**Redi's Punishment**

by RSW

**Part 1 - Prologue**

When Emma and her family moved to the neighborhood, only a few houses down and across the street from me, I had no inkling that it would lead to the most humiliating day of my life.

Though a year younger than me, she was also about to enter her junior year at my high school. She seemed like a nice girl, and I probably should have tried to develop a friendship with her from the start. That would have saved me a lot of embarrassment later.

I, however, had worked hard to develop my social standing. I was queen bee of my grade level and fully expected to expand on my status to become the ruler of the entire high school when I eventually became head cheerleader. To maintain that kind of station, you simply couldn’t let just anyone into your circle. New kids were the worst kind of risk, so I ignored her.

She showed up, however, at a pool party thrown by one of the “in” crowd, Danny Marks. I found out later that his parents had met her mom at the grocery store and extended an invitation. Poor Emma had no idea what she was getting herself into.

As soon as she walked through the gate, every eye was on her, taking in the red hair, the pale skin. She seemed self conscious as she removed her green wrap to reveal her black two piece swimsuit, one much more conservative than any of the other girls, including myself, were wearing. Not that any of us wore thongs or tiny strips of cloth covering our breasts or anything, but we did try to push the limits of what our parents thought were proper. You could at least properly call our suits bikinis.

Emma, on the other hand, exposed almost nothing. There was only a small strip of bare skin visible between her top and bottom and no cleavage showing.

Besides looking like she was going to an old lady’s swim club, there wasn’t too much to ridicule about her appearance, though I was sure that Danielle would find something. The swell of her chest revealed by the tight fitting top, though not quite a match for mine, showed her to be reasonably well endowed, especially considering her trim figure. She was cute, too.

Unfortunately, she was intruding on the area of the elite without an appropriate invite. I could tell that she was stuck as to what to do, probably wishing that someone would introduce themselves. Had I done so, maybe things would have turned out differently.

Instead, I saw Danny and Chuck talking to Danielle. A short time later, they walked toward Emma. I didn’t for a second think that they were being nice, just going to introduce themselves, but I didn’t intervene.

As Chuck stuck his hand out and spoke to her, Danny snuck around behind her. Chuck grabbed her other hand as Danny pulled her bottom down to her ankles, exposing her bright red bush to everyone!

As she struggled to pull away from Chuck, everyone laughed and pointed. By the time she got herself covered, we had all gotten a real good view, and her face turned as red as her hair.

She probably should have left at that point. Instead, she inexplicably chose to jump in the water.

The next thing I knew, Danielle walked up beside me.

“C’mon,” she said, “follow my lead.”

Though I considered myself to be the leader of the group, Danielle wasn’t close behind, and, in order to maintain my status, I sometimes had to go along with her.

With me right behind her, she dove into the water and swam over to Emma and introduced ourselves.

“Emma Harris,” she replied.

She still had a shell shocked look on her face.

“Oh my God!” she said. “I can’t believe that just happened!”

She looked like she was near tears.

“Don’t worry about it too much. It was just their way of inducting you into our little group. They didn’t mean anything by it.”

When Danielle is being sweet, it’s time to get worried, and her voice dripped honey.

I introduced myself and could see her confusion at my name when I told her it was “Redi.”

“It’s a nickname based on my initials, R - E - D. I thought that Red sounded too much like a guy’s name and was inappropriate because I don’t even have red hair. One of the group added an “i” at the end, and that’s what my friends have called me ever since.”

We made small talk for awhile, finding out that her dad had been transferred here from Seattle, that she’d be attending our high school in our grade, and how she came to attend this party. As she talked, she seemed to grow more comfortable and forget her embarrassment.

“Let’s get out of the pool and let me introduce you around,” Danielle said.

We swam to the shallow end, and I could see everyone paying attention as we walked out. A lot of the group, obviously sensing that something was up, made subtle movements to grab their phones.

Danielle motioned for me to take the lead in walking over to one of the larger cliques. Emma followed me.

A few moments later, I heard a gasp behind me. Turning quickly, I saw that Emma’s bottoms were once again around her ankles, and Danielle motioning to me.

As Emma bent over, I’m ashamed to admit that I grabbed her top and pulled it over her head. I guess that I expended a little more effort than I intended because I ended up holding the garment in my hands.

Emma shrieked, stood up, and tried to grab it back from me. I was so surprised that I didn’t immediately let go.

She was now standing, completely nude except for the tiny strip of cloth covering her ankles, with her boobs flopping around as everyone took pictures with their phones, struggling to get her clothes back.

After a few seconds, she realized what a show she was putting on, and she ran to grab her wrap from the chair several feet away, leaving her bottoms on the concrete behind her.

I watched entranced as her bare butt retreated from me as I still held her top in my hand. She quickly threw the dress over her bare body and ran out the gate as everyone laughed behind her.

I felt bad about it as both guys and girls congratulated me throughout the day. In the end, though, I found the fact that I solidified my status as queen bee more important.

