**LMC Ch. 05: Cariny Meets Cutie**

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**Cariny Meets Cutie - A Little Miss Cutie story**

She could barely see Cutie now for the crowds, people heading this way and that across the crowded platform. She knew she couldn't stay by herself. She had to get Cutie back, and they could go home. Cariny stepped toward the door, and then through it, searching for her friend. But the train had a schedule to keep. The doors closed, and the train began to pull away.

Cariny scarcely felt the tug as the flimsy thread tore apart. The string held the dress, and when the doors closed, the illusion was created that Cariny's dress simply became caught between the closing doors. To everyone watching, it was that simple. But the end result was that Cariny was left standing in the train station, wearing nothing but one-inch heels and two "scandalous" pieces of Leggy Lingerie.

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"Okay, Bobbie Kaye, we've got a deal."

"You won't be sorry, Cariny," replied Bobbie Kaye Spencer, Assistant Vice President and Sales Director with Leggy Lingerie, Inc. "Leggy Lingerie is going to be a hit in your lovely store, you wait and see." The two women were gathered in the office of Cariny's fashionable boutique, located in an upscale Las Vegas suburb.

"Tell you the truth," Cariny Knudsen said, "I've been wanting to introduce a new line of lingerie for some time now, and I've had my eye on your products."

"Well, we carry a terrific line, only the highest quality. Not the cheapest, but the best value for the dollar. So, how'd you find out about us?"

"You know those billboards? The ones with that gorgeous, big breasted actress, decked out in sexy Leggy Lingerie?"

"You mean Kristy Spencer?"

"That's her, Kristy Spencer." Cariny thought for a moment. "What a coincidence, Bobbie Kaye. She's got the same last name as you."

Bobbie Kaye giggled. "That's not a coincidence. Kristy's my little sister."

Cariny's mouth fell open. "Your sister? There's not much family resemblance, especially around..." Cariny was pointing toward her own chest, then instantly closed her mouth, regretting having brought it up.

Bobbie Kaye laughed again. "You mean her big boobs, and my little ones?"

Cariny, her face now beet red, could only nod.

"That's okay, Cariny," Bobbie Kaye reassured her, pulling a standard sales contract out of her briefcase. "I always said that Kristy got all the breast genes, but that's fine with me. I wouldn't change my perfect boobies for anything," she added, filling in the details on the contract.

Relieved that she hadn't offended her visitor, Cariny reviewed the contract, eagerly signing on as Leggy Lingerie's newest client. She was certain this wonderful product would boost her sales, and give her shop an edge over her competition down the street.

"So, care to celebrate?" Bobbie Kaye asked.

"Absolutely," Cariny replied. "What did you have in mind?"

"Any place around here a girl can get a drink?"

"Sure, there's a nice upscale lounge a couple blocks from here, not far from your hotel, actually." Cariny thought for a moment. "But I'm not much of a drinker," she added.

"Neither am I," Bobbie Kaye replied, "except on special occasions. Such as signing a new contract or, I have a feeling, making a new friend."

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Lila's Lounge was a quiet place, not really a singles bar, more of a gathering place for friends in search of a spot to enjoy some time together. Finding a secluded table toward the rear, Bobbie Kaye ordered a margarita and a plate of nachos they could share, while Cariny requested a red wine.

"Nice place," said Bobbie Kaye, glancing around. The lighting was dim, and there were a few slot machines near the front. Tables dotted the floor and booths lined the walls, but it was early, and there were only about a dozen customers present. Soft music enhanced the pleasant ambiance.

"It is a nice place, and it's generally free of leeches. You know what I mean, guys trying to hit on you." Cariny glanced at Bobbie Kaye, adding "Unless... is that what you... I mean, you're away from home and all..."

Bobbie Kaye smiled. "No, I'm not looking to pick anybody up. I've got a great boyfriend back in the Bay Area, and he's all the man I need."

The girls chatted about this and that, getting to know each other, liking each other more and more. They were having a great time, until two of those leeches Cariny thought they'd be free from decided to show up. Uninvited, they pulled chairs over to the girls' table and sat down.

"What are two beautiful ladies like you doing here all alone?" asked one, a strong odor of beer emanating from his mouth.

"We're busy," Cariny said, not politely.

"Come on," said the other guy. "I know a place where we can have some fun. You know, drinks, dancing, what do you say?"

"As my friend just told you," Bobbie Kaye said firmly, "we're busy. Now please excuse us."

