**Kimmy**

by not a politician

**Kimmy part 24**

The morning after the disco event, Kimmy awoke – well, not exactly early, but earlier than she was in the process of making a bad habit that summer, and before Mom or Granny might think to come wake her. The disco evening had ended late, bit since it was an under-the-week event that started in the late afternoon rather than the evening, it had still been late rather than already early. Still, Dave's father had insisted on driving her home when everybody had arrived at Dave's house and redistributed into their own vehicles. Since she was the only one going towards Johnson Farm, they had even managed to take her bike, squeezed into the back. Not wanting to get into bed still painted, she managed a shower before collapsing onto the sheets.  
  
As she left her room in order to take a shower, she noticed the walk-in wardrobe to be very obviously lacking any Kimmy-clothes. No surprise there, but it reminded her that she had left the everything-below-the-navel-baring dress at Dave's place. Not that she needed anything to wear in the near future, but the logistics had once more complicated themselves. But maybe it was as easy as – her thought were interrupted by the ringing phone. Mom wasn't up yet, so Kimmy quickly went to answer it.  
  
“Hi, this is Kimmy...”  
  
“Ah, Kimmy, just the one I want. Listen, it's going to be a hectic morning, do you mind if I delay bringing your stuff over until the evening?”  
  
“Na, it's fine, I won't need it till Saturday. Actually might not even need it on Saturday if I want understand correctly. Anyway, this evening is fine, but, I just noticed I left your dress-shirt-thing over at Dave's, can you collect it on the way somewhere or do you need me to go get it?”  
  
“Leaving your outfits behind already? Damn you move fast, girl!”  
  
“I, we, didn't, it was just...”  
  
“Relax, I'm just teasing you”, Daisy laughed, “Anyway, gotta hurry now, bye!”  
  
“Bye”, Kimmy replied, but Daisy had already hung up.  
  
Since it was still early, Kimmy decided to surprise Mom with a special breakfast, a little tradition between them whenever Kimmy woke early, born from the fact that usually no cure existed for Kimmy's tendency to sleep in more and more as summers went on, making her normally unavailable for breakfast chores. Kimmy made some extra since Granny had already made it a habit to come over for breakfast and have a chat with her naked mother and daughter pair.  
  
The breakfast round dispersed shortly after Mom, dressed, had to leave for work. Before Kimmy could worry what to do with the day, she saw Ally coming over on her bike. Since not knowing what to do isn't at all a problem when hanging out with friends, they were looking ahead to a pleasant day. However, any plans they might have made were soon moot anyway, when Ally's mom arrived in her car.  
  
“Hi girls! Ally, it's time to go shopping for a scout outfit. Oh, and Kimmy, maybe you want to come along?”  
  
“Oh, I dunno, Granny and Mom say I won't need anything and in fact...”  
  
“You said we'd go tomorrow!”  
  
“Something came up at work for tomorrow, so I can only get a half-day off if I take it today and do some overtime tomorrow. And Kimmy, don't be silly, just because you don't need anything it doesn't mean you don't”, Ally's mom hesitated as she searched for the right phrasing to end the sentence, “want something. A recreational scouting troup is only half the fun if you don't accesorise a bit. Plus, there's no way there won't be any serious hiking at some point, and while barefoot hiking is certainly possible, you'll probably won't want to enforce it, so everyone should own a pair of sensible hiking boots or else someone will try it with unsuitable shoes”  
  
“The local department store is'nt stocking what we're looking for, but there's an outlet centre for sports- and leisure wear in a greenfield development near Nextown, so mom took of a half day, originally tomorrow, for us to drive there and get myself a scouting outfit, since I'm going to be one of the instructors”, Ally filled in the blanks.  
  
“And when were you going to tell me all this?”  
  
“At the first meeting this coming Saturday I guess, but it's not like you absolutely desperately needed to know, or like your mom and granny couldn't have told you”  
  
“I guess. But I can't come along in any case, cause we kinda lost my clothes and Daisy won't be bringing them back before the evening”  
  
“Hmm, I don't really want to drive back home to fetch something since we have to be back before the end of lunch break. But”, she made a pause to think, “you'd take of your clothes to try on the new ones anyway, and it's in another town where nobody knows you, and also, I heard that acceptance of nudity is increasing outside of Johnsonville – I even heard that two nights ago, a travelling family checked in at the motel and their daughters were completely naked on arrival”  
  
Kimmy considered this, and even though she had a suspicion as to who that family were, the rest of Mrs. Williams' points made some sense – worst case, they'd not allow her in naked, and all that needed to be done was to send in Ally first, to buy the first cheap dress in the right size that she'd see.  
  
“Allright, but I don't want to cause a scene, you'll first check if it's really ok for me to come in like this”

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The outlet centre was located on the far side of Nextown, placed there to have good traffic connections to as much population as possible within the area. The buildings instantly reminded anyone loking at them of oversized standard freight containers.   
  
During the drive, Ally fished some flips-flops out from under the passenger seat where she presumably had temporarily gotten rid of them on a previous ride, increasing the contrast to the still completely naked Kimmy as the group left their car. Thankfully, the asphalt of the parking lot wasn't too hot under Kimmy's bare feet so early in the day, and even getting into a store that looked like it had what they needed turned out less of a problem than Kimmy had feared. Merchandise was arranged with a double purpose of displaying the goods while shielding the customers from anyone peeping at the entrance. Cash points were placed strategically throughout the entire room, and the battery of them placed with a direct view of the anti-theft scanners at the entrance was currently unused and unstaffed and would probably remain that way until a self-serving customer rang the little bell.  
  
Mrs. Williams was quick to point out all these obvious facts to Kimmy, concluding that it meant she could just walk in naked, and then Kimmy would simply be seen as being between outfits. They then entered the shop before Kimmy could get second thoughts.  
  
