**Hanna’s Embarrassing Accident**

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*Synopsis:  A young girl’s unfortunate accident leads to some very embarrassing pubic exposure.*

**Chapter 1**

I’ve always loved horses. Ever since I was a little girl I spent every moment thinking about them, taking care of them or on a rare occasion enjoying a day on horseback courtesy of a kindly neighbor. I couldn’t wait until I had a horse of my own. Though I lived in the country near the beach, my dream was just that - only a dream and I had to content myself with admiring those graceful creatures from afar.

When I turned 16 my wish finally came true.  A gentleman who often let me ride one of his horses gave a young mare to me as a gift since he could no longer keep it. I was ecstatic!

We bonded instantly. Every chance I had I was riding that horse! I got so good at it that many times I never even used a saddle. I just hopped on and off we went. I named her Angel as she was always watching out for me.  Since it was the beginning of summer I had plenty of time to devote to exploring the off-the-beaten path trails and back roads of my little community with my new best four-legged friend. Occasionally, even though it was forbidden, I would even ride her on the beach early in the morning or late in the evening when there weren’t many people around.  I never got in trouble and I dearly loved the smell of the ocean and the salt in my hair as I rode along at the water’s edge. Angel seemed to love it too as she was always more lively at the beach and always seemed to somehow sense that’s where we were heading even before we got anywhere close to it. I was having the time of my life.

One day I was riding in the woods when I spotted Katrina, a girl in my class. She was also on a horse just walking along some distance ahead of me, oblivious to the fact that I was behind her. I thought about quietly turning Angel around and sneaking off before she spotted me as she wasn’t a very nice person at school. She was one of the popular girls whose family had money and power in my small village. At school I did my best to avoid her because it wasn’t wise to get on her bad side.

As I sat there thinking about what to do, she saw me and turned her horse around and trotted towards me. “Hey Hanna! I didn’t know you had a horse.”

“Yes, she’s ALL mine. Her name is Angel,” I replied with pride as I patted my horse’s neck lovingly.

I prepared myself for some condescending remark that I was sure was coming when Katrina remarked, “She’s BEAUTIFUL!  What I wouldn’t give to have a horse like that.” I swelled up with satisfaction as she spoke those words. She then added, “Would you like to ride along with me for a while? It’s a little boring riding alone.”

To say that I was shocked would be an understatement. She was actually being NICE to me! I agreed to her request and we rode along side-by-side on our horses in the woods chatting about, school; the latest hair-styles; all things having to do with horses and of course, boys! This was a side of her I had ever seen before. I figured the fact that we were both horse-lovers made her see me in a different light. I suppose the fact that I had a horse of my own, in her eyes at least, made me acceptable.

I usually still rode by myself but over the next few weeks we occasionally met up to ride together. I looked forward to these outings and felt like a true friendship was growing between us. Of course we were still competitive as girls often are and sometimes we raced each other to see who had the fastest horse with the winner taking bragging rights for that day.

On hot days I would ride without a saddle wearing only my bikini and on particularly nice days when I was alone in a secluded area I would take off my top to work on my tan as I rode along, not that I was particularly well-endowed, in fact just the opposite, but I hated tan lines. I never spotted anyone and got a bit braver as time went on sometimes even hanging my top on a tree branch and picking it up on my way back home so that I wouldn’t have to constantly hold onto it. Okay, I’ll admit that wasn’t the real reason I did it. I just liked the excitement and thrill of being topless so far away from my clothing. It was harmless fun and like I said I never ran into anyone in all the times I did it.

It was on one of those days that the unthinkable happened. I was riding long topless having left my bikini top on a branch several miles back when I saw a bunch of tree logs stacked on top of each other lying on the ground. Feeling pretty frisky after riding along wearing so little I decided to try and see if Angel could jump that pile. I urged her on and she took off like a flash. It was breathtaking galloping along towards that pile. I leaned forward grasping her mane and practically urging her into the air over the obstacle before her. SHE DID IT! She jumped that pile like a pro. I screamed with joy as we briefly sailed through the air . . . then we landed. I wasn’t prepared for the sudden impact of the ground as it rose up to meet us. The jar made me lose my balance and over her neck I went.  I don’t remember hitting the ground but I do remember eventually looking up at my horse as she stood over me wondering what had happened and why I was on the ground and not on her back.

“It’s okay, girl. It was my fault for trying this without a saddle. I’m not mad at you.”  My horse looked relieved at hearing my words though I knew darn well she didn’t understand a bit of what I was saying.

They say when you fall off a horse you need to get right back on again so that’s what I tried to do. I casually moved my leg to try to stand and the most excruciating pain shot all through me. My leg! To my horror it was extremely painful at the lower calf and starting to swell. I just knew that I had broken my left lower leg! I fell backward onto the dirt and waited for the pain to subside. I instinctively reached down to rub it as if that would somehow cure my injury when I got another shock – my wrists – I couldn’t move either of my wrists or my fingers!  Had I broken them too, I wondered to myself in a panic!

I was trapped, miles from home and I couldn’t walk or even get up on my horse.  Fortunately my injuries didn’t really hurt all that bad unless I tried to move them or put weight on them.  I called out for help but no one was around to hear my cries. I cursed myself for being so stupid! A million thoughts ran through my head as to what I needed to do.

Just as I was beginning to freak out, I saw Katrina riding her horse on the trail in the distance! I repeatedly shouted out to her and she finally saw me and hurried over to where I was laying on the ground! “What the hell happened, Hanna? Are you okay?”

“I think I broke my leg and maybe my wrists. I can’t walk or move my fingers. There’s no way I can climb on my horse. I need help.”

“It’s a good thing I came along when I did.” Katrina said. “Don’t you worry about a thing - I know just what to do. Can you stand on your good leg?”

“Yes, I think so.”

Katrina then helped me to my feet. Since my horse was bareback and hers had a saddle, she supported me as she led me around to the other side of her horse and told me to put my good right foot into her stirrup and try to hoist myself up. She then pushed on my butt with both of her hands as I did so until I was able to swing up into her saddle draping my injured left leg off to the side. It hurt but only for a moment. Without her help I never would have made it. Katrina then took hold of the reins of my horse and led both horses along as she walked out in front. I couldn’t help but think what a good friend she was and how much I needed her right at that moment.

As we walked along a chilling feeling crept up my spine. “HEY! We’re going the wrong way! My top . . . I mean . . . my HOME is THAT way,” I said making my best attempt to point over my shoulder to the trail behind us.

“True,” Katrina said, “But I can’t walk all that way – it’s several miles to your house. The town is just up ahead and so is Doc Johnson’s office.  You need to get attention right away.” Katrina just kept on walking as if she was determined to take charge of the situation and see to it that I was taken care of.  I couldn’t fault her for that but . . . I was TOPLESS!

“Katrina!! I can’t go into town like this!”

My friend gave me a disappointed scowl. “Look, what’s more important here, your health or your modesty? Get a grip will you. This is serious, ya know.”

Just then I heard the unmistakable noise of the town growing ever closer as we walked along – the sounds of cars along the roadway, the prattling of people carrying on conversations, and the occasional racket of machinery from the stores that lined the village. I couldn’t believe this was happening. I was about to ride right through town wearing only a tiny string bikini bottom, baring my small but oh so very private breasts to anyone who wanted to look. I couldn’t bear it! What would they think?

“KATRINA!” I shouted in a panic as we rounded the bend in the trail and the town’s main street came into view.  She just looked back at me, smiled and kept on walking.

**Chapter 2**

My friend tugged harder at her horse’s reins as if to impel her on into the unfamiliar bustling of Main Street. Our village isn’t really that large – only 6 occupied streets really, but it is the center of activity for most of the people that lived for miles and miles. The shops were always busy even during the week and here I was riding on a horse exposing my bare boobs as if I was just a little kid! I think I made more of a spectacle of myself as I desperately tried raising my arms to cover my chest which I wasn’t able to do every well with the swaying of the horse as we walked along. My actions only drew attention to the fact that I was topless! It’s not unusual to see children and even the occasional teenager wearing bathing suits in town on a summer’s day but TOPLESS, well, that’s another story!

People stopped dead in their tracks as they took in the sight ambling down Main Street. Cars slowed and people pointed. I could hear people giggling in the distance and a few things like, “Oh, the poor dear” as some of the more discerning people spotted my swollen left leg.

The more I tried to press my arms against my chest to hide myself, the more my wrists and fingers hurt. Holding them up in the air made them throb. The only way I seemed to get relief was to lower them to my sides, which I was forced to do several times just ease the pain – but then I was revealing everything!  I couldn’t very well get off the horse and I knew in my own mind that I needed help. I just didn’t understand why I couldn’t have gone home and gotten dressed first. Then I looked at Katrina who was obviously working up quite a sweat plodding along on the ground in this heat all for my benefit. I just couldn’t say anything to hurt her feelings.

So off we walked, slowly as horses naturally do, making our way along past the various shops and side streets until we came to Doc Johnson’s place. His office wasn’t really anything more than an old shop along a row of shops that lined the road that had been converted into his small but fairly well-equipped clinic.  He was the only physician in the area so pretty much everyone came to him when they needed help.

With the horses standing next to the sidewalk Katrina began the process of trying to figure out how to get me down. Getting off the horse, even with her guidance, was much harder than getting on. Several times I just knew I was going to fall off and shrieked with fear.

Several men came over and offered their assistance. One fellow grabbed me from behind around my abdomen and lifted me off the saddle as another supported my hind end. Feeling his hands on my lightly-clad butt sent shivers up my spine. As they got me off the horse and tried lowering me gently to the ground I began to slip from the grasp of the man that was holding me in the air around my waist resulting in his hands cupping the underside of my breasts. He dared not let go until I was safely on the ground. Even though it was an innocent action, he apologized profusely as he struggled to get me down, which only made it all the more embarrassing for me. The scene was almost like the Keystone Cops pretending to be paramedics!

Katrina grabbed me and supported me as I hobbled into the doctor’s office as I heard one of the men saying he would look after our horses for us while we were inside. Naturally the waiting room was full of people and they all stopped talking and blatantly stared at me as my friend helped me into the only vacant seat next to a young teenaged boy whose eyes were as big as quarters as he checked out my state of undress. “What happened?” he asked almost out of breath.

“What does it look like happened, Sherlock. I broke my damn leg!” I snapped flippantly.

“There’s no need to get all arrogant young lady.” A woman remarked sitting next to the boy that I took to be his mother. “He was only curious.” I apologized and raised my arms to try and shield myself from prying eyes as I waited for my friend to describe to the receptionist my problem. Katrina was only too happy to explain what had happened in all the gory detail to anyone who was the least bit interested. I was certainly an object of immense curiosity to all those present.

“But, why is she only wearing a bikini bottom? One elderly woman asked.

“I don’t know,” my friend answered much to my chagrin. “She was like that when I found her on the trail.” Her comment elicited a “tsk,” from the old lady clearly acknowledging her disapproval.

I sat there blushing for a good 20 minutes as people came and went. It wasn’t so much the comments that made this so humiliating for me, as it was the silent expressions on everyone’s face as they spotted my condition. Some grinned at their good fortune, others frowned and still others looked darn-right thrilled at the prospect of seeing something they weren’t supposed to see! If I actually HAD something to be proud of up top I might not have felt so embarrassed. I could only imagine what they were thinking as they noticed my tits as I repeatedly had to lower my arms to stop the throbbing sensation in my wrists before I could cover myself up again.  Whenever I did lower my arms away from my chest, all conversation ceased as people looked up to see what was going on. The women were the worst. They kept giving me that knowing grin like they were onto my little secret, whatever that was supposed to be. I sat there mortified until an assistant came out and called my name. I was never so glad to get out of the limelight as I was right then.

After much time had passed in the examining room and several x-rays later the good doctor informed me that my leg was only fractured, not broken and that I would need a cast to keep it from getting worse and allow it to heal. He then proceeded to put it in a cast that extended from just below my knee to almost half covering my left foot. My wrists each had a couple of small round bones that were dislocated and he managed to reset them into proper position. He put casts on both wrists to keep things in place. Those casts extended from the middle of my lower forearms and covered most of my fingers. The result was that I wasn’t able to move my fingers hardly at all, which he said was the point as finger movement resulted in subtle wrist movement which he wanted to avoid.  Surprisingly after he had numbed things up nothing really hurt. The relief was wonderful.

No sooner had he finished than my mother rushed in. The office had called her and explained what had happened. The fact that I must have looked so pitiful sporting three casts was probably the only reason she didn’t flip out over the fact that I was wearing only a string bikini bottom. She had no idea that I liked to ride wearing my swimsuit and she CERTAINLY never would have approved of me riding topless! She didn’t ask about my lack of clothing and I didn’t volunteer anything either. I knew, however, that sooner or later I was going to have to answer for this.

My mom helped me back out into the still packed waiting room. I had to hobble along among the dozens of people who had their wait prolonged because of my accident. At least some of the people that had given me disapproving looks before I went back to see the doctor because of the way I was dressed were now sporting looks of empathy as they saw my three casts. I felt a bit vindicated that I wasn’t the slut that they had thought I was.

Once out the door I had expected my mom to help me into her car but we turned and headed down the busy sidewalk allowing still MORE people to see my naked chest. “Where are we going,” I asked in a panic!

“Doc gave me some prescriptions that I need to get filled before going home,” she replied. “It won’t take a minute.” With that we continued down the sidewalk past another few shops before reaching the pharmacy.  Just like that my mom opened the door and in we walked – such a public place to be wearing only a tiny bikini bottom! We made our way to the back of the store and, after finding me a place to sit, she gave the prescriptions to the pharmacist to be filled. I was afraid my mother was going to sit next to me while we waited and read me the riot act about what had happened, which would have been more than I could have handled at that moment. She didn’t, however. She instead said she was going to look around the store and get a few things that she needed while we were here. She left me there sitting in my chair, once again on display to all the gawkers. They didn’t fool me with all their talk of trying to sound concerned. They only wanted to get closer and check out the half-naked girl – at least that’s the way it seemed to me.

Finally, my prescriptions were ready and we left the store. Getting into my mother’s car was almost a bigger ordeal than getting off Katrina’s horse! Once again I had to have help, as I was not used to the cast on my legs and my hands were all but useless. Do you have any idea what it’s like to be touched on your bare skin by strangers – albeit well-meaning strangers?  People I didn’t know were wrapping their arms around me, clumsily scooting my butt back onto the car seat causing my bottoms to slip lower and lower until my ass was barely covered or having them hold my legs and lifting them into the car. I must have looked a sight!

Upon arriving home my mom ushered me into my bedroom, gave me one of the pills the doctor ordered for me and then started untying the stings on my bikini bottom. Not even my mother had seen me completely naked in years! “What are you doing?” I asked in a panic as the first string fell away from my body.

“You can’t get into bed with this dirty thing. Those are clean sheets. I know you want to be able to do for yourself but you certainly can’t untie these by yourself, can you?

“No, ma’am” I sighed in defeat as the last of my covering fell to the floor. My mom, being a curious mother, lingered her gaze at my nether region longer than she should have – I supposed to check out how her only daughter had grown these last few years. It was truly embarrassing let me tell you.

She helped me into bed and perhaps because of the pain pill, it wasn’t long before I fell fast asleep.

I’m not sure how long I slept but when I awoke I felt a chill. I looked down and discovered that I was naked on top of the bed sheet. Apparently I had kicked off the covers with my heavy casts as I tossed and turned during my nap.

It was then my heart stopped. “Oh, so you’re finally awake. Are you feeling okay?”

I immediately snapped my head towards the direction of the voice and was shocked to find FOUR OF MY CLASSMATES in the room – Donna, Debbie, Billy and Eddie!!! I looked down to see if I could find my covers but they were on the floor. I also saw that my legs were spread apart and, from where they were sitting, they could see EVERYTHING between my legs!!

**Chapter 3**

I wanted to die! It was bad enough that Debbie and Donna were looking at me but BILLY AND EDDIE TOO?!  Of all people to see me naked – the biggest blabbermouths in the entire school!! I was NEVER going to live this down! EVER!!

