Holly's Dares

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Bucknaked For Barenaked

By Holly

Well, it didn’t take me long to find myself in more trouble. I don’t know how

I do it, but I guess it is a gift. I hear everyone needs a talent. I don’t

know if you can call getting naked a talent or not, but that seems to be what

I am best at. Maybe I should consider a career in it.

At least this time getting naked had its rewards. Now, before you go thinking

I was turning tricks on the street corner I will assure you that it was all on

the up and up. And for some there was more up then they expected, if you know

what I mean.

Now that we have all that cleared up… or maybe I only have you more confused

at this point... I will get on with telling you just exactly what happened and

how I ended up walking out totally bare ass naked for a group of friends to

see. I assure you I had a very good reason. Really I did.

Let me first preference this report of my naked and naughty actions with this…

I am a big fan of the Barenaked Ladies. Which oddly enough are not ladies at

all. If you don’t know who they are, you must be living under a rock. They are

a Canadian rock band that has had a string of hits as long as my arm. I have

most of their albums and I have been to see them in concert a few times as

well.

Recently a friend of mine has been giving me a lot of shit about how she got

primo tickets for an upcoming concert and I didn’t. Well, this little spat has

gone on for like 3 weeks now. I had not been taking it too seriously, but I

have to admit that I have been growing a little tired of hearing her brag

about her tickets. I mean, it was funny at first, but then I started to think

that she was taking it a bit too far. So, when an opportunity came about to

stick it to her… well, I took it.

We were all at a party together and everyone was having a good time. Maybe too

good of a time… most of us were pretty sloshed. About a quarter till 12 my

“friend” starts telling everyone about the first time she got to go see the

Barenaked Ladies. It is actually a pretty good story in and of itself.

She had to jump into a pool bare ass naked for a chance to meet the Barenaked

Ladies and person and go to their concert. It was a radio promotion. Now, try

as I might I have not found any proof that she in fact was really at this

naked swim with the band or not. I did a little research on the net and found

some thing about something, but who knows if she is telling the truth or if

she is full of shit. Whatever the truth, the story is pretty darn sexy. And as

they say… “When the legend becomes fact, print the legend.”

Well, we are partying and having a good time when she goes into her long

account of how daring she was and how hot it was to meet the bad and see the

show and all. I took it all in as always. But, then a naughty thought found

its way into the conversation. Would I or anyone else go naked to for the

chance to see a band. The others each answered that they would for this band

or that band. When the conversation made its way around to me I said I would

do it to see the Barenaked Ladies. That die had been cast.

My dear friend perked right up and in a smart ass tone said… “Would you do it

right now for my ticket?”

I blushed for a second. I mean it kind of put me on the spot in front of a lot

of people I really didn’t know all that well. I mean, they are really more her

friends then my friends. But, there was something about her tone that really

got under my skin and maybe lead to what I was to later do.

She looked at me, and then pretty much everyone else looked at me. Not that I

felt that much pressure, but still I had to think of something cute to say in

response. And what rolled out of my mouth was, “I would do it right now for

your ticket!”

Everyone laughed, but then someone asked if I was serious. My friend said she

was sure I was kidding since I wouldn’t have the guts. I told her she didn’t

know me that well. Which only seemed to make matters worse for me, imagine

that. She now had me over a barrel and if she wanted to push the issue she

could, and she did.

So, I was on the spot. She challenged me to go in the bed room and come out

BUCKNAKED for everyone at the party to see. Which was like 13 people. Half men

and half women. Well not totally half since there were 13. Unless on of them

was a she-male or something and I didn’t know about it.

I told her I would do it in a heart beat if she really had the guts to put her

ticket on the line, but I was sure she wouldn’t. And I still don’t think she

would have if the others had not started to goad her into doing it.

Now we are talking about PRIMO tickets. Up close and free… what could be

better? It was a win-win for me sort of. I mean all I have to do is get

TOTALLY NAKED for the pleasure of her friends. Oh, not that hard… right?

Well, she went in and got her ticket and came back. She held it up and

announced to the others that the ticket was on the line. If I dared strip down

for it, the ticket was mine. She said it would be worth the laugh. That was

unless I was a chicken.

Well, what is a girl to do? Do I go for it? Get naked for her friends and a

few of mine, and score some sweet tickets? Or should I punk out and say that I

was only kidding or that I didn’t want to take her tickets from her?

It must have been the moment. Or maybe I am just crazy. I stood up and walked

into her bed room saying I would be right back. Everyone in the room went

quiet and I could tell they were waiting for what was to happen next. Each

wondering if what would happen next was what they had hoped for since the idea

was tossed out onto the floor.

Once in the back bedroom I started to shake. I mean, I had kind of gone too

far to turn back. If I walked back into that room dressed, they would all

think I was full of crap. If I went out there nude, I would be embarrassed and

the story would be kicked around forever between the group.

There comes a point when you just have to say, “What the Hell!” and go for it.

I mean, life is just too damn short to sit on your ass. So, I started to

undress.

In no time, I was totally naked. Naked as the day I was born. Well, mind you I

had pubic hair. Then, not when I was born. At the time of the dare I mean. I

had kind of a landing strip thing going. So, it was not naked as the day I was

born I guess I mean. Still I was very naked. As naked as I could get with out

a razor or some nair, which I don’t carry with me all that often.

Once naked I stood at the door ready to step through and trying not to think

about it. Knowing what was about to happen was starting to make my mind

tingle… well maybe it was not my mind. But, something was tingling for sure

and if it had its way I would be putting on more of a show then any ticket was

worth. Well, unless that was a ticket with a backstage pass.

Well, as I came around the corner. And by came… I mean went. Not that I was

not on the verge of a orgasm at the very thought of what I was doing. Walking

into that room of people totally naked was more then a rush…. It was like

hooking myself up to electric. I felt the serge through my body. I swear I

couldn’t even hear what they were saying. My body was going numb.

I thought I was having an out of body experience. Turns out I was just about

to pass out. In all the excitement I think I forgot to breath. When my hearing

started to return I could hear their laugher which only made me blush like

mad.

As I stood there BUCKNAKED the center of attention I nearly came, and by that

I mean cum, in front of all of them. I quickly had to turn and dash back to my

clothes.

The rest of the night I heard all kind of fine comments which only helped to

stroke my ego, or embarrass me into a giggly state. I can’t believe I never

tried this before. It was such a thrill, and oh yea… I got a sweet ass ticket

to see the Barenaked Ladies.

Well, that is how and why I went BUCKNAKED to see the BARENAKED Ladies. If you

go to concerts… keep an eye open for me. You never know that I would do for a

ticket. Heck, I never would have guessed I would have done the Full MONTY for

that ticket.

Bent Over On A Bet

By: Holly

Well, this was a bet more then a dare. I guess I dared to do it, but then

again… there were stakes so… I guess it was more of a bet.

I was out with some friends from work getting a drink last Thursday night. We

had all been drinking and playing pool, darts, and watching the game on the

big screen TV at the bar after work. But, before too long most of those I work

with had headed home. The happy hour was over and only myself and one of the

guys from accounting were still holding out.

I told him that I really needed to get going before I was too drunk to find my

way home. He made a joke about me not needing to worry... since I could just

go back to his place. The kidding around and flirting continued until it was

nearly dinner time and I was pretty well sloshed.

Being such an easy drunk, I was that cheap drunk. Well, not sure how to say

it. Everyway I try makes me sound like I am saying I am a slut or something. I

didn’t mean to say that… well I don’t think I did. I mean… I guess I could

have meant to imply that on a subconscious level. Well, needless to say… it

does not take a lot of money to get me hammered.

Well, once I am 3 or 4 sheets to the wind my judgment is not always the best.

It is then I tend to do things I might not… if I had all my faculties with me.

That is not to blame everything that happened on the drink. I know good and

well that it is my own fault I get into the trouble I get into. And lets face

it… I pretty much ask for it most of the time. Hell, I go looking for it.

That was the case here. I could have walked away at any time, but I just had

to push to see how far it would go… how far I would go. And in the “End” (Pun

to be explained later) I found out for sure.

My accountant friend was feeling 10ft tall and bullet proof. He started saying

things that would have gotten him fired in a second had he said them just a

few hours before when we were both at work. He started to comment on the

different women that work with us and just what he would love to do with them.

He was like… “Oh I would love to ... Georgia’s big black tits.” He continued

by saying he would “love to go muff diving in the intern’s pants.”

I was laughing my ass off at how serious he was when he said all of this. I

mean, he was pretty serious considering just how ridiculous his rant was. I

mean, this guy is such a white bread… milk toast guy at work. Now there he was

going on and on saying the nastiest dirty comments he could think of in his

pickled state.

So, I had to ask… just what would you want to do to me? He looked me right in

the eyes and with out hesitation he said something I couldn’t believe. His

forward statement really caught me off guard, even considering the other

comments he already made it shouldn’t have, but it did.

He looked me right in the eyes and said, “I would ... you right in your bubble

butt ass!”

I about spit my drink out all over his face. Some how I managed to swallow it

all down… and no comments from the peanut gallery about how I learned to

manage that. I was shocked and tickled at the same time.

“My bubble butt ass?” I asked, not really expecting an answer. Though an

answer soon followed… “Yes” he said with out hesitation.

“You have thought this through haven’t you?” I asked him.

He nodded and smiled a goofy smile. I then laughed and said what would be

maybe my dumbest comment of the evening. “Tell you what… You get up on that

table and dance and I will bend over and let you.”

I had said it in jest, but he was climbing on the table before I could stop

him. “It is a bet!” he said as he stumbled to get on the table knocking over

his chair. Once on the table he started do dance… well if you could call it

that. He basically wiggled around in a drunken haze until the bouncers “Took”

him off the table with extreme prejudice.

After getting tossed out of the bar… him not me… they put him in a cab and sent

him home. I caught a cab of my own and went home as well. I had almost

forgotten the cause of his silly act by the next morning when I saw him again.

He didn’t say anything at first. If his hangover was anything like mine, I

could understand why. My head was pounding most of the morning. But, by the

end of the day when I saw him again (He works 3 floors down) I was feeling

better and he must have been too.

He came over and asked when I was going to be offering up my ass. I laughed

and asked what he meant, pretending I didn’t know what he was talking about.

He then reminded me of the bet and how he kept up with his end of it… even

though it got him tossed out of the bar and he had to explain to his wife what

happened to his car when he got home in the taxi.

I told him I was only kidding about letting him ... me in the ass. I mean,

what kind of girl I would be if I bend over for every guy stupid enough to

climb on a table and dance. He was kind of let down. I think he really thought

he was going to be getting some ass or something. So, I felt a little bad.

I told him, though I wouldn’t let him ... me in the ass… I would let him have

a look at it. That seemed to work. He said he would love to have a peek. So, I

told him to meet me after work in the parking garage.

After work I made my way to the parking lot. The whole end of the day had been

crazy. All I could think about was how I was going to show this guy my ass. As

embarrassing as I knew it would be, I was turned on. It was really bad to be

getting wet at work.

Once in the parking garage I waited near my car. When he arrived I pointed up

to one of the many security cameras and told him that we would have to go some

place I where we would not get busted. He said he knew just the place. He told

me to follow him.

I got in my car and followed him for a few blocks until he lead me into the

parking lot of a gas station with a little mini mart attached. I got out of my

car and told him I was not about to drop my pants in the middle of the gas

station parking lot. He laughed and said that was not what he had in mind.

We went into the mini mart and I learned that they had a restroom in the back.

He checked the men’s room and told me it was empty. It was just one stall and

a sink. I looked around to see if anyone would notice if I went in. Seeing no

one… I went on in.

Once in the men’s room he shut the door and locked it. That worried me a little

bit, but since the door was paper thin, I was not too worried. A scream could

be heard and a good shove would take it off its hinges. So, I was ok.

He told me I was safe to show him my ass. So, I did just that. I turned away

from him and raised my skirt showing him my royal blue satin panties. He

seemed to like that… but then asked to see my bare bottom. I figured why not…

I lowered my panties and raised my skirt again… showing him my bare bottom. I

blushed as I did. The thrill of showing my naked butt to this guy I hardly

know, but work with was like the best of both worlds. I was starting to get

wet just feeling his eyes on me.

Next he asked me to bend over. I squatted down and took my panties off

totally. Putting them in my purse, I then put my hands on the sink and stuck

my ass out toward him. Bending at the waist, I pulled my skirt back up my back

with one hand… showing him my ass. Bend over… and my legs slightly spread.

Knowing he could see everything at this point if he just lowered himself a

little.

It didn’t take him long to do just that. He started to squat down when the

knock came to the door. I quickly stood up and pushed my skirt down.

Straitening it as he got to his feet and stuttered something about being on

the can to the guy waiting outside the door I started to giggle.

It was hard to control myself as the thrill of exposing myself and the

excitement of almost being caught hit me all at once. I could feel how wet my

pussy had become, and I knew we would have to be in this small restroom with

this guy from work for a little while... at least until the guy waiting took

off.

It was all I could take not to jump his bones right then and there, but I had

already gone pretty far. How far I should go was the question on my mind.

Lucky for me fate stepped in and his wife called his cell.

When we were free to leave we took off for our cars. But before we went our

separate ways I made him promise not to tell anyone at work that I showed my

ass on a bet. He agreed it would only lead to trouble for him if he did. Got

to love those married men. LOL

Naked Hike Dare

By: Holly

I love to go on hikes. I often hike in the woods, or at state parks. It is

great to get out of the office and back to nature. Even if I am just walking

in a field, I enjoy the experience. The only thing better then being out in

nature. is to be out in nature in the all together. You know. NAKED!

Well, that is exactly what this dare was about. A naked walk in the woods was

the dare, and to tell you the truth, I was up for it right from the start. The

truth is I love to be naked in nature. I love the feel of the sun on my body,

the wind in my hair, rain on my face, mud between my toes, I could go on and

on. I really find it a turn on to be bare outdoors.

A friend of mine from Florida had dared me to take a walk in the woods. They

knew good and well that it is a fantasy of mine, but I don't know if they knew

that it is something I have done a few times already. I would guess I have run

naked through the woods nearly 34 times. There for a while I couldn't get

enough of it and went a few times a week.

That is the way I am, if something turns me on. I will do it again and again

like a junky, hooked on the feeling or the thrill. I was like that with my

naked runs for a while. So, this dare not only appealed to me, but it also

worried me that I might once again get hooked on streaking through the

wilderness.

One time, I was streaking and I came up one a campground for horse owners. I

had been running naked on a horse trail so it made since. The campground was

empty at the time. Only about 10 lots total anyway. But each had a water pump

to care for the horses and such. I was so hot and sweaty from my run that I

started pumping water until it started to flow. then got on all fours and

splashed the water all over myself. It was fun on a few levels. One, I was

naked in public. I even if no one was around at the time, I was totally naked,

and at least a mile from my clothes which I had hidden under a bush along the

trail. Two, I was on all fours like some kind of animal getting my bath of

sorts in the cold water of the pump.

Thinking back on that particular run through the woods I remember having a

little trouble finding the bush I hid my clothes under. I can tell you now

that I got more then a little worried when I couldn't find them as quickly as

I thought I would. Still it was a great thrill and got me rather wet as I

worried. When I did find my clothes I almost wished I had not.

Then there was the time I was streaking in the woods behind the university and

almost got busted by the cops. I had started deep in the woods, but as my

nerve build up I ran closer and closer to the edge of the woods. In the end I

ventured out into the open area between the buildings and the woods. I guess I

did that once too often.

The last time I got close to the edge of the woods I saw a cop looking into

the woods. I was not sure if he saw me at first or not, but I took off running

bare ass naked in the opposite direction as fast as I could. My clothes mind

you, where stashed not far from where he was. So, that meant I had to run in a

huge loop to throw him off. Had he not followed on the edge of the wood, I

would have never pulled it off. Or if he would have had the smarts to call for

back up, they could have had a chance of cutting me off. I managed to get back

to my clothes and dress just before he could get with in range. He had to see

me leave the woods and sprint for campus. But, by the time he could get close

enough to do anything about it, I was lost in the crowd. That was as close as

I have ever cut it.

But, these two stories have nothing to do with the dare I was given. The dare

was simply to take a walk in the woods totally naked. Simple right? I mean

next to the last two tales I just told you, it would seem a simple walk in the

woods in the buff wouldn't be that hard at all. Well, the problem is the

nearest woods to me now, is very busy. There are a lot of people to be found

at any given time. Since the park closes after dark, I had to do the dare in

the day. And even on weekdays there are people around. When I agreed to do the

dare, I didn't think about how hard it was going to be. Once I got to the

park, I soon noticed there were a number of cars parked. Some I guessed

belonged to those in the picnic area. But, there were too many cars to only

belong to them. That meant that some people would have to be on the trail as

well.

But, a dare is a dare and I never back down once I commit to doing a dare.

Sure, I will look for every loophole in the book, but I don't back down. Once

I got to the park I locked my car and started to walk to the trail like

nothing out of the ordinary was going on. Though inside I was going crazy, my

body was starting to release adrenaline and my heart was already starting to

race at the very idea of what I was about to do. Dressed in a pair of loose

fitting running shorts and a tank top I picked up speed. I picked things that

would be easy to get off. even over my sneakers. I didn't want to waste any

time getting dressed if I had to make a quick get away. I also wore my fanny

pack. I figured I could stuff my shorts and shirt into it and run with it, if

I felt the need. I know it would be a little chicken, but it was better then

being stranded naked.

Once at the trail I headed deeper into the woods. I kept going deeper until I

was out of sight of the picnic area, or at least far enough that I thought I

was far enough way. Then I pulled my shirt over my head as quickly as I could.

My bare breasts flopping out into the midday air. My pink nipples quickly

getting harder as I hooked my thumbs into my waistline and forced my shorts

down to my ankles. Bending over with my bare ass in the air, I worked the

shorts over my sneakers. I love to run barefoot, but since there were people

around for sure, I figured I better leave them of for my advantage. Looking

down at myself, naked save the sneakers and the fanny pack I had to laugh. I

looked really foolish.

Packing the shorts and shirt into the fanny pack and zipping it shut was

almost as bad as leaving them under a random bush. It would be hard to get

them out in a hurry, but at least my clothes would be with me at all times.

Thought the thought of tossing the fanny back into the woods and just

sprinting away was too tempting to overlook. I started to run down the path.

My tits flopping as I jogged along. My ass wiggling and bouncing as I picked

up speed running faster. As my thighs rubbed together from time to time I

could feel myself starting to get wet. The dare was getting to me, and making

me very horny as I knew it would from the start.

It took all my strength not to just stop right in the middle of the path and

finger ... myself into orgasm. Had it not been for the sound of a stick

snapping I would have. The snapping stick was enough to sober me up a little.

I looked in all directions, covering my breasts with one arm and my pussy with

the other hand. It was only second before I saw the culprit. but is seemed

like an eternity. My eyes locked up with the culprit. A deer. a deer that I

ran upon and startled. The deer looked at me and I at it. I was a little

frightened since I had no idea what it would do. Lucky for me it seemed to be

as scared of me as I was of it.

Forgetting for a moment my nudity, I slipped by the deer. Moving down the

path, my eyes still trained on the deer, I forgot the view I was affording

anyone coming down the path toward me. My bare ass was on full display, as I

backed away from my woodland friend. When the deer jumped across the path I

stumbled back and fell right on my butt. Which turned out not to be such bad

luck for me. As I fell, I heard some one coming down the path. The fall took

me out of their view. I crawled on my hands and knees into the brush.

Scampering for cover like a scared rabbit, I laid flat on the grownd and hoped

that they would not see my white ass sticking up. It was not long before the

two love birds came down the path holding hands. They not only didn't notice

me, they didn't notice the deer shit in the middle of the path left by our

dear deer friend. The girl was royally pissed when she got it all over her

shoe and I almost let a loud laugh escape my lips. It would have given me away

for sure, but I was able to hold the laugh in until they were down the way.

Once they were I got up and started to sprint down the path as fast as I

could. Trying to put as much distance between me and them I ran. My tits were

bouncing so hard it hurt. I tried to hold them, keep the hair from my eyes,

and dust the dirt off me as I ran.

I made it about a half a mile with out incident. It was almost too easy at

that point, but I was not keen on getting into that much trouble anyway. So, I

told myself I would jog until I made it to the creek and then I would wash off

and dress. If I could keep from pleasuring myself right there in the creek, I

would be back to my car before anyone noticed.

I was almost to the creek when I heard more voices. It sounded like lots of

them, but then I noticed it was not voices, but dogs barking. As they got

louder and louder it seemed that I was going to get busted for sure.

I dashed for the bridge over the creek as fast as I could. The race was on, I

was running for the same bridge the dogs and their owners were heading for. If

I didn't make it before them I would be left in the open and totally exposed.

I guess being naked has its advantages. I motivates you to run even faster. I

made it to the bridge and hurried under it to hide. The bridge is not that

much. More of a few wooden planks resting on two 4X4s. I laid face up in the

water under the bridge. The cool water chilling my body. Looking up I could

see through the cracks between the planks. I could hear the dogs getting

closer and closer. In no time they were on the bridge. The dogs were going

nuts. Barking over the side of the bridge, I knew they were barking at me.

Their owners had no idea a totally naked bimbo was laying in the shallow water

under the bridge. The dog’s owner pulled on their chain and yelled something

about get away from the edge… and saying to the other owner that it must be a

coon or a beaver. Had I not been scared to death of the dogs, I would have

laughed. But once they were gone, I climbed onto the path and dressed. Wet and

dripping put on my clothes, which soon would be wet themselves. My sneakers

were soggy wet. I kept walked back to my car, blushing thinking about how

close I had come to exposure. The ride home was a soggy one, and not all the

wetness came from the dip in the creek. One thing is for sure, this was not my

first run in the woods, but it was one that will be remembered for a long

while to come. I came close to being exposed at least twice that I know of,

and the dogs about blew my cover… not to mention scare the hell out of me. I

would have been quite a site had they come after me and I had to clime a tree

naked like that. I guess I will try to stick to streaking in town where there

are fewer wild animals from now on.

Drive naked & Pump Gas Naked Dare

By: Holly

A friend has dared me to walk to my car naked tomorrow morning and drive off.

Then on the way home stop at the self serve no attendant gas station and strip

bare after work and pump my gas naked.

That was the dare… this is the report.

I woke up early this morning. If I was going to do a dare like this… I was not

going to do it during the morning rush. I mean… driving NAKED would be risky

and there would be a good chance I would be seen. To minimize that chance, I

planned to get up extra early so that I could get to the car naked and not be

seen by all my neighbors. I am not one to get up early, so it was quite a

challenge just to wake up at 5:00. I forced myself to hit the shower. My house

was cold for some reason this morning and the nice warm shower really helped

get me ready to do the dare. However, by the time I was showered and my hair

and makeup done… it was a quarter till 6:00. I packed all my clothes in a

duffle bag and clutched it tight as I headed toward my door. I was so nervous

I could hardly turn the door knob.

I could feel my body start to tingle with excitement as the door creaked open

and I peeked out. I didn’t see anyone around. A car passed by, but only that

one. So, I figured it was now or never. Opening the door took all my strength.

It was all I could do to put my first foot outside the door. Doing naked jumps

outside my door at night are one thing, but this is in the day. And it would

be really easy to see EVERYTHING! So, I started to get a little excited at the

idea of being seen. I don’t know why it turns me on so, but I was starting to

get warmed up before I ever set foot outside the door. Flinging the door open

I ran out… forgetting to lock my door at first and having to run back and make

sure it closed all the way. But, before anyone could see my bare ass in the

morning sun I took off in a sprint for my car. My car keys seemed impossible

to get into the lock. I thought I might have the wrong car for a second. My

nerves had the best of me and I was not thinking strait.

Once in the car I looked around at last to see if anyone had saw me naked and

fighting with my car keys. Lucky for me no one seemed to be out. The

neighborhood was quiet. For once I had a little luck it seems on my side.

Still… sitting in the car naked made me feel very exposed.

I was not sure how much you could see of me. I tried to sit low so my tits

would be hidden, but if a taller car pulled up beside me they could see right

in and get quite a view. I couldn’t hide a thing. I also could feel more then

exposure. My bare ass and pussy on the seats gave me a strange feeling. My

bare sex on the seat made me start to get a little wet. And the embarrassment

already had my heart racing. I was going to be hard to go into work flushed

and blushing like I was. I mean… my goose bumps have goose bumps. And other

parts of my body were wanting to betray my need to say calm and in control.

Now, I couldn’t drive all the way to work nude. That might get me in trouble.

I mean, what if I was in a wreck? Even if it was just a finder binder… can you

imagine me having to get out and trade insurance information NAKED? So, I had

to have a plan. My plan was to drive downtown a little then pull behind one of

the building and dress in the alley. I thought this was a good idea, after all

Mike didn’t say how far I had to drive naked did he? And being one who loves

to exploit loopholes, I pulled into the first good alley I could find. By the

time I got there I had already had to sit in traffic. The car beside me at the

stop light only had one person in it. And lucky for me he was too busy trying

to light up his smoke. I was just waiting for a school bus or something to

pull up beside me before I could make it to cover. The wait, worry, and wonder

was making me another fine “W” word. I couldn’t stop myself from getting

excited by the dare and the thrill of trying not to get caught. Though part of

me wanted to be seen. A bigger part then I might want to admit. I am such a

bimbo!

I was almost to the alley when I had to come to a stop 3 car lengths from a

guy with a “Will Work For Food” sign. He was walking up to each car asking for

change. And as each said no, he headed back to the next car. He was going to

get more then change. He was going to get a view of my nude form in all its

glory. Wonder if that would work for food?

He was about to make it to my car when the light change and I drove past and

tried not to make eye contact. As I did, I swear I could have heard him

exclaim, “Oh my god!” I pulled into the nearest alley and grabbed my duffle

bad. Opening it up I rummaged for my clothing and started to dress as fast as

I could inside the car, which was really not that easy. How did I do it so

easy when I was in high school and college? LOL I don’t know some things don’t

get easier with age. LOL Once I was dressed I continued to work. But, the ride

was really not any easier on me. Well, maybe a little. I was not naked as the

day I was born… but I was so horny at that point I was grinding my seat as I

waited at each stop light.

Now, that was only the first part of the dare. Believe it or not… driving

naked was not the whole bet! I would also have to pump my gas in the all

together. Pump gas naked? Yea that is what he said! And that is a little… no a

lot… harder than running to my car naked and then taking a short drive. Now, I

got off work and was on the road around 5:00 and I left the office fully

dressed, but naked and on display in my mind. The drive to work had lead me to

a very difficult morning. All I could think about was being naked in the car

and who could have seen me. I was not really sure anyone did, but surly

someone did. But, now one honked or seemed to make a sound to let me know they

saw. The wondering made me so wet. The wishing made me even wetter. Well,

getting in the car for the return drive home found me almost totally out of

control. It was all I could do not to just get myself off right then and

there. But, I showed a little self restraint and just got in the car and drove

away from work and toward the gas station.

There is an gas station that does not have an attendant near where I live. It

wouldn’t take much to pull up, strip, pump, and take off there. After all the

only people who could see you would be… oh god… still a lot of people, but at

least there would be no one to call the cops. Or at least there shouldn’t be.

So, I started to drive there, not sure if I could go through with the dare or

not. But the thought was really plenty enough to get my hand sneaking down and

pulling my skirt up a bit. Trying to work my fingers in under my panties

almost cause me to run a red light. But, once I started to play with my pussy…

I was really thinking I could do this gas pumping dare.

Well, puming gas naked is a lot harder then riding in a car naked. I mean,

sure there was a chance people saw me naked driving along, but I was moving

and they would have to look into the car. Standing outside pumping gas would

leave me very exposed. Mike had asked me to do the dare after work, and I

think he was thinking right after work, but at 5:00 PM there would be people

all over to see me and there would be a good chance I would get arested. So, I

figured he wouldn’t mind if I did the dare later after work. LOL

I went home and thought about my naked drive to work earlier and started to

feel the need to play with myself a bit. So, I ran a nice hot bath and slipped

into it. Going over the drive over and over in my head and letting my fingers

go where they might was a great way to pass the time beween the first and

second parts of Mike’s dare for me. After my bath and some dinner it was

starting to get dark, so I planned out the rest of my dare. I would ride with

a long coat on. I would have nothing on under it. Then when I got to the gas

station I would get out and pump the gas… leaving the coat in the car. No, the

key was not getting caught. So, I had already though about which gas station

to go to. There was one not far that is all automated. All you have to do is

swipe your credit card, pump, and go. In fact… the place I think has that on a

sign… “Pump and Go.” Which sounds like a lot of dates I have had. LOL Kidding!

LOL

Well, I stripped down and got into the long coat. It was my winter coat and

wool. Not the best choice to wear when one is NAKED! It was making me itch all

over. Maybe I was just hyper sensitive, but it was making me nuts. I did have

shoes on however. I didn’t want to step in the mess that is always pooled

around the gas pumps. The drive was just about as hard as the drive naked. I

mean, no one could see me, but it felt like they could. And the wool rubbing

on my exposed nipples was making them rock hard. I just can’t win. LOL

Thinking about what I would soon be doing is made me start to get just as

excited as I had been before.

Once near the gas station I did a drive by to see who could see what. From the

street I would not be able to hide no matter which pump I went to. The place

was set up on an odd angle. I figured if I used the rear pump I could be seen

by the least. And though I get off on being seen… I don’t get off on jail

time. So, I pulled in and got out of my car. Still in my coat I looked around.

There are two sets of pumps and a lighted roof over them. I was the only one

at the station when I started to unbutton my coat, but before I could get it

open and off… another car pulled in and a guy got out and started to fill up

his tank.

As he looked at me he had to wonder why someone would wear a wool coat as warm

as it was out, but maybe he didn’t even notice. It didn’t matter since I was

so horny from the drive in the morning, the bath, and the tingling from the

wool on the drive here. I was wet, and I was starting to not think strait

Waiting for him to leave was making me crazy. I was not sure how much longer I

could stand around and not look suspicious. I mean there is nothing else to do

but pump gas at this place. Why would I just be standing around? I had to look

buys so I started to dig around in my car like I had lost something. As soon

as he pulled away I knew that this was it. So, off came the coat. I tossed it

in my open drivers side door and then swiped my card and started to pump. I

was doing it I thought… I was really pumping gas naked as the day I was born.

Out in public naked. Downtown naked! What was I thinking?

I watched as a few cars went by. No one even noticed. The pumps were giving me

just enough cover… or so I thought. Just as I started to move from behind the

pump to risk a little more expore I heard somehing loud. A rumbling that could

only be one thing.

I turned to see a biker pulling into the station. Oh god, I guess they need

gas too! I just looked at him, and he looked at me. He neary lost control for

a second before righting himself and giving me a smile and a nod. He pulled up

to the pump beside me. Right ...ing next to me! He was only 3 feet from me! He

could see me… all of me! My tits! My bush! My face! My god, he looked me right

in the eyes!

I blushed 5… no 10… no 100 shades of red and then hurried to get my coat. As I

got my coat from the car he was treated to a nice shot of the only thing he

had not seen yet… my ass.

Once the coat was on, I was still blushing. He then did something I was not

ready for… He spoke. He asked me if I was an exhibitionst and I noded. He told

me he was lucky he needed gas with a grin, and I noded again like an idiot not

able to speak. Then he said… “You know you are probably on camera right?”

WHAT? All my planning and I didn’t think that an unmanned gas station might

have a securtiy camera? I am an idiot! I told him I was didn’t think of that,

which drew a laugh from him.

In the mean time I had over filled my gas tank and some had run out on my car.

As I put the pump away the biker used the window cleaner to whipe my car off.

He said it was the least he could do since I had already made his night. I

blushed again and thanked him for both the help and the complement. As I drove

off and headed home… I knew what I would be dreaming of that night. LOL This

was one of my more daring dares and one of the only times I have talked to the

person who SAW ME NAKED! It was thrilling, but I know I was just lucky it was

a dirty old biker and not a cop or some crazy guy. Note to self… get a dare

partner before trying anything this crazy again. LOL

Well, hope you enjoyed the dare as much as I did doing it. I am sure I will do

more in the future… just not this one again… with gas prices what they are… I

can’t affored to spill it all over my car!

Pizza With Nothing On Me

By: Holly

Well the Webmaster gave me a dare to do a few weeks ago. Well, actually he

gave me 3 to choose from. All were really pretty good. Here is what he sent

me.

“Dares for Holly:

1- Order a Pizza Naked. You can be at someone elses house or your own if you

like. When the pizza guy comes to the door you will be wearing a towel and

nothing under. Tell him you were just in the shower etc... When you pay him

you then ask if he wants a tip or to have your towel fall. (\*\*Or you can just

'accidentally' have the towel fall)

2- Go shoe shopping wearing a short skirt and nothing under. Try on shoes from

at least 3 places and tell me about thier reactions. You just pretend like

nothing's wrong when you are trying the shoes on.

3- Go to a public library at any time of the day. Find a nice quiet spot and

start rubbing yourself. The trick here is, once you start masterbating you

can't stop until you orgasm so get yourself set-up properly.

Let me know how you like em. I have many more in my naughty head... “

Now the shopping dare was one that I will get to later… since Beard (at an

older truth or dare board) also gave me a similar dare. But, since you have to

be careful doing dares I normally do them a little bit apart from each other.

The dare I picked to do was the Pizza dare. I picked it for a number of

reasons. One… it is very easy. I love loopholes… and this one really didn’t

need many. I mean… this is a dare that could happen outside the dare. I could

really lose my towel on accident. It could happen. Now why I ordered a pizza

while I was getting a bath might seem odd, but it could happen.

So, pizza it was to be. I was almost even hungry. Though I was sure that after

doing the dare… I would be too worked up to eat. I was already starting to get

nervous.

The thought of this dare really started to work on me. For one thing… it is

different when you do a dare some place other then your home. There is a way

of being anonymous some place else. At your home… well “You” live there! When

they say… “Hey, you are naked!” they pretty much know it is… well… “You!”

Add to that… the pizza guy is going to have your full name on his little order

sheet. So, guess what… he wouldn’t be seeing some random girl naked… would be

seeing me… Holly naked.

Speaking of which… My last name before I was married went along fine when I

later moved to California. Sure it was a humorous coincidence, but when I was

married it was not any better. My name then also seemed to by chance play off

my First. At least then it was not due to parents who thought it would be

funny to give me a catchy name. Though it was nice to share the same name as

one of our fine… presidents… it was the combination of my first and last name

that always drew laughs. Since I went back to my maiden name… I have been back

in the same boat, my name and location very much the same. Recently I went on

a date with a man named Berry. LOL Now I am not saying I am getting married

again… it was just a date. But, why can’t I meet a guy with a name like Smith,

or Jones. Must my name always be the butt of jokes?

Well, back to the dare. I called the pizza place and told them what I wanted.

They already knew who I was… thanks I guess to caller ID. So, they asked me if

that was to be delivered to my address. I said sure… and they gave me the cost

and an estimate that the pizza would arrive in about a half an hour.

It was time to set the plan into motion. I would get in the tub and take a

bath. That way… I wouldn’t be lying when he got there. But, what I didn’t

think about was as I am in the bath all my towels were in the dryer tumbling

dry. For all my planning… I didn’t plan this out too well.

So, as I start to wash the shampoo out of my hair the doorbell rings. It was

time to do my dare. Time to rush out in nothing but a towel. Time to

accidentally lose my towel as I took the pizzas from the driver. Time to…

wait… where are my towels?

I jump out of the tub yelling just a minute… all my towels are in the wash.

So, I look around for something… anything to provide cover. Going out stark

naked would seem just too strange I felt. I had to think quick.

There was that roll of toilet paper… no… would never work… and once I got it

on my wet body it would be hell to get it all off. There was the hand towel.

Much too small to over much of anything, even if I combined it with my wash

cloth… I would be too exposed. Wait… what was that on the shelf? Shave Cream?

Nope… even if it did work… I would look like an idiot… and make a mess all

over the carpet.

I yelled for him to wait again. As I dashed from the bedroom to the bedroom

across the way, there was a small chance he could have saw my run… but only if

he was looking in the window at the time. I was sort of safe.

There was the answer… as my sheet. I quickly pulled it around me. Still quite

wet from the bath. The sheet adhered to my wet body like plastic wrap. And the

water from my body made for a wet t-shrit look with out all the trouble of the

t-shirt. Still, I made my way toward the door. I scuffled across the floor as

fast as I could dragging my trail of sheet behind me. Then… tragedy struck.

I had stepped on the sheet… pulled myself down… and slammed into the door with

my shoulder. It hurt a little, but scared the piss out of the pizza man… who

yelled “You ok in there?” really loud. I responded, “yes.” As I struggled to

get up with my sheet around my middle… boobs swinging freely in the air as I

used the door to climb back to my feet.

Once up on my feet I tucked the sheet around me again and opened the door. The

face on the other side was shocked. I could tell. He looked at me like I was a

ghost. Then he grinned. I started to apologize for my state of dress. Then he

commented, “At least you are not naked.”

Now that was a flirt I think… so smiled and said, “Yea that would be bad…

wouldn’t it.”

He started to hand me the pizza and said, “Oh, I don’t know. Might make my

day.”

I blushed… had this guy known I was going to do this? Could he tell I was

supposed to show him due to the dare? The thoughts raced through my head. But

then, I shook them off and just smiled.

I sat the pizzas down on an end table and started to dig for my money in my

purse. But, the sheet wouldn’t just fall off. When I had fallen it had wrapped

around me and tangled pretty good. Now I was snug as a bug in a rug… and there

was little chance of it just “falling” off of me. I could see I had botched

this dare up pretty good.

Now, I was already plenty embarrassed. And I was also plenty turned on. Not

that the guy was that hot. He was average in almost every way. In fact… a

little below average. I guess that is why he is a pizza guy. But, he as

interested in my sheet gown.

Realizing my plan to just accidentally show him my naked body was going south…

I scrambled to think of plan “B”. What was plan “B”? I did I have one? I was

not sure… but then it dawned on me.

I could ask him if he wanted a tip… or a peek. It was that easy and that hard

all at the same time. I mean… and accident is one thing. Flashing a guy is

another thing. Asking him if he wants flashed… well that is another thing

totally!

But, what could I do? I could fail the dare… or I could go with my backup

plan. I guess it would have to be the backup. What else could I do… what would

you have done?

So, as I hand him the cash I ask him if he wants a tip or a peek. He about

loses it. He was about 45-50. I am sure he does not get a lot of offers like

this in his line of work… at his age. LOL So, he jumped at the chance.

I shyly opened the sheet and spread my arms wide. This gave him a nice close

up… full view. And was rather embarrassing. So, I looked over my shoulder as I

did this. Then closed the sheet. And blushed.

He said, “Thanks!” and was about to stumble off the porch as I told him you

are welcome and shut the door. As I fell back against the door… very hot after

the dare I had just done… I heard him drive off. Then I thought… what about my

change?

The SOB got a look at my goods… and kept the change! Can you believe it! I

tipped and stripped! I felt like such and idiot. But, what can I do? I can’t

very well call him back and ask for my money back. LOL

My Pool Hall Dare Report:   
By: Holly   
  
Not long ago I was given this dare…   
  
Okay Holly, I've got it!! Yes, it's past the week-end, sue me.<grin> I was actually having trouble thinking of one that was different.   
  
For this dare you need a tee-shirt, your shortest skirt, a high heeled shoe, a sneaker, a knee sock, a ankle sock, lots of mascara, and two different earrings. This is what you'll be wearing. <grin>   
Oh, the ankle sock goes on the same foot as the sneaker. Heavily make up your face with eye shadow, lipstick, blush, the whole deal.   
Extra points the more clownish you make yourself look. <grin> And extra points if your tee-shirt has either holes in it or some silly picture on it.   
  
Go to a bar of your choice during the day. Whatever bar you pick needs to have a pool table and some women in it so you may have to look around for a bit.   
  
At the bar, you'll be challenging one of the women there to a game of pool for a round. Once you get a taker, add that besides a round, loser also flashes the bar. You don't gotta throw the game so maybe you'll get lucky & some other woman will be showing off not you.   
  
Win or lose, go for another game either with her or some other woman. Remember, loser buys a round & flashes the bar. Winner has the choice of which of the three B's gets flashed; boobs, buns, or bush. Loser has to hold the flash for at least thirty seconds.   
  
After a few games, win or lose, suggest one more game. If you lose this one you say you have to stand in the middle of the bar for two minutes with your skirt tucked up into it's waist & holding your shirt up. At the end of the two minutes you walk out of the bar like that. Your opponent has to do something similiar but you'll have to pick it depending on what she's wearing. Still don't gotta throw the game so again maybe you'll get lucky.   
  
Do let us know how it goes. <evil grin>   
  
Well after doing this dare I can now report how it went.   
  
Before I start I want to say I liked this dare for a few reasons. It was not impossible to do and didn’t require me to do anything that would get me tossed into jail. Both elements that are nice to see in a dare you get from the Internet.   
I got dressed in the mismatch socks and shoes. The skirt I wore was just below my bottom, so I really had to watch how I bent over or sat down. LOL The shirt was one that I had got for free. It came from a conference that I had attended as a part of my job. The shirt reads “Stop Porn” I am not really sure what in the hell they were trying to promote, but you have to love their flair for T-shirt making.   
I painted myself up pretty good. I didn’t go for the whole clown look for say, but I used my brightest red lipstick and my brightest blue eye shadow. So, the end result was kind of a tramp look. I was not really going for that at first, but that was how it turned out.   
I did this dare on a day that my husband was out of town. Two reasons for that, one I didn’t need him to see me dressed like that and two, I didn’t want to explain why I was going out with out him.   
I went to one of the few places I know have a pool table. I am sure there are many around town, but I only know of a few. It is kind of a drive for me so I had to drive through town dressed like a total goofball.   
Once there I made a scene before I ever made it in the door. I had a coat on so all they could see were my socks, but that alone was enough to draw a chuckle from two people I ran into in the parking lot.   
One inside I thought it might make it easier to go through with the dare if I had a drink. Three shots later I was about ready to play. There was only one other girl in the bar. She was with two guys. All in all, there were only about five people there. I guess it is not as busy during the week. LOL Well, to tell the truth I kind of knew that it wouldn’t be as crowded as it would have been on the weekend. LOL   
Well, I had a hard time working up the courage to challenge the one girl there with me to a game, but once I asked started to play a game on my own I had a stroke of luck. Or at least I thought so at the time. One of the girl’s male companions came over and asked me to play with him.   
We played and I managed to beat him. So, next his friend came over and played me. Again I won. We had wagered 5 dollars on that second game, so the stage was being set. And I already had won $5 so I was feeling pretty confident. Who could blame me?   
Well, after besting her two buddies the girl came over and said she would play me for $20 and I now had my chance to see if she was willing to play the game with my rules or not.   
I told her that money was ok, but what if we bet a quick flash to the guys if we lost. She thought that would be ok, but also wanted the $20 which made me balk. I was not really planning on losing $20. I mean losing $5 was not that bad, but losing $20 and having to flash my boobies to total strangers seemed like a really steep bet.   
I managed to talk her down to a $10 bet. The game was on. Solids and strips was the game she picked and I was a little thrown off, but I felt I could still do well at it.   
Well, right from the get go she had me beat. I couldn’t seem to get a single thing going right. I was playing strips, which I hate. I like solids. That was just one part of my downfall. The other thing that played into the game was her built in fan base. They cheered every time she sunk one and twice as loud when I screwed up. I should have taken it as a complement. I didn’t think about it at the time, but later I did. But, they were maybe cheering for her because they wanted to see my boobies more. LOL At least that is how I see it now. LOL   
Well, she pounded me in the first game and I handed over the money. That was the easy part. Money is one thing. Showing your tits to strangers up close and personal is TOTALLY different. I told them to take a good look because I was only going to do this once. So, I told them to all get in place and then one… two… three… Boobies! I gave these 2 guys and 1 woman a quick flash. There was another guy that kind of saw, but only from behind. I had my shirt back down before he could get into place.   
Now one thing that might have made the flash go a little easier would have been if I would have NOT worn my bra. Because in the hurry to get my shirt back down it got tied up in my bra. LOL So, I had one tit hanging out a little longer then the other. LOL   
No matter what happened with the bra I was already much more embarrassed then I expected to be. LOL   
I would like to say that we played the second game, but she wanted me to put another $20 on the and I just couldn’t get her to drop that. I guess forcing me to show my naked breasts was not rewarding enough for her. LOL The guys didn’t seem to mind, so if there is anything to take from this experience it had to be that I guess. LOL   
Well, that is how the dare went. After the second game fell through I walked out to my car and changed into a pair of pants. Before you all get too worked up… I simply pulled the pants up under my skirt and then pulled my skirt off for the ride home. LOL Well, that was as close to the dare as I could get. I hope my humiliation brings you all some joy. LOL All it brings my is some embarrassment and a memory I can revisit when ever I want. LOL If I ever think of a reason to revisit it. LOL

In Public?!   
  
