**The Conspiracy**

by Rita

Where to start? Well the beginning is a good a place as any, I suppose. My name is Rita and I live in San-Francisco, California. I am of South American decent but have been living in California most of my life. It’s no secret that San Francisco is a liberal city to say the least. During my years here I have seen ‘Gay Pride Parades’, where many of the women are topless and some even make the bike rides fully nude. I’ve been to the ‘Folsom Street Fair’. That has to be seen to be believed. I have even witnessed the ‘Exotic Erotic Ball at the Cow Palace’, which made me feel self-conscious, even though I was fully dressed while many of the party goers where completely naked.

Observing these, along with many other similar events over the years always left me wondering how anyone could just take off their clothes in public. It always seemed so reckless to me. Still my curiosity would draw me to the events, but as a spectator only. Who knows, maybe I needed a psychiatrist. I probably would have gone to see someone, if I wasn’t afraid some inner desire I was harboring, would be brought to the surface of my psyche and exposed. Well anyway, my modesty always kept me in check, even though I would make any excuse to be in the neighborhoods where these events took place. Again. As a ‘Spectator Only’!

I was always taught when I was growing up that even if you could count your true friends on one hand, having true friends meant you were very lucky. My true and closest friends are Caroline, Miranda and Ashley. We have all been close for years and spend a considerable amount of time together. In fact, the four of us rent a cottage in the pacific north west for a long weekend every summer, and this year was no different. The girls are all 5’ 7” or taller and blonde, which is quite a contrast to my 5’ 2”, 108 lbs. frame, dark complexion and jet-black hair. Occasionally they would tease me, calling me the ‘Chiquita Banana’ girl. Once I even attended a Halloween party dressed as her, fruit head dress and all. As close as all were, I never let them know how I would visit those public nudity events from time to time.

Summer came and our long weekend getaway was less than a week away. As usual the girls and I were in more frequent contact, planning the itinerary for our trip. We would go whale watching, antique shopping, visit the light houses along with other activities. The one thing we always did was to spend Saturday night and an old-fashioned pub, drinking, ‘you guessed it!’, ‘Old-Fashioned’ cocktails. The pub was less than a block from our rental cottage, which was convenient since we were usually pretty drunk and had a difficult time navigating the short walk back. I once saw Miranda pass out in someone’s flower beds. Fortunately, it was next door to our cottage since we had to carry her the rest of the way home. Good times.

Our long weekend always started after work on Wednesday, since we had a ten-hour drive, not including stops. We split the driving and travelled throughout the night, putting us in the quaint Oregon town by 6:00 Thursday morning. We would usually return on Monday, allowing us four days away and one day to make the return trip. After work on Wednesday, I met the girls and we departed San Francisco at 7:00 pm. Our road trip was on. This was our sixth year at the cottage. We started the custom when we were in our early twenties. We were all either twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, and all still single.

As usual we drove through the night, stopping half way at the same twenty-four-hour truck stop diner we always ate at, then continued on. We arrived at the cottage early Thursday morning. The key location and payment were always made in advance, so the four of us would unpack and take a nap before going on our first excursion. By noon that Thursday we had all unpacked, rested a bit and were strolling the charming streets of the small seaside town. After a walk down to the beach we stopped for some lunch at a local café. It was mid-afternoon when Caroline suggested we stop at the pub near our cottage and get a glass of wine.

All in agreement, we went in and took a table by the front window of the tiny tavern, allowing us a view of the locals as they passed by. The girls and I were enjoying our wine when a guy with some posters came in, walked up to the bar and started talking with Andy, the owner of the pub. The only waitress I had ever seen in the pub, Rachel, was busy wiping down the few vacant tables. The pub held no more than fifty people at full capacity. Since only alcohol and a few bar snack options were served in the pub, it had a minimum age requirement of twenty-one.

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Andy shook hands with the guy holding the posters, as I heard him say, “Sure, no problem. It’s right around the corner”. The man put up one of his posters on the bulletin board that was on the wall leading to the restrooms, then left. Curiosity got the best of me, so I walked over to see what he was advertising. You could have knocked me over with a feather when I read the poster.

[“Supporters of ‘The Marine Mammals Protection Act’ invite you to take part in our ‘First Annual Naked Bicycle Ride’. All are encouraged to attend in support of the local Killer Whales, whose numbers have been in decline for the last two decades. Come ride with us or just attend as a spectator, in support of this most noble of causes. Riders can register for the two-mile ride on Saturday morning up until 10:00 a.m. The bike ride will commence at 11:00 a.m. The route will take all riders from the parking area at ‘Look-out Bay’, along Pacific Blvd to ‘Solitude Cove’, nude recreational beach area. “Riders. Come Shed It All!” “Spectators. Come give your moral support to these ‘Majestic Marine Mammals’ and our group of valiant riders!” “SEE YOU THERE!”]

I couldn’t believe what I was reading. “Naked bicycle ride? Nude Beach? What? Was I back in San Francisco?”, I thought to myself. I read the poster again but remained bewildered. Just then, Rachel walked up behind me and started to read the poster over my shoulder. “Are you going to ride?”, she asked me. “What? Me? Why would I ride?”, I responded, in a somewhat irritated tone. I didn’t know Rachel, other than the fact that she served us drinks when we were in town once a year. I’m sure she didn’t even recognize me. Concerned I may have offended her with my tone, I regrouped and said, “No. I won’t be riding. I don’t even have a bike with me”. She casually replied, “Too bad”, as she walked away and returned to her duties in the pub.

Unsure of what Rachel meant, I returned to the table and took a big gulp of my wine, as I pointed to the poster and filled the girls in on what it said. Ashley got up saying, “I have to see this for myself”, as she walked over and studied the poster. She turned to us with an expression of disbelief on her face, as she giggled and pointed to the ‘Naked Bicycle Ride’ advertisement. After everyone had made the walk over to read the poster for themselves, we sat in a tight circle discussing the upcoming event, now sipping our third glass of wine and laughing.

We finished our wine and headed for the door when I excused myself, telling the girls I had to use the restroom. And that’s exactly what it was. An excuse. I really wanted to see the poster again, and if I could summon the courage, ask Rachel what she meant when she said, “Too bad”. I walked down the hall towards the restrooms as the girls left the pub and ventured out onto the sidewalk. I stopped at the poster when Rachel once again joined me. I figured it was now or never, so I turned and asked her, “What did you mean when you said, “Too bad?”.

Rachel blushed a bit and said, “I’m sorry. That came out unexpectedly”, carefully avoiding the question, which stirred my curiosity into a frenzy. I had to know now. “Please. What did you mean?”, I asked again. She smiled with a coy grin and told me something that would influence my behavior for the rest of our long weekend. “I’m a lesbian. I’ve noticed you in here when you and your friends come up to visit. I was just hoping to see that ‘perfect little body’ of yours, naked”, as she looked away. “Perfect little body?”, I thought. I’m 5’2” tall. I only weight 108 pounds. My tits are a small ‘B’ if that, and my nipples are dark brown to match my light brown skin.

Not sure how to respond but obviously flattered, I looked at her and asked, “You remembered me form last year?” She turned her focus back to my dark brown eyes, and said, “Not just last year. All the years you guys have been coming up here. Everyone has their ‘Type’, right?”, as she looked over my tiny frame. Feeling completely dumbfounded, I replied, “Yeah. I guess so”, as I turned and headed for the door. Before I could reach it, Rachel called out, “Hey!” I turned to see her approaching me. She quietly said, “If you do decide to ride on Saturday, be sure to shave your pussy”. I was insistent in my tone when I asked, “Why would you say something like that to me? Why?” I was about to get a crash course in alternative life styles.

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Caroline opened the pub door, and asked, “Rita. Are you coming? We’re going back to the cottage for a while”. Unable to pry myself away, without hearing Rachel’s response to my question, I told her I would catch up. The door closed behind me and for reasons unknown, I gave Rachel my full attention. “You look like you could use another glass of wine”, she said. Now the only person in the pub, other than Andy and Rachel, I shook my head “Yes” and sat at a table. Rachel brought me my fourth glass of wine and sat in the chair next to me. Every fiber of my being told me to run and catch up with the others, but I had to hear what she had to say.

