**Summer At Grandma's**

by sunlightwindows

**Summer At Grandma's (Part 1)**

Hey, my name is Catherine and this is a true story that happened to me a couple years ago when I was in starting high school. I’m going to do a series of parts describing what I went through, and how I felt about it happening, so this will be in 1st person. I hope you guys enjoy this story. J (please be kind, this is the first story I’ve written)  
  
It was about 4:30 in the morning when my alarm clock rang out and awakened me much earlier than I was used to. I had a long day ahead of me, but I tried to salvage what little sleep I could before Mom would come in and make me get up. About 4:40 Mom knocked on the door telling me that I had to get up now. My mom and dad were going through some tough times, and thought it would be best for me to go away for the summer so they could proceed with a divorce. It was decided that I was to spend the next two months with my grandmother in the rural parts of Georgia, a decision in which I wasn’t too happy with. Being a city girl from Baltimore, I didn’t find living without the comforts of the 21st century too appealing. When I say she lived in the middle of nowhere, I mean literally it was a one and a half hour drive to the closest airport. Not to mention hardly anyone lived within range of my grandmothers, so it seemed as though I would be bored the entire summer.   
I had packed the night before, one huge suitcase with everything I needed to survive in this wilderness. I had my mp3 player full of music and videos, about 8 huge books to read, candy, and enough clothes to last three weeks with no washing.   
I was finally up and went to the bathroom, locked the door and got ready to take my shower. As I took off my clothes, I was still very shy about my appearance. I hadn’t really developed like most of the other girls in my class yet, but I wasn’t ashamed of my body. I was about 5’4”, 110 lbs, with a few inches below shoulder length brown hair. I was between an A and B cup at that time, much smaller than my mom’s DD’s. I was also pretty pale since I didn’t enjoy being outdoors as much as reading in the comfort of my room. I took a pretty quick shower, but made sure to shave before I left. Ever since I had been made fun of when I was in Middle school for not having shaved my legs, it had become an obsession of mine to keep hair off. When I had finished I put on my towel and walked back to my room to get dressed. My room was just across the hall, but I was too shy of a girl back then to have dared walk the 4 feet into my room naked. I didn’t stay naked for long, I quickly put on my panties, and then I put on my skirt and tank top to complete my outfit. I didn’t wear a bra with my tank top since it would have looked tacky. We then took my bags off to the car, and we were ready to head to the airport.  
When we got to the airport, my mom pulled up to the unloading zone, and helped me get my bags out. She gave me a kiss and wished me luck. She handed me my ticket and told me that she told me to give her a call when I got there. I walked into the building and went through scanners. I put my bags in for my plane, and got onto the aircraft carrying me to my most extraordinary adventure.

**Summer At Grandma's (Part 2)**

The plane finally landed and as I got off the plane, I saw my grandma. She ran up and gave me a big hug. “How’s my cute little grandbaby doing? You look the same as the last time I saw you!” Of course I was embarrassed and told her that I’m too old to be called “grandbaby,” and that I had definitely grown since three years ago. She shrugged it off and said that we needed to hurry and get my bags so we could beat rush hour traffic in the Atlanta. I stood there waiting to see my big red bag, but it never came around. We went to the service desk to ask them where my bags had gone. In an uncaring tone, the lady behind the desk said, “Your bag may have been lost, stolen, or sent on the wrong plane.” She then went on to tell us that they would give us a call if the bag was found. I was hysterical, everything I had for the summer was in that bag, and if they didn’t find it, I would be bored to death this summer! After exchanging numbers, my grandma told me it would be ok, and they would find my bag and send it to us. We walked to the parking lot, and I jumped up in the old ford truck that my grandmother had driven since my grandpa died before I was born. My grandmother wasn’t a bad looking woman, she was about 60, but looked like she was 50 or so. She had lived by herself for about 25 years, and had become very self sufficient. I had never been to her house in the wilderness of Georgia, every time I’d seen her was when she visited us in Baltimore once every few years. I hadn’t actually seen her since I was about 12, but she looked exactly the same. She was a very strong woman who insisted on being in the middle of things, and taking control of situations. I know that my mother hated when grandma visited because every time she arrived, the house seemed to become grandma’s house. I was already annoyed that I would have to spend time with grandma, but now not having books and music, what would I do this summer?   
About half way down the road, it finally dawned on me that all the clothes that I brought were in those bags. I asked my grandmother “Can we stop somewhere for me to pick up a few sets of clothes till they send me my bags?” Grandma said “don’t worry girlie, I have some clothes you can wear. I’ve picked up some clothes over the years and I think you’ll love them.” A sick feeling came over me, I remembered the sweater she had made for me at Christmas, instead of being my size, it was two times too big. “She told me I would grow into it.” My mother and she laughed, but I didn’t. I was very sensitive about my breasts at that point, and it only embarrassed me more to hear them talk about my lack of bust. It also didn’t hurt that the sweater was the hideous in every way. I didn’t want to look like an idiot wearing grandma’s clothes, but I didn’t really have a choice until I got my bags in. When finally pulled up to grandma’s house, I was amazed that this cabin like structure existed. It was truly in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by trees, and without a house for a while. When I walked in I couldn’t believe what I saw…

