**The Storm**  
By: Hooked6   
  
**The Storm – Part 1**

Natural disasters can occur at any time in any place. One such disaster caused me to end up being reluctantly interviewed in the midst of this catastrophe while I was naked by a TV reporter for a local television station as I desperately tried to cover myself. The whole town saw my embarrassment and there was nothing I could do about it at the time. And this was only the start of a chain of events that led to my increasing exposure to others. This is my story. For those of you who don’t believe such things could ever happen, I posted a link to a video at the end but it would make more sense if you would read the story first.  
  
I live in the flatlands of what is commonly known as tornado alley. The area is fairly rural with houses far and few between, which is probably one of the reasons we’ve not had more damage over the years. I live with my mom in a small wood-frame house on the edge of a rather large farm. I attend the local high school where I have many friends. I do fairly well at school, even if I was a city girl who was new to rural life.   
  
On the Saturday this all happened I was watching one my favorite videos trying to entertain myself as my mom was at work in our small town about 10 miles from where we live. I happened to notice that the sky was getting dark outside and I heard the rumbling of thunder in the distance. It had been unseasonably warm and spring storms often come upon us fairly rapidly so I didn’t think anything of it. After finishing my video I decided to grab a quick shower before the lightening took out the well pump or caused the electricity to go off. I was supposed to meet some of my girlfriends later that night and I didn’t want to leave anything to chance. I stripped off my clothes in the laundry room and headed for the shower.  
  
Even in the shower as I continued to wash I could tell that the weather was worsening and the thunder growing louder. I hurriedly applied shampoo to my hair and began vigorously scrubbing. The wind was noticeably getting stronger by the minute and I could literally hear the house straining and creaking occasionally from the sudden gusts that blew forcefully and sporadically. I had just finished rinsing my hair when I heard a sound that made me freeze in panic – the sound of what I can only describe as a runaway freight train and it was heading right toward me! My mind immediately began running in overdrive. A TORNADO! I needed to get to the cellar!   
  
Before I could even move a muscle the water and electricity went out and then I heard a loud CRASH!   
  
That’s all I remember. I woke up in the dark with broken boards piled up all around me. I could move around a bit in the rubble but just barely. I had no idea how long I was out but it was apparent that I was trapped in the bathtub. I couldn’t see a thing. I tried talking to myself to calm my nerves. The worst thing I could do was panic. It was then I saw a little sliver of light peeking out between some boards. That was my way out I thought! It took me awhile but I was able to slide, move, break apart and shove things around just enough to make my way through. I didn’t have far to go before I was outside.  
  
I stood there in a numbing stupor as I surveyed the damage. Our entire house, all our belongings were totally destroyed! Everything! Debris was scattered everywhere and stretched as far as I could see. The only thing standing, if you could call it that, was the pile of rubble that I had been trapped beneath and the remaining half of a wall holding it in place. I was lucky to be alive! I had always heard that the safest place if I couldn’t get to the cellar was a closet away from windows and stuff. I guess our tiny bathroom was better than any of the closets in the house as they were now nonexistent in the aftermath of the storm. I seemed to be unharmed, no worse for wear. All sorts of thoughts ran through my mind. All my pictures were gone. My laptop, my favorite videos, my precious yearbooks that contained all the witty sayings from my classmates; even my favorite jewelry – all gone! Like I said it was numbing to be sure.  
  
I’m not sure how long I stood there under the still windy and stormy-looking low hanging clouds trying to take it all in but suddenly I became aware of the sound of an approaching vehicle. I turned around and saw what appeared to be a van literally flying up the dirt road that passed for our driveway. I wasn’t thinking too clearly yet and stared at it for a moment trying to see if I recognized who it was. It came to rest not 20 feet from where I was standing. It was then I realized that I was naked! An older man came rushing out the driver’s side and a younger man in his mid-twenties exited the passenger side wearing a headset and carrying a rather large camera. I immediately put on arm across my chest and dropped the remaining hand between my legs as they came running towards me.  
  
“Are you alright?” The older man said frantically. I just nodded my head. There was nowhere to hide, no place to go. It was all happening so fast!  
  
“15 seconds,” the young man said as he lifted the big camera on his shoulder and pointed it right at me!   
  
“HEY!” I shouted. “What do you think you are doing? In case you hadn’t noticed I’m like naked here!”  
  
“Hello, Tim Carver, evening news. In case you hadn’t noticed missy this area has been inundated by tornadoes! I’ve got to get this story out. This is news! People will want to know what’s going on.”  
  
Damn pushy news-people; anything for a story no matter whose lives they intrude upon. Couldn’t he see that I was in shock over my loss!  
  
“Live In 5 . . . 4 . . .”  
  
“BUT . . . !”  
  
“Don’t worry he’ll only do a head shot. Now hush!” the older man said forcefully and stood up straightening his posture while quickly running his fingers through his hair.  
  
“2 . . . . 1”, the young man finished counting and pointed his finger at us as I stood there cowering.  
  
The old man held up his microphone and began speaking in a deep, smaltzy voice, “I’m live just west of Benson township where one of the tornados has literally just moments ago totally destroyed this farm house. As you can see the house has been completely demolished. I have here standing next to me,” he continued as he put the microphone in my face, “what is your name?” I had never been on television before and I was dumbstruck.  
  
“Katie . . . Katie Carson.” I replied nervously without thinking.  
  
“Well Katie, can you tell us what happened?”  
  
“Um . . . well,”  
  
“Go on don’t be shy. What happened?”  
  
I was so embarrassed and shivering like it was the middle of winter even though it was quite warm outside. I didn’t know what to do but with that microphone in my face the pressure was immense just to say something. “Well. I was in the bathroom taking a shower and all of a sudden . . .”  
  
“You heard the tornado approaching,” the old man interrupted.  
  
“Yes that’s right and . . .”  
  
“Your house literally exploded all around you while you were taking a shower.”   
  
Stupid inconsiderate fool! He was making me look like a child interrupting me that way on live TV! I nodded my head in agreement.  
  
“So everything you have was destroyed. You don’t even have anything to wear right now, is that why you are naked?   
  
Great! He just HAD to tell the whole world that I was standing there talking to him naked! Thank goodness that camera man was just getting my face. “Yes, I suppose so,” I answered nervously.  
  
“Nobody was hurt then?”   
  
I shook my head no and asked, “Listen, could I please have your jacket? It’s embarrassing standing out here like this.”  
  
He gave me a dirty look and reluctantly took off his jacket but instead of wrapping it around me he unceremoniously tossed it over my head and continued with his broadcasting. I guess he did that as punishment for making him look bad on camera.  
  
I heard him say underneath the coat, “There you have it, folks, another home destroyed in what appears to be a series of dangerous tornados throughout the county. The weather is still quite severe so please remain alert. This is Tim Carver for Action 9 News. Now back to the studio for some important updates about this dangerous storm system.”  
  
“We’re clear,” the younger camera man said and with that my jacket was pulled from my head and the old man began putting it back on himself. What a jerk!  
  
“You were great missy,” he said quite condescendingly. Then to his partner he said, “Right we have to go. There is another damaged house 3 miles from here. If we hurry we can make the next live shot.” In a flash they were back in the van and speeding down my driveway leaving me dazed and bitter!

**The Storm – Part 2**

I was amazed that that creep had the nerve to stand next to me interviewing me on camera while I was naked like that. I had to admit though it was still pretty dangerous out. The sky hung low with turbulent-looking clouds, the air felt heavy with humidity and it looked like it could fall a flood any minute. He was right about one thing. This was the worst thing to ever happen to our township. Still I had never, EVER been seen naked by a stranger like that. It was pretty unsettling - perhaps in a good way but unsettling nonetheless. Up to that point I wasn’t exactly proud of my body, in fact I was somewhat embarrassed about it as I wasn’t as developed as other girls my age. Still, I felt my teenage hormones kicking into high gear at the very thought of what had just happened. However, there were more important things to concern myself with at the moment.  
  
Looking around at the ruins of what used to be my home I began to wonder what I was going to do for shelter if the sky opened up again and rained. There was nothing around. No trees; no outbuildings; no place to hide really. My nearest neighbor was several miles up the road. I pondered the idea of using some scrap lumber to make something to hide under but that seemed almost impossible. I don’t know how long I was out there trying to figure out what I was going to do but I’m sure it was a fairly good amount of time. I was beginning to get a little scared when I saw another car racing up my driveway. This time I recognized the vehicle. It belonged to Tina one of my girlfriends I was supposed to meet later on. Carrie was with her.  
  
“Oh thank heavens you are alright!” Tina exclaimed as she got out of the car. “We were worried about you. We raced right over when we heard what happened.”  
  
“I’m fine.” I answered reassuringly. “But my house isn’t. As you can see, I lost everything!”  
  
Carrie had a stupid smirk on her face. “You sure did look really cute on TV all naked like that.”  
  
“Yeah, I’m glad they only showed my face. I guess that stupid announcer shouldn’t have told people I was standing there naked, huh?”   
  
“What are you talking about showing only your face?” Carrie challenged emphatically. “You were standing there plain as day next to that announcer guy covering yourself with your arm across your boobs and your hand fingering your pussy . . . we saw EVERYTHING!”  
  
“I WAS NOT!”  
  
Tina nodded her head. “Afraid so Katie, they had all of you in the picture, not just your face. I guess they thought it would grab people’s attention and make them feel sorry for you or something; human interest and all of that.”  
  
“Yeah, can’t wait to hear all the comments from the boys at school on Monday,” Carrie echoed.  
  
“IF there’s still a school house,” Tina added. “We’d better get going. It’s not safe out here.”  
  
“You mean to tell me that bastard put my naked body on TV? You actually SAW that? They can’t DO that can they?”  
  
“Yep,” Carrie teased. “Pretty cute too I might add! Of course all the naughty bits were covered by your hands, which is why I guess they can get away with it. You only slipped once or maybe twice, but only for a second or two.”  
  
“OH MY GAWD!”  
  
“Calm down. Like I said it’s not safe out here. We’ve got to get going. We are still under a tornado warning and there are storms all around us.” Tina said. “Let’s go.”  
  
“Where are we going?”  
  
“I’ve got to check on Sherry. Her place is right in the path of that storm. I need to be sure she’s okay.”  
  
“I can’t go with you like this! Have you guys got anything I can wear?”  
  
“Uh, that would be a NO. Does it look like I can take anything off and give it to you?” Carrie was right. Both girls were wearing only tank tops and shorts.   
  
