**Red-faced on the Red-eye**

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**Red-Faced on the Red-Eye Part 1**  
  
Sara boarded her first-ever international flight wearing a long, pink, scoop-back sundress a bright smile on her face, thrilled about her plans for her upcoming vacation.  
  
The slender Irish co-ed had been invited by her American friend Rosie to spend a beach vacation together, and the two 21-year-olds decided to meet at an appealing middle point between California and Ireland: the Caribbean.  
  
"Welcome aboard," said the blonde flight attendant as Sara bounced in off the jetway. "You certainly look excited."  
  
"It's my first time abroad," Sara bubbled to the lovely woman, vaguely captivated by how her pink lipstick set off her well-tanned skin.  
  
"And you're headed for the tropics - oh my, that is exciting. Well you'd better be careful or that lovely Gaelic skin of yours will get burned to a crisp. What seat are you in?"  
  
Sara showed her boarding pass and the flight attendant directed her to the coach section at the rear of the plane with a light pat on her butt to nudge the girl along.  
  
But Sara had a bigger reason to feel excited about her vacation than it being her first trip out of the country, or her first visit to the tropics - or even that it was the first time she'd see Rosie in nearly two years.  
  
The two close friends had learned they happened to share a kink - they were both wannbe exhibitionists and ENF enthusiasts - so when they planned their vacation, they agreed to stay at a tiny resort that had a private, clothing-optional beach. And their plan was that every day, they would start out nude at that part of the beach, but then head into the waves and swim up the coast, far into the regular public beach, before coming out of the water and walking (or running!) back to the private beach, where they would repeat the escapade in the opposite direction.  
  
They agreed to have all their meals at the resort's clothing-optional beachfront restaurant, and sneak off for nude strolls along the public beaches at night. Of course, being mostly exhibitionist wannabes, they both knew they would probably chicken out of most of these daring plans, but they vowed to spend as much of their vacation in the nude as they could stand.  
  
Little did Sara know, however, that her ENF adventure would begin long before she arrived...  
  
Her flight from Dublin was an overnight "red-eye," and Sara had long ago made a rule for herself that she had to sleep in the nude every night. So, she had resolved to take off her clothes and sleep naked under her airline blanket when the lights went out.  
  
After boarding, Sara was delighted to find out that she didn't have a seatmate, and the only person seated across the aisle from her was a middle-aged woman who immediately popped some sleeping pills and dozed off. As the commotion of passengers boarding and stowing luggage subsided, Sara started getting excited about her upcoming antics and just couldn't wait to see how it would feel to be naked in the airline seat under the blanket. She felt the urge building, and decided to just quickly try out how it would work.  
  
The slender college student covered herself with the blanket, then pulled the straps of her sundress down over her shoulders and quickly shimmied out of it (that was all she needed to take off since she had already decided to go "panty-free" for the whole vacation). The airline blanket easily covered her petite, 5-foot-2, 109-lbs frame, and she felt confident that her naughty secret would be safe overnight once the cabin lights went down.  
  
But as Sara started to succumb to the heady thrill of being so very nearly naked in the crowded airline cabin, she felt an impulse to push her test run just a little bit further. That's when she made a fateful decision: to stuff her dress and flipflops into her carryon bag and put it away under the seat, out of easy reach - just for a moment - to see how it would feel.  
  
As she zipped up the bag and tried to cram it under the forward seat, she had trouble getting it to fit. She was considering putting her dress back on and stowing the bag in the overhead bin, when she heard a woman's voice from above her.  
  
"Tsk, tsk. No, that won't do."  
  
Sara looked up and brushed her loose curls of mousey brown hair out of her face to see the same stunning, blonde flight attendant standing in the aisle, eying her with a mischievous smile. Sara realized too late that as she was leaning forward and struggling with her bag, the blanket had slipped, revealing her slender back all the way down to her bare butt. This tall, curvy, well-tanned woman - "Anna" by her nametag - knew that she was naked.  
  
Before Sara could say anything, Anna reached down and grabbed her bag.  
  
"No, we never should have let you bring this on the plane as a carryon," she said. "You'll have to check this on the jetway before we can take off. But don't get up," she said with a wink, "I'll be happy to handle it for you."  
  
With that, Sara watched helplessly as Anna disappeared up the aisle and past the curtain towards the front of the plane with her bag - and all her clothes — and then returned with a bright red luggage-tag stub. Sara was sure that her face was even redder than the tag that the beautiful flight attendant ever-so-politely handed her.  
  
"Be sure not to lose this, or you won't be able to collect your bag when you get off the plane."  
  
"But..."  
  
"Don't worry, sweetie," Anna said with a wink. "If you need anything during the flight, just press the call button and I'll be here for you."  
  
Anna then went back to the front of the coach section where she and the other flight attendant started running though the pre-flight lecture on seatbelts and flotation devices. As she went through all the motions, Anna kept looking over at the increasingly nervous girl, and smiling that devilish smile. She seemed to be maybe in her mid-thirties, but her wavy blonde hair and flawless makeup made her look to Sara more like a supermodel than an airline stewardess.  
  
A few minutes after the safety lecture, Sara was just getting her breathing back under control when Anna suddenly appeared beside her again, making her huddle deeper under the thin blanket.  
  
"Seatbelt?" Anna asked.  
  
"Ah, um, yes. I'm wearing it."  
  
"I'm sorry, you don't understand - I have to see."  
  
"What?!?"  
  
"I have to visually confirm that every passenger has their seatbelt properly fastened before we can leave the gate," Anna said, twirling her finger to indicate that Sara had to pull the blanket away and expose herself.  
  
"But... I can't... please!"  
  
"If any passenger fails to cooperate, it could delay our takeoff and we may lose our runway slot," Anna said loudly, prompting annoyed murmurs from throughout the cabin. "I may even have to pull you right up out of that seat and eject you from the flight," she said in a lower voice as she leaned in toward Sara with a look of mock sternness. "And of course," she whispered, leaning even closer and fingering the soft blanket, "we couldn't allow you to leave the plane with airline property..."  
  
"B-but..." said Sara meekly.  
  
"Show me," Anna said in a whisper so soft and sultry that it made Sara moist.  
  
Anna stood back up and smiled down at the blushing girl, who obediently slid the blanket off to show the demanding flight attendant her full, naked body - from her pert, b-cup breasts, to her narrow waist and taut stomach, to her neatly trimmed bush and long, slender legs. Sara was transfixed by Anna's piercing green eyes as they looked her up and down as if she was eyeing a delicious ice cream sundae dripping with chocolate sauce.  
  
Sara had never imagined herself as bisexual, or even particularly curious, but feeling the heat of this beautiful woman's lustful gaze all over her nude body aroused her more than she would have ever believed possible. She sat there frozen, heart pounding, staring up helplessly at the gorgeous flight attendant, not even thinking about the dozens of oblivious strangers surrounding them just a few feet away as she brazenly presented her naked body for this captivating woman's appraisal.  
  
She had no idea how much time had passed before Anna abruptly snapped Sara out of her erotic daze with stern look and a nod at her lap.  
  
Mortified, Sara looked down between her legs, afraid that Anna might have spied the wetness building up there...  
  
But no, she just wasn't wearing her seatbelt after all.  
  
Sara frantically snapped the buckle over her slim hips and dove back under her blanket, humiliated not only by the exposure, but by how aroused it had so clearly made her. Anna just winked and gave her a lingering smirk before continuing her pre-flight routine as if nothing had happened.  
  
After takeoff, Sara had done her best to calm down, but she remained flushed and anxious as she squirmed naked in her seat, unsure how this ill-advised escapade was going to turn out now that all of her clothes were down in the cargo hold and she was trapped for the next 12 hours naked on a plane with this beautiful and manipulative woman who knew her secret and seemed determined to torment her with it.  
  
Eventually the cabin lights went down and so did Sara's anxiety, at least somewhat. Everybody seemed more interested in the in-flight movie than looking at her. But just as she started breathing easier, Sara heard a familiar voice.  
  
"How is your flight experience so far?" Anna said with a grin.  
  
"Pretty nerve-wracking, to be honest," said Sara, smiling for the first time since she lost her dress.  
  
"Not used to flying this far?" asked Anna, leaning close again.  
  
"Not used to flying thisnaked," Sara whispered, trying not to stare at the woman's fulsome cleavage.  
  
They shared a quiet giggle and Anna's finger drifted down to the girl's exposed shoulder, swirling over her soft skin. Even though she was relatively warm under the blanket, Sara was suddenly covered in goosebumps, and her heart started racing just like it did when Anna made her expose herself completely. While she knew she was technically fully covered, Anna's touch on that small patch of bare skin - along with her wicked, knowing smile - somehow made Sara feel more naked than she had ever felt before.  
  
And again, even though she had never seriously thought of other girls sexually before, this magnetic woman's attention felt so erotic that Sara couldn't ignore an intense attraction building inside her.  
  
"I think I know just what you need to relieve some of this anxiety," Anna whispered in a husky voice that made the naked girl squirm, her face slowing drawing ever closer to Sara's as she looked deep into the girl's wide, blue eyes.  
  
Feeling like she was in a dream, the quivering, mesmerized girl leaned in and closed her eyes, as if readying herself for a deep kiss.  
  
"You need a drink," said Anna, suddenly standing.  
  
After being aroused and then mortified by this woman for a second time, Sara both literally and figuratively melted into her seat as the seductive flight attendant sauntered back up the aisle past the curtain, leaving her naked passenger panting. But Sara was barely able to shake herself out of her erotic daze before her tormentor reappeared with a plastic cup full of red wine.  
  
"I hope you like red. It was all I could sneak out of First Class," she said.  
  
"I - sure, that's fine," said Sara, gratefully reaching up from under her blanket.  
  
But rather than handing it to her, Anna quite deliberately upended the cup over Sara's blanket, dousing it with wine.  
  
"Oh, I'm so sorry to spoil your blanket like that!" she said with mock surprise. "Don't worry, I'll get you a new one right away."  
  
And before Sara could even react, Anna snatched up the soiled blanket and disappeared up the aisle of the darkened cabin, leaving the naked girl completely exposed just as the in-flight movie ended and the lights started to come up. Sara frantically grabbed the airline magazine and duty-free catalogue from her seat pocket, draping one over her lap, and hiding the rest of herself as best she could as she pretended to read the other.  
  
Sara cowered behind the glossy pages for what seemed like hours as passengers got up and went forward to line up for the bathroom between Business Class and coach. She dared not make any eye contact, but Sara could tell that some of them stared at her as they passed in the aisle, and she could only hope they just assumed she was somehow legitimately dressed in some ultra-skimpy beach outfit that they couldn't quite see. They were flying to the Caribbean, after all!  
  
After what felt like every passenger on the plane marched past her and ogled her magazine ensemble, Sara felt a wave of relief when she spied out of the corner of her eye a flight attendant's uniform at the front of the coach section. But when she looked up, it wasn't Anna with her new blanket - it was the other flight attendant, pushing the dinner-service cart.  
  
As Anna's colleague made painfully slow progress down the aisle handing out dinner trays, Sara saw Anna start making her way behind with the drinks cart. When Sara caught her eye, Anna smiled and held up the blanket she had promised more than a half-hour ago, casually motioning that she would bring it as fast as the carts would allow, as if Sara had asked for an extra packet of peanuts rather the only possible covering for her naked body on a crowded airplane.  
  
Sara waited anxiously, having absolutely no idea what she could possibly say to the other flight attendant when she got to her row and saw that Sara was completely and inexplicably naked.  
  
When the dinner cart finally made it down the dozen rows to Sara's seat, the attendant's eyes widened when she saw Sara trying and failing to hide her nakedness with the magazines. Sara was paralyzed. What could she say? What possible excuse could seem remotely plausible for why she was sitting there completely nude in the middle of an airplane on a 12-hour flight?  
  
The naked, humiliated girl was about start babbling incoherently to the older women when the flight attendant suddenly just rolled her eyes.  
  
"Anna's at it again," she said, shaking her head. "Vegetarian or beef?"  
  
"Um, vegetarian," Sara croaked as she blushed an even deeper shade of red than the wine Anna had dumped on her.  
  
As the dinner cart trundled on, Anna finally arrived with the drinks - and her blanket.  
  
"And what would you like to drink, miss?" she said brightly.  
  
"A blanket, please," muttered Sara, resisting her urge to throw her dinner plate in Anna's face.  
  
"Oh, is that a cocktail of some sort?" Anna taunted with feigned confusion. "What are the ingredients?"  
  
"Can you please just give me the blanket?" Sara whispered with an earnest look that moved Anna to lean in close again.  
  
"Well, if you want a cocktail, you know that costs extra..." she whispered suggestively.  
  
"What? What more do you want from me?" pleaded Sara.  
  
Anna reached out and snatched the magazine off Sara's lap, making the naked girl clutch the other even tighter against her apple breasts.  
  
"Let me take some of this trash away for you," Anna said, holding out her hand for the last bit of covering Sara had.  
  
Reluctantly, Sara handed over the magazine and clamped her hands over her private parts as Anna grinned triumphantly, and then silently collected the neighboring seats' magazines, as well as the safety cards and all other potential coverings from both seat pockets - leaving Sara dumbstruck and absolutely bare.  
  
After taking an excruciatingly long moment to admire Sara's blushing nakedness, Anna finally pulled out a blanket and tossed it in the nude girl's lap. As the wicked flight attendant casually poured a cup of orange juice, Sara unfurled her new cover to find it wasn't a full blanket at all, but just a tiny piece of one - barely enough to cover her from lap to chest and tuck around her body on each side.  
  
"Wait, this isn't a blanket - it's barely a napkin!" she said.  
  
"Oh, you're not satisfied with this one?" Anna asked, holding the orange juice menacingly above Sara's 'napkin.' "If you like, I can take it back and bring you another - after dinner service is over..."  
  
"No! This is fine!Pleaselet me keep it!" Sara said quickly, fully believing that this woman was prepared to take it away and leave her there completely naked with absolutely no cover for the rest of the flight.  
  
Sara couldn't even think about eating - her stomach was so full of butterflies already - so when Anna came back up the aisle a half hour later collecting everyone's trash, the squirming, barely covered girl dumped the untouched plate into the bag. But Anna didn't move on.  
  
"Is the anything else I can take while I'm here?" she said teasingly, leaning over and playfully tugging on the tiny 'blanket' Sara clutched over her nakedness.  
  
"Oh no, I'm fine!" said Sara, totally flustered.  
  
The beautiful flight attendant leaned close again and ran her fingertips up and down Sara's now entirely bare arm, unleashing another cascade of goosebumps all over her slender body.  
  
"I know you're loving this," Anna whispered softly in the quivering girl's ear. "This is why you took your dress of in the first place - why you put it away in your bag. Youwantedthis, you naughty little girl... You were hoping for something just like this, and you know it."  
  
Anna's finger suddenly slipped under Sara's 'blanket' and flicked her stiffened nipple, making the nearly nude girl almost leap out of her seat.  
  
"Remember, if you need anything from me tonight, just press the call button," Anna whispered in her ear as she stood up again and carried on with her duties.  
  
The lights finally dimmed again for the night, and Sara started to relax as much as she could given her circumstances. But she couldn't stop thinking about Anna - her amazing green eyes, that wicked and beguiling smile - how this magnetic and manipulative woman seemed to see right through Sara's exhibitionist desires, and how she seemed determined to exploit them for her own amusement. What else did Anna have planned for her? What other exposures and humiliations were in store for her before they landed? And what then? With all her clothes down in the cargo hold, how would she even get off the plane? Was Anna really going to make her go get her bag wearing only this scrap of fabric that she couldn't even wrap around herself?  
  
Sara's heart started to race again...  
  
And... was Anna right, after all? Sara wondered - as she recalled all the embarrassments and humiliations Anna had already inflicted on her, and reflected on the excitement and deep arousal they had incited inside her - did she reallywantthis?  
  
Sara's fingers drifted between her legs as she replayed the moment Anna had first made her pull her blanket down and reveal her naked body, and remembered the helpless thrill she felt as that gorgeous stranger looked down at her with her devilish smile, so clearly enjoying her power to make this young, nervous girl expose herself to her so completely. Sara flushed when she pictured Anna's piercing green eyes lustily looking her naked body up and down, and she squirmed when she recalled the woman's sultry, teasing whispers in her ear.  
  
Sara's body felt steamy under even that tiny scrap of cloth, and sweat stared to glisten on her chest as she remembered that taunting, triumphant grin after she surrendered the magazines and Anna had finally stripped her once and for all of any possible covering. And Sara relived the humiliation - and, yes, elation - of that moment as she squirmed, naked and helpless, under this beautiful woman's appreciating gaze, knowing that she depended entirely on her to provide any chance at modesty or dignity.  
  
Sara started breathing heavier as she recalled the humbling, titillating fear she felt when she cowered under the meager scrap of cover Anna had offered, begging to be allowed to keep it, and knowing it was totally within this woman's power to take it away and leave her naked and exposed in a cabin full of strangers for the rest of the flight.

