**Erica 38 – Toy Cars**

On Saturday night, I received a telephone call from my friend Alicia's aunt. Apparently, we were on such good terms now, the woman had decided that I was responsible enough to watch her son. I don't know where she got that idea. But I could think of a couple of possibilities.

Anyway, when she asked if I would look after Alicia's cousin, Jimmy, for the evening, my immediate instinct was to say no. I mean, all sorts of trouble happened when I was around that boy. Yet as soon as she started asking if I had any other plans, because of course she wouldn't want to impose, I felt the need to answer truthfully. I told her I would be home. In fact, I needed to finish up a project for a college computer class I was taking over the winter break.

And so that's how it happened. Before I knew it, seven o' clock rolled around, I finished dinner and Jimmy's mom dropped him off at my house. My own parents were gone for the weekend, it would just be me and Jimmy alone. A shiver ran down my spine.

It occurred to me, that if I was younger, I could probably be getting paid for this. Like if it was an after-school babysitting job. Then again, if I was back in high school, I would not be many years older than Jimmy. As it was, I agreed to look after the obnoxious monster as a favor, as I had done previously. Somehow it had become expected of me. I wondered if Alicia's aunt was taking advantage of me.

It all started innocent enough. I greeted Jimmy at the door and welcomed him into my home, while his mother said goodbye and then drove off. After getting him a snack from the kitchen, I let him get comfortable in the living room. He was a big boy, and could be left on his own. I saw that he brought his backpack, probably filled with handheld video games, or other toys. So I waited for him to get settled, and then I returned to my room.

About the time I wrapped up my class assignment, I received a text message from my friend Carrie. She was taking the class with me, and still working on her project. That meant we couldn't see each other tonight. Just as well, since I was stuck with Jimmy. However, the strawberry-blonde young woman had a talent for pushing my buttons. We exchanged a series of sexy text messages to each other, before she told me that she needed to get back to whatever she was doing.

At this point, I was feeling a little frisky. I was relieved that I had at least finished my schoolwork, and was ready to have some fun. With nothing else better to do, I decided to check in on Jimmy. That was my first mistake.

"Hey," I said casually as I wandered into the living room.

I guess I should mention that I was dressed in a pair of jeans that snugly hugged my slim hips. The top I had on was white, with sleeves that came down just past my elbows, and had a red trim along the neckline. I was also wearing comfortable shoes. The boy looked up to regard me.

"Hey," he grunted back at me.

"What are you up to?" I asked, trying to sound genuinely interested.

I could see of course, that Jimmy had emptied the contents of his backpack, which contained a collection of matchbox cars. He appeared to be sorting them out on the carpeted floor. For a moment, the boy ignored me as he picked through the miniature vehicles.

Finally he replied, "Nothing."

I could tell he was in a grumpy mood, but that was typical of Jimmy. Determined to make an impression, I scampered down to the floor next to him. Our living room carpets are thick and comfy. We almost don’t have a need for couches at all! He had dozens of the cars laid out, and I started to pick through his collection.

"These are nice," I started to say.

But then Alicia's cousin turned to me with a frown. "Don't you have something better to do? Girls aren't supposed to be interested in cars."

"Well, I don't see why not," I shot back, though I absently ran a hand through my hair.

For some reason, he had a way of making me feel like a little girl, someone he might tease at school. It is odd, since it's a quality that I've found in Lisa who went to high school and college with me, and now in Jimmy as well.

"Come on," I pressed the issue. "I want to play with you."

The boy huffed, and it seemed he might even pack up all his things and go somewhere else. I inched a little closer and fingered the various matchbox cars, showing that I was sincere.

"Fine," Jimmy finally relented. "But you can only pick one car."

I giggled, "OK… do you have a hot pink convertible?"

Alicia's cousin screwed up his face at the very suggestion. "No! I don't collect girly cars like that."

Shrugging my shoulders, I returned to look through the cars on the floor. I noted that Jimmy was holding some sort of small truck, a yellow 4x4 Bronco. Still, I wanted something of a more sporty type. Maybe I was projecting my own real-life desires.

"I like this blue one," I took what appeared to be a model corvette between my fingers.

Jimmy looked closely, then nodded his acceptance of my choice. "But be careful, Erica. That's a good car, I don't want you to ruin it."

"Oh! And how am I going to… ruin it?" I asked, pretending to be offended.

The boy rubbed his sleeve across his face and then said, "I don't know. But you sometimes lose stuff."

"Like my keys," I mumbled.

I immediately felt my face blush, thinking about the fishing trip with Jimmy. I remembered that when we returned to my house, he had somehow lost my keys. More embarrassing, I recalled my condition at the time. Jimmy had not forgotten either, as he now sat and stared at me. I swear, his eyes were roaming over my entire clothed body.

"Let's get started," he said, clearing his throat.

We got down on our hands and knees, crawling over the floor as we pushed our cars along the carpet. The two of us did some silly stuff, like making believe we were driving our cars, and yelling as we passed one another. It was kind of fun, and I wiggled my bottom as I moved in front of him. Jimmy and I are nearly the same size, which made me feel like a kid again playing innocent games. However, after a while, Jimmy voiced his frustration.

"This carpet is too difficult to drive on!" he complained.

Well, the boy did have a point. The thick fibers of the carpet might have been comfortable to sit on or even lay on, but they were not made for the delicate wheels of matchbox cars. We managed to push the toys around as best we could, but nothing like being able to send them flying across a room with hardwood floors.

I collapsed to the floor and stroked my little chin in thought. "I don't want to scratch the kitchen tiles."

Jimmy crawled forward and knelt next to me. He paused, taking a moment to look down the length of my body stretched out on the living room carpet. While there was silence between us, I felt an unexpected tingle on my skin, a familiar thrill of anticipation. I turned my head to look over at Jimmy and found he had a smug grin on his face.

"What?" I asked, and then giggled in spite of myself.

"What about you?" he asked, spinning the wheels of his truck along the palm of his hand.

I didn't quite understand. So laying in the middle of the room, looking up at the ceiling, I asked the boy what he meant.

"Yeah, you would make a great road," was all Jimmy answered.

"Thanks," I replied sarcastically.

But then Alicia's cousin crawled past me on the floor, moving to where my feet were. I lifted my head a little, somewhat curious and somewhat horrified to see what he was doing. Jimmy put down his truck. And then his fingers reached out to start unlacing my shoes!

"What… what are you doing?" I squeaked in surprise.

Jimmy quickly said, "Relax, Erica. I'm just gonna take these off."

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" I bit my lip nervously.

Probably, I should have stopped right there. That was my second mistake. But instead, I watched mesmerized by his diligent fingers pulling loose my shoelaces. When this was done, Jimmy took my shoe in both hands and slipped it off my foot. He was actually gentle, not rough at all. And I always enjoyed the slow removal of my footwear. This emotion, however, shocked me as I gasped and allowed him to remove my other shoe.

Then, before I could really process all this through my mind, Alicia's cousin was tugging off my socks. I suppose it was no big deal, he had certainly seen my feet lots of times. But now, he was actually… undressing me! And I didn't know what to make of it. Pretty soon, my feet were bare. I even wiggled my cute little toes appreciatively.

"See, I just wanted to show you…" Jimmy started to explain.

He followed by running the matchbox car along the bottom of my foot.

"That doesn't hurt, does it?" he was seeking to reassure me.

"Um, no," I responded honestly. Even more so, I confessed, "It sort of feels nice."

The boy continued to roll the car up and down, its tiny rubber wheels moving smoothly over my skin. He even slipped it between my toes, and I could feel the cool diecast metal. From heel to ankle, Jimmy was demonstrating how well his toy car operated.

Then he advanced further up my leg. First sliding his hand under the hem of my jeans. But he didn't get very far, since they were tight fitting. Jimmy pulled out his arm, and only pressed forward, now rolling the matchbox truck over the denim material. In this way, he moved across my leg, all the way to my knee. I lay as still as I could, anxiously drumming my fingers at my sides on the floor.

When Jimmy ran his truck inside my thigh, I gasped a little louder.

"What's wrong?" the boy asked, stopping with his hand on my leg.

I closed my eyes, trying to fight the urge to be so compliant, and said, "We shouldn't be doing this, Jimmy."

There was a pause. I could feel my own heart beating beneath my shirt.

"You're right," Alicia's cousin spoke seriously. "We shouldn't be doing it… this way!"

I had not realized he had put down his toy again. This time, I felt his hands at my hips and waist. His fingers quickly found the button on the front of my jeans and popped it open.

"Now what are you doing?" I asked in a somewhat state of shock.

Jimmy replied with certainty, "I'm taking off your pants, Erica. It will make things easier for the car."

I let him work at tugging the material a little lower before I protested, "What if your mother returns to pick you up?"

That caused Jimmy to stop what he was doing for a moment. He looked around the living room, and then found the clock above the mantle piece.

"Nah, we got lots of time to play," the boy informed me confidently.

We were all alone for a couple more hours. Hearing his words, I arched my back. This allowed me to lift my butt off the carpet slightly, enough for Jimmy to pull my jeans further down my legs. Enough for him to reveal my light green panties. However, Alicia's cousin did not stop to comment. Instead, he kept dragging the denim material down to my feet and then took them off completely, leaving me lying on the carpet in my shirt and underwear.

"Oh, Jimmy!" I moaned.

It was supposed to be a rebuke of scolding, but I'm afraid that it came out more like approval. Now that my legs were totally bare, the boy resumed his game with the truck. Indeed, it rolled much easier as he reversed direction started heading back down my thigh, past my knee, and across my shin. Then he switched legs, preparing to make the trip up again.

I clenched my fists in frustration because the little wheels on my body felt so good. And so I didn't say anything. This must have encouraged Jimmy, who pushed the car higher toward the cut of my panties. Then he told me to stretch my arms out above my head, which would allow him some extra "road" to drive on. Figuring this would at least get him away from the proximity of my crotch, I did as he asked.

When I flung my arms back in this position, the result was that the bottom hem of my shirt was raised a little higher. Just enough to teasingly expose my bellybutton. A smooth ribbon of bare skin was revealed between the edge of my shirt and the waistband of my panties. I was just afraid that it would entice Jimmy to want to see more.

He crawled across the carpet until he was now in back of me. I glanced above to find him looking upside down at my face. My toes curled, thinking about him seeing me like this. Meanwhile, the boy took my hand and gently rolled the car across my open palm. It tickled, especially when the miniature truck moved over my wrist and under my forearm, then onto my shirt's sleeve.

I only closed my eyes briefly, anticipating Jimmy to continue on my other arm and hand. Surprisingly, the touch of the toy was delightful. I did not want him to stop.

But he did stop, when he put down the matchbox truck. I thought maybe he was going to pick out another car. Silently, I bit my lip and lay very still on the carpeted living room floor.

The next thing I knew, he had taken each sleeve of my shirt in both his hands, and was pulling it up my body!

"Jimmy… no!" I cried, but my voice was muffled as the material easily slipped over my face.

Alicia's cousin laughed, "You're not wearing a bra today, Erica."

In the next instant, my top was removed completely, leaving me bare-chested. Actually, I was now wearing only my light green panties. The new sensation of the tickling fibers of the carpet caused me to arch my back again. With my arms still stretched behind my head, my small tits were practically flat. But, oh, were my nipples sticking up in the air! A blush spread along the length of my body, from head to toe.

My clothes discarded, Jimmy made himself comfortable next to me. And I was lying on the floor next to him, topless and in my underwear. He took his little truck and placed it on my tummy. I tried not to breathe, feeling the wheels roll over my bare skin. The boy pushed his toy further up my stomach, weaving between my breasts and hen down again. I opened my mouth and let out a small gasp.

How could I have let this happen? I thought to myself wildly. Yet at the same time, the car brushing up and down my body felt so good, like a massage. Not to mention, the humiliation of it all was incredible.

Finally, after a few endless minutes of torment and pleasure, I managed to whisper, "Jimmy, we can't keep going on like this!"

The boy crawled around on the carpet, moving to the other end by my feet. He then crawled between my legs, separating them to do so. Oh no, he was not going to do that, was he? I lowered my eyes to look down the length of my body.

"You're right, again, Erica!" the young man teased me. "We can't go on the way you are."

"What do you mean, the way I am?" I asked, curling my toes on the carpet.

Jimmy boldly reached out and grabbed the sides of my light green panties. He tugged them lower and lower, sliding them beneath my bottom. Then he rolled them all the way down my slender legs. I watched amazed as he pulled my panties off my feet and tossed the aside.

No longer did I have any authority over him. He thought nothing of stripping me buck naked in my own living room.

"I've got a new idea," he said as he rolled his car up the side of my completely nude body.

Embarrassed, curious, and aroused, I asked, "What do you have in mind?"

"Let's name your parts after places in the neighborhood," Jimmy suggested.

I blinked in disbelief, still keeping my arms at my sides, while my exposed nipples and pussy quivered. "You… you want to name my parts?"

In response, Jimmy took his little truck and pushed it across my chest. He made a circle around my right breast, approaching my erect nipple. This, he rubbed against the metal miniature.

"This will be the park," Jimmy explained.

I could barely contain myself or think straight, but I had to play along. "Oh, um, the park?"

Now Alicia's cousin ran his truck the short distance to my other breast.

"Yeah, and this can be my school," he indicated.

"Oh… OK," I said breathlessly.

I was a naked road map spread out for Jimmy to play with his miniature cars. Closing my eyes, I savored the absolute humiliation of the whole situation, and the sweet caress of little wheels rolling over every inch of bare skin. The toy vehicle moved lower and lower down my stomach. I waited until he was just below my belly button.

"And what will this be, Jimmy?" I asked, urging him closer to my pubic mound.

The model car rode gently over my pussy. I gasped, and then took a deep breath. Jimmy, seeing my reaction, pulled his hand away.

"Does it hurt?" he seemed unsure.

I shook my head turning side to side on the floor. "No… not at all!"

Convinced that I was doing fine, Jimmy parked the car right between my pussy lips. "This will be your home."

"Mmmmph," I made a muffled sound.

The boy backed the car out, running it down my leg. I breathed a little easier, but not much. My hands stayed firmly on the floor, even clutching fistfuls of carpet to keep me from touching myself. I was so nude, lying here in the living room, with everything out in the open! Jimmy's truck made it down to my foot where it climbed over my toes and rolled along my soft bare sole. Then he moved to my other leg and traveled all the way up my thigh to reach my pussy.

"Let's pretend it's Monday morning, Erica," he offered as a new starting point. "Where would you like to drive?"

My long nipples twitched, reminding me how I should answer. "Monday morning… I guess I better go to school."

Jimmy ran the truck up my shaved vulva and started heading for my left breast. When he was halfway over my stomach, I stopped him.

"Wait, Jimmy! I think I forgot my books for school!" playing along, I giggled.

The boy shrugged his shoulders, then circled around with the matchbox car. Making a U-turn past my bellybutton, he rolled it back over my silky pussy lips. He paused for a second, allowing me to take another excited deep breath. Then Jimmy got moving again, heading up toward my chest.

"Hold up!" I called out in the middle of his drive. "I think I forgot my lunch!"

Jimmy shook his head. "You're pretty forgetful, Erica."

But he played along, reversing the toy 4X4 Bronco. Turning around my bellybutton, he proceeded to drive "home", which was my bare pussy. The wheels spun over my crotch, sending a shiver of delight through my entire body. This was my own little game I was playing, having the truck make contact with my sensitive folds of skin, then pulling away to keep me on edge.

This time, however, as Jimmy started off again, he said, "You are going to be late for school if you continue to go back home!"

"Forget school," I told him, and was surprised that my words almost came out like a purr. "I want to go for a nice scenic drive in the hills."

The boy pushed his car over my body, swerving to go in the direction of my right breast. Its hard pink nipple was sticking up toward the ceiling. Noting my nearly flat tit, Jimmy laughed.

"I don't see any hills around here!"

Greatly embarrassed, I was also too horny to care. "That's not what I meant. Can I turn over?"

Alicia's cousin sat back from leaning above me, fingering the truck in his hand. Fully nude, I flipped myself over to lie on my stomach. I even pulled my brown hair out of the way so that my neck and shoulders were exposed.

"Oh yeah, those are some nice hills!" Jimmy replied, referring to my naked ass.

Although blushing, I also smiled inwardly. Then I felt the little truck placed at the top of my back. He let the toy roll down the supple curve of my spine, before picking it up again to continue toward my but. The touch of the delicate wheels was so enjoyable, and I moaned in spite of myself.

Always clever, the boy was starting to recognize that certain places got me to make more sounds. He knew, at least, that he was not causing me any discomfort. He also learned that when he rolled the truck over my bottom, I was very responsive.

"Mmmmm," I was feeling the orgasm I had been fighting all night start to build.

But I had told Jimmy that I wanted to go for a scenic drive, and he was going to explore every part of hose "hills"! His truck ran up and down my cheeks, and nudged a little into my ass crack. When I separated my legs some more, he dipped the car lower, discovering my pussy peeking from behind.

"I think I found a cave," he teased me further with the toy vehicle.

Lying face down, the bristles of the carpet tickled my sensitive areas. Being completely bald, my crotch was especially sensitive to the physical contact. I started wiggling my hips, rubbing my pussy on the floor. Jimmy was having a hard time maneuvering his truck with my rhythmic gyrations.

"Quit it, Erica!" he said, annoyed. "You're moving around too much."

He was annoyed that I was masturbating, humping the living room carpet! But I couldn't take it anymore. It was too late for me to run to my bedroom. I would never even make it to the bathroom. There was no choice. I had to explain to Jimmy what was happening.

Slowly, I rolled my naked body over so I could face him. "Ah, Jimmy, we… we need to talk."

"I was still playing," he complained. "What's the matter?"

I lifted up my hands to hide my bare breasts, at the same time rubbing my nipples between thumb and forefingers. "Jimmy, have you… have you ever heard of something, um, called… an orgasm?"

Now the boy looked slightly uncomfortable, like he suspected I was trying to trick him. Or I was asking him a question to make him look stupid.

"I guess," he said slowly. "I might have heard Alicia say something. But I don't know. What is it?"

He seemed genuinely curious. I had to think of a way to phrase this, and I wasn't even thinking straight! My mind was in a sort of an erotic daze. I tried to focus on Alicia's cousin watching me.

"Jimmy, when a girl gets… happy… I mean a special kind of happy. She feels really good, like there are butterflies tickling her tummy. And she gets warm, but a good kind of warm, like soaking in a hot bath."

"But you're not taking a bath right now," Jimmy pointed out.

Somehow, that was a very keen observation. "No, but I still don't have any clothes on. That makes me very… happy. In fact, I'm feeling so good, that I am going to start moving around like I was before. I'll also… Mmmm… start to moan, just like that. But it's because I feel good, so I don't want you to worry."

Lying on the floor, I reach down and separated my pussy lips. I was intimately familiar with my pubic area, after years of playing with myself. My vulva, or outer lips, were shaved completely hairless. At this stage of arousal, my pussy was already puffed out. As I used two fingers to open up, my juicy pink labia unfolded. Atop this, where my inner lips meet, I pulled back the little hood. My clitoris emerged fully erect.

I was like a flower opening up for Jimmy, and noting my wetness, I added, "Also… when I have an orgasm… I'm going to let out a little water. But it's not pee, Jimmy. I want you to know that… it's just something that happens."

My ears were burning bright red as I talked about this. I expected Jimmy to make fun of me, to make a face or say that I was totally gross. Instead, he seemed to be very interested.

"Right now, Erica, are you… happy?" he asked.

I squirmed on the floor, running my hands up to my breasts again and said breathlessly, "Very happy!"

Of course, that was the term I used to describe my arousal and being horny. But I couldn't bring myself to speak the word. For that matter, I was surprised I had not cum yet. I knew what I had to do.

"Jimmy, you can keep playing with your cars," I told him. "But if you do, I am going to have an orgasm."

With that, I made an effort to lie still on the floor. My hands clenched an unclenched at my sides, my toes curled and I arched my back. Absolutely stark naked, I waited to see what Jimmy would do. It was unbearable.

Finally, hesitantly, the boy placed his matchbox 4x4 Bronco on my body. He must have sensed that I was ashamed about having an orgasm. He was very clever. But still, he was either curious, or he was deliberately going to make me do it. When he rolled the toy car around my stomach, it sent a shock through me like a tidal wave.

"Oh! Oh yes!" I cried out, no longer hiding my arousal.

He ran the car up over my tits, rubbing against my nipples, flicking them back and forth.

"Mmmmph," I moaned. "Oooooh!"

In response, I separated my legs as far apart as I could. I was laying there, spread eagle. Jimmy crawled across the floor and reached the spot next to my midsection. He then used the truck and rolled it over my pussy, up and down, up and down, repeatedly, again and again! He did not even have to insert it, the toy tires were brushing my extended clitoris back and forth.

"Aaaaaah! Oh God, oh God, oh God!" I called out.

Just as I started to buck my hips, the orgasm hit me full force. Jimmy pulled his hand away, truck and all, right at that moment. I raised my legs in the air, while reaching down with my own hand to rub my pussy furiously.

Jimmy watched as I started to cum, a stream of white pearly juices squirting from my vagina.

"Whoa," the boy said, once I finished my climax.

My bare stomach was rising up and down as I slowly returned to normal breathing. I lay there looking up at Jimmy, and he just stared down at me. It was obvious he was impressed by my demonstration.

After a few more minutes passed, I lifted my head to look across my body. My pussy was very wet. Suddenly, the shame washed over me, dampening my arousal.

"Um, I better get cleaned up," I said bashfully to Alicia's cousin.

He nodded his head, and I gingerly sat up on the floor. I ran a hand through my hair, and then climbed to my feet. I didn't bother to pick up my clothes. Stark naked, I walked out of the living room and headed for the bathroom.

I took a nice warm shower, which made me feel better. And made me feel more relaxed, too. In fact, when I was washing between my legs, I made myself cum again. But I wouldn't let Jimmy know he had caused me to have multiple orgasms. When I was finally finished, I dried off and wrapped a dark blue towel around my body. I combed and slicked back my hair, which was equally dark because of still being wet.

Holding the towel across my breasts, I noticed that the bottom edge reached down to just above my knees. In this condition, I padded back into the hallway. Further down to my right, I could continue and slink back into my bedroom. Instead, I turned the other way and walked into the living room.

"Hi Jimmy," I said softly.

I was unsure how awkward things would be between us after what had just happened. That was part of the reason, I guess, I returned to hang out with him. Wearing only a towel, I reminded myself.

"Hi Erica," he said. "I folded up all your clothes for you."

Glancing further into the room, I saw that he had indeed collected my things and put them in a neat pile. My jeans, shirt, underwear and socks, with the shoes I had been wearing placed on top. Meanwhile, the boy had proceeded to collect his own toys and was putting them away.

I strolled into the middle of the living room and said, "Thank you, that was very nice."

"But you don't have to get dressed yet, do you?" Jimmy asked with a hint of expectation in his voice.

Looking down at the towel, I replied, "No, I can just keep this on."

"Let's watch TV," he quickly suggested.

The boy located the remote control, and turned on the television. He then found himself a spot on the couch and began flipping through channels. Slowly, I stepped across the carpet in my bare feet. I lowered myself onto the couch, sitting next to him. While he surfed from station to station, I crossed my legs and leaned forward a little.

"Jimmy, we can't tell anybody about this," I started to say. "Not even Alicia."

My bare shoulder rubbed against his arm. Alicia's cousin seemed to settle on something, but it did not look like anything he would be interested in. Some kind of National Geographic program on the History Channel, or something. He turned his head to regard me, and we were very close. I clasped my hands around my knee, wiggling my toes.

"Yeah, why not?" the boy said, challenging me.

I hooked a strand of wet hair behind my ear before answering, "Because I could get into trouble. Even though it was your fault. You stripped me…"

"And got you happy," he grinned. "But you did have fun when we were playing, didn't you, Erica?"

I had to pause and think about that. "Well, yes… and no. Um, I guess it's pretty confusing."

"I'll promise not to tell," Jimmy said, and I almost breathed a sigh of relief. "If you do something for me."

My mind was suddenly racing again. Was he blackmailing me? What could he possibly want? He had already humiliated me in my own home.

"I'm going to be starting soccer in the Spring," Alicia's cousin went on to explain. "Do you think we could arrange for a weekend where you practice with my team?"

Now I giggled delightfully as I heard his request. I ran my fingers affectionately through his hair and smile.

"Sure, we could do that," I said. "Well, I'm not very good at sports, but if I can help you, I'll try."

Jimmy lowered his eyes, and poked at the blue towel I was wearing. "One thing, though, Erica. You will have to take off your clothes in front of us."

"Jimmy!" I said in shock. "I don't know if that's a good idea. Why do you want me to do that?"

The boy looked up at me, seeming to stare at my face. "I want to prove to the guys on my team that I can get a pretty girl naked."

I was momentarily struck by his confession. Sitting back on the couch, I put my hands to my head. This was really getting to be too much. Yet at the same time, I was rather flattered. I crossed my legs again and dropped my fingers to my exposed shoulders.

"You think I'm pretty?" I asked.

The boy let his eyes wander from my head to my bare toes, then back to my slim body wrapped in a towel. "Yeah, I guess."

I was dying to ask him which parts he liked best. After all, he had seen everything. But I thought better of it. Returning to the subject of his request, I had another question.

"How many boys are on your soccer team?" my light eyebrow arched, perhaps suggesting I was interested.

"Six or seven," Jimmy answered.

Distractedly, I mumbled, "That's not so bad."

For the remainder of the evening, we watched TV on the couch. Occasionally, the top of my towel would slip, exposing a bare tit and my nipple sticking out. Jimmy would point out I was showing by flicking it. I would giggle, then slap his hand away. Sometimes he would move his hand to rest on my knee. I would let him keep it there for a while, before adjusting my position.

We were almost dozing off when there was a ring at the doorbell.

I looked up and said, "I guess your mother is here to pick you up."

"Yeah," Jimmy grunted, and then moved off the couch.

The boy went about gathering his backpack while I stood in the middle of the living room. I stretched my arms, arching up on my toes, although I kept one arm across my chest to keep the towel from falling off. With my free hand, I started to push Jimmy toward the front door. His heavy steps sounded down the hallway, while I followed after softly in my bare feet.

He opened the door, and together we greeted his mother.

"Oh, hello, Jimmy. I see you are all ready to go." she said. "Were you good for Erica?"

"Yeah," he grinned, and walked outside.

The night air was brisk on the skin of my shoulders and legs, as I stood there in the open doorway. Jimmy's mother looked at me, and then I realized I was dressed in only a towel!

"Um, I had to take a shower," I explained.

The woman continued to stare at me before she said, "Yes, I understand. In the future, Erica, maybe you could put on a robe or pajamas. You're almost naked, and I don't want Jimmy to get any ideas."

"Yes ma'am," I lowered my eyes, blushing.

Then she smiled warmly. "Well, thank you again for watching him on such short notice. It really was a big help. And I know he can sometimes be a handful."

"No problem," I gasped, trembling a little. I could feel my clit growing erect underneath the towel, thinking about the game we had played.

"I had best let you get back inside," Jimmy's mother chuckled, "before you catch a cold."

We said goodbye, and I closed the front door as she left. I waited until I heard the car start, then drive off down the street. Alone at last, I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. What a way to spend the evening!

Dropping the towel, I ran down the hallway, enjoying the feeling of running naked through my house. My small, perky breasts moved up and down, my bare bottom bouncing playfully. Once I reached my room, I hopped onto the bed. There, I started rubbing myself until I had my third orgasm of the night.

THE END

**Erica 39 – Erica meets Boxie**

I walked the halls of the concourse building at my college, the heels of my white open-toed shoes clicking on the floor. Checking the piece of paper I had been given by the Registrar's office, I confirmed that I needed to report to a classroom on the third floor. My friends had talked me into signing on as a mentor for one of the students from our local high school. I didn't really want to do it, because I'm kind of shy and nervous around new people, and I didn't know what to expect. But I was told it would look good on a future resume, which so far was kind of thin since my own high school graduation.

As I understood it, this was not an orientation meeting. These weren't Senior students who would be about to go to college. Instead, it was for tenth and eleventh graders, just to get them to start thinking about college. I was supposed to show them around, answer any questions they had. It seemed simple enough.

I reached the third floor, and quietly walked to the classroom I had been assigned today. It was a week before the semester started, so there were no classes scheduled. Entering through the door, I found two of my friends waiting for me. Carrie and Ashley smiled as they greeted me.

"You look nice, Erica," the art student, Ashley said.

My fingers self-consciously grasped the white fabric of the one-piece dress that came down to just above my knees. Ashley wore a black sweater and plaid skirt. With her auburn hair and black-rimmed glasses, she looked very cute. My friend from high school, Carrie, was standing with her thumbs hooked in the loopholes of her jeans. Her long curly golden hair had flecks of strawberry, and her hazel eyes twinkled.

"Thank you," I mumbled.

Carrie giggled and said, "No really, you look so smart and sophisticated. I'm sure you will be perfect to represent the school."

Then the taller girl crossed the floor, and snatched the official Registrar paper out of my hand. It was the only thing I was holding. So now I stood with my hands clasped in front, while absently lifting a bare foot out of my shoe.

"It's only the form that identifies me as a Student Mentor, and had the directions to report to this room," I explained. "By the way, how did you know I would be up here?"

Ashley peered over the rim of her glasses and said, "There is a bulletin board downstairs with your name on it. How do you think the high school student will know where to find you?"

"Oh, right…" I replied, and rubbed my arms.

Carrie, who knew me very well, laughed. "What's the matter, Erica? Are you feeling nervous… excited?"

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I hurried out the front door of my house, seeing my friend Patricia parked on the side of the street. Dressed in a tight white T-shirt and snug denim shorts and sneakers, I bounced toward her car. My long black hair streamed behind me as I rushed forward. The door locks clicked open, and I slid into the passenger seat.

Before starting the car, Pattie looked me over. "What are you wearing, Boxie?"

"It's gonna be warm out," I answered, but clutched the T-shirt material that clung to my skin.

My friend shook her head. "You look like you are ready to go to the playground, not visit a college. No one will take you seriously."

"College guys!" I said excitedly as I shook her arm. "They'll be happy to see me, I bet."

With a huff and a sigh, Pattie turned the key and started to drive down the road. I really did appreciate her driving me this morning. If I had to go with my parents, they would never let me get away with wearing such an outfit. But I had this all planned out, since that day I signed up with the high school Dean of Students to visit the local college. I wasn't interested at first, until they explained we would be assigned a Mentor, and we would get to spend the whole day with them.

The ride was pleasant enough, and soon we were pulling onto the road that led to the college campus. Trees lined the streets, and some impressive looking buildings loomed in the distance. This was much bigger and nicer than my high school! I watched dreamily as we passed some people on the spacious lawns and walkways.

"Now the only thing I need to figure out…" I mused aloud, pulling on my bottom lip. "…is a way to lose all my clothes."

Pattie nearly slammed on the brakes in shock. "Boxie, are you crazy? Is this one of your stunts you are going to try to pull?"

"Come on, help me out," I whined to my friend. "Think of the hot college guys!"

Continuing to drive ahead she answered, "Sure, why don't you just take everything off right now, and I'll let you out."

"OK!" I giggled.

Reaching down, I pulled a leg onto the seat and started to undo the laces of my sneakers. Once both shoes were off, I slowly lifted my T-shirt. Peeling it up my body until my boobies bounced into view.

Pattie glanced over and scolded me. "Boxie… I was only kidding!"

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I shuffled around the room a little, and then turned to Carrie. "Yeah, maybe. I guess. I mean, I don't know anything about this high school student."

"You'll be all right," Ashley reassured me.

The strawberry-blonde, however, suddenly got a familiar mischievous glint in her eye. She came forward, looking out into the hallway, and then closed the door. Carrie spun around, placing her hands on her curvy hips.

"Unless," my friend took a step near me, "Wouldn't it be wild if you met the high school student here in the classroom, you know…"

My eyes were wide, and before I could even comprehend what she was suggesting, my heart started beating faster. "No… what do you mean?"

Carrie looked over at Ashley and winked. "Take off all your clothes, Erica."

"What?" I gasped, bringing my hands to my mouth.

The precocious blonde persisted. "Think about it… how fun would it be to have some cute sixteen or seventeen-year-old boy, completely unsuspecting, find you waiting around in your birthday suit!"

"No, Carrie…" I shook my head. "I couldn't. We would get in trouble, and, and…"

Ashley had slipped behind me, and was teasing the bottom of my dress. She was usually better behaved, but I think Carrie was having a bad influence on her. The art student pulled me close and hugged me from behind.

Placing her head next to mine she laughed, "Let's strip her naked right here!"

"Good idea!" Carrie giggled. "Erica, lift up your leg."

Before I could respond, the tall girl had closed the distance between us. I was caught in Ashley's gentle embrace. Carrie reached down and picked up my foot in her hand. She rubbed my calf a bit, and then slowly slid off the shoe I was wearing. Tossing it away, I heard it bounce somewhere across the classroom floor. I closed my eyes and moaned.

My toes now found the cool tiles, as Carrie released my foot and raised my other leg. She took off my other shoe as well, while Ashley undid the back of my dress. If I didn't do something quickly, these two were going to go all the way! I fought pack the urge to be submissive, and tried to take control of the situation.

"Carrie! Ashley! That's enough!" I gasped, and wiggled and squirmed. "I'm not removing this dress."

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My T-shirt was bunched up under my chin, and I could see my nipples were already getting erect. It was kind of embarrassing to let Patricia see me aroused so soon. She knew I did this stuff every now and then for kicks and giggles, but did she know how turned on it made me? Also, I was truly amazed by my developing body and it was exciting to have other people see me for the first time. There was always an element of fear, wondering what they would think. That's why I had to try to be naked in front of a college guy.

"It's not a bad idea," I said to my friend. "Like, if I leave everything with you, then I won't be able to have second thoughts."

After I lowered my shirt, Pattie replied, "Oh right, and I suppose you are just going to stroll into a college building buck naked?"

"Yeah, I forgot I have to meet my Mentor in some stupid classroom," I acknowledged. "Didn't think that all the way through. I have to make it look accidental."

We pulled into the parking lot, and I saw many cars and students milling about. It was too big of a crowd for me to go streaking through. I needed to find someplace more private. After all, I didn't want people to get the wrong idea. My mind was just curious if a college-aged guy would appreciate the curves and form of my body.

My friend, however, felt the need to reprimand me. "Aren't you worried about getting into trouble? How do you know what this guy will even be like?"

"Yeah," I nodded my head. "I'll have to make sure I'm comfortable with my mentor first. Then, maybe while he's giving me a tour of the campus, I can let my shorts fall down."

Pattie raised an eyebrow. "You would let some stranger see your underwear?"

"I'm not wearing underwear today," I giggled playfully.

"Oh, Boxie! You're going to be in over your head!" she chided me.

We parked, and I pushed open the door, excitedly hopping out of the car.

"Wait!" Patricia called after me. "Put your sneakers back on, silly!"

Looking down, I wiggled my bare toes on the pavement. I turned around, and bent down so I could grab my shoes from the floor of Pattie's car. Pausing to glance over my shoulder, I thought I saw a few young men watching my denim-covered butt. This sent a thrill over my body, and I hurriedly pulled the sneakers onto my feet. I didn't bother to tie the laces.

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Barefoot and wearing a cute white dress, I stood between Carrie and Ashley. They had released their hold on me, and given me some space to breathe. I tried to smooth down the light material, and make myself presentable. Fixing my shoulder-length brown hair with my hands, I lifted my chin and regarded girls.

"Now there will be no more of that foolishness," I said firmly. "I am supposed to be acting as an adult. I can't be running around some teenager without any clothes!"

Carrie only giggled, "Oh, little Erica sounds all grown-up!"

Ashley looked me over from head to toe. "Well, without her shoes, I doubt she'll be taller than her student."

"Come on, please?" Carrie was at it again. "It will be a riot to see the look on his face. Just go ahead and take off the rest of your clothes. You know you want to…"

Of course, beneath the white dress, I could feel my nipples growing longer. I arched up on my bare tiptoes, and closed my eyes. Taking a deep breath, I was determined to remain in control of the situation.

"No," I whispered. Then more forcibly, "No, I am not going to embarrass myself!"

