**Forgetful Francine**By Ewong

**Forgetful Francine 1**

Francine Rogers was now a single mother, having lost her husband of ten years. They’d married after she graduated high school. He was five years older than her, and was already working. He’d divorced his wife when he met Francine. The woman was too distraught to deal with her husband leaving her for a younger woman that once the divorce was finalized, she left town. Francine took pity on both of them, and was surprised at how easily she became attached to his daughter, Laura. She stayed home to raise his daughter while her husband worked at several jobs to make ends meet. It was apparent that he was overworked from the start, as Francine found out that her husband often passed out while having dinner or would be sleepy behind the wheel. One morning, on his way to work, he fell asleep and began to drift into oncoming traffic. He was dead upon impact.   
  
After ten years of love, it was over. Francine was thankful to have kept the house and Laura after the accident. Having become close over the years, she felt as if Laura was her own child, and the girl wasn’t about to leave the only remaining family she had. However, Francine had to find a job, and it was difficult for a woman pushing thirty with only a high school diploma under her belt. She hadn’t had time to work anywhere before her marriage, so she didn’t have any job experience. She wasn’t sure what she’d have to do, but knew it wouldn’t be easy.  
  
For a woman in her late twenties, she looked amazing. She didn’t work out, but was able to get her figure within two dress sizes of where she was when she got married. For her, that was enough. She would look good in a bikini, and that was all that mattered. During the initial six months after her husband died while her heart was still being settled, Francine had to fill her time with something. She had been at home or shopping for the past ten years, and hasn’t been with any men who didn’t actively avoid her sexually. She wanted to know if other men found her attractive. So, while sixteen-year-old Laura was at school today, she would finally have some fun.  
  
She thought she’d start small. The house had a pool, which was visible from the front door when it was opened. She didn’t want to hire a pool guy just to experiment with, so she ordered pizza instead. She found an old bikini from high school and put it on. Her hips were wider, but she was able to pull the bottoms up to her waist. With her wide hips, she wasn’t able to tie it as well as she could, but managed just fine. The top was easier as she hadn’t changed much. She figured she’d just answer the door in her bikini, pretending to have been out by her pool. If he acted as if he was disgusted, she knew her chances were small. If he didn’t react at all, she would be average looking. But, if his eyes bugged out, she’d know she still had it.  
  
However, when the time came, something odd happened. First, she opened the door, and a girl was standing there with her pizza. Francine’s heart sank when she figured she wouldn’t get the reaction she wanted. She paid the girl, took the pizza, and turned around to place the pizza on a nearby counter. As she bent over, the straps on her bottoms strained and eventually snapped, letting the garment drop to the floor. The delivery girl gasped at the sudden nudity in front of her, and Francine’s face turned red. However, she didn’t let on that she knew. She figured this would help her figure out if she was attractive. If the girl suggested she put her suit back on, then she was ugly.  
  
So, Francine pretended not to notice she was now showing all of her skin from below her breasts to her toes. She stood up, turned to face the girl and nonchalantly thanked her for the service as she stopped in the doorway. She kept eye contact with the girl to gauge her reaction. The girl was surprised, but didn’t seem disgusted by her nudity or her body. She smiled at Francine nervously, not sure whether she should say something or not. Francine played it cool, not even acknowledging her nakedness. It seemed like she was at least average looking, which surprised her since she had only just trimmed her bikini area so there wouldn’t be anything peeking out of the bottoms. Now, it made no difference, but she was amazed that the girl didn’t seem to care about the tuft of hair she had, since she was sure most girls now shaved most, if not all, of their hair down there.  
  
She managed to carry on a short conversation and was able to get herself lost in it enough to completely forget how exposed she truly was in the doorway. She eventually was shaken by her daughter’s voice screaming.  
  
“MOM?!!!! What are you doing?!” the girl cried.  
  
Francine was so surprised to see her daughter coming home so early, she had forgotten her nudity.  
  
“Honey, what are you doing home so early?” Francine asked her daughter.  
  
“It was progress report day. We come home after lunch. It’s gonna be the same for the rest of the week so the teachers can meet with the parents of problem students. Here’s my report. You won’t need to go in.” Laura explained.  
  
As she looked down to grab the report, she saw her bare legs and remembered her exposed state. She pushed her embarrassment to the back of her mind and tried to act oblivious. Francine held the paper and began to skim for anything that might need improvement, but she was proud that her daughter was actually doing very well.  
  
“Mom!!” Laura yelled, breaking her concentration again.  
  
“Yes, what is it?”  
  
“You’re still standing in the doorway, and you’re not wearing anything below your waist!”  
  
Francine finally had an excuse to look down and let out her embarrassment. The delivery girl giggled as Francine squealed and used the report to cover her bush. The woman backed into the house and Laura was able to send the delivery girl away and close the door behind her. Laura picked up the bikini bottoms from the floor and held them up to her mom.  
  
“Why were these on the floor?” she asked her mom.  
  
“I guess they must’ve fallen off. I haven’t worn this bikini since before you were born.”  
  
“Yeah, and you haven’t even dipped a toe into that pool since then either, so why now?”  
  
“I…I…” Francine stammered, not sure what to say.  
  
“I get it. You want to feel sexy again now that dad’s gone, but you honestly didn’t know your bottoms fell off?”  
  
Francine thought for a moment. She knew her daughter was smart, and if she found out she was exploiting her nudity for a cheap thrill, she wouldn’t have any authority over her child. So, she lied.  
  
“I honestly didn’t know. Not until you told me about it.”  
  
“Interesting…” Laura trailed off as she turned around and went to her room, taking the bottoms with her.  
  
Francine removed the report from her crotch and placed it on the counter now that she wasn’t being ogled. She was surprised to see a small wet spot on the report and looked down to confirm that she was indeed aroused. She sighed as she went back to her bedroom to get dressed. However, Laura was waiting for her.  
  
“Changing already? I thought you wanted to swim.”  
  
“Well, I didn’t think you’d want to see your mom swimming bottomless, and since this is my only bikini, I figured I’d just forget it.” Francine said, expanding her web of lies. She didn’t want Laura to know how embarrassed and aroused she was.  
  
“Oh, I don’t mind. I’m pretty open-minded about nudity, at least at home. The pool has a privacy fence and no one around us has a house that can look over it. Go ahead and swim.”  
  
Francine wasn’t sure if her daughter was testing her explanation or just trying to see how far her modesty could be pushed. In the end, she had no choice and accepted the suggestion. She walked back to the sliding glass door that led to the pool. With a deep, calming breath, Francine opened the door and stepped outside into the sun. She looked around and saw that her daughter was correct. No houses had a second story or window overlooking the privacy fence, so she was good to go. She nervously stepped closer to the edge of the pool before stepping onto the stairs descending into the shallow end. The water was a bit cool, but was refreshing. As the water came into contact with her crotch, she suppressed a gasp as she clenched her mouth shut and let herself relax until the water was at her waist.  
  
She turned around to see what Laura was doing and was surprised to see her sixteen year old daughter standing at the edge, wearing her own bikini. The girl smiled before sliding in from the edge. Being only slightly over five feet tall, she only fell up to her chest. She was able to walk over to stand next to her mother, but only her head was above water.  
  
“I figured I’d join you. The water looked pretty inviting.” Laura explained.  
  
“It IS nice. Just be careful as I’m going into the deep end and may not be able to see or hear you if you get into trouble.” Francine stated, trying not to blush at the fact she was swimming bottomless in front of her daughter.  
  
Francine swam into the deep end and treaded water as she watched Laura swim around in circles in the shallow end. Laura knew she could swim in deeper water, but her mom was understandably overprotective of her. She didn’t want the only child of the man she loved to die because she was absent-minded or negligent. Figuring her daughter was safe, she lay on her back and floated, relaxing in the cool water as her face and belly felt the warmth of the sun. She closed her eyes and let her mind drift. This let her fall directly into Laura’s trap. Laura was actually a capable swimmer and was able to hold her breath for almost a minute if she didn’t use too much energy. As she watched her mom drift around the pool’s surface, she put her plan in action. She submerged herself and swam beneath the surface until she was directly below her mom’s floating silhouette.   
  
Laura swam closer to her until she was within an arm’s reach and she was able to feel the stings of her bikini top. Working quickly, she untied the strings and quickly swam back to the shallow end to resurface without waking her mom up. With her top untied, Francine was mere moments from being completely naked.   
  
Laura discreetly got out of the pool and walked over to where her mother was floating. She splashed some water on her face, which woke the woman up from her reverie. She treaded water with her arms and let her legs sink below the surface as she turned to where Laura was. The girl watched her mother’s chest intently as the top fell away and exposed the woman’s bare breasts to the sunlight.   
  
“What the…oh, Laura. I was daydreaming. Did you want something?” Francine asked, not realizing she was now skinny dipping.  
  
“I just want to see if you wanted to race me to the end of the pool. I’ll prove that I’m a strong enough swimmer so you won’t have to watch me.” Laura smiled.  
  
“I’m actually surprised you wore that bikini. Isn’t it a bit old?” Francine asked.  
  
“I only had it for a year, but I see what you mean. My boobs don’t exactly fit anymore.”

“So, why not just take the silly thing off? You said you didn’t mind nudity, and the fence will block any Peeping Toms anyways.”  
  
Laura gave her best poker face as she thought of how she’d let herself get tricked into getting naked so easily. She shrugged and stripped naked in seconds.  
  
“Happy?” Laura asked,  
  
“Yep. Now, we’ll start at the shallow end. That way, if you sink, I can grab you easily.” Francine explained as she swam over to the shallow end.  
  
Laura hoped her mom would do just that, and quickly scooped up the bikini top that was floating on the surface. She wadded it up with her own bikini and ran to the shallow end of the pool, throwing everything inside the house so it would land on the tile floor of the kitchen. She turned around just in time to see Francine’s head burst through the surface.  
  
“Okay. You want a race? Let’s do this.” Francine boasted.  
  
Laura lowered herself into the pool and joined her mom at the base of the stairs. They lined up their bodies and got into a starting position.  
  
“On three. One. Two…THREE!” Laura yelled.  
  
Francine sped off, knowing that she would beat Laura. The girl watched as the naked woman swam as fast as she could to the other end. Laura stood still, making sure her mom didn’t turn around and then stood up in the shallow water. The water was only at her waist, so she could walk back easier. She ran up the stairs and quickly went inside, sliding the glass door shut and locking it. Francine reached the other end of the pool and looked up, waiting to see her daughter slowly catching up to her. However, she was surprised to see no sign of Laura. She looked around, but then movement caught her eye. Laura was waving at her from inside the house! If that didn’t send a shockwave through her system, the next thing she noticed did. Laura was waving with her bikini top in her hand! Francine didn’t need to look down to know she would see nothing but naked flesh. She was completely naked, outside her own home, skinny dipping.  
  
The woman wanted to cover up and act embarrassed, but she wanted to make Laura think she was oblivious to her nudity, or at least accepting it. The fact her daughter was taunting her with her top meant she wanted to embarrass her. Instead, she acted as if the nudity didn’t bother her. She swam around the pool as carefree as she would when wearing a swimsuit. Laura, seeing her mother acting so frivolous about her naked body, gave up and went to her bathroom to shower. Francine smiled at her small victory and got out of the pool. She went to open the door, but was surprised to see it locked. She pulled harder and harder, but it didn’t budge.   
  
She knocked on the door, hoping Laura would answer it, but after a minute, nothing happened. So, the woman ran around the pool, hoping to find something to cover up with since the only way she could get back in was to expose herself by either going to the front door and ringing the doorbell or climbing onto the roof and getting in through the attic window. Finding nothing, she looked to see if anyone was in their yards and might see her climb onto her roof. She wanted to avoid the front door as much as possible as she knew many neighbors had windows which they could see the front of her house through.   
  
She was thankful to see no one was in their yards, so she was able to climb onto the roof in secret. She used a table to boost herself up, and she pulled her naked body onto the A-frame roof. At the top, she was able to reach the window to the attic. She opened it and lowered herself into the open window. The attic was only three feet high, so she had to crawl inside in order to close the window. She then shuffled over to the ladder that had to be lowered. She climbed down the ladder and pushed the ladder back up. She turned around and was face to face with Laura, who was only wearing a towel.  
  
“Oh! You startled me!” Francine cried, making sure not to cover her body.  
  
“I was about to go back to unlock the door. I guess you found another way in.” Laura giggled.  
  
“Yeah. Thanks for locking me out. Now I have no idea if our neighbors saw me or not. If you’d excuse me, I’d like to take a shower now.”  
  
“Wait, how come you’re suddenly so carefree about being naked? You were so embarrassed when you found out you were bottomless.” Laura asked.  
  