“Rita. I like that”, she said, as I could feel my hand shaking, as I held the wine glass. “Most of the women that get completely naked at ‘Gay pride events’, ‘Environmental rallies’ and such, are lesbians. We have a sort of ‘mystique’ about us. It’s like we don’t care what anyone thinks about us. And we don’t”, she continued. “Now don’t get me wrong. Straight women will remove their clothes at these events too, but they will not usually get totally naked. Shaving your pussy is a sign that you are completely comfortable in your own skin, and that being surrounded by spectators is no big deal”. Her words seemed to be in complete agreement with the actions I had so often witnessed at similar events I visited in San Francisco.

I was in such a self-induced trance, picturing myself parading around in the nude at the ‘Naked Bicycle Ride’, that I barely heard Rachel when she said, “The event planners will always tell you that people will remember the purpose of the event, if there is nudity involved. ‘The Shock Factor’. I think they just want an excuse to get naked in public. Either way, it makes no difference to me. I don’t know why, but I asked, “Are you going on the ride?” Rachel replied, “I haven’t made up my mind yet”.

Knowing I needed to rejoin my friends, I asked her one more question. “How long has there been a ‘nude beach’ here?” “Oh. That’s been there for more than ten years. But this is Oregon, not Miami Beach. There are only so many days a year to really enjoy it”. Having satisfied my curiosity, I finished my wine and started to head for the ladies’ room, (really needing to use it this time) when Rachel said, “Hey Rita. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable. I just figured, as I have for the last few years, this might be your last time up here. So, I needed to find out if you were interested. Anyway, if you ever want to experiment with lesbianism, be sure to look me up”, as she walked back to the bar.

Still flattered and a bit woozy from the wine, I made my way to the restroom, completely stunned at what had just transpired in the last 60 minutes of my life. I peed, then went to wash my hands when I once again, could not believe my eyes. On the wall to the right of the sink was a collage of photos of naked women serving drinks in this pub! I splashed my face with cold water and took another look. WTF? There were six pictures, of six different naked women, serving drinks to the customers, ‘IN THIS PUB!’, under the heading ‘Europe In Oregon’! I studied the photos carefully to be sure I was not mistaken. I wasn’t. Those photos were taken in this tiny, little tavern. Both Andy and Rachel could be seen in the background of some of the photos. Again! WFT?

I immediately walked out into the bar area, then signaled Rachel to accompany me back to the ladies’ room, hoping I wasn’t leading her on. We entered the restroom and I pointed to the collage. “What is going on here?”, I asked. “I know Oregon is a liberal state and this is a somewhat liberal town, but a ‘Naked Bicycle Ride’ for Killer whales. ‘A Nude Beach’ and now this, ‘Europe in Oregon’?” In less than and hour, I had seen more evidence of ‘broad-minded’, bordering on obscene behavior than I would have witnessed in San Francisco in months. Rachel nonchalantly replied, “Oh that. We’ve been having ‘Europe in Oregon’ nights, the second Saturday of each months for a while now”.

“Andy hires naked women to serve the drinks?”, I asked, in what must have been a frustrated tone. “Oh no, Rita”, She replied. “Those women are all local volunteers. Some weeks we have to pull names out of a hat, since we’re only allowed one naked server for the evening. I guess anything to break up the monotony of living in a small town”, as she shrugged her shoulders. Unable to come to grips with the changes since last summer, I just shook my head in bewilderment and disbelief, mumbled, “Whatever” and headed back to the cottage.

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I took my time walking the short distance back to the cottage, reflecting on the recent events, wondering if the hidden desires I was worried about earlier were working their way to the surface. I took a deep breath and entered the front door of the cottage, hoping not to portray any signs of the discombobulation that was gripping me. Just when I felt I had pulled myself together, I heard Miranda calling out, “Did you give her a taste?” I could hear them laughing as my heart jumped out of my chest. When I rounded the corner to the living room, Miranda and Ashley were mimicking a lesbian couple.

Horrified, I yelled out, “What is the matter with you two?” Caroline, being the ‘Mother Hen’ of our foursome, put her arm around me and said, “Rita. If you didn’t realize that girl at the pub was hitting on you, then you’re the only one who didn’t”. Miranda (who has the maturity level of a five-year old) was moving her tongue between her first two fingers, imitating female oral sex, while Ashley asked, “So. Our little ‘Chiquita banana girl’, are you going to let her eat your fruit?” Miranda and Ashley started rolling around laughing as I stood there, completely humiliated. “That’s Enough!” came Caroline’s stern voice, as she walked into the kitchen muttering, “I’d like to have an orgasm that didn’t come from a plastic toy”.

Ashley and Miranda looked like two little girls that had just been scolded by their mother. I was just relieved Caroline had put an end to their ridiculing of me. As Caroline was making a grocery list, the two women looked at me with ‘bug eyes’ looking for any morsel of sexual intrigue. “O.k. O.k.! She told me she was a lesbian and that she is attracted to me!” Even Caroline stopped in her tracks to hear what was to follow. Never having actually told Rachel I was not a lesbian, I chose my next words very carefully. “She felt like she had to take a chance and let me know. That’s all!”, I insisted, hoping to put an end to the discussion.

Caroline walked into the living room on her way to the front door, and said, “Come on Rita. Let’s go grocery shopping. When we got into the car, Caroline said something that would both increase my confusion on the lesbian matter and have me giving second thoughts about participating in ‘The Naked Bike Ride’. “You know Rita. If I was interested in experimenting with the idea of an alternative lifestyle, I would do it far from home, just in case it turned out it wasn’t for me. That way I could chalk it up as an adventure, but it wouldn’t intrude on my life as it presently is”, she counseled. “I’m not a lesbian Caroline”, I said, in a somewhat timid voice.

We were mostly silent the remaining three miles to the small local grocer, but I did notice there were some more of the posters on the telephone poles, advertising the naked bike ride event. “So. Is your little admirer going on the ‘Killer Whale Awareness Ride’?”, Caroline asked, after also noticing the posters. Always the states-woman, she found a way of presenting ‘bike ride’ as something other than an opportunity for outright naked exhibitionism. Unaware she was drawing me into a discussion on the issue, I replied, “Rachel said she hadn’t made up her mind yet”. It wasn’t until after the words left my mouth that I realized how familiar I had characterized our relationship. “Rachel, huh?”, was Caroline’s only response. She didn’t bring up the subject for the rest of our shopping trip.

During our time in the store, and for the entire ride home, Rachel’s blue eyes, coy smile and well-toned 125-pound physique were consuming my every thought. The idea of being with her, even if only once, was rapidly becoming an obsession. I even had to fight the urge to look past Caroline as we drove by the pub, attempting to get a glimpse of her. “This is not good”, I thought to myself. “O.k. Rita. Get a hold of yourself”, I continued telling myself, concerned Miranda and Ashley may tease me some more, prompting me to let out some of these penned up thoughts and emotions. Even as we were bringing in the groceries, I was thinking of a way to get back down to the pub, alone.

By the time Caroline and I had returned, Ashley and Miranda had already ventured down to the pub for a pre-dinner cocktail. Or at least that’s what the text on Caroline’s phone had read. I had mixed emotions on the subject. For one, I was afraid of what they may say to Rachel, about her admission to me, that I was ‘Her Type’. On the other hand, Rachel may talk them into convincing me to take the naked bike ride. By now, the idea had become something I would definitely consider doing. Having those two egging me on would make the decision easier. Like Caroline said, if you’re going to experiment with an alternative lifestyle, it’s better to do it away from home.

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Caroline and I had put the groceries away and cooked dinner, with no word from Ashley and Miranda. I sent them a text informing them that dinner was ready. The only response I received was, “We’ll heat it up later”. Caroline and I ate, cleaned the dishes, put a plate aside for each of the girls and poured ourselves some wine. After two glasses, my earlier buzz kicked in and I was feeling pretty good. Caroline also had several glasses, so we relaxed on the back deck and talked. Memories of the San Francisco events I had attended seem to be at the forefront of my mind, when out of the blue, Caroline said, “Did I ever tell you I went topless at an event in San Francisco once?”