Yes, it was thrilling to be stripped and teased like this. Yes, it was an electrifying, mortifying, exhilarating experience to be so hopelessly naked and feel so completely at this woman's mercy. Yes, this was just the sort of titillating, embarrassing, heart-pounding experience that she had fantasized about having on this vacation.  
  
Yes, Anna was right, Sara finally admitted to herself as her hips bucked against the seatbelt and her other hand gripped the armrest. Shewantedthis.  
  
As Sara panted weakly and hastily covered herself again after she let her tiny covering fall away while pleasuring herself. Then, her head still swimming with erotic reveries about Anna, and before she could even think clearly about the implications, her moist fingers reached for the call button.  
  
Anna emerged from behind the curtain at the front of the darkened coach section as if she was expecting the call, and slowly sauntered down the dozen rows to where Sara waited, still breathing heavy and glistening with sweat.  
  
"Well, I see you're enjoying the flight," said Anna with raised eyebrows and that wicked smirk.  
  
"You're right," whispered Sara, almost too softly to hear.  
  
Anna leaned in very close and locked eyes with her. "Say that again."  
  
"I said... you're right."  
  
"About what?" she prompted as she ran her finger across Sara's sweaty chest.  
  
"A-about me wanting this."  
  
"Wanting what?" Anna asked, putting her salty finger in her mouth.  
  
"About you doing this to me," Sara whispered, suddenly feeling ashamed of what she was saying, and yet even more aroused by it. "Teasing me, taking my clothes away, making me expose myself for you."  
  
"So, you enjoy me playing with you like this."  
  
"Yes."  
  
"You're my naked little toy, and you're loving it."  
  
"Yes..."  
  
"And you want... more."  
  
"Y-yes..."  
  
"Well then, my horny little exhibitionist, you're going to have to come join me behind the curtain at the front of the section," said Anna. "Oh, and I'm taking this with me," she said, tugging at Sara's tiny blanket. "Don't worry, sweetie, everybody's asleep."  
  
Sara submissively released her grip and once again let Anna take away her only covering, leaving her totally naked in her seat. It was many excruciating moments after the flight attendant disappeared behind the curtain before Sara was finally able to muster the courage to follow.  
  
Standing naked in the darkened aisle, feeling the dry air suddenly all over her moist skin, Sara felt so exhilaratingly bare and exposed that she thought her heart might leap out of her chest. With each slow, timid step forward, her hands the only thing hiding her privates, she was thrillingly aware that any one of the sleeping passengers around her could stir at any moment and catch her nude, literally streaking up the aisle of an airplane. By the time she reached the curtain at the front, Sara was so aroused that she was almost dripping.  
  
Behind the curtain, Anna was waiting for her in the dimly lit catering area, and her devouring eyes made Sara feel like an ice cream sundae all over again. Then Anna twirled her finger, directing Sara to turn around for her, and the naked girl meekly obeyed, turning slowly, even as she blushed, making sure to give this demanding woman a good look at her nude body from every angle.  
  
When they faced each other again, Anna reached out and casually caressed Sara's firm breast, making her flinch slightly.  
  
"You've never been with a woman before, have you, my naked little toy?" said Anna, not taking her hand away, but instead reaching out with the other to stroke Sara's bare butt, making the nervous girl jump again.  
  
"No... um, I... I..." Sara's voice trailed off as she was distracted by Anna's delicate touch, anxious about where her hands would go next, but excited to find out.  
  
"Never even considered it?"  
  
"Well, I-I mean... not really... b-but I..." Sara stammered nervously, her voice fading again as she lost herself in Anna's brilliant green eyes.  
  
"You know what I think?" said Anna, taking her hands and drawing Sara closer until her nipples brushed the front of the flight attendant's blouse, making the naked girl's heart flutter. "I think it doesn't really matter to you that I'm a woman - you're just so damn turned on that I can get you naked and make you do such naughty things."  
  
Finally, Anna kissed her gently and Sara swooned, leaning in for more. As they kissed more deeply, the woman's hands glided across what felt like every inch of the naked girl's pale, bare skin, and Sara eagerly moved her feet apart when Anna's fingers arrived between her legs.  
  
As her naked body flooded with arousal, Sara unconsciously arched her back and raised one leg, rubbing her inner thigh against Anna's skirt and curling her leg around to pull the woman closer. Anna returned Sara's passion, pressing the girl back against the wall, and the sudden feeling of the cold plastic against the full length of her naked body made Sara gasp with shock and arousal at the stark reminder of her total nudity.  
  
"Shhh!" said Anna, putting her moist finger against Sara's lips. "You don't want to wake up the other passengers. Trust me."  
  
They resumed making out, and Anna continued to stroke and caress Sara all over her nude body, never letting the girl forget for even a second that she was completely naked, in the middle of an airplane, in the arms of a stranger who hadn't even asked her name.  
  
Once Anna had gotten Sara so worked up that her legs were shaking, she broke off the kiss and stepped back.  
  
"Do you want more?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, please," Sara panted desperately, her mind swimming, "more, please."  
  
"Do you want it enough to do something more for me, my naked little toy?" she asked. "Something even more daring and scary than anything you've done for me so far?"  
  
"W-whatever you want," Sara stammered as she twisted her legs together wantonly, unable to imagine anything worse than what she'd done already, but now equally incapable of saying no.  
  
"Well then, I'm going to go all the way to the back of the plane, and I want you to join me there. But I need you to wait until I get there before you follow me, because I want to watch my naked toy walk all the way down the entire length of the cabin, past all those sleeping passengers, completely naked and exposed. Will you do that for me?"  
  
"Oh god, all that way? Past all those people? I-I don't know..."  
  
Anna just smirked and swirled her finger between Sara's legs again, stirring her up once more.  
  
"If you do this for me, sweetie, I promise I'll give you something that you want," she whispered, taking her finger away again right at the crucial moment.  
  
"Okay," Sara whimpered, "I-I'll do it."  
  
"You'll do it for me." said Anna firmly, locking eyes with the squirming, naked girl.  
  
"Yes, I'll do it for you," said Sara with an anguished look. "But can I... can I just ask one thing from you?"  
  
"Oh, getting bold, are we?" said Anna, tweaking Sara's erect nipple. "Well, you can certainlyASK, my little toy, but I can't promise you what I'll answer."  
  
"Can I..." Sara whimpered awkwardly as she shifted from one foot to the other. "Can I please pee first? I just realized I've really gottta go!"  
  
Anna laughed out loud before she caught herself and then silently chuckled at Sara, who was now clasping both hands between her legs and hopping on one foot.  
  
"Well, I have to say, it's soooo adorable that you felt the need to ask mypermissionfirst that I'm almost moved to say yes," said Anna, flashing that wicked, controlling grin and pinching Sara's cheek. "But I'm thinking you might need that little extra motivation to get your naked ass moving down that aisle. So, I'm going to make you wait you until you get to the loo at the back of the plane."  
  
"B-but..."  
  
"Tut-tut," said Anna, again putting a moist finger to Sara's lips. "Backtalk will only delay your relief - and your reward. So, let's get you ready for that long, naked walk."  
  
With that, Anna untied the kerchief of her flight attendant uniform, and for a brief moment Sara thrilled at the hope that Anna was about to undo her blouse and show the naked girl her well-rounded breasts. But alas, the beautiful woman remained fully clothed, and instead turned Sara around, pulled her hands behind her back, and tied them tightly together.  
  
"What are you doing?" said Sara in a panic.  
  
"I saw you covering yourself like a naughty girl on your way up here," Anna said, playfully smacking Sara's bare ass. "We can't have my naked little toy doing that on your way to meet me for your reward. I said I wanted to see you do it naked andexposed..."  
  
Still standing behind her, Anna reached around to tease Sara between her legs one more time, pulling her back to press the girl's naked ass against her hips and putting her lips right up to Sara's ear.  
  
"And in case you get any ideas about chickening out on me along the way, my little plaything, do keep in mind that from where I'll be standing, I can turn all the cabin lights back on with the flip of a switch, at any moment I choose."  
  
When Anna disappeared beyond the curtain, leaving her alone, naked and bound, Sara almost had a panic attack. Picturing herself caught completely nude, her hands tied behind her back, in the middle of the airplane cabin as it suddenly flooded with light was almost too much for her to bear. Her heart pounded, her chest tightened, but also... her nipples stiffened sharply — and not just from the air conditioning on her sweaty, naked skin. As scared as she was, Sara was also hugely aroused, and she felt quite slippery between her legs as she shifted nervously from foot to foot.  
  
Yes indeed, Anna was right — Sara wanted this...  
  
But could she actually do it?  
  
Sara peeked out from behind the curtain and saw Anna waiting for her at the far end of the cabin, beckoning her with the same teasing finger — even the same motion — the woman had used so skillfully to entice the anxious girl into this predicament in the first place. To be sure, Sara was in desperate need of the "reward" Anna had promised her, but she realized she also felt nearly as compelling a desire to please this magnetic, demanding woman. A good deal of her blushing when Anna was making her expose herself, Sara realized in retrospect, was actually from how flattered she felt that this gorgeous woman wanted — indeed, demanded — to see her naked, and also from the lasciviously approving gaze she received when she complied.  
  
Sara had to go through with it, however frightened she was. This was what she wanted — but almost more importantly, this is what Anna wanted. Anna was in control now, and Sara was her naked toy.  
  
Taking a deep breath, Sara stepped out from behind the curtain and looked out at the long coach cabin filled with sleeping passengers. She noticed with alarm that a few in the window seats actually had their reading lights on, but mercifully, they all seemed to have dozed off in their books. As Sara took her first tentative steps down the aisle, her eyes kept jumping from face to face up and down the three dozen rows of seats, hoping to reassure herself that they were all still asleep, but looking at so many individual faces, knowing that any one of them, at any moment, could open their eyes and catch her strolling naked through the cabin only made her heart pound harder.  
  
Every movement from any passenger - shifting in their seat, repositioning their head - made Sara jump as she made her way down the aisle. One snoring businessman suddenly snorted and lolled his head just as Sara was walking past, making her freeze like a gazelle, but Anna's demanding gaze compelled her to keep moving.  
  
Sara couldn't help but strain against her bindings at moments like that, so powerful was her instinct to cover herself. Anna was smart to tie her hands, the frightened girl realized, if she really wanted to be sure to see her naked toy walking exposed.  
  
As she made her way slowly down the aisle, twitching at every movement around her, Sara was struck with a lightning bolt of fear when she saw a man in a window seat a few rows ahead of her suddenly wake up and open his eyes.  
  
He was looking straight at her, eyes wide.  
  
Reflexively, Sara ducked down and crouched in the aisle so the rows between them shielded her from his view.  
  
"What the fuck?" he muttered quietly to himself. "Was she... naked?"  
  
She held her breath as she listened to him shift in his seat as if craning to get another look at what he was sure he had just seen. From her crouch, Sara could see just the very top of his bald head barely bobbing above the edge of the seat that was shielding her, still blocking his view.  
  
Then she heard him unbuckle his seatbelt to stand up.  
  
Sara dropped to her knees in a panic and lowered her head to the floor. Desperate to get herself as low as possible, the terrified, naked girl spread her legs wide apart until they touched the seats on either side, and pressed her bare belly against the carpet. All she could do was hope she had gotten too low for the man to see her, and pray that he would soon lose interest and go back to sleep.  
  
As her heartbeat thundered in her chest, Sara imagined what a sight she must be to Anna right then: naked and prostrated towards her like a worshiper at a temple, hands bound behind her back like a slavegirl to be sacrificed. And the mortified girl couldn't bear to even picture the spectacle that her well-spread butt cheeks would present to anyone behind her who might happen to turn in their seats and look down the aisle.  
  
Eventually, the noises from the window seat died down and Sara dared raise her head. After a few moments she shuffled forward on her knees to peek between the seats in the row in front of him, and to her great relief, she saw the man dozing soundly again.  
  
But that slight comfort was immediately replaced with renewed terror when Annacleared her throat(!!) and theatrically reached behind the curtain for the light switch she had warned Sara about. The naked girl quickly got to her feet and shook her head with a plaintive look, scampering forward a few steps to prove to her tormentor that she wasn't going to chicken out.  
  
Anna's smug grin made Sara feel so utterly helpless and vulnerable. There she was, completely nude, all her clothes down in the cargo hold, walking stark naked down the aisle of an airplane with her hands bound behind her back - and she had just very nearly been caught by someone - yet Sara knew she couldn't stop, she had to keep going, or else this wicked vixen was surely going to flip on the cabin lights so she would be caught naked byeveryone.  
  
Sara had never felt so exposed in her life as she made her way down the aisle in front of dozens and dozens of total strangers, all seated facing her. She felt like a naked stripper on stage in a theater full of people - but a stripper who wasn't getting paid for this act, and hadn't even signed up for it, but was just stripped bare and shoved out in front of the crowd by her "manager," Anna - who was now waiting for her, practically tapping her foot, at the far end of the cabin.  
  
And that, Sara was now able to admit to herself, did give this maddening escapade a special thrill. The fact that Anna had this control over her - to make her "naked toy" risk such humiliating exposure for her own amusement - turned Sara on far more than if she had somehow found the courage to do this on her own. But of course, Sara knew she could never have even imagined doing something as thrilling and risky as this if Anna hadn't pushed her into it. Every moment of arousing exposure, every heart-pounding thrill of near-humiliation that Sara had experienced since the moment she took off her dress, she knew she owed to Anna. And as excruciating as all of Anna's manipulative games had been, Sara felt strangely grateful.  
  
But that gratitude was immediately put to the test when Sara heard an indignant gasp from an elderly woman in a seat just ahead of her.  
  
"Young lady, you'renaked," she whispered scoldingly, as if Sara was somehow unaware.  
  
"Shhh, oh god, please," said Sara in a hushed voice, crouching next to her and scrambling to come up with some explanation. "Please, please don't make a fuss, ma'am. My, um, my school friends and I are on holiday and they just dared me to make a naked dash to the bathroom - just for a laugh."  
  
"Running around naked on an airplane?" the old lady hissed with a disgusted look. "I should think a girl could get arrested for such a thing, you shameless little hussy."  
  
"Oh god no, please don't say anything," begged the naked, blushing girl as she glanced around, fearful that this awkward conversation might wake someone else up. Sara desperately wanted to cover herself, but knew she couldn't even try - so she just knelt there, thoroughly humiliated, displaying her naked body to this prudish old crone as she scolded her as a hussy. "I know it's foolish, ma'am, but please forgive me - we had quite a few drinks on the plane."  
  
"It certainly is foolish," sniffed the old woman, "but nothing less than what I would expect from you young people today."  
  
"Yes, ma'am, terribly foolish," Sara agreed humbly as she sidled past the scornful dowager, carefully angling her body so the woman wouldn't see her bound hands and realize just how foolish Sara actually was. "I'm a very silly, foolish girl."  
  
"When I was your age, a girl would get the strap for such antics..." the old lady muttered, her head drooping as she nodded back in indignant slumber.  
  
When Sara finally reached the back of the plane, her heart still pounding from her twin traumas, Anna held up her hand for her to stop. Sara squirmed in front of her, naked and bound, as Anna reached out and cupped her breast, stroking the nipple with her thumb. This covered Sara with fresh goosebumps and made her glance frantically around at the nearby passengers to make sure they were all still asleep.  
  
"Please," she mouthed without a sound, but Sara somehow knew better than to try to move behind the curtain before she was invited.  
  
Then with that same beguiling, triumphant grin, Anna ran her finger down from Sara's breast to between her legs, and slid it inside the naked girl, making her choke back a gasp. Then Anna curled her finger and pulled, expertly pressing Sara's g-spot and leading the quivering girl behind the curtain.  
  
"It seems almost a shame to untie you," Anna said as she ran her hands over the naked girl's breasts and tweaked her nipples. "You're so deliciously helpless and vulnerable now." Then she ran her fingers down Sara's ticklish sides, making her twitch and catch her breath. "It's almost more fun to play with you like this."  
  
Sara just whimpered and squirmed as the woman's fingertips ventured towards her bare belly, fully accepting her utter helplessness at Anna's hands, but when she unconsciously started hopping from one foot to another Anna stopped her tickling torment and reached behind her to grab one end of the kerchief binding Sara's wrists.  
  
"You were very brave, sweetie, walking all that way in the nude for me," said Anna as she again teased Sara between her legs. "I saw you got into some trouble, but you didn't let that stop you from doing what I told you to."  
  
"Thank you, ma'am. I did my best," said Sara, her hips already grinding with Anna's touch.  
  
"So, I guess the least I can do it let you relieve yourself," she said, withdrawing her fingers and nodding toward the rear restroom as she tugged the end of the kerchief to release Sara's hands.  
  
Sara let out an involuntary whimper at the lost stimulation, but then immediately clutched her crotch and gratefully dashed for the loo.

Inside, the light seemed blinding and terrifying to the nude girl who had just spent the last half-hour creeping around naked in the dark. But as her eyes adjusted, Sara got a good look at herself in the mirror. Strands of her shoulder-length hair clung with sweat to her burning-red face, and Anna's bright pink lipstick was smeared around her mouth. Her chest was flushed as if she had a fever, and the nipples on her apple breasts were sharp with wanton excitement. Most shameful of all, the gap between her skinny thighs glistened with the fruits of her arousal.  
  