**Summer At Grandma's (Part 3)**

Inside was a world far away from what I was used to, the house hardly seemed like a house from the 20th century, much less than my high tech lifestyle. “Where’s the TV?” I asked, she responded by telling me that she didn’t have one. She laughed telling me “This ain’t one of those fancy city hotels!” I was devastated, what was I going to do this summer with no entertainment at all? We walked through the house to the back door, and showed me something I had never seen before. I didn’t think it could get any worse until my grandma explained to me how to draw water from the well. I had to physically pull up and down just to get a bucket of water, this sucked. I didn’t think it was possible, but she didn’t have running water in the house at all. She pointed out the outhouse to the side of the yard with one of those little half moons, and proceeded to let her dog out of his lot. He was a cute golden retriever named Sam. He ran up to her and then to me to be petted. My family didn’t own a dog, but I wish that we had. After sitting outside with Sam and grandma for a few, we went back inside. Thank god the house had electricity; I would have just killed myself then if I was completely in the Stone age. She also had a phone, so I called up my mom and told her about the airline losing my bags. She told me not to worry, and she would handle the whole thing. I was relieved that something seemed to be going right for once. The house was pretty small, big enough for my grandma to have raised my mom, but not for much more than a small family. We walked up a set of stairs to a lone bedroom on the 2nd floor where I was to sleep. My grandma told me how this used to be my mom’s room, and how it pretty much looked the same since she left. It was beautiful, surrounded by windows except for the beams supporting the house. It was very bright, and the bedspread was a beautiful red and blue design. I decided to spend the rest of the day playing with Sam while grandma fixed dinner. We played fetch, and I ran after him for about an hour or so, but eventually got tired. At about 8:30 pm, grandma yelled out the door “Dinner’s ready!” I was so hungry, but was confused about the food she fixed. I asked what this strange food in front of me was, and my grandma responded with, “Fried pork chops, with turnip greens, fried squash, and banana pudding for dessert.” The turnip greens looked gross, but when I tried them, I loved them. After I cleaned my plate, I was ready to hit the shower. It was then it dawned on me, “she doesn’t have a bath?” I spoke up and asked her where the bathroom was. She laughed and told me to look behind me in the corner. There sat a big metal tub with one of those privacy shield things leaning against the wall. “I can’t use that, someone might see me naked!” I gasped to her. Grandma then responded by saying, “Who’s going to see you? I’m the only other person for miles, and besides, it’s not like I haven’t see you naked before girlie.” I was mortified; I hadn’t been naked in front of another person since I was like 8. “I’ve already got your water heating up so you can hop on in.” I couldn’t believe I was going to be naked in a big room with only a little wooden privacy shield blocking me from view. During gym class in school I changed in the bathroom stall, and I was still wearing underwear. Could this really be happening? I slowly walked over to the tub to see that the water was pleasant. She had a little shelf next to it with some homemade soap and shampoo with a cloth for me. Above the shelf was a window, and I instantly became embarrassed, there were no blinds to block outside view. What if someone sees me, what would I do? Grandma then yelled “hurry up girlie, you have a big day tomorrow!” I moaned at the thought of getting up early again, but my grandma being like every old person got up at 5, leaving me to get up with her. Cautiously I began to take off my sweaty clothes. First I slid my skirt down and off leaving me with my panties and tank top. I looked out the window to make sure no one was there, and then I hurriedly slid off my panties and lifted my tank top over my head. I tossed my clothes to the edge of the shield, and hopped into the water. It was so relaxing to get some of the nastiness of the Georgia heat off me. I was very cautious about how I moved in the water, trying to hide as much as I could under the water. It was then that my grandma told me she was getting my dirty laundry, and that my nightgown was upstairs. Still embarrassed by the fact that just feet away my clothed grandma was reading the paper with just a shield blocking me from full exposure, I bathed. I didn’t stand up at all fearing I would be seen by someone outside, having to find ways to wash everything sitting down. Grandma then yelled “You need some help washing your hair girlie?” I yelled back, “I’m good granny!” avoiding any embarrassing situation. As I was finishing by getting the last of the shampoo out of my hair, I heard a knock on the door. I froze, I thought to myself, I must be hearing noises. Then I heard the door swing open and voices greeting one another. Oh god, what was I going to do?