I know I must have appeared eager to hear her story but attempted to seem disinterested. I then asked her if she’d like a refill, as I stepped into the kitchen to grab the wine bottle. She nodded, so I topped off our glasses and sat down, replying, “No. I don’t think so”. “I don’t remember the reason for the walk, to be honest”, she said. “But I have a friend, Mary, that was supporting whatever cause it was for, and she didn’t want to walk in this parade topless by herself. So, I walked topless with her”, she continued in the most nonchalant tone. Putting on my best attitude of indifference, I quietly asked, “How long ago was that?”, anxiously awaiting her answer. “Oh, about three or four years ago”, she replied, as she took another sip of her wine.

Worried I was going to appear to inquisitive, but unable to let the subject go without knowing one last thing, I asked, “Weren’t you embarrassed?” “Nah! There were several rallies going on all over the city that weekend. We walked a mile down the street, between the crowds on the sidewalks and ended at up at city hall. We didn’t even put our tops back on for almost an hour after we got there. I ‘did’ tell my parents before-hand however, in case they saw me on the 6:00 news or something”, as she chuckled. “They didn’t care. They knew Mary needed a friend that day, so I went along with her. It was no big deal”, she said, finishing her fourth glass of wine. I could see Miranda doing something like that, but Caroline? Well, that just blew me away.

Just then Miranda and Ashley walked in, both pretty buzzed, which provided the necessary interruption, to keep me from asking any further questions and tipping my hand. “You guys should have joined us!”, Ashley said, as Miranda took a swig right out of the wine bottle. “Yeah Rita! Your girlfriend was asking about you!”, Miranda divulged, while choking down the mouth full of wine. Given their condition, I decided it was best not to respond, but was feeling excited that Rachel had asked about me. It was almost 8:00 by this time and Caroline let the girls know they had dinner plates in the kitchen, then said goodnight, as she headed off to her room.

I made my speedy exit also, leaving the girls to party it up together if they wanted, or have their dinner. Either way, I was going to avoid any possible teasing and went to my room too. After and hour and a half of watching T.V. but mostly thinking about both Rachel and the upcoming bike ride, I noticed the house was quiet. I peeked out my bedroom door to see everyone had called it a night. I walked through the house and made sure the girls didn’t forget to lock up. I shut the lights on the living room and headed for the bathroom. As I sat and peed, an overwhelming urge to take a shower came over me. I grabbed my things from my bedroom and went back to the bathroom, listening for any movement from the others.

I got undressed, set the shower water temperature to warm then stepped in. As always, I washed my short black hair first, then my arms, followed by my torso. Not that I was surprised to find my nipples were hard, considering the thoughts that had occupied my mind most of the day, it’s just that they had never stood so erect as I contemplated a sexual encounter with another woman. That’s probably because I never contemplated a sexual encounter with another women. After washing the areas of my back that I could reach, my hands made their way to my butt cheeks and crack, then my totally aroused pussy. Before I knew what was happening, a razor was removing the jet-black pubic hair from my mound. I must have spent twenty minutes making sure there wasn’t the slightest hint of stubble.

I finished shaving and rinsing, stepped out of the shower, then stood dripping wet on the bath mat in front of the full-length mirror on the bathroom door. Suddenly, this overwhelming feeling of regret came over me. I hadn’t shaved my pubic hair (other than a regular trimming) for years. Staring at my tiny frame, undersized breasts and completely bald pussy lips in the mirror, made me feel like I was looking at the reflection of a twelve- year-old girl from South America. I wrapped myself in a towel, grabbed my things and bolted for my bedroom. I frantically locked the door behind me and stood in front of the mirror over the dresser. OMG! I did look like I was twelve years old!

I spent the next half hour convincing myself that it didn’t matter that I looked like a pre-pubescent twelve-year-old girl, since nobody was going to see my pussy anyway, as my thoughts returned to Rachel and the bike ride. Sexually frustrated, I dismissed the bike ride for the moment and focused on Rachel. I then masturbated myself to a massive orgasm. After satisfying myself, I drifted off to sleep, naked. I woke on Friday morning, put on my T-shirt and sweat pants then made my way to the kitchen. Caroline was the only one in the kitchen at the time. I said good morning, poured myself some orange juice, and was taking my first sip when I heard, “HEY! You could clean the drain you know!”, came a shout from Ashley, as she prepared to take a shower. “I know it was you Rita! I can tell by the color of the hair!”

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Caroline looked at me and whispered, “Rita! Did you shave your pussy?” Having no idea how to respond, I just stood there with a blank stare, looking back at her. She gave me the ‘Whatever’ look and said nothing. Feeling a bit indignant, I responded, “So what if I did? You’ve never shaved yours?” Her response would get me wondering again about Rachel and throw me into emotional confusion. “Of-course I have honey, but only when I was expecting someone else to be down there. Sadly, that’s been quite a while. Don’t get me wrong. I still perform my daily grooming”. She then looked right into my eyes, and asked, “Rita. Do you have someone in mind?” “No!”, I instantly replied, still picturing Rachel in my mind’s eye. The subject was dropped, and we prepared breakfast and got ready for our whale watching tour, scheduled for 9:00 a.m.

I finished my breakfast, then returned to my room to get ready for the whale watching boat tour. It was summer, but I knew the weather out on the water could turn chilly at any time. I decided to wear a sweatshirt over the T-shirt and bra I had chosen. I caught a glimpse of my bottomless figure in the mirror and started to regret again, having shaven every last bit of pubic hair. For some unknown reason, I picked out a sheer fabric thong and my jean skirt, then finished getting dressed, anxious to cover the bald pussy lips that made me appear to be about twelve years old. Ankle socks and sneakers completed the outfit.

I met up with the girls in the kitchen, when I heard a knock at the front door. “That must be Rachel”, Miranda said. My heart started pounding as I tried to appear uninterested, yet still managed to ask, “What is Rachel doing here?” “She doesn’t have to work at the pub until 5:00 tonight, so we invited her to go whale watching with us”, Ashley replied. “We were pretty drunk last night, so must have forgotten to tell you guys”, she added. Miranda opened the front door when I heard, “Hey Girl! Glad you could join us”. “Thanks for inviting me”, came the reply from Rachel. I was torn between total apprehension, and some inner sexual desire, when Rachel and Miranda emerged from the hallway that led to the living room. Ashley ran up and gave Rachel a hug, while Caroline and I stared at each other, wondering what the hell was going on.

“Is everyone ready?”, Ashley asked. Barely able to look Rachel in the eye, I answered, “Yes”, as we made our way out to the car. With five women instead of four, I naturally had to take the middle seat in the rear of the car, because of my tiny size. I felt like a child as I buckled my seat belt, while Rachel and Miranda were taking their places on either side of me. Caroline and Ashley took the two front seats, while Caroline was in the driver’s position as always. The wharf, where the ‘Whale watching boat’ was docked was less than two miles away.

As we made our way down the winding road to the wharf, Rachel asked, “So what have you guys been doing, since you arrived in town?” Ashley turned to respond to Rachel, and said, “Not too much. But Rita shaved her pussy!” “Ashley!”, I snapped. “Oh! Don’t deny it Rita! It was your curly little black pubes I had to clear from the bathtub drain this morning”. I could not have been more humiliated, as I felt the urge to pull my jean skirt down as far as it would go. Miranda looked at me and asked, “Rita. You shaved your pussy?” I felt my thighs clinching together, as I sat there mortified, but unable to answer. Caroline rescued me by saying, “There’s the boat Ladies”, as the vessel we were to travel on, came into sight.

