**Kimmy**

by not a politician

**Kimmy part 27**

As Kimmy arrived home, naked and carefree, she noticed Dave was there, and Granny was standing next to him.

"Where have you been", he asked, "it's Monday, so we have a date with our dancing class"

Kimmy's jaw dropped. "Oh, right, I totally did not forget about that"

"No time for apologies, you need to get ready. Here, I've picked a dress for you", Granny interrupted, "It's from one of my daughters when she was your age"

Kimmy took the garment. It was a white dress, and it was noticeably designed with formal dancing in mind, but being for a young girl, it was not only small-ish, but also rather short, both in regard to hemlines and sleeves. When she put it on, it was rather obvious that the hem was designed to flare out when moving in the right way. Presumably, the flaring part of the skirt was meant to start at exactly the right height to keep people guessing at the colour of the wearer's panties without actually answering that question - or in the case of a Johnson girl, to never quite confirm the fact she wasn't wearing any, of course. However, on Kimmy it sat just a little too high for that, but did cover her while the skirt was falling loosely down.

"Umm, the dress is nice, but umm, won't it be weird if I don't do it naked like the first time?"

"Well, the dance instructor told me it's fine on principle, but for today's lessons, it is required to wear something with a skirt that twirls, because getting it to move right is an important part of that dance"

"Wouldn't it be better, under that logic, if I also wore some dancing shoes?", Kimmy inquired back. "And possibly some panties?", she added after a brief pause, worrying what her current dress would reveal once the skirt "properly" twirled.

"Don't worry child", Granny interjected reassuringly, "Amber knows that there are limits to what she can demand from a Johnson girl in that regard, and that it's currently way too hot for shoes or panties. If she complains, just tell her you believe in dressing sensibly. On second thoughts, you could also remind her that the chance of you wearing any shoes or panties next time you have an opportunity to dance are slim anyway"

"But what if I end up never learning to dance with shoes? Am I supposed to call a raincheck at prom night, in order to take my shoes and panties off?"

Granny couldn't help but chuckle a bit at this question. "Sorry", she began after that, the word still sounding half like another chuckle, "but that's such a silly image and so like you to ask such a question, too. But again, no need to worry, it's way into the future, and if by then you really find that you don't like to dance wearing shoes, then of course the practical thing is to attend barefoot from the beginning. And", she added with just a hint of a wink, "if you find you don't like panty lines even when you're older, then that's fine too, of course"

At this, Kimmy had to laugh, explaining that going to the prom barefoot was just too silly. But Granny would have nothing of that:

"Now girl, that's not the attitude I've come to expect from you. Promise me that you'll never wear shoes if - or wait, I don't want you to fixate on footwear. Promise me that while in Johnsonville, you'll never wear anything if you'll feel better without it"

"But what if that's going to make me unable to wear my instructor-required dress with a skirt capable of twirling?", Kimmy asked, trying to be sly.

"You'll have to use your judgement, of course, and solve problems on your own so you can be as naked as possible. That's why I didn't have you promise to simply always be naked. Even though you obviously like that so much that this might as well be a nudist farm"

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When Kimmy and Dave arrived at the venue, they were surprised to find that Ally and Lisa were also present, having parked Lisa's car only moments before. For once, Ally had outdone Kimmy, for she was wearing only a skirt, cut to flare out much like the skirt part of Kimmy's dress, and literally nothing else, unless you counted smiles. Lisa, on the other hand, was wearing a standard teenager outfit consisting of jeans, T-shirt and sneakers.

"I decided to join these dance courses as soon as you told me they had no problems with you attending butt naked", Ally piped up before Kimmy could say anything, "I've gotten Lisa to act as my "male" counterpart for the time being. My mom is paying for us both cause she's so happy I'm doing something "ladylike" for a change. Good thing I didn't point out I'd be doing it mostly naked. I mean, she should be able to figure that"

The four of them had been slightly early, having arrived before most others and even before Amber, the instructor. A bit later, when Amber came around, she was less than happy at seeing Ally: "Ally! What are you doing here undressed like that!"

"What do you mean? Kimmy was here butt naked last week and you didn't say anything!"