They indeed managed to enter the shop undetected, or at least without anyone raising a fuss. Only once did they come within line-of-sight of a mother-daughter pair, but the mother was looking at the merchandise. The young daughter did see Kimmy, but she didn't react except for an envious look probably related to her own clothing, which was rather too heavy for the prevailing temperature.  
  
Having reached the area containing potential scouting outfits, and looking through them together with Ally and her mom, two heretofore fuzzy things became imminent: She wasn't actually shopping for an outfit, so while she ostensibly was between outfits, no outfits to be in between really existed. And she was rather far from Johnsonville, so while “what happens at the centre, stays at the centre” sort of applied, she didn't really know how people would react to her.  
  
While they were looking at potential purchases they were approached by a sales clerk, who looked to be in her middle to late fifties. While she helped to select possible outfits for Ally to try, as well as matching accessories that would also be worn by Kimmy, she revealed that when she was a young girl, her parents lived in a back-to-the-roots commune, where she had gone mostly naked all summer. She even revealed that this was a strong reason for her to make a point out of being their sales clerk that day. In turn, she was told a bit about Kimmy and Ally. Not the full story, just the relevant bits about the scout troupe and Ally's position in it, and the basics about why Kimmy was naked that moment.  
  
After a bit, a couple of potential choices had been assembled and Ally was about to try on the first, another customer, her son in tow, singled out Kimmy when this was easy due to the other three being busy with each other for a moment.  
  
“Girl, have you no shame? Do you truly believe being undeveloped is an excuse for such shameful attire?”, she attacked Kimmy, exaggerating Kimmy's build mostly due to not being in the mood for any form of nuances, “I don't know how you coerced a sales clerk into accepting your heathen ways, but I'll let you know I'm going to ask for the manager and have you thrown out of this centre!”  
  
The woman acted spiteful enough to scare Kimmy into a moment of silence, but luckily, another woman sprang to Kimmy's defence with the first strong reply that came to her mind: “How dare you be so spiteful to such a nice and innocent girl! I for one think that she's doing the right thing in this hot weather, and I only regret not havng allowed the same to my own daughter, but I shall remedy that right now. And I might very well report you to the manager for your spitefulness”.  
  
The second woman had managed to command greater authority b keeping her voice a lot calmer than the spiteful mother had, but after she finshes speaking, she realised that her position would be weakened, perhaps critically so, if her daughter chose to make no use of the “permission” she just received. Fortunately, the daughter shared enough of her mom's values to side with her, starting to strip even though she had no other reason to do so than solidarity, and managed to not let her reluctance show.  
  
The complainer saw no other choice but to admit defeat and decided to leave the store. The sales clerk – actually the store manager, it turned out – asked those who had noticed the incident to confirm they were OK with Kimmy and her new friend staying naked, and still being freshly impressed, nobody objected. The sales clerk/manager made an excuse so she could phone the centre's shared security to warn them of the woman who had verbally abused some of her customers, which she knew would assure the complainer's inability to get security mobilised against Kimmy. But before she could actually leave, Ally whispered a request to her:  
  
“Does that mean I won't have to use the changing cubicles?”  
  
“You stick to those cubicles and don't show yourself naked in here”, the manager replied, in a whisper but loud enough for Kimmy and Mrs. Williams to hear, “they accepted the younger girls being naked but I can't guarantee you'll get the same treatment”  
  
After this, the shopping in that store was without incident. Ally's scouting outfit ended up being a blouse and shorts with knee socks, a neckerchief and a baseball cap, in blue and yellow. The same baseball cap, neckerchief and knee socks were bought for Kimmy.  
  
Finally the manager then had a parting gift for both Kimmy and her temporary partner in nudity, consisting of an inexpensive apron each. Inspired by the partner's mother's comments about the warm weather, she explained how the aprons made the ideal dress for such conditions by leaving the sides, back and legs bare while covering everything that was essential. She also encouraged them to wet their hair a little in the wash room.  
  
With most of their shopping needs already out of the way, the group of three then went to look for a shoe store. Now dressed, Kimmy was much more relaxed about walking around the centre, and she didn't seem to draw any unwanted attention, though Ally noticed some people doing a double take at Kimmy's backside. When they entered an appropriate place selling shoes, Kimmy was surprised to see the sale girl approaching them was one of the girls she meet at the park two days ago, during her streak. She didn't know whether Ally recognized her though, and with Mrs. Willians right next to them decided not to be the first to bring the topic up. The summer-jobbing sales girl on the other hand was very eager to initiate a conversation with her “favourite streaker” and managed to create the opportunity to briefly learn the relevant bits about Kimmy's apron dress and its story.  
  
Kimmy was just done gathering a small selection of candidates to be her new hiking boots and had sat down to put on her new socks before trying them, when she – and just about everybody else in the store, probably, - couldn't help but notice the mother-daughter-pair, the daughter about the age that Kimmy appeared to be, who clearly telegraphed to anyone paying attention just how annoyed they were with each other's annoyance.  
  
“It's your own fault if you're miserable, you insisted on wearing these clothes even though they're clearly to warm”  
  
“I never complained! I'm perfectly OK with suffering a bit of warmth for looking good”, the daughter replied more defensively than intended, but at least managing to substitute “good” for “cool” at the last moment. Inwardly, she was cursing the how mothers sometimes considered a lack of cheer and enthusiasm a crime. Truth be told, even if she was visibly dressed too warmly, the real reason for her bad mood was being dragged along to shop for shoes and clothes that weren't her style, but she had enough sense not to bring that up.  
  
While the rest of the room lost their initial interest with the pair as they fell sullenly silent and started to browse the shop, the daughter noticed Kimmy's dress and pointed it out to her mother, managing to sound completely sincere as she suggested this as more heat-friendly alternative to her own current attire, and also pointed out they might be sold at the centre since she had seen at least one other girl with the same style already. Contrary to expectation though, the mother seemed to go for that suggestion rather than drop the topic to avoid such a breezy new style.  
  
