did some quick figuring, and realized that she was only dressed in a bra and her white skirt!

“Oh my gosh, Carrie, you’re going to get in trouble!” I found myself embarrassed for my friend, even a little thrilled.

She only pouted and said, “But I’m not done yet…”

With that confident statement, Carrie reached both her hands behind her back so she could manipulate the clasp of her bra. I guess it didn’t take very long, before she had it unhooked, and let it fall to the floor!

“Carrie, you are so topless!” I gasped in astonishment.

Quickly, I bounded from my seat and crouched on the deep blue carpet. I picked up her bra as if I if I was afraid of it being discovered. Meanwhile, her big bare breasts bounced above me as she ran her hands through her hair. I licked my lips at the sight of her pink areolas and nipples. Catching my look of longing, Carrie cupped her boobs and gave them a good squeeze. Then letting a hand wander down her tummy, she stuck her tongue out at me teasingly.

Next thing I knew, she popped open the button on her skirt and pulled down the side zipper. Releasing her hold, the skirt floated to her feet. I looked up to see her closed pussy lips, crowned with a patch of trim golden pubic hair. Carrie clutched her breasts again, and then skipped out of her skirt, totally naked.

Totally naked! What was the girl thinking? I scurried to collect her skirt in one hand, her bra still in my other. Standing up, I watched amazed as she reclined in one of the waiting room chairs, fully nude. She arched her back a little and traced a finger across her mound. I hesitated, wondering if I should give back her clothes and urge her to get dressed. Instead, I returned to my seat and placed Carrie's things with her shoes, sweater, and shirt.

"Um, Carrie…" I started to feel myself heating up and getting wet. I plucked at my top clinging uncomfortably to my body. "Wow… you are, like, really… I mean, absolutely stark…"

"Not so loud, Erica!" my naughty friend laughed, leaning forward. "You want to tell the whole office?"

She glided off the chair, and I could hear the vinyl upholstery pull away from her bare skin. Carrie wrapped her arms around her shoulders for a second, and then took a few cautious steps into the middle of the room. She was standing in direct view of the door that opened up and led back to the examination area. And I had an unobstructed view of her bare bottom. I almost wanted to reach out and squeeze those full, round cheeks!

Jiggling with each step, she tentatively approached the door. What was she doing? Was Carrie going to try and walk through the office completely naked? Maybe she would be more relaxed if she got her eyes checked without wearing any clothes. I could just picture her laid out on the examination chair, her legs parted, bare toes wiggling…

I wanted to tell her to stop, but I couldn’t find the words. It was like I was totally mesmerized by her risky behavior and display of total nudity. She gave me a coy look over her shoulder as if she was reading my mind.

Suddenly, we both heard a clicking sound from the door, the knob being turned, and about to be opened. Not the entrance to the waiting room, which would have been embarrassing enough, but the door directly in front of naked Carrie! I could only gasp, unsure of what to do. My friend, however, was quick on her bare feet. She leapt to the side, squeezing herself into the far corner of the room. The door opened outward… effectively pinning her against the wall. Maybe it was my imagination, but viewing her trapped profile, I thought I noticed Carrie's nipples spring out fully erect at that moment.

The receptionist walked into the waiting room and said, "The doctor is ready to see you now…"

She looked up from her clipboard and right at me sitting with my legs crossed on the chair. The nurse asked me where my friend was. I tired not to give Carrie away, my eyes darting behind the opened door just for a second, to watch the busty blonde's nude quivering form.

"Um… Carrie had to strip, I mean, step out for a moment… to get something to drink!" I finally blurted out, patting my hand on top of her folded sweater as if that explained everything.

The receptionist regarded me curiously and then said, "Well, I'm sorry we kept you two waiting. As soon as she returns, tell her she can come right back to the examination room."

"OK," I mumbled, again trying to avert my eyes from the corner and not draw attention to Carrie huddled with her knees locked together and hands clutching her breasts.

The lady took a step back, and whirled around to walk through the doorway. Her hand casually snaked behind her to grab the doorknob and pull it shut as she left the waiting room. I wondered if Carrie's heart was beating as fast as mine! That was too close.

Placing one hand behind her head, and resting her face in the other hand, Carrie left her crotch momentarily uncovered. I looked and saw that her pussy lips were parted. Then I remembered, that the mere fact of being naked didn't necessarily stimulate a reaction out of Carrie's body, but the possibility of getting caught often led to her arousal. She licked her lips and silently mouthed, "Oh, Wow!"

I felt my own clitoris start to swell and peek out of its hood, especially as I was struck by a clever idea.

Watching my friend approach me slowly on her bare toes, I asked, "You aren't really looking forward to this appointment, Carrie? I mean… it would be nothing to blow it off?"

"What?" She stopped, stark naked in the middle of the room, and shook her head.

Quickly, I gathered up the things that were piled on the seat next to me: Carrie's sweater and skirt, her shoes and shirt, and even her bra and panties! I took all her clothes, every stitch. My mind could hardly believe I was doing this. The nineteen-year-old nude blonde was also shocked, as she could only look over her shoulder, afraid the receptionist might return. Not so confident now, she looked rather bashful. Her body flushed a nice rosy pink.

With Carrie's clothing bunched up in my arms, I stood and swiftly sidestepped toward the office entrance. My eyes never left her figure revealed in all its curvy glory, as I backed up and reached for the door. In another second, the handle was turned and I flung the door open…

"Bye!" I said with a giggle and ducked out into the hallway.

I could just make out a harsh whisper behind me, "Erica!"

The eye doctor had his office located in a professional building down town. There were other practices and businesses, which also had their address at these premises. We were on the third floor of the building, and the carpeted hall stretched out before and behind me. It might have been a slow morning for eye examinations, but I wondered if any of the other rooms were very occupied. Walking backwards, I held Carrie's clothes tightly in my arms, and began moving toward the exit. After about three seconds, I saw my friend's toes and fully bare leg stick outside the door.

She managed to pull the rest of herself out into the hallway. Carrie had one arm slung across her boobs, fingers wrapped around her opposite shoulder. With her other arm lowered, she tried to hide her pubic hair. This floor of the building did seem to be deserted, or at least the corridor was empty, as she shuffled forward totally nude.

"Erica… what's gotten into you!" she squealed, hugging her body.

I just laughed and ran all the way to the end of the hallway. When I turned around again, it was just in time to see Carrie running with her arms flailing at her sides, her big tits bouncing up and down. I paused at the door that led to the building's stairs, waiting for her to catch up to me.

Inclining my head at her bare chest, I commented, "Someone looks pretty excited."

"Well, yeah…" Carrie said a bit breathless and even pulled on one of her erect nipples. "It would be even more exciting if you joined me!"

As tempting as that sounded, I only smiled and shook my head. "Since I've got all your clothes, I guess I'm the one in control. You could always hang around here for your nude eye exam!"

With that, I pushed open the door and entered the stairwell. I heard the door close behind me as I skipped down the first flight of steps. Leaning against the wall, I waited to see what Carrie would do. I wondered what was going through her mind. Soon, the door above me opened again, my friend's unclothed form emerging. I listened as her bare feet slapped down the stairs, my eyes wandering up her long shapely legs. Once more, she had an arm held across her breasts, and her other hand hiding her pussy.

"Erica!" she whispered my name, her voice quivering just a little as each step brought her closer. "Now you've had your fun… let me have my clothes back."

I eyed her up and down from head to toe. Then smiling, I turned and hurried down the next flight of stairs. This was too delicious! I knew she didn't have anywhere to go, and would have to follow me.

"Erica…" my friend called again, Carrie's voice rising as we neared the ground floor of the building.

Clutching her things to my chest, I reached the stairwell door and pushed it opened. I had to peer into the lobby and make sure it was safe. And then I dashed out into the wide-open space. The main entrance had tall, double glass doors. Moving toward them, I could see some people walking by and a few cars passed in either direction on the street. This was probably too risky, and figured it would be as far as I take this stunt. Unless, there was another way out back…

Behind me, the door leading to the stairs opened and closed. I spun around and watched busty Carrie approach me on tiptoes, still hugging her breasts tight. She came slowly, as if unsure of her surroundings, or who might be waiting out here with me. The strawberry-blonde did a complete turn around as she moved forward, flashing me her beautiful butt. Then she faced the entrance, visible to the street.

"Oh my gosh!" Carrie squealed.

Her first reaction as she froze, was to strike an awkward stance with knees locked together, but bare feet spread apart. Immediately, her hand darted down her stomach to cover her pussy. I wasn't sure if anyone outside caught sight of her from this angle, but she then turned around and crouched down behind a potted plant.

The next thing I knew, a man dressed in the business suit pushed through the entrance and stepped into the building. If he needed to use the stairs, Carrie would be so busted! Instead, he brushed past me taking a side hallway around the corner.

"Excuse me, Miss," he said as the sleeve of his jacket brushed my elbow.

The brief physical contact caused my nipples to stiffen, thinking about my naked friend hiding just a few feet away! But I was also able to better check the layout of the ground floor. There were two corridors that branched off from the lobby we were in. My black pumps clicked across the glossy marble as I walked toward one of the building directories posted on the wall. All of Carrie's clothes were bundled in my arms.

Looking over my shoulder, to my amazement, I saw the young woman slowly stand and start to pad over toward me. She turned her head side to side, making sure no one else was around, but had to use one hand to pull her mass of hair away from her face. This left her boobs bouncing free, while she kept the other hand cupped over her pubic mound. Still, her hips wiggled seductively as she walked forward.

"Look," Carrie whispered in desperation, sliding next to me. "You can't keep me nude like this…"

I glanced down at her trim tummy and long legs, wondering if beneath her palm, her pussy was opening up in arousal. "Why not? You and Alicia and Lisa have left me naked so many other times!"

"But this is different," she pleaded, bouncing up on her bare toes.

Instead of answering, I quickly turned away and hurried toward one of the hallways. It was a good thing I had my hands full, or else I would have slapped Carrie on the ass, just to watch her jiggle. Following my steps, I heard the sweet sound of her feet sticking and un-sticking across the smooth polished floor. Again, I found myself wondering what she was feeling and how horny she really was.

Reaching the side corridor, we quietly shuffled over carpeting once more, passing the closed doors of offices. This way led directly through the building, and to a back door that opened out onto the parking lot. I skipped ahead, making it to the exit first. When Carrie saw where I was going, she raised a hand to her mouth in disbelief, and let her other arm swing anxiously at her side. Her tits and pussy were out in the open as she slid against the wall.

"Erica… we aren’t going outside? I'm so naked!" and Carrie rubbed her hands down her body as if to underscore the point. "I can't be seen like this!"

I positioned myself against the opposite wall, enjoying her display of full frontal nudity. "So how is this different from all the other times you made me run around without my clothes?"

Carrie stepped cautiously into the middle of the hallway, massaging and squeezing her breasts. "Just look at me! I'm positively indecent… I'm all curves and jiggling parts. It's hard to hide my boobs, and if I turn around, you can even see my lower lips from behind!"

"Yes you can," I admitted, breathless, even as she turned and bent down to touch her toes. I was in awe of her incredible body.

Now she stood up and crossed the distance between us, pressing her bare breasts against me. "But when you're naked, Erica, you just look cute. So it's not so bad."

"Yeah, well," I started to reply. I couldn't believe we were discussing this! "What about my long nipples and my… you know. It sticks out too, and I tend to show a lot of pink, when I show everything."

Carrie placed her hand on my crotch and said, "Mmmm… is it sticking out now?"

It was! But I didn't want this going where it was about to. So I quickly squirmed away from Carrie's touch, and headed for the door. With my foot, I was able to push it open, and then ran out into the parking lot in broad daylight, with all of her clothes.

I scanned the area, and was able to locate my friend's car, near the side road we took when we turned into the lot. Without waiting for Carrie to keep up, I ran over to the car. Leaning against the hood, I watched as a second later, she bravely walked outside the building.

Completely naked!

This was so hot. First she kept a hand clasped over her pussy. Then she used both hands to try and hold on to her bouncing tits. Finally, she realized that she had to navigate her way over the blacktop on the tips of her toes, so she wouldn't get any pebbles or gravel on the bottoms of her bare feet. The end result was that Carrie did a bashful balancing act past the scattered parked cars, with arms stretched out to either side. But by the time she reached me, she was back rubbing and squeezing her breasts hard.

"Oh, Erica this is too much! People can look out their office windows and see me…"

I nodded my head slightly in the direction of the multi-storied brick building. There was a line of windows facing out toward the lot. I supposed anyone on the higher floors might peer through the glass and see the two of us standing by Carrie's car. But we were closer to the edge of the pavement, rather than square in the middle. Still, she was fully nude and she hugged her shoulders tightly, dancing nervously on her toes.

Suddenly, Carrie ran a hand through her hair, and I thought I could make out a little pearl droplet on the tip of her protruding nipple.

"Oh my gosh, Carrie! Are you… lactating?" I asked, blushing.

The strawberry blonde looked down, then lifted up her tits in both hands and giggled, "Um… got milk?"

I stared at her in amazement, finding it very erotic, and then asked, "You're not… I mean, you didn't get…"

"No, no," Carrie laughed. "This is something I've been practicing all summer. Usually it takes a lot of time and persistence in order to self-induce lactation. I think being naked out here made it happen much quicker…"

As I watched, another small droplet of her breast milk formed on the tip of her other nipple. "Wow… that's kind of… kinky! How does it feel?"

"Hmmm," my friend closed her eyes and purred. "It's very sensual. And the taste is sweet like sugar!"

Just like that, Carrie raised a finger to flick each of her nipples, and then sucked the finger in her mouth. It was one of the most outrageously hot things I had ever seen. But I didn't want her to see how excited I was, so I quickly turned around, and searched for her keys inside her skirt.

"Are you going to drive me home, or are you going to make me drive in the nude?" Carrie asked over my shoulder.

My hands trembled slightly, but I was able to open the electronic lock. I pulled open the driver side door, and tossed all of Carrie's items on the seat: her sweater, her shirt, her skirt, shoes, bra and panties. Then I shut the door fast, and clicked the lock again. Turning around, I grinned at my very naked friend.

"We're going to take a little walk," I said.

Carrie couldn't help but giggle, causing here breasts to flop up and down. She placed a hand on her stomach, her finger tracing a circle around her bellybutton. Her other hand rested lightly on the side of her leg as she tossed her head back and gave a nervous look over her shoulder. I guess she didn't want to hang around and get caught out here. At least, that was what I was counting on.

Shoving her keys in my pocket, I immediately started to move away from the car. Looking behind me, I saw Carrie hunch over and take some hesitant steps to follow, while keeping her hands on the automobile. But I continued to walk straight ahead, leaving the parking lot entirely. Soon she would have to leave her cover.

I remembered that the road we pulled off of to enter the lot was a quiet, secluded street lined with tall leafy trees. Further down the block would lead us back to the main avenue that ran in front of the office building. But going in the opposite direction would take us further away from town and into a more residential area. I skipped along the side of the road, turning to see Carrie scamper and scurry and try to hide her nudity.

As she had said herself, it was almost impossible. Even with an arm slung across her tits, it just barely concealed her areolas and nipples, which were pretty erect. There was still a lot of cleavage, and not much left to the imagination about the size of her bouncing globes. While she kept one hand between her legs, her five fingers were spread, allowing teasing glimpses of her blonde pubic hair or the pink of her aroused pussy lips. And when she spun around at the slightest noise or sound of voices, there was no hiding that beautiful bare ass. Walking backward to keep an eye on any traffic that might turn onto the road, Carrie was a sight to behold from behind.

"Where are you going, Erica?" she asked, turning to face me.

I smiled and said, "I think the park is only a couple of blocks around the corner…"

"It is?" Carrie scratched her head, looking up and down the street. "How do you know that?"

"Let's just say, I've become familiar with the necessary paths to take, when all your clothes have been stolen!"

I actually shivered, standing in the shadow of a towering elm tree, thinking about all the naked walks home I've had to manage. But now, I was the one fully dressed, and my buxom friend was absolutely nude. Confidently, I began walking down the street.

At one point, I had to cross to the other side of the road. Carrie was about to follow right after me, but she was quick to hear the sound of tires on the pavement. I watched her duck behind the girth of a tree, just as a car came driving up behind us. It passed by without noticing us. But regarding Carrie as she pressed her body against the tree, reminded me of the times I had to sneak behind such hiding places. Usually, my pointy nipples or extended clit would rub against the bark. Once, I had an orgasm while waiting for a bike rider to cycle down the road.

When it was quiet again and safe enough, Carrie jiggled her way over to the other side of the street. As we stood on the grass, I wondered if she enjoyed the tickle of the short green blades as her feet sank into the ground. I told her to put her hands at her sides.

"You have to brush off the wood chips, when you stand so close to the trees," I explained as my hand swept between her breasts and down her tummy, until my fingers found her pubic hair.

"Thanks, Erica!" she said, standing up on her toes, almost inviting me to slip my finger inside her pussy. "You really are an expert on this!"

As tempting as her warm slit was, I pulled away my hand and moved further down the block. After we walked past a few more houses, I had to stop again and get my bearings. While it was fun leading Carrie around while she was naked, I had a specific place in mind I wanted to get to.

"All right, we have to cut across this property," I said after a moment.

"What?" my friend asked startled. "You mean like we have to walk onto their lawn… into their back yard?"

I nodded my head with certainty. "This house is located right in back of the park's hiking trails. The only way to get into the park without being noticed, is through the woods here."

Carrie clutched her boobs, one in each hand and protested, "So I'm supposed to go trespassing, without any clothes on?"

"Look…" I said, pointing to the empty driveway. "There's no car. They probably left for the morning already. I'm sure there's nobody home!"

"Well, why didn't you say so!" my friend giggled and dropped her hands to her hips.

To my surprise, she then marched up the driveway completely naked, but then turned onto a little path that wound its way to the front porch. The busty nineteen-year-old girl stepped up to the door, first making sure she couldn't be seen from the street. Then she proceeded to ring the doorbell!

"Carrie! What are you doing!" I called from the driveway. "You are going to get in trouble!"

But she only laughed, not covering up at all. She even put her hands on her head and shook her tits at the door. "What, Erica? You said no one was home…"

Suddenly, we could hear heavy footsteps coming from the upstairs of the house. Carrie and I froze for a moment and exchanged shocked looks. Then I pointed frantically toward the backyard. She read my signal, and came bouncing down the front porch steps. From inside the house, we heard someone calling that they would just be a minute.

"Quick… run into the woods!" I urged her.

When she reached where I was standing, she still looked a little unsure. Keeping one hand between her legs, she nibbled on her fingernails anxiously. Finally, I grabbed her arm and pulled her after me as we ran along the side of the house. Carrie… naked, in some stranger's yard. This was hot!

I guess it was fortunate that she had lured the homeowner to the front of the house, as we rounded the corner. If we had proceeded straight onto the property, they might have seen us from an upstairs window. We could just hear the door swing open on its hinges, a voice raised in annoyance at finding nobody there. Carrie and I raced across the lawn, and I had to keep her from slipping on the grass in her bare feet. When we made it safely inside the tree line, I paused and saw that her nipples were very erect. Beneath my shirt, so were mine.

"Wow!" Carrie gasped, holding a hand to her smooth stomach. With her other hand, she teased the ends of her strawberry-blonde hair, looking absolutely delicious.

"No time for that!" I muttered, reaching out to take my friend's fingers again.

Under the cover of branches, we pressed deeper into the woods. I needed to navigate our way onto the proper path that would lead us into the park. Occasionally, leaves would swipe past my face, or slender limbs would snag at my clothes. With one hand, I pushed forward, stepping over roots and the brush that grew along side of the trail. After a few minutes, I heard Carrie giggling behind me.

"What?" I asked, half-turning me head.

Carrie picked some twigs out of her mass of hair and said, "Oh, these woods, Erica! I feel like every branch is caressing my body! How do you do it?"

"Usually I'm running through here," I confessed to my naked friend, "not taking a leisurely stroll. Still…"

Carrie plucked a stray leaf from her pubic hair, and I could see she was moist down there. "Still, what, Erica?"

"Um… I guess there were some times, you know, when I was just so hot and excited… I would lay down on the ground and masturbate."

"Ohmygosh!" Carrie laughed. "You've played with yourself out here? So close to the park!"

Even though she was the one bare ass nude, I felt myself blush at the admission. All I could do was nod my head. I looked at Carrie with longing, maybe even a bit of envy.

"So where are you taking me?" the long-legged girl finally asked.

I told her that I had a surprise for her. Something to teach her lesson for being so naughty, and taking off all her clothes at the doctor's office. As I thought about it, I was amazed at how far we had ventured away from her things. We had walked at least a couple of miles, and the only clothing to be found, was on me! The idea sent a thrill of excitement up and down my spine. Carefully, I stepped onto the open path.

"Erica… I can't go out there!" Carrie whispered from behind the branches of a young sapling.

I smiled at her and said, "Oh, so now you’ve gone all bashful!"

"It's not that," she replied as she crossed an arm over her breasts and lowered a hand over her pussy. "I already told you that my nudity is really brazen, I mean I'm so out there! But now… I'm also kind of horny!"

Shaking my head to hide my grin, I answered, "Well, that's too bad. You wanted some excitement. Now come out here!"

Meekly, Carrie stretched out her bare leg, her toes daintily finding the light dirt path. It was fun to watch her squirming and shuffling forward, trying to keep her big boobs cradled in one arm. I pointed to a spot on the ground, and made her walk into the middle of the trail. Knowing that just the possibility of being caught increased her arousal, I wondered what would happen if a bike rider or jogger did pass us now. She would probably have an orgasm right in front of me!

Licking my lips, I slowly walked around the girl. Her knees were locked together, keeping one hand over her crotch. So I decided to admire her from behind. Carrie's ass was so round, and juicy. Smooth and golden, I finally couldn't help but place my palm on one of her cheeks.

"Put your hands on top of your head," I said, enjoying this newfound dominance.

She hesitated, and then Carrie shook out her long blonde hair. Reluctantly, she pulled her arms away from her body so that she could lock her fingers above her head. Perhaps out of reflex, she also separated her legs, positioning her feet about shoulder-width apart. A casual glance below saw that her labia were hanging down. I stepped fully behind my friend, and gave her ass a good squeeze.

"Oooooh!" she responded, even arching up on her toes.

Then I walked a few feet backward, leaving her standing there, completely on display. I really wanted to see if someone would come up the path in either direction. She would be so humiliated! I looked over my shoulder, but I didn't see anyone. Another minute passed, and I was getting pretty excited myself, from the anticipation. I could only imagine what Carrie was feeling. Finally, I figured it was time to move on.

"All right," I said as I walked past her, "You can come along and follow me if you wish…"

Stopping with hands on my hips, I flipped my hair over my shoulder kind of like the way Lisa used to do, and looked behind me. Carrie's hazel eyes were wide, and her hands still entwined above her head. With her breasts uncovered, I could see just how hard her nipples really were. I looked her up and down one more time, and then resumed my course down the path.

It didn't take long before the strawberry-blonde was shuffling next to my side, rubbing her bare arm against mine. The physical contact made my heart race, and I could feel that she was hot. She also smelled wonderful, the perfume of her hair mixing with her feminine musk.

"Where are we going, Erica?" she squeaked into my ear.

I said nothing, but continued to walk ahead until the trail ended in a T-section. A path branched off to the left and the right. In the middle, a wooden sign was posted with directions. One arrow indicated the direction to the campgrounds. The other… pointed the way toward a small miniature golf putting range that was annexed to the park.

Turning my head from the sign to smile at Carrie I said, "This ought to be fun!"

And just like that, I skipped down the trail, giggling with the possibilities. Carrie came bouncing up behind me, her boobs undulating and hips wiggling. She had her arms stretched out in front of her and at her side as she crept forward, almost as if she could no longer touch her body.

"Erica… you aren't taking me to the putting green, are you?" she reached out and tugged on my shirt. "There might be people there, and they will see me naked!"

I put my hand on her soft stomach, just above her pubic hair, and gently pushed away. "Maybe they will get quite an eyeful…"

"Oh!" Carrie groaned, but followed after my footsteps.

We rounded a bend in the trail, and I could see that ahead it would be opening up away from the trees. I could also see a small building, with the stand out front where they rented the clubs and golf balls. Feeling a twinge of guilt, I told Carrie to stay put while I scoped it out.

She was squatting in a crouch when I returned to tell her that the putting greens were empty this morning.

"The guy at the caddy shack is pretty cute," I said, smiling down at her. "So here's what I want you to do. While I go keep him occupied, you know, by talking to him about his stick and balls… you can run to the first tee. It's behind a high hedge, completely out of view."

Hugging her shoulders, Carrie tossed her mane of hair back and squealed, "Erica, what's gotten into you! Stick and balls, indeed! You can't honestly expect me to streak across the park golf course?"

"Well, it's not that far for you to go. The area is pretty small, mostly for families and kids." I glanced back over my shoulder, and then turned to my friend. "Just wait for me to engage the attendant."

"Oh sure, and then I'll just run stark naked to the first hole!" the blond girl pouted, even as I noticed a bit of pink peeking between her legs. "He probably goes to our college."

Licking my front teeth with my tongue, I answered, "Yeah… he's about nineteen or twenty. I'll ask him…"

And with that declaration, I spun around and began heading toward the end of the trail. As I had scouted earlier, the building was directly ahead, and the only other person around was inside. While I kept him occupied, Carrie would just need to sneak out and run to the side, around the hedge wall. Of course, she would be out in the open, in broad daylight. But it would be the one chance she would get.

"Hi!" I said pleasantly as I stepped up to the counter of the golf equipment shack.

The young man, lean and sprouting facial hair, raised his head from the magazine he was reading. "Oh, um… hello. Can I help you?"

I looked around coyly, teasing the ends of my shoulder-length hair with one hand. "I'd like a golf club, please."

"You want to play golf?" he asked, confused. "By yourself? You don't really look dressed for it."

Amazingly, I felt my heart beating fast, as he checked out my slim figure and slender legs. I teased the hem of my skirt a little and said, "Um, yeah… that's all right."

Now feeling more mischievous, I stood up on the toes of my shoes and leaned forward. My elbows were on the counter, and the front of my shirt hung low. I know I don't have big titties like Carrie, but my breasts can be cute and perky. My nipples were sticking straight out at that moment, and I wasn't wearing a bra.

I lowered my eyes to check out the boy's crotch, and said, "I just want to work on my stroke."

The poor guy nearly fell out of his seat! He fumbled and stuttered, and finally asked what size I liked. Blushing, I told him it didn't matter. He then turned his back so that he could find me a suitable golf club. It was then I turned my head and caught a glimpse of Carrie in the nude, walking out onto the grass. She looked uncertain of which way to go, and paused with both hands cupped over her pussy.

"Go that way!" I called out, swinging my arm to the side.

"What?" the attendant asked, starting to turn around.

Thinking quickly, I thrust my other finger forward, gesturing wildly. "No, that one!"

His eyes were drawn away from the spectacle of my naked friend creeping past the building, and toward a titanium putter mounted on the wall. He went to retrieve the club, and by the time he faced the counter, Carrie had vanished. The young man however, gave me a smirk.

"You like the good stuff, huh?" he chuckled.

I shrugged my shoulders, and tried to act casual. "Yeah, well, only the best will do."

"By the way, my name is Ty," he then felt it appropriate to introduce himself. "Have I seen you before? Like maybe you go to my college…"

I think I was still blushing, and I answered with eyes lowered shyly, "My name is Erica. I'm starting my second year at school…"

"Yeah, I think you're in my World Literature class, or something! Anyway, listen, this kind of club is actually a little more expensive to rent. And only regular members are allowed to used it."

"Oh," I said in a small voice.

But then Ty leaned in close to the counter and whispered, "I can let you use it this morning, because no one else is scheduled, and my boss isn't around. But you have to promise me that you will return it to me as soon as you are finished, OK, Erica?"

"Thank you, Ty," I smiled at the young man, and then started to leave with the club held tightly in both hands.

"Erica!" he called out before I had even taken a step. "Don't forget your ball!"

Seeing the small dimpled golf ball on the counter, I giggled. I then took this between by thumb and forefinger and thanked the attendant again. He waved, and I kind of backed away slowly, our eyes still lingering. And then I spun around and skipped off toward the first tee with all the enthusiasm of a schoolgirl.

When I ducked behind the high wall draped in ivy and leaves, I nearly stumbled into Carrie. She bounced on her toes, one arm slung across her boobs, the other hanging down in front of her crotch. Apparently, she had stayed just out of sight around the corner, but had watched the whole rental exchange.

"Making new friends, are we?" she teased.

I gave her a wink and said, "I could always introduce you, if you like!"

"Ha ha," Carried laughed, "maybe later when I'm not so bare. Or maybe we could have a threesome!"

"Oh, Carrie, you are so horrible!" I said, using the end of the club to brush her arm away from her body. I touched her pussy with the leather grip.

"Say, that is a nice stick," she purred.

I held it there for a moment, wondering if I could even push it inside her. And then all my ideas, my planning, the whole point of this trip to the park, suddenly came together. I snapped the golf club up, resting it on my shoulder.

"We're going to have a contest," I informed Carrie.

Folding her arms across her tits, my friend said, "I am not playing nine holes of golf in the nude!"

"We don't need to," I tried to continue. "Listen, you'll take the first turn. See how many puts it takes you to sink the first hole."

"That sounds dirty," Carrie giggled.

With a sigh, I went on, "Yeah, well, I think I can beat you. How ever many strokes it takes, I think I can do it in less."

"You are the expert on stroking, Erica!" my friend emphasized her innuendo by running a finger through her golden pubic hair. "So what happens when you beat me? I'm already naked…"

I walked around her, measuring the distance from the starting tee to the first hole. "If I shoot under your par, then you have to masturbate right here on the green… with this club!"

"Oh wow…" Carrie gasped, her eyes wide. "That's a lot. If I cum right now, I'll have a screaming orgasm! That will be so embarrassing, to do that in public!"

"I know," I smiled, returning to the tee and placing the golf ball.

The strawberry-blonde shyly tip toed over to stand next to me. "So what happens if I win?"

"What?" Momentarily distracted, I hadn't thought of that. I was wondering what the artificial grass beneath her feet felt like.

Carrie stroked her beautiful chin for a moment, and then said, "How about… if I get the ball in less strokes than you, then you have to give me your clothes to wear!"

"What?" I exclaimed again. "They will never fit!"

Cupping her big breasts in her hands and jiggling them up and down, my friend laughed, "I'll make do. But also, if you loose, you have to do whatever I tell you for the rest of the day!"

At this point, I was pretty sure I was going to win. I've played more than a few rounds of miniature golf with my family. But I can't ever imagine seeing busty Carrie doing this. I just wanted to get the whole thing over with, and complete her humiliation. So many times, I had been stripped and forced to pleasure myself, or tricked into playing with myself in front of everyone. Now it was time for me to be in control!

"Sure, sure… whatever," I waved away her stipulation, and presented her the titanium putter.

Since Carrie had to take the stick in both hands, she was unable to cover up at all. I had to admit she did look hot, standing there fully nude at the tee. She rubbed the toes of one foot behind her other leg, bashfully unsure of herself or what to do. Her eyes roamed down the length of the club, all the way to the little ball waiting at her bare feet. It was if she suddenly realized she would have to bend down a little to take a swing, and what a sight that would be!

"Try not to swing too hard," I felt it necessary to give her a bit of advice.

"Thanks, Erica!" she smiled warmly, and prepared to line up her shot.

Her heels were together, and she wiggled her toes on the green felt. Fingers were wrapped tightly around the leather grip of the golf club, one hand just below the other. As she bent forward in order to line the putter up with the ball, her naked breasts hung down. I could see that her pink nipples were still very erect. It seemed like she was taking a long time, almost deliberately drawing this out, but I didn't mind. I walked behind her, and watched Carrie wiggle her hips, her butt jiggling with the motion. From between her separated thighs, I could see her pink pussy lips.

Her stomach clenched, her ass cheeks clenched as her whole bare body tightened up. At the last second, she swung her head to look over her shoulder, as if to make sure no body would see her making this naked swing. Then she brought her hands back, opening up her stance.

It was like watching her in slow motion. With her legs parted, I saw her labia unfold and drop down. Then she brought her arms forward in a vigorous down stroke, the head of the club making contact with the ball. Her boobs bounced wildly, her bottom undulating with the momentum of her swing. It was such an erotic spectacle! I felt my own clitoris emerge out of its hood.

The ball soared into the air and made a glorious arch to land within a few yards of the first hole. It bounced on the green… once, twice, and then rolled toward the lip of the implanted cup. The ball teetered on the edge for a second, and then dropped in.

Carrie dropped her golf club and brought both hands to her mouth in amazement.

"Ohmygosh, Erica!" she cried. "Did you see that?"

Speechless, all I could do was continue to watch as she jumped up and down on her toes. She spun around, giving me an unobstructed look at every inch of her. I don't know if she was even aware of her nudity, but as she brought her hands to her head in disbelief, her breasts flopped around in playful circles. Then totally naked, she ran down to the hole in order to confirm her shot. Finally, I was forced to follow after her.

"Ohmygosh! That's what they call, like, a hole-in-one… right?" Carrie could not contain her exuberating joy.

I began to realize that she was not playing me, that this impossible shot was indeed a fluke, a freak of luck. I don't know how she did it, but my inexperienced friend did it, and without wearing any clothes! She was completely nude! I scratched my head bewildered.

"Now it's your turn, little Erica!" Carrie giggled.

Before she handed me the club, first my friend took me by wrist and gently placed my hand on her fuzzy vulva. My fingers sought her inviting lips, her hardened clit, and I could feel how hot and wet she was.

"For luck!" she moaned, and then Carrie kissed me on the lips.

While I was standing there breathless, she then took my hand and thrust the club into my trembling grip. What was going on? Carrie giggled and crouched down, her face just inches from the front of my skirt. But all she did was reach into the cup in the ground and retrieve the ball.

"Here you go, sweetie," she said standing back up with a bounce and a jiggle. "You go and take your shot, and I'll wait here. I don't want to distract you…"

Right. So I numbly took the little ball in the palm of my other hand and began to march back to the tee. I was dimly aware of the dimples being pressed into my skin, and I gripped the putter tightly. All I had to do was make a hole-in-one myself. Then we could play a tiebreaker on the second hole. And I was much better than Carrie at miniature golf. But if I didn't sink the ball on my first swing…

I began to line up the head of the golf club with the ball. Concentration was key. I just had to take a nice, easy swing, not too hard. The same advice I had given to Carrie just moments ago. As I tried to get into a rhythm and comfortable stance, I realized that it would be tough to make this shot in my skirt. That must have been how my friend was able to get a hole-in-on, since she was not encumbered my pants, or underwear, or anything at all!

With that memory, I glanced up from the ball, and looked down the green fairway. Holding the flag that marked the first hole, Carrie stood facing me, full frontal. I mean, she wasn't covering up her tits or her pussy. Of course, at this distance, I couldn't make out her little pink details. But the fact that she was standing there stark naked, on one of the park's public putting greens, made my hands shake.

Before I could let myself get too nervous, I pulled back my hands, raising the club, and then bringing it down and across in one easy motion.

"Oh shit!" I cried.

Too late, my reckless swing hit the tee, knocking it of the felt surface. The ball popped in the air, slicing about a dozen yards ahead, and bounced in the middle of the track. Nowhere near the first hole. I saw Carrie do a jump in the air, spinning around, and showing me her bare ass in the process.

Part of me was embarrassed that I had made such a pathetic shot. I hugged my shoulders, and turned my head to look behind me. Also, I was worried about Carrie drawing any attention to us over here. As far as the caddy shack attendant knew, it was just me practicing alone on the course. And then I was fearful that other patrons of the park, families or kids, might arrive on the scene at any moment.

"Come over here, Erica!" my friend Carrie waved with her arm.

I hung my head in shame, but began to dutifully plod forward. Halfway up, taking measured steps, I paused to retrieve the golf ball. I guess I could have taken another shot, but what was the point? Carrie already beat me. Before I knew it, I found myself standing across from her, the hole in the ground between us.

Nude, the strawberry-blonde folded her arms over her breasts and evaluated me. "I think I want you take off your shoes, Erica."

"But they won't fit you," I said miserably.

Carrie looked down at my feet, but insisted. "I want to try."

Well, I had lost the bet, as improbable as that had been, and now I had to listen to her demands. With a deliberate huff, I crouched down so I could undo the strap at my ankle. I unclasped each one, and then standing up, kicked off both my shoes. As I predicted, Carrie could just manage to slip her toes inside, but was unable to squeeze her heel the rest of the way in. My feet are just too cute and little. I also realized that the feel of the felt surface was kind of nice beneath my soles.