Ashley reached for the hem of my dress and suggested, "Well what about your panties? You could meet the student without any underwear on, and no one would ever know."

Carrie raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

"I don't know…" I stammered and fussed.

"Then it's agreed!" our taller friend snapped her fingers. "Get 'em off, Erica."

I sighed, and figured this was the fastest way to get rid of these two. So after looking around shyly, even though it was just the three of us, I hiked up my white dress. I then hooked my thumbs into the elastic waistband of my panties and pulled them to the floor. Lifting my legs out of the material crumpled at my ankles, I kicked them across the room.

"Now can I have my shoes back?" I asked, blushing furiously.

Carrie grinned and first moved to retrieve my discarded panties. These she held up, and waved them in front of me triumphantly. I folded my arms and stuck out my tongue like a brat. We were always teasing each other this way. But at least my friend kept her promise, and brought my shoes over to me so I could slip them on my feet.

After I was once more presentable, except for my lack of underwear, the two girls each gave me a kiss on the cheek for luck. Then they departed from the classroom.

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I walked inside the large concourse building. This was supposed to be where a lot of the general classrooms were located. Of course there was another whole building just for science students, and I know we saw a lot more fancy looking places on our way up to the college. It was hard for me to imagine, since I was used to going to the same old one, boring high school building every day.

There were lots more students milling about here, and finally I found a bulletin board that had instructions for the day. There was also a list of all the mentors each one of us was assigned to. I located my name, Rebecca Carter, and ran my finger across the sheet.

"Eric!" I squealed to myself. "That's a cute name…"

I caught the room number on the third floor, and quickly hurried off to find the nearest staircase. Already, my mind was conjuring visions of what this Eric would look like. I pictured him tall and handsome, like a prince out of a fairytale. Licking my lips, I pulled the bottom of my T-shirt up, just enough to expose my bellybutton. This was gonna be so hot!

But as I began to climb the steps to the second floor, I was feeling more nervous. People passed me by, and I saw I was getting some questionable glances. Everyone was dressed nicer than me, even the students from my high school. I thought I recognized a few boys as I passed them in my denim shorts, and that made me self-conscious about my bare legs.

I mean, it was nice and warm outside. But I guess I wasn't really appropriately dressed for college. All the more reason I had to get out of these things as quickly as possible!

A plan started to formulate in my head. I would explain to Eric that I was uncomfortable about my attire, and I would ask him if he could pick up something more decent from the campus store. Meanwhile, I would strip down to nothing and wait for him to return. Of course, I would shyly keep my frontal nudity covered. But I might let him get a peek at my ass.

As I reached the third floor, my heart was a flutter. I walked past more young men and women, both college and other high school students. They all seemed to look me over from head to toe, some of them laughing. I was ashamed and growing aroused at the same time. At least this gave me an excuse to change clothes.

Looking up, I saw the numbers on the classroom doors. Just a little further, and I stood before the room with the Mentor assigned to me. Or was it we high school kids who were assigned to the Mentor? I wondered how they did match us up.

Taking a deep breath, I entered the classroom.

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Just as I was about to open the door again, in walked a young lady, nearly knocking me over. She had long black hair and grey eyes, which I noticed because she was about as tall as me. But I also saw that she was busty in the chest, and had curvy hips as well as round bottom. I noticed these things because she was dressed in little denim shorts and a tight T-shirt. For some reason, I felt my own nipples harden.

"Excuse me, can I help you?" I asked, still conscious that I was not wearing panties.

The girl looked me over from head to toe, then answered, "Um… like, I'm from the high school and supposed to meet my college mentor here."

A bit of an attitude, I sensed, and I took a step back, placing my hands on my hips. "Well I am one of the college mentors, and I am supposed to meet my student here."

"Really?" the girl unexpectedly giggled. "For a moment, I thought maybe you went to my school. But I didn't recognize you…"

With a huff, I spun around and folded my arms across my chest. I think I was annoyed that this younger girl had bigger tits than me. Looking over my shoulder, I saw that she had a thumb hooked in the front of her shorts and was pulling on her bottom lip with her other fingers. One foot out of her sneaker, she was brushing her toes behind her other leg. I had to admit, she was cute.

"What's your name," I asked.

Now pulling her dark hair over her shoulder, she said, "My friends call me Boxie."

I wish Carrie hadn't taken the school documents away from me. That was where the name of the student was written. But I was pretty sure it wasn't Boxie.

"So where's Eric?" the girl suddenly asked me.

Surprised, I found myself turning my head to look around the room before replying, "Who's Eric?"

"You know, Eric," this Boxie persisted. "He is supposed to be my mentor, according to the schedule downstairs."

I shrugged my shoulders, since I really didn't know whom she was talking about. And then I made a connection. What were the chances she would arrive in this room looking for a person named Eric…

"Ah, what is your full name, Boxie?" I asked, following my hunch.

The curvy high school student giggled and answered, "Well I suppose if we must be formal, my real name is Rebecca Carter."

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When I rushed through the classroom door, I was greeted by another girl, which took me by surprise. I figured she was a student like me, who had found herself in the wrong classroom. She was very pretty. But she was also dressed in a little white dress, all innocent like, and it made me feel somewhat dirty. Also, this attractive girl was slim and had slender legs. I suddenly felt self-conscious about my boobies.

Then she got all bossy on me. Asking me who I was and what I was doing here. Only half listening, I was more interested in finding out if my Mentor, Eric, was lurking around.

"Rebecca…" she said slowly after I gave her my full name. "Oh, now I remember! You are the student that I am supposed to meet! My name is Erica."

The young woman held out her hand politely, which I could only stare at in disbelief.

"Eric… Erica…" I mumbled, slowly starting to put things together. "Wait… you mean you really don't go to my school? Like, you're a college student here?"

Now it was her turn to giggle, a light infectious laugh, and she wrinkled her nose as she smiled. This girl was adorable!

"Yeah, kind of hard to believe," Erica answered modestly. "But you're not too far off, Rebecca. I did go to your high school, two years ago."

Now I reached my own arm out and gently took her hand. The moment our fingers touched, I was struck by a totally new revelation. This was Erica! The Erica who went to my school and I had heard so many wild stories about! The girl who turned out to be my inspiration to try so many stunts and risky adventures. And here she was standing right in front of me. This could be interesting!

"Wow, so you are really Erica," I found my self exclaiming when I could catch my breath. "I've heard so much about you!"

She folded her arms back over her chest, lifting one foot out of her shoe, and raised a feathery eyebrow. "Oh? And what did you hear about me."

"I heard that you were NAKED at graduation!" I took a step closer. "Like completely, totally, bare-assed naked!"

Erica seemed to blush, fussing with her dress. "That's not entirely true! I, um, had my graduation cap on…"

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I felt my face flush, really my whole body, having to think about that embarrassing graduation day. Even though it was, what, two years ago? I wondered what else this girl knew about my high school days.

"You can call me Boxie," the black-haired teenager reminded me. "And… I think you should take off your clothes!"

Stunned, I took a few steps back, almost falling out of my shoes. That would have left me barefoot. And since I wasn't even wearing panties, I would only have one article of clothing left. I bit my lip nervously.

"Why does everybody keep wanting me to undress?" I mumbled.

The younger girl moved toward me, reaching out to rub my bare arm. Oh God, we were the same height! My eyes lowered to gaze upon her chest, and I found myself envious of her tits and developing curves.

Boxie giggled and said, "Probably because you are so cute! And I guess you have developed a reputation for running around in your birthday suit."

"A reputation?" I asked shyly, blushing again.

"Oh, yes!" Boxie cried with such enthusiasm, I could see her eyes were wide in adoration. "There are so many stories, Erica. You are really quite the legend. You simply have to get naked for me… right now!"

My heart was beating faster as I finally answered, "Right now? No… I… I couldn't. It's not what you think, Boxie. I'm very shy and kind of self-conscious about my body. The stories you may have heard are stuff that happened to me that I couldn't help. Now, we really should get started!"

With that I walked ahead briskly, brushing past the girl. I only stopped to turn around when I had reached the doorway. Watching Boxie, she crouched down with her back toward me so she could tie her sneakers. In that position, her denim shorts slipped down a little and I saw the crack of her round ass.

"Um, Boxie," I cleared my throat and called out. "You're not too disappointed that I'm your mentor instead of Eric, are you?"

The sixteen-year-old girl jumped to her feet and bounced over to join me by the door. "Eric who? Don't be silly, Erica… the two of us will have so much fun!"

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We walked out of the classroom, and Erica accompanied me down the hallway. I couldn't believe my luck. I was so excited! For the past year, I had listened to rumors and whispered stories about this girl who went to my high school and kept playing these daring games. Although the way she described it, it was more her misfortune, perhaps pranks that people played on her. Or maybe she allowed these things to happen…

"So where are we going first?" I asked pleasantly.

Erica told me that she was taking me to the library, which was located in this building. I nodded my head as we approached the stairs. Glancing over at her, I realized that there might be some truth to the way she characterized her high school incidents. I mean she did have a bashful, nervous quality to her. Not at all like someone who would go willfully streaking in public.

Yet her soft hair that came down to her shoulders, her bright eyes and shy little smile, all hinted at secret playful personality as well. This was like a dream come true! I felt I could learn so much from her. Now I had never been much interested in female nudity, except for my own. But I was suddenly wondering what this young woman looked like underneath her dress. And I was dying to know what she thought about me!

The two of us descended back to the first floor of the college building. I noticed quite a few people watching as they passed us by. True, Erica was dressed nicer than me. But I thought we still made a cute pair. I decided to pretend she was my age, like we were both high school students walking around the college… unsupervised!

However, before I could let my imagination get the better of me, we had arrived at the entrance to the library. There were two automated glass doors that slid open as we neared. They didn't have anything like this back at our high school! Once inside, our feet found the beige carpeting and the doors closed behind us. It was much quieter.

"This is where we do our research assignments," Erica was explaining. "And, um, we have access to the Internet…"

I pretended to sound interested. "Mm-hmmm. So tell me, like, if someone wanted to do their work in privacy, where would be a good place?"

"Well, I guess the history section is pretty quiet," she answered, sounding as if she wasn't very sure.

With an excited giggle, I said, "OK… let's go there!"

The shoulders straps on her dress seemed so thin. I walked behind her, enjoying her slim figure and the way she carried herself lightly, as well as evaluating the clothes she was wearing. Cute shoes, too, I thought. Erica led me around some tables, deeper into the library. Soon we were lost among a maze of bookshelves of reference materials. Further back, we came to an isolated corner and saw there were some empty desks and chairs.

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"Here we are," I said, kind of sarcastically since it was not all that exciting.

The history wing of the library was a good place to start, and as I expected, there were no signs of other students or professors. This was a large section of the building, and probably the history wing alone was half as big as the whole high school library. I gave Boxie a moment to take in her surroundings. It kind of reminded me the awe I first felt when I came to the college. As she slowly turned around, I admired her firm, round denim-clad bottom.

The young girl faced me again, pulling her long black hair over her shoulder. "Like, so what's up on the top shelves, all the way up there?"

My eyes followed the direction of her gaze, up to the rows lined with books that soared overhead.

"Um, I think those are books about the Civil War," I said, absently teasing the ends of my hair. "Or maybe the Revolution. I don't quite remember."

Boxie was a real fireplug as she pushed herself toward the bookshelves and started bouncing up and down on the toes of her sneakers. She had her arm stretched all the way above her head as she jumped, trying to slide out a book with her fingers. When she regarded me again with a perplexed expression, her T-shirt had ridden up quite a bit, leaving her bare stomach and cute bellybutton exposed.

"So how is anybody supposed to get those books?" the young girl asked. "Especially if they're only five feet tall like us!"

I looked to my left and right and answered, "I suppose one could stand on a chair. Or there must be a ladder around here…"

As if to make the point, I started to scurry about the corner, seeking any kind of footstool or something to climb the shelves. In a way, I was a little embarrassed that I brought this girl to the library, and I didn’t know where everything was. Then, all the way at the other end of the bookcase, I spotted one of those attached ladders with wheels. I hurried across the room in my little white dress to bring the sliding ladder back with me.

"Wow, that looks fun!" Boxie Carter squealed. "Like you could climb on it and have your friend push you across the shelves!"

My eyes wide, I admonished her. "Rebecca, no!"

"What about doing it… NAKED!" she grinned and stuck out her tongue.

Immediately, my heart started beating faster. I brought my hands to my mouth, and swiveled my head to check if anyone heard us. Or to see if anybody was nearby. Oh God, this girl was making me horny!

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I had never seen anything like this ladder that had wheels on its bottom legs, and attached on a rail at the top of these huge bookshelves. At least, none that I could recall back at our high school. Maybe they had these things at the public library, but I didn't go there much. I strolled over to the ladder and casually ran my hand along the edge.

"So, have you ever been naked in a library?" I asked Erica in an excited whisper.

The slender girl blushed and she quickly looked over her shoulder, while plucking at the material of her dress. For a moment, I thought she was going to remove it right there! Then she stepped closer to me, her own hand holding onto the opposite edge of the ladder.

"You know, Boxie," she started slowly. "There was one time, when I was about your age…"

"Oh, tell me!" I squealed.

Lowering, her eyes, Erica answered, "I was working on a school report. And some girls who used to pick on me, came along and took my papers. She shared them with her friends before they scattered about the library. I had to search for these classmates, giving up an article of clothing for a few pages of my report."

"Did you get your report back?" I found myself almost breathless in anticipation.

Erica simply nodded her head. "Every page."

"Oh, um… so that means…" I was quickly getting a mental image. "Oh, wow! You had to give up all your clothes? Every last stitch you were wearing! How many kids from school saw you naked?"

Clearly Erica was embarrassed reliving the details of this story, which made her all the more adorable. "Well, there was Lisa and Carrie, and my own friend Alicia, as well as John and Henry…"

"John and Henry!" I nearly shouted. "You mean you got forced to undress in front of a couple of guys? That's hot!"

Erica fussed and lifted a foot out of her shoe, rubbing her toes behind her leg, and then continued. "Yeah, well… that's not all. They made me… oh God, this is so humiliating! They made me… you know, play with myself right there at the library."

I blinked, struggling to comprehend it all, and then giggled. "I think I would have had an orgasm in seconds."

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We stood there for a few seconds, so close, only the bookshelf ladder between us. I don't know why I told this girl about the time Lisa had blackmailed me at the public library. But for some reason, it felt good sharing this with someone else. Up until now, only my small group of friends from high school knew about my exposure and masturbation, and we never really talked about it.

Suddenly, Boxie bounced past me, brushing my arm. I thought she might accidentally grab a piece of my dress and pull it right off me. Instead, she leaned on the shelf we were standing in front of, and looked up.

"You were going to show me what books are on the top shelf," the teenager reminded me. "Go climb up and get me one from the highest shelf!"

Lifting my head, I replied, "Oh… but I'm really not that good with ladders."

As I hooked a lock of hair behind my ear, Boxie told me that since I was her mentor, I had to show her how it was done. What if I had a big research paper, and the reference material I needed was all the way up there? It was odd, having her boss me around, but I had to admit, she was right.

"I don't think I can climb in these heels," I muttered, part of me still protesting.

Boxie giggled, "That's OK. You can take them off. I'll keep an eye on your shoes."

I sighed and folded my arms across my small breasts. Then, for the second time today, I prepared to be barefoot. I was able to wiggle my heel so that it slipped above the strap, and then pull out my toes as I had done previously. After removing the other shoe, I put my hands on the ladder.

How I repeatedly find myself in these situations, I will never know. I mean, I am scared of heights, or at least nervous. Yet I am always climbing trees or fences or… ladders! Still I did not want to disappoint the girl, and furthermore, I felt it was my responsibility as her mentor. So up I went in my white dress, fingers curled around the rungs and stretching up on my toes. At least this ladder was firmly secured to the bookshelf.

Reaching the top, I managed to select a book from the case. It was something about generals from the Civil War, which is what I had suspected was up here collecting dust. Daring to glance down past my shoulder, I was shocked to find Boxie… looking up my dress! Embarrassed because of my secret omission, I hurriedly descended the rungs. The book was cradled in one arm though, and I did not want to slip, so I could not climb down fast enough.

When I reached the floor, I arched up on my bare toes and Boxie grinned at me.

"You are so not wearing panties, Erica!" the girl giggled.

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At first, I couldn't believe my eyes, when I glanced up at Erica climbing the ladder. Admiring her slender legs, my eyes wandered further up until I noticed bare butt cheeks. Sure enough, as she shifted her footing, I saw a glimpse of moist pink skin between her thighs. It was starting already, and I was excited!

"No underwear?" I pretended to chide her, raising an eyebrow.

She clutched that dumb book to her chest and said, "It's not what you think, Boxie! I mean, um…"

"Oh, I understand," I continued to walk around Erica.

It was great, the way she was blushing. A nice rosy pink that gave a glow to her otherwise fair skin. I sensed she trembled a little as I moved closer. For sure, my own heart was beating faster. But this girl was like a delicate leaf, or the petals of a flower. I wondered…

"So you don't have any shoes on right now," I teased.

Erica squeaked, "No!"

"And you are not wearing panties," I stated again. "Are you even wearing a bra?"

"No…" came her breathless whisper.

I thought for a moment, then placed my hands on her shoulders. "Then this dress is the only item of clothing you have."

Feeling playful, I slipped a finger beneath one of her thin shoulder straps, and pulled it off to one side. I heard her take a deep breath. It was almost like I was giving her a doctor's examination! Finding the delicate zipper at the back of her dress, I slowly lowered this. Now all I had to do was slide the other shoulder strap off, and the light material would glide down her body to the floor, leaving her bare ass nude in the college library!

"Boxie, please…" Erica whispered.

Suddenly, there were voices drawing near. It sounded like they were right around the corner. We both looked up, and then Erica spun around so that she and I were standing face to face. I felt hard nipples pushing through her dress, into my own big boobies.

"Ooooh," I responded, amazed by what I was feeling.

The voices became louder as we lingered by the bookshelf.

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"We have to get out of here," I told the intoxicating teenager.

Without even thinking, I pushed past her, moving quickly away from the sounds of other men and women. The zipper at the back of my dress was still lowered, and I could feel the flapping material, the strap on my left side still hung off my shoulder. And I was still barefoot. Looking down, I paused and wiggled my toes on the floor, then I turned around.

"Boxie, my shoes!" I squealed.

But the girl already had them in her hand and giggled, "Don't worry, Erica, I'll take care of you!"

That remark sent a shiver through my body, sounding similar to one of Carrie's threats or sensuous promises. I nodded my headed, and waited for her to join me by my side. The two of us hurried around the bookshelves, nearly missing being caught by a group of college mentors and their high school students. We headed along the side of the library, taking a roundabout way back toward the exit.

For some reason, it felt cooler once we had passed through the doors and stood in the main concourse of the building again. There was a crowd of people, but no one seemed to notice us… yet.

"Can I… can I have my shoes back?" I asked, strangely seeking permission.

"Sure!" Boxie replied, cooperating, and dropped my heels to the floor.

As I carefully squatted, slipping my toes through the straps one foot at a time, I glanced over my shoulder and frowned. Standing straight again, I kept my back to the wall. Then I took the sixteen-year-old and pulled her close to me.

"Will you zip me up?" I whispered, blushing.

Soon enough the busty girl was squeezed behind me, I could feel her breath on my neck. I lowered my head a little, and pulled a lock of hair behind my ear. Then I realized, that I had left myself totally at the mercy of this unpredictable teenager. Boxie could just as easily pull the dress down all the way to my feet, leaving me exposed in front of… all these people! My arms were stiff at my sides and I clenched my fists.

I wondered if she could smell my arousal, knowing how horny I was. Could she tell my heart was racing?

Thankfully, the little delicate zipper began to pull up. Once it was fastened in place, she even adjusted the shoulder strap for me. I breathed a sigh of relief, but also felt a twinge of regret.

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Once I got her dress back in place, I took a moment keep her close in front of me. This girl was turned on, no question. And I had to admit, I was pretty excited too, about ready to have a real adventure.

"Where to now, Erica?" I asked.

The slender young woman stepped to the side, and then glanced across her shoulder at me.

"Um, I'm not sure, Boxie..." Her eyes darted about the wide lobby of the building.

Placing my hand on her arm, I tested to see how far I could push her. "Well, like, is there someplace we can go… more private?"

Erica licked her lips and repeated, "More private. You know, there is always the Performing Arts Center. Not too many students will be checking that out, I bet."

"OK, that sounds fun," I giggled. "Let's go!"

Running a hand through her hair, Erica explained that the building for the Performing Arts was all the way on the other side of campus. I looked down at my sneakers. Certainly, I wasn't bothered by an extended walk.

"Think of all the guys that will see us," I teased, and rolled up the hem of my T-shirt a little so more of my belly button was revealed.

Erica stepped nervously forward in her heels and replied, "Most people don't usually notice me."

"Until you do something to attract more attention," I winked at her.

The young lady remained quiet. She didn't wear much makeup, but she was so pretty! Her features were delicate, her body sleek the way it moved under her light breezy dress. In contrast, I bounced along next to her, my butt so round and curvy in denim shorts and my boobies jiggling under my tight shirt. What a pair!

We exited the main building, into the bright sunshine. Erica took me across the lot where some cars were parked, letting off more students. Then we found a path and followed this, passing a lot of young men and women on foot. I don't know if I was supposed to be learning anything from this experience, but I realized how hot some of these college guys were! Erica dragged me along as we strolled beneath trees and then crossed a road that bisected the campus.

Past the main student parking lot, she told me, was the Performing Arts Center.

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Up some old wooden steps I led the teenager, opening the doors to the stately brick building. Inside, we walked through a hallway and saw a piano in the corner. No one else appeared to be around. I tried to get back into the role of college mentor, explaining to Boxie that the arts were part of a well-rounded education, whether music or drama. But the girl quickly took my hand and pulled me toward some stairs.

"What's down here?" She asked enthusiastically.

I thought for a moment before answering, "Just some music classrooms and practice studios… and a performance stage."

"Oooh," Boxie squealed, "You mean like our high school auditorium?"

"Auctually, I don't think it is quite as large," I grinned. "This is for more intimate performances."

Tossing back her mane of black hair, Boxie put her hands on her hips and said, "I like the sound of that!"

And then she bounded down the steps, her sneakers squeaking on the tiled floor. I had to hurry to keep up. Following a winding corridor, I tracked her into the dark theatre area. Still, there was no sign of other students or any faculty from the School of Arts and Sciences. Turning up the lights confirmed the room was empty.

Boxie quickly found the front row of seating in front of the stage and sank into the cushioned chair. Strolling around, I told her this is where the drama club put on shows, or the various musical performance groups who played at the college.

"Yeah, yeah, I get that," the precocious girl waved off my lecturing. "But what I want to know, Erica, is how you look up on stage?"

"Me?" I stammered and blushed, never one to willingly draw attention to myself.

Nevertheless, my feet started moving toward the side steps and railing. I found myself climbing up onto the raised platform, gliding slowly over to the center of the raised platform. With my arms at my sides, I looked out across the rest of the dark room. And then I lowered my eyes to see Boxie in the front row smiling up at me.

"It's like you are back a graduation, isn't it!" she suggested.

I clutched at the fabric of my dress and mumbled. "Yeah, I guess…"

"Except, like, you weren't wearing that dress," Boxie reminded me.

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I realized that I had her right where I wanted her. Standing up there on the stage, like a slender flower, I watched Erica's eyes go wide and I think she trembled. It was an amazing reaction to watch. I've never had an older sister to look up to, and I wasn't sure what was going through her mind. She seemed hesitant, shy, maybe even fearful… but was also giving off some kind of vibe of longing. I think she was horny. Myself, I had to keep from sticking a hand down the front of my shorts!

"Well, I did have my graduation cap," Erica squeaked, beginning to fuss with a shoulder strap.

"Really?" I giggled, trying to imagine the sight. Then I repeated, "But nothing else?"

No, the slim young lady shook her head. She took a step forward, right to the edge of the stage. Her head swung around, then forward again, eyes searching past me. We were alone in here. Was she checking to see that no one else was watching? Suddenly, I realized I was holding my breath. And so was Erica.

Both her hands reached up, as if we were playing Simon Says and I had said "Touch your shoulders". Her fingers found the thin spaghetti straps, slipping them down her arms. Then Erica moved her hands behind her back so she could reach that delicate zipper, which fastened her dress. I saw her shift her eyes and bite her lip nervously as she was concentrating. The room was so still, I believe I heard that little zipper pull all the way down.

In the next instant, the space of a heartbeat, Erica shuffled the white material and let the dress fall to her feet. I know she is not much taller than me, but her bare legs were long in proportion to her petite body, and I watched as she lifted them to step out of the discarded dress. It all happened so fast, I don't think either of us believed it. Erica lifted both hands to cover her mouth in shock. There she was, standing naked on the stage.

"Got pink?" I laughed and pointed at her.

Still breathless, Erica looked down and saw her totally shaved and completely visible pussy just sitting out there. Quickly, she lowered her hands to cover her crotch. It was adorable!

No longer able to stay seated, I got up and crossed over to the front of the stage. I whipped the dress off the floor so that I could examine it closer. Tossing it over my shoulder I gazed up at Erica.

"So, um, were you wearing your heels when you graduated?" I asked.

Poised with her hands cupped in front of her crotch, the college girl lowered her eyes and answered, "No, Boxie, I wasn't."

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Already I was wiggling the heel of my foot out of the shoe. It was like she was making me reenact my embarrassing high school graduation, and I was going through the motions. My heels were soon off once I had lifted my toes free and lowered them to the hard wood floor.

Barefoot and completely naked!

"Put your arms at your sides," Boxie said sweetly.

Hugging myself, I looked down at her eager smiling face. I was supposed to be her college mentor. But now it seemed I was mentoring her about my body. Did she view me as some kind of role model or something? On the one hand, it was very flattering, but the position I was in was also humiliating. Slowly, I dropped my arms and closed my eyes, leaving my small perky tits poking forward.

"Turn around please," the young girl cooed, and I thought I heard a note of playful curiosity in her voice.

I did as I was told, and even stood up on my toes. This girl was seeing me naked for the first time. I had forgotten what a thrill it was. My nipples sprang out fully erect.

Behind me, Boxie said, "Oh my God you have such a cute little bottom, Erica! No wonder you run around bare assed so much!"

"Thank you," I replied, glancing over my shoulder, blushing. Secretly, I stroked my slit.

But then, the sixteen-year-old invited me to sit down on the edge of the stage. She told me she had a fun idea to share with me. I had to admit, I was interested. I mean, I was already fully nude, so what else could the two of us do? Scampering forward, I quickly sank to the stage floor. Rather than sit in a pretzel style modestly, I let my legs dangle off the side and leaned back on the heels of my hands. Now my nipples were poking toward the ceiling!

"Oh… oh, what are you doing?" I whimpered.

Boxie had taken one of my feet in her hands and was softly, innocently caressing. Her exploring fingers tickled and teased, running along my ankle and bare sole. She didn't know it, but I had discovered my feet were such an erogenous zone. I felt like I was already nearing the verge of an orgasm!

"You have cute little toes, too," Boxie remarked.

She then turned away, just as I brought a hand up to squeeze my breast and a gasp of pleasure escaped my lips. I was wet, and I'm sure that's not all the younger girl noticed.

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"Do you think I'm fat?" I asked Erica bashfully.

Now that I saw her without any clothes on, I was envious of her figure. She was slim and had a sexy narrow waist. Meanwhile, I was self-conscious of my curvy body. Sure, Erica's boobies were small, but her nipples were so long and pink. Like her slender bare legs all the way down to her perfect toes. And seeing her well-shaped bottom made me wonder about my own round ass.

Sitting naked on the stage, Erica answered, "Um, no… not at all. I wish I had your body when I was sixteen. What… what was this idea you had?"

I giggled, secretly pleased by new friend's admission. With Erica's dress in hand, I spun around and started to lift up my own T-shirt. When I had it completely over my head and off, I tossed the shirt on one of the seats in the front row. Then, crossing arms over my bare breasts, I turned to look over my shoulder.

Erica had slid off the stage and was now standing a few feet behind me. She ran a hand through her hair while her other arm dangled at her side. As I was learning more and more about my developing body, I also discovered interesting things about this young woman. Between her legs I detected a little pink flesh hanging down, her inner lips sticking out, her labia wiggling. God, that was hot!

"Boxie, what are you doing?" Erica asked nervously. "Are you sure this is a good idea?"

I grinned and said, "Let's switch clothes! I'll put on your dress, and you can have my T-shirt!"

Before she could reply, I was bunching up the white dress and pulling it over my arms and head. It was a tight fit, especially around the chest area, but then I was able tug the hem down to my waist. Now it was time to lose the shorts, and that would mean Erica seeing my butt for the first time. I was a little nervous myself, but determined to go through with this, I quickly popped open the button.

I shimmied the denim material down my legs, and bent over so I could pull the shorts off my sneakers. This gave the other girl more of a view than I intended, but I quickly stood up again, my bare ass bouncing. Stretching the dress even lower, I was able to cover up again, and the hem reached just above my knees. Still, it was very snug, and I don't think I had to zipper up. I left the thin straps off, so my shoulders were bare.

"How do I look?" I turned around to face totally naked Erica.

She watched me in disbelief for a moment and then replied, "That dress looks hot on you!"

"Thanks," I giggled, then reached out to poke her tummy. "Thanks for letting me have it."

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I looked down at Boxie's finger resting gently above my bellybutton. A little further below, I know my clit was sticking out again. Lifting my head, I saw the sixteen-year-old with long black hair and stormy grey eyes smiling at me.

"Well, um, I'm only lending it to you… right?" I asked.

Boxie began walking around me, testing out the tight-fitting dress. "Sure, just like I am lending you my T-shirt, Erica!"

With that reminder, I took a few steps forward to the theatre seating. I picked up the shirt and held it to my face. It still had the perfume scent of the young girl, something sweet and intoxicating. I easily slipped it over my head, pulling my arms through the short sleeves. Although Boxie was bigger in the chest, I mean she had larger breasts than me, so the shirt hung loosely about my body. I looked down and blushed.

"Let me see how it looks!" I heard the other girl call from behind me.

"Uh… I don't think this will work," I said as I slowly turned around.

The hem of the shirt did not even cover my stomach. In fact, it just stopped above my bellybutton. This left everything else exposed, of course, including my bare pink pussy. Boxie skipped over and hopped in front of me. She did her best to try to tug the material lower, but this only caused my little bottom to bounce around.

Then she took a step back, staring directly at my crotch, and asked, "How often do you shave?"

I raised my eyes to the ceiling, embarrassed by the attention she was giving my pussy. "Every day. Now only some light stubble grows in, but I shave it all off, right away."

"Yeah, it looks really smooth," Boxie observed, crouching down to get a better look.

I shifted my legs further apart, showing more of my labia and clitoris. This was so humiliating, especially because I wanted her to touch it. I think she knew that is what I wanted, and she was now teasing me.

The girl continued to chat away while I stood there bottomless. "I have shaved a couple of times, but it's always itchy in a few days. And I kind of like my patch, you know? But, wow, Erica… you're like completely hairless!"

To make matters worse, my nipples were so erect, pointing out beneath her T-shirt. My hands clutched the edge of the shirt, and I lowered my eyes. A tiny drop of pre-cum started to form on my extended clitoris.

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Suddenly, the door at the back of this room opened up. I looked past Erica and saw light streaming into the previously dark corner.

"Um, is there another way out?" I asked the half-naked girl.

She seemed to be at first in a daze, but then looked over her shoulder, only to drop her hands in front of her crotch when she realized more people were coming into the room.

"Ohmygosh, no!" Erica gasped. "We're trapped!"

"Not yet," I giggled and took her by the arm.

It was no effort to pull her along, as the thin girl was light on her bare feet. I would almost say she came willingly, although she had no idea what I had planned. Neither did I, really, but this was too good of an opportunity to pass up! My heart was beating faster with excitement.

Down by the front of the stage, I quickly tugged Erica after me, hurrying to the other side of the room. It was not as well lit over here. Together, the two of us then crept along the side of the wall, while the group of other people was making their way down the opposite side. I couldn't tell how many they were, for sure, or who they were. Honestly, I wanted to stay around, and maybe chat with them. But I could tell Erica was nervous about her nudity. I mean, it was amazing how she kept her other hand cupped over her pussy the whole time.

Basically, we were moving toward the back of the room at the same time the others were moving forward. By the time they reached the stage, all Erica and I had to do was sneak across the row of theatre seating and then out the door. Hopefully, no one would see more than a silhouette of her bare butt as we slipped into the hallway once more.

"Boxie, wait!" she whispered close in my ear. "What about my shoes… your shorts?"

In the brightly lit corridor, I stopped to take another look at Erica. As if to emphasize her point, she stood with her hands clutched shyly behind her back, and the toes of one foot brushing behind her other leg. But it was the way she fretted nervously, her eyes wide and twisting her head to glance behind every few moments, which I found so cute! My T-shirt, while covering her boobies, did not extend very far. This left a whole lot of Erica on display, and I grinned. God, what she must be feeling right now!

Trying to look more serious, I folded my arms and said, "They will no doubt discover our clothes near the stage. We had better keep moving, before someone decides to investigate."

Erica was shocked and she squealed, "Keep moving? Where can I go dressed like this?"

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As I waited for her reply, I moved my hands in front again, to fidget with the hem of the T-shirt. For some reason, the material, the only piece of clothing I was wearing, felt itchy on my skin. And underneath, my nipples were already long and hard.

Boxie, still facing me, started to walk backward slowly. Her curious sparkling eyes roamed up and down my body. I had no choice but to follow, arched up on my bare toes and locking my fingers together beneath my chin.

The sixteen-year-old girl smiled and teased, "Dressed like what, Erica?"

"In just your skimpy little T-shirt," I moaned. "Leaving my bottom and pussy, and bare legs and feet entirely exposed!"

Oh, just making me describe my embarrassing circumstances in spoken word caused me to feel incredibly horny! Somehow, I think Boxie knew this. She was acting bolder, and more experienced than me. I wondered if she had had sex yet.

"Well you are just going to have to be careful," the dark-haired teenager giggled. "Which way was the exit?"

I spun around, a little disorientated myself. Then I pointed my arm back in the direction we had come from. Boxie ran past me, slapping my butt cheek playfully as she went down the hallway.

"Oooh!" I gasped. Why did she keep teasing me like that? I called after her, "Boxie, wait for me!"

Now my feet slapped across the floor as I chased the precocious high school student. What would happen if I got caught running around the college Performing Arts Center like this? I was supposed to be the young lady's mentor! Finally, I caught up with her as she stood in the doorway of the building's entrance.

"Not going out there, are we?" I spoke softly as I moved within touching distance of her.

Boxie lowered her eyes, sucking on her index finger before she said, "It would be fun to go jogging around campus, so wild and free. But running in your dress is not so much fun."

My heart was beating faster, as a tense silence hung between us. "Um, you could give it back to me if you want…"

Pulling her long black hair over her shoulder with one hand, she used her other hand to wander down her body, tracing the curves of her developing body. My white dress fitting tightly on her, little was left to the imagination. What a yummy figure she had!

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"Not yet, Erica…" I told my mentor sweetly.

Oh, this Erica was delicious! She was hot and bothered by being exposed in front of me, but loving it at the same time. Erica wanted me to get naked, I could tell. And I wanted to, as well. First however, I had to take that shirt away from her. I wanted to see her cute little boobies again and those crazy long nipples. And I wanted us to be seen. I mean, like what else is the point, right?

I took a step closer so that her toes were pressed against my sneakers. The silk of her white dress that I was wearing rubbed her silky smooth pussy lips, which were completely unfolded. There was a quick intake of air. I reached out to tease a lock of her short brown hair.

"So, College Mentor," I said in a very naughty voice, "where could a couple of girls go to find some boys hanging out?"

"Boys?" I squeaked, helpless.

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I was tremendously embarrassed, and could feel my ears blushing. In high school, I had not been around many boys, even though I had a crush on Henry. And since going to college, the only guys I had spent any time with were two Science graduate students, and Ty who worked at the golf course but was also in my English class. They had all seen me naked. But now I had to think where I could take Boxie to meet some young men. Somehow, I don't think she had the Science building or the English wing in mind.

