**Sara1000  
Naked in Public**  
  
I'm nineteen years old, female, from Florida. I’m 5’4”, weigh 110 pounds, have 34C breasts and long blonde hair.   
  
For as long as I can remember I've always hated wearing clothes and have sought to wear as few as possible depending on the circumstances. The less clothes I wear the more liberated I feel so naturally my goal is to be stark naked as much as possible. This has led to some interesting adventures.   
  
One of the strangest was when I was in high school and these three nasty heifers attacked me in the girl's restroom one day and ended up tearing all my clothes off. Then they went to class and left me stark naked.   
  
I didn't know what to do, but I knew I didn't want to hide in the girl's bathroom all day so I ended up going to class totally nude. It was totally awesome walking down the hall stark naked, showing off my naked breasts and shaved pussy.  
  
Even though classes were currently in, there was naturally a few students in the halls going here and there. When they caught a glimpse of my nude beautiful body I could tell they first didn’t believe their eyes. Then they would just stop and stare at me. That was a rush, let me tell you. Plus it made me real popular that day with all the guys and even some of the girls - hehe.   
  
I sauntered into my next class late and went and sat at my assigned desk. My teacher was currently writing something on the blackboard and hadn’t seen me yet. I won’t try to tell you I wasn’t embarrassed, but it was like a wet dream come true. I was real hot. My nipples were sticking way out and my pussy lips became engorged when I saw everyone in the class staring at me when I walked in.  
  
Naturally enough, the class erupted into a cacophony of noise when they first saw me. Guys were attempting to reach out and grope me as I walked by their desks. The girl who sat beside me said, “I always knew you were a slut, Sara, but I never thought you’d sink this low.”  
  
I just laughed and explained to her what happened. I don’t know if she believed me or not, but her attitude changed a bit and she told me she was sorry for me to be in such a nightmarish position.  
  
The teacher, naturally enough, turned around quickly to discover what the disturbance was and to caution the class in no uncertain terms to come to order when he caught sight of me sitting stark naked in the back of the room.  
  
He was a young male teacher in his first year of teaching high school and I bet they had never taught him about anything like this happening when he was in college. I couldn’t help but notice that he had began to develop an erection beneath his suit pants as I was a hot little number even then.  
  
After I calmly explained to him what had happened, he didn't actually know what to do. He finally decided to walk me down to the office. He offered me his suit coat, but I told him I was fine and offered him a winsome smile.  
  
You should have heard the gasps from all those old lady cows who worked in the front office when I walked in stark naked beside my teacher. He left me there and couldn’t get away from the whole situation quick enough.  
  
You usually had to wait to see the principal without an appointment, but in this case I was ushered right in. Our principal was a middleaged man, not bad looking as he had attempted to keep himself in shape. I sat down in a chair across from his desk and explained to him what had happened.  
  
He was highly flushed and actually had sweat breaking out on his forehead when he looked at me. Of course during the conversation I would widen my legs every so often and offer him a complete look at my pussy.   
  
It turned out there really isn't a specific rule against coming to school without clothes on and the principal was scared my parents would sue someone about all my clothes being ripped off by some other students, so basically what happened is I stayed naked all day. God, it was great, although I don’t think my teachers thought much of it because they had such a hard time controlling their classes. I even rode home on the bus that way. It was awesome.   
  
Another thing that happened around the same time was one Saturday my mother had already promised my little sister to take her to the park and then at the last minute she couldn’t go so I got drafted.   
  
I hated it but I didn’t have any choice. I had been drinking coffee all day long and it wasn’t long after we got there that I really had to go to the bathroom. It turns out the restrooms are all closed, even the men’s, because of repairs.   
  
I don’t know what I’m going to do. I try to get my little sister to leave but she refuses and runs off. I can’t follow her because I’m too afraid I’ll start peeing if I attempt to run after her. So I didn’t have any choice at that point but to try to go behind a bush.   
  
The problem was I was already dressed up to go out on Saturday night. I was wearing a very pretty ruffled white blouse and my ultra cool brand new black leather jeans and I certainly wasn’t going to risk getting any urine on them. What this meant was I was going to have to pull them completely off because they were so tight I’d never be able to squat right; plus I’d always been terrible with maintaining my balance squatting like that. I’d be more apt to fall face forward into my own puddle of pee.   
  
So I run over and hide behind some large bushes and pulled my jeans down. Unfortunately the first leg of the pants I tried to remove gets caught on my ankle high tied boots. So I’m hopping around on one foot like an idiot but I finally got it off. I’m pretty hysterical by this time.   
  
I sat down on the ground for the second leg and as soon as, I successfully pulled the jeans off my body, I regained my footing and spreading my feet as far apart as I could I squatted and started to pee. Oh God, it felt so good.   
  
Of course, you know what happened. A group of boys came walking up on me. They were all a couple of years younger than me, but twice as big and they were really enjoying my predicament; particularly looking you know where. Probably was the first time they saw one in real life.   
  
I had managed to cut myself off in midstream and I was going to try to grab my jeans and run away. but they were too quick for me. They grabbed me and held me from behind. I wasn’t worried at all about being sexually assaulted, because all I had to do was to scream and people would have come running from all over, but it would even have been more embarrassing if I done that.   
  
They pulled my blouse off and my boots so I was stark naked! And then they looked me all over, you know how kids are with a new toy. They rubbed my nipples until they became totally erect (both my nipples and them!) and they were experimenting with their fingers up my naked twat and ass hole.   
  
Then they just held me standing straight up until I couldn’t stand it anymore and I had to start going with them there and standing straight up to boot. Actually I was way turned on by the whole thing watching my stream of piss leave my body in front of them.   
  
Then they got scared and ran away with my clothing leaving me there totally nude in the park on a Saturday afternoon. Well, you could imagine that even though I didn’t mind being naked in certain places that would bother other people this wasn’t one of them. I was really freaking out!   
  
The park was jammed with people and I didn’t have the slightest idea what I was going to do and I really needed to get back and check on my little sister. Well, finally I realized there wasn’t anything I could do about it so I decided to act as if nothing was wrong.   
  
I just sauntered out there and collected my little sister who knew enough by then to not say a word and to come along quietly and we just walked by people and out of the park. Do you know that some people didn’t even notice? And nobody else said a word – like in ‘The Emperor’s New Clothes.’ So I learned an important lesson, it’s all in how you carry yourself.   
  
This New Year’s I had plans to go out with my good friend to a party. I've known her for a long time. Her boyfriend had to work. By the time we would get there it would be after midnight. She picks me up from work and isn't even dressed to go out. Said she changed her mind. I was kinda disappointed but I didn't want to act like a jerk.   
  
We stopped to buy gas at an all night station and I see these two guys I used to know in high school. Now I was wearing a winter coat over my outfit, which I was going to wear to the party for a cheap thrill. The dress was so see-through that it was actually mostly holes, but did cover me in essential areas, although I couldn’t wear anything beneath it.   
  
We talked and then they invited me to a party with them and then they said they would take me home afterwards. So I tried to get my friend to change her mind, but she wouldn't go so I said ok.   
  
Well, to try to shorten this tale of woe they take me to their trailer way out in the middle of nowhere. When we first get there they say that people will be coming in a little while from other parties. Theirs is suppose to start at 2am.   
  
Once they get a look at this dress they start getting a little wild. I couldn't just sit with my coat on, you know. In fact, it's hard to sit in this dress because it was so short. So then what happens is unbeknownst to me at the time, these two guys start taking X and special K and pretty soon they're really wasted. I didn't have any money with me and besides it turns out these clowns don't have a phone.   
  