And so the duo of mother and somewhat surprised daughter approached the group containing the apron dress, and asked Mrs. Williams where she might have gotten that dress for her younger daughter. Before anyone else could reply, the sales girl took the initiative and gave the name of the store where Kimmy had gotten it, then proceeded to get Kimmy to stand up in order to explain the features of the “dress” on a live model, using the information she only recently got from Kimmy herself. The mother was a bit surprised once she got a really good look at the backside, but still decided to go get one of these dresses for the sake of getting back a cheerful, happy daughter in place of the mopy teen she spent the morning with.  
  
As soon as the two had left, the sales girl proceeded to phone the other store, letting the manager know what her incoming customers would be expecting when asking for a certain type of “dress”. The manager was very happy, too, because it would help her clear the novelty-print aprons they were about to take out of the sortiment; it had turned out the association between camping and barbecue didn't cause customers to go look for aprons in an outlet catering for “sports and leisure”.  
  
Soon after, Kimmy and Ally were outfitted with new hiking boots. On their way out, the sales girl didn't miss out the opportunity to give Kimmy a friendly slap on the butt the apron so conveniently left mostly bare, as a way to send her off. Between finishing the purchase and going to their car, however, Ally increasingly gave the impression that something was amiss.  
  
“What's wrong?”  
  
“Well, those aprons you and the other girl got were on clearance, so I really expected them to come back complaining about them being sold out, so we would have ended up giving them yours. You gotta admit, it'd have fitted the theme of this summer!”  
  
Kimmy listened to this scenario with big eyes, but ended up laughing together with Ally. Then, she simply took of her apron before getting into the car.  
  
“Now they get the “dresses” they wanted and we get our theme. All we still need is a fitting famous quote”

**Kimmy part 25a**

In the evening of that same day, Mom returned home to find Kimmy and Ally lounging on the couch watching TV, both naked, their positions chosen for comfort but apparently not for modesty. Mom noticed they both were a little wet from skinny dipping all afternoon, so she didn't feel a need to comment about wasting the summer in front of a screen. She also noticed Kimmy's new apron, neatly hung from the set of pegs and clothes hooks near the front door, together with Ally's clothing, but in such a way it was clearly visible these were the clothes of two girls.  
  
“Oh, is this new?”, she asked, already having realised it was and rather hoping for more than a simply affirmative.  
  
“Yea, we were out shopping for outfits for this new kid scout idea, and, well, I got this, too”, Kimmy supplied.  
  
“Daisy didn't get around to bring Kimmy's clothes this morning, in fact she still didn't. So after the cool lady running the store turned out to be totally OK with Kimmy being naked, she gave us this dress for going around the rest of the centre”, Ally added, barely hesitating before saying “dress”, deciding to not make the fact it was really an apron any more obvious than it had to be.  
  
“Well, what are you girls waiting for, then? Model your new outfits for me!”  
  
Ally's mom had dropped off both girls and all purchases at the Johnson Farm, not wanting to have to drive to two places or sort out anything, in order to be back at work as soon as possible. This now allowed Ally to model her own scout outfit alongside Kimmy, who was modelling her own scout accessories look. After that, Kimmy took off everything else to show Mom her new apron dress, with Mom still being in her work clothes and Ally in her scout outfit.  
  
“I love it!”, Mom exclaimed, “It keeps you cool, seeing how it allows air to circulate all over your backside, and with the front, it can be worn at occasions too formal to just wear your short-shorts without a top”  
  
“And unlike your shorts, it allows us to do this”, Ally added mischievously, “this” being a playful slap to Kimmy's mostly bare butt, to absolutely no adverse reaction from Mom, who was herself just as fond of showing affection to Kimmy in this very way.  
  
Kimmy, on the other hand, instantly reacted with “Just wait till your own butt is bare again”, but her tone of voice was just as playful as Ally's slap had been. Despite wearing shorts, Ally quickly dodged around the couch, escaping Kimmy's retaliatory butt slap that way.  
  
When Daisy finally arrived, the modelling was long over and she found a trio of naked helpers to unload and store Kimmy's stuff in no time at all.

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Kimmy spent most of the next day lazing around Johnson Farm, enjoying the lack of a need for clothing. At one point late in the morning however, a half-dozing Kimmy, lying on her stomach and enjoying the not-yet-too-warm sun, was approached by Granny, who caught the younger girl's attention by giving her a little slap on the temptingly exposed butt.  
  
“What's up, Granny?”, Kimmy tried to ask, though it was distorted into a big yawn.  
  
“I've got a favour to ask, I just noticed my cream went bad, and I need some for the lunch I planned to make. I can't finish in time if I go shopping now, and I don't really feel like changing lunch plans, but the cream only needs to be added near the end, so maybe you could take your bike and get me some?”  
  
“No problem, Granny”, Kimmy replied, much more intelligibly now, but still sounding rather sleepily as she slowly stretched and got to her feet.  
  
“Don't forget to slip on some shorts”, Granny reminded her, emphasizing it with another light slap to Kimmy's still bare butt.  
  
Rather than complain that she could think of that herself, Kimmy chose to ask why it was so much fun to slap her butt.  
  
“It's just too tempting. You should slap Ally's next time she's naked, and you'll see for yourself”, Granny replied after taking a moment to consider her answer. Kimmy wasn't immediately convinced she should try that, but decided to give the matter a rest, the little playful slaps were harmless enough after all.  
  
Slipping on her short-shorts, Kimmy couldn't help but notice that they covered a lot more of her butt than her apron dress. She pulled and tugged at the back of the shorts to see how they would look when exposing more butt, but while she succeeded to find that out, they of course wouldn't stay like that once she let go again.  
  
Since Granny would need the cream somewhat speedily, Kimmy put in effort and cycled at her fastest as she made her way to the food discounter that she first visited on the day she was hired to work in the garden for Lisa's family. Hot and sweaty, she entered the blissfully cool, air-conditioned building. Looking around for cream, she noticed that there were more barefoot and topless kids than on her first visit, some quite close to her own age. It was probably due to the hot weather.  
  