"Well yes, sorry for shouting at you", Amber said in a suddenly much less aggressive tone, realising she had upset Ally, "but Kimmy is much younger than you are, and I still remember how the "ladies" of the Tuesday course over in Nextown reacted when one female participant was wearing a semi-transparent top. You're simply too old to be wearing just a skirt"

"That's silly, Kimmy and I are the same age"

"Likely story, Ally, but I know how old you are, and I did see Kimmy naked last week. There's no way you are both the same age"

Both Kimmy and Ally were, each for her own reasons, mentally floored by that statement. However, even as Ally realised she wouldn't convince Amber about them being the same age, at least not then and there, she still didn't give up and tried a different approach: "But, if I go back home to change now, I'll be way too late for class!"

"Mmhmm, you got a point there", Amber mused, "but the solution is easy: You need to swap clothes, Ally gets the dress, and Kimmy gets Ally's skirt so she's wearing something to swing around"

Both Kimmy and Ally remained unconvinced out of principle, yet still both concluded that they could do nothing but play along, at least in the short term. Not even considering that, thanks to it being summer, they were standing out in the parking lot in broad daylight, each of them stripped off the only garment she was wearing, and handed it to the other. When clothing had finally been swapped to Amber's satisfaction, she went inside.

"I can't believe how she can know we're wearing the same size, yet still refuse to believe we're actually the same age", Kimmy finally found the voice to say.

"Maybe it's because you're such a carpenter's delight", Ally retorted automatically, completely ignoring that she wasn't exactly endowed in that department, either.

"Carpenter's delight?", Kimmy frowned, not immediately getting it.

"It's a pun on your lack of a rack", Lisa "helpfully" pointed out.

Even though this made the general direction of the pun more than clear, Kimmy was still stumped on figuring out how a carpenter was related to small breasts, taking a moment.

"Pff, just like you lezzies to only stare at my boobs", she then said, her tone of voice making it clear that she was hamming it up. She turned her nose up at them in an exaggerated manner, and walked off primly and stiffly, each exaggerated step of her bare feet making a distinct sound on the tarmac. Even with her head - literally - that high, she managed to not walk straight into the door, but just barely, causing her act to break down as she erupted into laughter.

Later, during the lesson, none of Amber's fears came true, even when Ally swung her hips so much that the skirt, sitting as high on her as it had on Kimmy, flew up so high that she revealed everything. This caused Kimmy, who up to that point had worn her skirt in a reasonable position, to pull it to the same height to get the same effect, ending in them both sending their skirts flying high in the same way in an impromptu display, synchronised. Of course, it was the meant-to-be-synchronised-yet-unrehearsed kind of synchronised, but everyone still had loads of fun.

**Kimmy part 28**

The very next morning, Ally was on her way to the Johnson Farm, wearing only a pair of short-shorts and driving her uncle's delivery truck. It was only semi-early, since Ally had spent much of the previous night browsing the net for items to put on her list of "things to do naked or near naked while still young". Still, she was certain that Kimmy, sleepyhead that she was, would not be awake yet. After parking the car, Ally was almost skipping across the yard while trying to decide whether to wake Kimmy with a big old slap to the butt, or via tickling.

She was, however, disappointed to find Kimmy's bed completely empty. Kimmy, tired after a long day, just so happened to have gone to bed relatively early the previous evening, and, being young, this of course meant she was also up early. In fact, she had heard Ally's arrival and hidden behind her bedroom door, from which she now semi-stealthily emerged, for the sole purpose of hitting Ally's shorts-clad butt with a loud yell of "gotcha", then run away to the outside.

Kimmy had tried but utterly failed to pull down the shorts far enough to hit bare skin, and didn't muster much force in any case, so the single spank didn't hurt that much. This didn't stop Ally from instinctively giving chase anyway, even though she didn't have a clear idea of what she would do in retaliation. Eventually she managed to lunge forward and tackle Kimmy to the ground, pinning her naked friend down by sitting on her butt and holding both arms down at the crossed wrists, above Kimmy's head.

"Morning, girls", Granny jovially called, having just walked into this scene, waving one arm in greeting.

"Oh, hello Granny Johnson", Ally replied, raising one hand to wave back, keeping Kimmy's arms pinned down with the second.

However, with the effectiveness thus diminished, Kimmy suddenly wrestled her arms free and managed to grab a hold of Ally, turning her onto her back and gaining the upper position.

"Morning, Granny", she said, both hands still firmly pinning down Ally's wrists.

"You girls having an argument?

"No, just playing around"

"And I would've won too, if I didn't get distracted"

"Fine then", Granny laughed, "and Kimmy, if you're done staring into Ally's eyes, you can let her get back up.

This remark caused Kimmy to jump to her feet immediately, of course.