I woke with a start. The sun was shining in my eyes so I turned over and   
dragged the duvet over my head. then iheard the voices.   
‘She still in bed.’ It was Sue in the kitchen. ‘Why don’t you go and wake her   
up?’   
I heard Roy’s voice nice and brown and firm. ‘Do you think I should?’   
‘She won’t be up for a couple of hours yet if you don’t.’   
I heard my bedroom door click open and yet more light flooded in. I   
pretended to be deep asleep.   
‘We’redue to go to the beach today - if you remember last night. Get up lazy   
bones.’   
I grunted in my sleep.   
I felt a tug on the bottom of the duvet and I clung to it at the top. No good.   
Roy was too strong and absolutely certain I would get up. The duvet left the   
bed and left me stark naked - who wears clothes to bed? - laying on the sheet.   
I crunched up so as to cover as much as possible of my exposed person but   
was dragged upright and a glass of orange juice and a slice of taost forced   
into my hand. Roy sat on the end of the bed admiring the view. It was then I   
noticed he was naked too.   
‘What the....?’   
‘You lost at poker last night when you bet Sue and Tom that either they or   
you would go completely naked from here to the beach. You lost. then you   
upped the stakes by adding me into the bet as a bonus. And lost again. So   
here I am ready, as you can see to clear our debt so come on, shake that butt   
and shower. I’ll wait in the kitchen with Sue.’   
Now the thought of MY boyfriend waiting naked with Sue in attendance was   
quite an incentive to action. I rolled out of bed and into the shower.   
‘Just remember - STARKERS,’ came Sue’s voice above the hiss of the   
water.   
I dried myself and packed a few things in a bag just in case. Particularly   
suncream. A large towel beckoned but it was soon unwrapped from my slightly   
brown body with its pink stripes and handed to Roy for safe keeping by Sue.   
Roy’s car was in the drive and he strolled noncholantly to it and opened the   
door. I made a dash for it and scambled in the passenger seat and wriggled   
down so I could not be seen through the window below the neck. Roy backed   
outand drove at a nice, staedy pace to the beach car park. Getting stopped by   
he police while naked was not on the books.   
The car park was quiet I was pleased to see and Roy grabbed the bag and,   
like the gentleman he is, opened my door for me to get out - naked. As I had   
never done the ‘Nude in Public’ bit before I eased my way out and tried   
toshelter behind the door until Icould see that there was nobody looking. Some   
hopes! Roy shut and locked the door and we walked or to be more precise, I   
staggered towards the sands. We got a big grin from another young couple   
who drew up as we left and I saw him give Roy a thumbs up when he saw me.   
WALK, Itold myself running would draw more attention than I was already   
getting. Roy didn’t seem to mind but them men are more used to being naked   
than women.

Toga Party Mishap   
A Retro Report From Holly’s College Years.   
By: Holly   
  
When I was in college I was a cheerleader for the basketball team. Most of you already know that. But, like most of you don’t know much about my adventures from those days. I thought it might be fun to relive some of those adventures for you.   
  
One of the adventures I remember quite well took place my sophomore year. I had just gotten on the cheerleading squad and was making new friends. I was dating a guy, but also seeing other guys kind of at the same time. It was really a lot different then when I was in high school and people picked on me.   
  
The nice thing about my new found popularity was getting invited to parties. The guy I dated freshman year took me to a lot of parties… but I was really only there because he brought me along. Now I was getting invited on my own. I was thrilled to be asked and excited about going to a type of party that I had never been to before, but always heard a lot about.   
  
The “Toga party” is the stuff of college lore, however they really do take place. Now the party I attended was not really a drunken orgy that is often depicted in film. It was more of a bizarre meet and greet really. Most of the people there had fashioned their togas out of bed sheets and were dressed under them.   
  
Some of us were a little more daring. Now, I will not say that I was really daring… I did have my panties on under my toga, but with out my bra there was a great thrill of being nearly naked in front of everyone… even if they couldn’t see a thing. Some had shorts on under their togas, or even t-shirts too.   
  
My toga was a bed sheet draped over my shoulder and then pinned at my side to hold it in place. My one shoulder was bare and the sheet crossed my chest to cover my breasts. I may have gone with out my bra, but I made sure that the sheet was pulled very tight so that it wouldn’t gape open if I bent over. I really didn’t plan on showing my boobs to everyone at the party… but I will say the chance of being exposed was thrilling.   
  
Even then I was very turned on by the threat of exposure and public nudity. I felt so naughty knowing that only a few pins held my covering in place… a few quick flicks and the toga would fall away and show everyone my breasts and my white satin panties. I fantasized about some one stepping on the back of it and pulling it free from my body and exposing me.   
  
Most of the time life is not nearly as interesting as fantasy. Or at least not as interesting as my fantasies. LOL But, the party did hold many opportunities. I was giddy at the possibilities. But, after most of the guys got hammered and most of the hot ones headed off with their girlfriends a couple of the other girls and I started to talk about heading downtown.   
  
Imagine that. Going downtown in nothing but a sheet and panties. Sounded like a thrill to me then… and heck… I would do it now if I didn’t think I would look like an idiot. A tour of the local watering holes would be kind of nice… and a good way to really push the envelope and the endurance of my poorly constructed toga.   
  
As we were leaving some of the guys had started a impromptu wet T-shirt contest by throwing water and some beer onto a few of the girls who they know didn’t have any shirt on under their toga. Quickly I realized that I was a target.   
  
Wanting to be seen in a fantasy and being seen in reality are too different things when it comes down to it. I started to change my mind about how much I wanted to show. (Can you imagine that? Me… chickening out of a good exposure? LOL)   
  
So, as the guys made their way toward me with a jug of water I quickly turned to escape. When I did I ran head long into one of the bigger guys and felt him grab me with his bear like arms. Then the sensation of cold water matting my sheet to my back hit me. I could feel it soak the sheet and the back of my panties. It was a good laugh for all… still not sure if they were able to see much of my butt or not… but I am sure they were able to see my panties at the least.   
  
That kind of cut into my plan to go downtown in my toga, after all… I now looked like I wet myself, or something. Not able to sit down with out feeling the water chill my backside, I tried my best to dry my sheet by fanning it. LOL I am sure that looked silly enough. And Lucky for me they didn’t make a second attempt at soaking me.   
  
After I left the party with one of my friends we walked across campus sill in only out togas. We did stop in one bar just to show off our costumes. We even both danced a little in them with guys we met at the bar. Things might have gotten hot there had a fight not broken out and we all got tossed out of the bar early because they were not sure who started it. For the record… I had nothing to do with it.   
  
Once we resumed out journey home, which was pretty fun itself. I was so tempted to pull it off and streak the rest of the way home, but my friend was more then a little drunk and needed my arm to keep herself upright.   
  
I am still a little disappointed that the party didn’t get as wild as I had imagined, or that I was not as daring as I was in my fantasies. But, all in all it is a memory I like to revisit from time to time.   
  
Hope you enjoyed reliving it with me.

Holly’s Congratulatory Party   
  
By Robert Dogwood   
  
Once Holly obtained a new job there and then moved to San Francisco, she decided that she really liked the city and wanted to stay there. She was tired of moving all around every few years.   
  
Holly realized if she were to remain there she needed to become successful at her work, so for the first time in her life, she took her job very seriously. This often made her unpopular because in her quest for success she managed to step on quite a few toes.   
  
Co-workers had began referring to her as ‘The Bitch’ and complaining about her behind her back. She also managed, in her zeal, to get quite a few people in trouble with the head office for their lackadaisical ways.   
  
Finally this all reflected on her supervisor, who began to appear weak and ineffectual. Her supervisor, John Rodgers, a youngish man in his mid-thirties, was well liked by everyone on the job, except for Holly. She figured if you can’t pull your own weight, get out of the game.   
  
Finally her supervisor was given notice his services were no longer required in two weeks time. Naturally all of the other employees, except for Holly, were outraged and they blamed her for his dismissal. Holly wasn’t upset for the simple fact that she was given the position as the new supervisor.   
  
She was delighted with herself and also with the obvious wisdom of the front office. She redoubled her efforts to make everyone on the job a more productive and efficient staff member.   
  
Her co-workers, except for John Rodgers, got together and planned a going away party for the leaving supervisor and a welcoming party for Holly. She was rather touched by this and was willing to let bygones by bygones.   
  
The party was to be held in a bar closed to the public from eight to eleven o’clock on that evening. They spent quite a pretty penny renting the bar for that period of time. When Holly learned that, she was even more touched.   
  
She gave quite a lot of thought for what to wear – something attractive and yet tasteful but not stuffy. She splurged and bought a green, knee-length dress with a full skirt. From the cut and fine fabric it was easy to see it was an expensive item. It was strapless and almost transparent in certain areas, but opaque where it counted, so nothing risqué could be seen.   
  
She also bought a new green bra and panties so they couldn’t be readily seen either through the dress. Tickled now with herself, she bought stockings to be held up by a new green garter belt.   
  
On the night of the party, just before leaving the apartment, she took one last look at herself in the full length mirror. ‘I look great,’ she thought to herself.   
  
A slight chill swept through her upon her entry into the bar because she immediately spotted her cousin Natalie waving at her. She hadn’t even known Natalie was in town. As soon as Natalie ran up to her, Holly asked, “Why are you here?”   
  
“Well, that’s a fine thing to say to me,” Natalie said. “Your co-workers contacted me about your promotion and I wanted to be here to help you celebrate.”   
  
“Oh,” Holly said, still slightly confused and worried. “Well, I apologize, it’s good to see you.”   
  
But Holly still felt uneasy somehow about Natalie being present. Things so often went badly for her when Natalie was around. Everyone at the party agreed that Holly had never looked better. In fact, she look so damn beautiful in her new outfit that the other women present were beset with jealousy and hated her even that much more.   
  
Loud rock music pounded out all evening and lots of gifts were presented to her old supervisor and to Holly, herself. While the gifts to John were very tasteful and expensive, such a new Rolex, most of Holly’s gifts seemed to be on the joky side and more than slightly obscene. Things such as, electric vibrators and long dildoes were given to her.   
  
She was extremely popular with the opposite sex that evening and men kept asking Holly to dance constantly and consequently she drank more than she realized and than was prudent. Near the end of the three hour period that the bar was contracted for, the music died down and Fred, one of Holly’s biggest critics called for quiet.   
  
First he offered a toast to the departing supervisor and then he said something strange to Holly.   
  
“It’s now time for you to collect your just reward.”   
  
Before Holly could ask what he meant or really even wonder what he might have meant, two women, Emma, a rather buxom black haired young woman who wore her hair in a bun, and Becky, a beautiful long haired red head with amazing tits, grabbed Holly by each arm.   
  
When she began to struggle, two of the men walked up to her – Bill and George, both dark haired young men wearing black suits – and began to rip her new dress from her body savagely.   
  
“Please, don’t!” Holly pleaded.   
  
“You will reap the benefits of your treachery, Holly,” Natalie, of all people, said, walking up to her.   
  
In a few seconds flat, Holly’s dress was now in ribbons and she had been reduced to her underthings. But not for long – soon the only thing Holly was wearing was her garter belt and stockings. The room had turned into a hell of laughing, pointing, co-workers. Flash bulbs were going off and she could hear the clicks and whirls of digital cameras.   
  
Despite herself, Holly felt her body betray her as she felt herself becoming excited. Her nipples hardened to an almost painful degree and her clitoris unsheathed itself and stuck out. She blushed mightily when she heard women pointing it out to the men.   
  
Holly managed to break free or so she thought, but they had let go of her on purpose. As Holly attempted to run out the front door of the bar – she didn’t know where she was going, she just had to get away from there. Natalie grabbed her by the waist and pulled her back.   
  
Becky knelt down in front of Holly and after lubricating the dildo with her own mouth to the loud cheers of the crowd – she rammed it straight up Holly’s twat and then began to work it in and out in earnest. Holly was so turned on already that she quickly fell to her knees in a giant orgasm.   
  
The crowd of party goers gave her a standing ovation. Suddenly the three hours was up and the bartender threw the doors open to the general public. Scores of people surged in, after all it was Friday night and it was a very popular bar. They almost all to the person stopped dead in their tracks seeing the beautiful Holly on her knees climaxing with a dildo hanging out of her.   
  
Men were shouting out obscene invitations and women were laughing and pointing. It was so humiliating for Holly that she experienced another orgasm immediately following the first and then another and then another. As far as Holly was concerned at that moment, it was all worth it. She collapsed on to the bar room floor.   
  
Later she was helped to her feet by two of San Francisco’s finest, who were called by the bartender. After the news of the party had reached the ears of the front office and her arrest for indecent exposure was also made known to them, Holly was let go and John was given his old position back.   
  
Holly had the last laugh though, at least as far as Natalie was concerned. She made Natalie stay in the city and support her fully until she could find a new job.   
  
The End

Holly Naked At Her New Job   
By: Not A Politician   
  
This story was deleted by Holly for no real reason, and I'm reposting it because Nat hinted it might cause her to get naked - so do it Nat, I dare you!   
  
The following text is pure fiction. While not ugly, I'm not what you'd call a hunk, and more to the point, I'd never strip an humiliate you at your job. We'd go somewhere else...   
  
Holly had just moved over to San Fran, and today was going to be her first day at the excellent new job that had been the reason for her move. She had a brand new laptop that she could use on the office w-Lan network or at home, and a spacious office all to herself, with an outer "wall" entirely consisting of glass.   
  
The office also had a linking door to the neighbour office, which belonged to her new colleague, with whom she would work in close cooperation and whom she was about to meet for the first time.   
  
Entering his office, she was surprised to see he was a real hunk. Quickly getting her thoughts back into professional mode, she introduced herself: "Hi, I'm Holly. Holly Wood."   
  
"Very funny. And your real name?"   
  
"That is my real name", Holly said dead serious.   
  
"Oh, sorry", he said, successfully managing to hide his struggle not to laugh. Then, he realized something...   
  
"Are you \_the\_ Holly Wood?"   
  
Holly didn't understand. What could she be famous for? Or was he one of...   
  
Seeing her puzzled expression, he decided to be just a little bolder: "Have you ever heard of the zone?"   
  
So he \_was\_ one of them! "Yes", she admitted, "I'm that Holly." Despite never keeping her adventures secret (she posted them on the internet after all), she didn't advertise them to everyone, either. So despite herself, she felt a little caught.   
  
"I'm \*\*\*\*\*", he introduced himself, "but you only recently got to know me as "not a politician"."   
  
After a slight pause, he added: "And I dare you to remove your shoes."   
  
It took some moments for Holly to recover, so there's a convenient hole in the plot we can use to describe her clothing. She wore what is called a "power suit", consisting of pants and jacket made from high-quality cloth, an opaque white blouse and smart but sensible shoes. Underneath she wore matching bra and panties, not overly erotic, but definitely not childishly plain either. She also wore black stay-up stockings, which she preferred to pantyhose.   
  
"I'm not taking your orders", she finally replied.   
  
"I'm not ordering you. It's a dare. You've done dozens of them. Besides, lots of women slip out of their shoes when sitting at their desks."   
  
Holly gave in to his arguments, despite her better knowledge that it was unwise not to ban dares from the workplace all together. But the thought of doing something that only the two of them knew to be part of something naughty was starting to cloud her judgement.   
  
After this, they actually started to get work done. Over time, several people entered and left Holly's office, and none of them ever even took notice of her stockinged feet.   
  
The next time she had to discuss something with NAP, she mentioned he had been right, but that she would put the shoes back on as it was boring.   
  
"Then why not move it to the next step? Remove your stockings as well. No-one will notice behind your modesty-panelled desk, and even if someone notices, they still won't think of anything kinky."   
  
"That's all bullshit. You just can't come up with anything exciting that could be done at work."   
  
That, of course, was exactly the sentence he had been waiting and working for all the time.   
  
"I dare you to remove your stockings out on the corridor." It sounded like the next logical step, but was different because it was the first thing that would be frowned upon, even if anyone discovering Holly would probably think her to be crazy rather than perverted.   
  
"OK, but if this is boring you have to stop bothering me at work, and have to do a dare yourself this weekend."   
  
He agreed, knowing he would win.   
  
As soon as she went out the door, he phoned his accomplice, letting it ring two times to give the signal agreed upon earlier that day.   
  
Holly stepped out on the corridor, and lifted her foot to pull the stocking of. She had never tried to remove them this way before, and now realized why. The elastic held them in place against her pulling. She placed her foot on the floor again to get the leg straight, but this didn't help either. She didn't dare to pull any stronger as this might have laddered the stocking.   
  
She realized what she had to do, and also that that bastard NAP must have known all along. She would give him quite a dare as punishment!   
  
Quickly looking around again, Holly opened her pants, let them drop to her ankles, and pushed down the elastic of her left, then her right stocking. Now all she had to do was pull up her pants and...   
  
Just then, a door opened (it was of course NAP's co-conspirator, having peeked through his keyhole (that pervert!) to wait for precisely that moment), but the man leaving it turned back round into his office for some parting talk (he was of course only pretending this).   
  
Holly quickly pulled up her pants, holding them up with her right hand instead of properly fastening them, and used her left hand to pull off her stockings, which was now easy. She then scrambled back into her office.   
  
Where she accused NAP of being a cunning bastard, which he countered by saying that she enjoyed it.   
  
"So what!"   
  
"So what if you could show yourself naked in your office without fearing retribution?"   
  
No! He couldn't! He wouldn't! How would he...   
  
"How?"   
  
"Easy. The glass facade is being cleaned by some minimum wage sub-company. If you give a show just once, even if the window cleaner ever tells it, people will just think he's drunk. Which he probably is."   
  
So Holly was sitting at her desk, naked, waiting for the window-cleaner. Looking out of the window, she finally spotted him. Holly walks over to maybe halfway between her desk and the panorama window. Then, she gives him a real show.   
  
She starts by cupping her breasts and shaking them at him. Then, she wets two fingers in her mouth and uses them to tweak her nipples into an even perkier state. Turning around, she bends at the waist so that her upper body is horizontal, and slaps her right ass cheek lightly with her right hand. She turns and straightens again. This time, she holds her pussy lips apart with her left hand, while using a finger of her right to make slow masturbation moves.   
  
Her orgasm is so intense that she passes out for a moment and stays dazed for several minutes.   
  
NAP, having only waited for this moment (and glad he hadn't needed any drugs to make her pass out), moved into the room, gestured to the cleaner to move along, closed the shades when he wouldn't and began to write nasty words on Holly. He thoroughly covered her whole body. Some of the highlights where the letters "SL" and "UT" on the ass cheeks, her nipples and aureoles turned into targeting crosses, and the words "NAP was here" written on her stomach with an arrow pointing towards her snatch (although this wasn't true).   
  
When he was finished, he took all her clothes and left her, bare-ass naked and covered with embarrassing graffiti in her office.   
  
Now what was she going to do?

Holly's Great Mudwrestling Adventure   
By Robert Dogwood.   
  
Now the first thing I need to tell you is that certain parts of this story shouldn't be repeated to anyone - nope, no one, not even your girlfriend; in fact, particularly not your girlfriend. Rather than you trying to remember which parts not to repeat, just don't repeat any of it. I have no reason to want to be sued by anyone for defamation of character.   
Well, that is true - what you just said. Parts of this were reported by the Word Weekly Times, but that's up to you to look that up yourself. But I still wouldn't repeat any of that if I were you because it was all vehemently denied by everyone involved.   
Now as you probably already know, the WWE rules the wresting world, but lots of towns and cities have their own wrestling. I guess you could think of it as minor league wrestling. Now there’s a certain wrestling association in San Francisco which will go unnamed for obvious reason. This is a brand new thing and they’re trying real hard to get off the ground financially. We began going to the matches two to three times a week.   
Who? Well, who do you think? All of us, although sometimes one or the other of us couldn't go for some reason. Usually it was myself, Holly, Natalie, Johnny, Nap, JoeLook and whoever else was in town that week. These matches were great by the way, but that's not really what this tale is about. The association was so new, they were practically begging people to try it out. In fact, there were some very strange appearing wrestlers from time to time.   
Even I was approached by the management one time and offered the opportunity to fight under the non de guerre of 'The Lone Gunman.' I agreed although I informed them I was only interested in wrestling women. They informed me they would get back with me on that, but I haven't heard anything from them since. I'm ready if they do though. I have my wrestling togs all picked out; purple leotards, with orange trunks along with cowboy boots and my hat on top! Those boots would be good for stomping too. No, no! I didn't mean I would stomp on women. Don't misunderstand me, it was just a momentary lapse.   
Anyway none of this is why the matches were really growing in popularity or why I'm telling you this. The finale would always be a mudwrestling match. That's right, you heard me correctly - mudwrestling! And it was really great too. No, it wasn't between men. You are so weird, I mean it. Where do you get these ideas? Who's ever heard of a mudwrestling match between two men?   
The way they would choose which woman was gonna wrestle was by having a drawing of the torn ticket receipts sometime during the evening. They would keep the women's receipts separate from the men's when they entered the gym. After all, they didn't want a guy showing up to wrestle some woman. Personally I was disappointed about that, but that's just me.   
Of course if you won the drawing, you didn't have to take them up on the opportunity to wrestle. That wouldn't be much of a prize if they made you do something you didn't want to. That would be like work without getting paid, you know? Haha.   
The women weren't allowed to wrestle in their street clothes of course. They were given an outfit to wrestle in, a halter top and some shorts. No, not short-shorts. Get your mind out of the gutter, although I will admit I was hoping for the same thing. The shorts were more like boxing trunks with those elastic waistbands, although there was one strange thing. No matter what size the woman was who was chosen to wrestle, it seemed as if the trunks she were given were about three sizes too small. It must have just been a coincidence. Most of the women chosen luckily looked pretty hot. I mean how good would it have been if they had been a couple of dogs. Oh, I'm sorry, that’s sexist. I shouldn't have gone there. We need to drop that.   
Anyway we had been going for several weeks, two to three times weekly and on this one evening we went, Oz, Roy and Jenny happened to be visiting, so we all went together. Finally on that evening, Holly had her ticket receipt drawn. I mean, it was only a matter of time, but I thought it would never happen. No, I'm sorry. I meant I was hoping it would never happen.   
First Holly wasn't going to do it, until I accused her of being chicken. I didn't really mean it. I don't know where that came from; although once I had said it, it was difficult to take back. And you know Holly, there's nothing she hates more than being called a chicken, so she went on down to ringside and showed them her half of the ticket stub.   
Since it's the last match of the evening, they just bring down this huge sandbox on a high-tension wire. They have it hoisted by crane over the mat. It fits the ring perfectly and then they flood the sand with water.   
Holly came out from the dressing room wearing that halter top and the trunks that were several sizes too small and she looked sexy as hell! I mean, she appeared really healthy and you know she has these really big...um...hands that are good for wrestling.   
The woman she was wrestling was a real heifer. You know the type and she was far larger than Holly, but Holly was much quicker; although she told me later she was much put out because they wouldn't let her use a chair or something during the match, which she had wanted to do once she got a good look at the size of her opponent.   
The match started and there wasn't anybody yelling more encouragement to Holly than me. Luckily we had ringside seats, I didn't want to miss any of this action - haha. No, that's not what I meant. Why do you always insist on misunderstanding me? I mean I am a connoisseur of fine wrestling. I will watch no match before its time. Huh? Oh, I know it doesn't make any sense, I just thought it sounded good.   
The lady that Holly was wrestling was named Kristen - no doubt she was one of the Williams girls, haha. Sorry, private joke. She may have been large and she looked to weigh in at about one hundred and eighty pounds, but that didn't mean she wasn't damn attractive. She had long black hair, a huge chest that tapered down to a very narrow waist and she stood about six feet tall which towered over Holly.   
She lumbered across the ring towards Holly, who easily sidestepped her. Holly threw a headlock onto the hefty young woman, but Kristen picked her up as easy as if she were a feather pillow and proceeded to slam her down on the mat. Ouch! That must have hurt some, but at least it was cushioned by mud.   
The much larger woman threw herself down across Holly, but she was able to buck Kristen off her before the referee could count to three. The much faster Holly quickly rose to her feet and the two women struggled to grab the other one, as they were both now covered with mud from head to toe which made them quite slippery. It was awesome! No, I'm sorry. I meant it was terrible to watch Holly have to go through that kind of thing. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.   
Holly was finally able to grip Kristen by the right wrist and she whirled the much larger woman around and around and I knew she had in mind to throw her against the turn buckle, but at the last possible second the black haired woman reversed the hold and threw our friend against it instead!   
I realized that really hurt because Holly just stood there stunned for a few seconds and her opponent slipped her arms underneath her arms and threw her across the ring. In the process of this maneuver Holly lost her halter top. Alright! I'd been waiting for that to happen and it was the bomb! I mean...I mean, it was terrible that happened and I voiced that to Holly later, but she didn't believe me. Geez, some people always have to think the worst of you now matter how hard you try.   
Anyway apparently that really irritated Holly and she launched herself onto Kristen and wouldn't release her until she had her opponent's halter top off too. Man, this Kristen had some big...you know...What? What the heck are you talking about now? Mama...aries? That's gross. Anyway you really couldn't see that good because like I already told you they were completely covered in mud, but you know, like all gifts - it's the thought that counts.   
I really can't tell exactly what transpired next, because they both got down and muddy. I mean they were wrestling on the floor of the mat and I couldn't see very well, ringside seats or not; but the next thing I knew for certain is Holly arose to her feet and now she's missing her trunks too!   
Oh sweet God! I thought I had died and gone to my eternal reward. She looked so sexy up there all covered with mud and not wearing anything. Wait a minute! That isn't right. I was really chagrined and embarrassed for her and turned my head from the sight of her. Yeah, that's the ticket.   
This caused Holly to become so furious that she lowered her shoulder and knocked Kristen, who had just regained her footing herself, flat on her back on the mat. Instead of attempting to pin her, Holly sat down at the end of Kristen's feet. I had no idea what she was going to do for a minute and suddenly our friend intertwined her legs with Kristen's and put her into the figure four!   
I don't know if you know anything about wrestling, but the figure four puts unbearable pressure on the legs. No one is able to slip out of it or stand the pain for very long. It's known as a 'submission hold,' because once it is put on someone, it is a foregone conclusion the match is over.   
I'll be the first to tell ya - that Kristen was tough. She held out for a long while. She was screaming at the top of her lungs and slamming the mat with her hands and moving all over the place. The way she was gyrating her body everywhere told me she'd be great in...I mean, at gymnastics.   
Finally Holly’s gutsy opponent couldn't stand any more and she submitted. Man, Holly was so excited! She jumped straight up from the mat and began doing cartwheels all around the ring. I think in her excitement she had forgotten she wasn't wearing anything. This is the stuff that dreams are made of! At least my dreams are.   
The crowd was going nuts. Several employees came up and threw buckets of water on her to wash off all the mud. Of course it exposed Holly’s nakedness to the crowd. Natalie was laughing her ass off because she realized Holly had forgotten she was naked. Finally Roy and Jenny were able to get her attention and reminded Holly of her presently extremely underdressed condition and she jumped down out of that ring so quick it made my head spin. Well alright, my head was already spinning from everything that I had seen...no, I mean everything that had gone on in the last few moments.   
Of course Roy and Jenny and finally Natalie (because she didn’t want Holly to get arrested because then she’d have to pay to bail her out) wanted me to loan my long shirt to Holly to wear, which I was more than willing to do; but I just wanted to give her a victory hug first. It was the least I could do, I thought. And it's absolutely untrue that I was hugging Holly in places where one usually doesn't hug at.   
What? Well, I don't mean to say that my hands might not have accidentally slipped into certain places, but it sure wasn't anything I did on purpose. Finally Roy and Jenny made me...I mean, I chose to give Holly my aforementioned shirt to wear and I wasn't even too mad when she got it all muddy, not too very mad - NOT! And it was totally ruined after that, because the mud wouldn’t come out. I pressed Holly for a reward, but she turned me down flat. What kind of reward did I want? Will you grow up, what do you think I wanted?   
Well, that's the whole story of Holly’s great mudwrestling adventure. We don't even want to go into concerning the articles in the Weekly Wrestling News about her and the pictures that popped up on the internet. Well yes, I did happen to have my digital camera with me and I might have snapped a few pictures of Holly – just as a remembrance, but I swear I don’t know how they turned up in Ladies Suddenly Stripped. That’s my story and I’m sticking to it. Please never mention that I told you any of this and if you slip around Holly, for the love of God, don't tell her I told you. Okay, talk to you later. Hey, come around next week and I'll tell you another story about Holly – mwahaha!   
The End

Halloween Holly.   
By: Roy   
  
We were lounging about and having a little drop of wine. After discussing   
fashion and our boyfriends performance in bed we were wondering what to   
talk about next.   
‘Halloween,’ said Jenny, ‘Next Thursday.’   
‘Samhain,’ added Mary - her being the well read one amongst us.   
‘Sam Who?’ asked Holly waking up at the sound of a male name and   
wondering if she could try out her blue eyes and big tits on him.   
‘Don’t get you knickers damp,’ said Jenny, ‘Samhain is the original word   
for Halloween. It’s one of the pagan times of the year. It was believed that it   
was the night that witches flew on their broomsticks to a Sabbat - that’s a   
witches get together before you ask.’   
Holly propped herself up on an elbow and looked interested. ‘Did they   
really fly?’ she asked. She is the fey one in our group.   
‘No, it was just a yarn. They smeared themselves with all sorts of   
unpleasant things and sat astride a bessom and the stuff they had smeared on   
just created the illusion of flying.’   
‘You are sure they didn’t fly? Because I would like to have a go at that   
even if I didn’t really fly. How did they do it? Diana should know.’   
I came into the conversation with a start. ‘Why me?’ I asked.   
‘Diana was the goddess of the moon and a goddess of the pagans, that’s   
why.’   
‘I’m called Diana because my granny was, Mum and dad thought that if   
they named me after her she would leave me all her money.’   
‘Did she?’   
‘No, she left it to the cats home.’   
‘There you are, said Holly triumphantly, ‘She wanted to keep cats going to   
keep the witches’ company. Anyway you are a chemist so you should know   
what they rubbed on themselves.’   
‘We didn’t do witchcraft at Uni:’   
‘There must be records of what they used. You could make some.’   
‘Have a look at Shakespeare’s Macbeth. The three witches said what they   
used. It all seemed a bit mucky. Bits of snakes, adders, lizards and goodness   
knows what else. Only the bit about toads, yew and hemlock made any sense.   
They could have dire effects on a person’s perception of reality if they rubbed   
them on or swallowed them. I didn’t fancy the bit about a birth strangled babe   
either.’   
‘Well I don’t want any of that sort of stuff rubbed on me. I like animals and   
babies so I’d want a vegetarian mixture. All herbs. Come on Diana you can do   
it in that laboratory of yours. Synthesise something.’   
‘Oh! All right. I’ll have a look on the web and see what I can come up with.   
You are sure you want to try this aren’t you? It could be dangerous.’   
‘I’ll just rub a little on and see what happens.’   
Well, said Jenny, ‘I suppose we three will meet again on 31st October. You   
providing the booze and nibbles, Holly?’   
‘Except there’s four of us that makes sense. Next Tuesday, 31st October,   
then.’   
  
Come the 30th October Holly phoned me, ‘Well, Diana, have you made the   
cream?’ she asked hopefully, ‘The flying stuff?’   
‘Well, I’ve checked what they used on the web and sorted out what might   
work and what was a load of rubbish.’   
‘Come on, have you made the stuff for me to try flying tomorrow night?’   
‘I’ve taken the best bits of herbs and things, sorry no toads about so I could   
not use them, and I’ve synthesised what should be the main chemical found in   
them.’   
‘Stop messing me about. Have you made it into a cream?’   
‘Yes.’   
Holly breathed a sigh of relief, ‘At last! Does it work?’   
‘I’ve worn rubber gloves when making it I don’t want to go flying about the   
lab. By the way it’s officially known as an unguent not a cream.’   
Holly hesitated, ‘There’s nothing nasty in it is there? Bits of animals and   
things?’   
‘All pure and lovely and as I could not find any fat from babies I made it up   
in vegetable fat - just so as not to offend your vegetarian leanings.’   
‘Good, see you tomorrow night. I’ve been reading what we have to do and   
set everything up. Got to go, the boss is watching. See you!’   
  
We all met at Holly’s house on the 31st October at eight that evening. Holly   
was full of what she had read and was raring to go.   
‘I’ve done the first bit. I went down to the beach and took off all my clothes,   
then I lay down on the sand and rolled over seven times, then I stood up and   
turned round three times. That is supposed to help even if it did cause a bit of   
a stir amongst the lads on the road.’ Holly is never one to miss the chance of a   
bit of public nudity particularly with a male audience.   
‘I bet it did. Any other preparations we should know about?’   
‘Well there seems to be a bit of a shortage of blasted heaths around here   
so I’ve set everything up on the patio. I also checked about fires and was told I   
couldn’t as there were pollution regulations about them. So I’ve fired up the   
patio heater. Now we all need to get skyclad then we can go out there and   
chant the bit by the witches from McBeth.’   
This was getting suspicious. ‘Skyclad?’ asked Mary.   
‘It seems it only really works if we are all skyclad, or in more common   
terms, naked. So come on, everybody strip off, completely.’   
‘I knew there’d be a catch in this and you’d have some excuse for getting   
us starkers,’ moaned Jenny as she pulled her T-shirt over her head. ‘Do we   
have to take everything off?’   
‘Everything. I didn’t put anything on after I showered to get that sand off.’   
She demonstrated by opening her unbuttoned, button up dress, and   
slipping it from her shoulders. to stand naked.   
‘That unguent should go to the places it has most effect,’ I muttered seeing   
that she had also done a very neat job of shaving her pubes. I dumped my   
T-shirt and shorts before checking the others were not letting me be the only   
one naked along with Holly. We all looked at one another and continued to   
remove our bras and pants until we were as naked as Holly.   
‘Are you sure the neighbours won’t see us?’ asked Mary as we headed for   
the door.   
‘Nope, the patio is well screened. I sunbathe naked there when it’s sunny.’   
We eased our way out and sat crossed legged showing our all round the   
heater. ‘Now’, said Holly handing round sheets with the witches chant on   
them, ‘Altogether now - Thrice the brindled cat has mew’d.’   
‘It’s where I got most of the ideas for the unguent from so we’d better   
conform to the story. Come on, even if it’s only to keep Holly happy.’   
‘That’s better,’ observed Holly when we had finished. Now for the cream,   
sorry, unguent. You’ll all have to smear it on me and on my broomstick.’   
‘That’s not a bessom,’ observed Jenny, ‘I got one of those from the   
Supermarket.’   
‘It’s the best I could do. They didn’t just ride brooms they used anything   
with a handle. Or naked men - but I couldn’t persuade my boyfriend to come   
along.’   
I took the jar of unguent out of my supermarket carrier along with a box of   
rubber gloves.   
‘Those who don’t want to fly put on the gloves,’ I ordered, ‘We may have to   
bring her down if she gets too high.’ Rubber gloves went on.   
Holly produced a box of matches and lit a nightlight in a hollowed out   
turnip. ‘What that for ?’ asked Mary..   
‘That’s my Jack O’ Lantern. You have to have one of those on your   
broomstick.’   
‘To warn low flying aircraft, I suppose,’ asked Mary.   
‘Stop messing about it’s nearly midnight and I have to take off then. Rub   
some of the stuff on the broomstick and then start on me.’   
‘You do realise,’ I asked as a precaution against being sued, ‘I am not   
certain if this stuff is the right strength and any effect is your own   
responsibility. Particularly if you rub it on that broomstick because it’s mainly   
adsorbed through the genital membranes. All the witch picture I’ve found   
showed them as hairy old women not totally shaven young girls where the   
effect might be more positive.’   
‘’Do stop wittering on,’ complained Holly, ‘I’ve done the broomstick now you   
can all rub the rest all over me.’   
She was definitely going to enjoy the rubbing bit anyway as we dipped   
rubber clad fingers in the unguent and starting at the less personal bits and   
working inwards spread it over Holly’s naked frame. ‘Don’t forget to do under   
my tits,’ she complained, ‘I wouldn’t want to leave them behind.’ It did seem to   
have a very stimulating effect on her nipples.   
Holly ended up covered from top to toe in the unguent but we insisted she   
should do her vulva herself, being well brought up girls we all were. Holly’s   
hand greased her damp area including between her pussy lips.   
‘I’m feeling quite light,’ she observed as she cocked a leg over the broom   
and held on tight.   
My mixture might have been a bit strong but with a whoop she dashed out   
of the garden gate crying, ‘I’m flying, I’M FLYING.’   
She turned down the road stark naked and absolutely certain she was in   
the air. We looked after her.   
‘Perhaps we should go and see she’s all right,’ said Jenny, ‘Come on.’   
‘I’m not going into town naked,’ I protested carefully pulling my gloves off   
so none of the unguent got on my skin, ‘I’m at least putting my T-shirt and   
shorts on,’ I omitted the undies for speed.   
At least partly dressed we rushed down the road in the direction Holly was   
last seen with our tits bouncing under our T-shirts. Where the heck had she   
got to?   
Jenny suddenly came to a halt. ‘Look there.’ she exclaimed pointing to the   
local police station, ‘They’ve got her!’   
A squirming Holly was being ‘helped’ into the station by a young WPC who   
was carrying her broom for her.   
‘How did you get up here?’ she was protesting, ‘All I was doing was having   
a fly round. Have you been using my unguent stuff?’ She was pushed inside   
still protesting.   
‘Much as I ‘d like to do a runner I think we ought to see she’s all right and   
see if we can get her released,’ I said with a worried look on my face, ‘That   
WPC might find holding that broomstick gave her funny ideas like Holly.’   
Jenny, Mary and I pushed open the door into the station and presented   
ourselves at the Sergeant’s desk. ‘I think you have arrested our friend, Holly,’ I   
started to explain as best I could seeing my only clothing was a T-shirt which   
running about had made rather damp and which now clung to my body,   
particularly round the nipple area which friction when running had brought to a   
fine peak.   
‘You mean that naked girl who was running about with a broom between   
her legs,’ asked the Sergeant with his eyes popping out at the sight of three   
rather inadequately clothed girls confronting him. ‘You’d better go down to the   
interview room, I think the doctor is seeing her.’   
I think we all knew that his eyes were following our bums as we walked   
down the corridor. ‘Do you think....?’ queried Mary.   
‘Yes, I do think that there was most likely enough unguent on that broom   
handle the WPC had got hold of to have an interesting effect on her...’   
We turned into the interview room to find Holly still protesting that she had   
been flying carefully and if they’d just give her her broom back she could fly   
home. The doctor was of an age where trying to examine a rather voluptuous   
blonde with big knockers covered in a shiny layer of grease was still of interest   
to him - if you see what I mean! He was trying to look into her eyes which   
certainly had rather big pupils which might have been due to the unguent but   
which gave him thoughts which were not of her medical condition but whether   
he could get a closer look at her more intimate areas   
‘Do you know this girl?’ asked the WPC.   
‘Yes, she is a friend of ours. Can we take her home to rest? I think she has   
had rather too much to drink.’   
‘No I haven’t,’ protested Holly, ‘It’s that unguent stuff. I flew. I FLEW until   
this WPC flew up beside me and brought me in here.’   
‘What’s in this unguent she keeps on about?’ asked the doctor showing an   
interest in we new arrivals.   
‘Errrrr Well....l it’s a herbal mixture Belldona, Foxglove, Poppy, Monkshood   
and stuff like that and some C17H23NO3 which I made in the lab to mimic the   
effect of atropine. I was meant to soothe sore feet and give its user as lift after   
a hard day at work. It’s possibly a bit strong and Holly did rather overuse it.’   
‘It’s certainly made me feel light on my feet.’ commented the WPC, ‘And I   
only got a little bit off the broom onto my hands.’   
It looked like a good time to get out of here but the doctor was pulling on a   
pair of rubber gloves and getting Holly splay legged on the examination couch   
before slipping a finger or two inside to check she had nothing hidden or for   
his own satisfaction as the case may be.   
‘OK, WPC, give her a paper coverall and she can wait while I check her   
friends.’   
The WPC bounced across the room with a very unglamourous paper boiler   
suit for Holly and whispered to me that she would like some of the unguent as   
it certainly made her feet feel better.   
‘Now ladies,’ said the doctor pulling on a fresh pair of rubber gloves, If you   
will just take off such clothing as you do have on I will check you are not   
concealing any drugs internally.’ Never missed a chance this one.   
Rather as expected protests that we weren’t didn’t work and all three of us   
had to strip naked to be examined. Standing in a line we shook out our hair,   
had our mouths peered into and had to lift our tits for the doctor to look   
underneath. Cheek! If I tried to conceal anything under my tits it would just fall   
out. Mind you Jenny’s would have been capable of concealing more than a   
pencil.   
‘Now ladies, tits on the table and spread your legs nice and wide. Relax it   
won’t hurt.’   
It didn’t hurt physically but all three of us having our intimate areas poked   
about did nothing for our pride. I just made certain he used fresh gloves each   
time in case he picked up any of that unguent from anywhere. Surface   
application to Holly’s pussy had had a strong enough effect. Internal   
application to my vagina could have been devastating.   
Were regained our clothes and collected Holly, still protesting she wanted   
to fly home, and shot out the door still being asked to supply some unguent by   
the WPC.   
We dragged Holly back to the house and soaked the unguent off in a nice   
hot bath of soapy water - being careful to wear rubber gloves to do so which   
gave Holly a very curious feeling finally resulting in a shuddering orgasm and a   
return to reality   
I rolled the gloves off and threw them into the bin. ‘Thank goodness it’s   
November the first. At least Holly will not want to try flying again for another   
year.’ I carefully dumped the remains of the unguent into the sink and flushed   
it away with soapy water before joined my friends on the patio under the   
heater to drying off our bare bodies when we heard a cry from the road.   
‘I’m flying, I’M FLYING,’ yelled a now naked WPC who was mounted on   
Holly’s broomstick. We got back inside quickly and slammed the door.   
  
Roy S

Bare Back Biking   
By: Holly   
  
A Dare Report   
  
Well, first off I guess I should thank you all for the many dare ideas   
Each of them gave me, in nothing else, a hot fantasy to play with in my mind.   
Plus it is always nice to know that some of you still enjoy hearing what I am up to and giving me naughty things to do.   
  
Oz dared me to first get a Brazilian wax. For those of you who don’t know that that means… They wax all your hair downstairs. I mean ALL… no matter where they might find it. It requires you be rather fully exposed to a total stranger while they apply wax to your most private parts and then rip the hair out of you.   
  
The results are very nice I must say. I am so damn smooth, I don’t know how I never tired this before. Then I remember… oh yea… it was fucking embarrassing as hell. I couldn’t even look at the woman who did it. I just kept looking at the ceiling and trying not to think about it… which was too damn hard to do. I must have been blushing the whole time.   
  
Well, now bare as can be down below I was to move on to the next part of Oz’s dare which was to… ummmm… well use some kitchen items to… well… pleasure myself. Sadly I didn’t have any thing that would be really great for that kind of thing. I mean… what would you have me use?   
  
I wanted to go to the store and since there is one just about 2 blocks away I thought I would take my bike down there to get a few things. This got me thinking of another dare I was given. Steve had the idea for me to wear a white T-shirt and now bra while I rode in the rain. And it does seem to rain here from time to time. LOL But, the day of my ride it was sunny.   
  
Now what would be the point of wearing a white T-shirt and no bra if I was not going to get it wet and give all the lucky boys who saw a show? Well, after picking out my smallest T-shirt… which is very tight as well. I got my water bottle and filled it up. I hooked it onto my bike and headed to the store.   
  
Dressed in my tight biker shorts, which really show off my ass… and other things since I didn’t wear any panties as well. (I know that was not part of any dare, but it was something I thought would be hot to do. I hope that is ok with all of you. LOL) My tight little white T-shirt and tight little black spandex shorts didn’t hide much as it was. I couldn’t help but wonder who would be seeing my show.   
  
I had made it to the store with out too much of a problem. A few heads turned… that made me feel pretty good. Once at the store I started to shop for the “Items” I needed. Which brings me to the next topic of discussion. What items should I get? I asked myself this before I ever left the house. I mean… are we talking cucumbers here?   
  
I looked around not sure what to get. I mean there are a lot of things… that might work… but lets be realistic. I am only human. LOL I ended up picking out a carrot… A small carrot. LOL I kept looking around to see what I could find. Yes, I did look at the Popsicles and sticks of pepperoni, but figured that maybe it would be best to stick to something a little less messy.   
  
Call me a vegetarian, but I did end up getting the cliché cucumber. I mean… really what else is there. Wait… I am sure all of you can think of things you would love to sick… well… LOL Anyway… I went up to the check out and paid for the two items. They guy at the counter looked at me strange as I bought them. For a minute I thought… is there a chance he could be one of you. He seemed to know what I was going to do with them. Maybe I was just imagining it or reading too much into it, but it did seem to me that his smile said… I know you will be spread eagle with that cucumber lodged in your pussy by the end of the day. It is an odd look to see on a guys face. LOL   
  
I got back on my bike, but to finish the next part of my dare I would have to get my T-shirt wet. Since Mother Nature was not helping out know I would have to make it happen. Being a veteran of many a dare… I have learned to roll with the punches. So, I unscrewed my water bottle as I drank let most of the water roll down my chin… down my neck… and then all over my chest.   
  
It really didn’t do a bad job. I could have gotten more water on my nipples, but it was ok. Most of it was in my cleavage, but it did draw more attention to my tits, which was kind of the point. Then I started my bike ride back to my place. Then I got a wicked idea.   
  
Now, it was midday. Bright, sunny, and many people were out. But, I was getting really horny thinking of what I had done, and what I would be doing once I made it back to my place. And as you all know… the more horny I get… the less my brain functions. LOL   
  
I got thinking of the nice picture of the girl totally bare ass naked on the bike that was sent to me… and then posted to the Zone. (http://thezone.cyberemail.org shameless plug for OZ’s awesome site.)   
  
I decided to find a way to ride if nothing more then a minute or two totally bare ass naked. The street was out of the question. It was busy and I didn’t want a cop to ride by and see me. That would not be cool. So, thought maybe the alley would be perfect. There is a nice one that runs a street down from where I live. I cold run down… strip and ride the alley.   
  
