**Kimmy**

By not a politician

**Part 20**

The rest of Sunday was spent as a family evening, which included Mom questioning Kimmy how she spent naked leisure time on the farm. Since Mom, recently naked, had a legitimate interest in knowing, Kimmy felt obliged to answer truthfully. And anyway, it wasn't half as awkward as when Granny and Mom debated over whether Mom should adopt a shaved look for her naked time. Kimmy also received lots of advice and information on the subject of dating, without even needing to ask. The final thing Kimmy received that evening was confirmation, simply from getting to look at her naked mother throughout, that she'd probably keep looking several years younger than she was until she started to show signs of actual ageing.

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Rather early the next morning, at least by summer break standards, Kimmy, as usually dozing naked and peacefully, was woken by Mom. Since Mom was still naked as well, it took Kimmy a moment to recognize her and remember the previous evening's news. Mom then explained that Dave was on the phone, having apologized rather profusely for calling so early but having a very good excuse because Kimmy obviously didn't carry a phone when out and about naked.

"Hi Kimmy, sorry if this is a bit early, in two ways even, but since we didn't really have a date yesterday I was asking myself what to do for the next one, something where we can be alone and talk. I finally got an idea, but it only works on a Monday. Oh, can you dance?"

"You mean the kind of dancing you have to learn? Sorry, no"

"Me neither. Perfect"

"I don't get it", Kimmy replied to that, her sleepy body emphasizing it with a thorough yawn.

"Don't worry, let it be a surprise. I'll be there at five"

After the byes, Kimmy hung up with a smile and immediately dozed off again, still sleepy and in no hurry to get up.

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Sometime later, the still dozing Kimmy felt a hand on her shoulder and heard her name. Opening her eyes, she saw a naked figure. With an "Aww Mom, just five more minutes", Kimmy turned over and kept dozing. Next, she felt tickling on the soles of her bare feet, and when that failed to do more than just stir her, a slap to her equally bare butt. Finally giving in and getting herself out of bed, Kimmy was surprised to see the other naked girl was not Mom, but Ally.

"Huh, when did you switch places with Mom?"

"You mom is getting ready for work. She and I did enjoy a skinny dip at the pond in your granny's woods though. I left home very early and didn't take any clothes. My mom "caught" me and was actually ok as long as I stayed on your farm. So hey, naked day for us!"

Kimmy got up and decided to help along her waking up and get a clear head with a cold shower, especially since the day was already fairly warm. Right after, only hastily dried, she joined the others at the breakfast table. This time around, Kimmy and Ally were the naked ones, while the older women were completely dressed, although Mom complained about having to dress for work on such a hot day.

Since Kimmy and Ally didn't have any obligations that day that required any clothing, they headed, still naked, to the pond for some more swimming and general horseplay in the water. They did so for a while until Granny came to the pond, carrying some sort of garment.

"Alice, your mother called from work, she has a new colleague who needs help renovating the house he moved into. He and his wife shouldn't really have to wait until they've had enough free days, especially since they rarely have free days at the same time, so they'd be less efficient, so you have been volunteered. His wife had to work the weekend and today is her day off, so she'll come to collect you any moment now. Kimmy, would you like helping out, too?"

"Sure, I'd love to help my naked friend", Kimmy replied, not minding helping out a bit and also looking forward a bit to how Ally would handle having her naked day get a little more public than planned.

"Since you mother knows you heading here without clothes", Granny however continued, "she asked me to lend you something suitable for working in, and since she already previously told about you and mentioned your age, she asked for something covering the breasts, too"

Granny handed Ally some sort of overalls which were really just a pair of work pants with a bib that covered the chest but left arms, sides and back bare and looked very farm-like. Then she turned to Kimmy and handed her the familiar short-shorts. The girls took the garments, headed back to the house and put on their assigned garb in the yard; after a short wait, the co-worker's wife, a young woman in a summer dress and imitation chucks, arrived to collect them.

Instead of driving directly to the renovation project, they first had to stop at the home improvement depot to get all of the needed supplies - apparently, Mrs. Williams had been rather quick to offer her daughter's help right from the start; Ally flat out suspected one of these "building character" things. The drive was mostly spent talking about the house and the needed work. During a lull in the conversation, Kimmy caught her reflection in the mirror and noticed that her hair had become rather dishevelled from swimming earlier, while Ally's, in contrast, seemed to have escaped this through sheer luck. Kimmy soon forgot this though as the conversation picked up again.

At the depot's parking lot, Kimmy set her bare feet on the warm concrete and had to stretch a little as her back seat hadn't been quite as comfortable as those in front. At the main entrance, she noticed a pair of store employees setting up a sign stating that absolutely no dress code applied to those below a certain height marked on the same sign. A boy and a girl approached them, apparently asking about the new policy since they then both stripped down to just their shorts.

"Hmm, absolutely no dress code, wonder if we could go naked", Ally whispered into Kimmy's ear.

"Have you already forgotten we're with someone who has been age-warned?", Kimmy sensibly whispered back.

"Mhmm, age-warned, I like that phrase. Anyway, she's only age-warned about me", Ally teased.

"So what? Don't live by proxy, get naked yourself!"

Next, the group of three entered the store and browsed the aisles to get all their needed supplies. But in a moment Ally and Kimmy happened to be alone in a quiet aisle, Ally, approaching from behind, suddenly pantsed Kimmy, leaving her completely naked with her shorts around her ankles.

"What did you do that for? And why are you wearing these anti-pantsing suspender things?", Kimmy asked, the second question added after an attempt at retaliation was cut short upon the realisation that it wasn't physically possible due to the nature of the bibbed overalls Ally was wearing.

"Hey, it was a try. I mean, it worked yesterday, didn't it?"

There wasn't much left for Kimmy to do at this point except to pull her shorts back up. Unfortunately, just before she could start to do this, two sales assistants - in fact, the same that she saw earlier at the dress code sign - rounded the corner, possibly alerted by the little surprised yelp Kimmy made when being pantsed. Kimmy didn't know why she tried to run, the best guess being that pantsing was a bit naughtier than simply being naked as she so often was anyway, but with her shorts still around her ankles, she fell onto her side as she turned to run, completely falling out of the shorts in the process. She pulled herself into a sitting position and rubbed the part the fell on, while the older sales assistant, a woman in the early to middle thirties, addressed the wife, who had by then also arrived at the commotion:

"Now, don't worry, I got kids myself and know how it is, but it's potentially dangerous if they horseplay in the aisles. Now, it's of course ultimately up to you, but I found these short-shorts that are all the rage now are a great pantsing temptation among siblings, at least that's how it was for mine. If you want some advice, just strip the younger one naked for now"

"But, it was me who pantsed her, not the other way around", Ally tried to defend Kimmy, her sense of justice stronger than her earlier whim to get Kimmy naked.

"Oh, don't worry, it's not meant as a punishment", the sales assistant explained, her expression mellowing as she saw Ally jumping to the defence of her "little sister", "and she's probably going to love it, just like my daughters did"

In response, the wife took Kimmy's shorts and put them away, and the sales assistants were satisfied with having avoided a safety risk. They didn't get on their way however, since they decided they could just as well try to make some sales. Before they began their sales spiel, however, they apologized that, unfortunately, the "older daughter" would have to stay dressed until leaving the store.

This left Kimmy as the only one naked for the time being. She actually kept a lookout for others who might be naked or might strip down upon seeing her example, as had happened before, but few of the customers had brought their offspring along, and even the pair who had stripped down to shorts earlier was nowhere in sight.

