**Kara's Spring Break Pictures**

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One year when I was in college I went home for the summer to work and live rent-free. My parents had long since divorced and I lived with just my Mom. She was a bit paranoid and over protective, but I knew that she loved me and only wanted the best for me.

One Saturday afternoon I was home alone. My Mom had just gone out shopping and that usually meant that she'd be out all afternoon. I went out to the mailbox to get the mail and saw two guys, Jimmy and Dave. Jimmy was my age and he lived a few houses down the street. I knew Jimmy had a crush on me in high school, but I was always dating someone and Jimmy was more of a shy guy than someone that would readily approach girls. I always thought he was nice, but I never really considered him to be my type and couldn't see dating him. His friend Dave was also my age, but I had only gone to school with Dave up until about 9th grade because his family moved and Dave had to change schools. I hadn't seen Dave since his move and I hadn't even seen Jimmy since high school graduation, so we started talking about life after high school and before long we had been standing on the street chatting for half an hour.

So we're standing there talking and I had told them about going to Cancun for spring break with a couple of my college girlfriends, Lisa and Tracy. They were interested in hearing about it and I realized that I had pictures on my computer from the trip. I was about to invite them up to see the pictures, when I thought of my Mom. As I said, she was a bit paranoid and she never allowed guests in the house when she wasn't home. At the same time, I knew that she would be gone for hours shopping away, and I thought that maybe she'd be more tolerant and trusting of my judgment now that I was in college. So I invited them up to my room to see my vacation pictures.

I sat down in front of my computer and started browsing to the picture directory while the guys stood over my shoulder and watched. My girlfriends and I had all uploaded our pictures to my computer one night after spring break to view them so we had a decent collection. As I browsed to the directory and started thinking about the pictures, I began to recall the content of some of the pictures. Specifically, I remembered that I was not fully clothed in all of them.

Now, I hadn't exactly gotten super crazy down there despite the repeated attempts by my girlfriends to convince me to do so. There were definitely no pictures of me in a wet t-shirt contest or having shots taken off my tits. But I was more daring than usual, figuring that I would know very few if any other people down there. We started taking pictures to have fun and remember the experience; some of these pictures were never intended to be seen by others.

I told the guys, "I just realized that some of these pictures aren't exactly appropriate for public viewing, if you know what I mean. I think we'd better skip the pictures."

Jimmy and Dave looked at each other and expressions of intrigue and disappointment flashed across their faces as they realized that there were likely revealing pictures of me in the bunch, and that they weren't going to get to see them.

"Kara, we CAME here so that you could show us the pictures. Can't you just skip quickly past the ones you don't want us to see?" asked Dave.

Jimmy also encouraged me to continue, saying "I'm sure there's nothing bad in any of the photos. You always look great."

When he said that I turned and looked at him, and he blushed. I don't think that he intended to compliment me but he was clearly busted.

Well, I wasn't going to just let them just look at the photos, not knowing when a picture of my naked body was about to appear before their eyes. I told them, "Look, I'm not fully dressed in all of these! I'm sorry that I invited you up to see the pictures, but you just can't see them!"

I figured that was going to be the end of the discussion, but I saw the look of disappointment in their eyes and I unexpectedly changed my mind. I said,"I'll tell you what. Give me a few minutes to filter out the worst and I'll show you the rest."

"Oh, alright," Jimmy said, still sounding a bit disappointed but I'm sure he realized that it was the best that they were going to get.

The guys turned around and I started going through the photos. There were probably 200-300 pictures to go through, so I just started rapidly viewing the thumbnails. I figured that I would be able to quickly identify the ones that were inappropriate and could just move them to a different directory. There were a lot of pictures of me and my girlfriends in our bikinis on the beach. I felt a bit embarrassed that they were about to see some of those pictures, but really they were completely innocent. There were some other pictures where we were at a party and several girls had removed their tops. I figured they would enjoy those pictures and left them in. We had also taken a lot of pictures of hot guys, which I left in because I figured that they would NOT enjoy them.

Then I came to the hot tub photos. One evening my girlfriends and I had ended up in a hot tub with several guys. The guys were trying to get us to remove our tops but we kept refusing. As we got drunker we began to tease a bit more, occasionally lifting our bikini tops but keeping our boobs covered with our hands. At some point I was doing that when Lisa reached behind me and untied my top. I didn't even realize anything was going on until I saw my bikini top being pulled off me. I was thankful that my hands were already covering my tits, but I screamed at Lisa, "What are you doing?"

Lisa ignored my question and started grabbing at my arms to try to pull my hands off my breasts. We both started laughing hysterically. Lisa wasn't having a lot of success, but just when I thought she was going to give up Tracy came over and started helping Lisa. I knew I was done for. I told them "Okay, okay stop. I'll remove my hands."