When she went to the register to ger her cream rung up, she sales clerk, a woman in her mid-twenties, started a conversation: “Coming alone this time?”  
  
“Yes, I just rode the bike here quickly to get some cream for Granny. But I'm surprised you recognised me, I was only here once”  
  
“Your style of dressing rather stood out back then. Speaking of which”, she added with a look at Kimmy's chest, “I'll wager that you'll soon develop to a point where you'll need to cover up more”. To Kimmy's surprise, she ended with: “If I were you, I'd take all remaining chances to be as naked as you can this summer”  
  
Moments later, on the parking lot, Kimmy decided to take the sales clerk's suggestion and strip off her short-shorts in order to cycle home naked, which she reckoned she could do without much hassle, traffic being low at that time of the day. She pushed her bike around the corner – the front of the store was mostly glass, leaving the parking lot highly visible from inside - and quickly dropped her shorts and, full of high spirits, lifted them up into her bike's basket with her foot rather then picking it up.  
  
But then she hesitated. She wanted to be considerate and let the sales clerk know that she had taken up her suggestion, but she didn't quite know how to do that without exposing herself to the other shoppers, something which – unlike riding her bike through town naked – she considered inappropriate.  
  
Kimmy remained on the side of the building, peering around the corner, and had half-decided to just get dressed again and merely tell the nice woman what she was going to do, when she gasped out loud due to suddenly feeling one of those slaps to her bare butt. Turning around, she found herself face to face with the sales clerk, who had left the shop trough the side door.  
  
“I had a hunch you might take me on my word, and I came to check when I didn't see you leave. But it seems you simply lost your courage at the last moment”  
  
“No, it's not that, it's just – well, I wanted to show off my “courage” to you I guess, but didn't quite know how to make it so that only you got a clear view”  
  
The clerk laughed and gave Kimmy a big smile and a thumbs-up as the latter began to cycle out of the parking lot.  
  
Riding her bike naked through town proved to be fun, and the few people she actually noticed looking at her where at most surprised, none of them seemed mad. But then, turning a corner at high speed, she suddenly noticed the road blocked by two cars, one of them belonging to the county sheriff, the other's driver in the process of being ticketed for a traffic violation.  
  
Kimmy brought her bike to a halt and for a moment didn't know what to do. Then, the sheriff, having finished chewing out the driver, noticed her and, apparently recognising her as that Johnson girl from the car wash, waved at her.  
  
“Hey, what happened to you, did Ally keep your shorts?”, he joked.  
  
“No, I have them here”, Kimmy replied, taking them out of the basket and holding them up. “Err, I was hot and took them off”, she tried to explain and then her wit kicked in: “The sheriff said it was no big deal for me to run around naked”  
  
“I expected nothing less of a true Johnson girl”, the sheriff laughed, “and right you are with what I said. Just remember to stop running around nekkid once it causes all the wifes to forcibly turn their husband's heads away”  
  
“Wouldn't want their necks to get hurt, after all”, Kimmy quipped, correctly assessing the mood, and then she circled around the cars and rode home, leaving behind a very amused sheriff and a baffled traffic offender.  
  
After Kimmy returned to the farm, the day ended with naked lazing about, just as it had started.

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Kimmy woke up reasonably early on saturday morning and, despite the indoor shower being fixed long since, decided to take a wake-up shower outside, where it was more airy and less confined than in the bathroom. When she felt sufficiently awake, sh reached for her towel in order to pat herself dry enough for breakfast, she only felt empty air.  
  
“Looking for this?”, Ally asked, dressed in her brand new blue-and-yellow scout outfit and teasingly waving the missing towel.  
  
“Hi Ally, didn't expect you to be so early”, Kimmy replied, not the least bit fazed about the prospect of drip-drying naked next to a clothed Ally.  
  
“Oh, it's for a reason, I have to check your proper preparation after all”  
  
“Proper preparation? I thought I was just to throw on my scout accessories and you'd be the one to run the woodlore show”  
  
“Exactly! And your outfit won't cover your girl parts, so I need to check for telltale age signs that you sloppily overlooked”. And with that, Ally bent down, used the towel to pat dry the aforementioned girl parts, and had a good stare before he had to declare them perfectly prepared.  
  
Thankfully for Kimmy, it was all over before she had a chance to feel awkward about it, and instead enjoyed how Ally's sloppiness implication had fallen flat so thoroughly. “Told you so”, she triumphed, being more figuratively than literally right, and childishly stuck her tongue out at Ally, earning herself a towel-end on a bare butt otherwise out of Ally's reach.

**Kimmy part 25b**

Heading to the kitchen for breakfast, Kimmy found Mom and Granny already there, and Ally joined them in going over the plans yet again, simply because no other topic would have been fitting. Since a ot of kids and initially also their parents would be over, Mom was dressed, making Kimmy once again the only naked person at the table.  
  
It had been agreed that the Blue Jays would meet on every Saturday during the school-free part of summer in order to start a group dynamic. Each of these meets – the term meet had crept up during the planing phase, and it stuck – would include a “woodlore” section run by Ally, with Granny occasionally assisting, followed by a “fun and games” section.  
  
The constituting assembly, dubbed the pre-meet meet, was held immediately before the first actual meet, and both the kids and their parents were present so that everything could be explained, all questions could be answered and everyone could meet everyone in the most efficient way. To Kimmy's surprise, there were a lot more future Blue Jays close to her own age than she had expected. To considerably smaller surprise, just about everyone in town that Kimmy knew was present.  
  
As it turned out, some of the parents expected the whole thing to be a lot more like the real and contemporary scouts, so when the discussion touched upon activities outside the meets, it was more or less demanded that opportunities to learn skills more modern than making fire and tying knots were offered this way. Fortunately, Granny knew just about everyone in town and could promise to eventually build up such a program.  
  