"We could try near the tennis courts," I suggested.

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Now that sounded appealing to me. "Tennis courts, huh? Have you ever played nude tennis, Erica?"

The slender young woman in front of me was blushing from head to toe, and I could feel her trembling as she replied, "No…"

"Hmmm… have you ever taken a tennis ball and rolled it over your bare body?" I suddenly found myself confessing like we were best friends. "I have, you know, like when I started masturbating. It's fuzzy, and tickles."

Erica's eyes widened, and I could see I had gotten the reaction I wanted. "Oh wow, Boxie, I have never done that. But you know what feels good? A raw carrot… mmm… inside…"

"That's kind of kinky," I giggled.

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Suddenly, as if acting on impulse, Boxie Carter slid her index finger into my pussy! Rather than recoil in surprise, I felt my vagina muscles squeeze around her finger, urging her to push deeper.

"Oh!" I gasped, dropping my arms to my sides.

She wiggled it around a little, and then out of curiosity, pulled it slowly out and then back in again. Boxie continued to do this, sliding her finger in and out, watching me the whole time.

"Mmmmph!" I closed my eyes and started to lift my T-shirt.

And then the younger girl stopped. I held my breath, but there was no more playing. This allowed my orgasm to subside. When I looked at Boxie, she was wiping her hands on the dress with a grin, even blushing just a bit.

"I'm sorry," the girl explained. "I have never touched another woman's… you know. I wanted to see what it was like, and yours was so inviting."

That made me smile self-consciously, but I answered, "It’s OK, Boxie. It felt very good."

Then, just like that, the teenager bounded down the steps of the Performing Arts Center building. More carefully, in my bare feet, I followed after her. But only so far, as I looked around to see if anyone was watching.

"Come on, Erica, let's check out those tennis courts!" Boxie said enthusiastically.

I took a bashful step forward. "But… but those are on the other side of the student parking lot!"

Another three steps away from the building, and I was out in broad daylight, wearing nothing but a teenager's short T-shirt. The sun fell upon my lower back and warmed by bottom. Instinctively, I turned around to feel the sunrays tickle my pink pussy. Of all the times I have been stripped and forced to run around outside in my bare birthday suit, what I have enjoyed most was the beaming sun on my sensitive folds of skin.

Boxie called out behind me, "Then at least we will have lots of cars to duck behind!"

That was true, as I glanced over my shoulder to watch her skip further away. But she still had on a tight white dress and her sneakers. I was the one who should be hiding. So I bit my lip and lowered a hand to discreetly cover my shaved vulva. Then I continued to follow Boxie, my own bare butt bouncing playfully outdoors.

This was really too much!

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This was so awesome! I had never seen so many cars filling a parking lot, certainly not back at our high school. To me, it meant there were still so many people on the college campus today. The heighten risk of getting caught added to the excitement. I looked over at Erica, who was squatting down next to me behind a grey SUV. She kept her balance on her toes, but in this position, her sexy pussy lips were dangling between her legs.

Erica looked up at me, her eyes wide from either fear or excitement. A glance at her chest showed that her nipples were poking out beneath the material of my T-shirt, She looked so great without any pants on, I figured she must be enjoying it.

"Um, that way," she said, pointing her arm over the front of the large vehicle.

"Ok, let's go!" I giggled.

I ventured further out into the parking lot, looked behind me, and saw that Erica still hesitated. Turning my head from side to side, I shrugged my shoulders indicating that there was no one around. Slowly, bashfully, the completely bottomless girl emerged from behind the SUV and scampered out into the open. She ran past me, but then ducked behind another car.

In this way, we continued, venturing through the lot until we saw a black chain-link fence rising high in the distance.

"Those are the tennis courts," Erica explained.

I took a moment to listen to the sounds around us, and then asked, "Do you think anyone is playing right now?"

Erica stood up on her bare toes, clasping her hands in front of her crotch. "I… I don't know."

"Well, let's find out!" I said and then ran forward eagerly.

"Oh, Boxie…"

I heard Erica call behind me, but I knew she would follow. She really had no choice. Since I had her dress, it would be up to me to decide when she would get it back. This was so much fun! I felt I was really learning a lot about college.

After a few minutes, we reached the fence, and carefully crept along the perimeter. Erica stayed close to me, keeping her hand gently on my back or shoulder. I found that I was glad for the physical contact. Smiling back at her, I saw the young woman was still acting nervous, looking all around as we moved forward.

Then, peeking around the corner, I saw four boys from high school sitting on a bench.

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I looked over Boxie Carter's shoulder, and spotted four boys hanging out near the tennis courts. There were marble benches along the clay path, and this is where they were seated. They looked like they could be sixteen or seventeen years old, I really wasn't sure.

"We can't go this way," I said, squeezing the arm of the girl in front of me.

Boxie turned around, standing very close and said, "Sure we can! I think I recognize these guys from school. Come on, it will be fun! Besides, I have a plan, if you just follow me."

"But…" I started to protest.

Then the black-haired young lady faced forward again, crouching a little as she sized up the other teenagers. While we remained hidden from view, I was mesmerized by her very round bottom, displayed shapely in my tight white dress. She then looked over at me and wiggled her finger.

Just like that, Boxie skipped ahead in her sneakers making a direct line for the benches. The boys did not notice her yet. If I hurried, I could duck down in back of the other benches before they saw me. Oh God, I hoped no one saw me!

Too late, as I gathered myself behind the curvy sixteen-year-old, she called out in a playful voice.

"Hi, boys!"

I immediately clutched her arms and drew even closer, rubbing my bald pussy against her butt. At the same time, the high school students stood up to acknowledge our arrival. They looked up and down at Boxie, and then past her as I peeked my face over her shoulder.

The young girl continued to walk forward, wiggling her hips. "This is Erica behind me. She's a little shy, and worried because we lost our college mentor. We're like totally lost."

"Yeah?" one of the high school boys asked, further evaluating us with his arms folded. "Well we ditched the guy we were given. He was so lame."

Another guy, wearing his brown hair long and unkempt, stepped closer and pointed at Boxie. "Hey, don't I know you? You're in my geometry class, or something."

"Uh-huh," Boxie gasped, pleased that he remembered her. I could feel her heart beating faster. "I'm Rebecca Carter. But you can call me…"

"Boxie!" I squealed, as she was about to move out from in front of me, losing her curvy developing body as my shield.

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These boys were totally cute! I started to walk toward them to make further introductions, when I heard Erica call my name. She had a fistful of my dress, or rather, her dress that I happened to be wearing. Glancing over my shoulder, I lowered my eyes to see Erica's condition and smiled.

"Oh yeah," I said, turning again to my classmates. "I almost forgot. Erica had an accident, and lost some things as well. Maybe you can help us?"

They guys looked at one another, clearly not sure what to make of us. I don't think they got a good view of Erica yet, only her face. She is very pretty, so I'm sure these young men would be interested.

"What kind of things?" a boy asked us.

I returned to look at my friend, but she was frozen speechless, so I answered. "Her skirt. Um, we were having a bite to eat in the cafeteria and she got mustard all over it. We went to clean it in the bathroom, but, um, they were out of towels. So we went looking for some, and when we went back… like her skirt was totally gone!"

It was a horrible lie, and I felt myself blushing as I told the tale. I could only imagine what Erica was feeling. But I also felt naughty about the fib, which in turn made me a little horny in front of these guys.

"Wait, so she's been running around campus in her underwear?" another young man was trying piece it all together.

I waited a second, as Erica gripped me tighter, and then giggled, "Not exactly…"

In a bold move, I quickly shuffled to the side, stepping clear out of the way. Part of me felt bad exposing Erica like this, but I also thought it would be fun. To my surprise, she had amazing reflexes, and her hands shot down like lightning, hiding her bare pussy. I doubt they had time to see if she was shaved or not!

"Oh God," poor Erica murmured.

The boys stared in shock. Her hands were cupped strategically over her crotch, wearing nothing but my T-shirt that fell loose about her shoulders. She lifted a foot shyly, brushing her delicate toes behind her leg. Then they looked at me, standing in a tight white dress that hugged my body, teasing the ends of my long black hair.

Looking back at Erica, they asked, "You go to our school? Don't remember seeing you around…"

"Yes, I went…" the slender girl said quietly, then raised her voice, "um, I mean, I transferred to your high school."

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Well, it is true that I went to the high school of these students, but that was two years ago. Still, I added the part about being a transfer student and they seemed to accept that explanation. And with the implication that I was in Boxie's class, they must have believed I was sixteen years old as well! I just hoped none of them decided to take a little walk around me. My bare ass was in full view.

"Looks like you lost your shoes, too, Erica." One of the boys pointed out. Maybe they weren't buying our story at all.

But then Boxie bounced forward, using her charms. "Of course, silly. It was such a mess… mustard all over the place. Erica had to wash up in the bathroom, and started to undress. That was when she noticed there were no towels left."

The more I listened to my teenage friend spin this tale, the more ridiculous it sounded. But there was no other obvious explanation why I was dressed in just a shirt. And I was certainly not about to tell them the truth. The six of us waited in silence, each wondering what would happen next. The pairs of eyes roaming over my legs and bare feet made me blush, and the boys enjoyed Boxie's figure as well.

"We can help you," the guy with brown hair suddenly said. "We can get you some sweatpants from the college bookstore."

"Oh, that would be so great!" I replied, breathing a sigh of relief. Taking a small step forward, I added, "This is kind of, you know, embarrassing."

The boys nodded in appreciation, and then one of them said, "But you have to do something for us first."

"What's that?" I asked.

I wanted to run a hand through my hair, though I dared not move my arms. They were all looking at me. All of them were staring, including Boxie.

"Go streaking!" the high school students suggested.

"What?" I nearly shrieked. "You want me to run through campus like this?"

"Not exactly," one boy answered, echoing Boxie from a moment ago. "Take off your shirt, first."

While the four of them laughed with each other, I was left blushing. "Guys, this is the only thing I'm wearing!"

"Then we have made it pretty easy for you," they teased.

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"Streaking?" I gasped as soon as these boys made the request. "Awesome! Come on, Erica, you have to do it."

"I don't know…" the young woman bit her lip nervously.

The boys certainly were enjoying the sight of slender Erica standing there barefoot and bottomless. And the possibility of getting her totally naked was just so exciting! But she remained self-conscious, hesitating before making any move.

"Yeah, come on," one of the guys said. "You're not going to make it to the bookstore like that, are you? But we will go and buy you some spare clothes."

"If I take off my T-shirt first?" Erica leaned forward, clearly frustrated.

I clapped my hands and giggled. This was the moment I had been waiting for! Maybe the idea of me being excited about my friend getting stripped was also kind of hot. The four young men who went to my school looked over at me, and then turned back to the girl they thought was in our class.

Erica suddenly spun around, showing us her naked ass. The guys whistled and cheered. They were already enjoying the show. So was I! Then she crossed her arms in front of herself, each hand grabbing the bottom of my T-shirt that she was wearing. She shifted her legs so that they were shoulder-width apart, feet flat on the ground, and proceeded to peel the shirt up her body.

The white material twisted inside out, momentarily enveloping her head of brown hair. Then she pulled it off and dropped the T-shirt to the ground. Erica was naked from top to toes! We all saw her back and shoulders, her bare bottom and heels. The young woman turned her head to look at us. Her eyes were wide, arms hugging her body as she lifted a foot.

"OK, guys, I'm completely in the nude," she told us unnecessarily. "What do you want me to do?"

For a moment, we continued to watch her. The tennis courts were behind us. Past the other empty marble benches stretched the green campus lawn. A large white building with a dome was in the distance. Erica was standing out here in the middle of the day, totally not wearing any clothes! This was so great.

"You can start by running through the tennis courts," one of the boys said.

Erica slowly turned around, but by this time had her arms strategically placed. She kept her embarrassingly small breasts hidden, while lowering one hand over her pussy. Of course, I thought she looked adorable. But she was blushing bright red.

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"The tennis courts?" I asked shyly.

Taking a deep breath, I started to walk forward. I dropped my arms to my sides, letting my erect nipples stick out. My clean shaved pussy was already nice and pink.

"One more thing," the brown-haired boy said as I moved closer. "Boxie has to go streaking with you!"

I stopped barefoot in my tracks. Immediately, I clasped my hands over my crotch. I didn't want them to see that my clit popped out with the sudden suggestion. Glancing over at the teenage girl, she stood with her mouth wide open.

"Wait… you want me to take off my clothes? Right now?" Boxie finally asked.

I hadn't seen her fully naked yet, and I wondered if that was why she was hesitating. Or maybe she was just surprised.

One of the boys replied, "Well if you really want to help your friend, I think you two should go streaking together."

Standing on my toes, I spoke up with what little authority I had, "Boxie… you don't have to do this. These guys…"

"No, I'll do it!" the young lady gasped as if even she had amazed herself. "For you, Erica."

The boys cheered and gave each other high-fives. Secretly, I stroked my pussy. We watched as Boxie slowly moved in front of one of the marble benches.

She looked around nervously, teasing the ends of her long black hair. "Um, OK…"

The busty sixteen-year-old girl slid her finger underneath of the spaghetti shoulder straps of the white dress I had let her borrow. She slipped the delicate ribbon down her arm, and then she did the same with the other shoulder strap. Boxie looked down at herself, and giggled.

"Oh my God, this is so embarrassing!" she cooed.

Spinning around, Boxie glanced over her now bare shoulders. She started to tug the dress lower, and with some effort, got it down to her waist. Her long black hair fell past her bare back, which meant that her round breasts had popped free. Now she continued to wiggle and squirm as she pushed the material down her curvy hips. First, the twin globes of her perfect ass came into view. She kept her legs together and bent at the knees as she slid the dress the rest of the way to her feet. Boxie carefully stepped out it, then picked it up and placed it on the bench.

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All I kept saying to myself was, "Oh my God, this is so embarrassing!"

I stood there, showing them my bare butt, wearing only a pair of sneakers. Not even socks, I just had the sneakers on and nothing else! In front of me, I brought my hands up to my boobies. Unlike Erica, I had a patch of pubic hair that grew in like an upside down triangle just above my pussy.

"I'm ready to go jogging," I announced, kicking a foot up and looking over my shoulder.

Completely naked, Erica had her hands cupped over her hairless crotch. I turned halfway around, still covering my tits. The boys watched us, and I stared at my friend. I think she licked her lips. Was Erica horny? I know I was beginning to get aroused. I wondered if the boys were getting hard.

Finally, I dropped one hand to hide my pubic hair, while keeping an arm slung across my breasts, enough to cover my nipples. Facing forward, I jogged ahead to reach Erica. We were about the same height, but she was slim and sexy, while my butt bounced up and down.

"Come on, Erica!" I whispered excitedly to her. "The sooner we get this over with, the sooner we can get dressed again."

As if that reminded her of her total nudity, Erica looked down and gasped, "Oh!"

She then turned on her heel, and together we started jogging toward the tennis courts. At first, we shuffled forward, both covering our tits and pussies. Our bare bottoms were on full display. I couldn't help but look back to see the guys smiling at us.

"Oh God, they're seeing us, like, all nude!" I squealed.

Erica answered breathlessly, "At least you kept your sneakers on, Boxie. I'm entirely naked!"

I turned my eyes to her trim stomach and slender legs. "But you have such cute feet!"

Blushing, Erica mumbled, "Yeah, people seem to think that."

On all sides of us, a black chain link fence surrounded the tennis court. Beyond that there were more trees lining the campus grounds. We appeared to be concealed from anybody else watching. As we went further toward the white net, even the high school boys were no longer in view. Erica and I dropped our arms to jog more easily across the red clay surface. Overhead, the sun beat down on our bare bodies.

"What do we do if we run into more people?" I asked, bursting with curiosity.

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Jogging fully nude across the tennis courts, my eyes went wide at Boxie's question. It was bad enough those teenagers who thought I went to their high school had seen me like this. The thought of others catching us naked would only add to my humiliation. I tried to focus on looking ahead, while my long erect nipples wiggled in front of me. There was more than one tennis court, and so it was entirely possible even more students might be waiting on the other side.

"I don't know," I answered slowly. "Let's just run the lap before anyone else sees us."

We ran past the second net, and I was straining to listen to the sounds above my beating heart. Next to me, Boxie's larger breasts were undulating deliciously. Plus, she was able to jog more easily because of her running shoes. When we got all the way to the edge of the fencing, I had to pause to catch my breath.

"Aw, do your feet hurt?" Boxie giggled.

With one hand gripping the chain links, I lifted up a foot and started to wipe my bare sole with my other hand.

"Um, it's OK," I mumbled. "I didn't step on a rock or anything. The court is a little warm. But it feels kind of nice."

The black-haired girl smiled mischievously and said, "Maybe you would feel better if I gave you a massage."

"Maybe if we were somewhere more private…" I replied.

Dropping my foot to the ground, I took a step closer to her. And then my clitoris was poking out of its hood. Boxie lowered her eyes and giggled.

"Are you gonna let the boys see your pussy?" she asked.

Quickly, I put my hand down to cover my crotch. "I don't think so. I mean, I don't want them to get any ideas. And they might start touching me."

Of course, that is exactly what I wanted, but I did not admit that to Boxie.

"Yeah, I'll keep myself covered, too," she said. "I guess we better head back, huh?"

I nodded, and the two of us began walking at a more leisurely pace back down the other side of the tennis courts. We each had our hands between our legs, while crossing arms over our boobs as we shuffled forward. More and more, I found it embarrassing and arousing to be forced into this position. At least Boxie seemed to be enjoying herself as she bounced along next to me.

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Totally nude in broad daylight, and in an unfamiliar place! This was like such a new experience for me. Having Erica bare and bald at my side made this all the more fun. She really was a sexy little kitten. I never thought of other girls this way. But then, I was never around anyone like Erica. My heart was beating faster as we made our way past the nets. Of course, I was still excited about the boys seeing me like this!

"Hey, Erica," I said as I looked over at my friend. "What part of your body do you think these guys would like to touch most?"

"Boxie!" she gasped, shocked at the question and blushing. "How should I know… my nipples, maybe?"

"Yeah," I squeezed my own boobies in agreement. "Yours are nice and long."

"And succulent," I thought I heard Erica whisper.

Turning to her, I asked, "What was that?"

"Nothing!" she shot back, clearly flustered.

I giggled, "Like you're wearing."

Erica lowered her eyes to watch her bare toes as she stepped carefully along the court. "Boxie, when you keep talking about my nudity out here… well, you're making me horny."

"Really?" I arched an eyebrow, intrigued.

"I'm afraid I'm going to make myself cum in front of those guys," the young lady confessed.

"I can't wait to see that!" I laughed.

Secretly, I had been wondering how close she was to having an orgasm. I was pretty wound up myself, but still too excited about being undressed outdoors to do anything about it. Erica had been naked a bit longer than I had. Plus, she didn't even have shoes on.

We finally approached the edge of the black chain-link fence, and crept toward the opening. The two of us stayed close to each other, our bare bodies rubbing. We waited a second, then snuck out onto the campus grounds where the boys were hanging out by the marble benches.

Except, I didn't exactly see them right now.

"Um, hey, guys… are you still there?" I called out.

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The four high school students were gone! I turned my head left and right, feeling the ends of my hair brushing my bare shoulders. Not a sign of any of them by the marble benches. And even worse, I did not detect my white dress, or Boxie's T-shirt!I lifted my hands to my shoulders, letting my elbows cover my small tits, and hunched over crossing my legs.

As the younger girl moved in front of me, I watched her round bare ass. We would be in so much trouble if we got caught out here like this!

"Maybe they went to get your new clothes," she suggested, turning around to face me full frontal.

I took a moment to devour her curvaceous figure, the body I longed to have when I was sixteen. "Um, but why would they take the T-shirt… and my dress for that matter?"

"I don't know," Boxie suddenly giggled. "But it is kind of hot. I mean, tricking us and then leaving us naked! What's this feeling in my tummy?"

"It's humiliating," I told her.

Squeezing her big boobs, she replied, "Yeah… and it's turning me on!"

I watched as a blush spread over her skin. She was clearly embarrassed, yet at the same time, she squeezed her thighs together and closed her eyes. She was savoring the sensations that were still relatively new to her. For me, the feelings would never get old. I completely understood.

Arching up on my bare toes, I took a few steps forward. Then my eyes darted past Boxie and I caught a glimpse of movement beyond the campus trees. Someone was coming this way! Actually, it looked like a number of people emerging onto the path. I rushed forward and embraced the other girl.

For a split second, her large breasts crushed against my elongated nipples. Her patch of short black pubic hair tickled my hairless vagina. She opened her eyes and gasped, shocked that our faces were only an inch away from each other.

"Another group of students are on their way over here," I said, searching her stormy grey eyes.

Boxie twisted her head halfway around, and then pulled me closer. Our pussies continued to rub together. It was electric! My hands slipped to her waist.

"What do we do?" Boxie asked. "Run back through the parking lot?"

I shook my head. "Too risky."

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Erica's toes stepped lightly on my sneakers. Our knees touched, and we were also touching, you know, down there. But we held onto each other for security, suddenly finding ourselves trapped without any clothes. Her eyes were wide and aware. Beneath her mop of thick brown hair, I imagined the young woman's ears perking up. She was immediately aware of her surroundings, aware of her total nudity.

I wondered how long she could hold out.

"Where do we go, then?" I turned to look over my shoulder again.

"Well we can't stay out here," Erica told me. "Let's make a run for the Student Center."

Utterly unfamiliar with the campus, I asked, "Where is that?"

"Um, across the street," she said, lowering her eyes shyly. "Just past the student residences."

It was apparent that she meant we were going for quite a bit of a run. With the very real possibility of being seen by more people. But it was better then getting caught standing out here.

"Oh, wow!" I breathed excitedly.

Erica lifted her hands to grip my upper arms. Our nipples brushed against each other, hers long and pink, almost like fingers teasing my own that were stubby and erect. I wished we could stay out here, exploring our bodies. I felt I could learn so much from her.

"Are you ready?" the college girl asked.

I ran a hand through my long black hair and nodded.

Erica slid past me, out into he open. At the same time, as we pulled apart, she dropped one hand to cover her pussy, and hugged her other arm across her chest. I would have done the same, but if we were going to be running across any distance, I had to hold my boobies with both hands to keep them from bouncing around wildly.

"It's not that far," she said, tossing her hair back as she looked over shoulder.

I watched the length of her slender legs as she took her first strides, little bare toes flying over the ground. Then I clutched my own breasts and followed after her. Erica's butt was amazing, I found myself thinking. Firm but playful, it was totally cute. And I loved how her pussy lips peeked in and out from behind as she ran.

"Wait for me!" I giggled.

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The first group of people spotted us as we darted past the marble benches. I was fully naked from head to toe, and Boxie was in just her white running shoes. My eyes locked on those of another young woman who could have been in one of my college classes. Behind her trailed six or seven teenagers, boys and girls. At least I kept my tits and shaved pussy covered when I crossed their path.

"Hey! What the…" I distinctly heard the woman call out.

"Streakers!" one of the younger people cheered.

Hearing the plural "s", I cast a quick glance over my shoulder and watched Boxie jogging close on my heels. She kept both her breasts clutched in her hands. As her long black hair streamed out behind her, I imagine she was putting on quite a show.

"This college is awesome!" another impressionable high school student exclaimed.

We didn't have time to stop, but in a brief few moments, the two of us would reach one of the roads that bisected the campus. There, we would have to at least pause because we couldn't run out into traffic. When Boxie caught up with me, we shared a quick expression of "Oh my God!"

Thankfully, no one pursued us. The college mentor probably had her hands full and did not know what to do. Good, I figured. The more distance I could put between them and us the better. My toes found the edge of the grass-line, and I arched up, looking to my left and right. Boxie was jogging in place next to me.

Suddenly, a car turned off the intersection and onto the road in front of us!

Keeping my chest covered, I reached out my other arm and pointed, "There! Let's make a run for that building!"

I did not want to stand on the side of the street and wait for the car to pass, since they might slow down and ask what the hell we were doing without any clothes on. Acting quickly, I dashed buck-naked into the middle of the road.

"Come on, Boxie!" I called out, spreading my arms now for emphasis.

The blacktop of the road was hot on my feet, but it would only be for a few seconds. I heard the rubber of my friend's sneakers hit the ground, following after me. Together we crossed to the other side. No longer using my hands or arms, all my pink bits wiggled in clear view. My labia were dangling and parted during our run to find shelter. Even my nipples seemed to turn toward the sky, but there was nothing I could do about it.

Car horns honked as not one, but two vehicles drove behind our bare bottoms.

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Somehow we managed to get over the road. I was still feeling the rush of those visiting students seeing me. It is possible they went to my high school, but I couldn't tell. And now a couple of cars had passed by, blaring their horns appreciatively. No time to stand around, Erica kept us moving toward a large brick building. Only when we rounded the corner of a high wall, did we take a moment to catch our breath.

I placed my hand on her shoulder and slowly ran my fingers down naked Erica's back. She was trembling, and I could feel her heart beating faster.

"Wow!" I whispered in her ear.

Erica was amazing to watch in action. I realized she was in full arousal now. Even as she spun around, her eyes were darting nervously in every direction. She kept touching her nipples lightly, and then lowering a hand to play with her pussy. But then, self-consciously, she would drop her arms to her sides, letting me look at everything. Her clitoris was sticking out, and because she has no pubic hair, it was easy to see!

"Do you want to cum?" I asked curiously.

"Yes," Erica said with honesty that shamed her.

Blushing all over, at the same time, she was as horny as I had ever seen another woman. And it was getting me excited, too! I held her hand, waiting to see if things would calm down.

"What is this place?" I inquired, noting the large bulletin board on the wall across from us.

Erica leaned her butt against the wall and answered, "One of the student residence halls."

"Oh, so like, there could be college students coming out here any minute?" Now my heart was beating faster.

"Well, if this was the middle of the week, the place would be crawling with students," Erica replied shyly. "But since it's a Saturday, I guess a lot of them went home for the weekend, or are just out."

I spotted a door and started to take a step in that direction. "Then let's sneak inside… maybe we can find something to wear!"

"I don't think that's a good idea…" Erica started to say, but I was already reaching for the building's entrance.

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Boxie Carter, with her hips swaying and round butt jiggling, approached the door to the student Residence Hall. This was where Ashley and Christa had their dorms, but I didn't think they were here right now. Otherwise, it might not have been a bad plan to sneak to their rooms and ask for help. Then again, that would be so humiliating, and they were up on the fifth floor.

"Wait, Boxie," I called out, scampering over to place a hand on her bare shoulder. "Better let me go in first. I don't want to get you in trouble."

"Aw, you're so sweet, Erica!" the teenager giggled.

I brushed my body against hers, pushing past and opening the door in front of us. Just a little, enough so I was able to stick my leg inside and wiggle my toes. There was no reaction, so I stuck my head in and looked around.

The lobby appeared empty. Taking a deep breath, I walked totally nude into the building. I heard the door close behind me, and there was Boxie at my back.

"Hello?" the bubbly girl called out.

"Shhh!" I hushed her, bringing a finger to my lips.

Nearby, there sounded like a television set was on. A sports game, I think, as I could hear announcers and crowd cheering. Off the main lobby was another room, while along the wall we hugged were more bulletin boards and then the stairs that led to the upper floors.

"I'm going to poke around a bit," I told Boxie. "You stay by the door and keep an eye out."

When the younger girl nodded her head in understanding, I slowly crept backward across the lobby. While my eyes searched in all directions, to see if anyone else might be around or if there was an odd piece of clothing lying about, I reached my arm back to feel for the doorway. My other arm, I slung low, hand covering my pussy.

Behind me, the sound of the television set was growing louder. Definitely a baseball game they had on, as I could make out more of the announcer's details. Just as the program was going into a commercial break, I stepped heel first into a new room.

"Well look at you," said a male twenty-something-year-old voice.

Immediately, I turned around, hiding my small titties with my other arm. There were three guys sitting on a couch watching me. This was not some late night movie viewing going on, with the lights turned down and only the flicker of the television to illuminate the room. It was the middle of the day, and the lounge was brightly lit. They all saw I was naked.

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It's like she was drawn to the noise of the television coming from the other room. Now, it didn't seem very hard to figure out if there were a game going on, there would likely be people watching it. So what, did Erica secretly want to get caught? That would be so hot!

I know she told me to stay by the door, but I just had to find out what was happening. Quietly, I moved my bare body across the room. Erica had already passed through the open doorway. I pressed myself against the wall and listened.

"Are you lost?" a young man asked.

"Um, ah," I heard Erica stammering and in my mind, could picture her squirming. "I was staying over my friend Ashley's dorm room…"

"Oh, yeah, I know Ashley," another guy said.

"You… you do?" Erica squeaked.

"Want me to call her?" he asked, perhaps offering to use his cell phone.

It sounded like Erica took another step into the room. "No! I mean… she's gone for the day. I got up late and was getting ready for a shower, um, and I thought I heard someone at the door. I guess I locked myself out. Pretty stupid, huh?"

"And you walked all the way down here?" A third guy laughed. "In your bare birthday suit?"

There was a pause, and then Erica answered, "Yup."

I got the distinct impression that the young woman had dropped her arms to her sides.

"Holy shit, you're pretty," someone said.

But then another of the guys suggested, "I guess you'll have to wait until Ashley gets back. Maybe you want to watch the game with us?"

Eavesdropping on the conversation, I was dying to find out what Erica would do. She was standing stark naked in front of three college guys! That had to be a huge turn-on. Would she get on the couch with them? She might spread her legs, or let them touch her, even play with her. I dropped my own arm and started rubbing myself.

"This is really embarrassing," I heard her soft, feminine voice, followed by, "Oooh!"

Suddenly, bounding down the stairs came more heavy footsteps. I turned my head.

"What the hell?"

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I was standing in the middle of the room, facing the Plasma flat-screen television that hung on the wall. My hands were raised to my head, fingers entwined in my thick brown hair. The boys were seeing my neck, the supple curve of my spine down to my bare rear-end. I could feel their wandering eyes all over me. My whole body flushed with shame. What would Ashley think when she found out about this?

Then I heard Boxie's voice, closer than what it should have been.

"Um, hello," she giggled. "My name is Rebecca, but you can call me…"

"Boxie!" I gasped, suddenly remembering my responsibility.

I spun around, showing the young men my tits and pussy. Looking down, I gasped again, and then covered myself with arms and hands.

"I gotta go!" I squeaked, feeling helpless without any clothes on at all.

Not waiting for them to protest and try to convince me to stay, I turned toward the doorway that led back to the lobby. Still trembling, I fled the student lounge. My nipples were poking straight out, and so was my clit, which I wondered if the guys had noticed.

Outside in the lobby of the residence hall, Boxie was standing against the wall, with and arm covering her breasts and a hand between her thighs. There were two more college-aged gentlemen approaching from the staircase. Having dashed out of the other room fully naked, they turned their attention to me.

"Friend of yours?" one of them asked.

"Come on Boxie!" I said, grabbing her arm.

This caused her to lose her pubic shield as we ran toward the exit. In fact, with her other arm flailing at her side, her boobs bounced around wildly. Both our bottoms were on display as we crossed in front of the students. I had no doubt that the other guys emerged from the lounge to watch our embarrassing escape. Boxie's long black hair srtreamed behind her, and my own shorter locks playfully brushed my bare shoulders.

Once we were outside again, I looked into her stormy grey eyes. "This is getting out of control! I'm so sorry…"

Boxie's mouth opened, as she took deep breaths. Her body was blushing and her nipples were also erect. We stood for a second outside the building, looking at each other's naked bodies. I wanted to cum so badly. But there was no time to stop and risk getting caught again.

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"Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!" I gasped, placing a hand on my bare stomach.

Erica told me that she was sorry for what had happened. But truthfully, I didn't mind. It was so exciting! I wanted to masturbate right now. The strange thing was, I wanted to do it with Erica. Either in front of her, or watching her, or playing with her, while she did the same to me. It's hard to explain, but I was attracted to this girl. The more I thought about it, the more I blushed at having these naughty thoughts.

"Where do we go now?" I asked.

Erica pinched her long, pink nipples and said, "I still want to get to the Student Center."

"More students?" I replied, squeezing my own boobies. "The next college guy I see, I'm gonna jump and start rubbing myself on him!"

The slender young woman licked her lips. "I know. We need to get somewhere alone… I mean, where we won't be seen. I think the Student Center should be empty."

Now I knew what she meant. I raised an eyebrow approvingly as I looked at her cute body. Then I took a step closer, crushing my tits against her small boobies. My arms slip around her waist and cupped her bottom. Erica arched up on her tip toes and squeezed my ass.

"How close are we… to the Student Center?" I asked, our mouths less than an inch apart.

Suddenly, the door to the Residence Hall opened up. Erica saw this and pulled away from me.

"We can't stay around here!" she squealed in desperation.

Spinning around on her bare heel, the slender young woman dashed across the campus lawn. I didn't waste any time, but followed after, my eyes on her butt. Whether more guys had come out of the building behind us, I don't know. My boobies bounced freely in front of me as I jogged to catch up with Erica.

"There!" she pointed to a white building rising up further down the road.

The only thing was, there were more students congregating outside. Some were walking up the street. Still others sat on the marble benches that seemed to be all over this college. Erica ran onto the concrete pathway, her feet leaving the manicured grass, which must have tickled her toes. Either she didn't take the time to notice the people now in view, or she didn't care. My friend was determined to take us into this Student Center.

"Excuse me," I heard her squeak as her arms brushed past the first startled bystander.

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The sight of two naked girls in broad daylight must have taken them by surprise. At least, I hope they were too shocked to do anything as I ran right into a small crowd of people in front of the Student Center. I kept my hands up, covering my elongated nipples. Glancing over my shoulders, I saw that Boxie did the same.

"Excuse me," I mumbled guiltily when I turned and brushed by a young man.

He looked older than the high school students who were on campus today, but younger than me. Maybe he could have been a college freshman. Then again, I hardly looked out of high school myself. I blushed from head to toe as I raced completely bare toward the steps.

"Hey!" someone called out.

Among the shouts of surprise, I heard also whistles and cheering and comments, both flattering and unflattering. I also heard Boxie's sneakers bouncing on the pavement as she pulled next to me. Together we ran for the doors, our bottoms exposed to the crowd.

"Hurry!" the sixteen-year-old girl urged me, although I knew she was enjoying this.

I pulled on the iron-wrought handle. It did not budge.

"Stuck!" I said as I tried to jiggle it. "Or locked…"

Boxie tugged on her long black hair. "Why would this building be locked?"

"I don't know! It's a Saturday," I turned to face her. "But they knew there would be visitors on campus!"

Slowly I turned all the way around, trying to consider our options. Facing forward again with my ass against the door, I arched up on my toes, and my fingers curled on the handle behind me. Half a dozen people looked up at my full frontal nudity. Boxie had also turned around, but she was smart enough to hang an arm over her tits, and hide her pussy with her hand.

Then, at my back, I felt the door move. It was pushing outward, being pushed open by someone leaving from the inside! I was not strong enough to stop the large door of the building. Boxie had enough room to step to the side. But I was forced to inch forward, my pussy uncovered and labia dangling for everyone to see. Over my shoulder, I saw an older gentleman emerge, perhaps one of the college professors.

My friend thought quickly, and moved through the door before it closed. She didn't bother to conceal her tits now as her busty chest bumped past the man. I turned around again and pressed my nude body against him as he walked into me.

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It must have been an embarrassing collision. For both of them, I guess, but wondered if Erica secretly enjoyed the touch. The man was tall, maybe six feet, and pretty broad. He had a salt and pepper beard, and was wearing a dark suit. He looked like he could be a principal or superintendent. You know, like someone important. I don't even know what they call the person in charge of a college.

I was standing just inside the building, apparently in an otherwise empty hallway. Waving my hands, I excitedly urged Erica forward. For a brief moment, the man had his hands on her hips and stomach. It was very erotic. All I could see was Erica's bare leg wrapped around his. Her toes curled, the way they seem to do when she is being pleasured.

Then, just like that, she squeezed past him and slipped inside the door. I guess that was one advantage of not wearing any clothes, nothing to snag or get caught. Erica groaned with effort to pull the door shut, and I threw my arms around her waist to help her. She was quickly able to find the latch and lock it closed. That would buy us some time.