I think I was the only one to hear Rachel murmur, as she looked out the window of the car, “I’d love to see that”. My pussy was swelling with excitement as I tried to ignore Rachel’s comment, but was unable to quell my total arousal. Caroline had pulled the car into a parking space and we all exited the vehicle, then walked down to the ramp that led to the ‘Whale Watching’ tour boat. The cool Oregon breeze was blowing up my jean shirt and stimulating my bald pussy even more, as we made our way to the admissions gate. We exchanged our tickets for passage, then walked up the gang plank and stepped onto the boat.

This was not our first whale watching tour, but each tour can be different. Grey whales are the main species we had hoped to see, yet today’s trip would prove to be somewhat prophetic in nature. As the boat made its way through the bay and into the open sea, Rachel walked up next to me, and asked, “Is it completely bald?” I turned to her and asked in an exasperated voice, “WHAT?” “Your pussy Rita! Did you shave it completely bald, or did you leave a little strip?”, she questioned. An overwhelming feeling of shame came over me as I looked down and muttered, “It’s completely bald”. I have no idea why I knowingly walked into her sexual snare, but I did.

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Rachel and I were several feet away from the others, when I looked up to her and said, in a stern but low tone, “Rachel. Forget it! I’m not going to be pulling up my skirt, so you to see my pussy!”. “Rita, you hot little thing. There’s no pressure”, she replied, whispering in my ear. “I wouldn’t want to see your sweet bald pussy lips here, anyway. I’d prefer you were totally naked and spread out on my bed. That way I could not only see them, but I could taste what’s inside too.”, she continued, as she chuckled, then walked about the boat. There was no way I was going to be able contain my aroused libido. The best I could hope for, was to suppress it for now.

I made my way to the side of the boat, trying to think about anything but my desire to satisfy, not only Rachel’s desires, but my own as well. In less than twenty-four hours, I went from not ever thinking about a lesbian encounter, to not thinking about anything else. I was looking out over the ocean, consumed with curiosity and a tentative yearning, when Caroline stepped up next to me and handed me a cup of coffee from the little snack shop on the boat. “Rita, I’m sorry Miranda and Ashley didn’t check first before inviting Rachel. Are you alright?” Now that was a good question.

I told Caroline I was fine and had no problem with Rachel joining us for the outing. Deep down I knew my mixed emotions were caused more by my own inner turmoil, than by Rachel’s sexual advances. True to her words (no pressure), Rachel never brought up the subject of us having a physical encounter for the remainder of the cruise. We had been out for almost an hour, when the sun broke through the clouds, warming us up and making the voyage far more enjoyable. The voice of the cruise director came through the many speakers located on the boat, announcing that there had been a whale sighting. Not the grey whales most were hoping to see, but a pod of killer whales.

Everyone aboard made their way to the side of the boat where the sighting had been made. What happened next would make me feel like I was destined to do my part to bring public awareness to the plight of these magnificent creatures. The captain had turned off the boat motors to set the vessel adrift, in an attempt to draw the whales closer to the us. Everyone had their camera phones and videos out to capture the event. I was standing at the rear of the boat when all of a sudden, one of the whales broke the surface of the water right in front of me. It was almost like he or she was smiling directly at me. What was even more incredible is that the whale stayed there, looking at me for almost a minute, even allowing me to pet it several times.

The entire experience was so surreal. The rubbery texture of the snout of the whale was like nothing I had ever touched, and for some reason the two of us had a moment in the wild, rarely seen. For a minute, it was as if the great beast wanted to bond with me, emotionally. The whale sank below the surface of the water and returned to the company of his pod. The behavior of the pod seemed friendly, if not outright playful. As quickly as they arrived, the pod had disappeared below the waves. Only their fins breaking the surface of the water in the distance, could be seen.

Every eye on the boat was on me, when Ashley yelled out, “Rita! That whale wants you to help them!” Petrified she was going to bring up the ‘Naked Bike Ride’, leaving me no retreat while on the vessel, I could do nothing but hope that was not her intention. The bike ride was never brought up, but everyone gathered around me to ask questions I could not answer. Even the cruise director had said he had never seen anything like that during all his years of running whale watching tours. I noticed Rachel and Caroline were talking at the front of the boat but decided hanging out with Miranda and Ashely was a safer bet, especially since Miranda had a flask full of whiskey hidden in her purse. The three of us enjoyed a warm morning shot, while still entranced by my encounter with the killer whale.

The cruise ended with all delighted with their experience, despite the lack of grey whale sightings. We all dis-embarked and made our way back to the parking lot. The five of us girls arrived at our vehicle when I realized, ‘It’s only one step from the top to the bottom’. I went from being the ‘queen of the whale watching tour’ to the ‘little kid’ that had to sit in the middle seat in the back of the car. We all piled in and headed back towards the cottage. By now, it was just past 12:00 noon. As we got closer to the town center, where both our cottage and the pub were located, Miranda suggested we drive the same route the ‘Naked Bike Ride’ would be following the next morning.

I wanted to object, but then decided against it, since Caroline had agreed it wouldn’t hurt. Since she was driving, and it was obvious everyone thought it was a good idea, I just sat there quietly, yet somewhat anxious the see the route for myself. We arrived at the parking area for ‘Look-out Bay’ and saw the large banner that read, “First Annual Naked Bike Ride - Point of departure”. Rachel wanted to get out of the car for a moment, so we all agreed. Caroline and Rachel got out first, as Ashley, Miranda and I, all took a swig of Miranda’s whisky before exiting the car. After taking our shot, we joined Caroline and Rachel at the edge of the parking area and looked out over the sea.

As we were looking out from this spectacular viewing point, a car pulled up and two men in their mid-fifties got out. They walked up to the wooden frame that supported the large banner and started to secure it with some rope and ground stakes. As we made our way back to the car, one of the men asked, “Are you ladies riding in tomorrow’s event?” I was silent but shook my head, “no”. Rachel said she was thinking about it, when Ashley said, “Our friend Rita is supposed to ride”, as all eyes fell on me. I looked at her with daggers, and snapped, “Why don’t you ride Ashley?” “Because I wasn’t asked to ride by a ‘Killer Whale’, Rita!”, was her response. Ever the diplomat, Caroline stepped in and said, “Some of us may ride. We’re just not sure yet”. The man replied, "Well. I hope you can find it in your hearts to help support the whales". We all got back into the car and started to follow the ‘Naked Bike Ride’ route.

**The Conspiracy - 8**

Before we could get out of the starting point’s parking area, one of the men walked up to the car window. With pacific north-west summer weather temperatures hovering around 70 degrees that year, the car windows were rolled down. Caroline held her foot on the brake, while I was hoping she would just pull away, knowing she could never be that rude. The man introduced himself as Ben, as he leaned over, putting his hands on his knees, making sure he was not too intrusive. He looked past Caroline toward Ashley in the front passenger seat, and said, “Excuse me miss, but it took a moment for me to comprehend what you said a moment ago. What did you mean when you said, “Rita was asked to ride by a killer whale?”

I knew there was reason to be anxious, when Caroline put the car in park and all four girls started to tell the man about what they had just witnessed. I sat quietly, still feeling like the little kid in the middle rear seat of her parent’s car, thinking about how amazing my encounter with the killer whale, really was. After everyone described to Ben what had transpired on the whale watching tour, he looked past Rachel and directly at me, saying, “Miss Rita. After hearing that astounding account of your experience, I truly hope you reconsider riding tomorrow. Understanding this is our first year for the event, and these things can take a few years to build momentum, I am still hoping to have more than the twelve riders who have currently registered to participate. Sometimes things are larger than our-selves, Rita. I hope the rest of you ladies will also give it some thought”. With that, he tipped his hat and returned to his work on the starting area.

I think everyone in the car was feeling some level of guilt, as Caroline pulled out of the parking area and started down the two-mile route. Being early Friday afternoon, there was little to no traffic, even for this small Oregon town. Creeping along at twenty miles per hour, allowed us the time to appreciate the magnificent views of the ocean, along with surveying the surrounding areas of the route itself. The absence of houses, and only a few small oceanside businesses along the route, made it seem less formidable than I had pictured in my mind. Don’t get me wrong. The starting area was in view of dozens of houses, and quite a few local shops, but only for the first block or so. After that, the risk of appearing to be participating in some sort of naked sideshow, seem significantly reduced.