**Part 2 – Punished!**

Two weeks later, I was so busy planning my own pool party that I had forgotten my guilt altogether. I had been so surprised, and pleased, when my mom had suggested that I host a pool party. She usually only let me have parties for my birthday in January.

Mom was super helpful in getting everything together even to the point of taking the day of the event, Wednesday, off work; she baked, gave me money to buy refreshments, and assisted with setting out drinks. I shocked me, then, when, just after the last of the guests had arrived, she boomed out “Rebecca Elizabeth Doughtry!”

She only used my full name when I was in serious trouble. I quickly tried to think of what I possibly could have done wrong.

Nothing came to mind. We’d gotten along all morning, and I had done everything on my list. I wore one of my Mom-approved swimsuits.

I turned to her with a questioning expression. She looked mad.

“Young lady, step out onto the diving board.”

A weird order, but you don’t question my mom when she’s in a mood. I immediately did as she told me, walking to the far end of the pool and then back toward her on the bouncing surface.

“It is my understanding,” she said, “that one of our neighbors attended a party recently and, at that party, was humiliated by having her clothes ripped off. It is my further understanding that you participated in this humiliation. Is this correct?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“What was that? I couldn’t hear you.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“I find this information to be quite disturbing. Can you even imagine the embarrassment and humiliation that this poor girl suffered?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Really? You can?”

She apparently didn’t want a “yes” answer.

“No ma’am.”

“Well, you’re not going to have to be able to imagine it. You’re going to experience it.”

Huh?

“Throw me your top.”

“Mom! You can’t be serious!”

This is the woman who insists on going shopping with me to make sure that I don’t buy anything too revealing, and now she’s telling me to take off my clothes in front of twenty people, half of them guys. It must be a joke.

“Do it this instant, young lady! Resistance and back talk will only make things worse for you.”

I was completely stunned, but, when she used that tone of voice, I knew she meant it. I tentatively reached behind my back, keeping my movements slow in the hope that she would change her mind or tell me she was kidding.

I unlatched the catch with one hand while using the other to secure it to my chest. Still no sign from her for me to stop.

As I shrugged the straps from my shoulders, she looked like she was growing impatient, and I realized that this was for real. She intended to make me do it.

I kept most of my breasts covered with one arm while using the other to take the top fully off. My mom held out her hand, and I chucked it in her direction. It fell in the pool.

Mom told Danny to get it for her, and he quickly dived in and retrieved it. When she finally had it in her hand, she turned back to me.

“Drop your hands.”

“Mom! Please! You can’t; everyone will see my breasts.”

“Did everyone see Emma’s breasts?”

I had to answer.

“Yes ma’am.”

“Then they’ll see yours too.”

It was one of the hardest things that I ever did. I dropped my arms to my side revealing my young boobs to all my peers.

She left me to stand like that for a while as she said nothing. I lowered my eyes, but I could still feel them staring at me.

I heard murmurs near me and could barely make out the word “nipples.”

I focused on that particular part of my anatomy and found that they were sticking straight out. Why were they doing that?

“Look at me, Rebecca,” Mom said.

I did.

“Did everyone see other parts of Emma?”

No! She wouldn’t!

“I had nothing to do with that!”

“Answer the question.”

“Yes ma’am, but…”

“No ‘buts.’ What other parts did they see?”

I didn’t want to elaborate.

“Everything.”

“Give me your bottoms,” she said.

I wanted to argue, to protest, anything, but I knew that it would do no good.

Not believing that this possibly could be happening to me, I hooked my thumbs under the aqua waist band.

I looked at Mom with my widest puppy dog eyes, imploring. She met mine with her sternest glare.

I pushed slowly down.

Inch by inch, I exposed more and more of my sparse, blond landing strip to the enraptured audience.

The garment finally cleared my thighs, and I let it drop to my ankles. Even though it wasn’t covering me at all anymore, it hurt to step out of it, to give up totally my last vestige of clothing.

Mom waited, though, so I did it. I reached down, grabbed it, and threw it to her, wincing at the jiggling the motion imparted to my boobs. At least, the garment made it to the tile near her feet this time.

Then I stood there, naked, arms by my side, as my friends stared at me.

I couldn’t believe it. They were seeing me totally nude, my boobs, my bush, my butt, even a small part of my nether lips before they disappeared between my legs.

Then I noticed that a couple of the guys had taken out their phones and were subtly snapping pictures.

“Mom! The guys are taking pictures of me. Please make them stop!”

“Did they take pictures of Emma?”

I had to answer.

“Yes ma’am, but…”

She glared at me, and I knew that I had lost that battle as well.

Mom spoke up again, addressing the group rather than just me.

“I’m going inside now. You can look all you want; she is not to cover herself in any way. There is to be no touching.”

She made eye contact with each of the boys.