Both guys sidled up a little closer, putting on what they thought were charming smiles. "How about it? Let's have a little fun."

Cariny looked a little nervous. "Please, just go away. We weren't bothering you."

One of the men put his hand on Bobbie Kaye's knee, and she instantly stood up. "Maybe you didn't understand, so I'll explain it to you clearly. We don't like men. At all. Ever."

With that, Bobbie Kaye bent down, placing a hand behind Cariny's neck and pulling her face close to her own. Bobbie Kaye's lips met those of a stunned Cariny, who resisted only briefly as she felt Bobbie Kaye's tongue snaking into her mouth. Her eyes wide open, Cariny helplessly returned the kiss, hoping that this would discourage the creepy guys.

"Dykes," one of the guys mumbled as they left the table, knocking his chair over backward. Then Cariny and Bobbie Kaye were alone once again, and they quickly separated.

Cariny's face was red, her heart was pounding, and she was panting breathlessly. She'd been frightened, by the unexpectedly aggressive nature of the kiss, but much more by the insistent nature of the two intruders. Finally regaining her composure, she looked at Bobbie Kaye and said "Thanks... I think."

"I'm sorry, Cariny. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable, but I figured that would discourage them."

"It did, didn't it?" Cariny giggled. "It's just that, I'm not used to kissing other women."

"First time, huh?" Bobbie Kaye smiled.

"Um..." Cariny thought for a moment, then decided she could trust her new friend. "Second, actually. Um... how about you?" A moment later, she added "Never mind, it's none of my business."

Bobbie Kaye gave Cariny a long look. "Does it bother you? I mean girls with girls?"

"No, not at all," Cariny replied, blushing. "It's just... well, I like men."

"So do I! I'm so totally in love with my Alex."

"It was just that, well, kissing me seemed so easy for you. You never hesitated."

"Well, don't worry, I wasn't hitting on you." It was Bobbie Kaye's turn to blush. "Can I tell you something? I mean, I don't want you to think any less of me..."

"Sure, if you want to. In fact, you've piqued my curiosity."

"I've kissed a few women, you know, like that, and..." Bobbie Kaye hesitated. "I also have an occasional lover. A woman. A very beautiful woman. Her name is Gretchen, and she's the most amazing woman I've ever known. Amazing in so many ways."

Cariny's jaw dropped open. "But... but Alex... does he... does he know?"

Bobbie Kaye giggled. "He knows, and he keeps begging me to let him watch some time."

"So you're... I really hate labels, but... bisexual?"

"I don't think so. I'm not attracted to other women, exactly." She tried to find a rational explanation, one that wouldn't scare her new friend away. "Gretchen is just such a beautiful person. There's something about her... I like to say I'm not bisexual, just Gretchen-sexual."

Cariny's eyes met Bobbie Kaye's, and she smiled. Then she giggled, and then she was laughing. Bobbie Kaye soon joined her, and both women continued to laugh.

Finally composing herself, Cariny said "She must really be something. I mean, if she seduced a straight girl..."

Bobbie Kaye giggled again. "She likes to say that I seduced her."

Cariny was suddenly serious again. "Can I tell you about the only time I kissed another woman?" Bobbie Kaye nodded, and Cariny paused for a moment. "Okay, but I suppose I can't think about it that way anymore. Now it was the first time I kissed another woman."

Bobbie Kaye smiled. "Please do."

"We lost a bet to our boyfriends, and we had to make out for two minutes. I couldn't do it, I kept giggling. So we ended up betting double or nothing, and we kept losing. We both wound up totally naked, and we made out for about twenty minutes with our boyfriends watching us."

"Totally naked?" Bobbie Kaye replied. "Wow! But I take it you didn't like it much, right?"

Cariny hesitated again. "Actually, I did, but... I've never admitted it to anybody before. Not even to myself," she added quietly. Both women sat for a few moments, nursing their drinks. "So, as long as we're being so honest, Bobbie Kaye, do you have any big scandals in your past? Have you ever been, say, naked in public?"

Bobbie Kaye almost choked on her margarita. "I can't even begin to count the times, Cariny." Her face was turning red again. "I think the worst was when I was tricked into wearing a bikini stitched together with water soluble thread. Leggy Lingerie was hosting a retreat for some of its best clients at a fancy hotel in Beverly Hills. I came out of the pool right in front of our CEO, and the bikini just fell right off of me. I was standing there naked in front of several of the corporate officers, including my immediate boss Mike Winters, and about a hundred other people. I wanted to die!"