“Stop being so self-centered,” Tina barked. “Sherry may be in trouble.”  
  
“Besides, half the town has already seen you naked on TV remember.” Carrie added with a smirk.   
  
It then started to rain heavily again. Tina ran and got in the driver’s side of her old two-seater convertible Jeep. There was a huge wooden box in the back compartment. The vehicle had open sides and a tattered cloth top which she had up because of the storms. Carrie got in the passenger’s side.   
  
“Hey where am I supposed to sit?” I said getting rather wet from the rain.  
  
“You can sit on my lap,” Carrie teased. “I promise not to bite.”  
  
It was against my better judgment but I really didn’t want to stay out here all alone so I climbed in and sat on Carrie’s lap. “Oooooo, soft butt,” she teased as I plopped down on her legs. Sitting that way I was elevated above the vehicle’s seat and clearly visible from the open sides. I felt quite exposed. Still, we were in the middle of a disaster after all so I had little choice.  
  
As we drove along, the breeze on my open flesh made the nipples on my small boobs harden which amused Carrie to no end. She had her arms around my waist acting sort of as a seatbelt so I wouldn’t fall out. Every now and then she would playfully squeeze my belly. Her arms would sometimes ride high up against my boobs as we hit a bump, which was understandable but what bothered me is that she usually left them there pressing against my sensitive boobs for several minutes after the bump before moving them back again.  
  
The sky was growing blacker and more ominous as we drove toward our destination. Finally we turned into her driveway and came to an abrupt stop. From what I could see her house was undamaged. I was soon unceremoniously dumped off Carrie’s lap as both girls hurried to check on Sherry. Carrie grabbed my hand and said, “Come on, let’s be sure she’s okay. We may need your help.” I was then reluctantly dragged naked across her front yard towards her front door.  
  
The moment we reached the door it opened. Sherry answered the door and didn’t waste any time acknowledging my state of undress. “Hi Katie, saw you on TV. That must have been embarrassing knowing everyone was seeing you as you tried to cover yourself.”  
  
“You mean, they really did show ALL OF ME naked? They said they were only going to show my face!”   
  
“Yeah, I was like totally shocked seeing you there that way but I can understand why after what happened to your house. I’m just glad you are okay. We saw the weather report and it’s going to get worse. You’d better come in.”  
  
She had no sooner said that than a voice from inside called out. “Who’s at the door?”  
  
“It’s Katie,” Sherry answered over her shoulder.  
  
“The NAKED Girl?!”  
  
Sherry was soon joined at the door by her younger brother. His eyes were huge as he took in my body. I desperately tried to cover myself but I’m sure it did little to dampen his excitement. There was no way I was staying in that house with HIM there.   
  
Tina spoke up quickly. “Thanks all the same but we have to go.” Once again I was dragged across the yard and resumed my place on Carrie’s lap and we were off.  
  
“Where are we going now? It’s looking really bad out here and the wind is really picking up again.”  
  
“Let’s go see if we can find your mom Katie,” Tina said. “If she heard about your house she’ll be really worried.”  
  
“Okay,” was all I could mutter. As we drove along I realized that the road we were on headed straight into town. In another ten miles we’d be in the business district. “I can’t go into town. I’m naked!” I pleaded. “Can’t we just stop?”  
  
Just then it started to hail. Small dense ice balls were bouncing everywhere, pinging unmercifully at the cloth top of Tina’s jeep. “Well we can’t stay out here!” she said frantically. “You know what they say, where there’s hail there’s a tornado nearby.” She was right. We needed to get to shelter somewhere. She picked speed and continued towards town.  
  
Soon we were driving right down Main Street of our small town. We had driven out of the hail storm but the wind was very gusty and it looked like the rain would start again at any minute. A few cars were on the road and I got strange looks as they passed us by. I guess it’s not every day they got to see a naked coed driving down the street sitting on someone’s lap. I was still trying to cover myself as best I could. Tina pulled into a parking space outside Johnston’s Restaurant where my mom works. It appeared pretty empty from the outside. Once again I was dragged out of the seat by Carrie who had a death grip on my hand as if she was worried I was going to get blown away by the wind or something. I couldn’t believe I was stark naked in broad daylight right in the center of town! I yanked back on Carrie’s hand in protest. I just wanted to wait in the Jeep. There was no need for me to go inside and embarrass myself further. Just then a brilliant streak of lightening illuminated the sky and an almost instantaneous deafening clap of thunder made me jump a foot off the ground. No one needed to convince me I was safer inside after that!

**The Storm – Part 3**

The little bell on the restaurant’s glass door clanged as we entered. Several men were sitting on stools at the lunch counter turned around to see who was entering. Both grinned when they saw me but said nothing. They just stared. Then I looked up and saw Patrick, a boy I knew from school looking at me with his mouth open.  
  
I clutched my arm tighter across my chest and spoke up. “Patrick, Is my mom here? I’ve got to find her.”  
  
“Gee, Katie I don’t know. She WAS here but I’ve been busy. I don’t exactly know.”  
  
Just then Ron, another classmate came out and almost dropped the plates he was carrying when he spotted me. “Hi, Katie . . . what’s going on?”  
  
“We’re looking for Katie’s mom,” Tina explained. “Her house got destroyed by a tornado. Is Mr. Johnston about? He’d know where she is.”  
  
Both boys as well as the three men at the counter kept looking at me. “WILL SOMEONE GO AND GET MR. JOHNSTON PLEASE!” I finally shouted impatiently.  
  
“Uh sure, Katie . . .’”  
  
Just then Mr. Johnston came out from the kitchen. “What’s going on . . . oh Katie, you’re okay! What a relief! Your mom is worried sick about you. She heard from a customer that your house got destroyed in the storm.”  
  
“I need to find her. Is she here?”  
  
“Sorry Katie, when our power went out I think she went across the street to Fred’s Drug Store to see if she could learn something on TV. They have a generator you know.”  
  
“Thanks Mr. Johnston,” I said and ran out the door to find my mom. Tina and Carrie were right on my heels.   
  
I had to dodge a couple of cars crossing the street, one of them honked at me. Once inside the Drug store I was greeted by several more of my classmates who had huddled around the store’s television watching the weather bulletins. “Hi Katie,” Andrea said with a huge smile on her face. Her rather loud pronouncement caused all the rest to turn away from the screen and look at me. They too were smiling widely. “Saw you on TV a while ago. You looked great,” she added with a giggle. “  
  
“Are you Okay?” another boy asked trying to stifle a laugh.  
  
Standing there naked in front of my peers, albeit doing my best to cover myself, was very humiliating. I had no choice and I was emboldened a bit by finding out that my mom was worried about me. I had to find her. “Have you seen my mom?”  
  
“Um I think she might have gone to the school auditorium. The TV guy said people who need shelter are asked to gather there.”  
  
“Thanks,” I said and turned to leave but my so-called friends Carrie and Tina where busy chatting away with their friends.  
  
“Come on,” I said impatiently. “I have to find my mom.”  
  
“Okay, Okay, keep your shirt on,” Carrie smirked, “Oh yeah . . . you don’t have one, do you?” Her comment caused everyone in the store to laugh.  
  
I gave them both a dirty look. I grabbed hold of Tina’s hand and tried to pull her along. When I heard laughter I realized that I had made a HUGE mistake. Dropping the arm that I had across my chest to grab hold of Tina, meant that my small boobs were now totally exposed to the group. I tried to yank my hand back away from Tina but she realized what was going on and held it fast. There was no way I was going to remove my other hand from between my legs and give everyone a free look there too by trying to break away, so I was pretty much at her mercy. “Bye guys,” she said playfully and stood there waving at them as they waved back deliberately prolonging my exposure. She kept a firm grip on my hand, so hard in fact that I couldn’t pull away no matter how hard I tried as she slowly made her rounds throughout the store telling everyone what had happened to me, about how I had lost my house while I was in the shower and how we were looking for my mom to let her know we were okay. Young, old, male, female, it didn’t matter. Tina had to search out and find every last person in the place. I wanted to desperately break free and yell at her but I didn’t want to make a scene because everyone we met seemed so empathetic and so concerned and I didn’t want to act like a child and disrespect them. After all these people were all neighbors and friends.  
  
Satisfied that she had shown me to everyone she could we headed for the exit. Once outside, Tina gave me a wicked smile and said, “I think we’ll walk the rest of the way. It’s only a few blocks or so. That way if your mom is in one of the stores looking out she might see you. If we drove, she might miss seeing you.” She wasn’t fooling me. As reasonable as her excuse sounded I knew the only reason she wanted to walk was so that she could show me off!  
  
“BUT TINA,” I protested.   
  
Before I could say anything else, Carrie quickly grabbed my other hand and pulled it away from my crotch as I was distracted by yelling at Tina. “Don’t worry, Katie. We’re here for you. We won’t let anything happen to you. And we’ll help you find your mom too.  
  
Down the sidewalk we went. The girls took me into every store and showed me off to everyone there as the held onto my hands and explained my situation. I couldn’t cover myself if I had wanted to. Only once did a lady make any effort to try to find something to clothe me with. When she made the offer, Tina quickly said that there was no time and that we had to go, then the two of them dragged me back out into the street again. The girls were taking great pleasure in my embarrassment. If it wasn’t for that storm they would never had gotten away with it.  
  
We finally made it to the school auditorium and I finally thought my ordeal was going to end. Surely my mom was inside and she’d take care of me.  
  
Upon entering the double doors, I was startled to see how many of my classmates were there setting things up. Mrs. Thompson, one of my teachers was busy barking directions a mile a minute barely stopping to take a breath. “Allen we need more chairs, Tim you help Allen. Scott, try and set up some tables along the back wall there, that’s right, yes, put them there. Thank you. Oh for Pete’s sakes Tom I told you to keep things away from the exit doors. We can’t block the exits” She barely looked up from her work, “Oh Hi Katie, glad to see you are all right.” She then went right back to shouting orders. It was as if my nudity didn’t mean a thing. “Allen, line those chairs up along that wall behind you, there’s a good boy.”  
  
How could she let me stand there naked like that? Why didn’t she immediately make a fuss and get me covered up? The only thing I could think of was that she was so distracted by the urgency of the severe weather that she had other priorities that required her immediate attention.. Since she seemed to be in charge and she wasn’t making a big deal out of my nakedness, I guess none of the others present felt it necessary to do so either. It was a perfect example of the group disaster mentality I guess. There were other urgencies that took precedence over some girl who was standing naked in a disoriented and fearful crowd. That didn’t help make me feel any better however and it seemed to give my friends license to take advantage of the situation.  
  
