**Sarah's Secret Desires**

by[DreamsOfExposure](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1936699&page=submissions)©

**\_\_ Chapter I - Initiation**
Erika is a mid-twenties, sporty student girl. She's got reasonable sizes, though she's a little short. A little shy and innocent, she's been dreaming of running around naked since she was a little girl and the thought of getting caught turns her on. She's never gone ahead and done it, though, too terrified of the potential consequences.

Today she's doing a dare, for her friends Sarah and Jennifer. Last weekend they divulged to one-another their deepest sexual desires.

Jennifer was fairly straightforward and expressed she'd always wanted to experiment with another woman. Sarah, on the other hand, is heavily into BDSM and being the dominant partner in a sexual relationship. Obviously, Erika revealed her exhibitionist desires. Part of the fun was they'd have to play it out somehow. It was going to be relatively innocent and they started with Jennifer.

On Saturday, after having had unreasonable amounts of alcohol, the three of them agreed that Jennifer was to ask the hottest girl in the club to make out with her. If she bailed, she'd pay the two other girl's drinks. If she got rejected she'd have to go again until she landed a willing girl. Things went surprisingly easy and Erika suspected Jennifer had set them up because no more than a minute after leaving their table to find a target, she was making out with a smoking hot blonde on the dancing floor. Sarah seemed suspicious as well, but didn't say anything. After all, they hadn't made any rules. On Sunday they went ahead to do exactly that, and the next dare was for Erika.

Erika had a routine of jogging around a lake near her neighborhood every evening. She had argued valiantly that they should go through with it somewhere else because if something happened she might never be able to run around the lake again. However, Jennifer and Sarah had insisted they'd make sure it was all innocent fun and nothing scarring would come of it. It was just games, pointing to the fact Erika was into the fear of being exposed in public and not the actual act of being exposed. Erika had finally agreed, reluctantly.

Jennifer and Sarah had spent the rest of the week putting together an appropriate outfit for the event. Erika took her time to prepare for the worst, she had settled to shave her nethers concluding that if she were to be completely naked in a park, running, it would be impossible for anyone to see any humiliating details if she was cleanly shaven.

Then she timed her lap around the lake to figure out how long it would take, on the way taking note of escape routes where she could hide if things got out of hand.

There was a small trail about halfway through the course that took her straight up a steep climb to an abandoned cottage. She decided that in the morning of the event she'd run up there and leave a set of clothes in a bag hidden away behind the door. There was no way she would be able to make it from the lake to her third floor apartment in the city without being noticed, so she'd definitely need to cover up somehow if she ended up exposed.

Planning the whole ordeal and thinking about the risks got her all worked up and the last evening prior was spent with both hands deep in her pants reading stories online about embarrassed nude females. Saturday would be glorious, oh how eager she was.

**\_\_ Chapter II - The Plan**
The plan was simple, Sarah designed it for the most part. Erika was to wear a light outfit. An already worn sports bra which would rip across the middle of her chest with the slightest pull, though it should hold strong while running and bouncing, was the goal of the game. If everything played out according to plan, a helpful stranger would grab at a thread extending behind Erika with a note saying 'please pull me', resulting in the bra ripping at the middle and with a bit of luck, if helpful stranger held on to the thread, slide right down her arms and away from her body.

If it remained on her body, it would still open up exposing her delicate breasts to any onlookers.

From the beginning, though, Erika would wear a tight button-up shirt over the sports bra. The uppermost buttons were almost guaranteed to pop by themselves after just a few hundred yards, but they weren't sure. Jennifer expressed she'd hope for them to stay on through the lap, that way nobody would see the thread either and all would end with just the thrill.

For Erika's lower body, she was wearing a thong and a rather short skirt. Sarah had insisted, but Erika thought this was more embarrassing than the concept of losing all her upper body attire in itself. However, after some thought, the lower body clothes seemed normal enough, and there were no strings attached. After all, it was never the plan to completely expose Erika - though she had prepared for that, and secretly the thought of people seeing her run around in just a black thong was extremely exciting.