"Thanks. If Kimmy hadn't been so eager to start a naked wrestling match...", Ally started to explain, wilfully ignoring her own part in the goings-on.

"I was just...", Kimmy interrupted her

"It's OK dear, young girls are allowed a little horseplay, you need to burn off your energy"

"As I was saying, if Kimmy didn't make it so difficult to surprise her with a simple slap to the butt, I could've told you already that my uncle has hurt his back badly and needs someone to do the mail delivery for him. There might even be some money in it for Kimmy. Enough to go towards that car you said you wanted. Well, towards an old, used one, obviously. Typical first car. But still"

"Stop rambling, girl!", Granny interrupted, "and if you're helping out your uncle for free, then obviously Kimmy is not going to charge anything, either"

"Yes, obviously", Kimmy agreed a bit too eagerly, feeling a little guilty for being excited about the money a moment before, "I mean", she added just so say something, "I'm way too young to have my own car anyway"

"That's the spirit, now off you both go", Granny rejoined, sending Kimmy on her way with a friendly slap to the conveniently bare behind.

The girls remembered to make a quick detour to fetch a second pair of short-shorts, and went on their way in the delivery truck, Kimmy of course not yet bothering to put them on.

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"So, are you going to tell me where we are going?", Kimmy asked, after having stuffed the clothing she was carrying into the glove compartment.

"Do you always climb into strange cars, naked, without knowing the destination?", Ally teased in response.

"I didn't - that's not even close to how it is! Besides, I'm almost always naked"

"Only because everyone lets you get away with it, little girl", Ally complained.

"I'd let you get away with it, yet you're still wearing these frumpy clothes", Kimmy retorted, pointing at Ally's short-shorts.

"I'd have to put them back on as soon as we get there, plus I'm driving, I need my hands"

"I think I can help you there", Kimmy replied, unfastening the shorts. "No underwear I see", she continued, despite not having expected Ally to wear any. "And now, raise your butt"

Ally complied, and Kimmy pulled down the shorts past her friend's knees, letting them slide down. Ally could take over from there, simply stepping out one foot at a time. Kimmy then stuffed the "frumpy" garment into the glove compartment.

"As I was saying", the now naked Ally began, "my uncle, whose truck we are riding, has hurt his back - he's not the youngest any more, he keeps saying - and needs us to help. I didn't really listen when he explained how exactly he's related to the "official" Mail Service, but apparently the consequences for simply staying at home are dire enough that he needs our help to avoid them. We'll share the actual work so we'll be done faster and still have lots of daily free time. My uncle and I discussed it, and I'll be doing the more out-lying destinations with this truck, and you'll be using your bike downtown". The way Ally said "downtown", one could hear the quotation marks.

"Wait a moment, don't I get a say in it?"

"Naaa, little girls young enough to go naked everywhere don't yet get a say", Ally teased. "Besides, it's the perfect arrangement"

**Kimmy part 29**

As Kimmy continued on her route, now completely naked, she had little trouble doing so. In fact, she hardly met anyone at all as she continued along residential streets mostly deserted, with the residents either at work or unwilling to go out into the heat more than necessary. It wasn't until the very last house that someone actually spoke to her. Since the girl was standing next to her bike, she was apparently not a resident of said house.

"Hi, you must be Kimmy. I'm Tessa. Your Granny told me you've taken on a mail route, so I asked Ally's uncle where it ended, and followed you from in front by waiting here. And I must say, I do love your outfit"

"I - well - yes, I'm Kimmy"

"Great, not that there was much doubt, you look just as described. Now, I need to ask you a favour: I want to invite you to my birthday party tomorrow afternoon slash evening"

"Why is going to your birthday party a favour? Is it boring?"

"No, it's - actually yes, that's what I'm trying to avoid. You see, we're having a garden party every year for my birthday, but it's losing its appeal as me and my friends are getting older. Mom won't see it, citing her own childhood - but thing is, her parents had a pool. So, I'm thinking, this new naked trend should keep things fresh, but my friends might feel a little too old for that without your magic to encourage them"

"I'm not some magical fairy tale creature!", Kimmy protested.

"I know, and you're all the more suited because of it", Tessa sweet-talked her, "but it's an open secret the town got much more open since you're here. So, I want you and your friends to come, and when I suggest the textile-scarce entertainment, you lead the way. Deal?"