So they're dancing all around me stark naked waggling their penises in my face and begging me to take if off and grabbing at me here and there, trying to pull my dress off, what there was of it.   
  
So finally the one guy grabs me and the other guy strips off my dress. Man, were they shocked to see me totally nude except for my high heels. I guess the fools thought I had room for underwear beneath it. It was still really uncomfortable for awhile with all of three of us naked and I refused to have sex with them. They finally got so loaded they couldn't move and that was my New Years.   
  
I did get my revenge though. In the morning, just before I left, I found a tube of Ben Gay in their bath room cabinet and I rubbed it all over their penises. These guys were still so out of it, they did wake up slightly, but they just thought I was jacking them off. I knew that they felt much differently later!  
  
I have some other things I can post that happened to me if people like these.

Naked in Public  
Chapter Two  
  
My mother told me I never liked wearing clothes. She informed me that from the time I could toddle around I would always pull anything off she had on me, plus my diaper. She said that later when I was about five and six, she had to watch me like a hawk when she took me to go swimming because I would always pull my bathing suit off and go swimming around naked in whatever pool, lake or ocean we were in.  
  
As far as back as I can remember, I’ve always hated wearing clothes. They just feel so confining to me, as if I can’t move or function correctly when I’m all weighed down with clothes. This is particularly a problem because I am a young woman and us women seem to have to wear so many clothes and clothes that are too tight or heavy. In elementary school I was always getting in trouble for stripping down at recess. Of course, the older I got the more attention I seemed to receive from boys and that was rewarding in itself.  
  
I can remember in the sixth grade, me and a group of boys would always disappear during recess around the side of the school and I would strip down for them. They loved it and so did I! It always felt so liberating to me and free. Sometimes I’d get some of them to do the same thing. Their bodies looked so funny at the time to me with their little hairless peckers. But I never let them touch me, that was one of my big rules. You can look, but you better not touch. Sometimes I would touch them though, if they begged me enough and if a boy was particularly mature before his time, his dick would get real hard.   
  
One time I actually stroked a boy’s cock until he shot off against the side of the school. That was so hot to me, having that kind of control! But he got scared when it was happening to him, because he really didn’t have any idea at the time what it was. He never came around me again after that.  
  
Of course this whole thing made a lot of the other girls real jealous of me and they hated me for it. Every once in a while they’d all gang up on me at recess and pull my clothes off and run away with them figuring to really embarrass me when I had to go back to class naked. But I would fool them. We lived pretty close to the school and I would just run home for the day and if a teacher asked me the next day why I didn’t return to class I would tell them and those girls would get in big trouble.  
  
Every once in a while when I was going home like that, some perv would stop and try to convince me I should get in his car for a ride to my home, but I never fell for that one. But wouldn’t you think all those people driving by would see there was a young girl stark naked walking along the side of the road and call the police or something? But I guess that’s true. Nobody wants to get involved today.  
  
In middle school I had a best friend named Andrea and she was way cool. She wasn’t like me or anything, but she didn’t judge me. In fact, she used to try and help me in any way she could. You know those yucky gym suits girls had to wear? Well, I retailored mine. I had the blouse cut up to just across the bottom of my breasts and I had the shorts cut up right along the bottom of my labia! In fact, it was so short, that if I wanted, I could turn a certain way and you could see my pussy!   
  
One day in the eighth grade our gym teacher was sick and, we had to go to class with the boys, so they had us doing gymnastics together in the gym. The teacher was this real young guy, Mr. Boyd. He was really good looking too. He was fairly tall, with a nice bod and blonde wavy hair. It was his first year teaching.   
  
So anyway I had it all worked out with Andrea. She was supposed to jump on the small trampoline and vault onto the horse and do one of those basic put your hands down between your legs and touch once with them and then jump off the horse. Well, Andrea hit the trampoline super hard and vaulted all the way over the horse and landed awkwardly right at my feet and acted as if she had fallen and on the way down she grabbed my shorts and pulled them down to the floor.  
  
What a laugh! I wasn’t wearing any knickers, of course and then when she stood up she acted as if she were off balance and she pulled my blouse up over my head leaving me standing there in front of all these boys stark naked. It was so great and I looked at Mr. Boyd and he was getting a hard on.   
  
I was beginning to develop real well by then. I had had my period already and my breasts were almost fully developed and I had all my pubic hair. I was standing there with my legs wide open and you could see everything. It felt so fantastic to see everyone looking at my totally nude body. I kept looking at Mr. Boyd and smiling. I thought he was so hot! Some of the girls finally ran over and helped me get dressed.  
  
That was the first time I played a naked prank in public, but certainly not the last.  
  
In the middle of the week following Christmas, I was surprised to hear from Andrea when she called me on the telephone. Unfortunately as far as I was concerned, the notoriety around the school from our naked prank had caused us to drift completely apart.   
  
So you can imagine I was flabbergasted when she invited me over to spend the night. It turned out her parents had gone out of town and I really think she had been scared to spend the night alone in their big old house.  
  
When I arrived I saw Andrea sitting on the living room couch with a number of different kind of liquor bottles sitting in front of her on a table. It turned out she had broken into her parents’ liquor cabinet. We started sampling the different liquors trying to find out which we really liked. Anyone can tell you that this is the wrong way to drink unless you want to get drunk in a hurry.  
  
My first clue that I was becoming increasingly intoxicated was I felt uncomfortably warm. I began to pull my skirt and blouse off to cool down. While I was peeling them off, Andrea exclaimed, “Sara, what are you doing?!”  
  
“I’m too hot,” I whined.  
  
“But you’re naked,” Andrea complained, pointing out the obvious.  
  
I was naked already having not chosen to wear any underwear, because I knew it was just going to be us girls. I found myself wondering what Andrea was getting so excited about. Later I found two reasons why she had been.  
  
I sat on the couch next to her so closely that my bare body was sometimes touching her clothed one. I was getting so snockered that I didn’t pay attention to that, but I thought about it later. As we sat and talked and laughed like old times, we just kept getting drunker and drunker. Suddenly Andrea turned and expressed, “I really wish you would get dressed. You never know what might happen.”  
  
“You really are turning into a drag, Andrea,” I responded. “Instead of me getting dressed, why don’t you get undressed?”  
  
“No way, you wouldn’t dare!” she screeched.  
  
Now that’s the kind of challenge I enjoy responding to. I grabbed onto my fine looking friend and began to unbutton her blouse in preparation of removing it from her. Andrea squealed like a stuck pig and began to wrestle me in order to make me cease and desist. I pushed her down on the couch and crawled up on her and sat across her just below where her pussy was and finished unbuttoning her blouse. I pulled it off her and began to undo her skirt by pulling the side zipper down.  
  
“No! Stop it!” yelled Andrea. I just laughed at her.  
  
I had quickly reduced my friend to her skimpy bra and knickers, when she reared up and was able to push me off her. She reached down to the floor to gather up her skirt and blouse in preparation of donning them again, when I struck again and literally tore her underwear off leaving her stark naked, the same as I.  
  
“You bitch!” Andrea cried out and she leaned forward and began to passionately kiss me, slipping her tongue into my startled mouth. It took me a moment to really fathom what was happening. It was such a shock to have my best friend kissing me like this and we had never even talked about it.  
  
I began to return her kisses with fervor, while pressing my naked body against hers. It felt so good; all that bare flesh against bare flesh. While the raven-haired beauty continued to passionately kiss me, I began to rub my pussy against hers as hard as I could. My clit became stiff from stimulation and I could feel hers had too.  
  