While she was running, Jennifer would be on her bike somewhere ahead, just in range so they could see each other and Jennifer could come around to help if something unexpected were to happen. Sarah would be jogging about a hundred yards behind Erika to monitor the situation. Because the idea was to be left at mercy of the patrons in the park, Erika had to subtly encourage people to mess with her outfit so that she would be exposed. If she lost her shirt, she would leave it on the ground. If she covered up or attempted to fix her outfit she'd have to do it all over again. Truth be told, though, Erika fancied the idea of having to do this as a routine once every weekend, for the thrill of it, and as such she was completely in tune with the rules:

1. Erika is to make a single run around the lake, the game starts from the bridge and ends when Erika returns to the bridge from the other side.

2. Erika must leave her attire alone, not attempting to keep it together nor taking it off purposefully. Erika is at the complete mercy of strangers.

3. If by chance Erika is asked what she's doing, or why she is in a state of undress, she is to inform whoever's asking that this is a dare in which she is required to run around the lake without attempting to keep her clothes on, and if they are removed it would ultimately be at the hands of strangers - to which she cannot protest.

4. Panicking because of total exposure is permitted and Jennifer will hand Erika a coat to cover up for the rest of the round. However, panicking or otherwise straying from the route with more than one disposable garment remaining is against the rules and will be punished appropriately.

5. Bailing is considered the same as panicking and will be dealt with accordingly.

**\_\_ Chapter III - Showtime**
All three girls were now gathered at the bridge in the south end of the lake. This was the start and finish of the route. Sarah made a final check on the clothes and made sure the buttons of the shirt were ready to burst.

Jennifer started ahead and as she made the necessary distance, Sarah sent Erika on her way with a firm slap on her ass. Erika didn't notice that the gesture was to attach a sticker to her skirt reading 'please remove my shirt' in large enough red letters someone would notice coming up behind her.

The first few minutes were otherwise uneventful, Erika could hear the fabric of her shirt straining against the constant movement of her upper body and the sports bra felt like it would tear on its own because it certainly wasn't keeping her rebellious tits in place.

They were just around a bend when the first shirt button popped followed by a second in rapid succession. Erika thought they'd all go in one which would leave her in an open shirt for five miles, but the third button seemed to resist just barely. The bottom three buttons were left open from the beginning leaving her with three remaining. The shirt widened slightly, revealing her chest area, though her cleavage was still carefully concealed by the sports bra.

She could hear the light footsteps of a fellow runner behind her, presumably female. She seemed to have evened out her speed so as to keep the distance constant. Jennifer was far ahead on the path having stopped at a bend to look back and oversee the predicament of her friend. Nothing special yet, though, Erika thought.

They made it another minute almost, before the runner in the back accelerated and made it all the way up to the side of Erika. It was a woman, probably in her thirties. She was fit, wearing a professional looking training suit.

She coughed lightly to catch Erika's attention. "What's with the sticker?" she asked. Oblivious to what she could possibly mean, Erika simply lifted her eyebrows in a questioning gesture.

"There's a sticker, on your skirt, don't you know?"

"No, I didn't know, what does it say?"

"Why don't you take it off and find out?"

Erika started moving her hand around to her back when she stopped abruptly, remembering the rules. She straightened back up and cleared her throat. "I can't."

"You can't reach it?" the woman chuckled.

"No, I mean I'm not allowed to."

"So you do know there's a sticker."

"No! I'm not allowed to touch my outfit. It's a dare. Could you please tell me what it says?" Erika was getting a little upset now, she hadn't noticed anything out of the ordinary with her skirt. Then again, she hadn't paid much attention to it, nothing was supposed to happen with it.

"No, I don't think I will. What kind of dare?" the woman asked, seemingly intrigued.

"I, ehm. I'm to run around the lake, like I usually do. But if something were to happen to my clothes, I have to let it happen and proceed as normal."

Explaining the concept was more embarrassing than she'd thought initially and she felt her nipples stiffen a little under her tight clothing. This was just enough for another button to pop. "Oh! Is your shirt falling apart?"

"Y-yes, it's.. a little too tight."

"Why would you wear such a tight shirt running in the park? Are you some kind of slut?" the woman inquired, her judgmental tone made Erika feel small and she just nodded softly, hoping the woman would move along already and leave her alone. "So what happens when the last button falls off? You can't even hold it together?"

Erika shook her head and then she tried to increase the pace to gain a little distance. She could hear the woman laughing to herself in the background, but luckily it faded and Erika figured the torment was over. Another button popped.