Cariny digested this, trying to create a mental image. "But did it turn you on? I mean, being naked in front of people like that?"

"No! Not at all!" Bobbie Kaye said emphatically. "Well... maybe just a little..." She looked at Cariny, and felt the urge to be totally honest. "Not so much at the moment, but later on. When I thought about it later, I was so turned on I could hardly stand it!"

"I know exactly how you felt," Cariny said, then looked the other direction. "There have been a few times when I was naked in front of a bunch of other people, and..."

"And it turned you on?"

"I don't understand why."

"I've got a theory," offered Bobbie Kaye, and she had Cariny's attention. "When I'm really embarrassed, and I can feel the heat from my forehead to my neck, down to my chest, I think it releases endorphins in my brain..."

"And the endorphins give you a euphoric feeling, sort of like you were high or something, right?"

"That's it exactly."

By this point, both women were on their third drink, and both were feeling the effects. "I'd like to try an... an experiment, some time," said Cariny. "A controlled experiment, with nothing left to chance."

"What kind of experiment?"

"I don't know, exactly," replied Cariny. "Something that leaves me exposed in front of strangers, not necessarily nude, maybe just in my undies. I want to see how it would make me feel." A few moments later, she added "But I have to know I'm safe, too, and that nobody I know will see me."

Following a few minutes of silence, while both women sipped their drinks, Bobbie Kaye said "I think I have an idea. Are you willing to come to San Francisco some time, and put yourself in my hands?"

"What do you have in mind?" Cariny asked hesitantly.

"I have this fantasy, and it's not something I could ever do in San Francisco, because too many people know me there. But I think it fits your idea for an experiment."

"Sure, I love San Francisco. I've been there as a tourist a couple of times. But what's your idea?"

"I'll tell you when the time comes. I'll need to work out the details." Bobbie Kaye was going to be home from her business trip in a couple of weeks, and they made plans for Cariny to fly in from Las Vegas for a few days. Cariny felt she could trust her new friend, and mentally committed herself at least to consider Bobbie Kaye's mysterious proposition.

Lila's Lounge was within walking distance of Bobbie Kaye's hotel, and she made the somewhat tipsy Cariny promise to take a cab home. They hugged just inside the door to the lounge, as they prepared to go their separate ways.

"Thanks, Bobbie Kaye. I really feel like I've made a new friend."

"Then you're just going to have to call me 'Cutie.' That's what my friends call me."

"All right, Cutie," Cariny giggled. "What a perfect nickname for you, too!"

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Two weeks later, Sunday afternoon, Cutie was at San Francisco International Airport, waiting for Cariny's flight from Las Vegas' McCarran Airport. The plane arrived on time, and Cariny finally appeared, looking great a tasteful blue knee-length skirt and matching blazer, white silk blouse and one-inch heels. Wavy honey-blond hair framed her face, and Cutie couldn't help but notice how beautiful her friend actually was.

They both squealed like schoolgirls when they saw each other, exchanging a quick embrace before heading for the parking garage. Cariny had her carry-on, and she'd brought one suitcase, which she pulled along behind her on wheels.

They stopped at Red Lobster, where both women feasted on seafood, each consuming far more than usual. Then they headed for Cutie's house in San Mateo. She'd fixed up the spare bedroom, and she helped her guest settle in. Then she popped the cork on a nice bottle of sparkling wine, and they toasted their new business deal.

"Now what's this mysterious experiment you have planned for me, Cutie?" Cariny asked.

"Well, I've been thinking about this a lot, and I've come up with the perfect way for you to experiment with public exposure, while remaining as safe as possible. You still want to go through with it?"

"Um... I think so," Cariny replied hesitantly.

"I need a commitment, Cariny," Cutie warned. "If you're going to back out, you need to back out now. I'm planning on causing you some major embarrassment, but the good kind, the kind that makes you feel alive."

Cariny thought about it for a while. Then she closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and said "I'm putting myself in your capable hands, Cutie. Do your worst!"

"Now there's a huge difference between embarrassment and humiliation, don't you agree?"

"Sure," replied Cariny. "Um... but exactly how do you differentiate between the two?"

"Okay, look at it this way. Humiliation, in my way of looking at things, is by definition unpleasant. There is no enjoyment derived from being humiliated. With me so far?"

"Got it. Humiliation, bad."