I heard the front door open and someone say, “Andy, we’re home.” Oh Christ! I thought. Now what? But I was kinda excited to see who it was. So there I was sitting stark naked with my hard clit sticking out when her seventeen year old brother and his two friends walked in!  
  
I glanced at Andrea, who looked at me and smiled and then I realized she had had this all set up too! It was really a nice Christmas present as far as I was concerned.  
  
  
Naked in Public  
Chapter Three  
  
I’d always had the hots for Andrea’s brother, Eric, ever since I’d met him the year before. Four years older than us, he stood a slim figured, six feet and had long, black as coal, hair that hung way down his back. In his features, he was a male version of the gorgeous looks of his sister, Andrea.   
  
Sitting there totally nude and half drunk, I gazed at him with a half smile on my sensuous lips. I could tell from the expression on his handsome face when he looked at me that he found me desirable, but also that he was not surprised to find me stark naked, confirming my belief that Andrea and he had this set up from the beginning. But when he looked to his sister, his look became one of shock and surprise. I don’t think he had ever seen his sister without clothes; at least not since she had grown.   
  
Now the other two guys in the room were a different story. One of them was known as Jimi and the other was Luke. They spent so much time with Eric that the three of them were known as the three Musketeers. Both of them were standing as if rooted into the living room floor and their mouths had dropped agape, and they had not, as of yet, acquired the wherewithal to close them. I giggled to have such an affect on young men, who were getting ready to enter young adulthood, while only being thirteen myself.  
  
Eric strided up to us and he spoke to his sister harshly. “Andrea, what are you thinking? Put some clothes on immediately.”  
  
I noticed my good friend’s beautiful face set in a rigid mask of defiance that her brother missed temporarily, as he had already moved his attention to me. “Good evening, Miss Sara,” the young man intoned. Eric has always been smooth with the opposite sex.  
  
“I see you’re looking as tasty as ever,” he spoke with a sly grin on his face, as he pointedly stared at my bare breasts and uncovered pussy. The young man then reached out his right hand.   
  
My nipples had become erect as soon as the young men had entered and now my pussy was tingling from his intense stare. I matched mine with his and we shook hands.  
  
“Hmm,” he murmured, looking at me and then his sister with askance. “What have you two been doing, anyway?”  
  
It was then that he noticed that, not only was Andrea not getting dressed, she was sitting with her legs spread-eagled totally exposing her labia to the other two young men.  
  
“Andrea!” Eric exploded.  
  
Before he could say anything further, he was interrupted by his friend, Jimi who stepped forward and expressed, “Hey, lighten up man! You’re being a right drag.”  
  
Jimi wasn’t quite as tall as Eric, but appeared to have a more rugged physique beneath his apparel. I’ve always been a sucker for a good build on a man. He was quite good looking with red curly hair and a few freckles across his attractive features. He had an impish grin and was quick to joke.  
  
Now in Eric’s crowd being called a right drag was the worst insult known, so he immediately shut up, but he continued to shoot deadly looks at Andrea until I soon distracted him.  
  
Luke was the third one. He was shorter than the other two and his build fell in between, but he had a head full of beautiful blonde hair and he was easily the most handsome of the three of them. But being short myself at the time, (I was only five feet, two inches) I always shied away from short men for fear of the two of us being called munchkins or worse.  
  
Luke spoke up, “I’ve got the beer.” And he held up two cases of beer.  
  
When Jimi began chatting up Andrea, who was still sitting there defiantly totally nude, Eric had turned again to complain. Before he could fire off another protest, I reached out and quickly unbuttoned his jeans and pulled down the zipper and, lo and behold, I discovered he wasn’t wearing any underwear as his penis flopped out at me.  
  
“Hey!’ the dark-haired young man exclaimed, as he whirled around to me.  
  
As I continued pulling Eric’s pants down over his slim hips and to the floor, I couldn’t help but notice from the corner of my eye that Andrea appeared totally shocked to view her brother’s flaccid penis.  
  
I, on the other hand, was extremely gratified to observe how large his penis appeared in its natural state. I found myself growing wet just looking at him. I wasn’t interested in pulling a train, although I wasn’t a virgin. I just thought the three of them should get as naked as we were.   
  
I reached up and grasped his shirt just above his top button and ripped the thin but tasteful material from his body in one swift movement. I had waited awhile to see all of this boy nude and it was worth the wait.   
  
As I mentioned previously, he was extremely handsome with long dark hair. He had some nice upper body muscle nomenclature and long beautiful swimmer’s legs. Eric was slim without being skinny. And as I mentioned before, his penis was quite large, even in its flaccid state, but it was quickly becoming unflaccid with every passing second.  
  
Eric was currently in shock over standing completely nude in front of his thirteen year old kid sister. As he stood there completely stunned for a moment, I looked over at Andrea for the first time. She was laying on the floor on her back with her feet on the floor and her knees bent.   
  
The young ebony-haired beauty was holding her legs as wide apart as possible offering Jimi and Luke a vivid view into her completely open labia; something they had only caught fleeting glimpses of before and that would have been mostly in the dark of the back seats of cars at night.  
  
They both had removed all their clothing and like I thought - Jimi had a helluva body, while unbelievably it appeared that Luke had a monster joint jutting out from his small frame. I thought, maybe I needed to reevaluate my position on not wanting a short boyfriend.   
  
All four of them remained in the same position momentarily, but I was looking out toward the front door. This was indeed fortunate because it afforded me the opportunity to be the first, and for awhile the only person, who saw Eric and Andrea’s parents come home unexpectedly early from their trip! Their parents hadn’t set their suitcases down on the floor yet or observed what to them must have been a truly hideous sight of their stark naked thirteen year old daughter laying with all her sexual organs exposed in front of two totally nude teenage boys.   
  
I quickly and quietly picked my skirt and blouse off the floor, while forgoing the hunting of my shoes and I slipped into the kitchen and out the back door before the screaming could commence.   
  
That was certainly close. I heard later that it was just lucky that none of them were eighteen yet, but Eric was sent away immediately to military school and Jimi and Luke were never allowed anywhere near Andrea or her house again.  
  
  
  
Naked in Public  
Chapter Four  
  
I never saw Andrea after that night. I’ve felt bad about that right up to this very day. I really enjoyed our friendship and I miss her. I have no idea where she is presently or what’s she’s doing.  
  
Not long after our Christmas vacation was over, something interesting occurred. Have I mentioned that my parents are very religious? In fact, my mother is so religious she has a cross as a screensaver. Man, that’s putting your religion where you want it – to protect your computer. The upshot of all this religious preoccupation is that I absolutely had to attend church every week or I would never hear the end of it for the entire following week. I also sang in the church choir.  
  
I had just been accepted into the Senior Choir. In our church we had the Cherub Choir, which was for small children and the Junior Choir which was for older children, and the Senior Choir, which was for everybody else. I enjoyed singing in the choir. I have a good voice, so singing was easy for me and I enjoyed sitting up behind the minister on Sunday morning and looking out at the congregation. When the sermon would become boring, (which it always did) I could look out at everyone and amuse myself – hehe, or amuse them. Because I’m short and also sang soprano, I would always be seated in the front row of the choir.  
  
But best of all, I loved our choir robes. They were deep burgundy and looked really cool, but the best part was what you could wear under them – which in my case was nothing.  
  