“Well, I figured I could be naked in front of my own daughter. I was embarrassed that the delivery girl saw me, but since we were both naked out there, I didn’t care.”  
  
Francine walked past her daughter and straight into her bedroom’s en suite bathroom to shower off the pool water, sweat, and dust she’d accumulated. Laura wasn’t sure if her mom was a nudist, an exhibitionist, or what. She knew she had to find out, so she dried off and waited for her mom to take her shower.   
  
Francine jumped into her shower, finally thankful to have some privacy. She let the water rinse the grime away from her before she began to wash. As she lathered up her body, she quickly became aware of how aroused she was. The moisture between her legs after the incident with the delivery girl was just the beginning. She was positively oozing now! She had to stop herself before she went too far. She lathered up the rest of her body and rinsed off before finally going to town on herself. She massaged and pinched her nipples as her other hand teased the opening of her pussy. She felt how wet she was and couldn’t resist. She plunged her fingers inside and moaned as it made a squelching noise. Her knees went weak, so she bent forward until her head and shoulder were pressed up against the glass door of the shower. Her breath condensed on the glass as she began to edge toward sweet release. As a scream of ecstasy escaped her lips, Francine’s legs twitched, causing her to push against the door, and opening it. As she convulsed, enjoying the waves of pleasure, her body fell to the floor.   
  
Francine woke with a start. She opened her eyes and saw Laura’s face. Then, she saw someone else that she’d never seen before. A man dressed in white.  
  
“Am I dead?” Francine squeaked out.  
  
“She’s fine. It seems like a close call. Thanks for calling.” The man said to Laura before getting up and walking away.  
  
“Mom, thank goodness you’re ok! When I heard that scream, and then a thud, I wasn’t sure what had happened. It’s a good thing I was able to unlock your door.” Laura explained, hugging her mom.  
  
Francine’s eyes bugged out, remembering what had happened. She had an orgasm and immediately was knocked out. Laura must’ve heard it! Francine blushed as she thought of her daughter hearing her euphoric scream. Then, she remembered what she was wearing, or rather, wasn’t wearing. She looked down and confirmed that she was still naked.   
  
“Oh, I’m still naked.” Francine commented.  
  
“Well, you were unconscious and I didn’t know what to do. The paramedic said I made the right call, since we weren’t in public and you weren’t dead. He did take a long look at you though, but he said he was ‘examining’ you.” Laura giggled.  
  
Francine suppressed a squeak of embarrassment and tried to calm down. She was unconscious and naked in front of her daughter and a male paramedic. She calmed down and looked at Laura.  
  
“Oh, you’re naked too!” Francine said.  
  
Laura looked down and blushed, realizing she had been naked in front of the cute paramedic as well. She ended her hug and left.   
  
“I guess I’m not the only forgetful one!” Francine called after her daughter.  
  
Francine stood up and went to her closet to dress in her loungewear, as she always did after a shower. She usually wore a large t-shirt and sweatpants. However, she felt a bit more daring tonight, so she wore an old tank top and panties. She found her daughter in her bedroom, lying on her bed. What struck Francine odd was that she was completely nude, lying on her belly reading a book.  
  
“Hi, Laura…” Francine began.  
  
“Oh, hi. What’s up?”  
  
“Oh, I just thought you’d be getting dressed after…what happened.”  
  
“Well, I wasn’t embarrassed. I just remembered that I had homework to do. I mean, it’s just us girls, and the guy who saw me naked was the next best thing to a doctor. So, why are you wearing clothes?”  
  
“Me? I…I was feeling a bit chilly so I had to throw on something.”  
  
“Mmhmm. You look like you’re chilly, but I don’t feel cold at all. That’s odd…” Laura commented, her eyebrows raised to emphasize what she was implying.  
  
Francine looked at herself and saw her nipples were quite erect. She figured her daughter was commenting on them, and with her comment on not feeling cold, she inferred that Laura suspected she was horny. However, she had a way to quell those suspicions.  
  
“Of course you’re not cold. The heating vent in your room is pointed right at you. Out here in the hallway, it’s much cooler.” Francine shot back, hoping to conclude her daughter’s interrogation.  
  
To Francine’s surprise, she watched as Laura got up from her bed and walked over to the doorway and stood directly in front of her. The girls didn’t seem embarrassed or even modest, keeping her arms at her sides the entire time. Francine hoped she wouldn’t see through her thin armor, as it were. She closed her eyes and wished her daughter wouldn’t figure out her secret.  
  
“I stand corrected. It is much cooler over her. See?” Laura asked, looking at her chest.  
  
Francine’s eyes followed her daughter’s gaze and saw her nipples were erect as well. She then tried to remember if the girl’s nipples had been erect before this moment, but honestly couldn’t remember. If Laura’s nipples were erect before, that meant she was no different from her. Because she couldn’t conclude if Laura had been aroused or not, she had no choice but to let it drop and move on. She nodded at her daughter and walked over to the living room to watch TV.  
  
The rest of the night was uneventful, and Francine went to bed as she usually did, but slightly uncomfortable with the newfound warmth she felt when wearing smaller clothes. She kicked off her covers and was finally at ease. In Laura’s room, the girl laid on her bed, still naked, contemplating the series of events that had unfolded throughout the day. She wondered if there was away to embarrass her mother more while hopefully staying clothed herself. She fell asleep dreaming of embarrassing situations for her, or her mom, to be in.

**Forgetful Francine 2**  
The following morning, fate intervened. Francine, who was so worked up in the events of the previous day, had neglected to turn on her alarm. Laura, who was not an independent child, relied on Francine to wake her up every morning. So, it was when Francine’s eyes gazed upon her night stand that she saw that it was:  
  
“7:30! Oh my God, Laura!! LAURA!!!” Francine scrambled out of bed and ran into her daughter’s room.  
  
It was here that she saw the naked form of her daughter reclined sensuously on her bed, wrapped in her duvet. Francine saw an opportunity for her newfound forgetfulness to pay off. She slunk out of the room as quietly as she could, then went about making breakfast and Laura’s lunch before finally waking her up, with about ten minutes to spare.  
  
“LAURA!!!! You’re going to be late!” Francine yelled at the top of her lungs.   
  
She didn’t have to, standing in the bedroom, but she wanted to see Laura jump. Laura didn’t actually jump, but she rolled right off her bed! Before Laura could look at herself, Francine grabbed her wrist and pulled her down the hallway to the front door, where she handed Laura her sandwich and whisked her out onto the driveway. Francine had to drive her to school, of course. Luckily, no one saw Laura’s nakedness, and the fact that Francine was still wearing her tank top and panties. She was surprised that Laura didn’t even know she was still naked when she climbed into the car.  
  
“Oh! I almost forgot!” Francine exclaimed, running back inside.  
  
Moments later, she returned with Laura’s backpack.  
  
“Wouldn’t want you to forget something as important as this!” Francine joked to herself.  
  
Francine drove on her normal route to the school, and it was when they were about two blocks away that Laura finally woke up.  
  
“MOM!!! Why am I naked?!”  
  
“What was that?” Francine asked.  
  
“I’m not wearing ANY CLOTHES!! I can’t go to school like this!”  
  
“I’m sorry honey, I guess I didn’t notice. I wish I could help, but it’s too late for me to drive back home for you to get dressed. Seems you have to run to the locker room naked.”  
  
“Wait, you’re dressed, right?”  
  
“What? Just my tank top and panties...”  
  
“Give them to me. NOW!” Laura shouted.  
  
Francine couldn’t believe her teenage daughter outsmarted her. Now it seemed as though Francine would have to perform a naked walk of shame, and not Laura. At least she’d gotten her to be naked in the car.  
  
“Fine, Honey. Just give me a moment.”  
  
Francine pulled over and proceeded to strip off the meager coverings adorning her body. She threw them back at Laura, who quickly pulled them on. Being smaller than Francine, The tank top fell loosely on her bust, which helped cover her midriff. The panties were a different story. Since Francine had wider hips, Laura was struggling to keep them from sliding completely off. She grunted in frustration as Francine stopped in front of the school. Francine did her best not to get any attention from students or their parents as she drove away. Laura cursed her mother’s onset Alzheimer’s, and bolted for her Gym locker. She passed many students in the hall, who mostly wondered why she wasn’t wearing pants. Laura opened her locker to a grim discovery: her gym clothes were at home!  
  
Francine parked in the driveway and turned the car off. She glanced around the street to see if anyone was about before she bolted for the front door. She unlocked the door and scrambled inside. She couldn’t believe she had done it! Actually being naked where people could catch you proved to be a turn on. She decided to stay naked for the rest of the day, or as long as her resolve would let her.  
  
Laura, not sure what to do about her partially-clothed state, had to abandon her plan of wearing her gym clothes. She was thankful that because of the schedule change due to it being conference week, she didn’t have Gym until tomorrow. However, she was running out of time, and had few options left. As she was looking around, more girls filed into the locker room. She asked around if anyone would let her borrow their shorts. Many either turned her down or laughed at her. She was about to lose all hope when someone behind her said:  
  
“I’ll let you borrow something, if you’d give me something.”  
  
Laura turned around to see Lindsay Berger, not one to be mean or cruel, but not one to be completely trusted. Lindsay was not one of the popular kids, nor was she a well known bully. Lindsay mostly kept to herself, except when she felt she had to intervene. Sometimes she would help, but other times she’d make things worse. Laura gulped when she’d gotten the attention of such an ambiguous character.  
  
“Um, what would you take from me?” Laura asked.  
  
“Oh, just step into my office.” Lindsay said, leading Laura into the restroom.  
  
Inside, Lindsay backed Laura into a stall before entering it herself and locking the door.  
  
“Okay, I’ve been watching you. This is the first time you’ve done something so brazen or careless. What’s the deal?” Lindsay asked.  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“I mean, you’ve never let anyone get even the slightest peek at what you wear under your clothes, and suddenly you forget to wear pants? Did you lose a bet? Is this a dare? Is someone harming you?” Lindsay pressed.  
  
“No, nothing like that. I was just too tired this morning, and maybe my mom tried to prank me. I’m not sure. She lent me the outfit I’m wearing.”  
  
“She dressed you?”  
  
“No, she actually drove me here, and I didn’t realize I was naked until it was too late. I made her give me what she was wearing.”  
  
“She drove you here naked and gave you her tank top and panties? Is there some freaky stuff going on you should tell a cop?”  
  
“No. She’s just forgetful lately. She even forgot to get dressed this morning. This was all she had on.”  
  
“She drove home naked, and she didn’t seem embarrassed about it?”  
  
“No, well, it’s kind of a long story.”  
  
“I’ve got time.”  
  
“Well, she told me she isn’t embarrassed about her body unless some stranger sees her. I probably shouldn’t have told her the same thing. I’d hate to think of what I’d do if neither of us had gotten dressed this morning!”  
  
“Is your mom an exhibitionist or something?”  
  
“No, at least I don’t think so. Why?”  
  
“It seems like she might enjoy being naked and maybe even try to be naked as much as possible.”  
  
“I had that suspicion myself, but whenever I remind her of her exposure, she seems to react genuinely embarrassed. The only way I can prove it is if I somehow get exposed too, which I’m NOT cool with.”  
  
“That’s certainly a pickle there. Tell you what, I’ll give you something to wear, and I’ll help you figure out what your mom is up to.”  
  
“You’d do that for me?”  
  
“Hey, I see a damsel in distress. I’d like to help her out.”  
  
“I’ve seen you do worse to kids who are not in trouble.”  
  
“Yeah, but here’s the thing: I like you.”  
  
Laura blushed and thanked Lindsay for her help. Lindsay turned and opened her bag. She pulled out a short skirt and handed it to Laura.  
  
“I was going to change into this after lunch, see how long it takes the staff to notice. I think it’ll cover you just fine though.”  
  
Laura pulled it on, and was surprised it fit, and it came down to just above mid-thigh. It wasn’t ideal, but it met the minimum requirement the school imposed.   
  
Laura hugged Lindsay, who blushed while Laura wasn’t looking. They ended their embrace, and exchanged numbers so they could call each other about what could be done about Laura’s mom.   
  
“Oh, and there’s still matter of what I want from you.” Lindsay said with a smirk.  
  
“But I just gave you my number…”  
  
“That’s just for the plan. For the skirt, I’m going to need something more substantial.”  
  
“Like what?”  
  
“Those panties.”  
  
“What?! I’d be completely naked under my clothes!”  
  
“Hey, I can take that skirt back anytime. I just want some collateral to make sure you don’t lose or damage my stuff. Don’t worry. When you give me back my skirt, I’ll give you your panties, deal?”

“Fine.” Laura sighed.  
  
“And one more thing. Since I’ll be giving you panties tomorrow, make sure you don’t wear any. That way you can just put them on and not have to carry an extra pair of panties. Call it an extra incentive to return my skirt ASAP” Lindsay added.  
  