**\_\_ Chapter IV - Wicked Sarah**
With only one button left holding Erika's shirt together, it started slowly sliding down her shoulders. It would only be a matter of time before she was forced to stop moving her arms. Remembering the rules, she figured putting pressure on the shirt to either push it up her shoulders or rip the last button off would count as a rule break and she had no intention of breaking them. Worst case scenario she'd rip the button herself and her friends would taunt her to no end for her sluttiness. It was starting to be rather uncomfortable, though.

In the back, Sarah had observed the little conversation between Erika and the other woman, but without having heard anything she couldn't tell what was going on. However, seeing as they'd parted without further event, Sarah decided she'd have to spruce things up a little. They were almost one fourth around the lake and Erika still hadn't lost a piece of clothing. This wasn't how Sarah had wanted it.

A couple of younger guys were coming in from a trail in the woods and she decided to run up to them. "Hey you," she started as both guys looked around trying to figure out who was talking and if she was addressing them, as one of them caught eye contact she continued, "yeah, you, handsome one." The guy blushed a little and his friend joined the conversation.

"Now, now miss, I am definitely the handsome one here." Sarah gave him a dismissive look and returned to her target who was frozen and locked on to her chest. "Listen, see that woman in the red shirt up ahead?"

Both guys turned to look and nodded, self-proclaimed handsome guy lingered on the distant woman's figure.

"Yes, ma'am, I see her," the spellbound lad confirmed.

"She and I are doing a dare. You see, she loves being naked in front of strangers," this caught the other guy's attention and he quickly turned around to listen more carefully, "but nobody seems to be able to help. The dare is she's to run all the way around the lake without stopping people from playing with her clothes. I'm not supposed to encourage people to strip her, though, so you can't let her know you're in on the game."

The two lads nodded in unison and eyed Erika in the distance once more.

"So here's what I want you two to do: she has a sticker on her skirt asking people to remove her shirt, but she doesn't know it's there because she can't touch her clothes. The point of this game is for her to lose some clothes so it's really boring and we're almost all the way around already! Think you could run up there and help her? She'd love it even if she won't admit it, I promise." Sarah gave them a wink before slowing down behind them to give them time to consider. Soon, the two guys were speeding up ever so slightly.

Erika could hear footsteps approaching and figured there were at least two people coming up behind her. Her shirt had fallen all the way to her elbows and was restraining her arm's movement entirely, leaving her sports bra in the open and her breasts heaving noticeably beneath. It was a modest looking sports bra, though, and it could easily be worn as her only form of upper body clothing in a gym. Out here in the park it felt a little inappropriate, and more importantly chilly. It wasn't exactly a hot summer evening, and she was surprised how many people were actually out by the lake grilling. But no swimmers.

Her train of thought was interrupted when Mr. Handsome and his shy friend came up to her side informing her of a peculiar sticker at her back. She asked again, acting as if they were the first ones to notice, to which Handsome responded: "Oh, it just reads 'Grope Me, I'm Horny'," to which Shy, lingering in the back, reacted by exchanging concerned looks with his friend, but he remained silent as Erika tried to clear things up.

"Listen, I didn't put that sticker there, could you please take it off?" Shy, in the back, was quick to reach for it and tore it off before his friend could protest. Slightly enraged, Mr. Handsome inquired if he could grope her once, anyway, just so he got something in return for helping her out. "P-please no, I-" Erika stammered, knowing full well she wasn't allowed to stop him.

Dismissing her insecure resistance he went ahead and grabbed her right tit anyway and squeezed it lightly. Erika's cheeks burned red and she looked away shyly, even if she had been allowed to, she knew with herself that she wouldn't have been able to hit him or push him away anyway.

Before she knew it, she heard a loud clap behind her and then felt the sting itself spreading across her shaking derriere. It was quickly followed up with demeaning comments telling her what a good girl she was. The two guys passed her, the shy one looking back at her quickly, seeking forgiveness.

The ordeal had damaged her sports bra enough for it to start ripping open just as the guy started turning his head back forward. She thought she'd be lucky enough for them both to not notice, but as her leg landed there was an audible rip and all of a sudden she felt fresh air brushing up between and around her soft fleshy mounds testing their new freedom. Both lads turned around with a pleasant gasp as they were treated to the glorious sight of Erika's bouncing, naked breasts.

