**My Virtual String Bikini**

by[TinyStringBikini](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=170990&page=submissions)©

Spreading my legs, I carefully whisked away the remaining blonde hairs with my razor until I was bare as the day I was born. After weeks and weeks of planning, the day had finally arrived; my husband Dave had left on a business trip to China yesterday and I was "home alone" for two hot weeks in July.   
  
I've always dreamed about being naked outside…clothes locked away from reach, but in the small suburb where we live such behavior is illegal. Then it hit me; what if nobody knew I was naked? What if I was wearing a VIRTUAL string bikini.  
  
Turning 30 just last month, my physical appearance had been on my mind a lot. I've kept my weight down by working daily at the gym. My breasts, never developing larger than about the size of a couple oranges, showed little signs of gravity. Their tiny shape would make the "virtual bra" seem all the more believable.  
  
Last week, I visited a local art store and bought a couple kits of white mime face paint. My plan was to paint a virtual bra and pair of panties and then go do my yard work in the backyard, nobody knowing I would really be naked.   
  
After my morning shower, I completely shaved my pussy. I've never shaved it all off before, and as I stood and admired myself, I realized it made me look years younger. This could become a habit.  
  
Then using painter's masking tape to create a mask for my virtual bikini, I stepped into my regular bikini as a guide, and began taping all the bare skin around my real bikini. I placed a long piece around my waist, just above the panties. Then I taped around my legs and up the sides of my buns, leaving a small half-inch string of bare skin around the tops of my legs.   
  
I peeled off my real panties and exposed my bare pussy and butt, framed by tape. To be a bit more daring, I taped my exposed backside to a small thong opening that just disappeared into my butt crack.  
  
The bra mask was tougher to create. I started with strips of tape across my back and up and around my shoulders. But when I got to my breasts, I removed my bra and improvised. I wanted something smaller than my real bra, so I began to hide my breasts with tape, leaving only a small two-inch triangle centered on each nipple. I connected the triangle openings to the back and shoulder straps and prepared to paint.  
  
The white mime paint was cold as I spread it on my bare skin. I started with my pussy and painted over my bare mound, inside my lips, down between my legs and across my butt. I spread it all over my back thong triangle and into my crack to create the appearance of a string disappearing into my butt. Once I completely covered my crotch, I carefully removed the tape to reveal what looked line a very real pair of thong panties. Anyone from a distance would have no idea it was just paint.  
  
Next, I created my painted bra. I started on my back and shoulders and when I reached my nipples, tingles shot through my body. I rubbed my little nubs thoroughly with lots of paint to cover their growing size. It became rather counterproductive, the more I rubbed, the more they stood up. Soon I finished and removed the tape from my chest and back.  
  
I stood back and looked at myself in the mirror. It was amazing; it looked so authentic, and hot! As I turned and examined my backside I was convinced no one would discover my secret--I was completely naked but appeared to be wearing a pretty, although very tiny, white string bikini.  
  
It felt weird as I ventured out the bathroom door with nothing on. I made my way down the hallway and out to the living room. Our living room has large picture windows that face the front of the house and as I walked up to them I realized it'd be possible for anyone to see me.   
  
Even though it was a weekday and most people were either at work or on vacation, a neighbor might be home and gaze out their window at that particular moment. Armed with my illusion of being dressed in a bathing suit I bravely stood and looked out.   
  
Within a few minutes a young mother appeared walking down the street toward our house pushing a baby stroller. I felt like ducking out of view but I held my spot in front of the window. As she got closer and closer my little heart was pounding. She glanced my way, and after doing a double take, smiled and waved and continued walking. My whole body was trembling by the time she passed but it actually worked--my virtual bikini was believable.  
  
I went to the kitchen and looked in the fridge, since I hadn't eaten breakfast yet. I poured a glass of orange juice about three quarters full and peeled a banana. I couldn't believe what I was doing as I ate my banana standing in my kitchen in the nude. I just couldn't calm down. I normally don't drink, but thinking it might help, I opened my husband's liquor cabinet and filled the glass the rest of the way with vodka.   
  