We arrived at the turn off to ‘Solitude Cove’ and continued to follow the route. The road turned from pavement to gravel, so Caroline slowed down to ten mile per hour. As we passed the local surf shops and snack bars, I started to feel a bit more relaxed about the idea of participating in the ride but would still require some persuading. We knew we had arrived when we saw a sign that read, “Welcome to Solitude Cove – A Clothing Optional Recreational Beach”. I scanned the beach looking for nude bathers, but only saw one naked couple walking down the sand at a distance.

Caroline and Rachel exited the car first, as Miranda, Ashely and I finished off the last few swigs of the whiskey. We then got out of the car and joined them, as the five of us walked around for a few minutes, observing the beautiful stretch of beach. The area felt so secluded, that I was able to see myself walking around naked here, in my mind’s eye. After all, it was a nude beach. The serenity of the beach had us all mesmerized, when Ashley broke the silence. “Rita. If you don’t ride tomorrow, that whale wasted his time on the wrong person”. Miranda quickly prodded me, saying, “Yeah Rita. You should definitely ride tomorrow”. Rachel turned to me, and added, “I have a spare bike Rita. If you’ll ride, I’ll ride”.

Caroline’s expression spoke volumes. I could hear her voice reminding me that if you want to experience something like this, far from home is the best place to do it. She never uttered a word, but it was the look on her face that finally convinced me to do it. I then blurted out, “ALRIGHT! I’LL RIDE TOMORROW!” The girls all surrounded me, hugging and kissing me, until I finally pushed them away and announced, “That’s enough!” Caroline stepped away from the group. Respecting her opinion as much as I did, I felt like I had to follow, leaving Rachel with the two degenerates, I considered two of my closest friends.

I caught up with Caroline but didn’t want to ask her to verbally clarify her stance on the subject of me riding ‘naked’ in tomorrow’s, ‘Killer Whale Awareness Event’, as she had put it earlier. Even so, her verbal approval was extremely important to me. After we walked a few steps, she stopped, turned to me, and said, “Rita. You may feel a bit awkward riding in the nude tomorrow, but I want you to know, I could not be more-proud of you girl. We hugged each other, then returned to the car and the other girls. The five of us piled back into the vehicle and slowly traveled back to town. Still relegated to the middle back seat, due to my tiny size, I found it hard daydream about my upcoming naked, public exposure, afraid someone would read my expressions, since I could not just face out the window, away from their view.

**The Conspiracy - 9**

We arrived back in town and drove towards the cottage. Rachel told Caroline she was going to get out at the pub. Ashley asked Rachel why she was going to the pub, since it was only about 1:30 and her shift didn’t start until 5:00. Her response really got me wondering about her. “My apartment is on the second floor”, she said. Miranda asked, “So you rent from your boss?” Rachel replied, “No. I actually own the building, and Andy rents the pub space from me”. Ashley then asked, “So why do you work for him?” She casually replied, “A girl has got to do something with her time to keep out of trouble. Plus, I like working at the pub. I love this little town and I get to meet people from all over, just like you guys”.

Caroline stopped in front of the pub and Rachel got out of the car. She then turned to me and asked, “Want to see your ride for tomorrow, Rita?” I was a bit hesitant but realized I needed to know the bicycle was not going to be to big for my tiny 5’ 2” frame. I nodded and got out of the car. Caroline offered to wait for me, but I told her I would catch up with them, since the cottage was only a block away and it was a good day to be outside. Unsure what to say, or whether I should say anything at all, I quietly followed Rachel through the small alley between the century old buildings. An old, but well maintained, iron fire escape led us up to Rachel’s apartment on the second floor of the pub.

I was stunned when we walked inside. The apartment was one large open space with the exception of the bathroom. With exposed brick walls, ten-foot ceilings, original wood floors and tall ornamental windows, it was breathtaking to say the least. The place was impeccably decorated and as neat as a pin. Rachel’s large antique bed was made up like a window display from a 19th century furniture store. Fortunately, there was enough detail to keep anyone’s mind occupied for a while, otherwise I felt my thoughts would have been consumed with fantasies about me being spread out naked on that beautiful bed, as Rachel had suggested earlier on the tour boat.

I scanned the room for the bicycles but saw none. Immediately I started feeling uneasy when Rachel said, “O.k. Rita. Let’s show you your ride for tomorrow”. Thinking she used the word ‘ride’ as a sexual connotation, I went from uneasy to just plain nervous. She walked past me to a large, black metal door that was on the same wall as the entrance. She pulled up a lever that allowed the door to slide along on wheels that ran on what must have been hundred-year old metal tracks that were fastened to the brick wall. Petrified she was opening the door to some hidden dominatrix chamber or something, I almost ran out the door.

Rachel stepped inside the door, then immediately re-emerged pushing a ten-speed bicycle. I took a step towards the door to look in when she said, “Like my elevator?” “Elevator?”, I replied, inquisitively. “Yeah. This is where I store the bicycles, but it’s really a functional elevator. I use it for bringing everything I need up and down that is either too big or cumbersome to carry up the stairs. It was originally used to transport animal carcasses and block ice when this building was a meat packing plant a hundred years ago”. Feeling ashamed I thought Rachel had baited me here on false pretenses, I tried out the bike for size and told her how much I appreciated her letting me use it. She then went back into the elevator and brought her bike into the apartment.

Rachel stood her bike on its stand, and asked, “Can I get you something to drink, Rita?” I said, “Sure”, as I looked around the amazing space. “If you need to use the bathroom, it’s over there”, as she pointed to the corner of the room, while getting two bottles of iced tea from the stainless-steel refrigerator. “Make yourself at home”, she said, as she handed me the iced tea. I took her up on the offer and wandered around this most unique apartment. I was looking out the front window to the street below and noticed that the long drapes and window dressings, that must have been tailor made for the unusually tall windows. I felt the fabric when Rachel said, “They’re more for decoration that anything. I never close them. The only way anyone could see in here is if they had a ladder up to one of my windows.

Noticing a small open space across the street, with only a few strategically placed park benches, I realized she was right. I turned around and took another look around, thinking, “I am standing in an old commercial meat packing plant, but the cozy ambience of the place had me feeling right at home. I told Rachel I needed to use the bathroom and went through the door, only to observe an antique claw foot tub and vanity, that could not have been more perfect to complete the awesome apartment. After using the bathroom, I exited to see Rachel looking at me, with an expression that could only be described as ‘exhilarated’. “Are you ready to get naked, Rita?”, she asked, in the most excited tone.

**The Conspiracy - 10**

I must have look petrified because, Rachel said, “Rita. I meant for tomorrow’s bike ride. Not right now girl. I told you. No pressure”. I looked at her bed, when something came over me, then back to her, and said, “Rachel. I want to get naked now”. She looked stunned as her blue eyes met mine, and replied, “Are you sure, honey?” I shook my head up and down rapidly, in response. She said, “Please. Then by all means. Take it all off”. I closed my eyes and said, “I need you to do it. I want you to take my clothes off”.

She stepped up to me, whispered in my ear, and asked, “Are you certain you want this Rita?” “Yes”, was all I could mutter. With that, she took the bottom of my sweat shirt and started pulling it up. Keeping my eyes closed, but raising my arms in submission, she pulled the sweatshirt over my head and let it drop. I kept my arms raised, so she would know I wanted her to continue. I started to breath harder, as I heard the faint sound of my T-shirt hitting the floor. Rachel stepped behind me, unclasped my bra and gently pulled the straps over my tan shoulders, letting that drop to the floor as well. Remaining behind me, she reached around to my bare stomach, locating the button of my jean skirt, as I let out a heavy sigh.

She unbuttoned my skirt, unzipped the zipper and I felt the skirt slide passed my thighs to my feet. I stepped out of the skirt, as it found its place among my other articles of discarded clothing. Rachel stepped back in front of me and touched my stimulated, erect nipples and whispered, “Should I go on?” I opened my eyes slightly and nodded. She knelt down in front of me, then peeled the thin fabric of my thong passed my slight hips and down to my ankles. Feeling her warm breath against the smooth skin of my bald pussy lips, sent a rush through my entire body. Rachel slipped the thong over my sneakers, then proceeded to remove them along with my ankle socks.