“How long . . . how long have you . . .”

“Oh we’ve been here about a half an hour,” Donna cheerfully answered. “Your mother told us we could wait in here as long as we didn’t disturb you or wake you up.”

I swallowed hard. I could have just killed my dear, sweet mother right then and there if she had been in the room at the time. “No, I mean, how long have I been . . .”

“Naked?” asked Debbie. “Pretty much the whole time we’ve been in here.”

“Why the hell didn’t you cover me up?!” I snapped as I quickly slammed my legs together knocking my good ankle against my cast on my other leg causing another sharp pain. I wouldn’t have put it past them to have stripped my bedcovers off the bed just to get a look at me.

“Because we didn’t want to wake you up,” Eddie said with a slight giggle trying his best to sound sincere.

“Yeah, right . . . WOULD SOMEBODY HAND ME MY COVERS PLEASE!”

“Okay, Okay. Keep your pants on,” Donna said sarcastically, “oh wait, you aren’t wearing any!” Her comment made everyone laugh but me. She clumsily fiddled with the covers on the floor prolonging my exposure until she was satisfied that she had them untangled and then casually tossed them over my body and walked back against the wall with the others. The cover sheet fell well short of my boobs landing in the middle of my belly. I tried grabbing at it with my fingers to pull it up, but found that I couldn’t get a hold of it. I couldn’t use my fingers at all. I tried using my casts on my wrists to slide it up but that was an exercise in futility. I grew more frustrated with myself by the minute and frantically worked at making the sheet move.

“Oh give it a rest, will ya?” Donna said. “We’ve already seen everything you’ve got for the last half-hour. Besides, it’s like ninety degrees in here anyway.” The others all had smirks on their faces as Donna finished talking.

“What the hell do you want, anyway?” I said with exasperation.

“Nothing, we were concerned that’s all. We came right over when we heard about your horse accident.”

“OH MY GOSH! My horse! What’s happened to Angel? Where is she?” I asked in a panic.”

“Take it easy, my boob-less wonder. Katrina took your horse back to her house and will take care of her until you are up and about again.”

Donna’s casual insult about my lack of endowment wasn’t lost on me but I chose to ignore it. If she thought that I was the least little bit sensitive about my chest she would show no mercy at tormenting me.  “Oh thank goodness she’s okay!” was all II said in reply.

Eddie came over and sat on my bed and put his hand on my arm. A BOY was sitting on MY bed with me practically naked!!  Surely this was so wrong!

“Take it easy. Don’t worry so much. We are all here to help you.”

“Yeah,’ Added Debbie, “Everything will be alright. In fact, your mother is glad that we came and are willing to help.”

“What??”

“That’s right,” Donna said with a grin from ear to ear. “She told us that not ten minutes ago, didn’t she guys?”

“She sure did,” added Billy. “She said she was glad that you had such good friends that cared about you and that she could rely on.”

Good ole mom, I thought to myself. Friends that she could rely on indeed! If she only knew what kind of people these teens were she would never have said that!

“Could you guys just leave? I’m not exactly dressed for company right now. Besides I need my rest.”

“Oh how cute,” Donna said mockingly. “NOW she’s all modest. Listen sister. Katrina told us all about how you were riding your horse topless through the woods before you had your little accident. Why anyone would want to show those little things off is beyond me but in any case that’s your business. You’re not fooling us. I’ll bet you were fingering yourself out there when you fell off your horse. Was that what happened? You lost your balanced during a climatic orgasm?”

“SHUT UP!” I snapped totally mortified at what she had just said. “I was not! My horse threw me if you must know.”

“Then what happened to your top?”

“It . . . well . . . it must have fallen off when I hit the ground.”

Everyone laughed hysterically. ‘SURE it did,” Donna mocked, “and I suppose you couldn’t find it anywhere after the accident either.”

“I . . . that’s not what . . . oh, just put a sock in it will ya!

”Don’t worry,” Donna said patronizing me, “your secret is safe with us.”

Just then my mother walked into the room and cheerfully said. “Look who’s finally up.”

“Mom, I’m trying to get some rest here. Why did you let these morons in here, anyway?”

“That’s not a very nice way to refer to your friends.”

“FRIENDS?!” These aren’t my friends. Have you lost your mind?”

“Sure they are. They’re quite concerned about you and volunteered to help in any way that they could which is really a relief as I wasn’t sure how I was going to manage. I can’t miss any more work and I certainly don’t want to leave you here alone with three casts like you have. What if you fell or something? Why without their help I’d be a nervous wreck at work.”

My heart began skipping beats. “What do you mean THEIR HELP?”

“We’ve volunteered to look after you all day while your mother is at work,” Donna said with a shit-eating grin on her face. “We’ll take good care of you too, I promise.”

MOTHER!! You CAN’T be serious!!”

“Sure I am. What’s wrong with them helping? It’s a very nice gesture if you ask me. Besides I need them. I don’t have any alternative.”

“I won’t let you do this to me, mom. You can’t . . . you just CAN’T!”

My mom removed her hand from behind her back and held up my bikini top. “I think you’ll accept this situation without any further complaints unless you want to explain to me in front of your friends here why your top was found hanging on a tree branch three miles from where you had your accident.”

My Gawd, she KNEW!!  I looked at her and then at my classmates. I was defeated. There was no way I was going to explain ANYTHING to her or them. I’d be in more trouble than I could ever get out of if I had to explain what I was really doing. Hell, she could even take away my horse because of this!!

I let out a sigh and replied meekly, “I see your point mom. I’ll let them help me while you’re gone.”

My mom gave me such a warm yet insincere smile. “You know, somehow I thought you would.”

**Chapter 4**

When I awoke the next morning the sun was already up and shinning on my face through my open window. The cool, gentle breeze of the early morning and subtle scents of the rose bushes in the flower garden outside beckoned me up from my slumber. Somehow all the events of the previous day seemed but a dream – a nightmare really – a distant but unpleasant memory. Surprisingly, I felt pretty good and was only reminded of my incapacitated state when I tried to rub the sleep from my eyes and nearly knocked myself silly as the hardened cast on my wrist slammed into my face. It was almost comical, actually, if it wasn’t happening to me.

“Good morning, Sunshine! It’s about time you were awake.”

It was Donna. Damn, it wasn’t a dream after all. “Leave me alone. I don’t need anyone to look after me so you might as well just get on out of here,” I said as I quickly looked down to make sure I was covered. “I’m not helpless you know.”

“Fine, have it your way. But we promised your mother that we’d stay with you all day in case anything happens. We’re in the kitchen fixing breakfast if you decide you want anything.”

“WE? Who’s we?”

“Why Debbie, Billy, Eddie and ME, of course, who did you think?” With that she gave me a smirk and left the room.

That’s all I needed, a bunch of morons to get in my way. My mother is such a worry-wart! Still, after her not so veiled threat yesterday, I didn’t have much choice.

Those pills the Doc gave me left me a bit groggy but they also took away all my pain so other than being in a little bit of a fog I felt fine. With a little difficulty after making sure no one was around, I managed to slide out from under the bed sheet and, as I had feared, was still naked.

I sighed long and hard. Now what was I going to do? Part of me wanted to crawl back under the covers but that wasn’t going to be as easy as getting out from under them. I darned sure wasn’t going to go out there naked either!  The aromas emanating from the kitchen, however, sure smelled good and were calling to me making my stomach do summersaults. I didn’t realize that I was so hungry!

Perhaps I could find something to wear that I could manage to get on myself.  I looked around my room to see if I could spot anything that I could use but nothing was in plain sight. “Perhaps in my closet,” I thought to myself and tried my best to stand only to fall back clumsily into my bed. Walking was definitely going to be a challenge and not something I was going to master without a lot of practice.

As I laid there pondering my situation, Donna walked in. “Good! I see you feel like getting up and about. Here, let me help you.” Before I could say anything she had her arm around my shoulder and was doing her best to sit me up on the edge of my bed. She was the LAST person I wanted to touch me – even IF she was trying to be nice and come to my aid.

“That was easy,” she said as she patted my thigh. “Would you like me to help you to the kitchen table? Surely you must be starved as your mother said you slept right through dinner.”

“NO! I DON’T want you to help me to the table.”

“Oh, I get it. You thought I was going to walk you out there naked, didn’t you? Don’t be daft, girl. Let’s see what we can find for you.” With that Donna got up and started going through my drawers. Holding up an older pair of plain white cotton underwear she asked, “How about these panties, will they do?”

Just the thought of her touching my intimate apparel made me squirm. She just HAD to pick a well-worn, nearly threadbare pair, I thought to myself. Still, she WAS being helpful, almost kind really. “They’ll do,” I said wanting to get dressed as quickly as possible in case someone else came in while I was naked.

Donna grabbed them, came over to the bed where I was sitting and carefully guided them over my cast and then up my legs and eventually sliding them over my hips as I awkwardly tried to lift myself up off the bed an inch or two using my good leg. At last I was at least partially covered!

“That looks better, now for a shirt of some kind.” She rummaged through my closet and tried some of my blouses but my casts wouldn’t fit through the arm sleeves. “How about a T-Shirt?” she asked holding one up but I had the same problem with them.

After searching for a while she eventually found my bikini top, the infamous top that I had hung on a tree branch the day before, and put it on me. Having her adjust it so that it covered my less-than-adequate boobs was like totally weird though.  She also ultimately found a pair of my only shorts with wide leg holes that she helped me into.  Oh to be decent again, I thought to myself.  At least my biggest fear was over, or so I thought.

Donna helped me into the kitchen and I was cheerfully greeted by the others as they prepared me a plate. The first indignity of the day came rudely upon me as I realized that I couldn’t feed myself. Because my fingers were immobile, there was no way I was going to pick up a spoon or a fork. Debbie immediately took stock of the situation and taking matters into her own hand began helping me eat. For the first time in my life I was humbled at the realization that I needed other people.  I felt utterly disgraced as my classmates Billy and Eddie watched me being spoon-fed. My only compensation was that the food was fantastic.

When breakfast was through we sat talking for a while and for a bunch of otherwise selfish and conceited morons, they all seemed quite pleasant towards me. Little did I know then that it was all part of their plan.

All too soon another problem made itself known – I had to pee. I tried to get out of the chair myself but Donna stopped me, “Just where to you think you’re going?”

“I need to take care of something. I’ll be alright. You guys just clean up the kitchen.”

Donna sat there with a silly grin as Debbie got up and started clearing up the dishes. After multiple attempts of me falling back into the chair making no progress at all, Donna asked, “Would you like some help or do you plan on breaking your good leg too?’

I was beaten.  Donna helped me to the toilet. “I can manage from here I’ll call you when I’m done.” I said trying to be dismissive hoping she’d take the hint.

“Oh yeah? How are you going to get those shorts and panties off? Are you planning on pissing in your britches or something?”

“I can do it.” I said smugly and nodded in the direction of the door once again motioning her to leave.

“This I gotta see. Go on. If you can do I’ll leave you alone. Otherwise I’ll be here to help. I don’t want you to fall and hurt yourself just because of your stubborn streak.

I tried and tried in vain to get them off but it was impossible with both wrists in those casts!  “FINE!” I snapped back sarcastically as I turned a deep red, “Would you please help me . . . BUT CLOSE THE DAMN DOOR FIRST, will ya?”

Donna giggled and without doing as I had asked reached out to unfasten the snap on my shorts and bent down to lower them to my ankles. She looked up at me as she was still kneeling on the floor and slowly teased me with her fingers as she reached inside the elastic of my panties to remove them, starting and stopping to re-adjust her grip all the while grinning from ear to ear as her fingers went deeper and deeper, carelessly brushing my loins sending chills up my spine.

“Hurry up!” I chided, “Unless you want me to piss all over your face you had better get on with it!” She laughed aloud and yanked my panties to the ground and helped me back onto the toilet and stood back looking at me.

“I can do this part by myself” I snapped curtly.

“No sense in leaving as you’ll be done in a minute,” she replied making it clear she had no intention of missing out of one single moment of my humiliation. I did my best to pretend that I wasn’t bothered by any of this but I knew that she wasn’t buying it.  In fact she seemed to be relishing my situation.

When I had finished she helped me stand up by having me lean on her shoulder for support. It was harder to stand than I thought with my shorts and panties around my ankles as I couldn’t spread my legs out far enough to use my good leg for balance as much as I needed to.

“EDDIE!” Donna screamed out at the top of her lungs.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING CALLING FOR EDDIE?! Are you crazy?!”

“I can’t hold you. You’re slipping!”

“I am NOT!”  I shouted but my protestations were mute as Eddie came running into the bathroom as I stood there bottomless.

“Are you guys okay?” he asked half out of breath staring at my pelvis.

“Help me stand her up better,” Donna instructed as Eddie took hold of my other side and tried to steady me.

“I’m FINE!” I protested again, Stop babying me!” But those two weren’t satisfied until I had been “accidentally” groped and fondled all under the guise of keeping me from falling.

“Okay I got her now,” Donna finally said. “Thank you, Eddie, you’re a life saver.” Eddie smiled proudly, let go of me and then headed toward the door when Donna added, “Oh, while you’re here . . .”

“Yes?”

Grab some tissue, will ya? I’ll hold her steady while you wipe, okay?”

“NO WAY!” I shouted.

“Just simmer down. Needs must, I’m afraid. This isn’t exactly fun for us, ya know. It has to be done.”

Before I could react, Eddie eagerly thrust his hand holding a wad of tissues between my legs and began softly rubbing from back to front.

All I could do was groan! It was all too embarrassing yet the sensations were incredible. A BOY was rubbing between my legs! A BOY!!! Oh my gawd, what the hell?

**Chapter 5**

I couldn’t believe it! A Boy – a classmate nonetheless – had his hand between my legs touching my . . .  It was all so overwhelming and everything was happening so fast! I had dreamed about the day a boy would touch me there but, not like this and CERTAINLY not Eddie!!

Donna noticed the expression on my face and tried to console me. “Don’t let this bother you, Hanna. I know this must be embarrassing but we’re not trying to make you uncomfortable. Honest. We’re only trying to help, okay?”

Eddie looked up with a confused expression as he stopped wiping and said, “Umm . . . how long do I need to do this? How do I know when I’m done?”

Donna laughed, “You don’t need to make a career out of it. Just wipe until everything is dry, silly.”

Eddie pulled out the tissue and seeing that it was damp tossed it into the commode and grabbed another wad and recommenced softly wiping. It was clear he was trying to be as respectful as he was gentle. No doubt he was trying to do a good job but, like me, he was clearly uncomfortable with all this as it must have been the first time he touched a girl this way as well. His fingers were clumsily rubbing my bare skin and my most sensitive spots almost as much as the tissue he was trying to hold!

As he wiped the sensations below reached a crescendo. The feelings “down there” were so intense they were electrifying! All too soon he pulled out the tissue and looked at it again and remarked, “Still wet.” And proceeded to toss this new wad into the commode and he repeated the process grabbing another wad of paper.

Donna laughed hysterically and gave me the weirdest smirk. She KNEW what was going on and egged poor Eddie on. “That’s it, keep on until it’s dry.”

What the hell was Donna playing at? Was she trying to have him make me climax or something!

“OOOOHHHHH!” I moaned as he stimulated a very sensitive spot.

“What’s wrong?” Donna asked coyly, as if she didn’t know.

“Noth . . . ing. It’s . . . um . . . my leg . . . it hurts that all!” I said with my voice quivering and my breath panting heavily.

Eddie withdrew his hand and looked very concerned. “Maybe we had better let her sit down. She looks like she’s going to faint or something.”

“Yeah, or SOMETHING,” Donna said giggling all the more. “Help me sit her back on the toilet. Will you?”

Eddie reached out and held onto my waist as he stood in front of me and assisted Donna in lowering me backwards until I was firmly planted on the seat. I was glad to be sitting . . . until I noticed Eddie with a strange expression on his face. I suddenly realized that my legs were wide open and he had an up close and personal view of things!