"All right, I guess I won't be wearing these," my friend acknowledged. "But I will carry them with me so it looks like I juts took off my shoes for a barefoot stroll."

I couldn't help but giggle, "And a bare everything stroll!"

Immediately, I wished I hadn't said that. Carrie smiled at me and then lowered her eyes to look down the length of her own naked body. She rubbed her hand on her sexy stomach, making a circle around her bellybutton. Her pussy was opened up pink, and the sunlight seemed to glisten off her golden pubic hair.

"Time to cover up this girl," my friend declared. "Erica, give me your skirt."

"Oh, but you know it will be too tight!" I whined, even as my fingers fidgeted for the zipper at my side.

Carrie held out her arm, saying, "I've worn tight skirts before."

Soon, the material slipped through my hands, gliding down my slender nineteen-year-old legs. I couldn't believe I was standing here on the miniature golf course of a public park! Stepping to the side, I looked down to see I was wearing no shoes or socks or pants or skirt. My hands reflexively crossed over the front of my panties.

"You look so cute like that!" Carrie exclaimed, and waited for me to pick up my own shirt and hand it to her. "Just like a little girl…"

Once she had the item, she wasted no time wrapping it around her hips. Of course, the strawberry-blonde young woman was several inches taller than me, so the hem fell just at the top of her thighs. She had to wiggle around a bit, to hold the sides together and pull up the zipper. I told her she was going to stretch the material, but she only stuck her tongue out at me! So much for being a good sport.

Still topless, Carrie placed her hands on her hips and said, "Now give me you shirt!"

"Oh, but…" I squirmed, arching up on the toes of one foot, keeping a hand in front of my damp panties, and the other tugging the bottom of my sleeveless top.

"Come on," she snapped her fingers impatiently. "You enjoyed a free boob show for long enough. Now its time for me to cover up!"

I didn't know what to do. I was standing here in my underwear. There was no way I could find the words to argue, and besides, I had lost the bet. Slowly, I turned around so that my back was facing Carrie. Now both my hands gripped the bottom of my shirt. I closed my eyes and peeled the material up my body, up and over my head!

"Erica, you're not wearing a bra!" my friend said with a giggle.

"No," I replied, clutching the shirt to my chest.

Carrie continued, "Well, come on, turn around and let me see your titties."

Of course, I had no choice but to face forward once more. Reluctantly, I dropped my arms to my sides. I know she had seen my small breasts before, but having spent all morning running around with her and her big bouncing boobs, made me feel really self-conscious. And on top of that, my long pink nipples were very erect.

"Precious," Carrie commented as she took my shirt away from me.

Now I was even more embarrassed, as a blush spread over my body from my ears down to the tips of my toes. I shifted my arms, bringing one up to hold across my tits, and I kept one hand lowered in front of my panties. I couldn't believe I was out here in just a pair of little white underpants! While my busty friend pulled my top over her head, I looked around nervously, my heart beating faster.

Of course, she was just able to squeeze her head through my top, and it only barely covered her breasts. Her stomach and lower back were in full view. In fact, combined with the tight black skirt that looked more like a belt, Carrie had a very promiscuous appearance. If it were possible, I'd say she looked hotter than when she was naked. But then, at least she did have all her parts covered up. She would have to be careful how she walked.

"All… all right," I stammered, flustered by my near nudity. "Where do we go from here?"

Carrie in fact moved around easily in my ill-fitting clothes, and bent at her knees to pick up the golf club. "First, I think you are supposed to return this to the equipment shack!"

"Oh!" I gasped, immediately bringing my hands up to hide my breasts, just close enough for my nipples to tickle my palms. "You… you're going to make me return the golf club in just my panties?"

"No, that would be silly," Carrie giggled. "I want you to remove your underwear!"

Now I dropped my arms to my sides again, this time in shock. Was she serious, or just kidding? I mean, I couldn't show myself to that guy who went to our college! And she wanted me to walk right up to him, stark naked? I just stood there, my bare tits sticking out as my toes curled on the ground.

"What's the matter, Erica?" my friend smiled and started to walk around me.

When she stood behind me, Carrie gently placed the head of the golf club on my back. The cool metal on my skin made my arms spring out to either side like airplane wings. I remained in that position as she traced the club down the supple curve of my spine, as my nipples grew long and hard. By the time she reached the elastic band of my panties, I had arched up on my tiptoes.

I heard the golf club drop to the ground behind me, bouncing to the turf. And then Carrie's hands were on my hips, causing me to close my eyes. Swiftly, she grabbed the silk material of my underwear and pulled down. They fell to my feet, and I lifted one at a time in order to step out of my last piece of clothing. For some reason, I returned my toes to the ground with legs separated farther than before.

I was naked. Naked on the first hole of the park's miniature golf course! Suddenly, I opened my eyes as if I couldn't believe this was happening, or maybe hope that I would wake from a bad dream. As if seeking more proof, I lifted my fingers to brush my nipples shyly, to run down my stomach and touch my bare pussy, and then slapped both my hands on the smooth cheeks of my ass.

"Oh!" I finally gasped.

Then I bent fully at the waist, letting my hair hang down over my head. I'm pretty trim, so I can easily touch my toes while keeping my legs perfectly straight. Looking upside down between my legs, I could see Carrie laughing.

"Ooooh, what a nice rosebud, Erica!" she giggled.

Ohmygosh, she was talking about my little anus! I was showing her so much, yet I remained in this position, perhaps waiting for my friend to stick her finger in my ass. Instead, I watched her crouch down carefully to pick up my panties, and then she strolled past me without even a pat on the butt.

Straightening myself again, I stepped fully nude over to her side, and asked, "Where… where are you going?"

"I've got to watch you bring back the golf club," Carrie said, while casually dangling my shoes on the tips of her fingers.

I took one look down at my body, and then back at the strawberry-blonde young woman. "You're really going to make me do it? I mean… I am so naked! What was that you said earlier, how it didn't seem right for you to be seen without any clothes on?"

Carrie turned to face me, standing so close that our toes touched. "Yes, but you're so cute when you're nude, Erica!"

"Thanks… but… well, just look at my breast, and how long my nipples are!" I said blushing. "And, and, I'm absolutely hairless so I'm just showing nothing but pink!"

As if on cue, Carrie traced a finger around my bellybutton and down to my most sensitive folds of skin, which caused my clitoris to spring out fully erect. "Yes, it sure looks like he will be getting an eyeful."

And that brought an end to any further discussion. Speechless, I watched Carrie spin around, moving closer to the edge of the wall so she could peer past the hedges and see the equipment shack. I was at a loss. But we had made a bet, and I now I had to do as she said. Also, I did promise Ty that I would bring the expensive club back to him. I just never thought it would be like this!

Flustered and nervous, my heart beating wildly, I returned to the golf club lying the ground. The metal was cool in my grip, reminding me of my total nudity. I also retrieved the golf ball that we had left rolling on the turf. This, I squeezed tight in one hand as butterflies filed my tummy. The club I held between my breasts, the head hanging in front of my crotch to hide my little pussy.

"You look so adorable!" Carrie giggled as I slowly walked past her.

Thinking about it, I probably should have run straight over to the caddy shack, so I would not get caught by anyone else, and also to get this over with as soon as possible. But I could not will my legs to move any faster. I was somehow delighting in the sensations of my bare feet when I finally reached the real grass of the park grounds. With measured steps, I walked closer and closer to the small building, completely naked.

I could see the young man, Ty, sitting behind the counter. He was once more absorbed in reading his magazine. I wondered if I was forgotten already. Glancing to my side, I noted my smooth round shoulder, and the sun beat down on my back and bare ass. I'm really not an exhibitionist, and I was so embarrassed to be doing this.

My feet shuffling through the grass probably alerted him to my presence. As I neared the counter, he looked up from the magazine and then went back to reading. And then he did a double take, unable to believe his eyes.

"Oh… wow!" the young man gasped, sitting up in his chair.

My nude hips were fully in view, of course, as were my small tits with nipples sticking straight out. One arm hung down at my side, and I squeezed the golf ball tighter. But I was very careful with my other arm, to hold the club as still as possible, covering my bald pussy. I realized that Carrie, looking on like a voyeur, had a clear view of my naked little bottom.

Ty, now started to get to his feet and asked, "Erica… what happened?"

"I decided to take off my shoes," I answered, making this up as I went along.

"Your shoes?" Ty pressed himself forward to look over the counter, to see my toes in the grass, and the length of my totally bare slender legs.

My clit pushed against the head of the golf club and I gasped, "Um… yes. My shoes were too uncomfortable for me to walk around on the green. And I was having a hard time practicing my swing, so I took off my skirt, too."

"You took off your skirt…" the young man repeated, amazed.

I couldn't believe I was talking to this guy who was in my college English class, and might be in more classes this year, standing here nude. My toes curled, and my sensitive nipples started poking toward the sky. Only the wide head of the putter hid my shaved slit, which had opened.

"And then it was just so hot," I continued, "and you said no one else would be around, so I took off my top. But I don't have a bra on today."

Ty gave a soft chuckle, "I can see that."

Ohmygosh! He could also see how hard my nipples were, and I pictured him tweaking them and sucking on my tits. I'm sure he could tell how horny I was.

"Well, I figured, what the hell… you know?" I giggled nervously. "And I removed my underwear."

Shaking his head, the young man said, "So you stripped off on the golf course, and practiced naked? That's pretty hot!"

"Um, yeah, it is… I mean it was!"

A moment of awkward silence passed between us, which seemed to last forever, until Ty cleared his throat. "I suppose I need to take that golf club back from you, Erica."

Realizing that this golf club was all I was wearing, I reluctantly answered, "Oh… right."

Ty swept his palm across the counter and said, "You can lay the club right here."

I lowered my eyes and saw my nipples quivering to either side of the titanium shaft. The head was steady between my legs for a moment longer. I took a deep breath, and then raised the club to drop it on the counter. Immediately, I cupped my other hand, the one that was holding the golf ball, over my pussy. Secretly I rolled the dimpled ball over my clit, making a small moan.

"Was it good for you?" the young man asked.

"What?" I gasped, a little startled, as I hadn't even had an orgasm yet. But I was very close.

Then Ty explained, "The golf club… it's really sweet. Perfectly balanced, one of the finest pieces of equipment we have. It kind of suits you, Erica."

I blushed, but said nothing.

"I'm going to need the ball back, if you're done with it," he added.

Ashamed because I had been slowly masturbating with the little sphere, I was quick to place it on the counter next to the club. But this time, I brought my hand down, lowering my arm to my side. As I lifted my other hand to tease the ends of my hair, I stood before the young man with everything on display. Nothing was left to the imagination. Shyly, I took a step forward and let my fingers fall on the edge of the counter. Naked, I crouched down, feeling my pink labia hang between my legs.

"Listen, um, Ty… this is really embarrassing," I confessed.

He just smiled down at me for a moment, and then told me I had no reason to be ashamed! He took my little fingers in his hands and asked me to stand up again. Slowly, I agreed, even allowing the young man to lift my arms as I straightened up to stand on my toes. Now I was really showing everything, giving him a good look at my pussy. All pink and hairless, my clit sticking out of its hood. But when he let go his hold, my first instinct was to bring my arms to my chest, crossing my wrists so that the elbows covered my small tits.

I couldn't believe I was just letting this guy look at me! It felt so dirty, but the sensations I was getting were also unbelievable. When he asked me to turn around, I just dropped my hands to my sides and slowly spun until I was facing the golf course. I closed my eyes, because I half-expected to be a line of people there, witnessing my total nudity. But I also relished the thought of Ty checking out my bare ass, my tight and supple behind.

"Hey, Erica," he said in a husky voice, causing me to look over my shoulder. "Do you want to come back around and hang out inside the shack?"

He adjusted his pants a little, and I knew what he had in mind. Of course, I was very horny too, so the offer was tempting. I wouldn't mind him playing with me, even teasing and fingering me, but I had a feeling it would go further than that. Technically, I was still a virgin, having never been penetrated by a man. And now I was really confused with emotions, between what my body wanted to do, and what my head said I shouldn't do.

I had moved around to the side of the equipment shack, and look inside with longing. Just at that moment, from seemingly out of nowhere, Carrie came walking up to us. Suddenly, I felt all self-conscious again. I threw an arm across my breasts while slipping a hand down in front of my crotch. She had my shoes that didn't fit her hooked on a finger and slung over one shoulder. Dressed in my skirt that was too tight and only came down to the tops of her thighs, the strawberry blonde was all legs and bare feet. And beneath my top that she was wearing, her big tits heaved.

"Isn't Erica just so cute!" Carrie said as she slapped my ass, causing me to bounce up on my toes.

Ty looked from me to my friend, back and forth between us. His eyes darted from totally naked me, to busty Carrie who left little to the imagination. I think it was just dawning on him that she was dressed in the clothes I had been wearing earlier. He looked very confused.

Meanwhile, Carrie slipped behind me and moved my arms out of the way. She just couldn’t resist the urge to keep me exposed. But then she slid her own arm around my body, letting her hand rub down my stomach. Gently, she used two fingers to spread apart my pussy. I just closed my eyes and whimpered. She was going to masturbate me, and make cum right in front of this guy!

Or so I thought.

Instead, after a moment of holding me in this embrace, Carrie called out over my shoulder, "Sorry, Ty, but this show is over. Erica is coming with me!"

And just like that, my friend took me by the hand and started pulling me away from the golf course. We were headed back toward the trails that led into the park. She had my shoes in one hand, and naked me following after. It was hard to keep up with her long strides, so I just scampered along with my little tits and bare butt bouncing.

The two of us retraced our steps from earlier in the morning. Carrie even made me stand in that same place in the middle of the path, legs separated and hands on my head. Only this time, after what seemed an eternity of standing there with my nude body on display, someone did pass by riding a bike!

"Eeeek!" I squealed, hearing the tires skid on the dirt trail.

At that moment, Carrie grabbed me again, and took me into the woods off to the side. We ran past the leaves and snagging branches, not daring to look behind us. But all the strain of running and scrambling finally took its toll on my skirt that never really fit the taller blonde in the first place. As we reached the edge of that neighbor's property line, I looked down and saw that it was no longer around Carrie's waist.

"Ohmygosh, you're bottomless!" I pointed and covered my mouth in shock.

Carrie look down and said, "Oh… I know! And I dropped your shoes somewhere back there, sorries!"

OK, so now we were down to just one article of clothing between us. What a sight we made, two nineteen-year-old girls streaking across some stranger's lawn. I could feel the wind caress my completely bare body, rushing past my flapping pussy lips. I wondered what it felt like for Carrie, the wind whistling through her pubic hair.

We snuck behind one of the wide trees that lined the street, in order to catch our breath and appraise the situation. I was just peeking ahead to see if the coast was clear, when I I heard Carrie muttering behind me. Not thinking anything at first, I reach out to take my friend by the hand, and pull her after me as I stepped into the deserted road. There was some resistance, and then Carrie stumbled along right next to me.

"Erica!" she gasped.

I turned my head only to see that my worn and flimsy top, stretched beyond possibility when Carrie had been wearing it, had gotten stuck on the bark of the tree and had torn. My eyes shifted, and locked on Carrie's pretty hazel eyes. Then I looked down and saw that she was completely naked again… just like me!

"Come on, I've still got the keys!" she held her fist up triumphantly.

Well, it was every girl for herself now, as we bounded down the street toward the parking lot of the professional office building. My nipples were sticking straight out as I ran, and watched Carrie's luscious bottom bounce. I could just picture her tits swinging up and down wildly.

Needless to say, she was the first one to reach her car. She opened the lock, and wasted no time pulling on her skirt and throwing her sweater over her head to conceal her chest. By the time I caught up with her, she was fully dressed. I was left stark naked and blushing.

She made me stay that way as we drove back to her house. I couldn't believe that she was the one who started all this, Carrie had been the one to strip off in the first place, yet somehow I had lost all my clothes! It just didn't seem fair. But then, by the time we made it up to her room, I really didn't care.

I let my friend make love to me, and she gave me an incredible orgasm. As we cuddled afterward on the bed, her finger lazily tracing my slender body, Carrie cupped my chin and kissed me on the lips.

"You have very pretty eyes, Erica," she said.

Leaving me as confused as ever.

**32 - Erica's White Hat**

Christa, our friend from college, was having an art gallery showing. She was so excited, and she wanted me Carrie and Ashley to attend, to give her support. It was being held at a really swanky mansion on the estate of one of our school's board trustees. This would be one of Christa's first public displays of her work, and a chance for her to meet some pretty influential people. I thought it sounded like it would be extremely boring. But there promised to be free wine and cheese. There really was only one problem.

You see, Carrie had been teasing me all semester long, and I in turn had chided her about her slipping grades. So finally, we made an agreement of sorts. I told her if she received less than a B in this World History class she was taking, she would leave me alone. But if she got a better grade, she could choose one night during the next semester and I would have to wear whatever she picked out for me.

Well, the term ended, and let me say I was shocked to find out that Carrie received an "A+"… I couldn't believe it! I still couldn't believe it, even when she pulled up her transcript on the computer. In fact, I made her take me to the professor to hear him confirm that she earned such a high grade. Personally, I started to think she might have used some of her feminine charms on him. But a deal was a deal, and now I waited anxiously for our date and the wardrobe Carrie selected for me.

Of course, she decided to pick the night of Christa's art gala. It was in April, toward the end of the Spring semester. Earlier that evening, I found myself in Carrie's room, as she placed a box on her bed.

"Here we go, Erica!" the strawberry-blonde grinned triumphantly.

With a sigh of resignation, I said, "All right, let's get on with it. I hope you didn't find something that will make me look too much like a slut. Or too uncomfortable… oh God, I hope you don't embarrass me!"

"Not at all," Carrie giggled.

So I lifted the lid of the box. It even had a green ribbon and bow that I had to untie first. Carrie really went out of the way to make the package presentable. I reached in, and pulled out a soft, white knit hat.

"Oh," I gasped, perhaps a bit guiltily. "This is actually kind of nice."

It was like a cozy little beret, hand-knitted with an adorable pattern. I quickly put it on my head, adjusting the brim on my forehead a couple of inches above my eyebrows, making sure my shoulder length brown hair underneath was snug in place. Checking myself out in the mirror, it was quite cute!

"Wow," I turned to express my appreciation to Carrie. "I really like this. This is a pleasant surprise. So where is the rest of the outfit?"

My friend then lowered her eyes. She was standing with one foot behind her other leg, and slowly traced a finger along the rim of the box. She had on black slacks, and a smart jacket. I wondered how I would be accompanying her.

"That's it," Carrie finally answered.

I reached my hands up to touch the soft white hat, not understanding. "You mean we are all set to go? This is all you had planned for me…"

"That is all I had planned for you to wear." The corner of Carrie's mouth turned up in a mischievous smile. "The hat… and nothing else!"

I stood there frozen, hands still on my head, processing what she just told me. When I didn’t move or give any indication that I would move, Carrie folded her arms across her chest and shifted her weight onto her other foot.

"You heard me, Erica. Let's not waste any more time… go ahead and strip naked!"

"But…" I started, even as I lowered my hands enough to bring my fingers to the top button on my sweater. "But… everything? You can't be serious!"

The taller girl only shook her head, adamant. "You have no idea how hard I worked to get an A in that class. Now you will have to fulfill your end of the bargain. I bought that nice hat for you, but it's all I'm going to allow you to wear."

"Oh," I replied, and turned around because I was blushing.

To my surprise, my fingers started quickly slipping the rest of the buttons through the little loops. When the front of the sweater hung open, I was able arch my back and pull the sleeves off my arms. I let the warm fuzzy fabric fall to the floor. Then I looked shyly over my shoulder.

Carrie only insisted, "Keep going."

Well, I had a long sleeved pullover shirt beneath my sweater. The bottom hem, I now gripped in both my hands and began tugging up, until my flat stomach and bellybutton was exposed. I was careful lifting this higher, over my face, trying not to knock the hat off my head. But it was a good fit, and I was able to remove my shirt completely without my hair moving out of place. Still, after dropping my shirt to the floor, I paused to check the mirror. Self-consciously, my hands reached up to cover my black A-cup bra.

"The arrangement stated that I could decide how you would be dressed," Carrie continued explaining, reminding me of the predicament I created for myself. "I chose a piece of clothing for you. We never said it had to be more than one article of clothing, right Erica?"

I turned around, bringing my hands behind my back at the same time. "Um, I guess. It's just that, I never expected I would have to get…"

"All nude!" my friend clapped her hands enthusiastically.

"I was going to say undressed," I returned, then unclasped my bra and threw it at her.

Covering my bare titties with my hands, I stepped out of my shoes, one at a time. I couldn't believe I was doing this, and that she was going to make me wear the hat without any other clothes. Shifting one arm up across my small breasts, I was able to reach down and find the buttons on my tight jeans. I really liked the way my ass looked in these jeans. I never thought I would be baring my ass tonight like this!

Shaking the denim down my slender legs, I let them crumple at my feet. Then I was able to essentially walk out of them, in just my socks and panties. I was standing right in front of Carrie, and felt so humiliated, yet also a thrill of excitement. So I turned around, allowing me to drop my hands and hook each thumb in the sides of my underwear. I peeled the black lacy things down my hips, under the curve of my bottom, and past my thighs. As they dropped further past my knees, I was able to raise a leg and gently tug the panties off the end of my foot.

When I had them off completely, I clutched the delicate fabric to my bald pubic mound. I turned around once more, naked, facing my friend.

But Carrie only pointed to my feet and said, "Take off your socks, too, Erica."

Well, what could I do? I had to let go of my underwear, although I still kept a palm over my pussy. Lowering myself to sit on Carrie's carpeted bedroom floor, I began to slowly peel off my red, blue, and green multi-colored socks. First my bare heel, and then my little toes came into view. As I tossed them aside, I looked around to see all my clothes scattered about the room. Once I was completely nude, I sat there with only the soft white hat on my head.

Pulling my knees to my chest bashfully, I hugged my bare legs and looked up at Carrie. "So… OK, you made your point and got me to take off my clothes. I guess this means we're not going to Christa's show. What… what are you going to do with me?"

That last part came out a little breathlessly, and involuntarily I glanced over to Carrie's bed. It looked rather inviting, picturing myself lying on the mattress spread eagle, wearing only this hat. But my friend merely walked around me, first stooping to pick up my two socks, and then the rest of my things. She gathered up my clothes, and I watched her place everything neatly on her dresser.

"On the contrary," Carrie said, looking at me from across the room.

A bit unsteady, I climbed to my feet, still cupping my hands over my hairless crotch. "What?"

"We are going to Christa's art show," the strawberry-blonde informed me.

I blinked and gasped, "We are?"

"As soon as you're ready, Erica. Now put your hands at your sides."

Still confused, and uncertain about what she had planned, I closed my eyes and did as Carrie instructed. I even arched my back and stuck my chest out a little, feeling my butt cheeks clench behind me. My heels were together, toes curled on the carpet. Carrie approached me softly.

"With your little pink flower and just your hat, you will look so adorable!" she said.

My little flower! Good grief, I was completely naked! The problem was, it wouldn't take much to make me horny, and then I was likely to go ahead with whatever crazy idea she had in mind. I kept my eyes closed and bit me lip, waiting to find out what would happen next. As I listened to her softly walk away from me, I opened my eyes.

Reaching the door to her bedroom, the young woman turned to me and said, "Come along now, we don't want to be late."

My boobs were feeling perky, and with the nipples growing fully extended, I didn't really bother covering them. So I arched up on my bare toes and started to walk forward, hands resting lightly on my slender legs. Carrie left the room, and I followed her into the hallway.

"Oh gosh!" I suddenly whispered harshly. "You're mother isn't still home, is she?"

Spinning around to face me, my friend paused and traced a finger around my bellybutton. "I don't know, Erica. We will just have to be careful…"

Now I was really nervous. While Carrie proceeded to march confidently down the stairs, I looked around apprehensively. I crossed my arms in front of my chest, fingers touching my bare shoulders. I wish I had more arms. Being totally nude, there was just too much of my pretty body to hide. She could have made me go topless, which would have been humiliating enough, because I am self-conscious about my small breasts. Or she could have made me go bottomless, if she just wanted to show off my ass. But instead, Carrie made me take off everything, leaving nothing to the imagination. I wondered how we were going to get away with this.

I suppose part of that curiosity helped push me forward. Unbelievably, I began descending the stairs, prepared to go out like this to our friend's art gallery. Lowering my eyes shyly, I quickly clasped my hands over my pussy.

In this fashion I slowly crept down the steps. Kind of hunched over a little, and my eyes darting this way and that. By the time I reached Carrie at the foot of the stairs, she had folded her arms impatiently.

"What's the matter, Erica? Put your arms at your sides," my friend commanded me.

I did as she asked, but did not look directly at her. Instead, I raised my eyes to the ceiling, although I could sense my nipples poking out, even quivering. I just stood there, naked, as she checked me out.

"That's a cute little camel-toe you've got going now," Carrie remarked. "Do you think you can stay closed like that all night?"

I gasped, "I… I don't know…"

My friend just smirked, admiring my shaved pussy, while I tried not to think of anything sexual. Finally, Carrie turned away and walked toward the kitchen. I thought maybe we should head straight for the front door in order to leave quickly. Oh gosh, I couldn't believe I was eager to walk outside without wearing any clothes! Well, except for my white hat.

"Come on," she called after me.

Reluctantly, arms hugging my body again, I followed her into the kitchen. Still no sign of Carrie's mother, so it seemed we were safe for the moment. But I noticed that the lights were brighter here than in the other parts of the house. Standing in the middle of the floor, I was completely on display! I spun around on my heel, which allowed her to see my well-lit bare behind.

"Isn't this fun, Erica?" Carrie giggled.

I looked shyly over my shoulder. "What? Are you kidding? I'm scared to death!"

"Can I tickle your bottom?" she asked.

Before I could say or do anything, my taller friend took a step toward me and closed the distance between us. She placed a hand gently on my butt cheek, and then ran her fingers lightly over my skin. Her touch was incredible as she traced a nail down my back. I closed my eyes, savoring the sensation, and lifted my arms away from my body. Carrie continued to teasingly caress my ass.

Leaning her head next to mine, she whispered in my ear, "You don't have a camel-toe anymore, do you…"

"No," I answered breathlessly.

**Erica's White Hat - Part 2**

I already knew my labia had unfolded, and my clit was sticking out.

"Good," Carrie said with a nibble on my earlobe. "I bet you're more relaxed, too. Do you want something to eat before we leave?"

Rubbing a hand over my stomach, I blinked and said, "No thank you, I don't think so…"

Now my naughty friend slinked away from her embrace and retreated to the table in the center of the kitchen. I turned around fully to see her selecting an item from the fruit bowl. She pulled out a long carrot, ribbed and juicy, with tantalizing bristles on the skinny end.

Immediately, I brought my hands to my mouth. What was she thinking! The last time I was naked in Carrie's kitchen, I had played with myself using a carrot. But that was a couple of years ago, when I was only seventeen. Waving the orange vegetable in front of me now reminded me of this, and I blushed in humiliation.

"Have a seat in that chair," Carrie gestured to the side. "And spread your legs wide open."

Well, my eyes went wide at the suggestion. Yet still, I found myself hurrying over to the black table chair with its floral print cushion. Sitting on the edge, I did as she asked, and wrapped my slender legs around the bottom. As I brought my hands up to squeeze my breasts, I felt my bare toes curl in anticipation.

Carrie stepped in front of me, and pointed the carrot right at my pussy.

"Oh!" I squeaked helplessly. "Are you going to masturbate me right here, before we go to the art gallery?"

The strawberry blonde crouched down, as if considering. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, Erica?"

"No! I mean, yes… I mean, what if you make me cum?" I was so confused, and my rock hard nipples betrayed my emotions.

Carrie just smiled and placed the tip of the carrot against my pussy. I let out a small gasp, waiting for her to insert it all the way. My whole body trembled. This was so wrong, yet would feel so good! But before we could go any further, I suddenly heard the voice of Carrie's mother calling, approaching the kitchen.

"Are you two girls still here?" she was asking. "Aren't you going to be late for the show?"

My friend wasted no time standing up and retreating to the table with the fruit bowl. Completely naked, I bolted from the chair, hearing it scrape across the floor as my bare feet slapped over the tiles. I was just ducking behind the counter when Carrie's mother walked into the kitchen. Our eyes met, and I froze. Fortunately, I only had my head visible above the countertop.

"Hello, Erica," the red-haired woman said pleasantly. "What an adorable hat!"

I was blushing all over as I answered, "Um, yes, thank you… Carrie got it for me."

Turning to look at my friend, I saw that she was happily munching on the carrot. On the end that had so briefly touched my pussy lips. It was like she was indirectly eating me. The thought made me so hot and excited, I had to reache down with an arm and start rubbing my clitoris in a circular motion. I couldn't believe I was doing this, with Carrie's mother right here in the room with us!

"Let me see the rest of your outfit," she said, taking a step forward.

Even Carrie's eyes went wide, and she quickly intervened. "It's nothing special really. Just more or less what she had on when she came over tonight."

The woman looked at her own daughter and commented, "Well you certainly look nice. It's too bad Erica dressed down for the show… she might be embarrassed around those fancy people."

"I'll be all right," I squeaked, though making sure to keep my shoulders and the rest of my bare body below the counter.

Suddenly Carrie started heading for the backdoor. "Hey, Mom, I thought I heard a noise last night… do you think the lock was broken?"

"Oh dear, I hope not!" her mother answered, moving closer to inspect the door.

I felt the cool air blow inside as my friend pushed the door open. While her mother had her back turned, checking to see if the lock or hinges had been tampered with, Carrie glanced over at me sharply. That was my cue to get going. Reaching up with my hands to make sure the hat was still in place, I took a deep breath. Then I sprung to my feet.

Oh gosh, I was so nude… but there was nothing I could do about it! If Carrie's mother turned around again, I don't know how I would explain this crazy situation. Well, certainly I didn't have time to dwell on the matter. Clutching my hands to my breasts, I tiptoed out into the middle of the kitchen, and then streaked into the hallway.

My toes found the carpet quickly, and I did not stop, but ran toward the front door. My cute little butt wiggled as I fumbled with the lock on the doorknob. I pulled the door toward me, and hastily slipped outside.

I dashed out onto Carrie's front yard, totally naked!

Thankfully, it was kind of dark out, so I don't think I could have been easily seen. I dropped my arms to my sides, letting my nipples extend fully and delighting in the night air enveloping my hairless body. Even if I cut a slim silhouette in the darkness, I thought it might be evident that I wasn't wearing a shirt. But looking around, I seemed that none of the neighbors were out. Although I did see some lights on in the houses across the street.

Moving quickly now, I found Carrie's car parked on the side of the street, since her mom's SUV was in the driveway. Of course, when I tried the passenger side door of the vehicle, it was locked. Frustrated, and not thinking clearly, I scampered around the front of the car to see if the driver's side was open.

Bouncing on my toes as I jiggled the handle, a car came speeding down the road in my direction. All I could do was turn my head to look across my shoulder, and squint in the bright headlights that flooded over my form. The car rolled by slowly, checking out my bare ass that was completely on display.

"Hey, baby!" I heard some young male voices call out.

Frightened, I ran around the rear of the car, back onto Carrie's property and ducked down behind the passenger side. My strawberry-blonde friend arrived at that moment, placing a hand on my back.

"Erica, what are you doing?" she asked, as if she was amused.

Shivering slightly, I felt a familiar mixture of shame and excitement at being seen. I didn't answer, but waited for her to unlock the door for me. I eagerly climbed inside, though I sat with my legs spread apart and hands resting on my thighs.

Carrie got in on her side and quickly started the ignition. She cranked up the heat, which was welcome and felt really good. I reached forward and adjusted the vent in front of me so that the warm air was blowing directly on my shaved pussy. Pretty soon, I was purring like a kitten.

"Enjoying yourself?" Carrie checked the rearview mirror, then looked over at me and smiled.

"Oh, Carrie," I said with a bit of a whine. "I can't believe you did this to me!"

My friend grinned and asked innocently, "Did what?"

I was rubbing my pussy now as I answered, "You know… got me completely naked, and into your car… and, where are we going, again?"

"I told you, we are going to see Christa at her art show," Carrie reminded me.

Stretching my legs out fully, I tried to emphasize my nudity. "Oh, but… how are we going to do that?"

"I've got it all figure out," my buxom blonde friend said confidently. "Remember right after graduation, how we went to that ice-cream parlor and told the lady that you won an art scholarship as a nude model?"

My eyes went wide thinking about that episode. Turning on my side, I pulled my legs up onto the seat. My bare toes curled and I asked Carrie what she was thinking.

All she did was giggle, "It will be fun! Outrageous, but still fun…"

"Yes, but if I am to play the part of a model… then I have to act natural, and can't cover up! And I'm still very aroused. Won't that seem strange?"

With one hand on the wheel, Carrie reached over and traced a finger along the length of my erect nipple. "Well, you will just have to calm yourself down before we get there, or else people will just think you get turned on being a nude model."

"Oh gosh," I gasped. "That will be so embarrassing!"

Fortunately, we had some time before we reached the estate. I didn't think my condition would subside anytime soon. With Carrie so well dressed, and me stark naked, it was hard not to remain excited. But at least I had some time to collect my thoughts. We continued to drive down Main Street, and I was so preoccupied with my situation, I didn't pay any attention to the passing traffic. Whether anyone got a good look at me, I don't know, but it would hardly be more than a quick flash of my little titties.

Pulling onto a side street, we followed this around until it turned into a private road. Christa had given Carrie very precise directions, and she was easily able to find her way to the manor. Oh God, I hoped they didn't have valet parking! I could just picture some hot college-aged guy asking to take my coat, and then finding out I didn't have any clothes on at all! My pussy was already watering.

Carrie handed me a tissue, patting down my crotch. "Try to stay dry, Erica!"

I wish I could conceal the evidence of my arousal, but it was no use. My clitoris was enlarged, and because I am shaved bare, there was no hiding it. I just hoped nobody touched me there!

As it turned out, parking spots had been made available, and Carrie pulled in between two other cars. Two really expensive looking cars, and they were thankfully empty. Such high class, rich people would be here, I felt myself blushing.

"OK, here's the plan," Carrie said suddenly. "I'll go in first and find Christa. Give me some time to explain to the host…"

"Wait!" I interrupted. "I thought we could go in together?"

The strawberry-blonde seemed to consider for a moment, but then said, "No, I think it is better this way. You need me to sort of break the ice, lessen the shock. Wait about five minutes, and then you can follow me inside. Now out of the car, Erica…"

"But… but," I stammered, all confused.

Carrie had already climbed out from behind the wheel, and stepped over to the passenger side. She opened the door wide, waiting for me patiently. When I crossed my legs, but otherwise made no move, she folded her arms across her chest.

"Really! I can't lock the car with you sitting inside," she explained. "And I'm not letting you have my keys!"

Somewhat persuaded by her forceful argument, I slowly turned around to face the taller girl. I gently stretched a slender leg out of the car, lowering my toes to the lawn that was neatly manicured. Then I pulled the rest of my body outside, hurriedly looking around to see if any other guests were near. I rubbed my elbows and shivered, but not from the cold. My pussy absolutely tingled.

Carrie closed the door behind me, and then I heard the beep of the electronic locks. Once more, she asked me to put my arms at my sides. When I did so, my nipples stuck out, long and hard. This made her giggle, before she stuffed her keys in her purse and began walking toward the large house.

"Don't get into any trouble!" she laughed as she threw her mane of red and golden tresses over her shoulder.

I just stood there and watched her vanish from sight. My arms, still dangling at my sides, trembled a little. Oh gosh, I was completely naked out here, and there was nothing I could do about it! In a moment of brief panic, I spun around and tried to jiggle the car door handle with both my hands. Of course, it was locked fast.

Five minutes, Carrie had told me to wait. I turned around again so I could lean against the car, feeling the door panel on my bare ass. Although I was nervous, I casually glanced at my wrist to check the time. But I wasn't wearing a watch! For that matter, I didn't have any jewelry, not even a necklace or earrings, either. I was so, absolutely nude… well, except for my hat.

**Erica's White Hat - Part 3**

I really wanted to touch my pussy, but thought better of it, folding my arms over my breasts. Already my lips were hanging out there, flapping in the cool night breeze. I figured if I at least dried up a bit, it wouldn't be that bad. Since I didn't know exactly what time it was, after another moment, I decided to head toward the mansion.