“I know that most of you were not blameless in what happened to Emma, but you are not my children to punish. If, however, there is any – any – violation of the no touching rule, I will personally see to it that you are severely disciplined.”

With that she turned and left.

As soon as I saw her back, I jumped into the pool, glad for the cover of the water. It was my intention to stay in the deep end until everyone left.

I was literally shaking from my experience, stunned that anyone, much less all the boys in my peer group, had seen me like this. I clutched the side of the pool using the wall to hide my front from even an underwater view as the boys gathered around me.

“C’mon, Redi, turn around. Your mom said that we could look.”

There were more and more voices clamoring for me to give them a show, but I ignored them. They’d have to be content with seeing my bare behind. If I could have hidden even that part, I would have.

I looked over at the girls, hoping that they would come to rescue me. I noticed Danielle get up and stride purposely into the house. I couldn’t help but wonder why. Moments later, my mom marched out, followed by my “friend.”

“Rebecca Elizabeth, what do you think you are doing?”

I know that she said that the boys could look all they wanted, but did that really mean that I had to let them?

“Swimming?”

I couldn’t keep the questioning tone from my voice.

“You’re hiding. Get up here, now.”

I wanted badly to swim to the shallow end to use the steps there, but I couldn’t risk angering her further. Instead, I climbed up the ladder on the side.

The boys were all right behind me, and I shuddered to think about the view that I was giving them. Ignoring the hoots and hollers behind me confirming my guess about what they could see, I got out of the pool as quickly as I could and went over to my mom, deliberately keeping my hands clenched at my sides.

My mom pulled up a chair and sat down.

“Over my lap, young lady.”

I just stared at her. She couldn’t. She wouldn’t!

“Don’t make me tell you again.”

I was crying before the first blow landed on my tender bottom. Ten times hard smacks resounded. Ten times, I screamed out, more from the humiliation than from the pain. Not only was I naked in front of simply everyone, they were seeing my mom spank me like a little child. I also couldn’t help from squirming, and, with the guys all gathered around by my ankles, I knew they were getting great views of all my feminine charms.

After the last strike, she unceremoniously dumped me on the ground.

“If I catch you hiding again, you will regret it,” she said and went back inside.

I stood up. Not knowing what to do, I let them look at me.

I can’t imagine what a sight I made. Eyes red from crying, shoulder length blond hair dripping wet, a blush covering my entire body, and, oh yes, completely naked. They could see simply everything.

I knew how all the guys had wanted to get even a glimpse of my breasts, easily one of the biggest sets in the school. Now they were not only seeing them all but getting an extended viewing, and, worse still, they were seeing my most private areas – my hair and my behind.

I wished that a hole would open in the earth and swallow me.

Then Danielle approached us.

“I think,” she said, “that, since your mom said the boys could look all they wanted, they’d like to see a little more.”

I mouth opened, but I couldn’t make any words come out. What more could they possibly want to see? I was already naked; there was nothing left for me to take off.

“Sit down,” she said.

I reluctantly complied, bringing my knees up to my chest.

“Now spread your legs.”

I shook my head.

How could she ask me to do something like that?

“Very well,” she said.

She raised her voice.

“Mrs. Doughtry,” she called.

“No, please! Don’t!”

“Spread your legs,” she said.

Before, the guys had gotten brief peeks of my girl parts. Danielle was telling me to blatantly expose myself to them, and I had no choice but to do what she said.

If I was humiliated before, I didn’t know of a word that could possibly describe what I was as I meekly acquiesced.

The bright sunlight illuminated every part of me as Danielle adjusted my position. She had me lean back slightly with my hands down behind me, the hot tile burning my palms, butt, and the soles of my feet. Then, she had the boys line up like they were about to enter a ride at the fair, though this attraction held much more interest for them than such juvenile pursuits.

One by one they came and inspected my most private parts close up, taking pictures with their camera phones and making rude comments.

“She’s enjoying this,” Brandon said. “Look. She’s soaking wet.”

“I just got out of the pool, asshole.”

“And you’re nipples are hard because it’s so cold outside? What about that smell?”

As if I couldn’t get more embarrassed. I prayed that this ordeal would end soon.

“I think that she should take care of her little problem and let us watch,” Danny said.

There were shouts of agreement from all the boys and some of the girls.

“C’mon, Redi, just stroke those huge tits of yours,” Danielle said.

I had never been so horny in my life! If I started doing that, I would never be able to stop before I went all the way, and there was no chance that I was going to give any of these jerks the pleasure.

“No!”

“I’ll call your mom…”

“Go ahead. She said for me not to cover up, and I’ve went above and beyond.”

“You’ll do it or…”

Just then, I saw my mom in back of the crowd.

“Or what?” Mom said.

Danielle stammered to a halt.

“Okay, I think you’ve all had enough fun for one day. I want you cleared out of here in five minutes. Rebecca, you come inside.”

She had me sit, still naked, across from her at the dining room table.