Well, I got to the alley and realized that there really was not that much cover. I pulled up next to a garage and got off my bike. All I had to do was strip totally naked… hope on the bike… and ride down the alley. Well, easier said then down. As soon as I started to pull my shirt off over my head the garage door I was standing in front of started to open.   
  
I quickly pulled my shirt back down and acted like I was just checking my bike’s tires. Then I rode down the alley some more. I stopped again and got ready to pull my shirt off again. This time I got it up over my face and heard some kids yelling. I didn’t hear what they said, but the shirt went back down quick. I quickly got back on the bike. I could see this was not going to work at all.   
  
I rode to about the half waypoint of the alley and looked around. Then I was like… screw it… I am going to at least strip and sit on the bike. If nothing else I was going to get naked for a second or two. So, I hopped off and then jerked my shirt off over my head and then wiggled out of my tight shorts. They were just a little two tight.   
  
I couldn’t get them off over my shoes. There I am tits out… ass catching some rays… as I stand on one leg trying to get my shorts off over my shoe. I managed to get my shoe stuck in my shorts when I heard a car coming down the alley… I looked around and then figured I should just hop for cover.   
  
Don’t try this at home. I started to hop and fell face long into a pile to garbage. As the car went by I doubt they saw… but they could have. There I was bent over a pile of garbage bags… ass in the air… legs forming a figure 4 since my foot was lodged in my shorts. I had to be giving a nice spread shot to any who could see.   
  
“Hey! Looks some one threw away a perfectly good piece of ass!” was what I heard in my head… but luckily not in coming from my ears. Just my over active imagination, working over time as usual.   
  
As I got up bare assed and red faced I finally had my shorts off and hopped on my bike. The seat is black and had gotten a little hot in the sunlight as I battled my shorts. As I swung my leg over my bike and onto my seat… I could feel the heat on my most naughty parts.   
  
I started to peddle… but it was just too much. I only made it a few houses. My tits bouncing… my pussy sliding on my seat… If I continued I would be losing total control right there in the alley. I didn’t want to get off right there on my bike seat. I hopped off and got my shorts and shirt back on.   
  
The rest of the ride home was a rough one. I was now so wet, I was sure it would be evident if I had to get off my bike and walk. Lucky for me I only had to walk into my place… and no one saw.   
  
I was more the ready to use Oz “Kitchen Items” now! As much as it is embarrassing to say… I have to admit that it was one hell of an orgasm using that carrot with my tight bike shorts around my ankles. I am biting my lip right now as I type this report up for you. I really pushed myself and it was almost too hot for me.   
  
I don’t think bike rides, or carrots will ever be the same to me again. I am sure after this… most of you will never look at me the same again. LOL I hope that is not a bad thing. LOL I am so bad.   
  
Well hope you enjoyed the report of these combined dares. I have to day the combined dares made it easy to do something I was told to do, and still have a lot of say over how to do it. Which is what I like. But, I don’t think I need to get this wild. Could be hazardous to my health… or the health of helpless vegetables. LOL

Unsuspecting Art Class Model   
A Retro Report From Holly’s College Years.   
By: Holly   
  
When I was in college I had to take an art class. I think everyone does at some point. It is supposed to broaden your mind or something. Maybe it works… maybe it allows the university to soak you for more money. At any rate I was in the class and ready to learn.   
  
I have always enjoyed art. I like to draw and I like to craft things. So, having to take an art class was really not that much of an imposition to me. I am normally pretty happy-go-lucky, as you all know. The class sounded kind of fun, and really it was.   
  
The thing about this story that may be of interest to you is that I some how ended up becoming a model for the TA (Teacher’s Assistant) without even knowing it. Sound strange? Well, follow along… and I will explain it all to you.   
  
You see… we only saw our professor once. The rest of the time the TA, who was working on his degree, taught us. He was not that much older then I was and was always very polite and attentive to me. He would go out of his way to be helpful. Which at first, I thought was just him doing his job.   
  
After about a week and a half I got to know him a little better. He would help me with my projects and one rainy day even asked to give me a ride home. I told him he didn’t have to since I had class in the same building in about a hour. He said he would wait and drive me home after that class if I liked. I thought that was a bit odd, but didn’t think much of it. I still turned him down on that request however.   
  
Everyday he would play the same song over. It was “How Bizarre” by some band I don’t remember the name of. My guess is they are on hit wonders. But, at any rate he played it everyday… which in and of itself… is bizarre. That could have been a clue of things to come… maybe.   
  
So, after a few more weeks I picked up on another bizarre thing. He was staring at me during our work times. He would stare and then look down and draw. It really creeped me out, wondering what his deal was. It took me a while to get up the courage to walk up to him to see what he was up to.   
  
When I finally did… and I walked up to his desk after catching him looking me over he quickly tired to cover up something. I had already gone this far, so I asked. “What are you drawling?”   
  
When he showed me I was shocked! There I was… NAKED! I didn’t know what to say. He was bright red. Blushing and not sure what to say to me about his work of art he stumbled over his words. When he finally got it out he explained that he was an aspiring comic book artist and he wanted to use me as his model.   
  
I smiled a nervous smile and asked… “What is this comic about?” I mean looking at the page at my face on a naked body… one that mind you looked little like my real naked body… was embarrassing, but flattering in a perverse way I guess. I mean… he had given me rock hard abs and DD tits. Now, I am in good shape I guess… but DD tits? I think not. I am a 36B, not even close to his imagined form.   
  
He went on to say that he only used my face at the model. A fact that as I have discussed was not hard to see. He also told me that he didn’t want me to get feel weird or anything, but he always starts off by drawling his characters naked so that he can better draw them in their costume. I told him I guess that makes sense.   
  
I guess he figured he had won me over with his artistic rendition of me, because he then asked something really unbelievable. He asked if I would consider posing for him at his apartment. He said I could wear, a bikini, my bra and panties, or nude if I felt comfortable with that. He recommended nude, since it would be more “Realistic” if he was able to sketch me totally nude.   
  
I don’t know if this guy watched Titanic one too many times or what… but the stalker vibe I was getting from him was really starting to weird me out. You may be able to understand what I was feeling. I was not sure how to take all this, but I will never forget that day.   
  
Now I wonder… what ever happened to him. Did he ever achieve his dream of becoming a comic book artist? Is my image being used as the model for some new age Wonder Woman? And what would it have been like to post in the buff for him. All questions we may never know the answers to.   
  
I hope you enjoyed my little romp down memory lane. It was fun remembering.

Embarrassed By Brothers.   
By: Holly   
  
A retro story from my High School Years. For the sake for keeping this story on the up and up… you should assume that all those in the story are of a legal age.   
  
In high school it seemed like I always dated the “B” string jocks and skaters. Zack could have fallen into the jock category, but I never dated him really. But, once at a party I did let him feel me up… finger me… and I then went down on him. I am telling you all this not to make myself look like a slut… but to give you some background so you can understand the rest of this story.   
  
After I played around with Zack, he constantly wanted to hook up again. I am sure he couldn’t wait till he got to go all the way with me. He was and his brother both loved to flirt with me and both had had some fun with me. Once on a vacation with their family Andy, Zack’s brother, had me down to my bra and panties in his room… before we got busted by his little sister.   
  
Well, Natalie and I both took turns going down on him one and had him thinking he was going to get to fuck us both. We would take turns sucking him… and then acted like the other didn’t know it. So, by the end of the night he was thinking he would surly fuck one of us. We both had it all planned and then left him hard. The next time we saw him he was pretty pissed off about the case of blue balls we left him with.   
  
Well, as you can imagine you can only cock tease a guy for so long before he has had enough of it. And Zack was so sure he was finally close enough to fuck me that he just kept falling for it. I was sure he would never catch on. But, I guess I was wrong because Zack finally decided to turn the tables on me.   
  
About two months after I had started cock teasing him there was another party. He made sure I was invited. Never being one to miss a party, I planned on going along with a few of my other friends. I had not even though about Zack being there.   
  
Now, I had built up quite a reputation for being a tease. Some of it was my own doing, and some of it was just due to the guys own locker room talk. At any rate more then a few of the guys were willing to help him set up his prank. I guess it is like they say… what goes around comes around.   
  
At the party I was having a really good time. We were all in the basement with the lights off fooling around and watching MTV. There was a little booze to go around, but nothing compared to other parties I had been to. It was your basic high school weekend party.   
  
:Andy called me into the back of the basement where they had a room built for the washer and dryer. He then started to grope me. I went along with it, since the party was getting kind of boring. Soon he had his hands up my shirt and was working on getting into my pants. I kept kissing figuring that everyone else was doing the same some place else around the basement.   
  
He was now doing his best to talk me into taking my shirt off. I told him it was not a good idea since there were others around. He already had my bra unsnapped and was freely fondling my tits. As his finger worked its magic down below… I started to get too horny to think strait. Soon my shirt was being pulled up and off, my bra just hanging in place.   
  
That was when the lights in the back room came on and Zack was standing there with Andy’s girlfriend. I screamed in embarrassment and covered my boobs. She came after me quick and got an hand full of my hair. She was determined to pull me out as I was into the heart of the party.   
  
Had I not managed to dig my nails into her arm and break free she would have. Andy and Zack did get her off of me, but not before the 3 of them all had a good laugh at my expense. Though I got my shirt one quickly, they all had gotten the better of me… at least for the time being.   
  
Looking back on it… I guess I deserved it. But, then again… it was not like I really ever meant any harm by my actions. I just liked the attention… which I found out had a cost.

Shopping Nude Has Its Problems   
By: Holly   
  
I was hungry for a dare or two and both Beard and Mopek offered me a few. It just so happens that two of the dares were very similar. So… I was sure I had to so them both… in some way.   
  
There is what Beard thought up…   
  
{I did some more thinking after I signed off last night.   
  
It must be cold there, so I figured that I could dare you to go out to a shopping mall - wearing nothing but a long coat and shoes. Be completely naked under your coat and just enjoy your shopping. Will you be daring enough to open your coat some? All the way? Go into a dressing room or a ladies' and take it off completely?   
  
If you want to "up the ante", then instead of being naked, you could do something to be even more embarassing than naked: Make a true "string bikini": Tie a string between your nipples, then another around your waist and another from the waist string down between your pussy lips and your "cheeks" and tie it onto the back. You would be completely exposed, but even more embarassing than being naked - since it would clearly be for erotic stimulation - not "just being naked".}   
  
A nice dare I think you will agree.   
  
Mopek had this one for me…   
  
{2- Go shoe shopping wearing a short skirt and nothing under. Try on shoes from at least 3 places and tell me about thier reactions. You just pretend like nothing's wrong when you are trying the shoes on.}   
  
As you can tell there are some similar features. So, I decided to do this dare… due to popular demand. LOL Well, at least popular between two of my friends. LOL   
  
First off I had to decide how I would combine these two similar dares. Both asked me to go shopping and be bare under my coat or skirt. One calls for me to buy shoes… Which I have no problem with. The other calls for me to be totally naked some how at some point. So that is what I planned.   
  
I Showered, did my hair, and makeup… then I put on my long overcoat. Nothing but the coat… oh and a pair of shoes. I was then off to the store.   
  
I picked a simple shoe store rather then the mall. The mall might have been a bit more thrilling, but also maybe a bit more dangerous. People would wonder why I was walking all around with my coat all the way buttoned up.   
  
Once I got to the shoe store I started to look around. It was quite a rush knowing… and feeling that I was naked under my coat. But the real test would be when I asked some one to help me with the shoes. The one thing I didn’t think of was… there were no men working at the shoe store.   
  
I really felt nervous as I asked the woman to help me with the shoes. She was older then me and seemed to be in no mood to help anyone. But, she did get my shoes and then I moved my legs to put them on the coat slid up. Showing all the way up my leg.   
  
She picked up quick that I had little on under the coat and just walked off pissed. I think she knew I was up to no good. So, I put my shoes on and left before I got in any trouble. Part one of the dare was done… but… I still had to get totally naked.   
  
To do this… I walked to my car and drove down an alley. Once in the alley I got out of my car and stood beside a garage door that opened to the alley. Then I quickly unbuttoned my coat and took it off.   
  
I know… it was not really that public… but it was outdoors and technically in the public. So, it counts.   
  
I then put the coat back on and got back in my car and headed for home. I know it was kind of a weak dare in some ways. But it did the trick. When I got home I was so worked up… I had to… well… you can imagine. LOL Needless to say it is hard to type with my left hand this fatigued. LOL

The Pirates' Booty   
By: Natalie   
  
The line was long and Carlos was getting pretty tired of the smell. The guy in front of him really needed to check that body funk at the door. But, what can you expect? The line for the ride was much longer now that it had a hit movie named after it. Heck, that was why Carlos was in line in the first place. As he waited Rodgers returned with the cokes and they both went back to waiting their turn on the ride.   
Holly stood behind them also waiting. She said that she couldn't wait. She had heard they upgraded the ride based on the movie and it now had all kinds of new features. She was telling Rogers all about it as he cried about having a headache. Holly kept going telling him this and that, about the ride while Carlos bitched in moaned in the other ear. Rodgers was not sure what it was but he was starting to feel a little dizzy.   
About that time Carlos barked, “The line is moving! Finally!”   
They all stepped forward and as they boarded the ride Rodgers nearly fell out into the murky water under the boat. It was all Carlos and Holly could to grab him and pull him back to safety.   
As Rodgers looked back at Holly and Carlos something was quite different. Carlos was now dressed like Captain Jack Black and Holly… well lets just say she was not dressed like Orlando Bloom. Her low-cut dress what showing off a lot. So, much so that Rodgers couldn’t help but look.   
“Try not to look so Jolly! Rodgers!” Holly kidded.   
“Yea, looks like you want to shiver your own timbers.” Joked Carlos.   
Rodgers blushed. Then asked, “Where are we? Why are you both dressed like that?”   
“Dressed like what?” Holly asked.   
:Like pirates.” Rodgers followed.   
“That is cause we are pirates you jack ass!” Carlos yelled as he punched Rodgers in the shoulder.   
Rodgers was not sure where he was, but he could tell he was not in Kansas anymore… or Disney land for that matter.   
The trio continued to float along in the small rowboat. Rodgers was no more sure about his surroundings as he was when he first stumbled into the boat. One thing was for sure he was no on a silly ride in an amusement park. He was actually on a rowboat heading toward a desert island. And his two friends from online may have visited The Zone, the Twilight Zone that is.   
Once they reached the island Carlos jumped off and pulled the boat ashore. Rodgers helped Holly to the beach. They walked carefully to the jungle the sound of thunder rocked the sunny skies. As Rodgers turned around he noticed it was not thunder, but two huge wooden gun ships battling it out. Stunned he felt a tug on his arm. Carlos pulled him into the bushes and away from the approaching guards.   
“Come on! Pay attention! Those scum almost spotted you. We don’t have much time to find this treasure and get back to the ship.” Carlos exclaimed.   
Holly was now well into the jungle as the two men struggled to keep up. Both drawing their swards to hack away the under growth and vines, the two started to really get into their hacking and slashing. So much so, that they both passed Holly who was busy on her knees. Before a joke could be made of her provocative position she pulled up the small chest. Again the opportunity for a nasty comment at Holly’s expense made itself available, but had to be over looked in order to gawk at the prize. Gold and lots of it.   
The trio started back to their small boat when they were suddenly surrounded by a group of nasty looking pirates.   
Moments later the three of them were prisoners onboard one of the ships. As they were held in place by the guards Rodgers and Carlos could do little. As for Holly, the nasty seamen were all over her. (Ok, insert your comments here.)   
The captain came down to examine the small chest, and the box of gold too. He then ordered that they strip their prisoners and make them walk the plank.   
Rodgers tried to protest, but was helpless as they stripped Holly before his eyes. Carlos didn’t complain. He joined in the hooting and cat calls as Rodgers looked on worried for Holly.   
Now naked holly tired to cover her naughty bits, but failed as the pirates held her arms apart letting all who cared to look bask in her naked glory. And all cared to look! She blushed from head to toe as her nakedness was on full display. She tired not to let it effect her, but she couldn’t help but fell a little turned on by the spectacle she was being made into.   
Much to his dismay, Carlos was next. The pirates ripped away his clothes and then made him stand naked before them. They all got a good laugh and then ordered him to dance.   
When he refused they gave him a few well placed smacks with the flat side of their swords. He soon got the idea and was dancing a gig as his wedding tackle bounced about in the open air. No matter how big he bragged he was he found it hard to make the case as the humiliation and cool sea air had made him look as well hung as a small boy. Rodgers didn’t feel so bad about the prospect of getting naked seeing the poor state Carlos was in.   
Being stripped by the pirates was embarrassing for sure, but Rodgers tried to maintain some dignity. He stood naked looking down at his exposed genitals. Before he could be asked to dance or humiliate himself in some other way he was ordered to the plank. Poor Holly was being bend over a barrel as a line of pirates lined up at her butt. Carlos made a comment about butt pirates just before he too was pushed toward the plank.   
Rodgers and Carlos clutched each other as they stood at the end of the plank. Sharks circled under them   
With their cocks out like that it looked like they were fishing for whiles with worms. The Sharks didn’t seem to mind. Not reassured with the idea that size does not matter, and not wanting to test the theory of the motion of the ocean they edged closer to their doom. They both turned one last time to see Holly being turned into the Seaman’s sperm bank before they both took the plunge.   
It was then Rodgers felt the water hit his face. He awoke to see Carlos shaking him by his opened shirt. Holly standing near by with an empty glass of coke, both looking at him and asking him if he was ok.   
“What happened?” Rodgers did his best to ask.   
“You passed out! We were so worried.” Holly cried.   
“You got too much sun dude! And you made us miss the ride!” Carlos complained.   
“Maybe there is still time to get back in line.” Holly added.   
“NO! No way! I have had quite enough of this ride!” Rodgers shouted.   
As the three of them walked away from the park Rogers couldn’t help but wonder if it had all been a dream. As he looked at Holly, thinking of her bent over that barrel naked he couldn’t help but grin.   
Holly looked back at him. “What is the grin for Rogers? For someone who passed out before they ever got on the ride you seem really jolly.” Holly teased.   
Rodgers just laughed and replied, “Just call me Jolly Rodgers.”

Natalie - shamed in Turkey   
by not a politician   
  
As the esteemed readers will know, when Holly first began to feel unwell, Natalie moved in with her to help. But being Nat, she couldn't help but also ensure that Holy received a healthy (pardon the pun) dose of humiliation a the hospital.   
  
This also is the reason, to answer a question that has been asked here, why Holly does \*not\* still have her backless gown.   
  
Even before Holly was found unconscious in her bedroom, she and her favourite co-conspirator NAP had begun planning revenge. Now that Holly had recovered enough to again be mischievous, she and NAP had invited themselves along on Nat's trip to Turkey with her boyfriend.   
  
As they boarded the plane, Holly and NAP convinced everyone that the girls and boys should take one pair of seats each, instead of the couples sitting together. Since Nat's boyfriend was much too conservative to plan any action en route, he readily agreed, thinking that several hours of boredom might be bad for their relationship.   
  
Some time into the flight, Holly began to tell Nat that her bf had hinted to NAP a desire to join the "mile high club" with Nat.   
  
Holly convinced Nat to go ahead into the plane's toilet, they would soon send her bf after her.   
  
when Nat had been in the small cubicle for a few minutes, she heard a knock on the door. She opened the door expecting her bf, but it was Holly instead.   
  
Holly had come there to tell Nat to strip and await her bf naked, it would avoid some clumsiness in the small cubicle, and be a pleasant surprise for her lover when he entered.   
  
Natalie, convinced of the prudence of this, closed the lid of the small toilet seat and, undressing methodically, neatly folded her clothes on top of it.   
  
In no time at all, the cubicle contained only a very neat pile of clothes, and a completely naked Natalie, who was already getting excited about what she thought was to come.   
  
When the the eagerly awaited knock on the door finally came, Nat lost no time in opening it. But instead of her bf, it were Holly and NAP.   
  
Holly immobilized Nat's naked body by pressing her against the wall, while NAP gathered up Nat's clothes. The distribution of strength and size would have called for these roles to be switched, but of course, they couldn't have NAP physically attacking a naked woman.   
  
NAP disappeared with Nat's former clothes, while Holly informed her of the rules:   
  
"You will have to come out of that cubicle, cousin dear. If you're still in there when we land, we will leave with your clothes and luggage, stranding you naked in Turkey. I suggest you leave before there's a queue at the door."   
  
It was a long flight, so people were absorbed with books, mp3 players or whatever other pastime they brought on board. Others were sleeping, knowing this would be the best preparation against jetlag on a plane arriving at 9am local time. This meant the greatest danger of discovery for Nat indeed came from people waiting outside the door, and that risk increased every second she waited.   
  
On the other hand, if she made a dash, she'd have to rely on Holly or NAP to give her some clothes, since her sitting naked in her seat surely would not go unnoticed for long.   
  
But it was no use worrying about that, Nat told herself. Instead, she tried to imagine the best way to get from the toilet back to her seat.   
  
As she did this, a somewhat unwanted, but not entirely unwelcome, side effect presented itself: The images of herself running, or in other scenarios calmly walking, around naked in the plane started to get her quite wet.   
  
Nat decided to build on that in order to get some artificial courage, abd took a few seconds to rub her nipples into hardness.   
  
She then opened the door and, as carefully as possible, peeked out.   
  
She would be walking forward, so only the people she already had passed. Most were sleeping or at least dozing, staring out the window, or absorbed in various forms of entertainment stored in mp3 players and laptops.   
  
Nat didn't have to wait very long for a moment where it just might be possible that nobody would see her walking down the aisle.   
  
Trying to move calmly so as not to attract attention, Nat egan moving to her seat. And it seemed to be working, nobody called out or anything. It was probably a good thing Nat couldn't see the huge smile of an old man staring after her.   
  
Without further incident, Nat reached her seat row, and squeezed her naked body past Holly to take her seat at the window. She was quite excited by the stunt she just pulled off, but also very worried bout her continuing unclothed state.   
  
"Please H, gimme something to wear."   
  
Holly looked her over thoroughly. Nat looked quite flustered.   
  
"I don't think I will do that just yet."   
  
"Please H, a stewardess is coming"   
  
Indeed one of the female flight security attendants was approaching from the bow.   
  
"Don't worry, she can't see anything until she is right beside us."   
  
Further whispered pleas were ignored, and only at the very last second did Holly give her exposed cousin a blanket from under her seat.   
  
Natalie pulled the blanket over her otherwise nude body just in time to avoid detection by the flight attendant, when she heard Holy whisper into her ear:   
  
"Play with yourself!"   
  
"No f..ing way!", Natalie replied in what was a scream except for the volume, vehemently shaking her head.   
  
"Do it, you won't get clothes if you don't come by the time we land"   
  
Resigning to her fate, Natalie began to touch her nipples and pussy under the blanket, surprised and ashamed about the wetness her hand encountered at the latter.   
  
This of course fuelled her arousal somewhat more, and soon she was pleasuring herself with abandon, retaining barely enough focus on reality to keep from moaning too loud.   
  
Several minutes after a very nice but exhausting orgasm, Natalie came too and realized what she had just done.   
  
Under different circumstances, the mere thought would probably have been enough to get her excited again. As it was, she only felt humiliated and ashamed. And naked, under a blanket that had become partly sticky.   
  
Still, there was a lot of flight time left. Several request for her clothes had been denied by Holly, and Nat had resigned to the fact she'd probably not get then until immediately before the landing.   
  
Natalie, Holly and almost everyone else was dozing or sleeping, and with the memory of her recent streak and orgasm still fresh on her mind, Nat began to feel naughty again. What if she could sneak in another orgasm, with no-one, not even Holly, realizing?   
  
Stealthily, she began moving her fingers over and within her pussy, trying to give as little outward sign as possible.   
  
Soon, she achieved blissful release for the second time on that flight, only this time, without the embarrassment of being witnessed...   
  
"Was it a nice one?", Holly asked without opening her eyes, but without the slurring typical for those who have just awoken, making it clear she had been watching Nat right from the start.   
  
Instantly, a hot wave of shame was visible on Nat's face, and presumably extended over the rest of her naked skin.   
  
Natalie was sitting on needles and pins, cowering naked under her blanket. Even when the plane started to descend for the landing, Holly made no effort to clothe the naked and increasingly panicky Natalie. Visions of an arrest for indecent exposure and \*really\* unpleasant stay in a turkish prison began to flash past her inner eye.   
  
Literally in the last minute, giving Nat no time to wonder or complain, a piece of fabric was shoved over to her by an evilly grinning Holly.   
  
"Step into it and tie it behind your neck"   
  
Hurriedly, Natalie did as she was told, finishing her dressing-under-the-blanket just as she "fasten seatbelt" - signs went off and passengers, forever ignoring this safety feature, where already streaming to the exit past their row.   
  
"No shoes?"   
  
"Don't need them to avoid arrest," Holly replied, but after a moment, she added: "You can have these, but you don't \*have\* to wear them"   
  
The shoes, if you could call them that, looked like some kind of high-heeled thongs (flip-flops for US readers). Only the big toe could be slipped into it at the front part.   
  
The "dress", which Natalie could now see for the first time, consisted of a skirt part barely covering her pussy and ass, and two panels of fabric extended upward to the neck, where they were tied together. They left her back completely uncovered, the navel was visible as well. The panels were narrow enough to leave the sides of Natalie's breasts on show. The fabric itself was a humiliation to the wearer in it's own right, being covered in a hawaiian style flower print.   
  
When Natalie tried to walk in the footwear given to her, she found out she couldn't. The foot simply couldn't get hold inside them, which was caused by their strange design as well as the fact the sole was not even, but sloped outward in a way not easily visible. NAP must have them specially made somewhere. Nat ended up carrying them in her hand.   
  
The airport was in a non-touristical area of Turkey, so Nat got a lot of strange looks in her outfit. the customs official made no secret out of his contempt, either.   
  
The walk through the airport to the taxi stand felt like an endless humiliation parade to Natalie. It was a great relief for her when she was able to enter the taxi.   
  
Since Nat's boyfriend was with them, there was no way to get changed before they arrived at his parent's house. He had already voiced displeasure with her change of outfit in the plane, not to mention the outfit itself. There just was no excuse to slip in another change of clothes.   
  
When they arrived, they found to Nat's surprise and horror that a lot of relatives living nearby had gathered to welcome her boyfriend home. The women among them greeted Nat with venom in their eyes, no doubt caused by her style of dress.   
  
As it often happens at such family gatherings, those present soon split up into male and female.   
  
Nat found herself in a room with a lot of turkish women, which now turned on her. One started to speak: "We don't like how you dress like a slut. We'll teach you to like being covered."   
  
With that, the women grabbed Nat and tore the dress off her, their anger further fuelled when they noticed Nat's lack of underwear.   
  
"We will now lead you around outside and show your slut's body to everyone. Let's see how you like that"   
  
"Why not simply drop her off somewhere, then she can see how she gets back"   
  
Everybody immediately agreed, except Nat of course, whose vote didn't count. She was womanhandled into a car and dropped of at some place at the edge of the settlement. She didn't even really know the way back.   
  
She spent the first ten minutes thinking about her situation, with increasing despair. Suddenly, she heard a car coming closer. She hid behind some bushes and watched as the car approached. Finally it stopped, a person climbing out. It was Holly, waving a pair of clothes.   
  
Relieved, Natalie came out of hiding. Before she could ask for the clothes, Holly told her to get in. Nat complied, on the basis that being naked inside the car was better than being naked outside of it.   
  
Holly started to drive back to the house, explaining to Holly that she and NAP had cooked up some story that Nat's outfit was a result of an accident with the food combining with the fact all of Nat's clothes were of course in the hold. To this they added the fact that she hadn't changed since then to not further anger her boyfriend with even more clothing antics.   
  
"As we are driving here, NAP is convincing the women back at his place of this bullshit, so your stay here will not be a \*complete\* hell," Holly informed her with a wink Nat found totally inappropriate. "However, since you are already naked, how about a dare?"

Held Prisoner at a Chinese Laundry   
by Johnny   
  
As had been planned, Natalie met up with her new friend, Kim Wong, at the Red Bull to discuss the fun each had had the night OSU beat Michigan.   
  
"You’re a riot, I bet Jimmy is still blushing.", Nat said with a laugh. Jimmy was a friend of Kim’s and the two worked at the same Chinese restaurant. Due to his picking Michigan to win, he had ended up mooning a grand total of thirty-seven women.   
  
"Yes he is. Damned glad I won else I’d had been flashing the whole city. Poor boy, I think he either likes losing or just has bad luck for that was the third time he’s challenged me at something and the third time he’s lost. Fourth time coming up, he’s taking Miami in the OSU - Miami game.", Kim informed her.   
  
"Not really a bad idea, Miami will win. So what’s the wager for that game?", Natalie wondered aloud.   
  
"Loser cleans the winner’s apartment au naturale and there’s no restrictions on inviting guests.", Kim said with a wicked grin.   
  
"Tell him you don’t do windows.", Natalie warned.   
  
"I don’t but he will. So you actually think OSU is going to lose? Where’s your school spirit?", Kim demanded.   
  
"Left it in my other purse. I wouldn’t mind having my place cleaned by a naked maid. And I’m sure Bob will enjoy it also.", Natalie casually mentioned.   
  
"Hon, if you want a naked maid to clean your apartment you’ll have to do it yourself, OSU is going to win.", Kim said firmly.   
  
"Care to make a little wager on that?", Natalie asked wearing that mischievous grin of hers.   
  
"Sure do and I’ll happily well not happily but willingly play naked maid for you. But since Jimmy will be doing that job, I’d prefer another penalty for you when OSU wins.", Kim replied.   
  
"Such as?", Natalie asked warily.   
  
"I call it Held Prisoner in a Chinese Laundry. Here’s how it works.", Kim explained fully.   
  
Natalie’s eyes grew wide as she listened to Kim describe the laundry bit. Now that was daring! "Damn, can I change your loss to that?", Natalie bluntly asked.   
  
"Nope, maid service is what you wanted, maid service is what you’ll get.", Kim retorted.   
  
"Then I think not only should you do windows but you should serve dinner also.", Nat negotiated.   
  
"Done!", Kim agreed.   
  
"One thing, if Miami forfeits the game, which is the only way OSU can win, and I do this laundry dare of yours, I do get to visit you while Jimmy is cleaning. Right?", Natalie asked.   
  
"Oh sure thing hon, you were the first person I thought of inviting. Hell I’ll even have Jimmy invite you if I should lose, perish the thought! Oh, to be honest, Jimmy won’t be completely naked.", Kim admitted.   
  
"He won’t be?", Natalie asked, a trifle disappointed.   
  
"Nope, I’m going to let him keep his socks on.", Kim noted with a huge grin.   
  
Well as Jimmy, Natalie, and probably a few million other people learned to their sorrow, OSU beat Miami which cost most people money. In Nat’s, Jimmy’s, and likely a few dozen other people (perhaps a few hundred, who knows), the cost was a bit different.   
  
In Nat’s case, she found herself at Mr. Lee’s All Night Laundry at 1 AM in a OSU sweatshirt, jeans, socks, and shoes, with a pocketful of change and two large jugs of bleach. Thankfully the place was totally empty as she peeled her clothes off. Her sweatshirt went into one washer, her jeans another, her socks yet a third while her shoes went back on her feet. A rather large amount of bleach was put into each washer. The still impressive amount of quarters she had left went with her to the pay phone in back.   
  
Dialing her cousin first, Natalie told Holly. "Help, I’m being held prisoner at a Chinese laundry.", then hung up. She then sat down on the chair and waited for fifteen minutes to pass.   
  
At 1:30 AM, she made her second call, this one to her friend Terri. She repeated the message about being a prisoner and again hung up.   
  
A few minutes later, Kim walked in, carrying a bag and grinning like the Cheshire Cat. "Any luck so far?", she asked the naked woman.   
  
"No, do we have to do the next part?", Natalie wailed.   
  
"Yes.", Kim said, simply taking two plastic clothes pins out of the bag and clipping one to each of Natalie’s nipples. "I’ll be back.", she warned with a wink.   
  
Natalie sat down thankful that the chairs were at back. Nature called and while she was answering the call she heard someone walking around the laundry mat! (Oh god, I hope it’s Holly or Terri!), she prayed. Alas it was neither.   
  
When Natalie hurried out of the bathroom hoping to see one of her friends there to rescue her she found a friend all right, but not there to rescue her. Penny, her co-worker who she had won the OSU - Michigan bet against, was standing in front of a washer wearing only a pair of shoes! Both women shrieked when they saw each other.   
  
"You too?", Penny asked bewildered.   
  
"Afraid so, who’d you bet with?", Natalie asked.   
  
"That delivery girl, the one who brought the food the night I lost to you. Bill and I ordered from there a week or so ago and she happened to deliver it. We got to talking about bets and we ended up making a wager on the game. As you can see I lost.", Penny admitted.   
  
"Me too, same person, same wager, same outcome. Can you say stupid?", Natalie noted drolly.   
  
"Yes we are.", Penny agreed as she went to make her call. Natalie heard her saying the same thing she had been, "Help I’m being held prisoner in a Chinese laundry."   
  
"Who’d you call?", Natalie asked.   
  
"Karen, my brother-in-law’s wife.", Penny replied.   
  
"I take it you’re not allowed to call Bill. I know I’m not allowed to call Bob.", Natalie noted and Penny agreed that was indeed the case.   
  
Natalie made her third call, this time to her friend Rachael. No answer.   
  
Loud voices could be heard from outside so the pair of naked women ducked out of sight but kept an watchful eye on the front door. Each was bent over at the waist with their head barely sticking by the end washer in the double row of washers running from the front of the laundry mat to about halfway back. As they were standing bent over sideways to the washer, their butts were only about a foot apart.   
  
When Natalie felt fingers goose her, she screamed, fell forwards, and quickly looked up to see who had committed the outrage. Penny had screamed, jumped at foot and went into the classic September Morn pose at nearly the same time. Luckily for them the gooser turned out to be Kim.   
  
"Hi! Any luck yet?", she asked cheerfully. "Oh there’s a back door.", she needlessly told them.   
  
"No. Damn you you scared me out of a year’s growth.", Natalie groused.   
  
"Oh heck you don’t need it. More than a mouthful is wasted.", Kim, whose breast size nearly matched Natalie’s quipped. "How about you Penelope?", she asked the slightly older woman.   
  
"Not yet. Wish I had been allowed to bring my phone book.", Penny griped.   
  
"So solly.", Kim said in a horribly fake Chinese accent. "And remember, no covering up! I’ll let this one slide but I catch you again I’ll invoke that penalty clause.", she warned.   
  
With obvious reluctance, Penny dropped her hands to her sides. "It’s time for me to make a phone call.", she noted as she did just that.   
  
"Fine I’ll take care of Nat then you.", Kim said cheerfully. "Might as well stay down for a moment Nat hon but turn over and spread’em!", she told Nat who was still laying on the floor.   
  
Grimacing, for she knew what was coming, Natalie rolled on her back and spread her legs wide. With an evil chuckle, Kim squatted down and clipped two more plastic clothes pins on Natalie, this time on her pussy lips.   
  
"By the way, laying face down on the floor is covering up also, not allowed. Since I scared you and you fell, that’s not a warning just a reminder.", Kim said as she helped Natalie to her feet.   
  
Penny returned from making her phone call and gritted her teeth while Kim clipped the pins on her nipples. "I’ll be back!", Kim said in an even worse Austrian accent.   
  
"You know what I’m thinking?", Natalie asked Penny.   
  
"How much fun it would be to have Kim tied to my table?", Penny promptly replied.   
  
"Yep.", Natalie freely admitted.   
  
At two o’clock, Natalie had her fourth call, Penny her third. By this time the washers had stopped but instead of removing the wet clothes and putting them in a dryer, the two women poured in some more bleach and started the washers over again.   
  
Sitting was allowed, so the two of them sat on the chairs in back and discussed other stupid stunts they had pulled. As Natalie had expected, Penny usually was the tormentor not the tormentee in such things, but she admitted that Natalie wasn’t the first person to beat her. Natalie conceded that she was usually the goat but had been known to win a time or two.   
  
Very much to the horror of the two nudes, a bunch of guys walked into the laundry mat. Thankfully they didn’t come in back, instead they got snacks and pops out of the vending machines up front then left without so much as looking in the back. Much to the relief of the two who didn’t even breathe while the guys were there.   
  
Kim came in moments later to check on the pair. "Everything okay?", she asked.   
  
"Fine except for minor things like heart attacks.", Natalie quipped, not completely joking.   
  
"You’ve got a heart?", Kim joked as she stood before Penny.   
  
"You know what’s next.", she said, showing the blushing woman two clothes pins.   
  
Nodding her understanding, Penny spread her legs so the pins could be placed in the same way Kim had done to Natalie. Then she went over to Natalie and clipped on a pair of earrings in their proper place. From Natalie’s cute little earlobes dangled a pair of silver bells.   
  
"Just a reminder, at my next check-in I won’t be alone. Any covering up at that time will invoke the penalty clause for doing so. Any luck on a rescue yet?", Kim asked.   
  
Both women sadly admitted they had no luck getting a ride home which was what the calls were all about.   
  
Natalie was concerned about something so she asked. "I know you won’t be alone, but Jimmy won’t be with you, will he?"   
  
"Oh my no. It will be a guy but not Jimmy. I’ve only invited women to his show who I know he hasn’t seen naked except for one who he won a bet with last year. I know she’s dying to have a chance to tease him for a change. Though if I win another bet against either or both of you sometime, very likely Jimmy will have his chance to gloat.", Kim advised.   
  
"Consider yourself warned, you bet me and lose, Jimmy will know what you look like with your clothes off.", Natalie cheerfully warned her friend.   
  
"If you manage that, I’m sure Jimmy would do anything you want as repayment. We grew up together and he’s been trying without success to see me naked ever since I grew what little boobs I do have. Best he managed was seeing me in my bra and panties when we played a game of strip poker. That was the first but definitely not the last time I saw him naked. He lost.", Kim explained with a grin.   
  
"Duh, I figured that.", Natalie said going to make yet another call. This time around she tried Bob’s sister Belle. An answering machine picked up so Nat left the same message she’d given twice before. "Help I’m being held prisoner in a Chinese laundry!"   
  
Kim left laughing. After hearing the washers stop again, the two women restarted them and re-filled them with bleach then Penny went to make her call.   
  
Penny was on the phone and Natalie was reading a magazine when they got some company. Not guys this time, a bunch of women one of whom Nat recognized as being a barmaid at the Red Bull. Unlike the probably drunk group of guys, the women immediately spotted the two naked women and were curious enough to find out why.   
  
Red-faced, Natalie explained about the silly bet she (and Penny) had made to the four somewhat older women. Natalie was in her early twenties, Penny her late twenties, but the four strangers were all in their thirties, mostly the high side. Their looks ranged from plain to good as all of them were barmaids who having just gotten off work had decided to do laundry together here, something quite common for them.   
  
Having worked as barmaids for years, oddball bets such as these didn’t even phase them. Indeed, it got a discussion going about other strange bets the foursome had seen over the years. Nudity in such bets was far from uncommon it seemed, Bridgit the oldest of the four not only regaled the others with tales of sights she had seen but admitted to having lost a couple of nudie bets in her college days.   
  
Sharon, the youngest of the four, thought the funniest thing she’d ever seen was a woman getting spanked, bare-bottomed in a bar! Natalie owned up to having her own bare-bottomed spanked on occasion with more than just the spanker present, something Penny was unaccustomed to having had done. The only time she’d been spanked other than by parents had been when she lost that bet to Natalie a few weeks earlier.   
  
That switched the topic to spankings, which much to Nat’s surprise were far more common than she figured. All the women wearing clothes confessed to having been spanked by a lover or boyfriend or husband at some point in their life. And as it turned out, Sharon got it on a regular basis from her husband.   
  
Maybe ten minutes later Kim returned, and as she had warned, she wasn’t alone. Who she was with made all six women’s eyes bug out. Two men of Asian descent but the biggest men any of them could recall seeing. Each man stood nearly seven foot tall (6’8" to be precise, Penny asked.) and had muscles in places most men didn’t even have places. Standing on either side of Kim who was all of five foot even and one hundred pounds tops, they looked like giants of old.   
  
"My god, who are your bodyguards and can I have their bodies when you’re done with them?", Penny asked lustfully.   
  
"For shame, you a married lady and all. And I don’t do them like that.", Kim said jovially.   
  
"Why waste good meat like that?", Sharon asked mystified.   
  
"Incest is frowned on by Catholicism. They’re my brothers, Chang and Ching. Yes, that’s their real names, and yes even Oriental parents can be cruel.", Kim explained with a grin.   
  
"Your brothers? You’re obviously the runt of the litter.", Natalie noted sardonically.   
  
"We Chinese come in only two sizes, extra small and extra large, I thought everyone knew that!", Kim teased.   
  
Everyone got a chuckle out of that then Kim got a bit more serious (or silly depending on your point of view. The dressed women thought it was funny and silly, the undressed ones didn’t.)   
  
"So are any of these women here to "rescue" you?", Kim asked.   
  
"Rescue? Oh yea, the prisoner bit. Nope, we’re just here to wash clothes. Go ahead and continue with your game. We’ll just sit here and laugh.", Bridgit assured the "Dragon Lady" (as Nat took to thinking of her.)   
  
"Thanks, I’m sure that’ll make my "prisoners" feel so much better. Okay, listen up you two. I’m going to teach you one of the few Chinese words I do know. It’s in the Mandarin dialect if you’re curious. It means help. Here goes.", Kim said pronouncing the word very carefully several times.   
  
After she was sure that Penny and Nat had it down pat, she went on. "Okay, we’re getting to the tying part. Now I like you both especially you Natalie, I consider you a friend even if we’ve not known each other long. So I don’t want anything bad happening to you unless I’m doing it.   
  
So if some drunk wanders in off the street and ogles you two, you’ve got no choice but to show him your goodies. If he goes to grab those goodies, either of you just yell that word at the top of your lungs and my brothers and I will come a running. Even if there’s more than one. These guys played football, lift weights, box, it takes a lot of guys to outnumber them. Kapish?", Kim asked earnestly.   
  
"Gotcha, thanks. That certainly makes me feel better.", Penny said fervently.   
  
"And me, though I wouldn’t mind them fondling my goodies.", Nat admitted.   
  
"Maybe. For now White Girl From Town, prepare to meet your fate! Oh god, please tell me you’ve seen the movie Thinner.", Kim joked as she got out her bag of tricks.   
  
"Stephen King flick, yea I did.", Natalie told her. "I haven’t.", Penny said.   
  
"Then Nat can explain that White Girl From Town bit later. Okay, let’s see, you first Penelope. Oh the Perils of Penelope.", Kim sang.   
  
Natalie watched as Kim took a stout piece of wood, likely a mop or broom cut down and tie one end to the inside of Penny’s left elbow tut you still have to start the wash cycle again. Remember your bleach and especially remember the penalty if you don’t manage to do the wash. By the way, asking for help is allowed only if you pay your helper with something other than coin. What you pay is up to you." Then she and her gigantic siblings were gone.   
  
"Wow this is intense! I’ve played bondage games with my husband, but nothing like this. Are you two sure you’re okay with it?", Leah, one of the barmaids in doing laundry asked sincerely.   
  
"Yes I am. My husband and I play them all the time, usually but not always me tied down. And I was tied to a table while Natalie here and a whole group of others teased the life right out of me. I’d love to put Kim through that though I doubt if Bill would like my wanting to have one or both of her brothers tied to my bed.", Penny said with a chuckle.   
  
"Well I’m single but my cousin has been known to er rope me into things.", Natalie confessed.   
  
"Okay, then you’re on your own although I think I’ll hang around a bit longer.", Leah said, apparently amused by the antics.   
  
Again the six women sat and talked for a while until one of the barmaids’ (Sharon’s) washer stopped. That reminded the bound duo of their obligation which they hurried to try to accomplish. But try as they might, neither Penny nor Natalie could figure a way to restart them or even put in the bleach.   
  
Finally they had to concede defeat and ask for help. Leah reminded them that Kim had said such help would cost and the pair couldn’t pay money. So how were they going to pay for their help?   
  
"Now here’s where having guys around would make it simple. A blowjob would get the job done.", Natalie pointed out.   
  
"Very likely, but we’re not guys, so what else?", Sharon joined into the verbal torment.   
  
Remembering Sharon’s comments about spankings, Penny tried, "How about if you spank us?"   
  
"Maybe though I’ve got a better idea. Girls!", Bridgit motioned for her friends to gather close around her. She whispered something which got a lot of laughter and complete agreement from the other three. Natalie and Penny shuddered to think what it might be.   
  
Taking the last of the money, the four women restarted each of the six washers after thoughtfully emptying the bottle of bleach into the wash first. Then they collected on the agreed upon price for the help. Agreed on by the dressed women, the two nudes had no idea what was about to happen to them.   
  
When Kim and her brothers returned, a small crowd of mostly guys, maybe a dozen, had joined the barmaids in the enjoyment of the spectacle Penny and Natalie were putting on. The three of them burst into laughter which did little to ease the bouncing nudes’ minds. Bouncing as the barmaids had set each of the bound women on top of a washer which was currently going through one of it’s spin cycles.   
  
Kim continued to chortle as she tried sounding sinister. "My god I haven’t seen a look that goofy on someone’s face since I treated Jimmy to a blowjob. And I mean that in I sprung for someone to do it while I watched.", she commented between guffaws of laughter.   
  
"Well maybe, but this damned stick under my ass isn’t helping things at all!", Penny groused.   
  
Natalie didn’t bother replying, she was too busy enjoying the fact she was nearly about to orgasm. She idly wondered if she could get Chang or Ching to join her for another ride on this fun cycle. Alas, that was not to be.   
  