Still holding onto her, I rubbed my pussy on her ass. She released her grip on the handle on this side of the door, allowing me to pull her back a few steps. I leaned forward and whispered in her ear.

"Did you enjoy that?"

Erica didn't answer, but kept walking backward. This caused me to do the same, as I continued to hug her from behind. She needed me to guide her. The young woman clutched her hand over my forearm, and started to wiggle her butt on my crotch. In this way we moved backward down the building's entrance hall.

It was not long before I eventually bumped my own curvy rear into something. I looked over my shoulder and saw that we had reached another door, perhaps one that led deeper into the Student Center. The door was closed, and its fancy multi-faceted knob pressed against my lower back. Instinctively, I stood up on the toes of my sneakers, rubbing my bare bottom up and down over the doorknob.

Erica continued to push me backward, leaving me no choice but to allow this protruding object to touch my ass.

"Oh, Erica! The doorknob…" I moaned, and reached my hands up to squeeze the girl's small but perky breasts.

This seemed to shock Erica, causing her to stand up on her bare tiptoes. "Boxie… what are you doing?"

Her nipples were long and hard between my teasing fingers.

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We had come to a stop at the end of the hallway. Beyond the door, there would be more rooms, hopefully just as quiet and empty. Boxie, who had stayed close to me the whole time, was now wiggling behind me. I had to admit, it was pretty sensuous. But then she lifted up her hands and started fondling my tits! My mouth opened and I stuck out my tongue, while brushing my foot up her smooth leg.

"What are you doing?" I gasped.

Boxie continued her gyrations and said, "The doorknob! You're pushing my butt against the doorknob!"

I then spun around, and grabbing her shoulders, turned her to face the door. Leaving her in that position, I lingered, running my hand through her long black hair and down her bare back. For a moment I paused to appreciate her bottom. Boxie had an amazing ass. It was like two perfect globes next to each other, just below where her waist narrowed. I cupped two handfuls of her cheeks and squeezed.

"Sorry," I giggled. "You can open the door now."

She did as I instructed, and together we pushed our way into a new hallway. It seemed safe for the moment, and we separated as the two of us jogged forward. My bare feet slapped across the floor, as the rubber of Boxie's running shoes squeaked. Finally, we reached a door that I was looking for. I paused, heart beating fast, listening if anyone else was around.

Boxie watched me standing there totally naked, arms dangling at my sides.

"Wow!" she giggled again.

I blushed the way I always do when I know someone is looking at me. Also, I was aware of what was likely to happen, once we passed through this door in the Student Center. This was the college health office.

Hooking back a strand of hair, I placed my ear to the door. There was no sound. My fingers curled around the steel doorknob, and it turned with a click. Quietly, I pushed it open. The room was dark.

"Come on," I whispered to Boxie, signaling her to follow me.

Once inside, I closed the door behind us. I fumbled for the switch on the wall, until the fluorescent lights flickered overhead. Across from us was a leather examination table. There was a desk and some chairs, too, as well as other things found in such a place like a scale. On one of the side walls, a window faced outside. Boxie hurried over to see if there was anybody lurking around this part of the building.

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"What is this place?" I asked Erica.

"It's the Health Office, silly," she replied. "Just like we have back at the high school. This is where the college nurse works."

I guess it was pretty obvious, with all the furniture and medical posters hanging on the wall. It's just that I didn't expect Erica to lead me here. But at least for the first time, we could stop running, it seemed.

"So, like, you've been here before?" I continued to inquire as I moved away from the window.

Erica nodded, and walked slowly over to a brown leather table.

"Before I started college, the nurse gave me a fully nude examination," she explained.

Noticing her face blushing, the tips of her nipples quivering, I said, "That must have been embarrassing. Was it a male nurse?"

"No, but it was an attractive woman," Erica said.

She then hopped up on the table. Her legs were sticking out, with her feet crossed at he ankles. Both hands were placed palm down on the leather as she swung her lower legs.

"Do you like boys?" I asked curiously.

Erica was a little flustered and teased the ends of her hair before she answered, "Yes, I do. It's just that, well, I really haven't had sex with a guy yet."

It was a startling admission to me. Of course, I hadn't either, but I decided not to tell Erica. Still, the fact that we were both innocent, sort of, made me feel closer to her. I walked toward the table and placed a hand on her thigh.

"Did you like it when the boys from my high school saw you naked?" I continued to question her.

"I did!" Erica replied right away. "But you know, some times if there isn't, you know, a guy around… a girlfriend's touch can be just as pleasant."

Smiling at the young woman, I realized how naughty and horny she was. Completely different from when we met earlier in the day. I watched as she scooted back on the examination table, then lifted her legs to lie down, stretched out fully. She was nude from head to toe, arms at her sides, nipples pointing up at the ceiling. Even I caught myself staring down at her body, thinking how yummy she looked.

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I was lying on the examination table in the college Health Office, drumming my fingers on the brown leather. Not a shred of clothing on, I had everything out in the open. It was humiliating, but it could not have been more obvious that I was offering myself to the dark-haired young girl. And I was supposed to be her college Mentor.

"Boxie, make me cum!" I said breathlessly, arching my back.

The busty teenager knew what she was doing as she gently lowered her fingers to my stomach, causing me to curl my toes. She had complete control over me. She touched my warm skin and I separated my legs further apart.

Boxie then climbed onto the table, mounting the end by my feet, and crawled forward until she was kneeling between my knees. I heard something bounce to the floor, once, and then a second time.

"I've been wanting to get those off all day," she giggled.

Her sneakers! The comfortable running shoes she had been wearing, she had now just kicked off her feet. Boxie Carter was as naked as I was. I bucked my hips again, and she moved around so that she could lie on top of me.

This was hot! Her face was directly over mine, so close in fact, our noses brushed although we did not kiss. Boxie's large round breasts rubbed over my tall erect nipples. Then she started grinding her crotch into mine. Her bristles of pubic hair tickled my pussy. Finally, I lifted my slender legs to wrap around her body, my bare heels resting on her bottom.

"Oh! Mmmmm," I responded with pleasure.

In this position, the two of us continued to make love. It was hard to believe we had only met this morning. But somehow, she knew all about my stories and wild adventures, and now we were able to share one together. That drew us even closer. At this point, she was not bashful at all as Boxie played with my tits, kissing my stomach, as she worked her way down.

I opened my mouth to speak, but all that came out was a gasp. I was going to tell her she didn't have to do this if she didn't want to. But I think she wanted to.

Pulling her long black hair out of her face, Boxie inched backward and placed her head between my legs.

I could feel an incredible rush of excitement throughout my body.

Boxie started to lick my pussy.

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I had never done this before, but somehow being with Erica, made me feel comfortable. My head lowered until I had an up close view of her crotch. Using my fingers to manipulate and pull apart the lips, her pussy was soft and sweet. Very pink, and very aroused, when I brushed my thumb across the top of her vulva, her clit popped right out!

"Aaaah!" Erica squirmed and raised her hips as my tongue touched her sensitive folds of skin.

She tasted… good! I giggled, and began licking her some more. Soon, I had my hands on her thighs, my face in between, munching away. I kissed her down there, even inserting my tongue in her slit, and of course sucked on those sexy labia of hers.

"Mmmm… my clit! Rub my clit!" the college girl squealed.

I did as I was instructed, moving my arm so that I could now cup her pussy. I found that I could insert a finger, and still use my thumb to push her clitoris back and forth. It was big! And Erica seemed to enjoy that. Looking up at her, she was pinching and pulling her own nipples, in the middle of a wild orgasm.

"I'm going to cum, Boxie!" the girl shouted, simultaneously lifting her slender legs.

I continued to finger her as her hips and whole body convulsed. It was amazing! Erica started squirting, causing me to giggle and withdraw my hand. Her shaved pussy glistened. Then she flipped herself over, and it appeared that Erica was humping the examination table. She had one orgasm after another.

Wow, this girl wanted it bad!

After a few minutes, I waited for her to subside. Then I climbed forward again, crawling over Erica's naked backside. My own nude body pressed against hers, I brushed my toes along her legs, and our legs intertwined. Finally, she turned her head on the side. I leaned down and kissed her cheek.

"Mmmm. That was nice," she whispered.

With my hands, I softly pulled her hair back. Erica was so pretty. The two of us cuddled for a while longer, completely naked in the Nurse's office.

Slowly, I slid back down her body. I took a moment to squeeze her cute bottom, tempted to explore her from behind. Instead, I rolled off the table and stood barefoot on he floor. This way, Erica could get back up when she was ready.

I looked at her lying there, and softly stroked my own pussy. My other hand I brought up and squeezed my boobies. Erica raised her head and watched me masturbate.

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Boxie stood there, naked from head to toe, and played with herself until she had a small orgasm of her own. I would have liked to make her cum myself, but I figured she was not ready for that yet. Thinking of this, I slid my legs over the side of the examination table, and stood up. I brushed a hand through my shoulder-length hair, the only hair on my body except for my eyebrows. Then I looked down, and saw a puddle of wetness on the brown leather.

"Oh my God, did I do all that?" I asked, somewhat ashamed about the evidence of my sexual release.

Boxie, just having finished her climax, answered dreamily. "Mmmm-hmmm. Like, how many orgasms did you have, Erica?"

"I… I don't know," I confessed, suddenly shy with my nipples poking straight out and my pussy opened like a flower. "Hurry, we have to clean it up!"

Fully nude, I dashed about the office, searching for some towels or anything to wipe down the table. Meanwhile, Boxie had found a sink and was wetting some cloths. I stopped to admire her round naked ass.

The teenager glanced over her shoulder and asked playfully, "What? Are you checking me out?"

I waited, arms dangling at my sides, while Boxie approached me with her damp towels. She then washed down my stomach, my legs, and inside my thighs. I had really ejaculated a lot. And it was so embarrassing to have her clean me up like this, all I could do was moan.

When I was reasonably dry again, I grabbed some towels and got to work on the examination table. It hadn't crossed my mind that we could be discovered at any moment, at how risky this afternoon had been. Together, Boxie and me tried to make the office look like we had never been here.

"What do we do now?" I asked the naked girl, hoping she wouldn't put her shoes back on.

Boxie remained barefoot and said, "There's a phone over on the wall. Do you think it makes outgoing calls… outside the campus?"

I looked past my bare shoulder to see the phone she was talking about. "Maybe. Otherwise it might only reach other college departments."

"You might have to turn yourself in," Boxie winked. "For being a naughty college Mentor!"

My eyes went wide at the suggestion, and I lifted my hands to hide my breasts.

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I held the telephone in one hand and smiled at Erica. If I told her right there to walk back outside, to stroll buck naked into a populated area of the college, I think she would have done so. This girl was unbelievable! I think she was still horny! It was hot to think that after all she had been through, Erica would still look for ways to be humiliated.

But I was not going to put her through any more for today. I told her I was calling my friend Patricia to pick us up.

I gave my friend directions to the Health Office over the phone, telling her that it was located in the Student Center. At first, she was worried and asked if I was all right. I told Pattie that I was fine, but I didn't mention our condition. That would be a surprise.

"What's the longest you've ever been naked?" I turned and asked Erica.

The question seemed to shock the college girl, reminding her of her nudity, and causing her nipples to stick up toward the ceiling. She mumbled something about how she couldn't recall, maybe a day or so.

"Would you ever come back to our high school," I continued to pester her, "and lose your clothes in front of my class?"

As if considering, Erica flicked a long nipple up and down. "With you, Boxie?"

"I don't know. It would have to look like an accident," I told her. "But I really want to see you nude, in front of my teachers and other students. You know, since I never got to see the things you did when you were actually going to my school."

"OK, I'll do it," Erica eagerly agreed.

I giggled and said that I would give her my phone number once we got back to my house. Then we could work out the details for some future date. This would be so awesome!

We continued to share stories until my friend Patricia finally found us. The two of us jumped when she first entered the office. Erica and I would have been so dead, if it had been anyone else. As it was, I grinned and cupped my boobies while Erica stood with an arm across her breasts and her other hand covering her bald pussy.

Pattie only shook her head.

THE END

**Erica 40 – Erica Soccer Practice**

One of the things I enjoyed about the Spring and approaching Summer, was the longer hours that it stayed light outside. When my friend Alicia and I returned from shopping on Saturday afternoon, it was only three in the afternoon. That meant there was still plenty of daylight left.

Somehow or another during the trip, one of our conversations turned to her cousin Jimmy. I don't remember exactly what we talked about, but it was how I learned that he had soccer practice this afternoon. All the way home, I thought about the promise I had made to him last winter.

When Alicia dropped me off and I said goodbye, I hurried up to me bedroom. For a moment, I looked at myself in the full-length mirror. Then I decided that I wanted to see Jimmy again.

Since I was going to help him practice like I had told him a few months ago, I needed to wear something more playful and sporty. First I slipped off my jeans and found a pair of dark blue shorts. I liked how my legs looked in this pair. Then, removing my shirt, I traded in my bra for a tight grey halter-top. I probably didn't need it, but I would be doing quite a bit of walking and running around I imagined, so it seemed appropriate.

Over this, I pulled on a cute turquoise T-shirt. I brushed out my hair, and then sat down on the edge of my bed. Finally, I pulled on some white knee-high socks and sneakers. Bouncing in front of the mirror once more, I thought I looked like I could be a member of the soccer team! With a giggle, I left my room.

I understood that Jimmy's practice was going to be at the local junior high school. It was a few blocks away. I'm still not driving, but it was a nice day for a walk anyway.

I told my Mom I was going out and proceeded to leave the house. As I started down the sidewalk, it occurred to me that because I do not drive, I have had to do a lot of walking and sometimes even running, back and forth to my home. This was probably the main reason I kept a slim figure, with a flat tummy, and my slender legs were well toned. Absently, I rubbed a hand over my stomach while swinging my other arm at my side.

My sneakers were really comfortable, and I was glad I had them on. It made walking the distance to the junior high school a breeze. When I arrived on the property, I had to cross an empty parking lot, and pass by the building. Further behind, out of view from the main street, were the fields for playing sports. I glanced up at the sunny sky above, feeling invigorated by the warmth.

Across a path that ran along the school property was the wide green soccer field with goalie nets on opposite ends. And on the other side of this, a fence of trees thick with leaves lined the edge of the schoolyard. This area was fairly well secluded, and the only approach was from the junior high school building.

Further down by one of the nets, I saw Alicia's cousin, Jimmy.

He was alone, and as I moved closer, I could see him messing around with a soccer ball. Sometimes, he would toss it up and try to bounce it off his knee, keeping it from falling to the ground. He could do this twice, maybe three times, before loosing control of the ball. And sometimes the boy would toss it up, and bump it with his head. I thought this was funny. Jimmy always did seem to have a hard head.

When I stepped onto the grass, I felt like a girl trespassing on the boy's soccer field. It's just, I was never into sports, and so I felt out of place. I looked around, clutching my hands in front of me. I hoped I knew what I was getting into to.

"What are you doing here, Erica?" he scowled when I drew close enough to hear him.

"Aren't you happy to see me?" I smiled in return.

"No," Jimmy said simply.

This kind of surprised me, because I was sure he had a crush on me. I stopped, and touched my fingers to the shoulders of my T-shirt, then glanced around. Slowly, I walked up to the boy.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Alicia's cousin grumbled, while returning to bounce the soccer ball on his knee, trying to ignore me.

"Come on, Jimmy!" I said. "You don't look like you're having any fun."

He remained silent, and the only noise was the rubber ball slapping against skin as he continued his solitary exercise. My eyes followed each rise and fall as it was tossed or bounced into the air. Finally, Jimmy confessed something, which must have made him very embarrassed.

"I don't think I'm any good," he told me.

I stood stunned for a second, startled at the admission. He always seemed the type of boy that would succeed at whatever game he put his mind to. Jimmy was always obnoxious and bull-headed, but never seemed like a quitter.

I tried to encourage him saying, "You just need to keep practicing!"

"Yeah?" he grunted, sounding thoroughly unconvinced.

Moving around the boy, I tried to watch the timing of the white and black sphere spinning as it went up and down. Then, I reached out, and slapped the ball away! I quickly jogged after it and claimed it for my own.

"Come on," Jimmy said, annoyed. "Knock it off, Erica! Give it back."

I tossed the ball briefly in the air and caught it again, feeling incredibly frisky. Walking around, I still kept my distance from the boy.

Then I used both hands to push the ball out, throwing it at Jimmy. Caught off guard, he was nevertheless able to catch it. I grinned, teasing the hem of my T-shirt.

"Maybe I'm here to help you practice," I said.

Jimmy glared at me, then tossed the soccer ball toward me. He was testing, to see if I could actually be of any help. Fortunately, I caught it again with both hands.

"You've got good reflexes," he grudgingly admitted.

I guess that was true. Thinking about all the times I found myself suddenly naked in front of people, my hands always darted with surgical-like precision, covering my private parts. I looked at Jimmy looking at me, waiting, and I started to blush.

Flustered, I threw the ball back at him.

He fit the soccer ball under his arm, resting against his body, waiting to see what I would do next. I just stood there with my arms at my sides.

"So how are you going to help me practice?"

Alicia's cousin threw the ball at me, causing me to react once more and raise my hands to catch it. We continued to toss it back and forth to each other a few more times. And then I answered him.

"I'll get in the goalie net, and you try to kick it past me!" I said.

Jimmy made a face like he didn't think that was a good idea. "But you're a girl. It will be easy to get the ball by you."

I tapped my little chin in thought. "Then I will have to make it so I try very hard to block your kick."

"How's that?" Jimmy raised an eyebrow, either curious or not understanding.

Slowly, I turned to face the goalie net. It was still a few yards in the distance. We had been pretty much standing in the middle of the field. As I took a step forward, my heart started beating faster. I shyly peeked over my shoulder.

"Well, if you can score a goal three times… I'll let you strip me."

Jimmy was quiet for a moment, and seemed he wasn't impressed. "What? You mean like take off your shoes or maybe your shorts?"

With my back turned toward him, I fussed with the hem of my T-shirt. For the second time, I hoped I knew what I was doing.

"No," I said softly. "I'll let you take off everything."

A whisper of a breeze rustled through the trees on the edge of the soccer field. It was still warm outside, and very bright. I raised my head, looking to the clear blue sky, waiting for Jimmy's answer.

"OK," he finally said.

I found that I had been holding my breath, and now let it out. Without saying another word, I continued to walk toward the goal net, the picked up the pace to jog the rest of the way. This was going to be exciting! I knew I shouldn't let him do this to me, so I had a very good reason play a strong defense.

Except, I wasn't very good at sports.

I reached the middle of the net and spun around. Jimmy was standing further way, bouncing the soccer ball up and down, waiting to take his shot. I got into a kind of crouched position, looking to my left and right. My fingers wiggled in anticipation. I hope I wouldn't get hurt!

Alicia's cousin dropped the ball to the ground, swung his leg back, and planted a solid kick in my direction.

It came flying at me, but then hit the grass in front of a net, bouncing right in front of me. I had just enough time to react, sticking my own leg out to kick the ball away. To my surprise, I made contact, and sent it spinning off to the side.

"Ha, ha! I see why you need more practice!" I teased.

I watched as Jimmy trotted after the ball. He was furious. So I did a little dance in the goalie net. I was really pushing my luck!

The boy decided to try a different angle. He lined up his kick so that it would bounce past my side. With a grunt, he sent the ball sailing toward the net.

Bracing myself, I gauged where the ball would hit the grass and go spinning to my left. I moved at the right moment, hoping to just get my slim body in front of it for the block. Amazingly, I caught the ball in both hands.

Letting out a squeal of delight, I tossed it back to Jimmy.

"You're going to have to try harder than that!" I giggled.

This time, he ran forward and kicked the soccer ball with all the force he could muster. The trajectory was aimed right at my head! Instinctively, I ducked, even falling on my face. The ball flew over me with a swish, into the netting behind me.

"Hey, that's not fair!" I complained, brushing myself off as I went to retrieve the ball.

Jimmy finally cracked a smile, more like a smirk, and said, "That's one, Erica."

Pouting, I kicked the ball back to him. Again, I was glad for my comfortable cushy sneakers. I have delicate little toes, but it did not hurt at all playing soccer with these shoes. The thought occurred to me, that Jimmy might end up seeing my bare toes and I started blushing.

The clever boy must have sensed my distraction, and he lined up a shot for the corner of the net. I only just heard the sound of the punt, allowing me to react. As the ball sailed forward, I knew I was going to have to make a dive for it. If I could just reach it with my fingers, maybe swat it away and keep it from getting past me.

But my arms were too short. I stretched out fully as I leaped across the ground, the soccer ball a mere inches out of reach. It curved in on an arc, gliding past the front post of the goal and into the netting.

Lying on my stomach, I heard Jimmy say, "That's two!"

Slowly, I climbed to my feet. I turned around and picked up the soccer ball again. But this time, I did not immediately send it back to the boy. I was very aware of what the stakes were.

"Perhaps we should end your practice here," I suggested nervously.

Jimmy took a step closer. "Come on, Erica, we've got to keep going. I'm starting to get good!"

"I know," I said more to myself, regretting the deal we had made.

I told him that he should move further back. Try to see if he could make a goal from the middle of the soccer field. That would be more challenging.

"Quit stalling, Erica!" he said, taking a couple of more steps closer.

There was not more than five feet between us. I looked around in apprehension, but it was just the two of us. I guess we were the only two people on the school property this Saturday afternoon. Jimmy did not move. He was holding his ground. So I took a deep breath, and tossed the ball back to him.

I then squatted down a bit, adjusting my socks that completely covered my smooth calves. Lifting my head, I looked Alicia's cousin square in the eye. It was a matter of who would flinch first. If only I could break his concentration. I knew he thought I was pretty. But could he stay focused for this next kick?

I heard the sound of his sneaker hitting the soccer ball, rubber on rubber. It was a hard impact, and I turned my head slightly to the right. Out of the corner of my eye, almost as if in slow motion, I saw the ball going in the other direction. First I turned my head, and then I froze. The black and white whirling sphere flew easily between me and the goal post, into the net.

Jimmy did a leap of victory, before he started walking toward me. I just stood there, still somewhat in shock, arms at my sides. The ball was already forgotten.

"That's three," Alicia's cousin grinned. "Time to pay up, Erica."

My thoughts racing, I raked my hands through my shoulder-length brown hair. "Um, OK. Let's just wait until we can find a place to hide, where we can do this in secret."

Jimmy shook his head. "We're gonna do this right here, right now."

"Oh," I said in a small voice.

With my hands still up above my head, Jimmy walked forward and grabbed the sides of my shorts. Giving them a good yank, he pulled them all the way down my legs! I trembled slightly, lowering my arms only enough to let my fingers touch my shoulders.

"Nice underwear," the boy teased.

I closed my eyes and murmured, "This is so embarrassing…"

Before I realized it, Jimmy had crouched down on the ground and was tugging at the shorts, trying to get them off my feet. I did feel guilty about letting him strip me like this, but I still lifted my leg. Soon the material was gone, whisked away to the side.

Now Alicia's cousin stood again, right in front of me. I wondered what he would go for next. My heart was beating wildly. As if to draw out the suspense, Jimmy slowly walked around until he stood behind me. When the boy placed his hands on my hips, it caused me to gasp.

"It's like we are playing doctor," Jimmy said, maybe trying to make me feel better.

I nodded my head, but replied, "Yeah, except… usually the patient goes somewhere private to undress. You're stripping… taking the clothes right off me, out in the open!"

Jimmy grabbed two fistfuls of my T-shirt, and started pulling it up my body. My lower back was exposed, as well as my tummy and bellybutton. He continued to lift higher, so I raised my arms to the sky. In this way, the boy was able to lean in close, bunching the shirt up to my neck and shoulders.

"Mmmph," I gave a muffled gasp.

Not roughly, but not too gently either, the boy had pulled the shirt over my face. It wasn't long before he had it twisted inside out, sliding off my arms. In fact, once my hands were free of the material, Jimmy tossed the T-shirt to the grass below.

He found my sports bra underneath, and this was quickly pulled off as if in annoyance. My small perky tits popped out, nipples hard. But he didn't see them yet.

Then he reached out and touched my shoulder-length brown hair. I was shocked, because it was almost affectionate. His hand wandered lower, running down my bare back. Closer and closer to the top of my butt.

Suddenly, I spun around, my long pink nipples sticking out and wiggling. I opened my mouth to say something, but found as was breathless with the humiliation. Bracing myself, I expected him to strip me of my panties.

Instead, Jimmy knelt down and started to unlace one of my sneakers.

"Jimmy, what are you doing?" I asked foolishly.

The boy looked up at me, making a face like I was such a silly girl. "I'm taking off your shoes and socks."

It might be hard to believe, but the fact that he was going to get me barefoot, was turning me on. While he had his head down, I reached my hands up to play with my breasts. I squeezed them and flicked my nipples. This of course, only caused them to grow more erect. I blushed as Jimmy removed my first sneaker.

When he went to work on my other foot, I put a hand on his head to steady myself, as I still cupped one tit. He undid the laces, and I obliged by lowering my first lifting my leg. The shoe slipped off, and was bounced away. I now stood at the goalie's net of the soccer field, in just my socks and panties!

"Don't you think we've gone far enough?" I asked, in a desperate attempt to retain some decency.

"You know the deal," Alicia's cousin grunted.

"Yeah," I replied, completely resigned to the fact that I had no way of stopping this.

And it was my own fault. I could have told Jimmy that he could only take a few pieces of clothing. Maybe even offered to let his curious fingers tickle me. But I had to go and tell him he could remove every single item. Somehow, I had a feeling he would be touching soon enough. It was almost more than I could bear.

"Mmmph," I mumbled as the boy's hand ran down my leg, lowering my knee-high socks.

The cotton rolled over my heel and off my little toes until I felt the grass underneath. It seemed like Jimmy was taking forever, but I knew it had only been a few minutes. He slowly exposed my other foot, then stood up, the long sock still in his hand.

"Let's just get this over with," I pleaded, agonizing over the anticipation.

I tossed my hair back, while I clutched my breasts, looking over my shoulder. Jimmy didn't say anything, but continued to watch me. Facing forward again, I saw him casually swinging my sock around.

He motioned to me with his chin and said, "You do the rest."

"The rest?" I inquired innocently.

"Take off your underwear," he explained.

The words sent a shiver through my body, from the tips of my shoulders down to my toes. He was insisting that I get completely naked, as was our bargain. What was odd was that he did not want to remove the last item himself. Maybe he was still unsure.

I was going to protest one more time. But one look at his serious face, and I knew it was hopeless. Alicia's cousin was in total control of me.

Trembling slightly, my hands dropped to the elastic waistband of my panties. I slipped my thumbs inside and started to pull down. Jimmy was watching me, so reflexively I looked away in embarrassment. The tug of the material continued as they were drawn past my butt and thighs. Then I let gravity take over, and the tiny things slipped down to my feet.

I stood up straight, but cupped both hands in front of my clean shaved pussy. Ever so delicately, I raised the toes of one foot so that I could step out of the panties. Standing off to the side now, I had nothing on at all.

"Well… I'm naked," I whispered.

The boy then instructed me to turn around. With a roll of my eyes, I finally did as he said, keeping my hands over my hairless pubic mound. I guess it had been a while since I had taken off my clothes in front of him. Every time, Jimmy seemed to be a little older. He was growing up so fast! It was obvious to me now, that he wanted to see me naked. In addition to the humiliation, I also found that realization, I don't know… arousing?

I don't remember how long I stood there, with him staring at me from behind. Did he like my butt, I wondered. Did he think it was cute? Biting my lip, I slowly lifted one foot so he could see the bottom of my naked sole, even the way my toes curled in. Finally, Jimmy asked me to turn around again.

My hands remained in place, as I spun on my heel, trying to prolong the exposing of my very pink genitalia.

"Now what," I asked somewhat impatiently, with my little tits sticking out between my arms.

Alicia's cousin thought for a moment, and then said, "Let's have a race! To the other goalie net across the field."

"Race?" I exclaimed, totally shocked.

Immediately, I pictured my body in motion. My long nipples wiggling up and down, my bare bottom bouncing, my pussy lips parted and flapping…

"Jimmy, I don't think that's a good idea," I said more shyly.

"Come on, Erica," the boy replied. "I already beat you at soccer. Maybe you can win a race against me. You should be pretty fast because you're skinny. And you got no clothes on."

His last comment made me blush furiously. He then tried to further entice me by saying that if I won the race, he would let me get dressed right away. Keeping one palm lowered in front of my pussy, I lifted a finger to my mouth as I considered.

Suddenly, in an attempted to take Alicia's cousin by surprise, I bolted across the soccer field of the Junior High School. Once I was past Jimmy, I pumped my arms as I ran, leaving everything out in the open.

"Hey, that's not fair!" I heard the boy call after me. "I didn't say to start…"

I didn't care. For once, I was going to beat Jimmy at his own game. I found the possibility, exhilarating. My nipples pointed forward fully erect as the breeze brushed over my bare body. I grinned to myself, even as my clitoris started to poke out from its hood.

Daring to look back, my shoulder-length brown hair whipped across my face. To my amazement, Jimmy was running and catching up! Apparently he had not stood stunned for very long. I looked down at my bare feet flying over the grass, and started to worry nervously if I would be able to keep up the pace. We were already half way toward the other goalie net.

Jimmy was right on my heels, the boy proving to be stronger and faster than I imagined. It wasn't that long ago, maybe a few years, I thought of him as some obnoxious, chubby kid. Now he was demonstrating how much more athletic he had become. And then his hand slapped my ass as he ran past me!

"Oh!" I gasped, stumbling a step or two.

But I continued to run on, only now I was chasing Jimmy. He was just a few feet in front of me. I even reached out my arms, thinking maybe I could grab him. My heart was beating faster as I pushed forward. The wide netting between the goalie posts loomed ahead.

Alicia's cousin distanced himself from me, yet I clearly heard his hand smack the post as he was the first to reach the goal. I collapsed to the ground just before the net, knowing I had been defeated. My breathing was heavy, and I felt completely embarrassed.

Lying naked in the grass, I looked up but did not try to cover myself. Jimmy had said if I won, I could have put my clothes back on. But I lost, and now this was the consequence. He would see all of me. A thought occurred to me, as my breathing slowed down. I watched my tummy rise and fall more regularly.

"Jimmy… how long… how long are you going to keep me nude?" I asked half fearful, half hopeful.

The boy crouched down at my side, looking over the length of my slim bare body. I am not that tall, no taller than Jimmy, but my slender legs did give the illusion of stretching out forever. I arched my back a little as my arms rested on the ground at my sides. Tempted to close my eyes, instead I watched Jimmy pluck a long blade of grass.

"I don't know," he mumbled.

Lying there silent for a while, I waited to see what Alicia's cousin would do. Out of boredom, he absently pulled the piece of grass along my arm. It felt kind of nice, and I smiled. But then he leaned forward, which allowed him to twirl the grass over my stomach.

"Hmmm. Mmmm," I was torn between wanting to stop him, or encouraging him. "Jimmy…"

But the boy only continued to touch my skin with the single blade. It drew closer to my breasts, and then the tiny green of nature's fibers ran over an erect nipple.

"Oooh," I said softly.

At the same time, my knees came up, but remained spread apart. I clenched my fists at my sides. Did he have any idea how incredible this was making me feel?Jimmy worked his way up steadily, so that he could tickle my supple neck with the grass.

"Oh!" I giggled in delight.

Now the boy used the blade to gently touch my face. I guess my skin is soft and sensitive, because the touch of the thin leafy blade was amazing. Closing my eyes only heightened my senses. The grass was near enough that I could smell its fresh aroma. In fact, lying on the ground stark naked was making me feel outrageously sexy. My clit poked out of its hood below, begging for attention.

But I kept my hands at my sides. I would not touch myself, not in front of Jimmy.

"Quit wiggling around," I heard Alicia's cousin say. "Or else I'll tickle you down there!"

"Down where?" I gasped.

I hadn't realized that my body was involuntarily reacting, arching my back, and even bucking my hips. In response, Jimmy took the piece of grass, and traced it back down the center of my body. I held my breath as it slid between my small breasts and down my trim stomach. Past my bellybutton… right down to my hairless crotch!

Lifting my head, I reluctantly opened my eyes to see that Jimmy had moved around and was now kneeling in front of me. This was so embarrassing! He reached out his arm, and like a painter with a thin paintbrush, used the blade of grass on my wet pink labia.

I don't know how else to describe it! The strands were tickling my bare folds of skin, brushing up and down, up and down. My pussy was opening up like a flower. The boy was going to make me cum again! I wish he would move on to my legs or feet, anywhere else to spare me the humiliation.

"Oooh… Mmmmm… Wow!"My fingers clutched fists of grass on the ground.

But before I could reach an orgasm, Jimmy pulled his hand back. "Hey, Erica, maybe we should stop for now."

"Huh, what?" I asked, and lifted my head up.

The boy sat back and was looking around. Slowly, he climbed to his feet. But I was so turned on, that I wanted to keep playing. In frustration, I rolled over on my stomach and wiggled my cute little bottom.

First, I raised my feet in the air, and even crossed my ankles. Gradually, I lowered my toes to the ground again, but spread my legs wide apart. I couldn't believe I was exposing myself so shamefully this way. My bare ass lifted a little, presenting a tempting target.

"Come on, Jimmy," I called out without looking over my shoulder. "Don't you want to use the grass anywhere else?"

Suddenly, I froze, thinking I heard the sound of shuffling footsteps. Was Alicia's cousin walking away from me? My heart started beating faster. No, not footsteps walking away, I realized, but approaching. The swishing of the grass told me that I was near surrounded.

A young male voice spoke up inquiring, "Jimmy, is this the girl you were telling us about?"

Immediately, I rolled over and leaned forward in a sitting position. Bringing my legs close, I put a hand on my head while resting the elbow on an upright knee. My feet were bare, and I covered one foot over the other toes, as if this would somehow conceal my nudity.

There were six boys gathered around Jimmy, my eyes shifted and scanned from one to the other. They were dressed in the same soccer uniform as Alicia's cousin. I felt naked and vulnerable.

Jimmy cleared his throat. "Erica, stand up. I want you to meet the guys on my team."

Pausing to catch my breath after the shock of being discovered like this, it was an awkward situation and extremely embarrassing. I could feel myself blushing all over. Jimmy was bad enough, but now six of his friends seeing me without any clothes on! I started to rise to my feet and found I was no taller than any of them. Instinctively, I crossed an arm over my small breasts, kept my legs together with a hand lowered to hide my crotch. I remained facing them, so as not to reveal my bare bottom.

"Why is she undressed?" one of the boys asked, as they continued to study me.

Jimmy answered smugly, "I got her to take off everything!"

His friends seemed impressed. I wish he would have told them the whole story, that I had lost a wager, and Jimmy himself had stripped me. As I stood there covering, I brushed the toes of one foot bashfully behind my other leg.

"Whoa, so she goes to the high school?" another boy, this one with blonde wavy hair, asked.

Actually, I am in college, I wanted to answer but was too embarrassed to speak.

"Where's her stuff?" a boy with straight black hair who appeared to be of an Asian background, looked around curiously.

Jimmy pointed his arm back toward the opposite end of the soccer field. "Erica's things are by the other goalie net."

"Let's steal her clothes!" another boy suggested mischievously.

The other players let out a cheer of approval, and turned to dash across the school property. I tried to protest and started to take a naked step forward, but Jimmy stood in front of me. Lowering my eyes, I noticed my pink nipples were poking straight out toward him.

"Got some grass on you," Jimmy said gruffly.

He then reached out, trying to be helpful I guess, and brushed off my bare stomach.

"Oh!" I responded breathlessly.

I realized that I had to get away. From Jimmy, and from the six other boys who were about to take my shoes and socks and everything else I had been wearing, leaving me naked. While the players were already well on their way to the goalie's net, I turned my eyes toward the junior high school building.

Instead of running forward, with Alicia's cousin blocking me, I moved to the side and ran in the direction of the school. Barefoot and nude, I flew over the grass, my little tits bouncing as I pumped my arms. I don't know if Jimmy was too shocked to follow, but I didn't glance behind me to find out.

Reaching the building, I crept along the edge until I came to a window that looked in on a classroom. While all the others were shut, I was surprised to discover the latch on this one was left open. My hand slid curiously down the wooden frame, and I was able to swing it inward. Split down the middle, there were actually two sides of the square window that opened up fully. I would fit through easily.

