Lisa's big adventure part 1

Wed Apr 6, 2005 07:48

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I can’t use my real name here but I’ll call myself Lisa. I’m probably the oldest virgin in the world and I am obsessed lately with sex. It’s not that I think of boys exactly but I fantasize about being naked and vulnerable somewhere like maybe skinny dipping by myself when some boys come and take my clothes and run off with them leaving me naked and helpless. That is one of my favorite fantasies and I masturbate about 5 times a day. Anyway I am a loner and don’t have many friends. I read a lot and have been writing stories and songs since I was 11.

I have often gone into the woods or on the railroad tracks near my house and taken my clothes off daring myself to get further and further from them. I get more and more excited with every step away from the safety of my clothes worrying that one of the neighborhood boys will find me and then I run back and grab them up, running home to masturbate and hating myself for being such a little harlot. I have been doing this since I was very young and have been vowing to stop all the while but I just can’t.

In my isolation I have become quite the computer expert and have taught my mother and stepfather the basics. Every time they have a problem or need something on the computer they call me which is what got me to here. My stepfather joined this Naked in Public site I guess, and me being me (a sneaky little snoop) always checks the history files to see where mom and step dad go to on the information superhighway. They are both pretty clueless as far as computers go so it’s easy for me to track them and I have found that my step dad is quite the pervert but when I noticed this nude in public site on his list of usual stops I really got excited, I have been fantasizing about being nude in public since forever. I made it my business to get his password and I succeeded. I have always been able to motivate myself with threats and punishment for instance (me talking to me) “if you don’t finish this report tonight before 9 then no ice cream and no touching yourself in bed”. You may not think that a big deal but I like ice cream and I can’t sleep if I don’t masturbate. Whatever, it was the first example that popped into my head. Over the past month or so I have read every story on the site that interested me and decided that I must finally do something. I am really quite a coward and decided that I couldn’t make it too easy on myself or I would just be angry at myself for being such a wimp. After careful consideration I decided that I would go to an unpopular movie matinee and find a seat in the middle of the theatre and watch the movie naked. If I didn’t do it or didn’t’ stay naked till the end then I would have to punish myself. Oh I guess you all might want to know a little about me: I’m a 15 year old high school sophomore and honor student. I’m 5’4” and 110lbs. I am small busted (b cup) with long dark hair. I don’t know if I’m pretty or not, I avoid mirrors and try not to think about it. I guess I’m ok looking,

Anyway, I picked a movie and planned it all out. I chose easy off/easy on clothes that consisted of a wrap around skirt and a zip-up sweater shirt; no knickers, no bra and slip on shoes. It was a Saturday so my parents saw me leaving and asked about the outfit which is totally out of character for me. I dismissed the question with “I just felt like it” and they smiled sure it was some boy, which, no doubt, made them very happy. They are always trying to get me to do things and make friends and a boy in my life is something they would love. I wish they wouldn’t worry about me like that. I’m fine and I don’t need a boyfriend. I was so nervous, I have dreamed of this for such a long time and I am getting too old to be running around the woods naked like some little kid. I get to the movie and buy popcorn, I was so nervous that my hand was shaking and the pop corn was spilling out I could feel the moisture between my legs and I was so incredibly sensitive down there that every step sent a shiver through my body. I figured I would wait for the lights to go down and the real movie to start so I sat with clothes on willing the endless previews to be over so I could get started I was so excited. By waiting I thought that if someone sat near me I could move before getting naked. I didn’t really want anyone next to me. The deal I made with myself was to be naked from opening credits to closing credits. I made it through the previews with no one sitting too close, the theater was pretty empty and I slowly took the clothes off, folded them and put them on the seat next to me. I had to be totally naked and so I took off the shoes and put them on top of the neatly folded clothes. I was trembling and so excited. I reached between my legs and then thought "No! If you do it right, if you make it then you can reward yourself”. By the time I finished that thought (thinking I was home free) a frigging family comes in, mother duck and three or four ducklings, and starts noisily picking seats at the end of my aisle. I freaked and hastily put my clothes on and ran out of the theater crying. I don’t know if anyone noticed me or not but I was so angry; angry at them, angry at fate and mostly angry at myself. I could have just moved and finished what I started but no, I ran out.

