**The Midnight Run**BY: Hooked6

**The Midnight Run – Part One**  
Why do I like NudeinSF.com so much? Well to understand that I’d have to take you back to a simpler time when I was in High School. My name is Katie Lynn. Nobody ever called me Kate or Katie. They always used Katie Lynn which made me sound so immature. I lived in the Deep South, however, and that’s just the way it was.  
  
  
I was never really popular growing up. In fact I pretty much kept to myself. I did make the track team at school though my junior year. It was fun and I did well until I got kicked off because of shall we say, a “little misunderstanding”. Anyway, I’m getting off track. I was an only child raised by my mom. I never knew my dad and mom never talked about him much. Mom was pretty strict about most things so as a consequence I seldom confided in her about things that I really didn’t understand like boys for instance, for fear of facing her wrath or giving her the wrong idea about me. Without many friends I was pretty much on my own to figure things out for myself.   
  
  
I guess, in a way that’s how I got myself into trouble in the first place.  
  
  
It all started one night in early August before the start of my junior year. It was hot. I mean stifling hot! We had air conditioning but my mom seldom allowed me to turn it on because of the cost. If it was used at all, it was used sparingly only during the day – NEVER at night. She figured we’d be asleep for most of the night anyway, so why waste it? So as usual I couldn’t sleep. During the dog days of August there wasn’t much of a breeze either. On this particular night I looked at the clock on my nightstand – midnight. At this rate I’d never get to sleep. I decided to go out onto the front porch to try and cool off. Quietly I made my way through the house so as not to awaken my mom. Once outside I sat on the porch swing muttering my complaints about the weather and the fact that we weren’t rich. The thermometer said 82 degrees! I was sure I’d never get any rest with it that hot.   
  
  
Then it occurred to me for the first time that I was sitting outside in my short lacey nightgown and cotton panties. I felt my nipples stiffen under the sheer fabric and immediately felt a tingle shoot up my spine! It was a level of excitement I had never really felt before – wicked in fact. ANYONE could have walked by or passed our porch in a car and seen what they weren’t supposed to see! After all, good girls didn’t prance around in their lingerie. My heart began beating just a little faster and I forgot all about the heat. Of course my brain tried to tell me that I was sitting in the dark shadows and the risk was very small that anyone would ever actually see me, but still the danger seemed real and for some strange reason I liked it.   
  
  
After a few minutes I decided to push things a bit. I made my way down the front stairs and wandered around in the yard! Man what a rush! No one was out but I just knew that at any moment I could be discovered. You must understand that although this might seem pretty tame to most of you – especially today, this was the first time this normally shy and well-behaved girl was doing something naughty - and in my mind as a result of my mom’s strict control over me, anything even remotely sexual was evil! Deep down I was so alive I wanted to scream!!  
  
  
I meandered around the yard for almost thirty minutes before deciding that I had taken enough of a risk and headed back inside to relieve myself. I had long since discovered the joys of masturbation and on that night I had the most intense orgasm ever.  
  
  
The following evening I couldn’t wait for my mom to go to bed so I could try my new-found hobby a second time. Fortunately, my mom usually went to bed early during the week so that by midnight I was once again outside on the front porch. Soon, however, I became bored. To make things interesting I eventually dared myself to take off my panties and leave them on the porch swing and roam around the yard in just my nightgown - which on this night was a little too short to cover my pubes. The feeling of the night air on my now exposed pussy was exhilarating and I found myself instantly wet. I told myself that in an emergency I could bend my knees and tug on the bottom of my gown to at least hide myself if I HAD to. After wandering around for another half an hour I returned to my room to pleasure myself.  
  
  
This pattern continued for several days until I eventually became disenchanted. I needed a new challenge to keep the excitement alive. You guessed it: off came the nightgown one night, and for the first time ever that I can recall I wandered around my yard completely naked! Every square inch of my skin was on fire and the gnarled feeling in the pit of my stomach was intoxicating! I was scared to death that someone might catch me but I didn’t care. In fact I believe that the risk of doing something so nasty and possibly getting caught was one of the driving forces behind my being so foolish.   
  
  
I ran down the front yard to the street and back revealing my body in all its glory to anyone lucky enough to spot me. Of course I wasn’t really brave, just stupid. No one saw me of course as it was dark and most people were asleep. Our house is located in an older neighborhood that has been swallowed up by urban sprawl. All the houses on my block are older and full of trees. Two short blocks up the road is a busy 4-lane highway lined for miles with strip-type shopping centers and big box stores on either side. Though I was relatively safe among the dark shadows of my tree-lined road, the bright lights of the business district reminded me of the danger of being out naked in public. THAT thought made my adrenalin pump and the excitement level boil over within me! Those distant bright lights were like a magnet beckoning, no fiendishly tempting me towards them. It was as if they had some hold on me that I couldn’t resist. I kept staring at them. Of course I knew that danger lurked there and the possibility of being seen, or worse arrested, was unbelievably high but I couldn’t get them out of my mind. After all I was NAKED and ALIVE! That’s all that mattered at the moment. I was having FUN!!  
  
  
I’m not sure that I ever made a conscious decision to do what I did but for some reason I soon found myself taking a few steps down the sidewalk away from my house in the direction of those blasted lights. I stopped and pondered a bit. I took another step. “Just one little step,” I said to myself, “what could it hurt?” I was still close to my house and could dash back to the safety of my porch if I spotted anyone. The fact that my only means of cover, my flimsy nightgown, was still on the porch only added to the danger. Looking back of course I must have been brain-dead. I was surrounded by houses of people that knew me – AND my mom. If any of them spotted me, my life would be over for sure. Naturally I never gave that a thought at the time. I was too wrapped up in the thrill of the moment. “Just one more step,” I pushed myself. “See nothing happened,” I heard a little voice say somewhere in the back of my mind.   
  
Time flies when you’re having fun and after just a FEW more LITTLE steps I suddenly discovered I was THREE houses away from my own!!!! The jolt of electricity that hit my clit at that realization was earth shattering!!! A wave of wetness splashed between my legs as if someone had turned on a faucet full blast. WOW, I thought. This is AWESOME!   
  
I nervously looked around and all was quiet. No lights were on in any of the houses and I was still secluded in relative darkness as there were no security or street lights on my block. “Go on,” that little menacing voice urged, “Just a few more steps. Let’s see how far you can go.”  
  
I looked back at my front porch, “I could make it back there pretty quickly if I HAD to” I consoled myself once more and then proceeded to take another step, then another and another, one bare foot cautiously in front of the other, step by step nervously keeping my arms over my chest and pubes just in case until I reached the small cross street at end of my block. The lights were closer now – only one short block away! I paused and my fingers slid down the slippery slope towards my vagina. I just HAD to see how close I could make it to the main road. I just HAD TO!  
  
My street, which I was on, ran perpendicularly into the main highway. It was a small, little-used street except by those that lived here. Behind me, my street eventually dead-ended about a half a mile past my house. It was so insignificant that there was only a stop sign; no traffic light at the corner where my street met the main road. The bright lights taunted me. The sound of the occasional cars passing by on the main highway screamed a warning to me that this was crazy! Still, I wasn’t really going to run out on the road and flash people, I rationalized. I was just going to see how far I could push myself to go. How close I could get. Before I knew it one bare foot was stepping in front of the other and I was slowly but steadily on my way. The closer I got, the brighter the lights appeared to be and the more thrilling the feeling deep down inside me!   
  
Still nervously covering myself I crept ever so carefully toward the end of my street. I somehow managed to get close enough to the main road that I now could read the stop sign letters: S-T-O-P. The safety of the darkness that once enveloped me was fading away. I guess I was now about thirty feet from the corner. The four-lane highway stood menacingly across my path. To my left was an old service station that was now closed. Its parking area was full of cars needing service safely stowed for the night behind a chain link fence. To my right was a long strip shopping center. There was a small open alleyway behind the building that was occasionally dotted by garbage dumpsters behind the stores. A chain link fence and some shrubbery separated the stores’ alleyway from the neighborhood to the rear. I stood there for a moment checking things out. Across the highway was a bank and its neon sign flashed the time and temperature: 81 degrees, 1:30am. HOLY CRAP I had been out naked for an hour and a half!!! Surely it hadn’t been that long, HAD IT? I needed to get home, I thought. If my mom should happen to have awakened during the night and discovered I was gone I’d be in a world of hurt! I started to turn when that darned little voice said, “Make it to the stop sign. Just go and touch the sign, THEN you can go home!” I looked back over my shoulder at the sign. It wasn’t that far, I thought, but it was dangerous right out on the highway. I began arguing with my self, “No way, it’s too risky.” Then the voice countered, “Don’t be such a pussy, just run up there and touch it. You’ll regret it if you don’t, you know you will.”  
  
I felt that familiar gnawing in the pit of my stomach that was oh so intoxicating that I couldn’t say no. I turned around. I didn’t hear any cars approaching so the traffic light up the road must be red. Before I could change my mind I took off running, my boobs bouncing with each leap forward. In order to run I had to abandon any attempt to cover myself as I needed to swing my arms to keep my balance and speed. I made it to the sign and reached out to touch its red surface. I looked up and saw a small line of cars approaching as the light had now turned green. I let out a squeal and bolted back down my street. I never looked back as I dashed towards home. I wasn’t sure if anyone saw me but I clearly heard the sounds of the cars passing on the highway behind me. Did anyone see me I wondered? Just the thought that they might have, pushed me almost to a spontaneous orgasm right there in the street!!  
  
I ran all the way home and by the time I reached my front lawn I was panting so heavily I sounded like an obscene phone call! I sat down on the front lawn to catch my breath and unconsciously began rubbing myself to ecstasy. I couldn’t believe what I had done or the fact that I was sitting naked outside in my own neighborhood masturbating!! I imagined all my neighbors looking at me as I drifted off into secret bliss. Of course if anyone HAD been looking at me just then I would have had to move to Mexico or something as the shame would have been too much to endure!  
  
When I climaxed it took all that I had not to moan for fear of waking my mom. Words fail me to adequately describe what I was feeling right then. All I can say is: “WHAT A NIGHT”!!!   
  
I sat there for a few moments collecting myself and then quietly made my way back onto the porch, redressed in my nightgown and carefully reentered the house. As far as I could tell my mom was still sound asleep and was none the wiser. It was a good thing too!   
  
As I relaxed in bed I made up my mind about two things. First, I HAD to do this again and secondly, I definitely was going to wear running shoes next time. My feet were cut up and sore from running on the asphalt. If there ever was a real emergency I might not make it if I was bare footed and had to run for my life as it were. No shoes were a necessity even if they ruined the overall effect. I’d just have to make up for it by pushing myself even further.   
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Two**

The next morning at breakfast my mom seemed her usual self. She did wonder why I looked so tired but I shrugged her remark off as I did most of the time when she nagged me and she let it drop. I did manage a catnap later that afternoon while she was at work which was a good thing as I really needed it.  
  
That night I couldn’t wait for my mom to go to bed. As she worked during the week she was in the habit of retiring by 10 o’clock at the latest. I too usually went at that time conditioned by my school routine even in the summer. Waiting those two long hours for midnight to arrive was pure agony! I thought 12 o’clock would NEVER come.   
  
When my alarm beamed the magic hour I carefully got up and listened at my door. All was quiet. This time I decided to remove my clothing, and put my shoes on BEFORE leaving my room. I felt it would be too awkward to remove my shoes and then my nightgown and then put my shoes back on again al the while on the front porch. At least that’s what I told myself my reason was for taking the additional risk of leaving my room virtually naked with no safety net if I was caught! Deep down I have to admit the risk played a big part in all this as well.   
  
Once outside I felt that now familiar gnarling in the pit of my stomach. There was no turning back. I knew I was committed. Once again I slowly headed down the street. I knew I had to raise the stakes tonight but I wasn’t exactly sure how. The lights still cast their spell over me and I headed straight toward them and the dangers of the main highway. What was it about those lights?  
  
Upon nearing the infamous stop sign now only thirty feet away, I paused hidden as best I could be in what little shadows that were still available. My body trembled as I watched the cars that frequently passed by on the 4-lane highway just yards away. If any one of them turned down my street I’d be a goner! Just standing their watching them was exhilarating to say the least but I needed more. The thought did occur to me that I should just step out onto the sidewalk and boldly flash my charms as the cars whizzed by, but somehow that didn’t seem realistic just yet. There was no doubt, however, that given the risks I was taking I would surely be seen at some point but I was in no mood to rush things. No, I wanted adventure. It was the fear of the unknown that seemed to drive me onward but to what, I wondered?  
  
“Keep walking,” the now familiar voice in the back of my head urged me. Consciously I didn’t have a clue as to why I listened to that darned voice, but I soon found my feet nervously pacing onward. I immediately used my arms to cover my body as I neared the stop sign and the open road. What was I doing??! Was I crazy? Had I lost my fricken mind?  
  
As if driven by some invisible force I found myself turning down the alleyway behind the strip-type shopping center – one foot meticulously followed the other as if they were doing my thinking for me instead of my brain. “Let’s just see how far you can go,” the voice said over and over, “Let’s just see how far you can go.”  
  
My heart raced and my mouth got very dry. Unlike my neighborhood street this alleyway was brightly lit with security lights everywhere constantly illuminating my naked body. There were no shadows to hide behind, just the brick walls of the service entrances to the stores on my left and the chain-link fence separating the backyards of the neighborhood to my right – oh and the occasional dumpster of course. My brain screamed at me to turn back but my feet wouldn’t listen. “Let’s just see how far you can go,” it kept repeating. “Let’s just see how far you can go.”  
  
Truth be told I had no idea where this alleyway actually went even thought I grew up in this neighborhood. I had never been down this way. I knew what stores that occupied the shopping center of course but the alleyway? THAT was a mystery. I had no clue if it dead-ended somewhere up ahead or if it opened up into a busy parking lot of a big box store. There was that fear of the unknown that I seemed to desire. Logic insisted that I stop this foolishness yet still my feet kept walking. I could hear all sorts of sounds on the highway in front of this long building. If the people on that road only knew there was a naked girl back here!!!! Oooohh that did it! I was wet now; there was no mistaking that feeling!  
  
Methodically my feet carried me one step at a time ever onward, farther away from my neighborhood street and the safety I thought it provided. My nerves were on edge and my breathing rapid. The farther I went the more determined I was to listen to that little voice, “Let’s just see how far you can go?” I looked back over my shoulder and I was more than half way down the shopping center. Not bad I thought. Maybe I should call it a night, I thought to myself.   
  
“You pussy!” that little voice said. “Look at you all covering yourself like a little coward. Bet you can’t walk the entire length of this building with your arms at your sides.” My heart raced at the prospect. It was bad enough that I was bathed in bright lights with no real place to hide but boldly walking onward showing my self was a bit much – especially with such a high probability that I would get caught! Then I realized how aroused I was.  
  
“I CAN TO!” I yelled at myself in my mind and dropped my arms to my sides. I made a deal with that little voice: “I’ll make the rest of this little walk without EVER covering up – no matter what happens!” Just hearing those words in my brain send shockwaves once again to my clit.   
  
So on I went trying to act brave even though on the inside I was about half a second from fainting! When I reached the end of the building that little voice taunted me again, “Let’s just see how far you can go.” I looked around and the alleyway seemed to continue on. Up ahead was an open space between the shopping center I had just walked behind and a big box store that I thought might be the local U-Save giant grocery store. The alleyway behind the grocery store looked much the same as the one I had just walked, but to continue on I would have to walk about 100 feet totally out in the open.   
  
“Go on you pussy,” that voice snapped at me.  
  
I peered around the corner of the shopping center and saw that the area to my left was a giant parking lot. The 4-lane highway was clearly visible and a traffic light was located at the grocery store’s entrance. Even though it was in the wee hours of the morning there were still a lot of cars about traveling on the road going to who knows where. I was sure the grocery store was closed but there were a few cars in the lot – cleaning crews I suspected or maybe a few stock boys re-stocking the shelves. “Stock-BOYS??!!” The word “boys” sent a shiver up my spine and gooseflesh appeared on my body. Man, if they spotted me like this . . .  
  
Regardless, my feet suddenly began carrying me into the open space. I started to cover myself but remembered my commitment. I looked out at the passing traffic the entire time I made my way across the open space. I wondered if anyone would look my way and see me. What would they think? Would they think I was pretty? Would they think I was some kind of nut case? Would I give some guy an instant hard-on as he realized I was naked and he was looking at my private forbidden flesh? That would be cool, I thought to myself – getting some guy all excited!! I could feel my vagina tightening up on the inside and I almost had an orgasm right there as I walked! Once I reached the alley behind the grocery store, I relaxed a little but kept walking. I was so lost in my thoughts on the thrill of the moment that I hardly paid any attention to my surroundings. I just kept on walking. The alleyway continued on past several commercial buildings and another big box store. I decided to keep on exploring until I ran out of alley and it dead-ended or something. After all it wasn’t like I was walking along the sidewalk next to the busy highway, was it?  
  
After some time I reached the end of the alley and to my utter astonishment – there was my high school! I found myself looking at the athletic fields. The baseball field was to my left, the gym directly in front of me and the football stadium with its small visitor’s bleachers nearest me and the massive home stand on the far side of the field. I had no idea my school was so near this alley. What a surprise. When I went to school on the bus we took a circuitous route picking up other kids and finally entering on the other side of campus through the main gate. Was my school really this close or had I walked for miles? I had no idea how far I really had traveled nor did I know what time it really was. The thought that I might be miles from home without any clothing to use in an emergency was about to send me into a panic attack! I decided to quickly make my way back home before something bad happened to me.   
  
It was then I spotted the track that ran around the football field. I had always dreamed of playing on some team for my school. I really didn’t have what you would call athletic ability – but I could run! Being a member of the track team had been a secret fantasy of mine. In fact there was a summer training camp for those interested in trying out for the track team in just two weeks. All sports had a training camp in the summer before school started. It gave the coaches a chance to see what talent they might have to work with during the upcoming year. The Track and Field camp was the last to be held. I had thought about attending but dismissed that idea as just a pipe-dream.   
  
I walked over to the small 3-foot high chain link fence surrounding the field and to my delight the gate was unlocked. I made my way onto the track and began a slow jog around the football field imagining myself running in a competition and hearing my school mates cheering me on!! Of course it was so erotic combining the very idea of my classmates sitting in the stadium watching me and me running around the track totally in the nude! If they ever saw me like this I would be mortified. When I reached the finish line I raised my hands up in triumph like I had just won an Olympic event or something. The whole scene in my mind’s eye was so surreal. I need relief and I needed it fast!   
  
I sat down on the grass of the football field and masturbated myself to a marvelous climax! Of course in my fantasy everyone was watching me in the stands. When I was through I was weak-kneed and panting heavily. After soaking in what had just happened I decide I needed to get home before I really was caught!  
  
I wasn’t really as aroused on the trip back as I was on the trip out. In fact I was angry with myself for being so foolish. Still for some reason I didn’t run back but continued on in a slow walk. Like before I decided to keep my commitment that I had made and NOT cover up no matter what. That thought seemed to perk me up a bit anyway.   
  
By the time I saw the back of the grocery store I started to panic! There parked in back of the store were three box-like trucks – a soft drink vendor, a bread truck and a snack vendor! You guessed it, there were three men unloading their wares and taking them inside through the back service entrance!! I was trapped!!  
  
I hid behind a dumpster as my legs shook with fear. So far they hadn’t spotted me as they went about their work. I cowered low near the ground and waited . . . and waited . . . and waited. Dang! How long does it take to unload a few boxes of chips for Pete’s sakes?   
  
I thought about just boldly standing up and walking on regardless if they were out there or not – might give them a thrill I thought. But the fear of them calling the cops or worse making fun of me was too great so I waited. Soon the men were all inside and seemed to stay inside for some time. I figured that maybe, just maybe they might be in there for a while opening the boxes and putting their products on the grocery store shelves. I seemed to remember seeing the Coke guy putting cases of soda on the shelves a few times so I reasoned that the grocery store staff didn’t do this for them.  
  
I decided to take my chances and run past the trucks hoping that I’d make it before they finished inside and came back out to the alley. I swallowed hard, stood up, counted to three and took off running, boobs bouncing, shoes slapping the pavement and my hair swinging back and forth across my upper back. I was just about to reach the first truck when I spotted one of the men inside the grocery store coming towards the opened service door. I noticed the expression on his face was one of total surprise. His mouth opened and his eyes got huge and he just stood there watching me as I ran past. I was sure he was still watching my naked ass as I continued running down the alley though I didn’t turn around to verify that.  
  
When I reached the end of the shopping center I noticed the bank sign: 5:00am it said!!! I was out naked for FIVE HOURS?!!!! No wonder the delivery people were already at the store. It would be daylight soon!!  
  
Then my thoughts turned to another disaster – my mom! She usually got up about this time to get ready for work! What if she noticed I wasn’t home? What if she catches me running up the street naked??!!  
  
I ran faster than I never thought I could run down my neighborhood street. There were lights on in the houses now and I could smell bacon cooking somewhere among one of the homes. I bolted up my front yard and came to a sudden stop before climbing the steps of my front porch. There were no obvious lights on – maybe I had made it. I quietly went up onto the porch and carefully opened the front door. Once inside I closed the door and tip-toed my way through the living room. Why oh why did I leave my room naked, I wondered? If I was dressed and my mom caught me now I’d be safe! But Noooooooooo, I had to be the RISKY one didn’t I?   
  
I turned to go down the hallway and froze dead in my tracks. A light was shinning from under my mom’s door. She was up!!! I then heard her door handle turning! She was coming out!! I dashed across the hall and into the bathroom and closed the door. I was gasping for air so heavily I was sure she’d hear me. I stood in front of the mirror looking at myself trying desperately to slow my breathing when suddenly the bathroom door opened and there stood my mom with a scowl on her face. In my haste I had neglected to turn on the bathroom light or even lock the door so she must not have known I was in there.   
  
“KATIE LYNN TURNER, what ARE you doing??”  
  
With my voice cracking I replied, “Ah . . . just using the bathroom, mom, that’s all.”  
  
“And where are your clothes?”  
  
“In my room,” I snapped flippantly. “It’s so hot out and you’re too cheap to run the air conditioner it’s the only way I can sleep at night.”  
  
I stood their primping in the mirror and she continued to gaze at me. It was the first time I had been seen naked by her since I became a teenager and it was embarrassing to say the least. As humiliating as it was I was more concerned that she bought my story and didn’t suspect anything.   
  
She finally cleared her throat and replied, “Yes . . . well . . . if you are through I’d like to use the bathroom now. I’ve got to get to work. YOU can lollygag all morning if you want and have all day to put your face on. Now scram.”  
  
“Yes, mom,” I said with a sigh as if I was put out at her intrusion.  
  
Upon reaching my room I collapsed on my bed. I DID it!! I pulled it off! I was so pleased with myself I couldn’t stand it.   
  
My body was shaking in terror at how close I had come to ruining my life. Then I heard that damn little voice taunting me again, “Just wait until tonight, just wait until tonight.”   
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Three**

That night I waited patiently for my mom to retire. After stripping off and putting my running shoes on, once again I crept out of the house. I knew I was taking one hell of a chance after my close encounter with my mom that morning but I couldn’t help myself. I guess I was just addicted to the adrenalin rush or something.   
  
All day long I couldn’t take my mind of the idea of trying out for the track team. Running around the field at school the previous night really made an impression on me. I decided that I would call and register myself for the training camp when the school office opened. In the meantime I needed to get into shape and the best way to do that was run and the best incentive I could think of was to do it naked!   
  