"Allright, choice time", the wife addressed Kimmy and Ally when they left the store, "either Kimmy gets dressed again, or Ally strips as well"

"I'll get naked!"

"I'll - wait, why do we have to choose?"

"You don't. Or at least, I'm not making you. I just figured that since you're actually the same age, unlike the store folks thought, you might not want to be bound by that "one naked, one dressed" rule upon leaving the store"

"How do you know we're the same age, when those in the store didn't? And they didn't know my age beforehand, unlike other times this happened". Ally was already undressing and handing her outfit over to be stored with Kimmy's when saying this.

"I'd love to hear about those other times. I was told to collect you at your friend Kimmy's place, and at your age, friends are usually from the same grade, and my assumption has not been proved wrong on that. The store folks assumed we were a family and you sisters, and since you don't look like identical twins, had to be of different age. Ally was wearing more and looked less like she'd fallen out of bed and into some bushes, which to them indicated older. Or so's my theory, but you can go back and ak if you want"

Ally and Kimmy didn't want that. Kimmy also decided that she didn't want to get dressed, since while she still had reasons to occasionally be dressed, there was no special reason right then to get re-dressed after already getting naked.

Over the course of the drive to the house, the wife urged Kimmy and Ally to tell her everything about those "other times", and bit by bit they told her the full story about Kimmy's life in Johnsonville. The wife seemed to like what she heard, and upon arrival asked if it was ok for her to get naked, too. Kimmy and Ally of course had no objections. The wife stripped completely naked, then held out her hand as if meeting for the first time:

"By the way, I'm Madison, but you can call me Maddy"

"Welcome to the sisterhood, Maddy", Ally explained while she and Kimmy gave Maddy a group hug.

"You never told me about any sisterhood!"

Kimmy and Ally were both fighting laughter, making Maddy realise that Ally had simply been using a metaphor. The naked trio then decided to not stall the start of the renovations any longer. Since none of them was a professional or even particularly experienced, they got perhaps a lot more paint and wallpaper glue splatters on themselves than was strictly necessary, but managed to not reach slapstick levels. Fortunately, Maddy had sufficiently researched the theory so they didn't do anything seriously wrong and made some progress.

After an indeterminate time of working, the doorbell rang. "I'll get it", Maddy called out and proceeded to do just that, still fully naked, before Kimmy or Ally could stop her. Standing before the door was Dave.

"You must be a friend of Kimmy's, I assume", he said after regaining his speech.

"Yes..."

"Because only she could make it seem like opening the door buck naked would be perfectly normal. Of course I don't mind but... No need to blush, I just meant... I mean... I gotta get Kimmy".

Dave gave up on explaining himself and headed past the heavily blushing Maddy, to find his date. He found her, already rushing to meet him after she realised it was him. And he couldn't help but notice that she had wild hair and mostly already dried paint all over her naked body. It struck him as something very Kimmy.

"Hi Kimmy. You weren't home when I came, but your granny told me you'd probably be here. Couldn't give me a phone number though. We're late but it's ok, was going to start with dinner anyway. We don't have the hours it would probably take to get that paint off, though. But you should be ok, I checked and casual dress and nudity are ok, so you should be fine as you are"

Before Kimmy had a chance to object and thereby derail the plans for the second dating attempt, Dave led her out to his car and drove off with her. Meanwhile, Ally was left to explain to Maddy the still existing limits of nudity in town, but did thankfully manage to do it in such a ways as to not scare her away from being naked.

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Dave led Kimmy to Moira's for dinner first, the owner being present herself and greeting Kimmy, ruffling the already tousled hair of the naked girl, pronouncing her to be as cute as ever. Dave had arranged for a quite table, and over the dinner's usual food, the love birds asked each other the usual get-to-know questions, Kimmy thankfully having been briefed on how to do this by Mom and Granny.

Finally Dave revealed what his questions about dancing were all about - wanting to have a date at which they could talk a lot after he realised a movie didn't quite provide this, he nevertheless had wanted to do something, and managed to find the only dance teacher in town, and learned that the new weekly course had only started last Monday and they could still join, for one lesson or the whole course. For bonus points, the course covered several dance styles in rotation, so having missed the first lessons wouldn't be a problem for the time being.

The drive to the dance lessons was rather short, and they arrived in time to meet the other participants. There was indeed no particular dress code, and the individual pairs had chosen to dress in anything from casual to emphasizing ease of movement to outfits that betrayed they saw the lessons as the closest thing to a great gala. Kimmy was, however, the only one naked. Since Kimmy and Dave were the newest members in an existing, if only for a week, group, they were introduced all around. The introductions were nothing special, until one woman expressed her relief that Kimmy hadn't turned out to be the tarted-up slut she feared when she was told a naked girl would attend.

The evening was rather pleasant, nobody fell and Dave didn't even once step on Kimmy's bare feet. The dance instructor even heaped praise upon her due to her light-footedness and elegance of movement, which she correctly mentally appended with "for someone taking the very first lesson in her life". At the end of the lesson, everyone assured Kimmy that it was fine with them if she continued to be the course's naked member.

After Dave safely delivered Kimmy back to Johnson farm, he apparently told his family about the dancing and it gave them ideas, because Granny got a call, after which she informed Kimmy and Mom that there was an upcoming disco evening in town, at which all three of them, Dave, his sister and parents, and possibly others they knew, would all participate. Dave's parents had also emphasized how they couldn't wait to see their son's girlfriend's dancing.

**Part 21a**

After her second first date with Dave, for some combination of still being somewhat excited, not feeling any real need to get up even close to early the next morning, and just not feeling like going to bed just then, Kimmy - well, didn't go to bed just then, and stayed up rather late, even if she was just wasting time that she might just as well have wasted the next day. It was a teenager-during-summer-break thing. On the plus side, it was slightly cooler than during the day. Kimmy considered taking a naked walk outside or even a skinny dip, but she could have all the cooling down she needed by letting the night air in through open windows, and venturing naked outside at night didn't have an excitement factor in its favour when you could do it in broad daylight all “legit“.

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The next morning, Kimmy's body decided she needed to sleep in, skipping breakfast. Kimmy, being asleep, didn't get a chance at overruling this decision. However, she didn't get to sleep in anyway, because she was soon woken by a slap to her butt, an easy and tempting thing to do considering Kimmy was lying naked and prone on top of the covers, as usual.

The person having so woken her was – Maddy, to as great a surprise as the still sleepy Kimmy was capable of. She was accompanied by Mom and Granny. The former two dressed for work and the latter dressed as usual, making Kimmy the only naked person in the room. The three women seemed to not be quite sure who should speak first, until they settled for Maddy, because “it” had apparently been her idea.

“Well, to kill the suspense up front, we're going to form a scout troupe. Or rather a lawyer-friendly analogue, since I learned this morning that it's the name of an actual organisation, not a generic term. Also, we'll of course make our troupe mixed gender.

“OK, now that the cat's out of the bag, from the beginning. Yesterday, when you welcomed me to the sisterhood, I really liked the idea. You explained how there was nothing behind that phrasing, but I thought, why not change that? So, I approached your granny with the idea this morning, and we had a discussion on what might work.