I immediately squeezed my legs together and I knew I must have been blushing profusely. Eddie was blushing almost as much as I was! Clearly he didn’t quite know what to make of all this and politely looked away almost simultaneously as I shut my legs together. Seeing HIS shock and discomfort was more unsettling for me than my own as it made the whole situation seem bizarre and almost too unreal.  My head was spinning trying to cope with all this. If these things happened at a hospital with professionals I probably wouldn’t have given it any thought but these were my classmates for heaven’s sakes – people I went to school with!! I was NEVER going to live this down.

After I caught my breath I said, “I’m okay now. Could you guys help me up, please? I’m ready to get out of here.”

Donna took the lead and the two of them stood me back up. “I’ve got her now, Eddie. Go ahead and pull her clothes back up while I make sure she doesn’t fall.”

Eddie reluctantly agreed and knelt down and began pulling up my panties. Feeling his fingers once again so close to my inner thighs made me all the more aroused. I was sure with his face so close to my pelvis that he would pick up on the feminine scent of my arousal. If he did he mercifully didn’t say anything. After several awkward attempts he finally got the elastic around my waist and my panties in place. My shorts came next which were much easier although his fumbling with the zipper almost made me lose it once again! At last I was dressed again – if one could call wearing a skimpy, loosely-tied bikini top and a pair of shorts dressed.

The two of them guided me back into the front room and placed me in an easy chair. Thank goodness THAT was over!

No sooner had I gotten comfortable in my chair there was a knock at the front door. Billy jumped up to get it and there standing outside was Mrs. Henderson and her teenaged son, Carl. Mrs. Henderson was a close friend of my mom and owned a small dress shop in the village and also did alterations.

“Hello Hanna, your mom told me about your accident and asked me to stop by and check on you to see how things are going,” she said sweetly as she let herself in. “Feeling any better today?”

I told her that I was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances but that it was awkward trying to adjust to the casts. I tried to sound reassuring as I didn’t want her to report back to my mom that things were amiss. I didn’t want mom to worry so I made sure that she knew that I was managing just fine.

Her son Carl looked quite sad as he surveyed my situation. “Gee, you must be in a lot of pain?”

“Not really,” I replied. “Doc gave me some pills and they seem to do the trick. I’m okay really.”

“That reminds me,” Donna remarked dutifully. “It’s time for another one of your pills.” She handed me a glass of water and stood by as she made sure that I swallowed it. I hated those things as they always made me seem groggy like I was in a fog or something. I never seemed to feel like I was thinking clearly just after I took one. Still I wasn’t in any pain so I guessed they must be doing their job.

There was an awkward silence as no one quite knew what to say next. Finally Eddie spoke up and related how difficult it was for me to stand without help and how I couldn’t even go to the bathroom myself because I couldn’t take off my own clothes.

“Oh you poor dear,” Mrs. Henderson said. “I see the problem. With those casts up to your fingers I’m sure you can’t really do much on your own. It’s a good thing you have these friends to stick by you and help. I see why your mother was so relieved to have them close by.”

“We’re glad to do it. We don’t mind at all,” Eddie volunteered enthusiastically. “Hanna’s really a trooper too. She takes things all in stride even when we have to do things that are . . . you know, embarrassing and all.” His comment made Debbie and Billy giggle.

Donna came over to me and put her arm around my shoulder supportively and added, “It’s a lot of work for all of us, really. There’s so much to do. In fact, we were just about to help Hanna with her bath when you knocked on the door.”

“You were?” I asked a bit confused. I didn’t remember anyone saying that, did they? It must be the pills, I thought.

“Yes, we WERE,” Donna said authoritatively. “Just look at your hair. You haven’t had a proper wash since the accident. You certainly don’t want your mother coming home after work and seeing you all pitiful-looking, do you?”

“No, I guess not,” I replied thinking that what she had said made a lot of sense. “But I can’t take a bath! I can’t get these things wet and YOU guys CERTAINLY aren’t going to wash me. That ain’t gonna happen.”

“Now Hanna,” Mrs. Henderson said in a motherly tone. “Donna is right. You’ll feel better after a good washing up. It’s like a tonic, you’ll see. I’ve had some experience with this sort of thing. Help me stand her up, girls.”

What? No wait . . . I . . . I . . .”

Before I could react Donna and Debbie took me by the arms and had me standing in no time. Mrs. Henderson came over and began unbuttoning the snap on my shorts. She surely wasn’t going to undress me right here in the living room in front of EVERYBODY, was she?!

“No stop! This isn’t a good idea. Not here! Not in the living room! Not in front of . . .”

Just then my shorts fell to the ground exposing my panties to her son and the boys. “Don’t worry about a thing,” Mrs. Henderson said. “Needs must, I’m afraid. You certainly can’t manage this by yourself.”

That was the second time I had heard that phrase and I was beginning to despise it. Even in my fog which made things seem like they were happening in slow motion I KNEW that this was wrong. I shouldn’t be stripped naked in front of all these people. That can’t be right, could it? I almost fainted when I felt her hand reach around to untie my bikini top.

“NO DON’T!” I screamed, but it was too late as my top fell to the floor exposing my boobs to the room.

**Chapter 6**

I almost panicked when I looked up and saw the stupid grins on the faces of the boys in the room as each and every one of them had their eyes glued to my now exposed nubbin-like breasts. I was so mortified I could hardly stand it, yet what could I do? Both of my arms were over the shoulders of Donna and Debbie who were helping me keep my balance as I tried to stand.

Mrs. Henderson had me step out of my shorts that were now around my ankles. She must have sensed my agitation as she remarked, “Hanna, it’s not like your friends don’t recognize your situation. They do. This is something that just can’t be helped. Don’t worry about it. They really DO understand. When you grow up you’ll look back on this and realize just how valuable their assistance really was in your time of need.”

WHEN I GROW UP?!! How old did she think I was, anyway?  I was in high school for Pete’s sakes. I was about to let out a tirade that would have made a sailor blush when I felt Mrs. Henderson’s fingers reach inside the elastic of my panties! “NO WAIT!” I shouted but she just smiled and I watched in frozen terror as my cotton white panties were lowered to the ground and I was made once again to step out of them.

“There, that’s better.” She replied as she picked up my clothes and took them into the kitchen leaving me with my arms still desperately clinging to the shoulders of my classmates - totally exposed to the room. I couldn’t even use Mrs. Henderson as a shield to keep the boys from seeing all of me as she had left the room! Things just couldn’t get any worse.

“Hello there, anyone home?”

My heart began skipping beats as I heard a man’s voice call from outside the screen door at the front of the house.

“We’re in here,” Donna called out to the stranger.

I looked in terror as a man who appeared to be in his mid-twenties wearing some kind of professional work clothes entered the house and stopped dead in his tracks when he saw me standing there in the front room completely naked being supported by my friends.  “Oh, I’m sorry. Is this a bad time?”

“We were just helping my friend here to get ready for her bath,” Debbie answered matter-of-factly. “Can we help you with something?”

The man looked me up and down with an awkward smile. He then cleared his throat and trying to sound business-like said, “Yes, I’m from the electric company and just wanted to tell you that we are going to be working on the power lines in a little while and you might experience some random power outages for the rest of the day and possibly tomorrow.” He then stopped mid-sentence as he stared at me some more. “I’m glad I decided to stop by seeing how your friend here is injured. Is she okay? I need to know if this will be a problem - being without electricity, I mean.”

I wanted to curl up and die! This guy was a hunk and he was seeing me naked! Standing there all muscular-like with blue eyes and sandy-blonde hair he was my dream-guy come true and he was looking right at me!  I felt myself immediately gush with excitement down below. My body was screaming, “Take me now. Please have your way with me!”

Then that idiot said, “The reason I ask is that we have to take extra precautions if children might be adversely affected.”

I wanted to scream out at him. ““YOU ASSHOLE!  How dare you call me a child?”

But Donna spoke up before I had the chance, “No, I don’t think there’ll be a problem. We’ll be okay. Thanks for letting us know.”

The man looked right at my chest form a few moments, smirked and then said, “It’s too bad about your friend. I hope she’ll be all right. You know when she gets older you’re going to have to keep an eye on her. She might end up being a guy magnet.” His words made all my classmates laugh hysterically.

I was fuming! Even though my mind was moving in slow motion I knew enough to realize that I was being insulted  . . . or . . . did he really just give me a compliment? I wasn’t really sure. I did know, however, that I was really, really aroused or was that just my pills talking? Even if he was a handsome hunk, part of me wanted to give that arrogant fool a piece of my mind but he quickly turned and left house leaving me standing there red-faced and listening to these supposed friends of mine laughing at me.

Mrs. Henderson, oblivious to the fact that a utility man had just dropped by, finally returned to the room. “There now, I’ve got everything all set up. Can you girls help Hanna and follow me?”

Donna and Debbie helped me turn around and hobble my way after Mrs. Henderson giving the boys a perfect view of my exposed backside. I must have looked a sight with my butt cheeks wobbling as I limped along trying not to fall! I could almost imagine the expressions on the faces of those boys as their eyes followed my every movement.

After reaching our one and only bathroom I noticed that my neighbor had partially filled the tub with water. “This isn’t going to work,” I protested, “How am I going to get in that thing?”

“That’s what I am going to show you. I’ve done this before and trust me, this might seem awkward but I assure you that it will do the trick.” She then took up a position in front of me next to the tub. “Now girls watch me carefully. I want you to turn little Hanna so that her backside is against the tub like this. Then Hanna, I want you to raise your hands in the air like so and then as the girls support you carefully lower your hind end into the water so that you are resting against the bottom of the tub with your legs hanging out in the dry. Then you can rest your back against the wall to support yourself as you hold your arms in the air so your wrist casts don’t get wet either. Just think, Hanna, in a little while you’ll feel so much better!”

“I think I understand,” Donna said as the girls maneuvered me into position. Before I knew it I was gently forced backwards into the tub and was soon sitting in waist high water. I felt like a fool sitting there like that with my legs spread dangling over the side.

“Perfect!” Mrs. Henderson said. “Now, I’ll leave you girls to wash her up. When you are done you can get her up and dry her off. That’s all there is to it!”

“WAIT!” I howled in a panic. “Where are you going? You can’t leave me!”

Mrs. Henderson turned and gave me the most pleasant and reassuring smile. “You’re in good hands. I’m sure your friends can handle this. I have to get into town. I’m late opening my shop as it is. Time is money you know. I’ll let your mother know that I checked in on you and that everything seemed to be going well. I’m sure that she’ll be relieved – she worries so, you know, although I don’t know why as you seem like such a responsible and obedient person. I’m sure you won’t give these girls ANY trouble, right?”

“No ma’am, but . . .”

“Good! I’ll see you later, my dear. I really MUST get going.” With that she left the room and before long I heard the screen door slam shut against the house. She was gone! The only responsible person who stood between me and . . .”

“Right, let’s get down to it, shall we?” Donna said with a huge smile. “Washcloths, where are the washcloths,” she said as she looked around. “Oh never mind, I’ll make do.” She then squirted some body wash into the palm of her hand, and then began lathering me up. She was touching my bare skin with her BARE HANDS!  It was all so embarrassing. She started with the exposed skin on my arms below my casts as I held them in the air being careful not to get my casts wet. Then after rinsing my arms using a glass full of warm water from the tub she started on my shoulders and underarms.

Noticing the stubble as I hadn’t shaved my underarms in a few days, she asked Debbie to hand her the razor and before I knew it she was doing it for me! “There, that’s better,” she said with pride.

I literally gasped as I felt both girls’ hands lathering my chest rubbing their fingers teasingly over my nipples.

“Oooh, sensitive are they?” Donna asked giggling. “Maybe we should make sure we give these a little extra attention,” she instructed Debbie as she continued to glide over my breasts. “She might have scratched them or something during her TOPLESS fall the other day. I wouldn’t want her to get an infection because of poor hygiene.”

It was sheer torture! The sensations of having another person’s fingers touching me that way was overwhelming. I found myself unconsciously rocking my hips against the bathtub floor, lost in the moment as it were until Debbie apparently noticed and remarked, “I think she likes all this attention. I would too If I had been through everything she’s had to endure the last two days.”

Despite their altruistic statements, there was no doubt in my mind that they knew what they were doing to me yet, for some reason, I didn’t protest like I knew deep down that I should have done. I just sat there compliantly and let them do what they wanted. It was shameful I know but that’s what I did.

After rinsing my chest, Donna then asked Debbie to help me stand up. “Just keep your bad leg out of the tub for a minute, Hanna.”

Once I was standing, Donna lathered up my good leg that was in the tub slowly making her fingers up toward my hips. I almost fainted when her fingers reached in between my legs touching my vulva!

“HEY! STOP THAT!”

“Just relax kiddo. I’ll be done in a minute.”  She continued gliding her soft and soapy fingers back and forth across my labia sending me into a dream-like state. All I could picture in my mind’s eye was that young utility man and I imagined standing naked before him once again as he drooled over my body.

All of a sudden my muscles tightened, my breathing became rapid and I began to shudder! I had the most intense orgasm I had ever experienced in my entire life!! The girls were laughing their fool heads off but I didn’t care. I wanted the spasms to last forever! My legs squeezed together so tightly that I trapped Donna’s hand and I wouldn’t let it go until the pleasure has subsided. Try as she might she couldn’t pull free.

“Let go of me, you bitch,” she screamed half serious, half in jest.

When it was over I was so drained I just stood there. I was brought back to my senses when I realized I felt something scraping my skin. I opened my tightly shut eyes and there was Donna shaving my scant pubic hair!

“What the hell are you doing?!”

**Chapter 7**

“STOP IT!” I exclaimed again. But it was too little too late. My precious hair was gone. What had taken me so long to grow had taken Donna all of a few seconds to remove.

“What?” she asked sarcastically, “You wanted to keep that? It was so thin I thought, just like your underarms, that you just hadn’t had time to shave it. Oops, sorry about that. My bad.”

“Oh well,” Debbie added with a giggle, “It’ll grow back . . . eventually.” Her comment only made Donna laugh all the more.

As I looked down I realized that now more than ever I looked like I was much younger than I really was.

“Okay, let’s do your hair and we can call it a day.” “How in the heck are you going to do that without getting water everywhere or my casts wet?” I asked.

Donna thought about it for a minute then said, “I know just the way to do it.” Donna then spread the towels that were hanging up on the towel rack onto the floor next to the tub. “Debbie, help me get her out and onto these towels.”

With much effort the girls managed to get me out of the tub and balanced on the towels on the floor. “Okay, now what, Brainiac, You can’t wash my hair out here, can you? All that work for nothing.”

“On contraire, my boobless wonder. Let’s get you turned around facing the tub then let’s see if you can get down on your knees. If you can, we’ll have you bend over and dangle your hair into the tub and we can wash and rinse it that way.”  That made sense to me as I realized that I wasn’t the only one who could hurl insulting pet names

Debbie chimed right in, “Sounds like a plan.  Let’s try it.”

Once again I was out-voted and much to my surprise I found that I could actually get on my knees and bending over the side of the tub was easy. I had to stay kneeling the whole time, however, bent way over at the waist as it were, because if I crouched into a more comfortable position my arms would get in the way.

The girls then proceeded to shampoo my hair. I really hated to admit it but I was indeed most grateful that my hair was getting washed. I hadn’t washed it in a couple of days and when I usually wait that long it gets pretty greasy so this was truly a treat. “Needs must,” I heard the little voice in my head say causing me to chuckle.

After rinsing, Debbie decided to apply some conditioner as well and began massaging it into my long locks of hair.

“Oh darn it all,” Donna suddenly exclaimed as Debbie continued running her fingers through my hair working in the conditioner trying to remove any tangles.

“What’s wrong?”

“I used all the towels and we are almost done here.” She explained, then, without any warning at all she shouted, “BILLY, EDDIE . . . SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ME SOME TOWELS AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.”

“What are you doing? They’re right outside in the linen closet.” I snapped.