"I’m impressed. So much so that I’m going to forgo what I had in mind and instead spring for another go-around.", Kim announced. Then wickedly choosing the longest wash cycle the washer had, she put in the coins and started it up after cutting the current cycle short. Although she did make one minor change before doing so.   
  
This time when the washer started, each of the women riding it were slightly better equipped to enjoy the ride. For with the help of her brothers, she put a butt plug into each of them and a good-sized dildo up each twat. As the coup de’grace, a penis gag was stuck into two open mouths and tied securely in place. Then the machines were turned on.   
  
As the bound pair could no longer call for help, Kim and her brothers simply stayed for the show. To further torment the pair, Kim informed them. "If you’re wondering why the gags taste salty it’s because I used them on myself just before bringing them here. And I don’t mean as a gag, you’re not the only ones who got turned on tonight. Tee hee, god Penelope, those big tits of yours are just jumping all over the place. Oh shit, I forgot your bell earrings. Ching, help me up." Penny tried speaking but only gargling sounds came out.   
  
So there the two of the sat for the remaining time being held prisoner in a Chinese laundry mat. Whenever the machine would stop, some kind soul would find the coins to get them started again. And again the washers would shake the pair into a blissful combination of pain (from the sticks and pins) and ecstasy.   
  
It was closing on six AM when the pair was finally rescued. As had been pre-arranged, if no one else came to claim the two now sleep-drunk and goofy gals, their husband (Penny’s) and boyfriend (Natalie’s) would arrive to save them. So Kim allowed the guys to untie, unclip, and ungag the twosome. Actually Penny’s husband wanted to take her as was, but Kim insisted.   
  
After all, it had also been pre-arranged that if such a rescue had to be made then public transportation other than a cab had to be utilized. Which meant walking and buses. And Kim hadn’t spent all night making the pair over bleach those clothes for nothing. So the pair got dressed in clothes that were now very very pale white, very very fragile and very very holey. Just the proper attire to walk the fourteen blocks to the designated bus stop and then ride as close as the bus might take them to their home and finish the trip again on foot.   
  
And it was such a nice bright sunny day by the time the four people left the laundry mat too.   
  
Bob told Natalie sternly. "Belle says I’m supposed to spank your ass but good for waking her up."   
  
"She got my message and didn’t come help me? Hell her caller id would tell her where I was, that’s why I called her.", Natalie said with a pout. "But you can spank my ass all you want once we get to my place. Just as long as you fuck me till I can’t come any more."   
  
"Like you’re going to be able to stay awake much longer. Hell you’ll probably fall asleep on the bus.", he retorted.   
  
"Will too.", Natalie said though her yawn belied her words.   
  
"I’m warning you, you fall asleep and you’ll end up topless.", he warned.   
  
"Yea right.", Natalie said with a sneer.   
  
So does anyone want to wager that Natalie didn’t walk the mile and a half from the bus stop to Bob’s apartment topless? I didn’t think so.

Natalie & Holly   
By: J L Rodgers   
  
I was busy making preparations for the weekend. I invited a few people over for some friendly games, and needed to make sure I’d be ready for when they arrived. Well, I suppose you could call them games. They involve items that get moved around, and its fun, and you get exorcise with them. It’s a life sized game, and it’s easy to play. All you need are a few ropes, willing participants, a lot of places where they can be tied up, and a lot of items they can be tied to. Unfortunately this weekend, the feathers and hot wax aren’t going to be used. And no cameras either. Can’t even bring in the other toys... and it’s so much fun tying them up with things in them. Well...it is a shame; they do add a whole new dimension to the games.   
  
But there’s still a lot that can be done – trees, benches, street lights, mail boxes, cars, playground equipment. And since no one wants to lose all their clothes, it’ll all be in daylight, just because they’re bound doesn’t mean they get privacy. Of course they just don’t want to be naked, otherwise they didn’t care. That leaves a lot open for the games. Ah, the wondrous joys of women hog-tied to a bench at noon - or swinging from a tree branch in lingerie, while her back’s used for a table. I’m definitely going to enjoy this time.   
  
I went through my cabinets of sex toys, pulled out my strongest ropes. I hated leaving the other stuff behind. But I grabbed some gags and put them in a bag. So many toys... I will definitely have to try and let them be used next time. And I know they’ll be a next time. There always is. And with these two women, I’m just surprised they didn’t allow it now.   
  
Of course Holly did say something about it being awkward when doing some things around Natalie. And I had the perfect devices to use on them too.   
  
And they were late. I don’t like being kept waiting. I wait for no one. So they were going to be punished the second they walked in the door. So I sat, in a big chair and stared at it. I sat there waiting for twenty minutes for them. Finally they knocked and entered.   
  
“Hi, sorry we’re late.” Holly apologized.   
  
“Not a problem that you losing your pants and shirts can’t fix.”   
  
“What?”   
  
“I didn’t stutter. Lose the pants and shirts.”   
  
“Why?” Natalie questioned.   
  
“You’re late.”   
  
“But… but… she was driving it was her fault.”   
  
“Want to lose your shoes too?”   
  
Holly quickly took off her shirt and pants. Natalie hesitated, almost invoking the shoe wrath, but decided to disrobe.   
  
I leaned back looking at these two women. In sports bras and normal g-string panties. I hate it when women cheat like that. But I have to admit, I didn’t say what to wear underneath. Of course I do have packages of fresh lingerie...   
  
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“Natalie where the hell are you! we’re going to be late.”   
  
Holly was pacing in her living room, tapping her foot and hands every time she stopped – which wasn’t often. She flung the curtains back, glanced outside, but Natalie wasn’t there.   
  
“I hate being late.”   
  
A knock at the door.   
  
“That better be you Nat!” she said while running to the door.   
  
She opened it, and there stood Natalie, happy as can be.   
  
“You’re late!”   
  
“I’m sorry, traffic.”   
  
“Why didn’t you just let me pick you up?” Holly looks at the time, “We’re already late. If we have to do something because of you, I’m going to...”   
  
“What?” Natalie smirked as she cut Holly off.   
  
“Just get in my car.” Holly said as she locked her door behind her.   
  
The drive was awkward. Holly didn’t say much, and Natalie knew she wouldn’t do anything.   
  
Holly got stuck behind a semi. She started tapping the steering wheel. Natalie changed the radio station and started singing along.   
  
“This is your fault. He’s going to be pissed, and it’s your fault.”   
  
Natalie stops signing long enough to answer. “Traffic’s fault.”   
  
Holly gives Natalie a dirty look and almost rear ends the semi.   
  
“See.” Natalie said in between verses.   
  
Holly threw another look then passed the semi.   
  
The rest of the car ride involved the same. Holly throwing dirty looks at Natalie who was singing and bouncing around in the car.   
  
They finally arrived at the house. Holly got out and knocked on the door. Natalie ran to catch up. The door opened.   
  
“Hi. Sorry we’re late” Holly apologized.   
  
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I decided to take my half dressed women out for a little swim first. Just because I screwed up about their clothing, doesn’t mean I can’t get back at them for it. So, we headed out to the local pool. Had to make sure it was public.   
  
There were a few people here already. Of course being an indoor pool helps. The really fun part was about to happen. And you know what. I was going to get them naked and tied up. And I knew just how to do it too.   
  
“Ok. Everyone in the pool.”   
  
Holly jumped in the pool. Apparently she didn’t want to risk it.   
  
“In our clothes?” Natalie asked.   
  
“Did I say to take them off?”   
  
Natalie hoped in.   
  
“Swim a few laps.” I smiled as I sat down.   
  
I whistled as I opened the bag and started pulling out the ropes. I made sure they say everything that I had on me. They got a few weird looks from the other swimmers, who were in actual swimming outfits. After about ten laps, I decided that they were wet enough.   
  
“Ok. Everyone out of the pool.”   
  
Holly and Natalie swam over to the ladder, a quick burst of momentum up, but they both jerked as they realized that even a little bit of clothing can weigh a lot.   
  
“Good. Any complaints?”   
  
Natalie went to speak, but decided against it.   
  
I laughed, “So now you have a choice, take a shower while bound to each other, or do it nude and don’t get dressed again.”   
  
“I’ll just shower nude.” Holly said.   
  
“Oh, strip here.”   
  
Holly looked around as she started to tremble. “Ok.”   
She peeled her sports bra and panties off her body. She actually seemed more comfortable having the clothes off.   
  
“Why not.” Natalie said while stripping too.   
I watched them as their little butts walked to the showers. Being the nice person I am, I decided to wring their clothes out for them - even had a little plastic bag to hold them, completely unplanned I assure you. Well... looks like it time.   
  
I picked up my bag and started towards the women’s locker room. I approached a woman who had just left.   
  
“Excuse me. Are there only 2 naked women in there?”   
  
“Oh yeah, you must be the one they’re cussing out!” She laughed. You can go in I’m sure.   
  
I setup a maintenance cone by the entrance, and opened the door. That way women wouldn’t be shocked by anything.   
  
When I walked in they were just finishing up.   
  
“This is the women’s bathroom!” Holly yelled, as she tired to cover up.   
  
“I just came to cover you two up a bit.”   
  
“Oh, sorry.”   
  
I walked over to them. “Close you’re eyes. and put your hands up on the nozzles.”   
  
They were more than willing to comply. I quickly tied their hands together and to the bar. At first they didn’t realize it, for I used a really soft rope. They probably figured it the their bra.   
  
“We said we wouldn’t be nude!”   
  
“You won’t be. You’ll be wearing ropes.”   
  
I wrapped a rope around Holly’s breasts, covering them completely just as her bra would’ve. Did the same to Natalie.   
  
I took another rope out and made a nice set of underwear for them, but I only put three straps between their legs. I had a soft material with little gel knobs on them right by their clit. Just enough so every time they moved, it’d stimulate them. I don’t think it’s that cruel.   
  
Cruel is what was coming next...   
  
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“Everyone in the pool.”   
  
There was no way I was going to end up naked! I got my little butt in the pool.   
  
“In our clothes?” Natalie asked.   
  
I couldn’t believe this! First she gets us in our underwear, now she’s bitching about swimming in it? I was going to smack her!   
  
“Did I say to take them off?”   
  
Natalie finally got her butt in the pool.   
  
“Swim a few laps.”   
  
I waited for Natalie to get close. I smacked her.   
  
“What was that for?”   
  
“For almost getting us naked!”   
  
“I didn’t think he’d really do it.”   
  
We looked up and saw him pull out a gag.   
  
“Start swimming.” I said while shoving off.   
  
Natalie was more than obedient now. I think she’s finally realized that he isn’t fooling around. And we will get punished for anything, even something small.   
  
This definitely wasn’t the outfit to be swimming in. I could tell the g-string was slowing inserting itself into my body. I hate to admit it. But I really hope I get to take it off. Then stand in front of everyone bottomless, staring at my clean shaved body, wanting to... This isn’t helping.   
  
“Ok. Everyone out of the pool.”   
  
I was glad. At least not I was going to get out. Natalie and I swam over to the nearest ladder. I quickly rose, but didn’t plan on clothes moving like they did. I jerked as I re-arranged them. I walked over to him standing there smug in his own little way.   
  
“Good. Any complaints?”   
  
Natalie acted like she wanted to speak, but didn’t.   
  
He laughed, “So now you have a choice, take a shower while bound to each other, or do it nude and don’t get dressed again.”   
  
I had to get out of these clothes! I just hated the way they were sticking to me, at least if I could take them off I could wring some of the water out.   
  
“I’ll just shower nude.” I said.   
  
I turned to leave, but didn’t get far.   
  
“Oh, strip here.”   
  
I should’ve expected this. I really should’ve. I’m already turned on. Nipples are sticking out through this damn bra. Everything else is basically visible with the g-string. And it was freezing! I was already shaking from the cold. But at least I’d have a warm shower if I did it.   
  
“Ok.”   
  
I had to peel off my clothes. I felt so much better nude! At least I wasn’t sticking anymore. I turned towards the women’s locker room. as Natalie decided to strip too.   
  
“Why not.” Natalie said while stripping too.   
  
The shower felt great. There were a few women here, but it’s not like it mattered. I just loved being under the warm water. All the women had left, and it was just me and Natalie.   
  
“Having fun yet?” I asked her as she was rubbing her clit under the water with her head tipped.   
  
“I was just washing!” She said while quickly changing her washing style.   
  
“I meant...” had to take a break from laughing, “doing what someone tells you.   
  
“Oh, yes. it’s fun.” She said relieved that I hadn’t seen her.   
  
Of course if she does wash like that it’s no wonder she likes showers so much. I just couldn’t believe she was doing it now.   
  
Then he came in...   
  
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Now came the fun part. I escorted my rope dressed women out to the car. I could hear their breaths shortening as they made little gashing noises with each step. Looking back at them I couldn’t tell if the water dripping from them was sweat, or just from the shower.   
  
I led them around the facility, letting all the men and women watch. Natalie let out a scream as we walked by the weight lifters and dropped to the floor. Holly slowly lowered herself and helped her up. Her slow movements didn’t matter. Half way up she let up a little gasp and fell into Natalie. Both held the other up as they finally straightened themselves. They couldn’t hold back the joyous expression on their faces. I smiled just enough to let them know I knew, but kept them walking out, and to the next destination.   
  
I made sure to hit every bump in the road. Of course when you’re heading out to a farm for them to go horseback riding, what else can you expect? Of course they had no clue. They just sat in the seat wearing ropes and held in place with a seatbelt. I know what some of you are probably thinking... Why aren’t they tied up? Simple really, if I were to have an accident, or get pulled over, it wouldn’t be good. So they aren’t.   
  
We arrived about an hour later. Their horses were already there and ready. I decided that they didn’t need to have a saddle, so I just tied them up to the horses. I didn’t want them to fall off, so they were tied down well.   
Their ankles were bound under the horse, their hands bound in front of them. They couldn’t do anything but bounce. Holly was squirming a little on her horse, looked like she was trying to get off – which way well, I’ll leave that for you to figure out. But she was squirming so much she had loosened her bra ropes. I just had to help her.   
  
So I undid them the rest of the way. I backed off and Holly just smiled and looked in front of her. She actually wanted to be topless. Maybe I should’ve brought the camera. Natalie wasn’t moving much. Looking at her ropes I could tell why. She was holding up her ropes with her arms, if she moved they’d fall off. I couldn’t have this, so I assisted her in losing the bra ones. But I tightened the panty ropes. That would be too mean. And I wanted the little ribbed gel thing to rub against her.   
  
This is the best part about it. Women get so willing to do anything you want as soon as they’re aroused. You could get one to run naked through a men’s prison if they’re turned on enough.   
  
They looked so cute, breasts bouncing as they rode through the woods...   
  
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Natalie and I were taken out to his car. It was fun being in front of all those people, wearing only ropes for clothing, but still, having multiple orgasms in front of them was really offsetting. The steps were horrible, every time I stepped down, the little gel thing would rub against me - ten steps and another orgasm. I was starting to get tired! At least we had a long drive to rest.   
  
Oh, but he didn’t make that easy either. I’d of sworn he hit every bump on the road. At least he kept our hands free. I was expecting to be tied and gagged in the back seat. It had to of been an hour in the car, and neither Natalie nor I said anything – we were to afraid to.   
  
Eventually we ended up at a ranch. I really wasn’t too worried. I mean, nothing that bad could happen here. Of course I guess we could be ridden like horses... No, that wouldn’t happen. But there were horses here. Maybe we’ll be riding horses. That could be fun.   
  
I looked over to Natalie. She’d fallen asleep. Maybe she had just been having too much fun on the ride.   
  
He pulled over and ordered us to get out. Natalie stretched a bit, and got out. I didn’t waste any time. We were led to the horses and helped up. This wasn’t going to be too bad. But then there wasn’t a saddle either... I didn’t get worried until my ankles were tied under the horse. My ankles were tied to the harness. At least I wouldn’t fall off.   
  
Of course a bad thing happened. The horse’s gentle little movements with my nice bonded state was very stimulating. I just had to finish it off right here. I started moving ever so slightly, trying to finish. I was about ready to lose my top, but I didn’t care. Right now I’d of laid on the car hood and done it in front of everyone.   
  
I was able to finish right before he came back and removed my top. Kind of had to, it had almost fallen off. I was just glad he took off Natalie’s too. She had loosened all her ropes. I was actually looking forward to her riding the horse naked, but he tied up her bottom. It only took a little step from my horse to figure out why.   
  
Then we had to go for a horse ride through the woods. It was almost fun. Killed my butt, stimulated the hell out of me, and made my breasts bounce all over. There was one good thing out of the horse ride. The horses got to be bathed, I and Natalie got our g-strings back, and we both slept quite well on the way back to town. Well, passed out, slept same difference, right?   
  
But I wasn’t ready for where we went next!   
  
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The girls had a nice nap on the way back to town. They looked famished. So I figured it was time for a picnic. I pulled into the park and had them follow me around. It took a while, ok, I just wanted sexy women parading around a park topless and wearing g-strings. I finally found what I wanted, long flowing branches, beautiful knobs perfect for holding onto and just rubbing against, little oval holes just ripe for the taking.   
  
I knew they’d look good suspended from it. I tossed some ropes around the largest branch, and tied up Holly. I then tied Natalie right next to her, and tied them together. Their backs made the perfect table.   
  
So, I did what any man would do at this point. I went back to the car, that was only 5 feet away – and to think we walked miles in the park too. And pulled out some salads from a cooler. They both jumped, well, as much as possible, when the ice cold items were put on their backs. But I didn’t remove it. I just kept it there. Of course I didn’t want it to overheat, so I had to dump ice over them. I never knew a table could make so much noise.   
  
But you can’t have a picnic without other people, so I yelled out and got a crowd over to eat from the table. The girls actually seemed to like it – especially when the people feed them. Of course the crowd did like eating from practically nude women.   
  
After lunch, I got the women down, and just tied them to the tree. Their legs were tied apart, their hands and arms tied behind them. Had to make sure their breasts stood out.   
  
It was time for a little party game of “pin the tail on the woman”. But for this game, there was just a tail, and fondling the women was highly recommended. No sense missing. Of course, it wasn’t their butts that the tail   
needed to be pinned to. And there wasn’t a pin.   
  
It’s a wonderful game. A lot of the people seemed to like fondling their breasts; they kept on going straight there first. Maybe if I’d of blindfolded the people first they would’ve moved around more. I’ll have to remember that. And I suppose it’d of been better if the goal wasn’t to hang the tail from the g-string. But the girls didn’t seem to mind.   
  
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The park was horrendous. Fun. Very, very fun, but horrendous. If there was ever a time you wanted to either slap someone or just give in to everyone, this was the time.   
  
It started out kind of harmless, we were walked all over the place for something. Topless the entire time. There were so many people cheering! It feels really weird being topless with all these people watching you. At least Natalie was there too. It’s a lot easier doing stuff when you have someone along for moral support.   
  
If it wasn’t for being turned on, I’d of been really annoyed when I found out that we were going right by the car. Not even 5ft away. He had to of known. You could just tell with that smirk of his. Showing us off like trophies. But we did look so cute! Anyway...   
  
He tied us up to a tree. Legs tied up at the knees and then ankles to our wrists, with the rope over the branch. Arms tied together. And then he tied Natalie and me together! We made a perfect table, well, with two nice butts. It wasn’t too bad until he dumped ice on us. I screamed and tried to get it off me. Natalie wasn’t quiet about it either. But it didn’t matter. We couldn’t get it off. After a little while we got used to the ice and just let it run off our flesh.   
  
If this wasn’t bad enough, we then had a group of people come and eat off us. They took the ice from our backs and used it in their drinks. If it wasn’t such a turn on thinking about being used like this, it’d of been disgusting. Some of the people were nice and fed us. Of course I still think they just wanted half naked women sucking on their fingers.   
  
After lunch we were let down. But it wasn’t long before we were tied up to the tree, legs spread, and arms tied behind us. We didn’t even have time to recover from the other position! He said it was a pin the tail on the donkey variant, but it was more like fondle the naked women’s breasts and don’t forget to insert a velvet thing in her while using fingers.   
  
Not that I’m complaining. It was quite fun being turned on by men and women, getting off a few times in the process. Not even caring about being quiet about it. Being tied up and just quivering whenever you wanted, not caring who sees you, or even that another girl is right beside you screaming her head off.   
  
After Natalie and I were being held up by the ropes only, he let us down. We had a short crawl to get in the car. I was actually getting sore. I didn’t think I’d be able to last any longer for any more of this play.   
Natalie looked worse. I think she was ready to call it a day.   
  
To our dismay but multiple pleasure. We still had more left in the day to do.   
  
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I was starting to run out of ideas... Without using my normal stuff, I really didn’t know what else to do right now. So, I thought I’d ask.   
  
“So. How opposed are you two to wearing vibrators. But be fully clothed?”   
  
Holly looked at Natalie.   
  
“Running?” Holly asked.   
  
“Of course. What’s the fun of a non running vibrator?”   
  
“Well...” Holly looked at Natalie.   
  
“We’ll do it.” Natalie replied.   
  
“Good.”   
  
I had to take them back to my place now. They’re clothes were there, along with my toys for them.   
  
When we got to my place, I picked up a few new remote control vibrators. I gave both of them one. It was an effortless entry. They knew exactly how to use them.   
  
I handed them their clothes. They were happy to finally get dressed. And I was happy to demonstrate the third setting. I suppose it was mean to wait for them to be standing on one leg. They finished putting on their pants on the floor.   
  
“And that was only setting three. Don’t worry... there’s only seven higher.”   
  
They exchanged a “we’re fucked” look. But got up and followed me out.   
  
I was going to have such fun with them at the mall, and restaurant. Might even have to up the setting to 10, and hold it there for a few minutes. I wonder if “Oh god yes” is on the menu. Guess I could take them to church. I laughed at my own thoughts. They looked at me like I’d lost it, but sure as hell wasn’t going to say anything.   
  
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“So. How opposed are you two to wearing vibrators. But be fully clothed?” He asked us.   
  
Well, originally I wasn’t going to allow this, but I looked over to Natalie, she didn’t seem to care one way or the other. Or maybe just really exhausted.   
  
“Running?” I asked, even though I knew they would be.   
  
“Of course. What’s the fun of a non running vibrator?”   
  
“Well...” I said looking back at Natalie, trying to get an idea.   
  
“We’ll do it.” Natalie replied.   
  
“Good.”   
  
Ok... I wasn’t getting that from her... neutral, yes, but she seemed a bit happy about the idea.   
  
He drove us back to our clothes. The entire ride there I couldn’t help but wonder where we’d be going, how large would it be... would we be using them in front of others, having their eyes staring at us as we screwed ourselves with them. Knowing that they’d be looking at us as lesbians and not as we really are.   
  
We finally got back to his place, once inside he handed us our clothes, and a little remote controlled vibrator. He didn’t have to say, but we knew it’d have to be put in now. It didn’t take any effort, on either of our parts. I guess I wasn’t the only one fantasizing in the car.   
  
I put my pants on standing up. Figured it was easier. And what happened? He turned the vibrator on when I was balancing! I fell and hurt my arm! Now I’m sure this looked funny, but I didn’t like getting hurt.   
  
Natalie’s was turned on too; she just fell into the wall. I wasn’t sure now if they both operated with the same remote or not. We both seemed to be hit at the same time...   
  
Regardless, we both just finished getting dressed on the floor. I wasn’t about to fall again, and Natalie apparently didn’t want to risk it.   
  
“And that was only setting three. Don’t worry... there’s only seven higher.”   
  
Natalie looked over at me. This definitely wasn’t going to be an easy task at this rate. That setting was enough to knock us over.   
  
Well by now we were dressed. And he had started to the door, so we got up and followed him out. I really didn’t know what all he had planned for us. But whatever it was, we’d both be embarrassed that’s for sure. I really thought this as started laughing for no reason.   
  
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There was a little mall just a few miles away. It’d serve my purpose quite well... Of course they are completely dressed, but I was going to do my best to make sure they spent most of the time here blushing. And I had just the plan...   
  
Given how aroused they had been, I was pretty sure that if they spent a lot of time with a running vibrator on with their legs apart, soon there might just be visible proof. The hard part was coming up with a really embarrassing thing to do to them... hmm... I wonder how audible a vibrator would be to a shoe salesman... Only one way to find out.   
  
I escorted my two little ladies into the mall, getting them both used to the first setting of the vibrator. I figured the batteries were new, they’d last a little while. And if not, it’d make for an interesting purchase. Oh, how I amuse myself.   
  
The first shoe store only seemed to have women running it. Now, I know that could be embarrassing for the girls... but I didn’t know if women would wait on another girl the same way a guy would... So I walked to the next one.   
  
This one had mostly male employees. I knew there would be a better chance here. I stopped outside and turned to them.   
  
“See the shoe store?”   
  
“Yes.” holly said, implying that it’d be hard to miss.   
  
Natalie nodded.   
  
“I need you both to go in there, and try on shoes. Make sure to keep your legs apart. And if anyone asks, tell then you have a vibrator in.”   
  
They seemed confused, but of course they would be, they had no idea what I was going to do. So I upped the vibrator setting to five. The women did a little dance.   
  
“Hurry up. You’re not leaving until you’ve tried on at least two pairs of shoes. Or, well, you have to leave.”   
  
The girls walked as best as they could into the shoe store. I sat down on the bench and watched them. Holly went for shoes close to her eye level. Natalie went for ones close to the floor. She spent a lot of time using the wall to hold her up.   
  
Holly was the first one approached by a salesman. She gave the salesman a shoe, and sat down. Natalie had to approach a salesman herself. Apparently they were too busy flirting with the female employee. She took a seat across from Holly.   
  
Now was the time to test out the remote’s distance... I turned both of them off. Both Holly and Natalie looked around, at each other, than at me. I knew it worked. Holly looked around then, put her hand down the front of her pants. Keeping an eye out for the employee.   
  
Unfortunately for her she didn’t notice the guy that entered and walked watching her enjoy herself. She looked up, blushed, and removed her hand. They guy just laughed and walked up to the counter.   
  
By now the salesman had emerged from the back carrying the boxes of shoes. I thought it was time to test the range again, so I turned them to ten.   
  
They both sank into the chair, pulling their legs together just as the salesman approached. I couldn’t stand sitting her now. I had to see this in person! So I walked into the store and started looking at shoes.   
  
Now I know that I knew that they had vibrators turned on, and I was expecting it, but I could hear the faint sounds of them running inside them.   
  
So when the salesman walked up and helped them out with the shoes, I knew they heard it. Of course how long it’d take it to register would be another thing. Fortunately for me, the men’s shoes were right next to my little ladies. So I could see and hear everything.   
  
“So how does this feel?” The salesman asked Holly.   
  
“Um... Good...” Holly replied a bit short of breath.   
  
Natalie was a bit less brave, she said “A little snug”, but it backfired. Her salesman had brought a larger and smaller shoe with him!   
  
Holly’s helped her into the other shoe. “Here walk around.” He said as he stood up.   
  
“Do you need help sir?” he asked me.   
  
“Just looking” I said loud enough to prevent the others from approaching me.   
  
Holly stood, and walked as best as she could.   
  
He watched her, but looked around. Holly returned and sat down.   
  
“Is your pager going off?” he asked her.   
  
I turned under guise of looking at other shoes. Holly sure did look good in red!   
  
“Um... no. I’m... I’ve got a... a... vibrator in me.” she said.   
  
How I wish there was a higher setting...   
  
“And so does she!” Holly pointed at Natalie.   
  
The salesman were in shock, but found this quite amusing.   
  
Natalie seemed a bit pissed though.   
  
Holly tensed, and pulled her legs together. She looked down, and just handed a credit card to the salesman. “I’ll take them.”   
  
Natalie was soon to follow. And even bought her shoes.   
  
I thought I’d be nice now and turn them off.   
  
The girls looked at each other, but I couldn’t hear what Holly said. I walked back around and noticed. Holly had have a very good orgasm. So good that she was going to be buying new pants I think.   
  
I walked back out of the store and waited for them. Natalie was trying to help Holly cover herself by holding her purchase behind.   
  
Of course Natalie could use a little clothing change herself. But no where near as bad as Holly. If it weren’t for me knowing better, I’d say she didn’t make it to the bathroom in time.   
  
Holly was still a bit flushed.   
  
“If you have money left, we’ll get you some new pants.” I said.   
  
Holly nodded.   
  
“Of course you will have to tell them how your pants got wet.” I smiled.   
  
“Right now I don’t care.” she said bluntly.   
  
I think she just wanted out of the pants. We walked to the nearest store for her to replace them. I just wonder if she’ll actually do it...   
  
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Neither one of us really knew where we’d be going. But I did know it wasn’t going to be that easy if the prior events were any indication. Natalie and I sat in the back seat, looking around. We didn’t really say anything, but then there wasn’t really that much to say. Neither knew anything and we both knew it.   
  
At least we were both dressed. Even with the little toy inside of us, it couldn’t be that bad. We ended up at the local mall. We’d both been here before. It was kind of confusing though. But I guess there had to be some sort of plan.   
  
We followed him into the mall. We looked around at the different stores, kind of window shopping without stopping. But he definitely knew where he was going. He slowed down as he looked into a shoe store, I looked too. There were a few girls working. Of course it was a woman’s store. I had even bought shoes there before – recognized a few of the sales ladies even. But he kept on moving. I suppose that’s good. It would be really bad if I had to do something there. I really like that store! I wouldn’t want to not be allowed back or just be too embarrassed to look at any of them again.   
  
Natalie wasn’t really paying attention. Not sure why. Maybe she just figured that no matter what, we wouldn’t know until it happens.   
  
Whatever he was planning though, it did involve a shoe store. He walked right up to another and checked it out. This was had mainly men working it. Horny little college aged men at that.   
  
“See the shoe store?” he asked us in his cocky little tone.   
  
“Yes” I said. Hell, it’s not like you could miss it! We were standing right in front of it!   
  
Natalie just nodded.   
  
“I need you both to go in there, and try on shoes. Make sure to keep your legs apart. And if anyone asks, tell then you have a vibrator in.”   
  
Ok... now this was a bit weird... why would anyone ask us if we had a vibrator in? It wasn’t visible. I looked at Natalie and she seemed to have the same opinion. Then the bastard turned them on! It caused us to wiggle a bit to get readjusted to the sensations. I was begging to see why people might ask now...   
  
“Hurry up. You’re not leaving until you’ve tried on at least two pairs of shoes. Or, well, you have to leave.”   
  
Natalie and I tried to walk as normal as possible into the store. It wasn’t the easiest thing in the world to do, but could’ve been harder. But I did know, I was going to have to hurry. I didn’t want to be getting off in the store - especially not with some horny college guy between my legs!   
  
I knew that I wasn’t going to be able to bend a lot it’d cause the vibrator to move and stimulate me more. So I tried to find a decent looking pair of shoes at eye level.   
  
Natalie didn’t, and paid for it, she had to hold herself up with the wall!   
  
IT seemed to take forever, but I finally found a pair of shoes I liked. A salesman came over.   
  
“Can I help you?”   
  
I handed the shoe over to him. “Same size as this”   
  
The salesman looked and walked into the back. I sat down and looked over towards the counter. Natalie had found a pair of shoes, but the salesmen were busy flirting with a female employee. I felt kind of bad for Natalie. It was almost an insult to her looks! And she’s not bad looking either.   
  
Natalie approached one of the men; one apologized and quickly took the shoe to the back. Natalie came over and sat with her back to me.   
  
Then all of a sudden, the vibrator stopped! I thought at first the batteries went dead so I looked at Natalie, but she was wondering too. We looked back outside the store, and he was watching us laughing. So the batteries didn’t die. But now I was really turned on. I really needed to finish, I was getting there just with it as it was! I quickly looked around, and just put my hand down my pants. I was glad it fit down far enough. I just couldn’t believe I was masturbating right there in a shoe store! But I couldn’t not either! It just had to be done. I looked towards the employees making sure that I could stop before they noticed. But in my little horny state, I forgot to check for people coming in the store! A guy walked right in front of me and chuckled as he saw what I was doing. I could’ve died right there.   
  
I pulled my hand out and had to wipe it off on my pants. The salesmen had returned from the back. Then the freaking vibrator jumped to a new level. It was making noise! I could actually hear it even though it was inside me. And the salesman was approaching. I wanted it to be silent, but I knew it wouldn’t.   
  
I couldn’t even sit straight. I sunk into the chair and closed my legs. I had to try and maintain some level of dignity when the salesman helped me.   
  
Of course to make matters worse, our little tormenter had entered the store and started acting like a customer.   
  
My salesman had got one shoe on me without so much as an indication that he heard anything.   
  
“So how does this feel?” He asked me.   
  
“Um... Good...” I said, although trying to catch my breath.   
  
I heard Natalie say “A little rug” or perhaps it was “A little snug” hard to tell for me, I wasn’t really focused on her right now.   
  
My salesman stood after he got the other shoe on me. “Here walk around.”   
  
He turned as I got up, “Do you need help sir?”   
  
“Just browsing.”   
  
I started walking a little. If you could call it walking. I probably looked like I’d never of walked a day in my life. I tried to get back to my seat as quickly as I could.   
  
Natalie still hadn’t left her seat. Here I was actually trying to be normal about it, and there she was trying to not to let anyone know anything was up.   
  
“Is your pager going off?” my salesman asked me.   
  
I couldn’t believe it! Not only had he heard, but now I was going to have to tell him! What’s worse was I was about ready to get off. And I could tell it wasn’t going to just be some little orgasm either.   
  
“Um...no. I’m... I’ve got a... a... vibrator in me.” I said, trying to hold it back.   
  
“And so does she!” I blurted out making sure everyone heard me. I wasn’t about to let her get off easy now.   
  
At that moment I got off. I pulled in and closing my legs rocking slightly. I didn’t want to look, but I could tell that I had just soaked my pants. And right in front of the salesman.   
  
I wanted to leave, so I just handed him my credit card. “I’ll take them.”   
  
I heard Natalie get off shortly after when I was putting on my shoes, even she bought the shoes.   
  
When they returned with our purchases I signed the paper. Natalie was in a better mood now, she had a good little laugh at my pants, but held her bag up to my backside to shield me, and I held mine in the front.   
  
We walked back out to him.   
  
“If you have money left, we’ll get you some new pants.”   
  
I just nodded. There wasn’t even an option.   
  
“Of course you will have to tell them how your pants got wet.”   
  
Right now I didn’t care if I had to walk around bottomless, I think it’d be less humiliating. So telling them that I just had a powerful orgasm and drenched my pants would be easy. I just wanted out of these pants.   
  
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This was turning out to be a good day. Get to have little chuckles just watching them go about doing the stuff. I don’t know, it just didn’t seem to be humiliating enough. I suppose I could have them whore themselves out, but that would be pushing it a bit much I think. At least for now. Now having them provide favors as a thank you... Hmm... that might work.   
  
I looked back at the two followers, Holly not even trying to cover herself as well now. I wonder if it was because she had to walk quickly to keep up, and the bags couldn’t be held without drawing attention to her? Well, it wouldn’t be as fun if I let her cover up now would it?   
  
The only real problem that I had was deciding on a place for her to buy clothes... to help decide I used the remotes again. I think Holly wanted to kill me, but seeing the two’s little walk was worth it. Of course that did get the attention of a lot of people. I hope Holly was enjoying herself... a lot of people were pointing, laughing, and just otherwise wide-eyed.   
  
Well... That made up my mind. We had to go to the furthest edge of the mall, the department store. Had to make sure she got a lot of views first. I was nice and flicked off the remotes as we passed the security desk. No need to get them arrested. And I’m sure that Hol... both of them would have a lot of explaining to do now. Definitely have to keep an eye on them... and to think I missed it.   
  
My laugh drew the attention of the security people, but not for long. How unfortunate too... I was hoping they’d ask them what happened.   
  
I just hated using a department store... Chances were that they’d be served by a woman. I wonder what would be worse... explaining that they got off to a woman or a man... At least the male could be tipped... well... nothing says they can’t a woman either.   
  
We walked in the main entry, past a perfume counter. The perfume lady did a double take as they walked in behind me. She went to say something, but didn’t. Could’ve just been that she figured they were coming here to buy new clothes.   
  
No one was working by the pants! This was going to really suck. They immediately began looking for their size as I walked around tying to find a salesperson.   
  
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Well I knew that he wasn’t going to make this easy on me, but I had hoped he was going to pick one of the nearby clothing stores! All I saw around me were clothes. I’d of even put on men’s pants now. Wet pants stick... and that’s not good... Of course neither is a practically running guy that we have to follow! He had to of done it on purpose. There was no way that I could cover with the bags. Oh, I did try, but that stuck out more when a loud rustling bag was being hit by my legs.   
  
But I thought I’d be safe from the vibrator. But I wasn’t... a short while later it was turned back on. I was more weakened than anything. It wasn’t like it could get any worse for me! Natalie, on the other hand... well, she still could have a bit more of a problem.   
  
This was really embarrassing... everyone was staring at me - all of them probably thinking that an adult just wet herself from not making the bathroom in time. Of course that could be good I guess. At least no one approached me! But they sure did like laughing and staring. Of course it was a neat thought knowing that I knew why but none of them did.   
  
On the plus side, Natalie seemed to of uh, had a similar problem now. That was hilarious! She had it happen in front of a lot of people I laughed at her. But she deserved it. Of course they were laughing too.   
  
But I wasn’t too certain what would happen now. Up ahead was a security station... I really didn’t want to be telling them what we were doing! I didn’t think it’d be illegal... but they might ask us to leave. At least he turned off the vibrator. Even better was he broke out laughing. It distracted the guards so they didn’t think anything of us! Of course I did move the bag to my right side to help block their view. Of course I really doubt he did it to be nice to us. He might of, but only so we didn’t get kicked out. Hard to tell really...   
  
By now I realized that we were going to the other end of the mall. We had passed the majority of clothing stores, and up ahead were only a few, but a large department store. I was right.   
  
Now the bad thing with department stores in malls is, a lot of times there’s a large perfume or other glass counter right when you walk in. Now always, but many times. Here was no different. And the pants were to the left. So regardless of what... we’d be seen in good lighting and from the front by the salesgirl.   
  
I really hoped she’d look away and not see us. It was bad enough that the security cameras were recording! Some perverted security guards were probably getting off to this as we walked. But she didn’t. I knew she wouldn’t though. Two girls, of course you’d try to sell them perfume. This was going to be horrible. Having to approach her and tell her that we aren’t interested.   
  
She looked up at us and got ready to go into her sales pitch, but did a quick double take. She didn’t give it, just smiled and watched as we passed. I really don’t know what was worse... her knowing that we were wet, or that she knew we were there to buy new pants! I mean if she thought we were there for other stuff, she would’ve gone into her sales pitch.   
  
Well, we made it to the pants section. And nobody was here! I was glad. At least now we wouldn’t have a lot more people seeing us. Of course after the few hundred that already did, what’s a few more?   
  
I went to my size, Natalie to hers. Of course I was starting to wonder now... Since our pants are wet, so are our legs and stuff. We’ll just get the new ones wet... I thought for a while. Looking down as I somewhat held the pants up to me, making sure not to touch them. But then it hit me. I could just use the dry parts of my pants to dry off with. At least that wouldn’t be too bad.   
  
I knew the pair that I had on I’d get, so I looked for the dressing rooms, and a salesman. Fortunately he was approaching with one – a woman. But talking... that couldn’t be a good sign.   
  
  
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I finally found a saleswoman! It took long enough. I don’t know why it is, whenever you want one they’re all hiding out. But the second you don’t need them, or are just looking, you get hit by everyone within sight. She had an old worn-down nametag with “Jo” written on it. She was probably fairly young though. Probably a nickname.   
  
I knew that I had to have a little fun with the girls... So. I made arrangements with the saleswomen for a little fun.   
  
Jo approached the girls. I stood back a little ways, just to make sure they didn’t lie about what happened.   
  
“I hear that you two have been having fun?”   
  
Holly nodded, “Yep. Really good orgasm from a vibrating egg!”   
  
Might have been enthusiastic, but she was turning a nice red shade.   
  
“Really?” Jo said, “Hmm... so you want to buy those pants?”   
  
“Yes.” Holly said.   
  
“Me too!” Natalie said while approaching.   
  
“Ok. Follow me.” Jo started towards the checkout island, the girls followed.   
  
Holly’s was rung up first. Then Natalie’s. Jo gave them both a bag, but didn’t put the pants in it. She was nice enough to cut the tags off for them.   
  
“Can we change in the dressing room?” Holly asked innocently.   
  
“No.” Jo replied coldly. “Do it here.”   
  
Natalie’s jaw dropped. Holly just got off her pants and started to dry off with them. Natalie looked around, and quickly got hers off too, but tried to hide. They were both bottomless before going for the new pants.   
  
“I want to see the vibrating egg.”   
  
“You what?” Holly was shocked.   
  
“You heard me. Let me see it, or I’ll have you arrested.”   
  
“For what?” She asked, apparently not thinking that she was basically nude here.   
  
Jo looked down at her then back to her eyes. Holly looked away, then pulled out the vibrating egg.   
  
“That wasn’t so hard now, was it?” She looked over to Natalie.   
  
She had reluctantly removed hers.   
  
“Such a shame. If it wasn’t for one thing. I’d have you two screwing each other right now” Jo said while looking up.   
  
“What one thing?” Holly asked, while looking around.   
  
Three security guards were approaching. One woman, and two males. The girls rushed to get the new pants on, but it was too late. They weren’t getting out of this one that easily.   
  
The security guards put their wet clothes into the bags and escorted them to the office. I was told to follow.   
  
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Jo, as her nametag said, approached us.   
  
“I hear that you two have been having fun?” She said, but kind of questioned too.   
  
“Yep. Really good orgasm from a vibrating egg!” I said proudly. But I could tell that I was blushing. I could feel a little rush through me.   
  
  
“Really?” Jo said, “Hmm... so you want to buy those pants?”   
  
“Yes.” I said.   
  
I mean, of course I do! Why else would a woman with wet pants be holding a new pair?   
“Me to!” Natalie said while approaching, pants outstretched.   
  
“Ok. Follow me.” Jo started towards the checkout island.   
  
This was surprising... She didn’t question really, This was going to be easy! Or so I thought... She was still nice for a little bit, run up our pants, cut the tags off, and even handed us the bags for our wet clothes.   
  
Since she was so nice, I just had to ask: “Can we change in the dressing room?”   
  
I mean, it is an innocent little request, and it’s not that uncommon for people to do either.   
  
“No.” She replied. “Do it here.”   
  
I couldn’t believe it! I mean, here... we’re in the open, visible to everyone that might enter! At least I knew what they were talking about when they approached.   
  
I figured that if I did it quickly, that no one would really be the wiser and we could leave, so I took off everything other than my shirt. Even dried off as planned. Natalie was trying to hide, but I really didn’t care.   
  
I reached out for the new pair of pants. Even had my hand on them.   
  
“I want to see the vibrating egg.”   
  
“You what?” I was shocked.   
  
“You heard me. Let me see it, or I’ll have you arrested.”   
  
“For what?” I asked. I had forgotten that I was basically nude at this point!   
  
She did a quick look down and back up. Pretty good reminder. I wasn’t about to be like this too much longer, so I took it out.   
  
“That wasn’t so hard now, was it?” She looked over to Natalie.   
  
Natalie reluctantly removed hers. But apparently didn’t want to argue.   
  
“Such a shame. If it wasn’t for one thing, I’d have you two screwing each other right now” Jo said while looking up.   
  
“What one thing?” I asked.   
  
I originally thought it was one thing, but figured she couldn’t of known that... So I looked around.   
  
Three security guards were approaching us. Two men and one female! We had been on camera!   
  
Natalie and I quickly put on the new pants, sans underwear. But it didn’t matter. They were on us in no time. They put our wet clothes in the bags, and carried them to office as we were escorted...   
  
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I didn’t want to tell them that this was planned. I had Jo call the security people to come pick them up. I haven’t a clue as to whether or not they were even on camera. But it did make for an interesting scenario don’t you think? Exposing yourself in a store... then get picked up by security... this could be interesting...   
  
“Please wait outside sir. We’ll be with you shortly.”   
  
Well that pissed me off! All this work and I’d have to find out from them what happened!   
  
I waited for at least a half hour if not more. Then they all came out. Holly and Natalie seemed quite pleased.   
  
“Everything’s cleared up. You all can go now.” said the female guard.   
  
She winked at Holly. Holly blushed and adverted her gaze.   
  
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I couldn’t believe that we got caught! Now we’d probably end up in jail... And I wasn’t about to let that happen if I could avoid it. It was a horrible walk being escorted. People kept on looking at us like we were some criminal. Ok. so we were bottomless in a public store, but that’s not that bad!   
  
I started to get worried when we reached the office...   
  
“Please wait outside sir. We’ll be with you shortly.”   
  
It didn’t sound too good when they didn’t want him to go in. Was it because of his gender, or just that he didn’t do anything... the only thing that made me feel better was that the male guards went in too. At least no strip searches would be done – like it’d be needed!   
  
Natalie and I were sat down in some chairs. The one male guard sat behind a desk, the other two along the walls guarding the door.   
  
“We have some nice footage of two women exposing themselves.” The guard clicks on the tape.   
  
Sure enough there we were pulling out the vibrators.   
  
“I admit... it is a nice treat from the shoplifters... two cute women getting naked on camera.” The guard leaned back and stopped the tape. “So... you have one minute to convince me not to call the police.”   
  
“Well... no one saw... we did look for people! And we had to get out of the clothes, and Jo, the saleswoman, said we had to there!” I said.   
  
“Bathrooms out of the store to the right about hundred fifty yards.” The guard wasn’t impressed, he looked at his watch. “Thirty five seconds.”   
  