**Summer At Grandma's (Part 5)**

I awakened suddenly to find that I needed to use the restroom. I hadn’t even realized that the time I’d been at grandma’s house, I hadn’t done my business. I quickly crawled out of bed and softly walked down the stairs. There was a small lamp on in the corner of the den revealing that all the people there earlier had since retired. The further I walked down the stairs; I could see Sam lying in his bed. He raised his head, but didn’t bark at me. I tiptoed through the den to the back door and gently turned the handle.  
  
“ERRRREERRRKKKKKK”   
  
Stupid noisy door! I stood there for a second, but I didn’t hear any stirring from my grandma’s room. I made my way to the outhouse through the backyard stepping cautiously. I expected the worst when I opened the door, but was pleasantly surprised. There was a light switch I noticed as I entered. As I turned it on, I discovered a neat toilet like seat where I was to do my business. It didn’t nearly smell as bad as I thought an outhouse would, but it was far from luxury. It was then that I realized what I had just done. I guess I was too tired and embarrassed earlier to realize what I had on. As I looked at myself in the mirror behind the door, I took immediate notice to the nightgown my grandma had given me. The gown only reached a few inches below my crotch, but covered the rest of my body well. As I sat on the toilet I realized something else, I didn’t have panties…What would I do? My only pair was dirty, and here I was, outside, with only a nightgown that barely covered me. As I did my business, I wondered when I would get my stuff from the airlines. As I finished up, I turned off the light and headed back to the house cautiously. A cool summer breeze caressed me under my gown in an obvious reminder that I was lacking certain things. As I entered the house I was suddenly startled.  
  
“BURGULAR!!!!” my grandma shouted.  
  
She was holding a sock full of quarters over her head ready to strike.  
  
“NO, IT’S ME GRAMS!” I yelled.  
  
Startled, my grandma lowered the sock of quarters and gave me a hug. She apologized for scaring me, and told me to sit down for a moment. I sat down on the couch trying to keep as much of myself covered as possible. I eventually tucked the end of the gown between my legs and held my hands there in a last ditch effort to cover myself before my grandma came over. She began by telling me,  
  
“I’m sorry for scaring you Cat, tomorrow will be a better day. I’ll make you a big breakfast, and you can play.”  
  
Feeling a bit better, I got up, and gave my grandma another hug and began walking up the stairs to bed. I quickly crawled under the sheets and drifted off to sleep.  
  
I was awakened the next morning by the loud cracking of bacon in the skillet. I looked over to see the sun glistening off the windows in my room. I stood up and stretched only to look over at the mirror in the room to discover my privates completely exposed. I would have to be careful if I wore this again, I couldn’t put my hands up without possibly exposing everything. I began to look through the drawers to find anything else I could wear with no luck. The only things in the room to cover me were the gown and the towel from last night. As I looked closer at the gown, I found that I could clearly see the indentation of where my nipples were. In the sunlight you could clearly see my form through the dress. OH MY GOD, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO???  
  
As I slowly walked down the stairs, I was greeted by a wide awake Sam. He began to bark, and suddenly I heard my grandma’s voice from the kitchen.  
  
“Thank goodness you’re finally up, you’ll sleep the whole day away!”  
  
I wasn’t quite as enthusiastic, I liked to sleep in, and the changes in schedule didn’t sit too well with me. Grandma told me to take a seat at the kitchen table, and as I did, I found out that I wasn’t going to be covered very well. As grandma and I small talked, I tried to position myself in a way the cover my crotch from view. I had to just hope she didn’t look under the table, I would be so humiliated if my grandma saw me like that. It was strange to sit at a table and talk to someone knowing that you could be so easily embarrassed. After I finished, I thanked her for the breakfast and took my plate over to the dish tub. I then asked my grandma if she’d heard from the airlines, but she hadn’t. She grabbed a cup of coffee and we walked to the back door to let Sam out to play.   
  
“Is there anything I can do to help you around the house?” I said.  
  
My grandma then spoke up,  
  
“Don’t worry about all that, I’ll handle it all for now, you just have fun while you’re here.” (She paused) “I have a great idea, why don’t you go swimming in the lake today, the weather’s great, and you could do with some sun!”  
  
Confused I responded with “I can’t Grams, don’t you remember I don’t have a bathing suit.”  
  