Several days ago, in anticipation of this moment, I'd filled an old gallon container of milk half-full of water and put it in the freezer. When the water was frozen I'd dropped an extra house key in and filled the rest of the jug with water. Now the key was frozen solid in the center of the ice. Even in the hot July sun it would take several hours to thaw, forcing me to be locked outside in the backyard for part of the day.  
  
After making sure all the doors and windows were locked, I grabbed my ice jug, drink and new cell phone and stepped into the garage. Before chickening out, I locked the door behind me and pulled it shut. As the garage door opened, I hid behind the minivan just in case someone was walking by; however all seemed to be completely quiet.   
  
I quietly threw all my garden tools and ice jug and cell phone into the wheel barrel and wheeled it out onto the side yard. Returning to the garage, I grabbed my orange juice, pressed the garage door button and ran under the closing door.  
  
Suddenly it hit me, I'd really done it--there would be no turning back now--I was standing in my yard in the buff with no way back inside for several hours.   
  
The grass felt cold and tickly on my feet and toes. In my nakedness I could feel every gentle breeze blow across my skin. The sun felt warm shining on my white triangle painted breasts. For courage, I took a big gulp from my glass and headed for the backyard with the wheel barrel.  
  
Our backyard is not fenced, although a row of pine trees and shrubs along the back lot line blocks the view somewhat. We're at the top of a hill; houses behind us are lower than our yard, making it more private, however the side yards are completely open.   
  
The neighbors to the left were on vacation; they'd be gone all week. The neighbors to the right both work during the day but their college age daughter Lisa was home for the summer--she could be a problem. We weren't exactly buddies since I called the police about one of her all night parties a month ago. However, according to her mom and dad, during the summer she never gets up before noon so that should give me plenty of time alone.  
  
An old flowerbed along the back of the house was the first project that needed to be done. The spring flowers had long since wilted and the southern exposure sunshine they'd received had dried them to a crisp. I took the shovel to the dirt and soon realized there was no way I was going to dig things out of that dirt without some water.  
  
I brought out the hose and watered down the area. It felt so wicked, standing there spraying the hose around the yard, totally naked. When it was watered down, I left the hose in the grass with the sprayer shut off and grabbed my shovel. My bare feet squished in the cold mud as I made my way through the dried out flowers. I had to get down on my hands and knees to pull up some of the plants and before long my arms and legs were covered.  
  
All the squishing sounds along with the dried branches and twigs poking my nude body was making me quite frisky. I didn’t dare touch myself and take the chance of rubbing off some of my virtual bikini paint, but the urge was overwhelming. Eventually the area was cleared and I used the hose sprayer to clean the mud from my body, being very careful not to wash away any paint.  
  
After about an hour I checked on my frozen ice jug to see how much had melted. When I turned the jug over only a little water poured out. An hour in the sun and barely any iced had melted. That's when I realized I could be stuck out here a lot longer than just a couple hours. Feeling a slight panic, I drank the rest of my orange juice and decided to water some plants.  
  
I made my way around the yard with the hose. First the right side yard and then the left. For some reason I was feeling more at ease with my nudity, certain that I'd be safe as long as I stayed in my yard.  
  
As I watered the hostas I thought I heard noise coming from the neighbor's house. I bravely ignored it, acting as if it was completely normal to be watering one's plants in one's yard dressed in a white string bikini. After all the watering was done, I set the hose down and checked my ice block--a little more had melted.  
  
With the day getting warmer and all the yard work being done, I was feeling sleepy. A short nap on the lounge chair sounded like a good idea. I laid down and quickly dozed off…  
  
"Wake up Mrs. G." I was floating halfway between consciousness and dreamland. I kept hearing a female voice that had nothing to do with my dream, telling me to wake up, but I didn't want to, I was so peaceful.   
  