Sara looked away from the whorish image and dropped down to the seat, burying her face in her hands. Was that really her? Was she really that horny, naked slut with a lipstick-smeared face, her body on fire from the touch of a woman who clearly delighted in her humiliation?  
  
When she was finally done, the long-awaited relief combined with her intense feelings of shame almost brought Sara to tears, but when she reached down between her legs to daub herself dry, other feelings quickly took over again.  
  
Sara dropped the tissue and started touching herself, recalling Anna's expertly titillating fingers. Her breath quickened, and her shame was subsumed in the thrill she recalled from walking down the aisle for Anna, completely naked and exposed. Sara marveled at the wetness her escapade had created, and as her heart quickened along with her fingers, her arousal built closer and closer to the point of no return, until...  
  
KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!  
  
"You know I have a key that unlocks this door, right?" said Anna, as Sara leapt up from the seat, somehow more embarrassed by this than being caught by the old woman.  
  
"Sorry! I'm coming," she said as she flushed the toilet and frantically washed her hands.  
  
"You'd better not be," Anna chuckled as the naked, hopelessly horny girl emerged from the bathroom. "You're not allowed to do that until I say so."  
  
"N-no, I didn't - I mean... I wouldn't," said Sara sheepishly, surprising herself with how easily she surrendered control of her climax.  
  
"Now, I'd like to see how well my toy can behave for me when your handsaren'ttied," said Anna, placing Sara's hands on her head. "You'll hold still like a good girl while I play with you, won't you, my naked little toy?"  
  
"Y-yes," Sara answered, unsure exactly what she was in for.  
  
Anna's hands danced all over Sara's naked body as she lightly kissed the girl's eager lips. The woman's fingertips seemed to find all the most sensitive and intimate places on Sara's body, making her flinch and squirm - but Sara never took her hands off her head, fearful that it would make Anna halt her sensual ministrations.  
  
Then, when Sara was so worked up she was panting and shaking and about to explode, Anna once again stepped back, making the desperate, naked girl almost cry.  
  
"Please! You promised that if I did this for you, you'd give me what I want," Sara whimpered, "and I want to... finish."  
  
"No, my little toy... I told you I'd give yousomethingyou want," said Anna, reaching into a cabinet. "And I do believe you may wantthis..."  
  
The woman pulled out Sara's sundress and dangled it in front of her.  
  
"Oh, thank god you still have it!" said Sara, reaching for the pink dress. But Anna pulled it just out of reach.  
  
"Well what I'm really going to give you is a choice," she said, "between this... and something I think you want even more."  
  
Anna swung the long dress back and forth as if to hypnotize Sara, so obviously enjoying her power over the naked, squirming girl.  
  
"I could give you this dress back right now, and then you can go back to your seat and spend the rest of the flight relaxing as a normal, fully dressed passenger... But that's all you will be to me. We're done. I won't even look at you again — and even if you press the call button, I'll send Beverly to you instead."  
  
Anna then held the dress away and returned her other hand to slowly stroking Sara between her legs.  
  
"Or... You can choose to remain my naked little toy... That means, you will give this lovely dress to me as a gift to keep, so that you know it will be entirely my choice when —or if— I decide to let you 'borrow' it at some point before you have to get off the plane.Andit means that even after I finish turning you into a hot mess back here, I will continue playing with my naked little toy however I want, for as long as I want, and you will have to do whatever naughty, naked things I say."  
  
Surrendering so completely to this demanding woman when she was so close to an escape to normality made absolutely no sense, Sara knew... but the very thought of it turned her on so much that she almost climaxed right then. But Anna's fingers once again pulled away tauntingly.  
  
"So... what's it going to be?" she asked, dangling the dress. "Choose wisely..."  
  
"I— I want..." said Sara, biting her lip, "I want to be your naked toy."  
  
At that, Anna dropped the dress and pushed Sara against the wall again, making the naked girl gasp loudly once more at the cold shock against her back and bare ass. But this time Anna muffled the sound with a kiss so deep that it made Sara almost —almost— forget where she was. But that feeling ended abruptly when Anna pulled the curtain open and turned Sara's head to make her look back into the darkened cabin full of strangers that she had just walked through completely nude.  
  
"You know that any, or all, of those people could have — and may still — see you naked before we're done," Anna said, as she teased Sara between her legs. "And it's going to be entirely up to me when and how you expose yourself to them, understand?"  
  
"Yes ma'am..."  
  
"Your naked body is my toy to play with," she continued, tweaking the squirming girl's nipple as her fingers went deeper inside her. "And I can do anything I want with it, isn't that right?"  
  
"Yes ma'am," Sara panted, "yes, anything — anything you want..."  
  
"And if I decide I want to show off my little toy, to anyone I want, you're going to obey me, right?"  
  
"Yes ma'am, yes, whatever you say..."  
  
"You have no more right to modesty, no expectation of the privilege of covering yourself," said Anna matter-of-factly, as she worked one hand between Sara's legs and the other caressed her breasts and bare butt. "You've surrendered that to me entirely in exchange for the sexual thrills I can give you in return."  
  
"Yes ma'am, I surrender to you," said Sara, unprompted, humping Anna's hand furiously.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because... because I'm your naked toy."  
  
"Good girl," said Anna, patting Sara's bare butt and pulling the curtain closed again. "Yes, you are... And you love it, don't you?"  
  
"Yes ma'am, I love it."  
  
"So, if I do decide to give you a blanket later on, so my exhausted little exhibitionist can maybe try and get some sleep tonight, then you know you're still not allowed to cover yourself with it without my permission, right?" Anna said, pulling her fingers away again.  
  
"Yessss..." whimpered Sara.  
  
"Mmm?"  
  
"Yes ma'am, because I'm your naked toy."  
  
"And...?"  
  
"And I love it!"  
  
"Very good!" said Anna, rewarding Sara with renewed - but devilishly light - attention between her legs. "And if I decide at any time tonight that I would like to take a look at my naked toy's lovely little body, and I suddenly show up next to your seat... you're going to drop the blanket - without being asked - turn on your reading light, and wait patiently - under a spotlight, on full display - until I'm done looking at you and I walk away. Correct?"  
  
"Yes, I will," said Sara, grinding her hips over Anna's fingers.  
  
"Because..." Anna said slowly, drawing her hand back slightly.  
  
"Because I'm your naked toy and I love it!" pleaded Sara, her hands clinched atop her head as she thrusted her hips forward, desperately chasing Anna's touch. "Please play with me! Please play with your naked toy!"  
  
As if genuinely moved by Sara's earnest plea, Anna plunged deep inside her, lifting the naked girl up onto her toes and making her gasp with pleasure.  
  
"Yes, thank you, thank you! Please play with me! Please let your naked toy cum for you!" said Sara so loudly that Anna had to cover her mouth with a kiss.  
  
In that very moment, Sara's body quaked with an otherworldly climax. Had Anna's strong hand not been supporting her like a saddle, Sara surely would have dissolved into a quivering puddle on the floor. The woman's other arm expertly swooped to support the small of her back when Sara arched and writhed in prolonged ecstasy as Anna manipulated her g-spot in the way only another woman can.  
  
When Anna finally released her from the extended orgasm, Sara barely knew where she was anymore - only that she was totally alive, naked, and wanting more...  
  
"Oh... oh god, thank you..." mumbled the delirious, nude girl as she struggled to get her footing on her wobbly legs. "That was... amazing..."  
  
"Yes, yes it was, baby," said Anna, rubbing Sara all over like a racehorse after a run. "That orgasm was quite impressive. You must have been wanting something like this for a long time."  
  
"I—I guess so..."  
  
Before Sara could even get oriented in her post-coital headrush, Anna got to work stirring her up again, licking her nipples and teasing her clit.  
  
"But of course, now that you've chosen to be my naked toy, you must know that I've only just begun to play with you..."  
  
Both unable and unwilling to stop her seductress, Sara allowed herself to be taken to an even higher plane of arousal. She felt a profound desire to let Anna do whatever she wanted - and to do whatever Anna wanted her to do...  
  
"Now, let's see how well my naked little toy can behave for me when she's not waiting for a reward," Anna said, turning Sara around to face the curtain hiding them from the rest of the cabin.  
  
She took Sara by the wrists and put her hands high up on either side of the doorway, and then nudged Sara's bare feet wide apart with her shoe. Next Anna ran her hands over Sara's naked body, sculpting her pose like an artist.  
  
"Back arched, tits up, butt out," she said, then she reached around between Sara's legs and literally lifted her up by her clit. "And up on your toes."  
  
Spread-eagled and posed like this, Sara felt even more exposed than when her hands were bound behind her back, and that feeling multiplied exponentially when Anna reached forward and drew back the curtain in front of her as if revealing the prize on a game show.  
  
"Now, I want my naked little toy to stay completely still for me, no matter what I do to you," Anna whispered in Sara's ear as she trailed her fingertips ever-so-lightly down her arms. "And I guess I don't have to remind you not to make any noise."  
  
Sara's worst fears were realized when Anna's fingers reached her armpits and swirled around. The naked girl shivered from head to toe and had to bite her lip to keep from squealing. Anna's delicately tickling fingertips then drifted down to swirl around her breasts, then slowly made their way down her ribs, making Sara's breath catch and quiver. She had to strain with all her might to keep her outstretched fingertips touching the sides of the doorway and hold the wanton posture Anna had imposed on her. Sara's skin was so sensitive right after her colossal climax that Anna's slightest touch sent shockwaves through her body and made her every muscle twitch. When the woman's fingertips made their way toward her taut tummy, Sara was about to beg "please, no!" but she suddenly had to choke back the words to avoid erupting into peals of laughter.  
  
It took every modicum of Sara's self-control to keep herself from curling up into a quivering, squealing ball, but she remained in her achingly vulnerable pose as Anna's deft hands teased and tickled the most sensitive parts of her naked body, covering her again with goosebumps head to toe - all while Sara bit her lip and stared out at the airplane cabin filled with (hopefully!) sleeping passengers.  
  
As the tormenting tickles neared the point where Sara felt she could no longer endure them, Anna mercifully moved one hand down to rub her squirming toy's clit, and put her lips to the girl's ear.  
  
"And now, my wonderfully obedient, naked little toy, this is what you're going to do for me next to prove what a shameless exhibitionist you really are... You're going to take a loooong, sloooow walk of shame back to your seat - completely naked, with your hands at your sides - and when you sit down, you're going to pull up your window shade and turn on your reading light. Then you're going bask in that spotlight and touch yourself as you look at your reflection in the window, watching yourself masturbate - totally naked and exposed - sitting in an airplane filled with strangers..."  
  
"Oh god," Sara whispered, equally thrilled and horrified at the thought. "I—I..."  
  
"You're going to do this for me, right?" insisted Anna, as she simultaneously teased Sara's clit and tickled her breasts.  
  
"Y-yes ma'am..." stammered Sara, her horny, delirious brain barely able to grasp what she was committing to.  
  
"Because...?"  
  
"Because I'm your naked toy... and I love it."  
  
"And you're not going to stop, no matter what, until you finish. And even after you're done, you're still not going to turn your light off - you're just going to press the call button and wait for me, naked and on display under the spotlight, until I come to you. You're going to this for me, right?"  
  
"Yes ma'am," Sara panted, "because I'm your naked toy - and I love it."  
  
"Very good, sweetie," said Anna, giving Sara's neck a gentle kiss. "And if you can be a good little naked toy for me, and you do everything I say for the rest of the flight, then I promise that at some point after we land, I'll make sure you have something more than a blanket to wear when you get off the plane."  
  
Then she gave Sara's bare ass a little shove up the aisle.  
  
"Now you'd better get going, sweetie. It's a long walk, and your legs still look a little wobbly," Anna said, running her finger down Sara's spine. "But walk slowly - I want to watch my naked toy work her cute little bum for me."  
  
Sara's first steps were indeed wobbly, her mind still delirious from her climax, and her body still tingling all over from Anna's tickling touch. But she carried on up the aisle towards her seat, where she had committed to doing the most brazen and shameless thing she could possibly imagine.  
  
As terrified as Sara was thinking about the task that awaited her, this walk was somehow easier than the last. Partly, of course, that was because she was looking at the backs of the seats instead of people's faces. And partly because the lingering euphoria of her recent climax masked her fear. But mostly, Sara realized, it was because she knew why she was doing it.  
  
She was doing it because that beautiful, captivating woman behind her had turned Sara into her naked toy, and she told her to do it. Sara was doing it for her.  
  
Sara strode ever more confidently up the aisle, making sure her walk was as seductive and sexy as she could manage - up on her toes, hips swinging, shoulders rolling - hoping to please the woman who commanded it. She barely hesitated even as she neared that scolding old woman, whom Sara could tell was awake a fidgety.  
  
"Tsk, tsk, girls these days are such trashy little harlots," hissed the dowager as she passed.  
  
The accusation made Sara feel humiliated, but also thrilled, and she gave her butt an extra little wiggle as she proceeded on. She somehow didn't care how many judgmental grandmas or skeevy businessmen might be staring at her swishing ass and she sashayed up that aisle - because she knew Anna was watching too, and Sara was doing this for her.  
  
When she finally reached her seat, Sara turned and struck a lascivious pose, looking back down the aisle, past the faces of all the dozens of strangers to find the only one that mattered: the woman who was forcing her - no,inspiringher - to do all of this. Seeing Anna's bright, approving smile shining from the back of the darkened cabin filled Sara's naked body with a warm glow.  
  
Then Sara took her seat - and a deep breath - before sliding up her window shade. With her eyes fully adjusted to the darkness, she could already see her reflection as clearly as in the bathroom mirror - her slender, naked body slumped low in the seat, her small breasts punctuated with erect, beadlike nipples, her eager fingers already venturing below her neatly trimmed bush, her chest and taut stomach rising and falling with every nervous breath. And looking deeper into the dark reflection, she noticed that she could also see the sleeping woman across the aisle in her row - just as clearly as that woman would be able to see her if she woke up during Sara's shameless display.  
  
Realizing this, her sense of embarrassment and fear returned, quickly burning through her erotic fog, and it was with a reluctant, shaky hand that Sara slowly reached up to turn on her reading lamp.  
  
The blinding flood of light stunned her. Reflecting off her pale skin, the light suddenly made Sara's nude body incandescent in the darkness. She felt like a lighthouse beacon, visible for miles around, begging to be noticed. Sara knew that if anyone did see her naked like this, the sight would be seared into their mind forever.  
  
Looking at her radiant reflection in the window, she ran her fingers up and down her body from her thighs to her breasts before plunging them into her sex, marveling at the sight of this wanton, naked slut - which she knew to somehow be herself - masturbating in an airplane seat where anybody walking by could see.  
  
Sara had never looked at lesbian porn, or even solo female masturbation videos. She had never even watched herself masturbate in a mirror as some of her straight friends like Rosie had. But the sight of herself naked and masturbating - teasing her breasts and rubbing her clit - turned Sara on more than she thought possible.  
  
Seeing herself under such a hot spotlight, spreading her legs and pleasuring her naked body, Sara couldn't help but feel like she was on a stage at some sleazy sex club, putting on a profane show for a crowd of horny pervs like some whore. And to her surprise and shame, that disturbing thought only heightened her arousal as she dug deeper into herself.  
  
As Sara neared her third(?) orgasm of the evening, her breath came in frantic pants, the faintest hint of a moan creeping into each one despite her desperation to stay quiet. She watched her reflection as her naked body bucked and writhed, her chest heaving with every breath, one hand working furiously between her legs and the other squeezing her breasts and twisting her nipples.  
  
With the pressure building, Sara finally stopped watching her slutty performance and just surrendered herself to the sensations boiling inside her. Her bare skin felt electric as she ran her free hand all over her naked body. Each twist of every squirming joint felt synchronized in an orchestra of arousal, and she thrashed her head from side to side in the near agony of her approaching erotic crescendo...  
  
Then, just as she bit her lip and pressed hard on her clit to fling herself over the edge into orgasm, Sara opened her eyes to see that the woman across the aisle was no longer asleep, but instead quite awake and staring straight at her, totally aghast.  
  
Unable to stop her cresting climax, Sara could only meet the woman's gaze, their shocked eyes locked, as her naked body writhed and quaked helplessly in front of her.  
  
It seemed like an eternity before Sara regained control of her limbs and managed to clench her arms over her privates, her entire, nude body blushing under the woman's appalled stare. The passenger leaned forward and moved her mouth as if she was trying to speak, but no sound came out and her eyes rolled around in her head. The woman's heavy eyelids drooped and rose, and Sara realized that she must be fighting the sleeping pills she had downed before they took off. With any luck, hoped the naked girl as the woman appeared to drift off again, she wouldn't even remember what she saw when she woke up the next day when they landed.

Even after the woman went back to sleep, Sara still desperately wanted to turn off her reading lamp, naked as she was under the blinding spotlight. But she knew better than to indulge her modesty instead of obeying Anna's instructions, so after a few deep breaths, Sara reached up and pressed her call button.  
  