“I get it, it’s fine. You’ll have your skirt back tomorrow.”  
  
Laura slipped her mom’s panties off from under the skirt so as to keep her charms hidden from view. Lindsay took them from her and thanked the girl with a pat on the rear. Laura was a bit nervous, but she walked out of the restroom feeling confident again. Lindsay left, her heart leaping to her throat. She’d just gotten her crush’s phone number, and if she planned things right, would see her naked!  
  
Meanwhile, Francine had been at home, enjoying her naked time. She decided to be a naked maid and clean the house without wearing a stitch! She was careful not to open any drapes or blinds, and didn’t go out the front door. However, the housework had made her sweat throughout the day, and not just from the physical exertion. She was quite aroused, and had been fighting the urge to touch herself. Now that she was finished with all of her chores, she decided to have some quality alone time in the bathroom.  
  
Laura spent the rest of her day like any normal school day, regretting not being able to see her best friend Roxy until tomorrow, when they have classes together. She’d very much like to tell her about Lindsay and everything that had happened with her mom as well. She figured she’d be able to call her once she got home, remembering she’d forgot her cell phone this morning thanks to her mom.  
  
Laura got on the school bus at the end of the day and was disappointed she had to sit alone, and not with her friend like usual. Roxy had band practice on Tuesdays, so she was busy. Laura sat on the bus for the remainder of the trip and was shocked at what she saw as she got off the bus!  
  
Francine was refreshed in more ways than one after her long bath. She dried off and wrapped her hair in a towel before deciding to strut around the house naked for a little while before having to get dressed before Laura got home. She got to the living room and remembered she’d forgotten to get the mail this morning. She knew the mailbox was just a short walk from the front door, and it was mostly hidden from the road. She unwrapped the towel on her head and tried to cover herself with it. However, the towel was too small, just big enough to cover her front, but her large breasts threatened to pop out of the sides as she held it to her chest. Francine took a deep breath and took a step outside. She made it to the mail box in no time, but was faced with a conundrum.   
  
One hand held her towel; the other was holding the mailbox open. The door was on a spring-loaded hinge and if she let go, it would slam shut before she could grab the mail. With the way she was standing, she had her bare backside pointed at her front door, her barely covered front was toward the street, perpendicular to where the front of the mailbox pointed. If she stood in front of the mailbox, her entire left side would be pointed to the street, and her naked backside would be pointed down the left side of the street! Not wanting to be so exposed, she stood next to the mailbox. She crouched down and pressed her chest against the side of the mailbox. This kept her towel in place while she used her right hand to hold the door open and grabbed what was inside with her left. As she grasped the envelopes and magazines inside, she saw her daughter’s school bus rounding the corner!  
  
Francine reacted quickly and bolted for the front door, letting the towel drop to the ground, and using the mail to cover her exposed rear end as she ran. She got to the front door, grabbed the knob, but it wouldn’t turn! She was locked out! She tugged the door a couple times just in case it was left slightly ajar, but to no avail. She sighed in defeat as she heard a gasp from behind her/  
  
“Mom! What are you doing outside naked?! Kids from my school might se you!” Laura shrieked.  
  
Francine looked behind her and saw the bus pulling away, but couldn’t see anything through the windows. Any number of teenagers could have seen her! Francine blushed at the thought and could only whine at being discovered naked by her daughter. Laura unlocked the door, and ushered her mother inside with a slap to her rear, which elicited a yelp from Francine.  
  
“Sorry, Laura. I forgot you’re coming home early this week. I thought I could run out and back before you’d even get out of class.”  
  
“Mom, after this morning, I don’t think I can fault you for forgetting anything. But THIS?! This goes beyond forgetfulness. You decided to go outside naked!”  
  
“I had a towel, but it…fell off.”  
  
Laura went back outside to find the towel, and returned just as furious as ever.  
  
“This tiny thing? I swear, Mom. Something’s going on here, and it’s not you being forgetful.”  
  
“Well, on the bright side, you seem to have found someone nice enough to lend you a skirt.” Francine commented, hoping the change in subject would make Laura drop her interrogation.  
  
“Oh, yeah. Lindsay let me borrow it. I should probably put it somewhere safe so I remember to give it back tomorrow.”  
  
“Why don’t I wash it? Make sure it’s better than when she gave it to you.” Francine offered.  
  
“Sure.” Laura said, taking it off and handing the garment to her mother, revealing her lack of panties.  
  
“Laura, where are your panties, and by that I mean MY panties?”  
  
“Sure, THIS is what you remember. I had to trade them for the skirt. Once I give back the skirt, she’ll give me back your panties, ok?”  
  
“Fine, but make sure you get those panties back!” Francine added before walking away, leaving Laura in her tank top.  
  
“Might as well wash this, too.” Laura said, taking off the tank top and walking to the laundry room as naked as her mom.  
  
Laura tossed the article of clothing in with Lindsay’s skirt, and helped her mom measure the detergent and set the washing machine. Afterward, they both changed into their regular loungewear to settle in for the night. Laura placed the clothes in the dryer and put Lindsay’s skirt in her backpack once the load was done. Laura took the opportunity to call her friend Roxy before bed. She recounted everything that happened to her today, and the fact that Lindsay had helped her, and even had a plan for her mom as well.  
  
“You sure your mom is an exhibitionist? It seems she is also quite forgetful lately.” Roxy replied.  
  
“Yeah, but it seems she is actively trying to strip me too. I kind of want it to stop before something really humiliating happens.”  
  
“But if she really is forgetful, how will your plan work? I mean, afterwards?”  
  
“Well, I don’t have a plan yet. I’m just starting to think of something that will prove she’s been lying to me to make me wear fewer clothes. If she is forgetful, maybe we can find a doctor to give her some medication or something.”  
  
“Well, she’s not the only one who’s lying.”  
  
“I was trying to call her buff, I mean BLUFF. It…didn’t work out.”  
  
“That’s an understatement! Oh, hey my mom is telling me to sleep. I’ll see you tomorrow, OK?”  
  
“See ya.”  
  
The next morning, Laura woke up as per usual, and made sure she didn’t wear any panties today so she could give Lindsay back her skirt. After trying to figure out what to wear, she decided to go for a simple t-shirt and shorts, wearing a bra underneath, of course. The shorts were tight, but not too tight to show too much of what was underneath. However, they did cause some strange sensations as she walked. The seam was ever so slightly caressing her nether regions with every step she took. As Laura descended the stairs to the kitchen, she had to suppress a gasp as she realized the effect it was having on her. She’d have to find Lindsay pretty quickly if she wanted to not have an orgasm just from walking around.  
  
She greeted her mother, who was wearing an apron, and nothing else. Francine explained that she had woken up and realized she’d forgotten to wash her own clothes, so she went ahead and placed them all in the wash, leaving her naked for a couple hours. She hoped it would be done in time for when Laura got home.  
  
“Mom, we need to talk about yesterday.” Laura began.  
  
“Yes, I don’t think it was a good idea to trade my panties for that skirt. Who knows if she’ll give them back?” Francine replied.  
  
“No, Mom. I’m talking about you running around naked. I know you didn’t mean to get caught, but I think your forgetfulness is coming to a head. I don’t know if there’s something wrong with you, but for now, just…try to make better choices.”  
  
“Like what?”  
  
“Well, like not washing EVERY single piece of clothing you own. Just wash most of it so you can at least wear something. I’m getting tired of seeing your…stuff.”  
  
“What’s wrong with my body?”  
  
“Nothing. I just think you could get into a lot of trouble with your newfound confidence and your forgetfulness. Perhaps if you got a job, you won’t be so forgetful.”  
  
“Fine, I’ll go put something on if you’d do something for me.”  
  
“What?”  
  
“Ask your principal if he has a job for me. I need something to provide for us, and you’re right. It should help my memory problems as well.”

Laura agreed, and quickly remembered that her gym clothes were in the laundry. While her mom went to her bedroom, Laura raced to the laundry room and was thankful her mother didn’t forget to take them out before starting her new load. She packed her gym clothes into her back pack and went back to the kitchen, where Francine had returned, wearing a pair of socks in addition to her apron. When she came back out, Laura was shocked.  
  
“Mom, we agreed you’d cover up!”  
  
“No, we agreed that I’d put something on. I put something on. See? This is the kind of mistake you may have made when you traded my panties for that girl’s skirt. Just a small lesson for you before you go to school.”  
  
“You do realize you need to drive me to school?” Laura asked.  
  
Francine blushed a bit, but nodded.  
  
“Yes, but I will not waver in my lesson. I will not chicken out and cover any more of myself, so I can still have the moral high ground.” Francine explained as she led Laura out the door.  
  
The drive was uneventful, and Laura got out of the car, slung her backpack over her shoulder, and entered the school. Her first order of business was to find Lindsay to give her back her skirt. However, she was approached by Roxy as she got near the front door.  
  
“Hey Laura.” The petite Latina addressed her friend.  
  
“Hi Roxy. It seems like forever since we’ve seen each other.”  
  
“I know, even though it’s only been two days.”  
  
The two of them got to their lockers and pushed their backpacks inside, taking out the books for their first class, which was Chemistry.  
  
“Oh, I need to find Lindsay. I borrowed a skirt from her yesterday, and I need to give it back.”  
  
“I don’t see her, but we have to get to class. It’s lab day, and if we’re the last ones in, we’ll have to demonstrate whatever experiment at the front of the room.” Roxy explained.  
  
The girls jogged to their class, Laura suppressing her arousal as the seam of her shorts teased her most private place. They arrived in time so they wouldn’t have to perform in front of the class. They found a table in the back and quickly sat down. Soon, the teacher, Mr. Beaumont, closed the door after the last two students arrived, making them be the demonstration team.  
  
“Let’s begin! On your desks is what will be our experiment today. I’ve placed a sheet on top of it for dramatic effect. When I give the order, you are all to remove the sheet, and reveal what we will be doing today. Ready?” Mr. Beaumont explained.  
  
Laura and Roxy gave each other an uneasy look, not sure what to expect. They hovered their right hands over the sheet, ready to pull it off to reveal what was underneath.  
  
“NOW!” Mr. Beaumont cried.  
  
Lara and Roxy reacted a bit too fast, as when they pulled on the sheet, something fell, pouring a liquid onto the table. Both girls shrieked in surprise, but it was drowned out by the cries from the rest of the class. Laura looked up to see what everyone else was reacting to, and looked at what had been uncovered.   
  
“Don’t be so shocked, it’s just a brain.” Mr. Beaumont announced.  
  
It was indeed, a brain. Laura and Roxy looked at the organ resting on a dish, which was covered by a thin film of liquid. Laura looked again, and surmised that she and Roxy had jostled the pan when they removed the sheet, causing the liquid in the pan to spill out.  
  
“Mr. Beaumont, we spilled some of the brain fluid on the table!” Roxy called out.  
  
“Don’t worry, it’s just formaldehyde. It’s completely harmless to the touch. Just don’t eat it, or get too much on your skin.” Mr. Beaumont replied  
  
‘Like that’ll be a problem,’ Laura thought.  
  
All of the students put on a pair of gloves and picked up a scalpel to dissect the brain. While her attention was diverted, Laura didn’t realize her shirt had come into contact with the puddle of formaldehyde on the table. Mr. Beaumont was walking around the room, making sure the experiment was going smoothly, when he spied Laura’s breast sitting in a puddle of formaldehyde!  
  
“Laura! You’ve gotten formaldehyde on your shirt! It can be very toxic if you don’t wash it off ASAP. Go to the restroom down the hall and clean it as best you can. I’ll give you a hall pass.” The old man explained.  
  
He pulled out a pad of hall passes from his coat pocket and scribbled his signature, authenticating it before handing it to Laura. The girl took off down the hall and ran to the nearest restroom. She took her t-shirt off and flung it into the sink. How could she have been so stupid? She filled the sink with water and began to rinse the spot that absorbed the formaldehyde.   
  
She never dealt with formaldehyde before, so she wasn’t sure what the implications of having it contact skin would be. She took some soap from the dispenser and scrubbed the spot on her shirt. She was about to put it back on when she saw her bra had a spot on it too. She sighed as she took it off as well, leaving her shorts as the only item she wore above her ankles. She washed her bra and wrung it out, setting it next to her shirt before she decided to wash her breast as well.  
  
The sensation of wet, slippery lather covering her breast added to her previous arousal caused by her shorts. Her nipples were erect before she could stop herself and rinse off. She dried her wet breast with a paper towel and went to grab her bra when the door suddenly opened. Thinking fast, Laura jumped into the nearest stall and closed the door, locking it before whoever entered the room could see her. She sat down on the seat and hoped whoever entered would find a stall and let her leave. However, her greatest fears were answered when she heard a voice.  
  