She had clear tan lines indicating her modest choice of beachwear defying everything Sarah had told them about her daring nature, but even so the two guys could not help themselves. They stopped in their tracks and stared in wonder as the now very pale young lady passed between them, eyes shut and arms tucked close to her ribs because of the tight red shirt restraining her. On her skirt, the sticker firmly reapplied encouraging people to indeed help her out of her shirt - it seemed rather reasonable now, considering the trouble it caused her, even if a normal human being would've solved the predicament rather easily.

**\_\_ Chapter V - Strong Women**
It had almost been a mile now of running with her arms practically tied to her slim waist by her shirt, the sports bra had managed to remain attached to her shoulders thanks to the lack of arm movement, but the loose, stretchy fabric made no effort any more to satisfy her modesty.

Jennifer was a little worried up there in the front, imagining how she would've felt being exposed like that in a public place. Certainly she would've run into the woods long ago, hiding behind a tree trying to come up with a solution. Thankfully, beyond the two guys who'd witnessed the opening act, nobody had been close to Erika for the time being, only a few shocked onlookers at a distance shouting foul names and turning their children away. Sarah was too far in the back for Jennifer to know what she was doing, but she figured she'd be upholding her end of the deal as well, and the plan had all along been for Erika to show her fair-skinned wares.

Jennifer's mind wandered back to Saturday, to her dare, and how she'd gotten away with kissing Mathilda, a friend of hers since elementary, because neither Sarah nor Erika had met her before. Easy way out, she had thought planning it with Mathilda over the phone beforehand. She had coaxed Erika into suggesting they'd do it there, in the bar on Saturday, knowing Mathilda would be around as arranged. It had all worked out so smoothly, until Mathilda refused to let her go, prolonging the kiss.

Jennifer had savoured every moment, though, not only enjoying finally getting to kiss a girl, but doing it with her closest friend whom she had admired for so long, knowing Mathilda was the one making it last. She had suggested for Mathilda to meet tonight, so they could talk more about it, just the thought of what she might be able to talk her friend into turned her on.

Reality threw Jennifer out of her daydream, as a relatively large woman came running out of the park to the left, quickly approaching Erika who seemed oblivious to the incoming missile. Finally she screamed "WHORE!" as she lunged at Erika sending them both crashing to the ground.

Erika had been minding her own business, trying to figure out a way to make the last button pop so that her arms would finally be free again. It was getting really uncomfortable and even if she weren't allowed to cover up her chest she's feel a lot less exposed knowing her arms were free.

Her nipples remained erect as the commentators from the side continued to harass her, just knowing people had noticed her nakedness was enough to make her mouth water and her mind wander with ideas as to how she could be abused by these people. She had been interrupted in the middle of picturing various forms of unorthodox penetration equipment when this powerful woman had come at her from the side. They had landed in a rather soft patch of grass, but the woman was on top of her and the shirt had ripped open finally.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, filthy whore?!" the woman shouted at her, face to face. Erika could feel the blood pulsing through the woman's veins as she locked her hands around Erika's arms. There was no need to reply as the woman quickly shifted their positions around, rolling Erika over so she laid face down and then sitting down on her back, one leg to either side of Erika's body. She grabbed both of Erika's arms again and pulled them behind her, forcing her breasts into the ground. Erika yelped in pain, but the woman seemed relentless. In the distance they could hear Sarah yelling something, coming closer, but she was too far out right now to do anything.

Meanwhile in the other end, Jennifer was watching the action, stunned by the brutality of it all, reluctant to expose herself to danger.

The woman tried to tuck the red shirt together and gag Erika with it, but it had little effect so she tossed it away and started grabbing at the straps of the sports bra, evaluating their usefulness.

A moment later Erika found her arms tied behind her back tightly. Luckily, Sarah had finally closed the distance and was trying to push the woman off Erika's back, explaining they were playing a game of dares and that it was just for fun. Jennifer, noticing Sarah intervening, mustered the will to move as well and quickly made her way to the scene on her bike.

Noticing she's outnumbered, the woman let Erika go, arms still tied to her back and shirt loating in the water a few feet away. "You better get your slut girlfriend out of this park this instant or I'm calling the cops, you hear me?" she sneered, staring intently at Sarah while Jennifer helped Erika to her feet. She brushed dirt and grass off her gently.