My parents say I am obsessive, a perfectionist, and that I need to stop taking everything so seriously but I say you like bragging about my 99 permanent honor roll average. Maybe I am an obsessive perfectionist but I hate not doing well and I really hate letting myself down which is exactly what I did at the movies. I cried all the way home out of frustration. I punched myself in the leg so much that I had a big round bruise and by the time I got home and determined that I would now have to do something much more daring and it had to be something that I could not stop once started. Like stepping off a cliff I thought. Whatever I did had to be like stepping off a cliff where once the very first step was taken there would be no turning back. I also (and perhaps I was a bit harsh on myself here) decided that there would be no masturbation and no ice cream until I redeemed myself. On Sunday I was still fuming and everything I came up with I decided was either too easy or impossible. Sunday night I was threatening to tie my own hands it was so hard not to touch myself. Monday, I could not concentrate at school at all and did not get the assignments or anything. It was clear my life would be hell until I took care of this.

It came to me as I was helping mom with the laundry Monday evening folding one of my step-dads tank tops. I thought this is long enough to be a dress and bam! That’s it! I took the shirt to my room and held it up, “yes, yes”. This is a men’s large tank top with very large, low arm pit sides that would offer a completely unobstructed view of my boobs nearly to my waist. Still too much I was still angry at myself and in order to redeem myself in my own eyes I had to do something ten times more difficult than what I failed at. I took a scissor and cut the shirt shorter. I never put it on or put it up against my body after cutting it. I figured I would get what I deserved and resolved not to try it on or put it next to me until I stepped off the cliff. I pinched little pieces of it and cut quarter size holes all around what I believed would be the waist and a couple on the ass then I cut a three inch slit from the top down what would be the space between my boobs.

“There” I thought, finally calming down, “that ought to do it” I relaxed now. I knew what I had to do and I knew I would do it since there was no possibility of turning back once I started and I was sure I would take that step. I just had to.

The next day I skipped school. I never skip school but there was no way I could have gone to school with this hanging over me. Besides, I had to be finished before my parents came home from work (I am an only child). I put on a pair of old sweatpants and a tee shirt and grabbed the bag that had the shirt in it. I had stuffed in the bag right after altering it because I was too afraid that I would chicken out if I looked at it before I needed it and I ran out the door. Boom, it was chilly. It had been really nice the last couple of days and I didn’t expect this but, no matter, I was not putting this off. I could not put this off (if you knew me you might understand). Five miles; I got on the bus and went five miles or so into town. I really don’t know how far I went but five miles is what I was thinking. The further I went the more crowded things became. There were stores and restaurants and more and more people and less trees but I would not fail this time. I would not let myself down and as soon as I stepped off the cliff I would have no choice.

I got off the bus at a large shopping center with a Super Wal-Mart and a food store and wandered around a bit looking for the edge and I found it in the form of a storm sewer.
Before I could even think a second I kicked off my shoes into the sewer then like a crazy person I stripped off my sweatpants and tee shirt and threw them in the sewer. I quickly grabbed the shirt out of the bag and put it on then ran off to hide. I ran around the building and crouched behind a dumpster. I was so excited and flush and I thought I might pass out. I was giddy with joy. Then the reality hit me like a ton of bricks. I had no money at all, no shoes, and only a cut up tank top to cover me. The sun was shining but it was very cool and I had about 5 miles to walk home through a pretty populated town. I did it, I thought, I stepped off the cliff and now have no choice. I stood, trembling and examined myself. The shirt was short, very short but it did cover me if I stretched it down with my hands which of course pulled it lower on my bust and stretched the holes. It looked like Swiss cheese.