“Young lady, I have never been more disappointed in you than I was when I heard about your part in what happened to that poor girl. I could barely contain my anger the last couple of weeks, but I felt that only way to truly get through to you was to do something dramatic.”

For the first time since all this started, I broke down into tears. Though I fight with her sometimes, I hate to have her think badly of me.

“Rebecca, you’ve always been a good kid, made good grades, behaved compassionately towards others. Since high school and your pursuit of popularity, you’ve kept up with the schoolwork, but you’ve lost any sense of gentleness and sweetness.”

She paused.

“How awful was that situation for you? Having all your friends witness you being punished?”

I shuddered.

“Think how much worse it would be if you were new in town, intimidated, just trying to make friends, maybe shy about your body, and you’re humiliated beyond belief.”

For the first time, I really put myself in Emma’s shoes, thought about how she must have felt.

“I need to apologize to her, don’t I?”

She nodded her head.

“Okay, I’ll get dressed and go over there now.”

I really dreaded this. How do you begin to say you’re sorry for what I helped subject the poor thing to.

“Should you get dressed?” Mom said.

“Huh? You can’t mean that you want me to go over there naked. I have to walk down the street, go into a strange person’s house.”

“I’m not telling you anything. You do what you think is best. I don’t, however, worry overly much about your safety. It’s less than the length of a football field from our door to theirs, and I’ve met her family.”

I hated the “do what you think is best” crap! She should tell me what to do.

My first inclination was to run up to my room and put on some clothes. On the other hand, I could only imagine Emma’s reaction when I showed up at her door. She probably hated me. At least being naked would show her that we have something in common. It did make a strange kind of sense.

Besides, there was a part of me, a minuscule, tiny, sliver of a part, that found the concept a little thrilling.

“Maybe I should go just topless, since I was the one responsible for exposing her breasts and had nothing at all to do with the rest.”

Mom raised her eyebrows.

“Fine!”

I stood up, and my mom walked over to me.

Hugging me, she said, “I’m proud of you for doing the right thing. I didn’t like doing this to you today, but I can only hope that it made you a better person.”

I walked to the front door before I started crying again.

**Part 3 – Emma’s House**

It hit me that I was about to walk out onto a public road, my street, completely, one hundred percent, naked. I blushed at the thought.

I looked out the small inset window and studied the street. There were no cars in sight, and no one was walking down the sidewalk. It was, after all, early afternoon on a weekday.

Hesitantly, I opened the door and stepped out. I kept my hand on the door as long as I could, ready to dash back in should a neighbor appear outside. The coast stayed clear, however, and I reluctantly walked out into my front yard.

My mom hadn’t said that I couldn’t cover myself, but I kept my hands, clenched into fists, at my side. I was afraid of what they might start doing of their own accord if put within reach of any of my erogenous zones.

I can’t adequately describe how both terrifying and thrilling it felt. Here it was the middle of the day with the sun shining, and I was walking down the sidewalk bare ass naked. Anyone could be looking out a window anywhere near me could see all of me, my large boobs, my trimmed blonde curls, my butt.

As much as I wanted to be inside with my body covered, I also didn’t want to reach my destination. Out here under the clear blue sky, it was possible someone would look outside or pass by in a car and see me; when I got to Emma’s house, it was a virtual certainty that someone would, and, once there, I would have to face someone whom I behaved so badly towards. Would she hate me, yell at me, try to humiliate me?

It didn’t take nearly long enough for me to reach opposite her house. Each step, no matter how slowly I took them or how short I made them, drew me inexorably closer.

I stepped off the sidewalk onto the much cooler grass and looked both ways down the street out of habit. I was so hyper aware of my surroundings that the safety precaution turned completely superfluous, but I did it anyway.

Then I was on the concrete once again, this grade much rougher than the sidewalk. I couldn’t believe that my mom made me do this. The only thing that kept me moving towards that front door was the thought of what I would look like if I stood still.

My feet touched grass again, Emma’s lawn. I almost whimpered as I reached her porch, barely restrained myself from rebelling as I rang the doorbell, and stood quivering as I waited for a response.

Her mom didn’t seem surprised to see me or by my nude state. My mom must have called.

“Redi, come in please. I’ll call Emma down.”

She sounded stern but not unkind. She led me into the living room where a young man turned from the television to stare at me with wide eyes.

You would think that I reflexively covered myself to shield my nakedness from him, but I didn’t. I could only stand there, frozen, as he gawked at me.

Even in my mortification, I couldn’t help but notice his looks, unruly dark black hair, well defined but not too bulky muscles straining his shirt, a good face. He was obviously a year or two older than me as well, just the type of guy I typically swoon over, and I had to meet him like this.

“Who are you?” he asked.

He probably wasn’t getting enough blood to his brain to be able to ask the most obvious question, and I wasn’t going to volunteer information. I wanted to see Emma, apologize, and run from the house as soon as I could.

“Redi.”

“I can see you’re ready for something, but what’s your name?”