Kimmy looked Tessa up and down, and guessed her age to be about her own - real - age. "Alright, deal, I want to know if the supposed magic will work on your friends"

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Kimmy informed the friends she wanted to take - Ally and Lisa - about the party invitation and their role while all three where hanging out naked at the skinny dipping lake on Johnson Farm. To her surprise, convincing them to play along was easy, since Ally agreed right away, putting peer pressure on Lisa so she too agreed, albeit on the condition she'd like the planned "textile-scarce" entertainment.

Ironically, the three completely naked girls then somehow drifted into a discussion about what to wear to the party. It actually got to the point where they decided to ask Kelly, their hobby seamstress friend, for advice. Kimmy was chosen to do the main talking during the call.

"Hi, it's Kimmy, I got invited to a party and might get naked there, so I need you to suggest and outfit. It should show off as much as possible while still being appropriate, because - because that's me", she explained, not elaborating that the reason for wanting to show a lot of skin was her recent resolution, as promised to Granny.

"What kind of party is it?"

"Oh, a garden party. No pool, apparently"

"Mhmm, listen, I could sew you something like that, a dress with strategic bits cut away, but its purpose would be really obvious. Why not wear something casual, shorts and a light top? That would really be you!"

"Mhmm, guess you're right, shouldn't have gotten carried away with worrying what to wear", she said, meaning every word, realising this was also actually much closer to her resolution to wear less in order to be comfortable, "oh and hey, would you maybe like to come, too?"

"Sorry, got plans already and made promises"

The issue settled, the rest of the afternoon went by in a mix of skinny-dipping and lounging around at the shore naked.

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The next day, Ally had great news as Kimmy and her met at the old postal office again. Kimmy had arrived in her "uniform" shorts, while Ally was in shorts and a top, just like they started their work the day before.

"It looks as if some people actually saw you doing your route naked from inside their houses - while I suffered wearing both shorts and a top, no less - and called. But being people, they called the council members, who didn't much like the bother and let the biggest supporter of public nudity amongst them handle the complaints, Glenn Schroder. His rather glowing defence means the council now feels confident to allow you to go naked on your route. And in theory, me too, but I'd need permission from Mom and in practise, also from my uncle. Mom actually seems to be the lesser hurdle in that. Your Mom and Granny obviously had no trouble allowing you to ride your bike naked all over town"

"Wow"

"Hey, what are you waiting for, lose those shorts already, and give them to me!"

Shaken out of her stunned surprise by the command, Kimmy hurriedly complied, and soon was on her way to her second mail delivery, this time naked from the start, and without access to any clothes. It felt great, and on the few occasions where people being delivered mails asked her if she wasn't a bit too old to go starkers in public, she simply answered with a no, taking the wind out of their sails.

After doing their respective routes, they still had enough time, so they both went home, and agreed to meet up with Lisa at Ally's house before going to the party.

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When they did meet there as agreed, despite them all having agreed to wear shorts and a light top, they were not actually wearing quite the same. Not only did Kimmy happen to have the biggest section of midriff showing, but she was also the only one to have taken "only shorts and a top" literally, the other were also wearing some sort of sandals. Ally suggested to match Kimmy, but Lisa overruled her, stating it was very like Kimmy to be the only one barefoot.

"OK I guess, especially since we'll probably be getting naked at some point anyway. Which reminds me: Kimmy, did you touch up on your shave before coming here? I did, it was actually Mom's idea, since this party is a rare chance for me to get naked before I'm really too old, according to her"

"Well, no, I didn't

"Time to remedy that. Get those shorts and top out of the way, and Lisa and I will take care of it. Can't have you looking your real age when naked!"

"Why Lisa too? Last time, you managed well on your own"

"Because she's here and can help check the result, obviously", Ally replied, her tone successfully implying that it was really obvious and that further objections would be similarly dismissed.

And so Kimmy stripped completely naked right there in the living room, and waited for Ally to fetch the shaving gear. Ally took her sweet time shaving her, and her and Lisa made both doubly sure that no stubble remained.

"There, you look five years younger", Ally finally exclaimed, exaggerating a little for effect.

"Yes, and time to get your naked ass outside, little girl. We're running late, you can get dressed in the car", Lisa added, slapping Kimmy's bare butt to get her moving, since they had wasted a lot of time by then. Kimmy complied and was the first at Lisa's car, having quickly grabbed her two items of clothing on the way out.

"Maybe you should just show up naked", Lisa began again as they were halfway there, taking a glance at the still completely unclothed Kimmy. "Actually, both of you should"

"No, Tessa wanted us to be clothed at the beginning, I do think she has this planned out, better not mess with that", the naked girl replied.