Walking through the grass, I found myself arching up on my tiptoes as I moved forward. Maybe with my lack of shoes, I was self-conscious about wanting to appear taller. Or else I feared the short blades of grass would tickle the bottoms of my bare feet too much. The result was that I left my cute little behind sticking out and wiggling with each step, as I clutched my hands to cover my tits.

As I approached the building, I wasn't sure what to expect. This was such a rich, stately place, that I wouldn't have been surprised to find armed guards frisking the guests as they entered. How embarrassing that would be, them in their uniforms and me strolling in totally bare. Of course, they would still have to pat me down, just to be safe… their hands roaming over my nineteen-year-old body… fingers spreading apart my pink labia and pressing my clitoris…

"Oh!" I gasped, realizing that I was about to get carried away with my fantasy!

Looking around, I saw that I had left the surrounding landscaped lawn and stepped onto the gravel and asphalt of the wide circle driveway. There were lampposts brightly lit along the way. Had I been about to masturbate, I would have been on full display for anyone watching from inside the house! Quickly, I cupped my hands over my bald crotch and skipped ahead toward the marble portico.

Thankfully, there was no one else around. No other guests arriving at the same time, and as it turned out, no guards armed or otherwise, stationed at the doors. Reaching these, I paused to admire their rich mahogany finish, running my hand along the surface. The doors had double brass handles and gold leaf trimming. This place really was fancy! Instinctively, I reached out to push the doorbell button.

Upon hearing the chimes ring out, I felt a sudden rush of embarrassment about this outrageous entrance I was about to make. Blushing all over, I scrunched down at the foot of the door, balancing on my toes while I hugged knees to my chest.

As soon as I turned my head to glance over my shoulder, the wide doors opened.

"Yes, may I help… you?"

An older man, balding and with a thin moustache, stood in the doorway. He was wearing a black tuxedo and white gloves. At first, I imagine he had looked straight ahead, and it must have appeared no one was standing there. But it didn't take long for his imperious gaze to fall on my huddled form at his feet.

Before he could say anything, I popped up so I could stand and face him, arms at my sides. I don't know why I did this, but something in the back of my mind remembered that I was not supposed to act too bashful. So instead, my hard nipples stuck straight out, pointing accusingly at the gentleman. There was no doubt that I was excited. My chin trembled a little. I was so embarrassed!

He was actually quite a distinguished looking gentleman, very tall, at least a foot taller than me. Somehow I felt like a child beneath his authoritative scrutiny. This only made me spread my legs apart further and stand up on my toes, revealing everything. At least I pretended to look past him, as if I was searching for my friends in the room beyond. But I noticed as his eyes swept past my naked, nubile body, the man remained calm and collected.

"You must be the art model that the young lady was telling us about," he said, almost without any reaction at all. "Erica, I believe?"

As he arched a salt and pepper eyebrow, I wondered if he knew my secret, that this was all a ruse. "Um, yes, that's me. I'm Erica…"

"I would offer to take your coat, but…" the butler said smoothly. "May I take your hat, instead?"

Immediately, I reached up with both my hands to touch my soft white hat, the only piece of clothing I was wearing! "No… no, that's all right… thank you!"

He then turned from the doorway, and gestured for me to follow him. With his back toward me, I brought my hands down to cover my mouth in disbelief. I couldn't believe I was doing this! Here I was, in some stranger's very large home, and I was stark naked! What would the guests think of me? Well, I had no choice now, but to trail behind the gentleman on my bare toes, my cute little ass bouncing with each step.

I led down a brief hallway, and then turned a corner where I was shown into a sweeping ballroom. This was where the art gallery had been set up. The manservant left me on my own to walk through the wide-open archway. As I scanned the spacious chamber, I thought I counted maybe fifty or more people gathered about; mingling, engaged in conversation, or looking at some display of paintings.

There was a clink of wine glasses… oh no! And now I saw other young men and women dressed in white jackets and black trousers, the caterers walking around with cheese samples or other appetizers. My lip trembling, I stretched my leg forward to walk into the room. Leaving the rich carpet, my toes felt the coolness of the waxed hardwood floor, as smooth as my shaved pussy. I think I shuddered a little, and fought back the urge to have an orgasm.

Five steps into the fancy chamber, and it seemed all eyes fell upon me. There were some gasps, I think, but no one cried out. I took another step forward. My eyes were round as I turned my head, looking straight at people who were looking at me. And I was bare nude! My heart pounded in my chest, but I kept my arms at my sides. I didn't know how long I could stand everyone just staring at me!

Then Carrie rushed over to me, taking my hand, and said out loud, "Oh, Erica! You made it! Christa will be so pleased. Come with me, there's some people I want you to meet."

I said nothing, but allowed Carrie to drag me through the ballroom, passing groups of people who took note of my naked body. My free arm swung casually at my other side, although I had to clench my little fist. All the way toward the end of the chamber she brought me, where there was a huge fireplace and mantle. Our friend Christa was there, talking to a gentleman in a sports jacket and a ponytail, and maybe three other guests.

"Ah, the college Art model!" the man said, peering over the rim of round-lens tinted glasses.

My fingers drummed nervously on my bare thigh. I really wanted to move my hand to cover my pussy. But instead, I just let it sit out there, silky lips very pronounced. Reaching out my other hand, he took my fingers and kissed them delicately. All at once, I felt sexy and horny, and ashamed that I could do nothing to hide my aroused body parts.

"Delighted to meet you, Erica," he continued, but then suddenly dropped my hand so that he could make a frame with his thumbs and forefingers. "That is just too perfect! The way the hat sets on your head… your face… your figure… incredible!"

Remarkably, I managed to keep from having an orgasm right on the spot, despite blushing fiercely. "Thank you…"

The artist then turned to my college friend. "Christa, darling, why don't you have any pictures displayed with this exquisite model?"

It seemed it took a moment for Christa to speak, but then she answered, "I haven't actually painted Erica…"

"Well, this is a crime that most be corrected!" the eccentric man said with a gesture and flourish.

Just as quickly, he turned and darted off in a different direction. The other guests had also gradually dispersed, momentarily leaving me with my friends, Carrie and Christa.

"Oh… my… God!" the art student finally exclaimed. "I can't believe you did this! You're. like, standing here… in front of everyone… naked!"

"Carrie made me do it!" I said in self-defense, although the admission of being dominated only added to my humiliation.

The strawberry-blonde smiled, and walked around me, keeping her hands to herself in this public setting. "That's right, a bet's a bet, Erica. At least it seems, Garth likes you."

"Who's Garth?" I asked, looking shyly over my shoulder to see guests pointing at my ass.

"Garth Bucchanan… Only the hottest and most up and coming painter in the art world!" Christa said emphatically. "You certainly got him to notice you!"

I thought a heard a tone of jealousy in our friend's voice. Like maybe I was taking the attention away from her. Well, it wasn't my fault! It's not like I wanted to stroll into a public gallery totally nude. I clasped my hands behind my back, feeling helpless.

"Look at you, you're not even trying to cover up!" Christa continued, accusingly.

"But…" I started to try to explain this was just part of the act, and I had to go along with it.

Too late, the young art student stormed off to another side of the ballroom where her paintings were displayed. I had to admit, with her long auburn hair streaming out behind her, she looked adorable when she as angry. Especially in her short black skirt, tights, and glasses. Licking my lips, I secretly grazed a nipple with my finger.

"Somebody's thinking dirty thoughts," Carrie teased, standing next to me and pointed at my crotch.

I looked down at myself and then back at my friend. "Ohmygosh, Carrie! My clitoris is sticking out of its hood! Can't I please cover up… maybe I could hold my hat in front of my pussy?"

"Now how would that look," the strawberry-blonde said, shaking her head. "You will remain wearing the hat… on your head! But now that you mention it, I am kind of thirsty."

At that moment, Carrie raised her arm and called over one of the catering staff, a handsome young man who had a tray of champagne glasses. All I could do was watch, with my hands at my side, as he approached to bring us our drinks. I did lift one leg a little, so I could rub my bare toes behind my other leg. When the guy stood right in front of us, I tried not to make direct eye contact. I was so embarrassed! But as Carrie took two glasses in her hands, I stole a glance to see he was looking up and down my body. As he slowly backed away, there was a definite bulge in his pants. I guess at least that made two of us erect.

"Here, have one of these," Carrie said, pushing a glass into my fingers. "You look a little overheated, Erica."

Instead of responding, I took a quick gulp of the champagne. It was delicious! Chilled and refreshing, and made me feel all tingly. Boy did my body respond! I arched up on my toes and tossed my head back, feeling my skin flush a nice rosy pink. My nipples were so hard, they pointed toward the vaulted ceiling above. Taking another sip, I did feel somewhat more relaxed.

"There, that's better!" Carrie giggled. "Now go ahead and mingle with some of the guests…"

As my friend turned to walk away, I reached out an arm, "Wait! Don't leave me!"

But the tall young woman just continued to move across the room, and I really didn't want to make a spectacle by chasing after her. So I was by myself again. In a room with almost a hundred people, and I was totally nude. It was like one of my biggest fantasies, but also frightening at the same time. I took another drink, emptying my glass.

Well, this was supposed to be an art gallery, I figured I might as well look at some paintings! I turned around slowly, knowing that everyone was watching me from the corner of their eyes. So I bravely began to walk the room, one arm cradling my other elbow, as I leisurely strolled over the floor on my bare toes. My butt cheeks clenched, feeling the stare of strangers looking at my ass. One side of the room was not that crowded, and I gravitated in this direction.

I tried to appear interested in the painting in front of which I stood. Even bending down a little to get a closer look, although I'm afraid this only left more of my genitalia visible from behind. Straightening myself again, I rubbed the empty champagne glass against my lip.

"You look like you could use a refill," came the voice a woman looming up beside me.

She startled me, and I almost jumped. "Oh! I'm sorry… um, yes, that would be nice."

The lady was beautiful, tall and nicely figured, with jet black hair that fell over her bare shoulders, as she wore a strapless cocktail dress. She also had fashionable black-rimmed glasses, but these only contributed to her elegance, intelligence, and sophistication. At once, I felt intimidated being a silly naked nineteen-year-old college student. But she took my glass, and handed me a fresh drink, putting me a little more at ease.

"I can see why you were chosen for this assignment," she said while evaluating my body. "You carry your nudity with a natural grace, not often seen among models. Although it is not usual for models to exhibit such obvious displays of sexual arousal…"

Erica's White Hat - Part 4

My mouth hung open for a moment and I thought I would die of shame. "But… it's just… a little chilly in here, that's all!"

The woman, however, was not inclined to believe me. She reached out and ran her finger along the length of my very long, very hard nipple! I nearly dropped my drink to the floor.

"Mmmmm!" I closed my eyes and moaned.

With a soft chuckle of satisfaction, the lady continued, "It's all right, dear, I understand. I know why you did this tonight. You are really quite an ordinary girl. Wearing clothes, I can't imagine you ever standing out. Your breasts are too small, but when you are nude, no one notices and they compliment your petite frame. The erection of your nipples also helps compensate for the lack of size. And the shaved pubis, giving an unobstructed view of your most womanly features, makes you at least an interesting subject. But fully dressed, you are hardly more than a little girl."

I stood there the whole time with my eyes closed, fighting back tears. It was so humiliating to be addressed like this. The truth in what she was trying to say was so hard. I wasn't a model at all. Just an ordinary girl seeking attention. But the odd thing was that her talking about me this way also turned me on! I kept hoping this strange beautiful woman would continue to caress my breasts, maybe finger my pussy, or even spank my bottom!

And then a male hand on my shoulder caused me to open my eyes.

"Erica!" said the artist known as Garth. "I would like to speak with you for a moment."

Taking a sip of my champagne, I looked hesitantly at the woman who had been critical of me. She gave a small nod of her head, a brief smile, and then offered to take my half-empty glass.

"I suppose she may have some potential," the lady said with cool regard before turning to walk away.

With both arms now dangling at my sides, Garth lifted his hand to gently cup my little chin. In this way, he proceeded to lead me across the room, in full view of everybody! All I could do was follow after, bare feet slapping over the hardwood floor. He took me to another painting, which he explained in great detail.

Then the man turned to me and said, "You have such a delightful figure, Erica! Yet also possess a vision of erotic beauty. Really, it's a quality I have not found in a model in a very long time. I would like you to sit for me…"

"Um, I don't know," I stammered, blushing. Clasping my hands behind my back, he got a good long look at my tits and pussy. "You really want me to pose for you? But where, when?"

"Next week," Garth explained, "I have been invited as a guest instructor at the local high school. I would like you to model for the students in the advance art class. You might even thinking of it as a home coming, of sorts."

My eyes went wide at the very thought. He was expecting me to return to my old high school and participate in a life drawing class? The idea made me shiver, and I had to plant my feet flat on the floor with legs shoulder-width apart, to keep my balance. This of course left my bare labia hanging out. But I was more worried, what if some one found out, who knew that I never received an art model scholarship to college?

"OK, I'll do it," I said softly, although I could hardly believe the words were my own.

Part of me realized that my concern about being discovered was probably unnecessary. I mean, it had been a year and a half since I graduated, so who would remember? And what did it matter if I got a scholarship or not, since this artist had chose me to be the model. Maybe the students would think I just needed the money.

"You will be well compensated," Garth said to my agreement, as if he was reading my mind. "The only request I ask is that you bring that adorable hat. It is perfect on you!"

I blushed at the compliment, blushed thinking about all those horny students seeing me. I imagined there would be boys and girls in the class. This well-known and important artist then took down my phone number, and I felt like a schoolgirl who had been asked on a date. Biting my lip, I moved closer to him, wondering if he wanted to have sex with me, or if he knew I was a virgin.

Just like that, then, Garth said he would contact me later in the week to confirm. He gave me a quick kiss on the cheek before heading off to engage another group of guests in the ballroom. I was a little breathless, and somewhat dizzy from the champagne. Spotting Carrie's mane of strawberry-blonde hair, I ran stark naked through the gallery, breasts and bottom bouncing.

"Carrie! We have to go now," I said, clutching the arm of my friend.

She had been entertaining a group of old men, and they certainly didn't mind the opportunity to view me up close.

"What's the matter, Erica?" she grinned.

Pulling her aside, I whispered, "I feel like I'm going to explode! If we don't leave now, I'm afraid I'm going to do something really embarrassing…"

Carrie paused to consider for a moment, and then glanced in a direction toward the center of the room. "There was an interesting piece of abstract sculpture on a pedestal over there. Kind of phallic shaped, smooth and hard. You could probably use that object to get yourself off…"

"Please don't make me do that!" I squeaked.

My friend regarded me, taking a moment to brush her fingers down my hair that stuck out of the sides of the white hat. "But you would do that, wouldn't you, Erica? If I asked you to, you would play with yourself in the middle of the room, in front of everybody… even using a piece of decorative art."

I could already feel an orgasm building between my legs as I answered, "I don't know. I think so…"

"That is so hot!" Carrie giggled, and took me by the hand. "OK, let's go home."

Amazingly, I did not climax during the ride home. Although my skin felt so alive, I couldn't banish the memory of all those people seeing me naked. I touched myself quite a bit, but still did not cum. We arrived at Carrie's house well after her mother had gone to bed. My friend waited patiently as I got dressed again, and then drove me straight to my house.

I ran to my bedroom and stripped down. Atop the comfort of my sheets, I masturbated furiously, in a variety of positions, multiple times. Biting my pillow to stifle the screaming orgasms, I spent the whole night thinking about Garth and modeling for my high school. In the morning, I had to shyly bring my sheets to the laundry-mat.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was on a Thursday of the following week that I had to prepare for my appearance. I was thankful to be in between college semesters, and didn't have any classes. But the days couldn't go by fast enough! I was so excited, and scared to death. Finally, I had to confide in Carrie that Garth had asked me to pose for him, for real. She of course thought it was an awesome idea, and said she wished I had done something like this when we were still in school. I just hoped she didn't tell anyone else.

Unsure of how to dress for a life-drawing class, I simply put on some jeans and a jacket, and sneakers that would be easy to slip off. And I wore the soft white knit hat, which had been how Garth insisted on wanting to paint me. As I checked my reflection in the window of the car, I realized that I didn't look much different from the students. Hopefully, I would at least pass for a senior.

It was a bright sunny day, uncharacteristically warm upon my arrival at the school. I had brought a large empty tote bag, slung over one shoulder as I walked briskly up to the building. Finding myself on familiar school property, a flood of memories washed over me. I had to pause at the doors, thinking about the many incidents that had occurred, bringing me such shame and pleasure. God, I hoped no one remembered me! I grabbed a pair of sunglasses just to be sure.

The first thing I had to do was report to the main office. I moved quickly, passing students and faculty without a remark. It was the middle of the day, as the advanced art class was scheduled in the afternoon. Making my way to the door, I stepped up to the wide desk that ran the width of the room.

"Is it too bright in here?" the secretary asked when she finally looked up and noticed me. "Please don't wear sunglasses indoors, young lady."

Fumbling to get them off my face, I said nervously, "Oops… sorry! It was just, you know, very sunny outside."

"And what were you doing outside?" she continued to eye me suspiciously, "when you should be in class?"

I realized that this secretary thought I was a student! "Oh, I don't go to school here… I attend the local college. Today, I am assisting Mr. Buchannan."

"Really," the lady answered, either unimpressed or not believing me.

I looked apprehensively over at the door to the Principal's office, which was closed. If anyone would remember me, especially how I graduated, it would be him. After a moment of tense, awkward silence, the secretary told me I could find the art class up on the third floor.

Thanking her, I collected my bag and shuffled back into the hallway. The bell had rung, and now students were sweeping through the corridor. I started to press my way through the crowd, figuring that I would have to mix with them as I went up the stairs. But then I remembered I wasn't in a hurry to get to class. I could wait until the next period started and it was quiet, and take my time.

Standing with my back to the wall, I watched the boys and girls make their way through the school. So many memories, thinking back to just a few years ago. Suddenly, some guy came walking over, and leaned against the wall next to me. He was taller than me, and I thought maybe he was seventeen or eighteen-years-old. Easily, he could have been in only a class or two lower than me.

"Hey," he said, when I didn't look in his direction.

I wanted to ignore him, but finally answered, "Um, hi…"

"Hey," he repeated, bobbing his head up and down. "You just transfer here?"

Oh thank goodness this guy didn't recognize me! As such, and feeling more confident, I replied, "I'll have you know, that I am a college student."

"No shit?" he said, eyeing me up and down. "Like a student-teacher or something?"

That actually made me giggle, and I told him, "Something like that. I'm actually here to help a guest instructor, Garth Buchannan."

"Oh, cool, up in the art classroom! I can show you how to get there…"

I was about to tell him that I knew the way, but then realized that I need not divulge that I had gone to school here. So I motioned with my arm for him to lead the way, and together we headed for the stairs. Along the way, I learned that his name was Bradley. When we reached the third floor, the classroom was only a couple of doors down the hall. I expected him to depart company to go wherever else he needed to be. But to my surprise, he followed me right into the room.

It was then that I noticed he carried a large sketchpad. Looking inside once I stepped through the doorway, I saw the class was packed, thirty-five or forty people maybe. And Bradley was one of the art students! Anxiously, I lifted my hands to adjust the white hat above my brow.

"Cool hat," the young man commented, before he went to find an available seat.

I let my gaze drift to the other side of the classroom, and there found Garth chatting with some of the other young men and women in the class. He was wearing a black turtleneck sweater, with his round tinted glasses and ponytail, looking totally hip. Seeing me enter, the artist waved me over.

"Erica! I'm delighted you could join us," he called out. "I was wondering when you would show your pretty face."

Blushing as I crossed the distance between us, I mumbled, "Didn't expect the class to start so soon…"

"Oh, I've had a great turn out all day," Garth explained. "A lot of interest from this school. But the other classes were not as exciting as this one will be. I think we have some truly talented artists in this room."

He then introduced me to the class, and I gave a little wave. I reminded myself that I shouldn't act too shy, especially as I was about to bare all. Considering that, I looked about the crowded classroom, and then turned to the guest instructor.

"Um, Garth, is there some place I can go… to get ready?"

Erica's White Hat - Part 5

The man arched an eyebrow curiously, and said, "Well, if you would like to freshen up, or need some privacy, I believe the girls restroom is outside, further down the hall."

"Oh, but…" I brought my hand to my mouth in surprise. "That would mean walking all the way back here. Isn't there any accommodations in the classroom?"

Garth seemed at a loss for words, but a girl in the front row corner nearest to us spoke up. "There is a supply closet behind you. It's not very big, it's where we keep smocks and easels and stuff. I think there's a mirror in there."

I immediately turned around and spied a door in the corner of the front of the classroom. With my bag in tote, I hurriedly opened it up and stepped inside. For a minute there, I thought I was going to have to strip in front of the entire class! Although perhaps this was not much better. Reaching up, I pulled on a string, which turned on the single light bulb above. It was pretty cozy in this closet all right, but I did have some elbowroom.

The first thing I did was to remove my sneakers. I found a little stool that I was able to sit down on and pull the shoes of my feet. I wasn't wearing socks today. Placing my footwear at the bottom of the bag, I stood up again so I could take off my light jacket. With this discarded, I nimbly went to work on the buttons of my shirt. One, two, three, they were undone, allowing me to peel the fabric off my shoulders.

I didn't bother to wear a bra, either, so I was now topless. Feeling my nipples harden in the relatively warm room, I thought, Oh God it's happening already! But I had given my promise, and so biting my lip, I proceeded to pull down my pants. These, along with my shirt and jacket, I folded and placed in the tote bag. One more item, and I would be nude.

Shaking my head, I thought, how do I talk myself into these things! Self-consciously, I rubbed my stomach, tracing a finger around my bellybutton. My tummy, while fluttering with butterflies, was slim and sexy so I had nothing to worry about. But I really wished my breasts were larger. These high-school girls had bigger tits than me! Taking a deep breath, I slowly lowered my underwear, letting them fall to my bare ankles. I then stepped out of them, reached down, and tossed them into the bag.

On the back of the closed door was hung a full-length mirror, just like the student said. I blushed seeing my naked reflection. Instead of looking at my bald pussy, or checking out my ass, I crouched down a little so that I could make sure my hat was on straight. I guess I did have a pretty face. And the hat did look adorable. So, after taking a deep breath, I pulled the door slowly toward me. Just open enough to stick my head out in view of the class.

"I'm…. I'm ready, Mr. Buchannan," I said softly.

"That's good," Garth answered with a smile. "I believe you have kept us all waiting in breathless anticipation!"

That got an appreciative chuckle from the class. It also made me lower my own eyes, and I think I was blushing. Had to act natural, I kept reminding myself, as I stood up on my toes. Finally, I pushed the door all the way open so I could walk out into the front of the classroom.

I walked out, with arms at my side, completely naked. Full frontal nudity. Immediately I was aware of my nipples sticking out. I tried not to make direct eye contact with any of the students. There was a gasp, I think, and then maybe a giggle? I must have been hearing things. They would all be very polite. This was the advanced art class after all. But these were still hormone driven teenagers. And I was just a regular nineteen-year-old girl, standing here bare ass nude.

Turning around to face Garth, everyone got a look at my cute little bottom. I didn't know how a model was supposed to act! Should I be more discreet? I really felt like a student who had just taken off her clothes and ran into class. Which is exactly what I had done. All I could do now was stand there with my ass on display, showing the teacher my tits and hairless pussy.

"Where would like me to go?" I asked, breaking the stillness of the room.

Garth took a moment to answer, almost as if he had to clear his throat. "This seat will do, Erica."

He indicated a black-cushioned stool set up in the front of the classroom, not more then five feet before the first row of students. As I turned to walk over to take my place, I noticed him wash a hand over his face. Was he nervous? I sat down, and crossed my legs demurely.

"Erica is a nude model at the college," Garth stepped forward to address the class. "She is very… gifted. This is simply the way she expresses herself, the setting in which she is most at ease. Even though we will be working on just a portrait today, I trust you will all keep your focus and not let your eyes wander…"

As the students chuckled and giggled, my own eyes went wide. A portrait! Then he had never intended for me to pose in the nude! That was why Garth insisted that I wear the hat! Ohmygosh, I had just stripped naked and was totally bare in front of these high school students for no reason! I didn't know what to do… I couldn't get up and run, but I was so embarrassed! This must have been quite a shock for the class.

"Chin up," Garth said gently as he moved to my side and lifted my head a little higher.

His glasses lowered on the bridge of his nose, I looked into his eyes briefly, and then stared straight ahead. He then asked that I bring my fingertips to my shoulders. When I didn't move, the artist took my hands and positioned them accordingly. I believe my nipples grew even longer as he touched me!

"I'm sorry, Erica," Garth then said crouching in front of me. "I didn't expect you to give us the full treatment today… but I need to pose you correctly to give the best vantage point for the students. May I?"

My lip trembled a little, but I made no sound. At least, I did not protest, which the teacher took to mean I did not refuse. He put his strong hands on my bare thigh… it felt so good! But then Garth reached down and took my foot and little toes in his other hand. Very lightly, he lifted and uncrossed my legs. He separated them, my legs spread apart, letting my heels rest on the foot of the stool. I still had my hands frozen, fingertips touching my shoulders. Garth put his hands on my slim waist, pulling me closer to the edge of the seat.

He stood up, turned back to face the classroom. I was left sitting there with my long nipples protruding, my pussy open, and clit sticking out! I thought I would die of shame. But to these students, it was all in the name of art, so I just played along like this was perfectly natural.

Almost numb, I could barely hear the sounds of pencils being scratched across sketchbooks. I guess it was good they were just focusing on my face. Maybe I could try to relax a little. But after a while, Garth would stand behind me, placing his hand on my bare back, making me stay sitting straight. His touch heightened the awareness of my nudity, making me wet. I hoped the students in the front row didn't notice the moisture collecting on the black cushion between my legs. They would think I was a slut! Some of them probably already did, since I had totally shaved my pussy.

I tried not to concentrate too much on my nudity. But as my eyes roamed across the room, I couldn't help but catch a knowing smirk or a wink, or even a disapproving frown. Yet all the while, the students continued to work. There were some using pencil or chalk, some painting on canvases. A couple of times, Garth would turn my head at a different angle, but always leaving my body as it was, on complete display. The remainder of the class, he would walk around instructing, making points about light and shadow, which I eventually lost interest in. All I knew was that I wanted to cum!

Finally, after I don't know how long, the students began to gather their things and leave the room. Was it over already? I think my mind had drifted for most of the period, lost in an erotic daze. Now, I was afraid to move, that I might show more evidence of my arousal. I did relax my arms a little, bringing them down, but still sat forward with my tiny tits sticking out. The boys and girls walked past me on their way out, thankfully, none of them stopping to chat with me. Not even Bradley.

When it was only Garth and I left in the room, I bounced to my toes and rushed over to the artist. My pointy nipples quivered in anticipation, my pussy puckered out waiting to be played with. I reached out to bring my hand to his chest, but he caught my wrist firmly.

"You are not a nude model, are you, Erica…" he said softly.

Eyes wide, I blushed from head to toe. Just like that, the ruse was over. He saw through everything. No loner a fine art model, I was now just a nineteen-year-old college girl without any clothes on. Oh God, I was so embarrassed because if it weren't for this act, he would not be seeing me completely naked!

"What… what do you mean?" I asked, trying to hold together a shred of dignity.

Garth smiled, he was not angry, maybe only disappointed. "You put up a good front last week, Erica, no pun intended. You really carried yourself well. I never intended for you to pose nude in front of these students, or I would have asked you directly. But your willingness to be naked, and your body's reaction, lead me to believe this was all experimental for you."

"I'm sorry," I whispered. "It's not like that…"

Putting a finger to my lips, he said, "It's all right. You were very brave to go through with this. And I'm sure the students were able to capture some incredible emotion on your face. I'll leave you some time to yourself, so you can get dressed, and…"

His voice trailed off. I think he meant if I wanted to be alone to masturbate, he would give me all the privacy I needed. That was thoughtful of him, but also very humiliating! I guess he understood. I watched as he collected some things, and then left the classroom. Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath and let out a sigh.

"Hello, Erica!" came a female voice I recognized from college.

It was Christa, standing in front of me! She was dressed in a black sweater and designer jeans. Her long auburn tresses fell about her shoulders, as she peered at me through sleek glasses perched on her cute little nose. She looked preppy, but also kind of hot. Or maybe it was just me, standing here naked. I rubbed my arms, brushing the toes of one foot behind my bare leg.

"Christa! What are you doing here?" I asked in surprise.

The college art student folded her arms and continued to evaluate my body. "Well, Erica, I was told that you would be coming to the high school today, to show off in front of Garth again."

"No! He invited me to come…" I squeaked, and immediately clasped both hands over my pussy, seeing her eye my engorged lips accusingly.

"And did you?" Christa asked, referring to the play on words.

I shook my head shyly. "No… not yet."

The young lady smiled and said, "Then this should be interesting."

I could only watch as she started to walk around, to the corner in the front of the classroom. She found the supply closet door and disappeared inside. A second later, she returned, holding my tote bag.

"Are these all your clothes?" Christa moved in front of me. She was not much taller, but at least she had shoes on!

"Yes, please…" I started to reach out for the bag.

Christa pulled my belongings away and instead said, "Take off your hat."

"My hat?" I asked, reaching up my hands to touch the soft knit cap. "But Carrie got it for me, and I like it. And it's… the only thing I'm wearing!"

"Only thing you were wearing," Christa corrected. "Now take it off!"

Well, I didn't want to take my chances getting her upset. She already suspected I had been stealing all the attention from her. I pulled the white hat off my head, and swept my arm down to hold it in front of my crotch. With my other hand, I brushed out my hair, shaking loose my brown locks. Except for my eyebrows, the only hair on my body.

Christa held open the bag with the rest of my clothes. "Drop it in here."

I did as I was told, truly discarding my last article of clothing. Now I felt my exposure and embarrassment was complete. I let my arms fall to my sides, showing all my pink parts.

"Look at the size of your clitoris, Erica!" the girl gasped. "But Carrie is right. You do look adorable when you've been stripped and left totally naked."

Her words reminding me of my erect clit, I could feel it sticking out of its hood, and I separated my legs slightly. Rolling my eyes toward the ceiling, I couldn't bear to look at her seeing me like this. I really just wanted her to touch me, and bring me to sweet orgasm.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of her footsteps… walking away! I lowered my eyes to watch Christa drift toward the open classroom door. For a moment I froze, uncomprehending that she was taking my clothes with her. Then I cupped a hand over my pussy, and tiptoed after the young lady.

"Christa, no!" I whispered. "What are you doing?"

She did not answer, but proceeded to walk right out into the hallway, my bag slung over her shoulder. It was late in the day, probably the last period, if I recalled. Many of the Senior students would have gone home. The corridor was momentarily deserted, and with this being the Art wing, not too many students would be roving about. I brought my other arm across my breasts, to hide the erection of my nipples, leaving the classroom completely bare.

"Come on, Christa, this isn't funny…" I pleaded, my feet cold on the floor.

The college girl turned around so she could face me, while walking backwards. "Oh, this isn't about a prank, Erica. This is about… revenge!"

Anxiously, I looked over my shoulder. Then I ran nude down the hallway. It was hard, trying to keep myself covered, but I had to run just to keep up. I could feel my bottom bouncing playfully, as my unfolded labia wiggled in the palm of my hand.

"What's the matter," Christa stopped to tease me. "Don't you want to stay in the classroom and wait for Garth to return? Or maybe someone else will come along and want to play with you. Are you afraid more people will get to see your nude little body?"

"Yes," I answered, approaching the girl shyly.

Christa walked around me slowly, placing a hand on my smooth ass. "But just a little while ago, you were sitting naked in front of fifty high school students, with your legs spread open."

"But I was only pretending to be an art model," I tried to explain. "If I'm caught now, running through the school like this, I will have no excuse. It will be so embarrassing!"

The twenty-year-old girl came to stand in front of me again. She took my arms in her hands, gently moving them out of the way, and I didn't give much resistance. She cupped one of my small firm breasts, easing her thumb across the elongated nipple. I closed my eyes and gasped with pleasure.

"So you're really not an exhibitionist, Erica? You truly are shy and bashful," She was actually playing with my tits in the middle of the school hallway. "But it turns you on, too!"

"Uh-huh," I confessed, wishing she would lower her fingers and finish me off.

And then, she stopped touching me. I opened my eyes to see Christa smiling, as she backed away, further down the corridor. I just stood there, naked and desperate, with everything hanging out.

"Come on, Erica, I want you to streak the high school!"

**Erica's White Hat - Part 6**

With that statement, the auburn-haired college girl waved the bag and jogged past some empty classrooms. I had no choice but to follow her! I mean, she had all my clothes. Not really covering up, I had one hand resting lightly on my tummy while my other arm flailed at my side, bare feet slapping over the tiles. She rounded a corner, and as I reached the edge of the wall, I hesitated.

This hallway had rooms with closed doors. I wasn't sure, but there could be classes going on inside. Christa was careful to be quiet, and she slowed her pace to stroll casually down the center of the corridor. The tote bag swung merrily at her side. Glancing over her shoulder, she winked at me from behind her sexy glasses.

I hurried to try to catch up with her. Why couldn't she just give me my clothes back? Or at least let me run around in my underwear. Halfway through the corridor, Christa dashed to one side, toward one of the rooms. She peered through the rectangular window for a minute, and then to my surprise, she pushed the door wide open.

I heard voices coming from the classroom! At the last second, I jumped over to the wall, on the same side as the open doorway. My ass was pressed against the cold metal lockers and I arched up on my bare toes. Arms held straight at my sides, I spread my fingers in shock. Then I heard a male teacher talking to Christa.

"I'm applying to start my student teaching here," she explained to him, standing just a few feet away from me, in front of the door. "Could you tell me which way is the Main Office?"

There was a titter of laughter from the students, and then the teacher replied, "Well the Main Office is on the first floor, Miss. On the other side of the building. Would you like me to send a student with you to show you the way?"

Ohmygosh! As I stood there right outside the classroom, my nipples pointed out like darts. No, no… they were sticking up at the ceiling, they were so hard! And I was getting wet down there, too!

"Um, that's OK," Christa finally said. "I think I can find my way."

The teacher then answered, "All right, but you can leave the door open. We've finished our exam in here."

I watched as the college girl waved and began moving down the hallway again. Inside the room to my left, I heard papers shuffling, desks and chairs moving about. Christa turned around and beckoned me with a finger. I shook my head silently. But she only grinned, waving the bag of clothes in front of me.

Thinking back, I probably could have turned around and gone the other direction. But that seemed like it would take too long, and I might run into more people. Besides, I had to follow Christa. It was like since she had all my clothes, she controlled me. If I sidestepped across the hall, the class might see my bare behind. So I faced forward and grabbed my tits and chased after Christa.

Fortunately I don't think anyone heard the naked girl running past the open classroom. I certainly didn't stop to look back! I couldn't believe I was running through my old high school in the middle of the afternoon, naked as the day I was born. All my bits were waving in the air, and danced excitedly as I rounded the corner and nearly crashed into Christa.

She put her hands on my slender hips and held me at arms length. "School is going to let out soon, Erica. Maybe we should make a trip to the Main Office, and pay the Principal a visit!"

"No!" I squealed. "He already caught me naked, on the day of Graduation. I can't imagine what he would think if he saw me in college now, but still nude!"

Christa regarded me curiously, even raised an eyebrow. "Um, that sounds like a fun story I have to hear. Maybe we could keep chatting in the hallway until the bell rings. Then all the students will scramble to their lockers and find you waiting here…"

"No, please!" I squeaked again, moving closer so that my toes touched her shoes.

"Wow, Erica, you're really turned on by this," she observed. "Catch me if you can!"

With a sudden bound, the auburn-haired girl spun around and ran. I tried to make a grab for the bag, but she was too quick. My lunge carried me forward, and I was left with no choice but to continue running after her. Feet slapping and little tits bouncing, the breeze over my pussy was incredible! I streaked the entire length of the hallway, watching Christa disappear down the stairs.

I was really nervous now, as I headed onto the steps approaching the lower floors. This was no longer streaking a single corridor. I mean, I was running through my old high school stark naked! Even in my younger days, I had never done anything this outrageous. The sound of my feet echoed in the stairwell, as I heard the other girl racing all the way to the ground floor.

When I bolted out into the open, I saw there were some people further down the hall. I had to get my bearings… one way would lead to the cafeteria, another to the offices. Just in time, I rounded a corner, and found Christa standing there with my bag of clothes.