I get that kind of remark a lot. Usually it annoyed me. I was too mortified to think much of it at the time.

“Brian! You’ll have to excuse my son. He seems to have lost all his manners.”

She turned to the young man.

“She’s here to apologize to Emma. Her state of dress is part of her punishment.”

“Oh, this is one of those little…”

He looked at his mom, and his voice trailed off. He looked me in the eyes.

“I don’t like seeing my little sister in tears. You are a reprehensible…”

That’s all I heard before I started wailing.

I’m not usually much for crying, typically abhorring girls who use it to get out of anything distasteful, but he added that one last drop of water that caused the dam to break. Today, I had lost my dignity and my social status, been forced to strip naked and spread my legs in front of my friends, and now the brother of someone I harmed was calling me a horrible person. It was too much.

I didn’t register anything for a while, standing there with my hands clamped over my face, tears streaming down. I remember arms embracing me and bright red hair, being led upstairs.

“Are you okay?” Emma asked after I recovered enough to look around.

She was still hugging me, but we weren’t in the living room anymore. From the pictures of Taylor Lautner on the wall, I assumed it was her bedroom.

I didn’t want to pull away fearing it would offend her given that I was here to beg her forgiveness, but I felt awkward being so close to her while I was naked. Luckily, she broke her grip and stepped back.

“Emma, I am so, so sorry for what happened.”

Her eyes showed a flash of pain if only for an instant, and I started tearing up again. She quickly embraced me again, patting my back.

“It’s okay. I forgive you.”

“How can you?”

I don’t know how she understood me, I was crying so hard.

“I just can.”

Then she started the waterworks too. I don’t know how long we stood there like that, hugging and comforting one another, but my legs were tired when we finally broke.

There’s nothing like a long cry together to bring you close to someone.

“So, definitely Team Jacob, I see,” I said.

That broke the ice, and we discussed the relative merits of both the fictional Edward and Jacob and the actors who played them for quite a while.

“Do you want to tell me why you’re naked?” she finally asked.

I told her about the party, about the punishment, how humiliated I felt. She’s the last person I expected to react sympathetically, but that’s exactly what she did. Every new detail brought an “oh no,” and she put her arm around me when I teared up again.

“I can’t believe that your mom made you do that. You had it so much worse than me. All they got was a couple of quick glances.”

I didn’t mention the pictures.

“I don’t know,” I said. “What’s worse, being stripped naked in front of a group of supposed friends or in front of a group of strangers that you hope can become friends? We weren’t very hospitable. I can only imagine how horrible it must have been for you.”

We hugged, the shared misery of our experiences creating a bond.

“Can you answer me a question truthfully?” I asked.

She nodded.

“Did you find it, um, exciting at all?”

She blushed as she figured out what I meant. I could tell that she didn’t want to answer, but she ended up nodding her head.

“It’s so weird,” I said. “Ever since this whole thing started, I’ve been so…you know. I can hardly stand it. Being naked in strange places, having guys look at me…”

I shivered.

Just then, there was a knock on the door that briefly preceded it opening. Brian and Mrs. Harris stepped into the room.

“Redi, Brian would like to say something to you.”

He looked me in the eyes, but I could tell it was a strain for him not to let his gaze wander.

“I behaved deplorably earlier. You obviously came over here in order to try to make things right, and I should have been gracious instead of rude. Can you please forgive me?”

Before I could answer, Emma broke in.

“He can be an awful pain in the butt sometime, but he’s a good big brother. It near about killed him to see me hurt and not be able to do anything about it.”

I feared choking up again and could only nod my head.

“Good, now that that’s settled, would you like to stay for dinner?” their mom asked.

I nodded again, not even thinking about my state of dress. Emma came to my rescue, or tried to.

“Great. She can borrow some of my clothes.”

“Nonsense, she probably wants to continue her punishment. I know how one of you would feel if you weren’t able to finish making amends for a wrong that you committed.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I was expected to eat dinner with this family while naked?

“Redi, I’ll call your mom and let her know the arrangement.”

With that, they left the room, and Emma and I were alone once again.

“Does your mom hate me?”

“No. In fact, she didn’t give me any sympathy at all over what happened, told me to stop being a baby.”

“Why would she do that then, insist on me remain undressed?”

“She probably thinks it’s funny; her background is rather unusual, and she’s not too uptight about nudity.”

At least no one seemed to be mad at me.

“Look,” she said, “you don’t have to stay. I’ll understand if you want to go home and get dressed.”

She looked so disappointed by the prospect, though.

“No. I’ll stay.”

Even with what I had gone through today, I didn’t feel that the scales had tipped to her favor yet, and, truthfully, I still felt tingly from her brother staring at me.

Besides, I was having fun with her. She was so sweet. In the past couple of years, I calculated the advantages of each relationship that I cultivated and had to watch my associates closely so that they never got a hand up on me. It was nice to hang out without all the politics.