I caught my breath; steeled myself for the long walk home and started on my way, holding the shirt down to “cover” my girl parts. I made it across the parking lot without being noticed and was both relieved and disappointed. Every nerve was tingling, every sense on high alert adrenalin rushing through me. When I got to the street and began walking up the street the way the bus had come my mind started going: “you should have kept the shoes you dummy”. “Holding the shirt down is cheating you know”,
“Cheater! Cheater!” I taunted myself. “You’re cheating”
I agreed with the little voice that holding the shirt was cheating and made a deal with myself that I would only hold the shirt down if kids came around or if someone approached me. With that settled I let go of the shirt and it sprung back to its natural position just barely above my crotch. If I looked down at myself I could not quite see my pussy but I knew from the sudden tingle of air that the shirt was just above, not just below, my little pussy which I shaved bald in preparation for this adventure. I felt so tingly and I was drifting into my own little world when a car honked and someone hooted. I nearly jumped out of my skin and then smiled and waved. The moment the car honked I felt a spurt of liquid from my pussy and the sensation of the cool air was instantly heightened causing me to shiver. I remember every second of this walk in great detail. I was passing a convenience store when a woman came out of the door and I instinctively grabbed the Swiss cheese shirt and pulled it down to cover myself. There was a parking lot between me, on the sidewalk, and the store. The woman just got in her car and never even noticed me as she tried not to spill her coffee and open the car door.

“You ...ed up!” said the voice. Damn! She wasn’t approaching me and she wasn’t a kid. I ...ed up and would have to pay. I got really angry at myself and lifted the shirt up in a fit of anger about to throw it aside when I stepped on a sharp rock. The pain instantly brought me back and I lifted my foot bouncing and nearly fell over. Shit! I sat my bare ass on the dirty ground and rubbed my foot. Standing and fixing the shirt once again I decided I was even now, the gods had punished me and I could relax and go on.

This is not a place where many people walk but there sure are a lot of cars and I got a couple of honks but not much else. At corners the cars at stopped at the red often stared in disbelief and a couple of men asked me if I wanted a ride and taunted me a bit. I got a little nervous when one car followed along side me at walking pace for a minute but then he drove off silently. I really wanted to pull the shirt down that time but I dared not remembering what happened last time I cheated; I was still leaving little blood spots with each step for that one.

I passed through the shopping area and things became less crowded. I got a lot of attention in the business district but was too busy thinking myself to death to really enjoy it. I admonished myself for that now saying “listen you stupid, stupid girl, this is the event of a lifetime and you will never get to have your first adventure ever again. You are a stupid, stupid girl for not just having some fun”

I thanked the little voice, exhaled and started to look around. Suddenly I could hear birds and cars and distant voices. I could feel the sun and the air and the tingle between my legs intensified. I raised my hands over my head, not caring how high the shirt went and wishing I could just take it off. I was filled with delight. I passed a park and went in. There were bushes at the border and trees obscuring the view from the street. As soon as I entered the park and saw no one there I shed the offending shirt and did cartwheels. I ran across the field to a fountain and drank, dancing in circles; I had never been so happy and excited. I stretched high in the air and inhaled deeply. Oh my god what a feeling. “I’m free”. Turning back and skipping like a child I suddenly stopped dead in my tracks, there was an old man and a golden retriever standing near my shirt. “Don’t be frightened” he said, “I won’t hurt you in any way and buster here is very friendly” …silence… “I saw you come in” he continued “and I must thank you, I haven’t smiled in a long time and you made me smile” I slowly walked toward him he squatted and pet buster. I stood before him, my pussy at his eye level feeling very wicked and strangely powerful. I am a Wiccan, did I mention that? Maybe that’s why I so loved being naked in the field. I don’t know but I sure felt great. I was not at all frightened and had no desire to cover myself. I was enjoying the old mans attention and I squatted to pet the dog being sure to part my knees wide while facing him. My pussy was throbbing and I desperately wanted to touch myself but didn’t dare. I was petting the dog and dogs being, well dogs, he pushed his nose into my pussy knocking me off balance. I fell on my back and buster got a couple of good licks in before his master pulled him off. The man apologized profusely for the dog’s misconduct and I told him it was no big deal. I petted buster only this time I was paying attention. He nuzzled into my pussy again and I hate to admit I kinda wanted to let him lick me. I was so excited and desperate for release. I was not allowed to touch myself until I got home but buster …Anyway the man pulled the dog back and my silliness was interrupted but just a couple more licks and I might have come for buster. The man told me that the local school had recess in the park and I better get out before they came so I put my shirt back on and continued on my way. I couldn’t get it out of my head that I liked the dog licking me. I wondered if I was some sort of sicko but decided I was just really, really desperate for release and since I couldn’t touch myself I was willing to entertain anything. Enough of that, I was more than halfway home now. I was sad to have it coming to an end but thrilled to death that I was going to do it.