My heart was racing, in just a short while I was going to be going to jail! I looked over to Natalie who was just as shocked, and panicking. I tried to think of something, but only let out muffled breaths.   
  
“Twenty seconds. Apparently you have no excuse. So I’ll just call them now.” The guard reached for the phone and picked it up.   
  
He pressed one button, then a second. He was actually doing it!   
  
“I’ll fuck you.” I almost screamed, but probably came out normal.   
  
The guard hesitated.   
  
“She will too!” I pointed at Natalie. Who looked at him and nodded.   
  
“We’ll both do you!” Natalie pleaded.   
  
The guard pushed another two buttons. “Just me?”   
  
“Everyone here. Please, just don’t call them.”   
  
“What. You really think that whoring yourself to us is going to work? That’s illegal too you know!”   
  
“Please. I’ll do anything you want. Just... don’t call.” I was close to tears. I really meant it.   
  
“Yes, hello? I’ll have our normal order for lunch today. Bring it about an hour.” He looked at the female guard, “Want breadsticks?”   
  
“Yeah I think that’d be good.” the female guard replied   
  
“And the breadsticks. Thanks!” the male guard hung up.   
  
I was stunned. I think my mouth was just sitting open. He had no intention of calling the police!   
  
“So. We have an hour. Who you going to do first?”   
  
I just sat there, still in shock.   
  
“I could actually call the police if you want, but I think neither of us want that.” he laughs.   
  
I got up out of my chair and walked over to him. He swung the chair around, making it easier for me. I started to take my pants off, but he nodded no and just unzipped his pants.   
  
“On your knees.”   
  
Well... what else was left? I couldn’t say no. So I did. I heard Natalie moaning as the male guard had her. The female guard was looking slightly disappointed but kept an eye on me.   
  
I just kept on blowing the male guard. He kept on thrusting into my mouth gagging me a few times, ended up coughing because of it. But at least we weren’t going to jail! I was relieved when he finally got off; ended up swallowing but, nothing new there.   
  
Natalie was giving the other male guard oral sex now...   
  
“Thank you. Do her now. I like to watch.” The guard smiled.   
  
The female guard started to disrobe. I figured it would be easier, so I did too. The male guard cleaned off his desk. The female guard laid down putting her legs either side of the desk.   
  
There really wasn’t enough room for me up there too, but I managed as I leaned down on her. Just a few little licks and she was already enjoying it, far more than I was, although it wasn’t that unpleasant.   
  
She started fondling her breasts and I just kept on going down on her. Fingers were very useful to. Just little rubs on her clit, soft little licks across her. Moving just a little bit faster, slowing building her up; as I was enjoying myself with my free hand. She squeezed her legs together, and let out a little moan. She pulled me hp to her and gave me a little kiss.   
  
“Thanks.” she said.   
  
We both got dressed. Natalie was laughing.   
  
“What?”   
  
“Nothing.”   
  
“Are we free to go now?”   
  
“Come back anytime!” the male guard said.   
  
I bet. The female guard came up to me and handed me her number.   
  
“Call me sometime.” She whispered.   
  
I wasn’t expecting that. But at least we could go!   
  
She opened the door and Natalie and I walked out.   
  
He was still waiting for us outside.   
  
“Everything’s cleared up. You all can go now.” said the female guard.

Holly’s Trip to a Nude Beach   
  
By Robert Dogwood   
  
  
It didn’t take long for Holly to secure new employment in the same field, actually less than a week. She was interviewed by a pleasant looking middle-aged woman named Helen Wilson. She possessed a fine head of long silver hair and even though it was obvious that she had packed on a few pounds as she grew older, Helen still had a fine figure.   
  
Holly could tell the lady was probably a real beauty when she was younger. Holly had already decided when she learned the job was in the same field that she would tell the truth about her last employment, rather than lie and hope for the best. She had learned years earlier that it was often a small world indeed and lies had a way of catching up with you.   
  
It turned out that Helen was completely understanding concerning the entire situation. After all, the interviewer said, it sounded as if Holly was a wonderful employee, who was thoroughly dedicated to being as productive as possible and that certainly wasn’t a crime. Being disliked by co-workers who were far more inefficient shouldn’t be held against her either.   
  
And having her clothing pulled roughly from her body by other people in public didn’t sound like anything that should be held against her either. All of this sounded like music to Holly’s ears and she was especially delighted when Helen asked her if she could report to work on the following Monday.   
  
That evening Holly couldn’t wait to tell Natalie the wonderful news and her cousin actually appeared happy for her. Natalie was also gracious enough to say she would remain in the city helping Holly out financially until she received her first full paycheck. Holly thanked her, but had the same trace of suspicion run through her that was always present whenever Natalie appeared helpful in some way.   
  
Holly began work the following Monday and met all of her fellow employees. They all seemed pleasant enough and appeared willing to give her the benefit of the doubt, until she proved herself one way or the other. On Tuesday evening, Holly told Natalie that she was slightly apprehensive because she was attending her first full staff meeting the following day in the afternoon.   
  
Not only that, the owner would be present. Natalie said she would meet Holly for lunch to celebrate her progress and hopefully calm her nerves some before the meeting. Again Holly felt a serious qualm she couldn’t quite identify.   
  
Holly chose her best business suit, a gray tweed jacket and skirt with a long sleeve white blouse to wear to the meeting. The next morning Natalie arrived early for lunch. Since Holly still had some work to wrap up before lunch. Natalie said she would go amuse herself.   
  
Through her opened office door, Holly saw Natalie introducing herself to some of the other employees and basically gladhanding them in a way that only Natalie could. Although it set Holly’s teeth on edge, she supposed it wouldn’t hurt her any if her co-workers like Natalie.   
  
Determined to make short shift of the remaining work, Holly grabbed the nearest pen and pushed it in to write. Inexplicably black ink shot out all over her outfit!   
  
“Oh no!” she groaned. “Not today.”   
  
She quickly got up and closed her office door. She looked down to assess the damage. It was horrible! Her jacket, skirt and white blouse all had huge black splotches on them.   
  
“What am I going to do? This is terrible. I look awful,” she said to herself.   
  
The meeting was directly after lunch, and even if she left now, she couldn’t possibly go home to change and still make it back in time. While unsuccessfully racking her brain to arrive at a possible solution, her office door open and Natalie breezed in. Holly had forgotten to lock the door.   
  
“Oh no! What happened?” Natalie exclaimed, concern dripping from every word.   
  
“Close the door quick!” Holly ordered.   
  
After complying, Natalie turned back to Holly and looked closely at her clothing to judge the damage.   
  
“This stupid pen shot ink all over me,” Holly said, pointing at the pen laying on her desk.   
  
“I know what to do,” Natalie said. “I saw an hour cleaners down the street on my way here. “I’ll just run it down there during your lunch hour and get everything cleaned.”   
  
“Well, I don’t know,” Holly answered, grave doubt present in her voice.   
  
She had a sudden vision of sitting at her desk wearing only the miniscule bra and panties she had worn on that particular day. Oh why did I have to feel sexy – today of all days? Holly berated herself.   
  
“Come on, Holly, hurry up! We don’t have much time,” her cousin insisted, and emphasized her point by beginning to pull off Holly’s jacket.   
  
“Okay, I guess. There’s nothing else I can do. I certainly can’t go the meeting filthy with ink.”   
  
Natalie stood holding the jacket while Holly quickly stepped out of her skirt. She looked down at herself. Her white transparent panties peeked out from beneath her blouse.. That doesn’t look too bad, she thought. As long as no one sees me away from my desk.   
  
Holly handed the skirt to Natalie. “Go,” she said simply.   
  
“What are you doing?” Natalie asked. “I need your blouse too, it’s got ink all over it as well.”   
  
“No!” Holly answered emphatically. “I refuse to sit at my desk in just my underwear – particularly this underwear I can button my jacket so no one can see the blouse.”   
  
“Okay,” Natalie said. “But I think you’re making a big mistake. You can just lock your office door. Okay then, I’ll be back in a flash,” Natalie promised, smiling at her.   
  
Holly suppressed a shudder that ran through her. She always felt uneasy when her cousin smiled at her like that. Holly walked with Natalie to the door and locked it once Natalie had exited. She returned to her desk and sat down. The young woman still had lots of work she could do, but she was currently far too nervous to concentrate.   
  
Holly noticed the pen that had been the cause of her latest disaster. It occurred to her too late that she had never seen it before. Where exactly had it come from? Right when a suspicion began to form in her mind, a knock came upon her office door.   
  
‘Oh no!’ she thought. When she didn’t answer it, the knocking continued. Finally she heard Natalie call out in a hoarse stage whisper, “It’s me, Holly. Let me in.”   
  
“What in the world?” Holly mumbled, as she crossed the room and half way opened the door to admit Natalie.   
  
“What are you doing?” she demanded of Natalie. “What haven’t you already left for the dry cleaners?”   
  
Before Holly could close the door, after Natalie had entered the office, Helen breezed in behind her. The look of surprised befuddlement on Holly’s pretty face caused Helen to laugh gently. Holly finished closing the door behind Natalie and Helen.   
  
“Don’t worry, Holly,” Helen said kindly. “Natalie explained it all to me. I’ve come in to encourage you to allow Natalie to have your blouse dry cleaned also.”   
  
Helen held her hand up as Holly began to protest. “I’ll make sure no one comes in to bother you until Natalie returns with your cleaned outfit,” her supervisor promised.   
  
“Okay, I guess,” Holly said haltingly.   
  
She removed her blouse and handed it to Natalie, thereby revealing her tiny, transparent bra and panties. Natalie laughed and said, “Nice outfit, cuz.”   
  
Helen smiled at Holly and said, “I see your assets are substantial, Holly.”   
  
The young underdressed woman blushed from head to toe and quickly returned to sitting behind her desk.   
  
“Okay, see you soon,” Natalie said and left.   
  
“Don’t worry, everything will be fine,” Helen encouraged her before leaving also.   
  
Her supervisor made certain Holly’s door was locked before leaving. Her anxiety made time appear to fly by for Holly. Where is that girl? Holly thought, now completely panicked. She checked her watch for the sixth time in ten minutes. It was now five after one. The sound that Holly had been praying for occurred – a knock upon the door. Holly practically flew low to the door and opened it.   
  
“About time, Natalie,” she said.   
  
Helen walked in – Holly looked around her into the hall – no Natalie! Helen shut the door for her.   
  
“I’m very sorry, Holly, but you have to come to the meeting.”   
  
“Wha?!” she exclaimed. “I can’t come like this.”   
  
“I’m sorry, you’re just going to have to. The owner is here and it’s traditional for him to meet the new staff members at our Wednesday staff meeting.   
  
“But can’t I wait for Natalie?” Holly entreated.   
  
Helen shook her head sadly.   
  
“Isn’t there something around here I could wear, just an old coat or something?”   
  
“Holly, think about it. If we had something for you to wear, I already would have given it to you. Maybe you should have tried to go home to change during lunch, even if you had been late, it would have been alright.   
  
An hour too late, Holly saw through Natalie’s trick. She had placed the joke pen on her desk when she first arrived, hoping Holly would use it. She took Holly’s clothes, never planning to be back on time. Now she remembered how Natalie was running around the office talking to everyone. Probably everyone knew about it, except for Helen.   
  
“But I can’t go in my bra and panties,” Holly pleaded.   
  
“Yes you can,” Helen said emphatically. “It’s the same as wearing a bikini. You’ve worn a bikini before on the beach, haven’t you?”   
  
‘Yeah, but my bikini wasn’t transparent,’ Holly thought. ‘And I just shaved! They’ll be able to see everything!’   
  
Her supervisor continued to attempt to convince Holly of what she needed to do, when she didn’t answer her previous question.   
  
“I have explained it to the owner and he understands completely. He wishes you to show your dedication to the company and attend the meeting. Just go right in there and sit down as though you’re completely dressed.”   
  
“Okay,” Holly said, thoroughly defeated by this time. She followed Helen from the office down the hall to the conference room. Stepping into the large room, she knew without looking (but she looked anyway) that everyone was staring at her. Practically everyone was wearing big smiles, but no one was laughing. She guessed that was because after all it was a staff meeting – not a Comedy Central roast.   
  
‘Oh no!’ she thought, when she realized there was just rows of open chairs. She had been hoping she could hide by sitting behind a table. She sat down immediately in the closest chair. Helen kept moving to the front of the room and sat down next to a man, who Holly didn’t recognize. She realized he must be the owner. He appeared to be around the age of fifty. He had a beautiful head of silver hair, and obviously had worked at keeping himself in shape. He was handsome enough that if Holly had gone for older men, she would have gone for him.   
  
Suddenly Helen was speaking to the room. “Before we begin with the actual business portion of the meeting, Mr. Golden would like to say a few words so I turn the meeting over to him.”   
  
The owner stood up. Holly realized now that he stood over six feet tall. “Please call me Bill, everyone. I run a democratic shop.”   
  
Holly noticed the employees who she knew had been there awhile were nodding their heads. The immediate business at hand is I would like to meet the new employee,” the older man said. “Holly, would you please come up here”?   
  
‘Oh no!’ she thought. ‘This is so unfair, Helen told me I could just sit here.’   
  
The more people who turned to look at her seated in the back of the room, the more embarrassed and humiliated she became. She felt herself growing warm and then even worse – she was becoming wet! Oh God, this is worse and worse. People will be able to see it very clearly in these panties. Holly now felt her nipples growing hard.   
  
“Holly, please do as Mr. Golden asked,” Helen said firmly.   
  
Holly’s legs felt wooden and she was actually teetering on them during her long walk to the front of the room. She could hear people whispering behind her back and she could well imagine what they were saying. This increased her humiliation and she felt her clit pop out. Holly risked a glance downwards and was horror struck to see that her panties were drenched with moisture.   
  
Finally reaching the front of the room, she stood in front of the owner racking her brain unsuccessfully for something to say. Mr. Golden left it no secret that he was impressed with Holly’s attributes by slowly looking her up and down.   
  
‘Oh no,’ Holly thought. ‘Not now!’   
  
The longer he stood obviously staring at her sexual parts which showed so readily through her underwear, the more horny she became. The young woman attempted to clench her legs together to keep at least something a mystery, but also to try to desensitize herself in that area, if possible. Holly still felt that she was teetering on the edge of an orgasm, which practically anything at this point could set off.   
  
“Helen told me you were smart, but now I see that you have beauty to go with your intelligence.”   
  
‘Oh sure,’ Holly thought. ‘When I’m for all intents and purposes naked, then I’m beautiful.’   
  
The older man reached out to take her hand. Holly pulled her hand back and up, fearing the result of any physical contact with him. Mr. Golden continued to track her hand with his and as he further reached for her, Holly pulled her hand completely away leaving the man to accidentally grasp her breast. He felt her nipple lengthen significantly beneath his hand.   
  
“Oh, no,” Holly moaned, when her orgasm hit her like a ton of concrete blocks. She quickly bent over in an attempt to hide what was occurring, although the people in the front knew exactly what had happened. Her co-workers in the middle to the back of the room just thought the young woman had suddenly been hit with abdominal pain.   
  
Natalie was standing in the very back with her cousin’s newly dry cleaned outfit resting in her arms. She was wearing a malicious grin fore she understood completely what had just taken place. ‘Holly’s perversion strikes again,’ she thought malevolently. Holly duck waddled through the room, remaining bent over as much as possible.   
  
When she reached her seat, she looked up enough to finally notice Natalie standing at the back of the room holding Holly’s clothes. At that point, Holly didn’t care about anything except escaping that room and getting dressed, which she did post haste.   
  
That night in her apartment, Holly said, “I swear to God I’m going to get you back for today, Natalie.”   
  
Her cousin laughed and said, “What did I do?”   
  
“You know what you did. You put that bogus pen on my desk hoping that I would squirt ink all over myself and then you made certain not to bring my outfit back in time.”   
  
Natalie laughed again and said, “You can’t prove any of that, you know.”   
  
“I don’t have to prove it,” Holly asserted. “I know you did it and you know you did it.”   
  
“Listen, even if I did do it, and I’m not saying I did, you know you had a helluva orgasm. You should be thanking me.”   
  
Holly smiled slightly at the memory of it, but wouldn’t admit anything. “How can I go back to work? I’ll be a big laughingstock.”   
  
“That’s not true,” Natalie contradicted. “I spoke with Helen and some of your co-workers and not only do they understand completely about the whole situation, but they want you to go on a beach outing with them this weekend.”   
  
Holly offered a big smile and said, “That’s nice, where?”   
  
“It’s in San Mateo,” Natalie said. Apparently a lot of your co-workers are naturalists. It’s a nude beach called Devil’s Slide.”   
  
‘That’s appropriate,’ Holly thought. “Are you telling me the truth?” she asked Natalie suspiciously.   
  
“I swear to God, but don’t say anything at work. Some of people you work with are real straight and don’t know anything about the nudists.”   
  
Saturday morning turned out to be beautiful, sunny but not oppressively hot and not a trace of rain. The ride to San Mateo was not overly long and they arrived just before lunch time. There was still plenty of room in the parking lot, but the first thing that Holly noticed that disconcerted her was a long wooden staircase (almost 150 steps) that led down to the beach.   
  
“Is this the only way down?” Holly asked.   
  
“Yes,” Natalie said.   
  
Holly was surprised when Natalie began to remove her clothing. “Shouldn’t we wait until we get down to the beach?”   
  
“Why? It’ll makes more sense to lock our clothes in the trunk.”   
  
The young woman was even more surprised when after removing her outer clothing. Natalie was wearing a pretty one piece bathing suit.   
  
“What’s going on? Aren’t you going naked?” Holly asked.   
  
“I can’t,” Natalie said.   
  
“Why not?” Holly’s antenna suspecting some sort of trickery went straight up.   
  
“It’s my time of the month,” Natalie explained.   
  
“Oh – hey, wait a minute, didn’t you have that two weeks ago?” the young woman asked skeptically.   
  
“No, you’re mistaken, Holly,” Natalie insisted.   
  
And you’re not bloated looking at all.”   
  
Natalie grew red in the face and she said, “Do you want me pull my suit aside so you can look?”   
  
“Ewww, no thanks,” Holly said. “Are you sure it’s okay for me to strip down here?”   
  
“Of course,” her cousin assured her. “It’s a nude beach, isn’t it?”   
  
Even though many strangers were going to see her naked in a few minutes, she was grateful that they were currently alone. She quickly stripped down. Holly had only worn a tank top and shorts so it wouldn’t take long to undress. She placed their clothes in the trunk and locked it and then put the car key in a magnetic box which fit under the car.   
  
The two cousins, one naked and the other one dressed in a swim suit, started down the stairs. About half way down, some people were walking back up the stairs. They were all wearing bathing suits and gazed at Holly in surprise, but avidly. Holly was already warm in embarrassment from the depraved stares she had just received.   
  
What kind of nude beach is this? she wondered.   
  
After the people passed them, Holly hissed, “Are you sure this is a nude beach?”   
  
“Of course it is,” Natalie assured her.   
  
“Then why were those people dressed?”   
  
“I guess because they were leaving and going back into public,” Natalie answered.   
  
“Then why were they dressed in bathing suits rather than street clothes?” Holly persisted.   
  
“Holly,” Natalie said, sighing. “I can’t explain every crazy little thing people do.”   
  
Suddenly Holly was aware there was two young couples behind her and Natalie. They were wearing bathing suits also. When they squeezed by, an attractive blonde wearing a bikini sneered at Holly, “Can’t you wait until you get down at the beach?”   
  
Holly whispered to Natalie, “What’s the matter with her?”   
  
“She’s probably jealous of you,” Natalie offered as an explanation.   
  
“I don’t know about that. She looked beautiful to me.”   
  
“Not as good as you do naked,” Natalie insisted.   
  
“Stop it, you’re embarrassing me.”   
  
Natalie laughed and said, “You like that.”   
  
Holly did feel humiliated and embarrassed to be spoken to in such a manner by a complete stranger. And then she realized she was beginning to feel excited.   
  
‘Oh no, not here. I need to look cool here. I won’t get excited if everyone else is naked too, will I?’ Holly thought.   
  
They finally reached the beach at the end of the stairs. There was quite a number of people who watched their arrival. Unfortunately as far as Holly was concerned, they were all wearing bathing suits!   
  
“Natalie! I’m gonna kill you, I thought you said this was a nude beach.”   
  
Holly fought her strong desire to cover herself. She felt as though in some weird way it would call more attention to herself.   
  
Natalie laughed and said, “It is, but it’s also clothing optional. Most of the nudists are down there at the other end of the beach.”   
  
Now, too late, Holly understood the blonde’s comment on their way down the steps. Holly peered down to the north end of the beach where her cousin was pointing. She saw scads of naked men, but no women. They were sun bathing, playing frisbee, throwing footballs and barbequing.   
  
“There’s only men down there!” Holly said.   
  
“So what’s wrong with that? You like men and you particularly like naked men.”   
  
“If they’re good looking,” Holly agreed. “But that’s not my point. I don’t want to be the only naked woman down there.”   
  
“Hehe,” Natalie giggled. “Why not? I would think you’d love it.”   
  
“That’s settles it, I’m going home,” Holly declared.   
  
“You can’t yet,” Natalie said. “There’s the group from your job.”   
  
Holly turned and saw with a sinking in her heart that a great deal of her co-workers were approaching her and shouting out greetings. The sinking she was feeling was because they were all wearing bathing suits and snapping pictures of her with digital cameras.   
  
“Oh no!” Holly exclaimed. “No pictures – no pictures!”   
  
Turning to her cousin, Holly pleaded, “Natalie, making them stop taking my picture.”   
  
“I can’t do that, it’s a free country.”   
  
Holly fell into a crouch hoping to protect some of her nakedness from being captured by the avid camera bugs. Natalie pulled Holly back up.   
  
“Stop that! You look stupid, this is a nude beach.”   
  
“Make them stop taking my picture,” Holly whined.   
  
“Hey guys, stop it for a minute,” Natalie said.   
  
The click of the cameras ceased for the moment.   
  
“”Maybe you can offer them something to get them to stop,” Natalie suggested.   
  
“What are you talking about?” Holly asked, suspicion heavy in her voice.   
  
“I’m sure they would stop if you offered them blow jobs.”   
  
“No way, never!” Holly vowed.   
  
“Okay guys,” Natalie waved at Holly’s co-workers. “You can take more pictures now.”   
  
“Wait! I’ll do it,” Holly promised.   
  
Natalie called everyone around and explained, “If you all stop taking pictures, Holly will give you all blow jobs, if you want it.”   
  
A cheer rose up from the men present.   
  
“But only on the condition that I delete all the pictures,” the naked young woman explained.   
  
A small groan went up from the crowd, but one man stepped forward and said, “Okay, it’s a deal.”   
  
Natalie said, “You all come down there with the other guys. Maybe you can do them too, Holly.”   
  
Her cousin’s only response was a deadly glare. As Holly trudged slowly down the beach (she wasn’t in a hurry, at this point), she asked, “Is this legal?”   
  
Natalie laughed and said, “No way, but I’ll look out for you, but maybe you should think of being quick.”   
  
“I’m going to get you for this, Natalie.”   
  
She laughed heartily and then said, “Yeah, you keep saying that.”   
  
‘How does she keep doing this to me? You think I would know by now not to trust her at all.’   
  
When they reached the nude men at the other end of the beach, naturally all of their attention was focused on Holly and they were highly interested in what was happening.   
  
“Okay, let’s get going guys,” Natalie said exuberantly. “I doubt any of you want to be arrested so how do they put it – oh yeah, drop your socks and grab your cocks,” Natalie continued. “Isn’t that what they say, Holly?”   
  
“I don’t know what they frigging say,” Holly uttered with venom in her voice.   
  
Her co-workers were all quickly dropping their swim trunks on to the beach. Despite herself, Holly felt herself growing excited.   
  
‘This is so humiliating. First I have to suck off all these guys I work with just to keep naked pictures of me circulating all over the internet and then that isn’t enough – I become excited about it. I’m disgusting.’   
  
Fortunately for Holly most of the guys were so excited it took almost no effort on her part to encourage them to pop their chute. Unfortunately for her, Natalie didn’t want her to catch it in her mouth, which sounded surprisingly decent of Natalie until Holly realized her cousin wanted their orgasms to be shot all over her body. Soon she was covered in their cum.   
  
After each successful lips to erection encounter, Holly would delete the pictures from the individual camera. It caused her to flinch in shock at the sight of some of the pictures that had already been taken of her. She just hoped that some of these guys hadn’t already filled up a memory card and hidden it somewhere.   
  
Another one of Natalie’s dirty tricks was to keep recycling the guys. After all, Holly had made it a point to not look them in the eyes, because she didn’t want to see their scorn or lust for whatever might be there and she couldn’t be expected to remember each individual prick, could she?   
  
Holly only would realize what had happened when she went to look at the camera’s pictures and discovered there weren’t any. Natalie would laugh uproarishly each time this would occur. Holly would threaten to beat her ass if she didn’t stop, but Natalie would just shrug her shoulders and say, “It isn’t my fault if you can’t remember who you’ve already done. You don’t fool me, you’re enjoying this,” her cousin said, pointing out the obvious signs of Holly being turned on.   
  
Another nasty thing that Natalie did was to get some of the other guys on the beach to line up also. Finally dripping with cum, and her lips raw, Holly was finished!   
  
“Okay, let’s get out of here before something else happens,” Holly said.   
  
“You’re not finished yet,” Natalie contradicted.   
  
“I most certainly am,” Holly said indignantly. “I’ve done every guy here and thanks to you some of them twice.”   
  
“That’s true,” Natalie agreed. “But you haven’t done everyone who has taken some pictures.”   
  
At this point, Helen stepped out from where she had been standing behind some co-workers.   
  
“Helen!” Holly exclaimed, scandalized.   
  
“Yes dear, it’s true,” her supervisor said, holding up a digital camera.   
  
“Go get it, girl,” Natalie said, slapping Holly on the back.   
  
“Ow! That hurt,” Holly complained.   
  
“No wonder,” Natalie said. “Look at the burn you’re getting back there. All the more reason you should hurry.”   
  
Helen walked up to the young woman and stood there smiling, not saying a word. She was wearing a beautiful aqua bikini. She pulled her bottoms down to the beach displaying her vaginal area with its silver pubic hair. Holly didn’t have one iota of one bone of her body that leaned toward her being gay or bi, but she had been forced to practice cunniligus on women previously due to dares going wrong or having to pay up lost bets.   
  
Consequently between her limited experience performing it and understanding what she, herself, enjoyed she was able to satisfy the older woman. At least Holly thought Helen wouldn’t be able to cover her with her orgasm. Holly, hopefully now, for the last time deleted pictures from a digital camera.   
  
The young woman said no more to Natalie other than, “Come on, let’s go.”   
  
Holly now had the long walk back to the car awaiting her. She began the trudge that would take her from the end of the beach where the nude men were down to the bathing suited people. Each step of the way once she reached a certain position close to the other end of the beach was humiliating and embarrassing.   
  
She could clearly hear the comments and snide remarks that were being made about her nudity and the condition of her body that had cum dripping off it. The further she walked the more excited she felt. Her nipples were diamond hard and her clit was sticking out. Some of the more tacky women themselves were commenting on it and this was doubling the excitement that Holly felt.   
  
Natalie sidled up to her and said, “Can’t you hear that, Holly? Those women are extremely rude. I feel like giving them a piece of my mind.”   
  
“Oh, can you spare it?” Holly asked snidely.   
  
“Oh, haha, Holly. Well then, you can just straighten it out yourself.”   
  
They had finally reached the stairs and began the long trek upward. Lots of people were streaming down in the opposite direction. The looks of surprise, disgust and sometimes lust were legion. Step by step, Holly could feel her orgasm building deep within her. She wanted to clench her lower body as closed as possible to stop the peering glances from seeing so much of her, but she was afraid this would excite her even more in some weird way; plus it would slow her pace down considerably and she just wanted to get back to the car and out of public view.   
  
Holly was ever so glad to finally get back to the parking lot. As she fumbled with the key in the magnetic box under her car, more and more new people who had just arrived in the parking lot gathered around her to get a good look. The more people who gathered around her, the more Holly could feel her orgasm coming on.   
  
She finally located the box and retrieved the car key. She got into the car and leaned across the seat to allow Natalie to enter. She felt as though she would like to just drive away and leave Natalie there. It would serve her right for all the horrible things she had done to Holly today. It had all been Natalie’s doing, from beginning to end. That much was obvious. Natalie got into the car and Holly stuck the key in the ignition.   
  
“Don’t you want to get your clothes out of the trunk and get dressed before we leave?” Natalie said innocently.   
  
“Oh sure Natalie,” Holly said sarcastically. “I want to get back out into that crowd of people and try to get dressed.”   
  
“Well pardon me, I was just asking.”   
  
“You wouldn’t want to get out and get my clothes for me, would you?” Holly asked.   
  
“Well no, I think that’s your responsibility.”   
  
“Why am I not surprised?” the young woman asked Natalie.   
  
People were banging on the window for the young women to roll the windows down so they could have a closer look. Holly made a huge mistake and looked out at all the faces leering at her. The enormity of it all suddenly hit her and she experienced a huge orgasm – beginning from deep inside of her.   
  
“Oh, oh, damn, she moaned, while her climax washed through her.   
  
The crowd closest to the car realized what had occurred and burst into applause. Even Natalie applauded and then she said, “That was immense, Holly, good job.”   
  
“Just fuck off,” Holly snarled at her.   
  
Holly backed the car up, making certain she was not rolling over somebody – even though they deserved it! She just didn’t want to have any dealings with the police that day. After driving a few miles away, Holly pulled off the road and popped the trunk with the inside lever.   
  
“What are you doing?” Natalie asked.   
  
“Get out and get my clothes out of the trunk,” Holly said.   
  
“Why don’t you do it? Is your leg broken or something?” Natalie said, sneeringly.   
  
“Well, duh,” Holly responded sarcastically. “I’m naked here. I’m not getting out. Plus knowing how mean you are, you’d pull away, leaving me stranded by the side of the road naked.”   
  
Natalie laughed and said, “Yeah, I probably would.”   
  
Natalie exited the car and retrieved Holly’s clothing. After shutting the trunk, Natalie opened the car door and thrusting the clothing in ahead of her, she prepared to enter the car.   
  
Holly said, “Thanks a lot” and then she floored the gas pedal, roaring away from Natalie.   
  
“Hey! Come back here!” Natalie screamed after her. Laughing hysterically, Holly braked a half mile away and leaned over and shut the passenger door. She had just donned her outfit when she saw Natalie come into view, running like an Olympic sprinter.   
  
“Holly! Wait up!” Natalie shouted.   
  
She was still so far away that her cousin could barely hear her in the car.   
  
“Mwahahaha!” Holly laughed as she drove away. Hours later, Natalie staggered into the apartment, looking much worse for wear, appearing dirty and disheveled. She glared angrily at Holly and said, “That really wasn’t called for.”   
  
“Au contraire,” her cousin retorted. “I think it was greatly called for.”   
  
Natalie declared, “I’ll get you for this.”   
  
“You’ve already gotten me back. What I did was just to get you back,” Holly said.   
  
“I’ll seek my satisfaction elsewhere,” Natalie said.   
  
“What? From your hand?” the young woman said and then cackled.   
  
Natalie peeled off her bathing suit and dropped it on the floor in preparation of taking a shower.   
  
“Aha!” Holly exclaimed, pointing at Natalie. “I knew you weren’t having your period.”   
  
“Only an idiot would have fallen for that,” Natalie said.   
  
Holly growled her frustration, “Grrr,” to the accompaniment of Natalie’s laughing.   
  
Bright and early Monday morning, Holly entered her office and locked the door. She didn’t particularly want to talk to anyone who attend the ill fated beach trip; at least not until the afternoon when she would feel stronger. Holly turned her computer on and powered it up.   
  
“Oh shit!” she exclaimed, as the picture of her desktop came into view. It showed her on her knees sucking off one of the nude sunbathers from the other end of the beach. She attempted to clicked into her computer but was unable to remove the picture. It was locked on the screen, in a manner she wasn’t familiar with. She suddenly realized her computer was part of the office network and not only was she unable to remove the picture, it would also be on the desktop of very other computer there.   
  
“Natalie!” she creamed in anger and frustration.   
  
The End

Nude Beach Dare   
By: Natalie & Holly   
  
Natalie:   
The hotel was pretty busy when we checked in. It was a nice place just off the highway, which might have been why it was so busy. For the purpose of the dares we had planned to do this place was going to be quite the challenge. After all, if you don’t want to be spotted naked you shouldn’t get naked where there are so many people around.   
Holly and I had planned this for some time. It had been some time since we did any dares. We wanted to make this return to daring to be a wild one. So, we had to find some place away from home to get totally buck wild with out fear of being recognized by everyone around.   
San Fran is a beautiful city and there are so many different great places to see. We both have talked about visiting this place or that. One of the places that we talked about for a while has been is North Baker Beach. Neither of us has ever been to a nude beach and this seemed like the place to go. Not too fare from Holly’s place and not far from where we could get a hotel to spend the night at after a day of being wild and crazy. Plus the hotel would make it easier to bring some guys back and not have them call again.   
Once we got settled in we got dressed and ready to go to the beach. Since we couldn’t just go naked, we put on our bikinis and some cover ups and headed to the car. It took forever to find a spot to park where we wouldn’t have to walk too far. It is a pretty popular place. This only lead to more anticipation for what was to come.   
  
Holly:   
Nat was pretty stoked about this “Dare Weekend” that she had planned. We would go to a nude beach… and get naked. Then spend the night at a hotel downtown and do some dares. I was not sure this was a good idea, but she had her heart set on it. I have to say it did make me quite excited to think I was actually going to do this. I mean, flashing is one thing, but going full out naked and acting like there is no problems with it is another. I am mainly into embarrassment. Pretending that I am forced to get naked or that I am caught naked by mistake. You can do that a beach, but not so much at a nude beach. And what is worse… this is not really a nude beach. It is more of a optional beach. Some people would not be naked.   
I was not sure what it would be like. My mind was racing with ideas what it would be like, and I think that is what made doing the dares so much harder. My imagination can be quite mischievous and I know Nat can be. One thing was certain… this was going to be a weekend to remember. Natalie would see to that.   
  
Natalie:   
Holly was really worked up over this. I don’t know why she was so worried. She has been doing a lot more of this then I have as of late. After all, my boyfriend knows nothing about me doing all of this. He is very conservative in his way and wouldn’t like the idea of me running around naked in front of other guys. In his country I would probably be beheaded for it, or something nearly as harsh. So, lets all keep this a little secret ok.   
  
Holly:   
Once we made it to the beach we gathered our things and headed down the beach. At first it was no different then any other beach that I had ever been to. Not that I go to the beach a lot. Nat and I are both so pale that we burn easy. I try to stay out of the sun when I can. LOL But, hey this was a dare. I couldn’t really say “no” could I? I mean… I wouldn’t want to be called a chicken. LOL Well, to tell the truth being called a chicken does not bother me as much as it bothers some other people I know, namely Nat.   
I will give her this… she did dare to do this knowing that her boyfriend wouldn’t be happy about it at all. If I had a man… well a man that stayed around for more then a week or two. LOL I don’t think I would risk pissing him off. Hear that guys? I am a nice girl who tries to please her man. Unlike Nat. LOL   
Then again, Nat has a man and I do not. Maybe I should be more of a bitch. LOL Just kidding Nat. Just kidding! I am glad you signed on to do this dare with me.   
  
Natalie:   
Well, my cousin can tease all she wants. But, she is not that hard up for men. I mean, what about the guy from accounting? Ha ha I wonder if that counts. Ha ha   
  
Holly:   
Before Nat gets us too far off topic lets get back to the story at hand. What was it about … oh yea… the nude beach dare. Basically the dare was to go to a nude beach and get… well… NAKED! Oh, I know it does not seem that original, but hey it is a far cry from how I normally get naked in front of others. Normally it is a quick flash, or streak. This would be casual. Walking around, laying on my towel, taking a dip… bare ass naked! Oh god, I am getting warmed up just thinking about it now.   
  
Natalie:   
Ok, before we lose Holly to her daydreams I will continue. We go to the beach and walked down the beach quite a way. There was no real difference from any other beach I had been on. People sunning themselves, playing in the surf, walking down the shoreline, all your normal beach activities where going on. No one was naked. Not a soul. I was starting to think the Internet lied about this place being a nude beach.   
  
Holly:   
I looked it up. You can too. It is a nude beach. And though Nat and I didn’t think it was at first look we soon found that it was just what he had read about online. Oh, my… was it ever!   
  
Natalie:   
As we made it to a bend in the shoreline everything seemed to change. I didn’t see a sign. I didn’t see a notice. Then again, I was mainly just looking at all the wangs that were flopping around. I was stunned. And I didn’t notice any naked women at first. Oh here were some, just not as many as there were men. And the ones that were there where at least 20 years older then Holly and I.   
  
Holly:   
Talk about being “Cock Sure” these guys sure where. I counted about 10 cocks swinging free as can be. I was so embarrassed. And I was not even the one NAKED! Let me just say some of these guys really shouldn’t be naked in public… or even in private. LOL They were some little guys out there if you know what I mean. LOL   
  
Natalie:   
Oh, that is for sure. But, somewhere hung pretty good, and I tried not to stare. We had read that there were a lot of problems with gawking. I didn’t want to add to the problems. Ha ha Ok, so I did. Ha ha   
  
Holly:   
The problems was soon these guys, and everyone else who cared to look would be seeing Nat and I totally buck naked. We laid our towels down and looked at each other. What would come next? Would we just strip down right there and then? Neither of us wanted to go first. The guys were gathering around. Not so much that they wanted to look obvious, but they were quite obvious. We were really the youngest women on that stretch of the beach. And not to sound conceited, but we were the hottest things on the beach at that particular time.   
  
Natalie:   
I will be conceited. We were the hottest. Ha ha   
  
Holly:   
We both sat on our towels and then laid belly down. I untied my bikini top. I figured that would be easier then just stripping down strait out. Natalie followed suit. We laid there for a few minutes working up the courage to turn over. All we had to do was roll over and out boobs would be on total display. Just like the wrinkled old bags the women already topless where showing to the world.   
  
Natalie:   
This was getting lame. Laying there with really only our bare backs on display was no different then sunning around the pool at Holly’s neighbor’s place. I knew if one of us was going to do it, it would have to be me. I rolled over to reveal myself, as Holly looked on embarrassed for me. The sun on my bare breasts was a thrill. I have not laid out topless since I was at my boyfriend’s parents’ house which had a walled in backyard.   
  
Holly: Natalie did it. And I felt I had to as well, So… I rolled over and there I was. My tits on display for the whole beach… both of us bare breasted for all to see. Laying there like nothing was wrong with what we were doing.   
  
Natalie:   
That is not true. Holly was blushing like mad.   
  
Holly:   
I was not the only one blushing.   
  
Natalie:   
Ok, that is true. It was so sexy being topless like that. The guys looked and Holly and I both just leaned back on your elbows with our chests stuck out for them. We both looked at each other and smiled. There was a sense of pride and accomplishment.   
  
Holly:   
I will not say it was pride. LOL I was embarrassing. I tired to act like I was calm and cool about it… but that only made it worse. LOL I could feel the eyes on me. My nipples sticking out… hard as the nearby rocks on the beach. I could feel it was having quite the effect on me.   
  
Natalie:   
I too was feeling very turned on by doing this dare. I couldn’t believe I was letting these strangers see my tits like this. Honey, if you are reading this, I am so sorry.   
  
Holly:   
LOL I knew this is going to be hot. I had wanted to do it for so long. But, knew that this was not where it was going to end.

Holly's Return To Cheerleading   
By J L Rodgers   
  
Many years had passed since Holly last donned her cheerleading outfit. Well, there were those few times when she put on the skirt and pom-poms and cheered her husband on in the bedroom – even did some of the cheers she had done from school, but that’s another story.   
  
Holly was sitting home alone, being lazy. It was later afternoon already, and she was still in a robe and slippers. Lack of other clothes was apparent by the way the robe lay on her body. Her hair was still tangled from sleep. She yawned and looked at the clock, it was already four.   
  
But Holly still lay there, even though she had a basketball game to watch less than two hours from now. Finally she decided to move. She stood, and stretched, letting the rob open up exposing her fit nude figure. She looked down and cringed.   
  
“Better trim that...” she muttered while adjusting the robe.   
  
Holly walked off to the bathroom.   
  
She drew the bath water. She got her shaving supplies and set them by the tub. She took off her robe and hung it on the back of the door. She didn’t pay attention to the steam rising from the water.   
  
For no reason, other than for her own vanity, Holly started posing in the mirror, as if trying out for a modeling position.   
  
Holly set a few towels on the toilet, and then got in the tub. She hopped out, almost slipping on the floor, and turned off the hot water. Even the brief contact had reddened her skin. She waited a few minutes and swooshed the water around to mix it quicker. She tested the water with her foot before getting in.   
  
She turned off the cold water, and leaned back to relax – making sure her legs were submerged. Minutes passed with no activity, just Holly in the tub. Finally she started to shave her legs. She was quick, yet meticulous.   
  
She paused for a moment debating on whether or not to shave off her pubic hair – tapping the razor against her body. But she decided to trim it up in to a rectangle shape.   
  
She started to get out, but reached for the soap instead. Her head still not completely on her actions. She quickly bathed, rinsed and dried off.   
  
She again checked her legs, making sure she didn’t nick them. Satisfied, she took our scissors and trimmed her pubic hair close to her skin, but long enough to have it visible.   
  
She walked out of the bathroom wearing only a towel wrapped over her head. She went into her bedroom, and looked for different clothes to wear. She went through a number of choices, but settled on blue jeans and a sweat shirt. But she picked out some lacy lingerie to go underneath.   
  
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Holly arrived at the basketball game a little early. She sat by herself on the bleachers. Of course there wasn’t really anyone here anyway; only a handful of people were even in the entire gym.   
  
A few cheerleaders were on the floor getting ready. They didn’t seem to be organized, but they were quite attractive. But there was just something about them that stuck out. Nothing bad, and nothing really obvious, just something that made you suspect that something was off about them.   
  
The game itself was just beginning.   
  
Holly watched the cheerleaders more than the game at first. It was almost an obsession.   
  
They didn’t do much. Most were just talking amongst themselves, others drinking from cups. One started jumping and dancing around. It was quite clear that she had forgotten some of her uniform. The other cheerleaders saw and just laughed.   
  
Holly noticed and started to stare at her, but tried to make it look inconspicuous.   
  
“Missing something?” one of the cheerleaders asked the bottomless one.   
  
“Just because the team sucks, doesn’t mean I can’t get cheers!” she started doing cartwheels.   
  
A player tripped over his feet as he watched her.   
  
One of the cheerleaders looked up at Holly. Holly quickly focused on the basketball players.   
  
“Looks like one person likes it.” the girl said projecting her voice towards Holly.   
  
Holly blushed, but not had to look back at them for the game was near.   
  
Two of the cheerleaders talked quietly, and the one started to leave the gym.   
  
Holly felt safe now. She returned to watching the game, and tried not to pay attention to the bottomless cheerleader flipping her skirt everywhere.   
  
The cheerleader that left returned, along with the cheerleading leader. The leader walked up the bleachers and sat next to Holly. She made the other girls look ugly.   
  
Holly’s comfort left now. There was no one within 20 feet of her in any direction, 40 if you just go side to side, and yet this person sat right next to her. She was so close, that their legs touched a few times.   
  
“You seem to like watching the cheerleaders.” the leader said while maintaining focus on her girls.   
  
“They suck at it. I just came to watch the game.”   
  
“Really?” the leader said; as if this was the comment she wanted.   
  
The cheerleaders looked up to the small crowd, but didn’t do anything. Their team was already losing by thirty points. The bottomless cheerleader started doing cartwheels.   
  
“They’re not doing anything. No one’s even knows there there...” Holly turned to the bottomless one. “Except for that one.”   
  
Two basketball players rammed into each other, neither paying attention.   
  
“It’s a hard job.” the leader replied.   
  
“Not even the half dressed one got any cheers from the crowd.” Holly watches the pathetic cheerleaders and smirks, “I could do better with what I have on.”   
  
“Really? come with me.” the leader said while standing   
  
“What?” Holly is shocked.   
  
“If you can do better, we’ll find out.”   
  
“But... I...”   
  
“We’re losing by...” the cheerleading captain looks at the score, “sixty-five points now. I doubt you’ll miss anything.”   
  
Holly looks around. The cheerleading team is watching her. She tries to think of an excuse, but no real good one exists, and it’s not like she has to do it. So Holly follows.   
  
They exit the gym and go down a few corridors to a small office. The leader sits behind a desk; she has a nameplate in sight: “Becky”   
  
“You’re Becky?” Holly asks.   
  
“Yes.” Becky sits down and pulls out a file. “OK, our cheerleaders are actually paid adult entertainers. Some are strippers, others escorts, actresses.”   
  
Holly stops breathing for a few seconds as she looks around. There’s no proof anywhere of what she’s been told.   
  
Becky looks at Holly’s hand, and sees a wedding band. “Don’t worry, you don’t have to fuck anyone. Although we do have some parties...”   
  
Holly’s silent ambivalent to interest and disgust.   
  
“...No, I don’t think I’ll offer that to you yet.”   
  
Holly’s a bit more relieved.   
  
“So what do you want me to do?” Holly asks apprehensively.   
  
“Just sign these forms. Buy an outfit, and cheer for the next game tomorrow night.” Becky states while tossing a few forms over to Holly.   
  
Holly looks over the forms, “That’s it?”   
  
“Well, the next game we’re doing will have a lot of drunken frat boys at it. Should be around five thousand people there. You might have a few advances made at you. Of course we will pay you twelve hundred dollars for the night.”   
  