After an excruciating wait, Sara looked up to see Anna standing over her with that smug-yet-beguiling smile as she stared down at her obedient, naked toy.  
  
"You know I heard you in the back," said Anna, taking the seat beside her. "You were really moaning right there at the end."  
  
"Oh god I know," said Sara, sinking into her seat. "The woman across from me actually woke up and saw me!"  
  
"Don't mind her," said Anna, putting her arm around Sara and stroking her hair. "She's an auto-parts heiress who makes this trip at least twice a month, totally doped up, both ways - and probably most of the time in between. She won't remember a thing."  
  
Then Anna tipped Sara's chin up to look into her eyes and started caressing the naked girl's body all over.  
  
"What I'm more concerned about," Anna said as her fingertips drifted closer to the slippery crevice between Sara's thighs, "is thatyouremember what happened tonight."  
  
"Oh jeez, oh my god, are you kidding me?" said Sara with a weak chuckle. "I'm going to be thinking about tonight for the rest of my life."  
  
"So, itwaswhat you wanted - what you were hoping for when you stashed away your dress..."  
  
"Yes, yes it was," confessed Sara, gasping slightly as Anna's fingers slithered between her legs. "This whole vacation with me and my friend, actually - it was meant to be some sort of exhibitionist adventure for us. But what you made me do on this flight was just... wow, so far beyond anything we were planning."  
  
"Oh? Your friend?" prompted Anna, her other hand teasing Sara's breasts, circling her nipple with a red-polished fingernail.  
  
"Ah! ooh, yes... um, Rosie... I-I met her on her semester abroad and she suggested we take a beach vacation together..." Sara squirmed as Anna's fingers delved inside her, somehow cranking up her arousal yet again as if she hadn't just moments ago had yet another body-shaking climax. "We - we planned to stay at the Coral Cay..."  
  
"Oh yes, that resort has a nude beach, doesn't it?"  
  
"C-clothing optional, yes," said Sara, her breath coming in shorter pants.  
  
"So, you and your little friend really are aspiring exhibitionists, aren't you?"  
  
"W-well, yes... we have this plan, to swim naked up the coast to a regular beach and -oh!" said Sara, as Anna's finger found her g-spot. "And... and then maybe come out of the water there and - oooh! - um, and then make our way home along the beach..."  
  
"Oh my, how daring!" said Anna, as her other hand danced across Sara's bare, super-sensitive skin. "You and Rosie are such naughty little girls, aren't you?"  
  
"Yes ma'am, I-I mean, I guess so..." said Sara, suddenly blushing again without really knowing why.  
  
"Say it," insisted Anna, tipping Sara's chin up again.  
  
"We're - we're naughty little girls..." said Sara, losing herself once more in Anna's piercing green eyes.  
  
"And you can't wait to run around naked where you're not supposed to," said Anna, with a nodding prompt for Sara to repeat it.  
  
"A-and we can't wait to run around naked where we're not supposed to-ooh!" recited Sara, rewarded by a swirl of Anna's thumb on her clit.  
  
"You know, if you really want to feel naked on those little escapades, you definitely need to get rid of this," said Anna, running her thumb over Sara's brown muff. "You won't believe how exposed you'll feel once you've shaved - especially if you've never been bare down there before."  
  
"I will, ma'am, I promise I will," said Sara between quickening pants, though not exactly sure why she felt the need to make such a pledge.  
  
"Such a good girl!" Anna chuckled, teasing Sara's nipple and marveling at her eagerness to please. "Well, I have a present for you, my obedient little toy," Anna said, withdrawing her fingers from between Sara's legs - which made the horny, naked girl whimper slightly - and reaching behind her back to bring out a blue airline blanket. "I promise this one is regular sized."  
  
"Oh god, thank you," said Sara, clutching the folded blanket to her chest, but somehow not even thinking of covering herself with it in Anna's presence. "I think I'm going to need this in a bit to get some sleep. I feel like I've run a marathon - naked."  
  
"Well, you're not getting any sleep until I'm done with you, sweetie," said Anna planting a deep kiss on Sara's lips and plunging her fingers back into the girl's slippery nethers.  
  
Her naked toy arched her back and moaned into their kiss as Anna's fingers returned to Sara's g-spot and her thumb swirled over her clit. She rubbed with a rhythm that quickened with the girl's breath as Sara bucked her hips at the same pace. The woman's other arm held Sara tight as her entire body began to writhe and gyrate, then Anna placed a fingertip on Sara's g-spot and her thumb on her clit, paused for a moment, and then pinched them together.  
  
Sara's hands clawed at her seat cushion as she ground her hips wantonly on Anna's hand and her toes curled at the ends of her rigid, shaking legs. Her naked body tensed and vibrated like she had licked a light socket, and the aftershocks continued as the pressure of the woman's masterful fingers pulsed between long moments of swirling strokes. Sara surely would have screamed if her mouth weren't consumed by Anna's lips.  
  
When the naked girl slowly drifted down from her fourth(?!?) climax of the evening, she was quivering and delirious, feeling utterly spent and exhausted.  
  
"That... that was unreal..." said Sara, unconsciously curling up her legs and snuggling into Anna's arm.  
  
"Shhh, my little toy, it was all very real..." cooed Anna as she stroked Sara's hair. "I don't want you to go to sleep and wake tomorrow up thinking all this was all just a dream."  
  
"Oh god, Iwishmy dreams could be this good!" said Sara with a weak chuckle.  
  
"You are a beautiful, sexy, daring young woman," said Anna. "Your wholelifecould be this good, Sara."  
  
"Wait, what? You know my name? But when—?"  
  
"As soon as you got on board," said Anna lightly pinching Sara's bare butt. "The moment I saw this perky, petite little pink gumdrop bounce onto my plane, I made damn sure I got a look at your boarding pass with your name and seat number."  
  
"But... but if you knew all along..." mumbled Sara, her weary eyelids starting to droop.  
  
"Well I guess I just preferred calling you my naked little toy," said Anna, giving Sara a soft kiss.  
  
"Hmmm... Me too..." said Sara tucking up under the woman's arm and resting her head on Anna's full, warm breast.  
  
Nestled under Anna's arm, totally drained, Sara felt her weariness start to overtake her. As she drifted off, Sara vaguely registered Anna laying her down across the two seats and covering her sweaty, naked body with the blanket. Then she leaned down and kissed Sara on the head before whispering something that surely would have made the nude girl sit bolt upright if she hadn't been so thoroughly exhausted.  
  
"Better rest up sweetie... you still have to make it off this airplane tomorrow morning when we land..." was the last thing Sara heard before she passed out.

**Red-faced on the Red-eye Pt. 02 - Sunburn**

Sara sighed blissfully, basking in the warmth of the tropical sun beaming down on her naked body as she lay sprawled on the strangely lumpy sand and ran her fingers over her bare skin, reveling in her total exposure on the crowded beach. It was so crowded, in fact, that she somehow couldn't quite lay her head down flat, and something was even keeping her from stretching out her long, slender legs. But Sara tried to relax as she heard the chime of a steel drum – or a bell? – and listened to the reassuring tones of the captain telling everyone that they would soon be landing...  
  
Captain? ...landing?  
  
Sara suddenly sat up and realized that she still on the plane, very naked, and completely exposed, having sloughed her blanket off onto the floor in her sleep – and the topical sun warming her body was shining in from under her still-open window shade, highlighting her bare, pale skin in the darkened cabin just as brightly as did her reading light.  
  
Then, all of a sudden, all the cabin lights turned on and dozens of waking passengers began opening their own window shades, flooding the cabin with morning light as the naked girl snatched up her blanket and scrambled to cover her petite, nude body.  
  
Seats were rustling all around her as passengers stirred and began moving into the aisles to line up for the restrooms at each end of the section. The 21-year-old co-ed had to go as well – desperately, in fact – but she wasn't about to stand up and wait in line for ten minutes just wrapped in a blanket, so she crossed her legs tight and waited for the queue to thin out. As the passengers shuffled past her, Sara noticed that several of them were giving her some very odd looks, as if many more people than she had realized may have woken up to see her during her naked strolls, and then drifted off again assuming it was a dream – only now to have the sight of this skittish, red-faced girl hiding under a blanket make them suddenly question their doubts.  
  
Between the passing passengers, Sara could also see the pill-addled auto-parts heiress across the aisle glaring at her with deep suspicion, no doubt trying to recall what she saw last night when she woke up to Sara's moans and watched her writhe and twist in orgasmic ecstasy under the bright spotlight of her reading lamp. The nude girl blushed a few shades redder as she tried to act as natural as she could curled up in an airplane seat naked under a blanket.  
  
When the line to the bathroom finally dwindled, Sara jumped up in her blanket and hurried up the aisle to the door. It was still occupied, so all she could do was wait there, wrapped in a blanket, at the front of the coach cabin. Reluctantly, she looked back at the rows of seats behind her, facing all the passengers she had so recently crept past completely nude as they slept. Most of their faces had been burned into her memory as she had frantically scanned them last night to make sure they were asleep as she made her naked stroll down the aisle. But now they were all wide awake, and most were staring right at her, no doubt a bit curious about this blushing, barefoot girl standing in the aisle pulling a blanket around her shoulders. She started to wonder again how many of them may have actually seen her last night.  
  
Then Sara spotted the bald man several rows back who she knew had woken up and gotten an eyeful of her last night before she'd been able to duck out of his view. He was staring at her with a lecherous grin and pointing her out to his seatmate, who responded first with a look of initial disbelief, but was soon leering at her as well and pointing her out to his buddies in the row in front of him.  
  
Mortified, Sara turned away and moved further into the catering area – the place where Anna had first kissed her and teased her naked body to convince her to do such shameless and submissive things. Part of her hoped to see Anna in the back of the crew space, remembering how comforting the woman's presence was when she felt so frightened and embarrassed last night. But then another part of her felt a strange relief to see that the area was empty, recalling how Anna had so clearly delighted in Sara's nervous blushing and in pushing her into situations that threatened such total, naked humiliation. Then Sara started to genuinely worry about what the demanding, dominating flight attendant might do if she found her "naked toy" hiding in her territory, daring to cover her nudity with a blanket.  
  
When the restroom finally became available, the increasingly nervous girl scampered inside and shut the door, unsure if she was hiding from the other passengers, or from Anna.  
  
Once she was safe in the loo, Sara looked at herself in the mirror and barely recognized the girl who stared back. Removing her blanket, she saw the normally pale skin of her 5-foot-2, 109-lbs frame blazing red with the shame of being pointed out by the leering men. And yet, she also noticed her nipples pointing erect and beadlike from her b-cup breasts, betraying an arousal she could no longer deny. The loose curls of her shoulder-length brown hair were tousled and tangled, making her feel like some trashy slut kicked out after a one-night stand to take a well-deserved walk of shame home. She could still see on her face traces of Anna's pink lipstick from her first lesbian kiss, and still feel between her thighs the sticky residue of the repeated climaxes that were both the most extraordinary and humiliating of her life.  
  
After relieving herself, Sara did her best to clean herself up and make herself slightly more presentable before she ventured back out into the cabin in an attempt to reclaim some small bit of dignity. But that small effort was immediately undercut when she stepped out only to be confronted by the bald man who had seen her last night, flanked by his thick-necked seatmate.  
  
"Hey, we got a little wager going," he said with a laddish grin. "I'm betting that you're stark naked under that blanket, but my friend here says I'm stark-raving mad."  
  
"So, which is it?" said his friend with a crooked toothed smile, standing back as if he actually expected her to throw open her blanket and give them a good look.  
  
"You're both mad," said Sara, pulling her blanket tighter around her shoulders and pushing past them, humiliated nearly to the point of tears.  
  
"I told you, if she won't show us, that means she's gotta be naked. You owe me a quid." the bald man whispered to his friend, far too loudly, prompting dozens of passengers to look up at Sara wide-eyed as she made her way down to her row.  
  
Once back to her seat and cowering under her blanket, Sara looked up to see the two lads heading to theirs further back.  
  
"I knew I saw you running around starkers last night," he said with a wink as they passed – again far too loud.  
  
Sara did her best to shrink into her seat and disappear, avoiding at all cost looking over at the auto-parts heiress, who was muttering about her from across the aisle.  
  
Not long after that ordeal, the captain announced that everyone should prepare for landing. When she heard the phrase "fasten your seatbelts," Sara felt a hot blush rising as she recalled that moment eons ago when Anna had had first made her reveal her naked body to show her seatbelt before takeoff – the first of so many times the beautiful flight attendant had made her expose herself so completely.  
  
Sara caught herself staring eagerly at the curtain in the front of the coach cabin, waiting to see if Anna would come to make her display her nude body again in a replay of that first electrifying, erotically charged moment between them. As if on cue, Anna emerged from behind the forward curtain flashing her gleaming supermodel smile and began making her way slowly down the aisle checking passengers' seatbelts.  
  
As the tall, curvy flight attendant drew nearer, she casually glanced over and winked at the sexy young girl she had so thoroughly seduced, teased and toyed with just a few hours ago before leaving her naked and exhausted under a blanket. Sara felt an unexpected bolt of lightning between her legs when she met Anna's piercing green eyes for the first time since the night before when the stunning woman had stripped her so naked, physically and emotionally, made her do so many shamefully shameless things, and then rocked her with the most body-quaking climaxes of her life.  
  
"I'm afraid I must ask you to remove your blanket so I can see that you're properly buckled in," said Anna with her knowing smirk when she finally reached Sara's row.  
  
"Yes ma'am, of course," said Sara with a flirtatious tone, as she obediently began pulling her blanket aside.  
  
But just then she noticed the drowsy heiress across the aisle from her craning her neck around Anna's hips to see what she was doing. Sara froze, prompting a raised eyebrow from Anna. A quick nod indicated her concern, but Anna just rolled her eyes and leaned in closer, tossing her wavy blonde hair to one side and slightly obscuring the other woman's view.  
  
"Don't get shy on me now, sweetie," she said with that husky whisper that had compelled Sara to do such naked, brazen things for her all night long.  
  
Still painfully aware of the heiress's gaze, but nonetheless transfixed by Anna's commanding eyes, Sara threw off her blanket and unveiled herself fully to her demanding seductress. She arched her back to thrust out her firm, apple breasts and even slid the buckle higher up over her taut stomach to reveal the light-brown muff between her legs, which she inched open in a wanton display that took even Anna by surprise.  
  
"Very good," Anna said with a wink and lingering look before she turned around to the woman across the aisle.  
  
"Did you see that girl?" hissed the heiress to Anna as Sara scrambled to cover herself again. "She's naked – I saw her last night too."  
  
"You're seeing things again Mildred," said Anna dismissively with a wink over her shoulder at Sara. "You should stop taking so many pills."  
  
Shortly after Anna finished her check, the plane came in for a landing and taxied to a stop. When the seatbelt light finally turned off, passengers began getting up and pulling their bags out of the overhead bins. Sara blushed acutely when she saw the passengers directly in front and behind her – knowing they had been most near and yet most oblivious when she was performing her most shameless act as Anna's naked toy last night: touching herself as she writhed naked under the spotlight of her seat's reading lamp.  
  
As the aisle filled with passengers waiting to exit, Sara noticed more and more of them glancing at her and whispering among themselves. She heard Mildred the heiress muttering to people that she was naked under her blanket, and saw that bald man and his friends pointing her out to other men who all craned and leaned to try and get a better look at her over the seats as Sara sank lower, pulling her blanket up to her chin.  
  
When the line finally began moving, it seemed like every passenger who shuffled past her did their best to get a look to confirm the whispered rumors she couldn't help but overhear – that she had been naked under her blanket for the entire flight... that she had traipsed up and down the plane all night completely nude... that she had brazenly played with herself in her seat, naked under a spotlight like she was begging to be seen... Whether the look on their faces was an eager leer or a judgmental scowl, Sara did her best not to glance up at any of them as they slowly moved past – she but couldn't help but blush deep red as she listened to their laddish snickers or disapproving grumbles, and felt their eyes burn into her.  
  
Eventually, all the passengers had exited the coach section, leaving Sara alone in the cabin and still huddled naked under her blanket, not knowing what to do next. She had really expected Anna to have given back her sundress by now. After all, she had promised to make sure Sara had something to wear to get off the plane – if she was a good girl...  
  
Hadn't... hadn't she been a good girl?  
  
At last, Sara heard some movement in the back of the plane and she peered over her seatback, heaving a sigh of relief when she saw that it was Anna, making her way slowly up the aisle collecting the blankets from the empty seats. Sara wanted to rush up to her and immediately ask for the dress, but she understood by now that Anna just enjoyed making her stew, and knew it was best just to go along her games.  
  
"Well hello, fancy meeting you here," said Anna when she finally made it to Sara's row. "Did you enjoy your flight?"  
  
"Oh yes,tremendously," Sara said, returning Anna's posh tone.  
  
"We do try and take our passengers to new heights."  
  
"Yes. Well, youcertainlydid that. But, um... I was just wondering..." said Sara, biting her lip. "When do I get my dress back?"  
  
"YOURdress?!?" said Anna with apparently genuine offence. "That was agift, remember?"  
  
