Kathy's Fantasy   
Sat Mar 8, 2008 07:36   
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My sister and her freind, Carrie, asked me to drive them to a basketball game out in Middleburg. They have always kept up with their old hgih school's sports. They were both cheerleaders and had immense school spirit. Seven years after they graduated, they still ejoy going to the games. Colleen's car is in the shop and Carrie's husband has to use theirs. Colleen is a beautiful girl. She is 27, 5'5" about 125 Lbs. She has a perky 34C chest, long dark brown hair and blue eyes. Quite stunning. Carrie was always a very skinny girl. I always thought she looked anorexic, but now she has put a little weight on her and she looks great! She is about the same height as Colleen, but weighs closer to 145 Lbs. she has about a 38C chest with short blonde hair and green eyes. They have been best friends for over 10 years.   
  
We all piled in my van, Carrie sitting behind me and colleen in the passenger seat. Colleen was wearing a denim skirt that went to about mid-thigh and a light blue tshirt with a dark blue hoody over it. Carrie was wearing a pair of jeans and an orange button up blouse. They were acting like school girls, giggling and singing. I was actually getting annoyed. Having come straight from work, I had not had time to change or relax before leaving the house. I was still wearing my work clothes, a white button up blouse and black slacks. I turned down their music and they got irritated. Then they were going on and on about the game and gossiping like little girls. I had a headache and was not in the mood. Middleburg is about an hour from our house. We had only been driving for 15 minutes and were already getting on each other's nerves.   
Out of spite, I made a comment about Middleburg beating Orange Park. That was a mistake. Everybody got quiet. Suddenly I felt something very cold against my hip and heard a wierd noise...it went further down my hip to my leg and I looked down to see what was on me. I could not believe what I saw. My sister was cutting my pants with a pair of scissors. she had already cut through my waistband of my pants and my undies...she was currently working her way down my leg and was already at the knee, baring my hip and thigh to the open air. I started to smack at her, but weaved too much and had to get back in my lane. I yelled, "What the hell are you DOING?!". She kept cutting and was now working on the ankle..."Just playing a little game" she replied. I could hear arrie lauging in the backseat.   
I felt my skin being exposed to the air conditioning of the car as my sister peeled back my pants on the right side to show my entire leg and she started to move it further across until she could see the upper portion of my pubic-hair. Then she inserted the scissors between my legs and she advised me "I would not move around too much if I were you". I yelled "STOP!!!" To my dismay, she kept cutting...across the inseam, then started going across my left leg. I did not know what to do. I was panicing inside at the thought that she was really doing this. She was really cutting my pants off me! I could not stop, because how could I get out with my pants in shreds. she would not stop on her own. And I could not hit her for fear she might accidentally cut me...I had no choice but to let her continue.   
And continue she did, until she could not reach any more, then Carrie reached around from the back and took over, cutting as far down as she could reach...about to my knee. It was enough though. Colleen peeled my pants down and exposed every inch of me from the waist down to the ankles. She kept telling Carrie about how much hair I had "down there" and they laughed. Suddenly Colleen pulled out her camera, which as a photography major, she carried everywhere. FLASH FLASH...she started snapping pictures of me driving, bottomless. We were only about halfway to our destination. While Colleen was snapping away, I felt something strange...something brushing against me. I felt a wierd tugging and looked down to see a set of hands playing with the buttons of my blouse. My blouse was already opened to show the top edge of my lacy white bra. I looked up to see I was in the other lane again. I jerked back into my lane. I needed to stay focused on the road. Now I could feel Carrie's hands running down the front of my chest, from my neck, lightly touching down, soft on my skin, running down caressing the top of my cleavage, going over my now exposed nips through the bra, then down my stomach. When I was distracted, she had already undone my entire shirt! I was nervous and starting to sweat, but something else was happening. I was extremely aroused! Every touch made my nips harder and harder and I realized I was very very wet. Oh God, I hope colleen did not notice. Carrie ran her hands down my bare fat stomach until meeting the equally bare skin above my slit. then Carrie and Colleen busted out laughing. "Your sister is such a lesbo!" laughed Carrie. "I know, right? wait until I tell mom! I even have the picture eveidence to prove it!" Colleen turned the camera to show multiple pictures of me looking very flush with a pari of obviously female hands rubbing all down my front side. You could see my face, but not whose hands they were.   
"Then I heard another snip snip. The straps of my bra were cut, then the band in back. My own sister grabbed the center of the front of my bra and pulled it away from my chest, then to my astonishment, the back window was opened and I saw bits of fabric flying behind us. Carrie was tossing my clothing out, bit by bit.   
The only cloth I still had were the tattered remains of my pants which were only hanging on by an ankle.   
Colleen said "I'm hungry. Let's grab something to eat before we get there."   
  