"And what's that secret plan? Didn't you think to ask?"

"No, Kimmy's right, it's better as a surprise! Don't be such a bore, Lisa!"

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And so, Kimmy slipped on her short-shorts and midriff-baring shirt just in time, and all three girls left the car dressed. The house was a bit outside of town, which was a plus for a party location, but the road leading up to it was gravel for the last bit, and Lisa could not drive up directly to the door, since all the guests were already of driving age and several other cars were already blocking the closest spaces. Still, Kimmy, being barefoot and having to place her feet carefully, walked slightly ahead of the others, who had gotten little stones into their sandals after the first few steps and from then on had to be extra careful to raise their feet high enough with each step.

They were greeted by Tessa, and the party at first was pretty much sodas, party food, and lots of goofing around. When Tessa thought that everyone was there and that, in her own estimation, the right moment had arrived, she shouted for everyone's attention.

"Everyone, since we're all getting older but I'm having basically the same party every year, I thought of something to liven things up a bit, so I got us a load of genuine grass skirts. They should go well with the current trend, and I'm sure we're going to have a ball!"

"So that was the big surprise? I can't believe it!", Lisa angrily whispered to her friends.

"Yes, that's it exactly, and we agreed to it, and it doesn't sound so bad actually", Ally tried to calm her friend down.

"Well, it was blunt like a club, she basically announced that we're here as grass-skirt-swinging ice-breakers, which kills all chances of actually breaking the ice. Plus grass skirts are such a cliche"

"Come on, it can be fun, and we have the excuse of having agreed blindly! Plus, at least there are no coconut bras", Kimmy threw in, which caused the other two to stare briefly, and then start laughing.

Tessa had meanwhile wheeled in a sort of paravent, behind which the three "spontaneous volunteers" could change. Besides the grass skirts that were to be the only actual garment, there were long-haired wigs. In no time at all, the girls were ready for the show.

"Kimmy, your hair swings an awful lot, better re-pastie it to your nipples", Lisa whispered to her friend as they walked to the designated dancing place.

"Pastie?"

"The sticky things on the wigs, meant to enforce Godiva-style nipple-hiding?"

"Oh, I couldn't figure out what those were for and left them off"

"You know that this is irrefutable proof that you knew about Johnsonville all along and got your Mom to move here just so you could be naked, right?", Ally chimed in, before Lisa could give a reply of her own or, heaven forbid, suggest for Kimmy to go back behind the paravent and fix her wig.

The girls danced, or rather, swung their hips the way any other girl would have, given the same total lack of practice. Watching it was, judging by the reaction, somewhat amusing, but if Tessa was hoping for a mass effect, it was not happening. The only girl who seemed to consider joining, while seeming transfixed by the moving hair of Kimmy's wig, was Sandy, the girl who the day before had asked to join the mail route.

Lisa, meanwhile, had made use of an opportunity to grab Tessa, and convinced her that since this was her idea, she'd have to join. She followed Tessa with her eyes until the birthday girl disappeared behind the paravent. When she looked back, she noticed that Kimmy, unlike herself or Ally, seemed to be a natural, or at least able to swing her hips very fluidly. Also, Sandy and another girl had apparently convinced each other to join in together, and were heading to where Tessa was.

In the end, even though nothing said or done by anyone gave the impression that the little bit of dancing went down badly, no further volunteers joined in. Tessa had to admit to Kimmy and her friends that she had planned unrealistically, but she didn't seem to be upset, since everyone had liked the party regardless.

The guests left surprisingly early, but then again, the party had started earlier than she was used to from her pre-Johnsonville-life, plus the house wasn't exactly parent-free. Every girl who danced got to keep her grass skirt as a novelty gift, but Kimmy and Ally were the only ones who decided to wear theirs home.

**Kimmy part 30**

When Kimmy got home, Mom greeted her and asked about the grass skirt. After Kimmy briefly explained the events, and then Mom surprised her by asking for the skirt to try and do a little of what she insisted on calling "exotic dancing" in blissful ignorance of that terms usual euphemistic use. Just as Kimmy had handed over the skirt and was therefore as naked as usual, Granny came over.

"Kimmy, I don't want to worry you, but I got a call from Mrs. White, and she said you caused her daughter to strip, in her words, bare-assed naked at Tessa's party. Which I, even if true, would not mind, especially for little Patricia's sake, but Mrs. White insisted I tell you off. So, consider yourself punished", she said, and accompanied the last word with a slap to Kimmy's bare butt that definitely felt more playful than punishing.