Eventually the pre-meet reached its designated end and all the parents left. So did Mom and Granny, in order to get that “course activity” organised fast enough to please the parents, leaving Ally to run the show. Everyone was greeted as soon as they arrived by Granny, Mom, Ally and Kimmy, then wearing her scouting accessory outfit. Some were surprised by its lack of coverage, but none reacted hostilely, which in retrospect wasn't surprising since the clothing-optional status of the farm had been pointed out during the recruitment drive.  
  
“Welcome to the old-fashioned part then, everyone. This is all for fun as far as I am concerned, but since some seem to think knots and fire making are not appropriate somehow, let's do just that. Except it's way too warm to add fire on top of that, so let's do knots. Any objections?” Ally looked around, but nobody seemed to complain. Instead, she saw that Kimmy had chosen just that moment to bend down and re-tie her open shoelace, an action which Ally decided to push into a different direction: “Since the fomal part is over, you can all follow Kimmy's example and get more casual if you want”.  
  
The crows so addressed was already casually dressed by any non-Kimmy standard, and Kimmy herself had not planned to get more casual than the purpose-bought outfit she was wearing, but decided to play along with what Ally had announced. So instead of re-tying her laces, she took of the shoes and, after thinking a moment, the knee-socks as well since she didn't want to dirty them on the ground. She couldn't quite make out how many were following that example  
  
Tying knots was interesting at first, but eventually someone voiced his opinion that making knots into pieces of rope for no real reason was getting old. Before Ally could react, a girl then suggested the group tie each other up. Ally vetoed this, fearing the horde might become uncontrollable, and instead suggested that everyone who though they were already perfect at their knots could try to tie a volunteer's hands, and if the volunteer couldn't free themselves, they'd get some sort of reward and time at the swimming pond while Ally worked with those still wanting to practise.  
  
“I have nothing planned for a reward and splitting the group means you'd have to go and supervise the swimming faction”, she quietly told Kimmy, “if you are the volunteer, you can easily defeat them, just always offer your wrists in such a way that they tie it in front, space them so that you can tighten the hands and loosen the rope, and move the knot so that you can work on it with one hand, and your mouth too if necessary”  
  
Armed with this advice Kimmy took up the challenge. The first couple of attempts were too loosely knotted even without them, but gradually better attempts were made, with the knotters eventually and gradually learning to prevent the counter-measures. However, keeping an eye towards the continued attempts allowed Ally to end the knot-tying sessions way before a real chance to defeat Kimmy arose. This was then subverted when on majority request, Ally demonstrated on Kimmy how to properly tie someone's hands behind their back.  
  
Kimmy decided that if she wanted to get free of those bindings, she'd have to bring her arms in front of herself first. In a combination of not knowing whether she was flexible enough, not wanting to give a spectacle by trying anyway and trusting Ally to untie her soon-ish with no harm done, Kimmy decided to simply wait instead.  
  
However, this caused some to cry foul and claim that Kimmy and Ally were only pretending the superiority of Ally's knot. Right at the point where Ally in turn assured everyone that Kimmy was indeed safely tied, Granny and Mom showed up again, having finished their extra work assignment. Kimmy was first embarrassed to see them appearing right at the moment where her own tied state was so clearly announced, then surprised when they decided that Kimmy should try to free herself, then have a go at trying to tie Ally.  
  
Kimmy tried to step backwards over her tied arms, but only managed to lose balance and land on her bare butt. Instead of trying to get up again, she made use of the more stable position and, convincing herself nobody present cared what she was showing in the process, managed to get her hands over and around her feet. She pulled at the rope with her hands and teeth, making enough headway for Granny to announce that she'd eventually succeed that way but they didn't have the time to wait for that. Kimmy was untied, and then her own attempt at tying up Ally proved to be just as insufficient as the tie on her shoelaces earlier.  
  
Then Granny announced it was time for the fun and games section, and only then did Kimmy realise how much time had passed with knot games. The first game was a test of dexterity and cooperation, where teams of two had to balance bowls of water over a distance without using their hands, the second was the kind of football Americans call soccer. Many got rid of their shirts during the first game either to prevent them from getting wet or after this has happened, and to Kimmy's delight a surprisingly high number of them were girls close to her own age.  
  
For the football/soccer game, it was at first “skins versus shirts”, but when someone pointed out Kimmy was under-dressed for the normal version of a “skins” team, a team was assembled from those who welcomed the excuse to play naked for Kimmy to play in. Way to soon it was time for the meet to dissolve and everyone to either leave or wait to be picked up.

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When things had quietened down, Ally and Kimmy were each given a copy of a list. Each entry held a name, one or more skills with a check box next to each, and some framed empty space.  
  
“We phoned with just about everyone we could think of”, Granny explained, “and made this list of people who might be interested in teaching in our course program. Now, in a lot of cases we don't know them directly, and in any case, we want your opinion on how much potential interest for people your age the course would hold, so the plan is for you to arrange to meet the people on the list, and if both you and them agree on it, plan them into the course program schedule”  
  
  
The girls both nodded, and everyone pretty quickly agreed that the list would be split between Kimmy, Ally and Lisa – Kimmy and Ally both suggested including her in order to better split the work and get broader interests represented - according to greatest affinity to their interests, that the list would ideally be accounted for within a week, and that the one-on-one talks would best be done in non-scouting outfits to avoid having to start with misunderstandings about the scope and nature of the course program.  
  
Kimmy and Ally called Lisa on the phone – she had not played a prominent role in the meet and had left with her siblings not prematurely, but well before the last stragglers were gone – and after convincing her to join the effort, immediately began dividing the list amongst themselves. Mom and Granny took the opportunity to suggest some of Kimmy's outfits to Ally by showing them to her while she talked on the phone. Kimmy was suggested exactly one outfit – her apron dress and some dressy sandals – and Kimmy couldn't bring herself to deny Mom this wish.  
  
The silent fashion show was mostly unnecessary of course, for before Kimmy and Ally could leave to check out the first candidates on the same day, the appointments had to be arranged. Soon, however, Ally and Kimmy left on their bikes, splitting up as the got to the town entrance.