  
  
  
Kathy   
Kathy's Fantasy - Part 2   
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Carrie shouts "Let's go to Checkers down the street!" I began to worry. Colleen says "If you don't take us for something to eat, I will make sure these pics get to everyone in your address book and on your cell phone...not to mention Mom..."   
With that, I headed straight for Checkers. Checkers was a drive thru burger place about a mile down the road. Luckily it was not very busy, but I was all too aware of my situation. The cool air from the car had made my nipples hard as rocks. I think Colleen must have pointed her vents at me as well. I pulled up to the menu board and cringed when the voice over the box said "I'm sorry, we are having problems with our microphone...could you please pull forward to the window to order?" I looked at Colleen and she smiled. "Well? Pull up." I pulled the car forward slowly until I got to the window, wondering what was about to happen. Would the employee call the police? Would the manager get involved? A cute girl in her mid-twenties came to the window. She was a short Latin girl with medium breasts and long black hair pulled back in her hat. "Whoa! What's going on lady?! You shouldn't be driving around like that chica...you could get arrested or somethin'!" Before I could reply, Colleen leaned over me so she could see the girl at the window.   
"Colleen? What's happening? I have not seen you in forevah! What's goin on girl?! Who's the naked heffah?!" I blushed and looked away. I could feel Colleen's shirt rubbing against my already hard nips.   
"Hey Odette! This is my sister, Kathy. She was just talkin some trash about our high school. Carrie and I decided to teach her a lil' somethin somethin."   
"Carrie?! Is Carrie in there with you?"   
Carrie rolled down her window "Hey Odette!"   
Odette looked me over "You sure you two got the same genes, Colleen? I mean I ain't nevah seen a chica with that many rolls and she so white she could blind me."   
"Yeah, I'm sure. She got Dad's looks, obviously, Hey Odette, I was wondering if Amy was working tonight?"   
"Amy, oh yeah! She's the night manager lately. You want to see her?"   
"Yes, please. She can take our order."   
Odette took one last disgusted glance at me and turned to fetch the manager. I wondered what Colleen was up to. I was so embarrassed and humiliated as it was, what could she do to make it any worse?   
"Hey Colleen, what's u...." Amy stopped mid-sentence. When they were talking about Amy, I did not know they meant Amy Romano, the biggest bitch of my graduating year.   
"Oh my God! I cannot believe this..." Amy started laughing. "Kathy? Is that you? What the hell are you doing? I mean I always knew you were stupid, but I never knew you could actually be dumb enough to forget your clothes!" Amy laughed hysterically.   
"Amy, Kathy was bad-mouthing Orange Park High...now how could we let her get away with that?" Colleen explained.   
"Well, she never had much school spirit. She was always looking annoyed at us cheerleaders. Hey, hold on a sec."   
Amy disappeared for a minute, then reappeared holding a yearbook. "Could you sign this for me? Hold on a sec." She then pulled out a poloroid camera and snapped a quick picture which showed my entire naked state with my face looking shocked. "There, now sign in this space" Amy said pointing at a bare page, "I will be putting this picture next to your name so I can prove that I actually saw this." Amy laughed again. I signed the page for Amy and she handed us a bag of food on the house. I was just about to pull away, but Odette whispered something to amy and amy asked us to pull around to the side of the restaurant and park for just a minute.   
What's next I thought as I waited nervously....   
  
  
  
