**Kendra’s Story**

Note: Kendra and I have been friends for years, and in fact she was the inspiration for my own topless sunbathing adventures. She moved a Calgary a few years back, but we still keep in touch, and when I told her about my adventures and this site, she asked me to post some of her adventures. When I agreed, she sent me all the details so I could write it up properly. Unfortunately, I didn’t really get adventurous until after she moved away, so aside from a few visits to the nearby nude beach, we never shared any adventures. Anyway, here’s the story of her first NIP experiences. Enjoy!

I’ve always been blessed with a flat chest, even though I didn’t always see it that way. Let’s face it, ladies: we all grow up dreaming about filling out a bikini like swimsuit models and Bond girls. Unfortunately for me, puberty seemed to pass me by, and as the only girl in the school (or so it seemed) who failed to blossom at the expected time, my shape, or lack thereof, was a constant source of embarrassment for me throughout my high school years. I eventually accepted my body as an unavoidable disappointment, and by graduation had become something of a wallflower, even though I knew that somewhere deep inside me was a wild adventurous person waiting to be let out to play.

Anyway, graduation came and I moved from my small town home to Winnipeg to attend the University of Manitoba. High school had left me a bit socially awkward, so I mostly kept to myself, not really making any new friends, losing touch with most of the old ones, and never coming close to dating. Which was fine, since it allowed me to focus on my classes, and I finished my first year with a very respectable GPA.

As he spring session wrapped up, the time came to look for a summer job. Being the rugged country girl type (ok, so at 5’ 4” and maybe 110 lbs, perhaps “rugged” wasn’t quite the right word, but in any case I enjoyed physical stuff) I took a job with a local lawn care company, and I welcomed the chance to spend my summer days outdoors. I was paired with Dan, who had worked there for the past three summers, and we got along well in a buddy-buddy kind of way right from the first day. Dan was a bit older than me (23 to be exact) and wasn’t much to look at, being on the heavy-set side, but he had a friendly personality. I’m not completely sure if I was hoping or afraid he’d make a pass at me, but either way, it was quickly clear that it never occurred to him. Naturally I blamed my tits.

The days got hotter as June led into July, and the thermometer topped 30 Celsius (low- to mid-90s Fahrenheit) on a regular basis. One particularly hot day in mid July, the hottest day so far that summer, we pulled in front of one of the biggest yards on our list. The back yard was mine to cut, and I always dreaded it on a hot sunny day; not only was the yard quite large, but the layout cut it off from any breeze whatsoever, there was no shade to speak of, and to top it all off, the yard was enclosed by a 6-foot-high fence painted a gleaming white. For those of you who have never experienced it, a bright white fence reflects solar energy with only slightly less efficiency than a mirror. Consequently, we referred to that particular back yard as “the Oven”.

As we got out of the truck, Dan prepared for the job by first peeling off his shirt before getting the equipment ready. Normally, I didn’t comment, but that day I had to say something. “You have no idea how jealous I am right now,” I told him. “Being able to toss your shirt like that. I don’t have that option.”

“I guess not,” he replied. “You should bring a bikini top or something, better than that t-shirt a least. Not that you really have anything to hide,” he added. My lack-of-womanly-torso was a common target for good-natured needling. I’m pretty sure he didn’t realize it was actually a sensitive subject.

“True enough,” I managed through gritted teeth. “Your tits are a lot bigger than mine.”

“You got me there,” he chuckled, glancing down at his own slightly droopy chest. “No offence, but you probably could take off your shirt without alarming anyone.”

Maybe it was the heat that had me a bit irritable that day. Fuck it, I thought. It’s not like there’s anyone home to see me anyway. Ducking back into the truck, I quickly peeled off my own shirt (a bra had always been laughably unnecessary), slapped my baseball cap back on, and walked around to grab my mower. “What do you think, Dan? Could I seriously be mistaken for a boy?”

Dan looked up from his equipment and nearly choked when he saw me standing there with nothing but skin between my baseball cap and my cargo shorts. “Honestly, if they didn’t know, and didn’t look too closely, they’d probably jest see shirtless and assume. I can't believe you just did that!”

“Good,” I answered. “Now let’s get working before it gets any hotter in the Oven.”

Let me tell you, it was sooo much nicer without that damp, clingy t-shirt. Still hot as hell in that back yard, but much better than it could have been. It also helped that I was a bit distracted thinking to myself Holy shit, you’re running around topless in someone’s back yard, and your shirt is all the way back in the truck! Even more so when Dan wandered into the back yard to do all the edging. Sure there was nothing sexual between us, but just the idea that a guy could see my bare chest gave me a bit of a buzz. Anyway, we finished the yard uneventfully and loaded everything back into the truck, where I casually (and a bit regretfully) slipped my shirt back on.

As I lay in bed that night, I had a sudden revelation: the body that had always been a disappointment to me was actually a blessing. Various possibilities of how I could take advantage of it ran through my head, and I realized this could be the outlet my adventurous side had been looking for. My body buzzing from the excitement of it, I couldn’t resist touching myself, and when I came, it was the strongest orgasm I’d had in years. I knew I’d be trying it again, and soon!

That's how it started...me getting irritated enough to just go ahead and do what I damn well pleased. It became a regular event for me to cut that particular back yard topless, even when it wasn't a scorcher. Since that customer was both fussy and a big spender, it was a twice-weekly job, which meant that by early August I was quite comfortable strutting around bare-chested. I didn't realize just how comfortable until Dan pointed it out.

It was a Monday, which meant our usual routine was to cut "the Oven" first, then do a few smaller (but still high-end) places before lunch. It was just as we were pulling up in front of the third of these when Dan suddenly looked at me funny. "So," he said with an odd look. "When were you planning on putting your shirt back on?"

I actually looked down at myself to check...he was right! I had completely forgotton after the first place, and had been mowing lawns -- not to mention driving through busy neighbourhoods -- completely topless! I felt my cheeks instantly flush bright red, and I quickly hid my face in my hands. "I seriously can't believe I did that!" I groaned. And you waited until NOW to tell me?"

"To be honest, I really didn't notice either," he confessed. "I'm so used to seeing you working like that it just didn't click right away. Well, no harm done it seems."

"Unless someone called the cops and they just haven't found us yet," I grumbled. Which I knew was unlikely -- anyone who had issues with a topless chick running around would likely have approached us, or at least screamed at us from a distance. Even so, I quickly ducked back into my shirt before getting out of the truck. I soon regretted having to do so, as the day was already getting uncomfortably hot and humid, and it wasn't yet noon, and after being topless all morning, the shirt just felt hot, clingy, and confining. Still, I suffered through that yard and the next, and practically sprinted for the air-conditioned relief of the fast-food joint when we pulled in for lunch.

Exiting the restaurant was agony. Not only was it a shock after the excessive air-conditioning of the restaurant, but by this time (almost 2:00, since we had taken a late lunch) the temperature had reached 39 Celcius (about 102 F) with high humidity. Absolutely stifling. By the time we reached the next yard, we were both drenched in sweat again. As I got out of the truck, the whole fuck it attitude hit me again. "What do you think Dan," I asked him. "I got away with it all morning. Think it'll work?" He turned to me with a thoughtful kind of look on his face and opened his mouth to say something, but before any sound came out, I said "Why the hell not?" I quickly whipped of my shirt, made sure my cap hid my rather feminine pixie-cut, and defiantly grabbed my mower. Dan just shook his head at me and got back to work.

We managed to finish the day without anyone calling me out, and I knew right away that this was going to be a frequent occurrance from now on. If my boyish build was going to allow me to strut around cool and comfortable (and very, very adventurous) I was damn well gonna do it!

I began asking myself, If I can pull this off, what else can I do without getting busted? A door had been opened, and I was all set to walk boldly through it.

After that first time spending most of the day topless, it was like a whole window of opportunity opened for me. There were several things I loved about the experience. First, it was cool and comfortable. Second, it was a sign that I was capable of doing outrageous, adventurous things. Third, I found I enjoyed being adventurous and taking risks. Fourth, the "naughtiness" factor of doing something semi-taboo (sure it's technically legal here, but that doesn't mean the police won't hassle you, charge you with something arbitrary like "causing a public spectacle", or that the general prudish public won't give you a hard time) was a real thrill and turn on for me. Truth be told, I was spending an ever-increasing amount of my alone time with my hands down my pants. And I was enjoying that too; self-pleasure was an activity that had decreased significantly alongside my self-esteem.