The cold wood floor under my bare feet aroused me even more, as Rachel stood up and looked into my eyes. I could tell she was hoping to reassure herself, that I was o.k. with being totally naked in front of her. Neither of us spoke for a moment as she led me to her bed. I got on the bed, spread my legs open and raised my arms above my head, leaving myself completely exposed to her beautiful blue eyes. Without getting into any further details, I will say this. Rachel and I were naked in her bed, both sexually satisfied and looking at the blue sky outside her large windows, when the hands of her grandfather clock struck 4:00 pm, and the chimes rang out four times.

Rachel asked me, “Want to see what we look like on the bikes?” “Yeah”, I replied, as we both hopped out of the bed and ran to the bikes, like two young girls on Christmas morning. Rachel looked perfect, while sitting ‘naked’ on her bike. My bike was a good size for me, but without my sneakers on, my bald pussy was pushing hard down on the seat, when my feet were flat on the floor. This reminded me what we were actually going to be doing tomorrow. Comprehending the gravity of my agreement to ride, I started feeling a bit of regret as I realized I would be riding this bike in public tomorrow, wearing nothing but my sneakers and ankle socks.

Rachel must have known instinctively what was going through my mind, because she said, “Rita. It’ll be fine. Anyway, I’m the one that lives here”. She was right. Caroline’s advice began to resonate with me again. ‘If you’re going to try something new, do it away from home’. “What did I have to lose anyway?”, I thought to myself. I started to look forward to it. After all, Rachel and I made it fourteen participants. It’s not like I would be singled out among all those riders. Rachel had to get ready for work and I needed to get back to the girls, so I got dressed and prepared to leave, but really didn’t want to. We set a time to meet in the morning, said our goodbyes’ and kissed each other as I left.

I was feeling somewhere between euphoric and uncertain, on my walk back to the cottage. More euphoric than uncertain though. All I knew was one thing. I had never been so emotionally and sexually satisfied with anyone, as I had been with Rachel today. I tried to force the thought that I was a lesbian out of my mind, determined to treat the encounter for what it was. An unbelievable afternoon! I walked into the cottage to see the girls all waiting to ask me questions about my whereabouts the last three hours.

“So……What was it like?”, Miranda asked. The word “Amazing”, just fell off my lips. “Rita! Did you let that girl eat your sweet, little, bald little pussy?”, Ashley asked, as she looked at me, with her eyes as wide open as humanly possible. “NO!”, I snapped. “I meant her apartment! What’s wrong with you? Oh, and by the way, she has a name”, trying not to let on I had just had my first lesbian experience. “Her apartment?”, Caroline asked, seeming skeptical. “Yeah. She has the most amazing apartment up there. Other than that, she showed me the bike, we drank some iced tea and talked for a while. That’s all”. Miranda and Ashley seemed disappointed, but Caroline appeared unconvinced.

**The Conspiracy - 11**

Our plans for the evening were to go out to dinner at a nice seafood restaurant we usually visited every year, then walk to the bridge that crossed the inlet to the bay and watch the weekly fireworks the town put on during the summer months. Our dinner reservations were for 7:00 that evening, which gave us two and a half hours until we needed to be at the restaurant. Ashley and Miranda decided to go have a drink at a small beer garden near the beach, while Caroline and I chose to stay home and relax before dinner.

I was getting a bottled water from the fridge when Caroline walked by, and said, “Amazing, huh?” I tried to act like I didn’t hear her, then walked towards the living room, saying, “I’m going to take a shower”. “Looks like you may need one”, Caroline responded. I turned to her, and in my most annoyed tone, asked, “What does that mean Caroline?” She nonchalantly replied, “Nothing Rita. It’s just that your hair is all frizzy. Like you’ve been at the gym or something”, looking at me as if she knew my little secret. “Want to talk about anything?”, she asked.

When I looked up at Caroline, an overwhelming urge to disclose my secret came over me. “I had lesbian sex with Rachel”, I confessed. She grabbed my hand, sat me at the kitchen table and said, “Tell me everything!” I looked at her and insisted, “You can’t tell Ashley and Miranda. They’ll never stop teasing me about it”. Caroline replied, saying, “Rita. I promise I won’t tell them, but if this is who you are, you know you can count on their support”. I knew she was right about the girls, but now was not the time to let them in on my recent lesbian experience. I filled Caroline in on all the details of my first sexual encounter with a woman. At least those details, I felt comfortable divulging. She was very supportive as I knew she would be, deep down.

Caroline and I each took a shower and got ready to go out for dinner. Miranda and Ashley returned from the beer garden pretty much sober, to our great relief. The seafood restaurant was not the type of place you show up to, with a buzz on. The girls took quick showers and we headed out to dinner. As usual, our meal was great, and it was just about time to head over to the bridge to see the fireworks. While waiting for the check, I noticed Ben and the other man he was with at the starting point earlier, walked into the restaurant. They noticed us immediately and walk up to our table. “Good evening ladies. So nice to see you again”, Ben said. “This is my friend Charlie”, he continued, as he turned to his friend, then tipped his hat, as he had done before. “Any change of mind Rita?” he asked me.

Caught off guard, I just sat there searching for the words to reply. Ashley, eager to assist, said, “Rita has finally decided to honor the whale’s request, and ride tomorrow”. Ben seemed quite relieved, as he looked directly at me, and said, “I’m so glad you are joining us tomorrow, Miss Rita. We’ll see you in the morning”. I put on my best artificial smile, and said, “O.k. See you tomorrow”, feeling the great weight of my decision, as I watched the two men walk away and take their places at a reserved table. We paid our dinner bill, then headed out to the parking lot.

The four of us got in the car and were driving towards the bridge, when Miranda said, “Rita! Ashley and I met two guys who are going to ride tomorrow, when we were at the beer garden”. Ashley added, “Yeah Rita. There’ll be some swinging peckers along for the ride to keep your little bald pussy company”, as their laughter resonated from the back seats of the car, where they were sitting. I had the rare privilege of riding up front with Caroline. I just ignored their teasing and stared out the window, wondering what I had got myself into.

We arrived at the parking lot at the end of the bridge and walked to the area, where weekly spectators gathered to watch the fireworks. Still somewhat in doubt about be decision to ride, I was thankful the display occupied my mind for a while. The fireworks ended at 10:00 as always, and we made our way back to the cottage. Since our regular Saturday plans of antiquing and site seeing were replaced with the “Naked Bike Ride for Killer Whale Awareness’, Miranda and Ashley made a fire in the pit in the back yard, turned on some music and started taking shots of tequila.

I was feeling like a caged animal, pacing around the kitchen, when Caroline asked, “Rita. Why don’t you walk down to the pub and see Rachel? I’m sure she’d be happy if you popped in”. That was exactly what I wanted to do. I wanted to see Rachel in the worst way but was concerned about what Ashley and Miranda might think or say. Caroline always had a way of keeping her hand on the emotional and behavioral pulse, so to speak, of each of us girls when we were together. But on this particular trip, she seemed to be more in-tune with my feelings and desires, if not clairvoyant, than ever before. I took her advice and walked down to the pub to visit Rachel.

**The Conspiracy - 12**

I walked in the door of the pub, when I heard Rachel say, “Excuse me for just a moment please”. She walked up to me and said, “I was so hoping you’d stop by tonight, Rita. Take a seat at the bar and I’ll be over in a minute”. She returned to her customers as I took a seat at the bar, relieved she was pleased to see me. When she joined me at the bar, we both simultaneously said, “I didn’t want to wait until tomorrow to see you”. Before I knew what was happening, she kissed me on my mouth. Yes! On my mouth, right there in the bar!