"Right, sorry! Um, may I 'borrow'yoursundress, please... so I can get off the plane?"  
  
"That's better," said Anna smugly. "Well, I'll tell you what – I'll trade it for your blanket," she said holding out her hand.  
  
Sara rolled her eyes at Anna's constant games and casually handed over her last meager covering to the flight attendant, leaving herself once again completely naked, however briefly, in her seat. But then, much to Sara's surprise, Anna just continued up the aisle, adding blankets to the jumble in her arms.  
  
"Anna!" hissed Sara, suddenly feeling so much more naked now than she had just moments ago when she handed over her blanket. "Thedress?!?"  
  
"Well I didn't bring itwithme!" said Anna with feigned exasperation, and with no further explanation, she grabbed the last few blankets towards the front of the section and disappeared beyond the curtain.  
  
Sara waited for what felt like an eternity for Anna to bring the dress, huddled naked in her seat, knees pulled up to her chest, praying that nobody else would come back there before her beautiful tormentor returned. Then the intercom speakers broke the silence with a crackle.  
  
"Attention all remaining passengers..." It was Anna's voice, of course. "The cleaning crew will be boarding the aircraft in a few moments. All remaining passengers are urged to collect their belongings and immediately exit the aircraft. Thank you."  
  
Sara was petrified. What was she supposed to do now? Where was the dress she was promised? Was Anna really just going to leave her there naked? Was she going to have to make a nude dash past the cleaning crew get to the exit? And whatthen?!? As she imagined a crew of strangers barging in as she sat there naked and helpless, Sara wished she had just kept her blanket instead. Not knowing what else to do, she pressed her call button.  
  
After an excruciating minute, Anna's head popped around the curtain with bright and taunting smile.  
  
"Yes? You called?"  
  
"Where the hell is my—yourdress?!?" Sara hissed, hiding behind the seat in front of her, now somehow embarrassed even to be seen by the woman who had toyed with her naked body for so many hours just the night before.  
  
"Hmm..." said Anna putting a pensive finger to her chin. "I think I must have left it somewhere in Business Class, if memory serves. But you'd better hurry and go get it before the cleaning staff throws it in the garbage."  
  
And with that, she was gone.  
  
As Sara got up and apprehensively made her way naked up the aisle of the coach section towards Business Class, she could feel herself burning red from head to toe – but she was unsure at this point whether it was purely from embarrassment or also from anger at Anna for spinning out her exhibitionist games so long as the stakes grew ever higher.  
  
The nude girl tip-toed through the catering area and peeked around the curtain into Business Class to confirm it was empty before nervously venturing onward. Creeping naked through the brightly lit section made Sara's heart pound, fearing that at any moment some stranger from the cleaning crew would throw open the curtain ahead of her. She peered into, between and even under the seats of each row she passed, knowing that it was not beyond Anna to hide the promised dress someplace Sara might miss. Feeling the heat of her intensifying blush, the nervous girl began to realize it was less from the anticipated embarrassment of getting caught, and much more from her sense of actual shame at having allowed herself to be manipulated into such a humiliating predicament.  
  
Suddenly, from the corner of her eye, Sara saw the forward curtain open and she immediately dove out of the aisle into a roomy Business Class seat. She got down on the floor and cowered, knees up, ankles crossed, frantically wondering if it might even be possible to crawl underneath a seat to hide. Then as the helpless, naked girl held her breath and wished she could just disappear, she saw Beverly, the other flight attendant, emerge into view as she made her way down the aisle replacing SkyMall catalogues.  
  
When the middle-aged flight attendant saw Sara huddled naked on the floor, she just shook her head with a matronly chuckle.  
  
"I think you'll find what you're looking for in seat 9A," Beverly said casually. "Anna must really like you, you know – at least she's not making you run naked across the tarmac like she did with that poor girl last summer," she added, sending a bolt of fear through Sara's nude body.  
  
The naked girl dashed up the aisle after Beverly passed and found her flipflops laying the seat and the pink dress tucked into the seat pocket. She quickly shuffled on her flipflops – momentarily noting that this was the most clothing she'd had on in the past 12 hours – and then she grabbed for her sundress.  
  
When Sara picked it up, for a moment she wasn't even sure it was the same dress. The long, pink sundress that once came down nearly to her ankles had literally been cut in half. Sara couldn't imagine how this skimpy remnant was even supposed to come down far enough to cover her bum. But she began to get a clue when she examined the spaghetti straps that she had always tied in long, loose bows over each shoulder so that the front came up to just a few inches below her neck and the scooped back came down a bit below her shoulder blades. Now the straps were extended longer than she had ever seen before, and tied in tight knots with any remainder snipped off. With no other option, Sara stepped into the truncated dress and slipped the long straps over her shoulders. Then she blushed even more than when she was naked.  
  
The front of the dress now hung so low that it barely came up high enough to cover her nipples, and the scooped back drooped all the way down to the cleft of her butt. Pulling it one way or another offered no modest solution – either her nipples were securely covered and she was showing off the crack of her ass, or she could hide the "coin slot" in back and her nipples would peek out in the front. Gathering up the straps to raise both sides to reasonably modest levels was also not an option, because the bottom of the dress already only came down far enough to just barely cover her butt cheeks – or at least she hoped it did...

The thought of exiting the plane in this "dress" felt almost as humiliating as her naked dash through Business Class. But at least she could get some decent clothes from her carryon bag when she picked it up at the exit.  
  
After a deep breath, Sara stepped past the curtain into the First Class section – feeling more than ever like a stripper taking the stage – and she suddenly faced a man from the cleaning crew making his way down the aisle filling a trash bag. Sara blushed deep red when she saw the look on his face as the man tried and failed not to stare, but she did her best to maintain her composure as she forced herself to walk towards him. When she had to squeeze past him in the aisle, she demurely turned away from him as he stood back against the seats, but as she slid past, Sara felt the bottom of her dress ride up and her bare ass rub against the stiff bulge in the front of his pants. Mortified beyond words, Sara just wanted to crawl into the bag with the other garbage and disappear.  
  
But when she finally got to the exit and saw another man by the door in an airline uniform, she approached him like a savior from her abject humiliation.  
  
"C-can Ipleasehave my bag now?" she said, barely able to form the words. "You should have it. I had to check it right before takeoff."  
  
"Of course, um... ma'am," he said, clearly almost as flustered as her. "Can I please see your claim tag?"  
  
Sara froze. Oh god, where was it? Where could she have possibly kept it? Would she really not be able to get her bag without it? That bag had all her clothes, her money, her passport... What on earth was she going to do?  
  
Just as Sara was about to crumple into a ball sobbing, she heard a familiar voice in her ear.  
  
"Forget something?" whispered Anna from behind her.  
  
Then Sara nearly jumped out of her skin as she felt Anna slide the tag stub between her butt cheeks before vanishing into the forward crew area.  
  
"Oooh! Oh god, um, y-yes. Yes, here it is," stammered Sara as she retrieved the claim tag and handed it over.  
  
There was no jetway, just stairs leading down to the tarmac, and the man leaned out the door to scan the ground before turning back to Sara with a shrug.  
  
"I'm sorry ma'am, it looks like they've already taken the remaining bags to the baggage claim area," he said. "But you should be able to collect it there."  
  
Sara tugged nervously at the bottom of her dress, only to stretch the straps and flash her nipples at the man, who politely spun around and again peered down at the tarmac.  
  
"And it appears the, um, passenger shuttle buses have already left, ma'am. I'm afraid you'll have to walk to the terminal."  
  
Sara cursed herself for waiting so long in her seat as she made her way down the stairs and set out on the fifty-yard walk to the terminal building. The wind whipped at her tiny dress so badly she could barely keep it on, and she heard several ground crewmen whistle and catcall, some clearly diverting their vehicles in her direction to get a better look.  
  
As furious as she was at Anna for what she'd done to her dress, Sara tried to imagine making this dash totally naked, as one of Anna's other victims apparently had to, and she suddenly felt faintly grateful even for this miniscule scrap of pink fabric that kept flipping up to flash her bare butt to the world.  
  
Inside the terminal, all eyes were on the scantily clad girl blushing as pink as her dress as she hurried towards the baggage claim area. Sara's hands made a futile rotation of attempts at modesty – tugging her dress, hiding her nipples, and covering her bum as she noticed different people ogling her various parts from all angles.  
  
The experience of having so many eyes on her – leering at her, judging her – even semi-dressed, such as she was, felt so much more embarrassing to Sara than when she was actually naked on the plane, and only fearing that people would see her. That had seemed so erotic and exciting – but this? This was just humiliating.  
  
And yet...  
  
Sara felt her heart racing, and the heat of her blush was making her sweat in the humid island air. When she covered her nipples, she felt that they were erect and very sensitive to her touch. Then she caught a glimpse of herself as she passed a mirrored pillar – her long legs bare all the way up to her bum, her back exposed down to the cleft of her butt, the sides of her pert breasts peeking out from her tiny dress that served more to call attention to her bare skin than to cover it – and above all, the crowds of people surrounding her and staring at her.  
  
A thrill shot through her body, and Sara felt herself getting moist.  
  
When she got to baggage claim, the luggage carousel for her flight was virtually empty. This was a bit of a relief, because it meant most of the passengers had already grabbed their bags and left. She wasn't sure she could face that judgmental old dowager dressed just like the shameless harlot she had presumed Sara to be. But Sara's relief slowly melted into anxiety as she waited, braving the ogles and sneers of everyone around her, as the carousel made one, then two, then three full circuits, and she still didn't see her bag.  
  
After waiting for an eternity as the conveyor snaked by empty, Sara felt her panic rising and she went to the baggage claim office. The small office was crammed with bags, none of which Sara recognized as hers, and the desk was staffed by a gray-haired little man who looked like he had just won the lottery when he saw the slim, barely dressed young girl enter his domain.  
  
"Oh, well hello miss!" he said, looking Sara up and down with the same "ice cream sundae" look she'd gotten from Anna. "What can I do for you?"  
  
"I– I can't find my bag," she said, tugging her dress and then immediately having to hide her nipples. "I really need it, but it's not out there."  
  
"Oh, that's very strange," said the old man, momentarily taking his eyes away from Sara's long legs to examine the red tag she handed him. "Hmm, this bag came through maybe an hour ago," he said, checking a clipboard, "but it had a note, said it was late – that the owner came in on an earlier flight and we should just send it straight to the front desk at the Coral Cay."  
  
"Anna!" said Sara, flushing as much from anger as embarrassment.  
  
"Hmm? Oh wait, there was one more thing," he said, fiddling for a key on a jumbled ring.  
  
He leaned down to unlock the bottom drawer of his desk and took the opportunity to steal a glance up Sara's ridiculously short dress, making her stamp her foot at him.  
  
"Hey! Watch it!"  
  
"Oh, Iwas, believe me!" he chuckled, letting out a low whistle as he fished something out of the drawer. "This came with the note." He dropped a manila envelope on the desk. "Said it was valuables. Somebody would be coming by the airport with that claim stub to pick it up."  
  
When Sara snatched up the envelope and tore it open, out plopped her passport and an indecipherable amount of local currency. She grabbed the passport and shuffled through the multicolored bills.  
  
"How much is this?" she asked.  
  
"Hmm," the old man shrugged, "Probably enough to get you the Coral Cay."  
  
Sara stomped off in a huff toward immigration feeling furious with Anna. As amazing as last night had been, this was just too much. Cutting her sundress? Stealing her luggage? Stranding her at the airport in nothing but this humiliating parody of a dress?  
  
She got through immigration and customs with refreshingly few problems – having literally nothing to declare – but her embarrassment spiked when she had to leave the terminal and hail a cab.  
  
The line of cabbies out front all started calling to her the moment she stepped out into the bright, tropical sun. Several approached her and eagerly motioned for her to get into their cars, some with lustful looks in their eye that made Sara recoil in genuine fear.  
  
"Come girl," called out a female taxi driver a bit further down the street. "I know where you want to go."  
  
Sara dashed over to her car, thankful to at least find a driver who wouldn't spend the whole ride leering at her in the rear-view mirror – or worse.  
  
"Oh, thank god you were here," Sara said, jumping in the back seat. "Coral Cay, please."  
  
"Coral Cay? You're kidding me, eh? Not Hotel Paraíso? La Cascada? Damn, girl, who did you piss off to get sent there?" chuckled the driver as she pulled away.  
  
"No-nobody," stammered Sara. "What are you talking about?"  
  
"Most of you girls come here to work Paraíso – or at least La Cascada. But the Coral Cay bar is shit. You'll get no decent business there."  
  
"What?!?"shouted Sara, equally appalled and humiliated. "Y-you think I'm aprostitute?"  
  
"A girl come off the plane like that – by herself, no luggage, inthatdress?" said the driver with a derisive snort. "But no judgements! I got a cousin who works the resorts like you – we all do what we gotta do."  
  
"But I... I'm not a prostitute!" insisted Sara feebly, suddenly realizing that she could provide no compelling evidence to the contrary.  
  
"Well, not a very good one, obviously," said the driver with a shrug. "Coral Cay it is."  
  
Sara just stewed silently for the rest of the ride, half wanting to argue that she wasn't a prostitute, and half that could be a damn good prostitute if she wanted to. But as she tugged at the bottom of her dress in a futile attempt to separate her bare ass cheeks from the hot vinyl seat, she couldn't deny that she was certainly dressed for the part of a low-rent whore.  
  
When they finally arrived at the pastel-colored, colonial-style entrance of the Coral Cay resort, Sara shoved the jumble of bills at the driver and hopped out.  
  
"What's this? Most working girls know to give a decent tip, fuckingputa!" the driver shouted as he roared off.  
  
Humiliated now on several levels, Sara could only tug haplessly at the bottom of her dress and head for the front desk, where she could hopefully retrieve her bag – and some proper clothes. There was an elderly couple in the middle of checking in so Sara stood behind them as demurely as possible to wait her turn, but the receptionist called her out with a wagging finger the moment she saw her.  
  
"No, no, no! You girls are not allowed in the lobby!" declared the heavyset woman at the reception desk. "The bar is around the back and up the stairs."  
  
"No," said Sara, this time more humiliated than offended. "I'm not... that..."  
  
At this point the sweet-looking elderly couple turned around and scowled in shock at Sara's outfit, backing away like she was diseased.  
  
"Don't you worry, I'll get rid of this trash," said the receptionist to the old couple, handing them their keys before turning her attention back to Sara. "You want I should call the police?" she said, holding up the phone receiver.  
  
"No, no, you don't understand," pleaded Sara, tugging at the bottom of her dress, only to flash her nipples at the woman. "I'm not a... I– I'm a guest... Honestly! I have a reservation, I swear!"  
  
"Oh really?" sneered the receptionist incredulously. "And what's the name? Let me guess – first name 'John' eh?"  
  
"No!" said Sara, blushing deep red and nearly weeping with shame as she realized she was going to have to attach her name to this entire, humiliating display. "My name is Sara... Sara Flynn," she said, trying to calm her breath and muster some shred of dignity. "I have a reservation."  
  
The receptionist checked the book, and looked back at Sara suspiciously. "You have ID?"  
  
Sara offered her passport, which at the moment was her only possession other than her flipflops and "prostitute" dress. Then she remembered her carryon.  
  
"Oh, and I should have a bag here, brought from the airport maybe a half hour ago."  
  
After many skeptical and disapproving looks, the receptionist almost reluctantly handed Sara a key and the carryon. Almost giddy with relief, Sara dashed down the palm-lined path to the beachside bungalow she had rented with Rosie, anxious to finally get started on a relatively normal vacation.  
  
Sara entered their room to find Rosie dancing silently to her earbuds – she was completely nude, the most intimate parts of her dark-tanned body defined by olive tan lines. Rosie was taller, and definitely curvier than Sara but still with a trim, athletic build, and her wavy black hair came down well past her shoulder blades. Though they had always felt a deep connection, Sara had certainly never had any sort of sexual thoughts about Rosie, but the sight of her shapely friend dancing naked, so soon after her intense experience with Anna, inevitably stirred... something...  
  
Rosie was startled when she finally noticed someone was in the room, snatching out her earbuds and reflexively covering herself, but when she saw it was Sara, she smiled her big toothy grin and opened her arms for a hug. As they came towards each other, Rosie's eyes widened as she took in her friend's micro-mini dress.  
  
"Damn girl, I guess you're taking this whole exhibitionist thing waaay seriously. Did you really wear that thing on the plane?"  
  
"Not... exactly," said Sara, wondering how she could even communicate everything that had happened. "It... it's a long story."  
  
"Whatever, but you'd better get outta that slut dress right now, bitch!" Rosie said with a wink, flipping the straps off Sara's shoulders. "Remember the deal – we gotta at least go naked in the room."  
  
Sara rolled her eyes and let her "slut dress" drop to the floor, then tossed it on the bed with her bag. For some reason, the feeling of being naked in the hotel room with Rosie – who had certainly seen her nude before – now made Sara feel a bit flushed.  
  
"Well, you've obviously already gotten into the spirit," said Sara with an awkward giggle and a nod to her friend's bare d-cup breasts.  
  