Mrs. Thompson may not have paid me much attention but my classmates sure did. EVERYONE was staring at me as Tina and Carrie held my arms at my sides trying to look like they were consoling me.

**The Storm – Part 4**  
I was immediately surrounded by those who weren’t working. People were behind me, on my sides, in front of me – everyone getting a good look at this poor unfortunate girl who had lost everything. Tina did her best to explain what had happened and asked their help in finding my mom. On the outside everyone was expressing such support and concern but I could tell that on the inside they were all snickering at my situation. I could see it in their eyes and in the expressions on their faces! It didn’t matter what words came out of their mouths. I knew what they were really thinking, “Poor Katie, all naked showing off her small boobies.” Or “I’d be ashamed to have a body like that and display it so boldly to everyone! Poor little Katie.”  
  
The group followed me around the auditorium trying to “help” me find my mom among the crowd of people. Naturally that meant that everyone there got a good look at me. By the time we made it back to Mrs. Thompson, I realized that my mom wasn’t there in the auditorium.  
  
Mrs. Thompson finally calmed down enough to take stock of my situation and my nudity. She smiled a gentle smile and said, “Sorry about your house, Katie. I saw it on TV. “She then gave me a brief half-hearted hug and yelled out, “Allen, go see if you can find a blanket for Katie here. Quickly man, you can move faster than that.”  
  
“Yes, Mrs. Thompson.”  
  
He took off to the backstage area and was gone for several minutes as I stood there near the main entrance door. People were straggling in all the time. As each new person entered, I received a glance followed by a knowing nod of the head, and then they went to find a place to sit and wait out the storm. It was as if they all knew my story from watching it on TV. Like watching a car accident, everyone wants to look at the tragedy but no one really wants to get involved and help!   
  
Allen eventually came back running up to my teacher. “Sorry, Mrs. Thompson, I couldn’t find a blanket. Will this towel do?”   
  
She thanked him and gave the towel to me. I was never so thankful for something so simple as a towel. I wrapped it around me as best I could. It was small but covered the essentials. I was still sowing the tops of my boobs and the bottom of the towel allowed by nether lips to show if I moved, but at least I was covered. Tina seemed quite displeased that her fun had come to an end.  
  
We decided the best course of action was to take me back to my home because surely that would be the next place my mom would make her way to,  
  
Then the three of us headed out the exit and towards Tina’s Jeep. The weather was still treacherous and there was a slight drizzle. As I was about to climb back in the vehicle and sit on Carrie’s lap, a huge gust of wind came along almost knocking me off my feet. I managed to keep my balance but was not fast enough to hold onto my towel and it flew off down the street before I could react to catch it.  
  
Once again I was naked and riding with the girls but at least I was headed out of town.  
  
Upon reaching our property I spotted my mom’s vehicle. I couldn’t wait to get to her and give her a hug. It was an emotional reunion and she was ever so glad that I was okay. She never said a word about my nudity. She just smiled.  
  
Then she dropped the bombshell. “Katie, I want you to go home with Carrie and stay with them for a while until I can sort things out. I’ll feel better knowing that you are being well looked after. I’ve already spoken to Carrie’s mother and she’s agreed.”  
  
“BUT, MOM . . . !”  
  
She had no idea what she was asking me to do or what Carrie had just put me through!  
  
Carrie just smiled and told my mom she’d be glad to look after me. She even told her that she’d find some things for me to wear until things got back to normal. Yeah, I could just imagine what she’d pick out for me too!  
  
I was led to Tina’s Jeep and reluctantly climbed inside and soon we were driving along, Once again I was at the hands of these two and heaven only knows how many more people would see me before this ordeal was over!  
  
  
**The Storm – Part 5**  
So off we went down the road with me naked sitting on Carrie’s lap once again with Tina at the wheel. I had nothing left of my own. My clothes, my house, even my treasures of the past were all destroyed in the storm and it wasn’t over yet. As the sky continued to unleash its menacing wind and rain I was totally at the mercy of these two so called friends who up to now, under the guise of “helping me,” had literally exposed me to many of my classmates and townsfolk. My own mother added to my situation by insisting that I stay with Carrie until she could sort things out. I was trapped.  
  
I was lost in my own thoughts it hadn’t occurred to me to pay attention to what was happening. Tina had left the small rural roads of my little town and was driving east on the main highway headed out of town!  
  
“Tina, What the . . . where in the hell are you going?”  
  
“To Carrie’s house,” she answered with an obvious smile.   
  
“This isn’t the way to Carrie’s place! Turn this car around!”  
  
“Calm down,” Tina said reassuringly. “After all that’s happened today I have to check on my brother. It won’t take long. As soon as I know he’s okay we’ll head right back to Carrie’s house, I promise.”   
  
Tina’s brother was a senior at our school and quite a hunk. He was the last person I wanted to have see me this way. “Tina, where is he? Why isn’t he at your house? Where are you taking me?”  
  
“He’ was camping up at Miller’s Cove. Can you imagine what might have happened to him being out in the woods with just a tent for shelter in this storm? I just HAVE to check on him. Stop being so selfish! We helped you find your mom now just you be patient while I check on my family.”  
  
She was right. What was I thinking? If her brother really was stuck out in the woods in this mess he really might need help. I began to feel guilty about worrying about my pitiful little problem of my lack of clothes when he could be lying out there hurt . . . or maybe worse.   
  
We passed a few large tractor-trailer trucks on the highway and many of the drivers looked at us as we passed. Carrie waved at them all drawing unwanted attention in our direction. Of course they all waved back too. Miller’s Cove was about 15 miles from town which meant that we had to travel quite a ways on this highway just to get to the turnoff. I was getting farther and farther away from the safety of my little town and I didn’t like it one little bit!  
  
Tina eventually turned off the highway and onto the small gravel road that led to Miller’s Cove. When we arrived at a clearing I saw several tents all scattered around and camping gear was everywhere – some hanging from tree branches, other items strewn into bushes or crushed under some large tree branches that had fallen. “ERIC!” I heard Tina calling frantically. “ERIC, WHERE ARE YOU?!”  
  
Not a sound was heard.   
  
“Oh my god, Tina,” Carrie said anxiously, “Do you think . . .”  
  
Just then we all heard the rustling sound of some brush, then the unmistakable sound of footsteps. “ERIC, IS THAT YOU? ARE YOU OKAY?”  
  
“Calm down sis, I’m fine.” Came a male voice from somewhere out in the brush. “We’ll be out in a minute. It’s a tangled mess back here.”  
  
“WE’LL be out in a minute . . . WE?” I shouted to myself. Who else was out there, I wondered and instinctively put my arms over my body.   
  
The girls got out of the jeep, Carrie dragging me outside too along with her. The girls were eagerly looking around to see if they could spot Tina’s brother as we stood in front of the vehicle in the woods. Carrie grabbed a hold of my right arm and said, “Come on, maybe he needs help.” Tina, not missing a beat grabbed my other arm, and like in the school auditorium, we slowly inched our way toward the underbrush about 20 yards away in the last known direction of Eric’s voice. Once again I couldn’t cover myself. Perhaps they were just nervous as to what they might find out and whether Eric might be injured. They both certainly were squeezing my hands like they were scared to death. I think, though, that they just wanted to make sure I would be exposed when he did appear.  
  
Suddenly, the silence was broken and we heard more brush rustling and branches snapping. “Won’t be long now,” Eric said loudly from deep within the woods. Another loud crack and, “Damn it, that Hurt!”   
  
“Are you Okay? Do you need help?” Tina yelled back in a panic.  
  
“No, I’m fine. Sorry for cussing. That stupid branch wacked my finger when it snapped, be there, soon, hold on, just one more . . .” Then we heard another loud snap of a branch breaking an then we saw him emerge from the brush.  
  
“Oh thank god you’re all right!”  
  
Eric waved his sister off and turned around waving his arm forward. “Come on guys, right through here.”  
  
Before I could even gasp in fright, I saw 5 younger boys in scout uniforms making their way through the brush. “WHOA!” said one when he finally spotted me standing there with no clothes on. “That girl is nekkid!”  
  
Eric looked up from holding back the brush so his charges could get through and looked me over smiling. “What’s going on?” he said trying not to laugh.  
  
“There are tornadoes everywhere. Katie was in the shower when one like totally destroyed her house. She’s lucky to be alive! She lost everything! We immediately came out here looking for you. There wasn’t time to get her dressed. I’m just glad you are okay.”  
  
Tina’s brother came over and gently touched my shoulder as the girls still held my arms fast. “I’m sorry, Katie, I really am. That must have been horrible.” He then turned to his giggling scouts who were taking great delight at pointing at me and snickering as young boys often do at girls. Eric assumed his scoutmaster role and took charge. “All right guys, settle down. We are all MATURE scouts here in the middle of a disaster. We aren’t of the woods yet and we could easily still be in great danger. Now put the laughter on hold and let’s all act professional, here. Katie could have been killed back there.”  
  
“Yes, sir,” they all said almost in unison and, although they never completely stopped giggling, they did stop pointing and were at least making an effort not to laugh, which was something I suppose.  
  
Tina relayed to her brother everything that had happened in town and the fact that the TV said the storms were still around and the weather was still quite dangerous. Of course she just HAD to tell him about my naked TV interview as Eric looked at me the whole time as if he was trying to mentally picture that reporter standing right next to me with a microphone in my face as I tried to cover myself.  
  
“Right,” he finally said as he snapped out of his daydream. “The first thing we’ve got to do is get these boys back to town. Their parents must be worried sick.”  
  
“They are asking everyone to meet at the school auditorium. Maybe that’s where we should take them. Problem is I can’t take everyone all in one trip. My Jeep is too small.”  
  
“Hmmmm,” Eric said as he studied the problem. “Okay, here’s what we’ll do. I’ll ride back with you sis and two of the boys can sit on my lap. Since Katie is naked . . .” His comment brought about more giggling from the scouts. “I said,” Eric continued as he gave his charges a stern look, “Since Katie is still naked, she and Carrie can stay here with the other three and we’ll come back for them later. That way she won’t have to ride back into town exposing herself unnecessarily.”  
  
“I’m not staying here in the woods with three young . . .”  
  
“Would you rather the boys sit on your lap as you ride into town? That’s fine too. You go and I’ll stay behind and keep them out of trouble.”  
  
I hadn’t thought about that. “No, on second thought your plan is sensible. I’ll stay. You go.”  
  