“OK, I should probably switch back to results-mode or I'll get tangled up. We couldn't call the troupe “Johnson Girls” cause they're not all Johnsons, and not all girls. It was hard finding another good name, so we settled for “Blue Jays” after your granny's favourite birds. Activities will mostly revolve around wilderness life. We won't be into any particular religion or philosophy or some such, although the whole experience will probably help the kids to be well-adjusted. There will most emphatically be no merit badges, especially not for selling cookies.

“Now, knowing what I was inspired by, it'll be no surprise that the whole thing is clothing-optional. I was in fact quite strongly hoping to get a legitimate excuse to be naked through this, but your Granny convinced me that trying to rush this kind of development would be more harm than help. In fact, it's explicitly clothing-optional so we expect the kids will wear some light clothing most of the time.

“Your Granny also knows some people who will be of help, mostly as instructors, but also YOU because, to be honest, since we're not going to be heavy on enforcing anything, we're counting on your positive example. You know, partake in everything, wear nothing, have a lot of fun.”

After this rather large bit of exposition, Maddy looked at her watch, prompting her and Mom to hasten out. On the plus side, this relieved Kimmy's still somewhat sleep-addled brain from having to think of a reply right away.

“Did I just agree to something?”, she asked of Granny.

“Maddy steamrollered over you a bit there, but you need not worry, it's nothing you wouldn't have done anyway. In fact, that's what I actually told her, sorry if it came out like a demand just now”

“That's O\*yawn\*K then”

“Good. Get some more sleep now, Audrey did Darla's photo-shoots yesterday, and called to tell me she's on a roll and wants to do yours today. I'd have told you sooner, but we forgot all about it while being excited over the details of your first date. Your friend Lisa wanted to tag along and said she'd probably bring Alice, too, so I decided to plead “old grandma too tired to run around all day” and leave it all to you girls. I'll get the photos after all, and if I somehow end up really missing out on being there, we can just recreate the best ones, they're all staged to begin with after all.”

Kimmy tried to come up with a reaction to this announcement, but her brain couldn't find anything that wasn't already said when she initially agreed to having the photos taken; the time was as good as any. It finally decided to go back to sleep.

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Somewhat later, Kimmy was once again prematurely woken by a slap to her bare butt. The corresponding hand belonged to Lisa this time. Kimmy squinted at the intruders to her room, and recognized Lisa and Ally, which she started to remember had been announced to her one nap ago. A bit better rested than earlier, Kimmy moved her body to the edge of the bed and stretched the way people who have just woken sometimes do.

“Did someone paint a target onto my butt while I was asleep?”, Kimmy asked, her wits slowly coming back. She did make a mental resolution to return to more normal bedtimes, but since she was a teenager in the summer, it was doomed from the start.

“It'd have been very easy, at least, but we didn't see anything except but skin. Lots of skin, actually”, Lisa cheekily replied.

“We expected you to be awake long since”, Ally chimed in. “We planned enough time to throw an assortment of your clothes and other stuff we might need onto the pick-up we borrowed, but now we might need to do that alone while you get yourself a shower and some breakfast”

Ally didn't leave her friend any time for objections, pulling the naked girl to her feet and dragging her to the shower right away. Lisa was willing to help with a shove, but seeing that Kimmy was already stumbling along, sent her on her way by means of another slap to the bare butt instead.

While Kimmy was taking a cold shower, which felt very refreshing on the already hot day and took away the last vestiges of sleepiness, Lisa and Ally began to collect anything out of Kimmy's stuff that might be used for the shoot. They ended up taking virtually all her clothes and even her bike, still busy loading everything onto the bed of the pick-up while Kimmy towelled herself haphazardly – her body and even her hair would soon dry, so it was enough to stop herself from dripping – and sat down for a breakfast.

When Kimmy finished breakfast, she made to go out and join her two friends, but Lisa stopped her: “Wait! Don't step out into the dirt, you're going for a photo-shoot! You need to wear some shoes to get there with clean feet”. She threw the otherwise naked Kimmy a pair of sandals which she had previously taken from the wardrobe.

“You didn't have much stuff so there's still space on the bed of the truck, but I don't want to have you out in the sun and dirt too much. Besides, it'll be a lot more fun with all three of us in the cabin, even if it's only a sorta two-and-a-half seater”, Lisa continued.

They managed to squeeze in. It helped that Kimmy and Ally were both on the smaller side, but they found they were more comfortable with Kimmy, sitting in the middle, having her right leg somewhat hang over Ally's left one. It looked a bit like the tomboyish younger sister, naked and with tousled hair, sitting in the lap of the clothed, more sophisticated older one. Kimmy had, as per Lisa's request, slipped on the sandals, but let them slip to the floor of the car as soon as she was seated, without even thinking about it.

The drive was spent joking and telling each other about things they did and random thoughts they had, and they arrived in good spirits. Only when they knocked at the photographer's door did Kimmy's nudity return to the forefront of her mind, but by then it was too late to grab some of her wardrobe from the bed of the pick-up.

Audrey, Granny's retired photographer friends, didn't seem to mind, though. Well, almost.

“Welcome, welcome. You're right on time. Let's see, I vaguely know Ally, so the other clothed one must be Lisa, since Kimmy is the only one with a reason to come naked amongst a clothed group. Good to see you won't have a problem with the naked photos, then, although after what I was told about you, I didn't expect trouble from you. Not that I can't handle trouble, yesterday turned out great in the end, after all”

Audrey made a pause here so that the girls could finally get in their hellos, then proceeded to ruffle through the stuff they brought along, pulling out items as she planned out photos in her head.

**Part 21b**

“I do see you brought some clothes, too. They're about right for what I have envisioned, so that's good and we can play with different outfits a bit. Speaking of outfits, however, there's something I've been meaning to get a chance to say since you arrived: This “naked, but with shoes”-look of yours won't do. I don't care why you consider them important, but for visual aesthetics, I strictly avoid it in my pictures, since shoes are the number one danger of looking goofy or slutty, rather than the intended effect, when wearing little or no clothing in a photo”

“I- I'm sorry”, Kimmy replied, slipping out of her sandals, “we – I – somehow thought I needed to not have dirty feet...

“It's my fault”, Lisa came to her rescue, “I basically made her wear them and, um, somehow failed to also make her wear a dress. I personally vouch for her frequent lack of any footwear whatsoever”

Ally, meanwhile, had used the opportunity to take off her own shoes, leaving her in nothing but her bibbed trousers and a top strongly resembling a sports bra. “Look, I'm the poster child of innocence”, she exclaimed into the awkward apologies, her angelic smile at that moment indeed able to fool anyone who didn't know her. Lisa, on the other hand, just rolled her eyes.

While she certainly wasn't scary or harsh before, Audrey seemed to be noticeably friendlier once her pet peeve was out of the way. She announced that with Kimmy already naked, it was best to get what she called the “classics” done first. Then, in what seemed like a change of mind to the girls but was probably just a higher amount of professionalism, she sent Kimmy to the bathroom to touch up the “wetlook” of her hair.

In a quieter tone, she also told Kimmy to touch up on her pubic shave, since stray hairs could be very visible on photos. When Kimmy entered the bathroom, she vaguely noticed that behind her, Ally was being prevented from following her, no doubt because Audrey felt that a pubic shave deserved a lot more privacy than a simple hairstyle. Soon after, however, Ally entered the bathroom anyway, being greeted by Kimmy's spread legs and lathered-up crotch, a result of the most convenient seating Kimmy could find. It was a good thing she hadn't started to actually shave just then or she might've cut herself.