Everyone else just slipped their robe on over their outer apparel, but I always disappeared into the ladies room and, after stripping down to just my shoes, I would put on the robe. I would then stash my outfit in one of the Sunday school rooms. And no one would be wiser, or so I thought, but we’ll get to that part of the story later in another chapter.  
  
Some Sundays when I was bored, I would pick out a good looking guy in the congregation, establish eye contact with him and, then slip my right hand under my robe surreptitiously, and masturbate myself ‘til climax. Man, that was hot too! Somehow it always felt better doing it there than anywhere else. And I wouldn’t have anything to wipe myself with afterwards, so I would sit there all sticky for the rest of the hour and then still be sticky when I talked to people in the choir and the congregation that would come up following the service. I loved it! It just seemed so nasty and secret.  
  
Another thing I used to do was during the prayers. Now I don’t know how much church you’ve ever attended, but at several points in our services the minister would lead us in prayer. Everyone, quite naturally, was supposed to have their heads bowed and their eyes closed during this time. Well, of course not everybody would cooperate in this endeavor – I suppose for a variety of different reasons, and there would be people who were looking around at everybody.  
  
It didn’t happen very often, but once in a great while there would only be one other person besides myself looking around and, if the person was an attractive male, then I would do ‘my thing.’   
  
We usually stood during these prayers, so I would make sure he was looking directly at me and then I would very slowly lift up the hem of my choir gown all the way up until it rested under my chin flashing my naked body. Man, you should have seen the looks on their faces! It was awesome! And invariably they would look around to see if anyone else was watching and when they would look back, I would have already lowered my robe and I would have my head bowed in prayer as though nothing had happened at all. I know this blew their minds – haha! Now they weren’t certain if they really had seen that or just hallucinated it. They would always try to talk to me after the service, but I always managed to avoid them.  
  
Now this went on for awhile and then catastrophe struck. It started innocently enough. The minister had us stand and bow our heads for the end of the sermon prayer. I raised my head and looked around and observed a young man staring right at me and he was way cute too! He was about five foot, eight inches, which is a good height for me. The young man appeared to be in his late teens and he was absolutely gorgeous! In fact, as soon as I saw him, I was thinking in terms of allowing him to talk to me after the service and I had never done that before. So looking right at him, I raised my choir robe and kept it up for over a minute and I don’t know if you’re really aware how a long a minute is, but it can seem really long, depending on the circumstances. He had enough time to memorize every nuance of my naked body. I felt my nipples hardening and my pussy lips were becoming engorged. Realizing the minister was reaching a conclusion, I quickly lowered my robe and winked at him. He was grinning broadly at me. I don’t know what it was, but something made me turn my head to the left and I was looking directly at Mrs. Hatfield, who was glaring at me with all the hatred in her soul, which was plenty! I almost fainted dead away, as my blood ran cold. There was no way this old harridan wasn’t going to tell.  
  
Now as soon as the service was over, the minister walked down the main aisle and waited at the back doors to shake everybody’s hand and talk to them briefly. Of course that old bitch was headed right on a bee line towards him and she kept rounding around and glaring right at me, as if to ascertain that I was still present. I wanted to get out of there pretty badly, let me tell you, but I was blocked in from all the people who had gathered around to talk to the choir. These were usually friends and family members of the choir members. I also observed that boy coming up to me too, but I didn’t have time right then to worry about him. I just wanted to get the hell out of there! But what was I supposed to do? Walk on people?  
  
Anyway I finally managed to get free by practically crawling on the floor, but I got out and I immediately headed back to get my clothes. That was my big mistake – well, that among many. I should have just left.  
  
I had just stepped inside the Sunday school room, where I had stashed my clothes. Then I made my second mistake, I didn’t lock the door immediately behind me. I didn’t think I needed to, because I knew it was going to take the minister a few more minutes to shake everybody in the congregation by their hand. Unfortunately I had forgotten about the assistant minister! Our church always had an assistant minister. He would be a young man directly out of seminary, who wasn’t quite ready for his own charge yet. Usually the major problem would be that he was too young. It’s a drag, but a lot of churches just didn’t trust a minister who was too young. I think maybe they don’t trust someone, who hasn’t lived long enough to have been tempted by a lot of sin.  
  
Anyway I had forgotten about Thad - Thad Jenkins. He was our assistant minister and apparently the minister had pushed Mrs. Hatfield off on him. Not that I blame him – she was one ugly old bitch alright. I’d only been in the classroom enough time to walk across the room where I had my outfit hidden, when the door opened and in walked Mrs. Hatfield with the assistant minister.  
  
Despite my out and out shock, I knew what to do. I put my most innocent look on my features and inquired, “Why, Minister Jenkins. How are you this morning?” I’ll tell you, I was so cool, butter wouldn’t have melted in my mouth.  
  
Before he could answer, Mrs. Hatfield pointed her arm at me and spoke in an incredibly dramatic voice, milking her one big moment in the sun, “There’s the little strumpet, herself. She’s the harlot, who exposed herself to that decent young man during the service.”  
  
Oh for God’s sake, I thought to myself. She’s probably going to swoon in a minute. And then I realized that sounded like a good idea, so I acted like I fainted dead away. It’s not hard to do, but you have to remember to allow your legs to just carry you to the floor rather than throwing yourself down. And you have to be able to risk it, you can’t attempt to catch yourself in any manner.  
  
The next thing I ‘knew’ (hehe) assistant minister Jenkins was leaning over me patting my hand. “Are you okay, Sara?” he asked, sounding gravely concerned.  
  
“She’s okay, that harlot is just faking something,” the old harridan explained.  
  
The young minister whirled around and instructed in a firm voice, “Mrs. Hatfield, please!”  
  
“In fact,” he continued speaking, while gently pushing the older woman out of the door of the classroom and into the hallway. “Thank you for all your help, but I need to speak with Sara alone.”  
  
As Mr. Jenkins was shutting the door in her face, I could hear the old bitch exclaim, “Don’t forget to have her take off her robe! Make her show you what’s under her choir robe.”  
  
“Alright, I will,” he placated. Shutting the door and locking it, he turned to me with a smile and expressed, “Geez!”  
  
I had since regained my feet. I smiled back at him.  
  
“I’m very sorry, Sara. I don’t know what’s come over her,” expressed the young minister.  
  
“Maybe the devil made her do it, Mr. Jenkins,” I quipped.  
  
“Haha!” he laughed. “But please call me Thad. You’re only a few years younger than me and when you call me that, I think my father is in the room.”  
  
Now it was my turn to giggle. “Shall we go?” Thad inquired.  
  
I forgot to mention that Thad was just cute as a little ‘ol bug, didn’t I? Well, he was. He was about five foot, six inches tall. Personally I don’t think he had gotten his full growth yet, but he definitely had in certain areas, if you catch my drift. I think his being so short was another thing that was holding him back from acquiring his own church. It just made him appear so young.  
  
He seemed to have a better than average physique beneath his black suit. He had sandy brown hair, blue eyes and a cleft chin. I wouldn’t have been surprised if he had had dimples when he smiled.  
  
As he began to unlock the door, I said, “Wait!”  
  
Thad glanced at me with askance in those beautiful blue eyes. “What is it, Sara?”  
  
“Don’t you think as a man of God that you should live up to your promises?”  
  
He inquired, while displaying a quizzical expression across his handsome features, “Whatever are you talking about?”  
  
“Well,” I continued shyly, “You promised Mrs. Hatfield that you would check beneath my choir robe.”  
  
The young minister smiled and responded, “Oh, is that it? Ok, what’s underneath your robe, let me see.”  
  