Needless to say, I repeated the experience many times. Specifically, any day hot enough to justify shirt removal. Well, most days; Thursdays were out since our list overlapped closely with my boss's own list, and he often drove by where we were working. I figured that encounter might be a little -- awkward -- so I kept my girls covered for that one day. Still, I had a few interesting encounters. Cars would pass by from time to time. Customers would arrive or leave their homes while we were there. Some would gaze out the window while I was wandering around the back half-naked. But apparently everyone either didn't look closely enough or simply assumed the obvious. The kicker was the day a customer called me over as she walked up the sidewalk and asked if we wanted her to bring out some drinks. She was about 6 feet away, looking straight at me, and never batted an eye. Then she came out with "What happened to that girl who was working on your crew? She quit?" When I didn't answer immediately, she turned beet red and went all apologetic on my. "Oh my God, I'm sorry. That was you?" She then stammered for a couple seconds before retreating back into the house. (Admittedly, repeatedly being mistaken for a teenage boy even when half-naked could have been another damaging blow to my self-confidence, but I guess I was enjoying the adventure side of the experience too much to care. Plus, I was accustomed to periodic calls of "young man!" from store clerks, strangers, even teacher who only saw me from behind, so it wasn't that shocking.)

The success of the first few days prompted me to take it to the next level. Thus, Sunday afternoon saw me at Assiniboine Park, the largest, busiest public park in the city, with a blanket, a book, a unisex-style wide-brimmed straw hat, and a bag full of drinks and snacks (and of course a tube of SPF-50 sunscreen...with my complexion, I don't tan well, even with all the sun I'd been getting). All I could think was, If only my high school friends could see me now...ME, sprawled out completely topless out in the middle of a public park, in full view of everybody. They'd just DIE!

I started getting up an hour earlier, going for morning jogs before going to work. Hanging out at the parks after work and on weekends. Every opportunity to get out in the fresh air I took, and whenever the weather permitted it, I was completely tits-out. Quite often I didn't even take a shirt with me -- I was no longer worried about needing an emergency cover-up. But it wasn't until Dan mentioned his weekend trip to the beach that I realized I was missing out on a key experience. Not only hadn't I been to the beach at all that summer, I hadn't even considered it as a topless possibility. I immediately added it to my to-do list.

The beach idea presented a problem, I soon realized. My first thought was to replace my boring old one-piece with a sexy two-piece and go bottoms-only, but that would promptly...er...expose...the charade that had kept me from getting busted thus far. The other option was to get a men's (boys', rather) briefs-style suit, but not only is that an uncommon sight on our beaches, it also brought up the question of whether I'd need to "stuff".

Quick aside here. This story is almost starting to make me look like a cross-dresser wannabe or something of the sort, which was absolutely not the case. I didn't really want to masquerade as a boy, it was just useful to take advantage of people's misperception of me. Trust me, the same thought had occurred to me a few times that summer, and it made me a little uncomfortable. But I'm 100% woman and proud of it, and I drew the line at padding my shorts to carry of the illusion. Stuffing my bra every time I put on a dress was bad enough!

I finally opted to wear a pair of plain, casual shorts with a fairly unisex look, just like I had for work all summer, to scout things out the first time. The next question was, which beach? I had grown up not far from the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, so my family had always driven the half-hour to the closest beach which I had always thought was pretty crappy. So I asked Dan if he knew what the other beaches were like.

"My folks have a cabin up at Grand Beach," he told me. "But that's quite a drive, just for the day. East shore is generally better beaches that West -- less rock, more sand -- the closest one there is Patricia Beach. I've been there with my friends a couple times. We just found a spot close to the parking lot, but I've been told that if you go right to the far end, like as far as you can get by foot, there are some really nice spots, as long as you don't mind the hike."

It seemed to me that he had a bit of a self-satisfied look on his face that he was trying to hide, but I assumed it was just because he was thinking about a topless chick at the beach. Typical man. "Thanks," I said. "I'll check it out."

"Let me know how it goes," he told me as we unpacked the gear at the end of the day that Friday.

I had arranged to borrow my parents' car that weekend, so Saturday morning I was up bright and early and headed for the beach. I paid the daily park access fee at the gate and parked in the first lot, figuring I'd scout the full length of the beach for the best spot. I'm a light beacher, just myself, a blanket, and a bag of essentials, plus with all the exercise I'd been getting the prospect of a long walk didn't deter me; rather I was looking forward to it. True to form, I left my shirt and shoes in the car, fixed my hat, and hit the beach.

The weather was beach-perfect, so even at 9:00 AM the beach was starting to fill up. No one looked twice at me, and I knew I'd once again have no problems. After about 10 minutes I reached a nice clean, quiet spot, but I was enjoying the walk, so I decided to see what was so special about the spot Dan had mentioned, so I hefted the bag back onto my shoulder and kept trudging. Finally, I reached the end of the beach, where the treeline receded somewhat and the narrow strip of beach opened up into a nice wide, sunny patch. Clearly, this patch was no secret as there were probably a dozen or so people already there, so i quickly grabbed what looked like the best open space and laid out my blanket. After a few minutes of sun, I decided to test the waters, and that's where I got my first surprise.

Lake Winnipeg is always cold, even well into August of a hot summer, so the cold was only a brief shock. The surprise came when I dove in; it's amazing how different the water feels on your chest without a bathing suit covering the girls. I was completely unprepared for the sensuality of the experience, and I spent the next half hour doing brief laps and dolphin-dives to get the most out of the sensation. Eventually I stood and looked back at the beach as I brushed back my hair and replaced the cap that I had somehow managed not to lose completely. My gaze lingered on a couple wandering along the beach; they were almost at the end and didn't seem to be scouting for a spot. My suspicions were confirmed when they walked boldly into the bushes at what I had assumed was the end of the beach. A quick glance to my left confirmed that there was, in fact, more beach past the trees, which meant I had not gone "all the way to the end" as suggested. Curiosity got the better of me, so I waded back to shore, shook myself dry, and quickly packed my stuff for another hike.

It turned out I didn't have much farther to go. The path through the trees was fairly clear once you knew it was there, and it was only about 50 feet before the beach opened up again into a gorgeous sunny strand. My second surprise of the day came when I rounded the last stand of trees and encountered another woman positioning herself on her blanket. Like me, she was completely topless. Not only that, she was bottomless as well! A quick glance confirmed that swimsuits were few and far between on this part of the beach. That was why Dan was hiding that stupid little smirk; he had been directing me to a nude beach! After a second to reset my brain for this new development, I smiled. Problem solved, I thought.

I could avoid the question of what kind of bottoms to wear simply be not wearing any bottoms at all! Right on the heels of that thought was Could I really do it?

Only one way to find out, and besides, I was already halfway there. I wandered out onto the sand, surreptitiously checking out the other bodies on the beach under the guise of scouting for a spot. My first worry was quickly laid to rest, as there was not a perfect body on the beach. The crowd (about 40 people, I suppose) was a mishmash of young and old, men and women, all shapes and sizes. Mostly older, mostly men, mostly somewhat overweight, all of them comfortable with themselves. There were even a couple younger couples with kids(!) which was a total surprise. (I found out later that, clothing optional or not, the beach was still considered a "family" beach, and nothing went on there that didn't happen on a "normal" beach. Families were rare, but quite welcome.) I finally found a spot to my liking and spread out my blanket. A quick glance around reassured me that no one was staring at me, at least no more than would be expected on any other beach. So this was it: the moment of truth. I took a deep breath, let it out slowly, closed my eyes and slid my shorts to the ground. When I opened my eyes, I was surprised to realize that my first reaction was relief; being practically the only half-dressed person on the beach had been a source of tension, and now that I fit the dress code, it was easier to relax.

My smile popped back up on my face, and I'm pretty sure it reached both my ears. There I was, completely naked in the middle of a public beach, and I loved it! I sat down to apply sunscreen to the parts of me that had previously been protected by my shorts, and realized I didn't need the cap here either. Yay! No more disguising my gender, at least until I got back to the city. A few more minutes enjoying the sun -- and the breeze -- on my most intimate parts, and I was ready to take the plunge. I have to say, the sensation exceed my expectations. I had been surprised by the feel of swimming topless; the sensation of having absolutely nothing between me and the water was far above and beyond. I'm sure any of you who have visited a nude beach (or gone skinny-dipping elsewhere) can relate to the pure sensuality of the experience. I was definitely a convert, and I would never again willingly visit a regular beach.