I put my bare foot on the ledge and lifted myself up. Crouching on the windowsill, with my knees apart, this left my pink labia hanging down. My toes curled as I slowly stood. Then, fully naked, I stepped down into the room.

Of course, it was Saturday, so I knew the school would be empty. If I was thinking straight, I should have turned around and closed the window, locking the latch in place. By my thoughts wandered as I focused on the rows of desks lining the room, and the teacher's desk up front, the blackboard, the assignments and projects that hung from the bulletin boards. This was a sixth or seventh grad class, if I judged correctly.

I noticed that my nipples were still very erect. Walking down the aisle, I imagined myself on display for all the students. There had to be something I could find, something to cover up with. My head turned, hands holding my small breasts, scanning the walls for a closet or a trunk.

Eventually I made it around to the classroom door. Arching up on my toes, I pressed my body against the smooth wood, leaning my face against the surface to listen for any noises outside. One hand reached for the handle, fingers running over the brass knob sensuously. Then I heard a voice behind me.

"Hi, Erica!" a boy's voice called out.

Now I spun around so that my bottom was against the door, completely startled. "Jimmy!"

I was still standing on my tiptoes, keeping my heels off the floor. In this position, my legs had separated about shoulder-width apart. My bare pussy was exposed, as were my hard pointy nipples, sexy stomach and bellybutton. Jimmy was walking closer to me, but I could not move.

"That wasn't nice of you to run off like that," he chided me.

I lifted my chin, showing off every inch of my body. "They can't see me like this! Where did they come from, anyway?"

Alicia's cousin stood in front of me, not touching, but exploring with his eyes. "I should have mentioned the guys were going to meet me here for more practice."

"Well, Jimmy," I said, as my heart was beating faster, "I really think I'm going to have…"

But before I could finish my embarrassing confession, there was the sound of the boys climbing through the classroom window. Just like Jimmy had done, and I had done earlier. I raised one hand to cover a nipple. At the same time, Alicia's cousin reached out and grabbed my other hand.

"Come on, Erica. Let's have proper introductions," he insisted, pulling me along.

The other soccer players had set themselves up along the wall with the windows, while I was shyly led forward totally naked. Jimmy introduced me to each of the boys, some of them smiled and waved. But my mind was racing, and my emotions in a whirl, so I could not truthfully recollect their names. I stood with both hands clasped over my pussy, and Jimmy stood very close next to me, almost protectively. To my great shame, I was getting more turned on.

Regarding the six boys fully dressed in their uniforms, I finally asked, "So where are my clothes?"

"You're cute," the blonde-headed kid said boldly.

Blushing all over, I stammered a thank you. However I noticed no one answered my question. That was it, then. They had stolen my clothes, hid them, and were forcing me to stay in the nude. The players began to shuffle around the room, moving behind me once they passed between the desks.

"Nice butt!" another of Jimmy's friends said.

I quickly spun around, keeping a hand over my crotch and now crossing an arm over my breasts.

"That's enough, guys!" Jimmy suddenly said, rather defensively. "Erica is shy about herself."

The boys mostly shrugged their shoulders, although one of his teammates teased, "Sure, your girlfriend must be pretty embarrassed…"

"Shut up!" Alicia's cousin snapped back.

Actually, I was completely humiliated, but also growing more aroused by the second. Beneath my palm, I could feel my clitoris emerge. One of the soccer players headed for the classroom door and found it was locked. Of course! Since it was the weekend, none of the rooms would be open. It was just an oversight that this window had been left unlocked. Now I was trapped in a room with seven young men, budding with curiosity. How much longer before they took a closer interest in me?

Tugging on Jimmy's shirt, I put my mouth next to his ear and whispered, "Can I talk to you in the corner?"

While his friends watched us amused, my best friend's cousin could only put his hands in the pockets of his shorts and shrugged. Now I grabbed a fistful of the front of his shirt and pulled him with me near the teacher's desk. It was a forcefulness borne of urgency.

"Jimmy, remember what we talked about a few months ago?" I asked him, feeling like I was ready to explode.

He looked me up and down from head to toe, his eyes lingering on my pussy. "Are you happy, Erica?"

"No!" I nearly shouted. "I'm horny!"

Jimmy made a face, trying to understand, and then realized what happened whenever I was like this. "Are you going to have an… orgasm?"

"I think so," I nodded my head. "And I really don't want to do this in front of your friends."

The boy looked back at the other guys who were pointing, even laughing at the two of us. I think this only made Jimmy mad. He turned to me, and I knew at that moment he was going to humiliate me even further.

"Well I can't make them leave," Alicia's cousin replied and then walked back to join his friends.

I was left alone, absolutely nude, to be watched by the soccer team. How did I get myself into such a situation! My hands lifted to run through my hair as I stepped away from the teacher's desk. The boys weren't going anywhere. Barefoot, I padded over to the classroom door again. I put both hands on the knob, and jiggled it, making sure it was in fact locked.

In the process, I wiggled my cute little bottom, giving the boys more of a view between my legs. Defeated, I faced forward again and leaned back against the door. Closing my eyes, I ran two fingers between my small breasts and down my stomach, reaching below where I spread my pussy lips.

"What's she doing?" one of Jimmy's friends asked.

"She's touching herself," another one answered.

I rubbed my clit, while lifting my other hand to tease a nipple. It felt so good! I was helpless. Even though I knew it was wrong. Then I started to moan.

"Mmmm… mmmm… Ooooh!" I gasped aloud, playing with myself in front of the soccer team.

Oh, those mean, naughty boys! I thought to myself. From somewhere beyond my hazy thoughts and wild pleasuring, I thought I heard Jimmy's voice.

"You guys should better leave now," he said.

There were some protests, maybe even arguing. I slid a finger inside my pussy. Then I sank to my knees, bending forward so that my face was near the ground. Reaching further back between my legs, I tickled the most sensitive area near my ass. My hips started swaying, undulating as the sensation of a powerful orgasm continued to grow.

"All right, but we're taking her stuff with us," someone announced.

I listened to the sound of the boys clattering out through the window again. Part of me wanted to try and stop them, and I even crawled forward, while keeping a hand between my thighs. At the front of the classroom, I could finally hold out no longer.

"Oh! Yessss! Oh, Jimmy! Jimmy…" I called out as I started to cum.

My fingers teased my hair and my nipples, as I rolled over on the floor. I was masturbating fully nude in a junior high school classroom, and I loved it! Wave after wave of intense orgasm crashed over me. Achieving climax, I gave one last gasp of ecstasy, and then let my hand rest on my stomach. Slowly, my breathing became more regular.

After another moment, I heard sneakers on the tile floor, someone approaching me.

"Erica, are you all right?" Jimmy asked.

I absently stuck an index finger in my mouth and sucked on it, before answering, "I'll be fine…"

"What did you want?" the boy knelt down to take my hand in his. "You kept calling me, over and over."

Now my eyes opened wider, as I lay there naked and vulnerable. "I did?"

"Yeah," he grunted, seeming more annoyed that he was with me instead of his friends.

I looked around the room, and then turned to Jimmy. "Are they gone? Are your teammates gone?"

He nodded his head, and told me that they left with all my clothes. Even my shoes and socks. For some reason, that made me feel more embarrassed as it only reminded me of my total nudity and the condition I was left in.

I wiggled my toes, and then placed a hand over my sensitive pussy. "But… but how will I get home?"

Jimmy stood up, pulling me up with him. I was still a little weak, my slender legs trembled, and I had to lean on him for support. We were almost hugging, the way my arms clung to him.

"Quit it, Erica!" the boy tried to push me away. "I'll go and talk to Alicia. She can pick you up."

"OK, that sounds reasonable," I agreed, and made my way over to the teacher's desk where I lowered myself into the comfortable seat.

Jimmy exited through the classroom window. I figured it was at least a fifteen or twenty minute walk to his cousin's house, and that's if he didn't take his time. Hopefully Alicia would be available to drive up here right away. But I had to resign myself to being trapped in the room for maybe another hour.

As I sat there in the teacher's chair, I looked down at my nude body and smiled. My breasts were small, but firm, even perky. I cupped them one in each hand. Pretty soon, my nipples were growing elongated again, allowing me to twist and flick them up and down. Without anything else to do, and apparently I was still a slim horny brunette, I started playing.

I'm ashamed to say, I brought myself to orgasm two more times, ejaculating over the teacher's chair. Wouldn't that be a nice surprise on Monday morning! I found some tissues and cleaned up a little, just as Alicia poked her head through the window.

"Erica… are you in there?" she called out.

Quickly I scampered to the ledge. "Oh, Alicia, am I glad to see you!"

My best friend did not say a word, evaluating me critically, which made me feel self-conscious. I tried to hide my erect nipples and pink pussy. But I guess she must have been told what had happened.

"Erica, what are you doing to my cousin!" the young woman challenged me accusingly.

I was a bit taken aback, and answered, "Nothing! He took my clothes off, and got me all… excited…"

And then my friend broke out into a big smile, laughing. "Yeah, I see. He has such a crush on you. What do you think of him?"

Now I was completely flustered, discussing this subject. "Um, I don't know. He's cute, kind of."

My voice trailed off, and I lowered my eyes, blushing from head to my bare toes. Alicia just reached out and took me by the elbows, helping me through the window. She was parked around the corner of the school building. Fortunately no one was here to see me do my naked walk to her car. She could have at least brought me something to wear.

Once we started driving, Alicia teased me, "A few more years, Erica, and the two of you will be dating!"

I closed my eyes and shuddered, thinking of what that would be like. But my toes curled in delight.

THE END

**Erica 41 – Erica on the Radio By American Cowboy**

My English literature professor was a very handsome man. He kind of reminded me of PierceBrosnanfrom those James Bond movies. Throughout the semester, I had let my mind wander sometimes during class, indulging in idle thoughts and fantasies. I didn't think he even noticed me. But then one day, he called me up to see him after class.

The other college students had left the room, and I was alone with him as I walked up to the desk. I was wearing jeans that fit my legs and hips snugly that day, and a white sweater. My wavy brunette hair cascaded down to just about my shoulders. Shyly, I held my notebook in front of me with both hands.

"Yes, sir?"I asked. "You wanted to, um, see me…"

Reclining in his chair behind the desk, he looked over and answered in his charming accent, "Erica, I was reviewing your transcript and it appears you haven't yet declared a Major."

"No, sir," I lowered my eyes bashfully. "It's just that, well, I feel I've only just started college. I don't know what I want to do yet."

There was a pause of silence between us, before my professor chuckled. "I understand, Erica. But you do not want to wait too long. Have you ever thought about a Major in communications?"

"Communications?"I was startled by his suggestion of studies.

The man stood up so that he could begin to sort through, and pack his papers. He was much taller than me. I felt like I was back in high school, discussing career possibilities with the guidance counselor.

"You could pursue a path in journalism, for example." He continued as I nodded my head. "Perhaps starting in print, and then working your way toward broadcast journalism. You are a very photogenic young woman, Erica."

"I am?" I said breathlessly, lifting up a hand to tease the ends of my hair.

Then my mouth broke out into a wide grin, and I giggled. Growing more at ease, I started to ask him what was involved, what courses I should take and such. He made several recommendations, which I wrote down earnestly. But my professor also mentioned it would be helpful to participate in some extracurricular activities.

"The college has a student-run radio station," he explained. "I have heard they are looking for some help on one of their programs. I think you should see them and inquire about an opportunity. It would be good experience and something you could add to your resume."

"The radio station, huh?" I never thought I had a strong speaking voice.

But my professor only assured me that my voice was lovely, which made me blush. He gave me the names of some contacts. Then we spent a few more minutes chatting.

Finally, when I had run out of anything substantive to say, I thought I had better excuse myself. My mind was whirling from all the different stuff we talked about, but my eyes were on the attractive professor as I slowly backed out of the classroom. Outside in the hallway, and once I was out of view, I breathed a heavy sigh.

Turning around, I found my friend Carrie waiting for me! She was dressed in a short black jacket, her red and golden curls falling down her back and shoulder. A plaid miniskirt came down to the tops of her thighs, so she was looking quite hot herself. The young woman escorted me a few steps away from the professor's classroom.

Squeezing my arm, she squealed, "So did you let him see you naked?"

"What?" I gasped."Carrie, no!"

She continued to link her arm with mine, slowing down our pace considerably. "Well I know you want him to, right?"

"Um, I don't know," I stammered, noticing that we had stopped in the middle of the hall.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Carrie asked excitedly. "Come on, while there's still no one around. Get your clothes off, and walk back into his room!"

"Barefoot?" I whispered, my heart beating faster.

"Totally nude," my friend giggled.

I looked down at myself, absently fiddling with the button on my jeans. The notebook was held in my other hand. I bent one knee forward, quietly starting to slip the heel of my foot out of the shoe. Now, I didn't think I could actually go through with this. But I looked over at Carrie, and she happily nodded her head.

Suddenly, my professor stepped out of the classroom behind us. My heart nearly stopped!

"Ladies," he greeted us, and politely continued to walk down the hallway.

Carrie and I waited until he passed out of earshot, and then my friend turned to me. She gave me a playful smack on the arm.

"Well there was an opportunity missed, Erica!" the strawberry-blonde teased.

I closed my eyes, amusing myself with thoughts of what might have happened had I crept back into the classroom after leaving all my clothes with Carrie. Perhaps I would have crawled across his desk, my bare nubile body fully on display. Or I would roll over on my back, letting the professor examine my chest and smooth pubic mound…

Opening my eyes, I found that I had slipped a hand down the front on my pants! Quickly, I withdrew my fingers while Carrie giggled next to me. It would be so embarrassing to get caught masturbating in the hallway like this!

I lifted my notebook defensively, now hugging it to my body, and said, "Look… I really need to get going!"

My friend kissed me sweetly, and told me she would see me later. The young woman then turned around, and began to depart in the same direction as my professor. Now my mind was really whirling, and I had to sort out all my thoughts and emotions. I also had to leave to meet Alicia on the other side of the building because she was giving me a ride home.

Once we were driving off the college campus, I told my other friend about the proposal to work for the student radio station.

"Oh, you should do it, Erica! It sounds fun," Alicia replied enthusiastically.

Fussing with my sweater, I mumbled, "Yeah… but I'm really not that outgoing."

"Nonsense, you'll be fine!" my dark-haired friend encouraged me.

I was still unsure, and by the time we arrived at my house, I decided not to even mention it to my parents. There were still reservations I had to work out in my head. Later in the evening, I called up Carrie, and explained everything to her. She was also on board with the idea, in fact telling me that I had to do it, and I would have her full support. The best thing, I decided was to sleep on it.

The next morning, I opened up my notebook and reviewed some of the points I was given about this campus radio project. Among other things, it included a list of names I should contact if interested. There was a Station Manager and a Programming Director, in addition to some other directors. I honestly never realized there was so much involved. It appeared from the reference to theSeniordorms, that these were not adults, well not grown-ups like faculty. But these were students a couple of years ahead of me, so probably twenty-two or twenty-three-year-olds.

The kind of guys who never got around to graduating college, I grinned to myself, already forming a mental image. The thing is, except for some girl named Christina who was a financial director, everyone else listed was a guy. Without any further consideration, I stuffed the book into my bag and prepared to leave for school.

Alicia was giving me a ride again, and my answer to her when she asked, was that I still had not made up my mind. In truth, I had some time after my first class, which is when I thought I might look into this. But I was hoping not to let too many more people know, because I was self-conscious about making a fool of myself.

After the late morning lecture was over, I walked across campus to the Senior Residence Hall. I was always a little intimidated coming here, meeting older students. Not the least of which was because I think I still looked like I was in high school. I was wearing a denim skirt and dark sweater buttoned over a white T-shirt today, and had on pink socks and white sneakers. There were glances at me as I approached the building and entered, making me wonder if someone was going to say I didn't belong here.

With my bag slung over my shoulder, I was an innocent schoolgirl passing between young men and women who were older than me. Maybe I should have called first, or perhaps I was supposed to set up an appointment. I didn't think that far ahead. Really, I thought the whole idea of a campus radio station was kind of informal.

I would not be surprised to find out the station was run out of some student's dorm room. With an eye on a clock hanging in the lobby, I made my way up some stairs to the third floor of the residence hall. Pausing, I fished out my notebook and checked to see that I had the right place. Room 303, the professor had written down.

Locating the door, I adjusted my skirt and sweater, clutching the bag over my shoulder with my other hand. I didn't know what to expect. Feeling self-conscious, I started to regret having not dressed more professionally. I took a deep breath, and then knocked on the door.

There was some shuffling coming from the room beyond. I waited and shifted my weight to my other leg. A voice said something behind the door, but I couldn't really make it out. Nervously, I looked over my shoulder to see if anybody on the floor was watching.

I turned my head around again, and watched as the dorm room door pulled open. A young man, his face unshaven, greeted me. My eyes lowered, and I saw that he was dressed in a T-shirt and boxer shorts! I blushed, but did not look away.

"Hey," he said casually, still standing in the doorway.

"Hi," I answered shyly.

We continued to stare at each other for a moment, before he asked me what I wanted.

Finally, I was able to explain, "My name is Erica. I'm here about the radio position."

He blinked, and then said, "Oh. Right… OK, come on in, Erica."

Just like that, the young man turned around, walking back into the apartment. Once more, I glanced behind me. With no other choice, I simply followed, passing through the open doorway. The first room was pretty dim, as no lights were on.

"Did I come at a bad time?" I called out, momentarily losing sight of the college student.

He did not exactly address my concern, but replied, "Be careful where you step. It's kind of a mess in here."

Even as I moved forward, I could feel cardboard like cartons crunching under my feet. I kicked a bottle, hearing the delicate clink of glass. I wondered what kind of sticky foods or fluids were covering the floor.

"Maybe I should take off my shoes and socks," I half laughed.

His voice carried back to me from deeper in the dorm room. "What was that?"

"Nothing!"I quickly called back. I can't believe I made the suggestion, or even had the thought. "You know, this would be a lot easier if we had some light!"

In the middle of the room, I stopped, just as a flickering brightness was lit from above. There were still shadows, but at least I could see my surroundings better. Indeed, pizza boxes, beer cans, magazines, newspapers and other discarded items littered a mostly beige carpet. And I could start to make out some furniture. A couple of couches faced each other, with a messy coffee table in between. At the other end of the room there was a window, the shades drawn closed, of course.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere it seemed, the young man was behind me. He put his hand on my shoulder, and I nearly jumped! Turning around, I saw that there was a kitchen area off to the side of the living room space. I was beginning to get a better idea of the apartment's layout, and figured the bedrooms were toward the back by the window. The older student was still in his boxers and T-shirt, which made me flustered for some reason.

"Sorry about the state of our dorm," he was telling me. "I just rolled out of bed. My name is Grant."

My face blushed, and I held out my hand to shake his. "Hi! I'm, uh…"

"Erica," he reminded me, since I already introduced myself.

Embarrassed, I giggled, "Yeah…"

"Let's go over and have a seat," Grant then suggested.

Without waiting, he walked right past me toward the twin couches. Slowly inching my way closer, I saw they had green leather upholstery. The twenty-something-year-old guy made himself comfortable, crossing a leg so that his ankle rested on his other knee. I made a point to sit on the couch opposite of him. However, from this view, I had to keep from looking up his boxers. I had my own legs close together, as they were very bare beneath the denim skirt, and I clasped my hands over my knees.

His arm stretched over the back of his couch, Grant continued to watch me, and then said, "So, you are interested in the radio station."

"Yeah," I mumbled, feeling incredibly nervous.

He then asked how old I was, and what year of college I was in. I told him I had really just started, and wasn't very experienced. A professor of mine had encouraged me to get involved with a campus radio program. After a few more questions, the door at the back of the apartment opened up. I watched as another young man, this one better dressed, came out and started to walk toward the window. He opened the blinds, allowing a stream of sunlight to flood the room.

Grant shielded his eyes with an arm, and then said, "Hey, Chuck! Come over here… I want you to meet Erica."

Chuck walked between the couches. He was wearing black slacks, and had on a blue buttoned-down shirt that was not tucked in. We made introductions, with me leaning forward to shake his hand as he reached down. The young man then turned to chide his roommate.

"Couldn't you have at least put on some clothes?" he shook his head.

Grant shrugged his shoulders, and then scratched his facial hair. "I'm sure Erica doesn't mind, do you?"

"Um, no," I answered shyly, while reflexively popping my heel out of my sneaker.

Chuck had a seat across from me, and next to Grant, picking up the discussion. "I'm the station manager. And this bum over here is the program director."

I smiled, as it seemed they were taking me serious after all, and I felt the ice was broken. Relaxing, I kicked off both my sneakers so I could pull my feet onto the couch. Curiously, I looked around the room.

"So do you guys have equipment somewhere around here and run the station out of this apartment" I asked.

"Actually, no," Chuck pointed out with pride. "There is a building on campus that used to be a barber shop. We've been allowed to set up the station over there. It now has an office, a production and mixing room, separate kitchen and bath, all in addition to the studio. It's pretty sweet."

I was impressed, and gasped a little breathlessly, "Wow! That sounds fantastic."

"Yeah, the college has been pretty supportive of us," Grant explained. "We even got a fifty thousand dollar grant toward the broadcasting license and getting everything set up."

The two guys then went on to inform me that there was an opening on one of the morning programs. They needed someone to read the weather reports. It seems the other girl found it was a little too early.

"You want me to be a weather girl?" I didn't know if I sounded disappointed, surprised, or just unsure.

Grant waved his hand. "It's easy. You will be given all the information. You just need to have a pleasant personality. It's more about being part of the show, than just reading the weather."

I sat curled up on the couch, considering the possibilities. My hand reached up and teased the ends of my shoulder-length hair. Part of me was intimidated, since I really didn't believe I was cut out for this sort of thing.

"What do you think?" Chuck asked his radio partner.

After a moment of silence, Grant replied, "She's cute as hell."

My eyes went wide hearing the comment! Blushing furiously, my heart froze, and then started beating faster. They were talking about me as if I wasn't even here. The two consulted some more, before Chuck stood up again. Grant, in his boxer shorts, remained seated.

"All right, Erica," the station manager said. "We will let you give it a try, if you're interested."

I hopped to my feet, having made up my mind. "I'll do it!"

The boys smiled at me and nodded. Chuck told me that I should meet them at the station this afternoon, and he gave me the specific location. They would get me familiar with the studio and radio equipment. Then, tomorrow morning, I would go on the air for the first time. This was all happening so fast! I had showed them my schedule of classes, and the hours worked out perfectly.

As I started to leave, I looked down and saw I was standing in my pink socks.

"Whoops!" I giggled, turning around so I could bend down and put on my sneakers again.

The boys watched as I fumbled with the laces. Suddenly, I was feeling self-conscious all over again. I don't know why I progressed through these stages of emotions. Now, on top of everything else, I found myself becoming… horny. I bit my lip, frustrated, and stumbled backward on my out of the room. A final, clumsy wave goodbye, and then I was through the door.

As I walked quickly back down the hallway, I tried to tell myself I did not have a crush on Grant. We had only just met! Maybe it was because I still haven't had sex with a guy, or maybe because I had seen him in his underwear. Maybe the fact that he said I was cute made me feel all warm and tingly inside. I liked his scruffy facial hair, and wondered what it would feel like against my completely shaved…

"Oh!" I gasped, nearly walking right into another student who was older than me. "Sorry… Excuse me!"

I was blushing, and I hurried my pace, head down and searching for the stairs. Once I left the residence hall, I had to make my way across campus for my next class. I wondered why it would matter what I looked like for a radio program. Still, I was very excited, and tried to calm down before the meeting later in the day.

The lectures seemed to drag on. I couldn't concentrate at all. I was going to have to get a good night's sleep, so I could be up early for the radio station. The radio, that's all I could think about. Me, of all people, I would be announcing the weather in the morning.My voice carrying over the student airwaves.I shuddered a little at the potential to humiliate myself.

Finally, clutching the strap of my bag with both hands, I departed from my last class. Across the parking lot, and then down a path, my feet followed the road toward the entrance to the college campus. I wondered why there used to be a barber's shop here. I guess it was before the school was fully built. The place was a lot closer to the edge of town, further away from the other grounds. It was a bit of a distance, but I enjoyed the walk.

My eyes located the renovated radio station, and I crossed the street to approach a raised ranch-style house. There was a concrete ramp up front, almost like for wheelchair accessibility, or maybe for loading heavy equipment. There were also conventional stairs that led to the front door. I knocked, and then let myself in.

There was a kitchen and private bathroom, just like the boys described. The hallway was narrow, with framed pictures of various station events and promotions hanging on the walls. Ipeekedmy head into a room, and found Grant, Chuck, and two other people seated around a table.

"Hey, Erica!" the young program director called out to me. "Come on in!"

I shyly entered through the open doorway.

Chuck turned around, and then made some quick introductions. "This is Billy, our morning DJ. And Christina is our financial director. Erica is going to be trying the weather spot tomorrow."

They acknowledged me politely, but then this girl Christina immediately resumed the discussion they were having. She had curly red hair and glasses. She kind of reminded me of Carrie, except this young lady was all business.

"We need to increase our base of listeners," she was saying.

Grant, now dressed more decently in an unbuttoned plaid flannel over his T-shirt, shrugged his shoulders. "The board already put up the money. We're doing a good job."

Christina slapped her hand on the table, which almost made me jump. "No! The station is going to lose that funding, if we don't show an improvement in numbers. Don't think they won't pull that grant, Grant!"

Billy, the DJ, chuckled. Apparently it must have been an ongoing joke as the other two guys smirked. I sort of felt like an outsider, since I didn't really know any of these students or anything about their working relationships. Finally, Chuck started to push back his chair, an effort to conclude the meeting.

"All right, we will brainstorm ideas," the station manager said. "I'm sure we can think of a hook to pull in more listeners for the morning show."

"You better," Christina replied, none too kindly, and stood up taking her pad and pen.

The young lady moved around the table, nearly about to push herself through the door. She paused, and looked me up and down. She asked if I was the new weather girl. I nodded, that I was.

"Good luck," Christina said abruptly, and brushed passed me.

When she was out of earshot, presumably having left the station, the three guys burst out laughing.

"What?" I asked, even daring to grin weakly along with them.

"Don't mind Christina," said Billy, a large and jovial looking young man. "She's always uptight about these things. The radio station is supposed to be fun, a good time. That chick runs things like this is a corporation!"

After a few more laughs, Chuck then rubbed his chin. "Yeah, but then, that's why they put her in charge of the money. Anyway, we really should start showing Erica the ropes."

And just like that, the boys surrounded me and ushered me into the programming room. I felt giddy, being the sole focus of three young men. They continued the tour, showing me where the engineer worked and some of the equipment. I even was able to try on a pair of headphones, which were comfortable on my little ears.

"This is the computer that will load up the weather reports," Grant pointed to a flat screen monitor on the console. "You just have to readheinformation, and then we will gab for a bit. Talk about how college is going, stuff like that."

Billy folded his arms and nodded. "We want to keep it informal, and friendly. You're just another girl who could be in a class with our listeners. Like Christina said, we want to encourage more students to tune in."

"OK, sounds easy!" I told them.

Then, as we were preparing to leave, I suddenly remembered the schedule. I explained to the boys that I was still not driving, and I usually got a ride to school from my friends. But the radio program started too early, for Carrie or Alicia to pick me up at my house.

"Don't worry," Grant said. "I'll swing by your place and bring you here, Erica, if you want."

I giggled, and then wrote down my address for him. I also gave the young man my phone number. You know, just in case.

The next morning, I was up bright and early. In fact, it was still dark outside. I showered and shaved what little stubble I had until my pussy was completely bald. Then I pulled on some sexy yellow panties and found a matching yellow sundress. I did not bother to put on a bra, since my breasts were small, it didn't matter. My feet slipped on a pair of sandals, which completed my outfit.

After checking myself out in the mirror, I headed for the kitchen where I grabbed some fruit and a bottle of water. I was supper excited! In a few minutes, I heard two short beeps coming from outside my house. Quickly, I grabbed my bag because I still had classes after the morning radio show, and headed out the front door.

"Hi, Grant!" I said breathlessly as I ran up to his car.

The young man unlocked the door so I could get in, then remarked, "Hey… you look sweet, Erica."

"Thanks," I answered, blushing all over. "I wanted to look nice for my first day."

Grant started down the road, driving toward our college. "Too bad no one will see you. In our audience, I mean."

"Yeah," I said shyly, and then was too flustered to say anything else for the remainder of the trip.

It was kind of like a blur, being escorted to the radio station, and set up with my headphones. I was totally nervous. The day was going to be beautiful and sunny, which is why I picked out such a breezy ensemble, to help remind me of the forecast. I kept telling myself not to mess up, and somehow I made it through the weather report after being introduced on air.

When the first morning show was over, the boys assured me that I did a good job. In fact, they were so pleased, that they offered to take me out to a local diner after classes. Later in the evening I had my first date with three young men at the same time. Well, I guess it wasn’t a real date, but they treated me to everything. A girl could get used to this!

Alicia and Carrie had also listened in the morning, and told me that I sounded adorable. I figured they were just being good, supportive friends. Honestly, I did not believe there was anything special about my weather reports.

On the following morning, after I gave the forecast, Billy the DJ had me stay on air a little longer and announced to the listening audience that I was the best weather girl the program ever had. I blushed the whole time while he went on to say the feedback from students around campus was great, the station had received numerous positive e-mails. All I could do was mumble a thank you. When I made my next report, I giggled and told them I loved being here. It seemed I was already bonding with the audience.

That night, Chuck, Billy, and Grant took me out to dinner again. This time, we went to a fancy Italian restaurant. And I didn’t have to pay at all! Grant assured me it was all coming out of the expense account for the radio station. I found myself wondering what Christina would think of that.

This routine continued as I made my third appearance on Thursday morning. Although, I’m not sure appearance is the right word, since this was radio after all. And once again, the DJ, station manager, and program director continued to wine and dine me, taking me out to dinner. Now I started to feel very special, and was growing more comfortable with these gentlemen.

At the end of our meal, Chuck ran a finger along the rim of his beverage glass and looked at me.

"Erica, you have done fantastic this week," the young man said. "It’s hard to believe you never had any radio experience before."

Grant nodded his head in agreement. "Yeah, our stats show you are very popular with the male student demographic."

Chuck continued the conversation, "But as you know, we are under a lot of pressure to increase our numbers of listeners. To that end, Billy came up with a little promotional idea."

I looked over and smiled at the DJ sitting across from me. He was always good-natured, very easygoing. I knew whatever idea he had, it would be fun.

"Well, you see," Billy started slowly, "we were thinking about making the announcement… that starting next week, on Monday… you will give the weather reports… in the nude."

My eyes blinked once, and my mouth hung open for a moment. I was shocked. I wasn’t even sure I heard correctly. Then I sat up straight at the table.

"What?" I gasped, when I found my voice again.  
  
Chuck immediately reached out his hand, perhaps to defensively ward off any protestations. "Wait, Erica! I know that sounds crazy, but listen… it is just a promotion. It’s a radio gimmick. It will just be for pretend. You are not really going to get undressed."

"Oh," I said in a small voice, somewhat relieved, but also feeling a strange tinge of disappointment.

We sat around in silence for a moment, and then Grant said, "I had suggested you get naked for real. But these guys insisted it would only be make-believe to fool the audience."

I glanced over at the scruffy-haired program director, and he grinned at me. My features flushed, and I hooked a lock of hair behind my ear, which was burning bright red. I squirmed a little in my seat.

"So even though you are not going to take off your clothes,” Chuck continued and seemed to emphasize the last point, “we still wanted to make sure you are all right with the idea."

I thought about it for it for a minute. As wild a proposal as it sounded at first, the whole thing seemed innocent enough. A bit of an audience tease, perhaps, but if that’s what it took to get more listeners to tune it, then I guess it was OK. And they needed me to help.

"Sure," I said shyly. "It will be fun…"

I stood up from the table, excusing myself to use the ladies room before we left. As I rose before them, the boys remained seated, watching my slim figure. Dressed in jeans and a snug white sweater, the motion of standing up had caused the hem of my top to lift, revealing a ribbon of smooth bare skin and my bellybutton.

Sliding out of my seat, I hurried to the restrooms before I said or did anything to embarrass myself. I freshened up, and then stepped out again to find the boys had taken care of the check. They were perfect gentlemen as I was driven home. Our conversation was very friendly, and nothing sexual, even though the subject of my nudity would be discussed on the morning’s radio show.

For some reason, I felt very nervous giving my first report on Friday, which included the weekend forecast. After I was done, Billy had me remain on air again, as he spoke into the microphone.

"Now have we got a very special treat for our listeners!" he said in a booming, enthusiastic voice. "Our very own Erica the weather girl will be returning on Monday. She has been off to a great start this week. But just when you thought things couldn’t get any hotter… Erica will be here in our studio… completely naked!"

There were hoots and whistles coming from the mixing room, from the station's program director and the engineer, Matt. They were whooping it up, trying to make this sound like the outrageous bombshell that it was. I glanced over at the guys, and Grant motioned with his hand that I should play it up.

"Um, yeah," I said, speaking into the microphone. "I won't have any clothes on at all. It's going to be kind of embarrassing."

That last part, I didn't mean to add, but Billy gave me a thumb's up of approval.

"You see," the DJ was explaining to our campus listeners, "Erica here is no model. Oh she's cute all right, very cute. But she is just an ordinary girl, and very shy. What are you, nineteen,twenty-years-old?"

"Yeah," I replied, and found my heart was already beating faster.

But in the spirit of this being a station promotional stunt, Billy did not dwell on the subject. He had to move on to other spots and the music play-list. Throughout the morning, only when I gave my follow-up reports, then the boys teased me on air. They made quips and reminded me how I would be fully bare on Monday. I thought about all those students on campus who were listening, and enjoying the prospects of my humiliation. By the time I had to leave for class, I was almost convinced this was really going to happen!

I should mention that my position with the radio station was completely anonymous to the rest of the college, except for my friends, of course. I was simply Erica the Weather Girl. Nobody knew who I was or what I looked like. And since I was a virtual nobody on campus, I don't think anyone suspected I was this new radio personality. It made the notion of what we were claiming, somehow more thrilling.

Carrie and Alicia naturally heard the morning's announcement. It wasn't long before my friends cornered me in the Student Center. We were seated around a table, taking a break between classes.

"Didn't take much for the boys to talk you out of your clothes," the strawberry-blonde giggled affectionately.

Alicia was more skeptical. "Are you really going to go through with this, Erica?"

Finally, I broke down and told them the secret. I mean, I couldn't lie to my best friends. So I explained that it was just a joke, that I would not really be getting undressed. Also, I pleaded with them not to tell anyone else, which would ruin the whole thing. Finally, I asked them again not to make so much fuss, and give away my identity as the Weather Girl.

"Sure," Carrie smiled, with her hand on my leg. "But if people knew it was you who was going to be nude on the radio, I bet you would get twice as many listeners to tune in!"

Alicia pointed out on my behalf, "She's not going to be nude."

Carrie shrugged her shoulders. "Still, I bet she's turned on!"

"Yeah," I mumbled, feeling overheated.

And just like that, the buxom young woman winked, and stood up to turn around. Alicia went with her, leaving me alone with my thoughts. The rest of the day seemed to drag on forever, and the weekend felt even longer.

Well, Monday morning arrived and Grant picked me up again at my house. This time, I went with wearing jeans and a T-shirt. I was nervous, and after a brief hello, said nothing for the remainder of the ride. There were a thousand questions I wanted to talk to him about, but I couldn't seem to strike up a conversation. I'm such a dork.

We got to the radio station, and the young man opened the car door for me. He was grinning, which made me blush. After a week of giving my weather reports, this should have been routine. Except for the promotional stunt we were planning today, which should have been no bid deal.

"Hi, Erica!" the station's engineer, Matt, greeted me.

Pretty soon I was whisked away among the chattering boys and brought to the studio. Billy was already here doing his show prep, while Grant disappeared into the mixing room with Matt. Of course, there was a large glass window in the room, and they had a full view of us. I saw Chuck at the consol board and waved to him.