"Exactly. Embarrassment, however, leaves no long term scars. No damage is done. Your face turns red, everybody laughs, and it's over. But in the meantime, you can get that endorphin rush we talked about earlier. It makes you feel good."

"Right. Embarrassment, good. So... what are we going to do?"

"First, I have a present for you, from Leggy Lingerie's latest line." Cutie produced a neatly wrapped package, and handed it to Cariny. "These should be exactly your size, 36C bra and 38 waist panties, right?"

Cariny nodded, opening the package and peering inside. She withdrew a pair of lace-trimmed silk panties, and a matching bra, both bright white, and both fairly revealing. Her face turning pink, she giggled and said "Cutie! These are positively scandalous!"

"Aren't they, though?" Cutie smiled. "Now try them on."

Cariny started for her room, but Cutie called her name. "I thought you wanted to be embarrassed, better to understand what it's all about."

"I do, but..."

"So try them on. Right here, right now." Cariny's face betrayed her embarrassment, and she just stared. "Don't worry, Cariny," Cutie said softly, her own face turning pink. "I'm not going to hit on you. That's not my intention at all. Besides, a lot of people are going to see you dressed in nothing but those undies tomorrow morning. You may as well get used to it."

Cariny continued staring at Cutie for several seconds, then put on a brave face, and removed her blazer. Noting her friend's interest, she began dancing to imaginary music, turning this way and that. Slowly removing her blouse, she tossed it on the sofa, followed by her skirt. She couldn't believe she was actually getting a little turned on, undressing for another woman. But she felt she could trust Cutie, and reached back to unhook her bra. Her panties came off next, and she stood totally naked before her audience of one. She was no longer dancing, and her face felt hot as she fought the impulse to turn away, or at least to cover herself.

Cutie had to admire her friend's figure, full breasts that didn't sag at all, shapely feminine hips, and a neat landing strip precisely the same shade of honey-blond as the hair on her head. Cutie had no intention of trying to seduce this goddess; Gretchen was enough woman for her. But she was certainly enjoying the show.

Cariny stepped into the new panties, slipped her arms into the bra and hooked it behind her back, then tried to pose seductively. She couldn't keep a straight face, though, and both women broke down in fits of giggles. After composing themselves, Cutie produced another package and handed it to her friend.

Cariny eagerly unwrapped the gift, pulling out a bright yellow linen dress, about knee length, with thin shoulder straps. Not the most stylish outfit, but certainly, well, bright.

"Look closely at the seams, Cariny. There, on both sides."

Cariny examined the areas that Cutie indicated. "I don't see anything unusual."

"Just don't tug at the seams. I removed the original stitching, and replaced it with a particularly weak thread. One good pull, the seams will pretty much disintegrate."

"My God! What on earth do you have in mind for me?"

Cutie smiled. "Let's just say you're going to learn something about being embarrassed tomorrow morning, when we ride BART into San Francisco."

"BART?"

"Bay Area Rapid Transit. It's our commuter rail system. I always take BART into The City. Traffic in San Francisco is impossible, and parking's even worse. And since I'm taking the next few days off, we're going to have some fun. We'll do some sightseeing on Tuesday."

"So you're going to... what? Strip me on the train?"

"Better than that, Cariny. You're going to fulfill one of my favorite fantasies!"

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Cariny hardly slept all night. Shy by nature, she was still embarrassed having paraded around nude in front of her friend. She was also thinking about what was going to happen later that morning. Her heart was in her throat. She was terrified about what she was facing, yet so excited she could barely keep from touching herself. But she knew she didn't dare do that. If she satisfied herself now, it would take so much of the fun out of whatever Cutie had planned.

Bobbie Kaye was dressed in jeans and an old sweatshirt, her hair pinned up, looking far more subdued than her friend in the flashy yellow dress. After a light breakfast, they hopped into Cutie's car, and headed for the BART station. Cutie was carrying a bag, the contents of which remained a mystery. Cariny's stomach was filled with butterflies, she was soaking wet down below, and she was having second thoughts. She wasn't sure she was ready for this, after all.

The BART station was the end of the line, so they had their choice of seats. Bobbie Kaye selected a pair near the door, and quickly produced a long, thin piece of string, which she attached to the back of Cariny's dress with a heavy alligator clip. She tied the other end to a bar under the seat. There was about twelve feet of extra string, meaning Cariny could move about twelve feet before her dress was pulled tight, and would inevitably begin to rip.