“Twelve hundred?!? OK.” Holly signs the forms and hands it over.   
  
Becky verifies the forms are signed in the proper places, then smiles.   
  
“Oh yes, I did forget one small thing... there are a few rules for the game.”   
  
She hands another piece of paper over.   
  
Holly looks at it, her jaw drops. It reads:   
1) All cheerleaders are to wear full cheerleading outfits   
2) Upon every 2 point shot, one cheerleader has to take off one article of clothing   
3) All cheerleaders must remove 1 item before the next items removed   
4) Upon every 3 point shot, all cheerleaders take off 1 item   
5) The stripping will be recorded and sold online and in video stores   
6) At the end of the game, all cheerleaders are to play basketball naked for 2 hours or a score of 100 points for both teams, whichever comes first.   
  
“But!” Holly yells.   
  
“Read the fine print next time. See you tomorrow!”   
  
Holly turns and starts out of the office. Her breathing chances as a slight smile appears on her face. She pictures herself in front of all those people staring at her as she carries out the stripping. Her breathing shortens as she looks over the requirements.   
  
Holly returns to the office, a bit more confident now.   
  
“Umm. How many points do you expect the teams to score?”   
  
“Oh, they normally average eighty a game. With around ten three point shots. Don’t worry; you’ll be nude before the game’s end.”   
  
Holly giggles as she leaves.   
  
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The next morning Holly woke up under only a thin sheet. Her sexy little lingerie set visible through the sheets. She did a little stretch before getting gout of bed.   
  
“That was a weird dream.” She said.   
  
She stumbled over to her dresser, vision still blurred from the night. She opened the top drawer, but before she removed anything, she spotted a small list of cheerleading rules.   
  
Her gaze froze as she focused on the list – trying to make out what it was. Then it happened, she was finally able to read its contents. She woke up immediately, no longer in the haze of just waking.   
  
“Looks like I’ll need to get a wax...” Holly said as she headed off to the bathroom.   
  
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Holly arrived at the gym really early. She went into Becky’s office.   
  
Becky was sitting at her chair. She had a cheerleading uniform sitting in a bag, Holly’s name on it.   
  
“You’re early.”   
  
“I tried to be.”   
  
“Good. Take off your clothes.”   
  
“Now?”   
  
“You have to try this on, and get used to cameras.” Becky said as she pointed out a camera recording.   
  
Holly looked at Becky, then the camera. She swallowed, and slowly started to disrobe.   
  
Becky smiled and took out Holly’s green cheerleading outfit.   
  
Holly got down to her bra and panties when she reached out for the uniform.   
  
“You’re not undressed yet. You only get to wear the uniform, nothing else. We even have socks and shoes for you.”   
  
Holly removed her bra, despite what she’d say, it was obvious that she liked this. She took off the rest revealing that she had no hair anywhere on her.   
  
Becky smiled. “Great! I love my women bare. So do the guys. You’ll fit in great here.”   
  
In the distance a group of hooting guys could be heard. Holly turned, but was reprimanded by Becky.   
  
“Just put this on.”   
  
Holly had a shirt, and skirt, but nothing else to cover.   
  
“Where’s the rest?”   
  
“Oh, I’m sorry. Here.” Becky pulls out Holly’s shoes and socks.   
  
Holly put on the rest and looked with a “isn’t there something else” look.   
  
Becky just laughed. “You’re wedding band please. Unless you want the people to know you’re cheating.”   
  
“You said there was no sex!” Holly panicked.   
  
“Not mandatory... but just in case.”   
  
Holly turned the ring on her finger, looking at it for a while before handing it to Becky.   
  
“Where will you put it?” Holly was concerned.   
  
Becky put it in an envelope and put it in a little safe.   
  
“It’ll be safe, and returned to you after you’re done.”   
  
She then put the small safe in a larger one in the wall.   
  
Holly was worried now. She suspected that despite what she was told, that she might have to sleep with other people tonight. She stood there in silence.   
  
“You don’t have to sleep with anyone. It will be your choice.” Becky said reassuringly.   
  
“Who were the guys hollering earlier?”   
  
“The basketball team. The camera has a live feed to their locker room.” Becky laughs. “Feel free to roam the area for a while. You don’t have to be back for three hours. Oh, keep the cheerleading uniform on, break it in.”   
  
Holly walked out of the room. She ran into some of the basketball players. They cheered as she walked past.   
  
Holly’s name wasn’t ever so appropriate, the red of her face with the green uniform.   
  
She continued out of the gym and walked into the nearest coffee shop. Other cheerleaders from the prior night were here, all in uniform too.   
  
“Hi Holly! Join us!” on yelled.   
  
Holly was surprised that they knew her name, but just figured Becky told them.   
  
She walked over and sat at their table.   
  
“I’m Sarah. So how much are you going to do tonight?”   
  
“How much?”   
  
Holly was hoping her fears weren’t going to happen.   
  
“Are you going to sleep with people, manually service them, or just tease the hell out of them?”   
  
Holly sighed. At least an option existed that didn’t involve her sleeping around.   
  
“The latter.”   
  
“We’ll see.” said the bottomless cartwheeler. “I’m Tina, the slut.’   
  
Holly giggled. “The slut?”   
  
“Yep. Slept with more girls and guys that all the others here combined... think it’s around two or three thousand now..., and at least four thousand guys...”   
  
Holly’s mortified. “You’ve slept with about seven thousand people!”   
  
“Give or take... I’ve done porn for about 12 years, and did every sporting team at my school for four years.”   
  
Holly stayed silent as the waitress brought over a glass of water. She wondered what she had gotten into.   
  
“Don’t worry,” said Sarah, “not all of us are like her. I’ve only slept with a few of the people, and I knew them beforehand.”   
  
“But we’ve all been naked in front of thousands.” Tina holds up her glass proud of the fact.   
  
Tina and Sarah look at Holly’s skirt. Holly puts her hands on it, trying to hold it down more.   
  
“So,” Tina inquires, “how about you lift up the skirt?”   
  
“After you.” Holly laughs, not expecting Tina to stand, and remove her skirt.   
  
Tina sets the skirt on the table, “You’re turn.”   
  
Holly stands looks around briefly, then drops her skirt, revealing her bare areas. AS soon as she steps out of it, Sarah grabs her skirt and tosses to the furthest cheerleader.   
  
“You need to go like this for a while.”   
  
Holly felt the stares from the other patrons looking at her. She started to flush, but it wasn’t as bad as before. She sat back down and crossed her legs.   
  
“You know. I think you like that” Tina said in an evil way.   
  
“Maybe.” Holly tried to act innocent, but it was quite obvious she was about ready to burst.   
  
Tina stared at her constantly for a few minutes. Holly tried to break her gaze. The other cheerleaders watched.   
  
Tina removed her shirt, and tossed it on the table. She sat there with only shoes and socks on. She kept on staring at Holly.   
  
Holly started breathing a bit differently. Started to have little shakes knowing that she wanted to outdo her, yet afraid that it’d cause problems. She looked around and saw the patrons applauding Tina, the employees just shaking their heads. Before she knew it, she removed her own top and tossed it to the cheerleader that had her skirt.   
  
Tina looked back slightly surprised. “So, your not gonna sleep with anyone are you?”   
  
Holly gets serious “No. No sex. But this is OK.”   
  
“Hmm...” Tina thinks for a bit, then gets up and walks to order a drink.   
  
Holly follows. A few men adjust their seating. The women don’t seem to mind either, probably just used to the cheerleaders doing this type of stuff.   
  
“Cappuccino” Tina request.   
  
Holly looks at Tina, it’s like they’ve got an unspoken competition in everything now.   
  
“The same.” Holly requests.   
  
Tina stands and takes her drink and walks back to the cheerleading table.   
  
Holly follows.   
  
========   
  
The ten cheerleaders are at the gym... all lined up and ready to strip for scored points. Under all the cheerleaders are padded mats – that way they don’t hurt themselves when they lose their shoes.   
  
The gym’s packed. There isn’t an empty seat in the house. There are a few women here, but the majority is college aged boys.   
  
Cameras were installed in numerous places getting every angle. There were even people on the floor catching the action up close and personal.   
  
Holly had a camera guy right in front of her, trying to get as many up-skirt stuff as she’d allow. But, Holly tried to keep her legs together as much as she could.   
  
Given everything, Holly is really calm. She’s smiling, and looking out at the crowd. All of them staring and hoping to catch a glimpse of her. She knows what will happen, but it’s as if the reality of it hasn’t sunk in yet.   
  
A few cheers were done before the game, each just mimicking the others. It didn’t look that good, but the men didn’t care. They just like the women below them bouncing around braless under their shirts. Well, and the little flashes done when the skirts rose went over quite well too!   
  
The game started as normal. It was now that reality would start to hit Holly...   
  
The home team gets the ball, and scores three points.   
  
Holly has a look of being screwed. Which, she is.   
  
The cheerleaders take off their shirts. Holly does too, but is a bit in shock. The ten topless women line the floor cheering for the team. Whether it’s a “please don’t score” or a “please do score” is debatable.   
  
It’s amazing just how bad of luck Holly has with stuff... just as soon as the away team gets the ball, the home team steals it. The player flies across the court and scores another 3 points.   
  
So, all the cheerleaders take off the skirts. Ten naked cheerleaders only wearing shoes and socks, and only 15 seconds into the game. Holly’s cameraman was having fun now. No matter how she moved, he got everything on camera.   
  
Well... it only took two more minutes before all the cheerleaders were completely naked, and in front of everyone. Holly was embarrassed at first; of course men shouting and giving standing ovations to naked women can do that to a person.   
  
After a few minutes the embarrassment wore off, and it was just like everyone was dressed. The cheerleaders even tried to make neat little pyramid types of things. Even did legitimate cheers!   
  
But the novelty of naked cheerleaders wears off after a while...   
  
========   
  
Right after the main game ended, the girls played their little game. Everyone was having so much fun bouncing around; they decided to play two hours of naked basketball, and not keep track of the points. Well... that’s the story if anyone asks. Really, someone “accidentally” shut of the scoreboard right when the score was 80 to 60, and that took a little over an hour to do!   
  
After the two hours were up, the girls were really tired. They all showed signs of being tired. Especially Holly. She sat down on a mat and started to rub her feet and legs.   
  
The Sarah Approached her and whispered “you can re-dress now. That way most of the men leave and there’s less people to well, you know.”   
  
Holly looks down and smiles. You can tell she’s almost considering it. She puts on the cheerleading outfit and socks.   
  
As soon as the cheerleaders get dressed the men almost fly out of the room. Apparently clothed women aren’t what they like.   
  
Sarah, Tina and Holly walk over to the bleachers and tie their shoes. The other cheerleaders are talking to some of the men, arranging their extracurricular activities. They take a break and sit down.   
  
“Aren’t you going to find someone?” Holly asks Tina.   
  
“No. Not until I make sure you’re all right.”   
  
Holly’s thrown.   
  
“Oh, thanks. I’m ok.”   
  
Tina smiles.   
  
Only a few pockets of men are around by now. One three male group is by Holly’s group. The men are facing them. Holly looks up, just as one of the men drops his pants! She’s shocked. He’s bigger than you’re average male. Holly’s mouth drops as she stares at him.   
  
Tina looks at the guy, and shakes her head. “Seen bigger”   
  
The guy approaches.   
  
“So. How much for a little blow job?”   
  
Holly doesn’t speak.   
  
Tina looks at Holly. She’s finally come to a bit now, although shocked by the request.   
  
Tina stands and takes the guy’s hand. “I’m free if you like. But she’s not available.”   
  
They walk up to the top of the bleachers, where Tina services the guy.   
  
Holly stands, Sarah helps her up.   
“Come on, I’ll take you out.” Sarah says.   
  
“I’m all right.”   
  
“Yeah... and if she hadn’t of been here, you’d of been up there.”   
  
They start to walk out. Holly watches the other cheerleaders with the guys, numerous things going on. A few even having a line of guys lined up like an assembly line.   
  
Sarah and Holly reach Becky’s office.   
  
Becky has her clothes, ring, a check, and one form waiting for her.   
  
“Here’s your ring, and your clothes. And your well earned fifteen hundred dollars.”   
  
“Fifteen hundred?”   
  
“Better turnout than we expected.” Becky smiles and hands over a form. “If you agree to have the tape released, sign here. If you don’t, don’t.”   
  
Holly looks at the form, and hesitates. All it’d ever take is one person seeing it that knows her, and she could have a lot to explain... she stands there thinking.   
  
“Oh, and regardless, you get a free copy of tonight’s performance. I’ll have it sent to you later on.”   
  
Holly nods. She’s still looking at the form. Wondering whether if it’s really worth it. She takes a deep breath, exhales, and signs the form.   
  
“Well thank you!” Becky seems genuinely surprised. “I didn’t think you’d actually do it.”   
  
Becky reaches into her pocket and pulls out a business card. “Here. If you ever want to experiment with this type of thing again. Call me.”   
  
Holly takes the card.   
  
“Is that everything?”   
  
“Yep.”   
  
Holly takes off her cheerleading outfit and dresses in her clothes. Becky hands her the container it came in for storage.   
  
Holly smiles and hugs Sarah. “Thank Tina for me.”   
  
“I will.”   
  
Holly puts on her wedding ring as she leaves the room.

[](http://thezone.cyberemail.org/download.php?id=3672" \t "_blank)

Strip Dominoes   
By Natalie   
  
Locked in a game of “Strip Dominoes” Holly and Natalie took turns placing their pieces carefully. Oddly enough the rules didn’t require Holly or Natalie to get naked. Instead Domino and Roy agreed to be used at pawns for this game. Each was “Championing” if you will one of the ladies. And each would soon find out which one of them would be standing naked.   
To add insult to injury they were both standing on the back patio. That is right! They were standing outside looking in through the glass sliding doors as Holly and Natalie made each play. How had they gotten themselves into this mess?   
This was all Carlos’ fault. If he had not misspelled the invitation to the party they wouldn’t have showed up. But thinking that they would be stripping Holly and Natalie was too good to pass up. Now it would be them showing off their naked bodies in the cool night air. It was just not fair.   
Where was Carlos anyway? They guessed that since this was his place he should be there some where. However, since the start of the party he was no where to be found. They had little time to worry about it as the game raced to a close. Would it be Roy or Domino naked? Domino figured since it was a game of strip dominoes he was set up from the start.   
Turns out he was right. When Holly announced she had won it meant that Domino had to strip. He was none to happy about it. As he undressed he covered his private parts and blushed.   
Roy, laughed and said he is glad it was not him. Though Holly and Natalie both suspected that he was a little sad not to be showing the two of them his naked body with the hopes one or both of them would lose control and ride him like city bus... slow and dirty.   
Domino asked if Nat and H had seen enough. They said, “Not just yet.”   
Just then Domino found out where Carlos was. As a blast of cold water from the hose hit his behind he jumped to life. The cold water was sending him into a very humorous prance, making him dance about the yard. The water and night air doing nothing for his self image.   
Holly and Natalie were beside themselves laughing at the show he was putting on. And to think all they had to do to get Roy and Carlos to go along with this set up was to blow Roy and offer Carlos a $5.00 Game Crazy coupon.

I guess they call me the streak.   
By: Holly   
  
Well, I do have a new adventure to share after a long dry spell. After posting the camping story I got in the mood to do a similar thing for real. It took a little bit of a drive, but San Francisco is so beautiful right now I really didn’t mind the trip.   
  
I don’t know this part of California as well as I thought I know LA. I mean, I don’t really know much about LA. I was not there that long, but I am so busy with work and my personal problems that I really have not had a lot of time to really learn the lay of the land… or become it. LOL   
  
But my kind… and perverted neighbor said he knew of a nature trail only about 3 and a half miles from where I live. I had told him that I really wanted to get out in nature, but couldn’t go that far. I didn’t tell him I wanted to get naked out in nature. I am sure he would have wanted to be there.   
  
So, after getting the driving directions… thank you Google maps. I was on my way. I only wore a pair of loose fitting running shorts and a loose top. My plan (Why do I continue to make them, since they always go wrong?) was to go to the trail and quickly pull these clothes off over my shoes and then run totally bare ass naked for as long as I could stand on the trail.   
  
Given my current state, that wouldn’t be all that far. I mean, it has been a long time since I went on a run. I am still in pretty good shape, I just am not in the kind of shape that would put me in a marathon anytime soon.   
  
I drove down the way and by the time I got to the place I was wishing I had thought ahead and brought some food for a picnic. I was actually getting a bit hungry. But, the run was not going to take that long. I was sure of that.   
  
So, I get out and notice that there are two other cars parked near the entrance to the path. I really was not sure where they might be, who they might be, or how many they might be. I also didn’t know how long they would take and I didn’t want to wait around all day to find out and then not get to do my little stunt. After all I was not going to be running naked all that long was I?   
  
So, I got out of my car and locked it up. They I stared down the trail. I didn’t hear anything for quite some time. So, I pulled my shirt off and kept walking a little. My heart beating faster and faster as I walked, I could feel myself getting more excited with each step.   
  
I pulled my shorts down and off next and then continued to walk deeper and deeper into the woods, or what there was of them. My heart about to pound out of my chest, I still wanted to do more. Walking naked holding a handful of my clothes for cover was just not quite enough I guess.   
  
I looked around and found a tree I was sure I would recognize if I passed it again and stashed my two items of clothing. Then I took off in a sprint. My little boobies bouncing away as I ran. I could feel this was working quite well, much better then before.   
  
The farther I got from my clothes the better it felt. I was starting to get a little… well… you know… horny. And also a little… well… wet. So, I stopped and lowered my hand to my pussy. I spread my legs a little and started to rub like I was scratching a lotto ticket and about to win big.   
  
Just then I heard a rustling sound. In my horny daze I had forgotten all about the fact that I was not alone. And I froze… finger still inside me. I looked around. I didn’t see anything… at first.   
  
Then, I saw! And they saw! And we were all embarrassed!   
  
I had come across two men in the woods going at it like… well… like… like nothing I had ever seen. I have never seen anything like it! Two guys naked form the waist down butt to crotch frozen looking at me.   
  
I quickly turned and stared to dash back to my clothes. Running and blushing all at once, I couldn’t believe I got so busted. I really hardly ever get seen like that. And worse yet… I was just as much the catcher as the one caught! I had seen them both going at it… and they had seen me… bucknaked going at it myself.   
  
It was a strange scene all the way around. So, strange that it was on my mind as I ran past my hidden clothes and nearly all the way back to the car. Then I remembered… fuck! I am naked! And turned and ran back trying to find the tree I had hidden my clothes behind.   
  
Wouldn’t you know it… that tree that seemed so recognizable before was fucking hard to find when I needed it. I must have passed it 2 more times before I found it and dressed. And by that time, my two woodland friends were well on their way back to their cars as well.   
  
I managed to say just in front of them. Oh, god what would I say if they caught up to me? Talk about don’t ask don’t tell! This was so embarrassing on all fronts! Welcome to San Fran I thought to myself. Sun, surf, and gay love. I felt like such a prude… until I remembered that I was finger fucking myself in front of them for what must have been a few minutes before they let their presence be known.   
  
Just my luck… the first time I am naked in front of a few guys here in San Francisco and they could care less.   
  
The drive home had my mind racing. I will never think of streaking the same way again. Heck there are a lot of things I will never think of the same way again. LOL

Holly & The Barenaked Ladies - Part 1

TODAY was THE DAY!!!!   
  
Holly had been waiting for this ever since she'd heard the announcement on the radio - that she could actually meet the members of the band "Barenaked Ladies". Imagine! Just show up and get to meet them! How could it be this simple?   
  
She was SO excited. OK. She hadn't really heard the whole announcement on the radio. Some loud truck next to her car had drowned out part of it, but they had clearly said that young women who wanted to meet the band just had to show up at XXX YYY Street. HOW EXCITING!!! Getting to meet celebrities - and celebrities who had some pretty-cool music. It was going to be a \*good day\*.   
  
She primped and prepped, carefully choosing the outfit that she'd be meeting CELEBRITIES in. Then she stripped off the clothes she'd been wearing to work - down to her bra and panties. She smiled a little as she glanced down and barely noticed that she had just happened to pull "little girl" panties out of her drawer this morning - a personal indulgence with "Scooby Doo" on them. It didn't matter: nobody was going to see her \*panties\*, today, anyway.   
  
Make-up, hair, clothes, nails - all carefully donned and checked.   
  
And out the door to that special address. Scarcely able to BREATHE!   
  
>>>>   
  
A crowd was expected, but there were actually rather few cars there as she pulled up and parked. Odd. You'd think that with this kind of an opportunity, more would be here, but that was just fine - she'd get better exposure to the Ladies this way.   
  
Through the gates - into an entryway - and up to a collection of goons set up for Security. Scan and sign the form (of course some windy old form needed to be signed for such things - but who ever READS them???) and on into a very-nice pool area with a number of other young women milling about - also looking excited and nervous - and, as was to be expected with celebrities, a few photographers capturing the event.   
  
The tables of finger-foods and munchies next to the pool were nice - and kept the wait more tolerable, but Holly was just a little too excited to strike up a conversation with anybody else.   
  
Time passed. The tension mounted. Holly was SO looking forward to getting to actually MEET the band in such an intimate setting.   
  
And.   
  
Finally.   
  
The DJ stopped the music and announced: "OK, ladies. Are you ready to meet the Ladies?"   
  
All of the girls cheered and whistled and stomped that they were certainly ready to do so.   
  
"ARE YOU READY???"   
  
Again, cheers and screams and excited laughter.   
  
"OK, then, strip down now and we'll get this started!!"   
  
LOUD cheers and laughter as the women all started stripping. Naked. RIGHT THERE!   
  
WHAT??? STRIP??? NAKED???   
  
Holly looked around bewildered as the women around her shucked shirts, shorts, bras, and panties and excitedly jumped up and down beside her - NAKED.   
  
One of the security guys finally noticed Holly - and her look - and gently sidled up to her.   
"I'm sorry, ma'am, but the Ladies won't appear until everyone is either naked - or leaves. It is certainly your choice - you don't have to strip, but you can't stay if you don't strip completely naked. It was clearly stated in the waiver you signed on the way in".   
  
Holly's eyes widened even more.   
  
Gulp!   
  
NAKED?   
  
She could feel the tingle in her nipples as the situation dawned on her. And the tingle spread down her belly - to - her - intimate vee. A burning flame that ignited in her private places. That giddy feeling when she KNEW that she was going to do something very naughty - something that she really shouldn't do - but that she was going to enjoy VERY much.   
  
After all. Everybody ELSE was already NAKED - totally bare - laughing and jumping in the pool - and looking at her.   
  
And she \*did\* REALLY want to meet the Ladies.   
  
So. She pulled off her shirt.   
And slipped her shorts down her legs, puddling on the ground at her feet.   
And reached around behind her back and unhooked her bra, freeing her beautiful breasts.   
OH! How wonderful the warm air felt on her nipples.   
And she kicked off her sandals.   
  
And realized that everybody was laughing and pointing.   
  
Laughing and pointing? Why?   
  
She looked down and turned crimson when she saw the panties that "nobody was going to see today" - her little-girl Scooby-Doo panties - with the worn elastic and a little hole in the left cheek: she liked them so much that she couldn't throw them out.   
  
Her hands flew to the waistband to snatch them down her legs, but the security guy caught her arm - gently - and laughed in a friendly way and said "Wait a minute, please. I happen to know that the Ladies really like Scooby Doo and if you don't mind, I think they would get a kick out of it if you'd just keep those on for now".   
  
Holly's face burned. She was going to be the center of attention. But. It \*would\* get her more attention from the Barenaked Ladies. Soooo... she just smiled and nodded.   
  
And then, with everyone ready, the music swelled, the DJ introduced the band - and they burst thru a hedge - bigger than life, waving and clowning for the (gulp) CAMERAS!!! Holly had totally forgotten about the CAMERAS but it was too late. There she was - wearing nothing but her very-embarassing panties - partying with the Ladies - as the pictures popped around her.   
  
But. It was good. It was fun. The Band stripped, too. And the DJ stripped, too. And the photographers were stripped. And it was just good clean fun - splashing and clowning in the pool. And all of the band members commented both on Holly's panties - and on what was NOT covered by those panties. And she got to know them VERY well before the night was over.

Holly & The Barenaked Ladies - Part 2   
  
There they all were - naked, splashing, having "chicken fights" with the ladies on the shoulders of a guy - listening to the music. Everybody naked except for Holly in her "Scooby's"... and her Scooby's were wet enough that they weren't hiding much - her naked, wet breasts sliding over the hands and arms and backs and... of the Barenaked Ladies.   
  
Until the Ladies' manager harumphed onto the microphone and announced that everyone appreciated the girls' participation and hoped that they'd had a great time - but it was time for the Ladies to go: they had a "previous engagement" to run off to.   
  
There was much blushing and giggling as the girls located their far-flung costumes and untwisted their panties and bras and put them back on.   
  
There's just something even-more erotic about seeing a woman in her every-day underwear - even than seeing her nude - sometimes. So it was like a "reverse strip-tease" - each woman trying to privately dress, but everybody kind of watching each other.   
  
Holly had been so absorbed in the activity that she had totally lost track of where her clothes were - and one of the Ladies seemed absorbed with \*her\* - so she didn't get a chance to get dressed since she was talking with the naked Lady - while she, herself, was an "almost naked lady".   
  
The crowd dispersed, and still the Lady held Holly's attention - both of them still undressed.   
  
Until it began to get rather late.   
  
The Manager hustled up and tut-tutted that they were still not ready to go - and began to usher the Lady toward the waiting limousine - wrapping him in a towel on the way - figuring that Wardrobe would take care of his costume anyway.   
  
So Holly turned away - happy for her time with the Ladies - and began again to try to find her clothes.   
  
But the Lady turned quickly, gently grabbed her arm, looked into her eyes, and said, "You're a great girl. Why don't you come with us? We're going to catch a ride to a concert. You can stay backstage during the concert. Nothing implied here... I just like your company and don't want to say goodbye yet. Would you like to come along?"   
  
WOW!   
  
DOUBLE WOW!   
  
Would she like to come along????   
  
Holly turned right around and just forgot about the world around her and followed the Ladies into the waiting limousine - and ... WHISK they were on their way.   
  
It was a BLAST in the limo: the party just continued, though the band took their music seriously and began to warm up and get ready. But there was good music, lots of innocent fun, good drinks, and the world slipping by outside the well-tinted windows.   
  
Holly was enjoying the whole experience so much that she never really noticed that...   
  
she never remembered to even collect her clothing - let alone get dressed.   
  
Yes.   
  
There she was, riding along in a limo - happily oblivious to the fact that she was the only female there - and that she was still wearing   
  
NOTHING BUT HER SCOOBIES! - and that her clothes were now miles away and getting further.   
  
It was all so intoxicating that nobody made any note of it - so it just seemed normal.   
  
Riding along, feeling like "part of the band" - virtually NAKED - in a limo.   
  
They whisked along, arrived at the concert site, slipped in backstage, and filed out of the limo into their dressing rooms - and nobody really noticed that Holly was still sporting two fine naked boobs bouncing nicely as she walked in with the band.   
  
Well, gee. They were all getting dressed - and they'd all \*been\* naked, so it still just felt natural - so Holly just didn't think of the fact that she was parading around showing almost all of her "all".   
  
The excitement built up, the Ladies got ready, and Holly was just "taken" with the preparations (and the booze from the limo and the "craft service" table backstage).   
  
Finally, "her" Lady pulled her to him and asked for a "kiss for luck" before he went onstage.   
  
Holly happily puckered up and enjoyed some tongue-dancing, then was lead to a spot in a staging area backstage. It was in a little stage-director's cage where she could watch the show but be hidden by a curtain so she wouldn't be seen.   
  
Holly was in heaven! Backstage with the Ladies - the crowd cheered, the Ladies burst onto stage and the show began. Life was good. Really good.   
  
Grooving to the music, feeling her breasts swaying - just being "into" the whole scene.   
  
The show went great. The crowd was groovin'. The band was jammin'. The whole huge arena was popping.   
  
They built to the finale - singing and dancing.   
  
And the final chords were struck on the guitars as a bevy of stage-effects exploded and boomed and some decorations flew open.   
  
And some curtains were suddenly pulled open to reveal the lights and decorations behind them.   
  
AND.   
  
To reveal Holly.   
  
Center stage.   
  
In a spotlight.   
  
Wearing absolutely nothing but her little-girl Scooby-doo panties and a big stupid grin.   
  
She didn't even remember that she was now displayed to the entire arena - naked - until her eyes landed on the person in the 3rd row-center.   
  
Her High-school math teacher.   
  
The one who always had a crush on her.   
  
His eyes devouring her lithe curves.   
  
Until Holly succumbed to the excitement - and fainted dead away.

Lady Holly Godiva Rides Again?   
  
Part One   
  
By Robert Dogwood   
  
NC-17 for overt sexual activities   
  
Feedback: Desired   
  
A few days before Halloween, Holly and a few of her ‘sisters’ sat in one of the Zeta Phi Gamma living rooms discussing what costumes they would be wearing to the upcoming parties. Holly, a college sophomore, had always felt lucky to have been accepted by one of the top sororities on campus.   
  
The actual reason she had been welcomed into the fold was that her boyfriend was Eric Singleton, who just happened to be the University football team’s starting quarterback. He stood six foot, three inches tall and it was no exaggeration to say he resembled a blond Adonis.   
  
Eric had a fairly large upper body that plunged down to a narrow waist and extremely well developed legs, although Holly’s favorite feature of Eric’s was his huge prick. Even though Holly thought of herself as only attractive, she was, in actuality, beautiful. She would often pinch herself to make certain Eric was really her boyfriend and she was not dreaming.   
  
Unbeknown to Holly, many of her sorority sisters were jealous of her relationship with Eric and in fact now loathed her because of it. In truth, because the team’s quarterback was her boyfriend, Holly, who was a cheerleader, attempted to lord it over the rest of the cheerleading squad plus her cohorts in her sorority. The young red head thought she was conversing with her three best mates – Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca; actually the three of them had already met earlier in an attempt to come up with a plan to entice our heroine into doing something fool hardy on Halloween.   
  
“Why don’t you go as Eve?” Kristine asked Holly.   
  
“That’s a good idea,” Holly agreed. “I could rig up some sort of fake fig leaves on my bikini.”   
  
“No, no,” Kristine disagreed.   
  
Kristine was a beauty in her own right. She had short brunette hair, green eyes, a little button nose above a particularly wide mouth with full lips casting an overall facial appearance of smoldering sexuality. She was about five feet, eight inches tall and built like the proverbial brick shit-house.   
  
“I mean the pre-apple Eve.”   
  
“Haha!” Holly laughed. “Right, I’m going to all those parties naked. I’d probably get arrested and then kicked out of school.   
  
'No, you’d probably get gang banged, then arrested and expelled,' Kristine thought mean spiritedly, smiling at Holly.   
  
“But you know you would get off on it, Holly,” Kristine insisted.   
  
'Sure I would,' Holly thought. 'But what business is it of yours?'   
  
“I know, I know!” Nicole blurted out.   
  
Nicole stood five feet, six inches tall, had short blonde hair, blue eyes, and the most sensuous lips Holly had ever seen. Nicole’s breasts were large, but not out of proportion with the rest of her body.   
  
“You love the story of Lady Godiva, you should go as her,” Nicole continued.   
  
“That’s a great idea,” Holly agreed. “But I don’t have a flesh colored body suit or the money to buy one.”   
  
“That’s no excuse,” Rebecca pointed out. “Lady Godiva was just wrapped in her long blonde hair.”   
  
Rebecca was short, although she had a figure that promised earthly delights. She was very, very pretty with light brunette hair streaked with natural blonde highlights and blue eyes and fair skin.   
  
“I have reddish-brown hair and it only hangs down to just below my shoulders.”   
  
“Come on, Holly. We dare you!” Kristine proclaimed.   
  
Holly’s sorority sisters realized she could never pass up a dare, no matter how ridiculous. Holly flushed in irritation, but again insisted, “I can’t go naked.”   
  
“But you won’t be,” Nicole said. We’ll take enough blonde falls and weave them together so when you spread them out, they’ll completely cover your whole body.   
  
“But I’m a red -.”   
  
“We’ll help you bleach your hair, in fact we’ll do it twice. That way it will at least come out as strawberry blonde,” Rebecca said.   
  
“But you’ll have to shave your bush, it’s too dark,” Kristine said.   
  
“How do you know what color my pubic hair is?” Holly asked, rather irritated.   
  
“Oh come on, Holly. You come through the living room naked, when we have our boyfriends over, at least once a week.”   
  
Holly felt her face grow warm from blushing. “I do not!”   
  
“Yes, you do,” Nicole agreed. “You either say you are accidentally locked out of your room naked or you come in wearing only a towel that eventually conveniently loosens and falls to your feet.”   
  
Holly flushed an even deeper hue and began to feel a tingling in her pussy, just from the memories of those occasions. 'I thought they believed those were accidents.'   
  
Before the young red head could respond, Rebecca said, “And then you go to your room and masturbate for the rest of the evening.”   
  
Holly began to grow wet down below just from discovering she had been caught out by her friends.   
  
“I don’t,” she contradicted crossly.   
  
“Oh, of course, you do,” Kristine said. “We’ve lived with you over a year. You have no secrets from us.”   
  
Hoping to somewhat change the direction of the conversation, Holly asked, “Why would I have to shave anyway?”   
  
“Because,” Nicole said. “If someone did happen to catch a peek between the falls, they would know they saw your pussy because the dark hair would stand out so much more in comparison to the blonde falls.   
  
Holly grew ever wetter at the thought of party goers seeing beneath her wigs. Her panties were now soaked.   
  
“If you shave,” Nicole continued. “All they would think they saw was a quick flash of bare skin most likely.”   
  
“I guess you’re right,” Holly agreed dubiously. Attempting a last ditch effort to avoid going as Lady Godiva, Holly said, “But Lady Godiva rode on a horse. I’d look stupid just walking down the sidewalk or riding one of those children’s stick horses.”   
  
The three young women laughed and Nicole said, “Have Eric drive you. He’s got plenty of horse power under the hood of his new ‘vette’.”   
  
Holly’s boyfriend was the proud recipient of a new red Corvette, courtesy of a rich alumni. This was of course completely contrary to NCAA regulations and bylaws.   
  
“So you’ll do it – right?” Rebecca asked.   
  
“Of course she will,” Kristine chimed in. “Don’t worry, we’ll buy all the falls and do the work on them.”   
  
“But - ,” Holly began to say.   
  
“You have to do it, Holly. We dared you,” Nicole said.   
  
“”Okay, I’ll do it,” Holly said. She had a tentative smile on her lips, but her eyes were brimming with happiness. 'This is gonna be so great,' she thought.   
  
Standing up suddenly, the beautiful red head said, “Well, I’ve got some studying to do. See you all tomorrow.”   
  
After Holly had left the room, Kristine said, snidely smiling, “Yeah, she has some studying to do… studying on her clit.”   
  
“Ewww, gross,” Rebecca said, pointing at the plush arm chair Holly had been sitting on. “It’s all wet with you know what.”   
  
“It sure is, I’ll have the cleaning staff throw that chair out tomorrow,” Kristine said. “We certainly don’t want any visitor to see or catch a whiff of that.”   
  
The other two young women laughed and then Nicole said, “This will be the best ever. We’ll weave those falls together so weakly she’ll be stark naked by the third house that we visit.”   
  
At Halloween, it was a tradition at the University Holly attended for all of the houses to decorate as uniquely as possible in order to win the best house trophy. The members of all the houses voted on it and usually did so in a fair manner. The only members who remained behind in their respective houses to greet visitors from the other houses were freshmen and a few seniors. When the majority of the members returned, then the seniors who had remained home would visit the other fraternities and sororities.   
  
By the time of the parties on Friday night, all was ready with Holly. She had shaved her genitals completely bare and her friends had helped her bleach her hair. They had bought all the blonde falls and woven them together for her. Holly idly wondered why her friends were being so nice to her, but assumed it was because of their good feelings for her.   
  
It was already dusk when Eric called upon Holly at her sorority house.   
  
“Wow, you look great!” Eric said, reaching out and pulling aside one of Holly’s falls. When he could find nothing but bare skin, he was shocked. “Holy shit, Holly! You’re naked under there, aren’t you?”   
  
“Yep,” she answered, bestowing a beautiful smile on him.   
  
“I hope you know what you’re doing,” Eric offered. “Please don’t drink, you know how crazy you get when you drink.”   
  
Even though this irritated Holly, she had to admit that her boyfriend was correct and she quickly agreed.   
  
“But you have to promise to not hang out in the kitchen the way you usually do with all of the other jocks, drinking beer.”   
  
Holly also was rather put out that Eric had chosen as his costume his own football jersey. She told him in no uncertain terms how lame she thought it was of him. Eric merely laughed, totally secure in himself. While driving to their first destination, the Delta Theta Sigma Fraternity, Eric reached over with his right hand and slid it under the falls, before Holly could react. After all, he had the reflexes of a starting college quarterback.   
  
A smile quickly sprang to his lips as he ran his right forefinger up and down Holly’s open slit.   
  
“Oh, you slut,” he said good naturedly. “You’re really not wearing a thing under there – and you shaved.”   
  
Holly squirmed under his ministrations to her now enlarged pussy lips. 'That feels so good,' she thought. Holly was blushing heavily to be caught out, even if it was only by her boyfriend.   
  
“Please stop, I’m gonna cum and I don’t want my costume to reek of sex all evening,” Holly pleaded.   
  
Eric laughed loudly and withdrew his hand.   
  
“There’ll be plenty of time for that later,” the young man said, looking at Holly meaningfully.   
  
'He’d better mean when we get back to his apartment,' Holly thought worriedly, but somehow she doubted that was what her always horny boyfriend meant.   
  
Eric and Holly were greeted, as they walked into the fraternity house, by a senior named Phillip Jackson. Holly knew him slightly through Eric – Eric knew ‘everyone.’ Phillip had always seemed to Holly as a nice enough person. He was fairly tall, had dark hair and was pretty cute, to her way of thinking.   
  
Glancing around the living room, Holly saw the usual Halloween decorations – the ‘brains’ in the bucket and fake spider webs. There was also a great big tub of water with floating apples in it.   
  
“Come on, Holly,” her boyfriend encouraged. “Let’s bob for some apples.”   
  
A sudden vision appeared in Holly’s mind of her leaning over the tub and her falls separating, leaving her back side completely open with the back of her pussy hanging out.   
  
“No thanks, maybe later.” 'Much, much later,' she thought.   
  
Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca came running up to Holly as if out of nowhere.   
  
“You’re finally here!” Kristine said excitedly.   
  
Both Kristine and Nicole were dressed as angels. 'How lame,' Holly thought.   
  
“How do you like our costumes?” Nicole asked.   
  
“They’re great!” Holly exclaimed.   
  
At least Rebecca’s outfit intrigued the red head. Rebecca’s costume consisted of a small halter top and then a skirt with a slit that ran almost all the way to the hip. She was wearing a small cat mask and had a tail attached to her skirt.   
  
“Who did you come with?” Holly asked excitedly.   
  
It was then that she noticed Eric had already slipped away to the kitchen to drink beer with most of the other jocks. 'That jerk!' Holly thought angrily.   
  
“I’m here with Bobby Foster,” Kristine said.   
  
Bobby Foster was a six foot, three inch gorgeous hunk and Holly was jealous, even if she did go with Eric. He pitched for the University’s baseball team and it was said that he was quite good. Holly didn’t know personally, she thought baseball was as exciting as watching a mopped floor dry.   
  
“And his brother brought me,” Nicole said.   
  
Bobby Foster was a senior and his brother, Jackie, was a junior. He wasn’t as tall as his older brother, but he had a better build, and he was just as handsome.   
  
“I came with some guy named Mickie, I don’t really know him, but I didn’t have a date and he asked me at the last moment, so I said yes,” Rebecca explained.   
  
“Where is he?” Holly asked, glancing around the large room that was already filled with party goers.   
  
“He’s probably over at the punch bowl,” Rebecca said.   
  
“Come on, let’s go get some punch,” Kristine said, grabbing Holly by the hand.   
  
If Holly hadn’t acquiesced, the brunette planned on literally dragging her to the punch.   
  
“Yeah, but no alcohol,” Holly said. “I promised Eric.”   
  
“Aww, you’re no fun,” Nicole said. “But don’t worry, there’s no booze in it.”   
  
Once the four young women were at the punch bowl, which was located at the far end of the room, Kristine dipped out a big cup of punch and handed it to Holly.   
  
“Thanks,” she said. “But you’re sure there’s no alcohol in this?”   
  
“Quit being so anal,” Nicole accused. “It’s a party, lighten up.”   
  
Holly sipped her punch and said, “Hey, this is good.”   
  
Of course, unbeknownst to Holly, the punch was spiked with vodka. She didn’t have a clue, because it was so well disguised by several types of fruit drink. While Holly was drinking from a second cup of punch that was handed her by Nicole, Kristine was making small commando raids on Holly’s costume by lifting up the falls and showing off Holly’s bare skin.   
  
“Stop it, damn it,” Holly said, now highly irritated. “If you keep doing that, you’re gonna pull some of my falls off.”   
  
'Yeah, that’s the plan,' Kristine thought, as she smiled at Holly. Nicole and Rebecca laughed to see such sport.   
  
“I still think you should have made this costume longer,” Holly whined.   
  
She was complaining about the fact that the artificial hair fell to a couple of inches above her knees, which Holly thought was way too short.   
  
“If you wore it any longer, you wouldn’t look like Lady Godiva – you’d look like Cousin It on the Adams Family.”   
  
This remark elicited even more laughter at Holly’s expense. Holly was now drinking her third large cup of punch, handed to her by Rebecca. The young woman felt good, she was having a great time and was no longer worried about her flimsy costume.   
  
Kristine began again to pull up Holly’s falls and suddenly Holly stepped backward in an attempt to escape the young woman’s tomfoolery. Unfortunately for Holly, Kristine had a firm grip on one of the falls and pulled it off. Nicole and Rebecca burst into laughter and Holly looked down in horror and realized she could see some of her bare thigh.   
  
“I’m so sorry,” Kristine said, sounding sincere. “I didn’t mean to do that.”   
  
“God damn it! What are you trying to do – strip me naked?” Holly said angrily.   
  
'Yep,' Kristine thought. “I said I was sorry,” she said bitingly. “If my apology isn’t enough, I don’t know what else I can do.”   
  
The red head realized her friend had spoken the truth and backed down.   
  
“It’s okay, I know you didn’t do it on purpose.”   
  
Kristine smiled sweetly in return. When Bobby Foster arrived a few seconds later, to join the group, Holly almost took a misstep and would have fallen into him if she hadn’t caught herself at the last second. 'What’s wrong with me?' she thought.   
  
“Wow!” Kristine said and laughed. “Holly’s so excited to see Bobby, it’s making her dizzy.”   
  
The other young people laughed, including Holly.   
  
“I can’t believe you wore your baseball uniform as a costume. You’re as lame as Eric,” Holly criticized.   
  
Bobby just laughed and said, “It was the easiest thing to do.”   
  
It reminded Holly that she was still upset with Eric for going to hang out in the kitchen drinking beer with his idiot friends, instead of spending time with her.   
  
“Come on,” Holly invited, grabbing Bobby by the hand. “Let’s go dance.”   
  
As Holly and Bobby moved on to where other people were dancing in the room, Kristine exchanged a significant glance at her two friends. It was working out perfectly – just as they planned. She observed Eric sneaking a peek from the kitchen. Kristine smiled at him and nodded. Eric smiled in return. Kristine had slipped the live band some money to play ballads for the next few minutes when she gave them the high sign, which she now did.   
  
Holly hung her hands around Bobby’s neck and he reached his hands somehow inside of all her falls and place them on her beautiful ass, pulling her to him as closely as possible. He then rammed his knee between her legs and rubbed his upper thigh up and down on Holly's now enlarged pussy lips.   
  
'Oh no, I shouldn’t be letting him do that, but it feels so good,' Holly thought. Plus she once again remembered she was angry with Eric. 'I’ll show him I can have a good time without him.'   
  
The slow song drew to a close, but the band immediately began another number. Bobby suddenly pulled on one of Holly’s falls, yanking it completely off.   
  
“Hey! What the hell are you doing?” Holly challenged. 'How did he pull that off so easily, it didn’t even hurt.'   
  
Bobby grabbed another fall, but didn’t tug on it.   
  
“Give me a blowjob,” he demanded.   
  
“I will not!” Holly said in a low voice so the other dancers couldn’t hear her, but her tone was furious.   
  
Bobby pulled another fall off.   
  
“Stop it!” Holly protested, attempting to pull away from Bobby, but he had a firm grip on her arm. “You’re stripping me in public!”   
  
Looking down at her body, the beautiful red head couldn’t believe it. If you looked very closely and you knew where to look exactly, a person could already clearly see her slit. She immediately grew wet with sexual moisture and her breathing became heavy.   
  
“Please,” Holly pleaded.   
  
“Then give me a blow job,” the young man said.   
  
It became obvious to Holly that he was going to get his way.   
  
“Then let’s go to another room where we can get some privacy,” she suggested.   
  
“No,” the tall young man said sternly. “Right here and right now,” Bobby said, lightly tugging on another one of Holly’s falls.   
  
She immediately dropped to her knees and pulled down his zipper. His large prick just popped out at her. He conveniently was not wearing underwear, which made Holly wonder how set-up this whole scenario might be. He was also stone cold hard already.   
  
Holly took as much of the long cock as she could into her mouth and began to slowly suckle it, reaching every inch all the way down the stem to the base. The red head even sucked on part of his balls after she had deep throated his entire prick into her mouth.   
  