I adjusted the headphones over my ears as Billy started the morning program. He gave me a wink and a secret gesture, reminding me of the gimmick we were going to pull on the listening audience. Fifteen minutes into the show, after some music, it was time for my first weather spot.

"And now for this morning's forecast, and outlook for the rest of the day," the bombastic DJ said into the microphone, "here is our very own Erica!"

"Hey, Billy…" I replied, trying to play it cool.

"Erica, um… wow! You look amazing," he told me, and told the audience.

The comment took me by surprise alittle,I giggled, and then mumbled, "Mmmm… thanks?"

"Folks, in case you had forgotten, or if you were not tuned in last Friday…" Billy continued his incredible way of connecting with the listeners, making it feel as if they were in the same room. "Eric is wearing her headphones…"

"Yes, that's true," I interjected.

"And nothing else!" Billy said after a dramatic pause.

I immediately blushed, closing my eyes and picturing the mental image. It sent a thrill through my entirebody,I may have even trembled a little. Looking down for a moment, I noted the hem of my T-shirt and the fabric of my jeans. My feet were crossed at the ankles under the chair. I moved my mouth close to the microphone in front of me.

"Oh, uh, that's right," I told the college campus over the radio. "I have no clothes on!"

Billy, trying to develop interest in the conversation, asked, "So how does it feel, Erica?"

I wiggled around in my seat, grasping for some sort of reasonable answer. "Well, I, that is… the cushions on your chairs are really soft on my bare bottom!"

The young man chuckled. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to mention any of my parts on the air, or how to make it sound like I was naked when I wasn't. He offered a few comments, mostly using his imagination, which had my ears burning red. Then I was told to proceed with my weather report, and I stumbled through it. I was afraid I wasn't doing a very good job.

Back in the engineer's room, the three guys were wearing serious expressions. Billy turned around to look at them for feedback. Grant was standing behind Chuck and Matt, and he shook his head, and then lifted his hands palms up as if to say there was no reaction. The DJ thanked me for my report before hitting the next song on the play list.

Billy cut the microphone and said, "I don't know, Erica. I'm just not feeling it."

Matt buzzed in on the intercom saying, "Guys, that was kind of lame. Maybe this wasn't a good idea."

I felt really bad, like this was somehow my fault! Was I just not convincing enough? I remembered that the whole reason for this stunt was to try to create some buzz and attract more listeners. Chuck must have been able to track that from the control room, and his face looked gloomy.

"You know what we have to do, right?" Grant suddenly spoke through the intercom to us in the studio.

I looked up with eyes wide. Billy had been facing them and nodded his head. He turned back around toward me.

"Erica, if we are going to make this work… I'm afraid you are going to have to get undressed for real," he said in a very serious voice.

"What you mean?" I asked, intertwining my fingers anxiously.

Grant buzzed in again from the programming room. "It means you have to take off all your clothes."

Peering through the window, I saw Chuck shaking his head. He was trying to keep this decent. Matt, on the other hand, broke into a big smile. He definitely wanted to see me naked. But the guy I cared about, Grant, simply scratched his facial hair in thought. Then he nodded his head and gave me a thumb's up.

"I don't know… can I think it over first?" I asked Billy.

"Of course!" the DJ answered right away. "But we need to be ready, one way or the other, before your next weather report."

I knew he wanted me to do it. They all did. The radio station was depending on it. What else could I do? But I would be alone in the building with four young men.

"Excuse me," I said shyly, "I need to use the bathroom…"

My hands reached for the headphones over my ears. I carefully removed these and placed them on the table at which we sat. Then I stood up. I lingered for a moment, indecisive, allowing them to see the way my tight jeans hugged my slender legs, and the T-shirt clung to my body. Turning around, I hurried out of the studio and down the hallway.

Once I found the private bathroom, I closed the door. My heart was beating fast. I looked at myself in the mirror, touching up my hair. I had to do this. The boys were making me do this. That thought alone made it all the more delicious for me.

I clutched the bottom of my T-shirt and pulled it up my body, all the way up to my chin. One hand reached behind my head so I could grab the back of the collar and tug it off completely. The shirt was dropped to the counter near the sink. I was still wearing a white bra. But I took this off as well.

"Small breasts," I said to my reflection. I could almost hear Lisa's voice in my head making fun of me."Such small breasts for a twenty-year-old girl."

But crazy long nipples when they were fully erect! I hoped that didn't happen when I was in front of the boys. They were now going to see every inch of me. I lowered my fingers shaking excitedly, nervously, and unbuttoned the front of my jeans.

While I shuffled the denim material down my legs with a wiggle of my hips, I simultaneously stepped out of my sneakers. By the time my jeans were low enough, my shoes were off, and I was able to lift my legs out one at a time. I lowered the lid of the toilet seat, placing my folded up jeans on top. Then I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my panties and pulled them down to my feet. I kicked them off, but left them lying on the floor.

"Oh!" I shivered, feeling very exposed, rubbing by bare arms.

The ends of my hair brushed my shoulders.I did not look down, because I did not want to see my pussy. However, I knew it was out there.Shaved, smooth, pink against the rest of my fair skin.I lifted one lower leg behind me, and reached back to pinch my white ankle sock. This was tugged off, followed by the other.Barefoot, now.I was barefoot and totally nude.

Without any more hesitation, I spun around on my heel and faced the door. I turned the knob and pushed out.

Stark naked, I walked out into the hallway.

My skin tingled, and my heart was racing. My senses even more alert, I could hear Billy talking in the studio. Trying to be confident at first, I walked with my arms at my sides. With each step, however, I grew more and more embarrassed. First my hands shifted to move over neatly, shyly covering my pussy. And then I lifted one arm slowly, holding it across my little tits.

Around the corner I tiptoed, until I stepped bare assed into the studio. Not only Billy was there, but Chuck and Grant as well. Matt had to stay in the engineer's room, I presumed, but he could see me from behind the viewing window. All their eyes were on me.

I moved closer to the desk and asked, "Is this… is this all right?"

The college guys stared at me for a full minute. I wasblushing,keeping my parts covered as best I could, and wondered how I had gotten myself into this situation again. The DJ, the big talker, was of course the first one to find his words.

"Oh, yes," Billy said, nodding his head in approval. "That is all right. Very all right…"

Chuck, the station manager, shook his head. "Erica, you didn't have to…"

But Grant cut him off saying, "I think she looks awesome!"

His enthusiasm made me feel good and I giggled. Lifting one foot slightly to my toes, I bent one knee forward. There was music playing in the background, which I had not been paying attention to. Suddenly, the song came to anend,the room seemed to fall still and silent. My clit secretly popped out of its hood.

Billy had his headset on and pushed a button. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a red sign flashing that indicated we were on live air. The DJ made a few comments about the music that justplayed,the title and the artist. Then he announced it was time for the next weather report.

"Erica?" he asked, piercing me with his eyes.

"Oh! What?" I gasped. "Um, yes, well…"

Still in the room, Chuck and Grant frantically motioned to me that I needed to put my headphones back on! Completely flustered, I dropped my arms as I scanned the table for the equipment. Billy cleared his throat. Finally, I picked up the headphones and put them over my little ears, moving some hair out of the way. For the moment, I was still standing, my full frontal nudity on display for the boys.

My hand grasped the back of the chair, which made me realize what I was doing. Quickly, I slid down onto the seat. I crossed my legs, although my top was very visible above the table. My bare tits were sticking out as I touched my hands to the headphones.

"Um, hi, Billy!"I said into the microphone.

"You seem a little… distracted," he answered, teasing me. "Why don't you tell our listeners what is going on today."

I licked my lips. Maybe he was talking about what was going on with the weather. I think he wanted me to talk about my now actual nudity.

"As we discussed, Billy," my voice trembled, letting the humiliation fill my tummy with butterflies, "I'm sitting here in studio, completely naked."

"Completely?" the DJ urged me on, with his eyes, as much as his baritone voice.

"Yeah," I laughed nervously. "No shoes or socks on, no underwear. I'm just not wearing anything!"

Billy kept the dialogue going, now bringing the audience into it. "Guys, you ought to be checking this out! Erica is one cutie. She's a petite brunette with shoulder-length brown hair, and a very slim body. I don't think there's an ounce of fat on her. What would you say, you're about an A cup?"

"Oh God, don't tell them that!" I gasped, and then brought my hands to my mouth.

I was horrified that he was describing me on the air! But when I moved my hands away, I had a big open-mouthed grin. This was turning me on, and I think the boys knew. My legs were still crossed beneath the table, and I bobbed one foot up and down, wiggling my toes.

Grant buzzed in from the programming room. "Hey, Billy, how about you tell us how she's groomed! Is Erica shaved or unshaved?"

"Well to be honest, folks, I haven't really had that close of a look," the DJ answered wryly. "Maybe we can get her to stand up…"

"Oh gosh, this issooooembarrassing," I squealed.

The guys in the control room only encouraged me further. "Yeah, come on, Erica don't be so shy! Everyone listening would love for you to stand up!"

"Fine!"I giggled, even though I was blushing. "You boys are too much."

Instead of putting down the headphones, I let out a sigh, which probably carried across the campus airwaves. I pushed back the chair from the table, and was able to rise so they could see me. There was a black wire that ran from one side of my headset to the other equipment and instruments on the table. My fingers pulled the wire away from my body, so that I was in clear view. I kept my legs together, but there was no doubt about how I was groomed, as their eyes roamed lower past my belly button.

"See, not a wisp of hair," I said, since the guys were momentarily speechless.

My hand lowered, and I pointed a finger at my bare vulva. I loved petting my pussy. Now I had to be careful not to get carried away.

Then Billy made a display of going through some papers on the desk. "I think we are supposed to be telling our listeners about the weather… or something."

"Yeah," I replied a little breathlessly.

I slowly sat back down in the chair again. But this time, I did not cross my legs. Fully naked, I turned to look at the computer monitor as the weekly forecast was pulled up. I scooted forward to the edge of my seat, attempting to stick out my small breasts even more.

"Hmmm, it says that we will have some rain showers by the end of the week." I told the audience. "It's going to be… very wet…"

My arm slipped down, and self-consciously I touched my pussy.

"That's very good, Erica," the DJ was saying.

He made a few more remarks before concluding this spot. And then he moved on to playing the next song. I quickly reached my hands up and removed the headphones. Shaking my hair out, it occurred to me that I truly had nothing on now. I rolled back in the chair, but remained seated.

Matt buzzed in from the control room. "Keep it up, guys! That was great!"

Billy himself pushed his chair back and to the side of the table. He could see one of my bare legs, all the way down to my toes. There was music playing in the background, but I didn't pay attention. I wanted to hear the DJ's voice.

"All right now, I think we are on a roll!" he said with enthusiasm.

That pleased me, causing my whole body to blush. I stretched my leg out, and then brought it back in, toes curling. Leaning forward, I looked to my sides and rubbed my bare shoulders.

"Erica,Ifyou want to get covered up before the next weather report…" the young man offered.

"Um… I think I'll stay like this," I said and lowered my eyes.

It was very embarrassing for me. But now I was too horny to stop. I shouldn't have taken off my clothes. The reaction to being nude in this building so far from myhome,and talking to thousands of people over the radio, it was so thrilling! My legs spread further apart, as I placed a hand on my stomach.

Matt and Grant walked out of the programming room while we were still on a music break. The engineer casually came around to look at me from the side. But the other scruffy-haired young man stepped behind my chair, using his hands to tip it back a little. They were talking to Billy, but I just sat there letting them see me. At one point, the DJ stood up behind his desk.Now all three were looking down at my nude body.

"Good idea," Billy said to Grant, although I had not heard his suggestion.

Before I could ask, the other two guys were retreating back behind the viewing window as we were about to go live on the air again. My spot was not for another ten minutes. Billy had to read down some college-related news items and give a sports report. I was thankful they did not yet hire another person just to cover the athletics stories. If one more student walked into the studio, I didn't think I could stand it. As it was, I already found myself fidgeting. I wanted to touch my clit, but was afraid to do that in front of the guys.

It took forever until after the next music break, when Billy announced the time for the local weather.

"And here to bring us up to date with the latest forecast, is our little Erica!" he said to the listening audience.

"Mmmm, hi, Billy!"My headphones were back on, and my nipples were very erect.

**Erica 43 – Erica’s Reunion**

Erica walked into the gym of her old high school, now decked with streamers and cheap decorations in commemoration of the 18th anniversary of their graduation.

She was 36 years old now, a high school English teacher herself (albeit in a different school), the memories of this place came rushing back to her, some better than others.

"Erica! Over here!" She heard someone call to her, she looked and saw Alicia standing over by the punch bowl.

she walked over as she realized that both Carrie and Lisa were standing there as well.

Carrie was looking as great as ever, dressed in a smart ensemble of a knee long skirt, a blazer and a white blouse underneath, and to give her even more of a charm, she was now wearing a pair of horn-rimmed glasses that made her even sexier than before, if that was possible.

"Erica! You should call more often." She said as she moved in for a hug as she always tended to.

Lisa on the other hadn't really changed much; she was the same statuesque beauty she always was, what surprised her though was the three children, a boy and two girls about 9 and 15 years old respectively, she immediately recognized one of them as Lisa's children mostly due to the fact that the girl resembled her mother to an uncanny extent, it was like young Lisa was standing right in front of her.

Lisa proceeded to introduce John Jr. and Amanda, that left the third girl to be introduced by Alicia as her step-daughter Jennifer.

As she caught up with the her friends about the events after college, Carrie had her own small software company now, Alicia was an office worker, and Lisa was actually a stay at home mother after a career in law.

"I married John, you remember him, right? My boyfriend from back then?" Erica recalled the time they stripped her in the library, John had haggled her shirt off for two pages of a report they'd stolen, when she came back to reality she saw Lisa pointing off to the other side of the room "He's now a pretty successful surgeon, so I don't really need to work any more, he's over there by Alicia's husband."

Just as Lisa finished her story, the kids, who had been arguing thus far bumped into Erica and sent her crashing into the punch bowl they'd been standing by.

Before Erica realized it, she was sitting on the ground at the edge of a broken down table, she felt the sticky juice soak into her clothes, she wiped it away from her eyes just to see her friends (and the kids) staring at her with concern.

Erica stood up gingerly as she looked down at her punch-soaked clothes, she could feel the disgustingly saccharine, syrupy juice seep into her clothes.

"Oh no!" Erica cried as she tried to peel the now clingy material, a simple white button-up shirt with grey trousers, off of her skin fruitlessly.

And just to make her panic even more, she saw that her bra was showing through the wet material of her white shirt. "Isn't there something here that I can wear?"

"I have some gym clothes in my locker." Amanda spoke up, Erica thought that she might have been feeling guilty since it was their fault that her clothes were ruined.

"Okay then, why don't you and Jenny go find something for Erica to wear." Alicia patted Jenny on the shoulder, who took Erica's hand and dragged her off, and if Erica hadn't been so much older than the two girls, it might have looked like a girl being dragged around by her older sisters.

Erica looked back and saw Carrie Carrie wave her goodbye, Lisa just shaking her head as if she's thinking that this is typical Erica.

In the hallway, Amanda stood in front of her locker trying to get it open, while Jennifer stood next to Erica.

"Maybe you should get out of those clothes before you get sticky yourself." Jennifer nudged Erica lightly in the ribs.

"I guess so..." Erica replied as she began unbuttoning the ruined shirt, shrugging it off as she exposed her white bra underneath, she then moved on to unbutton her trousers, which popped open and gave slack as she unzipped it and stepped out of it and her shoes as it fell to the ground, revealing her matching panties.

"Ugh!" Erica groaned as she saw that even her underwear wasn't safe, though she hesitated to take these off as well, she looked up and saw that both Jennifer and Amanda were staring at her and smiling.

"You're her, aren't you?" Amanda said, the tone of her voice was almost the exact same condescending tone that Lisa would almost always use.

"What?" Erica said, not fully understanding what she had meant by that.

"You're that Erica girl Alicia and aunt Lisa always talked about," Jennifer said, and Erica's stomach knotted up at that sentence "You're that girl that liked to take her clothes off."

"Is... Is that what they told you?" Erica stammered as she let her hands brush against her belly, she wanted to correct the girls, but before she could say anything else, Amanda interrupted her, changing the subject entirely once again.

"You should probably take these off as well." Amanda pointed a fist clutching some gym clothes at Erica's underwear, which were somewhat stained from the punch.

"What, but I can still wear those under the clothes." Erica objected, her hands instinctively rose to cover her breasts and crotch, even though they weren't exposed.

"I'm not gonna let you ruin my gym clothes, take those off!" The resemblance to Lisa was unbelievable, Erica was almost compelled to strip right on the spot, she hesitated for a bit, but followed through and began unlatching her bra.

As the bra came loose, she slipped it off and immediately covered her breasts with her hands, her physique hasn't changed much since college, her breasts still small, and her nipples still protruded like eraser heads, as they did now, rubbing against her arm.

With one arm left, she slowly inched her panties down her thighs, bit by bit until gravity took over and they fell unceremoniously to the ground, where Jennifer picked them up and said that she'd take care of them along with the rest of Erica's clothes, she cupped her hand against her bald pussy, and felt the moisture that was forming.

Erica felt a sense of Deja vu, She recalled that one time Alicia stripped her naked in a hallway not at all far from this one, And only now had it dawned on her that she'd been more or less stripped by the children of the very same people who stripped her when she was a teenager, if this wasn't so humiliating for her, she would have admitted to being turned on by that.

Shaking the cobwebs clear from her head, Erica extended her hand for Amanda's gym clothes, but was surprised to see the girl step back instead of handing the clothes over.

"I can't believe you fell for it, it really was that easy." Amanda laughed, just as the signs of understanding began to appear on Erica's face, the two girls ran off giggling, leaving Erica naked in the middle of a hallway in her old school, who couldn't believe how gullible she'd been.

Standing there, Erica thanked her lucky stars that there was no one at school at this point in time, most of her classmates were in the gym, while the rest of the school was mostly abandoned, that was when she remembered that she’d her car keys in her pants pocket, she was stuck here unless she retrieved her clothes!

Deciding to keep moving and to try and find some way to get her clothes back, or even different clothes altogether, Erica's feet began padding down the hallway, she saw no sign of the two mischievous girls as she turned the corner, and spotted the auditorium.

Erica's memories of the auditorium came back, and there were plenty of them, she felt the urge to step inside, she opened the door and stepped inside, it hadn't changed much over the years, her fingers seemed to move on their own as they lightly grazed her pussy, eliciting a moan from her.

Erica's walked up to the stage and ran her hand across the wooden stage, she began heaving herself up onto it, and just as she managed to get one knee onto the stage, she heard someone from behind her say "Wow! You really ARE naked!"

She spun around, and in the process seated herself on the stage, she looked down and say John, Lisa's nine year-old son, staring up at her.

"John! What are you doing here?" Despite the surprise, Erica didn't try to cover up, maybe it was because John was still a kid, or maybe because this reminded her a lot of her encounters with Jimmy.

"Amanda told me you were here," He explained "she told me you were naked."

Erica was only half-listening to John, the cold wooden floor of the stage pressed against her butt and blossoming pussy, Erica even tried spreading her legs a bit, not caring if John was watching.

She recalled all the times she'd stripped or been stripped in front of Jimmy, and how she even reconnected with him back when he finished college, they had even dated each other for a while, he'd even managed to strip her out in the open a few times.

She was no longer a virgin at that point, but even still, she didn't have much of a social life; being a teacher was hard work, and she was fully dedicated to it.

"Um, Miss Erica?" Erica caught herself, blushing at the fact that she was lost in pleasure with Johnny in front of her.

"Yes, Jim-... Er, I mean, yes Johnny?" She stammered as she began to regain her composure, slowly inching her legs back together.

"Like I said, Amanda told me to tell you," John seemed frustrated with the naked lady that kept spacing out as he relayed Amanda's message "that there's someone waiting for you in your old class room."

Erica's stomach was filled with butterflies, even though the school was empty at this point, she didn't walk to parade around in the nude like this, but she figured that if she wanted her clothes back, she'd have to comply.

"Uh, thanks Jimmy!" Erica didn't even realize that she'd called him the wrong name as she ran out the auditorium and towards her old classroom.

Erica walked the silent hallways of her old school, they'd renovated the school a bit, a touch of paint and maybe new lockers, but it was still the same old school she'd streaked across before, Erica couldn't help but feel a sort of twisted nostalgia for those old days.

Finally arriving at the door to her old classroom, she opened the door and saw inside Carrie, sitting on the teacher's chair, with her outfit though, she looked quite at home, and one would be very hard pressed to distinguish her from an actual teacher waiting for her students to fill in.

Carrie turned to Erica as she opened the door, who felt somewhat weird to be entering her classroom completely naked; she was once pantsed and spanked in this room before, and once she was wearing nothing more than a large shirt, heck, she was even {i}stripped and forced to orgasm{/i} in this room, but she'd never experienced the thrill of walking into a classroom naked, not knowing if she was going to be greeted by a room packed full of students or deafening silence, this was definitely a new sensation.

"Erica, what is the meaning of this?" Carrie said in a haughty, snooty sounding voice, it was her impression of a teacher "A respectable teacher attending to her class in the nude? Unacceptable!"

Erica would have laughed at Carrie's dialect if not for the situation and subject matter at hand, she kept her hands crossed over her privates.

"When I saw you tonight, you were nothing like the Erica of old," Erica would've been happy with that comment, except she felt that it was not supposed to be a compliment "You were all prim and proper, not at all the adorable little girl who ran around naked half the time."

"Gee, I'm so sorry." Erica's deadpan reply didn't even draw any attention from Carrie, who carried on with her monologue.

"So I decided to punish you, hoping you would return to your old ways." Carrie continued, but Erica interrupted her then:

"So this was all your idea?" She asked, getting impatient at standing the doorway to the class with her butt facing outwards.

"Not at all, I'm just a happy participant," Carrie said, which Erica concluded that this must be another of Lisa's schemes "Now as for your punishment, you are to take twenty smacks on the bottom."

Erica's mind once again went back to the birthday spanking she experienced in this room at her eighteenth birthday, and the 'adventure' that followed suite, she felt the butterflies in her stomach fluttering at the memory; she’d stood up to Lisa that day, and as a result she was slowly stripped naked throughout the day in the school.

She remembered Lisa’s softball team who almost brought her to an orgasm out in the field, being touched and spanked in front of (and by) the entire team, she had always wondered how it could’ve been different if she’d just taken a nude spanking in front of her entire class? Would she be ridiculed by them till the day she graduated? Maybe some other people would have attempted to strip her besides Lisa and the others, she wanted to immediately cast that thought out of her head, but for some reason and on some level, she sort of wished it would have happened.

"Did I mention that you won't get your clothes back if you refuse?" After a moment of silence, Carrie spoke again, and Erica guessed that this wasn't really the end of it, though she wouldn't mind it one bit.

Erica took slow steps towards Carrie, who told her to place her hands on the teacher's desk and to 'Assume The Position'.

Erica sighed, although in her mind getting spanked by Carrie wasn't the worst of fates, perhaps that's why she wasn't so hesitant to do as she was told, she placed her hands on the desk, and thrust her tush out ever so slightly and said in a meek, half-joking voice "Don't leave any bruises."

Carrie just giggled and began delivering her swats, each carried a tiny sting that made Erica wince, but Carrie stopped shortly after starting and began rubbing Erica's cheeks gently.

"Your butt is as cute as ever, Erica," Carrie said wistfully "I really missed it."

More than getting stripped, being caught by Johnny or anything else, this made Erica blush furiously, she was totally speechless, that is until Carrie resumed her spanking, which elicited a small "Ow!" from Erica, who heard a giggle from Carrie once again.

Erica was counting the increasing swats, and just as Carrie reached the 18th swat, she stopped and faced her, but before she could wonder what was going to happen, found herself locking lips with Carrie in drawn out kiss, Carrie's hands wandered to caress Erica's breasts, slightly brushing her nipples and moving down to tickle her tummy, but the fingers didn't rest for long, they continued travelling until they reached Erica's joy button, softly tapping it and causing her to moan in the middle of the kiss, that's when Carrie pulled out, Erica could see the strawberry blonde beauty biting her lips as she backed away.

Erica's head was hazy, whether it was due to the lack of air from the long kiss, or just the sudden arousal caused by Carrie's advances, she couldn't guess, but before she could regain her bearings on her own, she felt a sharp slap against her right butt cheek, and immediately afterwards her left one, which brought Erica back to reality instantaneously.

"There we go Erica!" Carrie said, settling back into the teacher's chair "punishment administered, now you should probably head to the science lab, and no dawdling."

Erica was about to leave until she remembered "What about my clothes? Aren't you going to give something to wear?"

"Oh of course not!" Carrie was now once again back to her chipper self, not even a trace of the heavily sexual atmosphere lingered in her words "it would be boring if you just got dressed as you kept going, now if it was the other way around..."

Erica started to move towards the door as Carrie's words trailed off, she walked out the door with nothing gained but the beginning of an arousal and a new hint.

Feet padding down the empty hallways, Erica approached the door to the science lab, this time, she peeked through the pane of smoky glass, and she saw someone standing in front of one of the benches in the middle of the room, opening the door, she discovered that it was Alicia, waiting with her hands resting on her hips.

“It’s about time, I was afraid you might’ve gotten lost on the way here.” Alicia turned towards Erica, with a smile on her face she tapped the hard surface she was standing next to “now I want you to get on the table here Erica.”

Without a word said, Erica walked up to Alicia and jumped up onto the smooth, cold bench, it felt like stone under the naked flesh of her buttocks, feet dangling from the edge of the table.

“Spread your legs Erica, I want to see that clit of yours clearly,” Alicia’s command came with an almost clinical and emotionless tone, which might have made Erica’s heart beat even faster than it should have.

Naturally she complied, slowly raising her feet until her heels were resting on the edge of the bench, legs wide open and exposing her pink slit completely, the folds slowly parting until her labia came into full view before Alicia’s eyes.

“As bald and slippery as the day I first saw it,” Alicia remarked much to Erica’s shame “down here you still look like a little girl, Erica.”.

Hair WAS growing around Erica’s pubic area though, it had been doing so for a while now, but Erica found it better to just shave it off as it was coming out rather wispy and unkempt, making it hard to groom without completely getting rid of it.

“You know, Carrie always enjoys playing with your pussy, And Lisa never had problem teasing it,” Alicia began, her eyes focused on Erica’s blossoming flower almost as if it was some sort of valuable treasure “but I don’t think I’ve touched it myself...”

Erica saw Alicia’s hand slowly inching closer and closer to her pussy, and chose to simply close her eyes and bite her lips in both anticipation and anxiety.

Erica felt Alicia’s hand graze her inner thigh, and finally her fingertips came in contact with her outer lips, causing Erica’s body to tense up slightly at the simple touch, but Alicia didn’t stop, her finger continued to sink deeper into Erica’s pussy, at which the latter let out a sharp gasp.

Alicia didn’t respond to the reaction, her finger simply moved slowly in and out Erica’s pussy, her knuckle occasionally tapping her exposed clitoris peeking out of its hood and causing her to moan softly, it didn’t take long, but eventually Alicia removed her finger from Erica’s excited hole.

“That was an interesting experience,” Alicia said, sounding almost breathless “but you have to head to the teacher’s lounge now, Lisa’s waiting for you.”

The mention of the name had a heavy emphasis attached to it, to Erica this felt like it might be her final destination for the night, she got off the table and began taking steps with trembling legs, she didn’t look back at Alicia, not even looking at her expression as she exited the science lab.

Once she was back in the hallway, Erica took off running towards the teacher’s lounge, she didn’t know why she was so anxious to get there, running or walking, Lisa will be waiting there.

Arriving at the door of the teacher’s lounge, she saw that it was slightly ajar, taking a deep breath, she pushed it open, only to see Lisa leaning against a large table in the middle of the room.

“Same old Erica, always managing to lose her clothes,” Lisa said in an almost bored tone “whether you’re 16 or 36, you’re still running around naked at the end of the day.”

Erica, on the other hand, was surveying the room, a single question stuck in her head “Where are my clothes?” She asked.

“I don’t have them,” This did surprise Erica, but not as much as the second part of the sentence “Unfortunately for you, stripping you wasn’t my plan, in fact, I only learned about it less than an hour ago.”

Erica stood there, wondering where her clothes might be, did the girls still have them? She suspected that they might have orchestrated this whole thing, but she also suspected that Lisa might have put them up to it.

“Regardless, it’s kinda amazing Erica,” Lisa stood straight and walked up to Erica, she began circling her like a predator might circle its prey, Erica couldn’t help but shrink slightly in fear and hugging herself, not covering anything in particular as she felt both afraid and aroused at the exact same time, Lisa’s hand darting up and giving a quick pinch to Erica’s sensitive and elongated nipple, causing her to grunt softly “how do you manage to get stripped naked every. Single. Time?”

“You seem to like it, I’ve definitely noticed that, but still...” She came to halt right in front of Erica, her hand this time patted Erica’s now moist, hairless pussy, Erica’s legs almost gave out from the mixture of fear and extreme arousal “Are you addicted to it?”

Erica had no response, she simply stood there in front of Lisa, averting her gaze, she felt almost like a teenager once again, being bossed around like this by Lisa.

“Well, it doesn’t matter, I want you to touch yourself until I tell you to stop,” Lisa’s demanding voice sent a shiver down her spine, she was almost frozen in place “just know that if you don’t stop when I tell you and orgasm here, I won’t be returning your clothes to you, you’ll be going home in the nude, not that you haven’t done it before.”

Once Erica’s body permitted her to move again, her hands had moved to cup her breasts, she felt the stiff resistance from her nipples as they brushed against her palms, the sensation was unbearable.

She didn’t bother to lie down, not even to sit, she just stood there as one hand began tweaking a nipple and the other reached down, tracing a path along her trim stomach and down to her pubic area, once it came in contact with her clit, her lungs released a quick gasp as her hips thrust forward, almost as if it was trying to press itself against her hand even more.

slowly massaging her nipple and pressing lightly against her poking clit, Erica looked forward at Lisa, who was staring back with a blank face; it was almost as if Erica standing there absolutely naked and masturbating in front of her was not even an interesting event, she wanted her to just walk up and stick her finger into her sopping wet pussy, forcing her to a thundering orgasm.

Erica closed her eyes and began to breathe heavily, her moans were getting more and more frequent and audible in the silence of the room as she continued pushing herself to the edge of climax, that’s when Lisa’s voice came, almost booming and echoing in the empty room:

“Stop!” Lisa said, not actually moving from her spot, Erica’s hands fell almost mechanically to her sides, almost as if Lisa’s voice held some magical property that forced her to obey “That’s enough for now, now head back to the gym, you’ll get your clothes there.”

Erica, looking like she’s out of breath, started walking towards the door, she opened it and stepped outside, the effect was like a dream, almost as if she was floating in the air, walking on the clouds, she didn’t even bother to cover up as she walked towards the gym, mentally preparing herself to be exposed in front of all her classmates.

Halfway there, Erica spotted a figure standing in the hallway: It was Alicia’s step-daughter jennifer, the girl who had taken her dirty clothes, though she didn’t seem to be carrying them at the moment, instead, her hands were clasped behind her back, giving her an innocent look that betrayed her actions earlier, she had a smile on her face as a completely naked and sexually aroused woman over twice her age walked towards her.

“Did you enjoy the tour of your old school?” she said with no hint of irony in her voice as she scanned her from top to bottom “It seems like you did, it was ‘exciting’, wasn’t it?”

The emphasis on the word ‘exciting’ was clear as day, it was no mystery that she was referring to Erica’s obvious horniness, and that made the ‘excitement’ even worse.

Jennifer took a step to the side and motioned Erica to keep walking, until the teenager was now walking behind Erica, her footsteps echoing in the empty hallway only served to accentuate the fact that Erica was completely nude while this young girl that was the same age of the students she taught was completely dressed, it was the only other time that Erica felt her shame rise so much since this whole thing started, the first was when they actually stripped her.

“Alicia and aunt Lisa would tell us your stories all the time, how you’d be fooled into taking your clothes off,” Jennifer’s told her tale as she watched the ass of the woman in front of her sway slowly, almost hypnotically “Me and Amanda would talk about wanting to meet you, strip you, it sounded like so much fun!”

Erica winced at the sound of the word ‘fun’, her arousal was finally subsiding enough for her to think clearly process what Jennifer was saying, to these girls stripping her was a game, nothing but a sport over her account, and she was actually aroused by it.

God, she felt so humiliated.

The two finally reached the doors to the gym, where they stopped and Jennifer began to explain “last stop, I think you know what’s coming next.”

As Erica took her final deep breath, she reached out for the doors, but just before she reached them, Jennifer piped once again:

“Oh yeah! One last thing I wanted to do.” And with that Erica gasped and her arousal was ignited once again as Jennifer reached from behind, and Erica felt her finger sink into her pussy; she was being fingered by a 15 year old!

Without waiting for Erica to make her move, Jennifer pushed her into the crowded room, the doors slamming against the walls of the gym, attracting everyone’s attention to the naked Erica now standing before them.

She could feel their eyes on her as she took hesitant steps forward, every inch of her body was being scrutinized as she moved in what seemed like a straightforward path with Amanda standing at its end. Behind her she could see all her friends and their significant others

She closed in on them, they were standing besides a set of simple bleachers you would usually find in gyms, Amanda stood there with her arms crossed and reminding her far too much of Lisa at her age.

“Can I have my clothes back now?” Erica squeaked meekly, knowing full well there would be a final condition she must fulfill in order to get them back.

“Sure, once you sit down and finish the job in front of us all,” said Amanda, clearly inheriting her mother’s powerful tone.

“Please don’t make me do this, just let me go already.” Erica attempted to plead with Amanda one last time, hoping beyond hope she wouldn’t have to follow through.

“You could always just refuse, spend the rest of the evening amongst your friends and classmates naked and sexually frustrated until they all leave, only then will I give you your things back,” The girl gave her another choice “Or you could just masturbate for us right now and get it over with.”

Erica looked around her, her thirty odd classmates were gathered around her now, waiting for her decision, in her mind the choice wasn’t even that difficult.

She took shaky, gingerly steps towards the bleachers and sat down, the rough texture of the seats grazed against her already sensitive lips, she spread her legs wide open, she closed her eyes and let her hands move of their own accord.

One hand squeezed her breasts as the other found its way to her extremely aching clit, she slapped her bald, drenched and completely exposed pussy several times before she began rubbing it furiously.

As she stuck one finger into the depths of her vagina she looked up to the crowd watching her, those were her classmates, and instead of showing them how much she’d matured after so long, there she was as they always knew her, a small breasted little girl who always ended up naked and always ended up masturbating because of it, she inserted another finger into her pussy, which began making obscene sounds from the liquid churning within, Erica moaned loudly as she approached orgasm.

Just then the thought struck down like thunder, she’d been tricked into this by nothing more than a teenage girl.

Her, a 36 year old teacher, successful and proud, reduced to a naked, horny, moaning and masturbating attraction by someone who could pass as a student of hers.

And then, also striking like thunder, was a powerful orgasm, all thanks to that notion, Erica’s hips bucked wildly and the juices inside her squirted freely onto the floor of the gym in front of her classmates, cheering wildly and clapping for the excellent show she just gave them.

And so Erica lied back on the bleachers, uncomfortable but not really able to move, the crowd began to dissipate as Jennifer handed her both her clothes and the gym clothes Amanda had fished out of her locker, once she had recovered, Erica got dressed and immediately left for her home, knowing that she’ll probably never show up to another reunion for at least another 18 years, she laid on her bed naked, occasionally her fingers found their way down again as she recalled the events of the night, bringing her to more orgasms before she fell to sleep.

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The next week, after the memories of that reunion had gotten stale and settled in the back of her mind, Erica was heading to the school where she taught, well rested and ready to give her all in the pursuit of knowledge.

She walked down the hallway with complete confidence, but as she passed the office of the principal, she saw the door open and the principal’s head poking out, he looked in the opposite direction before noticing Erica and calling out to her:

“Ah Erica, great timing! I need you in here.” the head spoke, and as soon as it did, it disappeared back into the office, leaving the door open for Erica to follow.

She stepped inside and saw two very familiar girls, and she wondered what they were doing in here.