“Dude, check it out! Some chick left her bra and shirt here!” said a voice a bit too deep for a girl.  
  
Laura’s eyes shot wide open, she peeked through the small crevice where the stall door met the stall’s wall. She couldn’t believe her eyes! There were two BOYS in there! She was in the boys’ restroom by mistake! Laura blushed as the boys pawed at her clothes, hoping they would just move on. Unfortunately, they began to investigate. They looked around the room and spied Laura’s feet under the stall door. Laura thought she was discovered when they took a step towards her. She was sure she was done for, and closed her eyes.  
  
“Dude, did you see any girls in here?” one of the boys asked.  
  
Laura almost sighed in relief. They thought she was a boy! All she had to do was answer them like a boy would, and try to mask her feminine voice as well. She reacted quickly and replied.  
  
“Girls? No, man. That would be crazy, right?” Laura answered in her best “deep” voice.  
  
“Yeah, but someone left this bra and shirt here. If there aren’t any girls, these must be yours, queer!” the other boy laughed.  
  
“Those aren’t mine, I swear!” Laura reacted, not thinking what the ramifications.  
  
“Alright, alright. Chill, man. We’ll take these to the lost and found. Maybe we’ll see the topless chick who left these here!” the first boy said.  
  
Before Laura could react, the boys had left. She sighed in relief, but also inwardly kicked herself for letting them walk away with her clothes! Now, they were taking them to the lost and found, which is at the front of the school. If that wasn’t bad enough, they were on the lookout for a topless girl looking for her clothes!  
  
While her daughter’s attempt at washing her clothes had gotten her more exposed, Francine’s load of laundry had finished and she was thankful to finally be clothed. She put on a bra, panties, t-shirt, and shorts before deciding to lounge out by the pool. She was about to fall asleep when she was suddenly awoken by someone ringing the doorbell.   
  
Francine walked to the door and peeked out the window to see a girl standing outside. Since the glass was frosted, she couldn’t make out any distinct features, but she opened the door anyway. She was surprised to find the delivery girl from the other day.  
  
“Hello, miss.” The girl greeted her.  
  
“Hi. What are you doing here? I didn’t accidentally order something, did I?” Francine joked, playing of her forgetfulness.  
  
“Oh, no no, nothing like that. I just wanted to apologize for the other day.”  
  
“What would you need to apologize for?”  
  
“Miss, I saw your…intimate place, and…I should’ve made you aware of it instead of being a voyeur.” The girl explained.  
  
“Oh, you don’t need to apologize for that. In fact, I should come clean myself…” Francine said.  
  
She ushered the girl inside and told her everything about her new-found interest in exhibitionism. She even told her about the possibility of Laura being more free with her body.  
  
“That is…a lot to take in, miss.”  
  
“Please, call me Francine. I’m not much older than you.”  
  
“But, then how did you…?”  
  
“Laura’s my stepdaughter. I married her father when I graduated from high school, and Laura was about to start elementary school.”  
  
The two kept talking until they decided to lounge outside, where there was a nice cooling breeze.  
  
“You know, it’s so nice out here, you could strip naked and no one will know.” Francine said, recalling her impromptu skinny dip.  
  
“Well, why don’t you then? I’ve seen most of you already, Francine.” The girl replied.  
  
“Oh. Well, that’s true, but I don’t even know YOUR name.”  
  
“My name’s TRYSTEN.” The girl replied.  
  
“Nice to meet you, Trysten.” Francine said, before pulling her shirt over her head.  
  
So, while her mother was relishing in becoming topless at home, Laura was dealing with being topless at school. Laura felt trapped. She was half naked in the boys’ restroom, and the only extra clothing she had was…  
  
‘My gym clothes!’ Laura thought. She could wear her gym shirt. She just had to get back to her locker which wasn’t far from where she was.

Laura was thankful she remembered her gym clothes this morning. She wouldn’t know what she’d do otherwise. She was also thankful that her locker was close, and that it was in the opposite direction of the lost and found, making it clear those boys wouldn’t find her. Laura dashed down the hall, holding her breasts with her hands as she jogged. Her shorts resumed their effect on Laura, and she had to slow down. She was only halfway there, and her breath was becoming shallow, and not just because of the physical exertion. She was breathing heavily as she opened her locker. She opened her backpack and took out the shirt. She pulled it over her head and was relieved she was covered.   
  
The downside was that it was the same shirt she’d had since freshman year. Her breasts had grown since then, and her midriff was now peeking from under the shirt. That wasn’t the only drawback. Since it was tighter, the shirt outlined her breasts, which wouldn’t be too bad except that she wasn’t wearing a bra. She’d have to be careful or she’d unwittingly give everyone a show if she moved around too much. It was in this state that she returned to class. Mr. Beaumont greeted her without noticing she had changed. The rest of the class didn’t seem to notice either, but Roxy did, of course.  
  
“Laura, what happened to your shirt?” her friend asked.  
  
Laura explained everything that happened to a very shocked and bewildered Roxy. Afterward, Roxy explained that she’d finished the experiment and let Laura copy her findings. After class, Laura and Roxy went to History class together. They got inside just before the tardy bell. Laura was relieved yet again, and the teacher began the lecture. Laura and Roxy were thankful that it was normal class, and nothing bad happened. After class, Laura and Roxy made their way to the gym. Halfway there, Lindsay found them.  
  
“Hey, Laura.”  
  
“Oh, hey Lindsay. This is my best friend Roxy.”  
  
“Did you bring my skirt?”  
  
“Yeah. It’s in my backpack.”  
  
“Cool, can we go get it? I wanna make sure I have it before lunch.”  
  
“Ok. I’ll catch up with you later, Roxy.” Laura said, sending her friend away.  
  
Laura led Lindsay to her locker and gave her back her skirt. Lindsay smiled as she pulled the skirt on over her jeans before removing the denim from her legs.  
  
“Where’s my mom’s panties?” Laura asked, a bit on edge.  
  
“Don’t worry. Just give me a sec.” Lindsay replied.  
  
Laura figured she would lead her to a locker and retrieve the panties, but instead she was treated to the sight of Lindsay thrusting her hands under the skirt and removing Francine’s panties. Lindsay stepped out of them and draped on Laura’s shoulder, since the girl was too shocked to move.   
  
“Don’t be so shocked, Laura. I’m wearing another pair…Or am I?” Lindsay joked as she walked away.  
  
Laura finally remembered where she was, and was about to run to the nearest restroom when she felt a hand on her bare belly. She jerked around to see Lindsay once again standing next to her.  
  
“Sorry, but I almost forgot about our arrangement. Did you remember not to wear panties today?” Lindsay asked.  
  
“Of course.” Laura replied.  
  
“I know I should be able to trust you, but I think it would be better if you proved it.”  
  
“How?”  
  
“Show me.”  
  
Laura scoffed and made to walk to the nearest restroom, but Lindsay interrupted her.  
  
“Right here is fine, Laura.”  
  
Laura blushed as she turned around and pushed her shorts to her hips, hoping the absence of her panties’ waistband would be enough.  
  
“Oh, come on Laura, You could still be hiding a thong under there.”  
  
Laura didn’t make eye contact, but complied all the same. She pushed the shorts to her ankles and stood back up, baring her lower body.  
  
“Well, ok then. It seems you really do need these then.” Lindsay said, grabbing the panties and sliding them between Laura’s legs.  
  
“And even more so since you’re sopping wet! Any longer and you’d look like you wet yourself.” Lindsay commented before placing the panties in Laura’s locker.  
  
Laura was about to pull her shorts back up when she remembered her gym shorts were in her locker too. She stepped out of her shorts, thankful to be away from their teasing touch. She grabbed her mother’s panties and pulled them on. They were still much bigger than she should wear, but she wanted to have something on under her gym uniform. She pulled on her gym shorts and ran to the locker room just as the tardy bell rang.   
  
The coach told them that they would be running laps today after their stretching routine. During stretches, Laura was finding it uncomfortable with the loose panties moving around under her shorts. So, when it came time to run laps, she took Roxy aside behind the bleachers to help her fix her situation.  
  
“Roxy, I need you to tie the panty’s waistband for me. It’s too loose, and it’ll be uncomfortable if I run.”  
  
Roxy nodded and stood behind Laura. As she was working, Laura felt the waistband tighten, which was normal for someone tying a knot, but she yelped when she suddenly felt the panties get yanked upward, giving her a wedgie! She didn’t want to draw any attention to herself, so she didn’t say anything until Roxy was done. They ran back from behind the bleachers and kept pace with each other.  
  
“What was the wedgie for, Roxy?” Laura asked.  
  
“Sorry. I needed more fabric to work with. You were complaining about how loose it was, so I decided to make it tighter than just tying the waistband.”  
  
Laura forgave her friend and they continued to run for the rest of the period. Afterward, Laura kept her gym clothes on, not having any other clothes to change into, and they ate lunch together.  
  
While Laura was enjoying lunch with her best friend, Francine was enjoying spending time with her new friend. Now naked, Francine felt free, but also a bit self conscious in front of Trysten. The fact the girl was still clothed didn’t help assuage her modesty.  
  
“You look like you want to be alone. Why don’t I go fix us something to eat while you get more comfortable?” Trysten offered.  
  
Francine didn’t object, and the girl went inside to make some snacks, taking Francine’s underwear with her. Francine kept swimming and eventually began to enjoy the feeling of water against her skin. She watched Trysten walk around the kitchen, figuring out where everything was, and fixing sandwiches. A few minutes later, the girl came back outside with a tray of finger sandwiches, and placed them on the patio table.  
  
“Come on out, Francine. I’m sure you’re starving by now.”  
  
Francine was hungry, but she was unsure if she could really sit next to her, naked and dripping wet as she ate. She steeled herself and got out of the pool. Trysten watched the woman emerge and shake off some water out of her hair before sitting across from her. Francine took one look at the small ham and cheese sandwiches and dug in. Trysten smiled as Francine ate, the woman none the wiser that the girl didn’t even eat one bite.  
  
Francine continued to eat uninterrupted, but Laura found that her choice of attire had gotten someone’s attention. She was sitting in the back of the cafeteria with Roxy, enjoying their school-cooked lunches they’d paid for. Laura was looking forward to finishing her meal and heading straight home. However, she was surprised to suddenly feel a tap on her shoulder. She craned her neck to see who it was, and found herself staring at the principal.  
  
“Hi there, miss…?” the woman addressed her.  
  
“Laura. Laura Rogers.”  
  
“Miss Rogers. I’m sure you understand the rules regarding school dress code? More specifically, the role of the gym uniform?”  
  
“I understand that the gym uniform is supposed to be only for gym class, but- “  
  
“No ‘buts’! You are clearly in an activity that is not gym class, so why are you wearing your gym uniform?” the principal interrupted.  
  
“My regular clothes were…ruined.” Laura replied, not wanting to say they were stolen in the boy’s restroom.  
  
“You could have come to the lost and found. I’m sure there are a few items you could wear.”  
  
“Alright, I’ll go there once I’m done eating, ok?” Laura asked.  
  
“I’d like to have this matter corrected right now, if you don’t mind.”  
  
Laura looked at her friend, who only returned her look of nervous dread.  
  
“I’ll call you, ok?” Laura told Roxy before getting out of her seat and following the principal to the lost and found.  
  
The woman led her to the front of the school, near the front entrance, which was where the receptionist and lost and found were located.  
  
“Hello, Principal Wright. Is this young lady in trouble?” the receptionist asked.  
  
“Hi, Maggie. It’s nothing serious. She is wearing her gym uniform when not in gym class because she claims her normal clothes were ruined. I was hoping you’d have something you can give her from the lost and found.” Principal Wright explained.  
  
“I believe I have something that will fit you. A couple boys dropped off a couple items they say came from the boys’ restroom. At first I thought they had stripped some unfortunate girl, but since no one came to collect them, I’m starting to wonder where they came from.” Maggie the receptionist replied.  
  
Maggie first placed the blouse on the counter, causing Laura to gulp, recognizing it as the same one that she had to let the boys take earlier. She hoped neither woman would think it belonged to her.

“Well, go on, give it a try.” Principal Wright said.  
  
“Right here? Can’t I change in the restroom?” Laura asked.  
  
“We’re all girls here, child. You don’t have anything we haven’t seen before.” Maggie replied.  
  
Laura sighed and pulled her gym shirt over her head, baring her breasts. She hugged the shirt to her chest for cover.  
  
“Dear child, were you not wearing a bra, either? That’s a serious infraction!” Principal Wright shouted.  
  
“Wait a second, I think I have one here.” Maggie said.  
  
“No, that’s okay. It’s the end of the day. I can manage.” Laura said, not wanting to put it on, giving the women all the evidence they needed to know these items were indeed her own.  
  