"Jeez, I've been here for hours waiting for you! I was starting to go stir crazy," Rosie said, swiveling her hips in a repeat of the dance she was doing when Sara came in. "What took you so long? Didn't your flight get in like an hour and a half ago?"  
  
"Well, that's, um, part of the story," said Sara timidly. "I–! met this, um..." She stopped and sighed. "I'll explain later."  
  
"You'll explain now, bitch!" said Rosie with an excited smile. "Who did you meet? Some sexy Irish hunk who charmed you right out of that nothing dress? Oooh, did you have sex in the airplane bathroom? I've always wanted to do that!" She grabbed Sara by the hands and tugged her over to sit on the bed. "Tell me everything!"  
  
"No, it wasn't quite like that..." said Sara, slightly distracted by the realization that the bathroom was practically the only place on the airplane where Annadidn'thave sex with her. "So, well, okay... I... I met this flight attendant..."  
  
"Wait, what?" said Rosie incredulously. "Aren't they all gay?"  
  
"Well I don't know about that... but I guess this one was," said Sara, taking a deep breath before going on. "Her name was Anna..."  
  
"Ohhhh," said Rosie, arching her eyebrows. Without thinking, she drew back from Sara slightly and started to cover her breasts, but she quickly caught herself and forced a smile. "I mean, um...oh, so... what was she like? I'm guessing... very persuasive."  
  
"Well,yeah!" said Sara with a relived chuckle as Rosie took her hand supportively.  
  
Sara finally uncorked and recounted to her friend how her initial test run of taking her dress off under her blanket and stowing it in her carryon went awry when Anna took her bag, and how Anna had repeatedly stripped her and taunted her and made her do such daring, shameless, naked things after the lights went out – and finally how the mischievous flight attendant had taken her blanket and altered her dress and had just orchestrated so many embarrassing, sexy, exposed situations for her that were at once so humiliating and yet oh-so arousing.  
  
Her account was all relatively PG – Sara mentioned the tickling and some of the touching, but didn't quite have the courage to confess the passionate kisses and body-quaking orgasms she'd had with her lesbian seductress. Still, she noticed that Rosie was nonetheless looking rather flushed as she listened, biting her lip and squirming where she sat as if rubbing her thighs together. She kept asking Sara how it all felt – to walk naked up and down the aisle, to touch herself naked under a spotlight, to be caught by a stranger completely nude in middle of the airplane, to have all her clothes taken away by someone so determined to make her expose herself. And Sara's answers – that it all felt sooo embarrassing, but at the same time so thrilling – seemed to spark a light in Rosie's eye that suggested at the very least fascination, if not outright envy.  
  
"Damn girl, that's all just so...wow!" said Rosie, her breathing slightly heavy. "I mean, how did she get you to do all that? I'd be way too scared."  
  
"But Iwasscared, obviously –terrified, even. It's just that she was so... um, well, like you said – 'persuasive'..." said Sara, not daring to go into exactly how Anna had persuaded her.  
  
"Well, this woman sounds amazing," said Rosie. "And as embarrassing as it all must have been, it seems like you had a really great time."  
  
"Yeah, she was amazing," said Sara wistfully, closing her eyes for a moment and recalling the titanic orgasm Anna had given her before letting go to sleep.  
  
"Okay, well you're obviously way ahead of me, so I need to get caught up. Go take a shower so we can hit the beach and I can start working on my all-over tan," said Rosie hopping up and grabbing her earbuds. "They got all the good stuff in there – shampoo, body wash – real boutique shit. Use it all up so they'll give us more when they come in to clean."  
  
Leaving her bag untouched on the bed with her "slut dress," Sara headed into the bathroom for a much-needed shower. After doing her best to wash away her multitude of sins, she gave her long legs a once-over with the hotel razor, but then paused for a moment before she put it down. She ran her fingers over the tuft of brown hair between her legs and recalled what Anna had told her – and what she had promised Anna. Without really knowing why, but feeling a strange compulsion to obey, Sara lathered up and began pulling the razor across her mound.  
  
When she was done shaving everything, the effect was amazing – the pulse from the shower head on her exposed mons sent shockwaves through her body. The stroke of her fingers between her legs felt like she was touching herself for the very first time. When she got out of the shower and dried off, the warm air on her newly bared pussy made her feel more naked than she had ever felt before.  
  
But when she wiped off the mirror and took a look at herself, Sara felt a different sort of shock, and a slight pang of regret. The visual effect of shaving off her pubes was quite striking as well – not quite "Lolita," but more like "porn star." It was so instantly noticeable, like it would be a magnet for everyone's eyes, even on a beach full of other naked people. The thought of going out on a nude beach like this suddenly made her much more self-conscious than she had expected to feel after all her naked antics on the plane. She blushed when she wondered what Rosie would say.  
  
Most embarrassing of all – at least in Sara's own mind – was that she had just created an indelible reminder to herself of Anna's enduring domination over her.  
  
When Sara came out of the shower, Rosie had her bikini on and was slathering on sunscreen. She spun around and had the same stunned reaction to Sara's shaven pussy as she did to the micro-dress.

"Holy shit, girl. When you say 'naked,' you really mean it," she said with a nervous chuckle. "You are waaay more advanced than me. Please don't ask me to do that too."  
  
"No, of course not!" said Sara returning the anxious laugh. "I just... I just thought it would be fun," she shrugged, ashamed to admit that it was Anna's suggestion. "You know, like you said – goingreallynaked, right?"  
  
"Yeah, well you have fun with that. Now get your suit on and let's head out."  
  
"But I thought the deal was we'd go naked on the beach."  
  
"Damn, you really are way ahead of me with all this," said Rosie, shaking her head. "Pump the brakes, girl! Let's at least wear our swimsuits until I can get a couple of drinks in me at the bar, okay?"  
  
"Okay, okay!" said Sara, reaching for her carryon. "I think I could use a drink, too."  
  
"And cut me some slack, girl. I didn't have some pushy flight attendant stealing my clothes and making me run around the plane buck-naked to get practice."  
  
"Anna!" shouted Sara furiously when she opened her bag.  
  
"Yeah, her. So, what's—?"  
  
"No, Annaactually stole my clothes!" said Sara, dumping her bag out onto the bed. "She literally stoleALLmy clothes!"  
  
Sara had just discovered that her carryon bag was stuffed not with all the clothes she had packed in the expectation that she and Rosie would flake out on most of their naked plans, but instead now crammed with crumpled pages of the in-flight magazine. Amidst the balled-up paper, her wallet and other sundries, Sara found a neatly folded note:  
  
"You said had doubts you could follow through on all your big, sexy plans, so I thought I'd give you a little help. Don't worry, everything will be waiting for you in a bag at the gate when you board your return flight home. You're welcome! ;) —Anna"  
  
"Whoa... that bitch," said Rosie, slowly shaking her head. "That bold-ass bitch. I just can't believe—"  
  
"Well, she said she's only trying to help," said Sara, surprising even herself at how ready she was to let Anna off the hook.  
  
"What are you—? Did this woman put a spell on you or something?"  
  
"I–I mean... she's right, you know," Sara said, trying to ignore Rosie's question for fear it might be true. "We were already chickening out before we even left the hotel room for the first time."  
  
"I just wanted to get a little drunk first," said Rosie a bit sheepishly.  
  
"But we can be naked at the beachfront bar," said Sara, suddenly emboldened by necessity. "Let's get this vacation started off right – the way we had planned to. We go out to the beach nude, with just our towels and beach-bag," she said, grabbing her room key and pulling the springy band around her wrist. "Let's do what we came here for."  
  
"Damn, girl," said Rosie, reaching back to untie her top. "I guess she did cast some kind of spell on you. You were so shy back at the campus when we were doing those streaking dares."  
  
"Well that was at my college – where I live," Sara said. "This is a nude beach on a tropical island that I flew across an ocean to enjoy."  
  
Then she threw her friend a towel and headed out the door, silently thanking Anna for forcing her to find the courage to follow through on what she knew she wouldn't have been brave enough to do by herself.  
  
As Rosie dashed to catch up on the shaded walkway between the bungalows, she started to wrap her towel around her chest, but Sara – who had hers over her shoulder – playfully yanked it off and ran ahead with it.  
  
"No cheating!" she said. "Naked meansnaked!"  
  
"Okay, okay, little miss expert exhibitionist!"  
  
When they emerged naked into the hot tropical sunlight, they both felt a flustered elation. Several other guests passed them on the palm-lined path leading down toward the beach, and every one of them had on bathing suits or beach robes, making both girls feel acutely naked. But none of them seemed especially shocked or offended, with most acknowledging the two young, nude girls with amused smiles.  
  
Being so new to it all, Rosie couldn't help but try to cover herself a bit, and Sara saw her friend getting flushed on the top of her chest just like she did when they went streaking in Dublin. But when Sara started noticing the surprised looks her bare pussy was getting, she was suddenly blushing as well and doing her best to resist covering up.  
  
When they finally made it to the beach, the girls felt relieved to see that they weren't the only ones going fully naked out on the sand. But when they turned to head for the bar, they were slightly daunted by the fact that only a few of the women in the shaded beachfront restaurant were even topless, making them both feel quite self-conscious as they approached the bar completely nude.  
  
"Sooo... whose bright idea was it that we're going to eat every meal here totally naked?" asked Rosie, glancing around at the disappointingly overdressed diners. "That had to be you, you little freak, right?"  
  
"Actually, I'm pretty sure that was your suggestion," said Sara. "I recall you said something about hoping the waiters were cute."  
  
"Ooh, speaking of..." said Rosie, quickening her pace toward the bar and leaving her friend behind.  
  
Sara was confused for a moment until she looked past Rosie's enviable bubble butt and noticed what her friend's radar had obviously picked up at much greater range: the bartender. He looked to be about their age, maybe a little older, and his dashing smile flashed bright amid his deep tan. His sleeveless tropical shirt was completely unbuttoned, revealing an impressive physique that glistened with a sheen of sweat. Rosie was already chatting him up when Sara finally caught up with her at the bar.  
  
"Well then what's your specialty?" she was asking, already peached on a barstool and leaning on her arm to raise up her bare breasts. "I'll have whatever you recommend."  
  
"I, um, I make a pretty good banana daquiri," he said with a shy grin while making a heroic effort not to stare at what Rosie was so clearly begging him to stare at.  
  
"Oh, I'd love to try your banana... daquiri," she said with a wink.  
  
"Make that two," said Sara as he turned and grabbed for the rum. "Rosie you're terrible," she whispered, smacking her friend's bare ass.  
  
"It's vay-kay, okay?" Rosie said. "Let's enjoy ourselves! Hey sweetness," she called out to the handsome barkeep, "get us a couple of tequila shots, too."  
  
The girls drained their shots and their first round of daquiris and devoured two plates of shrimp fritters as they caught up on each other's lives since their wild semester together daring each other to dash naked through the streets of Dublin. As they were nearing the bottom of their second round, Rosie brought the discussion back around to more recent history.  
  
"So, how can you be so damn chill about this woman stealing all your clothes? I'd be so pissed!"  
  
"Well, she took my dress and gave it back."  
  
"Yeah, chopped in half! Why aren't you more upset with her? I'd be on the phone getting the bitch fired if she did that to me."  
  
"Don't be so sure, Rosie," said Sara, still uncertain how much of her experience with Anna she should divulge. "I mean, she got me to do the kinds of things that I had only fantasized about – thatwehad fantasized about. Remember back when your told me how much you got off on that fantasy about getting naked in an empty classroom right before people would be coming in? Well, right before this trip I was getting off so hard every night on fantasies of sneaking around naked on the plane when everybody was asleep. But Anna actually made that fantasy come true for me – and more. And it wasAMAZING, Rosie!" she said, getting slightly flushed at the memory.  
  
"But still, I mean..."  
  
"I'm just saying, what if I had figured out some way to get you out of your clothes before the start of that Irish Lit class and made you run around naked hiding behind seats further and further back as the classroom filled up? Would you really be so pissed at me? Or would you feel, well, maybe kind of grateful?"  
  
"Okay, I get your point," said Rosie, tapping her shot glass on the bar to order another round. "But youdon't have any clothes, girl!She just up and stole them. What are you gonna do?"  
  
"Well... how about I do exactly what we both promised ourselves we were going to do here?" Sara shrugged. "If we do everything we were planning, why would I need anything more than that pink dress?"  
  
"You're talking like that bitch did you a favor," said Rosie as she threw back her shot.  
  
"She did you a favor too," Sara said before she downed her own. "I mean, if I'd had a bathing suit in my bag, do you really think you'd have had the guts to be sitting here stark-naked right now, flapping your boobs at that hottie bartender?"  
  
"Now you're just being a drunk bitch," hissed Rosie and she pulled Sara away from the bar. "Okay, so this Anna lady is our nay-kay vay-kay cruise director, and now I gotta go as naked as you or I'm some kind of flakey bitch, is that it?"  
  
"Your words, not mine," Sara giggled as they wandered out onto the beach to find a spot to spread out.  
  
The girls laid back on their towels and felt the tropical sun warm their naked bodies, letting their rather tipsy minds wander into thoughts that made them both start getting moist between their legs. For her part, Sara was remembering the unreal titillation she endured the night before she was posed naked and spread-eagled in the doorway at the rear of the airplane, having to hold her position up on her toes as Anna devilishly teased and tickled the most sensitive parts of her nude body.  
  
As her body and mind both heated up, Sara's thoughts then drifted to more recent events that had at the time left her feeling more angry than turned on... Being abandoned naked in the back of the plane and left frantically searching for her dress before the cleaning crew found her. Being forced to walk through the crowded airport in that humiliating dress, enduring all those leers and judgmental looks. Suddenly discovering that Anna had taken all of her clothes from her luggage, basically calling her bluff on her extravagantly exhibitionist plans.  
  
But this time, as these recollections steeped in Sara's smoldering brain, they all now carried a distinct erotic charge for her. She remembered the undeniable excitement she felt sneaking naked through the empty plane, knowing that at any moment someone could step past the curtain and discover her. She relived the sexy thrill she felt when she caught sight of herself in the airport wearing that tiny dress that exposed her body more than anything she had ever dared wear in public before. And she recalled the intense erotic rush she felt when she realized that Anna had successfully stripped her of all of her other clothes, and that she would have to go naked, or painfully close to it, for the rest of her trip.  
  
As her heartbeat quickened and she did her best to resist the urge to touch herself, Sara began to accept that all that time that seductive, dominating woman had been toying with her, manipulating her into increasingly exposed and embarrassing situations, Anna was quite simply making Sara's deepest and most shameless fantasies come true.  
  
Sara's horny mind then began to spin new fantasizes on top of the old, trying to imagine what more Anna might be capable of making her do in her newly vulnerable state if she were to somehow show up during Sara's vacation.  
  
Would Anna really insist that she couldn't wear anything but that cut-off "slut dress" all week? Or worse, might she demand even that tiny scrap of cloth back – on the grounds that she had only let Sara "borrow" it, after all – and actually make Sara spend her whole vacation completely naked? Maybe Anna would figure out a way to make her go naked someplace public where everyone else, including Rosie, was fully dressed. Pondering these teasingly embarrassing scenarios at the mercy of her seductress made Sara start rubbing her slippery thighs together, and then slide into more intense and intimidating thoughts about the... other things... that Anna had done with her.  
  
If she were somehow there now, would Anna insist on making out with her on the beach in broad daylight, where everyone – even Rosie – could see? Would she touch and fondle her "naked toy" with the same casual sense of ownership she had expressed on the plane? Would Anna command her to do things – sexual, lesbian things – in front of her friend? Imagining these frightening possibilities made Sara feel no less aroused, but far more anxious, and she felt a certain sense of relief knowing that – unlike her wild fantasies-come-true from the plane – these humiliating reveries would safely remain make-believe.  
  
But little did Sara know that her manipulative lesbian seductress had taken such a serious interest in making sure that all of her most depraved and shameful fantasies would indeed come true – and more.  
  
"Well, fancy meeting you here," said a familiar voice.  
  
Sara looked up to see Anna standing over them in a white bikini and thin cotton beach robe, holding down her wide sun hat against the breeze.  
  
"Oh my god...Anna?" Sara said, unsure whether she was real or a daquiri-induced hallucination.  
  
"And you must be Rosie," the woman said to the buxom Latina, giving her a familiar, ice-cream-sundae look.  
  
"Wait! This is that bitch who stole your clothes?" said Rosie squinting up at Anna. "You got some nerve showing up like this."  
  
Rosie instinctively covered her privates with her hands, but Sara somehow knew better than to try and hide her nakedness from Anna. Nonetheless, both girls blushed deeply under her gaze – to Anna's quiet delight.  
  
"Anna, what are you doing here?" said Sara, vaguely wondering if she had somehow conjured her temptress with her fantasies.  
  
"Well, I had a few days off I could swap with Beverly, and I just wanted to check in with you girls to see if you were really going to live up to all your... 'naked ambition,' so to speak," she said as she dropped her beach bag next to them.  
  
"So why aren'tyounaked?" asked Rosie, pulling their own beach bag onto her lap to cover herself. "Thisisa nude beach, right?"  
  