“This is Jennifer and Amanda,” the principal motioned to the two girls standing there, with sly grins spread across their faces “they just transferred in today, they’ll be in your class so please take care of them.”

“A pleasure to meet you, miss.” Amanda said as she winked knowingly to Erica, who knew that her days as a teacher were going to take a turn for the... Exciting.

**Erica 44 – Erica’s Detention**

It has been a few weeks since Jennifer and Amanda transferred into Erica’s school, and specifically her English class.

Erica was not a particularly great teacher, despite her best efforts to be stern or inspiring to her students, she always seemed to lose control of them, it wasn’t that she hated teaching, she was actually optimistic at first about the prospect (that and the economy has made it difficult to find alternative employment), but day by day Erica was faced with the reality that she just could not get any respect from her own pupils, or even the rest of the staff at school!

Adding Amanda and Jennifer to the mix certainly didn’t help; they had no trouble adjusting to the situation in Erica’s classroom as it was, who was still mystified what their parents had in mind having them transfer here, or even how they did it.

Erica still had one ace up her sleeve, and that was detention, she might not be able to do much about her students herself, but the looming threat of a day wasted in boredom certainly could, and even then some students still managed to land themselves detention.

Sitting down in front of her were three girls: Jennifer, Amanda, and a third girl from her class called Cameron, a latina student who, Erica thought, rivaled even Carrie in her curves at that age.

Cameron wasn’t exactly the big troublemaker type, she simply had a rather sharp tongue on her which she had trouble controlling, and that lack of a filter always seemed to land her into an altercation either with other students or even with the teachers themselves, this time it had been a student who Cameron referred to as a “snooty bitch” in Erica’s class, and after some back and forth the fight got physical, or at least it would have if Erica herself hadn’t stepped in to stop it.

Erica stared at the three bored teenagers, Jennifer seemed to be doodling something, Amanda had taken an unusually keen interest in her own fingernails, and Cameron was chewing bubblegum that Erica had gotten tired of confiscating at this point, sighed heavily, Erica simply directed her attention at a book she brought with her.

Amanda looked up from examining her manicure at her teacher, and a sly grin slowly crept onto her face, she leaned in towards Jennifer and the two exchanged some whispers, Amanda immediately leaned the other way and began to do the same with Cameron, who simply gasped, and quickly whispered something back to Amanda, her hand covering her mouth in order to mask her bemused surprise.

Peering from behind her book, Erica wondered why she got a rather familiar sinking feeling from the way the girls were acting, it reminded her of the feeling she got whenever Lisa and her friends planned to strip her, but that was different. it couldn’t be that these kids were planning to strip her right her in the middle of the school, and in her own classroom no less, right?

“Please don’t talk amongst yourselves here,” Erica tried to nip their behaviour in the bud, she was hoping to spend this detention in peace “It’s against the rules.”

“C’mon Erica, she’s just telling me about today’s homework.” Said Cameron, this was something else that frustrated Erica, her own students have just taken to calling her by her first name, not even bother with adding a ‘Ms.’ before it “No need to be stuck up!”

“I doubt that very much...” Erica muttered more to herself that to reprimand the student, the second part, however, she said quite clearly “and I’m not stuck-up.”

“Oh really?” the voice came from Amanda, her tone almost carried a malicious tone as her face contorted into a cheshire smile “wanna put that to the test,*Erica*?”

The way Amanda said those words returned the knots in Erica’s stomach that were being undone back to the way they were, no matter how many times she heard it, Amanda’s tone was extremely similar to her mother’s.

“W-what do you mean?” Erica didn’t even realize that she had stuttered until the words came out of her mouth, whatever confidence she had was melting away with every word out of Amanda’s mouth.

“I’ll give you three challenges Erica,” Amanda lifted up three of her fingers “one from each of us, and if you can clear them all, we’ll promise to behave in your class for the rest of the year.”

“And if I don’t?” Erica asked half out of morbid curiosity, and swallowed the lump in her throat, afraid of what the answer might be..

“Well, then you can’t object to being called stuck up anymore.” Amanda replied, and Erica almost breathed out an audible sigh of relief.

“She won’t do it, not here!” Jennifer said in an apathetic tone, as if Erica had already refused the challenge.

“... I’ll do it.” Erica said after a moment of silence, she knew what was coming, but the reward for going along was too good to be true, besides, it was only her and the three girls in what seemed like an abandoned school at this point.

The three girls exchanged looks with a grin on their faces, and then turned their attention back to Erica.

“Okay then, I’ll go first,” Cameron said “I want you to kick your feet up on the desk and put your hands behind your head.”

Erica was surprised by the simple challenge, but she realized the intent the minute she began raising her legs.

This day Erica had worn a light blue summer dress, and as she lifted her legs up the dress slid back a little, she kept her hands clasped behind her head as if she was relaxing on a deck chair, and by the time her feet rested on the desk, the dress had slid down revealing most of her white, creamy thighs, and from the right angle, Erica’s white panties were almost visible.

“That’s one, the next one is my turn,” Jennifer said as she stood from her chair, she walked up until she stood right next to Erica “I want you to stay still for ten minutes, unless I tell you to.”

And so Jennifer’s hand began gliding down Erica’s thigh, the fingers barely making contact with her skin, she circled her knee once before continuing down to Erica’s feet, who on this day decided to wear sandals.

Slowly but surely Erica’s sandals were being undone by Jennifer’s hands, until she slid them off Erica’s two feet, she curled her toes as she looked down her exposed legs.

Jennifer’s fingers then once again, coming to a stop at the hem of Erica’s dress, Erica closed her eyes as the fingers tickled against the inside of her thighs, she didn’t see the fingers clasp the hem and begin to raise the dress even more.

“Lift your butt up.” Jennifer commanded, and Erica complied without any questions, the dress slowly rose to reveal her white panties, she heard the scuff of a chair, when she opened her eyes there was Cameron leaning forward against the desk, watching intently.

The dress continued its steady and slow trip up past Erica’s stomach, revealing her trim tummy and cute belly button, then it reached to just beneath her boobs, of which the underside of came into view before Jennifer stopped, Erica’s heart was about to explode out of her chest at that point.

“Lift your arms up.” Jennifer gave a second command, and Erica was powerless to resist as her arms unfolded and straightened out, the dress was whipped right off the moment the coast was clear, and just like that Erica was sitting in detention, stripped down to nothing but her panties by one of her own students.

She unconsciously let one hand wander down through the valley between her modest breasts and onto her stomach, she considered letting her hand wander down even further until Jennifer snapped her out of her thought, telling her to return her hands back where they were.

Jennifer’s hands returned to their duty as they crept down Erica’s sides, eventually coming in contact with the elastic waistbands of the only piece of clothing Erica was still wearing, they hooked in and began gently pulling the small piece of fabric off, revealing Erica’s completely bald mound, the clitoris was already protruding out of its hiding place, in fact, the panties themselves seemed to have a tiny spot of moisture on them upon closer inspection.

And there she was, Erica the teacher completely naked in her own school, and all thanks to the students she was supposed to look after.

“Now remember, no moving unless I tell you to.” Jennifer reminded as she began to gently caress Erica’s breasts, kneading them and tweaking the nipples softly, it was obvious from her expression that she was having a hard time staying still.

One of the hands moved on, going lower and lower until it reached the top of Erica’s pubic area, “open your legs.” Said Jennifer in a hushed voice that was nearly a whisper, and Erica simply let out a soft moan and began moving her legs further apart, until her pussy came into full view.

The vulva was already spreading open like a flower in bloom, Erica felt her entire body blush as Cameron began to laugh.

“Wow, I didn’t believe you when you bet me that you could strip her naked,” Cameron gasped in excitement, her comments only made the color of the blush on Erica’s body deepen even further, the embarrassment hitting full full force realizing that she had willingly let her students strip her and exposed herself to them “She barely looks older than me.”

Just as Cameron said that, jennifer’s finger pressed against Erica’s exposed clit, causing the latter to gasp at the sudden stimulus, her muscles tensed up and she was having trouble keeping herself from thrusting her hips against Jennifer’s hand.

“Mmmmm, ooh!” Erica moaned as Jennifer’s hands continued to pinch her nipples and toy with her button, the motions were getting faster and faster, so much so Erica was beginning to shudder in resistance to moving her own body, she was about to be brought to orgasm by her own student.

“Time’s up!” Called out Amanda, and immediately Jennifer’s hands moved away from Erica’s privates.

Erica breathed out a sigh of relief, but she couldn’t help but feel a little depressed that she didn’t finish the job right there, now she was left with quite a bit of pent up sexual frustration.

“Nicely done.” Jennifer congratulated Erica, showing her the finger she used on her pussy, it was completely covered in juices.

“Now it’s my turn,” Amanda said in a voice that made Erica shudder “I want you... To give us the English class you gave us earlier today.”

Erica was both surprised and disappointed that Amanda didn’t just put her out of her misery, this was almost too much for her to handle at this point, the arousal was clouding her head and she wanted to cum so bad! But she had to suffer even longer thanks to Amanda.

Defeated, Erica stood up and took a piece of chalk, she began to write out the main points of the lesson, a feat she was barely managing thanks to her distracted state, and the entire time she could barely think of anything aside from the fact that her students were probably being given a full view of her pussy as she began giving the lesson to them in the nude.

Erica was not able to focus on her teaching, she could barely recall any of her points, she stuttered and fidgeted profusely as her students were obviously more concerned with staring at her obvious embarrassment than paying attention to her lesson, which was little more than a jumbled attempt at teaching as her horniness failed to subside and her panic kept forcing her to cast a few too many glances at the door, worried that at any moment, another teacher or faculty member might walk in here and see her teaching in the nude.

Before Erica knew it the bell had rung, signaling the end of the detention period, on any other day this would be the sound of freedom, but the girls still had Erica’s clothes, who now looked lost and turned her gaze towards Amanda.

“Keep going, you haven’t finished the lesson yet.” Amanda motioned her to continue “Otherwise the deal’s off.”

“Please... Just let me go home.” Erica pleaded meekly to Amanda, a plea she could barely manage to produce.

“No, if you want to leave now, you can at least show us something educational,” Amanda pointed at Erica’s desk “get on the table and masturbate, or continue the lesson.”

Erica stared at the desk, she would’ve continued the lesson if she could, but it was almost as if her own body had gone into autopilot, her feet moved towards the desk, then lied down on top of it, lifting her legs up until her heels were resting on its edge, feet pointing upwards and legs wide open. She could feel the cool, varnished surface of the desk underneath her back all the way down to her butt.

Her hands didn’t waste any time as one began kneading one of her tits, pinching the rock hard nipples and pulling them, the other hand traveled down to her glistening, puffy lower lips, and began rubbing them furiously, one finger sank into the pink folds of her vulva and began rhythmically moving in and out of the well lubricated pussy.

Erica’s hips were thrust upwards as her back arched with pleasure, the sensation of ecstasy was bringing her closer and closer to the point of climax, she pushed her a second finger in as she began thrusting deeper inside herself, her juices were flowing generously the more she masturbated.

The orgasm came in waves, sending pulses of electricity all throughout Erica’s body, which convulsed powerfully with pleasure as her juices shot out in powerful streams, clearing the desk and landing on the ground next to it, Erica could hear Carmen squeal in surprise.

“Wow Erica, I take it back, you are DEFINITELY not stuck up.” Carmen sounded impressed as she witnessed Erica’s Orgasm.

“I certainly learned something today,” Lisa delivered the sentence in such a loaded manner as she began walking out of the classroom, with Carmen in tow.

“Bye Erica,” Jennifer dropped Erica’s clothes next to her on the desk, copped a quick feel of Erica’s breast, and followed the other two out.

As Erica lay there naked, exhausted and panting on her desk, she just hoped that these girls would save her the grief of doing something like this again and just behave in class from now on.

**Erica 45 – Erica and Alice go for a walk**

"Much too hot for clothes," my friend Alicia commented as we walked along the crowded Main Street through town. I looked over at the busty brunette with my eyes wide, and then realized she was just kidding, just complaining about the heat. "Yeah," I mumbled and continued down the concrete sidewalk. We had head into town to do a little summer shopping. Alicia was dressed in denim shorts and a white top. I had on a light breezy dress that came down to the tops of my knees. Probably showing too much leg, but my friend told me they were cute. My legs, that is, unless she was talking about the dress or my shoes. Those were open-toed with black ankle straps. "You know, Erica," she said trudging between other people. "I bet you could walk past these shops in your underwear, and nobody would notice." The heat was sweltering, and the press of people didn't help much. It was humid, and uncomfortable. There was a full range of folks walking up and down Main Street. Men and women, teenagers, old people, little kids… I watched them all brush past us. My eyes and thoughts wandered, drifting to anything to take my hazy mind off the intolerable weather. Playing along, I looked over at Alicia who is taller than me. "I could walk around with nothing on at all, and nobody would notice." I tried to giggle, but I couldn't. What I wanted was something to drink. I rubbed my hand behind my neck, feeling the sun beat down. At least my hair was shoulder length, and not a long mass like Alicia, hers came down her back. Sometimes I was envious. But not today. Absently, I touched my shoulder, slipped a finger under the shoulder strap of the dress. We stopped at an intersection, and the traffic signal ahead flashed "do not walk". There were a dozen people or more around us waiting to cross the street. Dozens more would be coming toward us in the opposite direction. In front of us, a group of guys looked like they worked for a construction company, in their jeans and white tank-tops. At my side, Alicia bopped along like there was music in her head that only she could hear. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" my friend glanced at me and grinned. I shrugged my shoulders, miserable, and pouted. "I don't know. I'm thinking I need a glass of water." "No," Alicia shook her head. "I'm thinking you need to get naked." "Sure that would be a relief," I answered. I couldn't even laugh or make sense of her words. "You need to take off your clothes, Erica." My friend repeated softly, only for my ears. Her words were hot, like the sun on my back, her breath warm on my face. Hypnotic. "No kidding, I need to be bare-assed nude." The light changed, flashing from red to green. Ahead of us, the signal changed to show a static figure outlined in electric white crossing the street. In a split second, I anticipated the lunge forward of the crowd, which must be twenty people by now. And the world, for a brief moment, fell into silence. My fingers reached behind my back and found the delicate zipper. I liked this dress. I knew it well, and how easily it opened and fastened, and unopened. Less than a second, I pulled that little zipper down. In the same motion, my hands lifted to my shoulders where I took the straps and easily slid them to the sides. No one had any time to react. I just pulled the material down my slender body and stepped forward, leaving the dress on the pavement. "Miss!" someone called out from behind, but it was too late. I was already walking with the rest of the crowd. Walking forward topless because I had not a bra. I had on a pair of red undies, and my black shoes. Instinctively, I crossed my elbows over my small titties and looked over my shoulder in desperation. I saw a man holding up my dress, waving it in confusion. But he was too far back, and I was moving farther ahead. With my bare legs, tummy and back completely exposed, I turned to Alicia. "What happened? What have I done?" My friend looked all innocent. Shocked, then she was laughing. There were others laughing, too. I was walking down a public street, in only a pair of panties! This was like waking up to a nightmare. I had to run, but there were too many people around. And cars, lots of cars were driving down Main Street. Although I wondered if they saw me, because I was surrounded by so many people! I had to run, that was my single thought as I looked around, my head turning from side to side. Clutching my bare breasts, I pushed past others in front of me. Not sure if Alicia was even following. Then there were that group of young men just ahead. They were up near the next traffic intersection. If I could just make it that far, perhaps I could duck into one of the clothing shops and find something to wear! Ignoring the comments, the remarks, the whispers that were all too close to my burning ears, I pushed forward. I was right in back of the guys who stood at least a head taller over mine. "Excuse me!" I squeaked, and tried to squeeze between their shoulders. Startled, they allowed me to pass. I couldn't help but glance back and note their surprised expressions. Oh, this was so embarrassing! Me, in just my little red panties, out in public in broad daylight! In my attempt to rush clear of the crowd, I continued toward the edge of the sidewalk. What I didn't see was that the signal was a bright red hand displaying "don't walk"! Fingers suddenly grabbed the back of my underwear just as I was about to cross into the street. At that moment, a line of cars came speeding by, some blaring their horns. I wasn't sure if it was because of my attempted jaywalking or because I was half-naked! Paused in mid stride as the momentum of my fleeing body carried me forward, my arms lunged out. But the hand on the back of my panties was strong, the grip firm. I could go no further. I suppose the person behind me had saved my life. Yet I felt like I would die from the humiliation. "Hold there, little Miss," the young man said. As he pulled me back onto the sidewalk, my heart beating wildly, he accidentally tugged the elastic band lower so that it was under the curve of my bottom when he let go. I'm sure it was an accident. Now my cute behind was rather exposed. I heard Alicia talking next to the guy. "Don't worry, she's with me." "Younger sister," he asked with a grin. Great, I was standing here topless with my bottoms half down, and he was flirting with my friend Alicia! "She's a real handful," the brunette simply replied, punctuating her comment with a slap on my bare ass. "Ouch!" I squealed and jumped. Again, my hands were raised to cover my small breasts, hiding the nipples that had already grown long and hard. I pouted as I spun around, looking every part the little girl. "So what happened," the gentleman asked, chatting quite amicably with Alicia. "She lost her dress," my friend spoke for me. "All these people, so crowded. It must have gotten snagged on something." It seemed like it was taking forever for this light to change. We were now at the front of the group gathered on the curb, so I don't know how many people in back saw my condition. "You better get her covered up then," the guy was saying to Alicia. She looked at me, and then back at this stranger who had saved me from running into traffic. "Actually, I was thinking she should take off her underwear… and her shoes, too." My mouth hung open, speechless, I could hardly manage a gasp! "I said, Erica, that I like your choice of underwear. And your shoes, too!" Alicia repeated herself. I blinked, trying to comprehend what I thought she had said a moment ago. Then in an embarrassed, small voice I answered, "Oh..." "Light's changed," the young man we had been standing in front of suddenly informed us. Just like that, I spun around, and hopped into the cross street, desperate to reach the other sidewalk. More people were approaching from this direction, and I self-consciously grabbed the front of my panties to hold them tight. My butt was still hanging out the back end! "Bye!" Alicia was quickly at my side, with a hand at my elbow, yet still turning her head to wave to the construction guys. Thankfully, she was blocking me from the view of traffic on Main Street. We hurried forward, almost in a blur, so maybe people wouldn't have time to see how scantily I was dressed. "Those guys were hot," my best friend giggled in my ear. "I wish they had seen me naked!" "I'm not naked," I mumbled. Alicia was quiet for a second, even as we continued walking, before replying. "Not yet." "Can't we go back to your car?" I whined. With a dismissive wave of her arm, my friend said, "I'm parked all the way back there, remember? You don't want to have to cross the street and walk down the other sidewalk like this, do you?" "No, Alicia," I replied with one arm held across my small breasts, and my other hand clutching the front of my red underwear. Then she told me, "I think you need that drink. So you don't overheat!" It sounded like a good idea, so I really couldn't argue. At the same time, I really had no idea what she had in mind. As we passed some more boutiques and shops, people turned their heads or made comments. But we kept moving and did not stop long enough to create a scene. Up ahead, on the corner of the next intersection, was a Pizza joint. They had cafe style seating outside. "Come this way," Alicia took my hand and started pulling me further away from the crowd following behind us. Oh God, my cheeks were bouncing playfully, and my nipples felt so hard! My friend and I crossed over just as the traffic signal turned red. We ran over and found a couple chairs by a circular table. "Oooh," I gasped, once my bare ass hit the warm surface of the seat. I was going to readjust my panties, but Alicia told me not to fuss. At least we were off the main sidewalk, and had a bit of shade under the awning of the Pizza shop. I picked up a menu from the table and used it to hide my naked tits. Alicia also grabbed a menu, and started to review the selection. I was not really paying attention or concentrating. With one hand, I absently teased the ends of my hair. Then my friend turned to me and said, "Hey, Erica, your feet must be tired from walking on the hot pavement." "Yeah," I mumbled somewhat disinterested. "I'm glad we got a chance to sit down." Alicia continued in her sweet hypnotic voice. Or maybe it was just the heat. "You should probably take off your shoes." Now I was interested. I looked shyly over the edge of my menu, gazing down at my open-toed footwear. Turning my head, I saw that there were still many people going up and down the sidewalk along Main Street. The pizza place had a door that opened up onto the curb. But we were a little more secluded here at the outside tables. I reached down, lowering my arm so that I could undo the ankle straps of my shoes. It was then easy enough to slip them off my feet. Again, making sure the menu was standing upright so that my body was hidden from view, I picked up each shoe and placed them on the table. That did feel good, as I wiggled my toes. Until I realized I was sitting out here, barefoot and topless! "Oh my," Alicia suddenly laughed. "Erica, you are almost... almost all naked!" I looked at my friend with brown eyes wide, breathless, and said, "I know..." It came out more like a whimper. A desperate pleading for help. It was so hot, but what could I do? I shifted my bottom in the seat. These panties were just so uncomfortable. "Go ahead," my friend encouraged me. "Just for a little while. No one will know." That was true, we seemed pretty safe on this end of the sidewalk restaurant. Leaning forward, I pushed my chest out, causing my quivering pink nipples to stick out even further. Underneath the chair, my toes ran up and down the back of my other leg. I was so hot. This would be so hot... Before I lost my nerve, I quickly brought my hands down to my hips, fists curling around the sides of my underwear. One last time, I looked around, the ends of my hair brushing bare shoulders. I would feel better once I was not wearing anything at all, a voice inside my head suggested. So I rolled the flimsy material across my thighs, past my knees, letting them fall down my lower legs. I lifted one leg out of the discarded panties. Still dangling from my toes, I raised them up with my foot, high enough so I could snatch my underwear and put them out on the table. Totally nude, I sat there in my bare birthday suit! I was so embarrassed, seeing my last article of clothing lying in front of the menu, I started to blush. Alicia reached out to take the panties, and stuffed them in her bag at the side of her chair. For safekeeping, she said. "But, Alicia," I squealed, "Now I've completely undressed... and we are out in public!" As if to confirm this fact, I looked down the front of my body and noticed my bald pink pussy. I quikly crossed my legs and started bobbing my bare foot. That felt good, and when I squeezed my thighs together, it was amazing! My fingers touched erect nipples, and began to flick them up and down. Nude on Main Street, and I was growing increasingly aroused. "Erica, you better control yourself," my friend warned and started to stand up. "I'm going to get us something to drink." Before she entered the restaurant, Alicia took my shoes, too. This meant I was left with nothing, no clothes at all to wear. And I only had this stupid menu board for covering. It was the middle of the day, not far from the corner of a busy intersection. I watched lots of people pass by on the sidewalk, trying to take my mind of my nudity. Not that it helped. Instead, as my eyes followed men and women, little kids and grown-ups, I put an index finger in my mouth. Getting it nice and wet, I was about to insert it inside my pink pussy, when I noticed someone coming out of the pizza joint. It was one of the workers, with an apron tied around his waist and a towel slung over his shoulder. He was apparently attending the other café-style tables out here. He moved closer to where I was seated, and my heart started racing. I sat up straight, against the chair, trying to avoid showing that my back was bare. True, my shoulders were smooth and exposed, but maybe I could have been wearing a tube top. I held the menu tight in front of my chest to maintain this illusion. At least because of my small tits, this wasn't a problem. I scooted the chair forward, leaving my lap beneath the table with my slender legs crossed. My bare toes peeked out, but there was nothing else I could do. The guy looked over at me and smiled. Completely naked, but hidden, I attempted a weak smile in return. "Sure is hot out today…" The young man, probably my age but maybe a little younger, asked if I would like him to bring out a pitcher of water. I didn't want him to get too close, leaning over to pour a glass right in front of me. I didn't want him to smell my pussy aroma. Shaking my head I answered, "No… thank you. My friend is coming back with some drinks." He nodded and went about his work, wiping down tables, putting out menus. I watched in fascination only a few feet away, and totally bare. This was insane! How did Alicia, my best friend, trick me into taking off all my clothes? I was thinking I should make a run for it. Just get up and streak to someplace more private. Of course, further down this side street, there was only the promise of more shops and parking lots. The chances of being caught nude were as likely as if I continued to stroll down Main Street. I closed my eyes, imagining such a spectacle. "Hey, girl!" Alicia's voice rang in my ear as she returned to the table. "Erica, I got you a raspberry flavored ice-tea, and we can share a pie." I looked up to see the tall refreshing glass on the table, and a cardboard box opened to reveal one of those small pan pies. Still clutching the menu to my breasts with one hand, I reached out to wrap my fingers around the drink. That already felt great, the icy condensation. Greedily, I gulped a big sip. Turning to the pie, I lifted a slice and took just a nibble. "I'm really not that hungry, Alicia." "That's OK," my friend said as she shoved in a mouthful. "More for me, and we've got to keep up our energy." I took another sip of my drink, and continued to bob my foot up and down. "Erica, I know raspberry ice-tea makes you horny," my friend whispered. "It does?" I asked, my eyes growing very wide. Alicia's smile broadened. "Well are you right now?" "Yes," I admitted, a blush spreading over my fair skin. Although, I'm not sure the drink had anything to do with it. A few moments of silence passed between us as Alicia finished off her slice and the rest of mine. An empty box was left in the middle of the table where a little while ago, my shoes and panties had been. My mind raced, wondering how I was going to get out of this situation. Alicia reached over and touched my hand. "If I give you a dollar, will you go inside the restaurant and give it to one of the guys as a tip?" Nervously, I asked, "You mean without putting anything on?" "Buck naked!" my friend giggled. I bit my lip, frustrated, and tried to fan myself with a hand. "Are there any customers inside?" Alicia twisted in her seat, to try and look through the glass panes on the side of the building. "I don't think so…" She then produced a dollar bill, and slid it across the table. My eyes went wide as I looked from the dollar bill on the table, then back to Alicia. It was the end of summer, August, and very hot outside. My friend and I had been walking down Main Street. Somehow, she had gotten me out of my breezy dress. We had dashed over to a sidewalk café, where I found refuge at a table. Except, I had also removed my shoes and my panties. Now I sat, trying to hide my complete nudity, outdoors and very much in public. Again, my fingers lightly touched the dollar bill, and I asked Alicia, "Well… can I at least bring the empty pizza box to hold in front of me?" "Why?" my friend giggled. Blushing, ashamed of my arousal, I told her, "My pussy… is absolutely bald, and… I don't want people to see…" Alicia and I had been friends since before high school. She had long brown hair, unlike mine which just brushed the tips of my now bare shoulders. She was busty in the chest, where I had small perky breasts with long nipples. In a way, we were complete opposites. But she always seemed to look after me, like a big sister. "I don't see why not," the young lady finally said, "Although, it's not a very big box." "That's OK!" I immediately replied, before she had a chance to change her mind. It was absurd that I was even thinking about doing this. You see, Alicia had asked me to go into the restaurant and give the boys a dollar as a tip. But the thought of having the cardboard covering, had me feeling it would be all right. I looked over my shoulder, and then to my right. The café was on a street off of the main road that ran through town. Most of the flow of traffic was in that direction, and I counted dozens if not a hundred. But there were not many people actually around us. Quickly, before I would lose my nerve, I started to stand up. The menu dropped to the table and my butt lifted off the chair. One hand grabbed the dollar bill, and then I crossed this arm over my nipples and little tits. With my other hand, I reached for the closed pizza box, bringing the eight-inch cardboard square against my pussy. Shyly, I stepped away from the table. I paused, and saw Alicia sitting there, smiling up at me. I asked, "How do I look?" "Cute and sexy," my friend said with a wink. My legs are slim and were now totally bare. I have a flat stomach, and the box I was holding did not even reach high enough to cover my bellybutton. Probably because I was keeping it especially low so that my shaved vulva was definitely covered. With a nervous sigh, I half turned so that I was facing Main Street. I shuffled a few feet down the sidewalk on my dainty toes, and I could feel my bottom bouncing. Thankfully the door to the restaurant was nearby and on this side. Also, I was grateful that the glass door pushed in, rather than needing my hands to pull it toward me. Instead, I used my foot to shove the entrance open, and then walked naked into the café. It was an incredible sensation finding myself suddenly inside, after spending so much time outdoors. The air was cooler, even refreshing, yet causing my pink nipples to push up against my arm. I was barefoot, and felt the floor tiles deliciously beneath my toes. My eyes darted around, and as Alicia had said, there were no customers for the moment. I looked ahead, then, seeing one young man behind the counter. There was another guy he was talking with, the one with the apron and towel. Behind them was the door that led to the kitchen, and through this, another young man emerged, bringing out fresh slices of pizza to display behind the glass counter. Three guys now looked back and stared at me. Not wasting any time, I stepped forward, even drawn by the humiliation of exposing myself to them. To be sure, I had one arm securely over my breasts. And the empty box was held tight so that they could not see my private area. But I don't think there was any doubt that I was completely naked. "Um, hi… my friend, Alicia… she was here before," I started, looking at each of the three guys. They were anywhere from eighteen to twenty-years old. "She ordered a pizza and some drinks… and wanted me to leave a tip." I felt extremely foolish explaining this. The boys just grinned, smiled, and even chuckled as they watched me. My body moved all the way up to the counter. I had to stand on my bare tip-toes to reach the top, since the dollar was in the hand that was covering my tits and I did not want to lower my arm. It would be too embarrassing if they saw how small I was, or that I was completely hairless. The dollar bill was placed on the high countertop, and I took a step back. "That's not a very big tip," the young man suddenly said as he went to open the cash register. "I think your friend just wanted you to come in here, without your clothes on." I blushed, and rubbed my toes behind the bare calf of my other leg. "Oh. You think so? I hadn't really thought about the size of the tip… Ohmygosh! That came out sounding so naughty, and I was getting horny! Swiftly, I took another step backward, keeping my eyes locked on the three guys watching me. "Where do you think you are going with that box?" one of them asked. "Huh?" I stopped and asked, glancing down past my smooth flat stomach, to where I positioned the box directly over my pussy. The young man continued, "That box is garbage. We can't have you littering the street or sidewalk. You'll have to throw it away." I swiveled my head left and right, feeling my hair on my shoulders, which was wonderful. But I had to remind myself that I was inside a public pizza café, as I regarded the empty table seating. Then I saw a large waste disposal unit in the corner, behind me. I looked back at the boys, my own eyes wide with anticipation. Slowly, I turned around, I turned my back toward them. I was letting them see my bare ass. No question I was naked now, as their eyes roamed from the back of my neck and down the supple curve of my spine, to my bare heels on the floor. My cute little bottom wiggle as I walked to the garbage bin, and dumped the pizza box. Now that I was not facing the guys who worked here, and lost my only covering, I dropped my arms to my sides. Sort of in relief, my nipples poked out fully erect. Down below, my rubbery pussy lips… my labia were unfolded and my clitoris was sticking out. I started to walk toward the exit with my bottom still on display. "Now that was worth the tip!" I heard one of the young men say. His voice almost made me orgasm on the spot! I hurried to the door, and pulled it open with one hand, my other arm flailing at my side. I'm sure they all saw the soles of my feet as I dashed bare-assed nude outside. “So? How was it?” Alicia asked with a grin on her face, of which the chin was resting on the top of her clasped hands. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.” I feigned decorum, which only made Alicia giggle, and for a while, we sat there, I took one final sip from my drink and drained the rest of it, the heat was almost unbearable, though there was the possibility that my rise in temperature had nothing to do with the weather, I brought the glass up to my touch my collarbone, the stinging cold glass felt so good against my skin, I couldn’t help but release a moan from my throat. “See, I told you that ice-tea was making you horny,” Alicia hid her smile behind her two hands, but it was clear from her eyes what her expression looked like “maybe you should do something about it?” I was shocked by Alicia’s suggestion, did she actually want me to masturbate right here in the open? ... And was I seriously thinking of taking her advice? “It would get very messy when I’m done...” I tried only once to get out of it, admittedly, it was all rather half-hearted. “I’m sure the boys would understand.” Alicia quickly shot down my reason rather quickly. I resigned myself and lifted one leg up onto the table, then took the other and placed it on the metal armrest of the chair I was in, I inched my butt out closer to the edge of the seat, Alicia had an excellent view of my shiny, wet, bald and widely spread pussy lips. “this is all because of the ice-tea..” I muttered out an excuse, half to me, half to Alicia, who just nodded in mock seriousness. The cold glass in my hand came pressed against my rock hard and erect nipple, flicking it gently, I bit my lips in an attempt to hold my voice in, even though the place was more or less abandoned save for Alicia and the boys inside, I did not want to attract any further attention. That, of course, went right out of my mind as my fingers finally reached their destination from the underside of the my modest breasts, across my belly and down to my erect clitoris and pressed against it gently, an audible gasp escaped from my lungs as I continued to toy with the exposed joy button, and soon after I was moaning in response. I sank my fingers deep into my pussy and began pumping away, loud and humiliatingly lewd sounds emanating from within, I was trying my best not to move my hips in response, so as to not slip and fall from my precarious position, I didn’t want to break the mood I was in. With a powerful, thundering wave of ecstasy that curled my toes, I creamed my seat with a pretty large orgasm, my juices freely flowed down from the seat and to the ground beneath it as I convulsed in my chair, the foot on the table slipped down as my fingers sank deep inside me and my back arched with the powerful sensation. “That was beautiful as always, Erica,” Alicia spoke softly to me, with obvious enjoyment in her voice “I should take you out to lunch more often.” I blushed at the remark, the rest of our day went by uneventfully after I got dressed, and received a thank you for “my show” from one of the boys as we left which only turned me a deeper shade of red for getting caught by the boys like that.

**Erica 46 – Erica plays Bowls**

It’s been a few months since the last time I’d gotten into any mischief, the class was quieter after my “deal” with those three girls, but it was still a tedious and thankless job.

One day, Lisa and the gang invited me to join them tonight to go and play bowling, why bowling, you ask? Well, it was because Lisa’s neighbor owned a bowling Alley, and he was leaving town with his wife to go on a romantic vacation for the week, or so she explained, leaving her with the key to the establishment.

“I’m not a big fan of bowling, but I’ll for taking advantage of the situation.” Lisa had been so kind to tell me over the phone, even though I didn’t ask her.

Now, I said that she ‘invited’ me over, but Lisa had basically told me to come in her old bossy fashion.

When I arrived at the place, I knocked on the locked plexiglass door, I knew it was the place because the lights were still on inside, despite the sign reading “closed”, and sure enough, Lisa came to me to unlock the door.

“Arriving on time, our little Erica sure has grown up!” Lisa quipped, I opted to let the comment slide as I entered the building, immediately I recognized nearly everyone, there was Alicia and Carrie, standing next to each other, My eyes immediately took in Carrie’s attire, a nice powder blue polo shirt over white short shorts, all fitting snugly to her sensuous body.

And then the hairs on the back of my neck stood straight up, I couldn't believe that they brought them here, there stood Jennifer and Amanda, the daughters of Lisa and Alicia, the two biggest troublemakers in my class, and also the two girls who managed to humiliate me twice, once in front of my entire re-union class, and once more in my own classroom, in front of a third student.

I pushed the negative emotions to the back of my head, only to spot two people I did not recognize, they were two men in their thirties, one seemed slightly older, possibly in his forties, then I recognized the younger one, it was James and Mark, Lisa’s and Alicia’s husbands (respectively)!

James had married Lisa after he became a surgeon, and now, as Lisa told her when she was at that re-union, he was the sole breadwinner while Lisa took care of the home.

Once I said my hellos to everyone, we began playing bowling, and true to what Lisa had said, it seemed we all stunk the joint up pretty badly, then Lisa sprung a little “surprise” on us.

“Let’s play strip bowling.” She said, Everyone seemed taken aback, especially me of course, since there was one issue that had me worried, and even more so when everyone seemed to agree.

She explained the rules as such;

the four bottom bowlers of each frame took a piece off.

when the game ends, everyone must remain as dressed they are

gutter balls count for a single piece of clothing

if you end up naked, you do not drop out, instead, you begin racking forfeits for every piece of clothing you lose, whether by ranking or gutterballs.

only the lowest player in the ranking will actually perform their accumulated forfeits, and only if they’re naked.

the forfeits are decided by the players from the highest ranking to the lowest, each decides on one, the process loops back in case of more forfeits than players.

This set up allowed for players to remain clothed even if they had ended up in the lowest ranking, and for the possibility to be naked even if they end up in the top rankings.