After walking some distance from my house to be sure the noise of my shoes running down the street wouldn’t wake my mom, I took off at a fast jog. You guessed it, I returned to that back alley and headed for the school at a pace that I thought I could sustain. I had to build up my endurance. It felt good to be out again without clothes and even better that I was doing this for some constructive purpose and not just because I was some kind of kinky pervert, at least that’s what I kept telling myself though I doubted that argument would hold water if I was ever caught.  
  
Upon reaching the track I started to make my rounds encircling the field. I must have spent an hour or so running in earnest before I had to stop and rest. After satisfying myself that I had indeed given my muscles a good workout I started home. On the way I knew that I deserved some kind of reward - something to treat myself for my hard work. That funny feeling grew in the pit of my stomach and all sorts of wild ideas began popping in my head. I decided that henceforth, every night that I could beat my previous best time around the track, I would push myself to take a risk of being seen naked by someone else. I wasn’t going to literally flash someone but I WAS agreeing to take more and more risks so that if it happened it wasn’t really my fault. I know that sounds silly but that’s where my mindset was at the time.  
  
This night I decided to run up the space between the strip shopping center and the grocery store and touch the first light pole that I could see in the front parking lot before continuing on home. I would be closer to the road by doing that and IF anyone was working in any of the stores and happened to be looking out, well, they’d get a surprise wouldn’t they? My heart was racing furiously when I turned the corner and rushed to the light pole. Cars were passing by everywhere on the highway. I was too nervous, though, to actually look in the stores to see if anyone saw me but just that thought made me hornier than ever!  
  
This time I beat the delivery people to the store and made it home without incident.   
  
I kept up this routine every night for the next two weeks timing myself on the track pushing myself faster and faster until I felt I was ready to try out. Besides my incentive of rewarding myself with taking increased risks of exposure if I beat my old time was a tremendous inspiration!  
  
At track camp, I was surprised that there were only two new girls besides me and the returning team members from last year. The coach, an unbelievably handsome man who looked to be just out of college introduced himself and made everyone feel welcome. “I’m Coach Johnson,” he said to the group. “I realize that some of you girls might feel a little awkward having a male coach but I assure it will be all business this year.” He then went on to explain that he was new to the school and reviewed his list of accomplishments and credentials, which to me seemed quite impressive. “Each of you will have an equal shot at making the team. No one gets preferential treatment – not even if you made the team last year,” he went on to explain. “We only have so many spots so only the best will make it. I hope everyone will do their best. Good luck to all of you.”   
  
He then made us each try our hand at various things. For me it was the 100 yard dash, the 440, the 880 yard run and the hurdles. I sucked at the hurdles but I tried anyway. He and a volunteer timed us and made notes about our performance. After we all finished he gathered us around and thanked us and informed us about some of the things we would be doing the next day. “Each day during training camp,” he went on to explain, “I will first give some instruction on the fundamentals of running so you all can avoid injury and then go over some things I want each of you to work on. After that, we’ll hit the track.”   
  
After he dismissed us to the locker room to shower he called out, “Katie Lynn, could I see you for a moment?”  
  
“Yes coach,” I said as I left the group and headed over to him.  
  
“You did very well today. I’m very impressed. You’ve never participated on a track team before?”  
  
“Um, no sir, this is my first time trying this.”  
  
“Well, keep up the good work,” he said as he patted me on the back. “I think you have a good shot at making the team this year. See you tomorrow.” He then turned and left the field heading towards his car.   
  
“Thanks coach!” I said beaming with pride. Imagine, little ole me doing so well on the first day. I KNEW all that naked practice would come in handy! I began daydreaming about winning a meet and my classmates cheering me on. Of course in my thoughts I left out the part about masturbating as the crowd watched. I laughed quietly when I mentally pictured that!   
  
As I turned to head towards the locker room I found myself surrounded by 4 girls. “Just what in the hell do you think you’re doing?” the meanest one asked.  
  
“I don’t understand,” I replied nervously. “I’m going to clean up and go home.”  
  
“She doesn’t understand,” the girl snapped mockingly as the other girls all laughed.   
  
“Look, who ARE you anyway? I haven’t done anything to you. Please leave me alone.”  
  
“My name is Abby. Abby Cakes and I’m your worst nightmare if you think you’re going to try out for this team.”  
  
I swallowed hard. “But, Coach just said I did really well today and I have a good shot at making the team!”  
  
“Yeah we heard him, but I’M the one who says who makes the team not that fancy college boy.” Abby said menacingly. “If you make the team that means that one of us probably WON’T and we’ve been together since freshman year. No newcomer is going to show us up, got it?”  
  
“But . . . if I’m good it will help the team, right? After all, we sucked last year and finished in LAST place in our division.” I said trying to make a case for myself.  
  
“Did you hear that girls? I think this bimbo just insulted us!”  
  
The girls now all had scowls on their faces and took a step closer to me. “I didn’t mean . . . I wasn’t trying to, you know, insult you or anything . . .”  
  
“Save it sister,” Abby interrupted me. “Let me show you what happens to people who try and cross me.” She then gave the other girls a wink and they started to surround me.  
  
“No wait,” I protested. “I didn’t mean . . . what are you doing . . . STOP!!!!!!!!”  
  
One girl tackled me to the ground and geld onto my ankles while Abby pounced on top of me straddling my belly. Another girl held my arms and held me fast while the fourth girl just laughed and stood guard.   
  
“Please what are you going to do? Don’t hurt me, please!” I begged.   
  
“Oh we aren’t going to HURT you sissy-britches, we’re just going to teach you what it means to get on our bad side.” Abby then reached up and began slowly sliding my shirt up towards my head exposing my bra! I struggled like crazy but there were just too many of them and they were too strong.  
  
Abby just laughed as she slid the shirt over my head and tossed it to the remaining girl who was still standing. I looked on in horror as I saw her produce a pocketknife and began cutting up my shirt into little pieces.  
  
“Please GAWD NO!!!!” I pleaded to no avail.   
  
While Abby sat on my belly I felt my shoes and socks being pulled off and tossed away. Though I couldn’t see the girl at my feet behind Abby, I felt fingers reaching under the waistband of my running shorts and, despite my best efforts to prevent it they slowly started making the humiliating journey down my legs. They too were eventually tossed to the girl with the knife. My heart sank as she gleefully destroyed them as well!   
  
“You’ve had your fun,” I said with my voice squeaking, “Now leave me alone!”  
  
“Oh but we’ve hardly begun,” Abby said snickering. “What a pitiful looking bra. I wouldn’t be caught dead in that thing, would you girls?”  
  
“Hell no,” the girl holding my arms replied, “She’s got no taste at all!”   
  
“See there,” Abby said with an evil grin. “I’m really doing you a favor by getting rid of this ugly ole thing!” In an instant my bra was snapped off my chest exposing my boobs to these girls. They all seemed pleased to gawk at my exposure. The tension in the air was palpable. My breathing quickened as I feared what was coming next.  
  
“And now for the best part . . .”  
  
“NO! You wouldn’t! You can’t . . . please no . . .”  
  
Too late . . . my panties were off before I could even react.   
  
“Good gawd, would you look at all that hair?!” one of the girls mocked as I struggled to break free.  
  
“Now listen sister, this better be the last time I see you at track camp, GOT IT? If you show up again you’re going to get the same treatment, understand? For your sake I hope you aren’t a slow learner. And remember, if you push me I’ll make it even worse.” Abby then pinched one of my nipples really hard and I squealed like a little pig before she finally let go!  
  
After they all had a good look at me lying there naked making sure that I knew they were mocking my body, she eventually got off of me and I quickly covered myself as they all left laughing hysterically.   
  
It took me a moment to realize that I was now naked at school in broad daylight!!! There were many others still at school and I knew the boys’ track team was due to arrive soon for the start of their camp at any moment now. I had to get out of there!  
  
But, to where? I couldn’t very well run back home in the middle of rush hour traffic. And, I didn’t dare go into the locker room and face my attackers again. Heaven knows what else they would do to me.   
  
I suddenly spotted a ticket booth outside the small fence near the Visitor’s bleachers. That would have to do until I could think of something else. I ran as fast as I could towards the freestanding booth while trying to keep myself covered and upon reaching the kiosk, I literally jumped over the open counter top and ducked down below.   
  
I was shaking like crazy at what had just happened. I didn’t have time to relax though as I soon heard voices – MALE voices coming in my direction. THE BOY’S TRACK TEAM!!! Their voices grew louder as they got closer. I scrunched myself into a small little ball and literally hugged the short plywood wall hoping against hope that they wouldn’t spot me! I’d just die if the boys I went to school with knew what I looked like naked – not to mention what would happen to my reputation!!!  
  
Mercifully they passed by without seeming to notice. Every few minutes I had to relive that same terror as a new group of boys approached and ultimately passed by. If they only knew how close they came to a naked girl!!   
  
I had to wait crouched in that ticket booth as the boys coach put them through their paces. Hearing all those boys made me quite aroused. Ridiculous I know, but somehow this whole thing seemed to play into my addiction of risk-taking and the adrenalin rush that often accompanied it. Before long my fingers were doing all the work and I got myself off just as some boys passed by the booth on their way home! It took all I had to keep silent as my vagina spasmed one glorious contraction after another!!  
  
I may be crazy, but one thing I was sure of, that each successive orgasm I gave myself after starting all this naked business was stronger than the previous one. At this rate if I kept this up I’d go into full-body seizures before all this was through!!!  
  
Eventually the camp broke up and everyone left. My only hope was staying put in the ticket booth until dark and then somehow making it home undetected. I had no idea how on earth I was going to explain this to my mom who surely would be waiting for me. I had plenty of time to think of something, though as I wasn’t about to go anywhere anytime soon.  
  
One thing was certain in my own mind at least. I wasn’t about to let Abby run my life. There was no way I was going to back down. Who did she think she was, anyway? Make no mistake about it; I planned on being at track camp the next day come hell or high water, Abby or no Abby!  
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Four**

I sat in the booth trying to pass the time when I suddenly heard a couple of girls talking and it sounded as if they were coming my way. I was sure everyone had already gone home. Just then I literally almost jumped out of my skin as I heard the loud thud of two backpacks being tossed on the ticket booth counter right above where I was hiding. The girls stood there for a moment chatting away still unaware that I was crouched below.  
  
I heard one girl say, “So Brooke, how did your track camp go? Do you think you have a chance at making the team?”  
  
“It went Okay I guess for my first time trying out. I held my own but that new girl, Katie Lynn, man is she ever fast!” the second girl responded.  
  
It felt good hearing them talk about me in such a positive light. I remembered Brooke from camp. She was one of the new girls. I didn’t know much else about her but she seemed nice and was definitely a Hottie.  
  
Brooke continued, “I was going to try and introduce myself to Katie Lynn after practice but she just flat out disappeared. I didn’t see her in the locker room or anything.”  
  
“Maybe she had to get home or something. I’m sure it wasn’t anything personal.”  
  
“Yeah well it would have been nice to make a few friends. That Abby gives me the creeps.”  
  
”Abby? I don’t believe I know her,” the first girl replied.  
  
Brooke chuckled, “She’s just, like, THE most popular girl on campus, you know the type – great bod, rich, hangs with all the popular kids and is loaded with talent. She’s like miles above the rest of us and she knows it!”  
  
“Yeah I know the type. Too bad we all can’t be like her.”  
  
The girls stood there talking for a few moments as my heart began pounding. Having them find me cowering naked is not the best way to make a good first impression. I silently pleaded for them to just go away!  
  
Finally I heard one of them pick up a backpack and say, “So long, Brooke. Thanks for waiting for me. See you tomorrow,” and walked away.  
I heard Brooke rummaging through her belongings on the counter and was hoping she’d leave soon as well because I felt an irritation in my nose and I was afraid I was going to . . .  
  
“ACHOO!” I bellowed out unable to stop myself.   
  
“Who’s there?” she called out as she peered over the counter, “MY GAWD its Katie Lynn and you’re . . . you’re naked!!”   
  
“SHHHHHHHH!” I yelled in a loud whisper. I looked up and Brooke was leaning way over the counter staring at me. All I could do was shrug my shoulders and smile. “Abby did it.” I finally said meekly.  
  
Brooke giggled and asked, “Are you alright?”   
  
“Yeah I guess so, nothing that a nice set of clothes wouldn’t cure. I don’t suppose you . . .”  
  
“No sorry, I’ve just got what I have on.” Brooke looked me over with an awkward grin and finally continued, “What on earth happened?”  
  
“It seems Abby feels threatened by my speed and warned me not to try out for the team and then stripped me and destroyed my clothes.”  
  
Brooke just laughed. “I’m sorry. It’s not funny I know, but you should see how silly you look hiding in there. How are you going to get home?”  
  
“I guess I’ll wait until its dark then run like crazy through that alley over there until I get home!”  
  
“Are you crazy? You’ll get caught for sure?”  
  
Without thinking I blurted out, “Naw, I’ve done it dozen’s of times at night before. I’ll be alright.”  
  
Brooke’s eyes widened and a shocked look came over her face and I realized that I said the wrong thing. “You mean you’ve streaked the neighborhood at night . . . like, TOTALLY NAKED?!!”  
  
I cleared my throat and tried desperately to think of something to explain what I meant but it was obvious that no matter what I said now she already knew the truth. “Um . . . okay I’m busted. Please don’t say anything to anyone it’s not what you think.”  
  
“What do I think?” Brooke said mischievously with a wry smile on her face.   
  
“You think that I’m some kind of perverted nut case.”  
  
“Yep! That’s what I’m thinking alright,” she answered giggling.   
  
I pleaded with her with my eyes, “You don’t understand. I wanted to make the track team and I needed a lot of work, but didn’t want anyone to know about it so I’ve been practicing at night. In order to force myself to get faster I decided to run the track naked. It worked too. You saw how fast I was out there today.”  
  
“YOU’VE BEEN RUNNING THE HIGH SCHOOL TRACK IN THE NUDE?!!!  
  
“SHHHHHHHH! Not so loud!” I was beginning to see my life flash before my eyes. I just knew I had blown it by confiding in her. Why oh why didn’t I just make up a lie! It would have been better than removing all doubt by speaking the truth.  
  
“It really works??” Brooke asked quite sincerely.  
  
“Um, yeah,” I explained truthfully, “I was nowhere near this fast a couple of weeks ago.”  
  
“A couple of WEEKS ago?” Brooke remarked doubtfully. She then climbed over the shelf of the ticket kiosk and joined me inside on the ground. She leaned over and whispered carefully so that no one else could hear, “Would you help me get faster too?”  
  
“HUH?”  
  
“Look, all my brothers were on the track team in high school and I really want to continue that tradition. But let’s face it I’m nowhere near as fast as you. I need help.”  
  
Let me get this straight you want to join me running the track naked at night so you can increase your speed?”  
  
“If that’s what it takes. Besides, it sounds like fun, how about it?”  
  
I shook my head in disbelief. Was this girl just putting me on to get me in trouble or was she sincere.  
  
“I don’t know . . .” I stammered trying to think of something to say so as not to hurt her feelings. The last thing I wanted to do was have company on my intimate moments of thrill seeking. Of course having someone else WOULD after all increase the risk that something could go wrong. My pulse quickened a bit at that thought. More risk . . . hmmmm.  
  
“If you let me join you I’ll bring you back some clothes so you don’t have to wait here until after dark . . .” Brooke said sweetening the deal.  
  
“Done!” I replied hastily. “Just promise me you’ll keep this just between us, okay?”  
“I promise. Can we start tonight?”  
  
“TONIGHT? Aren’t you all tired out from running today?”  
  
“Yeah well, I’m in pretty good shape and I’m not tired at all. I just need to somehow increase my speed. I want to be a sprinter and run the 100-yard dash. Your idea might just give me the incentive I need to get a faster start off the mark.”  
  
“Okay, tonight it is. Meet me here a little after midnight. Can you do that?”  
  
“I’ll be here don’t you worry. I just live in that neighborhood over there just like you.”  
  
We exchanged a few more pleasantries and Brooke left to go to her house and get me some clothes. When she returned a short time later I was pleased to discover that her clothes fit perfectly. As it turned out we were pretty close to the same size.  
  
As usual when the midnight hour arrived I stripped off and made my usual trek to the track. On the journey my thoughts began to look forward to the excitement of seeing Brooke naked for the first time. I didn’t really know why, as I wasn’t the least bit interested in other girls. Perhaps it was the naughty, erotic nature of HOW I was going to see her naked that got my juices flowing. I mean seeing her in the showers would be no big deal but seeing her strip off outside on the track – THAT was unusual to say the least.   
  
When I arrived I saw Brooke standing next to the ticket booth and she was already naked! Any doubts about her setting me up quickly left my mind. When I got to her I remarked, “Great you’ve already stripped out of your clothes.”  
  
“What clothes,” she giggled. “I ran over here from my house like this. That’s how you do it isn’t it?”  
  
I laughed and nodded my head. We worked about an hour at the track paying special attention to short sprints. Good heaven’s, was Brooke beautiful! She was perky up top and shaved down below and there wasn’t an ounce of fat on her. I was mesmerized by the sight of her bending over at the starting block and then bolting off down the track at my signal. I must have changed my position a dozen times just to get a look at her from different angles. For some strange reason I seemed quite aroused by her body. What was happening here, I wondered? I then told her to imagine the stands full of students all looking at her and just like that classic bad dream she was now suddenly naked and everyone could see EVERYTHING!! That idea worked because her times got better and better as the night went on.   
  
After we were through Brooke thanked me for my help and then added, “See you tomorrow night.”  
  
I shook my head and corrected her, “No, I’ll see you at track camp in the afternoon.”  
  
She looked at me as if I had lost my mind. “Are you NUTS? What about Abby? You mean you’re STILL going to show up after what happened to you today?”  
  
“Yeah she doesn’t scare me and the sooner she finds that out the better. She just got the jump on me today. THAT won’t happen again.”  
  
Brooke couldn’t believe what I had just said. “Okay, if that’s the way you want it. See you at camp.”  
  
The next day I got to campus a little early and hid a plastic bag containing an extra set of clothes in the ticket kiosk – just in case. There’s nothing like planning ahead, I always say.  
  
I went to the locker room and Brooke was already there changing. She gave me a knowing look and an intriguing smile. “What was that all about,” I wondered. Perhaps it was because we shared something a wee bit intimate and naughty the night before.  
  
As it was early I asked Brooke if she wanted to work on some things at the track before everyone else arrived. Before she could answer I felt someone behind me place a firm grip on my shoulders and spin me around.   
  
“Well, well, look what we have here,” Abby said to her cohorts. “It’s that SLOW LEARNER, Katie Lynn! I thought I told you not to show up today.”  
  
Out of the corner of my eye I spotted Brooke making a mad dash for the door. I didn’t blame her leaving and I could only hope she was actually running for help and not running away like a coward.

**The Midnight Run – Part Five**

The other girls all encircled me as Abby stood menacingly in front of me. “I’m guessing that you’re not too bright, are you sweetheart? So I’m willing to give you one more chance. You can leave now on your own since Coach isn’t here yet or . . .”  
  
“Or what,” I snapped confidently. “I’m not afraid of you. I plan on making this team – maybe even taking YOUR place.” I said with a mocked laugh. On the inside I was trembling but there was no way I was going to let her know that. I wanted her to know that I was going to stand my ground. I was sure if she thought she had a fight on her hands, that I wasn’t just going to be a pushover and back down, she’d leave me alone.  
How wrong I was!  
  
Abby remained calm as she gently ran her finger down my cheek. “Tsk, tsk, I guess you want to do this the hard way. Fine by me, I think perhaps . . . yes, I think you might need something a little more personal to serve as a reminder of what it means to cross me.” The girls all grabbed me and started to strip me once again. Knowing that I had another set of clothes hidden I didn’t struggle as much. This was the second time Abby surprised me and got the better of me. I obviously had underestimated her. There wouldn’t be a third.   
  
Once I was naked and that loser with the knife had cut up my clothes like before, I was sure this was over. Instead to my surprise the girls literally picked me up, each holding onto an arm or a leg and started carrying me into the showers. They did it so easily it hardly seemed like they expended any effort at all they were so strong! I was then unceremoniously plopped on the floor and Abby turned on the cold water.  
  
As the water sprayed my body wetting my hair and then trickling down the rest of me, I squeaked a bit at the shock but then tried desperately not to show any further emotion. They laughed at me as water puddled around my naked body. “Is this the best you can do,” I thought to myself? I didn’t have to wait long to find out they had more in mind.   
  
Once I was good and soaked, I was then dragged across the floor out of the spray of the still running water and three of the girls held me flat on my back. Abby stood over me smiling for a few seconds. She then pulled a razor and a small can of shaving cream from behind her back. “I never did like all that hair you have down there. It’s disgusting,” She said in a most insulting tone. “I think a little modification is in order.”  
  
My eyes widened as I realized what she was about to do. Abby sat on my belly facing my feet and her butt inches from my face. I struggled to no avail. “Careful,” Abby said with a sickening sweetness. “I wouldn’t want to cut you. Best hold still.”  
  
My hair!! I LOVED my pubes!! It wasn’t really THAT bad. I kept it trimmed into a nice little triangle. I couldn’t believe she was going to do that to me!! I was going to kill that bitch. I laid there quietly as I resigned myself to the inevitable. There was no use fighting as they were too strong. She lathered me up good frequently running her fingers down between my legs, teasing me by making circular motions over my clit before returning to lather my pubes. Back and forth, up and down – way more than necessary her fingers worked the foam. Make no mistake about it she was purposely trying to be sexual – she knew what she was doing to me. In fact I was sure she was enjoying it! How disgusting it was having another girl touch me down there doing something so personal. I knew from their vantage point the girls were also getting a great view of my pussy. Though I couldn’t see exactly what they were doing, my vision blocked by Abby’s hulky frame, I kept hearing bursts of laugher which only added to my shame. They all watched as Abby tried to get me off!! She was having an effect too and I began to worry that if she didn’t stop soon I’d embarrass myself by climaxing in front of them! Eventually Abby started shaving. The feel of the razor scratching over skin that never before felt such a thing was weird!  
  
Just when I thought it couldn’t get any worse I heard voices. Many of the other girls at camp started arriving and they all seemed to want to watch. “Ooooohhh what sweet lips,” I heard one girl mock in an obvious reference to my now smooth-shaven labia. Her remark caused many to laugh hysterically. They all stood there with eyes sparkling with excitement as Abby made exaggerated shaving motions around my pelvis. There was constant giggling but not one girl dared to intervene or offer any help. As I looked around the room it looked as if all the girls were ENJOYING my humiliation. That was all I needed. Didn’t I have ANY friends?   
  
When she was through she remarked, “A masterpiece if I do say so myself!” I was then dragged under the running water and left there in a pile getting soaking wet as the others looked on. When I looked down I was surprised to see so much skin. She had indeed shaved me bare!! Though I had seen other girls without pubes, so much bare skin on ME looked awkward. I felt totally humiliated. I decided not to let Abby get the best of me, so I calmly stood up as if none of this had affected me and slowly began to rinse off as if it was a perfectly normal thing to do. At least that stopped the laughter.   
  
I stood under the cold water a few minutes as the other girls went about their business and then shut off the shower. Of course no one had bothered to leave me a towel so I had to walk clear across the locker area dripping as I went looking for one. Damn bitches must have hidden them all!  
  
Just as I made it to the middle of the room I heard a loud knock and a male voice shout in an almost military fashion, “MAN ON THE FLOOR!” I wheeled around facing the door and who should walk in but none other than our cute, college-aged coach!  
  
He was carrying a bundle of papers and stopped dead in is tracks when he saw me standing there. Then it hit me like a Peterbuilt truck going 100 miles per hour. I WAS NAKED!!!! AND SHAVED!!!!! I was in panic mode. I wanted to run but my body seemed frozen, my feet too heavy for me to even lift much less run anywhere. I just stood there dripping wet like some stupid fool looking into his eyes, which I saw were looking up and down my body taking it all in. Oh gawd, I just wanted to die!!  
  