“Miss Rogers, if Maggie is able to provide you with a bra, you will wear it. I’ll not aid a student to break the rules if I can help it.”   
  
Laura sighed and took the bra from Maggie.  
  
“Now, I assume you’ll have to adjust the straps just right…” Maggie began, but fell short when Laura was able to put the bra on effortlessly.  
  
“Well, I say that is a very interesting coincidence. What do you think, Principal Wright?” Maggie asked.  
  
“It is curious that I found a girl missing her bra and blouse, and that we’ve found a bra that seems to fit her perfectly.” Principal Wright replied.  
  
Laura didn’t say anything, trying to keep her nervousness in check, so as not to completely tip them off.  
  
“Well, what are you waiting for? Try on the blouse.” Maggie said.  
  
Laura jumped at the realization she had been standing in front of them wearing only a bra above the waist. She put on the blouse, and hoped they wouldn’t realize it too was her own.  
  
“This blouse seems to fit you as well. Are you sure you don’t want to revise your earlier statement?” Principal Wright asked Laura.  
  
“Principal Wright, if I may have a word?” Maggie asked.  
  
The woman leaned over the counter and Maggie whispered into her ear. Laura couldn’t catch a word, but Maggie motioned to Laura twice, and the principal seemed to look her over both times. She was sure it had to be about the way these items fit, but surely that wasn’t enough to confirm that she was the owner, was it?  
  
“Thanks to Maggie’s keen eye, she clued me into something not necessarily clear to the naked eye. She spotted a faint stain on your blouse. At first, she thought it was a shadow, but she saw you breath in, causing your chest to move, and yet the dark patch moved with the blouse. She thinks you must’ve stained your shirt, and for some reason went to the boys’ restroom to take it off and clean it. Now, I’d like to know how you came to become topless in the boys’ restroom, and yet none of your teachers or students claim to have seen you in such a state.” Principal Wright asked.  
  
Laura resigned to her fate and recounted her misfortune in chemistry class, her ill-fated trip to clean them, and her idea to wear her gym shirt.  
  
“I find it difficult that none of your teachers noticed you were wearing your gym shirt out of gym class. No, I think you’re hiding something. From what you told me, you still have your regular shorts. Let’s go find out if that’s true.”  
  
Laura led Principal Wright to her locker, and retrieved her shorts.  
  
“Well, go ahead and change here. We have enough time before the final bell.” The woman instructed.  
  
As Laura pulled down her gym shorts, her panties were revealed, and the fact it looked like a thong.  
  
“Miss Rogers, are you wearing a thong?!” the woman cried in disgust.  
  
“No, I had to tie them like this since they’re so loose.” Laura explained.  
  
The woman quickly untied the knot Roxy had done earlier, and the panties immediately fell to Laura’s ankles.  
  
“I should say that these panties are in fact way too loose for you. Almost as if they belonged to someone else!”  
  
“They-they’re my mother’s. I had to borrow them.”  
  
“Lies! You’ve been lying to me since I found you in the cafeteria! This wet spot on the front proves you are not the victim here!” Principal Wright declared, showing Laura the spot in question.  
  
Laura knew she hadn’t been that horny since she took off her tight shorts, which meant the wet spot had come from Lindsay!  
  
“So, I think the REAL story is that you came to school with nothing on under your shorts, prepared to streak around the campus. You purposefully had an accident in chemistry so you could disappear into the restroom and remove your clothes. You went to the boys’ restroom so if anyone came looking for you, they wouldn’t find you. You were in the middle of disrobing when you were interrupted by the boys entering the restroom. You didn’t want anyone to see you yet, so you hid in a stall. Once they were gone, you might’ve been frustrated that they took your clothes, as you had planned to hide them in your locker to change into when you were finished. You figured your mission was to get naked anyways, so you decided to keep going with your plan. You stashed your shorts in your locker and began your naked trek. The reason your teachers never saw you in your gym shirt is because you skipped class altogether and ran around naked until you had gym class, which would allow you to be naked in the locker room, and change into some clothes without going to the lost and found. You tried to hide your lack of planning by wearing your gym uniform to lunch, and hoped I wouldn’t find you by sitting in the very back. Does that seem about right?” the woman ranted.  
  
Laura didn’t know what to say. She was standing bottomless in front of her principal, who spewed out her theory too fast for her to follow completely.   
  
“May I please get dressed?” Laura asked.  
  
“Oh, yes of course.” Principal Wright said, composing herself. She handed Laura the panties just as the bell rang.   
  
Laura heard the clang of doors opening, and knew she had to think fast.. She dropped the panties on the floor and instead pulled on her shorts just before the throng of students passed by her. None of them seemed to notice that she had been bottomless just seconds before. Laura placed her mom’s panties in her backpack and slung the bag over her shoulder. She was about to ask for her gym shorts when the woman gestured her to follow behind. Principal Wright led Laura to her office, and quickly collected Laura’s gym shirt from the lost and found before entering.  
  
“Laura, your conduct today shows a lack of self restraint, and even a bit of good old fashioned problems with authority. I don’t blame you for your behavior. I just wish your choice in how you rebel wasn’t so…controversial. Public nudity is a very taboo subject, not like property damage or even underage drinking. I’m afraid I’ll have to call your mother.”  
  
Laura was about to freak out, but suddenly a flash of an idea occurred to her.  
  
“Oh, could I be the one to tell her? I’ll tell her as soon as I get home, and she’ll call you to confirm. If you don’t hear from her by this evening, you can call to tell her.” Laura argued.  
  
“Well, it is a sensitive subject, so I guess I can’t refuse if you want to break the news to her. Just make sure you have her call me by 5pm.”  
  
Laura thanked the principal and ran out of the room, and hoped her plan would work. As Laura was making her way back home, Francine was trying to find out if she was even home anymore.  
  
“Wha…where am I?” Francine groggily sat up.  
  
Francine looked around and saw no one, but she suddenly realized she was outside, and she was naked! She covered herself instinctively, but was relieved to see the shimmer of her pool, and knew she was safe from prying eyes. She stood up and looked for the clothes she had taken off when Trysten came over. Then she began to wonder where Trysten was.  
  
She began to pull on her blouse, but it seemed to stick to her skin, and she couldn’t get her arm through the long sleeve. She looked down and saw her skin glistening from being coated in what felt like a gallon of sunscreen. She shrugged the blouse off and carried her clothes into the house. She saw the empty tray of sandwiches on the counter, along with a note. Francine poured herself a glass of water to get clear her head before trying to read the note. Once her eyesight returned, she saw it was from Trysten.  
  
“Hey, Francine. Sorry I had to take off so soon. You seemed to enjoy your lunch a bit too much and you passed out. I didn’t want to wake you, but I didn’t know how long you would be unconscious for, so I took the liberty of rubbing some suntan lotion on you so you wouldn’t burn. Since the bottle said it was only SPF 15, which means that it would only protect you for fifteen minutes of direct sunlight, I figured if I coated you in more layers, you’d be good for longer. So, I think I gave you enough for three hours. You might need a shower, LOL. Don’t worry, I made sure I didn’t miss ANY part of you in case you shifted as you slept. Anyways, I had fun, and we should do it again sometime. –Trysten”  
  
Francine sighed and walked to the laundry room to place her now dirty clothes into the wash before she made her way to the bathroom and showered. Refreshed, Francine emerged from the shower, wearing only a towel, just in time to see Laura return home.  
  
“Hey, Mom. Thanks for covering up for once.” Laura greeted.  
  
Francine smiled, if only her daughter (or herself for that matter) knew how long she was naked outside!  
  
“Oh, I guess I remembered something today.” Francine replied.  
  
“Right. By the way, I have your panties. I guess you were wrong about Lindsay. I CAN trust her.” Laura said, waving the panties like a flag.  
  
“Oh, just toss them in the washer. I already put a couple things in there.” Francine said, a bit disappointed that Laura hadn’t had a more embarrassing day.  
  
“Oh, I talked to the principal today.” Laura said as she returned from the laundry room.  
  
“Did you ask about a job for me?”  
  
“About that, he wants to meet with you tomorrow. He wants you to call him before 5.”  
  
“I’ll go call him right now!” Francine said, rushing to the kitchen phone.  
  
Francine quickly dialed the school’s number and was thrilled to immediately get to the principal.  
  
“Hello?” Principal Wright answered.  
  
“Hi Principal Wright, this is Francine, Laura’s mother.”  
  
“Oh, I trust that she filled you in on what we talked about.”  
  
“Yes she did, and I can’t believe you would see me so soon!” Francine replied, elated.  
  
“Oh, I take these matters seriously and I’d like them handled as soon as possible.”  
  
“Great! So, when should I come in?”  
  
“How does 2pm sound? It’s an hour after classes let out for the day. I’m usually less busy at that time, so we can discuss everything then.”  
  
“That’s perfect. See you then!” Francine hung up, ecstatic to have a job interview so soon.  
  
Laura overheard everything, and was thankful that her ruse worked. She just hoped it could hold up through the meeting tomorrow, and she wouldn’t get in anymore trouble. She went to her room and was ready to finally be free of the shorts. Their constant rubbing against her slit had caused her much stress during the day. She pushed them off her legs, and she relished the feeling of her crotch being finally free from any sensations. She laid on her bed with her legs spread, finally able to let her nether regions cool off and calm herself down. Francine lounged on her own bed, enjoying the feeling of her sheets against her bare skin. The lotion had made her skin much softer, and somehow more sensitive to touch. She made a mental note to ask Trysten what she used. Eventually, they both came back out for dinner. Francine wore a thin robe, which Laura was thankful that it came past her knees. Laura herself had removed her bra, having gotten used to being without one for part of her day. She kept her blouse on, since it came down to mid-thigh, and had little chance of exposing her.  
  
They ate mostly in silence, only recounting the duller portions of their days, so as to not let either know what they were up to. They sat together in the living room and enjoyed a few shows together before turning in for the night. Francine decided to sleep nude, as did Laura. Both had somehow felt it was more comfortable and it made them feel sexy as they fell asleep. If only they knew what was in store for them the next day.

**Forgetful Francine 3**  
The next day, Francine awoke early, looking forward to her “interview”. She showered, made sure she had all her clothes laid out, and went about making breakfast. She was about to go wake up Laura when she realized she was still naked. She went back to her bedroom and grabbed her robe. She was about to put it on when she realized she didn’t lay out any underwear for her interview. She wanted to look professional, and showing up without underwear wouldn’t do. She opened her drawer and was shocked to discover all of her underwear (bras and panties) were missing! Surely she didn’t forget to wash them yesterday? She shrugged and went to wake her daughter.  
  
Laura was surprised to be woken up by her mother. Her NAKED mother! She was about to shout at her again, but couldn’t gather up the energy to do it. The girl sat up and rubbed the sleep from her eyes as she listened to her mom babble on about what she was doing today.  
  
“So I might not be home when you get back, ok?” Francine finished.  
  
Laura didn’t question her mother’s nudity or her own, as she wasn’t able to forget what had happened the previous day. She immediately went into her bathroom to shower and do her business. Francine, satisfied with her daughter’s actions, left the room and began making breakfast for both of them. She relished the feeling of being stark naked in her house while she waited for her daughter. Laura eventually came downstairs in just a towel and sat down at the dining room table. Francine served their breakfast and they ate in near silence as they patiently chewed and swallowed.  
  
“Oh, I’m gonna be late!” Laura shouted as she ran upstairs.   
  
Francine bussed their plates to the sink and walked upstairs to see how her daughter was doing.  
  
“MOM!!!!!” Laura shouted.  
  
Francine ran to her daughter’s room, finding Laura stark naked and realized she was in a similar predicament.  
  
“You can’t find your underwear either?” Francine asked her daughter.  
  
“Did you forget where you put them?” Laura asked her mother.  
  
“I only washed my own clothes yesterday. I didn’t even come into your room.” Francine stated.  
  
“Well, they were in here yesterday. They couldn’t just walk off, could they?” Laura snapped back.  
  
“Hey, I’m just as annoyed as you are. I have no clue where they went.”  
  
“I’m not the one who’s scatterbrained ALL THE TIME!!!!!!” Laura screamed  
  
Francine felt tears begin to well up behind her eyes. Laura had never raised her voice like that. She suddenly felt very hurt.  
  
“Oh, Mom. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to…”  
  
“No, you’re right. I’ve been scatterbrained. I should be able to admit that I’ve been…forgetful lately. It’s not fair for you to carry my burden. You’re too young to have such responsibility. I’ll try to remember what I did yesterday.”  
  
Francine left the room, and Laura sat on her bed, reflecting on her behavior. She’d never done anything like that before. She wasn’t sure where that had come from, or if it was a good or bad thing. Francine tried to think of what happened after she finished with the laundry, and suddenly remembered…  
  
“Trysten!” Francine muttered to herself.  
  