Believe you me, my heart was pounding in my substantial chest and adrenaline was racing through my body, as I reached down and pulled the choir robe off completely revealing my total nudity.  
  
I heard his sharp intake of breath and Thad appeared as though he might pass out for a second, but then he appeared to gain control of himself.  
  
“Sara!” the young minister exclaimed, shocked.  
  
I stood there smiling at him, but did not choose to answer him.  
  
“Sara!” Thad exclaimed again.  
  
This time I answered, “What?”  
  
“You’re so beautiful,” he murmured, while reaching out and taking me by my right hand.  
  
I flushed more from his compliment than by standing nude before him. The young minister pulled me to him and held me embraced in his arms for a number of minutes. Oh my God! It was so romantic I couldn’t believe it.  
  
Then Thad began to kiss me – everywhere. The handsome young man at first passionately kissed me on my mouth. His lips were so incredible soft and yet they sent shivers down my back. I pushed my tongue into his open mouth and against his tongue.  
  
A few minutes later the young man began to kiss down my neck and then down to my breasts, God, I couldn’t believe it. I had never have anyone be so passionate or caring and concerned about my pleasure. Maybe it was from his being a minister and caring about people, or maybe he was just that good in bed – I don’t know. He began to suckle on my nipples until they grew as erect as I’d ever seen them and they became so sensitive that I could hardly stand anything to touch them. Thad then began to kiss me across the soft down of my lower belly, finally ending around my pubes. Man, let me tell you – I was plenty wet down there by then.  
  
I thought he was going to start tonguing my pussy and I didn’t want that. I wanted him to fuck me – NOW! So I attempted to pull him up to me, but he just shook his head no. Thad proceeded to kiss me softly down my inner thigh. Good grief! No one had ever kissed me there. It was so sexy. He continued to kiss down to my feet and then made me turn around and he began to work his way back up my bare body with his mouth. The young man literally kissed my ass. Haha! I thought that was just an expression.  
  
When the young minister reached the back of my neck, he turned me around and silently embraced me again. I whispered, “I want you to make love to me.”  
  
Being a true gentlemen, Thad complained, “But Sara, you’re too young.”  
  
Suddenly a loud knock came upon the door. I had to nudge Thad hard to convince him to respond. Finally he answered, “Yes, what is it?”  
  
His voice cracked on the last part of the sentence and I giggled causing the young man to offer me a stern glance, which caused me to giggle some more.  
  
“Thad, is that you? What’s going on?”  
  
It was Thad’s boss! “Yes, Minister Harkness, it’s me,” Thad answered. “I’m speaking to Sara. We’ll be finished in a minute.”  
  
“Oh, that’s okay. Take your time. I’ll be in my office when you’re finished. We need to talk about that disturbing Mrs. Hatfield.”  
  
I couldn’t help myself and giggled again. “Stop it,” he hissed. “Alright sir, I’ll do that.”  
  
We listened, as we heard the minister’s footsteps leading away from the door and then we breathed a sigh of relief.  
  
Thad stood and watched me get naked in reverse, as I pulled on my clothes. (Think about that one for awhile – haha!). I swear he enjoyed every moment of it right up until I sealed every part of my body away from his eyes. Then we kissed once and made a promise to try to meet after choir practice on Tuesday night.  
  
Oh God!

Naked in Public  
Chapter Five  
  
Well, I had a birthday in the middle of May. I insisted on a big party and, when my parents told me no, I just kept throwing an ongoing temper tantrum until they agreed. It was a huge party, I’m not kidding. My birthday fell on a Wednesday that year, so the party was held on a Friday because of school, you know.  
  
Unbeknownst to my parents, I had plenty of booze stashed away. I’d been working on it for over a month. Also a lot of the kids that were coming were bringing booze, so that party floated, let me tell you. I also got one of those local high school bands to come cheap, because I promised them all the free booze they could drink.  
  
Now my biggest problem, naturally enough, was what to do with my family – I sure didn’t want them hanging around. I finally convinced them – and it was difficult, let me tell you – that they should visit my aunt for the weekend. They had put off visiting her, because they didn’t like her very much.  
  
Well, they finally agreed and they all pulled out in our station wagon on Friday morning and wouldn’t be back until Sunday afternoon, at the earliest. I didn’t go to school that day, but instead stayed home and worked on getting everything ready for my big birthday party.  
  
Everyone was supposed to start showing up after dinner, but of course people arrived a lot earlier than that. My close friends came over right after school, but that was okay because they were going to help me get everything ready. They even helped me pick out my outfit. I wore this real short tight black dress that had a plunging neckline, and with my blonde hair – I looked hot, let me tell you! I really scored too and got a whole lotta presents. It was the bomb!  
  
So most of the people started showing up around dusk, you know – about 8:30 or 9 o’clock, because it was getting on to the summer and, since it was Friday night, a lot of the kids were planning on staying real late and they didn’t want to start their partying too early or they’d crash too soon.  
  
The band got there about nine and the whole house started rocking. Man, I’m surprised it didn’t collapse or something. There were cars parked everywhere, up and down my street and all over my lawn. There was probably about a hundred people there all told and the band was great! Now I did something that I usually don’t do and as far as I’m concerned it’s my friends’ fault. I started drinking. I usually don’t drink that much, because it affects me so, but all of my close friends were drinking and, they kept calling me a party pooper and even worse names than that, so finally I said okay I’d have one drink. Well, I’m certain you know what happened. One drink led to another drink and that drink led to another drink and pretty soon, I was pretty smashed.  
  
As soon as I got drunk, I started getting that urge to strip down and get comfortable, but I thought that stripping down at my own birthday party at ten o’clock at night would be pretty gauche, you know? But I really didn’t know what to do with myself at that point.   
  
I couldn’t afford to drink anymore without doing something way stupid, so I was trying to dance in order to wear some of the affect of the alcohol off, but apparently booze doesn’t work that way. In fact, as the time went by I kept getting drunker.   
  
Well, I went over near the end of the living room and squeezed myself down between all these couples, who were busy making out on the couch. I thought maybe I could just outwait the booze, but I guess it wasn’t having anything to do with that. As soon as I sat down, the room started spinning around. You ever have that happen to you after drinking? It’s really weird, let me tell you. So that room spinning around made me feel as though I wanted to vomit, so I quickly closed my eyes and kept them shut, thereby keeping the room on the floor, so to speak.  
  
Later I guess I fell asleep. I don’t like to say I passed out, but that was probably closer to the truth. Anyway I must have been out for a while and I must have been moving all around in my sleep too, because when I woke up most of those couples on the couch had ceased their romantic undertakings and were staring at me. It seems that my short black dress had ridden up to around my waist and of course I wasn’t wearing any underwear underneath, so my pussy was sitting wide open.  
  
So at that point, what did I care? It was far later in the evening and some of the people had cleared out, so I just turned my back to the kid sitting next to me and asked him if he would pull the zipper down on the back of my black dress. Judging by how fast he acceded to my demand, I think he was anxious to help.   
  
I just leaned forward and let that dress slide down my arms and off my bare breasts and then I stood up and allowed the whole dress to hit the floor, and I was suddenly starkers at my own birthday party! Some of the girls gasped when they saw me because they didn’t know me, but none of the young men complained. I was already hot with everybody staring at me. My nipples were standing out like hard erasers and I was already getting wet.  
  