By now I was totally lost in my own little world completely oblivious to where the shirt was or who was looking at me. A couple more cars honked and woke me up from my daydream. I was very close to home now and figured I should try not to be seen by neighbors. I didn’t cons

By now I was totally lost in my own little world completely oblivious to where the shirt was or who was looking at me. A couple more cars honked and woke me up from my daydream. I was very close to home now and figured I should try not to be seen by neighbors. I didn’t consider it before but if someone told my parents it might screw up any future adventures I might plan. I decided then and there that any future nips would not begin or end so close to home. I made it practically all the way when the UPS guy came. He stopped next to me and told me to get in that he would deliver me home.
I got scared, jumped in the truck and begged him not to tell on me. I told him everything and begged. He said if I like to be naked so much why then why was I wearing that shirt.

I took it off and let him look at me. He was not like the old man at all.
“spread your legs …wider” I did as he said.
“Turn around and bend over” I was terrified but did as he said. I could feel the wetness beginning to drip down my thighs and my heart was pounding. After an eternity he said “reach back and spread you ass open wide” I did.
“Face me, hands behind your neck”, again I complied.
“Now put your shirt on”

He asked about the bruise and I told him all about my movie experience. He just shook his head and smiled at me which made my heart skip a beat.

He told me I was absolutely lovely and swore to keep my secret. He told me I was a good girl and that he hoped to see me again and suggested I not do this kind of thing so close to home.

He drove me to my house and I ran inside and to my mother’s room. I grabbed her vibrator from its hiding place and rammed it inside me and came instantly. I showered and could not stop thinking about the old man, the dog, the UPS guy and every other minute of my day. I was so proud of myself you have no idea. It was my greatest accomplishment and the greatest adventure I will ever have. I could not stop thinking about it and still can’t. It was so great.

This happened just a week ago. School is out this week and my parents are both working so I decided to post my adventure on the NIP website and see if my step dad recognizes me in this story.

The UPS guy delivered a package to me yesterday when he knew I was the only one home. It was a short and beautiful and completely see through blue print tank dress. There was a note inside saying that he would be here again on Friday and if I am wearing the dress he just might buy me lunch. I am excited but I am a little frightened of him too. He’s young and handsome and he scares me but I can’t stop thinking of him.

Lisa's adventure chapter 2a

Fri Apr 8, 2005 14:17

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I couldn’t wait for Friday to come! I was sick, I was jittery and unable to eat or hold an intelligible conversation; most of all, I was scared shitless. My mom and dad noticed (how could they not) and kept asking me what the matter was. I tried to avoid them but being an only child of over protective parents that is impossible.

At dinner on Thursday I was really bonkers, less than one day to go. I still hadn’t decided what to do and there was no one to discuss this with. I have no friends, no sisters, not even a cool aunt (maybe that’s why I have so many conversations with myself) anyway I was going crazy and it didn’t go unnoticed:

“Lisa… are you OK? “, mother asked with more than a little concern in her voice
“I’m fine mom, I’m just not hungry, that’s all”
“You’ve been distant and jumpy and you haven’t eaten in days. You just play with your food and smile and giggle occasionally” “If I didn’t know better I’d say you were in love”

I nearly shit!

“Don’t you think so honey?” she said to my dad “I think our little Lisa likes a boy” she teased.

“I do not like a boy! “ I shouted wondering just how obvious I was, I thought I was acting normal…sort of.

They laughed and told me to calm down that it’s ok, I’m supposed to like boys.

I huffed and they stopped

“touchy touchy.” said mother “I hope we get to meet him someday.”

With that I finished dinner (not that I ate anything) and went to my room. Mom came up later and made nice, she also assured me I could talk to her about anything (yea right!! “Mom, I’m an exhibitionist and the UPS guy is taking me out to show me off tomorrow while you’re at work.”) That would surely be an interesting conversation.

I stayed in bed in the morning pretending to sleep. I did not want to get up until after my parents went to work. I had no idea when the UPS guy was coming (God! I don’t even know his name) and no idea if I was even going with him…. I’m going to throw up.