“Yes you do, the one God gave you will do!” my grandma responded, “Back in my day little girls like you didn’t even know what a bathing suit was. It’s alright for girls like you to walk around naked; you haven’t developed into a woman yet. Enjoy your last few years of modesty before you have to cover up Cat!”  
  
“What if someone sees me?” I trembled while asking.   
  
“No one lives anywhere close enough to see you; besides, the lake is just about half a mile down that path. Plus, Sam will keep you company.” Grams said in a matter of fact kind of way.  
  
Before I could react, my nightgown was suddenly whisked off my body leaving me naked as the day I was born. As I tried to cover my parts up my grandma pushed me out the door.  
  
“Have fun!” is all she said.  
  
I looked down at my pale body in the morning sun. Why did my grandma say I wasn’t a woman, I was in high school. Sure I don’t have the biggest boobs in the world, and I shaved my pubic hair, but surely that doesn’t make me a little girl does it? As I began my walk through the back yard covering myself the best I could, I thought to myself.  
  
OH GOD, WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO…

**Summer At Grandma's (Part 6)**

The grass was a pale green, starved from rain, and baking in the near 100 degree heat of Georgia. It was still morning and I knew it was going to be a hot and humid day. I walked timidly through the backyard trying to cover what I could, searching for the dirt path leading to the lake. I was contemplating what I could do instead of going to the lake, and finally decided that I would just wait in the woods a little while and then come back to the house. As I located the dirt path I became somewhat more confident. It looked like nobody traveled the path, hopefully meaning I could have a peaceful rest under a tree or something. Once I entered the trees and walked on the path, I didn’t see the need to cover myself anymore. It felt so strange to feel a breeze all over my body. I had never been naked outside before, but for some reason I wasn’t humiliated. The fact that I was alone with only Sam the dog gave me the confidence not to hide in a ball. I had never realized just how interesting nature was as I walked along. I could hear the birds chirping, and see squirrels burying nuts and starring at me. I couldn’t help but still feel awkward standing there naked. The sick feeling of embarrassment came over me again when I thought about getting caught.  
  
“What would I do?” I whispered to myself.  
  
I guess I could tell them the truth, but it wouldn’t make me feel any better about myself. Then again, it wouldn’t really matter, I would probably only see them once in my life, and it would be done. As I continued to walk a new dilemma arose. A fork in the path stood ahead of me. Grandma didn’t say anything about a fork in the path. I decided it was a good time to stop before I went too far. The water would feel so nice, but I couldn’t risk getting caught like this. I would just go into the woods a little bit, and rest. Once I was a good distance from the path, I found an enclosed area between two fallen tress where I could rest with some privacy. As I lay there, I drifted off the sleep with Sam laying on the other side of the tree.  
  
I woke up suddenly “JESUS CHRIST!!!” I screamed as I looked down at my leg.  
  
A huge spider began to crawl up my leg. I quickly jumped up and kicked the spider off. I hated spiders so much. As I began to calm down, I looked around me to see that nothing much had changed. I guess I had only been asleep a few minutes when the spider crawled on my leg. I wasn’t going to lie down there ever again. As I looked down at my body, I was covered in sweat and dust. The humidity was awful, it was only like 11 am and I was roasting even being naked. I walked back to the path and decided I was going to the lake one way or the other. I looked at both paths and chose the one that looked less traveled, hoping it led to the salvation of the lake water. I felt so icky with all the dust and sweat, but cautiously continued down the left path. As I timidly walked down the dirt path I became much less concerned about getting caught and more about getting the nastiness off me. After a few more minutes of walking, I finally came upon a beautiful lake with shining blue water. Without hesitation I ran down to the water, onto the long dock, and dove into the water.  
  
REFRESHMENT!!!!!!!!!  
  
Finally I felt comfortable. Sam stood at the edge of the water, scared to get in I guess. I couldn’t believe how much cooler the water was than the air around me. It was so relaxing to get in the comfort of the water that I honestly forgot I was naked. I went under the water and came up under the dock. It was like a club in the space since you had enough room to stick your head fully up, but you had to dive under the water to get there. I was never the best swimmer, but I did enjoy the water. I decided to play some fetch in the water with Sam. I got out of the water to find a stick. After I had found one, I tossed it into the water, but Sam didn’t chase after it. I was disappointed in him, a dog afraid of water? I tried to coax him into the water with a new stick. I walked to the edge of the dock and dove in again. There was an island in the middle of the lake that looked very interesting. It was covered with brilliant colors, looking like a Southern island paradise with a couple trees. What could be the harm in seeing what secrets the island held? As I began swimming I couldn’t help but look up at the sun to realize that I needed sunscreen. I hoped I wouldn’t get burned, I was a very pale girl, and didn't respond well to sunburn. As I finally stepped foot on the island, I looked back to see Sam just sitting on the dock. No matter what I did, he wouldn’t get in the water, he didn't know what he was missing. I couldn't believe my eyes, this island was covered with beautiful red and yellow flowers. I could hear the birds in the trees singing, and noticed a big turtle laying out. I grabbed a couple flowers and put them in my hair. Once I got bored with the flowers I began the swim back to the shore. The chill of the water caressed my skin as I entered it once again. It was then over my right shoulder I heard a sound that shattered the peaceful sounds of nature.  
  