Francine called the delivery service, but they said she didn’t come to work until 11am. She just had to wait until then, and hope she could either come clean or tell her what happened.  
  
“Laura, I’m sorry, but I think we’ll just have to go without underwear today.” Francine explained to her daughter.  
  
“It’s fine, really. I should be more sympathetic to your…state of mind. I’ll get dressed, but I hope you figure things out by the time I get back, ok?”  
  
Francine hugged her daughter, and Laura left to get dressed, finding a t-shirt and knee length skirt. She thought about wearing the bra she had on the previous day, but with it still dripping in formaldehyde, she wasn’t sure it would be safe. She hoped her teachers and Principal Wright didn’t notice her braless state. She came downstairs to find her mother dressed rather formally. She looked like she was ready to go to an expensive restaurant or semi-formal party.  
  
“Come on, Laura. I have to be at Sinclair’s by nine. Are you ready?”  
  
“Mom, what’s going on?”  
  
“I told you, silly. I have some important interviews lined up today. There’s an ad agency, a temp agency, and a clothing store! I hope I get something, but like I said, I might not be home when you get back.” Francine explained as they got in the car.  
  
Francine drove Laura to the front of the school. Laura got out of the car and slung her backpack on her shoulder. She bid Francine goodbye and walked into the school. She thought she’d feel odd wearing clothes without any underwear, but the only thing that was different from yesterday was that she was wearing a skirt, which gave a nice updraft as she walked. Of course, she was confident that no one would catch a glimpse of her privates as she walked, since her skirt was long, yet not loose enough to catch the wind. She just hoped her outfit would stay that way, with her luck yesterday still in her mind, she hoped she wouldn’t have to repeat her strip in the hallway in order to wear something in the lost and found.  
  
Laura arrived at school and was surprised to see Lindsay waiting for her.   
  
“Hey, Laura.”  
  
“Lindsay, what are you doing here?”  
  
“I wanted to know how your plans for your mom are going.” Lindsay explained.  
  
“Well, not so good. It seems she’s getting worse. I caught her outside naked behind our mailbox when I got home from school the other day. Yesterday, she insisted on driving me to school wearing only an apron. I’m not sure if she’s horny or just forgetful.”  
  
“Hmm, it could be her sexuality is getting in the way of her cognitive function.” Lindsay suggested.  
  
“What suddenly makes you an expert?”  
  
“Nothing, just that there was an episode of Seinfeld that joked about it. One of the guys decided to not devote his time thinking about getting laid, and he ended up learning another language, doing better at his job, and becoming a more intelligent person.”  
  
“How does that apply to my mom?”  
  
“You didn’t let me finish. Their female friend, Elaine, sees how well it works for the guy, so she tries it, but it has the opposite effect. She ends up becoming a total nitwit. They conclude that her sex drive is not connected to her intelligence the same way it is for guys. Sex is a distraction for guys, but women need release. If you don’t let loose once in a while, your brain gets backed up and you become completely moronic.”  
  
“Yeah, but that’s just a TV show. That shouldn’t be true in real life, right?”  
  
“I don’t know, but it makes sense.”  
  
“So, your solution is to get my mom laid? Eww…”  
  
“Hey, it’s only an idea. I can come over and see what I can do.”  
  
“That’s nice, but she has to meet with the principal after school today. She thinks it’s for a job, but it’s really about me being caught naked, and them assuming I was streaking on purpose.”  
  
“What do you think is gonna happen?”  
  
“I don’t know, but it can’t be good. I’ll call you tonight if I’m not on full lockdown.”  
  
Laura now had to get to her first class: Art. She grabbed her sketch pad from her locker and ran to the room. She was able to arrive before the tardy bell. She was about to take her seat when she noticed they were all taken.  
  
“Ah, Miss. Rogers. So glad you could join us. As you know, class policy is that whoever is the last to arrive must be the model for the class. So, come this way.” Mrs. Daniels, the art teacher, explained.  
  
Laura followed the woman to the far left of the class to where there were a few steps leading onto a dais for the model to pose. Right next to the steps, a modesty partition was placed for the models to change, as they would be expected to model in an array of outfits and with various props. Mrs. Daniels ushered her behind the partition so no one could see her and handed Laura a bikini.  
  
“Mrs. Daniels, isn’t it a bit unsanitary for me to wear that?” Laura asked.  
  
“Oh, it’s fine, dear. We replace the lining and wash it after every use. Go ahead and try it on.”  
  
With that, the woman left Laura to contemplate what she had to do. She slipped off her blouse first, baring her breasts. She tied the top on as best she could, and was surprised how well it fit. However, the outlines of her nipples were clearly shown. She took a deep breath before shucking off her skirt before having to tie on the bottoms. They fit snug, and caused a slight camel toe effect on the front, which made her blush. She tried to tug at the crotch and adjust it, but nothing helped. She sighed and walked out to the middle of the dais.  
  
“Great! Miss. Rogers, you are to act like you’re at the beach. You’re standing in the shade, probably watching people and boys walk by. Give me your best bored pose.”  
  
Laura complied by cocking her hip to the right with her right hand on her right hip, and her left hand held up to her face to make it look like she was checking out her cuticles. She held the pose for fifteen minutes before being able to rest by lying on a beach towel.

“Okay, now you’re sunbathing. You lie on your stomach and rest your head on your arms. Face the students, okay. Now, I’m just going to make a small adjustment.” Mrs. Daniels said before climbing onto the dais.  
  
She knelt down next to Laura and untied the bikini’s string on her back.  
  
“What’re you doing?” Laura quickly whispered.  
  
“I didn’t think you’d do it if I asked. A real sunbather doesn’t want tan lines on her back if she can help it.”  
  
With that, the woman climbed down and let the students draw her for fifteen minutes. Afterward, Mrs. Daniels had the oddest request.  
  
“You look so cute, Laura. I wonder if we could recreate the Banana Boat ad of the little girl getting her swimsuit pulled on, exposing part of her cute behind.”  
  
Laura was speechless, as was the class. Never had she asked for such a risqué pose from anyone. Unfortunately, Laura’s silence made Mrs. Daniels figure she was willing to try it out. The woman climbed onto the dais and untied the string behind Laura’s neck and pulled it free from the mortified girl.  
  
“Come on now, Laura. Use the towel to cover your chest and just stand as if you were in mid-stride. I’ll figure out the rest.” Mrs. Daniels instructed.  
  
Laura clutched the beach towel to her chest as best she could and stood up using only her legs for balance. As she waited, Mrs. Daniels tried to figure out how to keep Laura’s bikini bottoms in the right position of being pulled away, yet not down or off. She thought she’d found her answer and Laura suddenly felt the back of her bikini bottoms get pulled partially down in the back, causing her to turn her head to investigate. Of course, her expression was one of surprise.  
  
“Good, Laura! Keep your head pointed that direction, and keep that expression as best you can.”  
  
Laura was barely able to see behind her, but knew what Mrs. Daniels was using. The windows in the classroom were an old design and were high on the walls. In order to open them, a metal hook at the end of a long wooden handle was used to open the latches on the windows and push them open gently. It was this tool that was now being used to pull her bottoms away from her behind and keep them there so the class didn’t have to draw it from memory.  
  
As Laura contemplated how much of her posterior was on show, her mother was trying to cover her ass.  
  
“I’m so sorry I’m late. I was caught in traffic, but I hope I can still get interviewed.” Francine explained.  
  
Two men and an older woman were seated in a meeting room behind a large table. A lone chair was on the opposite side, which they gestured Francine to sit on. As the woman entered, she held her purse in front of her, as the entire bottom of her dress was missing! A mishap with the front door of the building had inadvertently stripped Francine as she rushed to get to her interview. It was for this reason that Francine was late, as she contemplated going back home in embarrassment. Since the rest of her dress covered most of her front, only exposing the last inch of her crotch, she decided to tough it out in the end and see how far she could go. She sat in the chair and pulled the seat closer to the desk to minimize what they could see of her below the waist.  
  
Since she wasn’t wearing underwear, she was showing off her young bottom, and was now in danger of being seen by her prospective employers. She kept her purse on her lap as they began the interview. Francine did her best not to be distracted by her near exposure and answered their questions thoughtfully and confidently. Everything was fine until she had to get up to shake hands with her interviewers. She almost forgot to hold onto her purse, but caught it as it shifted directly over her crotch. Luckily, her skirtless situation wasn’t revealed, but it looked awkward for her to be pressing her purse onto her crotch as she thanked each of them and shook their hands before opening the door without even turning around as she left. As Francine exited the building, she hoped no one saw her bare ass, whereas her daughter was currently dealing with her classmates seeing hers.  
  
Laura was hoping her impromptu stripping would be short, but disaster struck. As she stood in front of the class, her bikini bottoms failed and the ties over the hip facing the class suddenly snapped. The sudden release of the string made the wooden rod fall to the floor with a clank. Since she had been in mid-stride, Laura wasn’t surprised to feel the remnants of the bikini bottoms slide down her leg and pool at her ankle. Mrs. Daniels once again climbed onto the dais and reached down to untie the bikini bottoms.  
  
“Sorry, Laura. I need to see what kind of damage these sustained.”  
  
The woman looked at the ties before concluding the garment was no longer wearable. She tossed it in the trash while Laura now stood in front of her class with only a beach towel separating her from full frontal nudity. To Laura’s chagrin, Mrs. Daniels encouraged everyone to continue drawing her in this way for the remaining time.  
  
At the end of class, Laura was able to get dressed without any problems. The only effect was several students in her class complimented her cute butt. Boys and girls alike seemed to appreciate her bravery as well as her body. Laura left the room feeling confident but also slightly violated. She had to take her mind off that now, as her next class was Math. Laura was fond of Math, and she wanted to be able to concentrate during the lesson. Often times, she would be called upon to solve a problem on the board and was one of the few who would get it right the first time.  
  
Meanwhile, Francine was working on a problem of her own. She needed to find something to cover her scantily clad backside fast. She was able to find a clothing store that was open and dashed inside, still holding her purse in front of her. However, as she walked in, she figured that she should really be holding her bag behind her as that was what was really being exposed. She held her bag over her taut bottom and sashayed around the store, hoping to find something that wouldn’t clash with the rest of her outfit.  
  
She tried on many pairs of pants, shorts, and skirts, but none were professional-looking enough for a job interview. However, that’s when she spied something she didn’t think she’d find in a modern store. It was from a bygone era, but was something that could be formal and somewhat casual. She wasn’t sure about the practicality, but it was the only thing she could find that would work.  
  
“How much is that dark blue jumpsuit?” Francine asked the male clerk.  
  
“Oh, it’s the last one. I’ll give you a great deal for it, IF you lower your purse for me.” The male clerk smiled.  
  
Francine sighed and accepted the offer. She turned around and showed him her bare behind. He smiled and removed the tags from the jumpsuit before handing it to her.  
  
“It’s on the house. I don’t think I’ll ever want to forget the lady who came in here without any pants and showed me her naked ass.” The clerk playfully flirted.  
  
“Well, thanks. Though, I’m not sure if I’d come back here since I’d be too embarrassed to show my face in here again.”  
  
“Well, you already seem quite em-bare-assed already!” the clerk shot back.  
  
Francine blushed and ran to the changing room to put on her purchase. There was no way she’d walk out of the store flashing her butt if she could help it. She pulled the jumpsuit on up to her waist and was happy to see it fit her nicely. She could bend over and crouch in it with no problem. Then, she pulled it up the rest of the way and put her arms in the sleeves. She was grateful these fit as well. She pulled the zipper on the front and was about to rejoice when she felt the jumpsuit get tight. She looked down and saw the zipper stopped right between her breasts. The jumpsuit wasn’t designed to contain women’s bosoms apparently, so she couldn’t pull the zipper all the way up. She was about to sulk when an idea popped into her head. She was still wearing the remnants of her dress, and it could be thick enough to make the jumpsuit tighter than it should be.  
  
Thinking quickly, Francine shrugged off the jumpsuit so the top fell to her waist and pulled the last bit of her dress off her body, rendering her topless. She then pulled the top of the jumpsuit back on and tried the zipper again. She got it between her breasts again and it went a little higher, but stopped again. It gave her tremendous cleavage, but she didn’t think it was appropriate for an interview, so she would wear the top half of her dress under the jumpsuit and still be modest. To her horror, she found the zipper to be stuck. Try as she might, she couldn’t get it to budge. She was now stuck wearing a jumpsuit that showed a generous amount of her cleavage. She was just happy the next interview would be with a temp agency who would try to place her in a suitable profession.  
  