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After the penultimate interview, Kimmy was in rather high spirits. Not only did two out of three interviews result in worthwhile additions to the course program, but she also got away with wearing her apron, and actually twice got complimented on her dress. Figurative inches away from actually humming and skipping, she took the list from her bike's basket – forgetting the sandals she had also put there in order to pedal barefoot – and found herself reminded that this interview was with someone her age interested in sewing, which could be anything from boring to awesome depending on what that person did with it.  
  
“Nice apron, barefoot girl”, Kimmy was greeted by the sewing teenager – Kelly according to the list.  
  
“Oh it's – you're the first today to find out, you know?”  
  
“I'm flattered, but it's actually kinda obvious unless you're oblivious to aprons existing. I guess you got lucky”  
  
“Well, it's like this...”, Kimmy began and explained to Kelly how she had acquired the apron and why she was using it as a dress.  
  
“Mhmmm”, Kelly sounded as Kimmy had finished, and she began walking around the smaller girl, looking and tugging at the apron. “You know, if I made it a bit more figure-hugging here”, she pointed out Kimmy's side at navel height, “and a bit broader here”, she indicated Kimmy's almost completely exposed butt, more surrounded than covered by the apron strings, “I could make something that even people who know what an apron is will recognise as a dress”  
  
“Oh – you would, just like that?”  
  
“What? Oh – sorry, I was rambling to myself and actually intended to make that dress for my sister, who's a bit of a tomboy, so the idea of making a dress she can't call stifling and hindering is quite appealing right now. Of course”, she quickly added, when seeing Kimmy's slight disappointment at seeing an offer seemingly vanish into thin air, “I could make you one too, on commission, or better yet, you could learn to make it yourself if you take that sewing course I'll be offering”  
  
“I guess I'll do that, being able to alter my own clothes will surely come in handy”  
  
“Perfect, just do me a favour and lend me that dress for a bit, then I'll go and find my sister to show it to her?”  
  
“Mhmm, can't see why not”, Kimmy agreed, untying the apron and handing it over.  
  
However, even though Kelly immediately left the room once given the dress, Kimmy's expectation of simply waiting for her apron back in a room with no-one else ended up being subverted: When Kelly returned with her sister in tow, it became clear from the sister stripping and being measured, put into the apron, and some pins being put into the apron, that Kimmy was not to get that apron back anywhere near as immediately as she thought, and that she'd not be alone while once more bring stark naked.  
  
Still, the sisters were harmless enough, and Kimmy relaxed while watching the sister's progress. Just as she was at her most relaxed, the room's door opened, and what must be Kelly's mother appeared in the door.  
  
“Oh, what's going on here?”  
  
“I got an idea for a dress that Kathrin – I mean Kat”, she corrected herself after remembering she was not in teasing-sister-mode, “actually likes, so I'm doing all the preparations”  
  
“And who's your naked little friend?”  
  
“That's Kimmy, she's from those jaybirds that called, but she's also the one on whom I saw the dress idea”  
  
“Oh, that's nice, just remember to give her something to wear once she has to leave, then”. And with that, she left the room again.  
  
Soon after, Kelly was done with her sister and offered Kimmy to take her measurements and write them down for her, since that was something she'd have difficulty doing on herself with any accuracy, especially while still learning.  
  
Kimmy was still standing naked in the middle of the room, arms outstretched, when the door opened again and the mother returned, towing a man she introduced as her husband. Kimmy then had to introduce herself to him, still naked of course, followed by his wife admonishing him to not forget that girl's name, like he kept doing for all the other friends of Kat's who visited.  
  
When it was time to leave, Kimmy was given something to wear home by Kat, a T-shirt explicitly stated to be expendable, which sported numerous holes and had apparently already been converted to a cleaning rag, but which had found its way back into Kat's closet when Kat had picked some of her clothing off the floor in order to fill the washer. Since Kat had few other clothes if you counted only those not being dirty and on the floor near the hamper, Kimmy politely assured the younger girl that it would do.

**Kimmy - interlude**

Sunday Morning, just one warm night after the previous events. Dave arrived at the Johnson Farm, intent on meeting Kimmy and spending a day with her. Mom and Granny were waiting for him, waving him right through to Kimmy's room. Despite Mom's recent change in her personal on-farm dress policy, she was fully clothed; Granny had forseen he'd visit „sometime soon“ and convinced Mom firstly that Dave and Kimmy were a good pairing, and that secondly Mom being naked as well as Kimmy could be misconstrued as her „competing“.  
  
When Dave entered the room, knocking on the open door by way of token politeness, he was treated to the view of a peacefully sleeping Kimmy, naked on her bed, resting on the side so her bare butt was facing the door and thus, Dave.   
  
When Kimmy slowly woke, she took a moment to realise someone else was in the room. Instantly fully awakened by this sight, she looked for something to throw but to Dave's luck found nothing, then stormed past him to complain to Mom and Granny for letting „everyone“ just waltz into her room.  
  
„Young lady“, Granny said in a no-nonsens tone that was fully effective at deflating Kimmy's outburst of temper, „your friends are not „everyone“ and there is certainly nothing they could see that they haven't already. It's only common courtesy that you should have an open door for them at all times“  
  
„But it's my room and...“, Kimmy trailed off, joining the ranks of those unable to explain the concept of privacy to those not already openly understanding.  
  
„I'm sorry, I was...“, he hesitated, „...led to believe it was OK“, Dave said upon re-joining the females.  
  
„It is!“, Mom cut him off, „so far, showing her bare butt has been good for her character. Hey, maybe I should phrase that as a proverb, stitcht it in silk and hang it over the mantelpiece we don't have.“  
  
„It's going to sound either really quaint or like advice on raising a generation of strippers“, Kimmy answered, taking the last comment lightly and replying in kind.  
  
„Mention being barefoot. Strippers wear High Heels“, Granny advised pragmatically.  
  