"Not really naked, she was wearing a grass skirt", Kimmy nevertheless started to defend herself, and explained the recent events a second time for Granny's benefit.

"Well, I hate having to say this, but be careful around Mrs. White, she's the one person who won't take the transformation of Johnsonville into a nudist colony lying down, and that's her words, not mine"

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After that, Kimmy spent a chunk of the evening in that particular holiday mood, feeling like it was way too early to simply go to sleep, yet unable to think of something she was motivated to do. Eventually, she began to look for suitable "hula" music, first in her own collection, then on the web, and managed to chance upon a how-to video for grass skirt dancing.

Happy to have found something to amuse herself with, she kept going, until she felt she was getting good - that is to say, until her rather simple movements felt like she was doing them in a reasonably fluid way. At this point, Mom peeked in, finally attracted by the music. She convinced Kimmy, in that way only moms can, that she needed to give a show for her and Granny.

Kimmy was sent over, and in the meantime, Mom re-arranged the living room furniture. She had decided that the couch table was the perfect makeshift stage, wide and solid enough for the rather small Kimmy to stand on while still leaving enough clearance to the ceiling and a good viewing angle for the "audience".

After a bit, Granny decided that Kimmy was re-arranging the skirt way too often, and offered to fix it. Kimmy had to admit that after that, the skirt did indeed stay in place, but even though she had, after Granny's tugging and pulling, checked if the skirt still actually covered everything, she felt this was only really true when she was not moving.

But she decided to ignore that for the moment - she could always check for differences before and after at a later time, since both Mom and Granny insisted this was a family moment that required being recorded.

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The next morning, Kimmy didn't exactly sleep in - she knew she and Ally needed to keep helping out Ally's uncle for a couple more days at least - but she didn't exactly wake early either, so she simply hopped into the shower, patted herself with a towel, and padded into the kitchen with her hair and skin still slightly damp. With a mumbled "good morning" - more a friendly grunt really - she made a beeline for the freezer and bent into it to look for the milk.

"The milk is already on the table", Granny reprimanded her with a friendly slap to Kimmy's bare butt, which admittedly had been a tempting target while Kimmy had her head in the fridge like that.

"And you didn't even realise I was already here", Ally added, with a louder and more playful slap.

"I just felt left out", Mom explained her own slap.

Lacking a witty reply so early in the morning, Kimmy simply bent her head to calf level and struck her tongue out at Ally through her own legs.

"The good and bad news", Ally continued even while Kimmy was getting upright again and turned to face everyone else in a single, rather inelegant motion, "is that my mother and my uncle still won't let me do the mail delivery naked because they're irrationally concerned about something undefined, but since you already somehow got away with it, they, or rather my uncle, will let you keep working naked. You won't even need to get dressed for getting there and back"

"I'm sure you could get away with it just as easily as I did. You're probably a more genuine Johnson girl than I am, after all"

"Oh, but I'm a good girl and obey my mother", Ally replied, with a pose and facial expression that would have been really cute if she were a few years younger.

"Nonsense, Kimmy", Granny interjected, ignoring Ally, "the fact that you're the only butt-naked one in this room proves that you're as genuine a Johnson girl as they come"

Kimmy, who was trying to come up with something to reply to Ally, instead blushed at Granny's comment. She took a chair and wordlessly sat down, bare feet hooked around the front legs of it, to tuck into her breakfast. Then Mom pointed at her watch and literally pushed both girls out of the house, one hand on Ally's short-shorts, the other on her daughters bare butt.

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Kimmy's mail tour was mostly uneventful, and the people she met mostly friendly, but sadly only mostly. She eventually ended up running into Mrs. White. Kimmy immediately recognised the girl that had undressed at the party the day before, Patricia. She was, of course, back to being dressed, and her clothes even seemed a touch more conservative than what she had been wearing the day before. She looked rather uncomfortable.

"What is the meaning of this?"

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"Why are you running around bare-ass naked? Have you no shame?"

"I... guess I don't?", Kimmy replied, trying to not sound bratty, and eliciting a giggle from Patricia.

"This is an outrage! You should be arrested immediately"

"Everybody kinda said it was OK... it's a hot summer... Oh, and "everybody includes the sheriff... and I gotta go now"

Kimmy decided it was best to not continue that conversation, quickly swung herself onto her bike and gained some ground.