**Stripped For Florida: Melanie Stripped**

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Our daughter walked out of the shower.  She had a pink towel wrapped around her and was drying her hair with a fuzzy white towel.   
    
"We took your clothes, honey," I said nonchalantly.   
    
"Oh, okay, they were dirty anyway."   
    
"I mean, all of them."   
    
"Very funny, dad, I'll go find something else to put on."   
    
A few minutes later a wail went up from her room.   
    
"Dad!  This isn't funny.  Where are my clothes?  Mom, he took my clothes.  Come look at this!  My closet is completely empty."   
    
"We took your clothes, dear," my wife confirmed.   
    
"What, you're doing this too?  This isn't funny."   
    
"When you're dry I'll need to take those towels as well."   
    
"Sure, I bet you're going to tell me you're keeping me naked or something, right?"   
    
"Actually, you're a very clever girl.  As of this moment you are officially stripped," and with that mom placed the bandaid behind her left ear.  A microscopic chip would permanently embed under her skin within less than five minutes.  Sensors throughout the state of Florida would instantly identify Melanie as a stripped child.  In effect, she couldn't go anywhere without being naked or she would be taken into police custody.   
    
"You can't do this to me, mom!  No!  You're ruining my life." Melanie reached for the bandaid and tried to peel it off.  The highly adhesive surface wouldn't come off her skin.  "Get this off me right this instant."   
    
"Let me know when you've calmed down enough to think, sweetheart," consoled her mother, "I have some news for you that I think you will find extremely interesting."   
    
"Hah!"   
    
As she left our daughter's bedroom, mom called over her shoulder in a singsong voice, "It's about Brad."   
    
"My life's ruined. What do I care about Brad."   
    
"Did you tell her?" I asked when my wife got back to the kitchen.   
    
"Not yet, but I dropped a teaser."   
    
After 15 minutes a tear-streaked Melanie walked into the kitchen.  She was still wrapped in the pink towel.  "So, what's this news about Brad that is supposed to be so exciting?"   
    
"Drop the towel and we'll tell you," informed her mother.   
    
"If you think I'm just going to go along with this stripped program you have another thought coming," Melanie shouted. "I am not going to be stripped and I am not going anywhere."   
    
"When you've calmed down, come back, drop the towel and pay attention," stated her mother flatly.  "Until then, nothing."   
    
"Okay, is this what you want?"  Melanie dropped the towel and stood there naked.  Her 16 year old body was nicely filled out.  Rounded hips, shapely breasts, dark round aureola around her nipples.  I was a little surprised that Melanie was fully shaved around her labia, but a glance at my wife told me she had obviously been in on this.   
    
"Actually, yes!" her mother replied.   
    
"You're a beautiful young woman," I observed.   
    
"Don't bullshit me.  Now what's this about Brad?"   
    
"Brad's parents have decided to strip him," began mother.   
    
"You're shitting me?"   
    
"No, but here's the fun part -- maybe -- if you're interested, " mom continued.   
    
Melanie cocked her head and raised an eyebrow.   
    
"I have the chip right here," She lifted a small box that had been sitting on the kitchen table. "It's been completely activated by Brad's parents, but he doesn't know anything about it.  If you want, you can be the one that actually surprises him with it," concluded her mother.   
    
"Oooh, that would be so cool!  Imagine his shock!  And I'd be the first one to see him get naked once he gets tagged."  Her face clouded.  "Forget it.  I forgot he'll have to see me naked, too.  Shit, mom, dad, why'd you have to do this to me?  It would have been so cool to surprise Brad and make him strip in front of me."   
    
"You still can," I noted.   
    
"Yeah, but . . .  Wait.  Can we set this up so it seems like I just came out of the shower or something and I didn't know he was here.  Like as if I always just walked around nude in front of you guys if I thought it was just family.  I mean, I know we don't do that, but -- "   
    
"Well, now you do walk around naked," observed her mother dryly.   
    
"What I'm getting at, is can we avoid telling him I'm actually stripped until I do it to him first?"   
    
"Any way you want to do it," agreed mom. "As long as you're naked and in the end he's naked, too.  Those are the only conditions."   
    
"Can he come over soon?"   
    
"Suddenly eager are we?"   
    
"Dad!"   
    
"Okay, okay, I'll call his house and see if he's available."   
    