Suddenly cold water splashed on my stomach. I tried to cover myself with my arms but for some reason I couldn't move. Immediately, I was wide-awake. The first thing I saw was Lisa from next-door standing with the dripping hose nozzle pointing at me.   
  
Then I noticed my arms were tied with my garden twine. Both wrists were tied tight to the top of the lounger above my head, leaving my stretched out, bikini-clad breasts unprotected. My feet were flat on the patio, ankles tied to the feet of the lounger, legs slightly parted. I could feel the breeze between my legs, my privates partially exposed.   
  
I heard her say "Good morning sunshine. Rise and shine."   
  
"Lisa, what are you doing? Untie me immediately."   
  
"Not so fast Mrs. G., you owe me--big time. Besides calling the police on my party, I just wanted to sleep till noon this morning. When what do I hear just outside my bedroom window but my nosey neighbor watering her flowers and plants. You can imagine my surprise when I peeked out my window and saw you standing in a white string bikini. Frankly, you looked kind of hot parading around in such a tiny swimsuit, so I threw on my red undies and decided to come join you."  
  
"And what did I discover as I approached you sleeping in your lounger, such a unique fabric to your bikini, with all your little bits poking through. That's pretty kinky Mrs. G., does Mr. G. know about this?"  
  
"Lisa, this has to remain our secret. My husband wouldn't understand and it would devastate our marriage if he found out."  
  
"That's too bad because I thought he might enjoy the pictures I took with my digital camera while you were off in dreamland." I saw her purse on the patio table and a camera sitting next to it.   
  
"By the way, what's your first name Mrs. G.?"  
  
I said, "It's Brianna, but you can call me Mrs. G."  
  
"Well here's the deal Brianna, I won't tell your little secret as long as you do every little thing, exactly as I demand. To begin with, we're going to have a cold shower and see how waterproof your bikini is."  
  
"Oh my god Lisa, please don't. I locked myself out of the house and until my key melts in that ice jug over there, it's all I have to wear."  
  
"You sure are the naughty one aren't you Brianna, but you should've thought of that before you decided to frolic around your backyard in the buff. Lets get started by washing off those tiny boob covers of yours."  
  
As she bent over to get the hose, part of her thong panties disappeared deep into her buns and I could see her silk covered pussy extend below her opened legs. I swear she purposely jiggled her boobs as she bent over reaching for the hose, peeking back at me under her legs. Her undies were only a pair of lacy silk lingerie. Gross, what kind of a girl would act like that in front of another woman? Suddenly I wished I had something more covering me than a thin layer of paint!   
  
Just as she stood up and started to open the nozzle, something caught her eye from the other direction. Glancing to my left I saw the most gorgeous male figure running into our yard. He must have been in his early twenties and by the looks of his shirtless chest must have been an athlete of some kind.  
  
As he was getting closer he called out, "hey ladies, what's up?" I cringed as I realized I was going to be viewed in my entirety by yet another young person. I quietly whispered, "Lisa, make him go away before he gets too close." But she was just staring at him with this stupid grin on her face, "hi, come on over".  
  
As he joined Lisa by her side he quickly noticed I was tied to the lounge chair and by the look on his face had figured out that my bikini was fake and that something was going on.  
  
"Whoa, are you OK lady?" Before I had a chance to respond, Lisa was kind enough to fill him in on all the details, how I had got myself into this situation, the pictures she had taken while I was sleeping, and how she was just about to wash away my bikini. While she spoke he alternated his attention between my boobs and cunt, I felt like such an idiot for getting myself into this mess.  
  
After my story was told, we learned that his name was Zack and he was house sitting for our neighbors. He was on the swim team in college and except for daily practices, had little to do this summer. His body looked like a swimmer's, not a hair below the neckline, smooth muscular chest and arms with tiny nipples poking out, a perfect slim waist without an ounce of fat, and just a trace of a six-pack abs.   
  