I spent most of the day there, gliding through the water, lazing on the beach, even drifting past the end of the beach to see what lay farther down. (I later learned that the beach across the shallow channel was also clothing optional, but it was more the adult-oriented, men-only kind of beach, while Patricia was, as I said already, a family beach.) I even spent some time chatting with some of the others, which in my experience was rare at a regular beach, but mingling and socializing seemed to be the norm here; the whole environment seemed so much friendlier and less judgmental than I was used to at the beach. By 3:00, I figured I was pushing the limits of what sunscreen could do for me, so I reluctantly packed up my stuff, pulled on my shorts and cap, and hiked back to the car. On a whim, I decided to drive all the way back to the city topless. Once again my whole body was buzzing by the time I got home, and couldn't resist bringing myself off in the shower, and then again on my bed before I could bear to get dressed. While the beach had been far from a sexual environment, the sensations of being completely bare to the wind and sun had been almost unbearably sensual, and I hoped that that wouldn't fade with experience. I couldn't wait until me next chance to get out there. Or to get a shot at Dan for setting me up!

Naturally, I had to let Dan have it when I saw him again that Monday. I decided to tease, playing coy by gushing about how awesome the beach was, what I great time I had, thanking him for his suggestion, etc. without once mentioning the "nude" bit. Eventually, he had to admit that he'd set me up in order to verify that I had, in fact, gone all the way to the nude area. Very gratifying!

Unfortunately, that was to be my last week working lawn care. Fall session was just around the corner, and as I had a lot to do before then, including finding a new apartment (I was enjoying a summer sublet from another student who was out of town for work, bu didn't want to give up her place. I was geting spoiled and didn't really wan to go back to dorm living) I decided to take the last week off in order to get everything taken care of, but I promised to be available to work Saturdays as needed.

As that last week drew to a close, I reflected back on the events of the summer. At the start, I had been shy and a little withdrawn, low self-esteem blahblahblah. A you might have guessed by my intro, I was still a virgin at that point. Still was at the end of the summer, but I was much more optimistic about the whole sex and dating idea. By the end of the summer?

I had let a guy see my tits, for the first time EVER!

I had gone totally topless, not just in a secluded area, but completely public.

I had gone to nude beach, and gotten completely naked with others around.

After the beach, I hardly ever wore anything at all at home.

I had rediscovered my sexuality, and was loving it. After years of nothing, I was now masturbating so frequently I had treated myself to a vibrator, and I was definitely getting my money's worth.

I was generally much more comfortble in my skin and with who I was. I no longer felt I needed to apologize for being me.

Not bad for a few short months.

Anyway, as my prep week was about to begin, I got a call from Jess, the girl who I had the sublet from. It turned out she had decided to work and study abroad for a year, and I could continue our arrangement for another full year (sweet deal: fully furnished, plus $100 off the rent each month. I didn't even need a roomie). So it turned out I had a lot less to do that week than I had originally expected. My parents had surprised me that weekend by buying me a car for my birthday (a lovely powder-blue 1986 Reliant K-car: hardly glamourous, but it had wheels and it ran), so I ended up spending most of tthe week at the beach. You already know where.

I was a little disappointed to find that the beach was almost deserted weekdays, rarely more than about 6 or 8 people on the whole beach until the after-work people started to arrive. At times I had the entire beach to myself. I took advantage a couple times by spreading my legs to the sun and breeze and having a nice go, but that required me to keep an eye out for anyone who decided to arrive, since that kind of activity was a strict no-no. Playing with myself in the water was much more satisfying! The beach got much busier again for the weekend, and I spent more time socializing, which was such a refreshing thing to do when completely naked!

I spent most of Sunday, my last day of total freedom, hanging out with Mike and Janet, a couple in their mid-40s who had been coming to the beach for years. Janet especially was quite tickled by my summer exploits, even though she appeared not to believe me. So when they started to get ready to leave, I decided to prove it to her. I told them I would walk back to the parking lot with them. I also mentioned (truthfully, I might add) that I'd left my shirt in the car. On a whim, I decided to up the ante yet again: I put on my trusty cap, tucked my shorts in the bag with the blanket and stuff, and wrapped the towel around my waist like a wrap skirt. Janet's eyebrows climbed up to hide behind her bangs at that little development, so I just winked at her and said, "You guys coming?" and started heading for the path. Naturally, the walk back to the car was uneventful, and my new friends drove off after mentioning they'd "like to see more of me." That last part was delivered with a touch on the arm and a significant look from Janet that kinda caught me off guard. I got into the car still just wrapped in the towel. I had resolved to drive home like that, but a sudden devilish though took me and I unwrapped the towel and made the 40-minute drive completely naked, only wrapping my lower half again for the walk into my apartment.

I went to sleep that night wondering how much opportunity I'd have to be topless now that I wasn't going to be outdoors as much any more. I didn't know how much braver I could get without getting in trouble, but I knew I'd be keeping an eye out for an opportunity!

Orientation Week back at U of M felt like a completely different world. Which was fitting, since I was hardly he same person after the summer I'd had. Not only was a not a "newbie" on campus this year, I was much more confident and outgoin than I had been, and I stared mingling much more easily with some of the other students. I soon found out that there was a pool set up just outside the Dafoe Library (there's a kind of raised terrace between that and the neighbouring building, frequently used for smaller outdoor events), and since the day war gloriously warm, I decided to go check it out. Keep in mind, this was not long after a woman in Ontario had been arrested, and then vindicated, for being topless in public, and most of the country was still experiencing "echo" effects. It was rare to go to a concert, or any large oudoor event, and not see a least a couple women whipping off their tops, although from what I saw it was usually more for the cheers than from any sense of empowerment. Anyway, I arrived at the pool just in time to see two young women in the pool, after repeated urgings from the other students, take of their tops and lounge in the pool naked from the waist up. Naturally, everyone cheered. I was momentarily stunned, then a second later, a little voice inside me said, You know you want to. Of course I did. In an instant, I kicked off my shoes, dropped my shorts to the ground, whipped off my t-shirt, and hopped into the pool in only my panties. The guys cheered, and the other girls in the pool greeted me with a welcoming hug...it felt a little weird at first to feel their bare breasts against my own naked chest, but it all happened so naturally that the discomfort was gone as soon as it had appeared. However, a voice suddenly grabbed my attention.

"Kendra??!! Is that seriously you?"

Oh shit!! It was Vicki, a girl I'd had a class with last year. We hadn't actually been friends, or even acquaintances, but throughout the course we'd worked together a few times, so she knew me well enough to be shocked to see me topless in a public outdoor pool.

"Vicki! Yeah, it's me. You coming in?"

A quick look of distaste flashed across her face. "I don't think so. I can't believe you of all people are in there like that! You were always so shy in class, you barely even spoke to anyone."

"Yeah, well, that was the old me. I've grown a lot since then. Anyway, good to see you're back for another year."

"You too. But I have to run, so I guess I'll see you around."

Wow. Back for half a day and I had already made more friends than all last year. This year was sure to be a step up from last!

My little "appearance" in the pool hadn't really been seen by a ot of people, at least not considering the overall student population, but I still periodically got recognized for it. The event itself soon faded from the front of people's minds, but by then I had formed at least the beginnings of a few friendships. The unfamiliar experience of having a circle of friends was a little awkward at first, but definitely positive. My summer had certainly helped me turn over a new leaf, and I had no intention of going back to the way I had been.

The second week of Sepember I got a call from my boss saying he had a few landscaping jobs to do that weekend and could use my help, so that Saturday saw me reunited with Dan for the first time in three weeks. I was hoping it would just be the two of us on the job so I could ditch my shirt for the day again, and I wasn't disappointed. As it turned out, we were sent back to "The Oven" to remove some ugly overgrown shrubs along the back deck. Hot, backbreaking work, let me tell you. Anyway, just as we were pulling up, the customer came out with a few instructions for us, then drove off with hi golf clubs. Knowing he would be gone for the day, I wasted no time getting tits-out in the back yard.

As expected, the work was tough, and in no time we were drenched and feeling beaten-down. Even that late in the year, the sun can be punishing, especially with no air movement to relieve the heat. A particularly stubborn shrub had us stumped (no pun intended) until Dan finally announced that shovels and shears weren't going to do the trick, and that he'd have to go back to the garage to get the axe. "Grab some drinks, or better yet, bring lunch at the same time," I suggested, as it was already neanly noon at this point. "I'll stay here and do what I can on my own on these other ones."