"I'll just stay naked so I can hop into the shower and 'unexpectedly' walk out."   
    
"I'm glad you're getting into the swing of things, honey. You'll love being naked, you'll see," smiled her mom.   
    
"I don't see you naked all the time."   
    
"I may.  I'm seriously considering it."   
    
"Just call Brad's parents, okay?  Shit, that's the doorbell.  Don't answer it mom, it could be that nosy old lady from next door.  I don't want her seeing me naked -- not just yet anyway."   
    
"Oh, hi Brad.  This is an unexpected surprise," I said, opening the front door.  I cast a glance over my shoulder to make sure Melanie had indeed disappeared before I invited Brad in.  "We're just hanging out. Can I get you a soda, juice, milk?"   
    
"Um, that's okay Mr. P.  I'm fine, really.  Is Melanie here?  Oh, hi Mrs. P.  Everyone's home, I see."   
    
"Good afternoon Brad.  Just passing by?"   
    
"I guess so.  Actually, I have something for Melanie, if she's here?"   
    
"Why don't you have a seat for a minute and . . . "   
    
". . . shit, Melanie, you're naked."   
    
"God, Brad, I didn't know you were here.  You nearly scared me to death."   
    
"Um, I'm sorry.  Look, I'll leave if this is a bad time."   
    
"Well, I can't undo it now.  I was just taking a shower and remembered that I left my new shampoo in the kitchen."  I followed her glance.  To my surprise the shampoo was right there on the counter.  Damn, Melanie was good at setting things up, and quickly, too!  "So, you've seen me naked, but I was actually going to call you to come over."   
    
"Oh, really! For some particular reason?"  Brad could be excused for looking a little distracted.  Brain was definitely not functioning at top performance.  "Um, by the way you're . . . never mind.  Mr. P, I guess I'll take you up on having a glass of water."    
    
Good job, Brad, working to keep yourself grounded. "Coming right up, Brad."    
    
"Yeah, I have a present for you.  Actually, I'm mostly the messenger.  Sort of like the pizza delivery girl, or flowers, or . . . no, I have it, the singing nude telegram!"   
    
"You're going to sing?"   
    
"I can if you want me to. Shall I begin!"   
    
"Sure."   
    
"Someone's clothes are falling off, falling off, falling off, Someone's clothes are falling off, my dear Brad.   
Take the chip and strip him off, strip him off, strip him off, take the chip and strip him off, my dear Brad. . . and   
here you are!!!"   
    
"What's that?!!!"   
    
"You just got stripped!"   
    
"I got what?"   
    
"You have to get naked, you have to get naked!!!" Melanie pranced around the kitchen table.   
    
"No I don't, just because you're waltzing around nude doesn't mean I have to."   
    
"Sure it does."   
    
"No it doesn't."   
    
"Sure it does, want to bet?  Look in the box."   
    
Her mom handed Brad the little box that was still sitting on the table.  Opening it Brad suddenly looked pale.  "Oh, shit . . . um, you knew about this?"   
    
"Yes, I did.  Now strip it off, I want to see!"   
    
"Let's just wait a little until . . ."   
    
"Oooh, I know what you're worried about.  Want me to strip you?  Either you strip or I'll do it for you!"   
    
"Okay, okay, I'll do it."  Brad slowly began unbuttoning his shirt.  The bulge in his trousers was obvious to everyone.  Melanie licked her lips and reached over to unbutton the top of his trousers.  "Hey," he yelled. "I'll do it."   
    
"Sorry, I can't wait, besides you've been looking at me since I walked in the room!"   
    
"Well, can you blame me?"   
    
"No, not at all, so fair is fair enough."  Melanie undid the button, unzipped Brad's pants and pulled them down, bringing his boxers down with them.  "Nice!"   
    
Brad's uncut erection caught momentarily on the boxers as Melanie pulled on them, but released immediately.  Melanie reached out her hand and stroked the soft skin.   
    
"Hey, Melanie, aren't you moving a little fast.  Right in front of your parents, too!"   
    
"It's okay Brad," I reassured him.  "We were teenagers ourselves once upon a time!"   
    
Brad finished unbuttoning his shirt and pulled it off and then took off his undershirt.  His naked body was actually quite good looking.   
    