Looking at me he tried to suppress a smile, calmly cleared his throat and tried to act all official. “Ah, Katie Lynn, people usually take showers AFTER they workout, not before.” The girls all giggled. Then to the rest of the group he added, “Nice prank but as I said yesterday, this is serious business and I don’t want to see any more shenanigans out of you. We’ve got much too much work to do and so little time to do it.”  
  
At least he thought it was all a prank. My heart was pounding a mile a minute as I took in what had just happened! I had been seen naked – up close and personal by a guy. Not just any guy but our coach!   
  
“Ah, Katie Lynn . . .”  
  
“Yes coach?”  
  
“You can get dressed now. The fun is over.”  
  
“Yes coach,” I said sheepishly immediately using my arms to cover myself. One of the girls tossed me a towel and I quickly used it to wrap around me. It was barely long enough to cover the good stuff but finally I was somewhat decent as I listened to what coach had to say. He started passing around papers to everybody. When he came to me he lingered a bit, looked me in the eye, smiled for a second and then handed me my paper before continuing on to the other girls. I was so embarrassed I could hardly stand it. I wondered what he thought about my body when he saw me standing there naked. Did he like it? Did he think I was childish all shaven like I was?  
  
“Listen up,” coach continued after all the papers were passed out. “This material I gave you contains some leg exercises I want you all to do in the weight room before practice everyday for the rest of camp. In fact we are all going to the weight room now so I can teach you how to do these correctly. We’ll spend some time there today before hitting the track. The more you develop your leg muscles the faster you can run and the less likely you are to hurt yourself doing it.” As he talked he kept looking over at me subtly as I stood there still clad only in the towel – it was all I had to wear!   
  
He eventually told us all to follow him as he headed toward the weight room. As the other girls left, Brooke lingered behind. “Sorry I left you before but I was scared.”  
  
“That’s Okay,” I said consolingly, “this is my fight not yours.”  
  
Looking at me for a second she asked, “What are you going to do now? Are you going to quit?”  
  
“Hell no, I’m not going to quit. I need you to do me a favor.”  
  
“Sure, if I can.”  
  
“Outside in the ticket booth I’ve got some clothes hidden in a plastic bag. Bring them to me would you please while I dry off.”  
  
“Okay, I’ll be right back,” she said as she hastily left the room.  
  
While she was gone and I was alone in the locker room I checked myself out in the mirror. How different I looked!! I could clearly see the outline of my lips protruding between my legs and the hood of my clitoris was now, well, much more prominent than I imagined! So this is what they were all laughing at I thought. There was no sense pouting over all this. What was done is done. I had to move on. I was determined not to let Abby get the best of me. In fact I decided not to show any weakness whatsoever. I decided right then and there I was going to keep the shaved look – at least for now. I’d shave everyday and use lotion too to keep it smooth for that “In your face, take that you bitch” look if Abby ever got the best of me again. I’ll show her.  
  
My thoughts were interrupted by Brooke returning. “Did you find them?” I asked still looking at myself in the mirror.  
  
“No – there wasn’t any plastic bag in the ticket booth,” she said seriously.  
  
“WHAT?!!” I said as I wheeled around to face her.  
  
“Kidding!” she laughingly replied as she handed me my bag. “That was pretty smart of you to plan ahead like that.”  
  
“I don’t like to lose. Like I said I’m not afraid of Abby.”  
  
After dressing we both made our way to the weight room in the other side of the gym. Coach, who was instructing one of the girls on the weight machine, looked up and spotted me. He looked me up and down smiling as if to say: ‘Gee, I know what you look like under all those clothes.’   
  
“So nice of you to join us,” he finally said sarcastically and continued with his instruction.  
  
It felt awkward being in the same room with him knowing he had seen ALL of me. The worst part was that I began to get aroused as I replayed that whole scene over and over in my mind. What was wrong with me?  
  
The best part of the whole morning was when Abby first noticed I had returned and was dressed. The surprised look on her face immediately followed by a scowl let me know that I had won a little victory of my own. She now knew I wasn’t going to back down. That expression on her face let me know I had gotten to her – even if it was only a small victory, I had gotten to her. I was sure she had expected me to cower in some corner wondering how I was going to get home naked. Instead I was dressed in proper track attire and boldly joining the camp without missing a thing. I felt pride welling up within me. I wasn’t so dumb after all, was I you little bitch?  
  
On the track I once again did marvelously well. I channeled my anger at Abby into my performance on the field. I was more determined than ever to make the team.   
  
To my great pleasure even Brooke outdid herself. In fact coach even remarked, “Brooke what’s happened to you? You outdid yourself today. Keep it up.”  
  
Brooke was faster and looked sharper out there than I recalled the day before. She was smiling more too. Maybe my Midnight run training actually works! I chuckled at that thought.   
  
“Did you see me out there?” she said with excitement as the camp ended for the day. “I was way more confident today, wasn’t I?”  
  
“You looked sharp!”  
  
“Not only that, I was having FUN!! Who thought running could be fun?”  
  
Brooke and I agreed to meet again at the track at our usual appointed time. We both had a lot of work to do and I needed a distraction of my own after all the excitement today. I might just push the envelope farther than I had ever done after Brooke and I were through tonight. Maybe someone else will finally get to see my “new look!” I couldn’t help but get a tingly feeling all over as I thought about that. Maybe Abby really did me a favor after all.  
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Six**

At Midnight I once again ran nude all the way to the track and there, like the previous night, Brooke was already naked by the ticket booth waiting for me.   
  
“I was almost seen tonight,” Brooke said excitedly!! “Old man Johnson was taking out his garbage cans for the morning pick-up. I almost didn’t spot him until I was almost right on top of him!”   
  
“What did you do?” I asked.  
  
“I ducked behind a car parked in the street and waited there until I was sure he had gone inside.”  
  
“Wow! I’ll bet THAT was nerve-wracking, huh?”  
  
“You know it was at the time but now I think of it, it was kind of, you know, exciting. Do you now what I mean?”  
  
“Yeah Brooke, I think I do,” I replied with a knowing smile.  
  
We worked on her starting-block technique like coach had instructed us and ran a bunch of sprints. It was a good workout for both of us. All the while I was admiring her body which was making me horny. I was intrigued by every curve; and by her breasts – they were so perky, so pointy in fact I loved them! I began thinking of what I could do to take a bigger risk of being seen on the way home. I was determined to have a little fun myself after the day I had had already. I deserved it after all.  
  
“Was that a CAR?!” I heard Brooke say nervously as she suddenly stopped running. I looked around and didn’t hear anything or see anything out of place. We both stood there standing for a few minutes as the adrenalin faded away.   
  
“I guess I’m just seeing things,” Brooke said finally. “I must be a bit on edge after almost getting caught by old man Johnson.”  
  
“Yeah, I know how it is. Don’t let your nerves get the best of you. Relax and enjoy yourself!” We then resumed our naked workout on the track. About 15 minutes later we decided to call it a night and started walking back towards the 3-foot fence that encircled the track and stadium. We had no sooner exited the gate and had turned the corner of the visitor’s bleachers when I was suddenly grabbed from behind. Whoever it was had a firm grip on me holding my arms behind my back.   
  
“Well, well, well, WHAT do we have here?”  
  
“Abby!!” I gasped. “How did you . . . Where did you . . .”  
  
I saw Brooke bolting as usual before she too was trapped by these hoodlums. Some friend I thought but then figured she wasn’t that brave anyway. It wasn’t really her fault. So far these girls had left her alone and I guess she wanted to keep it that way. By running away they obviously thought she was scared of them and not really a threat.   
  
“Out for a little practice are we?”  
  
I just looked Abby dead in the eye as she kept talking. “You must LIKE being naked. Look at you all stripped off and ready to go. Saved me the trouble of doing it for you doesn’t it?”  
  
“Look you can’t frighten me and I’m not quitting track camp.” I snapped as firmly as I could even though my heart was pounding away. Damn that makes THREE times this crazy bitch caught me off-guard. I began to get mad at myself for letting that happen.  
  
“Oh you’re a brave one, huh?” she said as she pinched the nipple of my left breast causing me to let out a small squeak. “We’ll see how brave you are after tonight.”  
  
“Why,” I said swallowing hard. “What are you planning to do? If you hurt me you’ll be in BIG trouble.”  
  
“Who said anything about hurting you? As I said before, I’m only trying to show you that I can make your life miserable if you cross me. And surely by now you know that I can be really good at that, don’t you?” As she said that she ran her hand over my bare pubic area to emphasize that fact. She got a surprised look on her face and said mockingly “Ooooohh smooth! Check it out girls, she must have shaved again!”  
  
Each girl took a turn feeling my pelvis and more than a few stray fingers found my clit sending a shock wave throughout my body.  
  
“I kinda LIKE my new look,” I said defiantly hoping to let the wind out of her sails. “In fact I might just keep it that way from now on.” Man was that ever a lie. I wanted my pubic hair back so bad it was driving me crazy! I was only keeping it shaved to piss Abby off. This was war and I was going to win it, well eventually anyway!!  
  
Turning to her friends she asked, “What do you think girls? Do boys like shaved or unshaved better?”  
  
“Gee I don’t know Abby. That’s a tough one,” the girl holding my arms replied. “Let’s find out!” With that they all started walking dragging me along. I struggled but it was of no use. There were too many of them and they were too strong. After a short distance I saw a small pick-up truck parked behind the bleachers. So THAT’S what Brooke thought she saw! At least I know how they got here.  
  
“What are you doing?” I asked trying not to sound nervous.  
  
“You’ll see,” one of them replied with a giggle. They lowered the truck’s tailgate and forced me into the back truck bed. Once inside they stood me up and pushed me to the front of the truck and turned me around so that my back was against the cab of the truck. “STAND STRAIGHT!” Abby barked. Before I knew what was happening my arms were forced behind me, bent at the elbows and they used long plastic wire-ties to bind my arms parallel to the truck’s roll bar. I tried to get loose but the more I struggled the tighter the straps seemed to get. Two of the girls then used ropes to wrap around my ankles and spread my legs as far apart as they could get them. They secured the ropes to the metal eyelets in the truck bed floor. The result was that I was now standing naked in the back of the truck, arms secured behind my back tied to the roll bar in such a fashion that my chest was pushed out accentuating my breasts. My legs were spread wide and held firmly in place so that my vagina was clearly exposed. I couldn’t move a muscle no matter how hard I tried. The truck side panels offered no cover either. Because I was standing they barely came up to below my knees!  
  
Abby walked up to me and pinched my nipple again. “Still feeling brave?”  
  
“Hell yeah,” I replied.  
  
“I’ll give you one more chance to avoid all this. You just tell me that you’re going to quite track camp and not try out for the team and I’ll let you go. What do you say?”  
  
“Bite me!” I snapped, instantly regretting my choice of words as soon as they had left my mouth because Abby did just that! She bent down and took my nipple sensuously in her mouth and then using her teeth slowly, teasingly bit down. The sensation was both painful and erotic. She kept up the pressure until I squealed! Then and only then did she let go!  
  
“Don’t try me girly-girl,” Abby said as she waved her arms and the other girls all piled into the truck. Abby sat down near the tailgate as one of the girls returned and handed her a box before running off to get back inside the truck. I then heard the truck’s engine start and the driver slowly pulled away. Holy crap what were they up to, I wondered?  
  
Abby continued opening that cardboard box. My curiosity got the best of me and I finally asked, “What’s in the box?”  
  
Abby pulled out what looked to be a huge flashlight on steroids. “Oh this little thing, it’s a 3 million candle-power spot light. She pointed it at the stadium and pressed the trigger and to my shock the whole stadium was illuminated as clear as if the sun shown on it during daylight.   
  
I was beginning to get a bad feeling about all this.  
  
Abby sat on the floor of the truck bed and faced me as the driver reached the back alley that ran along the shopping centers near my neighborhood. Abby laughed out loud as I began looking around to see where we were going. “Tonight I guess we’re going to find out how much people like your shaved look or not.”  
  
“What . . . what do you mean?!!”  
  
“Oh, I thought we’d take a little drive. First, we’ll head down through town making sure we drive slow-enough so everyone can see you. Then I thought we’d head to the Starlight Cinema. They’re having a midnight showing of the Rocky Horror Picture Show. You know that movie where everyone dresses up in goofy costumes and acts out the action on the screen while the movie plays. I can’t figure it out but it’s really popular with the high school and college crowd. It’s always packed.” She then looked at her watch. “It’ll probably let out just about the time we get there. I’d say you’re going to be the hit of the show!!” She then laughed hysterically at her own wit only I didn’t think it was funny at all! “Just think how many people will see your naked little ass tonight!”  
  
As we drove along the secluded back alley, Abby began demonstrating the spotlight. She suddenly turned it on and centering it at my pelvis bathing almost my entire naked body in bright-white light!!   
  
“No one will miss noticing you with this on, will they?”  
  
Oh this bitch was EVIL!! She kept teasing me with that spotlight turning it on for a few seconds then turning it off only to turn it back on again.   
  
“I’d advise you NOT to look at the light unless you want to go blind. Just look out at the side. You wouldn’t want to miss all the people looking at you would you sweet-cheeks?”  
  
As we slowly drove along the back alley Abby came closer and said, “Look, this is your last chance. Just tell me you’re quitting and we can get you back to the track. Once we turn onto the highway I’m not stopping until I expose you to as many people as I can. What do you say?”  
  
“Eat me, bitch!” I yelled angrily at the top of my lungs!! There was no way I was going to give in to her. Not now, not ever!  
  
If I wasn’t strapped securely in place I would have fainted when I saw the look in Abby’s eyes. I then realized I had done it again. “I thought you’d never ask,” she said giggling and she crawled over to me and looked up at my face.  
  
“Don’t you DARE!!!” I screamed as her face came closer the spot between my legs. “ABBY I’M NOT JOKING!! YOU’D BETTER NOT . . . Mmmppphhhhhhnh!” My words got all mumbled as I felt her soft lips kissing my clit. Then I felt her tongue! I became instantly wet and started shaking like I was in the middle of an earthquake. It was the first time anyone – let alone a GIRL - did that to me!! I was repulsed but there was no denying my arousal. It was heaven!! My breathing quickened and my heart was pounding. Mentally I couldn’t comprehend what was happening to me. I was conflicted in so many ways. There I was driving along at night on a public alleyway, tied naked in the back of an open pick-up truck with a girl eating me out! I was shy and craved taking risks but I NEVER wanted any of them to come true!! I wasn’t a lesbian either but there was no denying my body was reacting to the pleasure it was receiving!   
  
I was about to reach orgasm when she pulled away denying me my relief, which in itself was more cruel than anything she had done to me so far. The truck stopped at the end of the alleyway – my neighborhood street! “This is your final opportunity,” she said as she teased me with the spotlight again. “I’m not kidding. This is it. What will it be?”  
  
My only thought was what if my mom happened to be out and saw me like this all lit up with this bright light! Hell the light alone was bright enough to attract anyone’s attention!!!  
  
The girls kept the truck idling in place as they waited for Abby’s instructions. It was clear to me that they had planned all this out well in advance. They even knew to wait at the end of this road before proceeding. There was no doubt they would go through with everything just as they said they would.  
  
“Well?” Abby asked impatiently. “I’m waiting.”  
  
I thought of all the reasons why I wanted to be on the track team. I thought of all the reasons why I was sacred to death that she would indeed follow through with what she had threatened. I looked at her, opened my mouth and said . . .   
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Seven**

“Hell no, I’m not giving in to you. In fact, you may as well enjoy yourself tonight because I’m going to get my due, you just wait.” I couldn’t believe the boldness of the words coming out of my mouth. But once said there was no going back!  
  
Abby pounded the side panel of the truck and shouted, “Head on out girls!”  
  
As the truck started moving I instinctively tightened my butt cheeks and muttered quietly, “Oh crap what have I done!!”  
  
The truck slowly turned the corner and I saw the stop sign that I so boldly ran out to naked and touched that first night near the 4-lane highway not so long ago! Looking back that was nothing compared to what was about to happen to me now!!  
  
The girls turned into the strip-type shopping center and proceeded to drive up next to the sidewalk near the stores. “Let’s see if anyone’s at home shall we?” Abby said chuckling. “Oh look! Is that Billy Thompson from school in that store?”  
  
My head swiveled so fast to check it out I almost strained a muscle. “WHERE!!!” I asked excitedly.  
  
“No . . . my mistake, it’s just a mannequin, see?”  
  
“Damn you!”  
  
“Gee, if I didn’t know better I’d say you had a crush on ole Billy Thompson. Maybe he’s at the picture show tonight.” She said with an evil cackle.  
  
“Shut up!” I snapped flippantly. “Just shut up!”  
I couldn’t help but look into EVERY store now. Lights were on in most of them but they should all be closed, but one can never be sure that someone might not be working late at night. My heart was pounding and my clit was throbbing as I realized that at any minute my greatest fear might be realized – that someone might see me naked. I couldn’t stop that from happening now even if I wanted to! The “not knowing” of who or when or even the “IF” was all too maddening. The stress was unbearable! I tried to act brave but it was a losing battle. I’m sure Abby knew the tension I was under and she seemed to be enjoying – no make that relishing it to the max!  
  
The truck left the shopping center and headed toward the grocery store. The lights in the parking lot were a bit brighter here than they were at the darkened strip-shopping center not that it really mattered. I knew people might be at this store because there were cars in the parking lot. From my experience people were always working here at this store even if it wasn’t open.   
  
My eyes were glued to the large storefront windows scanning for any signs of life. Then it happened. The truck slowed and I saw a girl sweeping the floor near the window. Abby turned on the spotlight bathing my body in bight light. This caused the girl to look up. The look on her face was priceless – first she was confused, then when she realized what she was looking at she ran to the front, pressed her face to the window and smiled a big open-mouth smile and laughed! She LAUGHED!!! The girls stopped the truck as if on cue so she could get a better look. I saw her turn around and wave her arms at the back of the store as the truck started moving again. Thank heavens we were leaving! My relief was short lived. All the girls did was turn to their left and then maneuver the truck perpendicular to the store window and began backing the truck up towards the girl. I was no longer giving her a profile of my naked body, she was seeing me head-on!! I wanted to crawl under the nearest rock.  
  
Just then I detected some movement inside the store to my left. I then saw two boys running towards the window. They too were all smiles as they stared at my naked body. They must have been the ones the girl was waving her arms at. I wondered what they were thinking. Did they like what they saw or were they making fun of me? ‘MOVE THIS DAMN TRUCK’ I silently pleaded. Abby of course played with that damn spotlight turning it on and off – aiming it first at my breasts then my vagina. She was having a ball! I wanted to desperately close my legs together – oddly enough not to keep them from looking but rather to squeeze them against my clit which was literally aching for something to touch it! I was sure the spotlight accentuated the wetness between my legs. It must have been glaringly obvious, first, because of my own juices and secondly because of Abby’s slobbering all over it.  
  
All I could do was watch as they pointed at me smiling. Well at least they were just looking. Then I saw one boy raise his cell phone and a flash went off. My Gosh, he took my picture!!! That jerk took a picture of me NAKED! I hadn’t thought about that possibility. Oh crap, I wondered how many times THAT would happen tonight.  
  
After an agonizingly long time, the girls started moving the truck again. They continued on to the next shopping center and slowly cruised around the parking lot next to each storefront. My body was so worked up it didn’t know what to do. Each passing store caused me to build up such a level of excitement I could hardly stand it. Yet with the passing of each store, there was no relief!  
  
I was beginning to see how the girls hoped to get me to the theatre complex without getting pulled over by the cops – they would stay in these parking lots. Heck they could travel for miles this way only getting onto the main highway just enough to get access into another parking lot whenever necessary.  
  
I was seen several times – almost at a rate of every other shopping center. This was maddening!!!   
  
As we cruised one large big box shopping center I saw the girls head for the Burger Queen located on out-parcel of land in the parking lot near the highway. The sign confirmed my worst fears: “Open all night!” The truck pulled into the drive through lane at the back of the building and stopped next to the order sign. A male voice asked, “May I take your order?”  
  
“I’d like two large Cokes please,” said one of the girls from inside the truck.   
  
“That’ll be $3.25 at the window please.”  
  
“Thank you,” the girl driving said laughing hysterically.  
  
She pulled around the restaurant and stopped at the window just a little short. As yet I was still far enough back I didn’t think he could see me. I heard the window open and the boy repeat the total. I heard some shuffling from the cab behind me and I assumed the driver was paying the dude. The truck sat there and shortly thereafter I heard the window open again. “Thanks,” I heard one of the girls say and the window closed again. The truck started to move forward and I thought I had made it home free. Maybe they were just thirsty and this wasn’t a part of the original plan.  
  
The truck slowly pulled past the window and stopped as I was even with it. The horn then honked and the clerk looked up and stared at me in surprise. He then smiled and opened the window. The girl driving shouted back, “Can we have two straws, please?”  
  
“Ah . . . yeah . . . sure thing,” he said and I saw him nervously reach down, grab two straws and start to bring them up to the window and dropped them on the floor. What was HE nervous about “I” was the one naked!! He tried once more and was so mesmerized by the sight of a naked girl out the window he dropped the darned things yet again! This went on for three more times. No wonder he dropped them every time – he never took his eyes off me – not once! Finally he got it right but the girls up front couldn’t reach them so they had to back the truck up. While they were doing that another car came up to the window right behind us!! Two college-aged guys were in the car and they hooted and howled out their windows.  
  
“What’s going on?” one guy asked.  
  
Abby popped up from her sitting position in the back of the truck and answered, “She gets off on being naked in public.”  
  
“Why is she tied up?” the other boy queried.  
  
“She’s also into bondage. She LIKES this sort of stuff!” Abby then turned on the spotlight and aimed it right at my vagina, “See how wet she is?”  
  
“Man that’s AWESOME!” the guy driving said. “Does she do Fraternity parties? We’ve got one coming up. She’d be the hit of the frat house for sure!”  
  
“Of COURSE she does parties,” Abby replied enthusiastically. “Her name is . . .”  
  
“ABBY NO!” I pleaded but it was too late Abby said it anyway.  
  
“Her name is Katie Lynn Turner and she’s in the book. Give her a call.”  
  
“THANKS!” the guy said excitedly. “Katie Lynn Turner. I got it!”  
  
Abby was laughing hysterically as we pulled away. “Looks like you might just turn out to be the hit of the college crowd!” All I could think about is what if they actually called and my mom answered the phone? I’d be dead for sure!  
  
Before long we turned into the Parking lot of the Starlight Cinema. True to her word the parking lot was indeed full of cars even this late. I glanced at the marquee sign and to my revulsion there it was: “Midnight – Rocky Horror Picture Show!” I had hoped that Abby had made all that up and that the film wasn’t even in town. I found out later it had been in town for over a year playing every Wednesday night at midnight. It was sort of like a cult thing drawing all sorts of crazies to act out the movie dressed in ridiculous and often times daring costumes. If you don’t believe me just Google the movie, you’ll be amazed!  
  
The truck pulled right up to the theatre’s main entrance and parked about 75 feet away from the main doors. Of course the BACK of the truck was facing those doors so that I would be easily seen when people left the theatre. The girls shut the truck off and waited. We were still somewhat in the shadows which I was grateful for. Abby stood up and came over to me and whispered, “You should have accepted my deal when you could have.”  
  
“Look,” I said firmly, “I played along with your little game but enough is enough. Turn me loose.”  
  
“No can do sweet-cakes. I gave you your chance and you declined remember?”  
  