After he left, I stood up and stretched, and my eyes fell on large in-ground pool that I'd admired all summer long. At that point, I don't think I'd ever seen a more beautiful sight. No one's home, I thought. Dan will be the beter part of an hour getting the axe and lunch. That settled it. I stripped naked in an instant a and jumped into the pool wth a splash. It was heavenly! I dunked myself thoroughly to bring my body temperature back down to the normal human range, then swam a few lazy laps of the pool. Finally, I decided I'd better get stop playing around and get back to work before Dan got back, so I swam over to where I'd left my clothes and hauled myself out of the pool. I half-turned as I hand-fluffed my hair to help it dry, when I heard a gasp from the direction of the house.

"Holy shit! You ARE a girl!!"

It was the customer's teenage son! I had totally forgotten that, this being the weekend, there might be other people in the house! The unexpectedness of it made my hands twitch to cover myself, but then I stopped and forced myself to stand there calmly. "I'm sorry, I needed to cool down for a minute. I didn't realize anyone was home." I calmly began getting dressed again as I spoke.

The kid (maybe 15 or 16) was still standing there dumbfounded. "First time I saw you here during the summer I thought you were a girl, but then latter when I saw you without your shirt on a couple times I thought you hd to be a boy. But you aren't! And you've been cuttting our grass with your shirt off all summer. That's so cool!"

"Make you a deal," I said. "You don't tell anyone I was using your pool without permission, and I on't tell anyone you were spying on a naked girl in the swiming pool." I winked at him. "Our little secret?"

He nodded his agreement, still staring at my bare chest, even though there was really nothing to see. I knew his friends would hear every juicy detail (a high-school age boy NOT telling his friends tha he'd surprised a naked girl? Not gonna happen) but as long as word didn;t get back to my boss, I didn't care. Dan of course laughed his head off he go back and I told him I'd been caught skinny-dipping.

I guess I was bound to get caught sooner or later. Luckily it worked out for me without too much embarrassment.

Dan's birthday came up a little while after the pool incident. I guess he had told his girlfriend about Kendra's summer exploits, she assumed there was more going on and dumped him, so he was pretty bummed out and not in the mood to party. Kendra figured at least a quiet birthday dinner would be good for him, so she rousted him out of the house and they went out for a bite. After taking the edge off his bad mood over supper, she announced that they were going to the club next, and she was going to get him laid. Unfortunately, he wasn't in the mood to really try in that department, so she took him home before he could get too drunk and embarrassing. Back at his place, she popped in to use the bathroom, taking a minute to wipe off soe of the sweat and stickiness from the overly hot conditions at the club. Out of habit, she wandered out into the living room without putting her shirt back on. When Dan commented on it, she made a snap decision, telling him that since she'd promised him he'd get laid, and she kept her promies, she'd have to take care of the details herself. Turned out there was a lot of repressed sexual tension between them from the summer, and they had a pretty wild time of it. They tried to repeat the experience a couple more times over the next few weeks, but without the build-up, there was really nothing there, so they stopped while they could still be friends.

Kendra entertained herself while working on a paper by ordering pizza and answering the door dressed only in a filmy wrap skirt. She also teased the delivery guy by hinting that there might be a repeat show if he delivered her pizza the next time.

Kendra had become good friends with Vicki (the one who saw her topless in the pool during orientation) and a girl named Carrie. Carrie worked at a lingerie shop, and invited them and a couple other friends to a "samples party" to try on a few things and look through the catalogue. When Kendra carually started trying on bras in front of the others rather than ducking into the bedroom to change, the subject came up of her summer adventures. When the other girls acted skeptical, she decided to convince them by giving the pizza guy |not the same one) a similar show, only this time just wearing her panties. Vicki and carrie thought it was cool, Ginny and Tara thought it was "too much".

Vicki was apparently intrigued by Kendra's accounts of the summer, but not quite convinced they were true, so Kendra finally decided to give a definitive demonstration. They met at the gym/track in the basement of Frank Kennedy Center, and after a bit of a workout, Kendra took off her shirt and ran a few laps of the track topless in front of a gym full of people. As usual, no one looked twice. Vicki was finally convinced.

That brings us back to where we left off. Sorry for the brief recap, but as I already said, I hate rewriting completed stories...just never seems to work the same second time around.

After the "topless track star" incident, as Vicki called it, I guess she was finally convinced that I was telling the truth about everything that had happened over the summer. At least, she stopped asking me if I'd "really done that". On the other hand, she started making "suggestions" about when and where I could get topless, which was a little irritating at times. Carrie seemed to accept it a little more calmly, at least she didn't talk about it. I think Vicki was a bit envious, whereas Carrie simply accepted it as a little quirk of mine.

Winter that year seemed much colder, longer, and more depressing than it ever had...maybe because of the freedom I had experienced over the summer that I couldn't enjoy in the colder months. Not that I didn't play around a bit; the pizza guy got an eyeful a couple more time, as did the guy who brought the Chinese food (note to self: stick to pizza, he seemed a lot more relaxed about it), and I continued to be naked around the apartment. A couple times at night I'd stand and gaze out the window for a few minutes where I could be seen from the street, which was a bit of a rush, but I didn't do it often...I thought a one-time thing no one would really care if they noticed, but if I was seen naked in the window repeatedly, someone might end up making a complaint to the building manager, or even the police.

I did get daring one Saturday not long after Christmas. I was doing laundry, which involved hauling everything down three flights of stairs to the basement of the building. I came across my cap at the bottom of the hamper, and thought, what the hell, why not?. I dug my shorts out of the dresser, adjusted my cap, and headed downstairs. I threw in the first load, then slipped off my shirt and tossed it into the machine as well. I hurried back upstairs to get a second load ready, and for a change I was a little nervous being topless. I guess it was because I had met a few people building; even though I wasn't exactly friends with any of the others, there was a chance that one of them might recognize me. My worries were groundless at that point, as I didn't run into anyone in the hallway. I decided to add to the experience, so I took a book with me to pass the time in the laundry room. I almost regretted the decision at first, as it was a little chilly in the room, but unce I got the dryer going it warmed up a bit, and I got a little more comfortable. I was interrupted only once as an older lady wandered in with her load and got the now-empty washer going, but she didn't look at me twice. I was actually a little disappointed...seems I was getting pretty adventurous after my winter exploits!

Around min-January, Vicki's parents went on vacation, and she was asked to house-sit while they were gone. Naturally, she decided to host a party. I was told it would be just a few of us, and unlike some people (and the Hollywood stereotype) I had no worries that the party would get out of hand. When I got there, Carrie was already there, as well as Vicki's friend Ginny. Vicki had neglected to tell me about the lovely hot tub out on the back deck, which was where Ginny and Carrie were waiting; Vicki answered the door wearing a fluffy robe over a damp bikini, so I knew she'd been out back as well.

"Sorry about that," Vicki told me as I greeted the others from the patio doors. "I brought my old suit over here before I decided to buy this one, you can wear it if you'd like."

"I appreciate that, Vicki," I answered, "but there's no way it would fit me."

"Well, give it a shot anyway. The bottoms tie up on the sides, so there's a lot of room to adjust it."

"Alright, I'll try," I conceded. Vicki dug it out for me, laid out a robe, and headed to the klitchen to get more drinks for everyone. Unfortunately, Vicki's op[timism was misplaced. The top half laid flat and deflated against my chest, and the bottoms, moulded to the shape of Vicki's lovely rounded posterior after long wear, sagged in a most unflattering way off my flat tush. Still, that hot tub was the most appealing thing I'd seen all winter, so I threw on the robe and headed outside.

"So it works?" Vicki asked from the hot tub. "C'mon in!"

"I'll be right in," I said cautiously, "but the suit was a failure." With that, mindful of the neighbouring windows that overlooked the deck, I dropped the robe and quickly dipped into the tub in my birthday suit. "I hope no one minds. We're all ladies here, and really don't want to miss out," I added with a wink. Vicki and Carrie were used to me; Ginny looked a little taken aback, but seemd to accept it after a couple minutes.

"Only fair to warn you, though," Vicki piped up a couple minutes later, "there will be a few more guests coming later, people tyou haven't met yet."

"I'm sure I can handle them," I joked.

The joke was on me a couple minutes later as the other guests started arriving. Tara showed up with her boyfriend, followed shortly by another couple and two more single guys. The other couple (Tracy and Jackson) joined us in the hot tub, as did Eric (the tub sat 8), while the others hung around on the deck or just inside the door. Everyone took my toplessness in stride, Tracy deciding to match me, but the real test came when I needed to use the "facilities". I figured there was no way around it, so I just climbed out of the tub and slipped into the robe as if there was nothing unusual about it. When I caught a few startled glances and a couple whispered comments, I just shrugged and said, "I forgot my suit, and Vicki's spare didn't fit."