Okay, guys, two of you, Fred and Josh, you are the youngest, front and center.”  
  
Eric got into the passenger seat and helped the two scouts on his lap. Tina let go of my hand and I put it immediately between my legs as she got in the vehicle and started it up. “Be back in about a half an hour,” Tina said as she scratched her tires as she sped off down the road. In a flash they were out of sight. Leaving me naked, still in the grasp of Carrie with three leering scouts who were giggling in earnest now that their scoutmaster was gone.  
  
I looked over at Carrie and she had this evil grin on her face.

**The Storm – Part 6**  
The scouts just stood there staring at me like a bunch of hungry vultures circling in for the kill. Carrie still had her grip on my right arm while my other hand was firmly entrenched between my legs. We all stood there in silence, well almost silence as the scouts were stilling giggling in earnest at the sight before them.  
  
“Well,” Carrie finally said breaking the standoff. “I guess we have some time to kill until Tina gets back, don’t we? I’m sure glad you guys are okay and weren’t hurt. It’s a good thing you are scouts. I’ll bet you used your survival training to get through this, huh?”  
  
All three of the scouts puffed up like proud roosters at hearing her words. They started all talking at once telling Carrie about what had happened and about Eric’s quick thinking to keep them safe.   
  
Carrie listened intently as I stood there naked unable to move to cover my boobs. They had just finished telling their tales of woe, when a brilliant flash of lightening lit up the sky and another deafening crack of thunder pierced our ears making the scouts scream with fright.   
  
“It’s okay boys,” Carrie said reassuringly, but the boys didn’t seem all that comforted. “I understand you scouts know how to tie some pretty neat knots. I have an idea. Why don’t you show me some of them? It will help pass the time. How’s that sound?”  
  
“Okay,” one of the boys said and ran over to one of the bent-up tent stakes lying on the ground and began removing a long strand of nylon cord from the top of the pole. When he had succeeded in getting the cord loose he ran back and handed it to Carrie.   
  
“This will do nicely,” she said. She then had them try and demonstrate how to tie a few knots on the open cord but they were having a bit of trouble and were growing frustrated. “Perhaps it would be easier if you showed me how to do these knots if you actually tied something.” Carrie then pulled the hand she was holding behind my back. “Katie let me see your other hand for a minute.”  
  
“Not a chance in hell, sister,” I exclaimed! “Are you out of your Effin mind?” Just then another streak of lightening flashed across the sky followed by an almost instantaneous clap of thunder. Once again the boys screamed with fright.   
  
Carrie leaned over and forcefully whispered in my ear, “Look you inconsiderate fool, I’m trying to keep them occupied and take their minds off this storm. Can’t you see they are about to panic? The only thing I know to do is to have them do something they are good at so they can keep their self-confidence. And what are scouts known for? Tying knots, now get a grip and help me out here!”  
  
She was right and I could see the panic-stricken looks on their faces so I reluctantly removed my hand between my legs and put it behind my back. Carrie immediately took hold of it and called the boys to join her standing behind me. I blushed with embarrassment as I knew they were now getting a good view of my naked butt – practically the only thing they had not yet seen.  
  
I could feel her crossing the twine over my wrists several times. ‘Okay, boys, now who’s going to be the first to show me a knot?”  
  
“ME!” I heard one of the scouts answer as I felt him take hold of the nylon cord. After fiddling with the rope for some time I heard him say, “That’s called a square-lashing knot. It really holds things together well and won’t come apart easily.”  
  
“Very good,” Carrie exclaimed with admiration. “There’s plenty cord left. Who can show me another knot using these loose ends?” Just then another loud rumble of thunder was heard in the distance but the scouts seemed too busy to notice. Her plan to keep them occupied apparently was working, albeit at my expense.  
  
“I will,” another scout piped up and took hold of the ends of the cord and got down to work. “How’s that,” I heard him ask after several minutes. “That’s called a shear knot made with a clove-hitch. “  
  
“Very impressive,” Carrie announced with pride. “And how about you,” she asked the remaining boy, “can you show me a knot with what is left?”  
  
“Sure,” he answered enthusiastically and eagerly set upon his task. “That should do it! It’s called a constrictor’s knot. It’s practically impossible to work itself loose or untie.”  
  
“WHAT?!” I screamed.   
  
“Relax, Katie, I’m sure he was just showing off.”  
  
As Carrie kept asking the boys questions about scouting and what other kinds of things they knew how to do, I struggled with my bonds. It seemed the harder I tried to wiggle out of them the tighter they became. I finally gave up trying. Carrie let go of me and walked over to the scattered debris on the ground. “Come on guys, let’s pick up anything that might be worth saving.” With that the boys all began scurrying around to do as she had asked.  
  
At that point I heard Tina’s jeep approaching. Finally, I thought, this will all soon be over!  
  
Eric got out and called for the remaining scouts to join him. “One more trip,” he called out after the boys were seated on his lap, “then Tina will be back for you two.”   
  
Carrie shouted out, “OKAY, BE CAREFUL!” Once again they pulled off in a hurry as the wind began picking up again.  
  
“It’s just you and me now,” Carrie said as she began running her finger up and down my chest between my boobs. “You like this don’t you?”  
  
“Whaaaa . . . ?”  
  
“Oh come on, you really like this. Stop playing innocent with me, I can see how aroused you are. I’m your best friend remember?”  
  
“Carrie, stop teasing me and get this rope off me, please.”  
  
She then began running her finger around my nipples and playfully licked her lips. She had this wicked look in her eyes. When she took her finger and slowly began dropping it towards my crotch I pulled my hips away. “Oh don’t fight it girl,” she said giggling. “I know you want it! Besides you’re trapped and all mine for the next half hour!” She then took her hand and began unbuttoning her blouse – slowly – one button at a time until she had it open all the way and her bra was clearly visible. She playfully reached up and tugged at her bra cups pretending to flash me. She was much more endowed than I was and she was obviously proud of what she had and took great pains to show it off. After a few moments of this teasing she reached around back and unsnapped her strap and let the bra fall off her shoulders revealing two of the most perfect boobs I had ever seen.   
  
“Carrie, please . . .” I said hoping to get her to stop this charade, “This is silly.”  
  
My heart was pounding and my mind racing with confused thoughts as she once again began touching me. When her finger ran between my legs and touched my sex I almost fainted. I was indeed wet and there was no way to hide my arousal from her. She slowly teased me by sensuously running her fingers back and forth between my legs. She was right in that there wasn’t much I could do to get away from her. I had two choices, submit or resist.   
  
“CARRIE STOP!” I finally shouted as I was close to cumming.  
  
‘Oh alright, spoil sport.” She said as she pulled her hand away from my intimate spot and wiped her wet fingers on my cheek. “I was just messing with you. Learned something too!” she added with a laugh. I felt my face flushing at her comment! “Let’s get you untied.” I was never so glad in all my life to hear someone agree with me!!  
  
She began working with the cord pulling this way and that. After about 10 minutes she said, “Damn, those kids can really tie a knot.” She continued yanking, and tugging.” After another tern minutes she said in exasperation, “Hell you’re stuck kid. I can’t get these loose.”   
“Oh stop messing around. Untie these ropes.”  
  
“I mean it, Katie. I really can’t get them untied. I’ve never seen knots like these and I think I’m only making it worse by pulling. There are three of them all on top of each other.”  
  
I could tell from her voice that she wasn’t kidding any more. “Well, maybe there’s a knife or something in all that junk over there.”  
  
“Good idea,” she said as she headed towards what used to be their campsite. “I’ll have a look around.” She rummaged around for what seemed like another 10 minutes but came up empty. “They either didn’t have one or they took it with them when I had them clean up. Sorry Katie.”  
  
“What are we going to do now?”  
  
“I guess we’ll just have to wait until we get to my house,” she said returning to me. She then kissed me on the cheek. “Are you sure we can’t have a little fun until Tina gets back? You sure do look mighty tempting all tied up like that.”  
  
“That would be a big NO!” I said trying to make light of my situation.   
  
Just then Tina pulled up. “Saved by the Belle” I said with relief. Carrie quickly turned her back to the approaching vehicle and covered up.  
  
Upon seeing my predicament, Tina could only laugh. “How in the world did you end up like that? Wait, don’t tell me . . . you were playing Cowboys and Indians with the scouts!” she laughed quite heartily at her own amusement. I can’t leave you two alone for ten minutes,” she said giggling.   
  
“Honestly Tina, I’m stuck. Those scouts really tied me good. See if you can get me loose.”  
  
“They did, huh? I’ll bet they really enjoyed tying you up too! Every boy’s dream, eh?”  
  
“And some girl’s too,” Carrie added.  
  
Tina struggled for some time pulling, yanking and twisting and finally gave up. “Gee, you really ARE stuck!”  
  
“No shit, Sherlock,” I said growing frustrated.  
  
“Oh, well, get in my car. Nothing we can do about it now.”  
  
I almost fell twice as I tried to get up into the Jeep. It’s not easy to climb on someone’s lap with your hands tied behind your back. When I finally did manage it and sat down my hands accidentally groped Carrie’s boobs.   
  
“HEY! I thought you didn’t want to play.” She said chuckling.  
  
I maneuvered myself several times hoping to get into some reasonable yet safe position that would keep me from falling out of the jeep. I finally had to settle with the fact that my hands had to rest right against her crotch. There was no way around it. Carrie reached around me with her arms right under my small boobs. “Don’t worry, Katie, I won’t let you fall.” It wasn’t falling out of the vehicle that I was worried about! As we drove along I swear I could feel Carrie rocking her hips and forcing her pelvis against my fingers. A few times she actually moaned out loud! I wasn’t sure if she was just messing with my head or if she was really, you know . . .  
  
I tried not to think about what was happening by letting my mind wander. When I finally got my senses back I looked around at the scenery. “HEY! Where are we going NOW?!”

**The Storm – Part 7**  
  
Tina looked over at me and just smiled.  
  
“I mean it Tina. Where are we going now?”  
  
“Well, I thought we’d . . . OH SHIT!” She exclaimed suddenly losing her train of thought.  
  
“WHAT?! What’s wrong?” I shouted nervously.  
  
“Don’t you see those clouds up ahead? Look how dark and low-hanging they are! CRAP! It looks like it’s getting worse. We might be running right into another tornado!” Tina said as she stopped the Jeep and pondered the situation.  
  
“Yeah, it looks bad up ahead and that’s the way towards town and my house too,” Carrie said nervously. “I hope my family is alright!”  
  
