**Lisa Inspires Amanda's Creativity...**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

Note: Though I think this story can stand alone, the early part will make more sense if you have already read "Lisa finds a Way..."

Thanks for reading!

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Amanda woke with a start, bleary-eyed but able to see that the time on her phone's screen began with a 6, too early for her liking; seeing the phone call was from her friend Ryan she answered, starting the conversation: "This better be important, I only got to bed 4 hours ago!"

Ryan apologized, saying: "I know this is early for you but I think you might be interested in something I've signed up to do this morning."

"What's so interesting that I should be willing to get out of bed this early?" asked Amanda.

"A student in the Psychology department put out a notice for subjects to view a talk and video presentation." Ryan explained: "I just need to watch, listen and have a monitor recording my pulse and respiration rates. It's supposed to take less than an hour and pays $25."

Amanda replied: "Good for you I guess, but why are you bothering me with this? Are they still signing people up?"

Ryan said: "No, I was told I was the last test subject needed. I thought of you because it's apparently an edgy sort of subject, there were several disclaimers on the paperwork warning anyone offended by adult themes that they shouldn't participate."

"Okaaay, you've piqued my interest; when and where?" She asked.

Dewhinny Hall, the main lecture hall, room 212 at 9:30 this morning." replied Ryan. He then broke off the call, saying he needed to hustle to make his 8 AM class.

Amanda rolled over to try and get another hour or two of sleep before meeting Ryan; she had been waitressing every night until closing time lately at what was supposed to be a part-time job at Big League Ale House. The job was boring but the tips were good and the extra shifts available since one of the other girls quit were helping her save up for the slow summer season; with finals just around the corner the small college town would soon be half deserted.

As good as the extra work was for her bank balance, the busy schedule had been no help at all in keeping her grades up. She was in her third year of pursuit of a degree in Fine Arts, but was falling behind in credit hours earned; her habit of skipping class whenever the mood struck her and tendency to hand in just enough work to get by kept her GPA barely in the passing range, and even that was only possible because she dropped a few classes she knew she was likely to fail.

Amanda managed to roll out of bed and throw some clothes on in time to meet Ryan outside the lecture hall at 9:25. He headed in to sign in and be fitted with a chest strap to monitor his pulse and respiration. Once he'd been hooked up and a technician had verified that the transmitter was functioning so his data could be monitored remotely he was told to take a seat anywhere in the first two rows nearest the podium. Amanda hung back a little, picking a seat several rows further back; as far as she could tell she was the only person in the audience not actually involved in the proceedings.

The presentation started right on time, with an introduction by a professor explaining the nature of the talk and video. The video, data obtained during the presentation and Q & A session between several faculty members and the student giving the talk were all part of the student's Thesis defense, required for her to be awarded her Master of Science degree. The professor then introduced the student being evaluated, saying: "For reasons which will be apparent shortly we'll only be using her first name today. Please welcome Lisa."

Amanda was surprised and more curious than ever about this event as she watched her former co-worker at the Ale House step up on the stage and set up her papers and a laptop on the podium. Lisa was fairly petite, so the podium hid most of her but Amanda recognized her face clearly; despite their working together for most of a year Amanda realized she hadn't even known they attended the same college.

Lisa took several minutes to greet and talk with each of her paid study participants in the front rows, establishing at least some personal connection with each of them, then the house lights dimmed as Lisa began her presentation, commenting as the video ran. Amanda didn't catch all the jargon but gathered that Lisa's thesis focused on voyeurism and different ways people reacted to seeing unexpected nudity depending on their connection (or lack of one) to the person secretly being observed.

The video played on one large screen onstage while a second screen showed current pulse and respiration data for each of today's subjects. Amanda smiled as she realized the subject's data readout included their initials, allowing her to identify Ryan's data and see how the activity on the video was affecting him!

Lisa calmly narrated as the video showed distinctly different responses to the different types of nudity previously recorded, though her voice cracked a bit when the video reached the point where footage of an anonymous woman stripping was replaced by the unexpected sight of Lisa undressing. A noticeable buzz came from the audience as they slowly recognized the naked woman onscreen was the degree candidate speaking to them from the stage!

Amanda noticed the "live" subject's data on the second screen all jumping up as they recognized Lisa, with Ryan affected like all the others.