Guys were coming out of the woodwork to ask me to dance, but I waited until one really cute boy, who I had had my eye on for awhile came over. His name was Jim Hawkins and he was really attractive. He was a little taller than me, but he had a great build. Jim wore his dark hair medium long, had coal black eyes that could look right through you when he wanted and a large mouth that looked just right for kissing.  
  
Of course the band wanted to play fast numbers, because to them it was more fun and also they wanted to watch me gyrating around naked. I went over and straightened them and let them know if they didn’t play slow numbers, they were cut off from the booze.   
  
Jim drew me close to him, as soon as the song began and pressed my nude body against his clothed one as tight as he could. I could feel his penis starting to stir some. It felt like a little mouse at that point.  
  
It was fairly dark in the room naturally with all the main lighting being turned off, but I could still see his girlfriend over on the side of the room glowering at me. I guess Jim wanted to dance with me more then he wanted to appease her. I wonder if me being stark naked had anything to do with that.  
  
We had been dancing for a minute or two and I felt his erection inside his pants grow significantly larger, so I surreptitiously reached down and lowered his zipper. Jim pushed aside the opening of his boxer shorts and ‘ol Mr. Johnson came out for a visit. I glanced over at his girlfriend and I could see her attempting to peer through the gloom, but I could tell she couldn’t know anything for certain at that point.  
  
I raised up on my tiptoes and his seven-inch prick just slid right into my wet distended labia. I had been wet ever since I had stripped down. We quit the charade that we were dancing and we just stood in one place and rocked back and forth, as if we were still attempting to dance, but had grown tired. Personally I was so excited, I went off like a firecracker. Bang! Bang! It took Jim a little longer, but not much, because after all he was a fifteen year old boy – how long do they need anyway?  
  
Unfortunately it was about this time that his girlfriend grew very suspicious and pranced out on the part of the living room that had become the dance floor. When she pulled us apart and she saw Jim’s penis still sticking out of his pants, I thought she was going to faint. But no such luck. She began screaming at the top of her lungs and hitting him and then hitting me.  
  
Well, when she started hitting me, that was all she wrote, because I don’t let anybody hit on me. I figured if I grabbed a couple of pieces of apparel off her that it would calm her down. I soon discovered that I was wrong about that too. She was a hottie too. I’m sure ordinarily Jim would have never left her side. She had long brunette hair, a simply gorgeous face with a little button nose, and a fabulous figure, which included large breasts and a narrow waist. I already had her down to her bra and half-slip, but she kept on coming back for more, just wailing away on me.  
  
“Kitty, stop!” Jim shouted.  
  
“Kitty?!” I laughed. “Does Kitty want some milk?” I asked, pushing my breasts up at her.  
Just as I wanted, this seemed to infuriate her the more and as she wildly struck out at me, I slipped her attack and moved in close and ripped off her bra exposing her beautiful breasts. She screamed and the crowd that had grown around us grew wild. I grinned in appreciation at them for their applause and moved back in for the kill.   
  
Grabbing her half-slip and knickers by the waist band, I yanked them down to the floor rendering her as naked as me, except for her shoes. She was now so insane with rage that when she discovered her clothing limiting her movement, instead of pulling them back on, she just kicked it away. Her boyfriend had stopped saying anything to either one of us, but stood and watched in appreciation of the tableau that lay before him. We were every man’s wet dream – two women who had stripped themselves naked fighting!  
  
The very next time she punched out at me with her right hand, I grabbed it and quickly twirled her around, while holding her right arm up at a painful position. I had learned some self defense tactics in gym class. Kitty must have picked up a few moves of her own along the way, as she knew enough to kick my ankle with the back of her right heel until I relinquished my hold.  
  
The very attractive young brunette then greatly surprised me as she lowered her left shoulder and charged me knocking me to the ground flat on my back! She lay on top on me and glared as if to say, Well, what are you going to do now sucker? I reached out with both of my hands clutching the sides of her head and pulled her down to me, while kissing her passionately and slipping my tongue into her open mouth. She was so surprised she didn’t know what to do.  
  
I used her indecision to reach down with my left hand and locate her clitoris and began to manipulate her love button vigorously. Now she had no further interest in fighting, that was for sure. The crowd pushed closer around us, while pushing Jim further away.  
  
Seeing that she wasn’t complaining about my attentions to her, I helped Kitty up and showed her my bedroom for the rest of the night. Jim was left high and dry and out in the cold, so to speak.   
  
Kitty and I have remained the best of friends to this very day and certainly a port in a storm for each other.  
  
  
Naked in Public  
Chapter Six  
  
Well, that certainly had been a birthday party that we would talk about for awhile, don’t you think? Haha! I mentioned a couple of chapters back that I felt as though my clothes were thoroughly safe, when I stashed them in a Sunday school room and it turned out they weren’t. As the summer wore on, I began to experience extreme feelings of horniness. This was due to school being out and also Thad Jenkins, our assistant minister, was finally given a church of his own. Go Thad! But it was too far away for me to visit.  
  
I still didn’t have a boyfriend; certainly not because I hadn’t been asked. Practically every boy I knew had asked me to be his girlfriend. Boys have a tendency to want to have a girlfriend, who enjoys stripping herself stark naked all the time. But I hadn’t met anyone yet, who had made my heart go pitty-pat much less any other part of my body.  
  
The boy, who I had seen on that one ill-fated Sunday that Mrs. Bulldyke, or whatever her name was, caught me flashing suddenly reappeared one Sunday morning later in June. I was determined this time to meet him. Again during the closing prayer, I looked up and saw him looking directly at me. This time I made damn sure no one was watching us and then I did something I had never risked before and, to this day, I still can’t believe I did it.  
I reached down to the hem of my choir robe and pulled it completely off my body. I was standing in church during a service stark naked! I didn’t even have shoes on. Then I ran my finger slightly along my pussy lips and plunged it into my vagina for a few seconds. He appeared stunned for a second and then was grinning broadly at me and waved. I quickly slipped the robe back on with no one being the wiser.  
  
After the service, I observed him attempting to make his way toward the choir. He finally was able to push his way through the crowd of well wishers and family members and reach me.  
  
“Hi, my name is Frank – Frank Steinway,” the young man introduced himself. He stood somewhat taller than me, but was not a giant by any means. He had longish wavy dark hair, brown eyes and one of the cutest smiles I had ever seen.  
  
“I’m,” I began, but then he interrupted.  
  
“I know who you are,” he informed me. Frank went on to explain that he had asked around the last time he had seen me and discovered who I was, but couldn’t find out anything else like where I lived, etc.  
  
“I’m flattered,” I replied shyly, acting as though me showing him my totally nude body had nothing to do with it.  
  
“Hey, Sara!” The discordant voice of Audrey the young woman, who sat next to me in choir jarringly interrupted our conversation.  
  
“What, Aud-rey,” I said with a long sigh indicating to her that I was plenty put out by her interrupting us, but that I would deal with it.  
  
“The choir director said we needed to turn in our choir robes immediately, so they can be gathered for dry cleaning. You wanna give me yours now?”  
  
“No!” I shouted, drawing attention from several people. “No,” I reiterated in a lower tone. “I’ll give mine over in a minute.”  
  
Audrey stuck her tongue out at me and replied, “Geez! Some people! You try to help them and they throw up all over you.”  
  
Audrey turned her back to Frank and I. I could just see myself acceding to her request and handing over my choir robe to her. Man, that would have been something! Since I wasn’t ready for a public stripping of that magnitude, I suggested to Frank that he come along with me, while I retrieved my outfit in order to turn in the robe.  
  