“Well we sure can’t go THAT way and we gotta get Katie untied in case something really bad happens weather-wise. She could get hurt like that.”  
I felt relieved. At least they were now saying things that made sense – get me untied and get me some clothes before MORE people saw me naked!  
  
Tina looked around at the deserted plains before us. “What should we do Carrie? You know this end of the county better than I do and we sure can’t stay here out in the open like this.”  
  
“I know! Turn the car around. Mrs. Wainbury lives down the road about 5 miles. She might be able to help get Katie untied and we can check the weather there too.”  
  
Tina quickly put the car in gear and turned around and headed away from town. I was nervous about yet another person seeing me like this but at least I didn’t recognize the name so maybe she wouldn’t recognize me. I could only hope anyway. Still, we WERE heading away from my town and taking me farther and farther away from where I felt safe and deeper into the unknown. After all, I was new here in this part of the country and still didn’t know my way around very well. If only I could get back to Carrie’s house like my mom instructed me to and get something to wear! As we drove along all I could think about was how embarrassed I was at having been seen by several of my classmates at the gym and the restaurant. The secret of my less than developed body, okay my tiny boobs, would surely be the topic of conversation at school when it reopened after the storm, I couldn’t bear it! It was too horrible to even think about. I was brought back to my senses when Tina’s car jerked violently to one side as strong gust of wind caught it broadside. Thankfully Tina was able to get the vehicle back under control before we wrecked! The wind had certainly picked up and was making all of us nervous. We were definitely not out of the woods yet and I realized that we all had more important things to think about than my lack of clothes! I began to think that maybe I was just being silly worrying about something so trivial when we may still be in danger. Surely people understood that this was a crisis! Surely they realized that I wasn’t some slut flaunting her body just to get her jollies. Didn’t they?  
  
Tina eventually reached a small house set some distance off the road and pulled into the long dirt driveway. We all got out and headed towards the front door. I had a bit of trouble getting out of the jeep as I couldn’t use my hands as they were still tied behind my back. It was lucky that I didn’t fall. Once at the door, Carrie knocked and when no one answered she knocked again. Just then a blinding streak of lightening illuminated the darkened sky and almost instantly an ear-splitting crack of thunder made us all jump where we stood. I began to worry that maybe nobody was home and I felt myself starting to panic a little. Just then the door opened and a teenage girl stood there with a puzzled look on her face as she looked me over. She then broke into a smile.  
  
“Yes?” she asked with a giggle.  
  
“We need help,” Carrie explained. “Can we come in out of the weather?”  
  
The teenager looked at the three of us just as another flash of lightening lit up the sky. “Yes, by all means.” She answered as she beckoned us inside, “come in, come in.” I couldn’t help but notice her obvious amusement as she watched me enter the house. She ushered us along the small foyer which opened out onto a large room. Seated inside were 5 women, mostly in their late thirties all huddled around the television watching the News. All conversation stopped when we entered the room!  
  
“What happened?!” a smartly dressed lady asked as she stood up obviously quite concerned. “Are you okay?”  
  
“Yes, we are fine, Mrs. Wainbury. We just needed a place to get out of the weather for a minute and to see if you can help us get Katie untied.” Carrie then turned me around so that my backside faced the women and I heard a few gasps followed by some giggles.  
  
“What in the world?!!!”  
  
Carrie proceeded to explain how my house had been hit by a tornado when I was in the shower when one of the women interrupted excitedly, “OH MY GOODNESS! YOU’RE THAT GIRL ON TV!” The other women at once seemed to recognize me. “You poor dear!”  
  
Carrie went on to explain my issues finding my mom and then how we had to rescue some scouts and I tried to occupy them as Tina took small groups of them back in town by getting the remainder to demonstrate their knot tying abilities so they wouldn’t be so frightened by the storm and I ended up stuck. The women listened intently as Carrie went into great detail as she told of my ordeal. It was funny though. Each of the women seemed more to be enjoying the tale rather expressing genuine concern for my situation. It showed on their faces making me feel rather embarrassed.  
  
When she was finished talking, Mrs. Wainbury got up and moved behind me and started fiddling with the knots. “Let’s see what I can do with this,” she said yanking and pulling on the nylon chords that bound my wrists. After several minutes of struggling she remarked, “My goodness, those tikes really know how to tie a knot! I think I am only making it worse.” She then gave up and retook her seat on the couch and resumed watching TV.  
  
“Is it okay if Tina and I look around for something to cut the ropes with Mrs. Wainbury?”  
  
“Help yourself.”  
  
My friends left me standing there naked in front of the women as they set off in search of something that might help. The ladies just sat there with grins on their faces as they half watched the news bulletins and half kept a curious eye on me and my body. I didn’t know what to say to the people as I didn’t know any of them so I just stood there silently as they looked at me wishing that Tina and Carrie would hurry up and come back. Finally one of the women broke the silence. “So, Katie, that must have really been ‘intense’ for you - being seen naked by your classmates huh?”  
  
“Um, yes ma’am. It was very awkward.”  
  
“Oh, come now Anne,” one of the ladies said to the other, “You know what it was like when you were dating. I’m sure it wasn’t all bad for Katie here, was it dear? I mean I’ll bet you were at least a LITTLE excited by that, weren’t you? Surely there were boys present, right? I mean, one can’t deny human nature, you know and I know girls and what happens around boys.”  
  
“Oh Beth, stop teasing the poor girl. She’s too young to worry about things like that. What grade are you in honey . . . 7th grade?”  
  
Her comment cut me to the quick. I knew she thought I was younger than I was because of my lack of development. “NO!” I blurted out somewhat sternly. “I’m in high school.” I looked over at the teenager who had let us in and the look of shock on her face said it all. Of course that gave way to a knowing playful smirk as she looked my body over.  
  
“I’ve figured it out!” The teenager suddenly exclaimed. “I DO know you! You’re Katie Carson! You go to my school. Oh my gawd you really ARE in high school! Oh this is too much! I gotta get a photo. No one is going to believe this come Monday!!!” The girl was laughing in hysterics as she whipped out her cell phone and quickly took my picture.  
  
“Now, Sarah, leave the poor girl alone. There’ll be no picture taking, understood?”  
  
It was too late as I knew she already had one, possibly two photos of my naked body.  
  
“But mom! She’s a celebrity! She’s been on the TV news!! I’ve never met anybody that’s been on TV before.”  
  
Mrs. Wainbury just smiled and nodded her head. Her daughter must have taken that as a sign of approval because she quickly shot another couple of photos including one from behind me showing that my hands were tied!! I could have just died!!!!!!!  
  
The ladies looked at each other all trying to stifle a laugh. I was sure they didn’t believe me but no one challenged my assertion. “Well, then, I guess it was rather TRYING for you wasn’t it dearie.”  
  
“Oh leave her alone,” Mrs. Wainbury said. “Can’t you see the poor girl has been through enough already? Don’t mind them Katie. They are just trying to deal with the stress of the storms we are having. They don’t mean anything by it, honestly.”  
  
Just then Tina and Carrie came back carrying a large kitchen knife. “We found this. I’m sure this will do the trick.”  
  
“Oh no you don’t!” Mrs. Wainbury said emphatically. “THAT’S my best carving knife! Do you have any idea how much those quality knives cost? Go get one of those smaller knives with the plastic handles in the kitchen drawer.” My friends shrugged their shoulders and left me once again.  
  
“So Katie, do you have any boyfriends? I’m sure if you don’t, running around like that is a good way to make some!” Once again the other ladies tried desperately to stifle their grins.  
  
“Oh Beth . . .” Mrs. Wainbury said, but she was interrupted by the TV.  
  
“HEY LOOK! There you are on TV again!” one of the ladies remarked and sure enough, there I was and just like I had been told by my friends I could see that the idiot TV cameraman didn’t do just a head shot like he said he was going to do. No sir! I was standing there next to that inconsiderate reporter, completely naked and obviously really embarrassed and looking like a fool trying to cover myself! The unknown teen girl standing next to me in that living room had her mouth wide open with glee as she watched me on the tube.  
  
“I WISH we had one of those DVR things so I could record this!” the teen said giggling.  
  
“Wow, your house was really damaged! You lost EVERYTHING!” one of the ladies remarked and then looked me over from head to toe, “I mean EVERYTHING!”  
  
Carrie came back holding up a small knife. “Is this what you meant?”  
  
“Yes that’s it.”  
  
Carrie then did her best to try and cut my bonds. “HEY! Carefull with that!” I yelled when I felt the blade against my wrist. “Don’t cut my hand off with the rope!”  
  
“Don’t be such a baby - Just hold still!”  
  
It was no use. After a moment or two, Carrie gave up. “It’s no good. This nylon stuff just won’t cut with this knife!”  
  
Great! I thought. Now what am I going to do?

**The Storm – Part 8**  
  
“Here, let me try,” one of the ladies said as she got up and went behind me. She fiddled and pulled and used the knife but to no avail. I swear however she was more interested in groping my butt than freeing me from my restraint. At least it felt that way to me as her fingers found their way into some pretty personal spaces as she worked. Okay, I admit I could have said something but at that moment all I wanted to do was get free. Like Carrie before her, this young lady eventually gave up.  
  
The teenage girl, who had let us in and had been eyeing me the whole time, left the room and came back with a pair of scissors. She tried to cut the nylon cord but it was too tough and the blades just slipped sideways with each attempt. “No go,” she finally announced. “Gee I hope she doesn’t have to go to school like this on Monday! What I wouldn’t give to see THAT!”  
  
“Don’t you have anything else we can try?”  
  
The women put their heads together but couldn’t think of anything else that might work. “Maybe I could take them to Mr. Peterson’s place,” the teenager said. “He’s a carpenter. He’s bound to have some gizmo or gadget that would work.”  
  
“That’s a good idea Sarah, but I don’t want you out right now in this weather.”  
  
“Okay, come with me guys and I’ll tell you how to get there.” With that we all headed for the front door. By now the rain had started again and it was really coming down. As we stood on the porch the teen gave Tina what sounded to me like really confusing directions. Tina, however kept saying “uh huh”, and “I got it,” so I figured she understood what she was saying. We ran back to the car but I got soaked as once again it was difficult for me to climb back into the jeep with my hands tied. Oh when was this day going to end?  
  
Once again we were on the road heading to someplace unknown to me. Finally Tina turned off a side road and we went up to a house.  
  
“Is this it?” I asked nervously.  
  
“I think so. I followed that girl’s directions so this must be it. Let’s go.”  
  