Bobby was moaning incessantly and Holly, much to her further humiliation, could suddenly feel her own orgasm building from deep inside of her. 'No, not now, not here,' the young beauty thought forlornly.   
  
She refused to look around and see if anyone was watching them. She was so grateful that at least the lighting in the room was very dim.   
  
“Hurry up, bitch,” Bobby snarled.   
  
'Why is he being so mean to me? I thought he was my friend.'   
  
As a result of the further humiliation from the young man, Holly felt herself becoming more and more hot until she threw caution to the wind as she felt her labia open completely and her clit slip from its hood. Her nipples were long and hard and she could barely catch her breath.   
  
Holly reached underneath herself and began rubbing her clit. It felt so good! By this time, Holly only cared about Bobby’s cock and her own pussy. The entire room could be watching her and she didn’t care. The closer she came to climax, the more fingers she rammed into her snatch until she was fisting herself.   
  
“Oh god damn,” she moaned.   
  
As Bobby began twitching and rocking his hips driving even more of his cock down her throat, Holly’s orgasm was suddenly ripped from deep inside of her in waves. Her entire mouth was full of his prick. Bobby rocked even more and Holly wrapped her lips around his shaft as tight as she could.   
  
“Oh! Oh!” Bobby cried out as he filled Holly’s mouth with his spurting cum. Holly attempted to pull her mouth off him to avoid swallowing as much as possible.   
  
“No way, bitch,” the young man said, gripping Holly’s head and forcing her mouth back on his climaxing cock until she had taken it all.   
  
She swore she heard some giggling and then peripherally saw a flash bulb go off. From still on her knees, Holly heard the soft whirling of a video camera being used. Bobby grabbed Holly by the arm and rudely yanked her to her feet. She was quickly surrounded by her three friends and Eric. Kristine was holding a camera and Nicole, a video camera.   
  
“At least wipe Bobby’s cum off your lips,” Kristine said snidely.   
  
The red head still had some of his cum dripping from her beautiful lips. Before Holly could comply, the tall young man grabbed her by the arm and prevented her from doing so.   
  
“No,” he said. “Leave it on your lips.”   
  
Holly looked at Eric for help, but he only sadly shook his head at her. “You act like a whore, Holly – you get treated like one.”   
  
'Oh no!' Holly thought. 'Is Eric dumping me?'   
  
“It wasn’t my fault,” she insisted.   
  
Everyone in the immediate group howled in laughter at that remark. Phillip Jackson stepped up to her and said, “Holly, we all enjoyed your show. You certainly have made it a memorable evening.”   
  
Here he waved his arm to take in all of the living room. Holly followed his arm with her eyes and saw that everyone in the room was staring at her.   
  
'Oh my god!' she thought, suddenly feeling very weak in the knees. Thinking of what all those people had just witnessed caused Holly to grow even wetter and it began to run down her leg.   
  
“Come on, Holly,” Kristine said. “We have a lot more parties to attend.”   
  
'Oh my god!'   
  
To be continued

Lady Holly Godiva Rides Again?   
  
Part Two   
  
By Robert Dogwood   
  
NC-17 for overt sexual activities   
  
Feedback: Desired   
  
  
The next party they decided to attend was a few blocks over at the Sigma Kappa Sorority. After Eric had parked the vehicle and stepped out, Holly remained sitting. Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca came ambling up to discover what the problem was.   
  
“What are you doing, Holly?” Kristine asked, an edge in her voice.   
  
“I wanna go home,” she said softly.   
  
“What? I can’t hear you.”   
  
“I said, I want to go home,” Holly said, more loudly.   
  
“Well, you can’t just go home,” Kristine explained. “Not after all that money we spent on buying those damn wigs and the bleach.”   
  
Angrily the young woman opened the door and yanked Holly out of the car by the arm. She then pulled off another fall, leaving Holly’s right leg completely bare. Holly’s twat was now covered by a single fall.   
  
Holly looked down at her naked leg and screamed in frustration and fright. Kristine grabbed Holly by the upper arm and violently shook her.   
  
“You’d better shut up this instant or I’ll strip you stark naked and then frog march you into that sorority,” Kristine threatened.   
  
Holly’s scream abruptly fell away.   
  
“That’s better,” Kristine praised. “Now do you understand?”   
  
Holly nodded.   
  
“I don’t hear you!” the brunette shouted in Holly’s face.   
  
Wincing from the loudness, Holly said softly, “Yes, I understand you.”   
  
Holly’s nipples had become long and hard in the cold air, a condition she had experienced most of the evening. Because of the constant stimulation, her nipples were unpleasantly aching. With her humiliation increasing with each passing moment, sexual moisture formed and then began to run down her bare right leg, becoming obvious to everyone present.   
  
“Ewww, look at Holly, everyone,” Nicole shrieked, pointing at her right leg. “She’s pissing herself.”   
  
Kristine laughed and said, “No, she’s not. She’s just sexually excited, aren’t you, Holly?”   
  
The young red head incredibly managed to blush an even deeper hue.   
  
“This is just for you to remember that you’re gonna obey me, what ever I tell you,” Kristine said, yanking a fall off the left side.   
  
“Oh god, please,” Holly whimpered.   
  
“God can’t help you now, Holly. Only I can,” Kristine said. “Now let’s go.”   
  
Immediately upon entering Sigma Kappa Sorority, they were greeted by a senior, Laura Roswell. She was very hot looking. Laura was about five foot, seven with blonde ringlets that hung down past her shoulders. She owned a very pretty face with high cheekbones, and a generous mouth, along with a spectacular body.   
  
“Oh who have we here?” Laura said, taking in Holly’s nearly nude body immediately.   
  
“Holly,” Kristine warned menacingly.   
  
“I’m Lady Godiva,” Holly mumbled.   
  
Laura laughed and said, “I guess you are. In fact, you have even less on than the old girl herself.”   
  
The pretty blonde picked up a fall and uncovered Holly’s hairless slit to the world at large. Holly whimpered, but made no further protest. Her enlarged pussy lips glistened with seepage. This didn’t escape Laura’s attention.   
  
“Holly, you are one horny young woman,” Laura said and then she laughed.   
  
The entire group of Holly’s friends laughed heartily along with her. Holly, who thought previously that her humiliation was complete, felt ever more shame, which caused even more dripping. Laura dropped the fall back.   
  
“Come in and enjoy yourselves,” the pretty blonde invited.   
  
The sorority’s living room was decorated with streamers of black and orange crepe paper looped from one place to the other on the ceilings and paper Jack-o’-lanterns and skeletons were hanging from the walls. Eric disappeared again into the kitchen. Kristine lead Holly to a giant punch bowl. Nicole and Rebecca, the other two witches from Macbeth, followed closely behind.   
  
Kristine made Holly drink a large cup of punch. The red head could taste the vodka, but by this time she wanted to be numbed. That’s what Kristine also desired for Holly. She didn’t want Holly to slip into shock. Kristine wanted Holly to feel the full impact of her humiliation.   
  
Nicole handed Holly another cup of the punch, which she drank straight down.   
  
“Okay, enough!” Kristine ordered. “We don’t want you passed out.”   
  
Holly slightly staggered as the short haired brunette lead her through the room, presenting Holly here and there.   
  
Kristine would say, “This is Holly. She has literally come as Lady Godiva.”   
  
She would then lift up the fall exposing Holly’s hairless slit. This was always followed by loud bursts of laughter from those around. No one was scandalized or did anyone feel any sympathy for Holly. They assumed that anybody allowing that to happen to them must be okay with it.   
  
Holly felt as though she had fallen into a black hole of humiliation with her feelings being pulled asunder each time her pussy was exposed to people who she knew from around campus. Everyone’s attention from all over the large room was drawn to Holly and Kristine. No one was dancing or even conversing.   
  
An impish grin came upon Kristine’s lips and she pulled her angel costume up to her knees.   
  
“Holly, get under there and eat me out,” she ordered.   
  
When Holly continued to just stand there in shock, not believing the brunette was serious, Kristine said sternly, “Now Holly, or I start yanking falls off.”   
  
The red head, moving with some alacrity, fell to her knees and stuck her head under Kristine’s costume. The brunette then drooped her costume over Holly, who was immediately confronted by Kristine’s pussy. She had her pubic hair shaved in a landing strip.   
  
‘Hmmm, no panties, that was rather bold of her,’ Holly thought. And a plan of revenge quickly began to form in her mind. Holly was about as far away from being bi-sexual as a person can get, but she realized she needed to do something very quickly or pay the price.   
  
She used both hands and pulled Kristine’s pussy lips apart, opening up her vulva. The red head recognized Kristine’s clit and diddled it with her finger until it popped out. Above Holly, Kristine moaned in pleasure. The room was deadly still, everyone gazed intently at Kristine, as if by doing so, they would be able to see beneath her angel costume.   
  
Holly suddenly rammed two fingers up Kristine’s ass.   
  
“No, no,” she complained loudly.   
  
The sexy angel attempted to escape Holly’s aggressive fingering by pulling away, but she only managed to stick her twat more into Holly’s face. The beautiful young woman began to saw her tongue sideways against Kristine’s clit.   
  
As the brunette moaned louder and louder, Holly knew she was on the right track. Suddenly every muscle in Kristine’s body tightened as if she were a drawn bow. Everyone in the room, including Holly, realized Kristine was teetering on the edge of climaxing.   
  
Holly rammed one more finger up the young brunette’s ass and moved her tongue against Kristine’s clit even faster.   
  
“Oh, oh!” Kristine shouted loudly as her orgasm began.   
  
Holly stood up quickly and stepped around behind Kristine, holding the angel costume up around the young brunette’s waist, displaying Kristine’s pussy in the throes of her orgasm.. The beautiful brunette was so overtaken by the feelings produced by her climaxing that she was completely unaware of what was happening around her. One of the better known University wags named ROBERT J. THAYER shouted out, “I’d like to land on that strip, Kristine.”   
  
“Oh God damn!” Kristine shouted out, as her cum overflowed down her leg. The crowd burst into spontaneous applause.   
  
‘God damn indeed,’ Nicole thought, realizing there would be hell to pay, once Kristine returned to consciousness.   
  
“Oh shit,” Kristine moaned, as the last of her orgasm dribbled out onto the rug. ‘Oh, that’s gonna leave a stain,’ Holly thought, who was a veteran of this sort of thing, although her experiences had always been men.   
  
Kristine, at first, wondered why she felt a breeze on her pussy and she idly glanced down, only to see that her costume was being held up to her waist, displaying her pubes to the entire room of party goers!   
  
“You bitch!” she howled at Holly, yanking her costume from the red head’s grip and then smoothing her costume down over her body, thereby cutting off from public view that which should be kept private in public.   
  
“You’re gonna pay,” Kristine vowed.   
  
Holly was attempting to step away from the enraged brunette, but the crowd had her hemmed in. Kristine grabbed three falls and pulled them off Holly’s front. Most of the crowd gasped when they saw that a single, solitary wig hung over Holly’s slit. It was the only thing keeping her from total frontal nudity below the waist.   
  
“Bring the slut,” Kristine said and then she walked imperially from the sorority house. The rest of her entourage followed closely with Nicole gripping Holly firmly by the hand.   
  
To be continued

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Lady Holly Godiva Rides Again?   
  
Part Three   
  
By Robert Dogwood   
  
NC-17 for overt sexual activities   
  
Feedback: Desired   
  
  
  
Waiting for Eric to unlock his new car, Holly said, very tentatively, “Eric?”   
  
“Yeah, what?” he said impatiently.   
  
The truth be known, Eric was finished with her. He had just waited until this evening, so he could use the sordid events surrounding Holly to dump her. Certainly after tonight, no one could blame him; on the contrary, they would sympathize with him.   
  
He had had his eye on the head cheerleader, Heather Silverton, for quite some time and in fact had already dated her a few times on the sly. Eric had never seen a woman more beautiful than Heather. She was drop dead gorgeous with long black hair, great big breasts, a narrow waist and long legs.   
  
Consequently, Eric didn’t have much patience left for Holly’s whining.   
  
“Just get in the car,” he said, tiredly.   
  
“No, wait,” Holly implored.   
  
Just then a drunk lurched up to Holly and grabbed her around the waist.   
  
“Heshy, honesy,” he slurred. “Come sspend ssome time with me.”   
  
Slapping at him, Holly pleaded, “Eric, do something about this guy.”   
  
Laughing, Eric climbed into the car. “You deal with it, it’s your own fault. Look at the way you’re dressed – but hurry up!”   
  
“Get away from me!” Holly shouted, pushing the drunk away.   
  
As he fell backward, he latched on to some of Holly’s falls and pulled them off.   
  
“Oh no,” Holly cried in anguish.   
  
She quickly felt behind herself and realized her entire backside was now completely uncovered. The only parts of her body that were concealed from public view were her breasts and her pussy. There was still a single wig keeping her from the indecency of showing that her pubic area was shaved.   
  
Holly jumped in the car and began to cry as Eric drove off. Holly’s sobbing began to get on Eric’s nerves.   
  
“Shut up, will you? You’re making me crazy. I told you to think about what you’re doing before we left this evening. Now you have to live with it.”   
  
Holly made herself stop weeping enough to talk. As Eric drove them to their next destination – the Sigma Delta Tau Sorority, Holly said, “Take me home.”   
  
“No.”   
  
“Come on, Eric. What’d you care?”   
  
“They’re right behind us, you’d never make it.”   
  
“Let me worry about that.”   
  
“Holly, if I did that, they’d strip you naked and keep you that way all evening – and still take you to all the parties. Is that what you want?”   
  
Holly was quick to respond, “Of course not.”   
  
But there was a part of her that was screaming, “Yes! Yes! Yes!” She began to grow wet at just the thought of being dragged stark naked all over campus and there wouldn’t be a thing she could do about it. Everyone would see that. It wouldn’t be her fault. It would be blamed on Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca.   
  
Holly grew more wet as she fantasized in her mind. ‘Oh god, I hope it doesn’t get on Eric’s car seat. If it does, I’ll never hear the end of it.’   
  
“Well, it’s academic now. We’re here,” Eric announced.   
  
Kristine and her two sorority sisters from hell wasted no time in reaching Eric’s car, where he and Holly stood waiting for them.   
  
“Well, what have we here?” Kristine asked, gleefully. “An alteration in your outfit? Turn around Holly and show everyone your cute bare behind.”   
  
When Holly complied, the entire group roared with laughter. Holly felt even more demeaned to have more of her body exposed to public view. She finally understood, that soon, no matter what she did, her totally naked body would be seen by her friends and classmates.   
  
“So what happened to you anyway, Holly?” Kristine asked.   
  
“Some drunk guy manhandled me and Eric refused to help,” Holly said, accusatorily.   
  
“Good for you, Eric,” Nicole said, while Kristine and Rebecca laughed.   
  
“Yeah, and she begged me to take her back to your sorority house,” Eric said.   
  
“Oh, she did, did she?” Kristine said, snottily. “From now on, you ride with us,” the brunette said.   
  
“Thanks a lot, Eric,” Holly said, bitterly and he grinned maliciously at her.   
  
“And for trying to escape,” Kristine continued. “You will lose some more coverage.”   
  
Kristine tore enough falls away from Holly’s top front to totally expose her right breast. It was large and circular. It appeared appropriately soft and was connected to a lengthening red nipple.   
  
“Nice tit, Holly,” Kristine praised. “And unless you want to display its mate, you’ll do what I tell you in here.”   
  
“Oh no,” Holly whined in protest.   
  
She felt herself grow more wet, yet again, when everyone oooed and ahhhed at Holly’s right breast.   
  
“Let’s go, you all,” Kristine ordered, and the clot of people moved forward toward the sorority house looking all the world like a returning posse entering an old wild west saloon.   
  
After they entered the Sigma Delta Tau Sorority house, they were immediately greeted by a freshman, who introduced herself as Susie Jackson. She was way cute, but not beautiful or even pretty, with short black hair and hazel eyes and always appeared to have a ready smile on her lips. She was fairly short, but had a nice figure.   
  
Susie was dressed as a harem girl in a mostly see through costume, but of course compared to Holly, she was wearing a formal floor length gown. Kristine had wisely kept Holly hidden in the back of the group until all the formalities had been completed.   
  
The entire lower part of the house was set up to resemble a haunted house. They had it so skeletons and other monsters would leap out at people when they tripped certain places in the room. They also had some scary audio equipment running.   
  
“And this is Holly,” Kristine said, as though she was introducing a younger sister who had a weak mind. And believe it – at this point, Holly did resemble a babbling idiot.   
  
“Holly has come as Lady Godiva,” Kristine explained.   
  
“Boy, has she ever,” Nicole quipped, causing the entire group to laugh.   
  
This completely confused Susie, who was not the sharpest knife in the drawer; in fact, she was a spoon. The young freshman was standing with her mouth agape staring at Holly, who had one breast hanging out and her pubic area barely covered; that is until now.   
  
“Show her your cooze, Holly,” Kristine ordered.   
  
Horrified, the young freshman watched as Holly dutifully lifted the wig and flashed her slit at her. When Holly saw the expression on Susie’s face, she grew even more humiliated, which caused her to grow even wetter. Susie reached deep inside of herself and prepared to flee the horrible scene.   
  
“Feel free to mingle and have a good time,” the young woman said, before walking away quickly.   
  
“Haha!” Kristine laughed. “You must have looked like the Frankenstein monster to her. Nicole, you run and get Holly some booze and Rebecca – find your date, Mickie and bring him back with you.”   
  
It was just as well that Kristine didn’t see the disgruntled looks that Nicole and Rebecca gave Kristine for being ordered around so rudely. But it didn’t escape Holly’s attention. ‘Maybe I can use that to my benefit later,’ she thought.   
  
Nicole and Rebecca were back shortly with two large cups of punch, laced with a liberal amount of vodka. Holly drank them straight down and felt immediately better. A young man, who only could have been Mickie came sauntering up. He looked like a young hoodlum and probably was. He was about six feet tall and had black hair that was pushed up in an old fashioned pomp. He had cold black eyes and a continual sneer on his handsome face. He was slender, but not thin and appeared very graceful. His hands were quite big, but not fleshy at all with long delicate fingers.   
  
“Who’s that?” he asked.   
  
“That’s Holly,” Rebecca said. “Would you like to fuck her?”   
  
“No way!” Holly shouted. “You can’t do that, I’ll have you all brought up on criminal charges,” she threatened.   
  
“You listen here,” Kristine whispered into Holly’s ear like a snake. “Of course you don’t have to do this. But if you don’t, we’ll strip you naked and parade you before every house on this campus. Besides, I would think you could use a stiff prick about now. You must be super horny.”   
  
“But what about Eric?” Holly asked, tearfully.   
  
“You might as well get used to this – it isn’t gonna mean anything to Eric, one way or the other.”   
  
“Okay, I’ll do it,” Holly said softly.   
  
“Holly has agreed to fuck him.”   
  
A spontaneous round of applause was given by the people gathered around. Unfortunately this drew a lot of curious onlookers over before Kristine could suggest they close ranks. With people pressing in on them, which made everything less private, Mickie directed Holly to get on her hands and knees.   
  
Since Holly didn’t even have any falls anymore on her backside, her pussy was completely accessible. The young man hunched over Holly and squeezed her large breasts and rubbed her nipples gently until she moaned from pleasure.   
  
“Have you just had a baby?” he asked. “Your breasts seem heavy.”   
  
Before Holly could answer, Kristine said, “She’s just full of cum,” causing everyone within hearing distance to laugh.   
  
“Let your prick out,” Holly said. “Come on, I’m dying here”   
  
This time the crowd tittered uneasily. Raw sexual need obviously made them uncomfortable. After pulling his pants down enough to release his huge erection, Holly reached behind and helped direct him straight into her cooze.   
  
“Oh god, that feels so good,” Holly groaned.   
  
“I can’t believe they’re screwing in front of us,” an onlooker said too loudly. “What’s wrong with these people?”   
  
Holly pushed back at Mickie’s forward thrusting, allowing him to plunge even deeper into her. Mickie plunged wildly into her – one, two, three, four, five times. Holly reached behind again and managed to pull him even closer to her. She thought she could feel Mickie’s prick tickling her tonsils, it was so far up inside of her.   
  
The young women who were gathered around began to talk among themselves as though they were at a sporting event.   
  
One of them said, “That guy is good. I only wish my boyfriend was half as good.   
  
Holly heard the other say, “But she’s pretty good herself.”   
  
Laughably, that caused Holly to feel good. Suddenly Holly’s orgasm exploded from her!   
  
“Oh Mickie!” she screamed, drawing further unwanted attention from party goers.   
  
Now that she had climaxed, Holly redoubled her efforts at pushing backward and then she gripped his prick with her nether lips as hard as she could. It only took Mickie a few more thrusts to shoot his load of cum into Holly.   
  
Kristine suggested they leave immediately because anything after that would be an anti-climax.   
  
To be continued

Lady Holly Godiva Rides Again?   
  
Part Four   
  
By Robert Dogwood   
  
NC-17 for overt sexual activities   
  
Feedback: Desired   
  
  
Holly was placed in the back seat between Nicole and Rebecca. This was obviously done to keep her from leaping out of the car.   
  
“That was so hot, Holly,” Kristine praised. “I thought I was gonna cum in there myself just from watching you.”   
  
“Yeah, that was awesome,” Nicole agreed, while Rebecca laughed.   
  
“Where to next?” Rebecca asked Kristine.   
  
“Omega Psi Phi Fraternity,” the brunette answered. “That’s a couple of streets over.”   
  
After walking up to the front door, the four young woman were surprised that two large Sergeant-At-Arms were standing there blocking their passage.   
  
“What’s going on? This is open house night,” Kristine said.   
  
One of the elected fraternity officers was an extremely large blond football player named Bill and the other one, also a large football player, had dark hair and was named Ted.   
  
“Our president has ruled our fraternity house off limits to certain individuals and we are here to enforce that ruling,” Bill said.   
  
“What the hell?” Kristine said, obviously outraged. “He can’t do that.”   
  
“He mostly certainly can,” Ted said.   
  
“Well, regardless, let us in,” Nicole demanded.   
  
“Nope, you three are banned from our fraternity party,” Bill explained.   
  
“I can’t believe this,” Kristine angrily sputtered. “Why would this be?”   
  
“Because he was at the last party you four visited and witnessed your shameful display. He wants no such thing to occur here,” Ted said.   
  
“Let’s go, we know where we’re not wanted,” the brunette said.   
  
As the four young women turned away, Bill said, “No, Holly, you’re allowed in.”   
  
Don’t you dare, Holly,” Kristine threatened.   
  
Holly stood thoroughly confused. She didn’t understand why they would allow her in, when it was she who had participated in public sex in the last place they had visited. But, on the other hand, she would really enjoy escaping Kristine and her nasty friends for a few minutes.   
  
“Okay,” Holly said. “I’ll go in for a few moments.”   
  
“You’re gonna be sorry you did that,” Kristine promised.   
  
“You be quiet,” Ted ordered. “And go wait out in the lot, if you have to stay here. Don’t be blocking the door, ruining everyone else’s fun.”   
  
Fuming, Kristine and the other two young women stalked off. Holly was greeted inside the door by a senior named Axel, who introduced himself. Holly wondered to herself how he came to have that name.   
  
‘Maybe his parents were big ‘Guns and Roses’ fans,’ she whimsically thought.   
  
He was tall and thin in his body and he also had a long, thin face, although Holly found him to be oddly attractive in a strange way. Glancing around the semi-darkened house, Holly saw jack o’laterns carved out of pumpkins with candles burning in them all over the house. The red head had never seen so many of them in one place before. She was actually surprised the smoke alarms hadn’t been set off from so much smoke.   
  
It was obvious to Holly that Axel, since he wasn’t dead or gay, was very interested in her costume, or actually the lack of costume since her right breast was completely exposed and a single blonde wig hung over her slit. He laughed uproariously when he was told she had begun the night completely covered by blonde hair as Lady Godiva. As they talked, Axel began to reach out and attempt to pull up her blonde wig that hung over her pussy.   
  
Holly could understand his frustration, but not his forwardness, considering they had just met. Finally, in a somewhat teasing manner, Holly cocked her right fist and drew it back.   
  
“If you don’t stop it, I’m gonna coldcock you,” she said.   
  
Axel threw up hands, palms forward, in self defense. Right then, Holly saw Jackie Foster, Bobby’s younger brother come ambling out of the kitchen, holding a tall boy.   
  
“Hey Jackie!” she called out to him.   
  
Jackie was shorter than his brother Bobby, although he had a much bigger chest. He was every bit as handsome as his sibling. He came over and she introduced him to Axel. Using this as a way of leaving Axel’s hands to himself, Holly looped her arm through Jackie’s and waltzed away with him.   
  
“Where are we headed?” the young woman asked.   
  
“I don’t know where you’re headed,” he responded. “But I’m gonna take a whiz.”   
  
“Oh I wanna go,” Holly said, teasing her friend. She fully expected him to turn her down flat.   
  
“You do?” Jackie asked, incredulous, wearing a quizzical expression on his handsome face.   
  
“Yeah,” Holly said, straight faced. ‘This is going to be great. I’m going to pretend to throw a shit fit when he says no.’   
  
“Okay,” he said, doubtfully.   
  
“What?” Holly exclaimed loudly, not believing her ears.   
  
“I said okay,” Jackie repeated.   
  
By this time, walking along while talking, they had reached a second floor bathroom.   
  
“Hey, wait!” Holly protested. “I was just fooling.”   
  
Jackie smiled devilishly at her. “I know, but it’s too late for that.”   
  
And then he pulled Holly into the men’s room. Unbelievably lucky for them, the restroom was empty. After closing and locking the door, Jackie turned and pulled his zipper down. Holly, meanwhile, was busy glancing all around the rest room. ‘Man, these urinals are weird looking,’ she thought.   
  
Of course the young woman had seen them somewhat in movies but it didn’t have near the same effect of seeing them in real life. Holly watched, suddenly enthralled, as Jackie began to urinate into the facility. She noticed his prick was starting to grow a little hard. Holly assumed he was a little turned on by her watching him.   
  
“Wait a minute!” the red head exclaimed.   
  
She noticed he had some difficulty with stopping his piss in mid-stream.   
  
“What?” Jackie wanted to know.   
  
“This,” Holly responded, pulling his baseball uniform pants and boxer shorts down to the floor. “I can’t really see anything with your cock just barely sticking out of your pants.”   
  
Jackie’s answer was a shoulder shrug and then he returned to the task in hand. The beautiful young woman felt herself growing hot as she could see all of Jackie’s prick all the way down to his balls. As he stood there pissing that golden stream into the bowl, Holly began to grow wet watching him. She has no idea what that meant, no doubt some kind of awful deviancy.   
  
She fingered her pussy lips and then finally plunged some fingers in and was moving them and out, just as he finished.   
  
Turning to Holly, he grinned and said, “Okay, your turn.”   
  
“What?” Holly exclaimed.   
  
“You heard me, I went, now you go. What’s right is right.”   
  
“But I don’t feel like going right now,” Holly exclaimed, which basically was true.   
  
“Here,” Jackie said, handing her the tall boy. “This is almost full. Drink this down. You’ll have to go, I promise you.”   
  
Sure enough, in a very few minutes the red head had to pee and she walked over to the toilet stall. Pushing open the stall door, Holly had to put the seat down. ‘Men always leave the seat up!’ she thought. ‘Why is that? What is so difficult to remember about putting the seat down?’   
  
The young woman moved to sit down and Jackie grabbed her arm and ordered, “Stop!”   
  
Turning to him, Holly asked, “Why?”   
  
“Because,” Jackie explained. “I won’t be able to see you good if you sit down.”   
  
“Well, how else am I going to go if I don’t sit down?”   
  
“Standing up at the urinal,” he said.   
  
“You’re kidding?” a shocked Holly asked.   
  
“Nope,” the young man said and he then pulled Holly back to where she was standing in front of the urinal.   
  
Grabbing her falls, he pulled them tight around Holly’s back. Holly stood there basically stark naked. She could see herself in the bathroom mirror and thought, ‘Man, I look some kinda hot. Maybe I should go around like this all the time, I’d get more dates.’   
  
Naturally it took the young woman a few minutes to get used to standing up at the urinal. It was so foreign to anything she was familiar with. Holly had pulled the fall aside that hung over her vulva so as to not get it wet. Finally enough pressure from the beer in her bladder caused her stream of urine to come shooting out. She was standing a couple of feet away and the arch of her pee splashing into the urinal fascinated her. The red head was feeling very sexually turned on watching it, knowing that Jackie was watching her engage in one of the most private acts.   
  
‘I’m gonna have to practice this at home,’ she thought gleefully.   
  
When Holly was finally finished urinating, she turned to see what Jackie thought. She was flabbergasted to see that Jackie was vigorously masturbating. She realized that he must have been doing this the entire time she was peeing, because his prick was huge and purple headed.   
  
The young woman could tell he was going to have his orgasm any second. ‘Welcome to perversions personified,’ she thought. Jackie was running his hand over his impressive shaft at a speed Holly couldn’t believe and then all of the sudden his cock just exploded with his cum shooting all over her.   
  
Unfortunately for Holly, in the throes of his orgasm, Jackie, who had been holding her falls gathered together in his other hand, yanked them off. The only thing she had left on keeping her from being stark naked in public was the single blonde wig hanging down over her slit.   
  
“Oh Jackie!” she complained loudly. And you’ve shot cum all over me, that’s disgusting.”   
  
As Holly went to wipe herself off with some paper towels from the dispenser, Jackie grabbed her arm to stop her.   
  
“What are you doing?” she demanded.   
  
“Leave it on. Kristine will love it.”   
  
It all suddenly dawned on Holly. Kristine had sent Jackie inside to wreak revenge on Holly for going in and leaving them outside.   
  
“You bastard!” Holly accused.   
  
Jackie just laughed and tucked his prick away.   
  
“Let’s go,” he said, grabbing Holly roughly by the arm and pulling her back downstairs.   
  
Of course, being nearly stark naked made Holly the instant hit of the party. She was quickly surrounded by both male and female party goers. Holly couldn’t believe that after all she had been through, she could still even feel more humiliated, but she did.   
  
Her nipples had puffed out about an inch and it wasn’t from the temperature of the room and her Bartholin’s fluid was flowing freely from her vulva and down her leg. Even in the dim lighting, it was obvious to everyone close to her.   
  
“Hey Holly,” her friend Lydia, an attractive blonde, said. “Great costume, but I think you forgot to wear most of it.”   
  
Lydia was dressed in an renaissance gown and she reached out and lifted up the single fall hanging over Holly’s pussy.   
  
“But this has to go, doesn’t it?” her friend asked. “Then you can just say you came as an authentic Eve.”   
  
The word “came” rang ironically in Holly’s mind.   
  
“I guess I’ve came a number of times already this evening, Lydia,” she said to her now astonished friend.   
  
In her currently shocked condition, Holly was slow to move away so her vaginal slit remained completely on display to the happy onlookers. One young man even stepped forward and forced his finger between her enlarged pussy lips.   
  
“Stop it!” Holly screamed, as she pushed his hand away and stepped back from Lydia.   
  
Lydia was shocked and repulsed herself at the young man’s action and she quickly dropped the fall and stepped away, only to have her position replaced by Heather Silverton, the head of the cheerleading squad. The young woman was gorgeous with long, black hair, great big breasts, a narrow waist and long legs.   
  
“Holly, you slut, no wonder Eric is going to dump you to be with me,” Heather said and then she laughed at the poor put upon young woman.   
  
Heather had arrived at the party dressed as Cleopatra. She was wearing a long, red and gray silk skirt, a golden colored brassiere, a small crown on her head and a lot of bare midriff. The young woman appeared quite fetching and was well aware of it.   
  
Suddenly the sight of her most hated rival on the cheerleading squad gloating and announcing to the world at large that Eric was through with her caused something to snap within Holly. All she wanted to do at that particular second was knock the smugness off Heather’s face. Holly drew back her open right hand and slapped Heather straight across her face – hard! It left a bright red fiery imprint.   
  
“Ow! You little bitch!” Heather cursed.   
  
The nearby crowd, which was growing larger by the second, howled with laughter. The beautiful dark haired young woman grabbed Holly’s last shred of visible decency and pulled the blonde fall from around her waist, leaving the red head totally nude. The crowd of party goers burst into spontaneous cheering and applause.   
  
Holly stood in complete astonishment, both horrified and humiliated to be standing stark naked in public in front of at least one hundred of her college classmates, bereft of her human dignity as well as all her clothing. Heather taking advantage of Holly’s momentary shock leaned over and dabbed up some of the still glistening cum off Holly’s body.   
  
“What is this anyway?” Heather wondered.   
  
Holding her hand up to her nose, Heather said, “Ewww, gross, but I’m not surprised. One would expect you be drenched in this by now.”   
  
And the head cheerleader wiped her hand on Holly’s hair. That was one step over the line as far as Holly was concerned. She grabbed Heather by the arm and yanked her forward with one hand, and pulled her floor length skirt down and off with her other hand. This left the highly embarrassed Heather wearing only a minuscule thong below her waist.   
  
This move incited the crowd to even more excitement as they hooted and laughed. Blushing furiously, Heather attempted to cover her thong with her one free hand, while attempting to pull away from Holly.   
  
“Let me go, you bitch!” she shouted, pulling hard.   
  
Holly suddenly obeyed and centrifugal force propelled Heather halfway across the room. The red head pulled the skirt up her body and fastened it around her waist and sashayed through the front door with the cheers from the crowd of young men and women following her. However, Holly had a strong sense of dire regarding what was awaiting her outside at the hands of Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca.

Lady Holly Godiva Rides Again?   
  
Part Five   
  
By Robert Dogwood   
  
NC-17 for explicit sexual activities   
  
Feedback: Desired   
  
  
Holly naturally stepped outside with some trepidation, not knowing exactly what might happen at the hands of her three so called friends or where they might be lurking. All appeared calm as she accidentally brushed her naked body by Bill and Ted, who were still guarding the door. They did not seem to mind as they smiled at her when she left.   
  
“Come back any time,” Bill invited.   
  
“You’re always welcomed here,” Ted said.   
  
“Thanks,” Holly said, on her way by. ‘Of course I’m welcome,’ she thought. ‘As long as I’m naked, that is.’   
  
The red head stepped further out into the cool, now dark evening. It felt so surreal to be out in public on her college campus totally nude. She didn’t see her keepers anywhere and hoped against hope that they had given up on her and gone on to the next party without her. Holly realized that by cutting across campus she was less than a mile away from her sorority house and with it now being so dark out, she probably stood a good chance of reaching there on foot without being seen.   
  
But alas for Holly, that was not to be. As she reached the outskirts of the parking lot, a pair of hands grabbed her biceps from behind and pulled her to a stop, while also stripping her of the Cleopatra skirt.   
  
“Help!” she automatically called out.   
  
“Oh shut up, you silly twit,” she heard the voice of Rebecca say from behind her. “I’ve got her,” she exclaimed.   
  
A car driven by Kristine came roaring up to a stop in front of the two young women and Nicole, who was sitting in the back, threw open a door.   
  
“Well, get in Holly,” Kristine ordered.   
  
As Rebecca forced her into the back seat of the car, it was all Holly could do to not break down into tears. She had foolishly thought she was so close to escape, and actually they had been waiting for her here all the time. Rebecca climbed into the car after her and shut the door.   
  
“So did you have a good time in there without us?” Kristine asked, snottily.   
  
“Yeah, it was okay,” Holly mumbled, too frightened of them to not answer.   
  
“What did you do?” Nicole asked from beside her in the backseat.   
  
“Not much,” Holly again spoke lowly.   
  
“That’s not what we heard,” Rebecca chimed in.   
  
“Yeah, we heard you took a piss in front of Jackie, is that right?” Kristine asked.   
  
“Yeah, I guess so.” Holly could barely be heard over the noise from the car’s engine.   
  
“We can’t hear you!” Kristine screamed, in her best imitation of a drill sergeant.   
  
“Yes I did!” the red head shouted back.   
  
“Oh gross,” Nicole said. “Have you no decency to do that in front of a guy?”   
  
“Good question, Nicole,” Kristine praised. “But our Holly is a little whore, aren’t you Holly?”   
  
Holly felt so humiliated from the questioning that her nipples ached from being so hard, and Bartholin’s fluid had formed on the car seat under her vagina. She so hoped the others in the car didn’t discover that. Holly realized she would never hear the end of it.   
  
“In fact, I bet right now that Holly has leaked all over the seat back there,” Kristine said. “Good thing I rented the car for the night.”   
  
“I have not,” Holly snapped.   
  
“Nicole, feel around Holly’s crotch,” Kristine said.   
  
Nicole acted more than happy to oblige and, with a big smile on her pretty features, she reached down between Holly’s legs. Before the red head could attempt to close her legs, Nicole’s hand darted down between them.   
  
“Yes, it’s real wet,” Nicole said.   
  
“You are such a pig,” Kristine said. This comment caused Holly to flow even more.   
  
“Hey, I can feel her clit,” Nicole announced. “It’s sticking out a couple of inches.”   
  
Her friend began to manipulate it as Holly attempted to squirm away.   
  
“Stop it, Nicole!” Holly demanded, even though her friend’s action was sending waves of pleasure through her.   
  
“Keep going, Nicole,” Kristine said. “Rebecca, grab Holly and keep her still for Nicole.”   
  
“Okay,” Rebecca agreed cheerfully.   
  
“Oh God, oh God,” Holly murmured under Nicole’s ministrations to her clit. Soon she was making hunching motions at Nicole’s middle finger.   
  
“She’s getting close,” her friend announced.   
  
“We’re here,” Kristine said, pulling into the parking lot of the Kappa Delta Phi Sorority, their last stop of the evening.   
  
It had grown quite late and was well after midnight. Kristine had hopes of subjecting Holly to the ultimate humiliations and her friends not suffering any consequences from it because of the late hour. After Kristine parked and got out of the vehicle, she opened the back door. She helped her two friends bundle Holly out of the car with the greatest of ease. The easily dominant young woman of the four of them ordered Rebecca to physically restrain Holly on the way in and for Nicole to continue fingering their friend’s clit, but without bringing her to orgasm.   
  
When they approached the door, Holly was perspiring heavily and halfway bent over from the pleasurable sensations she was experiencing. She could barely walk, and was being dragged along by Kristine. After they reached the sorority, Nicole stopped fingering Holly and looked down in the spot light in front of the building.   
  
“Look at that!” she said excitedly. “I bet Holly’s clit is sticking out five inches.”   
  
The other two young women laughed and Kristine said, “Yeah, I’ve seen shorter pricks, haha!”   
  
“Yeah, you probably have, you bitch,” Holly managed to say. “Probably on one of your boyfriends.”   
  
Kristine cuffed Holly across the back of her head and demanded, “Shut up, slut!”   
  
The front door of the sorority opened and they were greeted by a close friend of Holly’s named Krista. The fact that she was present meant the main membership of the sorority had returned from their visiting the other houses. Holly felt completely mortified to be standing naked in such an aroused condition in front of a close friend.   
  
Krista was slightly taller than Holly and weighed about one hundred and ten pounds. She was quite the beauty, having curly brown hair in loose ringlets and a great looking athletic body with a washboard flat stomach and slim, but beautifully shaped, legs.   
  
Of course, Krista’s attention was naturally drawn immediately to Holly standing before her stark naked, with sexual fluid running down her leg and her clit sticking straight out.   
  
“Good to see all of you, Holly,” Krista said and giggled.   
  
She couldn’t help but reach out and touch Holly’s clit. Holly protested loudly and attempted to close her legs.   
  
Rebecca grabbed Holly and snarled, “Straighten up or you’ll be sorry.”   
  
While Holly complied as directed, Krista stepped back suddenly blushing furiously at her own inappropriate action.   
  
“I’m so sorry,” she expressed. “I don’t know what came over me.”   
  
“It’s a wonder Holly didn’t come all over you,” Kristine cracked, causing a number of people in the immediate vicinity to laugh.   
  
Having reacquired her aplomb, Krista said, “You were supposed to wear a costume, Holly – not come as yourself.”   
  
“Oh, this is all of Holly,” Nicole said. “There’s no part of her left that you can’t see.”   
  
Again laughter from the crowd followed the comment. Party goers were drawing closer to Holly, causing her to feel claustrophobic.   
  
“But I am wearing a costume,” she responded weakly.   
  
“Oh?” Krista said, arching an eye brow. “Which costume might that be – Eve’s? I don’t see your fig leaves though.”   
  
The crowd continued to laugh at poor Holly’s plight.   
  
“No,” Holly explained. “I’m Lady Godiva.”   
  
“Oh sure,” the brunette replied, rolling her eyes. “Well, come on in,” Krista invited, taking Holly by the arm and forcibly leading her away from her three unholy friends. “I’m certain everyone will be happy to see you, Lady Godiva.”   
  
‘Oh my god!’ Holly thought, devastated.   
  
This was the one house they had visited that was not bathed in dim lighting. On the contrary, it was awash in bright light. And the place was wall-to-wall people! All conversation ceased, the dancing stopped, the music died and everyone turned to look at Holly and Krista. Holly was so mortified she just wanted to melt into the floor as though it was a black hole so she could be ripped to shreds on the other side of the universe. Sexual fluid was running freely down both sides of her labia, her clit stuck out even further and her nipples now resembled boulders.   
  
Some of the crowd had already began to laugh when Krista introduced, “Everyone, this is Holly.”   
  
It struck the red head as even more humiliating that Krista didn’t add that she was supposed to be Lady Godiva. Now everyone present will think that she had just come to the party totally nude as though she was some kind of a slut.   
  
‘Well, I am, aren’t I?’ Holly thought desolately. ‘If you walk like a duck and talk like a duck, chances are – you’re a duck. You come to a party stark naked, chances are that you’re a slut.’   
  
The crowd mostly applauded or shouted obscene greetings, but a few young women yelled out that she was a slut and a hoe.   
  
“Quick, come with me,” Krista ordered.   
  
She managed to pull Holly through the tightly packed crowd like a knife through hot butter, leaving Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca quite a distance behind and stuck in the crowd.   
  
“You wanted to get rid of them, didn’t you?” she said to Holly.   
  
Holly, gasping for breath, finally said, “Yes, thank you so much – those bitches!”   
  
“No problem,” Krista said, smiling. “I heard Eric dumped you,” she said to Holly.   
  
“Man, word travels fast, I can’t believe it. I just found out myself.”   
  
“Oh, Heather Silverton belongs to our sorority. She’s over there bragging to everyone.”   
  
Holly looked across the room and observed Heather surrounded by her normal crowd of sycophants. She also noticed that Heather was now wearing some low riders, her costume ruined for the evening without her long skirt.   
  
“Would you like to get some revenge?” Krista asked, with a twinkle in her eye.   
  
“Would I ever!” Holly exclaimed.   
  
“Here,” Krista said, handing Holly a rohypnol. “Eric’s in the kitchen getting drunk with all the jocks. Slip this into his drink and in a short time, he’ll be your puppet.”   
  
Holly laughed in glee. She knew roofies were a strong sedative drug that produced amnesia, muscle relaxation and a slowing of psychomotor response. It usually only took twenty to thirty minutes to take effect. The red head knew this because it had been given to her before, but that’s another story of humiliation.   
  
Suddenly Holly grew suspicious because so many bad things had occurred to her during the course of the evening and she asked, “Why are you helping me?”   
  
“Because I hate Heather, she’s such a snob. I figure if you embarrassed Eric, it will ultimately embarrass her also.”   
  
“Oh thank you so much!” Holly exclaimed, spontaneously and she engulfed Krista in an embrace. And was immediately embarrassed as her Bartholin fluid was wiped on her friend. Holly sprang back, full of apologies. Krista laughed and told her not to worry about it.   
  
“Now, go to the kitchen,” she ordered Holly. “I’ll have my friends ready to help after he’s loaded.”   
  
After entering the sorority’s large kitchen that was occupied by a number of half drunk jocks, Holly naturally became the hit of the evening.   
  
“Welcome Holly,” Ted, one of Eric’s close friends, greeted.   
  
“What are you doing in here?” Eric snarled.   
  
He appeared somewhat embarrassed.   
  
‘Why should he be embarrassed?’ she thought. ‘I’m the one naked.’   
  
“I’ve come to share a farewell drink with you. After all, you are dumping me, aren’t you?”   
  
“Are you crazy, Eric?” someone else asked. “Holly is beautiful, plus she likes to run around naked.”   
  
That wasn’t exactly accurate, but Holly was willing to let that pass since he had just called her beautiful. Holly took Eric’s beer in one hand and quickly slipped the pill in with the other hand. Then she pretended to take a sip.   
  
Holly handed it back to Eric and said, “Bottoms up, Eric. I mean the can.”   
  
The guys laughed and Eric turned his beer up, chugging it. After a few minutes of Holly fighting off the pawing from the other jocks – (after all, who could blame them?) – Eric began to display symptoms of being totally disoriented.   
  
“Eric looks smashed,” Ted noticed.   
  
“I’ll take care of him,” Holly said, leading Eric by the hand from the kitchen. ‘Boy, will I ever,’ she thought gleefully.   
  
Holly lead him directly to Krista and whispered into her ear. She grinned from wall to wall and then called her friends around them in a tight circle. No one could have broken into that ring. Holly wasted no time in unfastening almost all of Eric’s clothing, having pulled his football jersey off him and then his jeans and shorts down to his feet and then off him, leaving him clad only in his shoes.   
  
