Natalie's Dream (repost by author)

Tue Oct 25, 2005 05:34

12.75.84.171

Natalie speeds along the Interstate in her new (to her) car, tingling with a feeling that has nothing to do with the vibration of the road. A smile plays across her cute lips as she reviews the terms of the Dare she got over the internet:  
  
1) Pack some dirty laundry and drive to a city at least an hour away.  
  
This is it, she thinks, getting off the exit ramp and guiding the car a few blocks to the place she had previously checked out.  
  
2) Go to one of those Laundromat-Tanning places.  
  
There’s some kind of Carnival going on, and the Parking Lot at the little strip mall is full, so Natalie parks next door, beside some kind of bar -- she’s too nervous, really, to notice much about it, except that if things go wrong, she’ll have to run about 50 yards to get back to the safety of her car. Checking the key hidden in the wheel well, she locks her purse in the trunk, carrying only her laundry and a bag of change.  
  
3) In the Laundromat, put your dirty laundry in the wash, then remove your outer garments and place THEM in as well! (You can wear a bathing suit if you don’t care to sit around in your undies.)  
  
Natalie looks around the Laundromat. A couple of middle-aged ladies, an old man asleep, and a sullen-looking teenage girl, wearing headphones and trying to ignore the two bratty boys she was obviously supposed to babysit while doing Laundry.  
  
"Here goes very very little," she thinks to herself as she peels off her jeans, tank-top and sneakers, revealing her way-too-tiny swimsuit. She feels the looks of the folks around her like a physical touch, caressing her very-exposed skin as she concentrates on pouring in detergent, plunking in coins with trembling fingers, then starting the machine. In seconds, everything else she has to wear is soaking wet and sudsy!  
  
4) You may NOT bring anything to read. Just sit or stand there in the laundromat thinking about how little you have on, and try to ignore the looks you get while your clothes wash!  
  
And OH what looks she gets! The two ladies point, whisper, glare, point and whisper more, their outraged eyes practically burning holes in Natalie’s tiny swimsuit. The old man wakens into a lewd grin and ogles her slyly. The bratty boys stop their running and screaming to stare and break into loud guffaws. And the sullen teenage girl curls her lip in a look that says “Slut.” loud enough to ring in Natalie’s reddened ears.  
  
But there’s nothing she can do about it but stand around, shifting uncomfortably, wishing she could hide someplace, until her clothes are finally through the wash and...  
  
...and she’s ready for the next part of the bet!  
  
5) Put your clothes in the dryer. Set it for an   
hour.  
  
Simple enough. Once her clothes are tumbling freely in the big dryer, she proceeds to the next step.  
  
6) Now go into one of the tanning booths. With the last money you have left, use it for an hour. BUT FIRST... remove your swimsuit and hang it on the OUTSIDE door knob!  
  
Shivering all over, Natalie pads on bare feet back to the Tanning Booths. Inside, she tries to control her trembling fingers as she peels off the skimpy swim-suit, then, taking a deep breath, opens the door a crack, reaches quickly around and hangs her last scrap of clothing on the outside knob! She remembers the final comments on the Dare:  
  
That’s right, You’re inside a tanning booth, in a   
strange city, miles away from home, completely   
naked. And all your clothes are out there where   
anyone can take them and leave you this way! And   
you have to lie there on the Tanning Bed for an   
HOUR while Three things might happen:  
a) If you’re lucky, you’ll get up, reach   
outside the door, being careful not to be seen,   
retrieve your swimsuit, put it on and go back out   
to your clothes.  
b) If you’re Unlucky, someone will have   
taken your swimsuit off the doorknob and you’ll   
have to run out of the booth completely naked and   
look for it. And if it’s gone, you’ll have to go   
out to the dryer for your other clothes. And....  
c) If you’re REALLY Unlucky, someone will   
have taken all your clothes from the dryer! Leaving   
you standing there miles away from home with NOTHING! Poor thing with your clothes all gone!   
You’ll have to just cover yourself with your hands   
as best you can and run out to your car and try to   
drive home completely naked.  
I know I should wish you Good Luck, but somehow the   
other possibilities are so exciting, I’ll just wish   
you Pleasant Dreams.  
  
Tummy fluttering with nervousness, nipples stiff with excitement, Natalie lies completely naked on the Tanning Bed, hoping the hour will pass quickly. And safely. Strangely, despite her nervousness, the strain of all this suddenly catches up to her, and before she knows it, Natalie is asleep!

part 2

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In her Dream, Natalie got up from the Tanning Bed. The Hour was over. She went to the door and reached outside. There was her swimsuit, still safely hanging from the knob. What a relief! Natalie felt good about this, but just a little disappointed. So she decided to be kind of daring; she stepped outside the door to get the swimsuit!  
  
In Natalie’s Dream, the hallway in front of the Tanning Booths was deserted. To her left, at the end of the hall, she could see people in the main part of the Laundromat, but nobody could see her. To her right, at the end of the hallway was a glass door. Her swimsuit safely in her hand, Natalie decided to try her luck just a bit further, and tiptoed to the glass door. If there was anyone outside, they could have easily seen her through the door, But Natalie saw that this door opened onto the rear of the Carnival, and the only thing out there was the back of the tents and booths.   
  
Still dreaming, Natalie smiled to herself with the unexpected success of this adventure. Wouldn’t THIS be something to tell everyone! Shivering with naughty pleasure, still clutching her swimsuit in her fist, Natalie snuck out the door. The brightly-colored canvas backs of the tents and booths seemed to stretch out for at least a block in front of her, all completely deserted! Trembling, she tiptoed down the row....  
  