After stumbling out of the jeep in the rain, the three of us went up to the door and Tina knocked. When the door opened I got the shock of my life. There standing right in front of me was Josh Barton, a boy in my class at school. He smiled from ear to ear and said in a very flirty voice, “Well, hello Katie . . . nice to see you. Um . . . not that I’m complaining mind you but, why are you naked?” His comment made me blush and I realized that not everyone knew of my plight. Once again I felt out of place and that I was doing something that I shouldn’t be doing. If my hands weren’t tied I would have covered myself in an instant!  
  
The girls pushed past him and entered the house to get out of the rain and, as I went in the doorway, Josh put his hand on my butt and squeezed, causing me to yelp! It felt good. I mean a boy had never touched me in such a private place before and I liked it and became instantly aroused. I only squealed because he took me by surprise – which was probably the only way he could have gotten away with it because I certainly wouldn’t have given him permission to do such a thing. Carrie explained my situation and was about to ask for help when the boy’s father entered the room. “WHAT IN THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?” he asked, obviously very upset at finding his son ogling a naked girl with his hand still groping her ass. Josh immediately pulled his hand away but not before his dad had seen everything. I could see the blood rushing to his face and from the change in his expression, boy was he mad!  
  
“What kind of tramp goes over to someone’s house naked to corrupt a perfectly innocent young man? YOU TRAILER-TRASH SLUT! Get out of my house before I take a switch to that backside of yours!”  
  
He didn’t have to tell me twice! I turned and hightailed it out the open front door and kept on running through the rain, passing Tina’s Jeep, on down the road! I heard the man yelling. “And if I EVER find out who you are, I’ll PERSONALLY make sure you won’t be able to sit down for a WEEK! YOU HEAR ME?”  
  
I heard him, but I didn’t look back either. I just kept on running – and running – and running. Soon Tina and Carrie caught up with me and helped me inside the Jeep. They were both laughing. “What are you laughing for?” I asked incredulously. “I could have been killed back there!”  
  
“No Katie. It’s alright. I explained to Mr. Barton why we were there and he understood – especially when I told him that you were the girl on TV. Did you know you are FAMOUS? Anyway, he blushed a bit and apologized. He called out after you to come back but you either ignored him or didn’t hear him. Either way you’re not in trouble.”  
  
My heart was still pounding after all that running but I was relieved that he wasn’t really going to spank the living daylights out of me! I hadn’t been spanked in years and just thinking about that gave me the willies!  
  
“I guess I didn’t follow Sarah’s directions too good, did I?” Tina said.  
  
“Maybe that carpenter guy’s house is that one down there,” Carrie remarked as she pointed to a lone house and a half mile up the side road we were on.  
  
“OH NO! I’m not going up to another strange house and get my backside whipped. No thanks. I’ll just stay like this until we figure something out.” I said emphatically.  
  
The girls just smiled at each other and Tina said, “Suit yourself” and she turned the car around and headed back towards our town. The sky, though still quite ominous, wasn’t nearly as bad as it had been even though the rain was much harder now than before. Even so, Tina felt that we should at least try and see how close we could make it.  
  
I was a mess. I was wet, my hair was flat and stringy and my feet were muddy from all my running in the rain and I just felt awful. Now we were headed back towards town. Maybe we could make it all the way to Carrie’s house this time. Wouldn’t THAT be nice? My thoughts turned to Sarah and her damn cell phone pictures and I wondered what she would do with them. How was I ever going to live this down? Still, that lady at Mrs. Wainbury’s house was right in that, truth-be-told I WAS having a little fun. I couldn’t deny my arousal either; I mean a boy actually groped my naked butt! I was as if I was doing something very naughty and getting away with it because of the storm. True it was terribly embarrassing but the adrenalin rush each time someone saw me naked was addictive. I had to be careful.  
  
“STOP THE CAR!” Carrie screamed and Tina slammed on the brakes and we came to a screeching halt.  
  
“What the Fu……” Tina exclaimed. “You scared the crap out of me. What’s wrong!”  
  
“Nothing. I just thought of something. I know how we can get Katie loose from those knots.”  
  
“Well . . . speak up sister. We’re burnin’ fuel here. I only have a quarter of a tank left as it is.”  
  
“I know who has the perfect tool to cut through those nylon ropes. If we take the Cartersville cutoff we can be there in 20 minutes.” Carrie explained.  
  
“Sounds good, let’s go.” Tina then put the jeep in gear and soon we were on the Cartersville cutoff – a road that bypassed town and led to the so-called industrial area of our district.  
  
“Um . . . maybe we should forget this,” I said nervously.  
  
“What on earth for? You want those ropes off and I know just the place. You do want to get free don’t you?” Carrie asked as we sped along.  
I looked at Carrie for a minute before answering. ‘Well . . . not exactly . . .”  
  
Tina slammed on the breaks again and nearly slid off the road. “What do you mean, ‘NOT EXACTLY?” Tina looked at me for a moment and then as if a light bulb illuminated over her head she said, “Oh don’t tell me . . . it’s true! Our little friend here LIKES being helpless!”  
  
Carrie giggled and grinned from ear to ear. “OH KATIE! HOW MARVELOUS!!!”  
  
No . . . no . . . NO!!! That’s not what I meant!!” I protested but the girls were laughing so hard they didn’t hear me. “WILL YOU TWO SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ME!!!!” It took me several minutes of pleading just to calm them down.  
  
Carrie looked at me incredulously and the asked, “Okay, you little slut-puppy . . . what DID you mean?”  
  
“I meant I didn’t exactly want to get these ropes off IF it meant going to the industrial park!”  
  
The girls looked at each other and then simultaneously burst into laughter once again. “SURE - That’s what you meant, huh? It didn’t have anything to do with the fact that your nipples are as hard as pencil erasers and you making my lap wet with your pussy-juice?”  
  
“I am NOT! Horney, that is. Your lap Is wet cause of the rain! AND you understood me correctly. I mean . . . isn’t there another way? I mean I’d gladly stay this way for a while if we could avoid going to that industrial area. There are some pretty scuzzy people there, ya know?” I was so embarrassed I wanted to die!  
  
Tina grinned at me and said softy, “So you really want us to believe that you’d really prefer to stay bound rather than go to that manufacturing area? Is THAT what you are saying?”  
  
“Yes. That’s what I’m saying.”  
  
Carrie’s eye’s sparkled and the smile on her face was ecstatic! “You know, Tina, we should do what she wants. Besides I think it would be a lot of fun if she was like totally at our mercy! In fact I think that’s what she really wants so I say we honor her request! Let’s go!” With that Carrie squeezed my right boob playfully and there wasn’t anything I could do about it.  
  
“NO WAIT!!” I screamed, but it didn’t seem to matter. Now what had I done?

**The Storm – Part 9**  
  
Despite what I had said, Tina headed right towards the Industrial Park. I pleaded with them to turn around but they continued on. I was growing angry and was about to blow a gasket! Just when I was about to like totally lose it, Tina turned into a convenience store and parked the Jeep next to the gas pumps. “I need to get some gas if we are going to make it back to town. How much money do you have, Carrie?”  
  
Carrie unceremoniously dumped me out of the Jeep so she could check her pockets and left me standing out in the open such that anyone passing by could see me. I was relieved that perhaps they weren’t taking me to the manufacturing section after all – that Tina just needed gas. Perhaps she knew all along that this was the closest place to get fuel. What kidders! I guess they really were only messing with me and that my imagination had been running wild. I knew they wouldn’t deliberately do anything to embarrass me. They were my friends.  
  
“I’ve only got $2. What have you got?”  
  
“Well, I’ve got $5. It’s not very much but hopefully that should be enough to get us home. Tina got out of the Jeep and went to the nozzle. “DAMN! It’s prepay only. Carrie, take this inside and I’ll wait until the pump is turned on and then gas up.”  
  
‘”Okay,” Carrie said as she hopped out of the Jeep and grabbed me by the arm. “Come on Kiddo. Can’t leave you out here like this.”  
  
“BUT!!!!”  
  
“Oh hush, you’ll like this, trust me. Besides it better than standing out in the open like you were.”  
  
Carrie then dragged me along and we entered the store. No one was in sight so Carrie called out “Anybody home?” “Hello?”  
  
I was beginning to think that the store was abandoned because of the storm and whoever was there before left in such a hurry that they forgot to lock up. Just then, a realty cute young man came out from the back of the store. “Sorry. I was in the back and didn’t hear . . . what the hell?” The look on his face was a combination of shock and pleasure. I wanted so bad to cover myself but I couldn’t! He stared right at me with a stupid smirk looking up and down my body lingering at my pelvis. He then got a HUGE smile on his face and said, “Hey . . . I know you! You are that girl on TV. Sorry about your house. Are you okay?”  
  
“Yeah, she’s fine,” Carrie said playfully. ‘Can’t you tell that she’s just happy to be here?” making an obvious reference to my quite erect nipples on my small boobs that were as hard as diamonds. The cute young man grinned, apparently getting her meaning.  
  
  
“I’m, fine” I said quickly, hoping to put an end to this ogling fest as soon as possible. “We just need some gas so we can get back home. Give him the money, Carrie.”  
  
Carrie put her folded bills on the counter and the young man counted them out. “You know with gas prices the way they are that’ll only give you maybe two gallons at the most. Do ya’ll have far to go?”  
  
“Yeah, actually we do but that’s all the cash we got.”  
  
The young man thought about things for a moment and then said to Carrie, “I got a proposition for you. I’ve never known a real live celebrity before. I’d be willing to kick in another $10 if you would take my picture with your friend here. The guys aren’t going to believe this and I’d sorta like to have a keepsake, if you know what I mean.”  
  
Carrie grinned and was about to say something when I interrupted. “Carrie, NO! It ain’t going to happen, okay? So forget about it!” My friend grabbed my arm and pulled me away a few feet from the counter and whispered, “You heard what the man said and Tina needs gas if we are going to get back to my house. That’s all the money we’ve got. Stop being so selfish. It’s just a picture for Pete’s sakes and you don’t even know the guy. It’s not like he wants to sleep with you or something.”  
  
“I don’t know . . .”  
  
“What? Do you want us to run out of gas in the middle of nowhere and have to hitchhike with some Scuzzball? Is that what you want?”  
  
She had a point. The devil you know is better than the one you don’t. “Okay but just ONE! And we’d better be going straight home after that!”  
  
Carrie smiled and pulled me back to the counter. “It’s a deal, my friend.”  
  