Too late; the boys came running into the bathroom like the house was on fire or something. There I was bent over with my head in the tub and my bare behind facing the doorway!! I could only imagine what a view they both were getting!! I tried to raise my body up but Debbie pushed my head back down into the tub, ‘HOLD STILL! I’m not finished yet!”

I knew what she was doing. She was prolonging my embarrassment by keeping my vulva exposed to the boys and there was nothing I could do but endure the shame.

“WOW!” Billy remarked, “She’s wet!”

Oh that did it. There was no way I was going to take rude comments like that about my state of arousal – even if it WAS true. “Shut the hell up, Billy Templeton.”

“Now, now, there’s no need to be rude. Billy was just surprised that you were out of the tub dripping water all over the place.” Then Donna added, “what in the world did you think he meant . . . OH . . . I get it. That’s sweet.”

“What,” Billy asked innocently.

“Never you mind,” I quipped. “It’s none of your business, that’s what.”

“Geesh, why are girls always so moody? I just asked a simple question.”

Finally Debbie announced that she was through. “She’s ready to dry, I think.”

Donna took hold of one arm and Debbie the other and they helped me to my feet and turned me around. “What are those two creeps still doing here?!” I shouted seeing the boys still in the room.

“We need their help, silly,” Donna said with a sly voice.

“Doing what?”

“Just stand still. This will be over in a minute.”

With the girls on each side of me, the boys, using small hand towels that they had grabbed from the kitchen of all things, began wiping my skin dry! Towels and a stray finger or two rubbed literally ALL of my body – over my nipples, between my legs, and most shamefully between my butt-crack.  If it hadn’t felt so good I would have complained. Instead I stood there silently taking it all in like a good little girl as the boys smiled eagerly and the girls chuckled away. Through it all I kept trying to convince myself that they weren’t taking advantage of me – they were just trying to help. No matter how many times I said that in my head, no matter how many different ways I tried rationalizing it, it still seemed wrong and untrue. Somehow though, it did seem to make me feel better just telling my brain that “needs must.”

Okay Guys, thanks. I think I am dry now,” I said politely hoping to put a stop to it before I had another orgasm in front the boys this time!

“Are you sure,” asked Eddie with an evil grin on his face, “I mean you’re still pretty wet down here.” His comment made everyone but me laugh hysterically.

“I’m sure, you moron! Give it a rest will you?”

The boys reluctantly left the room as I sighed in relief, glad that this ordeal was over.

“Let’s get my clothes back on and get me back to my chair.”

“Oh dear,” Debbie remarked with obvious concern.

“Oh dear, what?”

“I think Mrs. Henderson took them with her when she left.”

“Well . . . we’ll just have to find something else for me to wear, won’t we? I quipped sarcastically.

“Don’t you remember? Donna pointed out, “We already tried everything you owned and the only things that fit were your bikini top and the shorts you were wearing before.”

DAMM! I hated it when she was right.

**Chapter 8**

As the girls kept a hold of me next to the bathtub I silently pondered my situation. This was only the first day after my accident. I could only imagine what the next several weeks would be like. My thoughts were interrupted when I heard one of the boys in the living room calling out “They’re in the bathroom. It’s just down that hallway there.”

Just great, I thought to myself, that’s just what I need, somebody else to see me naked! Before I could protest the bathroom door opened and in walked Katrina! She stood there looking me over and just giggled. “You do look a sight, Hanna.” She shook her head at me as if in disbelief as she looked directly at my body and then, trying to sound empathetic added, “Are you in any pain?”

I told her that I was coping and that the medication the doctor prescribed helped a lot. I really didn’t want to stand there naked trying to have a conversation but I didn’t have a much choice as I couldn’t make my way around without help and the girls didn’t seem to want to move despite my subtle hints. All I could do was stand there totally embarrassed, baring my newly shaved flesh to yet another classmate. Then it dawned on me that Katrina was the one who was looking after my horse. “How’s Angel? Is she Okay?”

“She’s fine. I’ve got her in the pasture with my horse and they seem to be having a good time together. Don’t worry about a thing. I’ll take good care of her until you are ready to ride again. I can just imagine that you are itching to get back out there and ride topless again,” she added with a giggle.

“Shut up!”

“Oh and that reminds me. I brought you something.”

“You did?”

“Yeah, I thought you might be able to use this,” she said as she held out a small paper sack. “My younger brother brought this home from the hospital after he had his appendix taken out.”

“What is it?”

Realizing that I couldn’t take the package from her and open it myself, she fumbled with the bag and pulled out what looked like a pediatric hospital gown. “Knowing you had those casts I figured that getting into and out of clothes might be a problem so I thought that this might help. Here, try it on.”

Katrina then stepped closer and opened up the gown and the girls helped me put my arms into the short sleeves. Like all hospital gowns, it opened in the back but it was soft and completely covered my nakedness. Well . . . sort of. My boobs were covered but the gown was really VERY short. Her brother must have been quite young when he last had worn this. The fabric was embarrassing too as it had teddy bears all over it and it only came down to barely two inches below my crotch. It was definitely a kid’s gown. The other thing that I was soon to discover was that the girls couldn’t close the gown in the back either – it wasn’t big enough to wrap all the way around me and be tied. The material hung loosely off my shoulders leaving about a 9 inch gap between the pieces of fabric thus completely exposing my rear end. “It doesn’t FIT!” I complained.

“Look at it this way,” Donna said snickering. “At least you won’t have to have one of us help you get your pants off every time you need to use the bathroom. You can just plop down and do your business without all that fuss.”

“I suppose . . .”

“You’ve got to admit it’s better than nothing, isn’t it?” Debbie added encouragingly. “Besides, what choice do we have?”

“That’s true,” I reluctantly agreed realizing that I was probably sounding very ungrateful. “Thank you Katrina for bringing this over . . . and for all you did for me yesterday. I don’t know what I would have done without you being there for me.”

“Oh I wouldn’t have missed it for the WORLD,” she replied laughing out loud. “If you could have seen your face sitting there topless in that doctor’s office as everybody looked at your little bare boobies! It was PRICELESS!”

“Yeah? Well you try it sometime and see how YOU like it why don’t ya?”

“Oh don’t be such a spoil sport. I’m just messing with ya. Besides, I know you liked it.”

“Shut up.” I snapped, trying to hide the fact that I was blushing. “I did not!”

“Let’s get her back into the living room. She’ll be much more comfortable there.” With that the girls helped me hobble back down the hall, my butt flashing the room as I went. As soon as I sat down I immediately became aware that my vulva was showing. The girls had to help me by pulling at the hem of my gown, tugging it down my thighs as far as it would go, which wasn’t much, as I tried to lift my body off the chair. I was eventually able to get covered, just barely, but I had to sit with my knees together – not a comfortable thing to do with my fractured leg in a cast. There was no way however that I was going to give the boys in the room another free look.

After a few good natured jokes about my attire the room fell awkwardly silent. Everyone sat around looking at each other – but mostly at me. Occasionally someone would say something or try to start a conversation but it would soon die out. Katrina decided to leave as she had things to do and all too soon I found myself bored to death. At least with her in the room I could have shared our mutual interest in horses, but with her gone I had nothing to talk about as I had little in common with these other classmates of mine. What was all the more maddening was that all the things I usually would have done to occupy myself on a beautiful summer’s day whenever I was bored I couldn’t do because of my injuries.

Someone finally turned on the television to pass the time and found a good program to watch. Just as it was getting interesting the power went out. Everyone hoped that it would come back on again shortly but it didn’t. No TV, no radio, no computers – nothing. “Well, that guy from the power company DID warn us that they would be working on the power lines today. I guess it can’t be helped,” Donna said with a sigh.

More silence.

More boredom.

I found my thoughts turning to my experiences that morning and of all the people that had seen me naked. Never in my wildest dreams would I have ever thought that I would be exposed to so many people without being able to prevent it. The more I thought about it the more aroused I became. Was Katrina right when she said I secretly LIKED the exposure? My thinking was somewhat unclear – probably because of those darned pills! Still, she must have been right otherwise why would I have been riding topless on my horse? Surely it was for the thrill of it all. No one FORCED me to do that. I did it because it was exciting. At least I THINK that’s why I did it. My mind was still in a fog and it wasn’t even 10 o’clock in the morning yet.

The more I thought about things the wetter I got until I was worried that I would soon embarrass myself by having someone notice my arousal. Still . . . my heart began to race and that tingle down below kept overtaking my thoughts. I looked at Billy as he sat across the room. He was blindly staring out the window with his mind a thousand miles away. Clearly he was bored as well. I had never noticed how cute he was before. In fact I had never really paid much attention to him at all. The inner voice in my head softly began telling me to open my legs and flash him – just to see if he’d notice. I couldn’t believe the thoughts I was having. I COULD have done it easily the voice in my head told me but I dared not even do such a thing.

That devilish voice grew louder and more persuasive. I couldn’t get those thoughts out of my mind. I wanted to. I really wanted to, in my fog-shrouded brain anyway. My palms got sweaty and my heart pounded. It would be so easy I told myself – just open your legs a little and see if he would notice. No matter how much that voice pleaded I just couldn’t do it. It was wrong and I knew it. I wasn’t that kind of girl. I wasn’t cheap nor was I a tease. I had my pride. Oh god was I ever wet!

This argument went on inside my head for some time. Why couldn’t I do it? I wanted to. Hell, I NEEDED to yet I just couldn’t do it. I’d die if I did – or at least that’s how I felt. I wasn’t thinking too clearly even still. I was ecstatic when I rode topless but that was different. I never really expected to get caught did I? I was safe. It was all harmless fun. And riding through town topless and being gawked at in the doctor’s office wasn’t my fault either. It was unavoidable and I had no control over . . . what was that . . . I had no control? But I HAVE control now. I can choose whether to open my legs or not. It is all up to me. I’m nothing but a big fat chicken – a wimp, a coward.

Just then my mind snapped back to reality when I heard Billy saying, “I’m bored out of my mind. There’s nothing to do and it’s hot as hell in here with the electricity off.”

“Hey! I’ve got an idea!” Donna said with a sly grin on her face. I had a bad feeling about this.

**Chapter 9**

“Let’s all go to Rockford! We can shop and get something to eat at the mall and just hang out,” Donna suggested excitedly.

“What a great idea!” Billy replied as he jumped out of his chair ready to head out the door. “It beats hanging out here with nothing to do.”

At last, I thought, these morons were going to leave me alone. I never wanted them here anyway. I knew it was only a matter of time before they tired of watching the “poor ole invalid” and found other things to do.

“Hanna, what do you think? Would that be okay with you?”

“Sure, sounds like fun.” I replied

“SWEET!” Debbie cooed. “It’ll be a blast! I haven’t been in a very long time.”

“You all go and have a great time. I’ll be fine.”

“What are you talking about Hanna? You’re coming with us.”

“OH no! I’m not going. I can’t! Not like this. Besides, how am I going to get there? None of you have a car and the only way to Rockford is by bus and that leaves from the village which is two miles away! I can’t hobble all that way. Don’t be silly. I’ll just stay here and take a nap. You guys go and have a good time. I don’t mind at all, really I don’t.”

My classmates all looked at each other in silence. Finally I had won an argument with these idiots. I began to be filled with the most wonderful feeling of satisfaction. They would leave and I’d be free of their gawking eyes and groping hands.

“I”VE GOT IT!” Eddie said as he snapped his fingers. “Wait here, I’ll be right back!” He then bolted out the screen door and disappeared.

“What was that all about?” Debbie asked.

“Beats me, he’s your boyfriend.”

Donna decided that it was time for another pill and handed it to me with a glass of water which I dutifully took figuring that it would demonstrate to them that I would be fine without them. I had eaten breakfast, showered and now had taken my medication so there was really nothing left for them to do.

Suddenly the peaceful room was shattered by a slamming screen door as Eddie ran back into the room and, half-out of breath, shouted. “Pillow, I need a pillow!”

Donna grabbed a throw pillow off the couch and tossed it to him. “PERFECT! Follow me,” he said, “Bring Hanna. It’s all set.”

“What’s all set?” I protested but to no avail as the girls grabbed my underarms and pulled me to my feet and hobbled me towards the door. “WAIT! Where are we going? Just put me down!”

As soon as we reached the door I saw it. Eddie stood next to it pointing at his solution with pride. “Check it out!”

“It’s PERFECT!” Debbie screamed right in my ear. “Eddie, you’re a genius.”

“Billy and I will take turns and you girls can lead the way,” Eddie explained. “With this thing getting to the village will be no trouble at all.”

“Oh NO! I’m not getting in that wheelbarrow. You’re out of your mind.”

“Don’t be such a spoilsport, Hanna. This will work out just fine,” Donna said as she and Debbie literally dragged me to the front of the contraption and gently pushed me backward onto the pillow that Eddie had so thoughtfully placed inside. Before I could protest Eddie lifted up on the handle and started walking!!

“She hardly weighs anything at all in this. Piece of cake!” Eddie said as he pushed me along.

“HEY! STOP this thing! Get me out of here! I mean it, guys. I’m not going to the village ESPECIALLY not in this thing. You can just forget about it . . . STOP, I said!”

Everyone just laughed out loud. “Oh Hanna, quit your whining. You’ll have a great time you’ll see!”

I must have looked so stupid sitting there with my legs dangling out of the front of the wheelbarrow , my arms in their casts sticking straight up in the air as I bounced along the road with the girls leading the way. At least I was sitting on my bare backside so no one could see . . . OMG, my butt! I suddenly remembered what I was wearing. I immediately looked down and saw that my gown had ridden up. Apparently that happened when the girls lowered me into the wheelbarrow. To my horror my vulva was almost peeking out from underneath the fabric. I desperately tried to use my arms to cover myself but it was no use. As the wheelbarrow rocked gently up and down as Eddie walked, the material only crept up even higher! “HEY GUYS! Stop a minute!” I shouted but they kept on going. They must have thought I was trying to keep them from taking me along so they pretended to ignore me by singing silly songs as they walked.

This was so humiliating. I was so pre-occupied with the indignity of it all and the fact that I was being treated like a piece of meat being hauled to market that I didn’t notice how quickly time was passing. I just sat there in that wheelbarrow and sulked. I wasn’t sure who I was angrier at – my so-called friends for doing this to me or with myself for allowing it to happen. My brain was still clouded and things seemed to be vague and surreal so much so that I was having a little trouble concentrating – that is until I saw the village up ahead and all the people milling about on Main Street. It was then I realized how literally inappropriate my clothing was and how embarrassing this was going to be. “GUYS, PLEASE!” I shouted in a panic hoping to get them to stop that childish singing and pay attention to me before it was too late.

I tried to push myself up and out of that contraption but it was no use. I was stuck. Being carried at such an awkward angle it would have been hard for even a healthy person to get out of the thing but being handicapped as it were it was darn near impossible! All too soon we were on Main Street as my group was still singing and carrying on. “To the market we will go; the market we will go; hi ho the Dario - the market we will go,” they sang to the tune of that old nursery rhyme. I felt like such a little kid! To my horror I looked down and by now my private spot between my legs was completely out in the open – the cool air making Goosebumps on my tender bare flesh! Anyone who looked down at me would clearly see what wasn’t supposed to be seen! The sidewalk was full of people all milling about going into and out of the little shops. My heart pounded with fear at being so helpless in front of all these strangers. At first, few people even paid me any attention. Then slowly one by one they began to notice. They noticed alright and they stared.

“Aw, what happened to the poor little dear?” some woman asked as she stood next to the wheelbarrow. I wanted to die! I was shamefully exposed and helpless. There was nothing that I could do about it. I could only hope she wouldn’t notice and say something to humiliate me. I just had to sit there and hope for the best pretending nothing was amiss.

“She fell off a horse. We’re taking her out for some fresh air. She was tired of being cooped up at home,” Debbie answered helpfully.

“How sweet!” the woman said as she looked me over and smiled; “Such nice friends you have dear. I hope you’ll feel better soon, little girl.”