Lisa's own pulse soared as the pre-recorded video ended and she continued her talk; she tried to look composed as the video screen switched to a live view of her being recorded from somewhere at the side of the stage. She continued her presentation, saying: "Since some members of the faculty committee have questioned whether the sample size previously documented was sufficient to deliver valid conclusions, I've arranged for additional subject data to be collected today, as seen already and continuing now on the second screen."

Her explanation finished, Lisa took her glasses off and set them on the podium, then moved back a couple of steps. Amanda noticed for the first time that Lisa was wearing the same outfit as in the prerecorded video, just as she stepped out of her shoes!

Lisa's fingers felt cold and stiff as she reached for her skirt's zipper, eventually pulling it down and releasing her skirt to fall to the floor. Her deep blush was evident on the screen as she fumbled with the buttons of her blouse, eventually leaving only the bottom button fastened.

Lisa had told herself that this performance wouldn't be any harder than the previous live strips she had performed when gathering her data, but she now recognized several ways it made her feel far more exposed; being on a stage, having over 20 people watching at once, the giant video display currently showing her half undressed and larger than life, and that damned spotlight trained on her, all combined to make her head spin.

Sure now that any damage to her reputation this unorthodox demonstration might cause was probably already done, she willed herself to continue.

Lisa reached behind her back and unhooked her bra, then worked its straps off her shoulders, down her arms, and over her hands. The bra stayed mostly in place until Lisa pulled it through the open front of the blouse, dropping it on the growing pile of clothes beside her.

She reached up under the sides of her blouse's hem, slipped her thumbs inside the waistband of her panties and slowly worked them down over her hips before releasing them, shivering as she felt them slide down her legs and land at her feet.

For now, the tails of the blouse were still providing cover where the panties had been and the opened blouse hadn't completely exposed her breasts; Lisa alone knew what the twenty-odd viewers of her act were all wondering; how far was she going to take this exposure?

Seeing that Lisa was down to one piece of clothing, the audience became hushed; she paused a moment to look out at the crowd but the spotlight on her kept her from being able to make out any faces. She turned her back to the camera and faced the screens, barely able to breathe as she now saw herself 10 feet tall on the screen, somehow wearing only a blouse.

Her head spinning, Lisa reached for the last button and was hardly able to unfasten it. Her hands were shaking and felt like lead, but she finally got the button loose. She meant to check the data from her subjects continuing to stream on the second screen but couldn't look away from the main screen, where her blouse was slowly slipping off her shoulders. She pulled her left arm out of its sleeve, leaving her right arm from the elbow down as the only part of her body still covered! She dropped that arm to her side and watching herself onscreen, gasping along with several members of her previously silent audience as her last garment dropped to the floor!

Amanda watched in amazement as Lisa seemed to snap back to being conscious, stepping up to the podium, putting on her glasses and asking for the house lights to be turned on! Lisa asked for the images on both screens to be reset to the start of what she called the "real-time data period" to allow for analysis of the test subjects response to her performance.

Until one of the faculty committee members asked her if she'd like to get dressed before taking questions Lisa didn't seem to even be aware she was still naked. "Of course, sorry." she said, putting on her panties and blouse, quickly fastening it's three bottom buttons.

The professor who had introduced Lisa now thanked the test subjects for their help and asked everyone but Lisa and the committee to leave the room. Amanda was a little disappointed to miss out on that discussion, but left as asked and waited in the hall for Ryan to come out.

"Easiest $25 I've ever earned!" Ryan said as he saw Amanda, adding "they could have charged admission instead of paying us!"

"I thought she was really brave," said Amanda, "especially being as nervous as she clearly was. If I was as committed to my school work as she is to hers I wouldn't always be flirting with academic disaster."

"Great!" said Ryan, "Be sure to let me know when you're going to put on a performance like the one we just saw, I wouldn't want to miss it!" Amanda said, "Sure thing, pervert." and headed for her first class of the day. As she strolled across the campus she thought about how she and Ryan had become close friends but somehow never moved on to getting involved romantically or even hooking up on some drunken weekend. God knows there had been opportunities, but nothing ever came of them.

She thought even more about Lisa's daring and determination to do whatever was needed to get her degree.

That afternoon as Amanda was walking home after her last class, she spotted Lisa walking towards her. Making eye contact as they drew near, the two women stopped and greeted each other; not knowing if Lisa had noticed her this morning Amanda just asked Lisa how things were going.