We talked for a while longer when, as dinner time grew quite close, I had an unsettling realization.

“Your mom isn’t going to want me to get dressed even when I leave, is she?”

“Probably not, sorry. Is it a big deal? You already walked over here like that.”

“It’s just that my dad will be home. I can’t imagine having him see me like this.”

I’d always be Daddy’s little girl. I’d prefer that anyone in the world besides him see my big girl body.

“Oh!” she said, suddenly excited, “Why don’t you stay the night? A sleepover would be so much fun!”

How could I say no to that? Besides how devastated my new potential friend would be, it was a choice between making the naked trek home while my dad’s there and when the neighborhood is buzzing with people coming home from work or spending the night naked but going home when there were many fewer prying eyes around.

I agreed. Emma ran downstairs to get permission, and, just like that, I was committed to remaining stark naked for at least another fifteen hours. How did I get myself into this mess?

Since I was going to stay here for the night, however, there was something that I had to take care of.

“Emma, would you mind terribly if I used your shower? I haven’t cleaned off the chlorine yet, and I feel nasty.”

She pointed me to the bathroom, and the first thing that I noticed was the huge garden tub. My thoughts immediately turned to taking a nice, long bath. A good soak was sure to take away some of the tension I felt.

I noticed the odd setup with three doors leading to the small room, one to her room, one presumably to the corridor, and the final one probably to another bedroom. Being an only child, I didn’t even consider locking the doors.

Once I had ran the water, I gingerly dipped myself into the scalding fluid. It felt heavenly. I leaned back and let me mind drift.

Usually, a good hot bath wipes all stressful thoughts out of my mind. This time, however, I couldn’t keep from reliving the events of the day. Instead of focusing on the bad parts, though, all I could concentrate on was how aroused they made me.

As I laid there, eyes closed, my naked skin immersed in the torrid water, each replayed scene of humiliation increased my need. Without considering what I about to do, my hands found my button and began manipulating it. Soon, I spread my legs wide and went at it fast and furious.

That’s when I heard a noise, and my eyes popped open.

Brian stood there, stunned, staring at me.

I just thought before that I had never been more embarrassed in my life. The worst part was that, even after I realized he was watching me, it took me a while to stop. I had been so close.

He came to his senses first.

“I’m so sorry,” he stammered. “It’s my bathroom, too, and the door wasn’t locked.”

I couldn’t say anything. I couldn’t even move.

“I should leave, huh? I’ll do that.”

He turned and left.

Had that really happened? Had my friend’s cute older brother caught me playing with myself?

I could die. I wanted to run from the house screaming.

Instead, in almost a state of shock, I got up, toweled off, and went back to Emma’s room. I collapsed onto her bed.

I don’t know what the expression on my face looked like, but it must have frightened her.

“Redi, what’s wrong? What happened?”

How do I tell her? It was too embarrassing.

“Brian.”

That was all that I could get out of my mouth.

“What about him?”

I couldn’t answer.

“Just a sec,” she said, and then left.

I don’t know how long she was gone; I wasn’t capable of rational thought.

Then she was back, hugging me.

“Oh honey, it’s okay. Everybody does it. What with all the excitement of the day, no one blames you, and I promise that he’ll never tell anyone. Besides, you don’t want to know how many times I’ve caught him doing the same thing.”

Considering how aroused I was, the thought of him handling himself didn’t help me any. In fact, I groaned at the image in my head.

Before Emma had a chance to respond, however, we heard a noise from downstairs.

“That’s Mom,” she said. “It’s time for dinner.”

**Part 4 - Evening**

My legs shook as I stood up. I simply couldn’t imagine facing Brian again after what he had seen in the bathroom.

I tried to speak, to protest, but I still couldn’t find any words. Emma took my hand and led me out of the room.

I stumbled after her numbly, concentrating solely on putting one foot in front of the other. I kept my eyes down, staring at the floor as we descended the stairs and journeyed into the dining room.

“Hi, honey. This must be your new friend, Redi.”

The strange voice broke me out of my stupor, and my head darted up. I had completely forgot about Emma’s father when I accepted her invitation, and he was now staring at my nude body.

I wanted to scream, cover myself, run away, something. Instead, I just stood there.

“It’s nice to meet you,” he said.

To be honest, he wasn’t leering at me, and he smiled.

“Likewise.”

It was all I could get out.

Mrs. Harris walked into the room.

“Please have a seat, dear,” she said. “What would you like to drink?”

There were chairs at the head and foot of the table, one on the side nearest me, and two on the opposite side. I noticed that all the place setting had full glasses except one of the two that were together and quickly figured out that that must be my spot.

I moved quickly to sit down, grateful to be at least partially covered, especially when I was able to drape the large cloth napkin over my lap.

“Coke would be great.”

They all sat down and began dishing up food like it wasn’t the least bit unusual to have a nude teenager dining with them. I could only think about my nakedness, though, as I reached for the mashed potatoes.