“Relax, it's just me, nothing I didn't see before. I sneaked past Audrey cause I want to touch up my own shave-job as well” \*slight pause\* “In case I manage to get some nude pics of myself done as well” \*another slight pause\* “I heard her whispering to you, you see”

“There's only one razor”, Kimmy said after a brief pause, mostly because there wasn't any other useful thing to say.

“We'll take turns, then. In fact, maybe we should do each other, should get better results than having to bend double”, Ally replied, already dropping her pants, her skimpy top still leaving her more dressed than Kimmy.

With Kimmy being all lathered up already, she went first. If Kimmy had anticipated it to be awkward, she was right, mainly because Ally felt the need to be extra-thorough and careful, which took its sweet time. The razor-armed girl even pushed the labia around and raised the butt in her search for hidden hairs.

Then it was Kimmy's turn to shave Ally. It was only slightly less awkward than being on the receiving end, and only so because by focusing on her friend's crotch, she could avoid eye contact for the most part. Also, while she could reach things better than on her own body, she hadn't yet developed a feeling for the right pressure – now she knew why Ally had been so exaggeratedly careful.

“Seems like we need some more practice”, Ally said, in a cheerful way to break the ice.

“I guess... if you really want to make this a habit”, Kimmy replied cautiously.

“As soon as you got some more hair then, baby girl!”

They made up the silliness mostly missing from the previous scene during Ally's efforts to artfully wet and tousle Kimmy's hair. When they were ready to get out again, the photo session was finally able to get going. The “classics” consisted of of photos in full body and portrait formats of Kimmy standing, sitting, being seen from the backside with her head turned at the camera, and lying, of course – on a genuine ice bear rug, no less.

Then, Audrey wanted to play around with hairstyles again, re-shooting everything twice. Before each run, Kimmy was placed onto a seat in front of a dressing mirror, feeling the cool plastic under her bare butt while Audrey, trying several variations each time, first gave her a very adult-looking hairstyle, and then one involving double pigtails that took at least 2 years from her ordinary looks.

“Which of these three versions are you going to give to Granny?”, Kimmy asked when a short break was called after the third run-through.

“All of them, of course. There was never a need or desire to settle for one way of looking during these. Although, the look you now have is probably best for most of the outside pictures, since it gives us more freedom in what we do. And now, into the garden, I want to shoot some with you climbing around on the trees”

And so they went into the garden, one naked girl and a photographer with two assistants lugging equipment, all dressed of course. Audrey encouraged Kimmy to show off her climbing skills, and she did everything she could think of, including hanging from a branch by her legs. Finally, when Ally convinced Audrey to do a shot with two girls in the trees, she was sent up too, but Audrey insisted she'd wear Kimmy's short-shorts instead of either her own clothes or full nudity, for the right amount of contrast to the “star” of the picture.

After this, Audrey decided to move to the various locations in town that she had picked to do shoots at. They took photos inside of various shops, and on several locations outside that constituted “typical” views of the town, including a few of the residential areas. Here, too, Kimmy would sport various outfits including full nudity, and would also sometimes feature her bike as a prop. She had been naked or next to naked in most of the places already, and any drama that might have resulted from the photo shootings was resolved the day before, when the very same spots were visited with Darla.

Even though only hand-held equipment was used, the general commotion caused by the group of four as they discussed and arranged sometimes combined with the nearby presence of their “supply truck” tipped of a good number of people to the fact a staged photo-shooting was occurring, and the group was almost always surrounded by a few spectators, even if most went back to their business after a short while.

“Did you have this kind of crowd yesterday?”, Kimmy asked during the undressing break before the nude version of the ice cream parlour pics.

“I'd hardly call it a crowd, but no, yesterday there were no noticeable onlookers, probably because it was just Darla and me”

While Kimmy was busy being photographed as a perfectly normal naked customer, with Audrey making sure that everyone else visible in the pictures was clothed “for an appealing contrast”, Ally and Lisa were being approached by the owner.

“She wants you to pose for one more picture. Like that old sunscreen ad, with your shorts pulled halfway down, but holding a large ice cream cone”, Lisa reported.

“She wants to put it outside, life-sized! And I get to be the one to pull down your shorts! I already agreed”, Ally chimed in.

“Yes, she did. Couldn't have stopped her, she was so eager”

“But, you're not – won't they complain about copyrights and such?”, Kimmy tried to reason, not whether she wanted to have a life-sized naked likeness of herself visible in the centre of town at all times.

“Oh, don't worry, they'll never notice, and if they do, there's probably enough of a difference – We're not selling sunscreen, for one, and I'm not a dog. And you have an all-over equal tan”

And so Kimmy had one extra pic taken, turned halfway to the camera, with her shorts pulled to her knees. The pose showed the small size of her bust and the absence of hair on her pubes without providing any full-frontal or up-close details. Only Ally was slightly pouty that only her hands and bare arms were visible, ostensibly pulling down the shorts but really holding them in exactly the place Audrey wanted.

After the shootings were finished, the girls dropped off Audrey and her equipment at her place, but instead of bringing Ally and Kimmy home, Lisa drove to her own house and told the other girls to hop into her car.

“Why are we switching cars?”

“Remember earlier, when you complained that being naked isn't exciting when it's all “legit”? Well, we're going to fix that and have a nice evening streak in the next town over”

“I wasn't exactly complaining...”

“Hush, don't chicken out now! You're only young once”

**Part 22**

“Oh, I don't know about that“, Kimmy said, having just been hit by Lisa with the “young only once“ proverb, “this town seems to have done a fabulous job de-aging me.“

“Well, listen to your elders then, little girl“, Lisa replied, turning Kimmy's attempt at being witty against her. Kimmy's attempt to continue arguing was a mere token, and her lame “but...“ was even more ineffectual than this type of reply usually tends to be due to the fact that Lisa had chosen that very moment for an encouraging slap on Kimmy's bare behind.

Since Ally had actually seized the moment instead of choosing to nitpick the metaphor used and Lisa was driving, Kimmy ended up in the back seat. She also soon realised that despite both Ally and her having stayed naked after the shooting, she was now the only naked girl in the car.

“Hey, how come I'm the only naked girl in the car?“

“It's because rather than plan ahead for the imminent trip to another town like Ally and me, you opted to leave all your worldly possessions on a pick-up in my driveway“, Lisa replied, fully knowing that her own urging had been a major factor but unable to resist the temptation to tease her friend.

Kimmy considered calling them out for not “seizing the moment“, but concluded her chances of presenting her own then-present birthday-suit-bareness as daring rather than forgetful were slightly less than zero.

For a brief while, Kimmy was a little miffed at Ally, not for bringing a set of emergency clothes – that was only sensible – and not for bringing only her own – she wasn't Kimmy's babysitter, after all – but for putting them on for the drive, which she thought was against the spirit of the endeavour. After briefly thinking about it however, she realised that not so long ago she'd have acted in much the same manner, and that maybe her then-present self would actually be able to prove herself daring to Lisa and Ally.

Kimmy got a little excited over her self-attested daring and might have done some mooning or some other form exposing herself, but the lack of traffic and other people in general made that rather pointless. Still, when the car stopped, Kimmy was the first to jump out, her bare feet touching the tarmac before her friends had their doors fully opened. And before Lisa's and Ally's shoes hit the same tarmac, Kimmy realised they were at a tank stop, and a family of four had stopped to refuel right next to them, and were now staring at Kimmy rather dumbfounded.