Natalie dreams she heard someone coming. Quickly, she peeked around a flap of canvas. No one there, so she darted into the tent for safety. It was some kind of Clown Dressing Room. Natalie putdown her swimsuit to look through the gaudy clothes. Picked up an orange wig with a red nose attached and slipped it on. “Wonder how I look?" she thought, and wandered over to a full-length mirror to see.  
  
The reflection in Natalie’s dream was a silly/sexy thing, all soft naked curves, thrillingly exposed, topped off by a ridiculous orange wig and big red nose. Somehow, there was a big painted clown-grin on her face and a huge sunflower over her coy little pussy! She turned and posed... and discovered that her round bottom-cheeks were painted like targets!  
  
That noise again in her dream: Someone coming! Natalie’s swimsuit was too far away, so she darted around another flap of canvas. The light was brighter here, and she squinted to see....  
  
WHAPP!!  
  
Something splatted against her bare bottom.  
  
SHPLATT!!  
  
Something else, sticky-gooey exploded across her butt-cheek. She heard cheers. Laughter.....  
  
In the Dream, Natalie could suddenly see around her. She was in some kind of booth, but there were no real sides to it. People were all around, flinging big gushy pies at her, pointing, laughing riotously as the sploshy missiles landed on her bare tits, her saucy target-butt, her hair... She gasped for air as a pie hit her square in the face!  
  
In the dream, someone yelled IT’S A HIT! and suddenly a huge tub of soapy water poured all over Natalie, washing off her clown-face, the paint, and the sunflower from her now-bare pussy! She was standing there soaking wet and absolutely naked! The crowd yelled louder, laughed harder, gestured more wildly.  
  
HEY BABE, LOSE SOMETHING?  
  
WHAT A SLUT!  
  
NOT A STITCH OF CLOTHES ON HER!  
  
LOOKIE AT HER SHAKE THOSE JUGS!  
  
MOVE THAT ASS, HONEY!  
  
The dream-water kept gushing over Natalie as she tried to cover herself with her hands, turning this way and that to escape the eyes all around her. Then she saw that the water was running down through a big grate at her feet! Forgetting how much of herself she was showing off, Natalie bent over (More hoots and hollers at her upturned ass) lifted the grate and jumped down the drain.  
  
Only in her dream it wasn’t a drain. Natalie had jumped down into a tiny cage and now someone was putting the lid back on top of her! Natalie bent down and the cage was too small for her to straighten up again. It shrunk again, and Natalie crouched down to keep from being crushed.  
  
As the dream ended, she was locked helpless in this tiny cage. Unable to move. Unable to cover herself. Unable to escape the hands that groped at her vulnerable nudity. Sticking her tongue out for the peanuts the laughing crowd fed her....

Re: part 2

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Natalie awakes with a start. The feel of the Tanning Bed on her bare back reminds her instantly just where she is.... and HOW she is! She shakes off the strange feeling of dreamlike eroticism. Got to get out of here, she tells herself, Why was I ever dumb enough to try this?   
  
She gets up from the bed and tiptoes on bare feet to the door. Now let’s see if I was Lucky, she tells herself, Oh please pleesepleese be there....She reaches around the door. Gropes the knob.  
  
And discovers she was unlucky!  
  
The swimsuit’s gone! She thinks, Oh, and it was SO cute and daring! And now I have to run out there completely naked and try to find it!  
  
One arm across her breasts, one hand down over her pussy, Natalie scampers out of the booth and looks around desperately. No sign of her precious garment --- but there’s plenty of something else! PEOPLE! The laundromat has suddenly gotten crowded with High School kids hanging out, sitting on the machines... as if they were just Waiting for her!  
  
The jeers and cat-calls ring in Natalie’s ears as she minces to the dryer where she left her clothes... and discovers she’s VERY Unlucky! Not a stitch of her clothes there! Just as the Darer hoped, she’s now miles away from home, completely naked -- and no clothes for her anywhere! And these kids are getting rowdy!  
  
Quickly, Natalie heads for the door. But in her rush she takes the Wrong door and ends up in the parking lot where the Carnival’s going on! The lights, the colors, the noise, all add to her disorientation as she looks for a way back to her car. And here come those kids after her!  
  
As Natalie turns this way and that, one of the High School girls flings a Funnel Cake at her, covering Natalie’s face and breasts with white powder! A Giant Cherry Slurpee gets poured on her ass, coloring her butt-cheeks right red! Cotton Candy rubbed in her hair (upper and lower) crowns Natalie in day-glo lime green .... “Omighod,” She realizes, “I’m living that horrid dream!” And the feeling of Unreality is so overwhelming that when someone thrusts a bright red candy apple in her face, all the can think to do is bite down on it, trapping it in her mouth and jacking her jaws wide open.  
  
“Whatta Pig!”  
  
“Lookit da ‘ho’!”  
  
“Loose somethin’ honey?”  
  
“Heer, pig-pig-piggy!”  
  
Somehow Natalie manages to dart to one side and run down the crowded noisy midway... around a corner, the brightly-colored,, breast-bouncing, butt-jiggling, totally ridiculous figure of Naked Natalie races to the bar where she parked.  
  
And now she finds she wasn’t just Unlucky. Wasn’t just Very Unlucky. For where she left her car is just an empty space and above it the sign she never noticed:  
Parking for  
Patrons of  
Stella’s Strip Club  
ONLY  
All others will be  
Towed  
AT OWNER’S  
EXPENSE!