LITTLE GIRL?! Why would she think that – because I was wearing such a childish gown with teddy bears or was it because I just looked like a pathetic little kid? How old did she think I was anyway? I wanted to smack that old biddy right in the kisser but all I did was giggle. That’s right, I giggled. I had no idea why I was chuckling – perhaps it was because I was so embarrassed that’s all I could do or perhaps it was the pills making me respond in such a goofy manner! I really didn’t know but I giggled at the poor woman. Eddie picked up the handle and walked on.

As I nervously looked around I saw people looking at me and shaking their heads. Were they feeling sorry for me because of my injuries or were they disgusted that I was flashing my private parts so shamefully. I felt my face flush with embarrassment. I was a couple of miles from home wearing practically nothing looking like a little kid and there was no way I could make it home on my own even if I wanted to. I was totally at the mercy of my so-called caretakers!

**Chapter 10**

Our little parade was interfering with traffic and it was evident that we had to get off the street. Eddie pushed me up onto the sidewalk and our group kept walking. This made things infinitely worse as people were much closer to me than they had been when we were on the road, now passing within mere inches of my wheelbarrow! There was no hiding below the metal edges of my makeshift cart now. Here everything was available for people see - . It was maddening looking at all the different facial expressions as people passed. The smiles were the worst! It was as if they were saying “I know what’s going on here” or “I saw something I wasn’t supposed to see,” or worse yet, “Oh, look at the little girl dressed in her Teddy Bear Pajamas!” My stomach was all tied up in knots! All I could do was to try and keep up the pretense that I was unaware and helpless.

Finally I could see the “BUS STOP” sign up ahead. The bus company ran a service to Rockford 4 times a day. Rockford was the nearest “big” town to my village and many people who lived here worked in Rockford or traveled there to make connections with the bus line to other cities or towns. Consequently at rush hour the bus was almost always full. Lunch time was no exception. To my horror there was a huge line of people waiting on the sidewalk for the bus to arrive. My heart continued pounding as I realized these dodo-heads were actually going to try and get me to travel with them wearing my teddy-bear gown! A gown that didn’t fit!

I tried consoling myself that with the large crowd that was waiting, the bus would be sold out and there would be no room for us or that they wouldn’t allow me on because of my injuries or how I was dressed. Surely there are rules about this sort of thing, I thought. I began to feel better about the whole situation and hoped that soon we would all be going back home.

Eddie parked me unceremoniously on the sidewalk right next to the door of a store that sold newspapers and magazines. It did a good business catering to those who had to ride the bus regularly. They also sold bus tickets for those who didn’t want to bother with having the correct change every day consequently it was very busy with people coming and going into and out of the store.

The gang went inside leaving me sitting in my wheelbarrow all by myself! All I could do was stare at the people in line as they looked at me wondering what was going on.

“Hanna?” a voice called out above me.

I snapped my head around and saw my high school math teacher.

“Mr. Jenkins!” I managed to say in a startled high pitched voice. “Um . . . I . . . that is . . . my friends are helping me to . . .”

His face had a very puzzled look as he studied me for a moment. “What happened, Hanna? You look pitiful.”

“I had a little accident, Mr. Jenkins. I fractured a few bones and . . . um . . . I’m okay though.” I felt like such a fool slumped back in this ridiculous wheelbarrow wearing . . . OMG! I immediately looked down and my greatest fear was a reality – I was totally uncovered down below - worse than I had been earlier. In fact the hem of the gown was now around my belly button!! I looked up at Mr. Jenkins hoping against hope that he hadn’t yet noticed but his eyes were glued to my pelvis. He must have noticed the sudden dropping of my head to look down at my gown and naturally he tried to see what I had been worried about. He saw alright – BOY, did he ever! My face was burning with shame. Here was my teacher looking right at my naked, now hairless private place. MY TEACHER for Pete’s sakes! Can you imagine?

“Oops,” he said with an embarrassed, little laugh. “Let me help you with that. Don’t worry, I’ll get you right.” He then grabbed the hem of my gown and tugged ever so carefully until I was at last covered. Of course in doing me this little courtesy, his face was uncomfortably close to my pelvis as he bent over and his fingers were practically on the doorstep to my vulva – so much so that I could feel the hair on his knuckles tickling my skin as he struggled to pull the fabric low enough so that it covered the essentials. “Don’t worry,” he said with a kind face after he was done. “These things happen. I imagine there are a lot of things that you can’t do for yourself after your accident. People understand. It’s not like you’re doing this on purpose,” I was sure he added that last part in an obvious attempt to console me. If he only knew!

Mr. Jenkins bid me farewell, admonished me to take care of myself and not overdo anything and then he left.

I mentally kicked myself for being so stupid - My MATH teacher – of all people!! I had such a crush on him last year. He was in his late twenties and was such a hunk. I tortured myself wondering just what he had thought of me seeing me like he did.

“Where the hell are they?” I cursed impatiently under my breath as I tried to turn enough to peer into the store. I couldn’t prop myself up adequately to get a good look so there was nothing left to do but sit and try to act as though I was invisible. Just then the bus pulled up and people began clamoring to get aboard the moment the driver opened the doors. A smile came over me as I thought that maybe, just maybe the bus would leave while those idiots were in the store and they would have no choice but to take me back home.

“GOTTEM,” Donna exclaimed waiving the tickets in her hand. “Let’s go.” Eddie grabbed my wheelbarrow and began heading towards the bus. When he got to the door the driver looked at me for a moment and then looked towards the back at the bus.

“Can she stand?” he finally asked as he got up from his seat.

“Sure she can, with a little help.”

The driver made the couple in the front seat move to the back of the bus telling them that a “crippled girl” needed the seat. Crippled girl indeed! I was insulted but then realized that is exactly what I was – a crippled girl. I HATED being so helpless. The girls grabbed me under my arms and lifted me out of the wheelbarrow exposing my naked backside to the rest of the people on the sidewalk. I couldn’t bear to turn around and see how many people were actually gawking at me. Instead I wanted to hurry and fix the problem before anyone realized.

“WAIT!” I exclaimed in a panicked whisper. “My gown - They’ll see!”

“Oh don’t worry about it,” Donna said giggling. “People will understand.”

That’s the second time I heard that phrase in just a few minutes. I didn’t care if THEY understood or not. It was MY exposed butt that I cared about.

The girls helped me to the bus door then turned me over to the driver who stood in front of me on the steps grabbing me under my arms as the girls pushed me on my rear end as I hobbled my way up the rest of the steps. Twice the driver’s hands slipped as he tried to steady me effectively copping a feel of the sides of my breasts sending a shiver up my spine. When I was completely on the bus, the driver used his leverage to turn me so that I could sit down. I swore I heard more than a few snickers as the people seated in the rows behind me got a good look at my uncovered derriere. Finally I was seated with the leg in the cast sticking out into the doorway aisle in front of me. Donna, Debbie and the boys climbed on and went looking for any available seats in the back.

“This is nuts! How am I going to get about when we get to Rockford?” I snapped flippantly to Donna as she slowly made her way to the back of the bus.

“Don’t worry miss,” the driver said, “I’ll put your cart-thingy underneath the bus in the baggage compartment. It will fit fine. I’ll get it out for you when you get to Rockford.” Then looking back at Donna added, “Clever idea, that wheelbarrow. I’ll have to remember that. Where are you girls going in Rockford?”

“The mall,” Donna replied with a HUGE smile.

The driver gave me a wicked grin and took his seat and started the bus moving down the road. “That’s my first stop.”

I couldn’t believe it! We were actually going to Rockford with me practically naked! To a mall no less! “I gotta get out of here,” I muttered to myself as I felt the beginnings of a panic attack coming on as my little village disappeared in the dust behind us. I felt safe in my little village. Now I was heading to Rockford some 25 miles away! I nervously began looking around this way and that. I wasn’t sure what I was looking for exactly but I needed to do something. ANYTHING!

Then it dawned on me that there really wasn’t anything I could do. I had no control. The miles were clicking away as the bus sped along. What was the driver supposed to do - let me out of the bus to hobble my way back to my village? I tried to calm myself. I needed to mentally accept that this wasn’t any big deal. Handicapped people have to get out and about too. After 15 minutes or so I felt my heart rate returning to normal and that drowsy mental fog began to once again come over me. I hadn’t been to the Rockford mall in several years. I tried telling myself that this little outing could be a lot of fun and that Billy was right in that it sure beat sitting around in that hot house without electricity. How bad could it be, anyway? I loved to shop – even just window shopping. What girl doesn’t? I just needed to try and concentrate on the bright side and not to get all stressed out over every little thing. Heck I didn’t even have to pay for the bus ticket. How often does a thing like THAT happen?

Then I saw it – the mall! My Gosh, look at all those cars!! There were hundreds of them and those were just the ones I could see! This place was HUGE! Much bigger than I ever remembered it being and it was PACKED! To think that a few moments ago I thought that Main Street in my village was busy.

It took all my control not to piss myself right then and there. I wanted to go home!! What had I been thinking?

**Chapter 11**

The driver pulled the bus up to the sidewalk near the main entrance of the mall and stopped. He told me to remain seated until the other passengers heading to the mall got off since dealing with me would take longer. As soon as he opened the door about a dozen people got up and started exiting the bus. A couple of college-aged boys that were sitting behind me got up as well. They smiled at me as they reached the door and one of them said, “It was nice SEEING you today. Hope you get better soon.” The smile on his face told me all that I needed to know.

When the aisle was clear the driver got up and extended his arms beckoning me to try and stand so he could help me up and off the bus. I shuddered at the thought of standing up and flashing my butt again. I couldn’t help but look back towards the rear of the bus to see how many people were still there and as I had thought, there were a bunch still on board and they were all staring at me. “Come on missy, I haven’t got all day. I’ve got a route to keep,” the driver prodded and he reached his arms forward. I sighed and did my best to prop myself up and slide forward a bit in my seat. The driver slid his hands under my arms again and lifted. No sooner than I was standing I heard the familiar snickering behind me.

Donna and Debbie finally reached me and helped the driver get me off the bus and stayed with me supporting my arms as he got my “cart-thingy” as the driver called it from out of the baggage compartment. It took him a while to get it out and the entire time I was standing there on the sidewalk near the entrance as my poor excuse for a gown flapped in the breeze behind me. The ENTIRE busload of remaining passengers seemed glued to the window watching the entire scene unfold. There was nothing I could do but stand there.

As the driver headed my way with my “cart-thingy,” a gust of wind kicked up and blew my gown high up my abdomen completely exposing my pelvis to the people on the bus!!! I screamed and after a second or two Donna reached out with her free hand and tried to push the fabric down. It was so embarrassing!

Funny thing though, despite my distress I felt myself getting aroused and that familiar tingle down below made its presence known. I had just flashed my bits to a bus full of people! Well, technically the WIND flashed my bits but the result was the same. I can’t even begin to describe the feelings I was having. Even now I can still see their faces looking at me as that happened! I felt flushed and a bit woozy. I was wet and week-kneed. Just then the driver arrived and the girls gently put me back into my stupid wheelbarrow. Standing on the sidewalk when the wind kicked up I felt the focus of pleasure. Sitting my wheelbarrow I now felt like a stupid little kid! The driver tipped his hat, re-boarded the bus and drove off leaving me essentially stranded. I wanted to yell, “wait don’t leave me,” but instead I just looked at my last refuge of safety driving away.

“Do I HAVE to sit in this thing?” I protested. “It’s so stupid!”

The girls just laughed and totally ignored my protestations. “Relax, will ya,” Debbie said giggling. “This will be fun!”

“I’m starved. It’s almost one o’clock. Let’s go to the food court and get something to eat.” Billy said trying to change the subject. Eddie wasted no time and picked up the handles and started towards the door.

“WAIT! Don’t take me in there! It’s indecent! Hell, I’M indecent! STOP . . . please!”

Before I knew it Debbie had opened the door to the mall and we were inside. I dared not yell for fear of attracting attention to myself – as if a half-naked girl wearing a teddy-bear gown sitting in a wheelbarrow wasn’t attention getting enough! I just slumped there like a frozen statue. People were everywhere! I looked down at my legs and I seemed to be covered but just barely. If I moved the least little bit I’d flash the entire mall! Do you know how difficult it is to keep your legs closed as you are bouncing up and down in a wheelbarrow over a tiled floor? It was only a matter of time and I knew it.

The group moved quietly through the mall as if nothing was amiss – as if we were just ordinary shoppers. At first I got only an occasional stare as people were basically just going about their business – as if a person in a wheelbarrow was a perfectly normal thing. I laughed to myself as the thought came into my head that a person could probably walk around naked and if she acted like everything was fine no one would notice. What a ridiculous thought. I convinced myself it was my hormones and those darn pills doing my thinking for me. Still the fact that people seemed indifferent to my plight was okay with me. Maybe this won’t be so bad after all.

When we got to the food court it was still pretty crowded. Donna managed to spot a table for two that was vacant and Eddie rushed me over to that spot before anyone else took it. Seeing that places were limited and the likelihood of the five of us eating together were slim, Donna suggested that she would stay with me and the others should all go out on their own and that they could eat, shop or do whatever they wanted provided that we all meet out front by the main entrance at 3:30pm so we could catch the last bus back to our village at 4:00pm. Reluctantly the others agreed. I could tell that Debbie and her boyfriend Eddie were hesitant about leaving Donna alone with me but it was obvious that they loved the idea of being able to venture out on their own as a couple. Billy didn’t seem to care one way or the other and simply said it was a good opportunity to chat up some chicks.

The rest of them bid Donna and I goodbye and soon were out of sight. “What would you like to eat?” Donna asked as she scanned around the various eateries encircling the seating area. “There are so many choices . . . I know, I’ll just surprise you with something. I’ll be right back!”

“Don’t leave me!” I whispered in a panic but it was too late. She was gone in a flash. I was a nervous wreck as I looked around at the people eating their meals. Every time I caught some group looking at me they would quickly avert their eyes, pretending they hadn’t really been looking at all. There was no doubt, however that I was the center of attention. I must have glanced down at the hem of my gown a hundred times just to be sure I was covered. It looked okay to me but I couldn’t really be sure what others were seeing.

Donna finally returned with some stir-fry stuff and a large cup of soda. She began talking to me in an exaggerated motherly tone as if I was a child or something. “Here ya go Lamb-y-kins, a nice hot meal! Don’t worry I’ll feed you. Open wide like a good girl.”

It was sickening. Before I could say anything clever she practically rammed the spoon into my mouth and I had no choice but to eat. People were watching me and grinning! It was so humiliating! Then I spotted them! To my horror were 6 classmates of mine from school! What were they doing here at the Rockford mall?! Fortunately they were at quite some distance away on the other side of the seating area and were busy talking amongst themselves so I didn’t think they had spotted me yet, but there was no doubt about who they were. PLEASE don’t let them see me, I prayed under my breath.

The process continued and got worse as Donna continually “mothered” me, wiping my chin, cautioning me to be sure and chew everything carefully. I wanted to belt her one right in the head with one of my casts. It would have hurt too. It might have made my fracture worse but it would have been worth it.

When she was done feeding me she began eating her own meal as I sat there looking at all the people around us. Most were just enjoying their meals but sooner or later everyone stole a glance at the poor pitiful girl in the wheelbarrow.

Finally Donna had finished eating and was sipping her drink obviously enjoying her moment in the spotlight. “You do realize that I’m going to get you naked at some point don’t you?” she said as she leaned over whispering to me.

“WHAT?!”

“Oh don’t act all surprised. I KNOW that’s what you want. You’re not fooling me. Why else would you ride a horse topless for miles – practically in your own back yard?”

“You’re out of your fricken mind!”

Donna laughed. “I can tell you’re getting off on this. Do I have to finger you to prove it?”

“You’re dreaming. You can’t tell anything.”

Donna got that sly, knowing expression on her face that was a trademark of hers at school. “That sweet feminine scent of yours doesn’t lie, you know. Besides, there’s nothing you can do about it. It will go a lot easier if you do things my way. If you fight me, I’ll make it harder on you.”