My parents will be late tonight, they took one car and dad is going to moms work at 6 for some fancy client dinner thing. There was a note on the table instructing me to heat up left overs and call her cell if there was a problem, that they would be home before midnight.

I threw up.

I showered and did my hair and stood in front of the full length mirror

I tried the dress on It was very short, nary an inch or two below my crotch while standing straight up

I tried the dress on and could see my knickers and bra

I tried the dress on and could see my nipples and my pubes

I tried the dress on could see my thong and my nipples

I shaved my pubes

I tried the dress on and could still see my nipples, if I tried I could tell I had no knickers on but it wasn’t that obvious, I thought.

I decided that lots of women go braless and I was better covered than I was in the “dress” he met me in; besides, wasn’t this the point. I think I’m going crazy.

The silky material made my body tingle and sensation of the material rubbing on my nipples send a shiver through my entire body.

I threw up

Lisa's adventure
Part 2b

I was frantically brushing my teeth to get the taste of bile out when the doorbell rang.
I ran to the door without thinking; tossing the toothbrush somewhere in the living room when I realized it was still in my mouth. I opened the door out of breath and there he was, out of uniform, in jeans and a tight black tee shirt. “He is gorgeous” I thought.

After a long awkward silence he asked if he could come in “ya ya yesss I stammered”

“you have toothpaste on your uh (he made a circle around his mouth) mouth.”

I ran to the bathroom blushing, the sound of his laughter ringing in my ears, and looked in the mirror “AAHHHH!!” my mouth was covered in toothpaste.

I cleaned up and went back downstairs trembling, “Hi” I said

“You look lovely, I knew that dress was perfect for you the moment I saw it.” “and it’s a perfect fit too” he continued

He took my hand and we walked to his car, a black convertible with smoked windows and the roof up.

I told him I didn’t have to be back until midnight.
He opened the door for me and helped me into the car (such a gentleman).

I didn’t know where we were going and didn’t ask.
I just kept talking and I couldn’t stop myself.
I nervously blathered endlessly finally stopping when the car came to a halt.
Just enough time for me to tell him absolutely everything about me and my family……twice.

“I’m sorry” I said “I usually just talk to myself, really I’m normally very quiet. I don’t know what got into me.”

“I think you’re cute” he smiled “but slow down now”

We were at a large beach club by the shore. The gulls were chirping and I could hear the surf crashing on the beach. It was still very chilly and a steady breeze was blowing off the water. I faced into the breeze and sniffed at the air, my hair blowing behind me.
If it were a few degrees warmer this would be heaven. My flesh was all tingly and I could feel the warmth between my legs contrast with cool goose bumps on the rest of my flesh, a little trickle dripped down the inside of my thigh..

“Absolutely lovely” he softly said, waking me from my trance

He took my hand and led me upstairs and into a large restaurant with a nautical theme. Past the floor to ceiling glass at the far end was an outdoor dining area called the crows nest and a panoramic view of the dunes and the ocean. The view was breath taking, I was entering a post card. It was late for breakfast and early for lunch. The staff was busily setting up for lunch and all but one table with an old couple lingering over breakfast was empty.

“Let’s sit outside.” He said leading me towards the deck “It’s chilly now but the sun heats up the beach quickly at this time of year and in half an hour you will be plenty warm.” “Not that you aren’t hot all the time” he added with a wink.
I blushed
We sat at a table near the railing and he ordered coffee for the two of us.

“Just so we’re straight here” he began

“I have no desire for a 15 year old girlfriend”

“Almost 16" I corrected him

Ignoring me he continued “ We will not date, I am not your boyfriend and you are not my girlfriend”
I deflated like a baloon and wished I could dissapear, I felt like such a fool
“I have been delivering in your neighborhood for years now and, believe it or not, have been paying attention to you for some time. I don’t know why but something about you interests me.”
“After I delivered you home the other day I have not stopped thinking about you”
(I lifted my head feeling a bit better now)
“I am very interested in helping you develop and if it it works out perhaps we can date whe you turn 18."
This is going to sound crazy but I want to help you develop, guide you and protect you, and ..”