“I’ll scream! Someone will surely call the cops and you’ll be in BIG trouble then.” Of course it was all a bluff. If I DID scream and someone DID call the cops I’d be embarrassed beyond belief and how would I explain having to testify at the hearing. It would all come out. Surely they would bring Brooke in and she’d have to tell all about our naked runs and my streaking the neighborhood. Everything would be revealed – probably even get in the paper. What would my mom say? How would I explain all this to everyone I know? No, I just hoped that she would buy my bluff and call it quits.  
  
“So you’ll scream, eh?” Abby said with a wry smile. “I thought of that. I’m no amateur you know.” She walked back and reached into the box and brought out a ball-gag and proceeded to place it in my mouth ultimately securing it around my head. “As I recall, you’re into bondage, right? This fits right in!”  
  
She then did something I NEVER expected. She reached into the box and pulled out a tube of lipstick. She made two large red circles on my cheekbones and colored them in and then painted my lips above and below the ball-gag. The way she did it she wasn’t very careful about it. I was sure I looked hideous! She then pulled out some kind of pink flimsy cap and put it on my head. It looked like it was made of pink gauze-like material with long goofy feathers hanging out from all over the place. The significance of this I failed to grasp. I just assumed it was to call attention to me and to further add to my humiliation. If that was her intention it worked, I was humiliated.  
  
Just then I heard voices – lots of voices!!! The doors opened and a crowd of people began leaving the theatre. I watched as most of them headed noisily for their cars. Abby was right about one thing. They were indeed mostly all dressed in costumes and some were pretty, um revealing.  
  
Abby stood back and said those words that struck fear into the very core of my being: “Its SHOW time!”  
  
She then turned on that stupid spotlight illuminating my nudity for all to see!!!  
  
I heard a girl call out as she pointed in my direction, “Hey what’s that over there!”   
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Eight**

My legs felt weak as I saw several people head in our direction, then a few more, then a few more! Many theatre patrons just headed towards their cars but the curious and the adventurous meandered to our truck.  
  
“What’s going on? I this some sort of initiation thing?” a boy asked as he reached the truck.   
  
Of course Abby took control of the entire situation. She stood up proudly as if this was all somehow normal and began to speak to the ever-increasing crowd.  
  
“Thank you all for your attention,” she said in her best emcee voice. “My associate, Katie Lynn,” she explained stopping long enough to wave her arm gracefully in my direction, “who is best known for her movie roll in the porn film ‘Lesbian Fury,’ would like to invite you all to see her latest film, ‘Bound and Determined’ now showing at the Venus Theatre on Clark Avenue.”   
  
“Hey I’ve heard of that movie,” some dude shouted out laughing.   
  
“Have you seen it yet, big boy?” Abby asked playfully.  
  
The man standing next to him poked him in the ribs and said jokingly, “Naw, his wife won’t let him!” Everyone laughed at his comment.  
  
“I’d like to encourage everyone to see it. But even if you can’t here’s your chance to help with a worthwhile charity event. Katie Lynn has obtained a silent sponsor who has agreed to donate $20 for every signature she can collect here tonight.”  
  
Another dude in the back spoke up and shouted supportively, “I’m all for supporting charitable causes, where do I sign?”  
  
“On her skin, of course,” Abby said as she waved a magic marker at the crowd.   
  
“What’s the catch?” he asked. “How much does it cost?”  
  
“No catch, just sign. Katie Lynn will show the signatures to her silent benefactor later this evening and he will tally them all up and contribute twenty dollars for each legible signature he can find. Now who wants to be first?”  
  
“I AM!” said a young man at the foot of the truck.   
  
“EXCELLENT! Step right up . . . careful now, don’t slip and fall off the truck and hurt your self. We aren’t liable for any injuries you know.” The young man eagerly climbed up on the truck and took a marker from Abby. He gave me a wicked look as he made his way to me and the crowd applauded and hollered like a bunch of party animals at Spring Break!  
  
I couldn’t believe it! Abby had out done herself this time and I hated her for it! Not only was this man and countless others going to get an up close and personal view of my body but they were going to TOUCH IT – no make that DEFACE it by writing on it and there wasn’t a thing I could do to stop them! I was bound and helpless. The conflict within me was almost unbearable. The little voices were silently shouting in my mind yelling “NO, STOP LOOKING AT ME – GET BACK and stay the hell away from me!” On the other hand, I was so horny that I wasn’t sure I wanted them to leave! “YES, come closer and touch me, PLEASE touch me,” my body was pleading, with all the hormonal excitement it could muster. I had no idea what I really wanted.  
  
The young man knelt down in front of me, much to the delight of the crowd which by now had worked itself up into a small frenzy. He was about to grab hold of my thigh, ostensibly to spread the skin out to make signing easier when Abby stopped him. “Hold on there big guy,” she said reaching out to grab him by the arm. My first reaction was: “that was cruel!” My body felt betrayed and that little voice shouted at her – “WHAT ARE YOU DOING - DON’T STOP HIM!!!” My eyes about popped out of my head though when I saw what she was now holding up to the crowd!   
  
“Just to make sure NOBODY gets too fresh or out of line,” she said laughing almost to the point of hysterics, “I think we need to put this in place to keep you all from taking unfair advantage of her!” My humiliation was complete as she waved the long purple vibrator at the crowd. She gave me a menacing glance and then turned it on. I’m sure nobody except the few of us in the truck actually heard the buzzing because of all the hooting and hollering. Much to my chagrin she proceeded to insert it into my vagina! It slid in ever so easily without any effort at all, a fact that seemed to please Abby to no end and its oscillating rhythm sent shockwaves up my spine. She whispered to me, “Best try and keep this in for your own sake, sweet-cakes.” I was so embarrassed as everyone looked at that thing shoved up inside of my personal place. Since my legs were tied spread apart, all I could do was to just try and squeeze my vaginal muscles as best I could.  
  
The young man who was now visibly aroused bent down again and ran the marker along the inside of my thigh signing his name! I couldn’t believe it! I gave a boy a boner!! Imagine ME doing that! It was all so exciting. When he was through he smiled at me and said, “Thanks!” and gave the marker back to Abby. The next boy signed his name on my right boob, playfully giving it a squeeze. This went on for several more people including a couple of more boys and, to my surprise, a few girls. The girls were the meanest. A couple of them even taunted me by sliding the vibrator up and down inside of me taking me right to the edge of ecstasy – then they would quit and suddenly walk off. That was so cruel!! And then it happened.  
  
I saw him! Billy Thompson, the boy I had a crush on was leering at me savoring my exposed flesh. I struggled against me bonds in a desperate attempt to flee! All the others I had noticed in the crowd were strangers. Here was somebody I actually knew – AND WOULD SEE AGAIN at school. He too eagerly climbed into the truck and gleefully took the marker. As he touched the inside of my right leg I lost control. My breathing quickened and my body began to jerk uncontrollably then suddenly the force of my vaginal contractions unceremoniously expelled the gooey phallus right onto the truck bed with a loud clank as Billy just looked on in amazement! Everyone watching knew what had just happened including Billy Thompson and they all began laughing their dang fool heads off! I was mortified beyond belief!  
  
“Did I do that?” Billy asked Abby hopefully, who was too bent over in hysterics to even manage an answer. Billy looked right up between my legs at the gaping hole before him and just stared for the longest time before one of the girls made him hurry up and sign so others could have a turn.  
  
Much to the pleasure of the crowd I expelled that vibrator several more times before the evening was through. Each time it was at a moment of intense orgasm and each time afterward I felt intense shame at what everyone had just witnessed. Such a private thing shouldn’t be shared in such a public setting.   
  
I’m not sure how long I was at the theatre as I was so lost in my personal passion of pleasure and shame. When the girls finally said it was time to head back I felt a slight depression come over me. Somewhere deep inside of me I didn’t want it to end.  
  
Upon arriving at the school I was literally dumped off the truck and onto the ground as the girls sped away with Abby shouting, “That’s the last we’ll see of her! Surely she’ll quit the track team now!” The laughter of the girls faded away as they headed off into the darkness. I was so completely exhausted and emotionally spent, all I could do was lay there for a while taking it all in. The front of my body was literally covered with signatures. If there really had been a charity fund event I would have raised thousands of dollars! What a mess I was. I was so overcome with emotions I didn’t know what to make of it all. I just collapsed on the grass and let my mind wander.  
  
When I DID finally come to my senses it was almost 5 o’clock and I realized I would have to hurry to beat my mom before she awakened and discovered I was missing. I ran at my best speed down the alleyway. Yes, by now the bread and soda vendors were there at the back of the grocery store and yes they got another eyeful as I ran past. I even got a round of applause from one of them who obviously appreciated my body. After what I had been through already that was the least of my worries!  
  
When I got to the house I saw that the bathroom light was on! My mom was already UP! I was in a panic that she probably had already noticed my empty bed. All sorts of excuses ran through my head as to what I was going to say to explain myself – especially if she caught me naked wearing lipstick on my cheeks and smeared across my lips! I was sure I looked like a tramp. Unfortunately all my reasons sounded pretty asinine.   
  
There was no putting it off. I had to get back into the house. My neighbors would be awake soon and heading off to work. I couldn’t stay on the porch much longer. I swallowed hard and opened the door and tip-toed inside. When I saw that the bathroom door was still closed and heard the shower running I quickly made my way down the hallway and into my room. I literally threw on my nightgown and panties and collapsed on my bed with my heart racing a mile a minute. I closed my eyes and mentally kicked myself for being so stupid!!  
  
I was startled by a noise at my door and, upon opening my eyes I saw my mom standing there looking at me. Realizing I still had that stupid lipstick on my cheeks I quickly turned on my side away from her and feigned a yawn.  
  
“Where were you?” My mom asked calmly. My heart nearly exploded as I realized that she KNEW!! “You weren’t in bed when I got up?” she said matter-of-factly. That’s it, my life was over I thought. There was no use in lying. I might as well just come clean. It will be easier on me in the long run. Just as I was about to turn over and confess my sins I heard her ask, “Where you out to get the paper? Is it here yet?”  
  
“Yeah . . .” I replied nervously still lying on my side still facing away from her. “I didn’t see it though so I went back to bed.” I wasn’t sure she really bought my answer but I was grateful for the opportunity that fate had given me.  
  
My mom stood at the door presumably staring at me. “You looked a little flushed,” she said sounding all motherly. “Are you feeling alright? I thought your cheeks were pretty red.”  
  
“I’m fine,” I said trying to sound put out like I usually do when she gives me the third degree. “It’s just this heat. It’s so darn hot out lately.”  
  
“Well just the same you’d better take it easy this morning.”  
  
“Yes MOM!” I replied flippantly and buried my face into the pillows just in case she was on her way over to check on me. She didn’t though and once again I seemed to have gotten away with it.  
  
I stayed in bed until I heard my mom leave and then got up. When I saw myself I the mirror I almost fainted. I looked hideous. I looked like a tramp. Then my eyes focused on THE SIGNATURES! I had forgotten about the signatures! Even though I was wearing my nightgown and panties, the bold signatures made with the back marker covered my exposed arms and legs!!! I didn’t fool my mom. She MUST have seen them! I was so depressed. I was sure that when she returned home I would be in for it but good!  
  
I crashed back into bed feeling sorry for myself. All I could think of was what Billy Thompson was thinking about me right now. How many people would he tell? What would people say about me when school started? I could hear all the boys in school snickering as I passed them in the halls between classes. I could clearly imagine how the girls at school would treat me – like a little slut! I felt ashamed and sorry for myself.   
  
I began to get depressed as I felt all my life’s energy fading away leaving me listless and apathetic. Then that little voice began speaking Abby’s last words as she drove off into the night, “That’s the last we’ll see of her! Surely she’ll quit the track team now!” The more I heard those words the angrier I became. True, I did in some bizarre way enjoy myself last night, but it wasn’t ALL fun and games. Abby was nothing but a cruel and mean-spirited person and I wasn’t about to let her get the best of me! My competitive spirit was strong and I decided that I was going to win this battle and make that team no matter what!  
  
My thoughts turned to revenge. I had to have a plan. This would take some time and a lot of patience but it would be worth it. I was going to make Abby pay and pay dearly. I wasn’t sure what I was going to do but it had to be special and VERY public!

**The Midnight Run – Part Nine**

Buoyed by my competitive spirit and motivated by revenge I was now more determined than ever to go to track camp today.  
  
I jumped into the shower and tried desperately wash off the grime and lipstick. Those came off fairly easily. What didn’t come off at all were those darned signatures! Try as I might, those scribbles across the front of my entire body were just as black and just as clearly legible as when I first started washing myself. They didn’t even smear! I must have spent 45 minutes scrubbing myself until I almost rubbed my skin raw and still they were there! What on earth was in that marker, some type of permanently indelible ink? Time was running short if I was going to camp so I dried myself off and went to my room to get dressed.  
  
I looked through my wardrobe for something to wear that would cover my arms and legs but not look out of place. Everything I tried was just too hot! If I covered myself as I needed to in order to hide the signatures, I’d collapse for sure from heat stroke on the track, not to mention how ridiculous I’d look in ninety degree heat.   
  
“That’s the last we’ll see her! Surely she’ll quit the track team now!” There were those words again. I decided that the best way to send Abby a stern message that I wasn’t a quitter was to show up for camp dressed as usual. She’d never expect me to do that!  
  
I put on my usual attire: sports bra, jersey and shorts and jogged to the school. Yes I know I looked like a total dweeb and that the other girls would probably tease me unmercifully but hey, the look on Abby’s face when she notices I’m still at camp would make it all worth while.  
  
As I expected, snickering was the order of the day as my classmates saw my arms and legs. I wasn’t sure if word had leaked out among the camp participants about what had happened to me the night before and to their credit nobody asked me. Still the mocking gaze of their eyes and the strained looks on their faces as they tried to stifle a grin did little to bolster my confidence.   
  
“Huddle up,” coach shouted as he made his way across the field. He examined his clipboard and began speaking, “Today we are going to do time trials. As you all know this will be the final step in helping us determine who will make the team this year. I hope you will all . . .” he suddenly stopped speaking as he spotted me standing there. There was an awkward silence as he tried to take it all in.  
  
“Katie Lynn . . . what on earth,” he said with a wry smile.  
  
The girls all began chuckling. It took all I could do just to stand there and take it. It was then I spotted Abby for the first time. She wasn’t laughing. She had the look of total shock! I KNEW she wasn’t expecting me to be at camp today. THAT’S the look I was hoping for. Once again my confidence reigned supreme!  
  
“What coach? Oh . . . these,” I said pointing at the marks on my arms and legs smugly. “These are just the signatures of my supporters hoping that I’d make the team. I’m quite popular as you can see. Lot’s of students are cheering for me to do well.”  
  
He shook his head in disbelief and smiled from ear to ear as he noticed the marks on my body. I was sure he knew judging from the fact that some of the marks went very high up my legs disappearing under the fabric of my short running shorts that the marks came very close to my pussy. If he only knew!! I could only imagine what he must be thinking. First seeing me naked in the locker room and now this!  
  
“Yes, well, that’s very nice Katie Lynn. It looks like you have quite a following there. But you do realize that whether or not ANYONE makes the team this year will be based on merit, NOT popularity.”  
  
“Yes, coach,” I said looking right at Abby. “I realize that only the BEST will make the team. I’m sure no matter what stunts anyone tries to pull they will have no effect on your decision.”  
  
“That’s right, Katie Lynn” he said as he went about announcing the order of our trials that day. Abby gave me a scowl when she heard my words. I just new she was fuming inside and I LOVED IT!!   
  
When my turn came I found myself running my best times of the camp. My adrenalin was so high my muscles just gave me all that they could give without complaint. I was pleased with my performance but was it good enough?  
  
When the last of the participants had finished, coach had us all wait on the bleachers while he went into his office. Some time later he returned and said, “Everyone listen up. First I want to say how much I appreciated each and every one of you for all your hard work. I wish everyone could make the team but we are limited as to the number of spots allowed by the state. The names I will call will be representing the school as part of the 2008 varsity track team. Abby Cakes . . .”  
  
It figured she would make the team.  
  
“Paula Trevors, Susan Haygood . . .”  
  
So far all the names he read out were veteran runners from last year. Oh PLEASE call my name. If I didn’t make the team all this humiliation would have been for nothing! He just HAS to call my name.   
  
The longer I waited the greater the smile grew on Abby. With each announcement that wasn’t my name that stupid grin of hers got worse. She would LOVE it if I failed – especially after showing up today! There were four of us left. Down to the bitter end and still no mention of my name!  
  
“And the last member of the team . . .” coach said as he paused, squinted a bit and readjusted the clipboard closer to his face, “Gee, I can hardly read my own scribble.” Everyone laughed but the tension among the four remaining girls was excruciating!  
  
“And the last member of the 2008 team is . . . Katie Lynn Turner.”  
  
I jumped out of my seat and shouted out with all the excitement I could muster. I had MADE THE TEAM!!!! Despite Abby’s best efforts to make me fail, I had made the team!!! You would have thought I had just won the lottery or something the way I carried on.  
  
My euphoria was short-lived, however, as I looked down and saw the face of my naked midnight running partner, Brooke. Her name wasn’t called. She didn’t make the team. I immediately shut my big fat mouth and sat down quietly next to my new friend. I gave her a hug and whispered how sorry I was.  
  
Inside I wanted her to make the team too. We got along so well together. She gave me moral support, which I was going to need a lot of with Abby still on the team.  
  
“I want to thank all of you for your hard work,” coach went on. “Those making the team please stay for a few minutes after camp.” Coach then took the remaining girls aside and chatted with them as he walked them toward the locker room.  
  
Abby came over to me with a stupid grin on her face and said, “I didn’t think you had it in you.”  
  
I just gave her the meanest look I could manage.  
  
“Still, it all worked out okay didn’t it? I’m on the team and you’re on the team. Man you must have wanted it pretty badly to show up here all marked up like that.” Her three cohorts laughed in support.  
  
“I’m tougher than you think,” I snapped back angrily. “I made this team on my own ability with no help from anyone.”  
  
“Yeah, well let’s see IF you can pass the initiation.” Abby said with a wink to her friends.  
  
“What??”  
  
“It’s a tradition, you know. All new members of the team go through an initiation. Don’t tell me you think you’re too good for that.”  
  
“No . . . I mean, well, I’ve never heard of such a thing. I think you’re making all this up.”  
  
“You haven’t? Why don’t you just ask those girls over there on the bleachers? They’ll tell you I’m speaking the truth. We’ve all been through it. If you pass the initiation you’re accepted by the team. If you don’t you’re ostracized. We can’t kick you off the team but we CAN choose to have nothing to do with you. You won’t get any support from us throughout the season, generally we’ll make your life miserable and we will all certainly bad mouth you to everyone we know – might even have to tell a few tales about a certain naked midnight runner that stalks the local neighborhood.”  
  
“You wouldn’t . . .”  
  
“Up till now we haven’t said a word, not even to the rest of the team. They don’t even know about your Rocky Horror Picture show debut.”  
  
“Oh this is insane!”  
  
“Just ask them if you don’t believe me.”  
  
I decided to do just that and went over and began talking to them. To my astonishment they seemed quite friendly and even congratulated me on making the team. Paula Trevors was the most cordial even remarking what an asset I’d be in the 880-yard run this year. I then asked them, “Is there really some sort of initiation you all went through?”  
  
The girls giggled and Paula replied, “Well yes, we don’t talk about it much but it’s a tradition.”  
  
”I thought Abby just made that up.”  
  
“Abby? I’d stay away from her if I were you,” Paula said cautiously. “She’s a wild one, that girl. Best not get too close to her, that’s all I’m saying.”  
  
NOW they tell me. Where were they with that advice on the first day of camp? “Thanks,” I said politely, “I’ll keep that in mind.” We chatted a few more minutes and I didn’t get the feeling they thought badly about me, in fact, just the opposite. Maybe Abby was telling the truth after all. They didn’t seem to know anything about my exploits or if they did they didn’t let on that they knew. I was skeptical but accepted things at face value and eventually returned to Abby.  
  
“Well?”  
  
“I guess you’re right,” I said with a sigh. Abby just grinned. “If I was tough enough to make it this far I’m tough enough to make it through the initiation.”  
  
“That’s the spirit,” she said and she and her friends left me alone standing there wondering what I had gotten into now.  
  
Coach returned and talked with us about the types of weight training he expected out of us on a daily basis and dismissed us until the start of the school year, which was just next week.  
  
As the girls left for the locker room I lagged behind. I saw Brooke walking towards the bleachers so I went to her to console her over her disappointment.  
  
“Oh that’s okay,” Brooke said pragmatically. “I knew I was on the bubble. Thanks to you, though, I know I can do it, besides there’s always next year!”   
  
“That’s right!” I replied giving her a hug.  
  
“You ARE still going to do your midnight training aren’t you?” she asked hopfully.  
  
“Well, um . . . I don’t know. I hadn’t thought about that.”  
  
“Oh please say you will. I NEED you help. Besides didn’t we have fun together?”  
  
“Yes, but . . .” I stammered not wanting to add to her disappointment. I didn’t really want to push things any further than I needed to, but I didn’t want to alienate my friend either.  
  
As I was thinking it over she said excitedly, “If you say yes, I’ll tell you a way you can embarrass Abby.”  
  
My eyes widened. “Of course I’ll keep running. I was going to say that anyway regardless of whether you help me with Abby or not. I have BIG plans for that bitch don’t you worry. It will take awhile but I’ll get even. But I’m up for a little impromptu humiliation though, what did you have in mind?”  
  
Brooke seemed ecstatic that we would continue our nightly outings. She then leaned over and said in a whisper. “Abby may ACT all tough on the outside but I’ve noticed she is really quite shy.”  
  
“ABBY, SHY?”  
  
“I think so. I’ve noticed in the locker room that she always waits until she thinks everyone is gone before she takes her shower. That seems to me like she’s not too proud of her body when it’s naked. I think she’s just a tease with the boys. Strutting around all sexy-like and proud, it’s all for show.”  
  
“Oh REALLY?” I said sarcastically. “THAT, my friend, is a tip worth knowing. Thanks a lot.”  
  
“Be careful,” she said cautiously as she got up to leave. “I could be wrong about all this.”  
  
“Maybe, but I think I’ll just find out for myself.”  
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Ten**  
As I made my way across the field towards the girl’s locker room I saw that the boy’s track camp was about to get under way. This might work out better than I thought.  
  
Once I reached the locker room I carefully opened the door and listened. I heard the sound of water running but no voices. I was as quiet as a mouse as I made my way inside. Sure enough there was Abby under one of the gang showers soaping her self up. I had to admit she really DID have a body! I for the life of me couldn’t fathom why she’d be so shy about it. I’d kill for a body like that! I found myself checking out her boobs and her nipples which seemed to be calling attention to themselves by sticking straight out at me! Her pussy, like mine has been recently, was shaved. I’m not the least bit interested in girls mind you but Abby was a goddess! I looked around and spotted her clothes on a bench in front of her locker. I scooped them up and put them into her gym bag and then checked out her locker and removed the towel and other items that were inside. I then carefully closed the locker making sure it clicked. This was so much fun!!!!  
  
I was about to leave when I thought I had better make sure there wasn’t anything else she could cover up with. I checked around and found a few stray towels that I also put into her gym bag. Satisfied with my effort I walked as boldly as I could next to the exit door but still in plain sight of Abby if she would have looked up from her washing.   
  
“ABBBBBEEEEYYYYYYYY!” I shouted in a sickening voice. “Lookee, what I’VE got!”  
  
A look of surprise followed by terror came over her face as se realized what I had done.   
  
“Katie Lynn!”  
  
“I’ve got your truck keys too!” I said dangling them in front of me. “If you want to leave here by driving instead of running home naked you had better catch me . . .”  
  