The young man handed his cell phone to Carrie and came out from behind the counter.  
  
“You two stand over there,” Carrie said, “so the light from the window will brighten up the shot. That’s it.”  
  
The young man stood beside me and put his hand around my neck and rested it on my shoulder. He apparently noticed that my hands were tied as he then said in a playful voice, “Kinky . . . Pretty Kinky!”  
  
“Okay, now stand up straight and smile . . . on three. One . . . Two . . .”  
  
Just then the young man dropped his arm and squeezed my right boob just as Carrie said “THREE!” and took the picture.  
  
“HEY!!! Watch it buster!” I yelled as I squirmed away from his grasp. “YOU PERVERT!”  
  
“Oooooo this is so good! “ Carrie exclaimed as she looked at the result. “Wanna see?” She then came over and held up the phone and much to my chagrin, there I was with my mouth making this shocked expression as the guy’s hand was obviously squeezing my tit!  
  
“OH MAN! That’s PERFECT!!!” the man said as he took the phone. “Here’s your ten dollars. I’ll put it with your money. The pump will automatically stop at $17.”  
  
I didn’t want to hang around after what had happened so I headed for the door. The last thing I heard as I was about to leave was the young man saying, “Thanks again, cutie pie!” I stopped for a minute thinking, “Hey, this good-looking guy just said I was cute!” ME and my little pitiful body he thought was cute! That alone was almost worth being fondled by a stranger. I guess it’s good to be popular after all, as people tend to overlook one’s little imperfections I guess. Then the jerk had to spoil it all by saying, ‘This will look great on my Facebook wall!” Holy CRAP! I was doomed!  
  
When I got outside I yelled at Tina to begin pumping. She was ever so shocked when the gas pump kept running after $7. “What’s going on? I thought we only had $7. Did you find some more cash on you, Carrie?”  
  
Of course Carrie just laughed and explained that I had “charmed” the clerk out of another $10 which made Tina laugh hysterically As she continued to fill her tank with gas, another car pulled up at the next pump and several girls got out and boy were they cruel. They wanted to know what my friends were doing out in public with such a naked, skanky underdeveloped whore. Seeing that my hands were tied and how aroused I was, they teased me terribly about being something they called a “submissive.”  
  
“So which one of your friends here is your Mistress, sweetie?” one of the girls asked.  
  
“I’ll bet she likes to be spanked, don’t you dearie?” another said as she slapped my ass hard!  
  
The girls clearly were elated at their good fortune and were making the most of it – perhaps to let off steam in light of all the stress of the destructive storm here about. Some of their sexually suggestive remarks clearly got to me though and I was really getting into it. Other things they said made no sense to me, but THEY obviously thought it was funny and they seemed quite excited by it. I guess I still had a LOT to learn about sex.  
  
“You don’t have much to flaunt up top, but you are game aren’t you? Oh what I wouldn’t give to have a hour alone with you somewhere! You’d go over great at my next dorm party. Do you hire out?”  
  
“NO!” I snapped flippantly, which made them all laugh heartily.  
  
“She definitely needs some more training. She’s way too uppity for a slave girl.”  
  
They eventually went inside the store and we left before they came back.  
  
As we drove along all I could think about was how much I seemed to enjoy what the girls were saying, well that and the fact that the cute guy at the store seemed to really LIKE my body. My self-esteem was on cloud nine. As humiliating as this day had been, maybe all I need to improve my self-image was to run around naked exposing myself to strangers! HA! What a thought. It was all I could do to keep from chuckling at my own remark.  
  
Eventually I came back to reality when I saw that Carrie’s house was just up ahead! Oh thank gawd! We are almost done with this ordeal, I thought. Little did I know then that the REAL fun was just beginning.  
  
  
**The Storm – Part 10**  
  
Upon entering Carrie’s house, her mom was quite relieved! “Oh Thank Heaven’s you guys are okay! I was worried SICK about you. Where in the hell have you been? I spoke to Mrs. Carson hours ago and she said you had just left to bring Katie over to stay with us until her mom can get back on her feet again.”  
  
Carrie explained some, but not all, of the things that happened like helping Tina’s brother get back to town and ferrying the scouts out of the woods. Of course the way she told it, it made it sound like she was some sort of saint or something and I wasn’t even there. She conveniently left out the part of dragging me all over creation naked as the day I was born - being seen by half the town. Her mom listened carefully and didn’t comment further. But she did tell Tina that her mother was worried too and that she had better get home as soon as she could. Tina politely bid everyone goodbye and left.  
  
“Carrie, go get Katie some clothes. She really needs to get covered.”  
  
“I can’t mom,” Carrie said with a half-snicker. “Look!” With that she turned me around to show the nylon cord tying my wrists together. “She can’t put on any clothes because she can’t separate her hands, see? We would have given her something to wear before but we couldn’t. We even tried to get the ropes undone but nothing we tried worked.”  
  
Mrs. Edwards gave her daughter a look of disbelief and said, “Oh for heaven’s sakes. Did you and Tina do that to her?” Of course, Carrie denied it.  
  
I felt bad for Carrie as it was clear her mother was the type of person to get upset pretty easily so I explained, without going into any detail mind you, that it was all completely innocent and quite an accident. Seeing that the explanation was coming from me, she relented.  
  
“Come with me Katie, I’ll take care of this.” I followed her into the kitchen and she took out a small paring knife. “This knife is very sharp, so don’t move a muscle, okay?” I nodded my understanding and she went to work. It took quite a while and she grunted a few times and her breathing got hard and deep, but she eventually succeeded where others had tried and failed. I was free at last!  
  
As I stood there rubbing my wrists I thanked her for her help. “It’s been quite a day, Mrs. Edwards. I’m glad that it is almost over.” Just then I heard the rain start again, beating hard against the metal roof on Carrie’s house. The TV was on and it was full of visuals of all the damage that had been caused by storms so far. It was devastating to be sure. I hadn’t realized how bad it was all across our area.  
  
“We aren’t out of the woods yet,” Mrs. Edwards cautioned. “There’s bad weather all around us and several strong squall lines approaching. We still have to be careful. You look like you could use a hot shower. Why don’t you go and take one and wash your hair too before the weather gets worse?”  
  
I thanked her for her suggestion and was about to ask her where the shower was located when the doorbell rang. “I’ll get it!” Carrie shouted from the other room. I made a few polite remarks to Carrie’s mom and was still speaking to her when into the kitchen walks Mr. Adams and his son Bret.  
  
“CARRIE!” Mrs. Edwards chastised her daughter. Can’t you see Katie is still naked? What’s the matter with you?” Carrie just shrugged her shoulders as if it wasn’t her fault.  
  
Mr. Adams apologized for the intrusion and explained that he was in a hurry and that it was probably his fault for barging in. He and his young son were canvassing the neighborhood making sure everyone was okay and didn’t need anything. As they talked Bret made no secret of checking me out – though he tried to act nonchalant about it whenever his dad looked over at him. Of course I caught Mr. Adams getting in a few looks at my body too. Seeing that everyone was okay, he left.  
  
I scurried along to take my shower and man did it feel good! I couldn’t help but think about how this whole humiliating adventure started out with me taking a shower and now it seemed to be ending with one. I took my time drying my hair and primping a bit. I even borrowed a little of Carrie’s makeup. When I was satisfied as to how I looked, I wrapped the towel around me and went back out into the front room. There Mrs. Edwards was waiting.  
  
“Here Katie, put these on. Your mother dropped these by earlier that she got for you in town.”  
  
CLOTHES!!!! My mom brought me clothes – a nice dress and underwear too! I was never so happy to cover myself as I was right then. I didn’t even excuse myself from the room. I just put everything on right there in front of Carrie and her mom. I could almost see and sense the air going out of Carrie’s balloon! Her little adventure with me was over!!  
  
The wind began noticeably getting stronger again so Mrs. Edwards instructed her daughter to get a shower too as she might not be able to later.  
  
“Okay mom,” Carrie reluctantly answered and left the room. I collapsed on the couch, too exhausted and overwhelmed by the day’s events to even think about what I was feeling. My emotions ran the gamut from fear, embarrassment, humiliation to, did I mention, total FEAR? Most of the time I was literally scared to death – scared for my safety, scared for people seeing me naked, scared as to what would happen to my reputation and scared that I was going to get into trouble. I was just happy I didn’t have to deal with that any more.  
  
About 10 minutes later, Mrs. Edwards gave me a knowing wink and put her finger to her mouth as if to say “Shhhhhh.” It was as if she was sharing some sort of secret with me or something. I was confused until I heard her stomping her feet loudly on the floor and then saying ‘OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!!!” shouting it at the top of her lungs. She was so loud I was sure even her nearest neighbor could hear her and they were about half a mile down the road! I began to get all panicky thinking something awful was the matter and not knowing what was going on – that is until I saw her smiling and giving me another playful wink.  
  
“CARRIE!! GET OUT HERE . . . NOW!!” she repeated that again as she ran back to the bathroom and moments later came back dragging a soaking wet and totally NAKED daughter by the hand out into the front room! “WE GOTTA GO!! OH MY GOD!!!”  
  
Carrie was like in total shock! It was the first time I had ever seen her naked and I must admit she was pretty too. AND for the first time I realized that the carpet didn’t match the drapes, if you get my drift. Unlike me, she had a nice full bush and it was obvious that Carrie WASN’T a natural blonde after all!! I snickered at discovering that. I guess we all have our little secrets!  
  
“CHILL MOM!” Carrie yelled trying to get control of the situation. “Will you let go of me and tell me what the hell is going on!!”  
  
“WE GOTTA GO!! We are in danger. I just heard on the TV that a tornado, a HUGE tornado is heading this way. OH MY GOD! We gotta get out of here . . . NOW!!” Mrs. Edwards then began dragging her daughter towards the front door.  
  
“But MOM . . . . I’m NAKED!!!!”  
  
“There’s no time. We gotta go!”  
  
There was enough panic in her voice to make anyone anxious. If she hadn’t have winked at me before I would have probably lost it based on my own experience with a tornado earlier. Instead I just went along with what she was saying. I ran to the coffee table and picked up a key ring. “Are these the car keys?” I asked excitedly.  
  
“Yes, that’s them. Go unlock the car QUICKLY NOW . . . Go, go . . . go . . . GO!!”  
  