He was wearing loose athletic shorts that almost looked one size too small as I could see an outline of his manhood underneath. His legs were hairless, his feet barefoot, a dream come true had I not been married, tied and naked, and about to be hosed down. My mind was wandering, not paying attention to what they were saying.  
  
Then it hit with a stinging cold force. She aimed it directly at my breast, full force. I pulled at my restraints trying to cover up but the twine held my wrists and ankles tight. The water stream circled my little right breast and then moved to the center. The freezing water pushed my nipple inward and splashed all over my face. I quickly became drenched as the water washed away the white triangle covering my right nipple. Just as quickly, it stopped.  
  
Lisa moved her hand toward my right breast and wiped the wetness away. As she brushed my cold right nipple with her warm hand the sensation was so strong it hurt--I jumped at her touch. "Not very big you know Brianna, but it looks like the paint washes away quite well, don't you think Zack?" That's when I realized I was now outside with a bare nipple in plain view and Zack and Lisa weren't missing a thing. She said, "Let's get the other one."  
  
She stepped back and I braced myself for the blast of cold. I was watching my left breast as the water stream hit. It was just as cold as the right, but this time I knew what to expect. It flopped my little breast back and forth and then flat as the water pounded the nipple. When that breast was as clean as the right she told be to arch my back so she could reach my back. I did as told and before long was completely topless lying in the sun, drenched with cold water.  
  
"Well the rest should be more fun, believe me this is going to hurt you more than it hurts me." she laughed. I said, "No Lisa, pleeeease not down there, it's too cold." My begging did no good; the water blasted the side of my right hip. Slowly my hip line vanished as she moved to the center. I pushed my knees together as much as I could, but I wasn't able to get my legs completely together. My little white panty soon washed away as she moved to my left hip. Then she stopped.  
  
"OK Brianna, open wide" "Please Lisa, no!" "Now Brianna, open up, or I'll make it worse for ya." I couldn't imagine how it could get any worse but something told me she could, my legs were shaking as I slowly spread them apart.   
  
The pain was unbelievable as the cold water blasted the paint away from my lower lips. The stream moved between my lips, pushing them violently aside and then up to my clit. As the water passed over my hole I could feel my insides filling. When the cold pressed against my clit the pain was unbelievable. After a few minutes of continuous washing it stopped; I was shivering with cold.   
  
How humiliating, they both doubled over laughing as water flowed out my lips. "Brianna, it looks like you just got lucky. Was it good for you?" My face turned red as I realized what she was talking about and how now I was almost totally naked lying in the sun.   
  
"We just need to get that butt of yours clean and then you'll be done. Get that butt in the air and spread your knees as wide as you can." Oh god, I arched my back and the water torture resumed, this time pushing my butt cheeks apart. The water moved between my butt button and vagina, each pass filling me with more water only to be drained and filled again. Within a few minutes I was entirely naked.  
  
I couldn't stop shaking, both from the cold and from the humiliation. For a moment they looked genuinely concerned. "She looks pretty cold Zack, what do you think?" Zack just stood there dumbfounded; the outline in his pants had grown. Lisa then looked down at him and noticed too, "Oh, I see. You know Zack, Brianna needs to be warmed up real fast, and I see just the thing that'll do the job. If you promise to be a gentleman and not cum inside her, how would you like to use your cock to warm up her insides?" Zack just nodded and all he could come up with was, "Sure, no problem".  
  
"Here let me help", Lisa said. Moving behind him her hands locked onto his waistband and began lowering his shorts. Blonde pubic hairs, trimmed no longer than a quarter inch were revealed as his shorts were lowered. Soon his circumcised cock sprang out into view and Lisa and I gasped; it had to be 7 or 8 inches long bouncing from side to side. As his shorts were lowered more, his balls came into view, large, tight and shaved bare.  
  
Lisa completely removed his shorts and stood up. Her nipples were poking under her lacy bra top. "May I do the honors?" she asked Zack as her hands reached for his cock. He offered no resistance as she softly enveloped her hand around his cock and began to give it a few gentle strokes. "Lets go big boy", she said as she pulled him toward my lounger chair.  
  