Of course he dutifully agreed and traipsed after me downstairs to the classrooms. Once inside the correct room I went straight over to where I had left my clothes. And they weren’t there!  
  
“Oh shit!” I exclaimed. “My clothes are gone.”  
  
Frank wandered over to where I was standing. “Are you sure?” he asked, peering around owlishly.  
  
“What’d you mean – am I sure?” I responded angrily. “Of course I’m sure! I left them right there. Do you see any clothes?”  
  
Frank shook his head silently. Just then Audrey’s unpleasant drone cut the tension in the room. “Hey, Sara! Are you in there? I have to get that robe. Hey, why’d you have the door locked?”  
  
Now I was between a rock and a hard place. My clothes were missing, they wanted the choir robe and Audrey was attempting to get in the room. I had no choice at this point, but to hand my choir robe out to Audrey through the cracked door.  
  
As I handed it out to her, making sure to keep the door closed enough so she couldn’t see anything, I explained, “I have the door locked because I’m in my underwear.”  
  
“Oh yeah,” Audrey replied sarcastically. “Hehe, you don’t wear underwear, Sara. You’re probably naked in there.”  
  
I was beginning to realize that my sexual proclivities were becoming too well known. I breathed a sigh of relief when I heard Audrey’s high heels clicking away down the hallway. Turning to Frank, whose mouth was completely agape at the sight of me standing next to him stark naked. I was blushing furiously. I know, you gonna say why, that I was just standing in front of him nude out in the church. Well, that was completely different. He was a lot further away from me and we were in a room full of people. Now it was just me and him and he was standing right next to me and I had just met him!  
  
I noticed immediately that he either had an erection or a mouse in his pants. So I reached down there and felt around. Sure enough, it was an erection and it was getting larger. I pulled his zipper down and reached in and released it. I gave it several yanks and he suddenly went off like a sky rocket!  
  
“Oh Sara!” he exclaimed.  
  
I pulled his handkerchief out of his suit pocket and handed it to him. “Here, clean yourself up and then stash that.”  
  
I realized I was being abrupt, but I had some things I needed him to do and there wasn’t much time. After Frank had completed his task, I explained to him. “I need you to go down to the janitor’s closet and bring me back some rope. And hurry!”  
  
I’ll say this for him. He obtained that rope about as quickly as he had his orgasm. Then I instructed him to find Audrey and bring her back to me and don’t let anybody see him. You see, I had figured out who had taken my clothes. It suddenly occurred to me whose perfume I had smelled in the corner of the room when I went to search out my clothes.  
  
A few minutes later, Frank knocked gently on the door and I allowed him and Audrey to enter. Her eyes became as large as saucers, when she obtained a good look at my total nakedness.  
  
“Sara! Whatever are you doing and where are your clothes?”  
  
“I think you know where my clothes are, Audrey,” I accused.  
  
“Now how would I know that?” the girl inquired suddenly appearing quite malicious.  
  
“Give it up, Audrey,” I retorted. “I smelled your perfume over there where my clothes had been. Now I want them back this instant!” I demanded taking a step closer to her.  
  
“Well, you’re right, I did take them,” the girl whined. “But I can’t give them back because I destroyed them!”  
  
I reached out and grabbed her by the right upper arm and shook her as I exclaimed, “You’d better be kidding, Audrey.”  
  
“Well, I’m not,” Audrey replied in a ‘what are you going to do now’ tone.  
  
“Then I’ll just have to take yours,” I retorted grinning evilly at her.  
  
“What!” the girl screeched.  
  
“Grab her,” I ordered Frank, as I looked around for something to gag her with.  
  
Spotting his cum rag, I jammed that into her whiny, obnoxious, screeching wide-open mouth!  
  
While Frank held Audrey in a vise like grip, I quickly removed her outfit. I even took her underwear off, even though I didn’t want it for myself. Man, you should have seen her blush. It turned out that, beneath all that staid clothing Audrey wore, she was actually quite attractive as is often the case with young women, who for some reason or other don’t feel they are pretty and hide their beauty under a bushel. She had long light red hair, a cute face peppered with freckles, pert little breasts with large nipples and a big red-haired muff.  
  
I handed the rope to Frank, who quickly hamstrung her by tying her wrists together behind her back and then tying her ankles together and then joining her wrists to her ankles via the long rope. I checked the ropes to assure they were secure and then complimented Frank on a good job. He was a natural. Good thing we weren’t interested in serial killing, we’d have made a good team.  
  
Upon my encouragement, Frank set Audrey up against the back wall so she could watch if she so chose.  
  
“Take your clothes off,” I ordered Frank.  
  
He stripped completely down to the buff in no time. I had been right. He was fine looking with good body definition, a narrow waist, long legs and a big prick. I cast a quick glance at Audrey, who had been assiduously studying Frank’s nude form and only turned her head when she noticed me looking at her. She was still blushing furiously but I noticed her nipples were totally erect and she appeared completely turned on from looking at the young man. I giggled softly to myself thinking that I was getting ready to really give her something to stare at.  
  
I sank to my knees and placed his penis in my mouth and quickly sucked on it ‘til it reached its full length. I swear I heard Audrey moaning lowly to herself. I bet she hadn’t seen many erections, if any.  
  
After laying myself down directly in front of the blushing young woman, I directed, “Come on, Frank, hop aboard! We haven’t got all day, you know.”  
  
The young man quickly dropped to his knees in front of me and leaned over and began to suckle my nipples. God, that felt especially good considering the circumstances with being in the Sunday school room and having Audrey watching us. She hadn’t been able to even tear her gaze away for a few seconds. As Frank was busy sucking on my nipples, I kissed him passionately while running my tongue all around his mouth and stroked his elongated sexual organ until unbelievably it grew even lengthier. My labia was wide open in invitation and I was already dripping just from having Audrey witnessing our love making. I am twisted, I know that.  
  
I guided his seven-inch tool into my wide-open pussy and whispered to him to get on with it. Frank began literally pounding into my body. I guess he wasn’t kidding around anymore. Man, I couldn’t remember when I had felt so good, but I realized I was extra horny due to not having much sex all summer. I glanced up at Audrey and it appeared to me as if our sexual interaction was really getting to the young woman, but she was unable to effect anything herself because of being tied. She still appeared to be attempting to move her legs up and down having them tied at the ankles in an effort to rub her engorged pussy lips together. I almost felt sorry for the poor hypocrite – almost!  
  
When Frank continued to pound his seven-inch erection into my pussy, I suddenly began to orgasm. I came and came and came and came; in other words, I came a lot. I crossed my legs behind his back causing my vagina to lock a vise like grip on the young man’s hardened penis and he could barely move it and the feelings must have been out of this world for him as he shouted, “Oh sweet Jesus!” as he shot his torrent of hot sperm into me. I thought his crying out for Jesus was highly appropriate since we were in church at the time. After that he collapsed beside me and we lay and cuddled for a few moments, before I advised him we’d better be on our way before someone came to investigate where Audrey might have disappeared to.  
  
We dressed hurriedly and then we untied our would be voyeur. I had decided it was much crueler to allow Audrey the run of the church completely naked than to leave her tied up and have her family or friends find her, which would probably elicit their sympathy. This way Audrey really couldn’t say anything about me without incriminating herself. She had tears running down her face as she pleaded with me to at least leave her the bra and knickers to wear.  
  
I laughed in her face. I retorted, “You were going to leave me without any clothes, so deal with it bitch!”  
  
I took Frank by the hand, strolled out of the church and never looked back. I never did really hear what happened to Audrey after we left. I think she had to be hospitalized for awhile because of a nervous breakdown and then once she did return to the choir she sat way over on the other side away from me. But I never did have any more trouble out of her.