Lisa apologetically explained that she had allowed Kimmy to strip down due to the built-up heat in the car, and managed to do so before the family's initial surprise had worn off. Luckily, the gambit worked perfectly, the family caught up in an argument caused by the younger daughter – about as old as Kimmy looked – wanting to cool down the same way. Lisa quickly topped off the tank and without anyone noticing that the tank had been nowhere near empty when she noticed the tank stop, the out-of-state car refuelling, and the absent-minded state of a Kimmy that was daydreaming about the coming adventure.

Lisa didn't quite manage to just leave though, as Kimmy and Ally had joined the discussion by the time she returned from paying. Despite her plans being slightly derailed by this, she enjoyed the sight of naked Kimmy talking and gesticulating amidst a bunch of clothed people, most of them strangers. She was utterly delighted when Ally and Kimmy actually succeeded in convincing the family to let both their daughters take everything off right at the fuel station.

When they continued driving shortly thereafter, Ally and Kimmy explained to Lisa that the family's travel direction would lead them to Johnsonville next, and that they had slightly exaggerated how much of a rural hill-billy redneck backwater it was, and how firmly entrenched and widespread going naked really was. The difference was, they assured Lisa, enough to make the daughters seem a bit more daring without getting them into real trouble. Luckily, the parents had assumed both their daughters to be younger than Ally, else the whole story would've broken down.

“It's a good thing we can create that kind of age difference just by me wearing more than Kimmy“, Ally had to interject at that point of the narration.

“It's a shame you didn't stay naked, we'd have needed much less deception that way“

“Oh, I don't know, I kinda enjoy being older than you“, Ally teased back with a big grin.

The discussion then went back and forth between Ally and Kimmy for a bit, neither willing to concede or stop, until Lisa decided to pull over and settle the matter by having Kimmy dress up in Ally's clothes for a comparison. Lisa judged that Ally was more convincing as the “older sister“, but offered a re-judgement with more time to choose outfits and more of their friends to judge. That way, Lisa hoped they'd all get some bit of extra fun out of this at a later time. For the moment, she simply locked away the set of clothes in the trunk, leaving both Kimmy and Ally naked for the time being.

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At the destination settlement, which inhabitants of Johnsonville referred to as “next town“ so persistently it might as well be called that, Lisa brought the car to a halt at a reasonably quiet-looking place in a mostly residential are. The rear doors opened and two pairs of bare feet touched the asphalt. Kimmy and Ally walked up to where Lisa was getting out and looked at her expectantly.

Lisa, up to that point the dressed one, realised it was time to strip naked. One by one the items came off, revealing quite clearly the already known fact that she had more developed breasts and a fuller bush than her two friends. She briefly considered keeping the shoes for convenience, but quickly abandoned the thought, thinking that the others were expecting true full nudity and that as a country girl she should be able to do without.

However, as she finally stood there truly naked, Kimmy and Lisa were still looking at her, clearly still expecting something from her.

“What? Quit staring!“

“We just want to hear what you have planned for our fun little streak“, Kimmy replied, her typical, harmless tone of voice instantly dissipating Lisa's tension.

Only for it to be replaced by a kind of sheepish embarrassment: “I actually got nothing planned, I decided this spontaneously when you complained about the missing excitement, and thought I'd come up with something before now, but I got too distracted and didn't.“

“Oh, that's OK“, Ally chimed in, obviously not too concerned about this revelation, “a streak can't really be all that complicated, we just pick a route and a speed and enjoy ourselves“

“Yes, about that“, Kimmy threw in, trying to redeem herself for her initial reluctance to come along, “let's not just move a short bit from the car and then back, let's do a round course of sorts so we can come back a different route and it's more like moving towards a goal rather than just idling around“
“Right“, Lisa said, taking charge again, “so we go that way, walking speed, until we decide to find a way back, no going back the same way“

The others agreed and they set off. It felt actually pretty exciting to the trio, even though nothing really happened. This was, of course, because it wasn't as allowed to go naked in Nextown as is was
in Johnsonville, exactly what the trio had planned on.

“What happens if people see us?“, Ally asked, mainly to prevent everyone from getting too relaxed and lose the thrill.

“They don't know us here, so as long as we don't get caught immediately, probably nothing“, Lisa reasoned.

“Yea, it's not as if we carry anything to identify us by“

It had gotten pretty late by the time they managed to reach Nextown, so as far at they could tell, people noticing them was not something that actually happened. After a while of pleasant strolling, however, they were the ones to notice people: They had happened upon some sort of park that despite the late hour was still populated by a pair of old men playing chess and a group of teenagers hanging out in the middle of the central grass area. Since the park was better lit than the street approaching it, the girls hadn't been noticed yet.

“So what now? We never quite discussed what WE would do in case of a possible spotting“, Lisa said.

“We run right past them, into those bushes, then keep running and start finding a return route“, Ally replied, who was greatly enjoying herself and felt daring, “You said no going back the same route, and besides, streaking is what we came for, right?“

“The chess players are old men, and the boys seem to have their girlfriends with them, so they're unlikely to give chase“, Kimmy observed, having only half-listened to the argument.

“Settled, then“, Ally decided, and started running before the others could claim otherwise. Lisa and Kimmy mentally shrugged and raced after her, Lisa on the left and Kimmy on the right. Having longer legs, Lisa managed to overtake Ally and reach the bushes first, while Kimmy mostly equalled Ally in speed and didn't manage to reduce Ally's head start, reaching the bushes last.

Entering the bushes, she ran fully into a large hidden obstacle and tumbled to the ground while her companions kept running, oblivious for the moment. Kimmy realised that the obstacle had been a crouching person, causing her a Moment of horror.

“Shit, can't a girl put away her beer in peace“, the person said, which in combination with getting a second look let Kimmy deduce she was part of the group of teenagers, causing her to relax. “Hey, aren't you a bit young to go streaking?“, the girl continued after herself getting a second look at naked, short, small-breasted and shaven Kimmy.

“No“, Kimmy instantly and truthfully replied, causing the other girl to laugh in a good-natured way.

“Gotta start while they still let you go if caught? Hey, why doncha come join us for a moment, tell everyone a bit about the streaking thing?“

Kimmy, caught of guard by this question, causing her to nod in agreement simply because no reason to refuse immediately came to mind. Following the girl over and introducing herself, Kimmy was then grilled about her streak even when she made clear it was her first one, and she also got to tell some of her previous adventures.

While she explained everything, Kimmy noticed some of the girls being especially interested, and recognized this as a sign they'd like to go naked themselves. However, it soon became clear that surrounded by their peers and boyfriends, they were not going to do anything right there, cementing Kimmy's status as the only naked person present. She also noticed the chess players had edged a little closer and were trying to listen in – and no doubt, get a better look as well – while still somewhat attending to their game.

The one thing that kept Kimmy slightly uneasy, though, was the fact she had been separated from her group. She'd need to catch up with them again before they could return home, since they all came with the same car. However, her hints that it might be time for her to go were only met with friendly invitations to stay a bit longer, and Kimmy wasn't the type to easily refuse. She decided she needed to play up the urgency a little, shooting up from her sitting position to speak:

“Guys, I completely forgot Lisa and Ally! I gotta try and catch up to them!“

“Hurry up, they must be freezing!“

“Run, naked girl“

“Come around again!“

“No need to bring clothes“

The guy who told her to run gave Kimmy an encouraging slap on the butt as sheran off towards the bushes. Reaching them, she entered the foliage and disappeared from sight.