"We will, there's a trail just down there around the bend that takes us to our hideout and we've got clothes for her there. We will be out of here in a minute, just don't call the cops, please, it was all fun and games. It will never happen again, I promise."

The path Sarah was talking about was the exact same Erika had thought of as a great hideout if things should go bad, and she had left her clothes behind the door of the cottage this morning. Hopefully Sarah wouldn't bring them there and find the clothes, it would be hard to explain if she found them and figured out they were Erika's.

The woman steamed off, back whence she came. Meanwhile, Jennifer had started untying Erika's arms when Sarah interrupted her, "no, don't take them off, the dare is still on. People were allowed to do whatever they wanted to Erika's outfit, remember? Just help her to her feet and return to your position."

Jennifer complied, and secured the knot once more before returning to her bike. Erika looked at her pleadingly, but she had already turned away and didn't return eye contact.

Disappointed it wasn't over yet, and hurting all over from the ambush, Erika starting running again. Her arms at the back was even less comfortable than they were at her sides, but at least it was different, and if Sarah spoke the truth they'd be heading off the public path and up the trail soon enough, that should be the end of it. Jennifer disappeared from view and Sarah's footsteps faded as Erika was once again left practically alone in her nudity.

Now that her shirt was gone, the thong had exposed itself above the waistband of her white skirt, which itself had been pushed down quite a bit in the albeit short wrestle. Erika never would've worn a thong herself, even if it felt comfortable it bore a notion of wantonness. Alas, there was nothing to be done about it now, not until the game was over, and she was so close to finishing it. It would be satisfying in the end to know that she too managed to go through with the dare, despite it being vastly more embarrassing than Jennifer's, and knowing that the last dare was for Jennifer and Erika to come up with, for Sarah, was just the icing on the cake. It would be difficult coming up with something a domme would be reluctant to do but secretly desired, though.

**\_\_ Chapter VI - A Familiar Stranger**
She'd just made it round the bend to the path that lead up to the abandoned cottage when she met Jennifer waiting on the other side. "Erika, there's something I must tell you." Something's up, Erika worried, and stopped, allowing her friend to speak. "This whole thing is Sarah's idea, I want you to know I didn't come up with any of it."

"It's okay, I'm enjoying it quite a bit, actually. Well, I could do without getting wrestled to the ground. But you know." They both smiled and Jennifer loosened up a bit knowing Erika seemed fine with it all.

"I know Sarah told that woman we'd head up the trail, but she and I inspected the route before you got here and we found the cottage."

This was unexpected, Erika panicked a little inside, fearing the worst and then it hit her.

"We found your clothes in a bag, I recognised them because you wear them to the gym with me. I told Sarah that I'd want to stash away something to cover up with as well if I were to go through with a dare like yours, and pleaded her to just leave it there. After all, if you went and put it on you'd have to be punished according to the rules, and if you didn't everything would be as normal. But she wouldn't listen."

Erika couldn't believe how thorough her friends had been with this friendly dare and cursed herself for not hiding the clothes in a less obvious location.

"So what do we do, where are my clothes, what's the plan?"

"I don't know! Okay? An-and I don't want to know. I'm leaving, I can't take this, I'm sorry. I wanted to warn you," Jennifer almost broke into tears, but straightened herself and gave her friend a hug before getting on her bike, riding into the distance.

Erika stood still, stupefied, trying to figure out the situation. Finally, she decided that waiting around certainly wasn't part of the dare, and the sooner she'd reach the finish line, the sooner it would be over. With that, she took to her feet again, and left her foiled plan B behind her. Halfway there.

Minutes later, light footsteps approach from behind and Erika can't help but think she's heard them before. "Well, well, well.." the woman was just behind her to the right, presumably admiring the alterations to the outfit. "It would seem all your buttons have come undone. Shame really, now there's nothing else threatening to abandon you!"

While the woman lost herself in laughter, Erika simply gawked back at her, astonished by how amusing she found her predicament.

"You kn-," catching her breath, "you know, I might be able to make this more exciting for you, show-off."

Obviously not allowed to interrupt and terrified of what could happen if Sarah found out she broke the rules, especially after finding out she knew about the hidden clothes, Erika tried to remain unaffected and kept running, hoping the woman, just as before, would simply let her slip away.