Lisa beamed and said: "Things are great, actually. I just heard that the committee reviewing my last bit of work approved my thesis defense. My final presentation was the hardest thing I've ever done, but I got through it. My adviser said it was a close vote, but as long as I passed I couldn't care less how close the vote was. I'll be receiving my Master's degree in a few weeks! I'm headed home now to give Rob the good news."

Amanda wished her well and as they were about to part told her to stop by the Ale House sometime, saying: "I'll hook you and Rob up with some celebratory food and drink, on the house."

The next day Amanda's sculpture class was interrupted by a visit from the head of the Art department, who said: "I'm visiting classes today to remind every student in this department that we still need more submissions for our end of semester show. We've received fewer entries so far this year than at any time in the last decade. As you know, this department depends on income from selling works donated for this show by you students; the exposure your work can receive is also good for your resume, so please try to find something in your portfolio worthy of being included!

Amanda knew her portfolio didn't have anything in it likely to bring in much money. She didn't have enough time to complete a new painting or sculpture before the show, but tracked down the faculty coordinator for the show, Professor Perkins, to run an idea by him. Amanda proposed creating a Performance Art piece which she would enact live during the show, explaining her concept over a coffee at the student center. Perkins was receptive to her plan but had some reservations.

"For one thing, your proposal is fairly derivative of the Yoko Ono piece "Cut" from the '60s," he said, adding: "and I also don't see how it would help with raising funds for the department."

Amanda explained that her concept did share elements of the earlier work but had significant differences; people interacting with her would have more choices of how to act and would have to pay a small fee to participate.

Perkins approved her plan, saying: "You've come up with an ambitious concept; it's good to see you really committing to something so challenging."

Ten days later Amanda had all the elements necessary to perform her piece. She brought her installation's pieces and parts to the gallery and was assigned a prominent space near the center of the room; given the very real possibility that depending on how the show's visitors reacted to her installation she might end up not wearing very much, she worried about being in such a visible location but saw it as a vote of confidence in the potential of her project.

Her installation took little time to set up, the entire physical layout consisted of a small carpet for her to stand on, an easel with a sign explaining the work and two small tables; each table had a small box about the size of a shoebox. One table's box was labeled "Donations" and was placed in front of a bin holding neatly folded large sleeveless t-shirts, the other was labeled "Equipment User Fee" and was next to a basket full of scissors of assorted sizes.

The sign on the easel had a title for the piece and a description of how viewers could choose to interact with Amanda, reading:

Welcome to "Kindness of Strangers / Conscience of the Mob".

You may choose to watch without interaction.

You may choose to donate a t-shirt to Artist; donation is $10.00 per shirt.

You may choose to use the scissors to make a cut in any of Artist's clothing; donation is $2.00 per cut.

You make a donation to either box but not take any action if you wish.

You may speak to Artist; she can choose whether or not to speak to you.

If clothing is cut so it can be easily removed, donor may choose to do so. Artist may not actively resist but need not actively assist.

Donor is not allowed to touch Artist, only Artist's clothing.

If Artist has had all clothing removed, the performance ends immediately.

Amanda had recruited Ryan and her roommate Katie to assist her with the donations, scissors, T-shirt supply and just generally keeping things organized; they all headed to the gallery around 5:30 to be ready for the 6 PM starting time for the first of the three nights of the show.

Feeling pretty nervous about the uncertainty built into her concept, Amanda was having doubts about her ability to follow through if her viewers all chose to use the scissors. She imagined herself taking off and hiding if things got too revealing, but didn't want this to be yet another case of her starting something only to quit when it became difficult.

As it happened, Amanda ended up enjoying the first night. Most of the crowd consisted of fellow Art majors, all of whom complimented her both for coming up with an interesting concept and having the guts to put herself out there so boldly. There were plenty of dollars donated for a turn to take scissors to Amanda's outfit, but the emphasis was more on modification than outright removal.

Even without any salacious intent, the overall effect was to change her outfit from a fairly conservative charcoal knit dress, almost long enough to cover her calves with long sleeves and a turtleneck into something considerably more revealing. Before closing time the sleeves were long gone, the length had gone from maxi to mini, and the turtleneck had been replaced with a plunging neckline revealing a fair amount of her lacy pink bra.

Amanda felt her nervousness drain away as her friends debated how to "improve" her dress; being the center of attention, feeling the smooth, cold outer edge of the scissors sliding across her skin as her latest patron decided how much to cut and seeing the changes reflected in a nearby window which acted as a large mirror was definitely affecting her.