"Actually, it's a 'clothing-optional' beach, sweetie" said Anna, adjusting her light robe as she sat down next to them. "And I like to keep my options open."  
  
"Well you sure didn't leave Sara any options, did you, bitch? Stealing all her clothes like that."  
  
"Thatwasa little mean," chided Sara with a giggle, but her tone was more teasing, even flirtatious, than angry.  
  
"Oh, sweetie, I think we learned last night that you really have the most fun when your options are limited," Anna said, running a finger up and down Sara's arm.  
  
"But what if she really needs something to wear more than that cut-off slut dress you left her with?" said Rosie, feeling increasingly protective of her friend with this lesbian cougar clearly stalking her.  
  
"Look sweetie, there's a shop right there in the lobby," sighed Anna, rolling her eyes. "If youreallyneed something to wear before you leave you can get it there." She reached into her bag and tossed several multicolored bills on the sand between the two girls. "My treat."  
  
"Damn right," said Rosie, scooping the money into their beach bag. "We'll get you something cute today," she said to Sara. "and you can borrow some of my stuff too."  
  
"Exactly," said Anna. "She could always get more clothes if she wanted – but that was never really the point, was it? It's all about giving her an excuse to overcome her fears and make herself do want she really wants to do anyway. It worked on the plane, didn't it, Sara?"  
  
"Oh, no question," said Sara with a chuckle. "And it worked here too, didn't it?" Sara said to Rosie. "For both of us – you did leave your bikini in the room, after all."  
  
"So, I'm supposed to thank this woman for stealing your clothes," Rosie asked Sara, "because it got me naked too?"  
  
"Oh, no need to thank me," said Anna with a smug grin. "Getting sexy young girls to bare all is just a public service I like to do."  
  
She then started trailing her fingers down Sara's taut stomach very slowly, going lower and lower, making the girl's breath catch with every slight tickle.  
  
"Speaking of baring all," Anna said, "I see you shaved your pussy like I told you to. Good girl!" she said, as she finally tickled Sara's bare mons with her fingertips, making Sara jump. "See? So sensitive!" Anna said with a wink. "Do you like it?"  
  
"Oh, yes ma'— ...ah, um, yes, it feels really sexy," said Sara, barely catching herself before calling her seductress "ma'am" in front of Rosie. "Thank you for the suggestion," she added, avoiding her friend's surprised look.  
  
"So, you were the one who 'told her' to shave her pussy bare like some porn star?" said Rosie. "Are you planning on being her pimp, too?"  
  
"You know you're messing up your tan," was Anna only reply, nodding at the bag on Rosie's lap.  
  
"Shit, you're right," Rosie said, pushing the beach bag off and brushing the sand from her naked skin.  
  
"Once again, vanity triumphs over modesty," said Anna, winking at Sara and prompting a flustered blush from Rosie.  
  
For a moment, Rosie kept holding her hands over her breasts and pussy, not wanting to give this snug lesbian the chance to ogle her naked body. But then she followed Anna's logic to its conclusion and let out a sigh of resignation as she reclined back on her elbows with her hands at her sides, fully exposing her nude body to the sun – and to that arrogant woman's appreciating gaze.  
  
"Whatever," she muttered, as Anna and Sara shared a giggle at her expense.  
  
"And on the topic of tanning, this sunscreen won't work for you here," said Anna, examining Sara's bottle of tanning oil and tossing it aside. "A pale girl like you will get burnt to a crisp in the tropics if you don't use something stronger. But don't worry, sweetie, I have just what you need," she said, pulling a bottle of lotion from her bag and squirting a dollop into her hand. "Turn over like a good girl and I'll do your back."  
  
Almost without thinking, Sara obeyed, barely realizing that she was inviting the woman who had seduced her into her first lesbian encounter just hours ago to slather oil all over her naked body right in front of her friend. Anna smoothed the lotion over Sara's back and shoulders but wasted no time venturing lower, kneading the nude girl's buns and then sliding her hand down to Sara's thighs to tease the folds between her legs. Sara gasped slightly at Anna's intimate touch, and Rosie gawked at the woman's brazen forwardness.  
  
"Well, I guess you two must have gotten to know each other pretty well on that flight," said Rosie, both appalled and strangely fascinated.  
  
"Oh sweetie, what did you tell her?" Anna said looking down at Sara and brushing her brown curls from her face. "Did you squeal on me about making you squeal?" she asked, as she swirled a fingertip over Sara's clit.  
  
"No – I... ooh! ...um, no, just the streaking..." said Sara, blushing deeply as she realized how her easy acquiescence to Anna's touch must look to her friend. "Nothing else..."  
  
"Yeah, she only told me about the naked stuff," said Rosie with feigned nonchalance as she tried not to watch this older woman masturbate her friend right next her. "She did mention you got kinda handsy with her – but that was clearly an understatement."  
  
"Nothing she didn't enjoy, isn't that right sweetie?' Anna said, tickling Sara's pussy lips and making the girl squirm and giggle helplessly.

"Yes! I mean... 'no'?" Sara stammered, losing her ability to think straight. "I mean – I enjoyed it."  
  
"So, what's your deal?" Rosie said to Anna, doing her best to maintain her casual front, "You just go jetting around the world finding innocent girls on airplanes to strip naked and sex up on overnight flights?"  
  
"Well, no... sometimes I like to sex them up in broad daylight right in the middle of a crowded beach," Anna said with a wink, sliding her fingers into Sara's pussy and pressing on her g-spot.  
  
"Oh god!" moaned Sara, grabbing fistfuls of towel and reflexively grinding her hips. "Ooooh... I... mmm..."  
  
"It's actually a lot of fun," said Anna with her mischievous smirk as she met Rosie's widening eyes. "You might want to try it sometime."  
  
Before the stunned Latina could formulate some snappy comeback, Anna plunged her expert fingers deep inside Sara and gave the squirming girl a sudden, body-quaking orgasm – and Rosie couldn't hold back an astonished chuckle at the sight of her friend bucking on her towel like a fish flopping on a deck.  
  
"Look, I'm happy for Sara that she's found her magical, flying dominatrix to give her orgasms in public, but that's really not my thing, okay? I like dudes," said Rosie, composing herself and standing up. "Now, if you'd like me to leave you two alone for a little bit, I think I need a drink."  
  
"Oh, while you're up, could you get me and Sara a couple of frozen margaritas?" said Anna with a friendly smile. "You can put all three drinks on my tab at the bar. Just point over here and I'll wave – the bartender knows me."  
  
"I'm not your waitress, bitch!" said Rosie as she stomped off. "And I got my own money."  
  
Anna watched the feisty Latina's well-rounded ass swivel as Rosie headed to the beachfront bar with an ostentatiously sexy walk, then she almost reluctantly turned her attention back to Sara, who was still delirious and humiliated from climaxing in front of her friend.  
  
"That Rosie is a tough cookie, isn't she?" observed Anna, absently running her fingertips up and down Sara's oiled back.  
  
"Oh my god, I—I can't believe— How could you do that to me right in front of her? It was so embarrassing!" Sara whimpered. "She didn't know that we... I never told her... about the other stuff."  
  
"Oh, you mean all that hot lesbian sex we had?" Anna asked quite loudly, prompting several nearby beachgoers to look their way, and making Sara burry her red face in her towel. "Well if you weren't going to tell her, then it's up to me to show her, right? Just to let her know what she's missing," she said, idly squeezing Sara's bare butt, and then reaching down to flick her clit.  
  
"No, I— Ah! – I think she's pretty straight – like, totally boy-crazy straight," said Sara, barely noticing in her orgasmic afterglow how accepting she had become of Anna casually stroking her pussy in public.  
  
"Well, you were 'straight' too, when you boarded that flight, weren't you?" asked Anna as she plunged her oiled fingers into her naked toy once again and started teasing her now hyper-sensitive g-spot. "But what are you now, sweetie?"  
  
"Oh god, oh god, oh GOD!" Sara babbled as her lesbian seductress swiftly drove ever-so-close to another climax before backing her off from it. "I—I don't know," she said, unconsciously humping Anna's hand, hungry for more stimulation.  
  
"Well, you can't really call yourself 'straight' anymore, can you?" said Anna, stroking Sara's clit so lightly it made the naked girl whimper.  
  
"N-no ma'am... I guess... I guess not," she said slowly, blushing red as she admitted this to herself for the first time.  
  
"Well, 'straight,' 'gay,' 'bi,' 'undecided,' whatever – there's one thing we bothknowyou are, right sweetie?" said Anna, giving Sara's bare bum a firm, possessive squeeze. "What are you?"  
  
"I'm... I'm your... naked toy?" the horny, nude girl whispered softly – almost reluctantly – looking up at her seductress with a strange feeling of profound helplessness.  
  
"What's that?" Anna said, cupping her ear and smacking Sara on the ass so hard it made her jump.  
  
"I'm your naked toy!" answered Sara more loudly, glancing around awkwardly at the many people nearby who now appeared to be watching their exchange intently.  
  
"And what does that mean, my little toy?" asked Anna, as her fingertips started dancing all over the girl's bare, sensitive skin.  
  
The light tickling made Sara squirm and whimper as she tried to think of what to say, but she knew instinctively that she shouldn't resist it – and also that it would surely continue until she gave a satisfactory answer.  
  
"Oh, I... ummhmmhmm... eep! It means – Ooohoohooh! It means you can play with me any way you want!" she said through a whiny giggle, paddling her pointed feet against the sand but not daring to move her arms.  
  
"And how do you feel about that, my little naked toy?" Anna asked as her devilish tickles only intensified and spread further up and down Sara's nude body.  
  
"Ooohooh... I– um... aaaaah...Ooh!I love it!– heehee!" she managed to squeal, finally recalling her lessons from the other night as Anna's ticking kept intensifying. "I-yeeeheehee – Iloveit! Ooohoookay?I LOVE IT–pleeeheeheease!" she squeaked through manic laughter.  
  
"Very good!" Anna said triumphantly, finally relenting and patting Sara's butt as the girl panted with relief. "Now one more time for me, sweetie, this time loud and clear," she said as she slid her fingers between her toy's legs once again. "What are you, what does it mean, and how do you feel about it?"  
  
As Anna's expert fingers quickly brought her painfully horny toy closer and closer to another powerful climax, Sara suddenly stopped worrying about the crowds of onlookers on the beach all around her. She only wanted to please this beguiling, dominating woman – and, of course, to please herself. With the pleasure building, Sara suddenly reared back and straightened her arms, lifting her shoulders and arching her back while at the same time raising her butt and grinding against Anna's hand to push herself over the edge. When her orgasm erupted, Sara threw back her head and let out a squeal.  
  
"I'm your naked toy!" she declared in a trilling voice that lilted unsteadily with the waves of her climax, "And you can play with me any way you want – because Ifuckinglove it!"  
  
Sara's body remained in this tense arch for several moments as she drank in every drop of pleasure Anna could milk from her. But when she finally opened her eyes, she found herself looking up at her dumbfounded friend Rosie, who was staring down at her wide-eyed and slack-jawed, her banana daiquiri slowly tilting until it started spilling into the sand.  
  
"What. The. Fuck?" said Rosie, totally oblivious to the fate of her drink.  
  
"Oh my god, please no..." Sara whimpered as she curled into a ball on her towel on the verge of tears. "I can't believe this is happening..."  
  
"Damn, are you okay, Sara?" said Rosie, kneeling beside her.  
  
"Oh, she's doing great," Anna chuckled. "When was the last timeyouhad an orgasm like that?"  
  
"I do just fine, thank you," Rosie snapped, before finally noticing her empty glass. "Shit! Look at this."  
  
"I'm so sorry about your drink, Rosie. Please, let me get you another one on my tab," offered Anna. "After all, I can't help but feel partly responsible," she said coyly, licking the fingers that had just launched Sara into her ultimately humiliating ecstasy. "Sweetie, get up, stop pouting," she said, smacking her whimpering toy's bare butt hard enough to rouse her from her shame spiral. "You owe your friend a new banana daiquiri, and we need a couple of nice frozen margaritas. Go be a good girl and fetch them for us – just tell Juan they're on me."  
  
"Y-yes ma'am," said Sara weakly as she rose on wobbly legs and headed off toward the bar, doing her best to avoid Rosie's eye.  
  
"She calls you'Ma'am'?" asked Rosie snidely once her friend was gone.  
  
"Sara started that, actually," said Anna with a shrug. "But I don't discourage it, because I think it makes her feel comfortable."  
  
"Same with calling herself your 'naked toy'?"  
  
"Well no, that was my idea... but I think she enjoys that too," Anna said with a wink, nodding down at the spot on the towel where Sara had most recently enjoyed it.  
  
"So lady, just what are your intentions with my friend?" said Rosie, reclining on towel. "I'm not going to let her get hurt."  
  
"My only intention is to give her the most intense, erotic, thrilling, exhibitionistic experiences she has ever had," Anna said with a self-satisfied grin. "Which is exactly what she came here for, right?"  
  
"Well, yeah, I guess so... but did you really have to humiliate her like that?  
  
"Oh, but the embarrassment is half the fun! Doesn't she look just adorable when she blushes? And besides, I know that turns her on."  
  
"And how do you know that?" demanded Rosie skeptically.  
  
"Honestly, sweetie, if you don't think I can tell when a hot, young, naked girl is getting turned on, then you haven't been paying attention," said Anna as she leaned across Sara's towel at the blushing Latina.  
  
"Well, I wouldn't know about that," said Rosie, suddenly getting flustered.  
  
"Oh? Well I can tell that you've been getting turned on watching me sex up your friend into these 'embarrassing' public orgasms," said Anna, with a nod at Rosie's hardened nipples.  
  
"What? No, I just, um..." the buxom co-ed trailed off as she drew back and put her arm across her chest, blushing deeply.  
  
"The real question," said Anna, locking onto Rosie with her intense green eyes, "is whether you're getting turned on by watching your girlfriend's sexy, naked body writhe in ecstasy at the hands of another woman – or... it's because you were imaginingyourselfpublicly climaxing in her place..."  
  
"No!" said Rosie crossing her legs and avoiding Anna's eye. "I mean, not either of those..."  
  
"But you were definitely thinking about how turned on she was, weren't you?"  
  
"I mean, yeah... I guess," said Rosie, biting her lip with a far-away look.  
  
"And wondering how it would feel... being touched like that, naked, in front of so many people..."  
  
After too long a moment to deny, Rosie finally shook her head and managed to snap herself out of her erotic musings – while Anna just sat back and tried not to laugh.  
  
"Look bitch, I'm just trying to look after my friend, okay," Rosie said curtly, moving her hand from her boobs to her upper chest, now somehow more embarrassed by the hot flush she was showing there.  
  
"And I'm just trying to give her what she wants," said Anna, "...what she came her for..." Then the woman reached out and brushed a lock of wavy black hair from the flustered girl's face, as if daring her to pull away. "It's what you came here for too, isn't it?"  
  
"Whoa! Hold up, lady," said Rosie as she sat up and pulled her knees up to her chest, suddenly feeling extremely naked in front of this aggressive lesbian seductress. "I'm here for all kinds of things – just like Sara – and I don't recall seeing you on either of our agendas when we were planning this trip."  
  
"Okay, fair enough," said Anna, backing off, pleased to have planted the seed deep enough to make the "straight" Latina so uncomfortable. "But let's leave it up to Sara, shall we? We'll ask what she thinks when she gets back, and if she says she hasn't enjoyed what I've been doing with her... well then, I'll be on my way and we won't cross paths again."  
  
"And you bring all of her clothes back here by tomorrow and leave them for her at the front desk," said Rosie, extending her hand to shake on it.  
  
"But..." Anna continued, "if she admits shedoesenjoy it... Thenyouare going to stop badmouthing me just for helping her do what she really wants. In fact, you will tell Sara you're actually a bit jealous that she has no choice but to go naked for so much of this trip, and that you're so inspired by her example that you pledge to go as naked as her – only wearing clothes when she wears her little pink dress. Agreed?"  
  
Rosie rolled her eyes and shook Anna's hand, and was a bit taken aback by feeling such a firm grip from such a soft hand. But with a truce established, she pulled Anna closer and lowered her voice.  
  
"So... you really know that cutie bartender?"  
  
Anna laughed and started dishing what she knew about Juan, but their conversation was interrupted when Sara returned with their drinks, blushing anew as she walked naked past the many beachgoers who had just watched her have a squealing orgasm.  
  
"There you are!" said Anna brightly, taking her glass. "Such a good girl, isn't she, Rosie?"  
  
"Yeah, 'good girl,' Sara," Rosie said with another roll of her eyes as she took her glass.  
  
When they were all sitting together sipping their drinks and Sara was just starting to put her embarrassing orgasmic episode out of her mind, Anna reached over to run a finger up her oiled inner thigh, sending a renewed shiver up her spine.  
  
"So, sweetie, remember that little talk we had earlier," Anna said, "you know, about how much you love being my naked toy?"  
  
"Oh, I think I can recall," Sara said, dropping her head into her palm and feeling the hot blush on her face.  
  