I then bolted out the door laughing hysterically. I heard Abby shout “COME BACK HERE YOU LITTLE WITCH!” As the locker room door was closing I heard Abby saying, “I’ll get you for this . . .”  
  
I took off outside with Abby dripping wet and naked right behind me chasing me for all she was worth and closing fast! It was a good thing I had been getting in shape to make the track team because I barely somehow managed to stay a few steps ahead of her. I headed towards my favorite spot – the visitor’s bleachers. It wasn’t until we had made it almost halfway to the fence that she heard all the laughter coming from the field. I’m guessing that her blatant anger towards me blinded her judgment and she reacted out of instinct not thinking anyone would still be here. She just wanted to murder me and took off running. Now she was wet, naked and in the middle of the field being laughed at by a bunch of boys!!   
  
“Would you look at that ass?” one boy shouted. Another said, “Yeah and those tits!! I’d love to suck on them for a while!!” They all were having a good laugh at her expense and her face turned redder and redder. I wasn’t sure if it was from embarrassment or anger, but I was loving every minute of it!!  
  
She stopped, screamed, did her best ‘embarrassed-nude-female’ impression standing frozen as she looked at the field. She was about the same distance back to the locker room as it was to where I was. I surmised she stood there thinking about what to do and which way to go all the while the boys ogled her body which glistened in the sunshine because it was still wet. It was a good thing the boys’ coaches hadn’t taken the field yet or we both would have been in trouble.  
  
She then looked over at me and pleaded, “GIVE ME MY BAG!! I need my clothes, a towel, ANYTHING!!!!”  
  
“Abbbeyyyyyyy” I taunted her by dangling her keys, “Your truck is THIS way,” and I took off running towards the back parking lot.  
  
She mumbled something that I couldn’t make out and started off after me in earnest. When we exited the field I made my way toward the infamous pickup and stood by it waiting for her to get closer.  
  
When she was about 20 yards from it I clearly tossed the keys into the truck bed and started running keeping her clothes. “THIS TIME I WAS NICE TO YOU,” I shouted as I left at a slow jog. “NEXT TIME I WON’T BE SO GENEROUS!!”  
  
Abby stopped just short of the truck and screamed, “YOU IDIOT! THAT’S NOT MY TRUCK!! THAT’S TINA’S TRUCK. MY CAR IS PARKED IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOLYARD.”  
  
Oh how precious! Here she was stuck in the back of the school yard and her CAR was all the way out front! I COULD be nice, I thought, and drop her gym bag or leave her a towel or something. But, as I thought of Billy Thompson watching me having an orgasm right in front of his face I decided against it.   
  
“OOPS! MY BAD!” I shouted and took off running towards my alley with her gym bag still in hand. At least she still had her real keys! I was still laughing as I turned around and saw Abby making a mad dash for the ticket booth all the while shaking her fist at me. I couldn’t help but wonder how many people passed by that booth having no idea how many naked girls have hidden in that thing!!!   
  
When I reached home I was so pleased at what I had done that I failed to notice my mom’s car in the driveway.   
  
“Hello Katie,” she said with a false charm.   
  
“MOM, guess what? I made the track team!!” I said with excitement still not grasping how much trouble I was in.   
  
“That’s nice dear,” she said coyly. “Now, care to explain all those autographs you have all over your body? And what was with that lipstick smeared all over your face I saw you with this morning?”  
  
My heart began beating wildly and my mind raced ninety-to-nothing trying to think of a way out of this.  
  
She came over and firmly put her hand on my shoulder and began guiding me into the front room. “I think you’d best sit down, young lady.”  
  
“Yes ma’am,” I replied meekly still trying to think of something to say.  
  
“So what were you up to last night?” she asked looking me straight in the eye. Her voice was all maternal and filled with false patience. I really was in deep DooDoo this time.  
  
“Um, well you may find this hard to believe,” I said with my voice quivering.  
  
“Go on . . .”  
  
“Well, as I said I made the track team at school, you should have seen me out there. My time trials were outstanding. I really can run! I wanted this so badly. You now I have no athletic talent to speak of. I can’t play softball or basketball and track was the only thing I was good at . . .”  
  
“Get to the autographs, young lady,” my mom interrupted impatiently.  
  
“Yes, well, after making the team we all have an initiation ceremony  
Were all the other team members, you know . . .”  
  
“No I don’t know. Suppose you tell me.”  
  
“Well they all sign their names, you know, on each other’s arms and legs, sort of like a demonstration of team spirit, wishing us luck and all. It’s quite embarrassing.” I said absolutely sure she wasn’t buying any of this but it was all I could think of at the moment.  
  
I sat in silence just looking at her waiting for the hammer to fall. She had that far away look in her eyes and I knew that only meant trouble.  
  
Finally she laughed out loud.  
  
“What’s so funny?” I asked nervously figuring she thought my story ridiculous.  
  
“I was just remembering to my days back in college, we . . . oh never mind. I thought you were out drinking at some wild party and were doing all sorts of slutty things.”  
  
“MOM!” I replied trying to sound indignant. “How could you think such things about me? I’m not that kind of girl!”  
  
“Yes, well, one hears all sorts of strange things nowadays. Why just today I heard someone at the grocery store talking about a girl who was riding around town naked in the back of a pick-up truck!”  
  
“And you NATURALLY assumed it was me?!!”  
  
“No not necessarily but I did catch you looking like a tramp this morning didn’t I?”  
  
She had me there. I didn’t want to screw up how things were going so I decided to let it go instead of pushing my indignation too far. “Mom, I love that you care enough about me to worry. Thank you. I won’t disappoint you. I promise. I’m not that kind of girl. I have other interests – like the track team that occupy my time.”  
  
My mom came over and kissed my forehead and left the room. After she had gone I let out the biggest sigh! MAN was that ever close!!! I decided that I had better lay low until school was in session.   
  
The following week school started and I was a nervous wreck. I was sure that either Abby or Billy Thompson had totally trashed my reputation. I was so jumpy every time I had to change classes. I was sure that behind every friendly smile was someone who had heard about my exploits and was mocking me. Still I had made it through the day without a major incident. Fortunately I never saw either Abby or Billy.   
  
On Tuesday things went better, tough I did have to explain to Brooke why I had been standing her up. She seemed to understand and I promised that we would get together as soon as I felt my mom had let her guard down. I did get a rush though when I thought about Brooke standing at the track naked waiting for me. I missed those days!  
  
At lunch I ran into Paula. “There’s a track team meeting at the gym after school.”  
  
Wow so soon I thought. It felt good to be part of something and I was looking forward to hearing what coach had to say.  
  
When I reached the gym Abby, Paula and the others were all waiting outside on the bleachers. “Hi guys,” I said pleasantly. “Looks like were getting started with practice already, huh?”  
  
The girls all had a weird look on their faces as if they were in on something and I was somehow left out of the loop. “What? We’re not starting practice?”  
  
Abby was the first to break out in a grin. Crap! I thought to myself. She’s planned some sort of revenge for stranding her at school naked last week. I thought things had been going too smoothly. But then I looked around and the ENTIRE girl’s team was here not just her partners in crime. “Oh we’re starting something alright but it’s not practice,” she explained coldly.  
  
“I don’t get it. What are we starting and where’s coach? I thought this was a team meeting?”  
  
“Coach, oh he’s not coming. I’m sure someone can go and get him if you REALLY want him here.” She said sarcastically.  
  
“Huh?”  
  
“It’s time to start your initiation, bimbo, remember?”  
  
I looked around at the other girls. Some were grinning ear to ear while others looked petrified. It was THOSE girls that made me nervous.  
  
“You aren’t going to chicken out are you?” Abby asked hopefully.  
  
“Hell no,” I said trying to sound confident. “I’m a part of this team now and I intend on remaining that way. If you all had to do this initiation thing, then so can I. Bring it on,” I said. “Bring it on!”  
  
On the inside I wanted to hide. No good can come of this I was certain of that!   
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Eleven**

Abby took me by the arm, “Let’s get going, shall we?”  
  
“Going,” I said quite confused? “Where . . . I mean, what is going to happen to me?” I started to get really nervous. I thought this initiation thing would be at the gym or something with just us girls. I had read about those sorority things where the pledges get paddled and made fun of so I just assumed . . .  
  
Abby gave me that patented impatient look of hers and said, “Don’t worry about it. That information is on a need-to-know basis and right now you don’t need to know.” Her cohorts laughed at her comment as we all headed toward the parking lot. My legs felt weak when I saw that stupid pick-up truck of Tina’s. I instantly recalled the horrors of being driven around town tied naked in the truck bed. Abby opened he passenger door and motioned for me to take a seat. Abby climbed in the middle and Tina drove. The other girls all piled into their cars and we all left the school grounds.   
  
The silence was maddening. No one was talking and we didn’t seem to be heading anyplace in particular. Finally I spoke up, “Listen, Abby, I really need to know what’s going on. I have to let my mom know how long I’ll be out. She’ll be expecting me home when she gets off work. If I’m not there she’ll get worried, might even call the cops thinking something might have happened to me.”  
  
“Oh you don’t have to worry about that, it’s all taken care of. That stupid friend of yours, Brooke has been, shall we say, CONVINCED to call your mom and tell her you two are going to be studying late.”   
  
“But . . .”  
  
“All in good time sweet-cakes, all in good time,” Abby said with a giggle.   
  
Tina kept driving aimlessly. I wasn’t sure if she didn’t know where she was supposed to go or if she was purposely trying to confuse me. Perhaps she was just allowing the other girls to catch up. Maybe she was trying to lose them!! Perhaps getting back at Abby by stealing her clothes wasn’t such a good idea after all. I nervously kept looking over my shoulder to be sure that they were still following us. To my  
Relief they were still there.  
  
Finally we headed into the mall parking lot. The rest of the team parked next to us and we all got out. The girls made a circle with me in the center. Abby began shouting like a cheerleader, “WHAT ARE WE?”  
  
“A TEAM!” the girls shouted in unison.  
  
“AND WHAT DO WE WANT?”  
  
“TO WIN,” they answered again as if this was some kind of ritual or something with everyone playing their part.  
  
“HOW BAD DO WE WANT IT?”  
  
“MORE THAN ANYTHING!”  
  
Then Abby looked at me and continued, “KATIE LYNN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?”  
  
I looked at her dumbfounded not knowing what I was supposed to say. She sighed and repeated, “KATIE LYNN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?”  
  
“Ah . . . to be on the team?” I answered almost in a question as I still wasn’t sure what I was supposed to say.  
  
Abby shook her head and some of the girls sighed obviously disappointed with my lack of enthusiasm. “TO BE ON THE TEAM,” I shouted confidently.  
  
“HOW BAD DO YOU WANT IT?” Abby yelled raising her arms above her head in an exaggerated motion.  
  
“MORE THAN ANTHING,” I screamed copying her motion! All the girls applauded jumping up and down. They looked so stupid calling attention to themselves like that.   
  
Abby patted me on the back warmly and continued, “Our sister has declared her intention of becoming part of the TEAM. Membership is something that is EARNED, not given lightly. Team members support each other and are bonded by a sacred trust. Katie Lynn will embark tonight on her journey to demonstrate that she is worthy of this trust. Failure to complete this journey will result in the sure and certain knowledge that she is not team worthy and is only a pretender. She will then be ostracized by the real team members for the duration of the school year.”   
  
As I looked around as Abby was speaking I saw the somber expressions on all the girls’ faces. They obviously were taking this thing way more seriously than I was. I began to feel a little guilty that up to that point I had not done the same. To me it was just some silly tradition that was all in fun. I began to rethink things a bit. It felt good to be a part of something larger than me, something with an “elite” feel to it.  
  
“Katie Lynn, tonight is just the beginning. All will be explained in due course. First we have to get you your initiation outfit which you will be required to wear during all official functions of your journey. Are you ready?”  
  
“Um . . . yes, I think so.” I stammered nervously.  
  
“ARE YOU READY?” she shouted again with vigor.  
  
“YES I AM!”  
  
As we headed into the mall all I could think about was what kind of ridiculous outfit she was going to dress me in. Was she going to humiliate me by making me wear something hideous? As we passed by the Victoria’s Secret store, I began to imagine me having to wear terribly revealing clothes in very public places, then my heart stopped as I thought that maybe there WAS no outfit. My Gawd, she was going to make me streak the mall!! I KNEW I shouldn’t have come!! We walked along for quite a ways then finally entered a small upscale women’s clothing store.   
  
“Brooke, what are you doing here?” I asked as I saw my friend working behind the counter.   
  
“This is my part time job. It’s how I get my spending money. It’s pretty boring during the week, even though the mall is pretty busy it’s pretty dead in the store. Weekends are pretty good though.”  
  
“That’s cool,” I said, “I wish I had a job like . . .”  
  
“Is everything prepared?” Abby asked interrupting my conversation.  
  
Brooke now looking all serious said rather submissively, “Yes, just like you instructed.”   
  
Abby took me by the hand and led me to the back of the store and into the dressing area which consisted of a large corridor with mirrors everywhere and four cubicles all in a row. The girls all gathered around in a semi-circle in front of me as we stood in the common area of the dressing room. “It’s time to get you prepared. The initiate will please remove her clothing.”  
  
I took a deep breath and began by taking off my shoes, followed by my socks. The team all watched patiently. It was weird having them all just looking at me as I disrobed. I took off my T-shirt and finally my jeans leaving them all in a pile on the floor.   
  
“Nice panties,” Abby said obviously mocking my teddy bear design. “Well, don’t stop now, you’re not done yet.”   
  
I knew it! She was going to strip me, destroy my clothes and leave me stranded in the middle of the mall!! Despite my misgivings deep down I still wanted to believe in this sacred sisterhood she had gone on about so I took off my bra and then stepped out of my panties. My heart stopped as I saw Abby bending down to pick up my clothing. My eyes immediately went to Tina, the girl with the pocketknife that destroyed my outfit during my first encounter with her.   
  
She didn’t move a muscle though. Instead Abby respectfully folded my clothing and gave it to Paula to hold. I trusted Paula. She seemed like she was not part of Abby’s little clique.  
  
I awkwardly stood there baring my flesh to my teammates as they made no secret of the fact that they were checking me out. It was embarrassing to say the least. I wondered what imperfections they noticed on my body and suddenly became very self-conscious. I had no idea what was going to happen next. Abby asked my size and after I told her she nodded to Brooke who had followed us into the dressing area. Brooke acknowledged Abby’s signal and left. When she returned she was holding a garment in her hands.  
  
Taking the garment from Brooke, Abby instructed, “Try this on.”  
  
To my surprise it was a WONDERFUL dress! It was made of silky gold material which shimmered in the bright lights of the store. It slid over my skin slick as a whistle and felt so sinfully soft against my naked flesh below. It was so shinny and elegant like one would wear to a formal event like the opera or something. The dress was backless with a halter style front that tied at the neck then hung loosely down to my feet. Abby reached up and fastened the ties around my neck for me and stood back obviously pleased with they way I looked.   
  
I turned around looking at myself in the mirror and was quite surprised! I was covered completely, though my unrestrained boobs did sway from side to side a bit too much as I walked around – a little more than I was comfortable with anyway, but all in all the garment made me look like a million dollars. I felt like a movie star. All I needed was that red carpet to promenade down.  
  
“Wow,” I said excitedly, “THIS is my initiation outfit?”  
  
“Well, not exactly there’s more,” Abby said as she held up a pair of matching gold, high-heeled shoes. She had me slide my bare feet into them and they fit perfectly, although the heels were much higher than I was used to, they completed the outfit handsomely.   
  
As I stood there admiring myself Abby continued, “Katie Lynn your final initiation will be held on Saturday and you will be required to wear this dress. This is your last chance to back out. Are you ready to commit fully and embark on your journey?”  
  
Seeing that I was going to be wearing this dress I saw no reason to back down now. “YES I AM!” I shouted confidently getting into the spirit of things. I think I surprised the girls by yelling because they all giggled.  
  
“Tonight we want you to get used to this dress and we have a little job for you to do to repay the store for their generosity in making this fine garment available for you to use.”  
  
“A little job,” I asked confused?  
  
“Yes,” Abby went on to explain. “Since you obviously look so elegant, the store would like you to model it in the store window until closing. This part of the initiation process will also allow us see how well you are committed to following directions to the letter in addition to helping us keep our good relations with the store.”  
  
“I can do that.”  
  
“All you have to do is stand perfectly still in the front store window, you know, like a real mannequin. You must not move or give yourself away. I’m sure you’ll attract a lot of customers to the store. This dress is a new item you know. It may be a bit uncomfortable standing there for so long, but I’m sure you can manage – being an athlete and all.”  
  
I nodded. Standing perfectly still for three hours or more might be a bit rough but nothing I couldn’t handle.   
  
Abby smiled. “IF, and I mean IF you successfully complete this little chore, each of your team mates has written down on a piece of paper a location where they would like to see you showing off this fine gown and placed it in this envelope. On Saturday you will pick a slip from the envelope and we will all read it together and then escort you to wherever that happens to be so you can fulfill your obligation. Do you understand?”  
  
“I think so,” I replied. “I have to wear this dress one more time at a place I pick at random.”  
  
“That’s right and you’ll complete your journey to becoming a full fledged member of our team on Saturday night.” Abby added.  
  
“Okay, sounds easy enough.” Who wouldn’t want to show off this beautiful gown, I thought to myself. It was all sounding too easy. I was sure there had to be a catch, but if the others all had to do this I could too. Besides what’s a few sore muscles from standing still for a couple of hours. It might even be good for me to practice a little self-discipline.  
  
“GREAT,” Abby exclaimed obviously pleased with my answer. “Just follow me to the storefront window and I’ll give you your final instructions.”  
  
I looked at Paula as I headed toward the dressing area exit. “Thanks for looking out for my clothes. I really appreciate it.” Paula just gave me an awkward smile but nodded her acknowledgment.  
  
I had no sooner taken about half a dozen steps out into the store when the dress fell right off my shoulders and dropped quickly to the floor leaving me naked and exposed!! The silky nature of the fabric was such that there wasn’t time to even react or grab the garment to keep it from completely falling off! SWOOSH – in one fell swoop it was gone and on the floor it was THAT fast!  
  
I squeaked in surprise trying to then stifle my voice as I realized I was only drawing attention to myself. The girls all laughed at my predicament as I immediately reached down to pull the dress back up.  
“What the hell happened?” I snapped in a firm whisper.  
  
“Oh, didn’t I tell you, Abby asked snidely? “You see the thin ties on that dress have been coated with wax and if they are looped loosely together just right they will hold for a while but then they eventually let go. The dress might stay up for an hour or maybe only a few minutes – one never knows!! That’s the beauty of it – the uncertainty of it all.”  
  
“WHAT??!!”  
  
“Aw, don’t be so alarmed. You might get lucky and nothing will happen; but then again maybe not. Nobody knows for sure.” Abby said still laughing as she re-fastened my ties around my neck.  
  
“You mean I have to stand in that store window facing the mall knowing that at any moment my dress might fall off?”  
  
“Why of course. Oh and one more thing, you’re supposed to be a mannequin so if it does fall of you can’t pick it up. You’ll just have to wait until one of us comes to help you. You can’t move remember?”  
  
“Oh my GAWD!!!”  
  
Abby took me by the hand and led me to the window.   
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Twelve**

As I stood outside the small ledge of the display window I began trembling like a leaf! THREE HOURS, I thought. I had to stand there for THREE HOURS! What were the chances that the dress would remain tied for that long?  
  
“Don’t forget these,” Tina said as she reached into her purse and pulled out a pair of dark trendy looking sunglasses.   
  
“Good point,” Abby said as she placed them on my face. “Without these everyone would see you blink or move your eyes. This way they won’t know for sure if you’re real or plastic. Now hold still.”   
  
“What are you doing?” I asked nervously as the girls gathered around me.  
  
“Picking you up, silly, mannequins can’t walk,” Tina said giggling. “Just make yourself stiff and let us do all the work.” Before I could react I felt hands all over my arms, legs and hips. Somehow they did indeed manage to lift me and place me on the platform. I was sure they were going to pull that dress right off of me the way they were tugging and lifting but they didn’t. Somehow it managed to stay on.  
  
They placed me in the center of the window display towards the rear of the platform a good distance from the actual window glass itself. There was a real mannequin to my left and a real mannequin to my right up close to the front of the glass. All together we formed a triangle. Abby put a long umbrella in my right hand so that my palm rested on the handle and then set the tip on the floor. “For balance,” she whispered. She then rested my left hand on a small waist-high pillar behind me. Her positioning served two purposes I thought. One to help hold me steady and two to effectively hold my arms away from my body so that I wouldn’t be tempted to stop the dress from falling off. She then turned my head so that I was looking straight out the glass window towards the passersby in the mall.  
  
“Don’t fail us sweet-cakes,” Abby cautioned. “Remember no moving a muscle. If the dress falls you must leave it there until one of us acting as a store worker pulls it back up. If you move or try and stop the dress from falling, your initiation is over and you lose. Above all, remember no talking.” With that she left the window area.  
  
Holy crap, there were a lot of people milling about in the mall! The next thing I noticed was that there was a bright spotlight directly overhead. I could tell by moving my eyes toward the floor it had the effect of really making the silky gold color of my gown shimmer. It would certainly draw attention to the fabric! I could only imagine what it would do to my bare flesh!!  
  
I dared not move a muscle, not so much because I wanted to be the perfect mannequin but I was afraid that ANY movement might cause my dress to fall! I tried to take shallow breaths for the same reason.  
  
At first, people just passed by the window without looking in. When I finally spotted a lady glancing at me I almost freaked! She stopped walking and just stared, presumably checking out the dress I was wearing. The only thought that dominated my thinking was how I would react when I was suddenly exposed! I just KNEW it was going to happen as she was looking at me! I just KNEW it! It didn’t. She eventually went on. This happened several more times where shoppers would pause and check out my dress, nothing would happen and they’d move on.  
  
For the first half hour or so I was in continuous panic mode. Then a funny thing happened, I began to start thinking about how risky what I was doing actually was. The fear, the risk, the potential nudity . . . they were the perfect combination for arousal. Again that battle within started to rage, the little voices arguing over whether I was insane for doing this and those prodding me to relax and enjoy it. My hormones eventually began to win out. As time went by and nothing happened, I grew bored.  
  
I played a little game with myself to help pass the time. As people would walk past the window I’d silently shout to them in my mind, “HEY, DO YOU KNOW I’M NAKED UNDER THIS DRESS?” and things like, “DON’T WALK AWAY, YOU’LL MISS THE SHOW!” It was all quite amusing.  
  
When I saw two teenage boys looking at me, I was about to resume my game and silently shout something funny at them when it happened! The dress slipped completely off my body clumping around my feet right before their eyes!! In a flash I was now standing completely naked in a crowded mall store window – people passing by in the background and two wide-eyed guys, right in front of me taking it all in!! It took all I could do just to stand there without moving. I became instantly wet. The boys were too surprised to even move. I was sure they were wondering if I was real or not. Then one of them put his hand over his mouth and nudged his friend in the ribs. It was then that Abby stepped into the window and casually pulled my dress up, as if nothing was out of the ordinary. She also accidentally rubbed against my right boob sending glorious pleasure up my spine. She re-fastened the ties, discreetly pinched my butt and left. The boys were still there gawking. I wasn’t sure if they were waiting to see if it happened again or if they were still wondering if I was real or not. I did my best to hold as stiff as I could. If they did suspect something and complained, well it wasn’t really my fault, was it? The dress fell off by accident. They eventually left however and nothing came of it.  
  