WHAT IS THAT? NO…IT COULDN’T BE…OH GOD, I HAVE TO GET BACK TO SHORE.

**Summer At Grandma's (Part 7)**

I swam faster than I had ever done before. I thought only of getting to shore and running as fast as I could back to my grandma’s house. Left arm, right arm, one after the other is all I could see as I drove through the water. Just as I could see shore about 100 feet away, a voice yelled out to me.  
  
“Hey there white girl, why you swimmin’ down by my dock?”  
  
I didn’t even attempt to turn around, I just swam harder hoping the voice would leave me alone. Just a few more feet to the dock, then I can run like hell. Just then a boat came into view pulling up to the dock with a figure standing up on it. I couldn’t see who it was because of the sunlight in my eyes, but I knew I was screwed. What would I tell the person? Would they hurt me? Would I be in trouble?  
  
“White girl, I know you can hear me, you’re gonna be in real trouble if you don’t answer. I say, why you here at my dock swimmin’”  
  
I spoke out in a trembling voice, “I’m sorry, I didn’t know it was your dock.” I stopped at the end of the dock nervously shaking. “I’ll never do it again, please don’t call the police on me!” I said already almost in tears. Just then the figure began to move to the end of the dock, and I began to panic, “could they see me naked in the water?” As I gazed up I was surprised to see a large black woman holding a cane.  
  
“Don’t cry little white girl, I wasn’t threatening you. I was just wondering why you were swimmin’ all the way out here?”  
  
“My grandma told me to go swimming for the day, but I guess I went the wrong way.”  
  
With an interested look on her face, the woman said in a crackly voice, “You Betty’s granddaughter?”  
  
“Yes ma’am.” I said in a soft voice.  
  
A smile came over her face as she responded with “You’re grandmamma told me a few weeks ago that you’d be comin down to Georgia. Come on up here so I can give you a big ol hug!”  
  
I quickly began to think up excuses for why I wanted to stay in the water. “I’m all wet, I don’t want to get you wet too.” Is what I decided on.   
  
“Don’t worry about that, let’s go have a glass of fresh lemonade and talk some.” She responded.  
  
“How about I visit you later today?” I meekly asked.  
  
“Come on up here, I’m already wet from my boat ride.” She replied.  
  
Quickly I said “really, I’ll do it later, I just want to swim some more.”  
  
“Why don’t you want to hug me? Your grandmamma and I go way back, and she wouldn’t be pleased with you being so unfriendly.   
  
“I ca..ca..can’t.” I stuttered.  
  
“If It’s because you’re nekid, don’t bother being embarrassed none about it.”  
  
Blushing I tried to figure how she knew I was naked. “How’d you know?”  
  
“You was over on the island pickin’ my flowers I planted. It’s not hard to see a pale white girl like you walking around nekid. Stop being silly and come on up here, there’s a nice towel back at my place to dry off on.   
  
Nervously I pulled myself up on the dock, exposing my naked body to a person I just met. If me from two days ago saw me doing this now, she would probably have fainted, but I stood there shivering, covering up my breasts and pubic area. I looked down at my toes, curled up pigeon toed, trying to hide from the world. As I looked up I saw the old lady and Sam looking at me. Suddenly she came forward and gave me a big hug, forcing me to wrap my arms around her. I stood there stunned and naked, clasped by a large woman. As she released me from the hug, she looked down at me, and stated in a laughing voice.  
  
“So tell me why you're really nekid white girl?”

**Summer At Grandma's (Part 8)**

Humiliated I dropped down into a ball covering myself. “Can you please get me that towel so I can cover myself up, I shouldn’t be naked out here like this!”  
  
“What’s wrong with it white girl? You sure didn’t mind prancin’ around nekid pickin’ my flowers and swimmin’ like that. Go put on your clothes so you can stop acting so crazy.”  
  
“I don’t have any!”  
  