"I'm guessing that must have been pretty embarrassing for you... what with all of these people, and even your friend Rosie, seeing you say such a shameless thing out loud – all while you were having that toe-curling orgasm..."  
  
"Oh, ya think?" said Sara, cringing as she relived the moment in her mind.  
  
"Well, I was just wondering," said Anna, as her fingers reached Sara's pussy and the girl barely flinched, but instead opened her legs slightly more at the touch, "was it worth it? That toe-curling climax?"  
  
Sara let out a faint whimper and winced as if scolding herself, before unconsciously rocking her hips against Anna's skillful fingers and giving the only answer her body would allow...  
  
"Yesssss," she sighed, bowing her head. "It—it was...amazing..."  
  
Anna glanced up at Rosie in a mood to gloat but saw that the buxom Latina was just staring entranced at her friend.  
  
"It was embarrassing... maybe even humiliating? But still... amazing..." Anna said, teasing Sara's clit ever-so lightly.  
  
"Yesssss," said Sara with quickening breath.  
  
Then Anna took her hand away, eliciting another small whimper from her horny toy.  
  
"You're getting turned on right now just thinking about it, aren't you?" she said. "Thinking about all these people around us staring at you, knowing what they all just saw you do... That's turning you on now, even as you blush as the thought, isn't it?"  
  
"Y-yes, ma'am," said Sara, blushing even deeper and first closing her legs in shame, but not long after, unconsciously rubbing her thighs together quite shamelessly.  
  
"The embarrassment actually turns you on too, doesn't it?"  
  
"I hate to admit it.. but yeah, it does," said Sara, wincing at herself again.  
  
"Well I'm glad you're able to admit that actually enjoy these sexy little embarrassments I've been putting you through, sweetie. Your friend Rosie here was getting worried about you," Anna said, winking at Rosie with a gloating grin, "but you're fine with all this, aren't you, sweetie?"  
  
"Yes ma'am," she said feebly, reaching over to touch her friend's arm. "Really, Rosie, I'm fine. I'm sorry if all this made you uncomfortable."  
  
"No girl, don't worry about me," said Rosie somewhat defensively. "If you're into it, then enjoy it, okay?"  
  
"I guess I really do enjoy it," said Sara with a resigned sigh. "I don't think I wanted to admit it, but guess now I can't really deny it." She turned to the woman who had seduced her, stripped her, repeatedly humiliated her – and given her the best orgasms of her life – and smiled at her weakly. "Anna won't let me."  
  
Anna responded by running her finger over Sara's erect nipple – making the horny, naked girl bite her lip as she tried not to squirm. Then she cast a quick glance over at Rosie, clearly pleased to flaunt her control over her friend.  
  
"You know, sweetie, I think you've been learning – and admitting – quite a bit about yourself since you got on that plane," Anna said as she swirled her fingertips around Sara's oiled, b-cup breast, sending a shiver up the girl's spine. "It's pretty clear you knew well before you planned this trip that you get off on the idea of getting naked where you're not supposed to. And while it may have been hard for you to accept, I don't think it was really much of a surprise to you that you also get turned on by the feelings of embarrassment that public exposure naturally brings with it... But I do think there might be one more thing that our little games might have helped you discover about yourself that maybe you didn't see coming."  
  
Anna took Sara's chin in the palm of her hand and leaned in to look deep into the girl's wide, blue eyes...  
  
"I think you've also discovered that it turns you on when you have to do as you're told."  
  
This thought made Sara blush more deeply than ever, and she tried to turn her head to avoid the woman's piercing green eyes, but Anna held her chin firm and wouldn't let her look away. Sara felt an unexpected surge of wetness between her legs when her seductress forced her to hold her gaze and dared her "naked toy" to deny thrill of being under her control. The swooning girl suddenly felt so weak and helpless, as if not just her chin but her entire, naked body was quivering in the palm of Anna's hand. She bit her lip as another wave of shame crashed over her at the realization of her submission, and that only served to make her even more painfully horny than before. Sara waited for as long as she dared before finally admitting out loud – to Anna, Rosie, and herself – what her body had long ago made so clear.  
  
"Y-yes ma'am," she said in a shaky voice, not daring to imagine what new erotic torments this admission might unleash. "It turns me on when you tell me what to do..."  
  
"Good girl!" Anna said, drawing Sara closer for a gentle but demanding kiss. "It feels good to finally admit what really turns you on, doesn't it?" she said, turning her gaze to Rosie to send the same taunting message to Sara's clearly fascinated friend, who was brightly flushed and breathing heavy as she watched this rapacious lesbian sexually dominate her friend right in front of her.  
  
When Rosie finally managed to snap herself out of her erotic trance and realized how obviously turned on she was, she pulled her knees up to try and hide her naked blush and took a deep draw on her drink, trying to look casual. But Anna just gave her a teasing wink to let her know that she wasn't fooling anyone, before turning her attention back to her horny, naked, obedient toy.  
  
"Okay, sweetie, then I have a treat for you... I want you to lie back for me like a good girl," cooed Anna, taking Sara's drink and setting it off to the side. "Now put your hands behind your head, close your eyes, and stay still – no matter what. Will you do that for me, sweetie?" she said.  
  
"Y-yes ma'am," responded Sara, hesitating only slightly before obediently closing her eyes and laying out her nude body for Anna to do with what she wished.  
  
Then Anna filled her straw with frozen margarita and capped the top with her finger to hold it in.  
  
"Now remember, you have to keep your eyes closed and your arms up, no matter what," said Anna teasingly, holding the loaded straw over Sara's left breast.  
  
Anna lifted her finger to suddenly pour a dollop of the icy slush onto the girl's nipple, making her gasp, wince, tense up – but not move.

"Ooooh!" whimpered Sara, squirming slightly and squinting the keep her eyes shut. "So cold!"  
  
Anna smirked and winked at Rosie as she reloaded her straw and proceeded to swirl another mound of frozen margarita over Sara's right nipple, eliciting another small gasp, but this time a more resolutely passive acceptance of the torture. The woman used the straw to trace lines of icy slush up and down Sara's bare tummy, and with each one, the girl's breath quivered, but she remained obediently still, flinching slightly only when the chilly liquid melting off the slush dripped unexpectedly down her sides.  
  
"Such a good girl for staying so still," said Anna, just before unloading a strawful of frozen margarita onto Sara's shaved pussy.  
  
"Thank y— Aaaah!" gasped Sara, her whole body tensing up, but her arms staying up and her eyes obediently shut.  
  
"Such a good girl..." repeated Anna, but with her eyes on Rosie, who was staring at her thoroughly dominated friend with wide eyes and a flushed chest.  
  
Next, Anna leaned over and began licking the melting slush off Sara's nipple, making the girl flinch again, but still not move. The woman's mouth lingered on her breast, licking and sucking the chilled nipple, knowing what effect the contrasting warmth of her lips was having on the girl.  
  
"Mmmm..." Sara moaned, again starting to forget that she was in the middle of a crowed beach.  
  
Anna moved slowly to her other nipple, and then eventually down to the girl's stomach, licking up the stripes of green slush with long, serpentine laps of her tongue, all the while making Sara moan and writhe more and more.  
  
"Want some?" whispered Anna with a quick look up at Rosie, but the American girl could only shake her head slightly as she stared in awe at her friend's erotic enthrallment.  
  
Then Anna's warm lips suddenly enveloped Sara's mound and she plunged her tongue deep inside her squirming toy, sucking the girl's frozen clit deep into the heat of her mouth.  
  
"AAAAAAHHH – oh my god,oh my GOD!" squealed Sara as she was heaved once more over the edge into ecstasy.  
  
She threw open her legs and ground her bare pussy into Anna's mouth, even desperately raising her hips to chase Anna's tongue as the woman sat back up and casually reached for her drink.  
  
"I justlovea good frozen margarita," Anna said, taking a sip and smiling down at her panting toy. "But they always taste so much better when served on the naked body of a very horny and obedient girl."  
  
As Sara began to regain her senses, she glanced around at the onlookers gawking at her latest obscene display, and then finally up at her flabbergasted friend, who was again staring down at her, eyes wide and mouth open.  
  
"I'm sorry, Rosie," she said between panting breaths, not noticing how flushed her friend had gotten watching the whole episode. "I just couldn't help it. I hope I haven't freaked you out too much," she giggled weakly.  
  
"No, don't worry about it," said Rosie, her own voice a bit unsteady. "I – I get it," she said with an embarrassed glance at Anna.  
  
Anna smiled at the two naked, uncomfortably horny young girls – each embarrassed at different levels, but both adorably flustered and so ripe to be toyed with.  
  
"You know, Sara, while you were fetching our drinks like a good girl, Rosie had a wonderful idea," Anna said, prompting a curious glance from Sara and a very nervous one from Rosie. "We were chatting about how much fun you're going to have since I gave you no choice but to go naked for so much of this trip, and Rosie confessed that she's actually a little bit jealous," she said with a sly look at the blushing Latina.  
  
"Really?" said Sara glancing over at Rosie, excited by the prospect of some validation from her friend. "You told her you were jealous of what she did to me."  
  
"Y-yeah, kinda," said Rosie grudgingly, but now secretly wondering if there might not be some truth to it.  
  
"So... tell her your idea, Rosie," said Anna with a smug grin.  
  
"Well..." the buxom girl sighed, awkwardly playing with her hair. "I was, um, I was thinking that maybe I should go naked whenever you do, and only wear my clothes when you wear your pink dress."  
  
"Oh, okay..." said Sara with an amused smile.  
  
"That way, you see," Anna chimed in, "by takingyourclothes away from you, I've really stripped youbothnaked for the week! Right, Rosie?"  
  
"Yeah," she sighed, finally realizing the meaning of what she had agreed to.  
  
"And since she'll only be getting dressed whenyouwear clothes," Anna went on, turning her sly grin to Sara, "nowyouare basically in charge of when Rosie has to go naked. Doesn't that sound like fun?"  
  
"Actually, it kinda does!" said Sara with an evil grin at Rosie, who could only shrug and roll her eyes and the predicament she had let Anna maneuver her into.  
  
"Yeah, well now that you're had your fun," Rosie said, sitting up and reaching for their beach bag, "we have some plans of our own. Sara, what say we, um, take a swim up the beach."  
  
"Oh yes, Sara filled me in on your daring plans to swim up the coast to a regular beach and then come out of the water and try to make your way home in the nude," said Anna in a slightly condescending tone as she casually trailed her fingertips up and down Sara's naked body as if marking it as her territory. "Quite admirably ambitious, but it could be a little risky depending on the time and place you try it."  
  
"And what would you know about it?" said Rosie, doing her best to reassert some attitude after witnessing Anna's expert dominance.  
  
"Well, I've been coming to this island for years, and I know that just south of here there's a ridge of jagged rocks between two resorts that runs all the way down the beach and pretty far out into the surf. So, if you head that way, you won't get very far. You're much better off swimming north, but just don't go any farther than the Jardín de Flores hotel – you'll know it by the big red roof. If you go much further than that, you'll be getting close to the business district, and there are usually a lot of police patrolling that area."  
  
"Police?" asked Sara, exchanging a worried look with Rosie.  
  
"Well, yeah – public nudity is illegal here, after all, which is why there are private beaches like this. The locals are actually pretty conservative about nudity, and they get annoyed with tourists who think every stretch of sand is a topless beach."  
  
"Ooh, maybe this isn't such a good idea," Rosie muttered.  
  
"I didn't say that," said Anna. "I think it's a wonderful idea, and I'm sure you'll both enjoy it. I just want to make sure you know how to get away with it and still have your fun."  
  
"You're so kind," said Rosie skeptically. "Any more friendly advice?"  
  
"Well, you should definitely wait until later in the afternoon – after 5pm or so. By that time, pretty much all the families have left, so there won't be kids around. That's what really pisses off the locals – tourists running around naked in front of their kids. Avoid that and you should be able to stay out of trouble on your way back."  
  
"Yeah, um, maybe we should wait, Rosie," said Sara with an apologetic look to her friend. "I don't think I feel quite up to it right now, you know?"  
  
Oh yes, sweetie, you must beexhausted," said Anna, tweaking Sara's nipple. "I know the rule is no swimming for three hours after a meal, but what is it for swimming after so many heavy-duty orgasms?"  
  
"Very funny," said Rosie as her friend blushed deep red. "Look Sara, I didn't sleep too well on my flight either, so let's go take a nap for a few hours. I'm sure your friend Anna can find some other girl out here to finger bang while we're gone."  
  
The two naked girls packed up their beach bag and got up to shake out their towels before heading in. Anna stood up as well, and delighted in making Sara jump with a pinch on her bare butt. But then she grabbed her naked toy firmly by the arm before she could leave and gave her a playfully stern look.  
  
"You moved, you know," said Anna, arching an eyebrow.  
  
"What?"  
  
"When I was enjoying that delicious frozen margarita off your equally delicious body," Anna said. "I told you not to move, but when I went down on that chilly pussy of yours, you practically tried to shove your clit down my throat."  
  
"Oh god, I'm sorry," said Sara, barely able to recall what she did. "I just couldn't help it. It was all just..."  
  
"Doesn't matter. Rules are rules," said Anna with her mischievous grin. "You moved, and now you know you have to be punished."  
  
"Oh," said Sara quietly, again feeling that sudden thrill of submission burn between her legs. "I—um..."  
  
"In due time, sweetie," said Anna with a wink as Rosie grabbed her dazed friend by the arm and started dragging her up the beach. "See you later, I'm sure," Anna called out with friendly wave.  
  
"Not if we see you first," snapped Rosie as they made their way up the beach toward their bungalow, Sara still glancing back over her shoulder at her dominant seductress, wondering what – and when – her "punishment" would be...  
  
Back in their room, Sara and Rosie curled up naked on their respective beds to get some well-needed rest, and Sara drifted off almost immediately, thoroughly spent from her repeated public orgasms, as well as the intense waves of humiliation that crashed over her in their wake.  
  
But her sleep was less than perfectly restful, as it was filled with vivid dreams of Anna. She envisioned the seductive flight attendant rolling the dining cart down the aisle of a plane with Sara perched on top – naked, legs spread wide, hands bound behind her head with a kerchief – offering passengers a dinner selection of "beef, chicken, or slut." Sara dreamt of Anna tying her naked and spread-eagled to a giant kite and flying it over the beach, with thousands of people peering up and pointing at her nude body. And she repeatedly relived a surreal version of Anna's frozen margarita game, but this time she was splayed out not on the tropical beach but on Professor Duggins' desk at the front to that Irish Lit class where she first met Rosie – the auditorium seating packed with everyone she knew from school, who all applauded and cheered each time Anna made her cum by sucking on her cold clit.  
  
When Sara finally woke, somewhat refreshed but still thoroughly horny, she heard moans and heavy breathing from Rosie's bed. Her Latina friend had kicked off all her covers and was writing naked on her bed with one hand deep inside her pussy and the other squeezing her breasts and reaching up to pull on her hair. Rosie's hips bucked high off the mattress and her whole body glistened with sweat. Sara had no way of knowing how long she had been at this, but her friend seemed to be edging herself over and over again to some especially delicious fantasy.  
  
"Mmmm, oooh yes – YESSSS! Juan, stir me like a martini!" she mumbled as she swiveled her hips.  
  
Despite her urge to giggle, Sara stayed silent so she could continue to enjoy the show. Rosie's nude, tanned, athletic body squirming so salaciously as she massaged her ample boobs captivated Sara. So curvy and well-endowed, Rosie actually looked quite close to what Sara had imagined Anna might look like naked – and to see her writhing in the same kind of ecstasy that Sara had just experienced held a powerful fascination for her.  
  
Almost forgetting that it was her friend she was watching, Sara's fingers drifted between her legs and she began teasing her own slippery folds. She imagined Rosie's hair as blonde, and her lips bright pink like Anna's. Sara began to lose herself in her reveries as she fantasized that she was watching her lesbian temptress pleasuring herself naked for Sara's own entertainment, in a titillating role-reversal of what Anna had made her do on the plane. Kicking off her own sheet, she began to imagine herself beside her, each pleasuring each other in a level of intimacy that Anna had not yet allowed and Sara hadn't realized she wanted. Then, as Sara neared yet another climax, she started moaning unconsciously – but she was oblivious to the noise until it got Rosie's attention and her friend looked over and caught Sara staring at her as she masturbated.  
  
"Whoa bitch, you were looking at me, weren't you?" said Rosie, sitting up and grabbing her sheet to cover her nakedness. "You really have no shame left at all, do you?"  
  
"No Rosie, it wasn't like that," said Sara, discovering a whole new category of sexual humiliation. "I'm sorry!"  
  
"So, youwerelooking at me while you were getting off!"  
  
"But – but I wasn't thinking of you, Rosie – I promise!" Sara insisted, hiding under her own sheet. "I—I was thinking about... Anna..." she said, wincing at herself.  
  
"Damn, girl," said Rosie, shaking her head as she threw off her sheet and stood up. "I gotta take you out to chat up some guys, and snap you out of the spell that freaky witch put on you." She yanked Sara's sheet away too and pointed towards the door. "Now get your naked as out on that beach with me so I can catch us some dick!"  
  
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