He was visibly distressed by what he was about to say

“Go ahead just say it” I encouraged him, reaching out and taking his hand

“and make you the perfect woman…for me.“ he seemed nervous now but didn’t stop.

His confidence returned quickly to him and he continued

“I see in you the potential to be the perfect woman for me and I want to keep you safe and make you into that perfect woman.”

“I’ll make sure you stay safe, that you stay a virgin and that you study hard and keep that honor role average.”

“I’ll also buy all your clothes and develop your sexuality, your natural exhibitionism and horniness will be brought to its fullest potential, and if you grow to love me and I grow to love you then we will date when you turn 18.”

“You may not have any boyfriends at all and may never be alone with boys without my permission but I will have girlfriends, until we begin dating.”

“I promise I will take care of you and I’m sure, knowing myself, that if this plays out for more than a little while I will come to love you and cherish you in the truest sense of the word”

“You must always follow my instructions, we’ll go slowly and you will grow to trust me or you may end it any time.” “I am not a stalker or a psycho, if you really want me to leave you at any time I will, and I’ll change my route too.”

I was dumbfounded.

Part 2C

“OK” I heard myself saying through the buzzing in my ears

“Great” he replied, “now let’s eat”

I was surprised I ate at all but I calmed down quickly after that conversation. Something about having it all spelled out like that at the beginning somehow made it easier. I no longer had to wonder and walk on egg shells, I knew straight away what was happening. The weird part is that after a week of dreaming and planning our wedding and honeymoon and naming our children I was happy with this arrangement and started dreaming about my 18th birthday (laughing at myself).

Halfway through the meal the restaurant had filled up, I was beginning to feel very comfortable with him like we had known each other in a previous life or something.

“What’s your name?” I asked; struck suddenly by the awareness that I just gave control of my life to a man whose name I didn’t even know.

He burst out laughing.
“Shit!” “That’s right, this is too funny. I feel like we’ve known each other forever and the things I said to you and you agreed to and I never even told you my name’

“Jason, my name is Jason Kahn”

He held out his hand and I shook it, “pleased to make your acquaintance” he burst out laughing and so did I.

The waiter brought the check and Jason paid it. Before standing he told me not to touch my dress under any circumstances. This was the first instruction I have been given, everything between his first speech 2 hours ago and now had been strictly social and light hearted. I got a sudden chill.

I stood slowly and the dress stuck a bit to my bottom; every fiber of my being wanted to reach back and adjust it. I was in agony willing myself not to and wondering just how exposed I was in the now crowded restaurant. He came behind me and patted my bottom a couple of times causing the dress to fall back into place. My stiffened body relaxed a bit.

“Not easy is it?”
“No, it isn’t”
“It doesn’t get any easier than that”

Pointing to my nipples “exciting too, no?” he smiled

“A little maybe”

We got in the car and drove to a tattoo parlor down the road. I got scared “I can’t get a tattoo”
No tattoo, yet… we went inside and I was introduced to (aptly named) Big John, a giant of a man; 6 feet 7 weighing 8000 pounds and covered with tattoos.

“She’s even prettier than you described and that dress doesn’t leave much to the imagination”
The bright sunlight was shining through the window from behind making my dress very transparent. I blushed and felt the wetness and warmth instantly in my little shaved puss, blusshing harder and getting more excited at the thought of all this.

He maneuvered me behind a desk and I silently let him pose me, bending my arms and turning my head with his giant hands.

Several pictures were taken and I was handed an ID card that said I was 18 years old.

“Just in case we get questioned” "and the data will be entered in the right places to verrify so it will even fool the police"

“If we ever do get busted and your parrents come into it I need plausible deniability” “she told me she was 18 and I saw her ID”

“If we’re busted anyway I hope you’ll go along and keep me out of jail.”

“Jail!!” I exclaimed

“Don’t worry, we’ll be careful but this is not without risk you know. Do you think there was no risk in being arrested for what you did last week?”

This is getting so exciting, I thought, and right then and there, impulsively, I threatened myself.
I promised myself I would do this for at least a month and if I didn’t… you guessed it, no ice cream or diddling for a whole month.