  
Kathy   
Kathy's Fantasy - Part 3   
Sat Mar 22, 2008 09:45   
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We sat at the side of the building for about 5 minutes before Amy came out smiling. She walked around to Colleen's side of the car, leaned in staring at me and whispering in Colleen's ear. Colleen grinned and turned toward me. "Hey sis. It seems Amy is having a slight problem tonight. They are short handed and need some help. I think we could allow them 30 minutes of your time to cover Odette's break. You used to work at Burger King, so I am sure you remember how to run a drive through." I was shocked. "But, I can't work like this...if someone complained, they would shut your business down" Amy looked at me and smiled, "Don't worry...we will give you a uniform." I thought about it and was actually relieved because I could put some clothes on. "C'mon in. Odette is ready to go" Amy informed me beckoning me in. I looked around nervously, then got out of the car and padded into the building. Amy led me through the kitchen passing right by two teenage boys that were busily wiping down their areas. They stopped and stared grinning goofily. Amy led me to the office and told me to wait outside the door for a minute. I stood there, naked, giving the boys and Odette and long look at my flabby body including my bare pale 50DD's. Amy reappeared with a uniform in her hand. "Here, put this on" she said as she thrust the clothing toward me. I eagerly began putting it on, but then I realized there was only a shirt. "Um, where are the pants?" "Oh, you won't need pants. Working in the drive thru, people will only be able to see your top half." It donned on me now why Colleen agreed to this. I pulled on the shirt and started buttoning it up. I had buttoned the bottom half of the shirt, but then found there were not more buttons. Someone had removed the top few buttons. Amy smiled. The red and black shirt was snug and it only came down to about the middle of my ass. It also only buttoned up to the bottom part of my breasts, which left about 3/4 of my breasts exposed when I was bend over even slightly. Amy led me to the back window where Odette had just finished counting her till and recording the contents in her log. She turned to face us and smiled laughing. "Nice uniform!" I blushed. Odette left for break and as she passed by me she smacked my bare bottom and said "Good luck". Amy gave me about a 60 second overview of the buttons, handed me a headset, and told me to stay in this area. I stood there for about 10 minutes, when there was a loud "Ding" in my ear. "Welcome to Checkers, how may I help you?" A man's voice said "We'd like 3 number 2 combo's please, with chocolate shakes for the drinks." I fumbled with the keys on the register for a moment, repeated the order back to the man, gave him the total, and asked him to pull around. The man pulled up in a minivan whose window was even with the drive thru window. The window rolled down and a middle aged man was staring at my chest with his hand outstretched grasping some bills. I could see his wife in the passenger seat talking on the phone and his teenage daughter was in the seat behind his, but was texting and not paying attention. The man grinned at me and handed me the money. I quickly took the money and counted back his change, trying not to meet his eyes. One of the boys from the kitchen brought his order to me and I regretted that I had to lean over the counter to hand him his food. My shirt gapped slightly at the top and I felt the cool breeze blowing down my shirt brushing over my nipples and I knew he could see my breasts in their entirety. He lingered for a moment before finally taking the bag from me. The he said "and the shakes?" I apologized and told him I would have them in a moment. I turned and shouted for the shakes. Amy came rushing back with the shakes, but as she got to me she stumbled and sent one of the frozen shakes splattering down my front. The icy cold thick liquid oozed down my shirt dripping down my breasts, hardening my nipples instantly and continued oozing down until it was coating my crotch and seeping into my slit sending cold shivers up my spine. "Oh, I am so sorry for your wait she said toward the man." Then, with an evil smirk toward me, she went and grabbed a fresh shake and handed it to me. Still a mess, I handed all three shakes to the man who was now staring intently at my wet chest. The man reluctantly pulled away and Amy started laughing. I was about to ask for a rag to wipe myself up when there was another "Ding". I looked at the clock and realized this would be my last order, so I drew up my courage and answered "Welcome to Checkers. How may I help you?" Some giggling girl voices came through the speaker. It sounded like a pack of them. They placed a very large order and I cringed to think of how many people would be in this car. I told them to pull around and I saw a large pickup truck pull around the corner of the building with about a dozen girls in the back and three girls in the front. The truck had "Go Middleburg!" plastered all over it. When the truck pulled up to the window, the driver looked down at me and busted out laughing. I realized at that moment that this truck was very high and she could see straight down my body. I blushed furiously. "Hey, where are your pants?" the driver asked, and all the girls stopped chattering and stared at me. "Um, I don't have any right now." "Well, we can see that dumbass. Why?" the girl sneered. "Well, to be honest, I am being punished for badmouthing Orange Park." The whole truckload burst out laughing. "So you went to Middleburg?" the girl asked, smiling. "Well, no, I graduated from Orange Park." With that the laughter stopped. The girl looked at me very seriously "You mean you went to that snob school? The only thing we hate more that snobs is someone who has no loyalty." "Um, well...your order comes to $34.50" I said trying to move them along. The girl grinned "Ok, gimme a second". She whispered to various girls in the truck as she collected money from them. Then she handed the money out, "Here ya go!" I reached for the money, but realized the size of the truck had made them park far away from the window. I had to stretch way out. I reached out, then got on my tip-toes and was leaning out the window so far that my breasts were about to pop out of the uniform completely and my feet nearly left the ground. Suddenly I felt my wrists being grasped and I was drug halfway out until my butt touched each side of the window, then my shirt was grabbed and pulled hard. The remaining buttons popped off and the shirt was worked up over my arms and off my body. My breasts were dangling heavily swinging back and forth. Then I heard a hiss and felt something cold on my back. I smelled the strong scent of paint. Finally I was released, but I could not get back in the window. I was left hanging out the window as the truck sped away with whoops and whistles. I was almost in tears when I felt someone grasp both sides of my hips and pull me in. It was Amy. She was looking concerned. "I was just having a little fun. Are you ok? I had no idea something like that would happen." My sister appeared in the drive thru window. "Sis, are you alright?" She looked genuinely worried. "I'm ok. Just a little shaken." Colleen glared toward the road "Bitches". Amy giggled. I whipped around, "What?" "Your back," she said pointing. Then Colleen blurted "Holy shit!" and started laughing. Amy told me to turn around, then she snapped a picture with the poloroid she used earlier. Once it had finished developing she showed it to me. The girls in the truck had spray painted the words "Middleburg Cow" on my back. So, there I stood, sticky down the front, spray painted down the back, naked as the day I was born. Amy motioned for me to follow her. She led me out the back door to the dumpster area. Then she pulled out a hose and turned it on me. The water was cold, but it was washing off the stickiness. When she was done, she told me the spray paint would not come off that easily. She told me I was free to go, but that she would keep in touch. I was beckoned back to the car by my sister. After I got in and settled, sis said "Well, I think it is too late for the game, so Carrie suggested we go back to her place instead."