Throughout the whole meal, I couldn’t get it out of my mind.

I felt like I was shouting “hey, everyone, here are my boobs! Do you like them? See how nice and jiggly? How about those hard nipples, huh? Can’t ya tell I’m excited to be here?”

It was torture keeping up polite conversation as I grew more and more aroused. I was acutely aware that I hadn’t been able to finish what I started earlier.

While Mr. Harris was quite polite, I caught Brian staring at me with an open mouth and slack look on his face a couple of times. Once, his mom had to nudge him.

You would have thought that it would have made me feel uncomfortable, his ogling. Instead, it only made me more horny.

Even though the wood table concealed my nether regions from everyone except Emma, I kept my legs clenched and didn’t move the napkin until near the end of the meal.

For about a half hour, I had sat there, chewing while barely tasting the food, growing more and more aroused as Brian gaped at my bare breasts. Then, sitting across from me, Brian accidentally dropped his fork.

I didn’t plan it. Really, I didn’t; it was involuntary. When he bent over to retrieve the utensil, I used the napkin to wipe my mouth and then spread my legs wide. Emma gasped as she noticed what I did.

I heard a thump, and the table rattled. That made me realize what I had done. I snapped my legs together and dropped the napkin to my lap.

“Are you okay?” Mrs. Harris asked.

For a second, I wondered if I should respond. Fortunately, I figured out that she was talking to Brian. He had hit his head.

Brian sat up, and I couldn’t help but notice how red his face was. He stared at me as he answered his mom.

“Yeah. Just clumsy. No big deal.”

Why had I done that? If he didn’t think that I was a slut after the bathtub incident, he surely did now.

“It looks like everyone is about done with their food,” Mrs. Harris said.

She gestured at Emma.

“If you’ll join me in the kitchen to help grab the dessert, the rest of you can adjourn to the living room.”

I started to panic at what that would mean. Me, alone, naked, with two men.

“I can help too,” I said.

“Nonsense, you’re a guest.”

It sure was hard to contradict Emma’s mom.

I was the last one to get up, and, when I saw the mess that I had made on the wooden chair, I was glad of it. I used the napkin to clean up my juices and hoped that they washed them in between uses.

I padded into the living room to find both Brian and Mr. Harris already seated with not even the television on to distract them from me. I could feel their eyes on me as I walked into the room.

I wanted badly to sit; it would have made me feel a lot less awkward. I couldn’t help think, however, about how badly I was leaking, and all the chairs in the room were fabric.

I stood there, hands by my side, trying to engage the two them in conversation and not think about how exposed I was, for what seemed like forever until the dessert finally arrived.

Mrs. Harris saw me still standing and grinned. She handed me a plate with a piece of chocolate cake on it and said, “Just a second, dear. I’ll be right back.”

True to her word, it didn’t take long for her to return, this time holding a dishtowel in her hand. She spread it out on a chair and gestured for me to sit.

I blushed as I realized that now everyone knew about my condition.

Could things get any worse?

The cake was delicious, and I couldn’t help but moan as I took a couple of bites. Then, I noticed Brian gawking at me, and I recognized how the sexual the sounds I had been making could have sounded. I didn’t eat anymore.

Mercifully, Emma’s parents finished their desserts quickly and didn’t stay to chat. In no time at all, they had said goodnight and retired to their room.

“I saw the look that Dad was giving Mom,” Brian said. “They won’t be back out tonight.”

“Brian!”

“What? They have an active sex life. They’re proud of it.”

Emma glared at him.

“I only mentioned it to let Redi know that she can get dressed if she wants.”

I was about to gratefully accept the offer of clothes when Emma spoke up.

“Remember what Mom said? Surely, she doesn’t want to give up now.”

Huh?

I could only think that she wanted me to be punished more. Knowing that I deserved it, I could only nod my head.

“Let’s watch a movie,” she said, her voice almost squeaking with excitement.

She pulled the ottoman over to the middle of the couch and indicated that I should sit there. Then she directed her brother to sit next to me on the right side. She sat on my left after placing a disk in the DVD player.

“What are we watching?” Brian asked.

“A movie that Mom and Dad watch a lot.”

After the player finished booting up, a nude woman with huge breasts and her spread legs facing the camera appeared on the scene. We all watched as a man sitting at the foot of the bed directed her to masturbate, and she did.

None of us said a word.

As the woman’s breathing became more and more erratic, I felt a hand gently stroking my right leg.

“Oh, your skin is so soft,” Emma said. “Brian, feel her thigh.”

I wanted to protest. I started to speak, but she put a finger to my lip.

I looked up to see her glare at her brother. I turned my gaze to him. How did he read my expression? Panicked? Pleading?

He must have seen encouragement because he did as she asked. I now had two hands caressing my bare body.

Her fingernails tickled as they traced up and down my leg, a sharp contrast to the slightly rough texture of his fingers.