“Well why you makin’ such a big deal about it then? You walked this whole way nekid, and now you’re worried about it? A girl your age don’t have to worry about coverin’ up, you should be gettin’ a tan on that pale body.”  
  
“I’m in high school, I can’t be seen naked like this, I’m an adult!” I shouted.  
  
“Little girl, you don’t have to scream. I’m going to tell your grandmamma that you were rude to me, then you’ll be in trouble. You don’t look like no adult yet, you ain’t got no boobies, and no hair between your legs. I’ve cared for children my entire life, and you still a little girl. Follow me, and I’ll see what I can do about gettin’ you some clothes.” She shouted as she began walking away.  
  
“I’ll come.” I responded. Defeated I followed her using my left hand to cover between my legs, and my right arm to cover both my nipples and breasts. I wanted to vomit. I was so scared that someone else would see me and laugh, or take pictures! What would I do? I could feel the breeze on my still water covered body. I felt so exposed. I could feel my nipples becoming erect under my arms. I just wanted to run away as fast as I could, but the hope of warm clothes covering my naked body kept me going. As we continued to walk I asked, “Is there going to be anyone at the house?”  
  
“Shouldn’t be. My granddaughter lives with me, but she’s still at work.”  
  
Great, hopefully this would go off without a hitch. As we walked up to the house, I saw what had to be the cutest dog in the world sitting on her back porch. It was a German Sheppard that looked to be tired as a dog on a summer day. He looked up at me for a second, then plopped back down. As she opened the door for me, a large den was revealed. HOLY SHIT! SHE HAD TELEVISION!!! I knew then that I had to make good friends with her, otherwise I would be doomed to a summer of boredom.   
  
“Sit down in this chair, but dry off with this towel first, I don’t want you gettin’ my chair wet. Let me get you a glass of lemonade, and I’ll see about gettin’ you some clothes.”  
  
Gladly I took the towel and wrapped it around myself. I took it off to dry the rest of my body when I saw her leave the room. I looked around to see that she actually had an indoor bathroom, and bathtub!!! Just then she entered the room with a large glass of lemonade and handed it to me. I took a sip, and it was so good. I thanked her, then…  
  
RINGGGGGG….RINGGGGGGG....RINGGGGGGGG!!!  
  
“Got’s to get the phone, hold on a minute.”   
  
I sat down in the chair, turned on the TV, and enjoyed my lemonade. She didn’t get many channels, but it was better than nothing. There was a fan that stood beside the TV that blew back and forth. As it panned over to my side I felt a huge rush of cold air go between my legs. It sent shivers up and down my spine. I could still hear the old lady in the other room talking on the phone, so I did something out of my character, I spread my legs out a little bit and brought the towel up to just below my crotch. Every time the fan came back my way, I shivered at the odd feeling. It wasn’t really a sexual feeling, just a very odd one. Nudity up to this point in my life was something so forbidden by my own mind that it was made unthinkable to be seen naked. Nothing much had changed, I still felt like I needed to vomit just because of what happened earlier. I was so self concise of myself, even though I acted shocked by what the old lady said, I knew I wasn’t like most girls my age. Though I did shave my legs and private areas, I really didn’t have a whole lot to shave. I was so embarrassed about having limited pubic hair growth that I shaved it to pretend like I had too much. As I looked at my private area, I became angry at just how strange I looked in comparison to the girls I saw in gym. They didn’t mind walking around the locker rooms naked, or talking to each other naked, but I only had the courage to change in the stall. I wanted to think of myself as characters in the books I read, beautiful and without flaws. So many times I wished I could write and draw my own character, and be who I wanted to be. Just then I heard a tap…tap…tap on the floor coming toward me. Thinking I had been caught by the old lady and her cane, I looked over my shoulder to find a black guy wearing sunglasses about my age standing there.   
  
“OH MY GOD!” I shouted. “WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING?”  
  
“Who are you?” the boy said in a startled tone, “and why are you in my grand mamma’s house?”  
  
Just then the old lady came into the den and introduced me to her great grandson Kevin. Still startled by what he may have seen, I was still in shock. Did he see me looking at myself, or playing with the fan? I thought to myself. As I got up cautiously holding the towel, I feared the humiliation of looking into the eyes of a boy who saw me doing something I shouldn’t.   
  
He stuck out his hand and introduced himself, “I’m Kevin, what’s your name?”  
  
I then realized something that now made since, he was blind. He held his hand facing the television while I was a good 45 degrees to the right of him. In his left hand he held a white cane, and stood there wearing an Atlanta Braves t-shirt and a pair of jean shorts. I secured the towel with one hand and redirected his hand and shook it with the other. “I’m Cat, nice to meet you Kevin.”  
  