"No…Lisa, please, I'm not on the pill." She directed his cock closer and closer until it was brushing the opening between my legs. I tried to close my knees but Lisa easily pushed them apart and aimed his big penis at the center of my being. As it touched my cold wet lips, she slid it up and down until the head pushed in and she pressed on his butt until he was buried inside.  
  
"She's so cold", Zack said. His cock slowly absorbing the coldness from my insides; it was hard and warm and felt wonderful as the head bumped up against the end of my vagina. "You just hold it there Zack and she'll warm up…real quick", Lisa laughed.   
  
Lisa took Zack's right hand and placed it on my wet stretched out breast, then did the same with his left hand. She told him to hold his hands on my cold boobs to warm them up too. It felt good to be warmed in both places by this young handsome guy even though it seemed very wrong.   
  
His hands slowly started to massage my little boobs. I gasped as I felt his soft pubic hairs tickle my protruding cold clit. His face and body pressed into mine as he started rocking against my mound, back and forth. At first it was just a half-inch or so, in and out, I began pushing back, matching his rhythm.

He kissed his way up my neck to my cheeks, and then against my closed upper lips. I wanted to kiss him back but knew that I'd lose all control if I did. Instead, he nibbled at my ear lobe.  
  
His fingers found my nipples and rolled them between his thumbs and forefingers. His cock was now clearing a couple of inches as it rocked in and out of my gripping pussy, and the coldness was replaced by a warm, wet, friction.   
  
"OK you guys, lets snap a few pictures for the family album. Smile!" She circled us, snapping dozens of pictures of my nude wet body getting fucked by this beautiful young stud. She did full frontal shots and close-ups of my nipples and pussy being ravaged. Even in the close-ups she made sure to get my smiling face in the background; if my husband ever saw these pictures my marriage would be over. She had me look one-way and then another as picture after picture recorded our fucking.   
  
Our lower bodies were now pulling apart and then slamming back together, over and over. His cock head slipping all the way out of my delicate outer folds followed by full reentry down my pussy hole. His heavy balls slapped against my ass cheeks each time his cock bumped up against my cervix, and I could see by the look on his face; he wouldn't last much longer. Lisa saw the same look, "hey, hey, slow down big boy, you're just supposed to warm her up, remember, not impregnate her."  
  
Lisa had set the camera down and was standing by our side watching us do it. She put one foot up on the lounger, which left her pantied bikini mound inches from my face. "Oh, you guys are making me so hot." She said, and then her fingers slid across her panties, rubbing the fabric into her slit. A dark red stain appeared on her bottoms as her fingers moved faster and faster up and down her crotch. Her other hand was alternating between rubbing her red bikini breasts and making little circles on her tummy; her eyes were glued to Zack's cock pistoning in and out of me.  
  
It must have been too much for Zack because soon after that he announced that he was going to cum. "No, please don't cum in my pussy, please!" "That's right Zack", Lisa said, "That was the deal, you take that naughty penis out of her right this minute." She quickly moved behind him and took hold of his hips and pulled as hard as she could. His penis slid for the last time up my chute and popped out, bouncing around in the cold air.  
  
He quickly regained control of his body and the moment passed. His hands had left my boobs and he sat back on his knees. Lisa said, "I know it's not fair, so Zack come up here and start pumping that thing, just make sure you don't drip any cum below Brianna's virtual panty line. I'll take care of the rest."  
  
Zack quickly kneeled between my legs and started stroking his cock. God he was beautiful, muscles bulging from his arms and chest as he worked his long straight cock and tight balls with his hands. If only I could touch him, or myself.  
  
Lisa knelt down by my side; two fingers had worked their way into her bikini bottoms and were buried deep in her pussy as we watched Zack pump his cock. "Don't worry Brianna, I'll take care of us."  
  