As the lady on TV plunged a huge dildo into herself, I realized that I didn’t want them to stop. I moaned softly.

Emma’s hands moved to my breast, gently tracing patterns all over my right boob, softly circling my nipple.

“Oh, you should feel her breast. It’s even softer,” she said.

He didn’t need quite as much convincing this time. As he moved his hand up my body, I felt Emma withdraw hers and stand up. I watched her cross the room and sit in the recliner.

That seemed to signal to Brian that we weren’t playing around anymore. He began to fondle me passionately. His hands were all over my chest, caressing, squeezing, teasing my nipples. It felt so good.

For a moment, I wondered if I was ready for where this could be going, but, to be honest, I was too far gone at that point to care. I had spent the day naked, aroused, and frustrated. All I wanted was to find release.

While I appreciated his efforts at foreplay, I sincerely did not need it. I grabbed his right hand and put it between my legs. He took the hint.

I came almost as soon as his fingers brushed my clit, and he kept manipulating my sensitive folds of flesh until I was gasping for air. The respite only lasted briefly, however. I barely had time to calm my breathing before the most wonderful thing happened – I felt his tongue gently stroking my clit.

He was kissing me. Down there. No boy had ever done that for me, and it felt fantastic.

Even though he took his time trying to build up to it, I was far to aroused to be brought along slowly. All too soon, I once again panted with exertion, my hands clutching for purchase on the smooth surface of the couch, my back arching as waves of pleasure hit me.

Brian let me recover a little longer this time before continuing. This time, he skipped all preliminaries and went straight for the prize. I felt his two fingers enter me, and I gasped.

I held out as long as I could, enjoying sensations only previously experienced as self generated. I must say that this whole sex thing, even if this wasn’t “all the way,” lived up to the hype.

As I was catching my breath again, he cuddled up next to me, his body cool in comparison to the hot and sweaty mess that was mine. It felt so good to bury my head into his chest.

I don’t know how long we laid like that, but, eventually, the sexual buzz wore off, leaving me drowsy. I don’t remember much after that.

**Part 5 – The Next Morning**

I woke up the next morning in a strange bed with an arm draped over me. I had three immediate questions – where am I, who am I with, and why am I naked?

It came back to me quickly. I was still at Emma’s and apparently sharing the bed with her. I gently pushed her arm off me. She murmured something and turned over. She didn’t wake up though.

I heard movement in the bathroom and realized the sound of water shutting off had been what woke me up. Brian must have just finished a shower.

Trying not to disturb her sleep any more, I eased out of the bed.

Then, I remembered the rest, what had happened with Brian last night as Emma had watched. Oh God, he must think I’m a total slut.

I waited until I heard the door to his room open and close before I entered the bathroom. I then gave him a few minutes before I lightly knocked.

“Enter,” he said.

I peeked around the edge of the door. He stood in front of his closet wearing red boxers and a plain white tshirt.

“Redi! How are you this morning?”

“Still naked.”

“Just the way I like you,” he said, smiling. “Come on in.”

I hesitantly stepped out from behind the door revealing my body to him once again. You’d think that I’d be over any shyness, especially after last night, but, if anything, it was harder this morning.

“In case I haven’t told you before,” he said, “I think you’re absolutely gorgeous.”

He grinned.

“And I’d say the same thing even if you were wearing clothes.”

I couldn’t help but appreciate the compliment, though I couldn’t possibly see how he could mean it. My hair was surely a mess, and I wasn’t wearing makeup at all. I must have looked hideous.

As I stood there, clenching and unclenching my fists, not knowing exactly what to do with my arms, he stared at me, waiting for me to speak. I didn’t know what to say.

“Did you need something?” he finally asked. “Not that I don’t appreciate the visit.”

I needed to know where I stood with him after last night. I know it’s stupid. He’s a college student, and I’m only a junior in high school. Why would he be interested in me? I needed to find out, though. I couldn’t figure out how to start, though.

“I was just, you know, wondering, if, like, you, maybe, you know, might, you know, like…”

“Sorry to interrupt,” he said, “but I have an important question for you. Would you go out with me?”

“Really? You mean it?”

He grinned.

What was wrong with me? First, I acted so wanton last night. Now, I was being way too eager.

“I mean, I guess I could if you want to,” I said. “I’ll have to check my calendar.”

“Can you please check and see if you have Monday night open?”

Monday? Why wait so long? He must have seen the disappointment on my face.

“I’m leaving in a few minutes to go visit some old friends for the weekend. If you give me your phone number, though, I’ll call.”

He saved it in his phone.

This was so wonderful! Then, I had a horrible thought.

“I don’t usually go so far, especially before I even get to know a guy. Last night was the most unusual circumstances. You aren’t, you know, expecting more?”

He hugged me.

“Redi, we can go as slow as you want. Really.”

He was apparently running late, so he pretty much kicked me out so that he could get ready. I climbed back into bed elated.

End – For Now