A new feeling crept in as less dress but much more Amanda could be seen. She didn't recognize the transition at first, but eventually had to admit to herself that her dominant feeling was now arousal! "This is crazy," she thought to herself, "I wear a lot less at work waiting tables, but something about giving up control and having the dress being cut away is way sexier!"

By the 9 PM closing time, Amanda's performance had brought in over $100 for the department; she enjoyed congratulations from her friends and faculty. She thanked Ryan, who said with an exaggerated leer that he was glad to help, then walked back to her dorm with Katie.

The next morning Amanda slept in, finally waking as Katie returned from an 11 AM class. Katie tossed a copy of the campus newspaper to Amanda, pointing out a photo on the front page showing Amanda and her much modified dress!

Amanda said: "I never even saw a photographer! I hope they skip covering the final two nights of the show."

Katie pointed out the likelihood that the publicity would bring in more viewers from outside the Art department. Amanda blushed and felt a bit of the same arousal as she had last night.

For the second night of the show, Amanda wore a bright red version of the previous night's dress; she had found the dresses on sale for $12 each and had bought one for each night of the show. Ryan met Amanda and Katie at the gallery just before 6 and pointed out the noticeably larger crowd.

Amanda felt goosebumps and butterflies in her stomach as she looked over the crowd. There were less familiar faces than the night before and the ratio of men to women was very different. "Way more men tonight," said Katie, "I guess that photo in the paper got their attention!"

"Do you really think my photo is responsible for this crowd?" Amanda asked.

"I doubt all these guys suddenly developed an interest in abstract paintings." chuckled Katie.

Amanda felt like everyone in the room was staring at her before she even took her place. It made her nervous but also brought on a highly pleasurable full body tingle as she settled in to see what this crowd had in mind for her.

Despite some blatant leering the mostly male crowd started out using the scissors in much the same way as the previous night's crowd, other than adding a few more slits and a noticeably higher hem.

Ryan noticed a new problem; the pace of modifications was much quicker than last night, with the red dress reaching a state similar to last night's final result with almost an hour left before the gallery was scheduled to close.

When he pointed this out to Amanda she nodded in agreement, asking, "Can you look for a couple of the Art students and see if they might be willing to step in and donate a t-shirt if the dress keeps disappearing at this rate?"

Ryan headed off to look for someone willing to provide Amanda with some cover. Meanwhile, Katie was keeping the line moving, receiving cash and handing out scissors at a pace Amanda knew would have her down to her underwear all too soon.

Sure enough, one of the guys made particularly efficient use of the largest scissors, expanding what had been a long slit across Amanda's back just above her ass. Bunching up the fabric still intact across her belly at either end of the slit before making his cut, he effectively turned her dress into a skirt and separate top. Once disconnected from the rest of the dress the "skirt" slipped down several inches before coming to a stop with its top edge resting on the upper slope of her butt. He was rewarded with some cheers from the crowd.

Seeing a new opportunity, the next man in line cut the back of the already short skirt from top to bottom; it fell off immediately, revealing the lacy black thong Amanda had mostly hoped would stay hidden when she picked out her outfit for tonight.

Ryan returned with a woman Amanda didn't know well but recognized as an Art major; she was waving a $10 bill but had to wait for the next man in line to have his try at destroying what was left of the red dress. He chose to cut vertically between Amanda's breasts, coming tantalizingly close to separating the two sides, leaving less than an inch of fabric still keeping the top in one frayed piece.

When the fellow art major paid her $10 to buy Amanda a t-shirt to cover up with the act was met with a chorus of boos. Amanda thanked her profusely before taking her time getting the shirt on and tugged down to more or less cover her ass. With 40 minutes left in tonight's show, she was back to a fairly modest look.

The remaining time before the gallery closed was an emotional roller coaster ride for Amanda, as the rowdy male contingent managed to destroy three more t-shirts, cutting them to shreds and finishing the removal of the last bits of her dress as well.

Each time she was down to only her bra and panties someone stepped up to donate a replacement shirt. Amanda was relieved each time she received a new shirt, but coming so close to being exposed in front of this crowd had her wondering how it would feel to be stripped completely; it was beginning to look like she might be about to find out! She was shocked to find herself starting to think it might be interesting, even exciting to end up naked!