They stopped grabbing at me, and I uncovered my breasts. The guys cheered and kept watching my breasts as I moved around in the hot tub. Eventually we all ended up topless. At some point Tracy went to the rest room and came back holding a camera. I didn't realize it until I saw the flash and knew that she had just taken a picture with my breasts exposed. We all grabbed our cameras then and started taking pictures of each other, sometimes alone or posing with the guys.

I left in the topless pictures of my friends because the Jimmy and Dave didn't know them. There were a number of pictures with my tits fully exposed that I removed without much thought. But then there were a couple of pictures that were more questionable. In one I was topless, but turned away from the camera. The side of one breast could be seen, but not my nipple. My first instinct was to remove it, but I had become a bit aroused seeing these pictures again and enjoyed the thought of teasing the guys with a few risqué pictures. I left it in. There was another picture where my nipples were just below the surface of the water. The tops of my breasts were fully exposed but only a faint hint of my nipples could be seen. I agonized over this one. On the one hand, the photo did not leave a lot to the imagination and I would certainly not post it on any social networking site. On the other hand, my nipples really couldn't be seen clearly, which seemed to be a typical criterion for decency, and the photo was definitely not one of the worst in terms of nudity. Thinking again about teasing the guys a bit, I left it in.

There were a bunch of other photos that I kept in, including pictures of sunsets and beaches. There were several from around Cancun and those of our hotel. There were only two other questionable pictures that I ended up including in the set to show Dave and Jimmy. They were both taken one night at the hotel. We were all pretty drunk and had just gotten back to the hotel. I had a lot of beach sand all over me and decided to take a shower. After showering I came out with a small towel wrapped around me. The towel covered my nipples and my crotch but little else. The towel was also not long enough to completely encompass me, so one of my legs was bare all the way up to my hip. Lisa proclaimed, "Oh hot!" and snapped a picture of me. That was the first picture. It was really pretty tame as the towel covered everything that needed to be covered, but I figured they may enjoy it. The second picture was taken moments later. As I said, I was drunk and we were all just fooling around. After Lisa's pictures, Tracy grabbed her camera and was about to take a picture of me in the towel too. Being drunk, I opened up the towel and flashed them, just as they both snapped pictures.

As it turned out, Lisa's picture flawlessly captured the moment. Both my tits and bush could be clearly seen. That picture I quarantined immediately. Tracy's picture didn't come out so good. When I opened the towel she was standing behind Lisa and didn't have the chance to really set up the picture. As it turned out, Lisa's body partially blocked the photo. You could see my head with a crazy expression on my face, and you could tell that I had opened up the towel. However, most of my body including all the naughty bits was blocked by Lisa. I figured it would be a funny picture to include because you could tell what I was doing, but still nothing could be seen.

I had the guys turn around and began the show. Some pictures we went through quickly, while others we stayed on for several minutes while they asked questions and I talked about the situation or the people. They seemed to enjoy the first set on the beach and didn't really hide the fact that they were checking out my body in the bikini pictures. They definitely enjoyed the pictures of the topless girls at the party, and of course asked whether I had gotten topless too. "Not there," I told them with a smile.

Next up were the hot tub pictures where my girlfriends and I took off our tops. I suddenly wasn't sure that I should have left in the ones of my girlfriends topless. I hadn't thought about it before, but what if they came for a visit and met the guys? Anyway, I figured the chance of that was remote and started showing the pictures. Lisa was the first one to be shown topless, and the guys loved it. They had seen a bunch of pictures of her clothed already, so they were more familiar with her than the random nameless girls from the party. The next picture showed Tracy, and the guys were becoming more excited. They asked if I was next, and I responded, "Maybe."

Actually, I was. It was the picture with my back turned but the side of my breast showing. They still loved it. I felt pretty embarrassed and quickly started to go to the next picture. Jimmy stopped me, saying "Wait, wait, we're still looking at this one. Don't go so fast!"

So I let them look longer. Eventually we continued going through the pictures. There were several more of Lisa and Tracy topless, and we spent a couple of minutes on each. Then we came to the picture of me with my breasts largely exposed but with my nipples just under water. I'm sure I turned bright red when that one came up and I seriously questioned my sanity for leaving that picture in. The guys were quite enthusiastic. Dave even asked if I would email him a copy of that picture! Of course I told him no.

When I got to the picture of me wrapped in a towel I explained that I had just gotten out of the shower. I told them that I was really drunk and that just a moment later my girlfriends took pictures of me with my towel open. Jimmy said, "I don't suppose you're going to show us those pictures."

"Well, maybe one," I said, with a smirk.

Their eyes lit up, but I think they knew better than to expect a picture of me completely nude. Even though I knew that nothing could be seen, I felt a wave of embarrassment rush over me as I pushed the key to proceed to the next picture. They mostly reacted enthusiastically to seeing the picture, but I could detect a bit of disappointment that I hadn't completely lost my mind and decided to include a picture of me naked.