Before I had the opportunity to appear as shocked as I was, in front of anyone watching, Rachel whispered in my ear, and said, “Sorry Rita. That was a reflex. I hope you don’t mind”. Before she could pull too far back, I returned the kiss. She smiled and said, “Andy. Set her up with whatever she’s having”, then returned to serving drinks to the fifteen or so people who were in the pub. Feeling excited, yet somewhat self-conscious, that I had just kissed Rachel in public, I anxiously waited for the rum and coke, I had ordered from Andy. He brought me my drink, and asked, “Rita is it?” I nodded as I took a sip of my drink. “I know Rachel has been looking forward to you coming up again this year”, he said.

He must have noticed I had a slightly puzzled look on my face, because he immediately back-peddled and added, “You know. You and your friends, I mean”. Rita had mentioned she had noticed me during previous trips, but I had no idea she was actually looking forward to us returning to town. I did remember her somewhat, from our earlier trips as well, but never once thought we would have an all-out lesbian affair, while I was here. I decided not to think too much into it, and just relax and enjoy my drink, remembering how comfortable I was while in her bed, and yes, her arms.

I finished my drink, then Andy poured me another. When Rachel had a small break in action, she came back over to see me. She looked at me and started to say, “I wish”. I interrupted her and said. “I know. But you have work to do, Rachel. I can check you out from here”. Her smile went from ear to ear, as she replied, “I can check you out too, Rita”. I know”, I responded. I finished my second drink as Rachel re-joined me at the bar. We discussed our meeting time for tomorrow’s bike run. We were to meet at 9:30 at her place and ride the bikes down to register at the starting point.

I asked Rachel what she was going to wear to the bike run. Her reply made perfect sense to me. “I’m only wearing a sundress and my sneakers and socks. I don’t want to have to strip off my bra and panties in front of the spectators. I figure I can easily remove a sundress and ‘Boom’, I’ll be ready to ride”, she said. I started to get aroused, as we agreed we would both be wearing only sundresses for the short ride to the starting point, knowing I would be completely naked in public, after that. I wanted to stay longer, and possibly for the night, but Rachel had to work until 2:00 a.m. I also felt I needed to spend some time with the girls. We kissed goodbye and I walked back to the cottage, hoping we might have a rendezvous at her apartment, after the bike run.

When I arrived at the cottage, the girls were still out back enjoying the music and their drinks. Miranda and Ashley were pretty drunk, while Caroline was as poised as ever. The girls (Ashley and Miranda) made a few lesbian comments at my expense, but all in fun with no harm intended. Caroline made her way back into the kitchen, knowing I would follow. “I wasn’t sure if we were going to see you tonight, Rita”, Caroline said. Once again, my response was not thought through and revealed my inner desires. “Rachel has to work until 2:00”, I replied, disclosing the fact that I would have spent the night if she was going to be home at a more reasonable hour. Caroline just smiled and dropped the subject.

“Caroline. What was it like?”, I asked. “What?”, she replied. “Walking topless in that parade?”, I continued. “At first I was very nervous. But after a while, I started to enjoy watching the clothed people’s expressions, as they would talk to me. Watching them struggle to look at my face instead of my tits was fun, believe it or not. Like I said, after we arrived at City Hall, I didn’t put my top back on for almost an hour. I knew people were taking pictures of me, but that didn’t bother me either. I actually posed for a few photos with some of the curious spectators. I have no regrets”, she said.

Still uneasy about being naked in public, I asked, “What else were you wearing?” Caroline had a way of putting me at ease when I was anxious, and replied, “I was wearing shorts and sandals. I didn’t wear a bra that day and tucked my T-shirt in my belt. A lot of the women made the walk wearing just their panties and shoes. It was no big deal”, she reassured. Feeling a bit relieved, I hugged her and went to my room to get my sundress ready for tomorrow. I stripped down naked and pulled the thin fabric over my head, then put my sneakers back on.

I pulled the dress off then put it back on, over and over in front of the mirror, getting a sense of what the spectators at the starting area were going to be witnessing. The more I repeated my disrobing, the more I was getting turned on. I finally removed my sneakers, hopped into bed and masturbated, thinking about Rachel and my first naked public exhibition. The morning came quickly. I put the dress, my ankle socks and sneakers on, then took a deep breath and walked into the kitchen. Having shaved my pussy completely bald, gave me a sense of added exposure and vulnerability, but I had agreed to ride, and I was going to go through with it.

**The Conspiracy - 13**

Miranda was having coffee with Caroline at the kitchen table when Ashley walked up behind me and pulled up my dress, exposing my smooth pussy lips to the girls. Miranda yelled out. “Ashely! You were right! Rita did shave her pussy!” Ashley spun me around as Miranda got up and walked up behind me. Miranda held my arms and my dress up, as Ashely knelt down to get a closer look of my bald pussy. She looked up to me and asked, “Is this the way Rachel likes it, Rita?”, as she rubbed my hairless mound. After I had been humiliated beyond belief, Caroline finally stepped in and sternly said, “That’s enough girls!”

Miranda let me go and dropped my dress while Ashley stood up, as she said, “You know we’re just teasing you Rita, our little Chiquita banana girl”. Caroline got up from the table and made her way to the kitchen sink as she said, “You’re smart not to wear panties or a bra, Rita. You don’t want to strip at the starting point. Just pulling off the dress and getting ready to ride is the best way”. Knowing that was what Rachel had said, I started to mentally prepare myself for my naked adventure. I made myself a cup of coffee and ventured into the back yard, hoping to get a sense of the exposure I would be enduring for a good part of the day.

My sundress came down to just above my knees but felt as if it was providing no cover at all. The cool morning breeze against my otherwise bare skin, was a sudden reminder of how exposed I felt now and how much more exposed I would be later. I kept looking down to see if my erect nipples could be seen through the thin material and if the breeze was blowing the dress up enough to expose my shaven beaver. I’ve worn this dress a hundred times with a bra and panties, but being naked underneath, made it feel non-existent. I know Caroline must have told Ashley and Miranda to give me some time to mentally adjust to my present and near future situations, because they allowed my time to stroll around the back yard, while I was drinking my coffee.

Caroline joined me in the back yard and as usual, knew what I was thinking. “Rita. Come sit with me for a minute”, she said. I joined her at the picnic table, hoping for some last-minute advice. She did not disappoint me, as she said. “Don’t think too much into this, Rita. When you get to the starting point, you’ll see other nude bike riders and that will put your mind at ease. After you remove your dress, there will some spectators taking pictures. Just smile and don’t let on if you feel a little embarrassed. They will feel more awkward than you will. After a while, you’ll actually start feeling a bit empowered. Trust me”.

Caroline went back into the cottage, leaving me to dwell on her advice. By now it was almost 8:30 a.m. and I had about an hour until I was to meet up with Rachel. I heard the sound of the local news paper hit the walkway in front of the cottage. Seeing the delivery man drive on, I decided to go into the front yard and retrieve the paper. As I made my way across the small paving stones that led through the wet grass to the front walkway, every slight breeze that made its way between my thighs and across the smooth surface of my pussy, were beginning to stimulate me. I bent over to pick up the paper, all the while holding my dress down, so the neighbors did not get e sneak preview of my upcoming exposure.

With nearly an hour left until I was scheduled to meet Rachel, I decided to take a shower and remove any stubble, only I would know was there. Back in my sundress and sneakers, I waited for the clock to tick away the remaining fifteen minutes, as my heart continued to race. Miranda and Ashley walked down to the starting point, hoping to see some hot naked guys who may be participating in the bike run, while Caroline waited behind to see that I was alright. I was to meet Rachel at 9:30 and it was now 9:20 a.m. It was time to walk down and meet her.

Caroline offered to drive me the short distance, but I declined. I felt walking down to Rachel’s apartment, wearing just my little sundress and sneakers would help build up some much-needed courage for upcoming event. She gave me a hug and got into the car. As I watched her tail lights fade into the distance, I realized I was on my own. I summoned what wavering courage I had and started walking down the street to meet Rachel. I kept my arms by my sides in the event that an unwanted breeze might lift the thin fabric of my dress above the point of decency.