“Um, Lisa… Not to doubt your plans but…” I whispered in Lisa’s ear as I sidled up to her after her explanation “what if one of your kids ended up naked? Isn’t that a bit bad?”

“Not really,” Lisa shrugged, she had apparently thought of this “the two girls just turned sixteen, and that’s the legal age in this state, besides, they’re the two who play the most bowling out of us here.”

I gave Lisa another worried look, I wasn’t convinced of her coolness, I certainly did not want a scandal to come up how a teacher took advantage of two naked sixteen year old girls… Even if they had taken advantage of me already.

“You know what…?” Lisa seemed exasperated by my insistence, and finally conceded some ground “I promise to police their forfeits if one of them ended up last.”

We began the game, and true to Lisa’s words, the top two players were Amanda and Jennifer, alongside John and Lisa, that left me, Alicia, Carrie and Mark to remove a piece of clothing, I removed my shoes, but was surprised to see that everyone else removed their shirts, leaving Carrie and Alicia in their bras, and Mark in his undershirt.

Much to my dismay, I immediately understood the logic behind that move, the floor of the alley was not conducive to socks, I immediately lost control of the ball and gutterballed it, Getting a laugh out of everyone, which cost me two items of clothing.

I immediately removed my socks in an angry huff, then proceeded to imitate my friends and removed my shirt, I had worn a bra that day mostly to prevent contact to the rough shirt I had worn, I did not want to end up with large swollen nipples at the end of the night, I did not want to end with exposed ones either, but if I didn’t shape up my act, I’d be doing just that.

Of the other losers there was, surprisingly, John and Amanda, John was straddling the line at fourth place, and dropped into fifth after Alicia scored a strike (murmurs of “lucky shot” were plenty), but Lisa dropped into third place after guttering the ball.

“Even pros get bad rolls.” She shrugged after removing her shirt, alongside her father.

I couldn’t help but stare for a second at Amanda’s bra, it was a cute, frilly white number that complimented her breasts, to which Amanda didn’t miss the opportunity to remind everyone that they were bigger than mine.

“You don’t have to burn a hole through them, Teach.” She mocked me, to which everyone besides me laughed, I simply blushed and felt humiliated that a sixteen year old was flaunting her sexuality, superior to mine, and all this while I’m still dressed.

The last two losers were Carrie and Mark, who removed their shorts, and there stood Carrie in her underwear, glorious black and beige lace, I was instantly hypnotized by her swaying hips.

I fared no better the next frame, I did manage to keep the ball from falling into the gutter, but it didn’t help that I was already so behind, I remained firmly in the last spot, it was my turn to stand there in my underwear, it was the most basic of basics, simple white pair of bras and panties.

Two more losers were Mark and Alicia, who had dropped back into the bottom four, and that necessitated her losing her shorts as well, she stood there in mismatched underwear, pink panties and white bra, while Mark lost his third item, he removed his undershirt, leaving him in his shoes, socks and boxers.

And then came what was probably my moment of undoing, Carrie had guttered a shot, which meant that unless she wanted to suffer the same predicament as me, she had to remove her underwear and become practically naked.

And so she did, the strawberry blonde-haired goddess unclasped her bra and unleashed her magnificent and perfectly round breasts for us, age had attempted to sag them a bit, but did not succeed much, I stood there with Mark and John, the looks in our eyes were undeniable, something that didn’t please either of their wives.

Followed by that impressive show, Carrie removed her panties, revealing her trimmed landing strip just about the point where her lips began to part.

We had meant to continue to the next frame, but Carrie found it funny to play around with me a little:

“Like what you see, Erica?” Carrie cooed as she squeezed her breasts together, causing my heart to skip a beat, suffice to say, while I certainly enjoyed Carrie’s advances, it did wonders on my concentration, and my next roll was a gutter ball.

Neither John nor Mark seemed capable of concentrating either, as they also managed to roll gutt balls.

Something that none of us expected, though, was Carrie intentionally rolling a gutter ball as well, this meant that the bottom four this frame had all rolled into the gutter.

“I felt badly about losing you this round, so you can consider this my apology.” Carrie told us with a bit of remorse, her biting her lower lip meant that we all were forced to forgive her.

This of course meant that both me and Carrie, who only had two items to lose anyways, were naked; John and Mark had chosen to remove their shoes and socks at once, Mark was left with boxers only, while John had his undershirt, shorts and boxers.

The next round Carrie, John and Mark managed to lift themselves up through the rankings, not only did John manage a strike, but Jennifer had hit a gutter ball, that would usually entail a single item only, but she had slipped enough during the last two frames to drop her into the bottom four in this one alongside me, Alicia and Carrie.

John and Mark were ecstatic to see four lovely ladies in the bottom four, to say the least, as Jennifer was now down to her underwear (I noted that she was “underdeveloped”, which thankfully meant that my ego didn’t suffer two blows), and Alicia had to remove her bra, showing her modest (but still more generous than mine) bosom to the lads.

That meant that both me and Carrie had now a forfeit to our name.

In the next frame, it seemed that Jennifer had trouble concentrating, she didn’t gutter her ball or anything, but it seems that playing in her underwear had affected her nerves, she remained in the bottom four alongside (once again) Carrie and me, and Mark as well.

Aside from me and Carrie gaining another forfeit, Jennifer had to remove her own bra, revealing those blossoming breasts, and if my eyesight didn’t fail me, I could have sworn that those nipples were erect, but of course, I didn’t see it appropriate to stare.

Next was a treat to the ladies playing the game, Mark had finally dropped his boxers and revealed his stiff manhood to us, and justifiably so considering the amount of naked lady flesh presented to him (it would me more insulting if he wasn’t), cheers and catcalls emanated from the ladies as Mark stood there with a sheepish grin on his face, and once again, I couldn’t help but notice Jennifer’s great big blush that spread across her entire body.

It seemed that with each frame, Mark and Alicia were alternating for the 5th spot, also known as the top spot of the bottom four, and this time it was Alicia’s turn to strip, leaving her with nothing but her shoes and socks, standing there naked along with us, the only people who were still clothed (and seemed to be more or less fully clothed, to boot) were the members of Lisa’s family, everyone else was effectively naked, or would by by the start of the next frame.

“I thought you said you didn’t play much bowling?” I accusingly probed Lisa before the start of the next frame.

“I lied.” she simply replied, grinning her devilish grin.

This seventh frame bode no better for Jennifer, she had become a permanent stable of the bottom four, and now had to remove her panties, which I noticed had acquired a dark spot over the crotch area, but like mother like daughter, Jennifer’s panties were a thing of the past, and her young pussy, topped by thin wisps of pubic hair, was revealed, and I naturally spotted that particular glisten that I was familiar with, and of course, was sporting myself right now.

That’s when reality hit me.

I was in the bottom spot, with only three frames remaining, and the score was far from even; the closest to my was Carrie, but she had a significant edge over me, how would I even manage to close the gap?

And like a godsend, Carrie gutterballed again, I breathed a sigh of relief a bit, even if we were naked right now, that gutter ball gave me a chance at a free roll, more or less, and while I didn’t score a strike, I certainly managed to close the gap enough for me to have the hope of overtaking her by the end of the game.

The eight frame’s losers were me, Carrie, Jennifer and Alicia, who seemed to finally settle into the bottom four, Mark had managed to widen the gap enough and cement himself in the safety of the top four.

That meant both Alicia and Jennifer had to play the next and penultimate frame in their socks, which did not bode well for them either.

As for me and Carrie, our forfeit tally had climber to four for me and fice for Carrie.

“Oh my, Erica, I’m going to have 7 forfeits by the end of the game,” At first, I didn’t grasp what Carrie was proposing at the ninth frame, but once she explained it more, I certainly got the message “if I lose, you’re guaranteed to decide a forfeit for me.”

I remained speechless, but Carrie felt it necessary to pile on the insinuations:

“What’ll your forfeit be for me, I wonder? Are you going to take advantage of me?” I figured that Carrie was trying some sort of mental warfare attack “will you make me squeal for everyone, Erica?”

The thought of having Carrie orgasming in pleasure for everyone in the room forced its way into my imagination, it certainly made me wetter than I had anticipated, and Carrie strategy sorta worked, I wasn’t able to catch Carrie in this frame, but it was still possible for me to turn the tide in the final frame, still, my heart was beating like a drum, since if the big loser was me, I’d essentially become the plaything of my friends for tonight.

The bottom four remained unchanged, it was still me, Carrie, Alicia and Jennifer, the latter two were now officially 100% naked, while I counted five forfeits, Carrie counted six.

What surprised us more though was Amanda scoring a gutter ball, forcing her to lose her shorts and leave her in her underwear, Amanda herself seemed a bit ticked off, if only at the miss.

The final frame came, and I was first to roll, I managed to score a spare, which was good; if Carrie managed anything less, I had guaranteed victory, but I was still nervous, I recalled the time me and Carrie made a bet on a mini golfing course, she would have been sitting on the green masturbating with a golf club if not for her incredible luck, I was naturally left naked that day, as usual.

My concentration on the game was broken by a nudge to my side, it was Jennifer, who had bowled after me, she smiled at me and told me:

“I think I understand how you feel now, just a bit…” She said, not in her usual confident self, but in a meek, low and hushed voice, I was rather touched, if not for my heart sinking when I saw Carrie score her second lucky strike of the day, which effectively dashed my chances of surviving.

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“Good game everyone, especially to everyone’s entertainment for the night, our one and only Erica.” Lisa condescendingly ended the game for us, and everyone’s eyes turned to me.

I was now effectively their slave for the night.

My first forfeit was rather simple, it was Alicia’s, and it entailed me posing for pictures in poses that exposed every inch of my body, by the end of shoot, everyone had seen everything I had, and reviewed their knowledge through the camera’s high definition screen.

Next was Mark, he had me bent over his lap to deliver ten spanks to each cheek, I was quite sore, more so than the two times before it, since it was delivered by a man this time around.

The third was Jennifer’s forfeit, she demanded that I serve her a soda, I did think it that odd, since Lisa had prepared refreshments in a cooler, but when I opened it, I realized something; Lisa had prepared fresh juice, sports drinks and even beer for the adults, but she had no sodas in the cooler, that’s when Jennifer sprung her trap, but for once, I seemed to be the only one who was not surprised by what came next:

“There’s a vending machine outside in the parking lot,” Jennifer explained “and I’m going with you to make sure you manage it.”

This came as a shock to nearly everyone, since the stipulations meant that Jennifer had to go out naked, which she assured everyone that she was aware of.

Out in the cool, stinging air of what was nearly midnight, I stepped out alongside an equally naked Jennifer, the air making both our nipples stand more than they already had, we spotted the vending machine under a streetlight, making it look as if the machine spotlighted for our convenience, we dashed towards it, and for a second, I thought that Jennifer looked happier than I’d ever seen her in class.

We managed to purchase the soda without any trouble, and promptly returned to the safety and warmth of the bowling alley, where I presented Jennifer with the soda, which she gladly drank.

The next forfeit was John’s who made me perform fellatio on one of the bowling pins, which provided some laughs, but both John and Mark admitted to finding that quite hot.

Next was Lisa, who whipped out a marker pen and scribbled quite a few lewd comments onto my body, including gems like “Exhibitionist slut”, “squirter”, “Lisa’s toy” and “will masturbate for $1”, and for some reason, despite me getting stripped countless times and having my body displayed for countless strangers, I felt more ashamed and humiliated (and naturally, hornier) than I ever felt simply standing naked in front of a group of people before.

The final forfeit came from Amanda, and considering it was the last one, I figured I knew what it was going to be, and to be honest, by now my nipples could cut diamonds, my vulva had spread wide open and my little clitoris was erect like a button waiting to be pressed.

“Well Erica, whatt do you want to do now?” Amanda seemed to continue with her mind games, intent on humiliating me to the end “I’ll let you pick the last forfeit.”

All eyes were on me, and there would be nothing sweeter than to prove Amanda wrong, to just ignore what she was implying and walk out of here.

But I was too far gone at this point

“I… I want to masturbate.” I squeaked, and Amanda’s evil grin widened as she turned to her mother.

“I think you made a typo, mom, because I certainly did not give her a dollar.” Amanda’s jab only rocketed my humiliation, she was ever her mother’s daughter.

“I suppose I overestimated Erica.” Lisa smugly played along.

“Then go to the middle of the lane and cum for us.” Amanda turned back to me and commanded, I considered how she and her parents were the only ones still dressed among us, did they somehow calculate and rig this game so I’d wind up as their plaything? I couldn’t tell, but either way, they were going to have their way with me once more.

I did not object or even make a sound, I imply stepped slowly across the smooth floor of the alley, straight down the middle of one of the lanes and, without turning back to face my audience, I knelt down gingerly, the cold surface of the wooden floor as it touched my knees sending a shiver down my spine.

My hand reached down to my bald pussy, I could feel the juices trickling down my inner thighs and my little joy button aching to be touched, I thought I was going to orgasm on the spot at the first touch, but I had no such luck, my second hand crept up to my breasts and began teasing my nipples, two fingers plunged into my wet snatch and pumped furiously, I crumpled down, my face now on the floor with my ass pointing skywards as my fingers worked from between my legs, I knew there was no one here but me and my audience, so my moans were unrestrained.

All events of today came rushing back to me, Carie’s teasing, Jennifer’s confession and Lisa and Amanda’s humiliating words, each one of them true, I couldn’t deny any of them, I was an “exhibitionist slut”, I was a “squirter”, at this point I was nothing I was nothing more that “Lisa’s toy”, handed down to her daughter, and I just said it myself, I am masturbating here of my own will, at the merest provocation, all of those things compounded onto my wild masturbation until I exploded in an earth-shattering orgasm, squirting my juices onto the alley lane and screaming in ecstasy.

After a minute of panting, lying powerless in my own puddle of cum, I got up and returned to everyone, who offered me a towel to wipe myself.

“Well Erica, you finished all of your forfeits, good work.” Lisa told me, her cold tone still at the forefront, almost rendering the praise meaningless.

Everyone gathered their clothes and got dressed, when I reached for mine, they were snatched away by Amanda before I could.

“Consider it a bonus forfeit, to remember the night.” she told me, with an evil grin on my face, and no one bothered to stand up for me, they simply laughed.

I was speechless, but at least I had my car, so I was not about to walk home naked at midnight.

Once back home, the only thing that remained in my mind was Jennifer, and her revelation.

That was a first.

**Erica 47 – Happy Halloween**

In my first year of college, I found out that it had a rather odd tradition, they had the students go around trick or treating each other as a way to fraternize, especially the freshmen (though god knows the freshmen didn’t need a reason to fraternize), some of the students decided to take it a bit further and offer condoms and beer as treats, some had rum filled candy, the dorm rooms were basically swarming with people (mostly girls) in saucy outfits parading the hallways trick or treating people inside.

So why was I here, looking doubly silly, wearing nothing but a sheet over my head? I neither looked appropriate for the crowd of sexy nurses, devils, cats, witches and monsters, and I was also stark butt naked beneath the costume, which meant that I was feeling uncomfortable regardless.

The answer of course was that it was Carrie’s idea, who stood next to her dressed as a sexy succubus, her outfit really consisted of little more than lingerie and a corset with devil horns, at least I could enjoy the sight of her bouncing bosom in that corset.

We had a bucket with us to gather any treats we got, and for once I’m not sure who got more stares, me or Carrie, thanks to my ridiculous outfit.

“Erica, this isn’t working!” Carrie sighed after the fifth door that looked at the two of us and basically gave us a can of beer or a couple of fun-sized candy bars “We aren’t getting enough treats here, we’re losing real hard.”

“This isn’t a race, Carrie …” I didn’t really know what to tell Carrie, the idea was to go around and fraternize with people, it seemed that Carrie had taken it as a challenge to get as much ‘loot’ out of the thing as possible.

“Ooh, I have a good idea…” Carrie seemed to ignore my words, she simply focused her eyes on me, looking me from top to bottom.

As the next door opened, a rather cute guy stood there with a large box of candy and beer and who knows what else.

“Hey girls, looking… Sexy…” the boy said, as he drank in Carrie’s amazing figure, only to turn to me and seem to lose his words entirely.

“Trick or treat!” Carrie called out with the enthusiasm of a 6 year old, the bubbliness of a 13 year old, and the bounce of an 18 year old “And you better treat us a lot if you wanna see what’s under the sheet.”

My heart skipped a beat at what I just heard, did she seriously intend to expose me to complete strangers right here in the hallway?

“Do I wanna see what’s under there?” The boy seemed skeptical at the proposition.

“You definitely do.”Carrie put on her most seductive voice in an attempt to sell my ‘merchandise’

“Ok, I’ll bite.” the boy said as he deposited a fist full of candy in my bucket, at which point Carrie grabbed the hem of my sheet and raised it to my knees, exposing my bare feet and tiny toes to the boy.

The boy stood there wondering what to do, he grabbed another fistfull and gave it to me, only for Carrie to raise the hem to what is essentially the level of a very short miniskirt, exposing my creamy white thighs to him, any further and I would be flashing my cute little pussy to him.

“I like where this is going…” the boy said as he took one more clump of candy and tossed it into my bucket.

With some quick thinking, I held my bucket in front of my bare vagina, just as Carrie’s hands rose to my waist, exposing my entire lower half.

“Erica, that’s not nice of you, the man gave us candy,” Carrie scolded me, I felt like a little girl being told to say thank you “now move your bucket away.”

Defeated, I raised the bucket to reveal my bald pussy mound, I could feel the moisture forming as the boy grinned widely at the sight, I could’ve died from shame right there in the hallway at that moment.

“Well, I think that’s all I can give to you, but thanks for the entertainment, ladies.” The boy said as he finally closed the door.

“Erica! That was amazing!” Carrie squealed and hopped in glee at the amount of candy we’d gotten in one go “Let’s keep doing this!”

And so it continued, Carrie selling a show of my body for as much beer and candy as she could negotiate, one guy even asked to see my butt, and when I turned around to show him, I felt a light smack on my cheeks, that caused me to yelp and jump in surprise, to which Carrie simply laughed and said: “that’ll cost you extra.”

Naturally, I got a few comments on how wet I was, my outer lips were spreading as we kept knocking on doors and exposing my snatch, until my clitoris finally peeked out of its hood for all who paid the fee to Carrie.

At that point, I had gathered a sizable group of people following me around, cheering me on as I exposed myself more and more.

“I’ll give you the whole thing if you show me everything.” one guy said as he held up an entire bowl of candy with a few beers sticking out from the top, the entire hallway cheered loudly as he did, which only served to gather more people, and humiliated me more.

“Should I remove the sheet completely?” Carrie asked, and when the crowd (and the guy with the treats) cheered in agreement, Carrie simply whipped the sheet right off of my head.

And there I stood, naked as a jaybird in my own dorm hallway, surrounded by countless watchers, and of course, visibly horny as my nipples stood like eraserheads on my tiny breasts, and my bald pussy glistened in the light.

“She’s pretty cute.” the guy said as he emptied the bowl into the bucket that Carrie now held.

I stood there for what seemed like an eternity, only to have Carrie nudge me in the ribs: “Erica, there’s still one place you haven’t showed him.”

Carrie pointed down to my bald crotch mound, was she telling me to spread my pussy for him? I couldn’t believe what Carrie was asking me to do, but in my state, all I could do was nod dumbly, as my hand descended to my juicy pussy lips and spread it open with my index and middle fingers, this seemed to illicit another cheer from the crowd.

God, my pussy ached so badly at that point, it was all I could do to keep myself from orgasming right there.

“Yup, that’s everything alright.” the boy quipped as he closed the door.

“Well, the bucket’s full Erica, I guess that’s enough trick or treating for tonight.” Carrie looked at the full bucket (which now contained my sheet), and I sighed in relief, I couldn’t wait to get back to my room and finger myself to a screaming orgasm, but Carrie seemed to have other plans: “Now let’s go to the common room, so we can take count of what we got.”

With that Carrie dragged my horny ass to the common room, all while I was still completely bare-ass naked, where we sat on a table while Carrie took stock of what we gathered throughout the course of this humiliating night.

Naturally, all eyes seemed plastered on me, I did my best to keep myself covered, shrinking in my chair as much as possible to lower what was visible of me.

Just as she was about to wrap things up, and placed all of her treats back in the bucket, Carrie seemed to get up, so I followed suite, but then she asked me to wait:

“Oooh, hold on Erica, I need to go to the bathroom,” And without waiting for a response, she dashed off, only to turn back around to me and tell me to not move.

I stood there with my hands clasped over my painfully hard nipples and soaking wet, bald pussy mound, waiting for Carrie to come back, I was in a state at this point, breathing heavy and even moaning softly with my eyes closed.

“Well if it isn’t Erica,” my eyes opened wide as I saw the owner of that voice, it was Lisa, dressed as a dominatrix, I would’ve commented on her lack of subtlety, but I was too pre-occupied with my own dilemma “Trick or treat,”

“i-I don’t have anything to give you, Lisa…” I stammered, only to see Carrie emerging from behind her, she seemed to whisper ‘sorry’ to me.

“You DO have one treat for me.” Lisa’s stern and bossy voice said it all “sit on the table.”

I looked around me and saw that everyone had gathered around me now, not one person decided to intervene, and I doubted that I could make a run for it before Lisa or someone else had managed to get me, I hopped onto the table, keeping my legs shut tight as my feet swung near the floor.

“spread your legs.” Lisa gripped the whip that came with her costume tightly, and to me it felt like someone had grabbed my legs and forced them open, so there I sat with my sopping wet pussy parted wide open for Lisa’s (and everyone else’s) pleasure “now cum for us.”

She didn’t have to tell me twice, as the noise in the room dropped to a hush, I clutched by right breast and zoned in on my elongated nipple, twisting and pinching it as I moaned with pleasure.

my hand crept down my trim tummy as I reclined backwards, raising my spread legs upwards and resting my heels on the edge of the table, I finally tapped my glistening bald pussy mound and pressed my finger onto my aching joy button.

The first touch was electrifying, I gasped for air and arched my back as I continued to tease my little clit as fast as my hand allowed, I moved down and inserted two fingers as I pumped them vigorously inside of my snatch, my thumb now stimulating my clit at the same time.

“I think this is the start of a new college tradition.” Lisa announced to the crowd, and the thought of doing this again next year sent me over the edge, wave after wave of orgasm crashed over me, as my juices shot out of my pussy in an arc of clear liquid and onto the floor.

I started to pass out to the sound of the crowd cheering, applauding and shouting “happy halloween, only to come to once again in my own dorm room, lying naked in my own bed.

Well, no sense in wasting the opportunity, I thought as my hand crept back down to my pussy.

**Erica 48 - Erica says Cheese**

I sighed as I stared at the clock sitting in the library, it was the last day before christmas vacation had started, and I wanted to finish my last minute work before I checked out.

Sighing again, I gave up, gathered my books and notebooks, and headed back to my dorm room; there was no way I was going to be able to do this right now, I was simply out of focus, and I didn’t expect that I’d be able to get any work done.

What I DIDN’T expect when I knocked on the door to Alicia’s apartment (I was there because she invited me to have lunch with her) was Lisa and Christa answering the door and sitting on the couch.

“Lisa, Christa, how did you get in here?” I asked, in surprise, the two girls immediately got up and walked towards me the minute they saw me.

“We got a key from Alicia,” Lisa answered, with a grin on her face “We came to give you one of your christmas presents.”

“Really…?” I carefully closed the door, those two sitting in here didn’t bode well, I could almost feel the tension as they invaded my personal space further and further.

Lisa pulled a camera out from behind her back, it was an old affair, one of those polaroid cameras that made instant photos.

“Oh.” I blinked in surprise, not quite what I expected “It’s nice… I guess?”

“No, silly Erica, not the camera.” Christa sighed, I became puzzled at what they were getting at, although I was getting nervous, I had an inkling of what they wanted “Your gift is a picture of you.”

I stood there, dumbfounded, their present was a picture of me? It didn’t really make sense, well, it did, but I was afraid to confirm my suspicions “You don’t mean…”

“That’s right Erica, strip.” Lisa said, her voice shifting into that all familiar tone.

“R-right here?” I stammered, I tried to back away but my back was to the door, she wished I hadn’t closed it a few seconds ago “But I just got here, I didn’t even put my stuff down-”

“I’ll take those!” And with that, Christa wrestled my book bag out of my arm, taking it to my bunk, leaving me with alone with Lisa holding her camera.

“I’m waiting, Erica.” Lisa tapped her foot, her finger seemed twitchy on the camera’s button.

“... You’re giving me the picture, right?” I wanted to confirm my out, just to make sure Lisa wouldn’t be blackmailing me with it.

“Of course, Erica” Lisa seemed to take a concerned tone, but I didn’t buy it “It IS your gift.”

“Let’s start with that ugly sweater of yours.” Lisa prompted, my stomach filled with butterflies as I removed a bulky, woolen sweater I had received a previous christmas, it was… Festive, to say the least, but in this weather, the warm monstrosity was the best thing I could manage, I pulled the sweater over my head and revealed a plain white T-shirt underneath it, which draped down all the way to my hips, for some reason, my head immediately considered the benefits of this shirt, it could cover me decently if it was the only thing I wore, so long as I didn’t have to bend over or anything, immediately, I felt myself blush, why was I thinking such thoughts!?

“Honestly Erica, I feel like I’m doing you a favor ridding you of this ugly fashion disaster,” Lisa sounded exasperated now, like a fussy mother worrying about her daughter’s wardrobe “Pants next.”

I kicked off my shoes and unbuttoned my jeans on Lisa’s command, I knew that I should have resisted, but for some reason I didn’t have it in me to do so, I figured it would be fine, I’d only be naked in front of girls who’ve seen me naked countless times, and have seen worse things as well..

I wiggled my butt out of the tight jeans, letting them crumple to the floor, I had chosen to wear a pink and white pair of boyshorts beneath my pants, I liked those pair, but I guess Lisa didn’t.

“Always the little girl.” Lisa muttered, I didn’t even even have to guess what she meant by that, she was referring to my panties, I felt myself blush yet again, this was going to be a long day.

Without Lisa’s prompting, I began to lift my shirt up, she wanted me naked, I didn’t need to wait for every little instruction, soon, I had whipped the shirt over my head, and I stood there in my pink boyshorts, my comfortable socks and nothing else.

“You didn’t even wait for me to tell you Erica, you’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” Lisa grinned devilishly, her eyes settled on my modest chest, I clamped my hands over my tiny mounds as I remembered; my nipples had a habit of sticking out like tiny eraser heads whenever I started getting… Excited, and as the sensation of resistance against the palms of my hands confirmed, it was certainly the case now.

“Don’t stop now Erica.” This time, the instructions came from Christa “Panties off.”

I reluctantly hooked my thumbs into my panties, hesitating for a moment before taking a deep breath and lowering them down to the ground, there I stood in front of my two friends naked, my heart beating like drum, and while I was going to keep the picture, getting photographed in the buff like this gave me an entirely new sensation of humiliation, I lowered my hands to my sides as Lisa raised the camera to my eye-level.

“Say cheese.” Lisa chimed, though I was in no mood to follow her instructions this time, I just closed my eyes and heard the click, the flash penetrating my eyelids signaling the picture’s birth.

I opened my eyes to see the camera spitting out the polaroid, Lisa tugged it out and began shaking it vigorously, before handing it to me.

“Here you go Erica, your present,” I stepped forward to grab the picture, half expecting Lisa to pull it out of my reach again, but I had managed to snatch it, I held it to my chest, slightly worried she still might be planning to take it back, but I had apparently missed my mark ”Now it’s time for me to get my christmas gift.”

“What? But I don’t have anything, literally.” I half nodded at my exposed and bare body, indicating how giftless I was, but there was a catch, there always was with Lisa.

“Oh, I’ve already got my gift, in a sense,” Lisa held up the clothes I had just taken off.

My eyes widened and I felt panic well up inside of me, I stepped forward, but Lisa immediately threw my clothes back on the couch, she then immediately lunged at my left arm as Christa went for my right, with the two of them against me, I stood no chance of breaking through.

“No! Please! Let me get dressed!” I pleaded, trying my best to reach past the two girls, but my struggling was futile.

“Tell you what Erica,” Lisa tried to bargain with me through her attempt to restrain me “If you go back to your dorm room naked, we’ll let you strip us!”

I stopped in my tracks, looking back at Lisa.

“Both of you?” I repeated, somewhat dumbfounded.

“Yes, and we’ll even do whatever you want us to do for the rest of the day.” Lisa nodded as she upped the ante.

“Even if you tell us to masturbate for the whole school, we’ll do it.” Christa suggested, a devilish smile on her face.

I stared blankly at the two girls, wondering what game they might be playing with me, this had to be a trick.

“You promise?” I still had my doubts, this was too easy to be true.

“Yes, we promise.” Lisa was beginning to get exasperated at my repetitiveness, she even gestured a cross across her chest “cross my heart and hope to die.”

I backed away to the door, keeping my eyes on the two girls for any sign that they were playing a prank on me, I fumbled for the doorknob, finally getting the door open, I bolted out of the dorm room like my life depended on it.

The dorm was separated into two buildings, an old one and a new one, they were adjacent, but I still had to go out into the open before I could get back to my own room.

Out in the hallway, I finally came to my senses and my hands darted to cover my privates, I was so excited to get out before Lisa and Christa changed their minds, I didn’t consider if there was anyone out in the hall.

After the halloween incident two months ago, the majority of my dorm had... intimate knowledge of me, I didn’t feel like increasing the number with the residents of THIS dorm.

Thankfully, the narrow hallway was empty, I looked around for the best way down, and naturally, it was the fire escape, I dashed towards the door, hoping that no one came out of their rooms before I made it, and just as I heard a click of a door behind me, I had vaulted through the staircase door and closed it behind me.

I pressed myself against the opposite wall, paralyzed with fear and fatigue, even though it was quite likely that whoever was coming out was going to follow me in here, my chest heaved with my ragged breath as my vision began to swim, and worst of all, I felt my old clitoris swelling out of its hood, in anticipation of me getting caught naked yet again, my aching pussy was begging to be touched.

But as I stood there for what seemed like hours, I began to realize that it was quite likely that I had gotten away with it, my arousal’s edge seemed to get dull as I began to breathe more evenly.

I slowly descended the staircase, my feel plodding against the solid, cold concrete, I got down to the bottom.

Just then it hit me, I still had to exit to the entrance hallway before I made it outside, and then I had to be outside, I wasn’t even out of the frying pan before I began wondering how I’d deal with the fire.

I gulped and pushed the door slightly ajar, trying to peek out and see if there was anyone there, while I couldn’t see anyone, I wasn’t sure thanks to my limited field of vision.

Gathering my courage, I stepped out quietly into the hallway, only to hear someone speak from behind me “I knew it!”

My heart nearly launched itself up and out of my throat and onto the floor as I whirled around, my hands clamping hard against my breasts and pussy, only to see Alicia standing there with a coffee cup in her hand.

“When I saw the fire escape door moving, I thought to myself it has to be Erica, streaking the dorm,” Alicia placed a hand on her hip, looking at me with a pitying look in her eye “again.”

“Hi Alicia, I’m sorry but I’m going to have to cancel our lunch.” I hunched over awkwardly, I was beginning to feel antsy standing right there in the nude, I really wanted to just run without explaining any of this to Alicia.

“Uh huh,” Alicia seemed less than surprised at this “So since Carrie is away visiting her parents, I’m guessing it was Lisa.”

“... And Christa.” I muttered, I hated how predictable this was now to everyone, of course Erica got stripped by Lisa again, I wanted object, but even I was losing the shock of going through these ordeals.

“What’s that in your hand?” Alicia’s hand sprung as it snatched the polaroid I had in my hand, I had even forgotten that I had it with me, I reached out to grab it back, but I stopped halfway through as Alicia chortled at the item “Wow, Erica, this is kinky even for you.”

“Please give it back!” I whined, and Alicia acquiesced handing the polaroid back to me “I need to get back and get dressed.”

“Then I’m coming with you, It’s too dangerous to leave you wandering around on your own.” Alicia chimed, I was pretty sure she was doing this for her own pleasure more than out of concern for me.

She stepped out ahead of me out of the building to scout, I saw her look to her left and right, as if checking for any oncomers, and signaling for me to come on out.

I did so, only to find her waving to both Lisa and Christa, I instinctively covered myself in a panic, just before I turned to Alicia angrily.

“I thought you said the coast was clear!?” I hissed at her.

“No, I only told you to come out.” Alicia feigned a look of innocent confusion, which only pissed me off further “I never said anything about there being nobody.”

“Did you think you’d ditch us, Erica?” Lisa placed her hands on her hips in mock disapproval.

“N-no…” I didn’t really have a comeback for Lisa, since I was too busy making sure that there was nobody coming our way before I hastily pleaded “Let’s just get out of here.”

My friends didn’t argue with me, thankfully, they surrounded me from all four directions, I had no idea what was going on beyond them, but if there was anyone who noticed the bare-ass naked girl walking down the campus in between them, I had no indication so I assumed that no one did, I did find out later that they had taken me down a longer but fairly less used path.

As far as I knew, there were very few people walking around the place at this time of day, everyone was either in a quiet place studying, in a restaurant eating lunch and refueling, or back at their parents’ homes, nobody wanted to stand outside at this time of the year, it wasn’t snowing, but it was cold enough to deter anybody from wantonly walking outside.

Well, anyone sane or of their own accord.

It was extremely chilly as I walked naked in the middle of winter, it came to me that this was an incredibly stupid act (even more so than what is obvious), as I was probably going to catch a cold doing this, and the jokes about my elongated nipples seemed to be even more prevalent this time around.

While I did not hear anyone say anything to indicate they saw me, it didn’t actually make me feel any more secure knowing that as we walked very plainly in public though, at the very least, I myself was painfully aware of that, achingly so, you might even say.

It felt like ages as we walked all the way back to my dorm building, approaching from the back entrance to the fire escape, I couldn’t wait to get out of the freezing air for all the different reasons, I actually found myself forgetting my nudity for a second as I appreciated the relative warmth of the stairwell.

“Come on Erica, almost there.” Alicia encouraged me onwards and upwards, as my friends hung behind me, presumably to enjoy the view.

I couldn’t wait to get back into my room and finally find some release, maybe I’d get a bit of revenge first, but there will definitely be some release.

I peeked head out into the hallway to check for any people standing around, there was no one, thankfully, much to Lisa and Christa’s dismay.

My heart was beating wildly as I approached my dorm room’s door, for once it was not due to my state of nudity, but to the excitement of what was to come, I reached out for the knob of the door, but I stopped just short of it.

“What’s wrong, Erica?” Lisa asked coyly.

“W-well I want to get started, I want you two to get naked now, and I’ll decide what to do with you later.” It took all of my courage to say that, I didn’t want to stand out in the hallway one second more than I had to, but I was too eager to get on with their end of the deal.

“Why Erica, whatever do you mean?” Lisa once again said in her coy tone, I could see Christa stifling a laugh as hard as she could, Alicia only looked mildly confused.

I was dumbfounded, were they reneging on the deal? I didn’t want to believe it: “Oh come on, you promised if I made back to my room you’d do anything I tell you to.”

“Ah ah ah,” Lisa wagged her finger at me, barely containing her own laughter “I specified, if you were naked.”

I saw Alicia’s eyes widen, and Christa burst into full blown laughter at this point.

“Oh Erica, honey…” Alicia seemed genuinely sympathetic “Look down.”

I felt my head spin as I did, I was still wearing my socks, I frantically looked at the picture Lisa had taken, and it had cut off at about my knees, I leaned against the door of my room, sliding down to a sitting position.

I had been tricked, these socks were so comfortable I didn’t even realize I was still wearing them, I couldn’t believe my own obliviousness.

The realization must have been like a dam breaking under pressure, as my arousal flared up. my hands dropped the polaroid and instantly shot to my breasts and pussy as I began to pleasure myself right in the hallway of my own dorm, I don’t know if anyone else had stumbled onto my lewd display, and frankly, I didn’t really care at that point, I was too far gone and near the edge within minutes.

“Say cheese, Erica!” Was the last thing I heard Lisa say to me as the sound of the camera reached my ears and the blinding light penetrated my closed eyelids once again.

Lisa still has the picture of my O-face hanging on her room’s wall as we speak.