What did she mean by that? "No that's OK Lisa, I'm fine." Then she removed her hand from her crotch and moved it toward mine. "No Lisa, please, that's OK you really don't need to do that. Please don't touch my…argggg…" Her two wet fingers touched my opening and gently slipped inside.  
  
"Oh my god, Lisa, what are you doing…I'm not a lesbian." "Sorry Brianna, I'm kind of in a "bi" mood right now and you look as hot as Zack does…I don't think I care to control myself. Just lay back and watch Zack, and enjoy."   
  
Her two fingers pushed in as far as they would go and she wiggled them around inside me. Her thumb found my clit button and flicked it ever so gently. God, despite my objections her rubbing was achieving the desired effect; a build up was beginning.  
  
Her hand slipped out of me and returned to her panties for a few seconds of self-masturbation and juice mixing. Her other hand had discovered my tiny boobs and were gently pulling my nipples a good two inches from my chest followed by release and a quick nail flicking.   
  
After about three round trips between her pussy and mine, poor Zack had all he could take. His cock erupted in long streams of pearl white gooey cum which landed on my tummy, chest and neck. He kept spurting more and more deep from those tight naked balls until finally just a few dribbles leaked out and landed on my hips.  
  
Lisa wasted no time and began smearing Zack's cum all over my tummy, armpits, neck and breasts. Meanwhile her other hand was taking a turn deep inside of me but instead of returning to her pussy, it stayed put. "Come on Brianna, you go next."  
  
With all eyes glued to my cum coated body and both Lisa's hands unrelenting attention, I felt the stirrings of a big nasty orgasm building deep within my soul. There was no stopping it as it built up more and more and came crashing deep within my pussy. My whole body rose as my legs pushed down on the patio and my pussy pressed up into Lisa's hand. Her hand gripped my mound tightly as I peaked over and over. It finally passed and I let my body sink back into my lounger cushion. Feeling a bit dizzy and exhausted I just closed my eyes.   
  
My emotions got the best of me and I started to cry. Why did I have to do this to myself--I could have been at my health club having a boring typical day like I always did--why did I need to get naked and lock myself outside? Now I've been reduced to an orgasm-quivering idiot at the hands of two young college students.  
  
Lisa quickly grabbed Zack's shorts and stepped into them and pulled them up her legs, covering up her tiny red silk triangle. "Zack, you can untie Brianna now. You'll need to cut those ties off, they're tied pretty tight." Zack got the garden clippers and started working on my wrists. Lisa, not wanting to miss another photo moment, recorded my release.  
  
As my arms became free I was finally able to cover my breasts and pussy with my hands. I don't know why I felt I needed to since they both had obviously seen it all, but it felt better. My body was almost dry and I felt my skin tightening up in the cum coated spots. Poor Zack had to squat down low to get to my ankles, and his semi-hard cock and loose balls hung down below his open ass cheeks for Lisa's picture taking adventure.  
  
Soon I was completely free and able to move my legs back together and sit up in the chair. Lisa announced, "Brianna you look kind of gross with all that drying cum on your skin, I want Zack to wash it off. Zack, you can use the hose but not on full blast, poor Brianna has had enough hose action for a while. Go out in the middle of the yard so I, and anyone else who may be watching, can get a good view."  
  
She was right, I looked at the neighboring houses thinking, oh my god, I hope no one else was watching. I followed my new naked friend out to the center of the yard covering my breasts with one arm and my pussy with the other. I turned toward Lisa and waited for Zack to begin.  
  
Lisa said, "Hold your arms up above your head Brianna, and keep them there until Zack is done." I slowly uncovered myself and raised my trembling arms up above my head. Zack turned the water to a fine mist spray and began at my feet. Slowly the cold water moved up my legs, pussy, stomach, and then chest and armpits. He waved the spray back and forth trying to wash away the sticky cum.  
  
Lisa yelled, "Zack, use your hands, it's not going to come off by itself. And be sure not to miss a thing." Zack stepped closer and whispered "Sorry about this, I'll try to make it quick." When his hand first touched my tummy I jumped, but I quickly got used to the feeling of being washed by this gorgeous naked man.   
  