„Sure, why not, I like being barefoot“, Kimmy admitted, still not thinking anything of it, before the conversation drifted to other topics for the remainder of breakfast.  
  
After breakfast, Kimmy left in order to shower and get dressed, choosing a lightly coloured, slightly flowing dress and sandals. Upon her return to the main group, she found that Lisa and her siblings had joined them.  
  
„Nice to see you. I'm afraid I can't...“  
  
„Don't worry, spend time with your boyfriend“, Lisa cut her off, „we're just here for a skinny-dip“  
  
But just as Kimmy was about to do just that, Lisa called out again: „Hey wait, isn't your outfit lacking some character?“, she asked, putting an odd emphasis on the last word.  
  
Kimmy was a bit surprised that Mom and Granny had bothered to tell Lisa all about the earlier conversation. On the other hand, if it was that important to them, maybe she should indeed take something off to humour them. She could...  
  
„She's right, you should take off those shoes“, Granny interrupted before Kimmy could reach her own decisson, „it's not like you're going to need them today“  
  
As Kimmy bent down to comply, her dress rose at the back, exposing her butt, which earned her a little slap on the bare cheek of it while Mom was telling her to head off and have a nice day.  
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When Dave dropped Kimmy off in the evening, she was naked – which, knowing Kimmy, really shouldn't surprise anyone at this point. Lisa happened to be outside and spot her, wrapping a towel around her own previously naked body to greet her friend even though she happened to be dry already.  
  
„Should've known you wouldn't be able to keep your clothes on“, she joked, „better get back into that dress before your mom sees you coming back from a date naked“  
  
„I think she prefers me naked by now. Besides, nothing happened“  
  
„Really? How boring. But I need to check if you look suspicious anyway“  
  
„Huh?“, Kimmy replied, looking just as clever as she sounded at that moment.  
  
„Hands behind your head!“, Lisa ordered, and while Kimmy slowly complied, still a bit confused, she took Kimmy's dress before performing a mock inspection of her friend's naked body.  
  
However, just at the moment where Lisa was sending Kimmy on her way inside with yet another of those playful slaps to the butt that she seemed to attract like a magnet lately, Kimmy took hold of Lisa's towel, dragging it behind herself as she headed inside, leaving a naked Lisa standing.

**Kimmy part 26**

Early the next morning, Granny walked up into Kimmy's room. Early being relative – it certainly wasn't by Granny's standards, but Mom had not yet left for work, so Kimmy, a teenage girl on summer break, was still fast asleep. Due to the heat, she had not bothered to cover her naked body with a blanket, and was now cuddles around her pillow. Granny decided a light slap to the invitingly-positioned butt was the ideal way to wake Kimmy up.  
  
„Good morning, little one! Hop under the shower quickly, I got a new odd-job for you“  
  
„M'kay“, Kimmy mumbled in reply and dragged herself to the shower.  
  
Granny started to explain what the job was about, but realised Kimmy couldn't hear her with the water running, so she waited until she no longer heard the shower: „Mrs Brown needs your help today, she's not as young as she used to be, but her attic is even older and in dire need of some serious cleaning and sorting. I expect it to be dirty, so much so that you want to wear something you don't need any more. I think this will do“, she said, pointing to Kat's old, holey shirt, which she had draped over Kimmy's bed.  
  
„I guess“, Kimmy said non-committally, still rubbing herself with her towel since she came back to her room as soon as Granny started talking to her.  
  
„Don't waste your time drying yourself, you can drip-dry in this weather, especially since you're sensibly not wearing excess layers of clothing that capture warm moisture“, Granny admonished before going on to explain the way to Mrs. Brown's house.  
  
Kimmy, at that very moment in the process of rubbing a towel over her more sensitive parts, felt a little caught by that. It was her own fault too, since she could have talked from the nearby bathroom while towelling herself without a problem. Once sufficiently dry, she slipped on the shirt.  
  
„Oh, good, it's long enough in front, I was a bit worried“, Granny judged after glancing down on the shirt Kimmy was now wearing as a work-dress. And in fact it was, but, as Kimmy could clearly feel, it fell somewhat short of covering her entire butt.   
  
They both went to the kitchen, exchanging a quick „Good Morning“ with Mom, who was going the opposite way, having to get ready to work. After getting dressed in her office finery, Mom made a quick detour to the kitchen again for a quick goodbye. Seeing Kimmy bent over the fridge, she couldn't resist giving her one of those playful slaps to the butt. The shirt was partly in the way, but Mom simply raised the hem until Kimmy's butt was completely exposed.  
  
„Aww Mom! You don't \*have\* to do that every time you get half a chance, you know?“  
  
„It's just too tempting. You should slap Ally's next time she's naked, and you'll see for yourself“, Mom replied, unknowingly giving almost the exact same answer Granny had given to the same complaint a few days earlier.   
  
„I guess you're right, it's harmless enough“, Kimmy replied, this, too, a callback to that earlier conversation, only this time said out loud.  
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Kimmy arrived at Mrs. Browns house without trouble and straightened her hemline down after dismounting from her bike – she had found it easier and more comfortable to hike it up just enough that she wasn't sitting on it.  
  
Mrs. Brown was apparently expecting someone a little taller, since she had to adjust her gaze downwards slightly after opening the door. She didn't seem displeased by what she saw though.  
  
„Good, you chose to wear something that can get dirty“, she said after greetings were exchanged, „shows you got a head on your shoulders. It's going to be hot as hell up there too, so it's also good that you didn't wear anything too thick“  
  
Kimmy was led into the attic, an old construction not equipped with fancy newfangled toys like active ventilation or air-conditioning. The strong sun and lack of wind on that day meant Kimmy and Mrs. Brown walked into a wall of heat that at the first moment actually felt solid.  
  
„Maybe I should have worn nothing“, Kimmy said without thinking.  
  
„Not such a good idea, it's very dirty and dusty up here, not very hygienic to be naked and sweating up here. So you'd better wear clothes in the heat, like us old folks“, Mrs. Brown replied.  
  