The crowd of party goers again became loud at observing this and young women were calling out compliments to Eric. As stoned as he was on the roofie, Eric realized vaguely that something was gravely amiss – that he shouldn’t be standing there sans clothing in front of all those people. He attempted to cover his genitals with his hands. A very good looking young woman, who Holly did not know, was standing in the front and she reached out and pulled his hands away.   
  
“Thank you,” Holly said.   
  
“My pleasure,” the young woman said, with a wink.   
  
Meanwhile in the very back of the crowd, Heather Silverton was attempting to discover what was going on. She was hopping up and down in her best imitation of a pogo stick. Eric finally noticed that Holly was standing in front of him naked and instantly developed a raging erection.   
  
Holly pushed the quarterback down on the floor and then jumped on top of him.   
  
“Oooh,” he gasped.   
  
She was kneeling directly over his groin area. His erection was sticking straight up. Despite it all, Holly still thought Eric’s peter looked precious.   
  
‘I could just gobble it all up,’ she thought. ‘Nope, better not.’   
  
So the young woman compromised and began sucking on it. Eric’s prick grew even larger in her mouth. She was taking in every bit of his seven inch prick. By this time, Holly was really flying high blasted on vodka, although she didn’t realize it. Eric was running his hands through her hair wildly. Suddenly he reached down and pulled Holly up on him. Their nakedness merged into a combination of bliss for Holly.   
  
As he ran his hands all over Holly’s upper body lovingly and even kneaded her nipples until they grew even longer, Holly sat on him just below his pecker. Holly then raised up and slid Eric’s huge cock into her distended labia.   
  
“Oh, god damn!” she cried out, as it felt so good going all the way up.   
  
Eric just smiled at her in his drugged state. He began to thrust into Holly as hard as he could. ‘Jesus, Mary and Joseph,’ Holly thought in her sexual ecstasy. Holly leaned over as much as she could without coming off and pulled him up with her, so their naked upper bodies were pressed against each other. Somehow this caused Eric to be able to push deeper into her than anybody ever had. It was producing sensations of ecstasy she had never experienced previously.   
  
“Oh fuck me, Eric,” Holly moaned. “Fuck me harder.”   
  
Heather had managed to work herself close enough to the front of the crowd that she could hear Holly and she knew she didn’t like what she was hearing.   
  
‘If that son of a bitch is screwing Holly, I’ll kill him,’ she thought angrily.   
  
Heather cut through to the front just in time to watch Holly wildly climaxing while Eric shot his orgasm into her.   
  
“Oh god, Holly!” he shouted out. “You always were the best.”   
  
The party goers surrounding Heather fell deadly silent as they observed the expression of rage and then finally disgust on her beautiful face.   
  
“Eric Singleton! You have no class! To fuck this slut is one thing, but to fuck her in public is the single most disgusting thing I can think of. You and I are through.”   
  
Still rushing from her orgasm, Holly looked at Heather and suggested, “Why don’t you go fuck yourself, Heather? It’s probably the only way you could get fucked.”   
  
“You piss me off so much!” Heather screamed at her cheerleading cohort. “I’ll get you for this, Holly,” she vowed. “I didn’t come here to be insulted.”   
  
“Oh? Where do you usually go?”   
  
The crowd laughed and hooted as Heather stomped from the party and out the front door. Sensing that Holly’s extremely horrible friends, Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca would be desperately searching for her, Krista helped Holly up from the floor. She took her by the hand and lead her to the second floor.   
  
“You were awesome,” Krista praised. “You fucked that asshole twice – once for real and then twice when you fucked up his relationship with Heather.”   
  
Holly laughed and agreed. “Come on in here,” Krista said, leading Holly into a large bedroom that held living space for four young women.   
  
It was very dim, the only lighting coming from some candles set at the five corners of a pentagram. There was a goats head drawn at the very top and a young woman named Shannon sitting in the middle and chanting something unknown. She was way cute with long dark hair.   
  
“What in the world is going on here?” Holly asked.   
  
“That’s Shannon, every Halloween she tries to raise the devil. She’s a little eccentric.”   
  
“I heard that,” the young woman in question accused.   
  
Suddenly a huge man creature arose from the pentagram. He had two large wings on his back and a long erection with a barbed head at the end of it.   
  
‘Ooooh,’ Holly thought. ‘I bet that would smart going in.’   
  
“I am Mephistopheles,” he howled. “Who has summoned me?”   
  
“I-I-I did,” Shannon stammered.   
  
The demon took one glance at her and said, “Nope, too pure for me.”   
  
‘I’m in big fucking trouble,’ Holly thought. ‘There’s no way that he isn’t going to take me.’   
  
Mephistopheles must have read her thoughts, because he looked directly at Holly and said, “No, you’re wrong, Holly. You have a good heart and you’re honest. You don’t have one hypocritical bone in your body.”   
  
Unfortunately, as it turned out, Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca crashed into the room at that exact second.   
  
“There you are, you slut!” she shouted at Holly. “You’re going to get it!”   
  
“No,” Mephistopheles disagreed. “You’re the one who is going to get it, Kristine.”   
  
The cute brunette noticed the demon hovering in the room for the first time.   
  
“Eeek! What in the hell is that?”   
  
“Funny you should mention hell, because that’s where we’re headed.”   
  
Mephistopheles swooped down and easily picked up Kristine in one of his large hands.   
  
“An angel yet – how ironic,” he commented, smiling devilishly.   
  
The extraordinarily large demon easily ripped off Kristine’s costume leaving her stark naked.   
  
“Help me!” she screamed.   
  
Everyone in the room stood as if they were rooted into the floor. As a matter of fact, they couldn’t have moved if they had wanted to. Mephistopheles had temporarily frozen them in their tracks. He pierced Kristine’s pussy with his long erection with the barbed head.   
  
“Oh god, that hurts!” the brunette screamed.   
  
“Get used to it,” the demon said cynically.   
  
In a puff of smoke, he suddenly disappeared into the pentagram, still holding Kristine. She was never seen again. No one said a word, they were too much in shock at what they had just witnessed. They silently filed out of the room and the visitors left and went back to their sorority houses. Holly’s sorority reported Kristine as missing the next day and the police duly investigated. No one said a word concerning what they had witnessed. After all, who would believe such a crazy story?   
  
Nicole and Rebecca dropped out of college and never returned. They were never right in their minds after that. All in all, Holly considered it a very memorable Halloween.   
  
Next: Holly’s Cheerleading Adventure.

Holly's Saturday - 1   
  
"A Beautiful day for a picnic in the woods", thought Holly as she sat with her morning cup of coffee - looking out at the world. It was a wonderful Saturday morning, sunny but comfortably cool - as evidenced by the hardness of her nipples thru her pajamas - coaxed that way by the light caresses of the air coming thru the open window. She idly pulled on her right nipple, then naughtily pulled her PJ top up to expose her whole breast to the Ohio air. Mmmmmm it felt so good. And she naughtily also thought, "and it would sure be nice to get something more than a picnic - into \*this\* "Miss Wood", but I just don't have anybody around who can take care of that for me."   
  
Finishing her coffee, she set the cup in the sink. She stood at the sink, closed her eyes, and her thoughts went to Oz - both the Continent - and the man. A sudden impulse guided her hands to pull her PJ tops up - and over her head - and just drop them on the floor - crumpled at her feet. Her breasts perked up at the sudden all-over tingle of the morning air in the kitchen - and the impulse pushed on - as she didn't hesitate to push her PJ bottoms right to the floor with the tops - leaving her utterly and gloriously naked - eyes closed - drinking in the feel of the air.   
  
A wicked thought of Beard flitted into her head and she decided she'd do one of the kinds of things she always liked for him to "make" her do. Without opening her eyes, she turned toward her back door and - still totally naked - nipples jutting proudly - felt her way to the back door. Taking a quick breath, she pushed herself to "just DO it" before she could change her mind - and she turned the door handle, swung the door wide - and stepped out. Outside. Into her back yard. Totally naked - and with her eyes closed - making a point to \*not\* check to see who might be watching.   
  
She was simultaneously struck by the feel of the warm morning sun - ALL over her body - the sensous, wonderful, warm, innocent feeling of a little girl playing naked in nature - and by the feeling of being so \*wicked\*. Luxuriating in the sun and air - NAKED to the world - still with her eyes closed - not knowing if anyone saw her.   
  
She stood a moment. And then a lot of moments - fighting with herself as to whether she should open her eyes - and \*know\* if anyone got to appreciate the spotlight of the sun \*all\* over her smooth skin - or to just go back inside - and never know.   
  
Time ticked by. And she heard RJTaylor's voice in her head:   
"Better to have the fun where you never know,   
so don't you look: inside you go!"   
  
Smiling and stretching, she ran her hands over her warmed skin - feeling her face, neck, shoulders - mmmmm - over her breasts and nipples (now calmed from the sun), belly, hips, thighs - and, bending down, shins and feet - before running back up - to the special "vee" at the juncture of her beautiful legs - lingering a moment to tease the special valley there - then she very-carefully backed back into the house and shut the door.   
  
"MMmmmm", she thought, "what a \*wonderful\* feeling. Roy should write one of his amazing stores about this some day".   
  
But for now, she walked right past her discarded PJ's - crumpled there on the floor - and finally opened her eyes and made her way into her bedroom to get dressed.

Part 2

She proceeded into her "morning routine" - being efficient by taking her toothbrush into the shower with her and brushing while the cold water ran - and finally turned hot. Then she luxiurated under the water, feeling the rush of hot water - and soap - over her smooth skin, closing her eyes again and letting her body tell her how wonderful it all felt.   
  
Out came the razor and she touched up all of those spots - carefully shaving her legs - higher and higher - until she got to her pussy. The hot water cascading over her back felt soooo good so she lathered up her pussy and trimmed that, too - hestitating a moment before deciding to shave it \*all\* off as usual, thinking "Roy would want it that way".   
  
Then she lathered up her hair and shampooed and rubbed and enjoyed the feeling of the rushing water - running her hands over her sides - and down onto her butt, playfully spreading her own cheeks apart to   
slide a finger in - just for a moment - Soooo naughty! - then sliding her hands around front to use the palm of her hand to check that her pubis was, indeed, entirely bare and smooth. Feeling SOooo pretty!   
  
She stood another moment - or two - then regretfully turned off the water and stepped, dripping, from the tub.   
  
As she dried slowly, she looked at herself in the mirror and enjoyed the mental image of Carlos seeing what she was seeing - water dripping down her face, running down her neck to her nipples - all shiny and squeeky clean.   
  
And hot. Ohhh so hot from both the steam - and the steamy thoughts.   
  
She fantasized a moment about suddenly having someone abduct her - right then, dragging her thru the house - naked, wet, dripping (in more than one way) - dragging her right out of the house NAKED. And her fingers found their way to her slit - again - for a few moments.   
  
"I am just so HORNEY today", she chastised herself aloud and got on with her routine.   
  
She dried her hair - using the blow dryer to clear the fog from the mirror so she could see herself again. Not vain. Just someone who knew that she wasn't hard to look at.   
  
She finished up, then pranced back to her bedroom - turning a little pirouette on the way - feeling so \*girlish\* and happy.   
  
Remembering that today was the School Reunion picnic in the Forest Recreation area not too far away. She was looking forward to seeing old friends - and being seen - and she was anxious to show SOME of those bitches from school that she \*still\* "had it" - could still turn their boyfriends' (now husbands') heads. Both sets of heads.   
  
She watched herself in the mirror as she selected a pale-green, lacy bra and waved goodbye to her wonderful breasts as they were cradled by the thin fabric. She liked to "dress backward" - covering her boobs before her pussy - just because it felt naughtier that way. Continuing the pattern, she picked out a green blouse and pulled it over her head, winking at herself in the mirror: properly dressed - from the waist \*up\* - but still totally bare below.   
  
Even though she was going to be in the woods today, she chose a skirt to pull up her sleek legs: short enough to get attention, but long enough to not be slutty.   
  
Then she stood a minute deciding. Would Robert Dogwood want her to wear panties today? Hmmmm...

Part 3

She stood considering for a moment. Then she twirled around and watched her skirt flare up - and up - and finally reveal the soft, firm, round globes beneath - her Oh-so-pattable bum. So she twirled again and imagined all of her Zone friends watching her - their eyes flying from her eyes - to her (ahem... well... down there) as it revealed itself - bare as the day she was born. She just felt so alive - and so desirable!   
  
So! She carefully selected a pair of sandals from her closet and slid into them, completing her outfit - deciding to just do without the panties today - to have a wicked little secret at the Reunion.   
  
She checked the house, locked up, and enjoyed a little secret smile as the breeze gently reminded her that she was "bare down there" today. Just SUCH a nice feeling as she walked to the car. She intentionally made a point of spreading her legs WIDE as she got into her car - pretending that there was a valet waiting - a young, handsome, hunk of a man who she would carefully avoid eye contact with so as to preserve the illusion that her show was unintentional - not that his eyes would have been able to tear themselves away from the baby-soft little slit smiling from between her thighs. OH! how naughty!   
  
She pulled out and got underway to the Reunion, driving carefully, but eventually getting bored. Soooo she pulled up next to a big 18-wheeler on the highway and slowly worked her legs to "accidentally" make her hem rise higher - and higher. It worked. She peeked carefully out the corner of her eye and could see the big Trucker looking greedily at her lap. It was making her SO wet to know that she was on display, but she just continued to pretend that she didn't know. The trucker got a nice long look before Holly sped up and raced away from the truck. Only then did she look down to verify that - Oh, Yes! - her hem was all the way up around her \*waist\*. Her bare bare pussy was TOTALLY exposed to the trucker - and she had managed to keep her thighs well apart - since one foot had to be on the gas pedal. Oh, how delightfully wicked!   
  
She snapped her thoughts back to her driving just in time to not miss her exit. How many times had she gotten distracted while driving and went sailing on past where she was supposed to go? But this time she made it - and only got lost once or twice before she managed to pull into the parking lot of the recreation area - out in a wooded park.   
  
She checked her makeup in the visor mirror, blew herself a kiss - and opened the door to exit... at which point the cool air rudely reminded her that her skirt was still up around her \*waist\* - fully exposing her pretty little pussy. She quickly smoothed her hem down and checked around to verify that nobody had seen her "personal places" - and went to check in.

Part 4   
Holly smiled and took a moment to just stand and feel pretty. The glorious air. The sounds of the Park area. The warm sun on her face and bare legs.   
  
and the secret smile from knowing how much her former classmates would love to know just how \*BARE\* she was.   
  
A phrase slipped into her mind: "a pair of legs like a cloudy day..... I'd like to see 'em \*clear up\*" - and, oh, how much would be seen "clear up" her sleek legs.   
  
She collected herself and made it thru registration without incident (OK... except the little incident where she leaned WAY over to sign in - and   
realized, too late, that one of the guys she'd had a crush on - long ago - happened to be walking up - behind her - when she did. Just HOW much did he see?) and she made her way to the large meadow where the Reunion was opening. She began to mingle, doing the "Reunion Dance" - that odd pattern of wending her way thru the crowd, trying to avoid some people, genuinely happy to see others, and being totally unable to remember others - even though everybody was wearing nametags with their Yearbook picture on it. Holly's picture had her in her Cheerleader uniform, so everybody remembered her (and everybody probably also remembered that unfortunate incident when her old cheer panties disintegrated right in the middle of a high kick that one time...).   
  
Reunions are always mixed emotions, particularly since the people who most want to see \*you\* are often the people you most want to avoid - and vice versa.   
  
But as the "general mill-around" continued, she noticed that her old crush was not doing a very-good job of appearing to not look at her. Every time she stole a glance, he was gazing at her. She managed to not let him catch her catching him (men are easy to fool!), but he was definitely impressed with her - and keeping her in sight.... despite his wife being seemingly glued to his arm. It also seemed that perhaps they \*had\* seen quite a bit as they had walked up behind Holly - since the wife (a gorgeous, "trophy", 2nd-wife that Holly didn't know at all) kept an eye on Holly, too.   
  
The "catch-up" conversations continued and eventually, Greg, the old crush, seemed to be steered by his wife - right into Holly. Holly pretended that she hadn't noticed them until then, so they all, wide-eyed, did the "Oh, it's so GOOD to see you" thing - hugging and going thru the usual opening patter - and making it really clear that, though Holly had had the \*HOTS\* for this guy - that they had never really managed to get to know each other - so the conversation quickly lagged - to an awkward pause.   
  
Seconds ticked by.   
  
Holly knew that this was the time when everybody usually said the "Well, great to see you, you take care" and moved on, but still the 3 of them just stood.   
  
Gazing at each other.   
  
And the gazes got less and less friendly - and more and more lascivious.   
  
Oh my GOD, Greg - AND his wife - were clearly undressing Holly with their eyes - right there in the middle of the Reunion meadow - with everybody else from her class milling around.   
  
And, finally, Tiffany, Greg's wife, looked Holly straight in the eyes, licked her lips seductively, dropped her voice low and declared,   
"Look. This may be entirely inappropriate, but Greg has lusted after you for years and we really want to slip off with you into the woods. RIGHT now."   
  
Oh my GOD! Did she really just say that?   
  
Holly suddenly felt a flood between her legs.   
  
Eyes flitting between Tiffany and Greg. All of them wondering whether someone was going to slap someone and walk away - or... not.   
  
Holly felt the explosion of fire within her - this guy she'd wanted since High School - AND his gorgeous wife - making an indecent proposal right here.   
  
And they all felt their chests rising and falling. Their lungs demanding more air.   
  
And without a word, Holly simultaneously took Tiffany and Greg's hands - as if just doing a "Reunion clasp", but she brought the 4 hands between them as she stepped in close as if doing an innocent "group hug" - and pressed their hands against her Vee. Against the thin fabric of her skirt. And she worked her fingers to give Tiffany and Greg the message to work her hem up - while Holly's arms went around them - completing the "Reunion hug" - right in the middle of the whole group of classmates - while both Tiffany's and Greg's eyes flew wide when they discovered the bare, bare, shaved wetness between her thighs. Just for a moment, but a long-enough moment.   
  
Holly quickly stepped back, brushing their arms - and her skirt - down. then, still without a word, she crooked her finger ever-so-slightly in the "come hither" movement, turned on her heel and strode away toward the edge of the meadow - toward the woods.   
  
She didn't look back.   
  
She didn't have to.   
  
She \*knew\* that they were following.   
  
But she did \*not\* know that the back of her skirt had gotten flipped up - just high enough that anyone who happened to be looking - got a nice view of the bottom of her BARE butt cheeks. All of her former classmates. All of these people who \*knew\* her... got to watch her cute little NAKED butt - as she strode into the woods.

Valentine Date

A little late for V-Day, but this is my first visit to the site this week. So I hope you like this little tale Holly…   
  
  
I told Holly that I not only wanted to do some nice things for her on Valentine’s Day, but that we should do some nice things for the less fortunate as well. She agreed that was a great idea and asked me what I had in mind. I told her that I had a closet full of clothes that hadn’t been worn in ages, so I thought it would be nice to donate them to Goodwill. She confirmed that she too had way too many clothes that she didn’t wear anymore, and that it was a great idea for us to donate them. I told her to clean out her closet, take out all the clothes she was donating, and that I would pick her up shortly to take her to Goodwill.   
  
I also told Holly that a friend of mine was opening up a brand new restaurant tonight, and that he would love to have us there to celebrate Valentine’s Day at his grand opening. I told her that we could go right there after our stop at the thrift store. She excitedly agreed, and quickly hung up the phone.   
  
After loading up two good-sized bags full of clothes from my closet into the car, I jumped in and headed to Holly’s place. I arrived to find Holly in her bedroom, dressed in a tight little black cocktail dress and high heels, standing amongst what seemed to be the rest of her entire wardrobe strewn about her bedroom. It looked like a hurricane had hit! “I know, I know,” she started when she saw me, “it’s a huge mess. But I’ve got a bit of system set up, so grab a bag and help me stuff them full of these clothes!”   
  
“It’s a good thing you look hot,” I teased, and we each grabbed a couple of empty garbage bags and began packing up the neat little piles, and the not-so-neat larger ones, into the bags. With both of us working at it, it didn’t take long before we were done. We carried them out to my car and were ready to go.   
  
When we got to Goodwill, I grabbed a cart and we loaded all of our bags into it. We both headed into the place and asked where we could donate some clothing. We were pointed to an area just off the main entrance staffed by a kid who looked bored to tears. I understood, as obviously, the Goodwill on Valentine’s Day evening is not the most happening place in town. Though he seemed to perk up a bit as he saw us approaching, or more-accurately, as he saw Holly and all her curves and cleavage in that black dress approaching. “Can I help you folks?” he asked politely.   
  
“We’d like to donate all these clothes,” Holly cheerfully announced with a wave of her hand.   
  
“OK great,” he replied, barely noticing me. As he started taking our bags from the counter, I began to untie my shoes, and take them off, placing them on the counter as well. Holly noticed this and asked me what the heck I was doing.   
“You told the man that we were donating all these clothes, so that is what we are doing,” I instructed her. “You’ve got a few more items yourself there,” I reminded her, nodding at her current outfit.   
  
“Are you crazy? Donate the clothes off our backs? First of all, this stuff I am wearing is nice, and second of all, this is a public place! I’m not taking my clothes off in public,” she protested.   
  
But it was such an empty threat, as I could recite a list longer than my arm of the times Holly had taken her clothes off in public. I planted the first seed, “My stuff that I am wearing is nice too. Shouldn’t poor people have a chance to wear something nice too? Or just your old junk?” I knew that would trigger a bit of guilt. Now the homerun swing, “Plus, do you REALLY want me to tell this young man the countless times in the past you have taken your clothes off in public?” And that would trigger the humiliation. All that was left was the turn-on, and I knew that wasn’t far behind. “Plus,” I added, “you know you’ll get a little thrill on your walk back to the car.”   
  
By this time I was standing there looking at her in just my boxers. Her first look of horror and anger was now turning to resignation and acceptance, followed by a coy little smile that I knew signified her anticipation of what was to come. She turned around and asked me to help unzip her, to which I eagerly complied. She then turned around, and sliding the straps off her shoulders, slid the dress over her form down to her feet. She picked it up and triumphantly put in the pile of donated clothes. “You owe me a new dress,” she added for good measure.   
  
The guy behind the counter’s eyes were stretched, (as were his jeans too probably), as he stood there looking at Holly in her matching black satin bra and panties. But I knew his head was about to explode with what was to happen next. I took a quick look around the empty store, and with no one else paying any attention, slipped off my boxers and added them to the pile. “OK, your turn,” I instructed Holly.   
  
She saw me standing there naked and exclaimed, “You’re crazy! Someone will see you!”   
  
“Well then you better hurry up and get yours up on that counter too so we can get out of here before that happens,” I replied. “No one other than our buddy here anyway,” I added smiling. I knew she wanted this guy to see, and that’s why I threw my boxers on the counter. It was a sure thing I wouldn’t be the only one naked for long.   
  
Holly nervously looked around, and then back at me. I gave her a reassuring nod. She then reached behind her and unfastened her bra clasp, quickly moving it off her shoulders and throwing it on the pile of clothes, revealing her perky B-cup breasts to us both. “One more to go and were done,” I encouraged.   
  
She gave me a sarcastically snotty look as I pointed out the obvious to her. So slipping her thumbs into the sides of her panties, she quickly pulled them down her legs and over her shoes as she had done with her dress. She now stood, naked in the thrift store, and dropped them on the pile. “Can we go now?” she pleaded to me, with a little bit of both trepidation and excitement in her voice.   
  
“As soon as we get our receipt from this fine lad,” I answered, motioning to the now awestruck worker. “Thought it would be slow night tonight, didn’t you?” I asked him as he handed me the receipt. “Take care now,” I told him, though he was transfixed on Holly’s now-erect nipples, and freshly shaven pussy. He didn’t answer me as he eagerly awaited the backside view of this lovely lady before him. “Let’s go,” I said to Holly, and we turned to leave.   
  
We walked back down the front aisle of the store towards the front entrance, and the gal who initially greeted us when we arrived. As we strolled toward her, I took Holly’s hand in mine and gave it a little squeeze to comfort and reassure her. After all, I was in this as much as she. I thought we might make it all the way out the door without further notice, but just then the gal looked up to see a naked man and woman walking hand in hand out the exit of her store. All I heard her muster was, “What the?” and then we were through the automatic doors and into the parking lot on the way back to the car. The parking lot was relatively empty, though there were cars both leaving and arriving.   
  
“Think anyone sees us?” Holly asked me nervously, looking about and still holding my hand.   
  
“Bet that’d make you good and hot, wouldn’t it?” I playfully asked.   
  
She just looked at me and nodded, with an “Mm-hmm” thrown in for good measure.   
  
However, the walk to the car was short and uneventful. Though as we got in and closed the doors, both the guy and the gal from the store were now out in front of it, still gawking in our direction. I started the car and we pulled out of the parking lot…

Part 2

I turned to Holly and asked, “So how did it feel doing a good deed?”   
  
“Oh my, the best one I’ve done in a long time,” she answered, rubbing her hands up and down her bare thighs. Then she playfully punched me in the arm. “You are so bad getting me to do these things.”   
  
“Hey, at least you had company getting naked this time,” I pointed out to her.   
  
She acknowledged that fact by staring down at my steadily growing member. “And I see it had the same affect on you as it does on me,” she answered with shortened breath. “Is that what I get for Valentine’s Day instead of dinner?” she asked.   
  
“Oh we’re still going to dinner,” I informed her. “But that can be your dessert,”   
  
This seemed to snap her out of her sexually-excited haze. “What? We’re still going to dinner? But we’re both completely naked!” she exclaimed.   
  
I pointed out to her that she was still wearing high-heels.   
  
“Oh and that will make it alright then,” she replied sarcastically.   
  
“Don’t worry, my friend has arranged everything. We can enter through the back, and we’ve got our own private booth, so we won’t be on display. The waiter hasn’t been informed, but I have been assured he will be cool with it,” I said.   
  
“Oh I bet he will!” Holly’s mind was now racing again. That state of expectation, anticipation, and dread of the unknown that had briefly left her when she made it back to the car moments ago, was now crashing over her yet again. Who will see us? What will the waiter say? Will I make it through dinner? Should I get the steak or the lobster?   
  
We pulled up to the restaurant and drove around to the back as my friend had instructed. With a quick call on the cell phone, I let him know we were there and waiting for him at the back. “He’ll be right out,” I informed Holly.   
  
“Yeah, I bet he had to go grab his camera or something,” she retorted.   
  
The back door opened and my friend emerged. He walked over to the side of the car and I rolled the window down to speak to him. “Hey Jeff.”   
  
“Well what do we have here?” my friend joked. “I know my new place is casual, but come on!” he added smiling at Holly.   
  
“Just ready for a little Valentine’s dinner. Got a booth for us?” I asked.   
  
“Nice private one in the back,” he answered. “Come on in.”   
  
Now it being dark out, it was hard to get a good look at us both inside the car. Even when Jeff leaned over, while he could see us naked, it wasn’t like were on display. That all changed when I opened the door and the dome light came on. It startled us both back to reality that we were about to enter a restaurant completely naked. Holly leaned over and gently squeezed my arm. “Are we really going to do this?” she asked me.   
  
I sensed she just needed a push, but I did notice a bit of concern on her face as well. “Not if you don’t really want to. But I think you do. Plus Jeff is close friend, and knows about your ‘tendencies’. He’ll make sure we have fun without getting into any trouble,” I reassured her.   
  
“OK, I guess. I am hungry you know!”   
  
I just laughed and we both quickly got out of the car. I walked around it and again took her hand. After the short ride, the brief conversation with Jeff, and the shock of the light, I was at considerably less attention than when we first entered the car. Which was a good thing, because my buddy was getting an eyeful of us both, and I really didn’t need him checking out my woody.   
  
“My best dressed guests,” he said smiling as we made our way through the doorway.   
  
We entered into a back hallway, a small office off to our right, the kitchen down to our left. We followed Jeff in past the office and made our way into small room. It was just large enough for two booths. Both had complete place settings and candles burning at both. Now Jeff had told me we’d have a private table and room, but never mentioned having to share with anyone. “Expecting anyone else,” I asked him nervously.   
  
“You never know who might drop by,” he responded with a chuckle. “I advertised that my place had atmosphere...if only the rest of my patrons knew! Enjoy your dinner,” he added, with a long lingering look at Holly’s naked form.   
  
She looked at me and quickly asked, “There are going to be others in here?”   
  
Though I had some concerns about that myself, I wanted to keep her calm for now and said, “He was just playing with us. Let’s just sit down. I am sure our eager waiter will be here any minute,” I added with a wink, not letting her get too comfortable.   
  
Sure enough, no sooner had we sat down then a very strapping young man in his mid-20s came to wait on us. I think he was pre-briefed by my friend that something was going to be up with his private room table, but I am guessing he wasn’t in on all the details, as evidenced by the very large and appreciative grin on his faced when he took in Holly’s well coiffed hair and makeup. Oh, and then there were her bare breasts and erect nipples as well.   
  
“Good evening folks, my name is Robert, and I will be your waiter this evening. Please do not hesitate to ask for anything,” he cheerfully instructed. “How about a cocktail?”   
  
“How about a cocktail dress?” Holly the comedienne asked. I could tell she was thoroughly embarrassed being naked in front of this handsome guy. Her voice was quick, and her face was flush, but her nipples were hard and I would have bet her pussy was wet too. She was thoroughly turned on by being on display for him. At least he only had a view of her top for now.   
  
“I am afraid I can only offer you the cocktail itself, miss,” he said with a smile that Holly decided was a bit too smug. If he thought he was getting a good view now, she thought to herself, just you wait pal.   
  
He returned shortly with our drinks, and brought Holly hers directly to her side of the table, presumably so he wouldn’t reach over and risk spilling any. However, it also conveniently offered him an unobstructed view of Holly’s lap as well. As Holly watched him serve, she also noticed his eyes drifting down in that direction. She was utterly embarrassed. And hot.   
  
We ordered our dinners, a lobster for Holly and a nice steak for me, and sat back to enjoy our drinks. “So, what do you think of your Valentine’s dinner? Probably a little more unusual than most, no?” I asked.   
  
“I just can’t believe I had to give up a designer dress to get here,” she teased. “You could have told me, or given me a hint, I would’ve worn a less impressive outfit.”   
  
“Ah, but then where would the fun be in that?” I playfully scolded. “The look on your face, and your chest, was priceless,” I added with a grin.   
  
Just then I thought I heard our waiter returning, but instead entering the room was a young couple carrying in a couple of drinks. They were very attractive, she a blond, he with dark hair, and both in excellent shape. They stopped when they saw Holly and I sitting at the table. Then two very large grins appeared upon their faces. I looked over at Holly and she was mortified. For myself, I must admit I had a stirring down below, now that someone other than a man was taking in my display. This could get interesting I thought. I was about to say something when the young woman spoke up.   
  
“Hi, we’re Kelly and Mike. You must be our dining ‘companions’ tonight,” she said excitedly as she reached out her hand to shake mine. “We’ve been looking forward to this night for some time,” she added as she reached over to shake Holly’s hand. After sizing her up a minute she added, “You both look great.”   
  
“Happy Valentine’s Day,” Mike added as he shook both our hands. “Jeff was awful nice to do this for us, don’t you think?” he asked. I wasn’t sure if he meant for us, or for them. Or maybe for us both.   
  
“Though I thought we’d be sharing a table, not two separate booths,” Mike added a bit disappointedly.   
  
Holly stared at me with a look that begged, ‘What the hell is going on?’ I stared back at her just as dumbfounded, but thought I’d ask Mike to find out exactly what was happening.   
  
“Hey Mike, I think Holly and I are a little bit in the dark here. I brought her to this restaurant because Jeff said he would accommodate a unique request of mind. That is to,” I stammered, “uh…to have a special Valentine’s Day dinner, naked, in a public place. How do you and Kelly fit into that plan exactly?”   
  
Both he and Kelly laughed. “Oh that Jeff - he is a prankster. We wanted to do something special for Valentine’s Day as well. And well, we are a couple of voyeurs, so when Jeff said he could arrange for us to watch a couple have dinner naked at his restaurant, we eagerly took him up on his offer. He also mentioned that if we played our cards right, maybe we’d enjoy a special dessert – whatever that might I mean,” he finished.   
  
Now this was a certainly unexpected turn of events, but something that could potentially play into our evening’s unique itinerary quite interestingly. I knew that after hearing Mike’s story, Holly was thoroughly embarrassed, but turned on as well at the idea of being on display for these two. But what did they expect of us exactly?   
  
“Oh well, I guess I see now,” I answered. “Or I guess it is actually the two of you that get to see.”   
  
They both smiled. “You are both quite attractive and have wonderful bodies,” Kelly added. “You wouldn’t consider stepping out from behind that booth you are hiding in and give us better look at them now would you?” she asked sweetly.   
  
Before I could reply, Holly chimed in. “What exactly is in this for us?” she asked, her brow furrowed.   
  
“Well seeing as you are sitting in a public restaurant naked, I am guessing you are an exhibitionist, or least have some exhibitionist tendencies, so you get to be watched and admired by us,” Kelly replied. “Plus, depending on how things go, you might at the very least, get a nice peek of us as well,” she added with a wink. “You never know. So come join us in our booth, won’t you?” she commanded more than asked.   
  
Holly loved to be ordered around and this played right up her alley. She looked at me and raising her eyebrows, began to slide out of the booth. She stood up completely naked before our new dining partners. They both gave her form very long and appreciative looks.   
  
“Exquisite,” Mike commented.   
  
“Indeed,” Kelly agreed. “Your turn now mister,” she called over to me, again in that somewhat commanding tone, yet complete with a smile.   
  
Now this turn of events had certainly got me going, and I was again beginning to sport a very respectable hard-on. I wasn’t sure how this would be received when I revealed it to our guests, though for some reason I thought they wouldn’t mind so much. So I too slid out of the booth and stood next to Holly with my arm around her shoulder, both of us on complete display.   
  
Kelly whistled. “Wow, I am not sure what I’m more hungry for right now, dinner, or the two of you!”   
  
Mike just smiled and gestured for us to sit down…

Part 3

Their booth was slightly larger than ours, big enough to accommodate four. What a convenient coincidence, I thought to myself. Holly slid in on one side, and I sat across from her on the other side. Kelly moved in and sat next to me, while Mike sat across from her, next to Holly. I would have thought he would have wanted a straight across view of her, but apparently he was hoping to see a little lap too, making his choice as he did. Holly picked up on this and like the little tease that she is, daintily draped her cloth napkin across it, effectively shielding her lower half from view.   
  
I on the other hand, decided to have some fun with the situation. Kelly clearly took a good long look at my lap as she sat down next to me, so I left my now-full erection completely uncovered for her viewing pleasure. After covering her own lap with a napkin, she again looked at mine. “Going to cover that up at all?” she asked.   
  
“Nothing yet to spill on it,” I replied sarcastically.   
  
“Ah, good,” she answered relieved. “Perhaps you should not order anything messy at all tonight,” she added with a wink.   
  
At this, Holly gave me a dirty look. But somehow I knew her napkin wouldn’t remain in place for too very long either. In fact, just moments after Holly’s dirty look came a sly look of recognition. As if almost to say to me, ‘Oh yeah? Watch this!’ With a small move of her arm she “accidentally” dropped her napkin on the floor. “Oops,” she said in her best dumb-girl voice. “I’ve dropped my napkin. Would you be a dear and reach down and get it for me?” she asked Mike.   
  
As Mike looked down into Holly now-uncovered lap, she parted her legs slightly and lifted up the table cloth for Mike to lean under the table and pick it up for her. This was quite a bold move for Holly, who was used to being told what to do in these situations. However, I think she was emboldened by the little game I was playing with her. The game of, “Who could show off the most and turn on these strangers the most.”   
  
Ever the gentleman, Mike reached down under the table cloth to get Holly’s napkin. Leaning his head down under the area Holly had lifted up for him he only had to turn his head a short distance to the left to have close-up look at Holly’s shaven pussy. Which he then did, of course. After a couple moments and an enjoyable eyeful he came back up with the napkin and a smile. Holly had locked her gaze with mine the whole time, losing her sarcastic look only when it was clear this guy was staring at her crotch. And knowing her, it was probably pretty wet too. She smiled back at him as he handed her the napkin and settled it back onto her lap, though careful to cover only one leg this time.   
  
Our waiter then came back with our drinks, and now seeing us at the other table, with a completely new and clothed couple, a large smile began to creep across his face. I am sure he was thinking that he picked a good night to work. “Your drinks,” he said handing them to Holly and I. “And for you folks?” he asked Mike and Kelly.   
  
After they ordered a Grey Goose-tonic and a Cosmo with pear vodka we began to socialize a bit with our new guests. Turns out they were boyfriend-girlfriend, living together, both 28 years old, and born just a month apart. Kelly was natural blond, with approximately 5’4” and what I guessed to be a 34C-24-34 figure, maybe 135 pounds. She was wearing a dark-blue, sleeveless dress with a hem that stopped about mid-thight and short heels. Mike was a well-built guy, obviously no stranger to the gym, maybe 5’11 and 190 pounds with a black polo and khaki pants. He and I shared a lot of the same sports passions, and Holly and Kelly talked clothes and such. While that might have seemed a one-sided conversation for Holly’s current situation, they both actually hit it off pretty well. And after a while we almost forgot we were sitting there naked with them. Almost.   
  
“So how is it you guys are exhibitionists?” Mike asked at one point, snapping us all back to reality.   
  
I looked over at Holly, and she looked back at me to answer. “Well,” I started. “I guess it is mostly because we both get very turned on by being seen naked. I am relatively open to doing so on my own, where as Holly gets off more on being forced into situations where she is seen naked. Like tonight. She had no idea we were going to do this.”   
  
“You didn’t?!” Kelly exclaimed excitedly. “He just took you out and took your clothes?”   
  
“We donated them actually,” Holly answered her, proceeding to fill them in on the details of our evening up to this point. “And now here we are with you.”   
  
I picked it up from there. “And so how is it that you two are voyeurs?”   
  
Mike fielded this one. “We both are very visually aroused and enjoy watching and looking at nudity and porn. One night I was surfing around on the internet and came across a voyeur site and showed it to Kelly. We both very much enjoyed the images and videos and commented how hot it would be to watch someone else in person. Then a few months later we got our chance. A new couple moved into the house next door. One night shortly after they moved in, we could hear them having sex. It was really hot! Kelly and I got so turned on we fucked each other like rabbits that night!”   
  
“Gosh you’re so crude sometimes,” Kelly playfully scolded him. “But he is right - it was a huge turn on. So we hopefully kept our ears open for them every night thereafter. One night we heard them in their backyard using their pool. Now it is pretty well screened from our house, but from the back guest bedroom, you can see through the trees just the steps into their pool and a little of the deck around it. So we ran up to the room, and leaving our light off peeked out to see what we could see. Well they had obviously gone for a swim, and whether or not they started with swim suits, they no longer had them on now. Every now and again we would catch just a glimpse of their naked bodies frolicking and carrying on. Then it got quiet, and few moments later he was walking up the pool stairs with her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. He laid her down right there on the pool deck and entered her with his hard cock. They had sex right there in front of us, probably without ever knowing we were there. Again, a very hot night for us.”   
  
“So that’s kind of our story,” Mike concluded. “We’ve found we like to watch. And so when Jeff, who I know from the gym, got wind of this, he offered us this opportunity to watch you. We hope you don’t mind, it seems like a win-win situation,” he offered.   
  
“So far, so good I’d say,” I agreed.   
  
We ordered dinner, drank some wine, and generally had a very pleasant evening with our two new friends. We also enjoyed impeccable service from our waiter, who I am sure was hoping this wasn’t going to be his only tip of the night. After clearing the table he asked if we were interested in any dessert. He recommended their “Chocolate Explosion” cake with whipped cream, so we ordered it. He returned with an enormous slice of chocolate cake with chocolate fudge and a mountain of whipped cream on top. And four forks. “This one’s on the house,” he offered.   
  
Holly eyed the thing lovingly, eager to partake in its delights. We all dug in and were soon moaning and groaning about how good it was. Mike took a bit off the cake and offered it across the table to Kelly. She took the fork in her mouth and slowly closed it around the cake, sensually sliding it out of her mouth with a sigh. “Mmm good,” she said with a smile.   
  
“How about you hon?” I asked Holly. “Want a bite too?”   
  
She looked at me funny like she knew I was up to something, but dutifully played along. “OK,” she finally agreed.   
  
I took no cake at all but just a big heap of the whipped cream. I offered it over to Holly and just as she was about to take it into her mouth, I shook it off the fork right onto her left breast. Bullseye, right on the nipple!   
  
She gave an exasperated sigh, and Mike and Kelly just laughed, which made Holly laugh too. “Oops,” I said, imitating Holly’s earlier fake accident. Before she could wipe it off I said to her, “Wait, let me help get it off. Stand up.”   
  
“Stand up?” she questioned.   
  
“So I can reach it better,” I informed her.   
  
Again with a quizzical look, Holly reluctantly obeyed my command and stood up in all her naked glory. I did as well, giving our guests up-close and personal views of our bodies. I then leaned over the table and bent my mouth to Holly’s breast, taking her whipped cream covered-nipple in my mouth and licking it clean. I leaned back to my seat and with a hearty “Mmm-good!” sat back down in my seat. Holly also slowly sat back down in hers with a wicked look in her eye. “A little treat for our guests,” I concluded with a smile.   
  
Both Kelly and Mike were smiling appreciatively. “Thank you,” Mike added, “that was indeed a treat. And if you two are up for it, we’d love to extend dessert back at our place.”   
  
I looked over at Holly, and she back at me before I asked her, “What do you think?”..

Parking Garage Streak   
By Holly   
  
Standing outside the car naked was bad enough. Knowing that the dare had just begun was worse. I had been promising the Zone that I would do a dare for some time and I was almost sure they were beginning to think I was not really going to ever do one again. So, there was some pressure… all be it mostly brought on by myself… to do something.   
The dare was not hard. Well, not in theory. It was sent to me by one of our new members… a lurker who didn’t want to be named… but they know who they are. I don’t know why they are embarrassed, since I was the one that was going to be one naked in a public place. But, I digress…   
The dare was to streak around the top floor of a parking garage. This person must have read that I love to go streaking. I was up for the dare right away. And it seemed like a pretty safe one. Which is always on my mind. I mean, I love to do dares, but I don’t want to get killed or end up in jail.   
So, I arrived at the parking garage downtown. I purposely did not go to the one I normally go to. No since in taking a chance some one I see every day would catch me in the act. This particular garage is 6 floors high, and sits between two rather tall office buildings. It was the location that would come into play more then I thought.   
Once I parked my car I started to look around. I wanted to wait till everyone was gone before I started to undress. Sadly for me the place was pretty busy at that hour. Many people getting off work and others pulling in to visit the local restaurants after work kept the place pretty busy.   
I had to start to undress while people were around. Though I felt like all eyes were on me, in reality no one even noticed… at least I don’t think they did. Who knows… maybe one of you snuck a peek. Would you tell me if you did?   
Once naked from the waist down, I worked my bra off from under my shirt. Not an easy task, but one that I have had just a little too much experience with. In not time only my shirt stood between me… and my totally naked splendor… ok maybe splendor is a too strong a word.   
As soon as the last person in eyesight made their way into the elevator I opened my door and placed my sneaker clad foot onto the pavement. It was now my only cover. I felt the cool evening air rush into my car as the door slowly opened. And as the breeze found my most private places I started to perspire.   
There I was… totally naked. Standing outside my car in the buff. Now all I had to do was run around the top of this parking garage. Simple right… well it is never simple with me.   
I started my little streak with a jog, then as my ears became sensitive to every sound… and in a city this size there are lots of sounds… I started to pick up speed. My nude profile set aglow by the high power Florissant lights. Wait… did I think this through? The lights lit the top floor up like a ball field. And trust me I know a think or two about being naked on one of those!   
I could be seen by anyone in the near by office buildings. Me! Naked! Running around like an idiot!   
My boobs were bouncing with each step. The faster I ran the more they flopped. It was humiliating. And my ass… my ass was shaking and wiggling like I was trying to market Jello! I could only run harder.   
There it was… the home stretch. My car was only a few yards away. I started to head toward it when I noticed something. Headlights!   
No, not it couldn’t be I told myself I would have heard the car coming up the ramp… I was sure of it. What I had not planned on was some one staying in their car! As I passed a beat up Buick the guy sitting in it flicked his lights at me… and that was not all! Soon he was honking like mad! It sounded like a car alarm was going off.   
I blushed bright red… and not in honor of the celebration that was obviously going on in his pants.   
I made a beeline for my car. No use in hiding or trying to cover up. He had seen it all and was sure to remember it for some time. (There I go being vain again.)   
When I got to my car it was all I could do to get the key in the lock. I fumbled with it for what seemed like forever, but in fact could have only been a few seconds.   
Once in my car I started it up and headed down the ramps… nearly forgetting that I was still NAKED and would have to play the tollbooth guy.   
I know I should have just gone for it and paid naked, but I also didn’t want to get tossed in jail or something. So, I pulled over and started to dress. It was then I noticed a car coming down the ramp. I knew it was the guy who had seen me. Even though as it turned out it was not.   
I paid the tollbooth guy with my face still flushed. I bet he wondered what I had been up to. Then I noticed a small black and white monitor flashing next to his register. My heard jumped into my neck at the thought of what it might be. But, the level of embarrassment pumping through my veins at that point made it hard to look up to get a better look. Looking up would let him get a good look at my face… and if he had seen everything else… that was the last thing I wanted him to see.   
So, my adventure came to and end. Well, almost. When I got home I was really worked up…. So I had to “settle myself down” some how. That and a nice glass of wine put a cap on my evening But, the memories of that little outing will be with me for some time to come. And with a few others I might guess.