My nipples tingled as his hand scrubbed my cum coated areas while his other hand directed the cold spray to wash away the loosened spunk. Soon Zack's cock was jutting out just like before and poking me as he worked his wet hands and arms around my body. "You can lower your arms and hold that thing back Brianna, otherwise you might get poked in the wrong place one of these times."  
  
For the first time I got to touch him. My arms came down and I reached for his cock. It slipped easily into my grip, my little hand barely able to cover half its length. My other hand cupped his naked balls…he jumped at the sensation; I had him by the balls.  
  
He continued washing me even though I seemed to be quite clean. Particular attention was being paid to my breasts, which were turning a slight shade of red from the cold and the constant rubbing; my little rocks got tweaked every time he passed over. I was just content holding him tight.   
  
"OK, that's enough you two," Lisa said, "turn off the hose and try to wipe yourselves dry." As Zack turned off the hose I quickly began wiping off my body so he wouldn't have to. Zack did the same and we slowly returned to the patio.   
  
"OK you guys, we're going to go over to Zack's employer's house and have some fun; maybe we can even find some pretty things for you two to wear from the Mrs.' underwear drawer. Grab your cell phone Brianna and put it in your pocket so we can get going." I reached for my cell phone and said I was ready to go but she just looked at me impatiently and said "You heard what I said, put it in your pocket."  
  
I looked at her dumbfounded and said "You know perfectly well I don't have any pockets Lisa." She said, "You have exactly two pockets, Brianna, a front pocket and a back pocket. Now don't make me choose for you because I guarantee it wouldn't be the one you'd choose. Now hurry up before someone sees us out here."   
  
I suddenly understood what she wanted me to do. I'd never imagined putting my phone up there. Scared and trembling I put my foot up on the lounger and positioned my phone at my opening. Oh my god, I hoped this cell phone was waterproof. With the antenna pointed down toward my back, I slowly inched it up inside. The five or so inches slid in rather easily and soon it completely disappeared up my cunt, the tip of the antenna just poking out my lips. How humiliating.  
  
I looked at them and said, "There are you happy now Lisa."   
  
"Don't get smart with me Brianna, tell us where your phone is now."   
  
"You know where it is."   
  
"Say it Brianna, tell us what you did with your phone!"  
  
I stared at her with contempt and said, "I put my phone in my pussy." I looked at Zack and his face looked as red as mine felt.   
  
"And what's your phone number Brianna?" Lisa pulled her phone from her purse and got ready to call me.  
  
"No, please don't do that."  
  
"Now, Brianna, what's your number?"  
  
I told her my cell phone number, and she began to enter into her phone. When she was done she looked up and smiled and pressed the dial button.   
  
We waited…and waited…it seemed to take forever but finally we heard my ringtone start up from deep inside my body. It was one of those stupid singsong type ringtones that I'd just downloaded for fun yesterday. It was muffled but obvious as to where it was coming from.  
  
"OK, you two hold hands and lets go."  
  
I looked at Zack held out my hand. We joined hands and started to walk toward my vacationing neighbor's house. Lisa ran ahead and took our picture from the front, then stayed back and took some from behind."   
  
"You two make such a cute naked couple."  
  
When I was trying to walk up the deck stairs without my phone falling out, Lisa decided to give me another call. As it rang it vibrated a bit and I had to push on the antenna to keep it lodged up inside me.  
  
Zack led us inside and a strange new feeling came over me; A couple hours before I was scared to step out of my bathroom without clothes on. Now here I was naked, wet, standing in my neighbor's cathedral ceiling living room with a nude young man, a controlling young woman, and a phone lodged up my vagina--and I loved it.   
  
It all seemed like a dream come true. I now realized my natural role in this world--I was born to be submissive. I smiled at Lisa and Zack as I excitedly waited to hear my next order.