A while later the dress slipped off once again! This time no one was at the window and people just milled around in the mall apparently not taking any notice. Abby deliberately ignored me and left the dress around my ankles. I was forced to stand naked desperately waiting for someone to cover me up. No one did! The longer this went on, the more my heart pounded. I just knew I was going to get in trouble. Yet people just aimlessly wandered around the mall not paying any attention to the hopelessly horny, naked girl in the window. Watching all those people pass me by made me so excited I could barely stand it. Still Abby did nothing. I heard giggling coming from back inside the store so I KNEW the girls were aware of what was happening, yet they did nothing to help me! They just let me suffer. If I moved to fix myself I would not only screw up my initiation, but people would be suddenly aware that I was a REAL naked girl. No, I HAD to remain motionless just to keep up the pretext and the girls KNEW that!  
  
Finally an older man came by and did a double take as he saw me. He looked at me for a moment then went inside the store. I heard him behind me. He cleared his throat and said to someone inside the store, “Excuse me, did you know your mannequin thing out there lost its dress?”  
  
Abby acted all professional and replied, “Oh dear not again. I swear you just can’t get good help these days. Nobody wants to do a job right. They’d rather just do it half-assed and go on break.”  
  
The man cleared his throat again, “Yes, well, just thought I’d mention it. The dress looks expensive, didn’t think you’d want it ruined.”  
  
Abby thanked him again and said she’d take care of it. I saw the man leave and head down the mall without so much as giving me a second look. I began to wonder if I really did look like a real mannequin.   
  
I was sure Abby was going to come out and fix my dress after that man complained but she didn’t. She left me standing there! Several people walked by and noticed me and I almost climaxed right there in front of them! They didn’t seem to take too much notice but “I” did!!  
  
FINALLY she came out when the coast was clear and pulled up my dress and refastened it. “Having fun sweetie?” she whispered as she reached around my neck to finish tying it. I wanted so bad to say something evil but I dared not open my mouth.   
  
I stood there apprehensively waiting for the moment when it would fall again. As Abby had warned me earlier, the “not knowing” of when or IF the dress would fall was driving me mad!   
  
I spotted several people I knew from school standing in the mall chatting away. I silently prayed that the dress would remain intact. I couldn’t think of a worse thing than having the dress fall exposing me to my classmates. Fortunately they left and my modesty was still intact.  
  
It was getting late and the mall crowd was thinning out when a man came to the window and looked at my dress. He seemed to genuinely be admiring the style and the gown’s elegance. I saw he had a bag from a well known jewelry store in his hand. He must have been shopping for his wife or girlfriend. How thoughtful.  
  
I saw him enter the store and I heard him talking, “I know it’s almost closing time but I’m interested in that dress in the window. Can you tell me on what rack I can find one?”  
  
I heard Abby reply, “I’m sorry but that’s a new item for this store and it’s the only one we have.”  
  
“Oh man!” he said. “I wanted it for my wife’s birthday. It would be perfect.”  
  
“I can order one for you if you’d like,” Brooke interrupted trying to help the man out.  
  
“Well, maybe that might work, but I’d still like to see it before making up my mind.”  
  
My legs almost fell out from underneath me as I heard Abby reply. “Sure, I’ll go get the one off the mannequin for you to look at. I’ll be right back.”  
  
Sure enough Abby came right out and popped the ties from behind me and the dress slipped right off and onto the floor. With the dress still bunched up around my ankles she took the umbrella from mright hand and tossed it on the floor. She removed my left hand from the pillar behind me and placed it at my side. Finally she grabbed my hips and pushed downward whispering, “Keep your legs stiff and bend at the waist. I’m going to sit you down.”   
  
So as mannequin-like as I could I let her do the work and lower me to the floor keeping my legs straight. She propped my back against the small wall that surrounded the display window and went around to where my feet were. She grabbed hold of one ankle and slipped the dress off my leg. As she did so she spread my leg to the side quite a distance. I let my leg stay where she had left it. She did the same thing to my other leg as she removed the dress. She then left me sitting there on the floor with my legs spread wide-open facing the window as she took the dress inside the store!!!   
  
People were still some walking by in the mall going to and fro and there I was sitting spread-eagled, wet as I think I have ever been in my whole life!! If anyone looked in the window they would have seen a perfect beaver shot and I would have been caught dead in the water! There was no way anyone could logically explain this! Fortunately no one looked. I wanted so desperately to touch myself but I dared not move. I wanted Abby to hurry up and bring my dress back to me!!  
  
“Oh this is perfect!” I heard the man exclaim. “How soon can you get one in if I order it in my wife’s size?” I then listened to Brooke giving the man all the details. He seemed satisfied and thanked everyone for their help. I almost died as I saw him leave the store and walk right by my window! I couldn’t bear watching so I closed my eyes beneath the sunglasses. I have no idea if he stopped to look at me or not and I didn’t really want to know. I only wanted to stay out of trouble! All I know is that when I DID open my eyes he was no longer anywhere around.  
  
Abby left me sitting there naked and spread wide not bothering to help me. I heard the overhead announcement about the mall closing and sat there was the lights slowly went off here and there sending the signal to the last remaining shoppers that it was time to go.   
  
More people walked by talking as they headed out of the mall and I literally cringed each time they did. All they had to do was turn their heads and . . . oh the thought was almost too painful to think about!  
Imagine their surprise if they had seen my nether lips down below blowing a soft, wet kiss to them!  
  
FINALLY, the girls busted out laughing as Brooke locked the door to the store and lowered the security chain across the entrance. “YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT!” Tina exclaimed as the girls gathered around me. Of course I still stayed there motionless as I wasn’t sure if there was anyone still left in the mall.   
  
“I think she enjoyed herself,” Susan said as she spotted my wetness. Her comment made everyone laugh. I was so embarrassed.  
  
“You can get up now,” Abby said. “Everyone’s gone. Your trial is over for tonight.”  
  
She didn’t have to tell me twice, I was up like a shot and leapt over that half-wall of the display window and went inside the store. I wanted to be away from the front as I was sure some security guard would be making his rounds and I SURE didn’t want him spotting me.  
  
Everyone patted me on the back and told me what a great job I had done. I felt a little proud and somehow their praise made it all seem worthwhile.  
  
As I took off my high-heeled shoes and handed them to Brooke I asked, “I’m glad that’s over. Where’s Paula? I need my clothes.”  
  
Abby stepped right up inches from my face and smiled. “I sent her home.”  
  
“Oh, well who’s got my clothes, then?”  
  
Abby was now grinning from ear to ear. “Can you say, ‘payback’? I seem to recall a little incident where you stole my clothes while I was in the shower a while back. You never did give them back you know. So, now I’m keeping yours. Have fun getting out of the mall.”   
  
“BUT WAIT!!!” I shouted as I saw them all running out the back door laughing. “I DON’T HAVE A CAR? HOW AM I GOING TO GET HOME?”  
  
Well, unlike Abby, at least I had a store full of clothes to cover up with.  
  
“Sorry,” Brooke said apologetically. “I know what you’re thinking and I can’t let you take anything. Abby would kill me if I did. I don’t want her doing to me the kind of stuff she’s done to you. Please don’t be mad at me.”  
  
I wanted to scream but I held it in! “That’s okay. I understand. At least you can give me a ride home since we live so close.”  
  
“Ah . . . well actually not.”  
  
“WHAT DO YOU MEAN?”  
  
“Please don’t be mad . . . she made me promise.”  
  
“I’M NOT MAD!” I screamed before calming myself. “I’m just scared.”  
  
Brooke took hold of my hand and softly explained, “Abby said that if you can make it to the convenience store one block from the mall in half an hour she’ll wait there for you and give you a ride home. Otherwise you are on your own. She’ll be driving a green Chevy compact.”  
  
Great, that’s all I needed, more public exposure!

**The Midnight Run – Part Thirteen**  
Brooke set the alarm and led me out the back door. I was miles away from my home, naked and very vulnerable. There were still all sorts of cars in the mall parking lot which were illuminated quite nicely by the street lights that were still burning brightly.  
  
“Brooke, I have no clue where I am now. I’ve never come out through a back exit before. Which direction is that store I’m supposed to meet Abby at?   
  
My friend just laughed. “I’m sorry, I thought you knew. You are on the back side of the mall. The convenience store is one block down from the mall’s main entrance – and that’s all the way around the other side of the mall.”  
  
“Oh . . .” I replied sounding very depressed. “Look, I know you can’t give me a ride home or give me anything to wear but can you at least give me a ride to someplace closer? I mean Abby would never know.”  
  
My friend looked so sad. I knew she felt bad for me and I could tell that she really wanted to help me, but she was scared of that darned Abby. To tell the truth, so was I! I was about to tell her that I understood when she spoke up, “Look, Abby said I couldn’t give you anything to wear or cover up with and she specifically said I could not drive you anywhere.”  
  
“I understand . . .”  
  
“BUT, she never said I couldn’t HELP you.”  
  
I suddenly became a little encouraged. “What are you thinking?”  
  
“Wait here,” she said as she unlocked the door and ran back inside. I had no idea what she was going to do. Maybe she was going to give me some clothes after all I thought hopefully.  
  
In a few moments she returned with and arm load of coat hangers and a small 2-foot square flat dolly on four wheels.   
  
“What on earth is that stuff for?”  
  
Brooke smiled and replied. “It’s your ticket out of here.”  
  
“COAT HANGERS, what am I going to do, steal a car?”   
  
“No silly,” Brooke said laughing, “Just trust me. Now stand up on this dolly.” I did as she asked. “Now hold out your arms in front of you.”  
  
“What?”  
  
“Just do it.” I still didn’t understand but I placed my arms against my sides for support, bent my elbows and extended my forearms out in front of me with the palms of my hands facing up as she asked. She then hung coat hangers along each of my arms and wrists like a rail in a closet. She stepped back and smiled. “You know I think this will work.”  
  
“I still don’t get it. What will work?”  
  
“You did so well being a mannequin in the store I need you to do it again for a little while longer.” She then took off her cute cap, tucked my hair inside so that none of it showed and then gave me the sunglasses that I had worn in the store. “Perfect,” she announced as she admired her handiwork. “Just stand stiff and what ever you do, don’t move!”  
  
Brooke got behind me, put her hands on the small of my back, and began pushing me forward. I had to really hold myself firm to keep from falling over as the dolly rumbled over the course asphalt parking lot. Of course I figured that only served to make me look more rigid and believable. “I’m going to take you to that store. If anyone stops me I’ll just explain that I’m moving my mannequin. As I said you were pretty convincing before. It’s dark out so I don’t see why it won’t work again.”  
  
Brook pushed me along through the long extended parking lot. The bright lights gave me the creeps but all in all it WAS better than trying to sneak along completely naked trying not to get caught. If I did that myself and was spotted there would be no good explanation for my nudity. I figured Brooke’s flimsy excuse was better than NO excuse.  
  
We had no sooner turned the corner of the mall and were headed into the front main parking area when I spotted it – the mall’s security car with a flashing yellow light on the roof. It was quite a distance away just circling the lot headed in no particular direction but it was between us and the main entrance. I could only hope that it moved off before we got there.  
  
Brooke was unfazed. She kept right on pushing the dolly as if it was a perfectly normal think to do.  
Just then I heard what sounded like a car approaching us from behind and soon I was bathed in its headlights. Someone was getting a fabulous view of my naked ass! There was a short honk of the car’s horn and Brooke whispered, “Just be cool, I know these guys.”  
  
GUYS?!!! I thought. My heart began to beat rapidly now as there was no protective shield of glass or window dressing to shield me from their view. I had no choice but to do my best to try and pull this off.  
  
“Hey Brooke,” the guy in the passenger seat called out his opened window as the car pulled along side of us. “Whatcha doin’?”  
  
Brooke was as cool as a cucumber. She stopped pushing the dolly and directed her attention to the newcomers leaving me standing in plain sight only a couple of feet away. “Oh hi Jason, is that Josh in there with you?”   
  
“It’s me babe,” I heard the driver call out.  
  
“So what’s going on?”  
  
“Some days my work never seems to end. My boss sold this mannequin to the store up ahead and I have to deliver it. She’s too cheap to hire anyone so guess who gets stuck doing it at 10 o’clock at night?”  
  
“Man that’s some mannequin! It looks so REAL! I mean even the ass on that thing is to die for!”  
  
“You perv,” Brooke said laughing. “I’ll bet you’d even screw one of those blow up dolls they sell at the porno shops, wouldn’t you? You really need to get out more if you think this is realistic.”  
  
I could hear the driver laughing at his friend’s expense. “Yeah well you’re real enough, want to hang out?”  
  
“Can’t, I gotta get this thing delivered.”  
  
“Need any help? With the three of us we’d be done in no time!”  
  
My heart was literally pounding out of my chest and it was all I could do not to breathe too hard. If they helped they’d discover I was a REAL girl!! Not that they might not have suspected that I was already, but why remove any doubt by having them help? I felt a panic attack coming on.  
  
“No thanks,” Brooke said calmly. “Knowing you guys, you’d probably break it and it would come out of my paycheck and I don’t make hardly anything as it is! Thanks for the offer though.”  
  
“Well if you’re sure?” the passenger said.  
  
“Yeah, I’m sure.”  
  
“HEY!” I heard the driver exclaim. “Did that thing move?!”  
  
I almost pissed on myself when I heard him ask that.  
  
“Yeah right, she’s coming alive because of your irresistible manliness,” Brooke said laughing.   
  
The guys laughed and, to my relief, they left! “You did great!” Brooke said after they had gone. “They bought it hook, line and sinker!”  
  
All I could do was sigh.  
  
We passed several employees as they headed for their cars and ALL of them spotted me and all of them called out greetings to Brooke. I have no idea if ANY of them believed Brooke’s explanation but I do know they ALL had a pretty darned good look at my naked body! I was so wet I was sure that someone would notice and I’d be done for.  
  
Then Brooke heard a familiar voice and left me standing alone as she went over to the girl who was still some distance away.  
  
Before Brooke reached her I heard the girl call out, “Hi KATIE LYNN!”  
My heart sank. SHE KNEW!! She knew who I was! I was about to get off my platform and walk over to plead with whoever this was not to give me away when I heard the girl say, “It ISN’T? Well I’ll be darned!” There was lots of laughing. I didn’t know what to do so I just stood there keeping up my role as a plastic dummy. “Looks just like her.” The girl then said.  
  
“No way.” Brooke said giggling. “Katie Lynn’s boobs aren’t THAT nice. Besides, she doesn’t shave, remember?”  
  
“Oh yeah, it’s funny how you remember things like that. Maybe she should start.” There was more laughter at my expense then the girl got into her vehicle and left.  
  
“THAT was close,” Brooke said seriously as she reached me. “I finally convinced her she was loony if she thought that was you. I told her she needed glasses!”  
  
We finally made it to the mall’s parking lot entrance and I began to get worried all over again. There was a HUGE amount of traffic on the six-lane highway that ran in front of the mall. As Brooke pushed me along the sidewalk headed towards the convenience store I would be seen by literally HUNDREDS of passing cars!! They ALL would get a free peak at what I looked like. There was no hiding ANYTHING as the street lights bathed me perfectly as we walked along.   
  
Several people honked their horns and Brooke cheerfully waved back at them as if nothing was wrong. I heard a guy’s voice calling out from a passing car, “HEY BROOKE!” I recognized that voice as belonging to Andy Kauffman from school! Andy was seeing me naked!!! I wanted to die! He didn’t stop though as the light was green and traffic was moving pretty steadily.   
  
I was so worked up sexually I could hardly stand it and I came very hard just standing there.   
  
“Are you doing what I THINK you’re doing” Brooke asked as she stared at me while I was breathing heavily. “My god you ARE!!!” She just stood back and laughed at me until I finished. “Are you through now?” she asked sarcastically. “I wouldn’t want to ruin the moment.” She added teasingly. I was embarrassed but very grateful for the opportunity to relieve some of that physical tension. I couldn’t believe I had just orgasmed not only in front of my friend but with all those cars as potential witnesses.   
  
When we reached the store’s parking lot I spotted Abby’s green compact. She was parked at the side of the store near the dumpster. All I had to do was make it over there and my ordeal would be over.  
  
“Well, well,” Abby said flippantly. “How clever! I would have thought you would have either stealthily made your way over here or waited until like the wee hours of the morning and ran home like you do when you are training. I NEVER expected you to boldly go down the sidewalk in front of all these people.”  
  
Abby laughed at me for a few moments and then asked, “What’s the matter, cat got your tongue?”  
  
I wanted to say something evil but thought better of it until I was sure she was really going to give me a ride home!  
  
She then turned to Brooke and said, “Your idea I suppose. Katie Lynn isn’t bright enough to think of something like that her self.”  
  
Ooooh, how I wanted to smack that bitch right then! It would have to wait, though. I decided I’d get my revenge later. She’d pay alright but on MY terms.   
  
“Yes it was my idea,” Brooke meekly answered.  
  
“You two made it all the way over here without any trouble with her standing like that?”  
  
“Yes, no problem really,” Brooke replied carefully.  
  
Abby got right in my friend’s face and said menacingly, “Well I should punish you for crossing me!” I saw Brooke’s eyes get huge with fear. Before I could come to her defense Abby continued, “But I guess I never really said you couldn’t HELP her, did I? Tell you what. I have an idea that might make amends. Let’s see how many people we can expose your mannequin to tonight. You help me push her down the sidewalk for a while and I’ll forget that you crossed me.”  
  
My heart began to race as my mind yelled silently, NOT THE SIDEWALK AGAIN!!!  
  
“Okay,” Brooke said complacently.   
  
“I think we can walk for miles! Just look at all those people out tonight!” With that they both got behind me and began pushing my dolly back to the front of the store and down the sidewalk!!   
  
I wanted to die! Abby was really going to get it! Just you wait and see!

**The Midnight Run – Part Fourteen**

Brooke pushed on my back like before doing all the hard work as Abby walked along side waving at the passing cars trying to draw as much attention as she could to the “nude mannequin” she had in tow. Horns honked, people waved or just stared with confused looks as they drove by. Never before had I been seen naked by so many people!   
  
On and on we went for what seemed like miles, farther and farther from the safety of Abby’s car and my means of making a getaway. I was sure they were going to get me in trouble. After all there were literally hundreds of cars passing along the street next to us. Surely at some point one of them would be . . . A COP CAR!! No sooner had that thought entered my mind I saw a real police car drive right by us! Abby and Brooke saw it too. “Just keep still,” Abby commanded with obvious anxiety in her voice.   
  
It was too much for me and I panicked. I lost control of my bladder and pee literally squirted onto the dolly below, much to the amazement of Abby and Brooke. I wasn’t going to hang around and find out if that officer saw me or not – I bolted. I shook the hangers from my arms, leapt off the dolly and took off heading behind one of the many stores in a strip-type shopping center immediately to my left. I never looked back. I hid behind some empty pallets that were behind the store trying to catch my breath. What had been a most thrilling and arousing experience was now my worst nightmare. I mentally kicked myself over and over for being so stupid.   
  
Soon I heard noises! The cops, I thought!! I was about to run away again before they caught me when I heard Brooke’s voice call out, “Katie Lynn, are you back here?”  
  
“Brooke?” I called out carefully from my hiding place.   
  
“Yeah it’s me. Where are you?”  
“Over here,” I replied nervously. The girls eventually found me and stood there laughing.  
  
“What’s so funny?” I snapped indignantly.   
  
“You are,” Abby answered choking back her giggling. “You should have seen yourself! You looked so silly running away with your butt cheeks bobbling back and forth. It was the funniest thing I’ve ever seen!”  
  
“It’s not funny! I could have gotten in serious trouble! Speaking of  
Trouble, where did the cop go?”  
  
“Oh him, he never even looked back. You fooled him like you probably fooled most people tonight.” Brooke explained. “I’ll bet if you hadn’t have moved no one would have known.”  
  
“That reminds me,” Abby said, “You’ve cheated me out of my payback.”  
  
“WHAT?!”   
  
“I had barely just begun enjoying myself and YOU had to ruin it all by running away. I think you owe me.”  
  
“I OWE you?! You’re out of your mind! There’s no frickin way!” I snapped angrily. “I don’t OWE you anything!”  
  
“Suit yourself. Out of the goodness of my heart I was going to give you a ride home but now . . . enjoy the walk home. Come on Brooke. We’re outta here!” Abby turned and purposely walked away, with meek little Brooke following a few steps behind never even looking back.  
  
I was about to call out and apologize, even agreeing to do whatever she wanted to even things out – anything to get a ride home and put an end to this madness. But then my sense of self-worth and pride kicked in. I don’t NEED her, I told myself. I’m not groveling to her whims. That’s just what she wants me to do. If I caved now she’d own me and she’d make the most of that the rest of the school year. I stood my ground watching them disappear around the corner.   
  
I felt good about myself again and could feel my self-esteem rising by the minute. That is until I looked down and saw my naked boobs hanging from my chest! Crap! How am I going to get home??  
  
I tried to steady my nerves and think constructively. The first thing I needed to do was get back to the mall. At least I could find my way home from there. Where I was hiding now was in the wrong direction anyway.   
  
Using anything I could find to hide behind, I darted here and there along the backs of the stores and commercial buildings. It was taking forever to make any real progress but it was safer this way then boldly walking along the sidewalk. I finally spotted the mall entrance. I stopped to consider the best way to proceed. The main problem was that in order to get across the intersection of the mall’s entrance to my next means of cover, I would be totally exposed for quite some time. I studied my options but there were few.   
  
The most direct way home would be to stick to the route I was following. There was no other way around it. I would just have to suck it up and make my way across the intersection using the sidewalk. I could run which might be the smart thing to do but I was afraid I’d draw more attention to myself, or I could boldly WALK the distance hoping no one would notice me. It was about 100 yards of open space before the next building that I could hide behind. My exposure would be shorter if I ran, but that idea didn’t sit well. Someone might see me and think I was in trouble and call the cops or something.  
  
I decided to walk. I had made it about half-way across the mall’s entrance when a car suddenly turned in and stopped right in front of me! It was Andy Kauffman from school.  
  
“Hey Katie Lynn,” he said through the open passenger window with a look on his face like he had just won the lottery, “What in the world are you up to, hmmmm?” He looked me over lustfully from head to toe as I stood there for a moment.  
  
Forgetting all sense of modesty and the fact that he was a classmate of mine, I ran to his car door and hopped inside the passenger seat. “ANDY, I’m so glad you came by. I really need a . . .”  
  
He held up a finger indicating that he wanted me to be quiet for a moment as if he was trying to be all macho-like and suave, “I just gotta tell ya, most of the time when I’m out cruising around, you know, looking for babes, I strike out but this is my lucky day!! He playfully reached over and tried to cop a feel of my left boob and I immediately slapped his hand away.   
  
“Not as lucky as you think, big boy,” I said firmly. “Look I need a favor. Could you give me a ride home?”  
  
Clearly irritated Andy replied as he was rubbing the sting out of his hand, “Not until you tell me what you are doing out here without any clothes on I won’t.”  
  
“It’s a long story but I can sum it up in two words: ABBY CAKES.”  
  
“Oh crap, you’re one of THOSE girls!”  
  
“What in the hell are you talking about? I am NOT ONE OF THOSE GIRLS!” I had no idea what he was talking about but I didn’t want him drawing any wrong conclusions about me being a lesbian or something. “I just got into an argument with Abby and it got out of hand. Now can you please take me home?”   
  
Andy put the car in gear and took off, “I guess so.”   
  
His whole demeanor changed and we drove along in silence, I gave him directions to the grocery store nearest my home. I didn’t want him dropping me off in front of my house in case my mom was up and happened to see me leaving a boy’s car naked!  
  