I began to go on to the next and more boring picture, when Jimmy stopped me and said that he wanted to look a little more. I was like, "Fine," and walked over to the window to investigate a car noise I heard. It would be pretty unusual for my Mom to come back this quickly from shopping, but I knew it wasn't impossible. When I turned back to the computer, Dave was whispering something to Jimmy and they were looking carefully at the picture. At first I freaked, afraid that they might have stealthily opened up one of the pictures that I censored from their view. But the same picture was still on the monitor. Their expressions had totally changed and they were sporting big grins. "What's going on?" I demanded.

Dave then explained that they had just noticed the mirror in the picture. "What mirror?" I asked fearfully as I rushed over to take a good look at the monitor. I quickly scanned the picture and sure enough, there was a mirror. In the mirror was a somewhat smaller and quite blurry image of me holding my towel wide open. I couldn't believe that I hadn't noticed it before! I momentarily panicked as I realized that they were just staring at my naked body. Thankfully, the image really was quite blurry but I was still completely naked in it.

I quickly moved on to the next picture. I was so embarrassed that I didn't hear my Mom's car pull in the driveway. I did hear her slam the car door shut.

"Crap!" I called out. I looked out the window and saw my Mom walking to the front door. I quickly explained that she doesn't like visitors in the house when she isn't home. I was panicking and trying to decide what to do. Should I just hope that she doesn't freak out, should I have them sneak out the 2nd story window, should I have them hide?

I directed them to the closet and whispered to them, "Hide in here and stay quiet! I'll go see why she's home so soon. Hopefully she'll just go out again shortly."

They got in the closet and I made sure that the door was closed. I then went to the computer and closed the windows so that my pictures wouldn't be on the screen in case she came into my room. I then started to head downstairs but I met her at my bedroom door.

"Done shopping already?" I asked too cheerily, as I retreated back into my bedroom and sat on my bed.

"No," she answered as if it was a dumb question, and then added, "I wanted you to see this cute blouse I picked up for me," as she reached into one of her bags and pulled out an orange blouse. She held it up to her body and looked to me for my opinion.

"Yeah, I like it," I responded, trying to sound enthusiastic. "How much was it?"

She scowled and said, "More than it should have been. But ain't it cute?"

"Yeah, definitely Mom. Real nice."

"You've gotta see it on me," she said, and started unbuttoning her shirt.

I think my heart stopped for a moment. We've changed in front of each other a thousand times. But this particular time there were two guys in my closet. While the doors were closed, the doors themselves had this lattice pattern with lots of small holes in them. I had no doubt that the guys could easily see out through them and would be able to see her.

I deliberated about whether to stop her and admit that the guys were in the closet, or let her continue stripping off her shirt. I could tell that she had a bra on, so she wouldn't be seen topless, just presumably in a conservative bra. Before I could make any decision, she finished unbuttoning her shirt, and peeled it off. Her bra was nearly transparent. Honestly, I had never seen her in a bra like that. I knew that the guys would be able to easily see her nipples and fullness of her breasts through the bra. She didn't waste much time putting on her new shirt and modeling it for me. "See, doesn't it look great on me?" she asked.

I had to agree. I went through the motions of repeatedly telling her how absolutely fantastic the shirt looked on her. As she began to change again, I wondered aloud, "You came back just so that I could see you in your new shirt?"

"No," she answered, "I wanted to get you a few things too but I needed to check on your sizes."

I responded with excitement, but in reality I was kinda freakin' out. The guys were in the closet and if she went to my closet to say, look at the sizes of various garments, I would be so busted. I quickly told her my sizes. She then pulled out a bikini from a bag that she was holding.

"I picked this up for you already, but I'll be going back there this afternoon so I can return it if it doesn't fit," she said as she handed me the bikini.

I froze as I realized that she wanted me to try on the bikini and she expected me to do so, right there in the bedroom. Again, changing in front of her wouldn't normally be a big deal. But she didn't know that two guys were in the closet.

My mind was racing through my options. I could go change in the bathroom, but that would make her suspicious and I was afraid to leave her alone in my bedroom. At least if I'm there and she heads for the closet I can try to intercept or distract her. Okay, bathroom was out. I could go change right against the wall with the closet so I would be out of their view. But there was a dresser that was partially in the way, and again, it would look quite peculiar and may raise suspicion. I could just refuse, but she would know for sure that something was up. Then, out of desperation, I tried to talk my way out of it.

"Aww, Mom, thanks but I'm really tired now. Can I try this on later?" I asked, while simultaneously realizing how lame I was sounding.

"Honey, I'm going right back there now. If it doesn't fit, I want to return it. Just try it on. It'll only take a minute."

I was running out of options. I then took the bikini top and started to put it on over my t-shirt. When she noticed what I was doing, she was not amused.