By the time I got back, my place had been taken in ther tub, so I hucg out in my robe for most of the night. Vicki, of course, was enjoying herself talking about my tendency to get undressed, which made me the "curiosity" of the party. No one really made a big deal out of it, but Eric did make a point of getting my number before he left! Tara was rather cold to me, but then, she'd found my toplessness "too weird" back at Carrie's "samples party" so that didn't surprise me. Still, pouplarity was still new enough to me that I enjoyed being the center of attention for at least part of the evening.

Since I know you people are probably hanging on every detail of my personal life by now, yes, Erid DID call and ask me out after the Hot Tub Party, and yes, I did say yes. Our first date wasn't that great...I guess after the party he assumed that I'd take my clothes off anytime, anywhere, and kept "suggesting" that I do so long after it got annoying. Can't really blame him for that, I guess, considering our first meeting, but still, it really ruined the evening. Which kinda sucked because he seemed like a really nice guy at the party.

Vicki invited Carrie and I back over to use the hot tub a couple days before her folks came home (she made a point of informing me it would be just the three of us this time). Actually, she invited us several times, but with jobs and assignments, we had limited opportunity to take advantage. We finally all managed to get together on a Thursday evening, with Vicki's parents due back Sunday.

A couple things about Winnipeg at the end of January. First, we're far enough north that full dark arrives by about 5:00 - 5:30 PM. Second, the bitterly cold weather (that was a particularly fierce winter, with overnight temps frequently dropping to the -40 range, and don't get me started on the Wind Chill Factor) made outdoor hot-tubbing a real experience -- you could sit on the edge of the tub in perfect comfort, but lean back and your hand could freeze to the deck!

I arrived shortly before 5:00, just in time to help Vicki get some snacks and drinks ready to take outside. We set up a couple trays, poured the drinks, and took it all outside; Vicki had already uncovered the tub, and the snow on the deck around it had started to melt. I shivered against the cold in my jeans and t-shirt. "That tub looks super inviting right now."

"Go ahead and hop in," Vicki told me. "I'll finish getting set up in here. Carrie should be here in a few minutes, and then I'll join you. I'll get a robe...I'm pretty confident you're not going to need to get changed," she added with a smirk.

I had actually brought my suit this time, just in case, but after that invitation, I stripped off right there on the deck and eased carefully into the tub. The water felt scalding on my chilled skin at first, but after I had a minute to adjust, it was heavenly. I lay there with my eyes closed and drifted, realizing for the first time how much tension I had built up with classes, work, and deadlines. My feet floated freely and my shoulders broke the surface as I stretched out and relaxed. I guess I was too dreamy to hear the doorbell when Carrie arrived, so I was a bit startled by the sound of her voice right above me. "Still pretending you're at your 'special' beach, I see."

I jumped a bit, realizing that my assets were close enough to the surfae to be clearly visible. After a nervous check to make sure there were no surprise guests with her, I grinned and closed my eyes again, mumbling some vague kind of greeting. I looked up again at the sound of a footstep on the deck as Carrie came back out dressed in a robe, which turned out to be covering a fabulous red two-piece. I goggled at her as she stepped into the tub, and could not contain my envy. "You have no idea how much I wish I could fill out that kind of suit. I can't buy one like that that would fit me, and even if I did, I'd look like an inappropriately-dressed 11-year-old," I griped.

"Instead you're an inappropriately-UNdressed 18-year-old," she teased me. "I have to admit though, I'm a little jealous of how you can keep cool in the summer without causing a scene."

I laughed at that. "There are definitely benefits. Still, you'll always get more attention in a suit like that than I'd get out of one." Carrie had a fabulous figure, and almost always dressed to flatter it. Guys didn't have a chance when she wanted their attention. Envy, envy, envy.

Vicki joined us at that moment, setting her drink down, but standing nervously on the deck rather than getting right into the hot tub. Carrie caught the hesitation. "You forget something? Or just afraid you can't take the heat?"

Vicki blushed beet red, holding her robe closed with one hand. "Actually," she said carefully, "Kendra has kind of...um...inspired me lately...so..." With that, she took a quick breath, dropped the robe, and quickly hopped into the hot tub, as naked as I was. Actually, "hopped" may have been her intention, but the water was hot enough that she had to ease into it, meaning her charms were fully on display for Carrie and I for several seconds before she managed to immerse herself. Vicki has an ample figure, and although having gained the usual "freshman 10" and then some made her the first to call herself "fat", she had enough boob and hip to still look curvaceous. She never seemed to realize how often guys checked her out. Anyway, I always thought she looked good whatever she wore, and naturally I was jealous of her womanly characteristics.

"Holy shit, Vicki!" Carrie practically cackled, jolting me out of what I realized was a dreamy study of my friends nude body. "What brought that on?"

"I don't know," she mumbled in return. "Listening to Kendra talking about it, then seeing her do it...I've actually been skinning in the hot tub just about every night I've had the place to myself. When Tracy took her top off at the party last week, I wanted to do the same, but there were too many people there I wasn't comfortable enough with." The words were coming in a rush now. "I knew Kendra wouldn't care but Carrie I was a little nervous about how you'd react, but I thought I'd just go for it and hope you didn't think I was too weird."

Carrie just laughed. "You're here with Kendra, and you're worried I'd think you're weird?" She flashed me a wink while she said this. I'm not as quick to flash my stuff as you two are, but I really don't care if that's your thing. Be comfortable. Just don't ask me to do it!" That last earned her a splash from each of us, and we all dissolved into giggles as we girls can be so prone to do.

We hung out in the hot tub for as long as we could stand, then took a break for some proper food. Carrie had an early class the next day, so Vicki and I saw her out before heading back out for one last soak. After Vicki once again shyly dropped her robe and stepped cautiously into the water, I couldn't resist. "You do realize there's someone looking out through that window, right?" I asked her innocently, gesturing ina direction vaguely behind her. Darkened windows of four or five other homes faced in our general direction, and she had been standing completely exposed for several seconds.

She blushed fiercely again, and hid her face in her hands. "Oh my God, seriously?" she wailed. It's one thing in front of you guys, but..."

"It's ok," I rescued her. "I'm just teasing you. I mean, someone could be up there for all I know, but the odds of them looking at just the right second are pretty slim, and I didn't see anyone."

"You bitch," Vicki laughed back, treating me to a splash this time.

The time finally came for us to exit the tub again, and for me to get home. With me instigating and Vicki following, we streaked our way into the house, and stood in the living room patting ourselves dry with our robes. I was just reaching for my clothes when Vicki stepped forward and grabbed me in a fierce hug.

"Thank you," she said in my ear. "I can't believe how comfortable that feels. You've really helped open my eyes."

I hugged her back. A sign of how I'd changed was that I didn't feel the slightest hint of weirdness or discomfort having my friend's naked body pressed up against mine. "You'll have to join me at the beach this summer," I said. "Then you'll really see how it feels."

"The beach?" she repeated as she finally let go of me. "In front of everyone, not just you guys? I don't know..."

"Yes you do," I assured her. "Everyone else the same way. It really is easy."

Vicki nodded, but still quickly looked down at herself. "And don't be ridiculous," I chided her. "You have nothing to be ashamed of. Even if you were as big as you seem to think you are, no one would pay any mind. You'd actually get looked at less for that reason than you would at a normal beach. Plus, there's nothing wrong with the way you look. Really."

She smiled at that and gave me another quick hug before finally letting me dress. Hopefully one day she'll see her body as everyone around her does.

I had a feeling though that the coming summer would be even better than the last one.

Shortly after our "last chance" hot-tub night at Vicki's parent' place, I was surprised to get a call from Eric. He'd actually kept my number after our rather disappointing first date, and since he opened with an apology, I decided to give him a chance to talk. We had a pretty decent chat for over an hour; he really was a good guy. I explained to him exactly how and why I'd ended up skinny-dipping at the party that night, and he understood that I wasn't just some freaky exhibitionist (yet!). But seeing me streak to the bathroom, and hearing the stories that were being related about my exploits, he had gotten a bit of the wrong idea. We agreed to go out for another date "sometime", which proved difficult to arrange with out conflicting class and work schedules. (He attended a local Community College, so we didn't get to hang out between or after class). I mentioned my pathetic lack of dating experience (my little fling with Dan didn't count as dating), so we started of slow, with a couple dinner and movie dates over the next few weeks.