“You wouldn’t dare! We’ll both get arrested and I know for a fact that your parents would kill you if that happened. You’re not going to do anything so stop all this nonsense and let’s go find the others.”

The laughter that rang out from Donna was chilling. She obviously wasn’t the least bit concerned.

“Relax, sister. I know what I’m doing. You have the PERFECT excuse. Just enjoy the moment. Just imagine . . . I can expose you anywhere, anytime, in any way I want. Even here! Wouldn’t that be fun?”

I looked at her in terror. I couldn’t figure out what she was up to. Perhaps she was just trying to mess with me and get me all riled up - perhaps as a way of asserting some power-ego thing or something. Surely she wouldn’t really . . .”

“I just love the way your eyes get all big and round when you’re scared to death. Just look at you!”

I snickered. That’s it – she was just messing with me. Her last comment proved it. I let out a sigh of relief. Then suddenly I knew she was deadly serious. “Donna, no!”

**Chapter 12**

Donna began using her napkin to pretend to wipe any crumbs from my lap. There were no crumbs but her actions kept teasing the hem of my gown, raising it higher and higher as she wiped my upper thighs causing me to briefly expose my nether regions to the light of day before the gown was left to return to its normal position. She seemed to enjoy teasing me in front of everyone. “Now finish your drink and we can go,” she said in a loud and overly-animated voice, almost as if she was speaking to the crowd and not to me. She motioned for me to try and use my hands to grasp the cup. Instinctively I held them out to show her that I couldn’t hold onto anything with my casts – my fingers frozen in place. I thought that would have been intuitively obvious to her and that she was just horsing around. Instead she put the partially-filled cup between my wrists, closed them so that they were against the cup and let go! The cup instantly fell into my lap and I was soaked! It all happened so fast I couldn’t react.

“NOW look what you’ve done,” she said as she jumped up from her chair excitedly! “YOU’VE SPILLED YOUR DRINK!” Her loud voice drew the attention of many people sitting nearby. She looked at me with a look of mock maternal disapproval surveying the mess I had just made. “Don’t worry, “I’ll get this cleaned up.” She then began using some paper napkins from the dispenser on the table to hurriedly try and blot-up the small spill. Then to my horror she actually lifted up the hem of my now soaked gown and bunched it up near my belly button, totally exposing my dampened pelvis as she continued dabbing with her paper napkins. “Just look at you. You’re soaked!”

My face burned with shame and humiliation. I couldn’t believe she was doing this to me! I was so taken by surprise that I just sat there frozen as a million thoughts ran through my head. The people around me were all gawking at me, some grinning, others with a look of empathy.

“Donna, STOP IT” I said under my breath. PLEASE!”

“I’ve got to get you cleaned up. I’ll only be a minute.”

Just as I thought things couldn’t get worse a woman in her early fifties came over to my wheelbarrow. “Oh the poor dear, she’s really in a state, isn’t she? I feel bad for her.”

Donna kept wiping away and tossing the wet, half-shredded napkins on the floor and grabbing new ones from the dispenser. In her best troubled voice she said, “Yes, I feel badly too. This was supposed to be a fun outing for her. She’s been through so much and hasn’t been out of the house for such a long time. I only wanted her to get out and have a little fun. Oh well . . . I guess we’ll have to cut our little trip short. Pity, we only just got here.”

What the hell was she talking about? I haven’t been cooped up for a long time. Besides, there was no way we could cut our trip short as we had to wait for the bus. I gave Donna my best strained look of disapproval which was a mistake as this woman apparently took it for a look of regret and disappointment.

“Oh your trip doesn’t have to end now. I suspect it was probably a major ordeal just getting her out and about and I can see by her expression how disappointed she is. Here, let me help you. If you have something to cover the poor child with for a few moments I can take that hospital gown to the women’s restroom and wash out that soda residue on the bottom half there and use the forced hot –air hand dryer to dry it out. It will only take a few moments and your trip will go on as planned. It’s the least I can do to help out the poor unfortunate girl.”

“What a GREAT idea! Thank you!” Donna replied enthusiastically. “Now what can I cover her with? I didn’t really bring anything else.” Donna furled her brow as if she was really pondering the situation. “I know! I’ve got the perfect solution. Here, help me get this gown off of her.”

To my absolute horror the women stepped closer and began pulling at the top of the gown to remove it from my shoulders! Not being tied in the back it slid easily away from my body. “NO WAIT!” I cried but it was of no use. The woman’s determination to help was greater than my resolve to stay covered. In an instant the gown was off my arms and began its descent. I watched in abject terror as it was pulled slowly down my chest until my less-than-endowed, puffy little breasts came into view,

The lady obviously sensed my panic and tried to reassure me. “Don’t be embarrassed, honey. It will all be over in a moment. Besides, everyone here saw what happened and understands. Many of us have children of our own, you know. Don’t fret over it, okay?”

Hell no it wasn’t okay! In my mind I wanted to scream a litany of obscenities at this idiot but, like before, all that came out was a giggle. That’s right, another juvenile, out of place giggle! Those damn pills! Either they were the culprit or the absolute indignity of it all was so overwhelming that it was the only coping mechanism to this stress that I had to draw on deep within my being. I laughed even harder when the woman pulled the half-soaked gown completely away from my body leaving me totally naked in this stupid wheelbarrow as dozens of curious onlookers were intent on watching everything.

“I’ll be right back,” the woman said as she disappeared with the only article of clothing that I had! I let out a silent scream in my mind that, if it had been audible, would have left me deaf for days!

“There go those lovely huge eyes of yours again,” Donna said whispering to me. “That look of terror is priceless! You’re so adorable when you get like that.”

I wanted to kill that bitch. I was now completely naked and totally at her mercy – just the way she wanted. Donna had that evil, knowing grin plastered in her face as she pretended to get more napkins to finish the job she had started earlier, except that there weren’t any more in the dispenser at our table. “Oh dear,” she said feigning surprise. “I’ve used up all the napkins. I’ll be right back. I need to get some more.”

Instead of going to the next table she walked among the seats FOUR TABLES AWAY leaving me exposed and helpless with everyone staring at me! I could hear her ask in a loud voice, “Do you mind if I borrow this?” as she picked up the napkin holder at that table. Of course the people sitting there didn’t mind, yet Donna felt it necessary to take great pains to thank them pausing sufficiently to explain my predicament and the reason she needed to borrow the dispenser, all the while leaving me hopelessly exposed to those sitting closest to me. It was a good thing the place was crowded otherwise the entire Food Court would be seeing my naked body. As it was, the people that had gathered to watch my little scene unfold seemed to be screening the rest of the diners from getting a good look at me.

Donna returned and resumed her blotting even though my skin was totally dry. She was definitely putting on a good show, paying special attention to my nipples which by now were extremely sensitive and as large as pencil erasers. Then she made sure to rub extensively between my legs, something that sent jolts of electricity up my spine! Finally she stopped as she threw the last napkin on the floor with the others. She took a moment to look over her handiwork and then added, “There, that’s better. Now let’s get you covered.”

Covered? With what, I wondered? Then I saw the madness of her plan. She pulled out a paper napkin, folded it in half and placed it lengthwise between my legs so that my vagina was covered. Like most napkins in fast food places these days it was flimsy and almost worthless having a width of barely 3 inches. If I hadn’t been recently been forcefully shaved, my pubic hair would be sticking out all over the place. Then she took out another napkin, opened it up and spread the now thin piece of paper across my boobs which barely covered my nipples leaving the sides of my somewhat less than impressive breasts uncovered. “PERFECT!” she announced with pride. “At least you’re decent. This will do until that woman gets back.”

DECENT?! My nipples were practically poking a hole through the paper! I looked like a total buffoon sitting there in a wheelbarrow barely covered with paper napkins!

The people next to us eventually began slowly filtering away going about their business, having long-since finished their meals.

I had to resign myself that I was indeed totally at the mercy of Donna and there was nothing that I could do about it that wouldn’t make things worse for me. I could only hope to go along with her scheme and take her at her word that if I didn’t, she would really make this horrible for me.

Donna began picking up the soggy napkins from the floor and put them on her lunch tray along with the remnants of our meal. “I’ll be right back. I’m going to go and throw this stuff away,” she said smiling. “Don’t go anywhere without me.” With that she got up and began walking towards the nearest trash can, which was some distance away against the wall near one of the fast food places that lined the seating area.

My heart pounded. Not only was I practically naked in the mall but I was now alone! I kept begging her to hurry the hell up in my mind – practically pushing her with my thoughts to get the lead out and get her ass back here. I was so vulnerable sitting here all alone like I was. My body was signaling danger! I wanted to run for cover but that was impossible.

Then I became aware of the other messages that my body was trying to tell me. I was horny and oh so very aroused. So many strangers had seen my naked body – everything I had – no secrets left to the imagination. I had been forced to show it all . . . and I liked it! I NEVER would have had the courage to appear naked to strangers – NEVER, ever, could I have found it within me to do something like that. I practically gushed with sensual sensations. I gushed elsewhere too – much to my chagrin. I could only hope that people couldn’t tell.

As the place cleared out even further I began to relax. Soon this little ordeal would all be over. Donna would have had her fun and I would have something to dream about in the nightmares of my sleep at home.

My thoughts were abruptly halted when I saw . . . “NO! Please NO!” I screamed half under my breath.

**Chapter 13**

This couldn’t be happening!  The six classmates of mine that I had spotted earlier at a table across the Food Court had finished their meals. As they were picking up their trash to head out, I saw one of the guys pointing right at me with a surprised look on his face!  Soon all the others were mesmerized by the site of a poor invalid girl sitting in a wheelbarrow covered with two paper napkins! “Please don’t come over, PLEASE!” I begged under my breath. “There’s nothing to see here. Just go about your business. PLEASE, just go on about your business . . . DAMN IT . . . They’re coming this way!”

In a matter of seconds the group was scurrying over to my table. “Hanna? Is that you?!” Becky called out giggling. “What on earth . . .?”

“You look like  . . . oh Hell, I don’t know WHAT you look like,” Jimmy mocked. “What are you trying to pull anyway?”

Susan whispered something to Becky and then said giggling, “You DO realize you’re like almost naked in the mall, right? Aren’t you afraid of what people might think or that you’re going to get into trouble? ”

There’s nothing more humiliating than being laughed at by your peers. A person can stand tall and deal with a lot of adverse things in life but being laughed at is the absolute pits.

“Oh this is too rich? I’ve GOT to get a picture.” Carl quipped as he pulled out his smart phone.

“Don’t you even THINK about it, buster!” I yelled menacingly. “I’m hurt, Okay? Isn’t that obvious? I fractured several bones and got hurt really bad and to top it all off I just had a little accident here in the mall. It’s not funny. It’s not funny at all. Can’t you cut me some slack for once?” I kept looking around for Donna but my classmates were blocking my view. Where in the hell is she? Why is she taking so long? I wondered. I needed her to come to my rescue. Donna may be a lot of things but one thing she is good at is thinking on her feet. If she were here she certainly would protect me.

“Yeah, I can see that you’re hurt,” Becky said still giggling, “But you’re . . . like Susan said . . . pretty much NAKED, well almost naked! And what’s up with the stupid wheelbarrow, anyway?”

“It’s a long story. Some friends brought me here to cheer me up and, well I can’t walk so this is what they came up with so I could get around. If any of you has a better idea I’d like to hear it.”

“You mean, like, you should have stayed at home?” Jimmy suggested sarcastically.

“You were brought here by some friends, huh? Where are these ‘friends’ anyway? I don’t see anybody. You know what I think? I think you’re just a slutty showoff, that’s what I think. I’ll bet your getting off on all this, aren’t you?” Becky said laughing snidely.

I was about to really tear into Becky when a man hurried by my table as if he was late for something important and the breeze he created as he walked by blew the napkin that covered my chest clean off my body and onto the floor. I watched in shock as it tumbled along the tiles behind the man as he scurried away.

“OH MY GAWD,” Becky squealed. “She has no tits! They’re just puffy-looking bumps with nipples!”  EVERYONE laughed at her comment, even some strangers that were still eating at a nearby table.

My heart was practically pounding out of my chest. I was topless and everyone in the group was laughing hysterically! I wanted to just curl up into a ball and die. My chest was now exposed to SIX people that I went to school with. My secret was no longer a secret. Yes, I often used a padded bra and YES I wasn’t proud of it, but up to now I didn’t think anyone else knew about it or knew how self-conscious I was about my body.  “Would one of you PLEASE get me another napkin?” I snapped angrily.

“You don’t need to feel embarrassed, Hanna. I think you’re rather cute,” Mike said sincerely. “I really do. It was an accident that your napkin flew off. There’s no reason for them to laugh at you. You have a beautiful body. Not everyone can have a body like a movie star you know. Be happy with what you’ve got.”

Though he may have been trying to make me feel better, his comment only made me all the angrier knowing that he was studying my body, realized that it was less than perfect and was trying to get me to accept that fact. “GET ME SOMETHING TO COVER WITH!” I snapped growing impatient as these classmates seemed intent on just letting me stay uncovered as they made fun of my body.

“All right, all right, keep your shirt on,” Mike said as he went over to the dispenser to pull another napkin out for me. “I was only trying to help.”

“I think we should leave her like this.” Becky teased. “It’s less conspicuous than those silly napkins. After all, she looks like a little kid so I doubt that anyone will complain.”

“STOP IT!” I screamed. “You’ve had your fun. Just leave me alone!”

“Fine . . . if that’s what you want, we’ll be glad to oblige. You don’t have to get all high and mighty about it.” With that they all left, giggling as they departed as if it was all one big joke to them. They appeared to be all of one mind knowing that I was helpless and exposed and thought it would be funny if they left me that way.

“NO wait!” I exclaimed in a panic, “Don’t leave!”

Becky turned around and I felt relieved as I thought she was coming back to cover me but instead I saw her raise her phone and take a picture of me. “See you in school,” she snickered and walked off with the others.

After they had disappeared, I saw Donna making her way towards me. “What was that all about? Who were those people?” she asked with a smile as she grabbed another napkin to toss over my chest. I didn’t answer her as I was pissed. I just wanted to sulk. Besides I was convinced she wasn’t really concerned at all but rather only wanted to hear all the salacious details of my embarrassing encounter with our peers so she could relish them in her twisted mind.

“I wonder what’s keeping that woman?” she finally asked as she looked around. “She had plenty of time to dry that gown.”

I began to get a bad feeling shooting up my spine. She was right. Where WAS that woman? She seemed so nice. She certainly didn’t seem the type to just run off with my gown. Still, Donna had a point. She had plenty of time to dry it off and return it to me. Something must have happened. I just couldn’t be stranded at the mall without any clothes. I just couldn’t! The thought was too unbearable to think about. The worried look on Donna’s face wasn’t helping matters either. The all-confident Donna didn’t seem so confident now and that scared the crap out of me.  I needed my rock to cling to. If SHE was getting worried I was in real trouble!

“Maybe . . .”

“Maybe what?” I asked nervously.

“Maybe I should go and try to find her. Perhaps it’s just taking her longer to dry that thing with the hand drier in the ladies room than she thought.”

“Oh no, you’re not leaving me alone like this again. I’m going with you.”

Without arguing, Donna picked up the handles of my wheelbarrow and began to push it towards the corridor off the Food Court where the restrooms were located. No sooner had she started walking my napkin blew off again just like it had before leaving me topless once again. Donna immediately set the wheelbarrow down and ran off to pick up my napkin and replaced it. As soon as I was covered she resumed walking only this time at a much slower pace. Unfortunately the same thing happened once more despite all of her caution. “This isn’t going to work.” She sighed in exasperation.