"Not so fast, slut!" the woman almost yelled before grabbing at Erika's thong forcing her to slow down as the fabric wedged itself deeper into the crevices of her intimates. The woman stopped, impelling Erika to do so as well lest the fragile material tear.

\*SNAP\*

Sadly too slow to react, not expecting the thong to give in so easily, she is suddenly let loose and stumble to maintain balance as she trips forward.

"Haha, oh my, I think you wanted that to happen, dearie. And guess what, I'm glad it did. Oh how glad I am. Hahaha."

Confused as to how easily her clothing could betray her, and surprised to find out the evil intents of her former encounter, Erika gets to her feet and starts fiddling with the thong, rules forgotten in the heat of the moment.

"Hey there," the woman shoots at her before grabbing her hands and moving them away from her body, "don't forget the rules, aren't there rules? Or were you just trying to tempt me into humiliating you?"

"Y-yes, you're right, there are rules. I forgot. Please, let me go." A futile plea, Erika thought, but to her surprise, the woman complies.

"Very well, cutie, just one more thing.."

A minute later, allowing the woman to perform her one thing, knowing full well she has to obey either way and motivated by the opportunity she might leave her alone again, Erika finds herself without a thong, just the skirt, her socks and shoes. Whatmore, the remains of her thong have been tied to her skirt's waistband through a new-found hole in the frail fabric. In the other end of the black fabric there's a large water bottle, half full.

Satisfied with her work, the woman sends Erika on her way with another firm slap to the butt, her third so far this evening. Third time's the charm, she thought, starting at the perilous last two miles.

**\_\_ Chapter VII - The Final Stand**
Of course, it was obvious what would happen, Erika knew full well what the woman intended with the bottle. The question was how far she'd make it before the inevitable, maybe she'd even make it all the way. The key was to make sure she didn't straighten out her hips too much and that she tried to land softly, allowing the bottle the least possible momentum. She had already made it half a mile without further event, maybe there wasn't enough water in the bottle.

She could sense the female stranger hanging in the back, monitoring her situation. Maybe she was trying to figure out whether Erika was telling the truth about not being allowed to touch her clothing, maybe she just wanted to be there when the skirt fell. Either way, Erika had other things to worry about.

The two lads from earlier were coming up ahead of her. They must've doubled back to meet her, expecting her to run all the way around. They smiled, recognising not her face, but the two white orbs bouncing on her chest with the tantalising reddish brown centers staring back at them invitingly.

"Hey-o, missed us?" Mr. Handsome started, reaching out to meet her twins with his eager hands, half-expecting her to just park them right there in his grip. Erika had other thoughts and deftly slid sideways through the two of them, purposefully brushing her tits against the chest of the other guy, Shy, instead, fighting the urge to wink at him. It wasn't a very well thought out escape, though, as she quickly realised she practically handed Handsome the water bottle which he caught immediately and held onto as she spun around shrieking. And so the material tore, not entirely, thankfully, but just enough to state a point.

"You're not running yet, honey," his grin wide enough to connect ear to ear. His friend, shy as ever, just stood there abashed - watching.

"Fuck you!" Erika muttered, who could blame her. This was supposed to be a dare where the worst case scenario was she'd flaunt some unexplored tit-flesh to the unsuspecting populace of a public park. It was quickly turning into something far more humiliating. She regretted not making her way up to the cottage. Even if her clothes weren't there she knew her way through the woods, she could've made her way over the hill and far away. At least she could've hidden for a while, it would've been cold through the night, but she would at least be safe from the ogling eyes of this prick. Moreover, Sarah wouldn't have found her, and deep down she knew Sarah wouldn't bring this up again - she was just caught in the moment, she wouldn't actually hurt her friend's pride this bad.

But that opportunity passed more than a mile back.

"Now, now, there's no reason to be upset, you wanted this, didn't you? You're an exhibitionist! You get off on the idea of others seeing you naked - see, your nipples don't lie!"

Shamefully, Erika admitted to herself that she was indeed enjoying her predicament, just a bit. Not enough to just let it play, though. She looked for Sarah, tried to figure out if she was within sight, and then she realised the woman from before was right there, approaching.

"Boys, listen, stripping this fine specimen of her last bit of clothing may be tempting and all, but I for one find it more exciting to watch her struggle with the mental picture of losing it at the hands of nature. That bottle you're holding on to, that's mine."