I made my way to Rachel’s without incident, then walked up the iron fire escape that led to her door. Standing on the metal grate of the landing, over ten feet above the parking area, made me feel extremely vulnerable. After all. If anyone was standing below me, my pussy would be on full display. For reasons unknown to me, I waited a few moments before knocking on Rachel’s door. Maybe I wanted someone looking up at my naked body, sparsely clad by the flimsy fabric of my dress. All I knew was when a delivery truck drove through the parking area, my little fantasy quickly turned to panic, and I frantically knocked on Rachel’s door.

**The Conspiracy - 14**

Rachel opened the door, pulled me inside and planted a big, wet kiss on me. We started making out right there in front of the open door. She then stood back and said, I’m naked underneath, Rita. Are you?” I pulled up my dress and replied, “Yup!”, as she lustfully looked over my tiny, naked frame. Rachel was also wearing a sundress, but hers was full length, right down to her ankles. I didn’t give it much thought at the time, especially since this was the only sundress I had packed for the trip. She then handed me a bicycle helmet, as she jokingly said, “This will help keep you from feeling totally naked while we ride”. We both chuckled as we strapped on our helmets and got into the elevator to bring the bikes down stairs.

Once outside, I tried to position myself on the bike so the dress, that was now up to my mid-thighs would stay below my pussy as we rode to the starting point. This was going to prove to be difficult. Rachel’s dress was a bit more cumbersome than mine, but she had no fear of exposing her pussy during the short ride. Once we reached the street from the ally next to Rachel’s building, I tucked my dress between my thighs and hoped for the best. As we rode to the starting area, I had to hold it down several times to keep from being exposed to the pedestrians and local traffic.

My relief to arrive at the registration table without incident, soon turned to dread as I desperately scanned the area for other women riders but saw none. Only about a dozen naked men on their bikes. Rachel and I were filling out our registration cards, when I asked if there were going to be any other female participants. I started feeling nauseous as the woman taking our cards, said, “Not as of yet. I guess you two will have to represent all of us women today”. I looked to Rachel, hoping for some words of encouragement when she said, “Who Cares? Let’s get naked!” We put on the participant bracelets the woman had given us, as I surveyed the area.

There must have been at least a hundred people walking around the area by the starting point banner. I started having second thoughts when Ashley, Miranda and Caroline walked up to us. I knew this much. With almost and hour until the start of the bike run, I was in no hurry to remove my dress. I knew instinctively that Caroline must have had a talk with Ashley and Miranda, because not only did they not tease me, but they were actually attempting to encourage me in their immature way. Ashley said, “Well Rita. This much is for sure. You are the only rider that was personally asked by a killer whale to do this. I’m proud of you”.

Rachel was so excited she could barely contain herself. “Are you ready, Rita?” she asked. I hesitated, when she said, “Come on. All the other riders are already naked. Let’s do this!” I looked up to Caroline with what I am sure was the complete expression of my petrified state. She softly said, “Rita. It will be fine. I’ll hold your dress in my handbag and return it at the beach”. Rachel was already unbuttoning her full-length sundress when I handed my helmet to Caroline, closed my eyes and pulled the only thing covering my modesty, up and over my head. I handed the dress to Caroline, feeling completely humiliated as I stood on the grass, in public, wearing nothing but my sneakers and ankle socks, wishing I had not shaven my public hair off.

I turned towards Rachel, then almost had a melt-down, as she stood there with an ear to ear smile and asked. “Do you like it?” Yes, she was naked alright! But she had black and white body paint covering her from just above her tits, all the way down to below her knees. She was painted like a killer whale! “Well? Do you?”, she asked again. As I looked over the sexiest version of Shamu ever, I replied, “I would have had my body painted too”, sounding like a whiney little brat. “Sorry Rita. It was a last-minute idea by my friend Jorden. He showed up first thing this morning and offered to paint me, so I let him”. With the only other naked woman at the event, being covered in black and white body paint, I felt more exposed and vulnerable than ever.

The girls were complimenting Rachel on how awesome she looked, while I glanced around, seeing over a hundred clothed spectators, twelve naked men and my new painted lesbian friend. I felt like every eye within sight, was on my tiny, naked body. Once again, I felt like a prepubescent teen girl. I was completely humiliated! Rachel grabbed my hand, and said, “Rita! Let’s go meet the other riders!”, as she pulled me across the lawn, like a mother dragging her toddler through a store. I was getting further and further away from the girls, and most importantly, my dress.

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As we were walking across the grass, I turned to seek help from the girls, only to see them getting into the car, then driving away. My dress was gone, and I was left with nothing to cover my shame, as car after car pulled into the parking area. The size of the crowd was quickly multiplying, and my level of humiliation was multiplying with it. Rachel could tell I was feeling a bit awkward, to say the least, and decided to try to encourage me by asking, as we got closer to the other naked (male) riders, “Rita! Is this the most invigorating feeling, ever? Just being able to walk around in public, naked?”, as she wore the cover of her black and white body paint with pride, leaving me as the only female who was truly naked. Even my helmet was still on the handle bars of the bicycle.

I could barely utter a reply as we joined the male riders at one end of the staging area. The eyes of the surrounding spectators seemed to double in size, leaving me feeling like a naked little goldfish, swimming around in a huge fish bowl, under the scrutiny of the increasing number curious onlookers. There was no where to hide. Rachel held firmly to my left hand, leaving my right available to shake hands with anyone and everyone I was introduced to, as my naked little physique was on display. I felt like I was under a microscope and everyone was inspecting my bald pussy, little butt cheeks, small breast and erect nipples. Somehow, overwhelmed with embarrassment, I was still becoming aroused. Maybe Rachel was right. Being naked in public could be invigorating.

The male riders varied in age from their mid-twenties to fifty years old, and up. Standing among the dozen or so naked men, while Rachel sported her killer whale body paint, made me feel even more exposed. If that’s possible. While my mind was preoccupied with my total public naked exposure, Rachel said, “Rita. Let me introduce you to some friends of mine”. She then said, “Rita. This is Larry and his partner Tim”, as she introduced me to two men in their mid-forties. Trying to act normal while you are naked, and the two men are naked as well, is more difficult than you might think. I was shaking hands with the two of them, when Rachel said she was going to get us a couple of waters, leaving me in my exposed state, in the company of the two naked men.

Larry said, “So Rita. How do you like our little town compared to the big city of San Francisco?” For the first time I forgot I was naked, then told Larry how much I enjoyed visiting the town every summer. This really was a place I felt at home, even if only for a few days a year, I explained. “Well, we’re all glad you are here”, he said. Closing in on ½ hour until the bike run began, a woman with a bull horn started to give a talk about the plight of the killer whales who lived in the waters just off shore. As she recited the statistics that inspired the ride for awareness, I started to feel self-conscious again, wondering why we had to be naked to bring understanding to such a worthy cause. I felt more of the spectators were staring at me than those paying attention to the speaker.

Rachel rejoined us, handed me a bottled water and whispered in my ear, “I wonder how many people would like to know how your sweet little pussy tastes?” I stepped back and looked at her in horror, as she continued, “Don’t worry Rita. I’m not going to tell them. That’s our little secret”, as she winked at me. Her words succeeded in making me feel more self-conscious, as the photo takers Caroline had warned me about, were busy taking pictures of us, as we had no choice but to grin and bear it. Knowing so many strangers now had a permanent record of my first naked adventure and could post my naked body on the internet if they chose too, heightened my sense of impropriety. All I knew is that I wished the bike run would commence, so I could retrieve my dress from Caroline, down at the beach.

Rachel wanted to walk around among the many clothed spectators and was trying to get me to join her, when a woman walked up to us, then asked to take a selfie with us. Rachel was thrilled, while I reluctantly obliged, and in no time a line started to take form. Rachel was right at home taking part in conversations and picture taking with those who requested a photo, while I just wanted to get this most humiliating experience of my like, over with. I kept asking myself. “How I could have been persuaded into surrendering both my dress and my dignity?”, as the clicking of the cell phone cameras became ever more constant. I was in a continuous battle with myself, not to cover up in shame, knowing that would only bring more unwanted attention.

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