I was surprised that he didn’t try and take any further liberties with me. I mean what guy wouldn’t when they had a nude girl in the car with them. I thought that was odd but figured I wouldn’t push it as I was just grateful for the ride. Still the silence was awkward. It wasn’t like him at all. I wondered if the sight of my body didn’t really appeal to him. I looked down at his crotch and to my relief he was sporting a rather large woody creating a noticeable bulge in his britches. No, that couldn’t be it, I thought to myself. Maybe it was because I slapped him. I must have hurt his male pride or his ego or something. I began to feel bad. I mean after all he was helping me out and he didn’t really have to.  
  
When he pulled into the grocery store parking lot I motioned for him to pull to the side of the store away from the front windows. After stopping the car I leaned over and gave him a very appreciative kiss on the cheek and thanked him profusely for his help. My kiss seemed to surprise him somewhat as he just stared at me like he was not quite sure what to make of my actions. “Listen,” I said as I opened the car door to get out, “You won’t say anything about this to anyone will you; especially the guys?”  
  
“You don’t have to worry about me saying anything. I’m not stupid!”   
  
He then drove off leaving me puzzled as to what had come over him. I chalked it up to me giving him a bad case of “blue balls” and made my way home. I wasn’t trying to be a tease or anything, honest. I was just desperate to solve my own problems. I guess maybe I should have been a bit more understanding of the effect I was having on him. I’m not sure I would have done anything but I could at least let him have some fun looking or well, I don’t know.   
  
Fortunately my mom was already in bed as she usually was at this time of night during the week. I had made it through another close call and survived. I masturbated myself to three other orgasms that night as I vividly recalled all the things that happened to me – especially sitting in Andy Kauffman’s car!!   
  
The next several days at school were pretty uneventful. I was worried that I’d hear tales about my exploits in the hallways or something but nothing seemed out of the ordinary.   
  
Friday evening I ran into Tina after school. “Are you ready for tomorrow?”  
  
“I guess so,” I replied nervously. I had to force myself to separate what the TEAM was doing with its sisterhood bonding as part of the traditional initiation thing from my contempt for ABBY and what she and I had going between us. Abby’s little payback of stealing my clothes really had nothing to do with the team, and I really wanted to be part of the team and all that it entailed. “What time?”  
  
“Be here at the track at 7:00pm,” she said. “Just wear something comfortable.”  
  
I knew that I’d eventually have to wear that silky dress again no matter where we went so she was probably right in saying not to worry about my clothes. “Okay, I’ll be here,” I said and left for home.  
  
Saturday afternoon I paid special attention to my body. After all if people were going to see me naked after that darned dress fell off I might as well look like a million dollars. I wondered where they would take me, to the museum, to the opera or to some elegant restaurant? I washed and fixed my hair, shaved my pubic area and applied lotion until it was soft and smooth. I even used some of my favorite perfume applied carefully to some strategic places. Yes I knew that what I was about to do was going to be embarrassing but I wanted to see it through – Abby or no Abby she wasn’t the entire team. I owed it to myself to prove to her that I could do it, and do it with flair.  
  
I made my way to the field and to my surprise I found the team already waiting for me. They were all really dressed up to the hilt. Everyone looked really hot in their fancy dresses. Wherever we were ultimately going it must be someplace quite stylish I thought. Abby seemed to hold no animosity towards me after the other night as fell into her role as team leader.   
  
“KATIE LYNN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?” Abby barked with spirit.  
  
“TO BE ON THE TEAM,” I replied with feigned enthusiasm!   
  
“HOW BAD DO YOU WANT IT?”   
  
“MORE THAN ANTHING,” I said giving the now expected reply.  
  
“Are you ready to do this? This is your last chance to back out, but you know what will happen if you do.” Abby cautioned.  
  
“I’m ready.”  
  
The girls all applauded loudly and seemed genuinely pleased that I wasn’t a quitter. “You did well last time and we all look forward to seeing you complete your final task. I guess by now you’ve figured out that tonight will involve that particular dress which has that nasty habit of falling off at the most inopportune times.” The girls all giggled at Abby’s words. “The only question left to be answered is WHERE that might occur. This envelope contains several pieces of paper each with the name of a place for you to carry out your final task. These were submitted by your fellow team mates. Your fate is in your hands. You will choose your own destiny.”  
  
I looked around at the rest of the girls and they all had sparkles of excitement in their eyes. There was tension in the air and I could literally feel it.   
  
Abby cleared her throat and held up the opened manila envelope. “The initiate will now reach in and draw ONE slip of paper and read it out loud to the group.”  
  
I took a deep breath and reached in the envelope and shuffled all the papers around a bit before selecting just one. My pulse quickened a bit as I pulled it out of the envelope. This is it, I thought, the moment of truth. I was about to find out where my final exposure would be. Although I was apprehensive about where I might end up, deep down I couldn’t think of anything worse than public exposure in a crowded mall! At least at some museum it would most likely be filled with old farts and not people that I knew like the mall.  
  
I opened the scrap of paper and my heart literally stopped beating for a few seconds. I read it aloud with my voice quivering like a condemned killer: “THE HIGH SCHOOL WELCOME BACK BALL!”  
  
They couldn’t be serious!! Everyone from school would be there!! I couldn’t risk the possibility of exposing myself to all of them!! I looked at the each of my teammates wondering WHO could have been so cruel as to suggest this venue!!  
  
Abby just laughed. “I suppose you think you picked the worst possible slip, huh? That you have, like totally bad luck? Well, just to make you feel better, why don’t you read all of the other slips to see if there are any better ones or maybe other worse places to do this? It might be fun.”  
  
“Alright, I will,” I said, hoping to find a place that was better and that maybe I could talk them into doing instead of this one.  
  
The next paper said: “High School Welcome Back Ball.” The third said: “High School Welcome Back Ball.” In fact they ALL said: “High School Welcome Back Ball!!”  
  
I scowled and blurted out, “That’s not fair. It’s a conspiracy!”  
  
“No, we didn’t conspire. WE are all like-minded individuals. We are a TEAM after all,” Abby said as all the other girls laughed.  
  
What was I going to do???   
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Fifteen**

Tina smiled and said helpfully, “Katie Lynn, you had better get to the locker room and get dressed before the dance starts at 8:00.”  
  
“What, you mean you aren’t going to strip me here? Why I’m shocked!” I said with as much sarcasm as I could muster.  
  
Abby was all smiles, “I’ll go with you to help you tie the dress, then you can wait somewhere safe until it’s time. No sense in having any premature exposures.”  
  
“Gee thanks. You’re so thoughtful,” I mumbled and followed her to the gym.  
  
When we entered I heard the band warming up in the main part of the gym on the basketball court. The very thought of what I was doing seemed more than I could bear. Still tonight’s little dalliance was filled with the things that I seemed to crave: risk, embarrassment, uncertainty and above all nudity! Despite my fears and common sense, I just couldn’t get past that combination that was so addictive!  
  
Once I had stripped bare, Abby handed me the dress and after I had put it on fastened the ties. Just the silky feel of the dress got my juices flowing!  
  
Abby, sensing my utter terror, patted me on the shoulder. “You’ll do fine. I’m not supposed to tell you this but after the dress falls off two times we will leave. The first time will obviously seem like an accident and perhaps the second as well but a third is downright suspicious. Hopefully that little bit of information will make it a little easier for you mentally. You only have to stay until it falls off twice.”  
  
“Gee, why are you telling me this. You’re almost acting . . .”  
  
“Human?” she said interrupting my thoughts as if she could read my mind. “I’m not all bad. Well at least not ALL the time.”  
  
“Thank you for telling me that. It does make it a little better.”  
  
Abby gave me a warm smile and said, “Why don’t you wait in the coach’s office until it’s time. It’s unlocked. I already checked. I’ll come get you when we are all ready to make our grand entrance.” I nodded my approval and she led me out of the locker area and down the short hall to coach’s office.   
  
Sitting there alone behind the coach’s desk I tried to collect my thoughts and steady my nerves. All I could see were the faces of my classmates and their reactions to seeing my dress fall off! Every time I pictured someone in my mind’s eye the very depths of my soul screamed out, “NO! NOT HIM, NOT HER!!! PLEASE LET IT BE SOMEONE ELSE!!!” Instead of calming my nerves I was succeeding in making things worse! I had to put tonight out of my mind. I tried to pass the time by thinking of all the things that happened to me over the past few weeks that I actually liked! I had come a long way and many of the things I did were part of my best masturbatory fantasies! My hormones began taking over my rational self and I began to get aroused. THAT’S what I needed, I thought, to stay horny! At least then I might enjoy part of this.  
  
I was drifting away in my thoughts for who knows how long when I suddenly heard the door open. “COACH,” I exclaimed! “I . . . I didn’t know you’d be here tonight. I was just waiting here for my friends to arrive. I wasn’t messing with anything, honest!” I stammered thinking he might believe I was snooping through his personal stuff and get mad. I quickly got up from behind the desk and started to make my way around so he could have his chair when it happened! The dress fell completely to the floor leaving me once again totally naked only a few feet before his eyes!  
  
His mouth fell open and a shocked look came over his face.  
  
“I’m so SORRY, I don’t know what . . . I’M SO SORRY, I’m just so sorry,” I babbled over and over again as I tried to bend over to pick up my gown. As I did so I looked up to apologize once more when I saw him looking at my breasts dangling loosely towards the floor and he was obviously enjoying the view.   
  
He had a smile on his face as he said, “Katie Lynn, if I didn’t know you better I’d swear you were trying to seduce me!”  
  
As I picked up the gown hurriedly and tried my best to cover myself I began speaking so fast that my words almost ran together, “Oh NO Coach! It’s not like that at all, I mean not that you aren’t quite a hunk that any girl wouldn’t mind throwing herself over . . . not that I would do such a thing, I would never let you see me naked, not that I wouldn’t MIND that you saw me naked . . . oh that’s not what I mean!! I wasn’t you know . . . IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!!!”  
  
“Calm down Katie Lynn. I know it was an accident.” He walked over to me and grabbed the dress and said, “Turn around and I’ll re-tie this for you.” I did as he asked showing him my bare back side until he pulled up the dress high enough to finally cover me and to refasten the ties. Coach seemed calm and collected like he always was. As he grabbed the two dress ties he said, “One thing I’ve learned about this style of dress, you have to make sure you tie them tightly otherwise they’ll, well, let’s just say you’ll have one heck of a wardrobe malfunction! It’s actually a good thing I came along when I did or you might have really embarrassed yourself if it happened at the dance in front of all your peers!”  
  
Little did he know, I thought, little did he know! I gave him a nervous laugh and when he was through I thanked him. As I was about to leave I just had to ask, “Coach, what are you doing here tonight? I mean are you just working late or are you here for the dance?”  
  
“I’m a chaperone at the dance tonight, Katie Lynn so you had better be on your best behavior!” he said with a wink.  
  
“Yes, coach and uh thanks again. I’m so sorry!!” I then nervously left his office!  
  
Once I made it a little ways down the corridor I let out a HUGE sigh of relief! Talk about living life on the edge!  
  
I decided that I needed someplace to hide until the dance started. Abby would look for me in coach’s office but if she spotted him in there the next place I figured she’d look was the girl’s locker room so that’s where I headed.   
  
As I opened the door I heard voices. It sounded like the team had gathered inside and were talking. I figured that I had better tell them what had happened with coach and let them know he had made sure to tie my dress so that it wouldn’t fall off. The temptation was great not to say anything but I figured if they noticed the dress tied differently they would think I had something to do with it, that I cheated or something and I had come too far to ruin everything now!  
  
I was about to make my presence known when I spotted Brooke! What was she doing here? She’s not on the team. Tina was talking so I decided to hide behind the short wall and listen for a bit.  
  
“Gee Brooke, you sure know how to pick ‘em. She is the best girl yet, and CUTE too!”  
  
Abby was laughing and added, “Yeah, you sure have her fooled. Katie Lynn even thinks YOU are her FRIEND!! I don’t think she suspects a thing!”  
  
“I know,” Brooke replied smugly. “That’s the beauty of it. She TRUSTS me!! Can you believe it? Just wait until she finds out what I REALLY have planned for tonight!”   
  
Tina remarked, “I’m glad you are our leader. I’d hate not to have you with us. It just wouldn’t be the same! It gets better and better every year!”  
  
I couldn’t believe what I was hearing!! Brooke was their leader? Brooke, my midnight running partner was directing all this? Did I miss something? I thought ABBY was the bitch. SHE was the one that made my life miserable! This just didn’t make sense!  
  
I decided to keep quiet and listen some more.  
  
“Yeah, your idea of that initiation thing was PERFECT!” Paula said.   
  
“No YOU were perfect, Paula,” Brooke said warmly. “If you hadn’t convinced her that Abby was trouble and that there really was such an initiation thing that we all went through I don’t think we’d be here today.”  
  
The girls all laughed. They were LAUGHING!! They were making fun of me! Abby, Tina, Susan, Paula and even BROOKE my friend and trusted confidant. They were all in on it! And just what was Brooke REALLY planning for me tonight anyway? I couldn’t believe how stupid I was! I was MAD and getting angrier by the minute! I had to get out of there before I lost it completely and think things through!  
  
I quietly backed out of the locker room and headed outside. I thought about going home. I thought about turning them all in after what they had done to me! I thought about revenge! Yeah, make them ALL pay but especially Abby, who did all those things to me and Brooke, the traitor who thought all this up! Oh they were going to pay big time and I knew just how to do it! I was going to let them think they were getting away with it tonight and then WHAM! They’d never see it coming!  
  
But that was the problem I needed to plan this out and there was so little time! And I needed help. But who could I trust? I wasn’t sure I cud trust anyone anymore! I decided I need to make myself scarce for a little while so I could think things through. I needed to make sure this worked. I would hate to lose this opportunity. If I waited I might not get the chance again. If I acted too soon I might blow it and once they knew that I knew, the party would be over!  
  
I made my way to the only place I was sure I’d be alone for a while – the visitor’s ticket booth.  
  
Come on think, I chastised myself how could I pull it off. I knew what I wanted to do to them but how to get it done without them suspecting things in advance was the problem. I thought I could get Abby and Brooke taken care of, but the rest of them, they were guilty too and THAT I wasn’t sure I could get done. I thought of a priority system – a rank ordered list of who would be first, second, third and so on. I’d try to get them all but at least this way I’d not get sidetracked.   
  
Abby HAD to be first, there was no doubt about it. Brooke was second as her betrayal really hurt. I trusted her and she screwed me over big time. Paula lied and set me up but it was Tina’s truck that they used to tie me to and it was Tina’s knife that ruined my clothes – okay Tina was third and Paula fourth. Susan didn’t really do anything too horrible but she did help hold me down as the girls stripped me and later shaved me, so she was fifth. I thought about the others but all they did really was keep silent. I’d get to them if I could but if I couldn’t it wouldn’t be so bad. They’d get the message that Katie Lynn wasn’t to be messed with!  
  
I saw people starting to arrive so I knew time was growing short. Most people parked in the front lots but a few parked in the rear as the dance was being held in the gym it was the closest lot.  
  
I had everything worked out in my mind as to how I was going to do it. I would never get another opportunity like this. I even knew who I was going to ask for help. All I had to do was find them.   
  
The missing unknown factor in all of this, however, was whatever surprise Brooke had cooked up that I didn’t know about. Somehow that worried me. I tried to think of all the possibilities so I could plan for them but Brooke was just too clever. She had surprised me every step of the way. Despite my best attempts to get into her mind and think like I thought she would think, I just couldn’t be sure.   
  
Well, I was as ready as I would ever be so I left the booth and headed towards the gym. It’s amazing how things work out sometimes. Before, I feared attending this dance. Now I couldn’t WAIT to go! This was going to be so much fun – for me anyway!!  
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Sixteen**

The first thing I did after leaving the booth was look for Tina’s truck. If I was lucky I’d be able to get inside. I wasn’t absolutely sure I’d find what I was looking for but I figured my chances were pretty good. It didn’t take long for me to spot her vehicle and sure enough she had been careless and the doors were unlocked. Man what a mess, I thought! It took me a while rummaging through all that junk she had strewn all over the interior of the cab but there in the glove box was what I was searching for – an entire plastic bag full. I also found something else that I hadn’t really been looking for but thought it might come in handy so I took it as well. I took the items and hid them near the bleachers.   
  
Time was running short I had to find my accomplices. They didn’t know it yet but they were going to help me. One way or another I was sure of it. I only hoped that they were actually going to come to the dance.  
  
As luck would have it the first person I saw was Billy Thompson, the boy I kind of had a crush on before he autographed my body in the back of Tina’s truck. I hadn’t seen him since that vibrator incident. This is going to be awkward, I thought to myself, but I really needed his help. “Hey Billy, wait up!” I called out as I quickly made my way towards him holding the hem of my dress up as I jogged.  
  
“Why look who it is . . . it’s the porno star!” he said teasingly.   
  
“Yeah, yeah, I know. I’m really sorry you got caught up in all that,” I said nervously.  
  
“So what was THAT all about anyway?” he asked still smiling.  
  
“It was horrible,” I said using my most pitiful-sounding voice. “Those girls FORCED me to do that because I was trying to make the track team and they didn’t want me on it. They figured I’d quit if they embarrassed me enough. You saw how I was tied up, didn’t you?”  
  
“Well, yeah, I noticed but I thought it was because of that promotion you were doing for that movie you’re in.”  
  
“I’M NOT IN A PORNO MOVIE, you idiot!” I snapped angrily. I couldn’t believe he was so stupid!! Then I came to my senses and realized that calling him names wasn’t helping my cause. “Look, Billy I was a victim. Those girls are mean and heartless!”  
  
“Oh,” he said meekly as if he finally understood for the first time. “Did you tell the Police? I mean they should all be arrested or something.”  
  
Now that I had his sympathy, I had to use all of my feminine wiles to charm this boy into helping me. “Look, Billy, I don’t think that would solve anything. All they would get is a slap on the wrist. I think they need to be taught a lesson. Don’t you? Otherwise they’ll keep doing stuff like this to other people and they will keep on being delinquents for the rest of their lives. We owe it to them to help them change.”  
  
“Yeah, well I guess.”  
  
“So, I need your help.”  
  
“MY help? What do you need MY help for?” he asked hesitantly.  
  
“To teach them a lesson, silly boy,” I replied coyly. I want to get back at them for what they did to me and I need your help.”  
  
“Oh NO, count me out. You said yourself those girls are mean! I don’t want any part of it. No way, forget it.”  
  
I put my arm around him flirtatiously and said softly, “Billy, didn’t you like seeing me naked?”  
  
“Well yeah, but . . .”  
  
“And you mean to tell me you don’t want any part of seeing four or maybe even FIVE MORE girls naked?” I must have struck a nerve with that last question because he stopped talking and stared off into space. “Imagine, FIVE more sets of naked boobs, five more curvy asses . . .”  
  
“ALL RIGHT,” he exclaimed, “I get the picture!”  
  
“Good then you’ll help me?”  
  
“What’s in it for me?”  
  
“WHAT? I just TOLD you what’s in it for you – FIVE naked girls!” I couldn’t believe this. Here was an opportunity of a life time and this kid wants to negotiate!  
  
He shook his head, “Listen, I’m not sure it’s worth it. Those girls are mean and I don’t want to end up naked on the back of a pickup truck riding all over town like you ended up. I mean it has to be something really good for me to take THAT kind of risk.”  
  
I thought about it for a second and he had a point. My heart began beating faster as I thought about what I was about to say. “Okay, how about I let you feel my boobs. Would THAT be enough?”  
  
“No . . . I don’t think so,” He said mulling it over.  
  
I swallowed hard, “My NAKED boobs then.”  
  
“They’re nice and all but . . .”  
  
“BUT WHAT?!! What would it take, Billy, just spit it out.”  
  
He got an evil smile on his face and replied, “To take that risk I’d need a blow job.”  
  
“YOU’RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!” I yelled. “No fricken way, I’ll get someone else to help me.” I turned and started to walk away.  
  
In a panic Billy called out anxiously, “A hand-job then?”  
  
I paused for a moment then kept walking.  
  
“Look I didn’t tell anybody at school about what happened to you. THAT ought to be worth something?” he pleaded as I was still walking away.   
  
Upon hearing his words I stopped and turned around. “You didn’t? You didn’t tell ANYBODY?”  
  
“No, not a soul, so I think a hand-job is fair, especially after you got me all worked up that night.”   
  
“Billy Thompson, are you trying to blackmail me?” I said teasingly.  
I felt that familiar feeling in the pit of my stomach like when I was about to do something naughty. “Fine, I promise to give you a hand-job after you help me tonight.” The very words as they left my lips caused me to get unbelievably wet. What in the world was I doing?? Did I really want revenge THAT much that I would do such a thing to a boy? Then I thought of Brooke’s betrayal and I knew my answer.  
  
Billy’s face was gleaming. “No, do it now. I don’t believe you’d do it after you got even with those girls.”  
  
“NOW?! Right here?” I shrieked, “You’re crazy! Besides I don’t have time. The dance is almost about to start.”  
  
“Well . . .” Billy said hesitantly.  
  
I decided to make a small good faith effort to show him I was good for it. My heart was now pounding as I nervously looked around to make sure the coast was clear. I pushed him backwards up against the bleachers and before he had a chance to realize what was happening I slid my hand down the front of his pants and gently grabbed hold of his penis. To my surprise it was already hard. I couldn’t believe I was doing this – actually TOUCHING a boy!! I had never done such a thing before and it was weird. I just wanted to give him a little proof that I was really going to do it later but I found myself enthralled with how it felt so I lingered a bit as I ran my fingers along the shaft. I was about to pull my hand out when I felt something warm and wet against the palm of my hand. I wasn’t sure what that was then I felt it again, and again! My Gawd he was spurting his stuff already!! I quickly jerked my hand out of his britches and looked at the gooey mess all over my palm. “That’s disgusting,” I thought to myself and quickly wiped my hand on his shirt! I was shocked he came so quickly. I hadn’t even done anything. I never even got a chance to SEE what it looked like for crying out loud! For some odd reason I found myself a bit disappointed. I felt cheated if that makes any sense.  
  
“THANKS!” Billy said finally catching his breath.  
  
“See, I told you I’m good for it. I’ll give you a proper stroking later, AFTER you do all that I ask of you tonight.”  
  
“You mean I get ANOTHER ONE? GREAT!!!” Billy remarked enthusiastically.  
  
How stupid was I? He would have been satisfied with what I had done already. Oh well, looking back I’m sure I said that because deep down I really wanted to see he his penis up close and personal.  
  
I took Billy aside and explained everything I had in mind. “Are you sure you understand?” I asked carefully. “This is really important to me.” He repeated everything back to me and it was all correct. I left him alone to get himself back together and went on in search of my next accomplice.  
  
I didn’t have to look very hard. He was standing outside next to his car primping himself in his driver’s side door mirror.  
  
“Andy, Can I speak with you a moment?”  
  
“WELL, WELL don’t you look nice all dressed up, though I liked you better the other way.” He said snidely.  
  
“Can it buster,” I said before I realized how harsh that sounded.  
  
Andy’s face got all humble looking, much like the way he looked the other night after I slapped his hand. “I’m sorry,” he said meekly. “Please don’t be mad.” That was weird, I thought. It was like at the sound of my words he turned into a wimp or jellyfish or something.  
  
“Look, I’m not mad. I need your help.” I said kindly.  
  
“MY help? YOU need MY help? What for . . .”  
  
“I may be wrong here but how would you like to help me teach Abby and her friends a lesson they’ll never forget?” I said softly.  
  
“What? What’s the matter? Is there trouble in Camelot? I didn’t think you girls ate one of your own! This must be some sort of trick. You’re going to pants me again aren’t you? Right here at the dance! Oh please don’t do that. I’ll leave right now and you’ll never see me again.”  
  