The two guys obviously hadn't noticed the fourth person in the relatively concealed location between two bends separating the park, and thus the public eyes, from the path.

"Listen, why don't you attach your bottle as well, I've been following her for a while now and my bottle isn't enough weight. If you add yours it might help things along. Do that and we can all enjoy the show from safe distance. Nobody will know we took part in causing it. You wouldn't want me turning you in for rape, would you?" She smiles, turning her face to Erika who openly spits towards her face, sadly missing. "All the more reason to enjoy the show, sweetie," the sporty woman taunts, all smug-like.

And with that, Mr. Handsome finds his water bottle and starts tying it to the ruined thong to join the woman's, but then an idea crosses his mind. He rushes over to the edge of the water and fills his bottle up completely, returns and grabs the other water bottle and fills that to the brim as well. Shy and Sporty watch as Handsome pulls the drawstring of his shorts out and ties it to the hole in Erika's skirt. Then, attaching the two water bottles to the other end of the long thread, he flips it over Erika's shoulder so that it goes all the way from her right butt cheek and over her shoulders, leaving the bottles hanging together with her breasts.

Realising his mistake, he works the thong out of her skirt and loops it around her left shoulder, under her arm and over the string with the bottles - this way the string won't simply slip down her shoulder and trail after her on the ground, even though that probably would've done the trick too. Pleased with his work, he presents Erika to his two partners in crime. The woman lights up finally realising his plan and silently applauds his ingenuity. His friend, on the other hand, seems rather displeased and out of place. Mirroring Shy's expression, Erika turns and starts to move, submitting to her fate.

**\_\_ Chapter VIII - Total Exposure**
Her lower lips glistened with moisture as Erika trodded her last mile, reluctant to run simply because the motion would surely allow the string to slide inch by inch until it lifted her skirt all the way out of the way. It would only take a few inches before the waistband passed her hipbones and her waist got too thin to resist, and as soon as that moment hit, it would slip all the way up to rest under her breasts.

The length of it could maybe hide her front enough while standing, but running it would definitely give way for people to admire her naked womanhood. Of course, at the back it was a different story entirely, as soon as the skirt flew north it would completely expose her shapely butt for all to see.

She couldn't believe how exciting this had turned out to be, despite her reluctance to expose so much flesh. It was almost a relief that it had been at the hands of three, well, technically two strangers and an innocent bystander.

Erika's mind tried to block out the woman and Mr. Handsome, thinking of this as a show for Shy.

The group of three were walking in the back, close enough to catch up fast, far enough away to not be with her. Behind them, another woman's footsteps approaches. Sarah.

"Erika! Wow, let me catch up." she shouts, ignoring the tail completely and making her way up to Erika's side. "You've seen better days! Haha, cheer up, there's only a hundred yards left, the bridge is right there."

Sarah reaches under the skirt, experimenting. Surprised she jumps backwards, not expecting neither the lack of underwear nor the wetness she met. "I thou-" she starts, but eying Erika's shoulder she smiles knowingly, "oh, there's your thong. Very well." she bites her lip softly admiring her damsel in distress.

Before Erika can protest, Sarah gives her a hungry kiss and embraces her passionately, holding her tight.

"I love you, Erika. Thank you for being you."

Caught in a web of feelings, Erika goes beet red with embarrassment. She's in a public park, the same one she goes to every day, she's wearing only a skirt, which is about to betray her secrets. She has been groped by a stranger who watched her lose her clothing and not cover up. She's been wrestled to the ground and bound by another stranger who accused her of whoredom, before being forced to endure the fear of her friend turning out to be a sadistic bitch after her other friend abandoned her to fate. Then at the whims of an older woman she's been at the brink of complete exposure for the past ten or twenty minutes, and two guys are eagerly awaiting the spectacular event. And now, her friend who she has been terrified of for the longest two miles of her life, who she knows is a domme, has admitted her love towards her.

Erika is at a completely loss of words, let alone action. Aimlessly she just waits in the warm embrace of Sarah, and the inevitable happens.

"Time to get this show to a climax, folks," Sarah proudly announces to the audience of three as she lets go of Erika, grabs hold of the drawstring hanging over her shoulder and pulls up the curtains to wild applause.

The End..?