“Freezing?“

“Well they are naked...“ \*Pause\* “...it was the first thing that came to mind, OK?“

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Meanwhile, the frantically running Kimmy noticed Lisa was closing up from behind, with Ally trying to keep up behinder. From behind?

“Where did you – I thought you were somewhere up ahead“

“We noticed you were missing. Couldn't leave you behind! We were sitting in those bushes for most of the time, wondering when you would bother to join us – we were starting to consider walking up to fetch you“

The girls continued to walk along their initially planned circle route, and spontaneously decided to race back to the car as soon as they felt close enough to do so. Lisa won, of course. Deciding second and third between Kimmy and Ally would have required professional equipment to be in place, but Lisa simply declared Ally to have won 2nd place: “And Ally wins by a nipple's length! Sorry Kimmy, she's just that tiny bit bigger than you.“ Kimmy looked at her own breasts, then Ally's, then simply laughed.

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When the trio, all still naked, arrived back at Lisa's, they noticed that something was missing, then realised it was the pick-up. Lisa's mother, who had heard them arriving, explained what had happened, addressing Lisa:

“Daisy came around to get the pick-up back, they need it tomorrow and she didn't hear from you and so didn't know if you'd bring it early enough. By the way, I know I'm allowing in-house nudity, and I know the parents of your little friends do too, but maybe driving around naked isn't such a good idea, you might get used to it too much, and you're already quite developed compared to them“

“OK Mom, I promise to wear something in between places from now on“, Lisa appeased her mother, while Kimmy wondered if they had ever gotten around to actually tell Lisa's mother everyone's relative age.

“Now, you girls can keep walking naked any time and anywhere, the way things are going currently. Although given your age, it might suddenly change for you too, Ally“, Lisa's mother replied, incidentally answering Kimmy's inner question with “probably not“.

“Speaking of naked, did Daisy unload the stuff before driving off?“, Lisa inquired.

“I didn't see her unloading anything, and didn't notice anything loaded in fact. Was it anything important?“

“No, just Kimmy's clothes, but don't worry, she can manage without“

**Part 23a**

“No, just Kimmy's clothes, but don't worry, she can manage without“

“Oh, I know she can. Even if she had no clothes at all, nobody here would have a problem with it, nor would Kimmy herself, even if it's a thing you normally can't fully appreciate until after you've grown too old and – wait, why did you girls put her clothes on a pick-up?“

“We were having photos made for Granny's family album, and took most of my wardrobe – well, really all of it – as possible costumes, and we did use quite a lot of them, but of course most of the photos have a nude version as well“

“That's so sweet, I wish my kids would do something like this. But as they get older, they don't even tell me anything anymore“, Lisa's mom complained. If the look she shot at Lisa with the last couple of words was meant to be subtle, it failed spectacularly.

“I'll just get Ally's and my clothes out of the trunk and then bring her and Kimmy home“, Lisa said and proceeded to do just that, judging that trying to justify the behaviour her mom had complained about was pointless simply because her mom's feelings on the subject would make her overrule even the most perfectly reasonable explanation.

“No need for that. It's late so you should probably just have a sleepover. And whatever I said about driving not around naked so carelessly doesn't apply at home“

Now of course, having some friends stay over in an ad-hoc fashion isn't really the exact same thing as a “proper“ sleepover with all the bells and whistles that term implies, and the girls couldn't even really gossip because they had been hanging out together all day and the possible topics were running thin. But their little adventure was still fresh enough on their mind to let the conversation drift back to it while they turned Lisa's room into a night-lair for three naked teenagers.

The conversation brought up many things that could have happened or could have been done, making the girls wish that they'd done this before the streak until they remembered that they could always use their ideas in the next one and that experience really was the best teacher. In an attempt to keep all this from being forgotten, Lisa ran a voice-to-text application throughout. Once a less tired and lazy version of herself had sorted out the inevitable goofs resulting from the program trying to deal with the fuzziness of natural speech, she should be able to turn it into a really good streaking plan, or at least a good tall tale about the last one.

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The next morning, Kimmy woke early for a change, and noticed right away that refreshingly cold air was coming in through the still-open window. Even if she hadn't, her nipples certainly did. Welcoming the early-morning exception to the usual heat in summertime Johnsonville, Kimmy decided to enjoy it some more and went outside, onto the backyard lawn. Outside, she felt the grass was wet under her bare feet.

“It's always nice for a bit of rain to cool down the air in the summer, even if it never lasts long, don't you think?“, Lisa's mom said, having appeared magically somewhere behind and to te side, “Good morning, by the way“

“Oh, good morning, I didn't see you coming. Yes, it's a pleasant change“ They stood and enjoyment the tranquil moment for a while longer.

“Let's go make breakfast for the sleepyheads, shall we?“, Lisa's mom finally said, and like so many people these days, couldn't resist to emphasize the suggestion by a light slap to Kimmy's bare butt.

No sooner had they finished breakfast than the hungry wolves, attracted by the smells, came down to be fed. Lisa and Ally had dressed, as unlike Kimmy they still habitually did in the morning. Lisa's younger sibblings had decided to honour Kimmy's presence by having their breakfast naked, as well. Kimmy herself of course had little real choice in the matter, as all her clothes were somewhere on Daisy's pick-up. Taking note of who was dressed and who wasn't, she wondered if being lumped in with the younger kids was better than to be the only one naked.

Amidst the usual breakfast chatter, they also discussed the logistics of returning Kimmy and Ally home. It turned out - for Kimmy, the others presumably knew already – that Ally and Daisy lived in more or less opposite directions from Lisa's home. It was therefore agreed that Lisa would drive Ally home while her mom would drop off Kimmy at Daisy's on her way to work, where she would be able to grab some clothes to wear and her bike, and tell Daisy to deliver the rest of the wardrobe to the Johnson Farm as soon as the pick-up was available for that.

When Lisa's mom arrived at Daisy's house, they saw Kimmy's bike right in front of it. Taking this as a sign that Daisy and her family had noticed Kimmy's stuff in time to unload it before driving off to do whatever they needed their pick-up for that morning, Kimmy jumped out while Lisa's mom immediately sped away in order to avoid running late.

Kimmy walked up to her bike and, still naked, started to look around for her clothes. Instead, she found a note pinned to the door marked “FOR KIMMY“ in bold letters. She unfolded it an read: “We're sorry, but your clothes got wet with dirty rainwater last night, since we only noticed them this morning. We will return everything washed and dried as soon as we return in the afternoon (our machine is finally fixed!). In case you're out of clean clothes because of this, we have left you one of Daisy's old T-shirts, which should be the size of a dress on you, on the old laundry spider in the backyard“

The letter still in her hands, Kimmy hurried around the house and found the shirt as described, sitting alone on the old and apparently otherwise unused rotary clothesline, which indeed looked a lot like a spider's web. But when Kimmy put on the dress, she found to her dismay that they had misjudged her size, and the hem cleared well above her waist, leaving important parts of her exposed.

After some quick deliberation, Kimmy decided that with all her own clothing currently unusable, not to mention nowhere to be found, she'd need to borrow something of Ally's so she could go and meet Dave's extended family at noon.

Kimmy swung herself onto her bike. The sensation was funny; on the one hand, wearing a dress, she felt fully clothed, on the other hand, she could clearly feel the pedals under her bare feet and the saddle under her bare butt and crotch. Not that she was unused to these latter feelings while riding her bike.