"What's down this way, Erica?" she asked, as if she expected a tour!

Running a hand through my hair reminded me that I was no longer even wearing a hat. "Ah, um… this way leads to the band room…"

"Cool!" the art student exclaimed and continued down the hallway.

Fully nude, I followed after. "Christa, wait! They're probably rehearsing…"

Indeed, as I moved closer, I could hear the sounds of instruments playing. Sections of pieces, and then the music would stop. The band instructor would have them go over the music again, or he might ask for only one instrumental section to play. Then they would all play together. There must have been thirty or forty students in the room, combined from all classes, Freshmen to Seniors. Although most Seniors usually skipped band practice. Ohmygosh, that meant fourteen-year-olds would see me naked!

Christa, seeing me approach and my apprehensive expression, thought it would be funny to try her lost student-teacher stunt again. When there was a break in the playing, she walked into the classroom with my clothes. I heard her apologize for interrupting as she asked for directions.

"I need to report back to the Main Office," she was saying.

"Billy, show this young lady to the office," the band instructor said, sounding annoyed.

"Sure thing!" came a young excited voice, since after all, Christa was a pretty cute twenty-year-old.

I looked around in panic. Across the hall was the door that led to the auditorium. I didn't think I had many options… Hopefully, there wasn't an assembly going on! Before I spent too much time thinking about it, I ran to the wall on the other side and pulled open the heavy black door.

Inside, the auditorium was dark and quiet. The only light was up on the stage. I took a moment to catch my breath. My heart was beating wildly! As a placed my hand to my chest, I couldn't help but squeeze one of my breasts. Oh how I had often wished my tits were bigger, so that I could suck on my own nipples. Before I knew it, I was running a hand down my body, making myself hotter and hotter…

"Erica, are you in here?"

At the sound of the voice coming from the opening door at the back of the large room, I ran forward and climbed up onto the well-lit stage. I ran out into the center, remembering how the hardwood floor felt beneath my little bare feet. The memories of my high school graduation sent shivers up my spine. Standing nude on the raised platform, I watched as it was only Christa who entered the auditorium.

"You look so cute up there!" she called out, running down the aisle to the foot of the stage. "I ditched the kid, telling him I could find my own way."

"Is it… is it safe?" I asked biting my fingers nervously as I crept toward the girl.

Christa shrugged her shoulders, "As safe as it's going to be…"

I walked over and sat down, letting my legs hang off the edge of the stage. Christa took my foot in one of her hands and began caressing, tracing her fingers around my toes. Her touch made me excited, and I lay on my back, staring up at the ceiling… my hard nips pointing straight up. She spread my legs apart, and I let her see my excited pussy.

"Do you remember the time when your died your hair red, we made you strip on stage at the college Performing Arts Center?" she asked.

How could I forget! Thinking about that episode, I pulled my legs up onto the stage, and rolled over to lie on my stomach. I was stretched out nude along the width of the edge and rested my head on my folded arms. Christa was able to rub her hand down my naked back, and felt my tender behind exposed under the lights.

"What a hot little bottom you've got, Erica!" She giggled and continued, "Do you remember how Alicia's music was making you masturbate? But Lisa wouldn't let you finish…"

Flustered and horny, I rolled over on my back, arms at my sides, hoping that Christa would touch my front. "Yes… yes, I remember."

"Well, I want you to cum for me, right now!" the art student said suddenly. "Carrie told me that you squirt when you orgasm, and I want to see!"

"Oh!" I gasped. "But why? Why here… why now? It will be so embarrassing!"

Christa took a step away from the stage, and it almost looked like she was going to take a front row seat. "Let's just say you owe me, Erica. Now start playing, or you won't get your clothes back!"

I had to admit, the blackmail added to my humiliation, but also turned me on. Propping myself up on one arm, I brought my knees up a little and began stroking my pussy. I kind of wanted someone else to do this to me, but it looked like I would have to give a solo performance. Amazed out how puffed out my smooth pussy lips were, I wasted no time rubbing and probing and…

"Oooh!" I started to moan aloud in pleasure.

My fingers worked the parts of my body I had come to know so well. Twisting my nipples, then running a hand down my stomach to my pubic mound. I couldn't believe I was doing this alone, in front of Christa! I slapped my bald pussy getting it nice and wet. Then I was able to insert two fingers, while manipulating my clitoris with my thumb.

"Ah, ah, ah!" I was getting very vocal, and my cries echoed through the auditorium.

"Do it on the stage!" Christa said excitedly, referring to the uncontrollable orgasm I was about to have.

While lost in my self-pleasuring, I somehow managed to hear the girl's instruction. I spun around on my butt and positioned myself so that my open legs faced the back of the stage. Now I lifted my feet high in the air, which was the most frequent way I would ejaculate. It was just a matter of repeatedly working my fingers in and out, harder and faster, as my body quivered in ecstasy.

And then it happened. I let out a stream of girly juice that squirted in an arc across the stage, droplets falling on the waxed hardwood platform. For a minute it seemed, I just bucked my hips and bounced on my naked ass, experiencing multiple orgasms.

"That was awesome!" Christa laughed as she climbed up onto the stage. "Wow, Erica, you got to return to your old high school and cum all over the auditorium stage! I think you should leave it as a surprise for the band that will be here soon for after school rehearsal."

Blushing, and feeling very ashamed, I asked, "Where are my clothes?"

"I left them in the band room," Christa smiled. "But don't worry. The band members will be joining us shortly. I suppose you could sneak in once they leave the classroom, or wait until they file into the auditorium and see you in all your glory…"

I stood up on shaky legs and had to lean on the college girl for support. Because of the way I had positioned myself, I actually didn't get much on my inner thighs. My clit was sticking out, and there was maybe a pearl drop of cum at the bottom of my pussy, but that was it.

Christa looked at my crotch for a moment, and then said, "Oh, Erica, here… you can have this!"

She reached behind her back and pulled out the knitted white hat that had started this whole mess! Since it didn't go with her outfit, I guess, she was willing to return it to me. I took the hat thankfully, and immediately lowered it to cover my shaved pink vulva. It actually felt kind of nice down there.

"Now go run through the back door," Christa advised me. "Head around the corner, and you will be able to slip back in the classroom while the students enter here through the side door."

That made sense. It was funny though, her giving me directions, when I was well familiar with my former high school. I found the steps that led off the stage, still keeping the white hat placed over my pussy. As my feet hit the auditorium floor, I heard the first few voices coming from behind the black theatre curtains! I quickly ran down the center aisle, although it was actually running up an incline toward the back doors. There was giggling behind me, but I didn't turn to look over my shoulder.

Rushing out into the school's main lobby area, I found a crowd of students pressing to leave the building! Had the last bell rang already? I guess it had, since that was why the band students were heading into the auditorium. And all the other students, those who didn't have after-school activities, the whole high school it seemed, was on their way to leave the building!

I don't know if I was noticed at first. Most of the student body was focused on the exit, not on the auditorium and my emerging body. Keeping my back against the wall, I stood up on my toes, holding that hat in front of my crotch. But with my bare legs, flat stomach, and pink nipples pointing out, there was no mistaking I was naked. I held my breath and sidestepped toward the edge of the wall, hoping no one would approach me, or I wouldn't run into anyone.

It was when I rounded the corner that I heard the shouts and whistles. Sure, now everyone waited to see my bare ass! Oh God, this was so embarrassing! They would have no idea that I was a model for an art class today, and an unnecessary nude model at that! And with my slim, petite figure, I was as likely to be considered a high school student rather than a nineteen-year-old young woman. Maybe they would think I was a sophomore who got her clothes stolen.

My feet slapping down the hallway, I hurried into the band room without thinking. More so, because I wanted to find cover, as I didn't know if anyone was chasing after me. I was grateful to see the room had indeed emptied out, silent except for the clutter of chairs, music stands, and open instrument cases. I dropped the hat and walked fully nude over to the teacher's desk, where I saw Christa had conveniently left my tote bag.

What was she thinking! It was a good thing that the band teacher didn't send some student to bring it down to the Main Office. On the other hand, maybe that's what Christa was hoping. Shuddering at the possibility of the thought, I reached down and began to pick out my clothes. Once I was dressed again, I let out a sigh of relief. I pulled on the white hat, glad to have it back on my head, instead of as a shield to hide my pussy.

As I walked down the hallway, swinging the empty bag at my side, I remembered all the adventures I had here during high school. I guess this was just one more to add to my exciting collection of memories. Hopefully, I wouldn't be returning to the school any time soon!

**33 - Erica - Gone Fishing**

Summer was finally here, and I couldn't wait to try out my new bikini. Well, I wouldn't be trying it out in public. It was much too racy to wear to the beach, or even around other people, I thought. I had just turned twenty, and my friends had gotten me the bathing suit kind of as a gag gift. But little did they know, I thought it was really cute, and the idea of prancing around in such a skimpy little thing turned me on!

The problem was, this was my first opportunity to test it. Not only because it was finally nice and really warm, like eighty degrees, but I finally had some time alone. With my parents out looking for lawn furniture and my older step-brother away, I had the house all to myself. When I was sure it was safe, I stripped down in my bedroom and put on the bikini.

The bottoms were high-cut, with elastic strings that ran over my hip. They dipped down to hold up the patch of fabric covering my pubic mound. It was V-shaped and very tiny. No way someone could wear this unless they were completely shaved down there. It was perfect for me. The back was a thong style, with just a little triangle of material at the top of my ass crack. For the top of the bikini, it was just two more triangles attached by a string that tied behind my neck. They barely covered my areolas and nipples. I swear, if I had bigger breasts, it would be impossible to wear.

The bikini itself was bright pink, kind of like the way I blushed, or the color of my naughty parts when I was excited. Like I said, my friends thought it was a joke. But while I laughed it off at my birthday party, saying I would never dare get caught in this ridiculous thing, I secretly yearned to try it on. Now as I watched myself in the bedroom mirror, I saw how much skin I was showing and I felt sexy.

I smacked my hand playfully on my bare cheeks, and then proceeded to head out the door. My plan was to get some sun today. Out in the backyard, I would have plenty of privacy. As long as I didn't doze off, I might even take off my top. I just needed to grab some sunscreen from the bathroom and I would be all set.

Walking down the hallway in my little bikini, I suddenly heard a knock at the front door! I froze, my heart starting to race. Who could be stopping by? My friends had other plans today, as far as I knew. Looking down at my near naked body, I blushed. It's hard to believe after all the things I have been through, but getting caught like this would be so embarrassing!

"Just a minute!" I called out, bring my hands to my head in slight panic.

Quickly, I rushed back down the hall and slipped into my bedroom. I did a search, but my clothes from last night were already in the wash. The doorbell rang out in succession, as though someone were pressing it three times in a row. How rude! Flustered, I finally spotted a long T-shirt draped over the back of a chair. I sometimes used it as a nightshirt, but not recently. Picking it up, I brought it to my nose to smell that it was fresh and clean. I dashed toward the front door, pulling my head and arms through the sleeves as I ran.

Smoothing it out, the shirt fell loose about my shoulders, and came down to almost my knees. Now I was decent. I fanned myself with a hand and caught my breath, before opening the door to see whom my unexpected visitor was.

Standing in front of my house, huddled together on the welcome mat, was the woman I knew to be Alicia's Aunt. And with her, one on each side, was her son Jimmy and his friend Cody. I realized now that it was Alicia's obnoxious cousin who had had been ringing the doorbell impatiently. I was shocked, my mind fuzzy, and all I could seem to think was, what the hell were they doing here?

Ohmygosh! What if she found out! I mean, that I had been seen naked by Jimmy on more than one occasion. Even Cody had seen me without my clothes on. It's not like it was my fault, or I had wanted these boys to see me in the nude… things, just sort of got out of hand. But what if he told! That little bastard, what if Jimmy talked about me stripping in front of them? And now his mother had come here to yell at me. She brought him with her to confront me about my inappropriate behavior…

"Hello there, Erica," Alicia's Aunt said with a pleasant smile.

Thinking perhaps I had overreacted, I answered a little more relieved, "Um… hi."

"I am so sorry to bother you," the woman continued, a hand on her son's shoulder. "But I am in a bit of a crisis here. I had promised to take Jimmy and his friend to the park today. Unfortunately, some unexpected family business came up, and I have to run out of town. Alicia is at work right now, so I was wondering, would you mind looking after the boys?"

I stood there, my mouth hung open, speechless.

Alicia's Aunt must have read the expression on my face, and she hastily added, "I don't mean to impose on you, Erica. I could take them with me, but I'm afraid, well… you know how Jimmy gets. You've supervised these two before, and did such a good job! Alicia said you wouldn't mind."

"Did she," I muttered, rubbing my elbows in opposite hands.

Standing there barefoot, a long T-shirt over my new bikini, I really didn't know what to think. The boys were staring at me quietly, Jimmy's mother waiting expectantly. She had no idea about the little problems I had when alone with these two. I suppose I could have refused, saying I had other plans. But I felt guilty because I did not want to admit the real reason. So instead, I said I would watch the boys.

"All right!" Jimmy pumped his arm excitedly. He then added, "I just gotta grab our stuff from the car."

His enthusiasm made me blush a little, and I smiled weakly from the doorstep. Cody stayed near me, his hands in his pockets. I watched as Alicia's Aunt returned to where she had parked, allowing her son to rummage through the back seat, and then pull some things out of the trunk. I realized as he began walking toward the house, that he was carrying two fishing poles and a tackle box.

Alicia's Aunt waved goodbye to me, thanking me and reminding her son and his friend to behave for me. Then, just like that, she backed onto the road and sped away. Maybe it was my imagination, but it seemed she was rather anxious to be off, before I could change my mind.

"What's the matter, Erica? You didn't think we were going to hang around your boring house all day," Jimmy said as he handed one of the rods to Cody.

It was a beautiful day outside, and I answered, "No, I guess not. Your mother said something about… going to the park?"

"Yes," Cody piped up. "We found a secret fishing hole, no one else knows about. Jimmy and I are going to be the first ones to try it out!"

"A secret fishing hole, huh?" I ran a hand absently through my soft brown hair.

As I looked down at Cody, I turned to regard Jimmy, and found that I had to look up to see eye to eye with him. I kept forgetting how big he had grown. What was he now, twelve or thirteen? I could already see the difference between the two friends. Cody still had a boyish innocence, clinging to his youth. But Jimmy was getting more confident, bolder, and more obnoxious. He was the kind of kid who seemed older than his age, probably already sneaking through his father's Playboy collection. That made me more nervous.

"Well what are you just standing around for?" the larger boy demanded.

The town park was within walking distance from my house. I know, because I had taken the route through the woods many times, after I had lost my clothes. Thinking about this made me blush again, and I rubbed my toes shyly behind my other leg.

"Let me just put some shoes on," I finally said, almost as if asking permission.

Before I could embarrass myself further, I turned around and ran back into the house. Padding down the hallway in my bare feet, I entered my room and grabbed the first pair of shoes I could find. They were brown leather sandals, and quite comfortable. Then, grasping the fabric of the T-shirt in my hands, I paused and wondered if I should find something else to wear. But we were just going to the park, and I did have my bathing suit on underneath. Besides, it was summer. I shrugged my shoulders and prepared to meet the boys outside my house.

Jimmy was eager for us to be on our way as I reappeared through the front door. "Come on, Erica, let's go! We don't want the fish to get away, or someone else to find our secret spot!"

"All right, all right!" I huffed. "I just have to lock the door…"

But after I removed the key from the bolt lock, I turned around and patted my shirt. The boys were watching me curiously. Soon, Alicia's cousin grew impatient as his expression changed to show he regarded me as a silly girl.

"No pockets," I said weakly. "Um, do you think… if I give you the key to hold onto, you promise you won't lose it, Jimmy?"

"Yeah, I won't lose it," Jimmy grumbled.

It wasn't something I wanted to do, or felt entirely comfortable about. But the only other choice was to go back inside and find another shirt, or throw on a pair of shorts. And I figure the longer I kept Jimmy waiting, the more likely he would be to cause trouble or give me a problem. So I dropped the brass key into hand, which he promptly stuffed into the pocket of his own khaki long shorts. I mean, what could happen, I would have my eye on him the whole time.

Finally, I motioned to the boys we were ready to leave, and we began marching down the driveway. As I said, it was a lovely day outside, not at all a bad day to go for a walk. The neighborhood I lived in was very residential, typically suburban. Carrie lived a few blocks away from me. The old high school was a bit further, as was the library, but I had walked the distance before and without any clothes, too! Not by my choice…

Heading along the sidewalk in the direction of the town park, Jimmy and Cody walked in front of me, chatting and giggling amongst each other. Better this way, so I could keep my eyes on them. I started to think this would be a breeze, and I would enjoy a pleasant trip to the park as well. But by the time we turned onto a side street lined with trees, the boys slowed down to walk on either side of me.

"Hey, Erica, are you wearing anything under that shirt?" Jimmy suddenly asked.

Flustered, I almost tripped, as I clutched at the material and sputtered, "What… why would you think that? I mean, of course I am!"

The boy only continued to tease me, "Alicia told me that one time you went to school without any underwear on!"

Cody, on my other side, burst out laughing. Apparently he found the idea very amusing.

"No! That's not true," I said defiantly, although I felt myself blush.

"Maybe she went to school… naked," Cody giggled.

I was thankful for the shade of the trees, which hid my look of embarrassment. "Boys! I don't know what's gotten into you two. I'll have you both know, I am wearing my bathing suit under this T-shirt!"

"Oh," muttered Jimmy, perhaps a bit disappointed.

And that put an end to that little discussion. We continued along our way, Alicia's cousin and his friend carrying their fishing poles and the tackle box. At least they hadn't made me drag along their gear. I suppose a few inappropriate questions were not too bad, if that was all the discomfort I had to endure. Approaching the avenue that ran along the side of the park, the entrance was just around the block. However, Jimmy stopped us, and pointed to an opening in the woods, between the fences.

"There!" he said and moved toward the tree-line.

I stepped away from the sidewalk nervously. Cody had already joined his friend. Closer inspection showed there was indeed a trail running deeper into the park. Then, I let out a small gasp, for I suddenly recognized this path and this break in the fence. Only, I was used to exiting the park in the opposite direction. Many times I had traveled this way, after Lisa or my friends had stripped me of all my clothes. Sometimes, it would be too much for me, and before I ran home I would lie down nude in the grass and masturbate. Right where the boys were now standing…

"What's wrong?" Jimmy asked. "Are you afraid you might get lost?"

"No, no…" I answered, tugging on the end of my T-shirt. "I think I've been here before."

His face wrinkled in doubt, Jimmy looked at the trail, and then turned back to me. "Impossible! This is our secret path. You can't tell anyone!"

"Oh, all right, I promise!" I said feeling exasperated. "Let's just go."

The three of us plunged into the woods, easily following the dirt path. After we wound our way through the trees, I realized that there were other trails that branched off the main one. Some of these, I don't think I had walked before. But Jimmy seemed to know where he was going. I was helpless but to follow after him and his friend. Now I understood why his mother was so eager to drop him off on my hands. The boy was determined to find this fishing hole, even when I suggested we make our way back to the larger park grounds.

We must have walked for twenty minutes before I pressed through some trees and started walking down hill. Soon we emerged in a wide clearing, and stretched out before us was a placid lake. I noticed, too, there was a wooden dock… maybe like a wharf … that extended out over the water. It was in this direction that the boys headed, and I followed after.

"This is kind of nice," I said, viewing the full lake surrounded completely by trees.

Hooking a strand of hair behind my ear, I continued to take in my surroundings. It was very quiet, seemed to be very private. Indeed, just the way we were enclosed in here, made it seem like Jimmy was the first person to discover this isolated spot. So tranquil, we could have been at some remote cabin resort. I never knew this was part of the park.

The boys dropped their tackle box near the edge of the dock, and started to set up their fishing poles. I walked over curiously to watch. It amazed me that they actually knew what they were doing. I was never good with rods and reels and anything to do with the hobby.

Cody suddenly looked up at me and asked, "Are you gonna go skinny-dipping?"

"What?" came my startled response, eyes wide, as I clutched my T-shirt.

Jimmy's friend shrugged. "You said you brought your bathing suit. If you go swimming, since you're skinny, that's called skinny-dipping…"

"I am not skinny!" I protested, even though in truth I have a slim figure and small breasts.

Working on some fishing line, Alicia's cousin laughed, "No, Cody… skinny-dipping means you go swimming without your bathing suit. Without any clothes on at all!"

"Oh," Cody said sheepishly.

Feeling that I needed to assert my authority, I answered firmly, "Well I will not be going swimming. And I'm not going to let you two see my bathing suit."

Jimmy stood up to look at me and asked, "Why not, Erica?"

"Because…" I replied, flustered and blushing. "It's a little bikini. And boys your age shouldn't see me in it."

"Whatever," Jimmy mumbled, rolling his eyes. "At least you can help us out by attracting the fish to us."

I wasn't sure if that was an insult, or if he was serious. "What do you mean by that?"

The larger boy hoisted his fishing pole and cast his line, then turned to me and said, "Take off your shoes and splash your feet in the water."

Skeptical, I asked, "And what will that do?" "The ripples in the water will make the fishes come over here by us," Cody answered excitedly. "We learned that in science class!"

"And your legs are long enough to reach," Jimmy added.

Actually, I never thought of myself as having long legs. But they were slender and proportioned with the rest of my body to give the illusion of length. I also wondered if disturbing the smooth lake would in fact scare the fish away. And then Alicia's cousin started teasing me again.

"Unless you're afraid you might frighten the fish with your smelly feet!" he said rudely.

Well, I knew how this game was played. I stuck out my tongue at Jimmy, and proceeded to march confidently past the boys. When I stood at the edge of the dock, I looked down to see my reflection in the water line. I supposed I would just be able to splash around with my toes. So I sat on the ground and quickly undid the straps on my sandals. After all that walking, it did feel rather nice, and I rubbed my little feet appreciatively. I then swung my legs over the side, letting them dangle. My bare toes skimmed the surface of the lake… and it felt good!

Leaning back on the heels of my hands, I kicked my legs up and down. It did make me feel a little silly, but the boys urged me to keep splashing.

"All right, that's enough," Jimmy said after a while.

The boys now intent on their fishing, I stood up and walked back across the dock. I looked behind me to see the wet footprints of my bare feet on the wooden boards. My sandals were left near the edge, but I figured I didn't need them for the moment. Instead, I found a spot on the middle of the docks, and gently lay down. With my arms resting beneath my head, it was pretty comfortable. The sun shone directly above, warming my face, legs, and toes.

It was rather peaceful for a while, until I heard the sound of feet stomping on the dock, next to my head. I opened my eyes to see Jimmy staring down at me. He didn't seem too happy.

"What's the matter?" I asked pleasantly.

Alicia's cousin frowned and said, "It's not working. There aren't any fish around."

He seemed so disappointed at that moment, that I couldn't help but climb to my feet and put a comforting hand on his shoulder. This, the boy shrugged away. In response, I ran my fingers through his unruly mop of hair, and then game him a playful little shove.

"Maybe you're just not good at fishing," I teased.

That only worked to get Jimmy's ire and he turned around and said, "Yeah… well, maybe you're not really wearing a bathing suit under that shirt!"

"Jimmy," I said blushing, "didn't I already tell you that I'm wearing my bikini?"

Now the boy stood with his hands on his hips, challenging me. "That's what you said… but you won't show us! If you're really have your bathing suit on today, prove it."

"Fine, I'll show you!" I answered defiantly.

The two of us stared at each other for a moment, neither willing to yield. Barefoot, I was about the same height as the boy. It's almost like we were suddenly equals, peers on the school playground. Alicia's obnoxious cousin expected me to strip for him, remove my T-shirt, and stand on the dock in my tiny pink bikini. But I had a better idea…

With one hand, I gripped the bottom of the shirt and made sure to pull it down tight. This caused the back to ride up a bit, but I was facing Jimmy so he wouldn't see. I then reached my other hand under the shirt and found the tie at my hip. Once this was undone, it was easy for the little things to slip down my legs and fall to my feet. I stepped to the side so I could carefully bend down to pick up the fabric, and then tossed them at Jimmy.

Ohmygosh! I had just removed my bikini bottoms!

Jimmy held the material stretched between his two hands. Mesmerized, it was almost as if he couldn't believe I had been wearing these. I hoped he didn't sniff them… that would be too embarrassing! But then he balled them up in his fist and pointed at me with his other finger.

"Yeah, all right, so maybe these were all you had on," he said accusingly. "My cousin tells me you usually don't wear a bra or nothing, because you have small tits."

"Jimmy!" I cried, instinctively lifting my hands to clutch the shirt in front of my breasts. "Where did you learn to talk like that?"

The boy shrugged, but continued watching me. I felt myself heating up under his scrutiny, and really just wanted him to go back to fishing with his friend. So I slowly reached my hands behind my head… I had to be careful not to raise the hem of the T-shirt too high or else I would expose my naked pussy. Silently, my fingers slipped down my neck, finding the tie-string that kept the bikini top in place. Working this loose, I was able to then pull the fabric through the top of my shirt. This too, I threw at Alicia's cousin.

He was able to catch the bikini top with his free hand, and left me standing in just my long T-shirt. I hoped he didn’t expect me to go further! Very self-consciously, I smooth down the front of the shirt to make sure I stayed decent.

Jimmy looked at my pink bikini bottoms in one hand, the tiny top in his other, and then smiled at me. "Thanks, Erica! These will make a good lure…"

Honestly, I wasn't quite sure what to make of that statement. But I saw him turn around and run excitedly back to his friend. Running my own hand through my hair, I was a little confused about what had just happened. Had I just been tricked out of my bikini? Well, I decided, at least it got the little monster to leave me alone. I made a point to walk a bit further down the dock, putting more distance between the boys and me. Then I found a nice spot to sit down again, hugging my knees to my chest.

Some time passed, with the sun still bright in sky above. Not a cloud in sight, it was perfect weather for laying out. Part of me started to regret being dragged along to the park, missing out on the chance to do some tanning. Glancing over my shoulder, I marveled again out how private this lake location was. It's not like there were any other fishermen coming to this spot. Truly, it appeared that Jimmy was the first to discover the place. For their part, he and his friend were now happily occupied casting their lines and excited about the prospect of catching something.

Slowly, I rose to my feet. The boys didn't notice. Looking all around, there was not another soul in sight. No one was watching me. Before I could change my mind, I grabbed the back of the T-shirt and pulled it over my head! Immediately, I clutched the shirt to my body, hiding my full frontal nudity. Behind me, however, my cute little bottom wiggled out in the open, delighting in the warmth and fresh air on my back and bare butt.

I knelt down on the dock, and then lay completely on my stomach, across the width of the wooden pier. Because I am totally shaved, my pussy was sensitive coming into contact with the ground. But once I settled in, it wasn't that bad. I found my nipples were a little bit harder than I would have liked, but for once, I was glad not to have big squishy breasts. The T-shirt, of course, I draped behind me covering my naked ass. It was like at the being at a masseuse, when one has just a towel placed over their butt for modesty.

Folding my arms, I was able to rest my head, facing in the direction so I could keep an eye on the boys at the other end of the fishing pier. I had moved my hair out of the way, so that my shoulders were exposed. Oh God, this felt so nice! The sun beat down on the soles of my feet, my calves and legs and played wonderfully across my back. It wasn't too hot, just the touch of gentle rays caressing my body. Now as long as I didn't fall asleep…

"Hey Cody, do you think I can reel it in?"

I woke to the sound of Jimmy talking to his friend. Opening my eyes, I was a little groggy. How much time had went by? It couldn't have been more than a few minutes! Very conscious of my vulnerable state, I was relieved to feel the fabric of my T-shirt still covering my bottom. But then I saw that the boys were standing only several feet away from me, and Jimmy had his fishing pole.

"I don't know," the other boy said. "She looks like she's sleeping…"

My body froze as I heard Jimmy laugh, "I bet I can do it without waking her up!"

Then the next thing I knew, I watched as Alicia's cousin swung his fishing rod back, and cast the line in my direction… I didn't have time to react or anything! I just closed my eyes and curled my toes in anticipation. What was he thinking!

The line sailed over me, and I heard the metal hook hit the wood of the pier at my side.

"Missed!" Cody exclaimed.

"Oh yeah?" Jimmy said.

Only half opening one eye, I now watched the boy start to reel in the line. Sure enough, as the hook was dragged across the wooden dock, it caught on the material of the T-shirt placed over my bottom. I didn't realize just how effective these fishing hooks were. When I was about to reach my arm back to keep the shirt secure, Jimmy pulled up and lifted the T-shirt right off me!

Jimmy's friend clapped and shouted, "I see Erica's butt!"

Too late, my hand landed and made contact with the smooth skin of my uncovered bottom. Immediately I jumped to my feet in surprise. Jimmy held his fishing pole with both hands, staggering back a little as he hoisted the long T-shirt dangling on the hook. The T-shirt, the only thing I had been wearing, which now left me… completely naked!

The boys looked at me standing there, amazed about how suddenly I had been stripped.

"Oh!" I gasped, and then quickly moved my arms to cover my little tits and pussy.

But Alicia's cousin only turned around, and started running toward the end of the dock. I had no idea what he was up to, and I decided I had better chase after him. Cody giggled when I ran by him, my bare feet taking quick steps as I was hugging my body. It was frustrating because I was ashamed about losing my clothes, but being totally nude around others was also exciting. I bit my lip and shuffled closer to the water.

"Jimmy, what are you doing… " I asked shyly. "Stop playing around… don't do that!"

The boy was watching me with a mischievous look in his eye. As I inched closer on my toes, he swung the line over the lake, my T-shirt waving like a banner in the breeze. He was so obnoxious! I hated him having me in a compromising position, and I was embarrassed by the way my body was reacting. Very carefully, I held one arm tight across my breasts, hiding my extended nipples. Down below, I kept a palm covering my smooth crotch, although I could already feel the silky outer lips opening up.

"All… all right, that's enough…" I said, but I couldn't reach out an arm to grab the shirt.

Jimmy lowered the line until the shirt was just above the surface of the water, and he said, "Put your hands behind your head, Erica!"

Oh God, this couldn't be happening! The cheeks of my cute little bottom clenched nervously as I stood there. I mean, here I was just totally bare in broad daylight! The sun beat down on my shoulders as I hesitated. There was no choice really, because I needed to get that shirt back and cover up quick. What I couldn't figure out though, is what Jimmy had in mind. In the past, the boy would always make fun of me, or just tease me if I lost my clothes. But now… it's like he wanted to see me naked.

Very carefully, I crossed my legs at the ankles. I wanted to stay closed, that is, I was mortified at the thought of my pussy opening up. Then, very slowly, I lifted my arms, bringing them in back of my head. I took a deep breath. My hands were clasped over my soft hair, leaving my elbows sticking out on either side of my face. They weren't the only things sticking out…

"Pointy, pointy!" Jimmy taunted me, bobbing his fishing pole up and down.

That made me arch up on my toes, pushing my chest out further. "Jimmy… don't! Please, just let me have my clothes back!"

Alicia's cousin paused as if considering, but then replied, "First you have to walk the whole dock. Go all the way to the end, then turn around and come back here."

"But why!" I gasped, and shifting my weight, accidentally separated my legs.

Jimmy shrugged, "Alicia says you like to do stuff like this. Walk around nude…"

"That's not true!" I insisted, curling my fists behind my head.

By now, my erect nipples were sticking up toward the sky. This was so embarrassing! I was about to move my hands to hide my pink parts, when Jimmy told me that I had to make the walk with my arms at my sides. Too late, I could sense my labia unfolding and my clitoris emerging out of its hood. I desperately wanted to cover up, not put on a gynecological display. So I turned around on my heel, and started walking toward the end of the dock.

The problem was, I was now waving my pink bits in the direction of Jimmy's friend, Cody. I don't think he had moved the whole time. But now he sat with his legs crossed pretzel style, and watched me with a broad grin. I'm sure he had no idea what was going on inside me, my tummy fluttering deliciously, nor how my body was reacting. Jimmy parading me around in front of his friend must have been the height of humiliation, but also strangely arousing. My areolas were pink on top of the fair skin of my swelled-up perky breasts, each nipple extending long and hard. I wanted to reach my hand and trace a finger over this erogenous zone, but I dare not do that here!

As I walked by him, I kept my eyes lowered, focusing on putting one bare foot in front of the other. I tried not to think about the boys seeing every inch of me. It also occurred to me that Jimmy had a nice long view of my naked backside. My ass wiggled playfully with each step, my pussy lips poking briefly between my legs, which must have been a tantalizing sight. All this, I did with my arms rigidly at my sides like a model walking the catwalk.

When I reached the far end of the pier, my eyes were fixed on the tree line. I wondered if I could make a desperate run into the woods. But then, I would probably never get my clothes back. For a moment, I hesitated, standing there and wondering what to do. Before I even realized it, I had slipped a finger inside my pussy! I looked down and gasped as I touched myself, rubbing and flicking my clitoris up and down.

Well this was no good! I couldn't allow myself to masturbate with Alicia's cousin and his friend watching me. Even though it felt incredible. Reluctantly, I turned around again. At the last moment, I pulled my finger out of my pink slit. Balling my hands into fists at my sides, I began to jog back to where Jimmy waited for me. My little tits bounced up and down, my pussy lips flapping like flower petals as the breeze tickled my smooth shaven skin. By the time I reached the boy, I was breathless.

"Can I… can I have my T-shit back?" I finally asked.

Jimmy still had the material hooked on the end of his fishing line, which he held over the lake. "Why, are you embarrassed, Erica?"

"Yes!" I nearly cried, my whole body blushing from shame and arousal.

"Well, OK," Jimmy muttered. "I guess you can cover up, then."

Grateful to regain some modesty, I wrapped both arms across my breasts, hugging my chest. I then dropped down in a crouch, with knees together. In this position, I waited for the boy reel in his line. It was agonizing to watch the shirt lift higher and higher, above the surface of the water. My heart was beating fast, relishing my outdoor nudity for a moment longer.

And then a gust of wind swept over the expanse of the lake. Alicia's cousin held onto the rod with both hands, but the line swung to the side… and my T-shirt was whipped right off the hook, landing on the water in the distance!

"Jimmy!" I squealed in disbelief, crawling over to the edge of the dock.

In shock, I saw the white material floating upon gentle ripples, further and further away. But it didn't take long to get completely saturated and sink beneath the water. As I slowly raised myself to squat naked on the wooden pier, I ran one hand through my hair. My other arm reached out helplessly, and then dropped to my side. It was too late to do anything, unless I wanted to jump in the lake and search the murky bottom. I suddenly jumped up and around, to find Alicia's cousin standing behind me.

"Oh, Jimmy, what did you do!" I grabbed the boy's shirt collar in my fist, forgetting that I was totally nude in front of him.

"Hey, careful, Erica!" he dropped his fishing pole in protest and wrapped his fingers around my wrist. "You'll poke my eye out with one of those things…"

Breathless, I realized he was talking about my erect nipples. I was so humiliated, seeing them quiver just inches from his face. Letting go of my hold, I backed away several steps, bringing my arms close to cover my breasts and drape a hand in front of my pussy.

I decided to try a more tactful approach and said, "OK… Jimmy, what about my bikini? You still have that, right?"

Jimmy bent down to pick up his fishing rod, and reeled the line all the way in. "I told you, Erica, we used it for our lure. Both the top and bottom, one for me and one for Cody…"

"You're joking!" I gasped, slapping my hands on my thighs, before remembering to clasp them over my hairless crotch.

"Nah," Jimmy shrugged. "And it worked, too. We each caught a fish. But I think the lures got lost or eaten or something."

"A couple of fish ate my bikini?" I almost laughed in spite of myself. Unable to hide my skepticism, I brought my hands to my hips. "Well how about my shoes?"

"How come you don't have no hair down there?" Alicia's cousin asked as pointed a finger right at my pussy.

My face turned bright red, and I could feel my whole body blush in front of him. But I couldn't bring myself to cover up again. He seemed genuinely curious about my bare pubic mound, which was getting me excited. In fact, I was afraid to make a move, even as I sensed my clitoris poking out of its hood.

"Don't… don't change the subject," I said bashfully. "What happened to my sandals? I took them off… right over here."

The boy shrugged his shoulders, unconcerned. "They must have fallen into the lake."

This was unbelievable! I spun around and scampered along the edge of the dock where the boys had been fishing. I don't know what good they would have done me, but something about losing my last items of clothing really sent a shiver up my spine. We were at the town park, miles away from my house, and I had nothing on at all! Seeing Alicia's cousin and his friend in their own shorts and T-shirts, heightened the awareness of my nudity.