She let out a deep sigh as she earnestly looked around the Food Court trying to find that woman, but it was of no use. She wasn’t anywhere to be seen. I thought of a dozen reasons that this person could have been delayed but none of them were good. I felt another panic attack brewing deep within my being. I was frightfully close to losing it when Donna snapped her fingers, “I’ve got it!” she said with an air of that old confidence that was her trademark. She had me lift my butt up a few inches as she grabbed the pillow out from under me that I had been sitting on. “This will keep your top covered at least,” she said as she placed the small couch pillow on my chest. The pillow was heavier than the paper napkin so it stayed in place as she lifted the wheelbarrow once more and began walking. The small square plush pillow did indeed cover my boobs and the napkin that I desperately clutched between my legs hid the essentials down below. It wasn’t the perfect fix but it worked and I was grateful. I only hoped it wasn’t a permanent solution and that we would soon find that lady and my gown. I never would have thought that I would miss something that only moments before I had thought was hideous and juvenile. Now I would have given anything just to get it back.

To make matters worse, as we made our way towards the restroom corridor, I became aware that my frantic and forceful clutching of the napkin between my tightly closed legs to keep it in place resulted in it scrunching up into a tube-like wad so that it hardly covered any of my lower pelvic area. True, my vagina was adequately hidden by the paper napkin, but my pubic area, which once had boasted my proud little bush, was now basically completely uncovered. Instead a small, thin tube of paper, much like a cigarette would look if it was shoved into the cleft of my vulva, was pointing skyward as if it were a little erect penis. It looked really stupid! I dared not move my thighs however as I was afraid I’d lose even this little piece of covering. As stupid as it looked it made me feel at least a little more secure.

Donna parked me in the corridor next to the “women’s” restroom. “Wait here, I’ll be right back . . . and try not to get into any trouble while I’m gone, will you?” I just gave her a dirty look which only made her laugh as she disappeared into the ladies room.

People were passing me by, both men and women, as they made their way into their respective lavatories. The looks I got ranged from pity to confusion to downright playful. Mercifully no one said a word. I wouldn’t have known how to respond if they had. I just sat there in my stupid wheelbarrow and tried to make myself invisible – which is a hard thing to do when people are gawking at you.

A few moments later I saw Donna emerge from the Ladies room with a faraway look in her eyes. “She’s not there,” she finally confessed as if she was having a hard time believing it herself. “She’s really not there.”

“Maybe she went into another restroom someplace else,” I suggested hopefully.

“No, this is the one I saw her go into. I watched her myself. I KNOW this is where she went. Oh Hanna, I’m so sorry.”

“What the hell am I going to do now?”

**Chapter 14**

Donna bent down and ran her fingers softly through my hair. “Maybe we passed her making our way over here and she just didn’t see us. I think maybe we should have stayed where we were. Let’s go back to our table and wait a little longer,” she said trying to sound encouraging. “I’m sure we will find her eventually. She was such a nice woman. Things will work out, you’ll see.”

I wanted so badly to believe her. I looked at the clock in the corridor. We still had almost 2 hours before we had to meet the bus back to our village. We certainly had time to wait for this lady and if it meant getting my silly teddy bear gown back I was all for it. “Okay,” I said meekly. “Sounds like a good idea to me.” I lied of course, but what else could we do?

The Food Court had emptied out even more and most of the tables were now empty.  That was a good thing if this lady was indeed trying to spot us as we could easily see each other if that were the case. But that was also a bad thing too. With the place no longer crowded with people, I stuck out like a sore thumb – no longer screened from view by all those diners eating their meals as I had been before. Make no mistake the MALL was still crowded and the halls lined with stores were bustling with people. It was just the seating area that was practically empty so all those people passing by in the main part of the mall going to and from the various stores had a clear shot of me if they looked my way - the silly girl with casts covered by a pillow with a cigarette-looking piece of paper sticking out between her legs.

Time passed and I began to lose heart as there was no sign of this lady. My mind could only think about the bus ride home. I couldn’t go back with only a pillow for cover. I just COULDN’T! It was bad enough just sitting here like I was. The thought of having the bus driver pick me up completely naked in front of all those passengers was more than I could bear.

Watching the people pass by in their summer clothes and beautiful dresses I felt really vulnerable and at risk. They all seemed so much loftier and superior to little ole me, naked and cringing in a wheelbarrow in the middle of a crowded mall.  What was most bewildering to me was the fact that deep down, however, all I could think about was how wet I was and how much I really wanted to finger myself! What was wrong with me? I could feel my little scrunched up napkin getting totally soaked by my own arousal. I was so mortified that someone might notice, yet that very thought made me all the more excited. I know that doesn’t make a whole lot of sense but that’s how I felt.

“Hanna . . .”

My immediate thought was, “Oh crap, she noticed!” I swallowed hard and expected the worst. I meekly replied, “Yes . . .?”

“We have to try and get you some clothes.” I really hate to say this but I think we are going to have to go through the mall and find someplace to get something you can wear.”

“GO OUT THERE . . . among all those people . . . LIKE THIS?!”

“Well, I COULD go try and find something for you myself but I’d have to leave you alone.”

The thought of being left alone in this strange place was totally out of the question and I told her so. “Let’s just get this over with,” I finally said resigning myself to my fate.

Donna picked up the handles of my wheelbarrow and started towards the main hall of the mall. The noise level rose exponentially the closer we got the hordes of people shopping and milling about. As the noise increased so did my anxiety level! I closed my eyes and grit my teeth telling myself that if I couldn’t see them it might be easier.

WRONG! As soon as we hit the main interior corridor I almost panicked again. Conversations were all a jumble and I couldn’t make out if people were talking about me or not. I HAD to open my eyes. To my surprise there were so many people that Donna had to constantly ask the shoppers to excuse us and make room for the “handicapped girl,” which people gladly did.

“Injured girl here, please excuse us. Make way, please for the injured girl,” she repeated over and over again. And people heeded her call. I think I got more sympathy with her saying that than I would have gotten if we had just strolled along in silence. Comments like, “Oh the poor dear,” and “I’ll bet that must have hurt,” were commonplace.   The fact that there were so many shoppers actually helped minimize the number of people that actually saw me – well ALL of me.

Donna abruptly stopped and entered a store. “This is the place I was looking for.” she announced with pride. “They’re bound to have something you can wear here.”

The business was a trendy women’s fashion store that seemed to cater to the younger set. Summer apparel was prominently displayed in the windows as we entered the store.

“Donna,” I said quietly. “You DO remember that back home I couldn’t even get into my own clothes let alone any of these things. What in the world can we find in here that I could wear?”

“I know that silly. The reason I chose this place was that it wasn’t only close to the Food Court but they sell swimsuits too. I thought that maybe we could get you something like that. What do you think?”

“Well . . . it could work. I mean I’ve seen people getting off the bus back home in their swimwear for a day at the beach. I guess that would be okay. It sure beats riding the bus naked,” I said with a nervous laugh.

As we were talking, a young, college aged, very attractive girl came up and looked us over. “Can I HELP you?” she asked incredulously.

Donna cleared her throat and started doing what she did best – lying. “Oh yes, please!” she replied excitedly. “As you can see my friend here has suffered several injuries and I was taking her out for a day of shopping when she had another little accident and, well, it’s a long story, but the bottom line is that she ruined the hospital gown she was wearing – the ONLY the thing she had.”

“Is she . . . NAKED under that pillow?!”

Yes, ma’am” I interrupted. “I’m terribly sorry but if you could help us out of the entrance here and get something for me that I can wear I’d be VERY grateful.”

The girl just shook her head. “This is some kind of college initiation thing, isn’t it?”

“No ma’am,” Donna replied trying her best to sound sincere.

“I don’t know what you two are up to but I’m game. Follow me,” she said giggling as she led the way to the back of the store.

Donna dropped the wheelbarrow in front of the dressing area and helped me to the bench in front of the mirrors located outside the changing area. “I thought we could get her a swimsuit- a bikini works best,” she said plainly. “With her casts and bad leg she has trouble getting into anything else. “

As I sat there right in plain view in the back of the store desperately hugging my pillow for cover, the salesgirl led Donna off into the racks of clothing. Mercifully the store wasn’t THAT busy. In a few moments they came back with what looked like a two piece blue bikini.

“If you would help her stand and hold her steady,” Donna asked, “I’ll get her dressed.” The girl readily agreed and before I knew what was happening the girl pulled me from the chair and stood me up against the wall, my pillow falling unceremoniously to the ground along with my VERY wet paper napkin, leaving me stark naked in a store full of people!  Donna took her time fumbling with the bikini bottom trying to get it aligned right before attempting to put it on. She wasn’t fooling me. I knew darn well she was only using that as an excuse to keep me exposed as long as possible. Finally she felt satisfied that she had the garment the right way round and pulled it up my legs and adjusting it into place. She then put on my top and stepped back to admire her handiwork. “Beautiful, isn’t it?” she asked me with a certain pride.

I simply nodded my head. At least I was finally covered!

“You know as nice as this looks,” the sales girl interrupted, “if you are riding the bus back to your village. I think I have something that might work out a little better for your friend here if you are willing to wait a minute.”

“SURE! We’ll wait,” I answered immediately before Donna could say something to jeopardize my chance at decency.

The girl returned with what looked like a long T-shirt. “This is a swimwear cover-up. It has very narrow shoulder straps and wide arm holes so I think she could get into it just fine. Besides it’s opaque and long enough to be decent to wear on the bus. Would you like to try that instead?”

“YES, please!” I said quickly.

Donna stripped me of my bikini leaving me once more completely naked only THIS time I had an audience of several teens that had noticed me as I entered the store and had made their way back to the dressing areas to check me out. As embarrassing as that was having them gawk at me I could see light at the end of the tunnel so I just did my best to ignore them. The pretty salesgirl put the cover-up over my head and she was indeed correct. It fit perfectly!

“We’ll take it!” I said excitedly.

“That will be $49.95 plus tax,” the salesgirl said. I can ring you up from the tag without you having to take the garment off again.”

Donna got a flushed look and all the color ran out of her face. “Umm . . . $49.95?”

Yes, that’s a bargain too. It’s one of the cheapest things we have in the store.”

“Umm . . . I don’t suppose . . . that is . . . do you think that you could lend us this garment until we get her home? I promise I’ll bring it back tomorrow.”

“Just what are you trying to pull, young lady? What do you take me for, anyway? If I let you leave this store without paying I’ll never see that cover-up again and I’ll be out over FIFTY dollars and that will come out of my pay! Hell no, you can’t borrow this garment.”

“I’m not trying to rip you off, honest. I just wasn’t thinking. I don’t really have that much money on me.”

“Well, how much DO you have?”

Donna rummaged through her pocket and held out her hand and sounding rather pathetic admitted, “One dollar and sixty-five cents.” She then turned to me and practically begged me to forgive her. “I really didn’t think. Hanna. I was just trying to get you something to wear. I forgot all about having to PAY for things. I just wasn’t thinking. I’m really sorry.” I could tell Donna was serious because I could actually see tears welling up in her eyes. I wasn’t the only one who noticed either. The sales girl spotted them too.

“I have an idea here. I’m not really supposed to do this but I have a way you can help your friend out and help me at the same time.” The salesgirl put her arm around Donna’s shoulder and continued, “If you would be willing to work for me for an hour doing a little marketing work, I’ll let your friend here have the garment. “

“CERTAINLY,” Donna replied without hesitation. I can do that.”

The salesgirl left the area and came back with a small box and a stack of paper fliers that looked to be 5 inches by 7 inches in size advertising a summer swimwear clearance sale. “I’ll need you to walk around in here and in the mall in front of the store handing out these sales advertisements. Can you do that for me?”

“Sure that will be easy,” Donna said. “We have plenty of time for me to do that and catch our bus!”

“Oh and this is for you too,” the salesgirl said as she handed the decorative box to my friend.

“What’s this? More fliers?”

“No, silly, that’s your outfit. You’ll need to wear that as you hand out the fliers.”

Donna swallowed hard and reluctantly opened the box. What she pulled out surprised even me!

“I can’t wear this!” Donna protested. “That’s insane!”

“You don’t HAVE to wear that. I can always just take back the cover-up your friend here is wearing and then call security because I THINK YOU ARE TRYING TO RIP ME OFF by bringing a naked girl into my respectable store and making up some cock and bull story about her being injured!

“But it’s all TRUE,” I said in a panic.

“Well if that’s so then I’m sure your friend here won’t mind helping you out. Now what’s it going to be. Are you going to work to pay for that garment or do you want me to strip your friend here and call security for public indecency and possible attempted theft? Hurry up and make up your mind. I haven’t got all day.”

I looked at Donna practically pleading for her to do this for me.  I could tell Donna was wrestling with this and deep down I really did think she felt bad for me. I just hoped that she actually had a conscience somewhere deep down inside and would do the right thing.

“Okay, I’ll do it.”

Something didn’t seem quite right, but I couldn’t put my finger on it exactly.

**Chapter 15**

Donna helped me back into my chair and put the fliers on the floor next to me. Taking one long last look at the little box, she reluctantly went into the dressing room. She was in there quite a while and I was beginning to think she was chickening out and was going to change her mind. I began to formulate my options for the bus ride back home if that happened when suddenly I saw her peeking out her head around the corner.

“I can’t believe I’m actually going to do this! You OWE me BIG time, girl.”

The sales girl came back and seeing Donna took her by the hand and pulled her out into the store. Doing her best to imitate that Hollywood actor she exclaimed in a schmaltzy voice, “You look MARVELOUS . . . simply MARVELOUS.”

The swimsuit was even more daring than it had looked in the box. The top consisted of two small light tan triangles that barely covered Donna’s nipples. Since my friend’s breasts were much more ample than mine most of her boobs were exposed – especially when viewed from the side. The strings that held the top in place around her neck were so ultra-thin that it was hard to see them as the color of the fabric so closely matched Donna’s skin tone. The bottom was similarly revealing. It was a thong-type design with a small triangle covering her pubic area – and I mean BARELY covering her pubic area and another thin, nearly transparent string ran up between her butt cheeks. When Donna stepped back so the salesgirl could admire the view, it looked like my friend was naked – except that she wasn’t.  Like I said, the color of the fabric so closely matched the color of Donna’s skin that it blended in so well it was downright eerie!  If one looked closely enough in the right light one could tell she was wearing a suit but at a distance . . . well . . . she was for all intents and purposes . . . nude.

“Here are your fliers,” the salesgirl said handing them to my friend. “If you need more there’s a box at the front counter. Just help yourself. It’s almost two o’clock now, so just keep working until three o’clock and then you can call it a day. Any problems just come and get me.”

Donna looked at me for a moment then back at the store employee, gave her a tentative nod then shuffled the papers in her hand as if she was getting ready to go. Much to my surprise she actually started doing the job by walking around the back of the store near the dressing rooms handing out the fliers! I felt bad for her walking around like that. Her outfit was so inappropriate for the business setting we were in. What was really bad was that the suit gave her very little support where she needed it the most. Her breasts bounced wildly as she walked the aisles. I just knew that at any moment one of her nipples was going to pop out into view from underneath those little triangles of material. From behind, her butt cheeks jiggled so indecently that people couldn’t help but have their attention drawn to her backside which, because of the thin strap of the thong that was buried between her cheeks, looked like she wasn’t wearing a thing! People in the store didn’t quite seem to know what to make of her.  It was clear to me that she was scared to death as she approached each customer. I’m sure she must have been apprehensive about the reactions she might get each time she handed out the advertisement to a potential customer.

It didn’t take long before she had approached the few customers inside the store. She then attempted to look busy walking among the racks of clothing - ostensibly looking for people to give the fliers to but in reality she was just using the clothing racks to conceal her exposure whenever possible.

“Don’t just hang about in here,” the salesgirl called out from the checkout counter at the front of the store. “That doesn’t help draw people into my shop, does it? Be sure and work the area in the mall just outside our entrance, that way people might be tempted to come inside and look around. They can’t buy anything if they aren’t IN the store, right?”

Donna shook her head ever so slightly, obviously trying to decide if she could do such a thing. She had way more courage than I would have had if I were in her shoes as she eventually marched right out into the open mall and silently handed out the fliers to the shoppers passing by. From where I was sitting I could still see everything.