Kimmy was by then quite capable of getting decent speeds out of her bike, but Ally still lived on the other side of town – this was, after all, the reasons why they'd been brought home in separate vehicles only moments ago. As a result of this, the shortest possible way lead straight through the centre of Johnsonville. Now, Kimmy realised she could borrow someone else's clothes, but none of her other friends matched her size as perfectly as Ally, so Ally it was.

If Kimmy had been naked, as had so rapidly become a habit and almost the default for her, she might have considered herself under-dressed for the town centre and resigned for the longer route around it, but the way she was almost wearing a dress right now, she stopped to wonder whether or not such an outfit would be sufficient when viewed in passing. Or, if you want to be literal, she didn't; instead, she had started pedalling with the intent of making the decision on the way.

As she was riding along, picking up speed, she saw the streets were mostly empty, and the decision was made in favour of the town centre, which she would enter and leave again in no time at all under these conditions. But luck would have it that as she neared an intersection, which happened to be the most central one in all Johnsonville, the traffic lights turned red. Kimmy had to stop suddenly; she hadn't thought about traffic lights at all. But it hardly mattered, it would only be 90 seconds or so, and the streets were almost empty.

But 90 seconds can be long, or maybe the lights had a different setting, and the start of office hours was sufficiently close – not surprisingly, seeing how Lisa's mom had dropped off Kimmy on her way to work – and the sidewalks and streets seemed to get noticeably busier during the red light, which could only partially be explained by Kimmy's greater awareness now that she ad stopped.

Inevitably, the guy in the car next to her noticed her bottomless state and and began to stare, not quite believing his eyes. But he was safely confined in his car, so Kimmy was more worried about the reaction of a person on the sidewalk, who after his initial double take was pointing her out to his colleagues who were about to enter an office with him.

Luckily, the time was up and Kimmy could start to pedal again. She was soon even faster than before, while they guy in the car previously next to her was deprived of his view and busy getting his car into gear while those behind him honked like maniacs.

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Having left the scene behind a mere minute or less later, Kimmy mentally relaxed – and began to wonder what her tension had actually all been about. Sure, people had looked and pointed her out to each other, but those were only a few of those present, and she got nervous about those because she felt trapped because of the red light when in fact they were just innocuously surprised by or unsure of her bottomless state. This way of thinking was further supported by the fact that the car that had been next to her at the lights shortly after this point in her thoughts caught up to her, and passed her to turn into a parking lot without any visible repeat of the former reaction to her state.

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**Part 23b**

“Oh, what a fashionably short dress you're wearing“, were Ally's amused words after she opened the front door for Kimmy. This prompted an embarrassed Kimmy to recount the events since they parted earlier, over which she of course forgot to enter the house, leaving her standing in the doorway for that much longer.

“... but as I said, I was really just overreacting, nothing more sinister than a few people who were surprised“

“Well, only one way to find out, you gotta walk up to more people in that dress“

“Walk up and what? Poll their opinion about my skirt length?“

They both had a giggle at that and then finally thought to come in. As soon as they had settled down in the kitchen with some lemonade however, there was a knock on the door. Ally went to answer it, finding a woman of retirement age in front of her door.

“Hello dear, I was just wondering if I could borrow some salt from you?“

“Sure thing Mrs. Carruthers“, Ally replied and turned her head towards the kitchen, “Kimmy, could you bring a fresh package of salt“, she said, and added a “please“ after a short pause, remembering her senior neighbour’s feelings on politeness.

Kimmy automatically complied, forgetting for the moment just what kind of attire she was presenting to this new guest.

“Young Lady, I just have to ask, did you ride here in this outfit, on the bike I saw outside?“, Mrs. Carruthers asked Kimmy when being handed the salt. Kimmy couldn't tell whether she sounded stern or whether this was her normal voice.

“Yes?“, she replied, not knowing what else to say.

“Great, I'm glad this is still done. You must know, when I was young, children used to walk or ride their bicycles instead of being driven everywhere, and little girls wore short dresses to save cloth and give them mobility, and they wore them while they lasted. I compliment your parents to adhere to it still.“

“Thanks, I will tell them“, Kimmy replied, deciding to not bother Mrs. Old-Fashioned with news about modern family structures.

As soon as Mrs. Carruthers had disappeared with her loot, Kimmy turned to Ally again: “I was wondering, with all my clothes sort of gone, if I could borrow something to replace this “fashionably short dress“ for the duration of my date?“

“But then you'd miss out on the opportunity to show off your Mrs-Carruthers-approved outfit one more time. Besides, last time we spent about a year selecting just one outfit and Dave's already seen it. You gotta keep things fresh!“

“But don't you thin this dress is a little too long for meeting his entire family in?“, Kimmy joked.

“You know, you're just about the only person where I have doubts about the irony in that statement“, Ally quipped back after only a brief pause, “But whatever, what I really was thinking about was to get you something from Chloe...“

“Who's that?“, Kimmy interrupted.

“You don't know? Dave's sister of course. And I figure she owes you the loan of an outfit, don't you think?“

“I guess“

“Good. Ride over whenever you feel ready. I'd phone ahead but nothing's easier than saying “no“ on the phone“

Kimmy felt ready to drive over early. When Dave had phoned about what was once more a family outing rather than a date, he said she could drop by at any time during the day before a certain time, since he and some of the family would be there and would be happy to see her. Maybe she could get some alone time with him before the family program went fully under way.

Leaving Ally's house, Kimmy saw old Mrs. Carruthers working in the garden and waved over. The old woman wished Kimmy fun as she mounted her bike.

Feeling the saddle under her bare butt and the pedals under her feet, Kimmy couldn't help but think how cool it was to ride her bike like this while, wearing her T-shirt dress, technically being fully dressed. She decided to ride through the town centre again, even though this time it was actually a detour. With the Johnsonville version of a rush hour being over, it was a breeze and actually felt pretty good.

When Kimmy arrived at Dave's house and rang the doorbell, Chloe and Alia opened. They were wearing comfortable at-home outfits consisting of short-shorts and navel-baring tops.

“Hi Kimmy!“

“Hi Kimmy!“

“We've asked Alia over because she's really good at painting“

“Yea, I'm looking forward to doing you“

“Do – paint me?“

“Yes! You're going to be in body paint! When everyone heard about your naked dancing covered in paint, half of them thought that body painting is the ideal solution for a naked girl on an outing; the other half thought that's what you did the first time anyway“

Chloe and Alia began dragging Kimmy to Chloe's room. As they passed the living room door, Kimmy could see several people, all in the retirement age range, presumably relatives of Dave's who had chosen to arrive early.

Once upstairs in Chloe's room, the designated painter Alia took command. “OK, first, take that dress off!“. The offending garment disappeared from Kimmy's body, the shortness of it amazingly not having been mentioned at all. Chloe pulled it off of Kimmy had a chance to do it herself, and because she had to raise her amrs high to let Chloe get the dress properly off, her naked body was fully displayed as the cloth vanished upwards.