"Jimmy!" I squealed, bouncing up to the boy. "All my clothes are gone! I'm out here, STARK NAKED!"

With a smirk and a chuckle, he answered, "Yeah… I can see that, Erica. And soon, I guess those guys will, too."

"Huh?" I jerked my head to the side in surprise. "Where did they come from!"

Quickly, I grabbed the boy by his shoulders and spun him around so I could crouch behind him. Clutching the back of his shirt, I pulled him close in order to hide my nude little body. He squirmed and put up a fuss, but I didn't let go. Peering over his shoulder, I could see a group of men coming down the trail that led to the lake. They appeared to be older, fully tacked out with gear and equipment, and I counted six of them.

Jimmy twisted his head enough so that his face was next to mine and he grinned. "Looks like we weren't the only ones who knew about this fishing hole!"

I felt my knees go weak, and I was afraid I might actually have an orgasm. Certainly, the longer I stayed out here, the more likely I was to do something truly embarrassing. Biting my lip, I decided I would have to make a break for it, and run into the woods. At least there, I could hide among the trees. The problem was, Jimmy and I were down on the end of the dock that stretched over the water's edge, while the outdoorsmen were just approaching the other end.

Before it was too late, I pulled Jimmy to the side, and ran down the length of the wooden pier. I could hear him calling out after me, as he and his friend were no doubt enjoying the sight of my bouncing bare bottom.

"Hey, Erica, where are you going!" the obnoxious boy teased.

I passed by the group of fisherman, close enough to see scruffy white beards and one of the men had a cooler, probably filled with beer. Close enough, that they could see I was shaved hairless. But hopefully my naked run was a blur, and they wouldn't believe their eyes. My feet reached the gentle grass, and I didn't stop until I plunged beneath the branches and leaves of tall trees, momentarily out of view.

Ducking behind the trunk of run tree, I closed my eyes and felt the bark on my naked skin. I brought a hand up to my chest as I tried to catch my breath. There was only one thing that would calm my racing heart, I thought, cupping a breast and brushing my thumb along the very hard nipple.

"Was that girl wearing any clothes?" I heard a man ask.

Still pressing my body against the tree, I turned around so I could peer back toward the lake. I saw that the fisherman was talking to Jimmy. I knew I should have kept running, but I had to hear this explanation. Alicia's cousin looked ahead into the woods, and I think he saw where I was hiding. Then he turned back to look up at the taller man.

"Nah," he said with a wave of a hand. "That's my sister. She was sunbathing out here in a very small bikini. She gets very shy around people…"

I found myself thinking that was very sweet of the boy to lie on my behalf. That excuse didn't seem half-unreasonable. And now that I was gone, I'm sure those fishermen had figured they had just seen me in a very revealing bathing suit. That would keep them from nosing around, or chasing after me. Already, I could see them pick up their gear again and start walking toward the end of the dock.

Now I had to decide what to do. I had no clothes on… at all. Looking down, I was flustered seeing how my body was still reacting, and I ran a hand through my hair. Nipples stood proud and erect, and my shaved pussy lips were pink and spread open. Plus it was broad daylight. I really didn't want to be seen like this. Thought about trying to make my way home, but I wasn't sure about leaving Jimmy and his friend. How would I explain that to his mother?

So I would have to wait it out, and hope that the group of fishermen would not stay all day. Or maybe the boys would get bored and come looking for me. God, that would be so embarrassing! Still, for the time being, it appeared that Alicia's cousin and his friend were busy discussing their fishing hobby and had forgotten all about the naked twenty-year old girl in the woods.

I closed my eyes and clutched my little tits with both hands, sensuously rubbing my nipples against my palms. This would be a good time to find some relief, I thought to myself. But I didn't want to get caught masturbating so close to the group of people near the water. Expecting I might have a very loud orgasm, I figured they would hear me. How would I explain that to the boys!

Before waiting any longer, I turned and moved a little deeper into the trees surrounding the lake. I thought about heading toward the path we first followed to the lake, but then I worried what if more fishermen or other people started to show up. Changing directions, my bare body slipped further away from the dock, the water, and the trails. I actually found it rather sexy moving through the branches and trees, like some untamed wild animal. It was kind of arousing. I even stooped down in crouch, my bare feet stepping over dry leaves and pine needles, and tossed back my mane of soft brown hair.

It wasn't long before I found a new trail to follow. Not very wide, there was room for only one person to walk between the slender tree trunks. I figured this was good, as I was unlikely to encounter any hikers along this little path. Vaguely conscious of the where I was going, I tried to keep in mind that the lake was on my left side. I mean, I certainly did not want to get lost!

And then the path came to an end, blocked off by some logs and fallen tree limbs. Moving closer to investigate, I saw that I was all the way on the other side of the lake. Off in the distance across the water, I could make out the edge of the dock where Jimmy and Cody and the fisherman were. I wondered if they could see me.

Greatly daring, I climbed onto a large trunk that lay across the ground. My toes curled on the surface of the mossy bark, which felt kind of nice, like I was at one with nature. Slowly, I stood up and raised my arms to the sky. I almost wanted to shout… but thought better of calling attention to myself. Instead, I shook my tits in their direction. Then my hand wandered down my stomach, fingers finding my bald crotch. First I spread open my soft vaginal lips, and started stroking my pussy.

What was I doing! I thought, even as a loud moan escaped my lips and my body shuddered.

Quickly, I climbed down from the tree trunk before I could make a spectacle of myself. Turning around I found another stack of fallen limbs and logs, these effectively shielding me from view on the other side. I brought my hands to the rough surface of the bark, and peered out in this new direction. The trees ended here, giving way to a wide open field of grass. Closing my eyes, I tried to picture this setting from a different angle. Suddenly, I realized that I was near the golf course! I had no idea it was so close to the lake.

The leaves rustled overhead, and a gentle breeze blew over my naked body. I actually smiled in spite of myself, because it felt so nice. Arching up on my toes, I just enjoyed the sensations of the outdoors. Honestly, I was usually running to get home, whenever I had found myself in the woods without any clothes. Now I had some time to relax and savor the moment.

But the fleeting peaceful reverie was interrupted by the unmistakable sounds of steps crunching over twigs and branches on the ground behind me. Oh no! What, did Jimmy come looking for me? I was so embarrassed to have him sneak up on me, looking at my bare bottom. Cupping my hands to my breasts, I couldn't bring myself to turn around.

"Erica… is that you?" asked the voice of a young male, about my age.

Shyly, I looked over my shoulder. "Ty?"

Ty… the young man who worked at the golf equipment shack. The guy who went to my college. We were even in the same literature class last year. Even though this was so humiliating to be caught like this, my nipples popped out fully erect. I had to lower my hands to cup my little pussy.

"Hey, Erica," he said gently, and took a cautious step closer. "I thought it was you. I would recognize that ass… I mean, I would… well, it's just that I don't know too many other pretty girls who run around the park buck naked!"

That made me giggle, although hearing him talk about my nudity absolutely excited me! I separated my hands and lifted them to the tree in front of me. Shifting my weight to my other leg, my butt wiggled with the motion, and I wondered if he could see my pussy lips from behind.

"Um, what did happen to your clothes?" the young man asked, still confused.

I stole another glance over my shoulder and saw that he have moved up right behind me, close enough to touch me. Slowly, I turned around, keeping my hands clasped over my pink slit. My toes touched his shoes as we looked at each other.

"Is your friend Carrie around?" Ty suddenly asked, remembering our first encounter.

That actually made me annoyed, and I curled my fists and planted them on my hips. "No, she is not here! I was looking after my friend's cousin and his buddy, and the brats took my bathing suit… everything I was wearing!"

Ty brought a hand to his mouth to stifle a chuckle. "Wow, Erica… that is pretty funny. But I'm glad its just you here, without your friend… or your clothes."

"Oh," I gasped, and blushed.

Then I lowered my eyes shyly, looking down, only to see that with my hands my hips I was left totally exposed. My labia were pronounced and hanging out, and my clitoris erect, but I couldn't move my hands to cover up.

"That's one smooth…" Ty started to say. "Um, may I?"

"Mmm-hmmm," I answered, raising my arms so I could run my hands through my hair.

The young man placed his hands on my hips and bent down so that he was eye-level with my shaved pubic mound. Very slowly, he traced his finger down my body until he made contact with the pink lips of my vagina. He stroked them softly, causing me to stand up on the tips of my toes.

"Oh, wow!" I suddered.

It had been a long time since another boy touched my pussy. And at twenty-years old, I was technically still a virgin. Right then, at that moment, I decided I wanted him to take me.

Ty was already up on his feet, leaning in to kiss and suck on my nipples. He could probably tell how excited I was and that I was ready to go. His hands roamed over my body, and I was loving it! The young man moved behind me, reaching his arms around to caress and rub my stomach. When he pulled my hair to the side and kissed me on the neck, it was the most amazingly passionate moment of my life. While one hand clutched and squeezed my breast, he lowered his other arm so that he could begin fingering my pussy.

As he pulled my body close to his, I could feel his hardness press against my bare bottom. I was just waiting for him to drop his pants. Would he try to take me from behind? My mouth was watering as I closed my eyes and let him tease my nipples.

"Oh, TY… don't stop!" I cried out with pleasure. "Don't… stop…"

"Hey you! What are you doing to Erica!"

Opening my eyes, I saw Jimmy standing in front of us. I had been grinding my ass into Ty's crotch, and he had both his hands on my tits. We both froze.

"Ah, Jimmy… it's not what you think," I said, helpless.

"Is this your friend's cousin?" the young man spoke into my ear.

I couldn't believe this was happening! I really wanted to have sex with this guy! We had been flirting with each other since last year, and now I was so horny. Besides the total humiliation of being caught like this, it was incredibly frustrating.

Jimmy curled his fingers in a fist and cried, "You better not hurt her!"

That was actually kind of cute, as I could see the boy take on a fierce countenance and he stepped forward. My knight in shining armor, saving me from danger. More like saving my virginity! Still, the sentiment gave me a warm feeling in my tummy that I couldn't quite describe. Like having an older brother stick up for me on the schoolyard.

"I think I had better go," Ty said, and I could feel him adjusting his pants behind me.

I was speechless. To be interrupted like this was just so unreal… I wondered if he was upset, if he would hate me. While I wanted him to stay and pleasure me, I couldn't do anything with Jimmy standing there! Ty brushed passed me and said, maybe another time. Then he proceeded back down the trail, presumably to find the path that led to the golf course. I stood standing with arms hanging at my sides, fully nude in front of Alicia's cousin.

"What was he doing to you," the boy asked suspiciously.

"Nothing…" I stammered, blushing. "We were just… playing." Jimmy came over to stand next to me, as if making sure I was all right. "You mean like tickling you?"

Ty, the twenty-year-old guy from college, was taller than me. But Jimmy and I were about the same height. It was almost as if we were peers. I stood very still, my whole body flushed, conscious of how close I was to having an orgasm. My nipples stuck straight out, quivering. The boy walked around me, and I could sense he was budding with curiosity.

"Sort of," I said breathlessly. "Would… would you like to tickle me?"

I knew it was wrong, and I shouldn't have said it! But I was not thinking straight. My mid was in a fog, I guess I was still thinking with my body. Fortunately, Jimmy was probably just as confused, and the boy kept his distance.

"Nah," he answered, rubbing his nose. "I think we should start getting back home."

Turning my head, I was conscious of my bare profile and ashamed. "Well… how am I going to do that? All my clothes are gone…"

Jimmy moved around me, looking on the ground and at the trees surrounding us. He kicked over a log, and then found a low hanging branch. I watched as he carefully pulled off a few broad leaves.

Walking up to me, he said, "Here, Erica, you can wear this…"

The boy reached out his arm, and placed a bright green leaf right on my pussy!

"Oh! Jimmy!" I gasped. "You… you shouldn't touch me… there!"

But to my amazement, the leaf momentarily stuck to my shaved lips, which were moist and excited. I held my breath and tried not to move.

"Take these," Jimmy handed me two more leaves. "Hold 'em up to your tits. It will be like a tiny bikini, like what we said to the fishermen."

In disbelief I took a leaf in each hand, between my fingers, covering my erect nipples. "What about my butt?"

Alicia's cousin shrugged his shoulders. "You'll just have to stay facing forward, and don't turn around. Come on, let's go!"

With that, the boy spun around and started down the trail again. I saw that he had picked up a long, gnarled branch and was using it as a walking stick. Not knowing what else to do, I tiptoed after him. It was easy enough to keep the two leaves up top held daintily in front of my small breasts. I wasn't sure how long the leaf below, however, would remain on my crotch. I tried to be careful, I really did. At first, with my thighs squeezed together, the leaf stayed pressed against my pubic mound. But soon I had to take longer strides in order to keep up with Alicia's cousin.

We rounded a bend in the trail, and I recognized that we were getting closer to the dock by the lake. My heart was beating fast again. Suddenly, I looked down, and saw that my leaf covering had vanished! The nub of my clit was poking out, and I figure the contact along with the movement must have been too much. Frustrated, embarrassed, and aroused, I tossed the other leaves to the ground.

"Jimmy," I called out. "Jimmy… I'm naked again!"

Immediately I dropped down in a crouch, with my knees wide apart and my hands on the ground in front of me to keep my balance. In this position, I was aware of my pink labia hanging out, dangling, clearly visible. But there was nothing I could do about my excited pussy.

The boy stopped in his tracks, turning his head to look over his shoulder. He did not look pleased. Rather, it seemed he was annoyed that I had misplaced the leaves of my pretend bikini. He shook his head as he faced me, and I stood up swiftly, with my arms at my sides. Jimmy raised his walking stick, using it to point at my full frontal nudity.

"Maybe you like running around without any clothes," he suggested.

"No!" I insisted. "It's just that… I guess the leaves were kind of itchy. My skin is very sensitive."

I blushed, telling him this, even more so because my nipples were now pointing toward the sky. It was then I realized that I wanted to make the trip back home like this. I had done it before, of course, but not in the company of others who were dressed properly. The fact that it would be two younger boys I was supposed to be looking after, only increased my humiliation and excitement.

After a moment, Jimmy move the stick to point at my crotch. "So really, how come you don't got no hair down there?"

"Well, um," I stuttered, caught off guard. "I shave off all the hair, since, oh God! I like the way it feels… I mean looks!"

The boy scrunched up his face, as if trying to make up his mind what he thought of my private parts, which weren't so private any more. "Yeah, it does look… interesting. Is that why that guy was tickling you there?"

"Can we just get going?" I answered flustered, deciding Alicia's cousin had gotten enough of an up close examination.

I shyly cupped both hands over my pussy, and crossed my feet at the ankles. Waiting anxiously, I rubbed my toes behind my other leg. This exposure was making me hornier, if that were possible, and more embarrassed at the same time. Finally, Jimmy started moving down the path again.

"Come on, Naked Erica, it's a long way back home!" he chided me.

**34 - Erica's Thanksgiving by American Cowboy**

"Oh come on, Erica, it will be fun!" my friend Christa said, sitting atop her bed in her room.

It was the first week of November, unseasonably warm, and we were gathered at the house of my friend from college. It was the four of us, Christa and myself, along with Alicia and Carrie. The busty brunette and the buxom blonde were my close friends since high school. Now, the ginger-haired art student peered at me over the rim of her stylish black glasses.

"I don't know," I whined. "I'm just not comfortable around kids…"

At my side, Alicia giggled and pinched my arm. "You're just saying that because my cousin is always catching you naked! I swear, that boy has learned more about female anatomy from you…"

"Quit it!" I folded my arms and turned away, feeling my ears blush bright red.

Christa continued her pestering, "Well they are not little kids. They are seventh graders… practically young men and women. And I could really use your help on this project."

Her project was to create a Thanksgiving-themed feast complete with costumes and decorations. This was to be arranged at the local junior high school, and it was all part of the Art degree Christa was working toward. Carrie and Alicia were pitching in, and now they wanted me involved.

"You'll make such a cute little Indian," Carrie said.

I frowned at her and replied, "I believe the correct term is Native American."

The playful strawberry-blonde only smiled and squealed, "That's perfect! You will make a great Naked American…"

"Native American!" I repeated, feeling flustered and nervous. "Really, Carrie, you need to learn to be more sensitive."

Christa suddenly bounced off the bed and grabbed her bag. "Then it's decided! We're all in this together. Now let's go shopping."

Well! I wasn't really sure that anything had been decided, but who could argue with a trip to the mall. So I found myself trailing after the girls as we piled into Alicia car and drove off. Leaving me to wonder what I had gotten myself into. It was made clear to me there would be no backing out and that was that. With a sigh, I just resigned to being a part of the project and tried not to worry about it. Then I could enjoy the rest of the day.

The next three weeks seemed to fly by. Now Thanksgiving was only a few days away, and I know kids all over were looking forward to the holiday break, even us kids going to college. Yet here I was, standing in the girls bathroom of a junior high school, surrounded by my friends, Christa, Alicia, and Carrie.

The seventh grade classroom had already been prepared for the feast, and that was fun. But now it was time to change into our costumes. Alicia and Christa were going as Puritan women, in their long black dresses and white kerchiefs over their heads. To my surprise, Carrie actually put her hair up and dressed like a boy Pilgrim, complete with the tall black hat and a toy popgun. She was adorable in her puffed out pants and buckle shoes. There was something strangely erotic about this beautiful young woman wearing these old fashioned men's clothes.

Now I was stripped down to my underwear, which made me very embarrassed because my other friends were all covered up. Carrie handed me a doeskin loincloth and I quickly tied it on at my waist. The brown tasseled hem barely reached past the crotch of my panties. And I was pretty sure I was showing too much hip and leg. But before I could say anything, Alicia was behind me unhooking my bra!

"Hey!" I cried, startled and embarrassed.

Christa held up the matching doeskin top and explained, "Really Erica, the Indians weren't running around in those lacy things back then! This is much more authentic."

Submissively, I dropped my arms and allowed Alicia to come around so she could pull my bra off my body. I closed my eyes knowing that my breasts were feeling quite perky today, and… oh! I could sense my nipples sticking out, almost wiggling.

"Here, you better put this on," Christa's infectious giggle caused me to open my eyes again.

Before I could be further humiliated, I grabbed the top and hurried to get it in place. It kind of tied on like a bikini, with durable strings that fastened at the back of my neck. There were tassels that hung down in front, but my tummy was left quite bare. I had to admit, the feel of the soft material on my skin felt really nice. Adjusting the top to make sure I was covered, I then walked over and slipped my feet into a pair of boots.

"I figured these might go with this outfit," I said shyly to the other girls looking at me.

Carrie folded her arms in disapproval. "This isn't Cowboys and Indians, Erica! And Indians didn't wear cowboy boots!"

"Native Americans…" I started to remind her.

"Just take them off," my friend insisted. "You'll have to go barefoot, like a good little Indian princess."

I clutched my hands to my chest, looking around with wide eyes. The girls said nothing, waiting for me to continue. So I obediently lifted my legs, though reluctantly stepping out of the boots. I watched as Alicia gathered all my things to be taken back to the classroom. Arching up on my toes, I was starting to feel a little nervous.

"Something is still not quite right," Carrie declared, eyeing me critically.

Christa then opened up her bag and found what was missing. She pulled out a simple headdress. Really it was just a band, and had a single soft feather sticking up in the back. The detailed-orientated Art student walked over to my side and placed the final part of the costume on my head. I had to reach up myself, checking that the band was secure around my hair, and I could feel it was a snug fit.

At that moment, with my hands positioned on top of my head, Carrie stepped in front of me so she could stick her fingers under my loincloth.

"Wh- what…" I gasped, startled.

In one quick motion, Carrie yanked my panties down my legs completely! Christa and Alicia were on either side of me, holding me steady. This allowed the strawberry-blonde to take one foot in her hand as she slipped the fabric free and then removed them from my other foot. She stood up, twirling the material around her finger.

"There," she said triumphantly. "Now you look perfect, Erica!"

My hands darted down from the feather, to the doeskin cloth, which was the only thing covering my bare crotch. "How…"

"She's even talking like an Indian," Alica giggled.

I turned to look at my friend in surprise. "Seriously! I cannot go out into the school like this! I'm barefoot, and… I'm hardly wearing anything at all…"

Christa did a slow walk around me. I could tell she was actually considering going ahead with this! When they told me I would be dressed in a Native American costume, I never thought it would be an outfit so risky! And to be paraded around in front of a class of Junior high school students, like this.

"No, no, it's not that bad," Christa said, apparently warming up to the idea. "This is much closer to an authentic representation, Erica."

Speechless for a moment, I could only reply, "But… my underwear!"

Carrie grabbed her gun and took me by the wrist with her other hand. "Don't worry so much. Let's go!"

Alicia in her pilgrim woman outfit moved ahead to open the door. With Christa behind me, I was dragged out of the restroom and into the school hallway. There were some students about, and they watched us with great interest. They pointed and laughed, but more so in a spirit of fun and enjoying the holiday. No one seemed to think I was inappropriately dressed. My little bare feet slapped over the floor as we marched toward the seventh grade classroom. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad.

Then, Carrie leaned in close and whispered in my ear, "God, you look sexy!"

That made my face blush bright red, and I could feel my nipples poking beneath the doeskin top. I suddenly felt very self-conscious again, but now it was too late. The teacher greeted us at the door and invited us inside.

"Don't you ladies look wonderful!" she said with great enthusiasm. "What splendid costumes! Good job, Christa. Now I will leave the students in your care until I return later this afternoon."

The classroom had been festively decorated for Thanksgiving. In addition to the autumn colors, there were harvest scenes and Indian tribal colors. The desks were pushed together to make a large banquet table, around which all the students were seated. They were all prepared for a sumptuous feast.

I kind of stood shyly off to the side, while Christa talked to the boys and girls about the importance of this day of remembrance. She told them about how grateful the Pilgrims were to have the assistance of the Native Americans to get them through that first rough year in the New World. It was at that point, she signaled me to bring out the first platter of food, just like we had rehearsed.

Of course, when we were going through her lesson plan, I had been fully dressed. Now I was scantily clad in a loincloth and basically a bikini top. I looked at Christa and silently shook my head. She in return, shot me a glance so fierce, that I really had no choice but to follow her instructions. So I started to walk to the table on the side where all the food was prepared.

Moving slowly, so as not to reveal too much, I felt like all eyes were upon me. While my friends were dressed in baggy, conservative clothes, I had much of my slender twenty-year-old body on display. I imagined the students enjoyed the stark contrast, the show of my bare tummy as well as my arms and legs and feet. Trying not to make eye contact, I reached the table and picked up a tray of sliced turkey meat.

Christa went on to explain how the Native Americans showed the Pilgrims the best places to hunt, in order to make their provisions most bountiful. She was really doing a great job, and Carrie was hamming it up with the toy popgun. Finally, I placed the platter on the center of the stable and stepped back toward the front of the classroom.

All the students looked at me and thanked me, as if they were real Pilgrim boys and girls. That actually made me smile, and created a warm feeling in my tummy. That is until, one boy in the back of the room.

"She doesn't look like a real Indian," he stated.

I thought that was a bit obnoxious, since of course we were only pretending. It's not like I ever claimed such heritage. For that matter, my friends were not real Pilgrims, and Carrie was certainly not a man! But that did not seem to bother the other students who were now mumbling in agreement. Somehow, it was only me who they decided, did not fit the part.

I figured it was probably because of my fair complexion. These students were probably used to reading their history books and seeing pictures of Native Americans with more brown or reddish skin. And my hair was soft brown, coming down to my bare shoulders, instead of long, black and braided. But seriously, what were they expecting?

Carrie was crouched down between a couple of girls, who were sharing some reading material. Evidently, it contained pictures of the Mayflower, and the Pilgrims being greeted by the Natives. Another boy found a book about the various tribal people and showed this to Carrie as well.

"I see what you mean," my friend said.

The young woman dressed as a Pilgrim stood up and walked back toward the front of the room, moving behind me. I felt her hand on my shoulders and I froze.

"It seems the boys and girls are used to seeing Indians bare-chested…" Carrie giggled.

Before I could react, or say or do anything, the girl had her fingers on the leather tie string. It came undone quickly, and then Carrie reached up to unravel the tie behind my neck. Sweeping her hand in front of me, she pulled the doeskin top completely off.

And just like that, I found myself standing before thirty students with my small tits sticking out! In fact, I was up here in front of everybody only in a loincloth! Alicia and Christa looked shocked at first, but then broke out in laughter as the seventh graders cheered their approval.

Carrie held the material over her head for everyone to see. She then went on to explain how the Native Americans taught the Pilgrims to use animal skins to make all sorts of helpful and wonderful things. I'm sure she was making this up as she went along. I watched as she gave my top away to one of the girls, who delighted in the soft pliable leather. Rubbing my bare toes behind my other leg, I lifted my hands to hide my elongated nipples.

But Christa was soon at my side, moving my arms out of the way. "Erica is a shy little Indian!"

"We can't be doing this!" I hissed, my eyes darting around the room.

The college Art student only rubbed my arm affectionately saying, "Just play it off as being natural. It certainly is more realistic. And since the teacher isn't here, I guess I'm in charge… and I say it's OK! Besides, female Native Americans weren't self-conscious about their chests."

"Well I am!" I sputtered, feeling my whole body blush.

The girls then left me, so they could attend to the rest of the feast. For a moment, I just stood there, trying hard not to cover my breasts because that would draw attention to my embarrassment. I felt like I was standing up in front of the class in just my panties. But as I slowly started to move and walk on my bare tiptoes around the corner of the room, I realized it was much worse.

I was now even more sensitive to the soft flaps of the loincloth bouncing over my pussy and my bottom. There was nothing covering my sides, only the twined strings across my hips like a bikini. I was sure that if any of the seventh-graders got too curious, they might easily peek beneath the single item of clothing that I was wearing. Not to mention my exposed nipples, which were so erect!

Rubbing my arm just above my elbow, I used my other hand to reach down and make sure that the front loincloth stayed in place. I had made it to the table where we had set up refreshments and other desserts. Here, I hoped I could remain mostly out of the way, and let Christa, Alicia, and Carrie take care of the rest.

But attending to all thirty students, the girls had their hands full. Suddenly, one of the boys seated at the side of the table closer to me, was asking for more grape juice. I looked around, then realizing that he expected me to refill his cup. Nervously, I picked up the pitcher and walked over to his chair. This was as near as I had been to any of the students.

He held his drinking glass firmly on the table, and I had to bend over so I could pour the juice without spilling any. Straightening myself again, I thought that wasn't so bad. And then his friend on the other side of me, gulped down his drink, asking me to fill it back up. With a sigh, I turned and bent down and proceeded to pour the juice out of the pitcher.

Behind me, I felt a little tug on the loincloth. I looked over my shoulder, to see the young man inspecting the material.

"Please," I said quietly, "Please don't play with that…"

The boys giggled, which made me blush. But he did let go and I was free to return to the food and refreshments station. Now I watched as they continued to turn around and laugh. I decided I had better move to another part of the room. So with my little tits sticking out, I stepped lightly toward the back of the classroom and walked around the table. A couple of girls stopped me, and one of them told me that I was pretty.

"Thank you," I said shyly, reaching up a hand to tease the ends of my hair.

Noticing the books that were open on the table before them, I recognized these girls as the ones Carrie had been chatting with. Her friend had the doeskin top that my friend had given away! She had the soft leather stretched out and was stroking it like she might a furry pet.

The girl looked up at me and said, "This is so nice. Did it come as part of a set?"

"I think so," the other seventh grade girl said, lifting up my front loincloth.

"Um, please be careful," I told them, trying not to point out that I had nothing on underneath.

"I wish I could have been an Indian," the first girl said, holding up the top to her own budding chest.

Her friend rubbed the front of my loincloth and asked excitedly, "Oh! Can we try this on as well?"

"Girls, no!" I started, feeling very flustered and embarrassed. "I'm sorry…"

"But why not?" they both whined in unison.

I squatted down between the two of them, and drew them close. My voice was barely above a whisper as I explained the loincloth was the only piece of clothing I was wearing. I didn't want anyone else to hear.

Then one of the girls stood up and offered me her seat. "You must be tired from standing, especially since you aren't wearing shoes!"

Well, I had to admit it would be nice to sit down even just for a minute. I slid over onto the chair, and carefully crossed my legs. Reaching my hand lower, I rubbed my heel and bare toes. It felt sort of strange sitting at the table like this, surrounded by the other Junior high school students. Many of them were as tall as me, so I practically fit in.

"Now we can have a closer look at this one," the girl said, quickly untying the straps at my hip.

I was alarmed, but afraid to jump out of the seat. "No! You can't… I'll be completely naked…"

"You still have your Indian headdress," the other young lady pointed out, gently patting the feather that stuck up behind my head.

Self-consciously, I lifted my hands to touch the leather band around my hair and forehead, making sure it was secure in place. In that moment, the other student finished the knot and was able to whip the loincloth right off me! Stunned, I sat there… nude at the table!

The girl held the material against the front of her pants and twisted around to show her friend. "You know, we read that the Native Americans helped teach the Pilgrims how to dress warmly for the winter."

The girls continued to giggle and chat. Amazingly, I felt myself getting turned on! Well how could I not, being unclothed in a junior high classroom surrounded by dozens of young people. It was my worst nightmare, and the humiliation only began to increase my arousal.

At that moment, the door opened, as the teacher returned to check on how things were going.

"Hide me!" I squeaked.

"No, just stay where you are," the girl standing up advised, while rubbing my bare shoulders. "I bet she won't even notice."

Her friend sitting next to me reached over and squeezed my thigh. "Pretty cool, huh?"

I watched as the teacher walked over to Christa on the other side of the room. She said that everything looked wonderful, and the students nearby nodded in agreement. Luckily, I was all the way in the back, and did my best blend in. I wished I could turn invisible.

"And where is your friend who was dressed as an adorable little Indian?" the teacher asked.

Alicia moved in to take the woman by the arm and answered, "Oh, Erica has been very helpful. She has been spending extra time with the boys and girls to make sure they understand the true spirit of cooperation between the Native tribal people and the first settlers."

Hearing that statement made me blush, and I wondered if my friends had known about my predicament. It seemed odd that they had left me on my own for so long. But I saw now that Alicia's explanation had satisfied the teacher, as she started to depart from the classroom.

Pulling the white tablecloth over my lap, I kept my legs crossed and began to bob my foot up and down. By squeezing my thighs together and contracting my vaginal muscles, I was able to create a rather nice sensation. I was starting to feel really good, in a bad way.

Suddenly, a boy slid his chair next to me. "Hey, what's your Indian name?"

"Wha… What?" I stammered. "I don't understand…"

"Come on," he insisted, "the Natives had tribal names, like Pocahontas, right? Are you still wearing your costume?"

The news must have spread around this side of the table. His questions had me flustered. I turned my head, and saw the girls waving my doeskin top and the loincloth.

One of them spoke, "She was showing how the Indians cared for the Pilgrims by giving us her clothes."

The boy grinned. "Yeah? Then I guess your Indian name can be Running Bear. Although you better make that, B-A-R-E! So how about you run over and get me more juice."

"Oh!" I gasped as the students around me giggled and teased. "But… but…"

All of a sudden, it was like I was back in high school. The way things would get out of control, events leading me to do things I never thought I would do. I could see the eager, curious look in their eyes and I knew these students wanted to see me naked. It made me feel so excited, and guilty at the same time! I found myself placing my feet on the floor and pushing back the chair.

Then I slowly stood up, arms at my sides. They looked at me, at my full frontal nudity, completely bare from head to toe. Everyone was looking at me!

Realizing that I could not remain in the classroom like this, I spun around and started to walk quickly around the side of the room. This allowed more people watching my pointy nipples quiver and my tight bottom bouncing. Only when I reached the front of the classroom did I shyly cup a hand over my pussy and hide my breasts.

"Erica, what happened to the rest of your outfit?" Carrie laughed.

Confused, as it did not seem I had much to begin with, I asked, "Rest?"

"You still have your Indian feather," the strawberry-blonde pointed with her chin.

Like playing a game of "Simon Says", I felt compelled to lift my hands up to touch the feather attached to the headband. I lifted both my hands, leaving them in that position. In this way, I stood totally naked before the class… my shaved pussy lips parted, and I could feel my clit becoming erect. Closing my eyes, I shuddered.

"Carrie," I whispered. "I need to go… I'm very horny, and I can't stay here!"

When my friend's heavy sleeve brushed past my elbow, I had to open my eyes again. She was headed for the classroom door, where she opened it up and took a peek outside into the hallway. Then she pointed to two boys along the side of the table, the two who had been pestering me earlier.

"You and you," Carrie said with authority. "Come up here."

The young gentlemen were all too happy to oblige. Alicia and Christa moved over as well, standing in front of me to shield my body from the rest of the class.

"What's going on here?" my two friends dressed as Puritan women both asked.

Carrie had her toy popgun and pointed it at me. "It seems Erica has been a naughty little Indian, and must be cast out of the tribe. Boys, do you think we could chase her all the way to the playground?"

My eyes went wide in shock.

One of the seventh-graders rubbed his shirt across his nosed then answered, "Yeah, I guess. What happens if we catch her?"

"Well, let's give her a head start…" the twenty-year-old blonde who was herself dressed up like a Pilgrim smiled so mischievously, it made my erect nipples stand straight up!

Then, just like that, she fired her toy gun, which made a loud pop and sent a cork connected by a string in my direction. It hit me in the tummy and made me jump, the whole class erupting in laughter. Suddenly, the mood had changed from a Thanksgiving feast, to more like a Salem witch hunt! Taking my cue, I dashed out of the classroom, fully naked into the school hallway.

Oh my gosh! I thought to myself, strangely remembering to adjust the Indian feather and headband. Out here it was quieter, but the stillness of the corridor made me very aware of my nudity. A little further down I crept, until I could hear the muffled sounds coming from other classrooms. What if a teacher walked out of her room! I quickly clasped both hands over my pussy and spun around.

Desperately, I thought I should head for the girls bathroom. Maybe my clothes were still there. I honestly don't remember if Alicia had taken them with her. I looked over my shoulder, then jogged through the hallway, my bare bottom bouncing playfully. If only I wasn't in some junior high school… this was so humiliating!

And then I heard voices coming from around the corner. Carrie, maybe? But instead it was an older woman's voice and another lady. It might be a school administrator… and a class mother! I was horrified at the thought of being caught running around without any clothes on. So I considered my options in a panic. The boys had said I could run out onto the playground. Maybe that was a good idea, and I should leave the school building.

The voices grew closer as my bare feet slapped over the tiles. I had to think quick… which way was the exit? I paused after I passed by some festive holiday decorated bulletin boards. My nipples and pussy quivered, my whole body seemed to tingle.

"Oh…" I moaned, as I scanned the hallway to make sure the coast was clear.

Before I knew it, I was streaking past the main office. Hopefully any secretaries would be too preoccupied to watch me running through the hallway. I glanced again over my bare shoulder, to see that no one was following me. But then I looked straight ahead, only to nearly stumble into a student who was dressed for hall monitor duties.

The boy was wearing a bright orange sash that was slung over his shoulder and fastened at the hip. His eyes were wide as he raised a hand, effectively stopping me in my tracks. I stood with my arms dangling at my sides, eyeing the hall monitor sash longingly. It would have fit nicely over my slim body, effectively shielding one breast and maybe hang low enough to cover my crotch.

"Um," the junior high school boy stammered.

"Ah…" I started to explain, "Is this the way out of the school?"

The boy looked me over from head to toe and then asked, "Do you have a hall pass?"

"Look!" I answered, feeling incredibly flustered, "I'm completely naked! I don't have anything on me…"

"Oh, but you're dressed like an Indian," the hall monitor observed.

His mention of my minimal costume caused me to lift my hands again self-consciously to the headband. My tits stuck out a little further, or I should say, my elongated nipples. Then I turned around, afraid that someone would be coming around the corner at any moment. This gave the boy a nice view of my feather from behind, if that's what he was looking at.

"Yes, I was helping out at the seventh grade Thanksgiving feast, and I lost the rest of my costume in an accident," I confessed.

Cupping my hands over my shaved pubic mound, I glanced over my shoulder at the boy. I told him that I needed to leave because I was so embarrassed about what had happened. He seemed to genuinely feel sorry for me. Holding out his arm, he pointed the way to the exit.