"Kara! Take off your clothes and put it on right! I want to see that it fits and how it looks on you. I can't do that with your other clothes on! Come on, I don't want to be here all afternoon."

She was definitely growing impatient and her eyes were drilling into me like she was trying to figure out my problem. Suddenly I saw this change in her facial expression as she said, "Kara, you didn't get a tattoo did you? Or a belly button piercing?"

Her accusation caught me off guard. I chuckled briefly and said, "Oh, no Mom. No tattoos or strange piercings!"

She was still staring at me and I was out of ideas. I slyly turned so that my back would be facing the closet and pulled off my t-shirt. I then slipped off my bra and immediately pulled the bikini top over my boobs. My Mom came over to tie the bikini top and I felt a moment of relief for having cleared that hurdle. But I knew it was only the first.

My Mom instructed me to turn around so that she could look at the top. I was now facing the closet, but the bikini top was on and she was largely blocking their view anyway. The top actually fit pretty well, but at that moment I really didn't care much. She backed up a few feet to look at it some more and was no longer blocking their view. She seemed satisfied. "Okay, try the bottoms on," she said.

I knew that was coming, but actually hearing the demand made it that much more definite. I'm so screwed, I thought to myself over and over again. I didn't realize it, but my facial expression was giving away my panic.

"Kara, what the hell is wrong with you?!? You've been acting like you don't want me to see something on your body. What is it?" she demanded.

"Nothing!" I said and added, "Really!" to emphasize that it was true.

My Mom just stared at me, dissecting me. "Okay, take everything off. I want to see what you're hiding."

I could tell from the way she said it that I was done for. I was either going to have to come clean about the guys in the closet and the fact that I let them watch her change her shirt and see her in that thin bra she had on, or I was going to have to do the unthinkable. They were both so extremely unpleasant options that I just froze.

"Now, missy!" she demanded. "Or if you want to keep your little secret you can find someplace else to live rent and board free all summer."

I started to feel sick as I realized that the lesser of two evils was to comply with my Mom's demand. At least I would have the satisfaction of proving her wrong and leaving her perplexed about my behavior. I said, "I'm not hiding anything," making it clear that I was irritated, and started reaching behind my back to untie my bikini top.

I couldn't believe that I was about to strip in front of Jimmy and Dave. Sure, it was fun teasing them a bit with the photos, but I would never have imagined that I would be stripping in front of them. As my fingers finished undoing the knot, I was almost in a trance.

I pulled the strings apart and, after one quick breath, lifted the top off my breasts. I laid it on my bed and glared over to my Mom. "See?" I said. I was planning on rubbing in how wrong she was as much as I possibly could. Meanwhile it occurred to me that the guys were surely gawking at my naked boobs. I kept telling myself to not think about the guys in the closet. But the more I tried to ignore their existence, the more I thought about them standing in my closet just staring at my breasts.

I looked over to my Mom hoping that she would just stop this, but she had this self-assured expression on her face that told me I was out of luck. I unbuttoned my jean shorts and slid them down my legs. I then grabbed the sides of my panties and quickly pulled them off.

As I stood straight, I was facing my Mom with the closet doors off at a 45 degree angle. I knew they were staring at my completely naked body. And these weren't just a couple of unknown guys that I would never see again. I went to school with them and at least one certainly had a crush on me. I couldn't believe that I was standing in front of them nude.

My Mom approached me and said, "Okay, arms off to the side and spread your legs," like she was a friggin' cop or something. She crouched down and began to slowly visually inspect every inch of my body. I almost laughed as I realized that there were now three people intently studying my body. After a couple of minutes she instructed me to turn around. I figured that was great, now they'd get to stare at my ass too. She spent another couple of minutes looking me up and down before finally conceding.

She backed away from me and I turned around. "I don't understand you, what is your problem today?" she asked with a conciliatory tone.

"I don't know", I said meekly and started reaching for my blouse. While part of me wanted to rail on her, I was feeling quite overwhelmed and just wanted it all to end.

"Kara, you still have to try on the bikini!"

"Oh yeah, I forgot."

In theory, I shouldn't have cared at this point since they'd already seen everything. But in reality, I felt like I was dying of embarrassment and couldn't wait for this to be over. After trying on the bikini and modeling it for her, I was finally able to change back into my clothes.

My Mom left my room and a couple of minutes later pulled out of the driveway to resume shopping. I said, "Okay, you can come out now."

As the guys exited the closet they had huge grins on their faces, removing any doubt that they were able to see everything. I don't think I had ever been so embarrassed in my life. I told them that it was time for them to leave. They tried to persuade me to show them the other pictures now that they had seen everything anyway. I considered it briefly, but I really just wanted them out of the house and told them no.

As they left they thanked me for the "show". I just shook my head and said, "yeah, right."