The next couple of hours were filled with standing heat, cleaning, moving boxes to and fro, and checking the contents of each to try and get some order into things. Early on, after Mrs. Brown had explained the goal of the operation, Kimmy had suggested colour-coding the boxes and containers so the order wouldn't be quickly lost again. Since most had handles of some sort, Kimmy used a bunch of rags of different colours she had found, reasoning they wouldn't fade or be overlooked that easily, like nearly all of the existing labels.  
  
Hours later, the attic was much cleaner, lots of items considered trash had been brought outside for later disposal, and Kimmy's shirt as well as the exposed parts of her skin were almost as dirty as the attic had been at the start.  
  
„This one has decorations, what colour did we use for that?“, Kimmy asked opening one of the last dozen boxes.  
  
„None yet, we could use... oh dear, seems we ran out of colours“, Mrs. Brown replied after checking the list they made and the supply of ribbons.  
  
„Let me have a look“, Kimmy countered, falling to the age-old fallacy that facts suddenly change if you check them yourself. Besides, she didn't want to be forced to re-organise the sorting system now that they were almost done. Finally, she turned the hem of her shirt inside-out, saw it was still clean enough inside, and tore at it. Thankfully, the old, thin fabric tore just the way she hoped. She tied it onto the box, colour-side out. „There, fixed“, she commented.  
  
„Fixed indeed“, Mrs. Brown smiled, „good thing you're still young enough to not care about coverage.  
  
Kimmy blushed a little, but mostly it felt good to have the shirt shortened and ventilation thus increased slightly. Besides, there were only a few more boxes to check now, the are around them already mostly cleaned. Of course, as it so happened, the next box had decorations in it, too – not surprising in retrospect, one box was hardly enough for a house that size, and there are different holidays in the year, too. Still, it would need to be marked, and with the list already amended for the colour of her shirt and Mrs. Brown never having been corrected on believing Kimmy young enough to not care, there was only one thing she could do.  
  
Tearing off the second strip of cloth already left Kimmy essentially bottomless, although the remaining length still might look covering from a distance. Still possible to ride home like this, in other words. She opened the next box and - oh right, large house, several holidays a year – it, too, was filled with decorations. Kimmy tore a third strip from her shirt, quite concerned at its rapid shortening, but not seriously considering to not tear of further stripes at this point.  
  
In what shouldn't be a surprise, all of the remaining boxes were filled with one kind or another of decorations, and more and more strips came off Kimmy's shirt, revealing her stomach, navel, moving further up until the shirt ended above her nipples, rendering it fully useless as any sort of actual garment, reducing it to something pointing out how naked the rest of her was.  
  
„Why don't you take a shower while I throw away the rest of your former dress?“, Mrs. Brown offered.  
  
Kimmy could only laugh and agree.  
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Kimmy took a long shower, the cool water very refreshing after the heat of the attic. Besides, she needed the cleaning. After towelling herself dry, she considered wrapping the towel around herself before going out, but decided against it – Mrs. Brown had already seen all of her, and she wouldn't be wearing the towel home anyway, either. In fact, what she would be wearing home was a problem yet to be solved.  
  
„Oh, hi“, was all Kimmy could think of saying as she entered the living room and found it filled with not only Mrs. Brown, but another, younger woman, as well as two girls and a boy in their teens.  
  
„Everyone, this is Kimmy, who helped my clean up my attic“, Mrs. Brown explained, unfazed, „and this is my youngest sister with her daughters, Abigail and Kathrina, and her son, Jonathan. They don't visit often, but spontaneously decided to do so today, pity they didn't plan it, or they could have helped in cleaning the attic“  
  
Kimmy's teenager brain automatically translated this to „Mom had to drag her offspring to the overdue visit with the boring old aunt, and couldn't rely and their cooperation safely enough to pre-announce the date“. Which also meant they were from reasonably close by, else the trip would have been pre-planned and pre-announced no matter what. Outwardly though, Kimmy simply remained unmoving, having no clue how to react.  
  
„Must have been hot in the attic“, Abigail finally broke the upcoming silence, pointing at Kimmy's still naked body.  
  
„No need for that condescending tone, she is simply dressed right for the heat“, Mrs. Brown corrected her.  
  
„Well, I guess she can get away with it, being so young“, Abigail conceded.  
  
„Oh, I think she is actually your age“, the younger Mrs. Brown - as Kimmy mentally dubbed her with utter disregard for patrilinearity - threw in.  
  
„Nonsense, have you taken a look at her?“, her older sister contradicted.  
  
„I have, and if you take a look at...“, and with that, the two Mrs. Browns began to discuss Kimmy's body, pointing out various features, the shape of her hips and breasts, her curvature or lack thereof, her exact size and so on, soon moving closer to better point them out. The whole discussion only went on for a couple of minutes though until everything was pointed out – the sisters did not resort to repeating arguments but instead agreed to disagree. The Brown offspring watched the proceedings with amusement.  
  
„So, is it now OK for girls to go naked in the summer or not?“, Jonathan asked, probably mostly intending to tease one or all of the three girls in the room.  
  
„It absolutely is“, was the surprising reply he got, in unison, from the two Mrs. Browns.  
  
„Well I won't get naked anyway“, Abigail informed, only to get her turn in being surprised when her sister voiced the opposite intention and started to strip right there, apparently intending to get naked. However, her mother stopped her, resolving that the sisters were too close in age and that she wouldn't have the one naked when the other wasn't. And thus, Kimmy remained the only naked one..   
  
And like that, they had tea. Well, coffee and cake, really. Afterwards, Abigail, Kathrina and Jonathan had become Abby, Katy and Jonny to Kimmy. When the time had come for general departure, Katy whispered to Kimmy: “Don't worry, I'll get her to be naked with me”. After spending the afternoon naked amongst the Browns, Kimmy's problem of what to wear while riding home was also solved: at the end of the afternoon, she couldn't think of a good reason to not simply ride home naked as she was.