My birthday rolled around in early March, and Carrie and Vicki kept teasing me that they had "just the thing" lined up for my party. That had me a little apprehensive, but also a little intrigued; both had shown a remarkable ability to come up with exciting activities, so by the tie the day rolled around, the anticipation was killing me. They had declared it a "girls night out" which meant Vicki, Carrie, and maybe a few other acquaintances, but they refused to tell me where we were going.

Vicki and Carrie showed up at my door together at about 8:30, both dressed for clubbing with curve-hugging skirts and plenty of cleavage. I sighed when I saw them.

"You guys!" I groaned. "You're not allowed to show up the birthday girl like that! You know I don't own anything that'll hold up next to all that!"

"Relax," Carrie grinned. "We picked up a couple things for you as the first part of your present, and by the end of the night, no one will be looking at us, I promise!"

That sounded slightly ominous, but I managed a grin as I took the packages they handed me, which turned out to be a loose, short black skirt (yep, we wear short skirts to go out in Winnipeg, even when there's still 2 feet of snow on the ground!) and a gorgeous green v-neck blouse. The neckline had a ruffle which helped disguise my lack of "boobage", and the colour was perfect. I have to say that at that point in my life, I had never looked better. I felt ready for anything...that is, until Vicki took out the blindfold.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"We told you, you don't get to know where we're going until we get there," Carrie told me. "So you wear this until we get there."

"Fine," I agreed at last. "Just as long as you know that if you let me fall, I'm grabbing onto your necklines for support on the way down." Vicki laughed at the threat as she stepped forward to cover my eyes.

In spite of my unaccustomedly-high heels, the icy sidewalks, and Carrie and Vicki's general lack of coordination in their eforts, I somehow managed not to fall as they led me out to Carrie's car. Twenty minutes later, we were at our destination. I heard loud music pulsing from inside and some general amusement at two girls leading their bliindfolded friend through the door and past the ID-check station. It certainly felt and sounded like a club.

At last, they took off the blindfold and allowed me to look around at my surroundings. It looked like a club, all right: a bar along the wall, tables and chairs scattered around a the large open room. But instead of a dance floor, there was a large stage and runway, with poles at the corners. The truth suddenly hit me.

"A strip club? A strip club? Sorry, I just really don't need to see guys who think they're sexy shaking their junk at me."

Vicki and Carrie shared a look. "What?" I asked cautiously."

"We're not here to watch male strippers," Vicki informed me.

Carrie just grinned and pointed to a sign on the easel by the stage:

TEASER'S PRESENTS: WET T-SHIRT WEDNESDAYS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"What the hell were you guys thinking???!!!" I exclaimed. "I'm not going up there!!"

Vicki and Carrie just looked each other and them burst out laughing. Vicki composed herself long enough to gasp, "A chance to take your clothes off in public without getting in trouble, ond you're NOT going to take it? Of course you're going up there!"

I wasn't sure how to explain the difference to them. Sure, I loved being without my shirt--or all my clothes for that matter--but this was different. My previous exploits had been innocent; just casually being underdressed in a public setting. And while those incidents had given me a strong sexual buzz, that was only a pleasurable side-effect. This situation was specifically sexual, with the whole thing intended to get the male customers turned on, and I wasn't sure i was up to that. Still though, the seed was planted, and I had over an hour to make my final decision. In the meantime, we explored the place, since none of us had ever been there before.

There wasn't really that much to see, basically a single large room with a few semi-private boots in the corners for "private" table dances. Even this early in the evening a few of the booths were occupied, dancers in various stages of undress gyrating sensuously for their clients. A "warm-up" dancer took the stage to get the crowd worked up before the contest started, so we grabbed a round of drinks and sat to watch...I figured it couldn't hurt to study some of her moves if I was going to be up there myself later. Halfway through her dance, I realized that by deciding to study her moves, I had unconsciously agreed to do it. Wow, how did that happen? I guess the combination of the alcohol and the atmosphere were starting to have an effect on me.

"Alright, you guys! You win," I finally admitted.

"I knew it!" Vicki crowed, and bounced off to sign me up.

Thirty minutes later, I was standing with a group of about 15 other girls while the event host explained the rules. One by one we'd get our shirts soaked, then have 30 seconds to strut our stuff before the next girl's turn. After each round, some of us would be qualified for the next round based on the cheers of the crowd. T-shirts were passed around -- thin white cotton things that were almost transparent already, especially after som of the better-endowed girls squeezed into them. The tightly-stretched fabric left little to the imagination, which I guess was the whole point. Mine of course was fairly loose across the chest, even though it was a fairly tight fit across the shoulders. I saw a couple of the other girls "modifying" their shirts by tying them up or tearing them in strategic places, and I followed suit, figuring they'd done this before. A small tear in the neckline showed a little extra skin (as well as giving me a better fit in the shoulders) and tying up the hem showed off my belly nicely.

Before I knew it, it was time! I had drawn 9 out of 16, so I had the chance to watch what the other girls did, for which I was grateful. A few of them were clearly up there on a dare or something; they pretty much just walked aimlessly around the stage for their time then scurried for cover, blushing the whole time. Others did better, and I immediately learned that this wasn't going to be just a dance contest: "skin to win" was clearly the key phrase here. The fourth contestant was the first to tear her shirt open (the reason she's ripped it partially backstage), giving the crowd a quick flash of her nice round tits in the last few seconds before tying her shirt up and heading for the sidelines. Once she set the precedent, most of the others followed suit, opening or lifting their shirts (or just stretching the neckline) to flash their goods, except for one who crossed her arms across her chest the second her shirt got wet and refused to move them, no matter how much the crowd encouraged her. Soon enough, I head the annnouncer call me out.

"Next up! KENNNNNNNNdraaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!!!!"

I was on! I used my best strut (not great, but I'd done some practicing) to march over to the "waterboy". Holy Shit it was cold! My shirt disapeared to the naked eye and my nipples went instantly rock hard, popping up like bee stings from my flat chest. I shivered suddenly, then shook it of and pranced out to the middle of the stage as the announcer started counting down my time. I struttted across the stage, then back to center stage. Suddenly inspired, I coyly turned my back to the audience, cocking one hip up seductively (I hoped) as I ripped my shirt doen the middle from the tear I'd started in the neck. I spun around, holding my shirt open just enough for those in the right sports to get a peek, then let the corners drop so the shirt hung loosely open.

"Ten seconds!" the announcer called out, and the crowd joined in the countdown as they had for the others. Time for one last move. Drawing from my limited knowledge of strippers and seduction, I turned my back, bent over at the waist to touch my toes (ok, a couple inches above my ankles; I wasn't the most flexible girl at the best of times, and four-inch heels put my toes WAY out of reach) then straightened slowly, sticking out my ass and chest as much as I could, then smacked my ass for good measure. I got a good "whoop" from the crowd for that one, and as I took one last look over my shoulder before I headed bach to the corner, I saw Vicki and Carrie waving to catch my eye. I followed ther waves and points a few feet farther over and saw...ERIC. Holy shit!! I thought. What the fuck is HE doing here?! The shock on top of my nervousness almost finished off my knees, and I staggered off stage to make room for the next girl.

"Let's hear it folks, for KENNNNNdraaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!"

Apparently, the crowd liked my ass-smack enough to cheer me into the next round, which kinda surprised me. I'd assumed that my lack of assets would disqualfy me almost immediately, but it seemed they wanted to ditch the shy ones first. I wasn't entirely sure if I wanted to keep going with Eric there watching, but that little voice inside me whispered fuck it! as it had so many times lately, and I decided to throw caution to the wind and just enjoy the experience. I was tingling head to tow, adn it was a struggle not to touch myself right then and there. Yep, definitely not ready to quit yet!

The host made made it clear the ten remaining girls would have to "take it to the next level" to get past the second round, and by that point I was pretty sure what he meant. Sure enough, the first girl opened her shirt the second she walked out on stage and teased the crowd by hiking her skirt up, even flashing her neon green thong at one point. "More skin" was the rule for the second round.