As she drove to her next interview, Laura was just getting done with the problems she’d been given. The girl completed them admirably and correctly. This had some repercussions after class as she was confronted by a few female students who took umbrage to the fact she was so smart and making everyone else look stupid.  
  
“I’m sorry if you feel that way, but that just means I’m smarter than you. If you don’t like it, you can kiss my ass!” Laura spat at the group.  
  
“Oh, then if you don’t mind, I think I will!” The group’s leader screamed before lunging at Laura’s skirt.  
  
The poor girl didn’t know what was going on. One minute she was insulting her, now she’s yanking her skirt up to supposedly kiss her butt? Laura didn’t fight if the girl really wanted to debase herself like that. However, reality set in when she felt her skirt descend to her knees. She tried to bend her knees to keep her skirt and moved her hands to cover her pussy. However, the bully pulled the garment off Laura and waved it around like a flag. Laura didn’t scream or whine, hoping that not getting a rise out of her would make them stop. Luckily for Laura, the girl did. However, she shoved the skirt over Laura’s head before leaving.  
  
Laura had to uncover herself for a moment to take her skirt off her head and pull it up her legs. She collected herself and went onto English class. As she sat at her desk, the sensation of wearing a skirt without any underwear was a bit unnerving. It was a reminder that she was completely naked under her clothes, and only one layer of cotton separated everyone from her naked body. She shuddered at the thought, but remained attentive.  
  
It was time for Francine to meet with the temp agency to see what jobs she would be a good fit for her to do. She tried holding her bag over her ample cleavage, but it looked too silly. She tried to cover it with her hands, but that looked downright lewd. She settled on just going in there as is, and act like nothing is wrong. Her breasts were prominently featured and EVERYONE was privy to the amount of flesh she was showing. Of course, this shocked a couple of them, but the interview had to go on.  
  
“So, Mrs. Rogers…” The only female interviewer began. She looked up from her notes for the first time to see Francine’s cleavage, and trailed off.  
  
“Yes?” Francine asked, expectantly.  
  
“Sorry. Mrs. Rogers, what makes you think you’re qualified for this job?”  
  
“Oh, I’m not sure exactly. And please call me Francine. I’d like everyone to be on the same level as me.”  
  
“That’s admirable. Okay, let’s get down to business.” Commented the Indian man.

“Let’s start simple. What experience do you have?” Asked the middle-aged white man.  
  
“I’m afraid I have none. I have been spending the last ten years of my life raising a daughter.” Francine answered.  
  
“Oh, that’s surprising.” The woman added.  
  
“You’ve been a mother for so long, do you think you have the proper skills to compete in the workplace?” the Indian man asked.  
  
“I think I have other qualities that will help me get ahead.” Francine answered, not knowing the double entendre she’d delivered.  
  
“I see, and have you used these qualities before?” the woman asked.  
  
“Well, if I didn’t, I wouldn’t have been able to get married and raise my daughter.” Francine answered.  
  
“My, you’re very honest, aren’t you?” the white man smiled.  
  
“It’s all me. I just put it out there for you. If you don’t like it, deal with it.” Francine argued, thinking they were questioning her resolve.  
  
“I see. I think we can figure out something. We’ll call you if anything opens up.” The woman concluded.  
  
“Really? Gosh, I’m gushing right now, thank you so much!” Francine smiled and left.  
  
After she was out the door, the interviewers raised their eyebrows at each other before they ran their hands on the seat Francine had been sitting on, and were relieved to see it was completely dry. They shrugged and moved on to the next interviewee. Francine left to go home and change before her final interview with a clothing store. It was her last resort in case the others didn’t pan out. She was still looking forward to working at the school, but this was the one job she knew she could do. She was interviewing for a sales associate position to sell clothes at a department store. She wanted to look stylish, so couldn’t conduct the interview in a jumpsuit. She wasn’t too far from home, and neither was the store. She figured she’d stop by the house for lunch anyway.  
  
Francine drove back home, but was surprised to see Trysten standing outside the front door. The woman got out of the car, making sure her jumpsuit wasn’t exposing anything too vulgar. She strode up to the girl, who had been facing the door this whole time.   
  
“Trysten? What are you doing here?” Francine asked.  
  
“Oh, I heard you called the delivery service asking for me. I figured it was because of what happened yesterday, so I rushed over. Was there something I could help you with?” Trysten asked.  
  
“Well, it seemed like I fell asleep while you were still here, and when I woke up, you had left already. I didn’t think anything of it until this morning. Somehow the underwear from both my daughter’s and my room has vanished. I have no idea what happened to them even though I remember folding them and putting them away. Since you were here, do you know anything about that?” Francine explained.  
  
“Hmm. You know, when you were eating, you kept complaining about how hot you were, even though you were already naked. You demanded that I gather up all of the underwear in the house. I asked you why, and you said it was because underwear was constricting and made you feel too warm during hot days. You concluded that you and your daughter wouldn’t miss them since it would make both of you feel much better. I tried to protest, but you insisted. So, I gathered up all of the underwear I could find, and placed them in bags before loading them into my car. You told me to donate them to the school. They weren’t sure what to do with them, but they took them.” Trysten explained, lying about the idea being Francine’s.  
  
“So there’s no way to get them back?” Francine asked.  
  
“Afraid not. At least you and your daughter will be more comfortable.” Trysten joked.  
  
As Francine tried to figure this out, Trysten turned and walked away, smirking to herself. She had to hurry if she was to catch Laura before her class ended…  
  
Laura’s English class was almost over and was finally getting used to feeling nothing but her shirt and skirt as she sat in her English class. She couldn’t believe what had happened in just the short time she was at school. She sighed and put her head on her desk and waited for the bell to ring. However, relaxation wasn’t to find her yet, as the bully that had stripped her earlier was sitting behind her. She liked how much fun she had with Laura, and she wanted to try something bigger. Laura’s lull into slumber was interrupted by a hand tapping on her shoulder. Laura was shocked to see the girl who had exposed her earlier.   
  
“What do you want?” Laura groaned.  
  
“Why do you think I want something? It’s not like you know me. Wait, you DO!” the girl explained.  
  
“Before today, I’ve never even met you!” Laura shot back.  
  
“That hurts, Laura. We were friends once. Remember your first day at kindergarten?”   
  
“Um, that was over 11 years ago…”  
  
“You were too shy to talk to anyone, so I struck up a conversation with you. I showed you around the room and had you meet all my friends. Then you go off and play in the other side of the room with stupid Roxy!”  
  
“What? I don’t even remember that.”  
  
“I thought we were gonna be friends forever, but you never even talked to me after that..”  
  
“You’ve been harboring this grudge since we were kids? I had no idea you felt that way, uh…Tammy?”  
  
“Trysten. My name’s TRYSTEN.”  
  
“I’m sorry, Trysten. I can only say that we were kids, and I made a mistake. You can hang out with me and Roxy after school.”  
  
“You still hang out with that lame-o?!”  
  
“We happen to be best friends. We have a lot in common. Again, sorry I didn’t pick you, but if you’re the type of person who likes to push people around because they weren’t your friend in kindergarten, I’m pretty sure I made the right choice.”  
  
Trysten steamed, but didn’t explode. She figured she would do something during lunch. However, a thought occurred to her.  
  
“You know, I think there’s a way for you to make it up to me.”  
  
“What? Do I have to streak the school, drink toilet water, or something?”  
  
“No! I was thinking something more daring. How about you give me your skirt?”  
  
“What? No way!”  
  
“I’ll trade you my skirt…”  
  
“No.”  
  
“Look, I’ll even go first.”  
  
Laura heard Trysten shuffling in her seat before tossing a skirt onto her desk. Laura didn’t expect her to do that, but now that she did, it made her reconsider. Laura held the garment in her hands and saw how small it was. She could just keep it, but she wanted to be the bigger person. She decided to humor Trysten and take off her skirt. The teacher was busy lecturing on some literary adventure, but paid them no attention. Laura tossed her skirt behind her and quickly pulled Trysten’s skirt on. It was quite small, hugging her like a second skin. At least it was a decent length, coming down to just above her knee. The bell rang shortly after, and Laura turned to see if Trysten had to scramble to get covered. However, she saw her nemesis wearing a pair of long pants!  
  
“Surprised? I wasn’t wearing a skirt, dummy. I just had one to give you the whole time. Be careful, as I’m sure you’ve noticed how tight it is. I hope it doesn’t rip or ride up too much!” Trysten quipped before heading out to the hallway.  
  
It was the end of the day, and all the halls were filled with students. Laura was pushed every which way before finding her footing and making her way to the front doors with the others. She waited in line for the bus, and noticed more than a few glances her way. She was confused for a second before she remembered Trysten’s warning. She looked down and saw that the skirt was still covering her front. However, she moved her hand behind her to check for any possible malfunctions. She groaned when she found what she was looking for. A large tear had formed from the hem to about halfway up the skirt. Luckily, it was on the right side, but the stretchy nature of the skirt meant that the material had contracted. Instead of showing a hint of thigh, her entire right leg was exposed up to her hip, and her bottom would peek out every time she took a step.   
  
“What’s the matter? Someone have a problem with their clothing choice?” Trysten’s voice echoed in the room.  
  
Laura ignored the girl and thought of how to fix her problem. She could leave it, but possibly flash her ass at everyone. Otherwise, she could rip the other seam so the front and back would fall in the middle, and hopefully will cover her better. She took a deep breath and used her strength to rip the other seam. She made sure she didn’t flash anyone in the process, and was happy with the result. Her thighs and hips were showing, but the rest of her remained covered for the most part. She sighed and continued to wait for the bus, all the while ignoring Trysten’s jibes.   
  
As she was waiting, she didn’t know Trysten was positioning herself right behind her. The bully wanted a reaction out of her, and now she had to take drastic action. She was right behind Laura and grabbed the hem of her skirt and yanked upward, exposing her bare ass to everyone outside! Laura didn’t want to chance destroying the skirt, so she had no choice but to stand there while everyone stared and laughed. Many pointed out that Laura was going commando, which made her blush even more. The bus finally arrived, and Trysten let go of the skirt and let Laura get on. Of course, with the skirt made of stretchy material, it wouldn’t fall back into place so easily. It bunched up at her waist, letting everyone have a great view of her rear as it swayed up the stairs into the bus.

Francine was looking forward to her final interview today. She was able to remove the jumpsuit before leaving. She felt sexy and couldn’t wait to bring that energy to her interview! She drove to the mall and quickly made her way to the store. She told the cashier that she was there for the interview, and was directed over to the back room. On the way, she heard the cashier speak into her walkie talkie to inform his supervisor of her arrival, so when she arrived, the woman was already waiting for her.  
  
“You must be Francine. Just come in and follow me.” The female supervisor said.  
  
Francine saw that the woman looked to be in her late fifties, which made her think that either she was desperate for work, or the company paid well and had good health benefits. As she thought about what that would mean if she was hired, the woman had lead her into the break room, consisting of a refrigerator, microwave, and coffee machine with a few large tables with chairs arranged haphazardly around them. It was here that Francine was directed to sit.  
  
“Hi, I’m Belinda, and I’m in charge of hiring the newbies. I’ve read through your application and resume, and I have to ask: how are you coping?”  
  
“I’m sorry?”  
  
“You’re a single mother with no income. Are you on welfare? Food stamps?”  
  
“Oh, I get welfare along with the inheritance my husband left. It’s enough to get us by, but in the long run, I’d be better off if I get a job.”  
  
“I see. Good for you! If only my son was motivated like you. I can’t seem to tear him away from his video games long enough to eat a meal let alone apply for a job!”  
  
“I’m sure he has time, being a teenager and all…”  
  
“He’s almost 30!”  
  
“Oh! I’m sorry. That can be…difficult.”  
  
“Thank you, but let’s get back on track, shall we? Now, I know you have no college education or experience, but have you ever had to sell anything for charity, or anything pertaining to business?”  
  
“I’m sorry, but no. I have watched a lot of television and movies. I think I can sell you something.”  
  
“Well…”  
  
“Here, I’ll sell you my coat.”  
  
“Okay, I’ll let you give it a shot.”  
  
Francine shrugged off her knee-length raincoat to reveal to Belinda that she was only wearing a black lace garter belt and stockings, finished with 3-inch black pumps! Belinda was taken aback immediately, and wasn’t sure what to do or say.  
  
“This coat is made of 100% cotton, and treated with a waterproofing chemical, so no matter how long you stand in the rain, it won’t get soaked. There are seven real brass buttons to secure the coat and even a belt to cinch the coat around your waist in especially windy weather.” Francine began.  
  
Belinda looked around, trying to find a sign of a camera or crew, hoping this was a joke. However, she saw none and Francine continued.  
  