"Thank you," I said shyly. "And please don't tell anyone you saw me like… this." As I crossed my arms in front of my bare body, I proceeded to jog down the length of the hallway until I reached the exit. The whole time, my cute little ass wiggled and bounced, making me feel very horny. I couldn't wait to be alone. Pushing the door open, I checked to see that no one was immediately outside the school building. I turned my head to look back down the corridor, where the hall monitor was watching me. Very slowly, I stuck my slender leg outside and wiggled my toes. Then I pulled the rest of myself through, walking outside totally naked!

I shivered a bit, but more out of excitement than because I was cold. Actually, I was rather warm, and the fresh air felt nice on my skin. Slipping a finger inside my pussy, I found I was quite hot! Right there, I started masturbating, on the steps of the junior high school.

"There she is!" someone shouted.

Opening my eyes halfway, I saw three people coming straight at me. It was Carrie, I realized, and the two boys from Christa's classroom. Oh, why now! I looked down, and saw that I still had a finger between my soft, silky, pink folds of skin. This, I removed, and stood with my arms at my sides for a second feeling ashamed and blushing.

It's like they knew I would emerge out of this doorway. As surely as my clitoris emerged out of its hood, fully erect for all to see. So I placed a palm in front of my pussy and swung my other arm out as I started to run off to the side.

"Don't let her get away!" Carrie called out.

Get away? Where could I possibly go? We were still on school property, and that thought frightened me and thrilled me at the same time. I ran barefoot across the parking lot, spotting the playground over by the grass and some trees. It looked like there were a number of places to hide, as long as the kids didn't come out for recess. Well, I could hide from anyone leaving the building, but Carrie and the boys saw exactly where I was going.

Halfway toward the edge of the asphalt pavement, the boys caught up with me. Nude, I had stepped daintily on my tiptoes, aware of my delicate pink parts on display in broad daylight. But the boys in their sneakers had no trouble closing the distance. They came up beside me and took me by the wrists, one on each side. In this way, they deliberately walked me over to the swing sets.

Here they made me sit while we waited for Carrie to join us. The black rubber seat felt nice on my bottom. I crossed my legs, keeping my toes raised off the ground, and covered my small tits with my hands. The young woman who was dressed as a pilgrim approached the three of us and stood in front of me.

"Well, boys, what have you found?" she asked, smiling.

One of the young men behind me said, "We caught a wild Indian!"

"Native American," I squeaked, and started bobbing my foot up and down.

Carrie bent down and took both my feet in her hands. Gently, she separated them, spreading my legs wide apart. I was revealing a lot, but I knew she wanted me to stay in that position.

The strawberry-blonde young woman looked over at the seventh graders. "And what do we do with a captured Native?"

The boys thought for a moment before one of them said, "I was watching some old movies, with Cowboys and Indians… sometimes they would scalp them."

"Well, as you can see," my friend pointed directly at my bald crotch, "this little Indian doesn't have much hair on her body. But let's tie her up!"

I almost jumped out of the swing, shocked by her suggestion. But Carrie was standing in front of me, and my legs were opened invitingly, making me aroused and ashamed at the same time. The boys on either side of me grabbed my arms, pulling them away from my body. At once, my perky breasts were exposed and Carrie leaned forward to flick my nipples.

"Oh…" I moaned.

Taking my arms, the two young men brought them to the chain links that hung from above, supporting the swing seat. They then began to wind some sort of rope around my wrists, tying me to the chains. I squirmed and kicked my bare feet up and down, but it was no good.

"It was a good idea to grab these jump ropes," one of them said.

In protest I cried, "Do you treat the other girls in your class like this!"

Actually, the thought of being a girl back in junior high school and getting stripped stark naked on the playground by my classmates was very exciting. In a sense, these boys were fulfilling a fantasy of mine, and I felt an orgasm building. I struggled against the ropes and chains one more time, and then planted my heels in the ground.

The three Pilgrims now stood in front of me, seeing every inch of my unclothed body.

"I guess you can take her feather as a trophy," Carrie offered.

One boy ran behind me, the other move forward, practically climbing on top of me. Together they reached for the Native American headband, lifting it off my hair. I whimpered, completely nude and helpless. In fact, now that they had the feather, I felt like they had removed everything I was wearing… stripped entirely!

I bucked my hips once, as a pearl drop of cum formed just below my pink clitoris.

"OK, boys, you can go back to class now and show the others how you dealt with the Indian," Carrie instructed.

"Cool!" they both shouted, and with the headband and feather in hand, then ran back to the school building.

A little dazed, I shook out my shoulder-length brown hair. I tried to stand up, but I was tied to the swing. My pussy quivered and twitched as Carrie took a step closer to me, lowering her popgun.

"Carrie, why did you do this to me?" I asked breathlessly. "I am so close… this is so humiliating!"

In reply, my friend pulled the trigger, ejecting the toy cork on a string. Although it did not hit me, the sound made my body jump and spasm. Carrie grinned and took the cork between her thumb and forefinger. She lifted it to her mouth first, sucking on it and getting it nice and wet. Then she lowered her hand so she could rub the cork next to my pussy lips.

"And what would you be most thankful for, Erica?" the strawberry-blonde asked in a sultry voice.

I was now beginning to experience convulsions as my toes curled and I clenched my fists. "Please… please make me cum!"

Carrie put the toy gun down, and then removed her tall pilgrim hat. She unloosed the tie and shook out her mane of red and golden hair. She looked beautiful.

"Now it's time for me to enjoy a holiday feast," the girl giggled.

Placing her hands on my thighs, she crouched down and brought her head between my legs.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

**35 – Erica’s Paint Job**

My stepbrother Robert and I were going to be spending some time together, as we agreed to help paint inside my grandmother's house. She lived at a stately old home on a large property, that hadn't been fixed up for a while. The house itself was a Victorian, so it was at least a hundred years or older.

I should clarify that Robert, again, is my stepbrother and the son of my father from a previous marriage. It was my father's mother that we were helping, so I guess that would make her my step-grandmother as well. I never got to see her much, and didn't really know her. For that matter, she was off vacationing in Europe and we wouldn't even be meeting this time. Robert and I would have the whole house and property to us.

My brother was a couple of years older than me, and in fact he was just out of college. We rarely had a chance to hang out together, since high school it seemed. I was always running around with my friends and he had his own social circles. Now the two of us could catch up a little. That was good, I guess. But I suddenly started feeling nervous once we were in his car and heading off for his grandmother's house.

She lived about two hours away, which meant this could be a long awkward drive. I was dressed in white overalls with a cute pink shirt underneath. The pants came down to just above my calves, leaving my lower legs bare. I had sneakers on, but wasn't wearing any socks. Remembering how I looked in the mirror that morning, I thought it was a pretty cute ensemble. Now I shifted my gaze to Robert as we drove in silence, and then stared straight ahead again. I was wondering if he thought I looked cute.

My stray thoughts wandered, as I recollected that he had already seen me naked twice. Not something simple like a quick flash pulling on a top or changing out of a swimsuit; but he had seen me completely, totally nude from head to toe and under very embarrassing circumstances. Both times had been in my senior year of high school. Once when I had just turned eighteen, and again right after graduation. Both times, after Robert had seen me without any clothes on, I had run to my room and masturbated. I had secretly fantasized about him watching me.

My mind and emotions were getting all confused now. I don't know if my body had developed much since then. I had always been slim, and smooth. Smooth as in, not a hair on my body beneath my eyebrows. My breasts were small and perky sometimes, with long nipples when I was excited. And I had an adorable little bottom, or so some friends had told me. But the burning question inside me was… would Robert be curious about what I looked like now, two years later? I shifted uncomfortably in the passenger seat next to him.

"Hey, Erica, what's wrong?" he turned his head and asked.

I crossed my legs and fussed and sighed, before stammering, "Nothing!"

"All right, kiddo," he replied, using his affectionate nickname for me. "Just put on some music. We will be there in no time."

And so we turned on the radio for some background distraction. At least he let me pick the station. This helped me relax a bit. Soon I was able to take my thoughts off those embarrassing moments of the past. I could look forward to working with him and just having fun, while helping our grandmother.

We approached the property from a quietly meandering road. There really was a lot of privacy out here. The closest neighbor on either side could not be seen from the house. Robert drove up the long driveway and parked the car. As we both got out, I walked around to the back so I could take some of the paint cans.

"I already brought over some of the other supplies we need," he explained.

Nodding my head, I had the handle of one can in my grip, while Robert carried two. From the size of the house, I figured we were going to need a lot more. Then for some reason, an unrelated memory from my high school days came back to me. Walking next to my stepbrother, I blushed and lowered my eyes.

Robert caught my sudden shyness and grinned, "What?"

"Well…" I started slowly, bouncing the can of paint against my thigh as we climbed toward the house. "I was just thinking… remembering… there was a time I was naked in the high school auditorium."

Shaking his head with a laugh, Robert said, "Yeah, I know. Graduation. I was there, remember?"

Actually, I was shocked to find myself sharing this even as I continued, "No… I'm not talking about that event. There was another time…"

"Another?" now it was his turn to act shocked.

I bit my lip as the two of us approached the front door. "Once, when I was maybe sixteen, we all got called down to the auditorium for an assembly. It was like the entire sophomore class. My friends Alicia, Carrie… and Lisa were there."

"And what happened?" Robert asked, holding the door open to let me through.

"They started teasing me," I told him truthfully, "and they got me in trouble. The teacher, Mrs. Green, I think…"

My stepbrother chuckled, "Yeah, I remember her. Go on, kiddo."

"Well, she scolded me, and told me to sit still. I was so embarrassed. But she told me to sit absolutely still, and not to make any noise. The girls took advantage of the situation, and with the lights down, started to undress me!"

Robert ushered me into a spacious room, where all the furniture had been moved out. He put down the two heavy paint cans, and I did the same. I noticed that there were white sheets laid out over the hardwood floor in preparation. There were more cans of paint against a wall, as well as the brushes. It looked like we would be all set to begin. I wondered if I should drop the subject.

"So, then what," Robert finally asked. "I mean, they just were messing with you and unbuttoned your shirt or something?"

Strolling around the room, I saw there would be a lot of space to work in. Two doorways on opposite sides led deeper into the house. And I think around the corner, I spotted a large spiral staircase. I paused, and glanced over my shoulder.

"No, no… they started by taking off my shoes," I told him. "But I couldn't do anything about it. So then they peeled off my socks…"

At this point, I crossed my legs, and stepped one foot on top of the other. Pushing down, I was able to pop my heel out of the sneaker. Slowly, I lifted my foot out completely, and then kicked off my other sneaker. I twirled around, standing up on my bare tiptoes to face Robert.

"So you were barefoot, Erica," his gazed lowered to look at my pretty feet. "Just like you are now…"

I nodded my head and replied, "But the girls didn't stop! They took off my skirt next, and then my blouse… leaving me sitting in the auditorium in just my underwear!"

My last words came a little breathless, and I could feel my heart beating faster. Oh my God, did he expect me to provide a demonstration right here, as part of telling the story? I didn't think I could go that far. Undress right now in front of Robert? I mean, I kind of wanted to, but I couldn't. I realized I had better finish this up before things got out of hand.

Waving my hand dismissively, I continued, "Yeah, well… the girls made me take off my panties, and Alicia who was sitting behind me, unclasped my bra. Once they pulled it off, there I was… sitting buck naked in the auditorium surrounded by a hundred students. Pretty stupid, huh?"

Robert was quiet for a moment before he smiled, "It must have been pretty wild. Your friends are crazy…"

I lowered my eyes bashfully, clutching my hands behind my back. What I didn't tell him was that after I was nude, I had played with myself and had an orgasm. But I think he knew I was embarrassed about the episode. Although I'm sure he sensed there was more that I was not telling. Oh God, now I was making myself horny!

"Um, I guess we should stop wasting time," I mumbled and pointed my chin at the paint cans.

The young man in his mid-twenties shook his head and laughed, as if my little story had been a mere diversion to keep us from doing any work. He moved past me and found one set of cans. Popping the lids, Robert began the mix the colors together until they were a creamy butterscotch. I watched as he stirred the paint, almost mesmerized by the smooth languid circles.

"All right, kiddo," he said handing me a brush. "Start over on that side, but don't paint too close to the door."

I said that I understood, and then with brush in hand, skipped barefoot across the room. It wasn't until after I started, that I noticed Robert had picked out a wall on the opposite side to begin with. He was keeping some distance between us. I turned to face him and pouted, then stuck my tongue out at him like a brat.

It was probably good that we didn't work too close together, so I could keep my mind on my work. On the one hand, I was a little annoyed as if he didn't appreciate my company. Then I thought how humiliating it would be if he knew my secret thoughts. But finally, as I continued to paint my side of the room, I was feeling more and more playful.

After about an hour, we had made some good progress. I had reached the edge of the open doorway, leaving a half a foot of space as I was instructed. In this way, I was able to put down my brush and touch my fingers to the unpainted wall as I leaned forward into the next room.

"Hey, Robert…" I called out. "Where do these stairs lead?"

The young man, busy working, looked over at my slender form hovering in the doorway. "Where do you think they lead? Upstairs! There are some old rooms up there, but they are unused. Grandmother can't be bothered to climb stairs anymore."

"Oh," I answered softly. "OK… do you think it's all right if I have a look?"

Now Robert put down his paintbrush. "Come on, Erica, stop fooling around. There's nothing up there… just old, empty dusty rooms!"

"Then I won't be but a moment!" I giggled and ran through the doorway.

As my feet slapped over the wooden floors, I reached the staircase and paused. Would he follow me, I wondered. After waiting a moment, I lifted my leg and began to climb the winding steps. They took me high onto the second floor, and Robert was right. It was pretty empty and quiet up here. There was hardly any furniture at all. Just an odd end table shoved against the wall, and the occasional old-fashioned lamp, which I could trace my fingers around.

Walking more slowly, I stayed close to the balcony. This house must contain so many memories, I thought. Maybe I could make a few memories of my own today. My hand absently played with the buckle on my overalls, even unfastening it. This allowed me to swing the strap lightly as I paced the deserted hallway.

I had the sudden idea to strip naked, and then walk back into the room downstairs. I would act all innocent, and see if Robert noticed. That made me giggle to myself. Of course he would notice! He would see my small perky tits and erect nipples, as well as my completely shaved pussy…

"Oh my God, what am I doing?" I said as I shook my head. "This is nonsense!"

Banishing these thoughts, I proceeded to turn around, preparing to stroll back down the staircase. Getting naked in front of Robert might have been a fantasy of mine, but it didn't mean I would act on it. My hand came to rest on the ornate handrail at the top step.

Then I was struck by an alternative thought. Perhaps it was a bit much for me to go bare-assed nude in front of the young man, but maybe I could try the next best thing. I hurried back to the side and peered over the balcony. No sign of Robert come looking for me. I then quickly unsnapped the other button of my white overalls, and let the top half fall to my waist.

Since I wasn't wearing any shoes, it was easy for me to let the pants drop the rest of the way down my legs, and just walk out of them. With my overalls lying crumpled on the floor, I grabbed the bottom of my pink shirt and pulled it up, completely over my head. I wasn't wearing a bra today, so I was now topless as I let the article of clothing slip to the ground. Before I could change my mind, I immediately tugged on my panties, lowering them to my feet, and then stepping out of my underwear.

For a brief second, I savored my secret nudity. Robert had no idea I was standing up here in my bare birthday suit, and the realization was delicious! However, I promptly retrieved my overalls and began to pull them onto my legs. I gave a little jump when I tugged them up, the seam of the material making contact with my hairless crotch. Finally, I brought the straps over my bare shoulders and fastened the buttons.

"There!" I breathed in satisfaction.

Then, before I could change my mind, I bent down to scoop up my panties and shirt. I couldn't believe I had been wearing so little today. And now I was wearing eve less! It was as though my body was acting on impulse, as I dashed down the hallway into a side room. Across the floor I crept until I came to a window that faced outside. Using the two pieces of clothing to protect my soft hands, I was able to push against the wooden frame and lift up.

I poked my head outside, enjoying a clear view of the expansive property. The sky was bright blue and the fresh air was pleasantly warm. And then I tossed my shirt and panties out the window! They floated on the breeze as the items were carried gently away from the house and drifted toward the ground. I had only a vague idea where they landed.

So now I was dressed in my white overalls… and that was it!

Rubbing my arms a little, I turned around and walked out of the room. The straps felt good on my bare shoulders. Of course, in front, they only marginally concealed my nipples. I would have to be very careful how I walked. Although, I had a feeling my small tits would be peeking out quite a bit. At least the rest of my bare body was decently covered. Excitedly, I wondered how long it would take Robert to figure out I hadn't on any underwear.

By the time I returned to the upstairs hallway, I was growing slightly nervous. I mean, I hoped I didn't push this too far, or let things get out of hand. My bare toes found the top step of the winding staircase, and I slowly made the descent. About halfway down, I stopped and bit my lower lip. Oh God, my nipples were so erect, and my pussy tingled. He would know I was horny. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, then continued.

Finally I made it to the ground floor. Hopefully, Robert wouldn't be upset that I had disappeared like that. I figured I would just quietly return to my paint can and brush, and continue working like nothing was different. It was kind of like a game, as long as he didn’t get too close.

As soon as I walked through the open doorway, the young man called out.

"Oh, there she is!" he said, laughing.

I took two more steps into the room, and then saw there was another young gentleman with him. This guy looked to be about Robert's age. He had a painter's cap on his head, turned backward, but I thought I saw tufts of blonde hair above his ears. I immediately stopped dead in my tracks and started blushing.

Robert waved me over, and then turned to his friend. "Gus, this is my little step-sister, Erica…"

The other twenty-something-year-old guy began walking toward me, with his hand extended in greeting. I arched up on my toes, instinctively trying to appear taller, then glanced anxiously over my shoulder. Oh, why had I discarded my other clothes completely out of the house! I trembled, fearing my secret would be revealed all too soon. And then I held out my hands in protest, before he could get near.

"Wait!" I cried out. "I, uh… you know, been painting and I don't want to get paint on your hands…"

He stopped, as I had requested, but then gave me a little wave. "Hello, Erica. I'm Robert's friend, Gus."

"Nice to meet you," I said, blushing at the young man.

Robert must have caught this and added, "Erica is kind of shy… sometimes."

Gus only smiled warmly and pointed at the open paint cans by the doorway. "Well, it looks like you got a head start on me. But pretty soon, I will be making a mess, too. Maybe then we can shake hands."

My nipples were rock hard and my pussy twitched beneath my overalls.

"Sure," I said softly.

And then he turned around to join my stepbrother, gathering up supplies. In this way he walked back across the room, allowing me to breath a sigh of relief. Hopefully he would keep his distance by painting over there. I don’t think he had come close enough yet to notice my topless state under my shoulder straps.

So finally I turned my back to the boys and prepared to resume the work I had started earlier. Picking up a brush, I moved on to the next wall and began applying the paint in broad strokes. I tried to keep my mind focused on the job, but it wasn't easy.

Behind me, I could hear Robert and Gus talking about the room and how to get the best coverage, how many coats of paint it would take, stuff like that. Their male voices filled my head, reminding me of my femininity, if that makes any sense. In other words, I was self-conscious of being the only girl around these two guys, and it made me feel a little vulnerable. Perhaps my own body betrayed me as my nipples pointed up, fully erect. Occasionally I would graze one with a finger and it made me moan.

Still, I listened to every word between the young men. There conversation drifted to sports and work and other subjects that occupied their lives. It was like I had already been forgotten. Although I suppose that may have been a good thing. I didn't want to draw attention to myself.

Suddenly, Gus called out across the room, "Hey, Erica, what year in high school are you?"

"High school?" I replied in shock, and then turned around to face my stepbrother and his friend. "Didn't Robert tell you? I graduated two years ago! I'm in the second year of college!"

So upset about the accusation of still being in high school, I almost marched over to slap him in the face. But I didn't take too many steps forward because my small breasts started bouncing, and my long nipples quivered. Instead, I just glared at Gus.

"Hey, I'm sorry!" he shrugged his shoulders apologetically. "I didn't know… you look like you could be… you look young, that's all."

Next to him, Robert laughed. "Yeah, Erica's sweet and innocent."

Oh God! Why didn't he just tell him that I had no pubic hair! Well, not that he knew. Except the last time my stepbrother had seen me naked, he saw that I shaved my pussy. Oh, I was getting myself flustered all over again. And I was doubly embarrassed because what Robert said was true. Despite everything I had been through, I was still a virgin. My ears turned bright red, and I was about to put down my paintbrush and leave the room.

"Hey, kiddo, where do you think you're going?" Robert called after me.

Even though I wanted to be left alone, something in his voice compelled me to stop. I had already ditched him once today, so I suppose walking away would just be irresponsible. Standing up on my bare toes, I looked over my shoulder.

"I have to go out back to the garage and find a ladder," he explained. "You stay here and keep painting with Gus."

Now I spun around again, clutching my hands in front of my chest. "Oh, but I could go and look for the ladder…"

Robert shook his head, "It will be pretty big, and I don't think you could carry it by yourself. Besides, I don't want you to wander off."

The last part he said with a wink, before turning to leave the room. I heard his footsteps down the hall and eventually leading him out of the house, the door opening and slamming shut. Just like that, I was alone with Gus. I mean he seemed like a nice guy, although I had only met him this afternoon. But if he was one of Robert's friends, I guess it would be safe.

In awkward silence, the two of us resumed painting the walls, working on opposite sides of the room. Finally Gus spoke up, inviting me to paint along the section where he and Robert had been.

"Um, that's OK," I said. "I'm fine over here."

But the young man only laughed, "No, seriously, Erica. You can be putting a coat on this wall, and as it dries, I'll paint the second coat."

I had no intention of moving, although my toes curled in excitement. Oh, how I wish I had been wearing shoes and socks right now! I pretended to ignore him.

"Or I can just start on the second coat over there," Gus continued. "Where you were painting earlier."

"Suit yourself," I mumbled, trying to sound uninterested.

I listened as he picked up his paint can and walked over to my side of the room. Part of me wished that Robert would hurry back. Part of me wished he would take a very long time. Feeling kind of warm, I cleared my throat. I realized I was using my brush on just one spot, over and over again.

And then Gus stood behind me, his hand reaching over to gently take my wrist. In this way, he guided the paintbrush, making long slow strokes. He put his other hand on my waist, easing me down until I was in a crouched position, as we painted lower to the floor. Then he pulled me up again.

"There, that's better," he said softly. "You see... the paint is applied much more evenly."

"Mmm-hmmm," was all I could answer, somewhat dazed.

My free hand, the one that wasn't holding the paintbrush, absently strayed toward the button on my overalls. My eyes were closed, it's like I forgot where I was or what I was doing. In this way, I unbuttoned the left strap, and let it fall off my shoulder.

"Well, you certainly came dressed comfortably," I heard Gus chuckle.

"Huh?" I gasped, my eyes fluttering open.

I looked down, and saw one bare tit sticking out with a very long nipple.

"Oh my God!" I blushed, embarrassed. "I didn't mean… it's not like… I had a shirt on, but…"

Gus smiled and laughed again. "It's OK, Erica. I saw before that you weren't wearing a shirt beneath those overalls. Since you have small breasts, it's really not that noticeable. I figured you dress like that quite often..."

"Small breasts!" I blurted out, angrily and blushing furiously.

The young man held up his hands in defense, saying, "Well, yeah, they are kind of on the small side. But don't get me wrong... they look nice. And, um, you have cute feet, too."

"Oh God," I murmured, closing my eyes.

My knees felt weak, as my arms hung at my sides. I almost dropped the paintbrush. Desperately curious, I wondered what other parts of my body he liked. For a moment, silence returned between us. I could smell him close to me. And then I heard the front door bang open.

"Hey, Gus! Give me a hand with this!" I heard my stepbrother Robert calling out.

Just as I opened my eyes, I watched his friend turn around and quickly head out of the room. I was left standing there, pondering our encounter, thinking about the possibilities. My overalls were still being held up by only one strap, as I did not adjust the other one. When the boys came back, hauling the ladder into the room, I only raised a hand to hide my exposed nipple. And I thought to myself how Gus must have seen it fully erect.

Robert and his buddy struggled to carry the ladder close to the wall on the side. Not so much because it was heavy, but the thing looked like it might fall apart. The ladder was probably twelve feet tall, and made out of creaking wood. Each rung was sanded and polished smooth, cylinder shaped, almost like rolling pins. But the edges seemed to be worn, making me wonder how steady it would be to climb.

"I don't know, are you sure about this?" Gus was expressing his concern.

Robert continued evaluating the worth of the ladder, then said, "Well how else are we going to paint up there by the molding?"

I watched the two young men debate the issue. Truthfully, I had no idea how stable it was, but I did have doubts of my own. Then the guys turned to look at me standing in the corner.

Gus snapped his finger saying, "Erica could do it! She's light enough, I bet the ladder would hold her..."

"What?" Robert and I exclaimed at the same time.

"No offense, kiddo," My stepbrother assured me and then turned to his friend, "But Erica is kind of... accident prone."

"I am not!" I stamped my bare foot on the floor. "But I am a little scared of heights..."

Gus folded his arms and grinned like a little boy. He did look good in his tight T-shirt. I took a small, hesitant step forward.

"No way! It's too dangerous," Robert protested.

But his friend was eyeing me, drawing me closer. "What do you say, Erica? Think you can do it?"

I stopped about halfway toward them. With one hand over my heart, I could feel it beating faster. Although the real reason was that I was hiding an exposed breast. And now my tummy fluttered, my legs trembled.

"You want me to go all the way up there?" I started slowly. "And paint... how am I going to do that?"

Gus inclined his head toward the opposite side of the room, and told Robert to go get the hook-pole. When my stepbrother turned in that direction, I scampered over on my toes until I was in front of Gus. I then faced the ladder, placing both hands on the rung that was eye level. The overall strap that had been unbuttoned, fell to my side.

"Now what?" I squeaked.

What happened next sent a thrill of electricity through my body. Gus placed one hand on my bottom, and finding a clean paintbrush, inserted it bristles down into my back pocket. I had forgotten these overalls had back pockets. They were closed tight, and the young man had to really work the brush in, as I wiggled my ass. But once it was in place, the brush was secure and would not fall out until I pulled it out. Maybe I was just horny, but there was something sexual about all of this.

And then I realized that as he was standing behind me, Gus must have gotten a good look down my back. He would have seen that I wasn't wearing panties... I think he saw my crack!

Robert's friend leaned close and spoke into my ear," I think you should start climbing, Erica."

Immediately, I raised one bare foot to the bottom rung. Putting my weight on it, the ladder did indeed hold. So then I grabbed the rung above my head and pulled myself upward. Just a few feet off the ground, I turned my head to look over my shoulder, and watched my stepbrother approach with the long metal pole that had a hook on the end.

"We will pass up the paint can to you," Gus was explaining. "You don't even have to take the can. Just dip and paint..."

"All right," I mumbled and continued my ascent.

As I mentioned, I really was kind of scared of heights. I don't know why I was doing this stupid thing. My hands gripped the rungs more tightly as I climbed higher, lifting each foot one at a time. I clutched my body to the ladder, pressing close as I pulled myself toward the top.

And as Robert mentioned, I am a bit accident-prone. Or at least it seems that way. You see, the front of my overalls had two buttons, just beneath my breasts. The shoulder straps each ended in a thin metal loop that hooked over these buttons. Of course, I already had one strap undone, hanging uselessly at my side. In fact, each time I climbed higher, my nipple was rubbing against the rungs, being flicked slowly up and down. It felt incredible. But so occupied was I with this situation, I did not notice on my right side, a nail that was partially banged into the ladder.

When I pulled myself up, nearing the top of the ladder, the head of the nail slipped under the clasp of the shoulder strap. It snapped the loop right off the button in one motion, even as I climbed to the next rung. The result was that the strap lifted up, and fell behind my arm. Before I realized it, both of my little tits were sticking out, and the top half of my overalls were hanging from my hips. Add the weight of the wide paintbrush in my back pocket... and gravity took effect at once.

The white overalls started sliding down my smooth slender legs. I had no shoes on, or anything else, to catch the fall of the material. Besides, I was already midway stepping up to the next rung, as I pulled myself higher. I was probably ten feet off the ground. As I lifted my toes away from the ladder, the pants dropped completely off one leg.

Not even dangling for a second. My other foot reached for the rung I was standing on, pulling right out of the overalls that now descended to the floor. I stood there, quivering, my toes curled around the wooden rung. My fingers curled on the rung in front of my face.

Fully naked on the ladder... my stepbrother and his friend watching me from below!

I managed to peek over my shoulder, enough to look past the curve of my back and supple behind. The boys were staring up with faces of astonishment. I think my whole body started blushing. And then, Robert pounced on the overalls that had fallen off me, picking them up in amazement.

"Erica, where are your clothes?" he called out.

Next to him, his friend Gus washed a hand over his mouth and replied, "Looks like you're holding them."

But Robert only shook his head. "Erica, come back down here."

"No!" I answered in a small voice.

"Seriously, Erica, you can't stay up there," my stepbrother repeated. "Come on and climb down. We'll hold the ladder steady."

"But I'm... nude," I foolishly stated the obvious. "And... and... you will see me."

However, the boys just stepped to the ladder, one on each side. Robert and Gus took firm hold with both their hands, waiting for me to start my descent. I can't believe this had happened, so fast, and like this! I took a deep breath. Slowly I lowered one leg, one very bare leg, aware of my nudity from my toes all the way to my buttocks. If climbing up the ladder with one bare tit sticking out had been incredible... I couldn't describe the sensation of climbing down completely naked! And I couldn't cover up at all because I still needed both hands to cling tightly to the rungs. At least they were only seeing my backside, for the moment.

As my legs moved and separated, it occurred to me that if they looked up, they might see more intimate parts. My pussy lips were puckered out and moist, offering maybe even a glimpse up my vagina. The thing was, because I was still frightened about the height, I was in no hurry to get back down. My foot would lower and hover just above the next rung, allowing a lingering, teasing view of slender form. Although I was the one who felt like I was being teased.

Finally, my toes touched the sheet on the hardwood floor. I found myself between the two young men, and staggered backward, cupping both hands over my pussy. The way they had discovered my secret lack of clothing, made me want to die of embarrassment. Robert folded up the overalls and slung them over his shoulder, pointing an accusing finger at me.

"So where are the rest of your clothes?" he asked again.

"I don't know!" I answered, and then made the humiliating confession. "I threw my shirt and underwear out of an upstairs window..."

Meanwhile, Gus had found my sneakers and dangled them playfully in front of me. I bit my lip, and then gingerly reached out an arm. Still, I remembered to keep one hand over my shaved vulva.

"No, Erica," my stepbrother moved between us. "You will not get these back until you find the rest of what you were wearing today. I suggest you go outside and start looking for your stuff."

"Not a single thing?" I gasped, with my eyes wide and innocent.

Robert glanced at his friend, as if asking if it would be all right with him. "Listen, kiddo, I don't care if you spend the rest of the day naked. This is what you get for playing around."

I sighed, and turned around slowly, showing the boys my bare butt. Hugging my body tight, I looked over my shoulder, pouting. Then I told my older stepbrother that I understood. Sufficiently scolded, I walked out of the room without a shred of clothing.

My immediate thought, after the initial shock had worn off, was to go back to the room upstairs to see if I could find where my clothes had landed. Once I was out of view of the boys, I was able to relax my pose, dropping my arms to my sides. Now I jogged up the wide staircase, my little tits bouncing deliciously. By the time I reached the second floor balcony, I stopped to notice just how erect my nipples were.

"Oh..." I moaned, tracing a finger down my stomach and around my bellybutton.

Trying to stay focused I padded down the hall and into the empty room in the corner. The last time I was here, at least I had on my overalls. I crossed the floor and walked all the way to the open window. Sticking my head out, the breeze up here felt nice on my face and bare shoulders. Scanning the property below, I could not detect any sign of my pink shirt, or the light wisp of my panties. I guess I would have to do a ground level search.

Returning to the head of the staircase, I paused to consider my options. Since there was a lot of privacy surrounding the house, that shouldn't be such a problem. Robert and Gus would still be about the place, but I figured they would stay in the room painting. Unless they went on a break at some point, or found a window to spy on me. How voyeuristic! I closed my eyes for a second, picturing me prancing around the yard in my birthday suit. My stepbrother and his friend watching in secret...

Gliding down the stairs, I ran a hand along the old mahogany banister. As I neared the floor, I discovered that the steps were not so wide that I couldn't place a hand on each railing to either side of me. In order to do this however, I also had to stretch my slim legs wide apart. With a bare foot hanging off the right and left side of the broad step, this left my pink labia to dangle out in the open.

At that moment, Gus came walking around the corner, gulping a bottle of water. Our eyes met and we both froze. Unfortunately for me, I remained in this rather revealing position. We just stared at each other, or rather... I stared at him staring at me, if that makes any sense.

Finally he lowered his bottle, and asked, "Did you find any of your clothes yet?"

I wrapped my fingers tightly around the railings, feeling my butt cheeks clench, and answered in a husky voice, "No... not yet."

The young man was drinking in the sight of my full frontal nudity. He was seeing my pussy for the first time, clean shaved, and succulent lips just sitting out there, waiting to be fondled. The longer I stood like this, the harder it was for him to stay a polite gentleman. I guess I couldn't blame him.

With a sudden smile, he said, "Good. It would be a shame to cover up such a pretty flower."

And he reached out with one hand to lightly touch my pussy. It made my toes curl, and my body quiver. He didn't make contact with my clitoris or insert a finger or anything like that. It was just a brief, gentle brush, acquainting his touch with my sensitive folds of skin. It felt absolutely amazing!

"Mmmph," a small whimper escaped my lips, and I was quickly on the verge of orgasm.

But then I heard Robert calling out, approaching from the other room. For some reason, I was afraid to let him catch his friend playing with me. Oh, my nipples were sticking straight out, and there was just no way of hiding from Gus how turned on I was. I had to get away from here, or else I would lose control completely.

I hopped onto the floor and dashed around the opposite corner. This led me to a new hallway, a part of the house I hadn't been to before. Keeping close to the wall, I inched forward until I found a side door that opened back outside. I wasted no time rushing into the fresh air, stark naked.

This was such torture! My own stepbrother was keeping me from getting dressed. And his friend was keeping me horny. And then I understood Robert's intention. He wanted me to go off somewhere by myself, so I could masturbate and release all my pent up sexual excitement. That was actually rather sweet of him. Always looking out for his little sister.

Well, I walked further away from the old house realizing here was my chance. I could find a nice spot on the property, perhaps under a tree, or just lie down in the grass. Then I could make myself cum, and finally begin to calm down. I paused, turning around to look back at the house. Raising one hand, I stroked my chin in thought, while resting the fingers of my other hand lightly on my tummy. A cool breeze blew over my body, tickling my privates.

"I'm not ready to orgasm yet," I said to myself.

Even though in truth, I could go off with the slightest touch, I decided instead to look for my clothes. So I started to walk around the property, imagining my nude body was in view for anyone gazing from a distant window. Still, I did not hide or cover up, but made a slow and deliberate search for shirt and panties. Too bad there weren't any neighbors close by, I giggled. Although part of me was also relieved, as the privacy made my task all the more easier.

From the outside, I wasn't quite sure I could locate the room from where I had tossed out my things. And it was entirely possible the two articles of clothing were blown about and scattered across the yard. I didn't really want to go around the front, because even with the long driveway, there was a very real possibility of being seen from the road. Boldly, I made my way around the side of the house until I could see Robert's car.

"Oh my gosh!" I gasped, covering a hand over my mouth and pointing.

Down at the bottom of the driveway, I spotted a piece of pink material fluttering on the ground. Now how did it blow all the way out there? But it had to be my T-shirt, since there was no other source of pink on this side of the property. Then I lowered my eyes to look at my smooth pussy, and blushed.

Cupping a hand over my pubic mound, I slung an arm over my perky breasts and jogged across the front lawn. Suddenly, I was very self-conscious about my nudity, even crouching down as I reached the car. Just in time, too, as I watched a truck or a van rumbling down the normally quiet street. I hoped the boys didn't schedule any deliveries!

My heart was beating faster now, with realization setting in that I was squatting outside totally bare. Robert and Gus might even have a little fun and lock me out of the house! Quickly, I glanced behind me and rubbed my shoulders. Listening for the sound of any other vehicles or other people about, I decided to make a run for it.

Scampering barefoot all the way down the driveway, I discovered that my shirt had been whipped into the middle of the road! There was a house on the opposite side of the street, which I seemed to only notice now as I tiptoed out in the open. Oh God, they could be watching me! I bashfully lowered an arm to pick up the T-shirt between my fingers. Just then, a car rolled onto this section of the road. Honestly, Robert and I hadn't seen a soul on our way up here. Where were these people coming from?