"Up third...KENNNNdraaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!" the announcer drawled. I took a deep breath and strutted back out. Forty-five seconds each this time. The cold water was just as shocking the second time, and once again my little nips stood at attention. I strode out to center stage, struck a couple poses, then untied my shirt and turned to face the crowd. I had planned to just let it hang open like last time, but I saw Eric watching me, and somehow my shirt was completely off, and I found myself topless in front a room full of strangers, most of them male! I still had most of my time to fill, so I desperately racked my brain deciding what to do next. I wasn't about to strip my skirt off at that point, but I knew I had to do something exciting, and then it hit me! I did a couple squats, sticking my ass out at the crowd, then slid my hand up uder my skirt, and on the third squat, my panties came down with me. I quickly balled them up and tossed them into the crowd, trying to get them to Eric, but didn't quite get them there. With ten seconds left, I squatted down facing the crowd with my knees apart, low enough that my short skirt touched the stage between my feet. I ran my hand down across my mound over my skirt for a tease, then stood and pranced back to the side. A quick glance back showed Carrie hiding her face in her hands in disbelief, and Vicki enthusiastically fist-pumping for me. Off course she would!

Two rounds down. While only two other girls had actually removed their shirts, only one could be said to have actually worn her shirt for her time. Pretty much all of them had flashed their asses, and one had lost her skirt completely and was now standing in line in a shredded t-shirt and black boy-shorts. And I was one of the six through to the final round!!

One full minute each this time. And I was fourth out of six.

"Up first...TAAAAAAAmmyyyyyyyyyy!!!!!!"

A tall, busty brunette, long black hair to die for. Her shirt came off in seconds, skirt followed about halfway through, and she struttted around the rest of her time in her thong and knee-high boots, writhing around to the delight of the crowd. Sexy as hell.

"SAAAAAAANNNNNdraaaaaaa!!!!!!!"

Shorter than Tammy, but still taller than me. Not as adventurous as the rest so far, be she had a fit, athletic body that made up for it. And her implants stood up tall and proud as well, no matter how she shook them, which got her enough cheers to get this far. I was pretty sure she wouldn't be picked over Tammy in the final tally though, as she basically repeated her previous dance of pulling her shirt up and jiggling, although she did take her top completely off in the last few seconds.

"NIIIIIIIIIckyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!!!!"

Blonde like Sandra, long hair, about my height. Almost as heavy as Vicki, but lots of boob and butt, and she knew how to work it. Like Tammy, she was soon down to her panties and shoes in no time, driving the crowd wild.

"KENNNNNNNdraaaaaaa!!!!!

By this point, I knew I had no chance of winning, but truth be told, I was having blast. The energy up on stage was unbelievable, so I figured even if I wasnt going to win, I was going to go out strong. I whipped of my shirt at center stage, twirled it over my head to wild cheers, and tossed it out into the crowd. I was completely topless now, with no way to cover up until the contest was over. I couldn't strip down to my panties like the other girls (since I wasn't wearing any at that point), so instead I strutted back and forth, flipping up my skirt once in a while to flash my bare cheeks to the crowd. Toward the end of my routine, I turned my back, dropped to my knees, and lifted the hem of my skirt over my waist. Essentially naked, I ran my han sugggestively across my stomach and down. The moment got the better of me, and almost without thinking about it I plunged two fingers into my sopping wet sex, almost cumming before I came back to my senses. One last flip of my skirt and my time was done.

"MOOOOOONNNNNicaaaaaaaaaa!!!!"

Another tall skinny blonde, she strutted around like a professional stripper (I found out later she was a shill paid by the club to make sure the contest got "exciting", and she'd been guaranteed the prize money from the start) she stripped to her thong, did several splits moves on the stage, then bent over, pulling her thong down to her ankles. Completely naked on stage, she flashed her pussy to the eager crowd, then headed back to the sidelines.

"And finally....CAAAAAArooooooliiiiiiiiiine!!!!!!!"

The final contestant appeared to have given up after Monica's performance, not really making any extra effort in the final round. I guess she'd reched the limit of how far she'd go. She still enjoyed herself and got some good cheers, giving the other girls hugs as she finished her bit. Once again I felt th peculiar sensation of another girls naked chest mashed against my own.

We all lined up across the stage for the final judging, and one by one we were singled out and judged by the volume of the cheers. The host went back and forth several times, eliinating first Caroline, then Sandra, and finally Nicky. However, there was one more surprise in store for me.

"I can't tell who you want more!" The announcer called out. "They all sound the same to me. Loosk like we're gonna have to do a SHOWDOWN!!!!! One more minute, everyone at once! In 3...2...1..."

The music started up again, and the waterboy came out with the jugs one last time. There was only one thing left to do. As I saw Tammy and Monica dancing against each other out of the corner of my eye, I walked to the other side of the stage, strutted a bit, then whipped of my skirt to face the crowd completely nude for the first time! What a rush! Unfortunately, as I completed my first naked turn, I saw the other girls across te stage from me. Both completely naked, they were making out and groping each other to wild cheers from the audience: just barely short of a full-on girl-girl sex show right in front of me. Just a reminder: I'd grown up relatively sheltered in a small toen, and this was before widespread internet access (14.4 kbps modem, anyone?), so although I'd heard about such things, I'd never even seen a picture. I spent my last 30 seconds basicallt standing there like an idiot watching them. Once time ran out, the host let them molest each other for another 15-15 seconds, then called us back to line. Monica won the $500 cash prize, of course, but Tammy and I both won consolation prizes of bar tabs, valid any Wednesday.

I hugged the other girls to congratuate them, picked up my skirt from where I'd tossed it, then retrievd my blouse from backstage. Prize coupon in one hand, shirt in the other, I ran out to meet Carrie and Vicki, who both hugged me excitedly. "Alright, you bitches! You were right, I loved it. But next time, you're getting up there with me, got it?" Looking over my shoulder, I saw Eric making his way through the crowd. "I love you guys, but I'll talk to you later! Remember what I said about next time. I mean it!" Without giving them a chance to argue, I rushed off after Eric. he turned when he felt me catch his arm, and without so much as a greeting I grabbed his shirt, pulled him over, and kissed him hard on the lips. He kissed me back, and my knees almost buckled. "Let's go" I said breathlessly as I broke the kiss, taking his hand and leading him toward the exit.

The chill winter air reminded me that I'd completely forgotton to get my jacket from the coat-check, but I wasn't about to turn back. We rushed out to Eric's car, my shaky knees almost betraying me more than once, and I shivered in the passenger seat as Eric started the car and cranked the heat.

I had never been so turned on in my life! Practically naked in the car, cruising through the middle of the city. I hiked my skirt enough to give my pussy a promising pat.

"You know," I warned Eric, "if I freeze to death before we get to my place, I'll be forced to alter my plans for the rest of the night!" He grinned and stepped on it.

I really don't know how we made it there safely. I couldn't keep my hands of myself, and in no time my skirt was bunched up around my waist as I played with myself shamelessly, just barely holding off from cumming. Eric was so distracted by my performance that he almost crashed more than once. Thank God we didn't get to close to any police! Once there, I lefft my shirt in the car and we raced up the stairs to my apartment. Once inside, I pushed him down on the couch, helped him get his pants down, and practically jumped on his dick, which was rock-hard by that point. Neither of us lasted long. I came almost immediately, and continuously until he finished inside me about thirty seconds later. I clung to him as I caught my breath, the grinned and slapped him playfully on his chest. "Damn I needed that," I managed. "I'm not done with you yet, but I need a shower first, I smell llike the bar. You can join me, or you can wait for me in the bedroom."

He opted to wait, which suited me fine, as I really did need the shower to warm up as well as get clean, and I was pretty sure I'd get distracted if he'd been in there with me. After a luxurious twenty minutes or so, I emerged from the bathroom wrapped in a warm fluffy robe. Eric was stretched out on my bed by then, already naked, and hard again, I noticed with satisfaction. I stood in the doorway and slowly dropped the robe to the floor. Mock-applauded me, then patted the bed beside him.

With the edge already taken off, we explored each other's bodies for a while, teaching and learning the right way to touch. I gave him head (clumsily; Dan hadn't given me much chance to really practice that skill), he went down on me just as clumsily. Our attempt at sixty-nine was extremely clumsy, but it got the job done, and soon he was back inside me, on top this time as I screeched and groaned beneath him. Then he was behind me, filling me to perfection. I was back on top, riding him wildly as he bucked his hips off the bed. After four rounds, he was finally spent, but he brought me off once more with his tongue and fingers before rolling over and falling asleep. I fingered myself to one more before I felt sated at last, drifting off with my fingers still buried in my tired, aching pussy.

I decided I'd probably visit that club again on another Wednesday...

The aftereffects of the wet t-shirt contest (and the amazing night in bed that followed it) kept me buzzing for days. Every spare moment, my mind would drift back to some point or other in that night, and my hand, in turn, would drift toward my crotch, which was almost constantly wet, it seemed. My assignments were almost impossible to complete, as I kept playing with myself every hour, perhaps more. In spite of the cold, I went commando under my skirt at school, simply because the pressure of my panties against my permanently-aroused pussy was almost unbearable. Even though Eric and I couldn't align our schedules enough for an actua date, I did drive over for a couple late-night booty calls, which left me sleepless but temporarily satisfied.

