**Miranda's Embarrassing Day**

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**Miranda's Embarrassing Day Pt. 01**

Miranda was showering. Anxious for the mail to arrive, she was listening for the doorbell just in case. She would have to sign for her order, and she didn't want to miss it again.  
  
She was just rinsing our her shampoo from her long brown hair when she heard the doorbell rang. Certain it was the mail, she quickly rinsed her hair out turned the water off. She had gotten a bit of shampoo in her eye, but no matter. She grabbed for her towel and went running down the hall. No one else was home, so it wasn't an issue to put her towel on as she walked towards the door.  
  
As she hustled towards the door, she had a hard time putting it on right. Just as she got to the door, she realized she had grabbed the wrong towel. This was half the size of an adult towel. Still, all she had to do was sign for something, she figured, and she didn't want to have to run all the way back upstairs for a different towel. Thus, she held it around her body as best she could. Miranda was quite petite, only 5'0". This caused her to look quite young for being 25 years old. Her boobs were quite small too, but she did have a large ass for someone her size. She was thus able to hold the towel around the top of her body. She noticed the towel barely hung past her womanhood or ass, by only maybe an inch, but she decided she'd risk it for the 10 seconds it took to sign for her package.  
  
She opened the door, but it was not the mail at all. It was a college aged boy with an outstretched hand. "Hi, Ms. I'm Jack. I was wondering if I could look at the car for sale." Miranda gripped her towel a little tighter and shook his hand with her free hand, careful not to make any sudden movements in this towel. She was now deeply wishing she had went back for a longer towel, acutely aware of how close she was do flashing her womanhood at a complete stranger in this ridiculous little piece of fabric. "Sure," she said. "Go right ahead."  
  
"Well, ma'am, that's the issue, I wanted to see the inside, but it's locked. Could you unlock it for me?"  
  
"Sure," she answered. Miranda turned to get her keys from the kitchen. As she walked towards the kitchen, but out of view from Jack, her towel slipped on her. For a moment, she was stark naked in her kitchen, with a stranger only a few feet away, but luckily out of view. She grabbed it and readjusted, thankful he hadn't followed her in. That would have been so embarrassing, she thought.  
  
She returned to the front door. "Here you go." But Jack told her he would feel more comfortable if she unlocked it for him. "Well, as you can see," Miranda sheepishly said, "I'm not exactly dressed for the outside." But Jack implored her, and Miranda really needed the car sold. She asked if there was time for her to change, but he said he only had a few minutes. Finally, she relented.  
  
As she stepped outside, she became immediately aware of how breezy it was. Luckily her towel was still wet and clinging to her little body. She did notice though as the wind hit her something she hadn't noticed before. The towel was so small it didn't even completely wrap around her body. Where she held the 2 ends together under her arm, there remained a gap where her bare skin was exposed. It started off barley noticeable under her arm. But as the towel went lower, due to the size of her rather big butt, the gap grew, and anyone to the side of her would be able to see a significant portion of her right buttcheek. How had she not noticed this before? She knew she had to be fast. She looked around, terrified a neighbor would see her like this. But no one was there.  
  
She unlocked the car for Jack. He opened the door and looked inside. He asked if the car had a big trunk, and she said yes, nervously afraid he was making a joke about her big semi-exposed ass. He asked her to open the trunk, and she did. He said, "Wow, it is big. Really big for how small the rest of the car is." While he was leaned over looking at the trunk, a breeze blew her towel and the front of it completely blew up in the breeze. Had anyone been looking, they would've seen her smooth, completely bare private area, and if they'd been positioned just right, the small slit that formed the 2 lips between her legs. But luckily no one did. She knew she had to get inside. She was playing with fire.  
  
Jack then asked if he could take it for a test drive. She said, "I thought you had to work?" He answered that he still had a few minutes. "Fine," she said. He asked if she wanted to ride along, but she declined and said she'd prefer to go put some clothes on. He looked a little disappointed, but said ok. He got in the front seat and started it. She shut the trunk for him.  
  
Then, in an instant, he pulled away, and so did her towel. It had gotten stuck in the trunk. The only thing she had to cover herself with was flailing in the wind out of her car. She immediately put an arm over her boobs and a hand over her pussy. Her arm did quite a good job covering her small boobs, and her hand effortlessly covered the tiny bare slit, but her large white, perfectly round ass was on display for the world to see.  
  
Terrified, she bolted for the door, her big, bodacious butt bouncing uncontrollably as she ran. She looked over her shoulder, hoping no neighbor was looking out their window right now, watching their little 5'0 neighbor running through her front yard bare naked.  
  
She reached the front door, and grabbed the handle. Oh, no, she thought. How could this happen? A breeze blew against her ass, reminding her of how naked she was. She spun around, not sure she'd rather an onlooker see her giant, nude ass, or her front side, where anyone could see how small her boobs were under her arm, and how she likely had a completely bald pussy behind her tiny hand. She didn't know what to do. Her door was locked. And a college boy had her house keys with her car. There, she stood, embarrassed and completely naked, with nothing to cover up with besides her hands, unsure of what to do next.