In the fluorescent lights of the main corridors of the mall it really DID look like she was completely naked! Many, many passersby gave her double takes, especially the ones that were too far away to take a pamphlet.

Suddenly, I realized that I was giggling ever so quietly to myself. I realized that I was actually enjoying her humiliation. Before she had actually gone through with it, I was feeling sorry for her. Now, actually SEEING her among the throngs of people dressed in that skimpy swimming costume, I was relishing her embarrassment. I found that I was beginning to understand why Donna had put me through all my trials – she enjoyed it! Now that the situations were reversed I was enjoying it to! Deep down my conscience was trying to tell me that it was wrong to feel this way as she only put herself into this horrible predicament to help me. She didn’t have to do that. It was an act of pure friendship after all. Yet despite that sentiment, a little voice from somewhere in my brain was telling me to ignore that Polly Anna-like sentiment and Carpe Deum!

I found myself getting even more aroused than I already had been when I saw those six classmates of ours, the ones that had tortured me in the food court earlier, walking up the mall corridor heading right for Donna!!  When one of the boys snuck up on her and pinched her on the right butt cheek causing her to squeal I almost had an orgasm right then and there! Damn, I was having fun watching her public disgrace!  I was practically giddy watching the huge smiles on their faces as they stood there talking with Donna. Though I couldn’t hear what was being said, I imagined what wicked things they might have been taunting her with.

Having just experienced some of the same sort of embarrassment in front of my peers myself I had a pretty good idea of the mixture of emotions that Donna must have been feeling. Even though I was now safely clothed in this modest beach cover-up garment, I was vicariously reliving my experiences watching Donna. Again, I know I should have been feeling bad for her but I wasn’t.  I found myself wishing other horrible and shameful things might happen to her like some lady giving her the “what-for” because she was teasing her husband dressed like she was, or something equally as degrading.

I was now laughing out loud at her predicament when suddenly I heard Eddie saying, “What are you laughing about?”

“Oh, Eddie, you startled me! I didn’t know you were in the store.”

“Sorry about that. So . . . what’s so funny?”

“Donna! Didn’t you see her out there? The store manager is forcing her to walk around practically naked in that silly swimming outfit so she can earn enough money to pay for this cover-up for me. Isn’t that a gas? She embarrassed the hell out of me all day and now she’s paying the price by having some bitch forcing her to do practically the same thing she did to me! Pay backs are hell, aren’t they? ”

“Store manager? You mean that girl over there?” Eddie asked pointing to the salesgirl.

“Yeah, that’s her. She must have felt sorry for me or something to make Donna do that.”

Eddie just shook his head in disbelief. “You dope, that’s Donna’s older sister.”

“What?!”

“Yeah, they’re always doing stuff like this, though I’ll admit I’ve never seen her do it at her job though.”

“I don’t understand. They’re always doing . . .  what?”

“You really have no idea do you? Donna gets off on this kinky stuff. She always has. Her sister likes making her do things to embarrass her younger sibling and Donna likes having her do it. Where have you been all this time, hiding under a rock or something?”

“You’re just putting me on. Donna doesn’t have an older sister.”

“Sure she does. She was away at college for some time and has lived in Rockford for years, maybe that’s why you’ve never met her but trust me, that’s Donna’s sister.”

I couldn’t believe it. “Did you know that Donna’s sister worked here? Is THAT why we came to the mall today?”

“I really had no idea until just this moment. Still, when those two get together there’s no telling what they’ll come up with. “

“And they do this sort of thing all the time? Seriously?”

Eddie looked at the floor and stalled for a moment before answering, “Well, to be honest I’ve never personally seen her do anything this drastic but the rumors are rampant around school. Some of the guys though have seen her being made to skinny-dip at the beach after her sister took her suit. Oh yeah, there was that towel incident in the gym a few months ago too.”

I was stunned. I couldn’t get my little brain to wrap itself around what I had just been told.  I KNEW something didn’t seem quite right back when Donna agreed to work for that girl but I just couldn’t put my finger on what it was. Still, this was all too weird. Surely he was just making this all up, wasn’t he? Perhaps my mind was still in that pill-induced fog and I wasn’t thinking clearly.

The idea though of maybe finding another friend to share my secret fantasies with was very appealing. I wondered if she liked horses. Perhaps we could go riding topless sometime after I got better.  Deep down I guess I was hoping that Eddie was telling the truth. There was no denying that Donna was indeed outside in the mall embarrassing herself in front of all those strangers. There had to be SOME explanation.

After staying with me and watching the show Donna was putting on, Eddie eventually left to find the others as it was getting late.

All too soon Donna’s time had expired and the salesgirl called her back inside the store and complimented her on doing such a fine job. She said that her afternoon sales receipts were way up thanks to the extra publicity that my friend had provided.  Donna’s face was blushing yet there was a twinkle in her eyes and it wasn’t because of the praise she had just received! There was no denying what she was feeling. I knew exactly.

My thoughts were interrupted when the salesgirl said “I guess you’ve earned that cover-up for your friend here. Thanks again.” Donna wasted no time and scurried into the dressing room to change.

I wanted to confront them both telling them that they could stop the charade as I KNEW what was going on but part of me wanted find the right words first and I needed them both to be together in case what Eddie had told me wasn’t a lie. I needed to see their reactions simultaneously when I spilled the beans.

I never got the chance. Donna came running out of the dressing room angry as all get out shouting, “WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?”

“Right in the dressing room where you left them.” The salesgirl said matter-of-factly.

“THEY’RE NOT THERE! What did you do with them?”

“I didn’t DO anything with them,” the girl answered flippantly.” Are you sure you’re looking in the right dressing room. There are 6 of them you know. Perhaps you just forgot which one you used.”

“I’m POSITIVE! There not there!”

**Chapter 16**

“Calm down. They must be around here somewhere. Perhaps your friend here took them,” she said nonchalantly pointing at me.

“ME?! I can’t even walk by myself. How could I have taken them?”

The two girls searched everywhere – the dressing areas, the front desk, and even checked the clothing racks in case some customers might have mistaken them for store merchandise and returned them to the racks - but the search came up empty handed.

“What could have happened to them?” Donna asked with her voice cracking with fright. “I can’t wear this bikini on the bus!”

The salesgirl’s expression turned serious. “You’re right, you can’t. You haven’t paid for that yet. You’ve only earned enough to pay for that cover-up ole cripple girl here is wearing.”

Donna’s jaw dropped almost to the floor. If that was really Donna’s sister they BOTH were doing an incredible acting job – academy award winning in fact. I began to doubt Eddie’s story completely. Then a thought flashed into my head.

“EDDIE!” I exclaimed loudly.

“HUH? Eddie? Where? I don’t see him anywhere,” Donna said looking around the store.

“Eddie! HE must have taken your clothes!”

“What are you talking about?”

“Eddie . . . he was here not more than 15 minutes ago. He stood next to me and kept me company as we both watched you through the store window. HE must have taken them,” I explained.

“I’ll kill him,” Donna said angrily as her eyes got small and beady-looking.

“He also said the two of you were sisters,” I added carefully.

The salesgirl looked at Donna, laughed and said sarcastically, “Ah, that would be a big fat NO!”

“She’s not my sister,” Donna added. “I don’t even know the girl and besides I don’t have a sister. Oh, he’s like so dead. When I get my hands on him, he’ll regret the day he was born.”

Walking with determination Donna started for the door. “Hey, where do you think you’re going?” the salesgirl called out.

“To find that bastard and throttle the hell out of him and get my clothes back.”

“Not with my merchandise, you don’t. Not unless you want to get arrested for shoplifting.”

“What the hell am I supposed to do? We’re running out of time here and our bus will be here soon. If we miss that bus we’ll be stuck here!”

The salesgirl, hurrying to the front counter to take care of a customer, called out over her shoulder, “Not my problem,” she said indifferently. “You guys work it out. I’ve got a company to run and in case you haven’t noticed we’re rather busy at the moment.”

Donna plopped her butt down on the bench next to me and sighed. “Now what are we going to do? There isn’t time for me to earn enough money to buy anything else.” She then put her head into her hands and lowered her head to her lap in frustration.

I just looked at her for several moments. I knew what I had to do. It was the only logical solution. “Donna, why don’t you take this gown and go and look for Eddie? You can come back and give it to me after you get your own stuff back.”

“What are YOU going to do while I’m gone?”

“I’ll be fine. Just help me into one of these dressing cubicles and I’ll give you the cover-up and then I’ll hide in there until you return.” Donna got a blank stare on her face as if she wasn’t sure this was a good idea so I added, “What other choice do we have? And I darn sure don’t want to miss that bus so stop stalling and help me up!”

“Okay,” she said as she reached out to help me to my feet. It took a little doing but she managed to get me inside an empty room and reluctantly took my gown and put it on leaving me naked once again.

“I promise I’ll be back as quick as I can. Don’t you worry one little bit; I’ll find Eddie and get my stuff back in no time at all. You’ll see.”

I wasn’t sure if she was trying to convince me or herself with her reassuring words. In any case she left leaving me sitting on the changing room bench.

Time passed slowly. I didn’t have a watch nor could I see a clock so I really had no idea of how much time we had before the last bus to my village was set to arrive. The longer Donna took the more concerned I got.

Suddenly there was a jiggling of the door handle. “It’s occupied,” I said trying to sound calm. Whoever it was apparently had moved on to another cubicle. After a few more moments someone else was trying to turn the door knob. “It’s occupied” I said again to the sound of a disgusted sigh from whoever it was outside the room.

More time passed and my panic level had increased exponentially. I was about to lose it when there was a forceful knock on the door. “It’s occupied” I said repeating my now proven routine.

“What’s going on in there? You’ve been in there an awfully long time,” said a familiar voice from outside the door. It was that saleslady!

“I’ll be out in a minute.” I replied with my voice trembling.

“Are you okay or are you up to something no good?”

“I’m fine,” I replied with my voice cracking even more than before. “I’ll be out in a minute.”

“I know that voice,” the saleslady said. Just then I heard what sounded like a key being inserted into the lock of the door handle. In a jiffy the door flew open and there I was sitting naked on the bench staring into the faces of a mother, her teenage daughter and the short-tempered sales person.

“Oh my,” the mother said. “I’m sorry. I can see you’re hurt.”

Taking a page out of Donna’s survival book I quickly added, “It takes me much longer than normal to change because I’m a bit handicapped.”

“No problem,” the lady said, “we’ll do some more shopping and come back a little later.” With that the mother and daughter left with their garments.

The manager looked at me with a sly grin. “Nicely played, I’ll grant you that. So what in the hell are you doing in here? You do realize I’ve got a business to run. You can’t stay in here all night you know.”

“My friend went to find her clothes wearing my cover-up,” I said then quickly added before she could say anything, “She didn’t steal it – you said she earned it so it’s hers to take, right?”

“Fine . . . But I want you out of here in FIVE minutes or I’m dragging you out so my customers can try on their selections and I don’t care if you’re naked or not, in FIVE minutes you’re out of here. Got IT?”

“Yes ma’am.”

**Chapter 17**

As I sat there a feeling of doom came over me. What if she never comes back? What if we missed the bus? How will we get home? The more I thought the more anxious I became.

Suddenly I heard Donna calling out my name. “I’m in here,” I replied. Thank goodness she’s back, I thought to myself. Now I can get my cover-up back and we can get the heck out of Dodge City as they say in those old Western’s.

Donna opened the door and the look on her face said it all. Well that and the fact that she was still wearing my beach cover-up garment. “What happened?” I asked almost too afraid to hear what she had to say. “Couldn’t you find Eddie?”

Donna shook her head. “It’s worse than that. The others said they saw him leaving the mall with Fred Nicholson from school. He apparently drove to the mall today and Eddie told the guys that he was going home with Fred. They didn’t see him carrying anything but they couldn’t be sure. One thing is certain, though, Eddie is gone and the others have no idea where my clothes are.”

“Well . . . maybe we could explain things to the Dragon-lady and maybe she’ll have a change of heart and give us something else to wear. After all her sales shot up because of what you did so I think she owes you something, right?”

“No dice, “Donna said with a sigh. “I already tried that. All she said was that it wasn’t her problem and . . .”

“And what?”

“And . . . she wants you out of the dressing room now or she’s going to have security drag you out.”

“What are we going to do?!” I asked in a panic.

“I’m so sorry, Hanna. I never should have agreed to us taking you to the mall. I thought it would be fun. I had no idea things would work out this way. Sure, things got a little risqué but it was all in fun.” Donna then began taking off the gown. “Here, take this if anyone has to go out there naked it will be me. You’ve gone through enough today.”

“I may live to regret this,” I said waving off the gown with my arms, “But I think I stand better chance than you do. After all, I’m the crippled one. People will have more sympathy for me than they would for you. If things go bad just say I’m a little out of my head because of the pain pills I’m taking. At least that sounds plausible. Now get me in my wheelbarrow before we miss the bus or the Dragon-lady calls security.”

Donna didn’t argue. In fact I was sure she sighed in relief! She tossed on the gown and ran to get the Wheelbarrow. In no time I was sitting in that stupid contraption covering my chest as best as possible with that small pillow, holding my legs together as tightly as I could.

Donna bolted through the store yelling, “Bye!” to the Dragon-lady. We literally flew through the mall corridor and out the main entrance to the mall. I could see the bus cue still waiting at the bus stop sign. At least it hasn’t left yet, I thought.

Even though she was half out of breath from trying to push me across the parking lot asphalt she managed to ask, “You do realize that you’ll probably end up exposing more than your butt trying to get on the bus don’t you?”

I didn’t answer her. I didn’t want to think about it. That very thought was overwhelming in my present state.  When we were about 40 yards from the bus stop I saw the bus pull up to the sign and open its doors. People were getting on. “HURRY, DONNA!” I yelled, “BEFORE IT LEAVES US!”

Everyone had boarded the bus by the time we got there. The same bus driver looked out and saw us coming and got off the bus. At least he wasn’t going to leave us stranded!

“Well,” he said looking me over. “You seemed to have lost something, haven’t you?”

“It’s a long story,” Donna said. “It’s her pain pills. She’s a little loopy. I’ll watch out for her. Please just don’t leave us, mister. We have to get back.”

The driver smiled a knowing smile. “I understand. I was the same way after my surgery. People told me I said and did the craziest things that I don’t even remember. Come on, I’ll help you get her on board.”

With that he moved my pillow and was clearly shocked to see that I was now completely naked. He didn’t say anything but got the wheelbarrow directly to the door of the bus. He grabbed one arm and Donna grabbed the other and stood me up in preparation for getting me up the steps and onto the bus. I knew that now my naked body was clearly visible to the passengers nearest the door so I dared not look up.

“Hanna?” I heard a familiar voice say. “HANNA? WHAT ON EARTH?”

I looked up and saw my math teacher, Mr. Jenkins – the one I have such a crush on! He was sitting in the very first seat looking right at my naked body!!

“Hanna,” I heard again and felt my body shaking. “HANNA, get up!”

“What . . . HUH? What the . . .”

“Hanna, get up” I heard my mother saying. “You have a visitor.”

My mother? What? I opened my eyes to see that I was in my room. I had no idea how had gotten home. My first thought was that I had fainted. “I’m so sorry mom . . . I . . .”

It was then I realized that the casts on my wrists and legs were gone! I could move my fingers. I was  . . . normal!  How long had I been out I wondered.

“That must have been some dream you were having,” my mother said as she wiped the hair away from my face. You were thrashing about and crying ‘NO PLEASE!’ over and over again.”

As I looked around the room I saw that everything was just as it should be. The whole thing was a dream?!  It couldn’t have been!  It was so real!

“Mom . . . I dreamt that I had two broken wrists and a broken leg and . . .”

“It was just a nightmare, sweetheart, that’s all, just a nightmare. Now get up. Your friend Donna is here to see you.”

I looked at the door to my room and there stood Donna standing there in a white beach cover-up outfit just like the one in my dream! She was smiling at me with such a weird smile!