I didn't have time to put on my top, but clutched the shirt in a fist as I spun around and dashed back toward my grandmother's house. Nearly stumbling as I reached the driveway, there was a loud beep from the car as it drove past me. I was blushing furiously at the thought of a stranger catching me bare-ass nude.

Shaking out the shirt, I found it wasn't that dirty. It hadn't gotten ripped or torn, either. So now I slipped it over my head, stretching the material down my chest and elongated nipples. But it was a cute and tiny little thing, coming down to just above my bellybutton. I took a deep breath and sighed, briefly scanning the front lawn of the property.

There was no way I would be able to find my underwear. The only reason I got my T-shirt back was because the bright pink color stood out. But if I could convince Robert to return my overalls to me, then I would be decent again. I still had not masturbated. I hoped he wouldn't be disappointed or angry with me. Nervously, I walked bottomless up to the front door.

Once inside again, I shuffled down the hall the way we had originally entered, only this time with my bare butt wiggling and hands clasped over my pussy. Stepping into the spacious great room, I saw my stepbrother and his friend still at work painting. I arched up on my toes, waiting for them to notice me.

"Hi Robert, hi... Gus," I finally spoke.

The two young men turned to regard me. Their eyes wandered from my pretty feet up my claves and knees and smooth thighs. They saw me standing in the doorway, with only my hands to hide my hairless crotch. I could feel my clit poking out.

Robert put down his paintbrush and said, "So it looks like you found your shirt, Erica."

"Yeah," I mumbled and walked slowly into the room.

Gus, seeing my shirt for the first time today commented, "It looks nice on you."

I lifted a hand to tease a lock of hair, while trying to maintain some modesty. "At least I have something on. Now do you think... can I have the rest of my clothes?"

The boys look at each other, as if considering my request. My eyes were drawn past them to the corner of the room where I thought I saw my overalls folded neatly and my sneakers placed on top. Robert whispered into his friend's ear, sharing a private conversation. Then my stepbrother walked across the room to collect my things.

However, to my surprise, he only picked up the sneakers before turning back in my direction! About halfway toward where I stood, Robert bounced my shoes to the floor and they landed at my feet.

"Since you only came back with one article of clothing," Gus explained, "we decided you can't have everything back."

I touched one of the sneakers with my toes, and then looked back at the two young men. "Oh, um, well... I wish you would let me put my pants back on!"

The two of them only grinned. I guess it's what I deserved. But this was so humiliating, being disciplined by my stepbrother in front of his friend. And asking permission to get dressed again made me feel very embarrassed. I crouched down, and then lowered myself to sit bare assed on the floor. In this way, I fit the sneakers snugly on my feet. With my legs separated as I sat on the floor, I'm sure they caught more than a glimpse of my pussy. But there was nothing I could do about it.

Finally I stood back up again, reaching behind me to brush my exposed little bottom. A pair of sneakers and a short pink T-shirt... that's all I was wearing! I waited to see what would happen next.

Robert had a clean paintbrush in his hand and with this he walked over to me. "Here you go, Erica. Time for you to get back to work."

My eyes went wide hearing his instructions. In shock, I dropped both arms to my sides. At the same time, erect nipples pushed out from beneath my shirt. This was too much! They wanted me to continue painting... bottomless?

"But... but..." I stammered helplessly.

Robert gently lifted my hand by the wrist and placed the brush between my fingers. "That's right, kiddo, get your butt over there and back to work!"

I could see he was serious, though not at all upset with me. He was just letting me deal with the consequences of my foolish actions. Like a good older stepbrother. So I stepped across the room with my free hand between my legs. I half expected a slap on my ass. But the boys were well behaved, and nobody touched me.

Let me tell you, it was not easy painting while keeping one hand over my pussy! It did not stay there very long. I kept glancing over my shoulder, fidgeting, knowing my butt was being watched. Even worse, I was conscious of my excited labia unfolded and hanging down between my legs. When Gus came over to switch paint cans, I had to take the handle with my free hand. I walked to the next section of the wall with my pussy lips parted and visibly on display.

We finished the second coat of paint after a few more hours. Luckily my stepbrother and his friend were in fact serious about their work, and did not spend much time teasing me. I had to admit, the three of us did a good job, even despite my condition. It was just turning dark out when we called it a day.

"All right, Erica, it's time for us to go home," Robert announced.

I looked over at my overalls still folded neatly in the corner, and then I looked over at Gus standing off to the side. No one made a move to gather my discarded clothes. I'm really not sure what Robert had in mind. He didn't say I wasn't going to get them back. All I knew is that it would be a long ride home, nearly two hours.

Finally, I got up the nerve to approach my stepbrother and asked, "Would... would it be all right if Gus drives me home tonight?"

Robert rubbed his chin in thought, and then looked at his friend. The blonde-headed young man only shrugged his shoulders, said it would be no trouble. Again, Robert considered for a few minutes as I waited anxiously in the middle of the room. He then walked over to his friend and pulled him off to the side. I watched as they had another private conversation, certainly out of earshot from me.

At last, Gus came over dangling his keys in one hand. With his other, he took my fingers and led me toward the door. Of course I kept one hand discreetly covering my bald crotch. I looked back over my shoulder and said goodbye to my stepbrother.

Robert laughed and said, "See you in the morning, kiddo..."

Leaving the house, the early evening air caressed my legs and bottom. It felt really good to be out here like this! Still, I couldn't believe I was about to get into this guy's car dressed in only a T-shirt and sneakers. But I was incredibly horny, as you can imagine. Besides, if Robert didn't think it was safe, he would have never let me go along.

Gus had his car, a black sleek sporty type, parked on the side of the property. It was just off the driveway, and I had not noticed it before. He clicked the electronic locks, motioning me to climb inside. The upholstery was gorgeous, as my legs and backside made contact with the brown leather seats. I waited for Gus to get behind the wheel, my heart beating faster.

He started the engine, which purred with smooth efficiency. The sound made me stretch my legs and arch my back a little. Folding my arms behind my head, I sat with my lap completely uncovered. The interior was dark now, with only the various blue or red lights illuminating the driver's display.

Pulling out onto the road, we sped off in the direction leading back to my town. For a while, we did not encounter much traffic, either oncoming or approaching behind us. It seemed like it was just the two of us out here, and the initial silence we shared was nice.

After a few more minutes, I turned and asked Gus, "What did my stepbrother tell you before we left?"

"Are you sure you want to know?" he glanced over at my slender form in the passenger seat and grinned. "It might be kind of embarrassing."

Lowering an arm so that I could trace a finger around my bellybutton, I smiled back. "That's OK, I've had a kind of embarrassing day today, you know?"

"All right," the young man chuckled. "Your stepbrother cares very much about you, Erica. He just told me to be careful. And he told me... not to have sex with you."

I almost bolted upright, hearing the confession. "Oh really! You know, I am in college, remember? I think I'm old enough to decide whether or not I want to get lucky!"

"Yeah, I know, it's not that I was presuming anything," Gus stammered apologetically, which was kind of cute. "Robert just reminded me that you are still sweet and innocent, and I kind of agree."

Opening my mouth, I found I didn't know how to respond. I was still a virgin, that was true. I shut my mouth and didn't say anything. After a few minutes driving down the highway, I quietly kicked off both my sneakers.

"Gus?" I asked in a small voice.

I think he could pick up the scent of my musky feminine aroma as he answered, "Yes... Erica?"

"Gus, I've removed my sneakers and I am completely barefoot now..."

Robert's friend continued driving, keeping his eyes on the road, but answered, "You really do have pretty feet. I like your cute little toes."

That made me giggled, and in fact I reached down to rub my lower legs. The carpeted floor mats were delightful. I then sat back up, bringing my hands to the bottom of my short T-shirt. Taking a deep breath, I waited to see if Gus would try to stop me. Slowly, I pulled the material higher, all the way up to my chin. My small tits stuck out, with extended nipples. I sat forward a little so I could tug the shirt over my head, tossing it behind into the back seat.

"I'm naked again," I said with breathless anticipation. "Did Robert say anything about not touching?"

I wish I could say that I behaved like a lady on the ride home, or acted like a good girl. But I was so horny, that I just couldn't help myself. I'm ashamed to admit, I sat there nude in the passenger seat, teasing and flaunting my body completely on display. I closed my eyes, and spread my legs apart.

Gus pulled over to the side of the road, and asked me to get out of the car. I did so without question. We were on a stretch of the highway without many building close by, just woods to the left and right. It was peaceful and quiet as I stood on the edge of the cool pavement not wearing any clothes. Still, it felt like other cars could drive by any moment, or a police patrol car. I dangled my arms at my sides as my stepbrother's friend walked around and pulled me under a bright light.

He touched every inch of me, I think. I was delirious with pleasure as he fondled my nipples and kissed my lips and neck. Gus was wonderful with his hands, caressing my stomach and bare bottom. He knelt down and licked my pussy while I ran my fingers through his hair. And then he gently lifted me to the hood of his car, where he took my foot in his hand and sucked on my toes. It didn't stop there, as he placed me in other positions and touched my most sensitive areas.

Finally, he began playing with my clitoris, right there in the open on the side of the highway! It didn't take long for him to finger me to multiple orgasms, making me cum as I squirted and cried in ecstasy. My body convulsed with the release I had sought for so long today, and Gus held me in his arms. We climbed into his car's back seat and cuddled, before I eventually fell asleep.

The next day, Robert told me that Gus was going to be moving away, which is why he didn't want me to get too attached. That's my stepbrother, always looking out for me. I was a little sad to hear the news. But the memory of our drive home, brought a sweet smile to my lips.

**36 – Erica - Gone Fishing part 2**

Home at last, I was finally standing before the front door of my house. It was bright and sunny in the early afternoon, and Alicia's cousin was on one side of me with his friend Cody on the other. They were trying to behave, but positioned in between them, I could hear the boys snickering.

I was absolutely stark naked.

My feet were crossed at the ankles, arched up on my bare toes, and I had one arm across my breasts while the other was slung low so that my hand could cover my shaved pussy. What a humiliating walk home this had been! Jimmy had tricked me out of all my clothes back at the lake. First he got me to take off my bikini, because I was still wearing a long T-shirt. But then the clever boy used his fishing line to strip me completely. Both the shirt and my little bathing suit ended up in the water. Cody insisted that a fish ate my tops and bottoms.

As ridiculous as it sounded, the real bottom line is that I was left with nothing to wear… at all! We had to make an unbelievable trip from the town park back to my house, hoping to arrive before Alicia's Aunt returned to pick up her son and his friend. They stayed close to me when we were beneath the canopy of trees, and I know they enjoyed the sight of my helpless nudity. As embarrassed as I was, it also turned me on. I did my best to hide my erect nipples and quivering lower lips. For the most part, the boys marched ahead of me once we were beyond the safety of the woods

Out in the open, the boys served as good lookouts, making sure there was nobody around. I would have been so ashamed to be caught with these two, plus I'm sure I would have gotten into trouble. Luckily, even the few times I think I was spotted, Jimmy and Cody stayed out of view. Or they pretended that they didn't know me… pointing and laughing as I ran to find a place to hide.

Remarkably, the three of us returned to my house with no other problem than that my whole body was tingling with excitement.

"OK, Jimmy," I turned to look at the boy. "Let's have the key so we can get inside and I can get dressed…"

Alicia's cousin seemed to frown at the prospect of me putting on clothes again, although he stuck his hand in his pants pocket to retrieve the key I had told him to hold onto. After a moment, he put his other hand in his other pocket. He shrugged his shoulders, but didn't look me in the eye.

Folding both arms across my breasts I said, "Jimmy… Tell me you didn't lose the key!"

"I don't know!" he finally blurted out. "It's your fault because you weren't wearing any clothes!"

"Naked Erica!" Cody giggled and teased me. "Bare butt!"

I pulled a strand of my brown hair behind an ear, glancing over my shoulder to see that the boy did indeed have an ample view of my tender bottom. Immediately I dropped down into a crouch and pulled my knees to my chest, also afraid of calling any attention from the road. Lowering my eyes, I saw that my nipples were still so hard. I looked up at Jimmy and blushed.

"But I was wearing clothes when we left this morning! I just didn't have any pockets…"

Jimmy grinned and said, "That's not my problem. You should be more careful."

I couldn't believe the brat was blaming me! He was the one who had lost my clothes and the key! Now I was left stranded out here in my bare birthday suit. What I wouldn't give to be left alone so I could spread my legs and start playing with my pussy. I tried to fight back these urges and suppress such naughty thoughts.

"What should I do?" I asked the younger boy.

Again, Jimmy shrugged his shoulders, before suggesting, "Maybe you can lay down on the front lawn and finish getting your sun tan."

"Oh!" I gasped. "I couldn't do that… people in the neighborhood... might see me."

"Maybe you can go in the backyard," Cody added, trying to be helpful.

It did seem like staying out here was becoming more risky. I thought about it, and started to plan how I might get out of this situation. Very slowly, I stood up, carefully keeping myself covered with my hands. I eased my way between the boys, stepping down off the front stoop.

With my bare ass turned toward the street, I remained facing Jimmy and his friend. "OK… that's… that's a good idea. I'll go into the backyard, while you two wait out here. When your mother shows up, Jimmy, just tell her that I am inside and say goodbye for me."

Figuring that should take care of any embarrassing encounter, I proceeded to sidestep across the lawn, edging my way around the house. We have a low chain-link fence, which divides the front and back yard. I opened the gate and then dashed out of view.

Believe it or not, I have not often been naked in my own backyard. It seems like I was always getting stripped in public, and in the most humiliating of places. But at home, I was usually good at keeping my clothes on. As I now walked brazenly across the patio, I felt myself blushing. Sure I had fantasized many times about being nude out here. There was something about walking around where my family would so often get together for barbeques or other gatherings over the summer. Sometimes I thought about my stepbrother who was a few years older than me, and allowing him and his friends to catch me… and see everything! The shame only made me more aroused.

Of course, now all I could think about was finding a spot to have a nice big orgasm. I didn't care if the boys heard me, as long as they didn't see me. Letting my hands cup my breasts, I enjoyed my long pink nipples wiggling up and down. I found a tree and decided that was where I wanted to get off. It had low hanging leafy branches that would provide a nice shade. Since I had a little more privacy, I didn't need to cover up, but skipped through the grass with my arms raised in the air.

When I reached the tree, I dropped my hands to my sides. It had been such a long day! This actually felt exhilarating, being completely nude outside and away from the leering eyes of Jimmy and his friend. I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. Then, after stretching my arms, I bent down at the waist so I could shake out my hair, letting it fall over my face and touch the ground. I was also able to touch my bare toes with my fingers, and because I have a trim stomach, I was able to keep my legs straight.

But all of a sudden… with my head upside down, I opened my eyes to glance past my ankles, and saw two pairs of boys sneakers standing behind me! For a moment, I froze, just leaving my bottom exposed in the most intimate way and pussy lips dangling. My heart was beating so fast, as I finally pulled myself up and spun around.

"Jimmy! What are you doing back here?" I squealed.

The boys were quiet for a moment, before Alicia's cousin answered back, "What were you doing, Erica?"

"Looked like she was doing exercises," Cody immediately suggested. "You know, like we have to do at the start of gym class!"

With that, the boy began to hop in place, waving his arms above his head in time with his leaps. I watched, sort of amazed, and realized he was doing jumping jacks. My eyes followed him up and down, while my heart was beating faster. What… what were they expecting?

"Now it's your turn," Jimmy folded his arms and said when his friend had stopped.

I nervously shifted my eyes from one young man to the other and replied, "Um, that's right… I was doing some… exercises."

Fully naked in my backyard, I stood up on my toes, clutching my small breasts. The boys waited for me to begin. So I jumped in the air and raised my arms in an arc above my head. At the same time, I split my slender legs apart, and then brought them together as I returned to the ground. I found that I was able to get into a precise rhythm, which of course left me entirely exposed. I mean, I know my pussy was opening up and my clit was enormous. But at least the motions kept my hands off my overexcited body.

Oh God, this was so embarrassing! Perhaps the most humiliating thing Jimmy had made me do yet. My tits and nipples were bouncing up and down, my bare butt clenching with each leap and contraction of my legs. The worst part was… the worst part was… I think I was about to cum!

"Yeah, I'd say Erica is pretty good… for a girl!" Jimmy said with mocking laughter. "With all her girl parts wiggling around!"

"Oh!" I gasped.

At that exact moment, there was the sound of a car horn coming from the front of the house!

"That's your mom," Cody said to his friend.

Alicia's cousin watched me trembling, desperate to hold back my orgasm, before he turned to the other boy. "All right, let's get our stuff."

The second the two of them walked around the side of the house and left the backyard, I fell face forward to the ground. Immediately, I had one arm beneath my stomach, reaching down with my hand to rub my pussy furiously. Lifting my little bottom in the air, I gyrated my hips as I stroked and teased and fingered myself to ecstasy. I had to muffle my moans of pleasure with my other forearm.

When I finished, I was absolutely spent. All I could do was roll over on my back and just lie there. I could still feel my bald pussy twitching. Now I knew, I should really try to figure out what to do next. How was I going to get back inside? I didn't have any clothes on! But I was so sleepy, and I dozed off…

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke to some kind of wonderful feeling between my legs. My mind still fuzzy, I kept my eyes closed while arching my back. My bare toes curled and I started purring. It just felt so good! My fingers wandered to my chest as I touched my elongated nipples. I was still nude… and someone was licking my pussy!

Opening my eyes in a flash, I looked down and saw strawberry blonde hair.

"Carrie!" I cried. "Oh… mmmmm, yes! Oh, what are you doing to me!"

My friend from college raised her head enough to giggle and say, "I'm eating you out, Erica!"

I couldn't believe this! I had gone from almost having sex with a guy for the first time earlier today, to now this encounter. But it did feel amazing! As much as I wanted her to stop, I didn't want her to stop, if that made any sense. Carrie just had this way of running her tongue along my sensitive folds of skin, and flicking my clit…

She paused so that she could crawl over me, almost straddling my body. "I stopped by a few minutes ago, and thought no one was home. But the side gate was open so I came back here… and found you stark naked, lying on the ground spread eagle. Someone's been having fun!"

"Uh-huh," I moaned, helpless beneath Carrie's touch.

She rolled over on her side, next to me, so she could trace her hand down my stomach. Her finger circled around my bellybutton, and further down, began to massage my hairless vulva.

"You know, you were all pink and erect," Carrie explained, referring to my nipples and clitoris. "It was so inviting, I couldn't resist. Besides, I could tell you had just masturbated, and my dirty girl needed to be cleaned."

It was then Carrie asked me to tell her what had happened today. All the while keeping her hand on my crotch, which kept me pretty excited. More than once, I bucked my hips and lifted my bottom, as she slipped a finger inside me.

"Wow, that is amazing!" my friend said when I had finished about the part where Ty was pleasuring me, just like the strawberry-blonde young woman was doing now. "It seems everyone can't keep their hands off of you, Erica! But somehow, I don't think you are done for today…"

That statement made me open my eyes wide. I suddenly felt very guilty about my nudity, and ashamed. Carefully, I pulled my knees close so I could get to my feet and stand up.

"What… what do you mean my that?" I asked.

Carrie, still lying on the ground, looked up at me and said, "Nothing… I was just going to the beach today and I hoped you would come with me."

I licked my lips, but did not answer. For the first time, I noticed that Carrie was wearing denim shorts that showed off her long legs, and a white shirt with little red floral prints. And sneakers, which made me look down at my own bare feet and wiggle my toes in the grass.

"You mean you want me to go to the beach with you like this… naked!" I gasped.

Now the buxom blonde climbed to her feet so she could take my hand. "No, silly, I have some clothes for you to wear."

I was about to protest, but too late, I found myself being dragged across my backyard. Shuffling after her, Carrie pulled me around the side of the house. Once we were out on the front lawn, I could see her car parked in the driveway. But I was also self-conscious about my state of undress!

"Carrie, couldn't you have brought the clothes out back?" I whined as I placed a hand over my pussy and looked around fearfully.

The taller girl let go of my other arm and said, "I hadn't thought of that."

So now I covered my small breasts as well, and stood on my toes while Carrie unlocked her car. She bent over so that she could move the front seat forward, leaving me mesmerized by her ass in denim shorts. Finally when she turned around again, she had two articles of clothing in her hands.

"Here, Erica, try this on!" she giggled and tossed a white top in my direction.

It was light and sleeveless, almost like a tank-top, except it had more material at the shoulders. No buttons, only holes on top and at the sides. I quickly pulled it over my head and covered my tits. But gripping the hem in both hands, I tugged as hard as I could, only to find that the shirt did not even reach my bellybutton. I was standing completely bottomless in front of my house in the bright sunlight, labia dangling and my pronounced pussy lips spread open.

"Well, now, as much as I would hate to cover up your blossoming flower," Carrie laughed as she pointed, "I suppose I can let you have this, too."

Again, leaving my crotch exposed, I used both hands to catch the other item she then threw at me. It was a red, pleated skirt. Quickly, I stepped into it and found that the skirt fastened with adjustable Velcro straps. Snug around my waist, I finally had my ass and pussy covered for what seemed like the first time today.

The hem came down to my thighs, leaving a lot of my bare legs exposed. "What else have you got for me, Carrie?"

My friend grinned and shrugged her shoulders. "I told you were going to the beach, Erica. What more do you need?"

"So… no shoes or underwear?" I blushed and fidgeted with the hem of the skirt, bashfully rubbing my toes behind my other leg.

"Nope!" the strawberry-blonde answered. "But don't worry, I'll change into my bathing suit, so you don't feel uncomfortable."

At first I nodded my head, folding my arms across my chest, figuring she meant she would slip into her bikini when we arrived at the beach. Suddenly, Carrie kicked off both her sneakers while undoing the top button of her shorts!

"What… right here?" I gasped. "On my front lawn…"

The girl, now barefoot, proceeded to pull up her shirt. I saw she wasn't wearing a bra as her large naked breasts bounced into view. She took her top off completely, and then continued to strip. With a wiggle of her hips, she had her denim shorts down her legs and stepped out of them. Now Carrie gave a cautious look over her shoulder. I couldn't believe she was doing this! And none of my neighbors were around to watch. But a car could drive by at any moment. As if realizing this, but resolute in her actions… Carrie lowered and removed her panties, standing fully nude in front of me.

"Quit staring, Erica," my friend teased, sticking her tongue out at me as she dropped her arms to her sides.

I found myself saying out loud, "Carrie… you're gorgeous!"

It had been a while since the last time I saw her with her clothes off, and now my eyes couldn't get enough of her voluptuous twenty-year-old body. Part of me was envious, and yet still feeling a tingle of desire.

"Want to touch?" the naked young woman continued to tease me.

Before I could even think, I step forward through the grass until my bare toes met hers. She gave a swift intake of air as I stood so close, my trembling fingers reaching out. First my hands lifted up her boobs to play with them. They were more than a handful! I rubbed my palms gently over her nipples. Raising a finger, I touched her face, noticing that the summer had brought out pretty freckles across her fair skin. I lowered my other hand, running along the curve of her nude hip. And then I found her tuft of golden pubic hair. But it was trim and groomed just above her otherwise shaved pussy, and I felt her lips were silky smooth.

"How do you keep such a cute camel-toe?" I asked, truly amazed, as I tickled her vulva.

Carrie spread her legs apart only slightly and answered, "Oh, it takes plenty of willpower."

"Why are you doing this?" a little breathless, I continued to let my hands roam over every inch of her body. "We're standing so close to the street… aren't you worried someone might see us?"

"Maybe," the strawberry-blonde giggled playfully. "But I know this excites you!"

She then reached out with both her hands and raised the front of the red skirt all the way up to my stomach. My clit poked out, erect and wiggling. Just then, a car came speeding down the road! They might have caught a glimpse of Carrie's naked butt, before she swung behind me, still keeping my skirt raised. A beep of the horn suggested that the driver definitely saw something!

"I guess we're ready to go to the beach," my friend giggled and sucked on my earlobe.

Closing my eyes, I felt her drop the skirt back into place. For a brief moment I stood there waiting to see what would happen next, before I realized Carrie must have returned to her car. Looking to my side, I saw that she had the driver's door open and was seated facing me. She spread her legs wide, leaving nothing to the imagination, as she pulled on her bikini bottoms. I watched as she reached over the seat to grab her top, and tied this around her titties.

Standing up again, she walked up to me and asked, "What do you think?"

"It's hot," I told her truthfully. "Too bad I lost my own bikini today. We would have made a good pair."

Carrie grinned and said, "You still look cute in your outfit. And even more adorable out of it, hee hee."

That comment made me blush. I pressed down the front of the skirt to make sure I was decent, and I could feel my aroused pussy lips beneath the material. Bringing my hands up, I rubbed my bare stomach, tracing a circle around my cute bellybutton. I really wasn't wearing a whole lot. And without any shoes, I sort of felt like a bashful child. At least Carrie was even more exposed.

But then she wandered across the green grass to where she had done her striptease. The young woman picked up her denim shorts, sliding them up her long legs. Unbelievable! She even stopped to put her sneakers back on. Grabbing her shirt off the ground, she headed back toward the car, flipping her golden red tresses over her shoulder.

"Be a dear, Erica, and pick up my panties," she smiled as she got behind the steering wheel.

I did as she asked, crouching down to retrieve her delicate underwear. Although I paused to take a quick sniff of her alluring perfume, I was ashamed to have her watch me do it. Quickly, I folded them up in my hand and jogged barefoot around the other side of the car.

Once I climbed inside, I placed my feet on the plush floor mats. Carrie put the vehicle in reverse and pulled straight out the driveway, turning onto the road in front of my house. Her sneaker hit the pedal, and we were off to the public beach. Lowering her window, the girl's strawberry-blonde hair streamed out behind her. I did the same, letting my shoulder-length hair whip about my face. It was such a beautiful day outside!

Halfway there, as we were cruising down the highway, I folded the hem of the skirt up to my lap. In this way, with my knees separated, I let my pink pussy sit out there and breathe in the fresh air. Carrie glanced over at me and smiled approvingly.

"Do you want to touch it?" I found myself asking.

Carrie's expression actually looked shocked, as she laughed, "Erica! You naughty girl! You really haven't had enough today, have you?"

"I'm sorry," I confessed. "It's just that… well, you made me so horny back there at my house!"

We drove for another moment in silence, except for the girly pop music from the CD Carrie was playing on the stereo. My hands clutched the fabric of the skirt, bunched up around my tummy. I was completely naked below the waist. My toes curled in anticipation.

"Hmmm, I'll tell you what," Carrie finally said. "Since you seem to be in a playful mood… How about I pull into the next gas station we pass. I dare you to take off your clothes and pay the attendant!"

I pouted my lips, pretending to be disappointed. "Oh, Carrie! A naked gas dare? That's not very original."

The twenty-year-old girl lowered her eyes at my hairless crotch, and then looked at my chest where my nipples were already poking out the white top. "Come on, Erica, you can't tell me it ever gets old. And why look here… a gas stop just ahead!"

Turning my neck, I watched as the sign loomed into view, advertising its prices and the food market. I don't think I actually agreed to go along with this, but suddenly Carrie was moving into the right lane and driving off the exit. My eyes were wide as we pulled onto the service road. Traffic was light, so she was able to roll into the gas station lot and drive up to a self-serve pump.

"Here we are," Carrie giggled.

She turned off the ignition, and then reached down beneath the seat to find her purse. Soon she had a ten-dollar bill between her fingers. Shifting on her side to face me, the young lady grinned from ear to ear. Patiently she waited, waiting for me to undress completely.

My fingers clutched the white shirt and I said nervously, "But… I wasn't expecting this!"

Carrie excitedly grabbed her keys, encouraging me to take off the skirt and top. "Oh, but it will be awesome! I'll get out to pump the gas. You just have take the money inside and pay the cashier…"

"Stark naked," I mumbled.

However, when my friend looked at me in a certain way with her hazel eyes, I simply melted. Might as well do this while there were no other cars nearby. I reached behind my neck and found that the sleeveless shirt pulled off easily. In seconds, I had it removed and was sitting in the car with my bare tits sticking out. Before I could change my mind, my fingers found the Velcro straps attached to the red skirt and had these undone. I pushed open the passenger side door and climbed out… leaving the skirt behind!

The slab of concrete was warm under my toes. I looked down at my totally bare body, and immediately clutched my hands to my breasts. In this way, I started to run toward the building with my naked bottom bouncing. That was when Carrie called after me.

"Erica! You need to take the money!" She said, waving the bill.

Blushing from head to toe, I had to turn around and run back to Carrie who was already out of the car and standing next to the gas pump. Oh God, I was really staying out here a lot longer than I had hoped! If anyone from the market was paying attention, they would have had a good long look. My friend just giggled and gave me the ten dollars.

Now I had the money held in a tight fist in one hand. I curled my other fingers and swung my arm as I spun around to march toward the market again… not covering up at all! My tummy filled with butterflies, as I never got over the emotions of people seeing me naked. Especially when strangers were seeing me for the first time, which caused shame and arousal to flood through my body.

My bald pussy twitched and quivered as I approached the door. Glancing over my shoulder, I watched as a car pulled up to another pump. But there wasn't anything I could do now... it was too late! I froze... I just stood there and watched as a whole family emptied out from opening doors.

The father got out from the driver side, and walked around the back of the car to reach the gas cap. I don't think he saw me, yet. From the passenger side, his wife stepped out, and she immediately had her hands full ushering out of the parked automobile a boy and a girl. Brother and sister, I imagined.

Great, more kids would see me nude!

At this point, my whole body was still facing the entrance to the food mart. Turning my head forward, I caught the reflection of my nipples, bellybutton, and uncovered pussy in the glass door. Then I heard a gasp behind me.

"Young lady, what are you doing!" came the woman's voice. "Where are your clothes?"

I whipped around, spinning on my bare heel to face the mother with her two children beside her. The dollar bill was still clutched in my fist, and the fingers of my other hand drummed nervously on the side of my leg. She reached an arm around so she could shield her son's eyes. The little girl, however, looked up at me and giggled.

Finally becoming self-conscious about my nudity, I moved my open hand over to cup my pussy. I then swung an arm across my breasts. Lifting one foot, I brushed my toes behind my other leg.

"Oh..." I gasped, but that was all I could say.

Now the father started approaching the building. He stopped as soon as he spotted me in front of the entrance, looking at my slender figure from head to toe. His wife continued to yell at me.

"I was going to the beach, OK?" I squealed, wishing they would just leave me alone.

The woman was not impressed, and frowned disapprovingly. "What kind of beach, young lady? Where is your bathing suit..."

"I'm going to a nude beach!" I felt my face blushing as I made up this story. "I didn't even bother to put on any clothes today!"

Then I realized I had better get moving, before she called the police. Or before she humiliated me even more by asking why I shaved all my pubic hair. So I turned around again, flashing the family my bare bottom. Sometimes I wished I had long hair like Carrie. But as the ends of my hair brushed my shoulders, I knew they were seeing all of my back and the supple curves of my young body.

I pulled open the door, and ran into the market. The cool air conditioning hit my skin, forcing me to pause and stand up on my toes. My erect nipples responded by pointing toward the ceiling. Glancing to my left, I found the cashier's counter being manned by a college-aged guy staring at me. I hoped he didn't go to my school!

Marching up to the register, I slapped the money down on the counter just as the family now entered and watched me in disbelief. I couldn't believe I was doing this either. I turned my head to look at them, and then returned to the attendant.

"I am on my way to a naked... um, a nude beach," I stammered, and started teasing the ends of my hair anxiously. "Can I get ten dollars on pump..."

It was then I realized that I hadn't paid attention to the number of the pump Carrie pulled next to. For his part, the attendant continued to stare at me speechless, while the woman huffed and muttered more unkind words.

I pressed against the counter and stood up on my bare toes. "Um... I don't know the number of the pump. My friend... she's the one with the red Saturn..."

"Is she going to the beach with you too?" the young man asked eagerly.

I lowered my eyes, and now with both hands free, clasped them over my pussy. "Uh-huh..."

With that admission, the attendant rushed out from behind the register. He wrapped his fingers around my upper arm, just above the elbow, excitedly pulling me toward the doors. We pushed past the stunned family, and my other arm was flailing away, leaving none of my parts hidden.

We burst into the broad daylight, and I had to shield my eyes from the harsh glare of the sun. The first thing I noticed was a third car had pulled into the station. A young couple, about my age, was just getting out by the pumps. I quickly swung my arm toward where Carrie had parked.

"There! Over there!" I indicated with such enthusiasm, my little tits were bouncing up and down.

The gas station attendant regarded me, and then saw Carrie smile and wave over at us. She of course was dressed in her denim shorts and bikini top. Not that she was anything less than a knockout. But the fact that she was wearing clothes, made me even more aware of my nudity. Especially as I had announced we were going to a clothing optional beach, but I was the only one naked!

"Listen, that's the pump we need ten dollars on," I explained, desperately trying to pull free from his guiding hand.

He continued to hold my arm a little longer, keeping me out in the open and exposed. I'm ashamed to admit, it was also turning me on. I licked my lips, and stopped squirming and struggling.

"Yeah, that's pump number one," the young man informed me. "What's your name?"

"Erica..." I said shyly, without thinking.

He smiled and then gradually released his hold, at last letting go of my fingers. "You got a cute body, Erica. And your friend's not too bad, either."

I thought I would die on the spot, because my whole body was tingling in front of everyone. Glancing down, I saw my clit was sticking right out! Hurriedly I ran back to Carrie's car, my bare feet slapping over the pavement. Curling up in the front seat, I waited for my friend to pump the gas, which seemed to take forever.

Finally, when she got back behind the wheel, she said, "Well, that was a fun show!"

"Carrie... where are the clothes you gave me?" I asked, feeling my tummy start to flutter deliciously.

"I locked them in the trunk," the strawberry-blonde giggled. "Oh, you are just too far out now to even consider getting dressed again!"

Before I could respond, we had pulled out of the gas station and were speeding down the road.