“Whoops, sorry about that, if you couldn’t already tell, I’m blind.” Kevin apologized. “Did you meet my dog Sandy? She’s my best friend. Do you have a dog?”  
  
“Well, my grandma has a dog named Sam, he’s nice.” I responded.  
  
"Do you like to play video games?" he asked.  
  
"I love video games..." Just then the old lady interrupted.   
  
  
“That was your grandmamma, she was wondering if I had seen you. She said it was alright if you stayed for dinner. Why don’t you go wash up, and I’ll get you some clothes.”  
  
“Ok!” I responded. I was finally getting some clothes, and a nice bath to get me clean. Kevin seemed like a nice guy, I’m happy I have someone I can be a friend with this summer.

**Summer at Grandma's (Part 9)**

As I walked into the bathroom, I closed the door and started the water. A nice warm shower was going to feel amazing. The bathroom was actually quite nice compared to even my own back home. There was both a shower with foggy glass and a large bathtub. After the water had run for about a minute, I dropped my towel and walked into the shower. I shivered in amazement of just how awesome a nice shower felt. Soon enough I would have some clothes, and this horrible day would be over. I could just feel those nice clothes on my body already. As I showered I couldn’t believe all the stuff that I had done during the day. I hadn’t been seen naked in years, and today, two new people saw me, thank goodness Kevin couldn’t see what I was doing in the chair. It didn’t take the embarrassment away though, if anything, I was now more embarrassed about being naked in front of people. Chills ran down my spine at the thought of what could have happened.   
  
“First shampoo.” I said out loud.  
  
I put a nice little handful of shampoo on my hair and worked it in. I stood under the shower for a few minutes letting the shampoo work its way out. Next I had to clean my body with some soap. I believe it was Irish spring, but I might not remember correctly. From face to toe I washed my body intensely. The dirt and grime from swimming in the lake was coming off nicely. Just as I was washing my breasts, I heard the doorknob turn.  
  
“KNOCK! KNOCK!” came from a fist hitting the door. “Are you decent for me to come in?” the old lady.  
  
“No, I’m still in the shower!” I responded back.  
  
“That’s fine!” the old lady said, “I was just makin’ sure you wasn’t doing your business on the toilet or nothin’.” As she entered the room. “You make sure to wash behind your ears girl, you gotta be nice and clean to eat dinner.”   
  
I instinctively covered my boobs and privates even though she couldn’t see me through the foggy glass. “I will!” I responded. Just then I could see her figure moving toward the shower. “OH MY GOD, SHE WOULDN’T DARE OPEN THIS SHOWER DOOR!” I thought to myself. Just as she was only a few feet from the shower she turned left and opened the closet.  
  
“Here’s a fresh towel for you, and I laid you some clothes on the toilet, they should fit you.” She stated as she walked out the door and closed it behind her.   
  
That was a close one. I don’t know why I didn’t lock the door behind me. As I finished up my shower I turned off the water and stepped out. On the towel rack was a nice blue and white towel for me to dry off with. I always started with my face and worked my way down. As I grabbed the towel, I also locked the door to keep any unwanted guest from walking in on me naked. After I finished with my body, I dried my hair and wrapped the towel tightly around my body. I couldn’t believe how much more comfortable it was to be wrapped only in a towel in private compared to walking around scared and naked earlier. As I walked over to the toilet to pick up the clothes I had been given, I was astonished at what I found. Three packages of XL men’s white t-shirts. Certainly she had forgotten to bring me some pants, or a skirt or something. I opened the package and took out one of the shirts to put on. I dropped my towel into the laundry basket and put the shirt over my head. Though an XL was much too large for me normally, I couldn’t help but feel exposed wearing only a t-shirt. The neck of the shirt was surprisingly comfortable, but the sleeves reached my elbows. As I looked in the mirror, I discovered the shirt reached about three-fourths down my thigh. Convinced this couldn’t be all the clothes she gave me, I pulled the towel out of the bin and wrapped it around my waist to see where the rest of my clothes were.   
  
As I opened the door I looked around to see if anyone was there. The coast was clear, but I had to find the old lady to get the rest of my clothes. I assumed she was in the kitchen cooking, and I was correct. Kevin was already at the table ready to eat, but as I began to walk toward her, she turned around and said to me.  
  
“Hope you like the clothes girl, your grandmamma told me all about you losing your bags at the airport, so I was nice enough to give you some spare clothes to last you a couple days.”  
  