“It’s perfect for a night on the town, a walk in the park, or simply getting from one place to another. It’ll keep your body dry, but only the parts that it covers of course!” Francine explained as she pulled the coat back on to model it for Belinda.  
  
“So, what did you think?” Francine asked, not getting an immediate answer from Belinda.  
  
“Oh, well. That was very…unique. You definitely showed how you need something to cover yourself with. Is that how you’ll be selling all our products?”  
  
“With any luck, yes. I hope that my demeanor would be enough to hook many customers!”  
  
“You’ve definitely shown me your assets!”  
  
“Thank you. I hope you see that I am prepared to do anything to make sure you sell your products. Just short of boldly lying to the customers.”  
  
“I suppose your approach would be useful, but it needs some refining…”  
  
“Oh, I agree. I am eager to learn and be able to refine my assets so they can’t be beat!”  
  
Belinda wasn’t sure where this interview was going, so she quickly thanked Francine before she would do something even more provocative. Francine shook Belinda’s hand and left, feeling confident that she’d done a great job. However, her daughter was having a tough time.  
  
Laura sat on the bus, and realized her backside had been completely exposed once it contacted the cold leather seat. She tried to adjust the item, but the strain proved too much and the skirt popped off! Lara placed her backpack on her lap, but the damage was done. She blushed as she looked around to see if anyone saw, and almost jumped out of her skin when a voice came from behind her.  
  
“Hey, I liked that skirt. Oh well, you can’t have it all. In your case, you can’t have a full outfit!” Trysten joked, taking the remnants of the skirt.  
  
“Shut up, Trysten. If it wasn’t for you, I wouldn’t be in this mess. Give me back my skirt, and I’ll let you be my new best friend, okay?”  
  
“Sorry, but that ship’s sailed. You had your chance, and you’d rather be friends with Roxy. Too bad, your mom’s such a nice person. Shame she can’t remember what happened to your underwear.”  
  
“What do you know about that?!”   
  
“Oh, let’s just say that I’ve come to know your mom very well. Though, I hope to get to know her even better!” Trysten smirked.  
  
“You don’t mean…”  
  
“Hey, your mom’s naked all the time. It’s not very difficult for someone to take advantageof her. Especially when she’s BEGGING for it!”  
  
Laura’s eye filled with rage and leaped over the seat to get to Trysten. Foregoing her modesty, Laura grabbed the girl’s hair and began to thrash her around. She didn’t care that her bare behind was swinging around for everyone to see. She wanted to protect her mother’s honor.  
  
“Get off me you crazy bitch!” Trysten screamed.  
  
The bottomless girl was pulled away by a surprising interloper.  
  
“Laura, calm down. I heard everything. I know you hate what she’s doing, but fighting won’t solve anything.” A calm voice whispered in her ear.  
  
Laura recognized the voice and turned to see who it was.  
  
“Lindsay!”  
  
“Hi, I thought I should help, seeing as you’re not exactly in the best outfit for a public spectacle.”  
  
Laura remembered her half naked state and blushed before she sunk into the seat. Trysten smiled at Lindsay, almost like they knew each other.  
  
“C’mon, Trysten. You’ve had your fun. Give her back her old skirt so she can cover up” Lindsay demanded.  
  
“Old skirt? Who said anything about her OLD skirt? The only way you could’ve known about that is \*fake gasp\* if you had something to do with it!” Trysten explained.  
  
Laura looked at Lindsay and back at Trysten.  
  
“Do you…know each other?” Laura asked.  
  
“Well of course! Lindsay and I go way back! See, after you rejected me, Lindsay here was the one who took pity and became MY best friend!” Trysten said, hooking her arm around Lindsay’s shoulder.  
  
“Lindsay, don’t tell me you’ve been helping her!”  
  
“Go ahead, Lindsay! Tell her what you’ve done!”  
  
Lindsay looked into Laura’s eyes, and she didn’t have to say a word. Her guilt was written on her face.  
  
“Lindsay, how could you?!”  
  
“Laura, I’m sorry…”  
  
Laura had heard enough. She no longer trusted Lindsay, so she did the only thing she could. She pulled Lindsay’s skirt to her ankles and pushed the girl to the floor so she could collect the garment and quickly put it on. Laura rushed off the buss at the next stop and ran the rest of the way home, which was a few blocks away. Her skirt fluttered in the wind and gave many people an interesting peek from behind, but Laura was too devastated to care.  
  
Laura arrived home to find no one there. She was wondering what happened to her mother when she remembered with dread that she was meeting with the principal. Speaking of which, Francine was frantically driving through town to make it to the “interview” with Laura’s principal. She managed to park outside the school on time and made her way to the office.  
  
“Hello, I’m Francine, Laura’s mom. I’m here to speak with Principal Wright. She’s expecting me.” Francine told Maggie, the receptionist.  
  
“Oh, yes. I’ll just tell her you’re here.” Maggie said, getting up from her desk.  
  
Maggie quickly dashed to the principal’s office and collected Mrs. Wright before returning to Francine.

“Hello, Mrs. Rogers. I’m Principal Wright. Come in.”  
  
Francine was ushered into the office that just 24 hours ago, her daughter was sitting the exact same place. Francine was still wearing her coat, so the principal was none the wiser of her state of dress.  
  
“I’m sure you know why you’re here, and let me thank you for taking the time to come see me.” The woman announced.  
  
“Oh, I should be the one thanking YOU! I don’t get an opportunity like this much. Does anyone?” Francine gushed.  
  
“Um, right. Could we handle this like professionals, as I’m sure you know the seriousness of the situation?”  
  
Francine nodded and the principal continued.  
  
“Normally with…occurrences like this, we leave punishment up to the school. However, given the nature of the situation, I think parental involvement is also paramount to make sure the children learn their lesson.”  
  
“Oh, I agree. The parents should have a say in the punishment, so it can be implemented at home if necessary.” Francine explained, thinking it was a test for the job.  
  
“Good, so we are in agreement. Now, for the details. I think a suitable punishment would be…no clothes for a week.”  
  
“What?! That seems a bit drastic. Nothing should require a student to do that!”  
  
“Even a student that streaks through the halls?” Principal Wright looked accusingly at Francine.  
  
“Well, yes. Students of that age are curious with their bodies. If one such incident occurs, the student in question probably wouldn’t do it again. Of course, that might not stop others from doing it. However, if a student were so inclined, I don’t think any punishment would deter them from doing anything.” Francine argued, not knowing she was saving her daughter.  
  
“You make a great point. So, how would you handle it?”  
  
“Well, I’d consult the parent. More than likely, it would be kept to the family, and not made public unless it is necessary for the punishment to have effect.” Francine explained.  
  
“Very well then, I think you have it squared away.” The principal said.  
  
“Really?! Oh thank you so much! When can I start?” Francine asked, thinking she’d got the job.  
  
“Er…I suppose you can start when you get home?” Principal Wright answered, a bit confused by the question.  
  
“I work from home? Wonderful! How much will I be paid?” Francine asked.  
  
“Um..nothing. You won’t be paid.”  
  
“So, it’s an internship then? I swear I won’t let you down!” Francine shouted, shaking the woman’s hand.  
  
“Oh, of course…”  
  
“Just one question: What exactly will I be doing?”  
  
“Well, we were discussing punishing your daughter.”  
  
“Punishing her, right. Um, what for?”  
  
“Streaking the school! Are you dense, or completely stupid?”  
  
“I’m sorry. It’s hot in here. Let me get my coat off.”  
  
Francine walked to the corner where a coat rack was positioned next to the door. She shrugged off her coat, revealing her naked backside to the principal. The woman gasped, alerting Maggie. The receptionist turned in time to see Francine’s silhouette through the frosted glass on the door. She couldn’t tell what was going on, so she ignored it.  
  
“There, now what were you saying about my daughter streaking?” Francine said, dropping back into the seat.  
  
“Well, she…I mean you…wait, why did you come here?”  
  
“I came here for the job. Was I mistaken?”  
  
“I’m afraid you were, but I think I have an idea of what to do.” Principal Wright smiled.  
  
Seeing Laura’s mother strip naked so easily and seem not to be embarrassed by it gave the principal the idea that Laura must have learned that nudity isn’t a big deal from her. She began to plot a scheme that will humble both of them to make sure they got what they deserved.   
  
“Well? Do you have an opening or not?” Francine asked, a bit perturbed.  
  
“Oh, I think I have the perfect job for you. I’ll have to make sure everything’s set up. I’ll call you tomorrow with the details.”  
  
Francine shook the woman’s hand and left, forgetting her coat. The principal shook her head, but didn’t call her back in.   
  
Laura waited patiently for her mother to arrive, not expecting her to get out of her car stark naked! Before the girl had a chance to berate her mother, a scream sounded at the end of the driveway.  
  
“Harlot! You dare parade yourself around like a piece of meat in front of OUR daughter!”  
  
Francine knew the voice. It was someone she wished she didn’t have to deal with, especially after the messy court proceedings.  
  
“Hi, Nancy. How’ve you been?” Francine off-handedly greeted Laura’s biological mother.  
  
“Fine, until I saw you getting out of that car! Were with some guy you met off the street, or did you just work the corner downtown for some extra cash?!”  
  
“Nancy, I don’t have time for this. I have to get dinner ready.”  
  
“Do you even know you’re naked?!” Nancy finally asked.  
  
Francine scoffed and looked down. It was the first time she realized she was in fact unclothed. She looked at Nancy, then around the driveway to see where her clothes went.  
  
“What did you do to my clothes?!” Francine accused Nancy.  
  
“I didn’t do anything. You got out of your car like some cheap slut!”  
  
Francine’s face turned beet red. Partly from anger, but mostly from embarrassment. She must have met Laura’s principal like this! Not to mention the department store! She slumped to the ground and covered herself as best she could. Laura ran out with a blanket and covered her naked mom.  
  
“Laura! How can you let this whore be your mother?! I’m the one who birthed you, who cared for you before that poor excuse for a man traded me in for a newer model!”  
  
“Don’t talk that way about dad! Or Francine, for that matter. They raised me. Took time out of their lives to actually make sure I was okay. Not leave me with a babysitter to get Botox injections and liposuction.”  
  
“At least I’m not parading around naked where everyone can see!”  
  
“Mom, let’s get inside before anyone else sees!” Laura argued.  
  
Nancy sighed and all three of them went inside. Francine got dressed as best she could without underwear, and joined them in the living room.  
  
“I’m sorry for yelling like that. It’s just that you got the house and my daughter. I felt like you have the life I wanted. To see you flaunting your perfect body in face, it was too much.” Nancy apologized.  
  
“Well, it’s not like I wanted to show you…ALL of me. I really wasn’t aware I was naked.” Francine explained.  
  
“Yeah, could you explain that to me? How does a young woman like you somehow forget that you’re naked?”  
  
“Well, Francine’s been a bit spaced out lately. For some reason, she doesn’t seem to notice when she or anyone else is naked. She acts normal until someone points it out, and she reacts. I’m not sure why, but it’s been getting worse.” Laura explained.  
  
“I’m not sure how this will impact my new job, but I’ll have to just take it as it is.” Francine commented.  
  
“New job? Someone hired you?” Nancy asked.  
  
“Yeah, the principal hired me. That’s where I came from. Now I’m not so sure of what I’ll be doing. She’s going to call tomorrow with the details.”  
  
“Well, whatever it is, you can count on me to cheer you on. Why don’t I stay a few days to keep an eye on Laura? Perhaps I’ll even visit you when you’re working. I’ll get to see what sort of living you’ll be using to provide for our daughter.” Nancy offered.  
  
Francine nodded and Nancy was able to stay the night in the guest room. She carried her suitcase into the room and changed into her sleepwear before return to the living room where the three of them caught up with each other.   
  
“What REALLY brought you back here? I mean, you couldn’t just want to visit us?” Francine asked.  
  
“Well, to tell you the truth, I’m at a crossroads right now. I’ve been offered a job here. It’s less pay, but more opportunities for job growth. I came out here to look into it, and see if it’s what I really want to do. While I’m out here, I figured I’d pay you a visit to see how things are going, seeing as I haven’t been here to see Laura grow up.” Nancy answered.  
  
“You didn’t even write! How would I know if you even cared what happened to me?!” Laura yelled.  
  
“Laura, I’m sorry, but I was busy. I wanted to write, or call, or email. It just never seemed like the right time. I felt swamped, or I thought you might not want to hear from me, and I had no idea how Francine would react.”  
  
“You’re my MOM, no offense, Francine.”  
  
“None taken, I think.”  
  
“Well, I’ll be here for a day or two. Then I have to get back to my normal job and figure things out. I hope we can spend some time together.” Nancy explained.  
  
“Sure!” Laura cheered.   
  
Francine smiled and hoped all of them would get along. Given Francine’s clothing problems, who knows what would happen?