By the time a visibly nervous Professor Perkins announced that the gallery was closed for the night, the rough balance between the energized crowd's efforts to strip her and the t-shirt buying saviors left Amanda wearing only the mercifully intact thong and her bra, which had lost both shoulder straps!

After the gallery was cleared and Amanda got dressed, Perkins approached her to ask if she still wanted to participate in the last night of the show. She immediately affirmed her intent to follow through, mentioning her commitment to see where people's behavior took events; she didn't mention the rush she felt as she came close to being completely stripped! The professor thanked her for her perseverance, noting the donations from her participants tonight topped $160.

Katie left for their dorm as soon as the gallery shut down but Ryan waited to see Amanda home. As they reached her dorm she said: "Thanks for all your support this week, I don't know where I'd be without you!"

Ryan replied: "I don't know either, but wherever you'd be you'd probably be naked!"

Amanda laughed and gave Ryan a big hug before heading into the dorm.

Despite being exhausted, Amanda slept fitfully and woke early Friday morning as her anticipation of the last night of the gallery show kept her from getting much sleep. Between classes she and Katie made a quick shopping run to pick up some more t-shirts. Her original estimate of how many shirts she might need was way off, there was only one of her original supply left! It dawned on Amanda well after the event just how close she had come to running out of clothing last night, sending a shiver up her spine.

Surprisingly enough, the gallery was fairly quiet for the first half hour of Friday's show. A large part of the student body was apparently busy enjoying the last Friday night happy hour of the semester. Amanda enjoyed the relative quiet and slower pace of dress modifications; tonight's bright orange dress was getting revised in ways more like the first night than last night's frenzied pace.

Around 7 PM the mood changed as the happy hour crowd filtered into the gallery. The room became noisier and the participants in Amanda's exhibit became more focused on dress removal than any sort of artistic fashion design.

Amanda figured she could handle the shift in tone since it was feeling more or less like the previous night's mood and Ryan was already circulating through the crowd lining up t-shirt donors in advance. Her confidence in being able to deal with the energy in the room took a big hit when she saw Evan Byrner coming towards her.

Amanda and Evan had a couple of dates during her freshman year. It hadn't taken her long to realize he was a mean spirited jerk, and she dropped him. He hadn't taken being ditched well, calling her at all hours and yelling insults whenever their paths crossed for several weeks. He was about the last person she wanted to see at this event; he was almost certain to try to humiliate her.

She caught Ryan's attention and motioned for him to come talk with her.

"What's up?" asked Ryan, "is everything OK?"

"Yes, for now, but keep your eye on the big guy in the red shirt. We have a history and I'm pretty sure I'll be needing a t-shirt soon if he has his way."

"Got it." replied Ryan, "I've got four people lined up already to donate shirts, so we should have you covered!" He noticed she didn't react at all to his pun, a sure sign she was becoming worried.

As Amanda expected, Evan got in line for a chance to make a cut in her dress, which was already becoming skimpier and riddled with small slits. When he reached the head of the line he slapped down a $10 bill, announcing that he was paying for FIVE cuts! It took him three cuts to slice all the way down from the freshly modified neckline to the miniskirt length hem. One cut on each side rendered the thin strips of fabric left on her shoulders useless and the entire dress slid to the floor!

Ryan arrived with a t-shirt donor in tow just in time to see Amanda's dress fall away. He was stunned to see how flimsy the bra and panties she had chosen today were; they covered more of her than some other things she had worn at the exhibit but were made of very thin, lacy material.

Amanda was blushing bright red and shaking a little by the time she was handed her new shirt, but motioned for Katie to resume sending participants.

The next three patrons were fellow Art majors; at first Amanda didn't understand why they were lining up to take cuts out of her shirt, but as they each took their time making tiny cuts and slits she realized they were trying to protect her by running out the clock!

After her three classmates finally finished Evan was back at the front of the line; he paid for five cuts again, and again quickly managed to leave Amanda standing in just her bra and panties.

The cycle repeated several times over the next 90 minutes, with Amanda offering heartfelt thanks to her classmates each time they slowly nibbled at another new t-shirt. Last night she had been intrigued by the possibility of ending up naked and almost was hoping for it, but she desperately didn't want Evan to get the satisfaction of making it happen.