Lisa part 2d

We left the tattoo parlor and walked down the strip to bathing suit store
“Let’s get you a new bathing suit.” “You need very distinct tan lines that could be mistaken for tiny thong underwear”

He explained that I was to tan with a small thong bikini and that way when I am wearing a very sheer dress or skirt people that see me could mistake my white skin for knickers.
He explained that he sometimes sees girls like that and wonders if he is seeing things or do they have white knickers on. When this happens he studies them intently and even follows them sometimes to be sure one way or another. Invariably he decides they are wearing knickers, but in my case, of course, I won’t be.

The short story is that this will get men to focus on me and scrutinize me thus improving the exhibition. I could feel myself getting wetter and more excited, I was fidgeting and squeezing my thighs together.

We bought a small thong bikini ala Wicked Weasel, tanning lotion and sun block. We also bought a little heard shaped thing meant to be placed on the body to block the sun so that the protected skin beneath is like a white tattoo. “Now you will have a tattoo” he laughed.

“Do your parents often see you in your undies or do you wear a bikini with them?”
“Ewe, never.” I said.

“Good!” he responded and dragged me into an art supply store.
The store had several art geeks shopping and they all took the time to look at me; one guy asked me to model for him and I blushed.
“You made his day” Jason said with a smile “From now on it is your sworn duty to make men feel good to make them smile at you and get a hard on” “You will consider it a personal challenge to make every man that comes near you grow hard and smile at you”
“If their girlfriends or wives don’t slap them then you failed to do your job, you are super flirt from now on”

“But but” was all I could manage. I was getting so horny and my nipples were so hard they hurt, my clit was rubbing on the silky fabric of my dress and I was about to come. I couldn’t believe it but I couldn’t stop it either……”eeek” I squeaked trying hard to suppress any sounds as I had my orgasm without even touching myself but everyone looked at me and knew. I turned crimson.

“I can’t believe that happened” I whispered
“ I can and it won’t be the last time. Every man in here is smiling and hard; you did your job.”

He instructed me to go into the ladies room and put my new suit on while he made his purchase. I was to leave the dress in the ladies room trash can and find him at the register wearing only the suit. If I ever fail to adhere to his instruction, he warned, he will simply leave and I may never see him again.

“What have I gotten myself into?” I thought as I changed into the suit and tossed the dress in the trash.

I made my way to the register, every eye in the place glued to me. The attention immediately brought a flush of heat to my body and renewed moisture to my puss puss. “am I really such a slut?” I tought.

I found Jason at the register finishing his purchase of latex body paint.
He whistled and the cashier stared with his jaw dropped.

“WoW!” “You look awesome!”

The white suit was very small, barely covering my lips with the back string deep in my ass invisible to all.

“WOW!” he said again making me blush. “You are beautiful, really just awesome”

I felt so many things, shame, fear, and for some reason joy. I like his compliment and wanted to make him proud of me. Silly as it sounds, I knew right then that I would do anything to please him, and besides, this was going to be fun.

We went to the beach and he asked me to wrap a towel around myself ( he brought a beach bag) and remove the suit bottoms and hand them to him.

I did and he carefully layered sun block over the inside of the suit saying that he wanted to be sure no sun got through the thin material. I was instructed to slip them on carefully not touching my body anywhere with the sun block until the bottoms were in place.
I couldn’t do this holding the towel so he held the towel up in front of me, blocking me from the street while I concentrated on putting the suit back on. Unknown to me was that a small crowd of teen boys gathered behind me watching intently. I thought Jason was smiling at me but he was smiling at the crowd. I figured it out when he winked at them upon my completion and they all applauded. I couldn’t believe it. I just was bottomless in front of 5 or 6 teen boys!! I’ve done more blushing to day than I have in all the rest of my life. I playfully smacked Jason and he told me he was proud of me and gave me a little kiss. I was in heaven.

We laid on the beach, me on my belly and he undid my top, he took the heart and placed it on my bum telling me not to move. From the rear I’m sure I looked naked now. “God this is so exciting.” I then felt something cold on my rear and flinched.
“Keep still” he chastised me, “or you’ll ruin it.”
I didn’t know what he was doing but it felt like he was writing something so I asked “what are you writing on me”
“You’ll find out soon enough” he said “Just don’t move until I say so”, then added sternly “No matter what!”