"Cutie, I've changed my mind," Cariny said nervously. "I really don't want to do this."

"No way, Cariny. You may not want to now, but I know you're curious, and I'm not letting you off the hook."

Cariny sat quietly, her face already glowing pink. Her heart was pounding and her mouth was dry. "I'm serious, Bobbie Kaye. I don't want to do this."

"Yeah you do," Cutie smiled mischievously. "And I'm not letting you back out."

"But..."

"Here's our stop," Cutie announced, ignoring Cariny's pleas. "Powell Street, one of the busiest stations in the whole the system. And this is about the busiest time of the morning, too."

Cariny started to protest again, but Cutie was out the door as soon as it opened, glancing only briefly back at her apprehensive friend. Cariny decided just to wait on the train. But as she considered her options, she realized she had no purse, no money, no identification, and no idea where she was, other than somewhere underground in San Francisco. She was wearing a flimsy dress that was likely to fall apart without much help, and without her friend, she'd be completely on her own.

She could barely see Cutie now for the crowds, people heading this way and that across the crowded platform. She knew she couldn't stay by herself. She had to get Cutie back, and they could go home. Cariny stepped toward the door, and then through it, searching for her friend. But the train had a schedule to keep. The doors closed, and the train began to pull away.

Cariny scarcely felt the tug as the flimsy thread tore apart. The string held the dress, and when the doors closed, the illusion was created that Cariny's dress simply became caught between the closing doors. To everyone watching, it was that simple. But the end result was that Cariny was left standing in the train station, wearing nothing but one-inch heels and two "scandalous" pieces of Leggy Lingerie.

Cariny let out a squeal as the reality of her situation hit her. She could feel her face turning red, and she attempted to cover more places than she had hands or arms to cover them. Everyone was staring at her, it thought, but no one offered to help. Then the crowds seemed to part, and she saw Cutie. Her friend had a video camera trained on her, behind which a sly smile was visible.

"The escalator!" cried Cutie, pointing toward one end of the platform. "That way!"

Cariny followed the instruction, her instincts not pointing out the obvious, that she'd be penned in between people, and unable to cover herself. Moments later, she was on her way up, still the focus of attention of a few hundred passengers as they proceeded through their otherwise mundane morning.

And there was Cutie, just a few steps behind her on the escalator, holding the camera. As they reached the next level, Cutie excitedly said "Go that way!" pointing down a crowded corridor. Cariny did as she was told again, encountering an entirely different group of passengers who had just arrived at the station from the opposite direction, the East Bay.

"Up those stairs," Cutie shouted, and again Cariny blindly obeyed. Moments later she found herself standing on Market Street in downtown San Francisco, still clad in nothing but lacy silk underwear. The camera still running, Cutie tossed her a simple dress, which Cariny gratefully pulled over her head and allowed to fall into place, at last offering a layer of protection between the sexy bra and panties, and hundreds of curious eyes.

Once again appearing respectable, Cariny followed Cutie down the block, around a corner, and into a Starbucks. Cutie went to order, while Cariny sat down, trying to will her heartbeat to calm down. Her breathing was finally starting to slow, as well, but her hands were still shaking. Cutie brought over two cups of tea, and sat down opposite her friend, studying her eyes.

"How could you do that to me, Cutie?" Cariny panted, still trying to collect herself. Her face was still several shades of red.

"You mean you didn't enjoy that?" Cutie asked doubtfully.

"It was so embarrassing!" Cariny complained. "Absolutely everybody saw me!"

"But tell me the truth. Aren't you about as turned on as you've ever been in your life?"

Cariny held Cutie's gaze for several long seconds. Then finally, softly, she said "Yeah, I am."

"And I got it all on video, too," Cutie smiled. "So you can relive it whenever you want to."

"Oh God, I want to touch myself right now," Cariny abruptly confessed.

"Tell you what, when we get back to our station, you can ride back to my house in the back seat!" Cutie grinned. "You can have a little privacy back there."

Both women sipped their tea, then Cariny whispered, almost too softly to be heard, "Thank you, Cutie."

Cutie gave her a warm smile. "Just one thing, Cariny," she said. "I'm keeping a copy of the video, and if you don't sell enough Leggy Lingerie, it's going on the Internet!"

"What? But... you can't..."

"Just kidding, Cariny," Cutie giggled. "I'd never do that. But I am keeping a copy, for my own amusement. It was my fantasy, after all," she added.

The end