With less than 25 minutes to go before closing time, Ryan told Amanda that the new t-shirt she'd just put on was the last one left; she grimaced and whispered something in his ear. He looked confused, then nodded his head to let her know he understood her request before motioning for the first of her loyal trio of classmates to proceed. The trio took over ten minutes to make the smallest cuts possible, drawing cheers from a few onlookers who saw what they were trying to do.

Evan approached Amanda again for his usual five cuts. He had used his time waiting to figure out a way to eliminate her shirt with only four cuts; he made two cuts to the shoulder straps and one deep cut to the front and rear necklines. He gave the garment a slight downward tug and it slid slowly down past Amanda's breasts before dropping completely off her.

She kicked the useless garment over to the large pile of shredded clothing, trying to appear calm while in her mind she was anything but. She waited for Evan to use his last cut; he was now the one drawing the action out, leaving her to wonder how he would attack her lingerie. He chose to cut the bra's back strap right next to the hooks; despite being undone in back the cups stayed in place for the time being. Amanda tried to stay as still as her periodic bouts of shuddering allowed.

Evan ran back to the end of the line, surprised to find himself behind not just the usual trio of Amanda's classmates but also Ryan. He assumed Ryan was planning to burn enough time to get to closing time before he had one last turn and loudly warned everyone within earshot, "I'm already in line and put my money in the box and I'm gonna get my turn!"

The trio of Amanda's classmates seemed to be intimidated by Evan's belligerent behavior, not abandoning their classmate but also not taking as long as usual to finish making their purely symbolic cuts, this time snipping off pieces of the already ruined bra strap.

There were still 10 minutes left before closing time as Ryan's turn came; he paid Katie for four cuts, then made eye contact with Amanda, who simply nodded as he approached her. Evan was still mouthing off about there being plenty of time left for his turn. Ryan turned to face him, not intimidated by the much larger bully, and suggested he review the posted rules while he was waiting.

Ryan carefully cut the shoulder straps of Amanda's bra, but its cups stayed mostly in place as she leaned back about as far as she could while maintaining her balance. Ryan moved behind her, allowing her to lean back on him; he could feel her pulse racing.

"Okay, are you sure about this?" Ryan asked Amanda.

"Yes." was all she said, her voice quavering.

Kind of a shame, they're pretty nice!" joked Ryan, speaking too softly for anyone but Amanda to hear.

Amanda managed a small smile, softly saying, "Glad you like them."

Ryan gently pulled the waistband of Amanda's panties away from her left hip. The lacy fabric fell partly away from her, revealing some neatly trimmed blonde pubic hair but still covering, barely, her pussy. Ryan repeated the process on her right side, this time leaving Amanda completely naked below her breasts as her ruined panties landed on the carpet.

Amanda finished the job, standing straight up and shaking her shoulders, sending what was left of her bra fluttering to the floor! She acknowledged some applause with a deep bow and said in as strong a voice as she could muster: "This performance is now over. Thank you for your support!" Seconds later she gratefully accepted the loan of Ryan's hoodie; in her nervous state before tonight's opening she'd forgotten to bring an outfit to wear after the show! Luckily Ryan was tall enough that his hoodie came down a little past her butt.

The gallery closed just minutes after Amanda's performance ended. Professor Perkins praised her determination to continue all the way to what he called the artwork's "organic conclusion". He was also pleased with the night's donations, raising the three day total from Amanda's work to almost $500.

Evan stormed out, still fuming and shouting a steady stream of profanity. Amanda had correctly understood that he was less interested in her being naked than in being the one to make her so; she could only imagine how he would have tried to humiliate her if he had the chance.

Amanda and Ryan walked across the quiet campus, enjoying the peace after the frenzied show. It was chilly for early May, but neither one minded. As they reached Amanda's dorm she asked him to come up with her, "So I can give you back your hoodie."

Ryan said he was fine without it for tonight, and that she could return it tomorrow.

Amanda responded furiously: "You dumbass, when I say I'd like to return your hoodie what I'm actually saying is come upstairs, rip this hoodie off me and screw me till the sun comes up! I could have asked Katie or some other friend to finish off my clothing, but I WANTED you to be the one to strip me! I know you care about me and I definitely have feelings for you, so why not let's see what we're like together?"

Ryan was momentarily speechless, finally managing to say, "Okay, yes... God yes!"

Amanda laughed as she unlocked the dorm's front door, saying; "Good thing you finally got your head on straight, I was seriously considering returning the hoodie right where we stood!"