Naked in Public  
Chapter Seven  
  
We were lucky, we had a community swimming pool in our neighborhood. It was supposed to be a municipal pool; at least it had been built by the city, but that was about it for city responsibility. It was really up to the neighborhood to keep it running smoothly. If we had waited for the city to come for instance and add more chlorine the entire summer would have been over by the time they would have shown up.  
  
I don’t know if you’re aware of this, but it gets real hot in Florida. News Flash: It gets damn hot in Florida in the summertime. So as the summer wore on, we would be spending more and more time in the pool. And you know me, I had this itsy bitsy bikini. It wasn’t a t-back, it was a real bikini; but it didn’t cover much. I think it was a couple of sizes too small. Haha! I mean the top covered about half my breasts, but still every once in a while it would slip down past my nipples. And my bottom often showed a lot of excess pubic hair, because I refused to shave down there. First time I tried to shave, I cut myself and that was that. I made a vow I would never cut myself down there again.  
  
And every once in a while late at night, I would slip out of my bikini entirely and swim around stark naked. It always felt so liberating and free, but mainly of course nobody could tell anything anyway, unless they got right next to me. We weren’t supposed to go in the pool at night. They would lock the gate, but we would climb over the fence and go swimming anyway.  
  
Every once in a great while I would meet a new boy in the day time and we’d make a date and then he would show up late at night and we would go skinny dipping. And sometimes one thing might lead to another – you know how that goes.  
  
One afternoon all these clowns showed up from some other neighborhood. I never was quite sure where they came from, but I knew it wasn’t anywhere close to us. There was ten of them and let me tell you – they were really crude. I mean they were spitting in the pool and everything. It wouldn’t surprise me if some of those pigs were pissing in there too. All of our people had gathered in one small corner of the pool, while the rest of them were lounging all over the place.  
  
As I already have mentioned there were ten of them, five females and five males. Out of those ten, nine of them were slobs, pigs, and heifers; but the tenth one – ooh la la. He looked like a young hoodlum and probably was. He was about six feet tall, had black hair pushed up in a old fashioned pomp, coal black eyes, and a continual sneer on his handsome face. He was slender but not thin and appeared very graceful. He had these wonderful appearing hands. I have a things for hands. His were quite big, but not fleshy at all with long delicate fingers.  
  
This young group of sociopaths were becoming louder and louder and beginning to work themselves up to challenging us for the sole ownership of the pool. If we were to back down, we might lose custody of the pool for the rest of the summer. Something drastic had to be done and it needed to happen quickly!  
  
I quickly and quietly conferred with my cohorts and sauntered up to the good looking one. As I moved toward him, I made sure my nipples were showing and my bikini bottom was pushed down near the beginning of my pussy slit.  
  
“Hi!” I spoke brightly.  
  
The young man made a big production out of sneering at me and then glancing over to his buddies, who were all guffawing and carrying on, but I noticed he couldn’t keep himself from continually checking me out and his bathing trunks began to develop a rather large protuberance, if you know what I mean.  
  
Finally he spoke. Actually he snarled at me, as if he were a dog, “What’d you want?”  
  
“I have a proposition for you,” I declared, sounding more confident by far than I really felt.  
  
“What’s that?” he asked, again looking over at his compatriots for support. They were shouting out things such as, “Fuck that little bimbo, Tony.” As I’ve previously mentioned, they were quite the class group.  
  
“I’d like you to make wild passionate love to me, “ I answered, while suddenly whipping my bikini off completely and standing stark naked in front of him. I quickly grew very excited to be standing in the pool in front of everyone present stark naked.  
  
That wiped the sneer off his face, let me tell you and quieted that crowd for the moment also. Some of my group were yelling, “Don’t do it, Sara,” and “Sara, what are you thinking of?” But these were all prearranged comments.  
  
I noticed Tony had to swallow large a couple of times before speaking. “Okay,” he croaked, while reaching out to me.  
  
I stepped back and help my right hand extended out in front of me, palm up. “But wait,” I ordered. “There’s a condition.”  
  
“What’s that?” he managed to say. I think it was a miracle he could speak, because all of his saliva had dried up.  
  
“All of your friends have to strip themselves naked,” I explained.  
  
“What?!” one of those pigs screamed. “Tony, don’t agree. It’s some kinda trap.”  
  
Tony whipped his handsome head around to them, his face fixed with an expression that displayed he would book no arguments. “Do it!” he commanded.  
  
As the young dark-haired man returned his attention to me, the nine pigs, heifers, and slobs all begrudgingly and moaning all the while stripped off their suits. Man, let me tell ya – they were gross. I mean GROSS! They all had fat wrinkles and you could barely make out the guys’ pee pees because they were hidden in so much fat. And the females (I hesitate to call them girls) all had these huge breasts that were already all hanging down to their bellies – I suppose from not wearing any support.  
  
“Okay,” Tony declared simply.  
  
“You too,” I insisted.  
  
Since we were standing in the shallow end of the pool, the handsome young man pushed his trunks down to his feet and stepped out of them. Man, he was a hottie and his erection was already huge!  
  
“Give them to me,” I ordered, holding out my hand.  
  
Once he had complied, I threw them over to my friends with the instructions to take care of them, as though I was looking out for him. Lest it be thought that I was prostituting myself to get us out of this jam, let it be understood that I wasn’t. I would have been glad to fuck this guy, irregardless of any circumstance. He really turned me on. Besides everything else, he had that aura of danger that always attracted me the most.  
  
I reached down and clutched his cock and began to work my hand up and down on his impressive shaft. It appeared to grow even longer! “Oh,” he gasped, while his knees buckled somewhat.  
  
I leaned forward and pushed him back and whispered, “Steady love, we have all afternoon.” He actually lightened up a little and bestowed upon me a small smile.  
  
Meanwhile his group was really into the sexual action occurring in front of them and they were screaming instructions and obscenities, as if they were at some sort of an erotic athletic event.  
  
I could tell by the stunned expression on Tony’s handsome features that he might have talked a good game, but that he actually had very little sexual experience and that was probably at a gang bang of some poor unfortunate. Consequently I decided to take the initiative, so I stepped closer and cupped his balls, while beginning to kiss him; tentatively at first and then more passionately, plunging my tongue into his mouth and seeking out his tongue.  
  
I suddenly heard the police sirens in the distance and I knew the jig was up, so to speak.  
I was supposed to leave him standing there without his suit, but I dug him so much that I grabbed him by the hand and shouted, “Let’s go!” I quickly led him out of the pool and by his group of hooligans and out the gate at the far end of the swimming pool area. Luckily I didn’t live far from the pool and no one was at my house. We dashed into the coolness of my bedroom.  
  
“What’s going on?” Tony demanded.  
  
“I don’t know,” I answered, but I was lying. I did know. When his gang of VIP’s (very intolerable pigs) had been engrossed watching our sexual olympics, one of my group had snuck over and stolen all their suits. Oooh! Somebody had to touch them – barf. Then someone else called the cops. Teach them to fuck with us!  
  
One of my friends lived in a house bordering the pool area and she said that when the cops got there, it was hysterical. She explained all of the cretins were trying to get away and were bumping into each other and falling down and the cops looked like they were gonna puke. We never did see any more of them for the rest of the summer.  
  
Tony and I fucked for the rest of the afternoon and then, giving him something of my fathers’ to wear, I sent him on his way. I haven’t seen him since, either.