Still, by Sunday night, I found myself struggling with the final draft of a research paper, frustrated and horny, spending more time reliving my birthday party than working on the paper. As I stood up to stretch, I caught a flicker of movement from across the street. That wasn't unusual in itself; a young couple lived there, and some evenings I coud see straight into their living room if the lights were on and they'd neglected to close the blinds. However, this time I had a clear view of the bedroom. I clicked off the light for a better view (I'd never been interested in "peeping", but keep in mind the state I was in at the time) and waited for a minute or two. My patience was rewarded as I clearly saw him walk in through the bedroom door, bare from the waist up (which was all of him I could see, actually). He quickly left my view, presumably as he walked around the end of the bed, but I saw him again as he walked past closer to the window, and I caught a lovely (albeit brief) glimpse of his ass as he climbed into bed. A few seconds later, she walked into the room, her bare chest in plain sight to my spying eyes. After a brief time out of sight, she left the room again, and my curiosity piqued even more as I saw another light come on, gently illuminating the living room window. Sure enough, she soon came into view, walking through the living room stark naked to the kitchen. As expected, she soon returned, this time giving me a full-frontal view before disappearing down the hall. Another quick look at her boobs as she re-entered the bedroom and slid smoothly into bed a second before the light went out.

I wondered for a while if they realized how visible they were with the lights on, and what they were thinking about if they did. Deciding that my paper could wait one more day, I crawled into bed and rocked myself to sleep thinking about what might be happening in that bedroom across the street.

March in Winnipeg is always interesting when it comes to the weather. Not only can you have an outdoor picnic on a given date one tear, and three feet of snow still on the ground on the same date the next, but even a few days can bring about a tremendous difference in the weather. And so it was that year: we got a sudden break from the bitter cold to see a few days with plenty of sunshine and temperatures on the friendly side of freezing. Still cold in an absolute sense, but after becoming accustomed to temperatures below 0 F, it was heavenly.

The ground was still mostly snow-covered, and very very sloppy from the rapid thaw, so neither jogging nor lounging under a tree were practical, but I did head to the park for a walk. As I had hoped, most of the roads and paths were passable, having been cleared of snow throughout the winter. Meltwater flooded the paths in places, making for treacherous going, but I was able to to enjoy the sunshine for quite some time. The bris activity warmed me enough that I was soon down to my shirtsleeves. Foolishly, I hadn't anticipated feeling as warm as I did; I had left my cap behind, and my wardrobe that day was decidedly girly, making it impossible to ditch my shirt without drawing attention.

\*\*Note to anyone doubting that a girl could even consider getting topless outside in temperatures below 10 C (about 50 F): months of deep freeze do wonders for cold tolerance, and sunshine makes a big difference. Any time the temperature tops freezing with sunshine after New Years, there's always some chick on the front page of the paper making a snowman while dressed in a bikini. Just sayin'\*\*\*

Anyway, inspiration finally struck me. There were a few picnic tables not an unreasonable distance from the path, and the sun had melted a few of them clear of snow. Plus, the park wasn't all that busy, I guess because of the general sloppiness. I chose a suitable table, trudged 30 feet or so through knee-deep snow to reach it, and climbed up on top. Not bad -- table top was dry, full sun for warmth, and not really in direct view from the road. I stripped off my shirt, laid it out across the table for a bt of insulation, and lay back in the sun. Have I mentioned how the feeling of sun on bare skin after a long cold winter is almost orgasmic? I'm actually not sure if the "almost" is even a necessary qualifier. I squirmed happily in the sunshine for about fifteen minutes, until I started to get a chill. Not to mention an awkward tingling down south. "Nearly orgasmic experience", remember? After one final stretch and wriggle, I slipped my shirt back on and trudged back out to my car.

When I got home, I wasted no time. I ran to my bedroom (I loved that it faced roughly south, giving me a lot of direct sunshine) and opened the window to let in some fresh air. When that seemed insufficient, I pulled the panes and the screen out completely, leaving the window wide open to the outside air. I stripped naked in record time and sprawled on the floor in the middle of the patch of sun. The sun on my skin continued its work, and soon I was was purring contentedly as I gently stroked myself, letting the pleasure grow until I couldn't stand it. I jammed my fingers as deep inside as I could reach and pumped madly, bringing myself to a thunderous orgasm, then a smaller one as I slowly drifted down from the heights.

After a brief rest to catch my breath, I felt myself starting to get cool again, so I got up, still nude, to put the window back in. As it happened, a young couple was walking past on the sidewalk, and she chanced to to look up, perhaps drawn by the movement. Instead of ducking back inside, I leaned out a bit farther with a wave and a smile. "Gorgeous day, isn't it?" I called, amused as they jumped.

Summer was just around the corner, and I couldn't wait!

**Chapter 17**

Ever have one of those weeks where you really want some company but you can't seem to connect with anyone? With spring finally sprung, hinting at the summer to come, I was really feeling restless; unable to get out and get naked, I wanted to at least get out of the apartment and hang out with friends. Unfortunately Vicki and Carrie were both working evenings, Eric had a major project coming due soon, and even Dan was unavailable -- he had a new girlfriend who was occupying a lot of his time.

Unable to find a partner-in-crime to help me pass a Wednesday night, I finally decided to grab my bar tab voucher and head back to Teaser's. I had originally wanted to make a girls' night of it, and maybe drag Vicki or (wishful thinking) Carrie up with me. <i>Next time</i>, I promised myself. Anyway, 8:00 PM saw me getting my kit together: lacy, neon-green boy-short panties barely hidden by the shortest ruffle skirt I owned. A nice scoop-neck blouse finished it off, and off I went to the strip club by my lonesome. I wasted no time in signing up, and soon enough I'd traded my blouse for the familiar wisp-thin cotton rag of a t-shirt. A small tear at the neckline, tie up the hem, and I was skanked up and ready to put on a show.

There were only twelve of us this time, but no familiar faces as far as I could recall. I was fourth up, so after the first three girls did little more than prance around in a wet shirt, I decided to rise the bar a bit by tearing my shirt down the middle and doing a few twirls, "accidentally" giving the spectators a glimpse of bare boobage before taking my place back on the sidelines. The other girls, at least those serious about the competition, each stepped up the challenge, the last two getting their shirts completely off in the first round.

I drew fifth spot out of eight for the second round, losing my shirt and flashing my undies at the appreciative audience. "Summer" (I assumed not her real name) tossed her shirt and came out to join me for the last few seconds of my dance, and we twisted and moved back-to-naked-back, drawing some wild cheers. I felt the thrill starting to return, but it wasn't the full-body buzz I'd felt the last time. I was still having fun though, and I was through to the "final four".

Clothing was getting steadily more scarce with each round. Wanda led off round three, the only one of us still wearing a shirt, although it was accompanied by only the briefest little yellow thong. The shirt didn't last, and when she bent over and stuck out her ass, her thong was inconsequential. Summer was down to her own panties in seconds, and waved me out to join her, since our joint effort had been popular last time. My skirt was gone by the time Summer's time was done, and I was starting to get fired up. Still, I didn't feel as energized as last time, whether it was the "newness" of the experience, or the fact that my friends had been there, but that first time had had an energy that was lacking this time. Not that it was stopping me from having fun.

My turn. I dragged Summer out with me right away, squatting down low and spreading my knees wide as Summer turbed around, sliding her panties off her ass and shaking her goodies. I stood up, thinking I'd do the same -- picture a pair of tight little asses shaking side by side. Instead, as soon as I was facing her, Summer grabbed me by the shouders, mashed her tits into my chest, and stuck her tongue down my throat! I had never had such a shock! I tried to go with it for the sake of the contest, but in reality I was totally weirded out by the experience, and I almost forgot to finish my time. I halfheartedly slid my panties off my hips for a quick flash, but in reality I knew I was done, and sure enough I was the one who didn't make the true finals.

I left the stage in a bit of a fog, putting my clothes on and heading or the door. A couple guys tried to hit on me on the way past, but I didn't even really notice except in hindsight. I was still in a daze when I got home, and after a long hot shower to unwind, I staggered to my room and crawled into bed. I gently "massaged" away my remaining tension with confused thoughts rolling through my head.

One thing was clear: I wasn't going to "Wet-T" again without backup.