**37 - Erica’s Cell Phone**

I was sitting in the back of the classroom of one of my dull college lectures. My schedule changed around a bit this semester, and this was one of the courses I was taking in the evening. It wasn’t too bad, only Tuesday and Thursday nights, like tonight. Suddenly, I felt a buzz in my pocket and I looked around, seeing if anybody noticed. It was my cell phone. I had set the ring tone to silent, but kept it on vibrate. Bashfully, I pulled the slim phone from my jeans pocket so I could see who was trying to contact me. From the number, I recognized it was my friend Carrie. And then she sent me a text message. Again, I hurriedly looked over my shoulder and to my left and right, making sure the professor or any other students had not heard the disruption of the class. I lowered my eyes to peek at the text. “Hi, Erica!” it said with a smiley face. Then my eyes went wide. One more time, I glanced around the room nervously, but no one was paying attention to me. Snapping my cell phone shut, I grabbed my bag and quietly slid out from behind my desk. Without causing a commotion, I was able to leave through the side door at the back of the room. I passed only a few people in the hallway, other students who were on break from other classes. This wing of the building did not seem too crowded. Nevertheless, I found the nearest stairwell, and hurried to the ground floor. My sneakers echoed around me. Once more, I checked the cell phone in my hand, to make sure I read Carrie’s text message correctly. I burst through the doorway, and quickly turned to search for one of the restrooms on this level. However, I was stopped when one of my professors saw me. “Erica, is that you?” he called out to me. At first I thought to ignore him, but then I mumbled, “Yes, sir, it’s me.” “I didn’t realize you were taking evening classes this semester,” the man said, seeming to show an interest in my studies. “You are already in one of my courses earlier in the day. I doubt you could put up with more of my lectures at night.” He was much taller than me, and I had to look up to answer, “No, sir. I mean… um, yes, that would be fine… it’s just… I have a heavy schedule this semester!” “I understand,” he smiled at my flustered response. “I just hope it is not too overwhelming for you, Erica. You are not running late to class are you?” “No! I just stepped out to use the, um, ladies room.” Oh, God this was humiliating! The professor waved me off, saying, “See you in class tomorrow morning.” I waited until he turned and headed back down the hallway. Then I adjusted the strap of my backpack over my shoulder, and made my way toward the restroom. With one hand, I pushed open the door, disappearing into the relative privacy. There was no one else here. I dropped my bag to the floor. My heart was still racing. I don’t know why the brief encounter with my professor had me so shaken. Again, I glanced down at my cell phone, to check the text message. And then I kicked off my sneakers. One was lying on its side, the other with the rubber sole on the tiled floor. I put my phone on the counter in front of the long bathroom mirror, then stepped back so I could pull off my shirt. Today I was wearing a white bra, which covered my small breasts. Working quickly, my fingers reached behind me and unhooked the clasp. I let the bra fall to the floor with my shirt. Crouched down, I opened up my back pack and proceeded to stuff the items inside along with my sneakers. Then I stood up again and unbuttoned the front of my jeans. The tight denim material slid down my slender legs. Once these were off, I folded them neatly and fit them in my black backpack as well. I paused, and looked around the enclosed space of the women’s restroom. My tits were perky in front of me. Closing my eyes, I slipped my thumbs inside the elastic waistband of white sheer panties. Fingers trembled and I had butterflies in my tummy. As I pulled the back down, I felt my bottom exposed. That was all it took, and I continued to drop my panties all the way to my feet. Oh God, if someone walked in right now, I would be mortified! This thought made me act quickly, lifting my toes and stepping out of the silky underwear. I reached down to pick them up and hurriedly stuff them in the backpack. Also, I grabbed my cell phone and put it away with the rest of my books and clothes. Resisting the urge to hug the nylon bag to my body, instead I slipped the one strap over my bare shoulder. Totally nude, I moved toward the bathroom door. First, I opened it just a crack, so I could peek my face out and decide if it was safe. The bottom floor of the building was quiet, with most of the evening classes taking place upstairs. But if other students were allowed a break at this time, they might come down here to use the restrooms, and there were vending machines around here. My hand pulled open the door, and then I walked into the wide hallway. I listened to it close behind me. In my other hand, I squeezed the shoulder strap of my bag, feeling it rest against my bare back. Blushing, I took one more step away from the relative safety of the ladies room. Now I let my fingers absently brush my stomach. I traced a circle around my cute little bellybutton, which was on display. Finally, I lowered the hand to cover my bald pussy as I started for the front of the building. I couldn’t believe I was doing this! My heart was beating faster now, and I couldn’t help but look one more time behind me. There was about another hour or so remaining before class let out for the evening. I willed my legs to move forward, not wanting to linger and get caught like this. The dark glass of the exit loomed before me, allowing my eyes to catch my naked reflection. With one hand tight around the shoulder strap on my bag, and the other hand cupping my hairless vulva, I stepped in front of the door used for disabled students access. This opened automatically, and I rushed through. Outside, I felt the night air on my body. My nipples were instantly erect, sticking out pink from my otherwise fair skin. I shivered, but not because it was cold. Taking a few more barefoot steps onto the plaza in front of the building, I paused, and then looked around nervously. “Carrie!” I whispered harshly. I didn’t want to call any attention to myself. But her text message simply said to meet her outside. After I undressed, of course. She was very clear about that part. I had to take off every single item. In my mind, I could still see the winking emoticon. Not hearing any reply, I walked even further away from the college building. Up ahead there was a low circular brick wall, and in the middle the school planted manicured hedges. It kind of obscured my view of the path beyond. Plus, it was dark out. Suddenly, a young woman came bounding toward me, around the curve of the masonry. She had long, strawberry-blonde hair. And she was grinning from ear to ear. “Oh, Erica, you did it!” Carried squealed with playful delight. “You got my message!” “Uh-huh,” I said, shocked that I had walked so far from my class, and a little breathless. My friend was wearing jeans that hugged her round bottom. She was taller than me, and had on a top that only reminded me her breasts are bigger than mine. I was feeling very self-conscious about my small tits as we stood in front of one another. “So where are your clothes?” Carrie giggled. I slipped the black backpack around and held it with both hands in front of myself. “In here. Everything’s in here.” The young woman held out her arms in request. “Let me see, Erica.” Reluctantly, after looking left and right and over my shoulder, I gave the bag to her. This momentarily left me with nothing. I felt even more exposed, if that was possible, and slapped an arm across my chest and hid my pussy with my other hand. Behind me, my ass cheeks clenched as I anxiously stood up on my toes. Carrie had opened the zipper so she could idly pick through the items inside my backpack. It seemed to take forever. I was sure I was going to get caught. Finally, I gasped, “So… what happens now?” Through her red and golden tresses, she peered back at me with mischievous green eyes. “Now you go back to class, Erica.” “What!” I nearly shrieked, and even dropped my arms. “I can’t go back to class like this!” We were standing outside, not very far from the academic building where other students might exit. At least it was dark, although I’m sure my bare skin must stand out if anyone looked closely. I turned my head again, to notice the lights at the building’s entrance, as well as windows up on the second and third floors. “Aw, you are so cute and nude!” Carrie teased. “Here’s the deal. I will let you have your bag back, after I confiscate all your clothes. Then you return to your classroom…” I trembled and repeated in a small voice, “Go to class naked with just my backpack?” “Or,” the strawberry-blonde held up her hand, indicating that I had a choice, “you can come along with me, Erica, but I get to keep your bag and all the stuff inside!” Bringing a finger to my lip, I slowly turned around and faced the building. It’s like I wanted to show Carrie my bare ass, and make her realize I was completely naked! My mind raced, wondering what would be the better option. Of course I knew I couldn’t go back to the classroom, but part of me fantasized about it. At last, I turned around again to look at the young woman. “I can’t do it! I’m too scared…” “Good,” Carrie hefted my backpack over her shoulder. “I was hoping to get you to hang out with me.” Her eyes lowered, and I followed her gaze. My outer pussy lips had parted and my pink labia were unfolding. Even though we were friends, I was still greatly embarrassed by this uncontrollable display of my arousal. To make matters worse, I had lost my only covering. My arms dangled helplessly at my sides as my nipples poked out long and hard. The precocious young woman tossed back her mane of hair and smiled at me. She spun around, to head back toward the winding path that cut through our college campus. I ran my hands through my own wavy brown shoulder-length hair. What was I supposed to do? I followed after Carrie. “Wait up!” I squeaked, wanting to stay close to her. OK, this was weird, walking around my college naked at night. It’s not like streaking, since my friend walked at a casual pace. I moved at her side, sometimes clasping both hands over my pussy, sometimes holding my hands in front of my breasts. Sometimes, I twirled around as we walked, because I was nervous and worried about who might see me from behind. After a while, I asked Carrie, “Um… can we get off the main path?” Looking around at the wide lawns to either side of us, she answered, “What’s the matter, Erica? Do your pretty little feet hurt?” The real reason was that I was certain we were going to run into other students very soon. We had come close to the residence halls and the parking lots were not too far. I thought Carrie was going to take me to her car and drive me somewhere. “Oh, no, we are going to continue our evening stroll,” she told me. “But we can cut across the grass here.” I watched as she departed from the paved walkway and started moving in a new direction. Then, I hurried to follow her. My bare butt bounced playfully. At first, I was relieved to be off the campus path and less likely to be seen. However, the short blades of grass tickled my bare feet, making me more aware of my nudity. The sensations cause my skin to tingle, and I secretly touched one of my nipples. This was outrageous! I screamed to myself, and a part of me wanted to ask Carrie to give me my clothes back. But I only mustered the courage to ask my friend, “Where are we going?” The strawberry blonde smiled down at me. “I thought we might get a bite to eat. There is a place that opened up, just outside the campus. It’s a gourmet hot dog take-out restaurant.” “I hadn’t noticed,” I mumbled. Together we passed over the moonlit lawn. This early in Spring, it was still warm outside. I only hoped Carrie knew where she was going. It was difficult for me to concentrate and keep my sense of direction, before feeling lost. And then, after a few more minutes, we approached a two lane street. I thought I recognized it as the one that led to the college entrance. Confident, Carrie stepped out onto the side of the road. More bashful, I slipped behind her. A pair of headlights flooded the quiet avenue as a car drove by in the night. The driver honked the horn, but continued on past us. “Oh my gosh!” I cried next to my taller friend.

**38 – Erica at the Barbeque By American Cowboy**

Late in May, I was invited to a barbeque get-together with Carrie and Alicia, and a few friends from college. What I didn’t know was that Lisa would be there too, the bossy blonde bitch who had always picked on me in high school. The girls told me it would be fine, but there were already people around who I didn’t recognize, and immediately felt shy and nervous.

Still, it was a beautiful sunny afternoon. I was dressed in shorts that showed off my slender legs, and a T-shirt with no bra underneath. Also, I was wearing sneakers with no socks. My outfit was comfortable enough. Again, had I known who was going to be at the house, I think I would have put more clothes on.

The house itself belonged to one of my college professors. An older student was working with him on a research project, and had access to the property while the professor was away. By older student, I mean a guy in is mid-twenties, who supposedly seemed decent enough from what I had heard. But for me being innocent and nineteen-years-old, the whole idea was exciting as well as making me anxious.

Upon arriving at the house with my friends from school, we found that Lisa was already in the backyard. She was there along with a handful of other college students of mixed company, guys and girls. Don’t ask me how they even managed to arrange to use the house, or how my friends got involved, except for the one graduate and I guess some connections.

Right away, Lisa started teasing me about my small breasts in front of everyone!

“Cut it out,” I remember whining as the other young men and women laughed, even Alicia and Carrie.

For some reason, I had to urge to step out of my sneakers. As if I could do anything to distract from the verbal undressing Lisa was giving me. I realized then that she was really annoyed. As if she didn’t want me to even be here. Somehow, my friends brought me along anyway, against Lisa’s wishes. At that moment, it made me feel so grateful of Alicia and Carrie for sticking by me.

“Why, I bet Erica’s not even wearing a training bra under that T-shirt!” the blonde young woman continued to get laughs at my expense.

“No… maybe!” I replied, confused, whirling around to see many faces I did not recognize.

Lisa, sensing she had me right in the crosshairs, folded her arms in triumph. “Then go ahead, lift up your shirt.”

It’s like we were in high school all over again. “No! I won’t… you’re right, Lisa, I’m not wearing a bra!”

My face blushed in embarrassment as I made the admission. The reason of course was because my breasts were so small. Even with Carrie and Alicia on either side of me, resting a reassuring hand on my shoulder, I was envious of my two friends who were more developed.

The other guests at the house had apparently enjoyed enough of my torment, as they started to spread out and seek amusement elsewhere. A couple of guys went over to the barbeque grill to make preparations and get things started. Some girl went in search of stereo speakers they could use to pump out party music. I thought I could hang around with my friends, but Alicia suddenly disappeared. And I saw Carrie off in the distance, the strawberry-blonde already the center of flirtatious attention.

I kind of wandered around, not really talking much. Most of the college students here were strangers to me, and I’m not very good at making new friends. I longed for the company of my friends, even Lisa, who at least I knew since high school.

Then I turned, and saw Alicia come out of the house. She was wearing a black bikini. Putting her hands to the sides of her mouth, she called to the other guests.

“Hey, girls! Let’s try out the swimming pool!” the busty brunette suggested.

There followed a rush of young women, hurrying to get inside so they could change.

I looked up at Alicia, confused. “No one told me to bring a swimsuit…”

“We didn’t mention it?” my friend smiled. “Oh, sorry, Erica. Well I guess you can always go swimming in your underwear. Just like the time we were at the water park, a few years ago!”

Ugh, I didn’t want to be reminded of that episode, and I folded my arms across my chest. “But I’m still not wearing a bra!”

“What’s that about Erica not being able to wear a bra?” I heard Lisa’s mocking voice behind me.

Looking over my shoulder, I saw her approach in a pink bikini, along with some other girls.

“I was only saying she should go in the pool in her panties,” Alicia, my best friend, responded. “Because she forgot to bring a swimsuit.”

Lisa tossed back her luxurious blonde hair, unimpressed. “I say let the little princess go skinny-dipping.”

“No!” I squeaked.

The others laughed. To my amazement, I watched Carrie then bounce out of the professor’s house, wearing only a towel. Or so it seemed. She was such a tease. But she quickly whipped the covering away to reveal a green two-piece bathing suit that highlighted her soft red and golden tresses, as well as her curvy figure. There were definitely appreciative whistles from the guys in the group.

However, Lisa was determined to bring the attention back to me, and not in a good way.

“Well if you’re not going swimming with us,” she insisted, “then you can make yourself useful and help out at the grill.”

I only turned my head for a moment, to notice a couple of hot guys in their early twenties working at the barbeque. But in the next instance, Lisa had a hand on the collar of my T-shirt and was shoving me forward. Even though she was barefoot and I was still in sneakers, the blonde young woman was taller than me.

Half stumbling, half dancing across the backyard patio, when we reached the party’s cooks, Lisa introduced us. “Hey, Brad… hey, Steve. This is Erica, and she is going to be assisting you.”

Brad looked like a surfer, with sandy brown hair. Steve was darker and had a close-cropped beard going on.

“Hey, Erica,” they both said in unison.

I averted my eyes shyly, barely able to muster a little wave. With Lisa holding tight onto my T-shirt, there was no place I could go. They chatted for a bit, before she asked if they had a spare apron around.

“Sure, right over here,” and Brad pulled a white one from a rack on the side of the grill.

Lisa took it, and folded the apron over one arm. “This is what you will be wearing, Erica. But first…”

Spinning me around to face her, the blonde college girl suddenly grasped the bottom hem of my T-shirt! She lifted it swiftly, catching me completely by surprise. My face was muffled in the fabric even as my arms were raised, allowing Lisa to pull off the T-shirt.

Immediately, my hands darted to cover my breasts and hide my nipples. Behind me, I was aware of the two boys watching me in my shorts and sneakers, and seeing my bare back. I gasped, and crept closer to my nemesis, Lisa.

“Please… please don’t strip me,” I whispered.

The blonde twenty-year-old only smirked, and unfolded the apron. She set about at once, draping it over my head, and tying the strings behind my neck. I pulled my arms out and she spun me around, ungraciously making a knot in the apron string at my back. Looking at the boys, they seemed to be enjoying this. But then my eyes went wide. Lisa had grabbed my shorts, together with my panties, and yanked them to my feet!

“Oh!” I gasped.

The front side of the apron of course covered me well enough, reaching down to my thighs. I lifted one leg at a time, allowing Lisa to take the rest of my clothes. Part of me wanted to run away.

“Sneakers off,” she demanded.

I couldn’t believe this was happening, and so fast. “But, Lisa…”

Despite the weak protest, my mind whirled and I found myself easing one bare heel out of a sneaker. I slipped the other off, so that my toes arched on the white concrete patio. Now I was completely naked under the apron. Over my shoulder, I saw Lisa grab the shoes and toss them across the back yard.

She gave me a slap on my exposed bare bottom. “Well, guys, I’m off to splash around in the pool!”

I did not turn around, but watched out of the corner of my eye as Lisa stalked off in her bikini. It made me feel very self-conscious as I saw the boys eyeing her curves. My fingers fidgeted nervously with the front of the apron, hoping to be ignored, yet envious of the attention of the other young women. Again, my emotions were very confused.

In a way, I sort of felt like a little girl who was not old enough to swim with the grown-ups. Even though it was my own fault, because I did not bring a bathing suit. So I was forced to stay behind and help with the cooking.

Then I heard Steve say to his friend, “Brad… the grill!”

All three of us turned to the stainless steel barbecue, and saw smoke coming from under the closed hood. The boys quickly threw on protective mitts and opened up the hatch, which allowed flames to jump out. I was startled, but also amazed at how efficiently these college guys went about working the grill and getting everything under control. However, the hot dogs apparently could not be salvaged.

“Looks like we need to put on another batch,” Brad laughed as he dumped the charred and blackened meat into the garbage.

Steve then turned to regard me. “Erica, go grab us some wieners.”

I stood, shocked, and stared at the boys. Not boys, I kept telling myself. Young men, who were just a few years older than me. My eyes shifted to look at them in their long shorts, wandering to steal a glimpse at their crotches. I opened my mouth and licked my lips.

“Thirsty?” Brad inquired. “You can grab a beer while you are down there.”

I looked around foolishly. “Oh! Um, where are your… I mean, where do you keep your wieners… the hot dogs!”

The guys chuckled, and then pointed to a large cooler resting on the ground not far from the barbeque grill. Shyly, I began to shuffle over. At first I sidestepped, keeping my apron covered front facing Brad and Steve. I paused and looked down at the cooler again. It was made of blue durable plastic, and had a white top with flaps that appeared to open on either end. There were probably compartments, with drinks on one side and foodstuff on the other.

As I moved closer, I realized that I had to turn slightly to open the cooler properly. I was aware of my bare feet on the nicely maintained patio. Crouching down, my knees spread apart. This caused me to open up. My labia, my inner pussy lips, had already unfolded. In this position, they would hang down and wiggle. I blushed, and glanced back at the two young men.

They were watching me. Brad and Steve were all smiles, amused and interested in what I was doing. They weren’t looking at the girls in the pool. Their eyes were on me, naked under the apron and squatting on the side of the cooler. The realization sent a thrill through my body, a warm flush over my skin and made my long nipples stand out.

I reached my arms across the top, searching for the latch on the other side. Then I leaned over, standing up some more, and sticking my bottom out. I did not keep my legs together, but had my feet about shoulder width apart, knowing the boys would be looking at my butt. It wiggled slowly as I popped open the container and took my time feeling inside.

They were not only seeing my pussy from behind. These guys from college, who I didn’t know, were getting a nice long view of my tight little “o” just above. This was so horribly embarrassing, yet also a huge turn-on. I lingered in this position a bit longer, then finally pulled out two packages of hot dogs.

**Erica and the Barbeque - Part 2**

Suddenly, I felt ashamed about my exposure all over again. I quickly stood up and turned around, facing the boys. My cheeks blushed bright red as I stepped toward them. They were taller than me, of course, and I had to look up as I obediently held out the wieners for the grill. Lisa said I had to help the guys cook, and that’s what I was doing.

Steve indicated that I should peel open the plastic packaging. “We’ve got the fire going, you hand us the dogs.”

“OK,” I replied, wearing only an apron, and used both hands to tear open the wrapping.

They were foot-longs, my fingers slowly pulling out the first beefy piece of meat. With wide eyes, I gave this to Brad, conscious of my bare bottom sticking out behind me. In fact, since I was now facing the grill, my bare backside was on display for the rest of the party guests over by the pool, if they looked in my direction.

I pulled out another raw hotdog, and wiggled it between my fingers while waiting to give it to Steve. Already, I could smell the meat cooking on the barbeque and it was a delicious aroma. The more I handled the long frankfurters, the more naughty thoughts started to creep into my head. I wanted to put one in my mouth, without the bun, and suck on it suggestively. Then I had another wicked idea.

I wanted the hotdog inside me! I wanted to masturbate with it, no… I wanted to be masturbated with it! The thought was wild, and it was a good thing I had that apron covering me. I pictured sliding the wiener deep inside my pussy, getting my juices all over it, even my cum. Then we would place the hotdog on the grill! Whoever selected that one, would be eating my pussy juice!

“You all right, Erica?” one of the guys asked me as I numbly handed over the last beef frank.

Coming out of my daydream, I gasped. My body was undeniably responding to my thoughts. Already, my nipples had grown erect. And underneath the front of the apron, my clitoris… my clitoris was poking out! I wanted to touch myself, but I couldn’t.

“I’m… I’m fine,” I replied breathlessly.

Steve lifted the front of my apron and wiped his hands. “Good, so you can help us with the potato salad.”

Quickly, I turned away before the boys could see my vulva shaved bald. I scurried back over to the cooler, where I imagined they kept the other food items. My bottom bounced playfully for them. I wish Lisa had not put me in this predicament!

There was another fifteen minutes of cooking at the barbeque, and we threw on some burgers as well. When the guys finished, I followed instructions by placing everything on serving trays, including plates and plastic forks and knives, cups and napkins. I would be the one to make several trips serving everyone else who was now seated at tables around the pool, including Brad and Steve.

It was humiliating not only because I was forced to do this with just the apron covering the front of my body, but also I was not even allowed a seat at the table. There were no chairs reserved for me. Again, I felt like a child, among the group of young adults.

“Where am I going to sit?” I whined in front of the others, who were laughing at me. Carrie suggested I could sit on her lap, if I took off my apron!

“No!” I squeaked, blushing.

Then Lisa stood up and walked around me. “Erica, I’ve had enough of you acting like a baby.”

Her fingers reached up to manipulate the knot at the back of my neck. I struggled and squirmed, but the taller blonde college girl soon had her other hand toying with the lower apron strings. As the others were watching, I managed to spin around so I was facing Lisa, but still caught in her embrace. I looked up into her cold, calculating eyes.

We danced around, closer to the edge of the pool.

“Time to go for a swim,” Lisa laughed.

I was off balance already, when she gave me a push. My arms flailed out wildly. I could feel my bare heels on the curve of the cement perimeter, slipping backward. The young woman reached out and grabbed the front of the apron in her fist. Momentum and gravity kept me going in the opposite direction.

The apron strings had been loosened by Lisa’s hands, and they came undone completely as I fell.

I fell into the water with a splash.

When I came up for air, I could hear an uproar of whistles, cheers and laughter from the guys and girls who went to my school. I raised my head to find Lisa standing on the edge of the deep end. She was wearing a smirk, one hand on her hip, and in the other… she waved the white apron.

I didn’t have to look down. I could feel the refreshing water over my body, seeping into my holes and making my bare skin tingle. Treading water, I was completely embarrassed by the fact that I was now totally naked. The others must have gotten a nice glimpse when I staggered and fell into the pool, the apron whisked right off me. Now I dunked my head underwater, fully submerged, my legs kicking beneath me.

Again, I had to resurface to breathe, and I slicked my hair back with my hands. Since I was doggie-paddling, I could not cover up. I was afraid that the girls who were still in their bathing suits would jump back in the pool and tickle and tease me.

After a while, Lisa ever being in control of the situation, ordered me to get out.

“No… I can’t!” I gasped. “Somebody bring me a towel!”

The others laughed, but Lisa remained steadfast. “Don’t make me come in there and carry you out!”

My friend Alicia chimed in, “Aw… but Erica looks adorable skinny-dipping!”

Oh God, she was right, I was skinny-dipping, alone, in front of these people who attended my college! I swam around a little, feeling my pink labia wiggle in slow motion underwater. The further I moved away from the edge of the inground pool, the more they could see me from the table. I tried to keep only my bare shoulders visible.

Finally, I decided I had better not test Lisa’s patience. With much reluctance, I paddled my way over to the stainless steel ladder that hung on the other side. Nervously, my fingers curled around the top rung and I pulled myself out of the water. I bashfully glanced across at the gathered twenty-something-year-olds around the table.

Stark nude, I emerged from the swimming pool. Immediately I covered my small tits and pussy with my hands. Water glistened on my body in the sun, dripping from my dark hair hanging down in strings just past my neck. I started to walk toward the table on the deck. Trailing behind me, I made little footprints on the white marble, or cement, or whatever it was.

The other ladies were still in their bikinis, although some had wrapped towels around their waists. I was the only one naked. This of course earned whistles and howls from the guys. It sort of made me feel good, but I was also embarrassed from head to toe in front of the ones who I didn’t know very well. Besides my small breasts, which I was always self-conscious about, I was now ashamed to show my pussy. It was hairless and pink, sloppy with pronounced labia that dangled like wings. In addition, my clit was poking out. I was afraid I would look horny, and I was!

“Can I put on some clothes?” I pleaded.

Lisa shook her head. “No way, Erica. This is too good.”

“But, Lisa…” I whined.

“But, Lisa!” the blonde young woman repeated, mocking me. “Sorry, princess, but you will be spending the remainder of your time here this way. I guess you could always leave.”

I had made it all the way to the table, and everyone could see me as I desperately tried to cover myself. Some of my friends, like Alicia and Carrie, smiled along like this was all in fun. Others were clearly amazed that Lisa was able to boss me around. It was pretty unbelievable. Then one of the guys spoke up.

“Hey, we could use some more drinks over here,” he said, watching me, the naked serving girl. Lisa only folded her arms, expecting me to perform my duties. I knew I was trapped. Alicia and Carrie were my ride here, so I could not realistically just leave as she had suggested. Defeated, I shyly lowered my other arm so I could use both hands to cup my pussy, and this caused my long nipples to spring out. There were more giggles and laughter. I turned around and started to walk toward the barbeque grill and the cooler with the refreshments.

They all got to enjoy a long view of my bare bottom. Unobstructed, with no apron tie-strings across the middle of my back, or knotted behind my neck. I was all smooth skin from shoulders to heels, and I could feel every pair of eyes on my slim figure. When I reached the cooler, I bent down and pulled out four bottles of beer. I was able to grasp two in each hand, the long bottlenecks between my fingers, but I couldn’t help brushing them over my tits.

“Oooh,” I secretly moaned at the delightfully cold sensation.

Returning to the poolside table, I walked with my arms extended, leaving my full frontal nudity on display. It’s not that I was growing more confident, but to my horror, I was becoming so aroused. Lisa knew this, and I think it was her game. Besides, I really had no choice since I had to be careful carrying the beers.

I padded barefoot right up to the young man who made the request, and placed the bottles on the table. Rather than stepping back, I simply lowered my arms to my sides.

From there, they passed around the beers and one of the girls asked, “How did you get these, Carrie? You’re not twenty-one.”

“I was very persuasive,” my friend with long strawberry-blonde hair replied.

Another guy who went to our college laughed. “You mean you showed the clerk your charms. Flashed your boobs…”

“Flashed?” Carrie pretended her gasp in shock, her green eyes sparkling. “No, I stripped naked right there in the store!”

The young men and women laughed. I knew she was joking. By the idea made me very hot. That’s why she said it. Carrie glanced over at me and winked. And then I had my hand running down my tummy, my other fingers teasing a nipple.

Before I knew what had happened, I found myself sitting on the lap of the young man, facing my friends and the other guests. It was like I was just standing there one moment, and the next I was giving him a not so private lapdance! I don’t think he touched me to pull me over. Instead, I just sat down and started grinding against him.

“Your friend is kind of sexy,” I heard the guy say as his hands held my waist.

“More like she’s some kind of a secret nympho,” another young lady replied.

“Are you sure she’s legal? Looks like she’s still in high school,” one girl commented on my petite and youthful appearance.

“Her breasts are too small,” Lisa chimed in, unimpressed as usual.

Oh! They were all talking about me as I wiggled around naked in the arms of this college guy, being felt up and played with! My heart was beating faster with sexual excitement. I knew I was going to cum, right here in front of everybody.

“Well, Erica is still a virgin,” Alicia said, not to embarrass me, but perhaps to defend my behavior or protect me.

“Not for long…” the boy behind me laughed suggestively.

And then all of a sudden, everything went crazy. The graduate student who had let us onto the professor’s property came rushing out the back door. I had not realized he was absent from the poolside table along with the rest of us. And now, I was in a daze, only half aware of my surroundings.

“We have to clear out!” the young man shouted, waving his arms. “He’s back! I thought Professor Green was away for the week… Everyone grab your things and get out of here!”

Immediately, there was a whirlwind of activity. I was pushed aside, as the fellow jumped up from his chair. Some of the other guys ran to the barbeque grill to grab the cooler and any leftover food. The girls in their bikinis picked up towels and hurried into the house where the rest of their clothes were.

For a brief moment, I stood alone in the backyard completely bare.

**Erica and the Barbeque - Part 3**

My eyes blinked, and then I decided I should run into the professor’s house as well. I climbed up the deck to find the sliding backdoor left open. Quickly, I slipped inside the home. It was a large home, and a little disorientating, especially trying to make my way around in a panic. When I stepped into the kitchen area, my toes on the tiles reminded me of my nudity. Holding my small breasts with both hands, I ran into a hallway.

I followed this around, stopping just as I passed an open bathroom. Catching my reflection in the mirror, I saw my shoulder-length hair was drying, but still stringy from the water. I reached for a comb lying on the sink, and pulled it through once. My brunette tresses went silky straight then started to form waves.

“What am I doing?” I gasped, looking down to notice my nipples pointing at the ceiling.

Abruptly, I placed the comb back on the vanity counter and slipped back into the hallway. My mad dash through a stranger’s house continued. Well, not exactly a stranger. Professor Green taught some introductory courses, one which I had finished taking. I just did not want him to find me like this! He must be paid well between his research projects and work at the university, as I discovered more extravagant furnishings in each room I passed through.

I heard footsteps upstairs, and figured it was the girls getting changed in a hurry. Nervous, scared and excited, I wondered what to do. Alicia and Carrie were my ride, so I thought I should try to find them and stick together. The grand staircase that led to the second floor was near the entry foyer of the house. I was making my way in that direction when the front door started to open.

“Oh gosh!” I whimpered to myself, a hand running down my bare tummy.

Turning around completely, I decided to dash into a side room. This appeared to be a richly furnished study or library. Mahogany woodwork everywhere, shelves lined with books from floor to ceiling, and even a fireplace. The chair in the corner looked like it would feel delightful to sit in, shiny leather against my skin. I had only paused for a second to take in the lavish setting, and then I heard more footsteps just outside in the hallway.

Quickly as I could, I scampered around to duck behind a desk.

Professor Green walked into the study.

“Hello… who’s there?” he called out.

Horrified, I crouched down and found I could fit under the desk, staying hidden because of the front facing modesty panel. That was kind of ironic, considering my present condition. I listened to the man’s shoes on the hardwood floor. An older gentleman, a little heavyset, my college professor had a grey beard and kind of a grandfatherly quality about him.

He searched the room visually for the intruder. I could feel his eyes scanning along the walls, peering behind round-rimmed glasses. Without realizing what I was doing, my fingers reached down and I started stroking my pussy lips. The inner folds, my labia, were already pulled out and moist. Now I made sure my clitoris was exposed, rubbing the hyper-extended nub.

My heart was beating wildly as I started to get swept up in a flood of emotions. Of course I tried to be quiet and hear if the professor was approaching. I closed my eyes and bit my lip, one hand holding a knee while the other played with my pussy.

The rubber-tipped end of a cane tapped the floor in front of the desk I was hiding under.

“And who do these little toes belong to?” the older gentleman asked.

Shocked that my foot was visible, I still managed to squeak, “No one!”

“No one?” he chuckled at my small feminine voice. “Now come out from there, Miss.”

I had been discovered, and I was trapped. There was no choice but to reveal myself to my college professor. Nervously, I wrung my hands trying to stall for time.

“I’m nineteen-years-old,” I told him from beneath the study’s desk.

Professor Green tapped his cane patiently.

“I go to the college you teach at,” I continued. “And… I was in one of your classes in the Spring semester.”

“Fascinating,” he replied dryly.

Finally, I braced myself and started to scoot my butt over, out from under my hiding place. I turned around so that I was facing the desk from the other side, and placed my fingers on the polished surface. Slowly, I raised my head so he could see me.

“Erica… is that you?” the professor seemed just as surprised as I had been about getting caught.

“Yes, sir.” I answered.

“What ever are you doing in my house?” the man asked, genuinely perplexed.

Instead of responding, I moved a little higher so that my bare shoulders came into view. I glanced to either side shyly, and then looked back at the college professor. He said my name again. I was surprised he remembered me.

Slowly I raised myself until I was standing behind the desk. First my small perky breasts, with long nipples wiggling up and down. Then my trim stomach was revealed with my adorable bellybutton on display. The front of the desk just managed to shield my bare genitalia.

“My goodness, Erica, are you…”

I opened my mouth to explain, “Yes, I don’t have any clothes on whatsoever.”

As I made the admission, shame washed over my body, yet the humiliation of the situation created a wonderful feeling between my legs and in my tummy. On the floor, my toes curled with naughty delight.

But Professor Green’s voice brought me out of my dreamy state. “Erica, why are you in my house, naked?”

Suddenly, I felt that I should cover up for the college students who organized today’s barbeque. Not that they did anything for me. In fact, it was because of their irresponsible behavior I was even in this mess! But somehow, I couldn’t bring myself to get them in trouble.

“Well, um,” I started, grasping for an excuse and lifting one hand to graze a nipple, “you see, I had come over here today hoping I could speak to you about my classes. And then when I found you weren’t home, I wandered around to the backyard. Your pool looked so inviting, I decided to take a swim. But I didn’t bring a bathing suit with me…”

My voice trailed off, and the professor did not seem all that convinced. “You went skinny-dipping in my swimming pool?”

Bashfully, I started to walk out from behind the desk. The knowledge that I was lying, made me want to show myself. I came around to stand before the older gentleman, head to toe nude, my hairless pussy unfolding for him.

“It’s a lovely pool,” I told my college professor breathlessly. “Oh! Mmmm… and then I saw the backdoor was open, so I came in here… after I dried off.”

I brought both hands to my breasts and quickly turned around.

Seeing my tender bare bottom, Professor Green replied, “That is strange. The only other person with a key to this house is Todd, the graduate student I am working with.”

Uh-oh! I was going to get that young man into trouble with my wild story! Surely he would be questioned. Of course he set up this whole barbeque party to begin with, unless maybe someone at college put him up to it. Thinking to change the subject, I walked forward to one of the bookshelves lining the wall of the study.

I stood up on my toes so I was showing the soles of my bare feet, reaching with both arms to caress the leather-bound books on higher shelves. My legs were apart, allowing my pink labia to dangle into view. I felt my brunette hair fall just past my neck, as I looked over my shoulder to make sure the professor was watching.

“You have an interesting collection,” I told him, stretched out fully nude in front of the bookcase.

“Erica,” he said softly.

Before my teacher could continue, I saw Alicia walk by the open doorway! She spotted me, and made such a face like she couldn’t believe what was going on. But my friend motioned silently with her arms that the girls were getting ready to leave. I didn’t want to call attention to her, so instead I turned around and faced Professor Green. Walking toward him, at the same time, I was planning to make a hasty exit. Unfortunately, I was incredibly aroused and the evidence was all over my body.

“Actually, sir, I came here today to ask you about attending classes.” I paused and licked my lips. “Naked…”

The older gentleman removed his glasses, wiping them with a handkerchief he had pulled from his jacket. “Well, I’m not certain that would be appropriate.”

While he was preoccupied, I decided to make my move. The truth is, if I stayed in that room one more minute, I was going to orgasm and squirt my juices all over the floor. Desperate and anxious, I looked to my left. Then I stepped to the side, preparing to leave the study.

“I’m sorry, I have to go!” my voice trembled with excitement.

I ran back out into the hallway, swift and nubile. My bottom bounced playfully behind me as I passed through the entry foyer, my erect nipples wiggling and pussy lips flapping. Fingers reached for the knob on the front door, which I pulled open. I streaked outside into the daylight.

“Hurry, Erica!” my friend Carrie called for me from the car on the side of the street.

“Oh… oh!” I cried, trying to hold it in, as I shuffled barefoot down the driveway.

I was grateful my friends even waited around. But another car drove by on the road, beeping its horn when I was in full view. Despite some moments earlier when I was acting sexy, I was in fact totally embarrassed.

The girls of course laughed, finding this all so hilarious. Alicia in the back seat pushed opened the door for me to tumble inside the car. Before the professor even knew what happened, Carrie sped off. I did hope I had bought enough time for the other students to collect their things and clear out.

To my amazement and frustration, my friends would not let me cum. I begged and pleaded, but Alicia kept my hands from my body, grinning during the entire ride back home. I’m not sure what Lisa did with my clothes, but I probably would not be seeing them again.

Carrie suggested we make a stop at the shopping mall, but Alicia had the good sense to advise her to drop me off at my house first. When we arrived, I eagerly jumped out of the car, waving goodbye to my friends. I dashed up the front path and found the door already open.

Walking inside, I was startled to run into my older stepbrother Robert in the kitchen. I had completely forgot he was over here today. Standing in the doorway, my arms hung at my sides allowing the young man to look me up and down. Then he laughed.

“Erica, I could have sworn you had clothes on when you left this morning,” Robert teased.

I wiggled my toes and replied, “Yeah, well, it’s a long story.”

“Did you want to tell me about it, kiddo?” he asked politely. “I’ll get you a drink.”

The thought of staying undressed and chatting with my stepbrother had me positively soaking. My skin tingled. I lifted a hand to run through my hair. But I couldn’t do it. My face blushing, I turned to leave the kitchen.

“No thank you!” I said, overwhelmed with emotion.

Then I ran the rest of the way down the hallway and into my bedroom. I climbed onto my bed and started playing with myself. My knees were sticking up, wide apart, as one hand reached between to open my bare lips. I fingered and rubbed and teased, while my other hand massaged my breasts.

Soon, I had a very vocal orgasm, knowing that Robert was in the house. It seemed I could not stop cumming as my whole body quivered on the sheets.

And I left the door to my bedroom wide open.

**39 -**