"Hey Brad, why did you stop by?" Melanie prompted,  "It wasn't to get stripped was it?"   
    
"No, that wasn't what I was planning, Melanie.  But, I did . . . I mean I do . . . have a present for you."   
    
"A present for me?"   
    
"Yes, I hope you don't mind."   
    
"Why should I mind?"   
    
"Well, wait until you see it -- it's kind of private.  Do you want to open it here or when we're alone?  I'm sorry Mr. and Mrs. P."   
    
"You can show it to me now.  It's not like I'm hiding a lot from my folks."   
    
"Um, okay.  Here it is."   
    
Melanie admired the tiny box until Brad prodded her to open it already.  There was a small gold ribbon, then the lid, then a layer of cotton.  Under that was a tiny pair of sparkling stud earrings.  "Wow, these are beautiful Brad."   
    
Brad blushed, the coloration moving down his face, neck, and chest.  My daughter was obviously interested to see whether a blush could change the color of a boy's penis. Brad caught her gaze and blushed even redder.   
    
"Sit down, please, Brad, you look like you might faint," cautioned the mother of our child.   
    
"I'm, I'll be okay," responded Brad, grasping the back of a kitchen chair for balance.  "Um, they're tiny diamonds, Melanie.  I hope it isn't too much."   
    
"I love them," replied Melanie bashfully, casting her gaze toward the floor. "They're beautiful and really special, but why is it so private?"   
    
"It's this. It goes with them."  Brad handed her a small envelope.   
    
Melanie carefully undid the flap and pulled out a small folded sheet of paper with a gilt edge.  Out loud she read, "My dearest friend in the world, I hope this small gift gives you an idea of how much I love you. I want to share my . . . " Melanie continued to read silently, "life and my dreams and my body with you, forever."   
    
"Oh Brad, that is wonderful."  She hesitated and then moved in for a big hug, body to body.  When she pulled apart Brad was fully erect.  "I guess you're starting to share right now!"  She kissed Brad on the lips.  If possible his erection got even harder.   
    
"I love you."   
    
"I love you."   
    
"So, Brad, if you'll have a seat I have something to tell you."   
    
"Oh, okay."   
    
The four of them sat at the table.  Brad's erection still throbbed but was now somewhat hidden by the tabletop.  He looked from Melanie's mom to me.  We did our best to look as if this sort of scenario was an everyday occurrence.  "Look, I'm . . . I've never been naked in someone's kitchen before and . . . "   
    
"Brad, it's fine. You may not know this, but in parts of Florida where stripping is more common, boys are given pills to keep them erect 24/7." Brad blushed again. "The blush is very cute, Brad," continued Melanie's mom, "but, really, I'm telling you this just so you have a sense of perspective.  I'll talk to your mom.  I'm sure she can put you on the pills, too, if you like.  I suspect Melanie's not adverse to seeing your erect member."   
    
Melanie grinned.   
    
"Anyway, I think you should hear Melanie out before you get too worried about anything."   
    
Brad looked over at Melanie, who continued to grin.   
    
"I was stripped just before you came over."   
    
"What?"   
    
"My parents stripped me earlier today.  I was really mad at them.  I thought my life was ruined.  But then they told me I could help in stripping you.  That seemed like a lot of fun, so I pretended to be just coming out of the shower."   
    
"But you really were in the shower."   
    
"Yes, I really was in the shower. But look, I have a chip behind my ear just like you.  I don't know what to think of this whole thing, being naked all the time, outdoors, in front of friends, in front of strangers.  But at least I can do it all with you, which changes it from my life is ruined to my life is an adventure."   
    
Brad grinned!  "I love you!"   
    
"May I suggest you two go spend some time together.  I'll get some dinner together and call you when it's ready. By the way I think 'Mr. P' and I are going to take up Melanie's suggestion."   
    
"My suggestion?"   
    
"Yes, you asked me when I was planning to be naked all the time.  I'm not allowed to be naked everywhere in public, the way you are, but I can certainly be naked in my own home.  So, I've asked 'Mr. P' to join me."   
    
"You have?"   
    
"Consider that you were just invited."   
    
"Anyway, that was just a heads up so that when I call you to dinner you won't be too surprised.  Stop looking so uncomfortable Brad, you're part of the family now.  You two go enjoy yourselves, go!"