“Allright, you look fairly clean – but I still wonder if we shouldn't wash you anyway“

“Well, what do you usually do?“

“I'm doing this for the first time! I'm good at painting, but I never did a girl – but don't worry, I've read enough D-I-Y stuff about it“

It was decided not to soak Kimmy else she might get water-wrinkly skin. The next thing Alia did was to give Kimmy's pussy a very thorough visual inspection before announcing that there was no hair down there and they therefore didn't need to shave before applying the paint. Then, she decided the hair on Kimmy's head needed to get out of the way, so she used a couple of scrunchies to form bunches that stuck out rigidly for some length before letting the rest of the hair's length fall down. Finally, Kimmy had to do a lot of standing still while paint was being applied in admitedly well-done floral patterns. Special attention had, of course, to be paid to the pubic area and nipples because, as Alia pointed out, these areas could really stick out if shoddily painted, drawing unwanted attention.

After the final stroke of the brush, Alia warned Kimmy not to move until the paint had completely dried, or else it would surely smear wherever Kimmy touched anything. The net result was Kimmy standing on display until Chloe and Alia pronounced her officially non-smeary. You'd never have guessed that watching paint dry could be so interesting to a pair of healthy girls; at least the heat helped to shorten the process.

Finally, Kimmy was allowed to have a look at the paint job in the bathroom's full length mirror. She had of course noticed that Alia used a free-form pattern and didn't try to imitate clothing, but is was amazing how a pattern could cover a person so completely and still leave so much bare skin and announce so obviously that the painted person was really naked.

“It's very revealing“, Kimmy said to no one in particular while turning every which way in front of the mirror to get a better idea exactly how much so.

“The instructions had a warning to allow your skin to still cool your body, so I used a paint advertised as “non-sealing“, and I came up with this pattern so you won't have blank areas or non-paint coverings“, Alia explained from the bathroom door.

“When you're done looking at yourself, get down to meet everyone, they're waiting“, Chloe added.

As it turned out, they were not waiting as eagerly as Chloe implied, ringing a doorbell and being dragged upstairs quickly had apparently not been quite enough to let everybody know that Kimmy was in fact already in the house.

Still, that only made Kimmy's appearance downstairs more of a grand entrance, with everyone turning to watch her as she came in and was, in turn, introduced to everyone present. And of course, everyone got a good look at the paintwork, both Kimmy and Alia getting many compliments about it, the most notable one probably from Dave's grandma, who complimented Alia on how well she covered Kimmy's “girl parts“.

Since Dave unfortunately was still away repairing something or other, and the start of the disco evening wouldn't be until later aniway, what was to follow looked to be essentially waiting filled with what is commonly referred to as small talk, which mostly consisted of Kimmy being politely grilled about her exploits in Johnsonville. Chloe and Alia, knowing the stories already, where soon slightly but visibly bored with this, prompting one of the senior family members to break out the monopoly board.

This time, Kimmy didn't mind at all that a moment that was previously about her was turned into a family activity, which was probably due to a bodypaint-show-and-question-hour being somewhat lower on Kimmy's want-to-do list than a genuine date. Besides, the question hour of course continued through the game, which Kimmy was losing because nobody told her about the house rule that allowed to sell bac building at full rather than half price, and she consequently under-invested and never recovered.

Fortunately, Dave appeared just in time to prevent her impending bankruptcy by announcing his desire to get going as soon as everyone was ready; Even though he was the only one in need of getting changed, this broke up the game round immediately since the match was nowhere near its natural end. Dave decided to procrastinate on finding out why exactly Kimmy declared him her hero for basically showing up late and in a hurry.

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The disco evening turned out to not actually be hosted in Johnsonville proper, but amidst some firled that looked like the middle of nowhere but was actually chosen to be approximately equidistant to Jonhsonville, Nextown and a third Ruralville that Kimmy had never been to. Unsurprisingly, the building turned out to be a temporarily converted barn, old-fashioned and large. Surprisingly, the term “disco evening“ applied very literally, with a prevalent 70s theme to the decorations, some of the patrons' clothing, and, it turned out, the music. The ages of the patrons were all over the place, the organizers having decided that marketing their show to a specific demographic would have been the wrong move considering the area.

Fortunately, the prevailing 70s theme to the music combined with the lack of regular disco dancers among the patrons meant one could get away with using and re-using any halfway appropriate moves one happened to know or saw others do. For a young and reasonably fit person like Kimmy it turned out to be a surprisingly large amount of fun, and she and Dave hogged the dance floor quite a bit.

Kimmy didn't know how many realised she was wearing nothing but paint, but figured that anyone who came close enough must have done so, especially whenever the strobe light illuminated her. However, nobody did any unpleasant staring, so Kimmy didn't feel embarrassed at all, and was actually rather glad that her “paint costume“ allowed for easy movements and helped to keep her cool in the hot weather and people-filled barn.

As fate would have it, though, the part about nobody staring looked like it was about to end when sometime late into the evening, a pair of moderators, a man and woman in their late 20s, stepped up onto the wooden stage and announced the start of their 70s costume contest, which was the cue for several helpers to ask any- and everyone who looked to be in 70s costume to walk up on stage. In their eyes, Kimmy's body paint apparently qualified.

With all participants on stage, the moderators explained that the contestants would step to the front one by one to introduce themselves by name and hometown, and to say a few brief words – under threat of being cut off mercilessly if they turned lengthy or boring - about themselves or their costumes if they wanted. A prop very visible labelled applause-o-meter would be used to determine the winner.

To Kimmy, the designated winner was a girl her age sporting a costume which both looked very 70s and reasonably flattering, no mean feat considering everything 70s was mostly out of style. After she was asked up front, she indeed got a round of applause that gave her an easy lead.

When Kimmy was asked up front, the moderator – the girl – put her hand over the microphone and held it a bit out of the way and quietly asked Kimmy if “that“ was body paint. Kimmy of course unthinkingly confirmed with a simple “Yes, all of it“. The moderator gave her a thumbs-up, her body shielding it from the audience.

Kimmy stepped to the front, the toes of her bare feet instinctively trying to curl as she looked at the tightly packed ranks of people and spoke: “Uh, Hi, I'm Kimmy, from Johnsonville, and I didn't know there'd be a contest so this“, she indicated the paint on herself, “isn't really trying to be 70s“.

“It's all body paint!“, the female moderator shouted from the back of the stage. The audience broke out in proverbially deafening applause, reducing the contestants that came after Kimmy to a mere formality.

As it turned out, there was even a prize for the winner: A small disco ball about 13 cm in diameter (about 5 inches for all of those still keeping the metric system down) with two mini-spotlights already mounted on the same base.

Out of the corner of her eye, Kimmy saw the expression of the runner up – the girl who in Kimmy's eyes had deserved to win – and knew what she had to do. Stepping to the front edge of the stage again, she announced: “Everyone, I thank you for the applause, but, uh, I don't think it was for the seventiesness of my costume, so I'm giving the prize to Debbie, who made an awesome costume that actually looks the 70s“. And then she turned and indeed handed her prize to Debbie. Some in the audience actually applauded, while others looked as if they were inwardly praying to their deity of choice to be delivered from mental diabetes.

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A bit after, Debbie from Ruralville, the runner up and prize owner, went to talk to Kimmy alone: “So, you think because you made a great spectacle of handing down your prize to me, you're forgiven for using a show of skin to simply bypass the rules?“

“Um, yes? I mean, I got kinda roped into this, and I gave you the ball cause I wasn't sure whether you were going to cry or punch me in the face“, Kimmy tried to explain herself.

“Relax, I was just giving you a hard time“, Debbie claimed in response to Kimmy's non-agressive reaction, “kind of gutsy of you to call them out on not basing their voting on the actual best costume when that made you the winner“. Debbie bopped Kimmy on the chest right under her left shoulder as a sign of approval.