“Not to be impolite, but did you forget something else?” As I pointed down to my towel. “Or do you have something else I could wear?”  
  
“Those shirts should do you fine, but if you don’t want to wear them, it’s fine if you really want to eat nekid.” She said in a sarcastic tone. “And take that wet towel off, you’ll get my chair wet.” As she jerked the towel down off me and put it in my hands. I was so stunned I just stood there for a second before I let out a small “EEEK!”  
  
Kevin laughed a little as he heard my response. Strangely I was embarrassed just because Kevin now knew that I was wearing only a t-shirt. Now that I look back at it, he didn’t really know I didn’t have on underwear, but I guess it didn’t matter to me at that point. As I walked back into the bathroom to drop off my towel and grab my shirts, a horrible feeling overtook me. My stomach began churning, and then it finally happened, I threw up into the toilet. She couldn’t be serious, could she? I’m much too old to be wearing something like this. As I regained my composure, I stood up and flushed the toilet. My legs were shaking and it was hard for me to stand up as I walked out of the bathroom into the den. I could literally feel the air touching my privates, and I was horrified. As I entered the kitchen I quickly ran over to the table and sat down. As I looked down I was surprised to realize the shirt only came up to a little less than half my thigh. I quickly crossed my legs and kept them that way the whole dinner.   
  
“Hope you like it.” As she sat a big plate filled with fried chicken, mashed potatoes, biscuits and lima beans.   
  
It looked really good. I couldn’t help but almost forget about my situation, but just then the front door opened and in walked a woman about 35 or so.   
  
“Don’t start eatin’ till I get in there!” She said as she walked into the kitchen. “Who are you?” she asked me.  
  
“I’m Catherine.” I responded meekly.   
  
“Nice to meet you Catherine, I’m Melody, I’m Kevin’s mom.” She said as she began looking at my attire and the crazy way I had crossed my legs at the dinner table. She didn’t say anything about it, but it made me feel really awkward, so I uncrossed my legs, but put them tightly together. She sat across the table from me, and the old lady, who everyone called bigmaw, sat at the other end of the table opposite Kevin.   
  
As we began eating, we conducted small talk, and munched on the fried chicken. It was delicious; I put it up to my mouth and took a huge bite out of the drumstick. It basically melted in my mouth, so I complimented bigmaw on her cooking. I had soon finished my plate and was sitting there waiting for dessert. Bigmaw pulled out a huge rice pudding, and my mouth began to water at the thought of the sweet rice pudding. Kevin was dismissed from the table and dessert because he hadn’t done his chores for the day, so it was just the three of us. Melody cut up the pie and handed out the plates. She once again gave me a strange look when she saw what I was wearing, but continued with the pie. As we began to eat dessert and small talk, Melody began asking me questions.  
  
“That’s an interesting looking dress you have on, where’d you get it?”  
  
I stopped eating, and probably turned pale as a ghost. I could only muster, “Bigmaw gave me the dress.”  
  
“Are you sure it’s a dress, it looks like a t-shirt?” Melody remarked. “It’s way too big for you, come over here and I’ll taper it up for you.”  
  
“I really can’t do that!” I remarked.  
  
“Why not, it would look so much nicer, and you would only have to take your dress of for a minute or two.” Melody replied.  
  
“well…I’m….I’m kind of….not wearing anything else.” I whispered to her.  
  
Not even stunned Melody responded with “It’s not really that big of a deal, we’re all females here. If you want to be uncomfortable, than that’s fine.”  
  
I was thankful that she dropped it that quickly. As we finished up dessert, bigmaw told me it was time for me to go back to my grandma’s house, and that Melody would give me a ride. She told me that I should come back over and we would have some fun. As I stood up, I was wary of the fact that now Melody knew I was naked under this shirt. I was humiliated at the position I was in, but I couldn’t do anything about it right now. On the bright side, I wouldn’t have to be naked. As I cautiously walked to say bye to Kevin, I called Sam from the back. We walked to Melody’s truck and Sam and I climbed in. As Melody started up the truck, she began talking to me again.  
  
“So what were you wearing when you got to bigmaw’s house?” Melody asked.  
  
Defeated I told her the truth, “I didn’t have anything on.”  
  
“I think it’s good girls your age being open about yourself like that, don’t be ashamed.” Melody said.  
  
I didn’t see it her way, I was humiliated today, and now I had to go back home. Hopefully tomorrow I would get my bags back. As we pulled up to Grandma’s house, Sam and I jumped out and thanked Melody.   
  
"Bye Catherine, we're going to have a lot of fun this summer!"  
  
Little did I know what I was in store for.