“What? Calm down!” I said reassuringly as I took a step toward him.   
  
“PLEASE, I’ve got money. You can have it all?” He was shaking like a leaf now and looked awfully pale.  
  
“What’s gotten into you? I’m not going to pants you? Why on earth would you think . . . OH, I get it. Did Abby and her friends do that to you before?”  
  
He nodded his head carefully and replied, “Yeah, right in the cafeteria last year! It was awful! And it was all because I looked at Brooke and smiled at her as she walked by! They pounced on me and stripped me bare to my knees! All the girls in the cafeteria saw my pecker and laughed and I couldn’t do anything about it! It was horrible! But YOU should know that, you’re one of them aren’t you?”  
  
Now it was beginning to all make sense. The other night when I said Abby’s name and slapped his hand he thought I was one of Abby’s girls. “No Andy,” I explained. “You’ve got it all wrong. I’m not one of them. I was naked the other night because she did to me what she did to you only worse, much worse.”  
  
“Really?”  
  
“Yes and tonight I’m going to get even and teach those girls they can’t mess with me or anyone else without suffering the consequences. I need your help though.”  
  
“Oh no, if she sees it was me I’m like dead meat!”  
  
“You can wear a disguise, a mask or something. I don’t care. Besides there are others helping me so it will all work out. I would think that any REAL MAN would stand up for himself and get back at them for what they did to you.”  
  
Andy smiled and said, “You really mean it? This isn’t a trick? You’re really going to teach them a lesson?”  
  
“Yep, with a little luck they’ll all be naked as the day they were born. How would you like to see that?” I asked poking him in the ribs playfully.  
  
“I’m in. What do I have to do?” I took Andy into my confidence and explained his part in my plan. He too repeated everything back perfectly.   
  
“One more thing, did Abby do anything like what she did to you in the cafeteria to anyone else that you know of?”  
  
“Yeah, Freddie Macabee.”  
  
“If you think you can trust him, bring him along. I need him to do the same thing you are going to do. That should be enough help so don’t say a word to anyone else, Okay?” He nodded his understanding and I left him to scurry back into the gym before I was missed.  
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Seventeen**  
  
“THERE you are!” Abby said quite put out as she saw me entering the gym. “Where have you been?”  
  
“Coach is here,” I said calmly. “He came in when I was in his office so I had to leave. I was looking for you guys for like forever.”  
  
“Oh,” Abby replied. “”We, um, had some business to take care of.” She then grabbed hold of my arm and led me into the gym. “Let’s get this SHOW on the road!” We all made our entrance into the gym together and to my surprise Abby already had tickets for all of us. They must have really planned this out well to have tickets in hand.  
  
The gym was filling up fast! I would have literally died if coach hadn’t come along and fixed my dress. Seeing all these people here I was sure I would have never been able to go through it! Now all I had to do was keep them from discovering that little fact about my gown until I was able to put my plan into action. Moments later Brooke waltzed into the gym and joined the girls and acted as if she hadn’t known they were going to be there. What a con artist!   
  
The band started playing and the girls all took a seat on the inside bleachers along the wall. After the first song was over Tina stood up and said, “Did we tell you that you have to dance with whomever we tell you to tonight?”  
  
“Um, no actually, you didn’t,” I replied a bit snotty-like.  
  
“Well, it’s true. Why don’t you go over and ask Josh to dance? He’s just standing there.” Tina explained. I wrinkled up my nose and walked off in his direction. I see their plan now. They were going to pick the most popular guys for me to dance with and make sure it was on the fastest songs so that my dress would be sure to slip off with all that moving around!  
  
The girls sat there in anticipation just waiting for what they deemed the inevitable to happen on the crowded dance floor; little did they know that I was prepared. The truth be told, I actually liked dancing with Josh. If they hadn’t “made” me ask him I surely would never had the guts to do it myself.   
  
Time went on and I decided that I had better make myself look anxious and worried otherwise they’d figure out something was up. I needed to stall for time until it was dark outside otherwise my plan wouldn’t work.  
  
After several dances and some lighthearted conversations with the boys the team had picked out for me, I was decidedly having a great time! Time was flying by and I was having fun, so much so that I failed to notice the girls on the bleachers. When I returned they were waiting for me.   
  
“Gee you’re having awfully good luck with that dress,” Abby said suspiciously.   
  
“Yeah, how about that?” Tina added.  
  
“You HAD to jinx my good luck by bringing that up, didn’t you?” I asked trying to deflect their suspicions.  
  
Abby stated moving around behind and as she did was saying, “Maybe it’s just good luck or maybe you’re cheating. Well, well, look here girls, someone’s been fiddling with the ties.” They all gathered around to have a look for themselves.  
  
I began to get nervous and in an instant saw my plans for revenge beginning to unravel right before my eyes! “I’m not a cheater,” I said defensively, “I can explain . . .”  
  
Just then coach walked up and said “Hello girl’s having a good time?”  
  
“Hi coach,” several answered in unison.   
  
Coach then spotted Abby messing with my gown. “Katie Lynn, are you having problems with your dress again? I thought I fixed that.”  
  
“Um, you did coach. Abby was just making sure, you know. I thought it felt a little loose.”  
  
“YOU fixed Katie Lynn’s dress, coach?” Tina asked quite surprised.   
  
Coach chuckled and replied, “Well, yes she was having a little trouble with it in my office earlier and I offered to help. I warned her about dresses like that. So, are you all having fun?”  
  
“Oh yeah” Brooke spoke up, “We’re having a blast!”  
  
“Good, Make sure you mingle some. I saw you all just standing around. This is a Welcome Back Ball. Get out and meet some people. You’ll have a blast. Try and be more like Katie Lynn. I saw her dancing with a whole bunch of guys,” coach said encouragingly.  
  
“We will coach,” Brooke answered for the group. After a few more pleasantries he left.  
  
“So,” Abby said with a wry smile, “Coach fixed your dress, huh?”  
  
“Yeah, I um, forgot about it until he said something. It sort of fell off, you know, right in front of him.”  
  
The girls all laughed heartily. “We’ll let it slide THIS time,” Abby said firmly “but we had better not catch you or anybody else messing with it, understand?”  
  
“Yeah, ah sure, no problem,” I muttered. Man was that ever close. It was a good thing coach came over when he did otherwise I would have been screwed. What am I talking about, I was screwed. Abby was retying the dress and the likelihood of it falling off was now almost certain! Maybe I could put my plan into action early – before the dress dropped. I had to find my boys!  
  
Before I could spot either of them Tina said, “Isn’t that Billy Thompson over there. Doesn’t Katie Lynn have a crush on him?”  
  
“I do believe she does,” Abby said laughing. “Go dance with him.”  
  
It was all I could do to keep from smiling. I never would have spotted him in that crowd out there but thanks to Tina I would now be able to put my plan into action early.  
  
As luck would have it the band was playing another fast song and the floor was crowded! I got to Billy just as he was walking off. “Billy, wait!” I called. When I reached him I grabbed his arm and pulled him back onto the floor.   
  
Just then the band guy announced this was going to be a spotlight dance. “When the spotlight finds you, do your best moves as everyone will be watching!” he said loudly. The students started clapping and the music got louder and faster. The lights in the gym grew dimmer and the bright roving light focused on a couple near the band. I was grateful to be in the relative darkness as the girls hopefully wouldn’t see me leaning over and talking to Billy secretly. I instructed him that I was going to have to start early and for him to find Andy Kauffman and get things ready.  
  
The light moved on to yet another couple as Billy insisted on repeating his instructions to me to be sure he got them right. I didn’t really want him yelling in my ear over the music like that but I was glad he wanted to get it perfect. The light moved on to still another couple.   
  
“That’s PERFECT, BILLY,” I said trying not to look suspicious and he nodded. “Get going right after this song!” He nodded again. I looked over and found the girls and, even in the darkness, I could tell they were all watching me like a hawk. Hopefully I hadn’t aroused their suspicions.   
  
Then suddenly Billy and I were bathed in the brightness of the spot light and everyone looked at us. Billy, who was not a good dancer almost panicked and stopped dancing. He looked so stupid just standing there, but I encouraged him by saying it wouldn’t last long and to keep moving. He seemed to pick up his pace and then – BAM! That damn dress fell right to the floor!! The spotlight started to move away but then the operator must have realized what had happened and it zoomed in right back on me in a nanosecond! I was naked in front of everyone I knew from school!! I screamed and everyone laughed!! THEY LAUGHED and pointed and laughed some more!! I was mortified beyond belief! I dropped to my knees to try and hide myself and then gathered up the garment and tried to pull it back up. Of course stupid ole me was kneeling on it and it took me a moment to realize why I couldn’t cover myself! I then stood up, bent down, giving the guys behind a good look at my ass and yanked the thing back up! I immediately ran out of there holding my dress up even though it barely covered my boobs! I ended up running past the girls who were also laughing their fools heads off – they saw it all!   
  
Abby stopped me and did her best to look like she was trying to help me. The spotlight moved on to other couples and the band kept playing but several students just HAD to gather around me to be part of the fun as Abby fumbled with the ties. “TURN AROUND and HOLD STILL!” she barked as she spun me around to face me away from the bleachers. That’s the last thing I wanted to do was look out towards the dance floor and face all those kids looking at me with stupid grins on their faces. At least the music was still playing and the gym was essentially still somewhat dark except for those in the spotlight. Of course people nearest us could see me quite clearly as well as my blushing face and trembling legs.  
  
Abby kept fiddling with those stupid ties. “HURRY UP!” I yelled in a panic afraid she was going to – you guessed it, she let go of the ties and dropped the dress again as if it was an accident. “OOPS!” she said at the top of her voice as those nearby busted out in hysterics at seeing me naked again! I couldn’t believe she did that!!  
  
By the time the song ended I was dressed again. When the normal lighting was restored and the band started playing a slow number I asked Abby if I could use the bathroom. She laughed and said I probably needed to before I pissed all over myself again like I did the other night. “Very funny,” I said snidely, “very funny!”  
  
“Don’t be gone long,” she said, “You still have one more to go.”  
  
“WHAT? It fell twice,” I said in protest.  
  
“Coach doesn’t count.”  
  
“I wasn’t counting him. It fell once on the floor and then once because of your stupid butter-fingers!”  
  
“Nope, that was all once incident. One more time, right girls?” My teammates all nodded their heads so I knew I was screwed.   
  
“Fine” I snapped in reply! “Just give me a while to collect myself. I’ll be back, though, don’t you worry.” I then headed off to the ladies room. I couldn’t believe that all those people saw me like that – and in that damn spotlight to boot! At least the spotlight was on when I was still dressed and everyone then saw my gown slip and fall. It looked more like an accident that way! If the spotlight had found me AFTER the gown had fallen It would look like I had been up to something. THAT thought was too horrible to think about. I was lucky. There was no doubt about it!  
  
I waited in the restroom long enough for the boys to get ready then I carefully made my way back out towards the gym. I peaked around the corer wall and saw that the girls had all separated and were talking to various students around the floor. They were all laughing so I assumed they were all talking about me! It didn’t matter, I thought. It would all work our better that way.   
  
I then saw Andy approach Abby. “Coach wants to see you.”  
  
Abby scrunched up her face and I could hear her reply, “He does, what for?”  
  
“I dunno. Maybe it has something to do with Katie Lynn or maybe he wants to talk with you about the track team. All I know is that he said I was to bring you to him.”  
  
“Oh alright,” she replied and followed him towards the rear exit door.   
  
I counted to ten after I saw then leave the floor and scurried not too far behind to eventually join them. I would know in a few seconds whether this was going to work or not.

**The Midnight Run – Part Eighteen**  
I saw Andy and Abby leave the gym and head outside. I was following close behind trying not to make my presence known.  
  
“Where’s coach?” Abby asked impatiently. “I don’t see him anywhere.”  
  
“He’s right . . . HERE!” Andy said with excitement and then turned around and pounced on her. It was so dark out and she was so taken by surprise she didn’t see Billy Thompson or Freddie Macabee scurrying up to join him. They were upon her before she even had time to react. Before long they had literally dragged Abby over to the short fence that surrounded the track and had her arms outstretched along the top of the fence rail. I then ran up and removed a couple of wire ties from the plastic bag that I had taken from Tina’s truck and secured Abby’s arms to the fence rail so she couldn’t move. She soon discovered, like I had that night in Tina’s truck, the more she tried to get free, the tighter they got around her wrists so she eventually stopped struggling. I then secured her ankles to the fence as well making sure I kept them spread as far as I could get them.   
  
“Let me go, you pervs,” she yelled. It was then I guess she finally recognized it was me in the darkness. “KATIE LYNN! What are you doing?!”  
  
I got right up in her face and smiled, “Let’s just say it is MY turn to have a little fun now. I’m sure you remember this little pose, don’t you? Since you had me bound that way I can only assume it’s your favorite.” I then fastened the ball gag in Abby’s mouth – the one that I had been fortunate enough to find in the plastic bag with the wire ties in that pigsty that Tina calls her vehicle.   
  
“MMmmmmppppghhhhh!” Abby yelled her protests muffled by that gag. I just laughed.   
  
“One down, four to go.” I said as I took up my place outside the gym door.  
  
Andy Kauffman went back inside and found Brooke. He had been instructed this time to tell Brooke that Abby needed to see her outside right away, that there had been a change in plans.  
  
A short while later Andy was leading Brooke outside. She had only taken a few steps when she saw Abby tied to the fence. “ABBY, what on earth?!” she said in total shock.  
  
Just then the boys pounced and soon she too was tied along the fence right next to Abby.  
  
I didn’t have a gag for Brooke so I held my hand over her mouth and read her the riot act of how callous and cruel I thought she had been and how hurt I was that she deceived me as Andy returned inside to find Tina. Brooke seemed surprised that I knew as much as I did. I let her believe that I had known for a while rather than tell her that I only had just discovered her betrayal that night. I wanted her to wonder how I could possibly have known.   
  
Like before it worked like a charm and soon Tina was secured next to Abby and Brooke. To my delight Paula and Susan were the easiest of all and they didn’t even seem to put up much of a struggle at all.   
  
Then the moment of truth came at last. “I suppose you are all wondering why I called you here tonight,” I said sarcastically. I then walked up to Abby and began unbuttoning her dress. She had buttons all the way down the front so in no time her bra, slip and panties were showing. I then pulled out the pair of scissors I had hidden away and began snipping here and there in order to strip her bare. “It’s a shame to ruin such a nice dress, but I’m sure you have more.” I really got into it and before long she was standing naked as the day she was born as the boys all looked on eagerly. “That’s one you’ve never seen naked before. Make sure you get a GOOD look at EVERYTHING!” I said to my partners and made my way over to Brooke. Of course they wasted no time in checking out every curve and crevice.  
  
Brooke shook her head as if silently pleading for me not to do this. She could have yelled or screamed as she didn’t have a gag like Abby but for some reason she didn’t. She just stood there as I stripped her. To my surprise she wasn’t wearing a bra but that was one less thing I had to dispose of. I recalled Abby’s humiliating gesture of pinching my nipple when I was exposed and how I hated it, so I reached out and gave both of hers a good tweaking!   
  
“That’s two, you boys haven’t seen naked before,” I said giggling to them as they moved in front of Brooke to check out her body. Even in the darkness I could tell Brooke was blushing profusely.  
  
Tina, Susan and Paula all followed in turn. I took my time relishing my revenge hoping that by dragging this out it would increase the shame and humiliation that my victims were experiencing. I wasn’t worried about being caught as we were all in literal darkness. Only those close at hand could see well enough to realize what was going on.  
  
After the boys all got a good look at the girls, noting aloud to each other the differences among each of the naked bodies before them, I stepped back in front of the line of girls and waved my hand nonchalantly. “Okay guys, you know what to do next.” Andy and Freddie took off running while Billy Thompson remained with me.   
  
“What are you doing now?” Brooke asked plainly.  
  
“You’ll see. You all didn’t think I stripped you just to show your naked asses to those guys did you?” I said flippantly. To a girl, their faces distorted in a panic with their eyes widening and mouths dropping open as far as they could go – well, all except poor Abby who was still gagged. She looked pitiful with slobber all running down her face and dangling like long strings from the corners of her mouth. I took pity on her and removed her gag. I know that was probably stupid of me, but since none of the other girls were making a scene I figured I’d be nice.  
  
No sooner had I removed the gag when Abby began giggling, “You were right, Brooke, she DOES fit in!”  
  
“What?” I asked confused.   
  
Brooke now smiling explained. “She means you were a good choice. I was sure you’d fit in to our little group and you just proved me right. I couldn’t be happier.”  
  
“What do you mean you couldn’t be happier?” I snapped in reply. “Don’t you realize what’s about to happen?”   
  
Brooke laughed as if she couldn’t care less and Tina spoke up, “Doesn’t matter, we like how it’s going so far, so keep it up.”  
  
I figured they were just trying to psych me out by pretending this didn’t bother them. I KNEW public exposure bothered Abby because I saw how she reacted when I stole her clothes in the shower and she ran after me. “You aren’t fooling me,” I said calmly. “I know you are all scared to death!”  
  
Paula chimed in, “No, not really. It’s all part of being in the club.”  
  
“Club? What club?” I asked totally taken aback.  
  
“The DeeARReee club,” Abby said proudly. “Brooke here selected you for membership and we’ve been evaluating you all this time. I’m pleased to say you’ve passed with flying colors!”  
  
“The WHAT club, the DeeARReee club?? What the hell is that?”  
  
“Say it slowly,” Abby said choking back her laughter.  
  
“DeeArrEE . . . dee – ARR – eee, hmmm . . . dee – arr - eee . . . Oh, I get it, D.R.E. They’re initials, an acronym of some sort, right?”  
  
“Yep,” Brooke acknowledged. “D.R.E – the DARE to RISK EXPOSURE Club.”  
  
“Yeah, we are all into taking risks exposing our bodies in public, well ours or other peoples,” she added laughing. “We try to make it look accidental or as if our exposure wasn’t our fault, you know, like you are doing to us now!”  
  
“I’m sooooooo excited,” Paula admitted. “I can’t wait to see what you have in store for us!”  
  
“You’re making all this up,” I protested skeptically.  
  
“No we’re not. We’ve been doing this for the last two years!” Abby explained.  
  
I couldn’t believe what I was hearing! “But, when you chased after me when I took your clothes . . . that was real embarrassment! I’m absolutely positive about that. I got you good and you know it!”  
  
“Sorry to disappoint you babe, but it was all planned.”  
  
“How could that be?”  
  
Abby said smugly, “It was all a set up. Think about it, WHO told you that I took my showers last and that I was shy about my body?”  
  
“Brooke . . .”  
  
“And explain this,” Abby continued, “Who in their right mind would leave the safety of the locker room stark naked chasing after you when we all knew the boys’ track team was having camp! Hmmmmm? Does THAT make sense to you? Of course, not, it was just an opportunity for me to get naked in front of others and get away it because it wasn’t my fault!”  
  
CRAP! She was right. I WAS set up. They have been playing me all along! I just shook my head in disbelief – it was like I was in an episode of the Twilight Zone or some Sci-Fi movie! Any moment I was going to wake up and discover none of this is real!  
  
Just then the outdoor stadium lights came on illuminating all of us. “Right on cue,” I said to the girls, “Freddie has done his part.” The girls were practically gleaming with excitement, but I was still confused.  
  
“Let me get this straight. You are all actually ‘into’ exposing yourselves? You really LIKE this stuff?”  
  
“Absolutely but we are much more careful and deliberate about it than you are. You just run off naked every night at midnight roaming your own neighborhood for crying out loud. Do you know how dangerous that is? WE are much more professional about it so as to minimize the risk.” Abby stated.  
  
“Yeah, like tonight,” Brooke added. “We didn’t know you were planning this – I must say I gotta give you credit for being imaginative, but we are like totally in the clear and we STILL have our fun!”  
  
“Huh?”  
  
“We get exposed but if we get into trouble for it, we’ll just blame you! I mean we didn’t tie ourselves up did we? YOU did that. We will be just innocent victims here. You’ll be the one who gets busted and probably expelled or something.” Brooke explained.  
  
Crap! I hadn’t thought of that. I was playing right into their hands! This wasn’t any fun if they weren’t totally humiliated! What kind of revenge gives pleasure to the person you are seeking revenge upon?  
  
“But I still don’t understand. WHY did you choose me to pick on in the first place? I’ve GOT to know. I thought it was because you didn’t want me on the track team.”  
  
  
**The Midnight Run – Part Nineteen**  
Brooke cleared her throat and replied, “Well, it was a cinch to spot your exhibitionist tendencies a mile off.”  
  
“WHAT?” I cried excitedly, “I don’t dress like a slut. I ALWAYS wear conservative clothes.”  
  
“That’s right. Think about it. You dress conservative yet you have a body that most girls would die for. So why hide it? The answer is simple. You are conflicted emotionally. Deep down you know you have a body that boys would drool over. You WANT to show it off but you have had such a strict upbringing that it prevents you from acting on those impulses. You are also wallowing in submissiveness. You are always so eager to please that you are an easy mark for people like me to take advantage of you. THAT’S why I chose you. I was sure you’d fit right in. We had to find out if I was right so we pushed you to see what you’d do. That way we’d discover the truth with little risk to ourselves if I was wrong. To my delight you have far exceeded anything we could have hoped for. It’s a shame really.”  
  
I scrunched up my eyebrows. “A shame, what’s a shame?”  
  
“It’s a shame you won’t be able to be in our club now. WE had all decided earlier in the locker room that if you passed tonight’s little test we’d tell you all about the club and ask you to join. We would have had such fun together. I can tell you with absolute certainty what you’ve experienced up to now is nothing compared to what we routinely do – not even your stint as a mannequin comes close. But not now, I’m afraid, it won’t be possible.”  
  
“WHY,” I asked? “Is it because I’m humiliating you? Is that it? I can untie you and let you go. We can pretend none of this ever happened tonight. I mean I didn’t know about the club and all. I just didn’t know! I think I’d really like to join! True, I WAS hell-bent on trashing you tonight but I didn’t know! That’s not fair, I DIDN’T KNOW!!!”  
  
Just then the fire alarm bells went off sounding the alarms throughout the entire campus! Andy was right on time, DAMNIT!  
  
I had planned to expose the girls to the entire school because I knew that if the alarms sounded everyone in the gym would have to rally at the track because that was the school’s policy. Once they eventually heard the alarms over the band music and figured out they had to evacuate, everyone would pile out of the gym and see five naked girls all illuminated by the bright lights of the stadium.   
  
“Too late . . .” Brooke lamented. “Like I said, it would have been a blast having you as a member. Get ready girls”, she said looking at them. “The fun is about to start. Just remember if anyone asks, we blame Katie Lynn.”  
  
“Oh no you don’t,” I said in a panic. “I want in!” I reached behind my neck and yanked the dress ties loose dropping my gown to my feet leaving me as naked as the other girls. I leaned against the fence and stretched out my arms. “ANDY, QUICK, TIE MY ARMS and then GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!”   
  
Andy smiled and did as I asked. In a flash I was bound and tied just like the other girls. I was so excited! I had made new friends and they were just as interested in my naked hobby as I was.   
  
It was then I looked over my shoulder and discovered Andy Untying Brooke. “WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!” I bellowed. He just smiled and continued to untie the rest.  
  
“You’re such a dweeb!” Brooke said condescendingly as she looked me over bound, naked and suddenly terrified. “You really thought you could pull one over on us? HA! You’re so gullible.” With that she, Andy and the other girls all scampered off into the darkness leaving me to face the now exiting hoards of the student body!   
  
I’m going to kill her!” I muttered to myself. “Make no mistake about it, I’m going to kill her!”  
  
THE END