I ran outside and unlocked the car and opened the doors, Mrs. Edwards was literally dragging and pulling her VERY reluctant and quite naked daughter outside heading towards the car. Carrie was doing everything she could to keep from getting closer to the car including digging in her heals and trying repeatedly to squirm her way loose from her mother’s grasp but to no avail. It was clear that her mother was determined that we leave right away.  
  
“BUT MOM, let me get something to wear! I can’t go out like this!!!!”  
  
“There’s no time! GET IN THE CAR NOW!!!!!” With that Carrie’s mom pushed her daughter into the backseat and slammed the door shut. She motioned me to get in the front seat and in no time we were speeding down the road and heading towards town!!  
  
Carrie was still dripping wet and trying to cover herself as best she could – even from my prying eyes. “WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?” she asked over and over. Her mom was silent and didn’t say a word. I did notice, however, that she did turn her head discretely towards me for a moment and gave me another playful wink. I just smiled.  
  
When we were on the outskirts of town Carrie asked again, “WHERE ARE WE GOING! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? The weather doesn’t look that bad. Are you sure you got your facts straight?”  
  
Mrs. Edwards stopped the car in front of the school auditorium and shut off the engine. She turned around to face her daughter. “Listen silly girl. Did you really think that I wouldn’t find out all the things you and Tina did to poor Katie here? You live in a small town, remember? And in small towns, people talk. There’s no such thing as a secret in a small town. I know EVERTHING you did – about how you exposed your friend here to most of her classmates and how the boy scouts tied her up and I’ve even seen pictures of her on Facebook with some guy at a convenience store. Mrs. Martin called to tell me where to find those. What do you have to say for yourself now, Miss teenage delinquent?”  
  
“But mom . . .!” Carrie protested. “It was the storm! We didn’t do anything on purpose to humiliate poor Katie, honest! It was the storm! People understood the situation. We had to do what we did! We were only trying to do what was right.”  
  
“I believe you. The storm is still a very dangerous thing. That’s all I’m trying to do too. To do what is right; which is why we are taking shelter here in the auditorium for a while, until it is safe to come out. That’s what the Mayor has asked everybody to do – gather at the auditorium. So that’s what WE are going to do.”  
  
Carrie got all humble and I could see genuine fear in her eyes. “Mom . . . please don’t do this! PLEASE!”  
  
“Out of the car, Carrie Ann, out of the car! It will look worse if I have to carry you in kicking and screaming. Do you want all your classmates to see you being treated that way? Out of the car Carrie Ann.”  
  
  
**The Storm – Part 11**  
  
Mrs. Edwards got out of the car and firmly took hold of her daughter’s hand. Carrie looked over at me as if silently pleading with me to intervene on her behalf and somehow get her mom to change her mind about going inside. It was mean of me I know, but all I did was give her an evil grin and say, “Carrie, you know how dangerous things have been all day. This really is the best place for us to be. Like you said to me before, stop being so selfish and think of your mom for a change. How would she feel if you got hurt or worse? I think we should do what she says.”  
  
Carrie gave me the most hateful look as her mom pulled her from the car. The sight of my friend cowering naked next to her car in the middle of town REALLY excited me. I couldn’t help but get aroused by the erotic nature of what I was seeing – Carrie swinging her head this way and that nervously checking to see if anyone had noticed her standing there as she desperately tried to cover herself. I wondered if all those people who had seen me naked only hours before had the same intense feelings as I was having right then looking at Carrie. It wasn’t the satisfaction of revenge that was so pleasing. It was the very idea of seeing her standing in town naked knowing that she was about to be seen by people she knew and there wasn’t a thing she could do about it that was so powerfully stimulating. It is hard to describe. All I knew was that I was wet and had that feeling of fire down below just aching for release!!  
  
“MOM . . . Please!” Carrie persisted. “I’m . . . I’m sorry . . . It was all Tina’s idea. Really! SHE is the one who should be punished, not me! Please don’t . . .”  
  
“Don’t what, Carrie? Look after your well-being and safety? You’ve seen the damage this storm has done. You know first-hand what happened to Katie’s house. Why she could have been killed earlier today! Let’s get inside before we get hurt ourselves,” her mom remarked. Just then a streak of lightening flashed across the sky silencing all conversation as we waited for the sure-to-be-heard clap of thunder. I couldn’t help but think that Mother Nature wasn’t going to be the only one “flashing” today!  
  
Mrs. Edwards took hold of one arm and literally began dragging her daughter towards the door as a steady drizzle began falling again. “Grab her other hand, Katie,” Mrs. Edwards instructed. “I don’t want her to fall down and get hurt.” It was all I could do to pull Carrie’s remaining arm away from her groin as she was desperate to keep herself covered. Carrie was bigger than me but I had the advantage of leverage, well that and I was running on an adrenalin-high. I managed to pull her hand away leaving her totally exposed just as we opened the auditorium door and walked inside.  
  
What greeted me was totally unexpected. Instead of seeing shocked expressions on people’s faces as they saw a naked Carrie enter the building, I saw a crowd of fellow classmates at the far end of the room all huddled around a scared, totally humiliated and COMPLETELY NAKED TINA !!! She was standing next to her father and mother, who were holding her arms out away from her body as Tina’s mother was talking to the small, huddled crowd. Unlike earlier when I was paraded about this very building, most of the adults and their families had already gone home. All that remained was a small group of volunteers that had been helping Mrs. Thompson, the teacher from school who had been organizing the shelter all day. I thought about how awful it must be for Tina having to be seen naked by her dad, but that feeling quickly passed.  
  
I was still trying to take it all in when I heard someone shout, “HEY!! THERE’S CARRIE ANN!!”  
  
The entire group began laughing and pointing at Carrie and several of the group ran over to get a better look and then walked with us as we headed to where Tina was standing. “Oh My GOSH! You dye your hair!” one girl said with obvious disdain as she noticed the difference in color from the hair on her head and the thick, curly short hairs about her groin.  
  
“You really need to do a little chickscaping, sister!” another girl quipped with a giggle. “Razors are cheap ya know.”  
  
Carrie’s face was as red as a tomato and I could tell she was like totally mortified as everyone was looking over every inch of her body and making comments. Her mom just had that righteous smile on her face as if she had been hoping that that would happen. The guys were typically crude remarking on the sexy shape of her ass or the size of her melons. But the girls - they were the worst - pointing out all her imperfections with gusto. Honestly, I would have never noticed those couple of pimples on her butt until someone drew attention to them.  
  
But my biggest shock was seeing Tina. I didn’t expect to find her here naked like Carrie. Seeing her naked body for the first time, I got angry . . . REALLY ANGRY!! You see, at school, Tina had been subtly making me feel self-conscious about my body and lack of boobs. Here, now, I discovered that all this time Tina had been wearing a padded bra!! Why she wasn’t any bigger than me up top!! My only consolation however was now everyone else knew that too!  
  
Mrs. Edwards brought her daughter up to Tina and positioned her so that she was standing right next to her facing the crowd. I still had a grip on her hand too making sure she was as exposed as I had been earlier to this same group of kids. Tina’s dad began asking the group to quiet down. His voice was certainly menacing and authoritative so no one dared challenge him. In an instant the entire place was as quiet as a library.  
  
Mr. Conner began speaking. “Most of you know what my daughter Tina, with the help of Carrie Ann Edwards earlier today, did to poor Katie here. In fact I’m sure many of you had witnessed little Katie’s situation right here in this same auditorium. What happened to Katie‘s house as a result of the storm was tragic – a terrible act of nature. But it certainly was NO EXCUSE for these two hooligan’s to humiliate the poor girl further. I want everyone right here and now to know that we as parents aren’t going to tolerate things like that. Mrs. Edwards and I have talked and have decided that we wanted our daughters to know what it feels like to be exploited like poor Katie was earlier today.”  
  
Mrs. Edwards spoke up and added, “We felt both these girls needed to be punished. Now that the storm system has all but moved on and things are getting back to some semblance of normal, we brought our daughters down here to help clean up and put things back in order. I’m sure Mrs. Thompson won’t mind the extra help.  
  
Everyone looked over at the shocked expression on the teacher’s face. “Well . . . I . . . that is to say . . . this is . . . um . . . most irregular . . . most irregular indeed.”  
  
“GOOD!” Mr. Conner said firmly, “Then it’s settled. “Tina, you and Carrie go about helping these students until Mrs. Thompson says that you are finished.” Tina just lowered her head and looked at the floor not moving a muscle. “GO ON! You heard me! Get a move on!” Mr. Conner’s voice boomed throughout the facility and the two girls immediately jumped.  
  
Mrs. Thompson, apparently regaining her composure, instructed the girls to each get one of the large plastic trash cans and to start picking up all the loose trash lying about. As I watched the Carrie and Tina go about their work it occurred to me that Mrs. Thompson obviously hadn’t given the girls’ state of undress much thought as surely she couldn’t have picked a more humiliating and exploitive thing to do. Each time one or the other of them would bend over to pick up a piece of trash or an empty soft drink can from the floor, their vagina was totally exposed to anyone who wanted to look, and look they did! The snickers by both the boys AND the girls were very noticeable, even as the other students pretended to go about their work. Still I don’t think Carrie or Tina worried too much about that as they seemed to be more of a hurry to get their task done so that they could leave than to worry about what they looked like doing it. Still, it WAS rather arousing just to watch.  
  
The girls’ parents and Mrs. Thompson stood around talking as the others either went about doping work or following the girls making crude comments about their lack of attire. What fun!  
  
As for me, I just sat on a chair taking it all in. I secretly wished that I was back at Carrie’s house alone in the privacy of my own room so that I could take care of . . . ah . . . a little throbbing button of my anatomy that desperately needed attention! Watching those girls among the group and recalling my own adventures earlier were taking their toll on my hormones and I desperately needed to get off.  
  
At some point during my musings my thoughts were interrupted by the sight of Heather, one of, if not “THE” most popular girl at school talking with Carrie and Tina. I wasn’t sure why Heather had taken such an interest in the girls other than the fact that they were naked. As far as I knew they had never hung out together before, but perhaps they were friends or maybe she was just trying to be helpful by talking with them. As time went by, I noticed that every so often they would stop talking and look over at me ominously. I was getting a bad feeling about that but dismissed it as just my over-active imagination. For all I knew, Heather was just giving them the business like all the others about being naked.  
  
Some of the guys came up to me and extended their empathy for losing my home and all my belongings. They seemed genuinely sincere and we had a very nice chat. It was the first time boys from my school had ever taken an interest in just talking with me. It was nice. I had always thought I’d have a hard time talking with boys but this seemed quite natural and it was very enjoyable, In the back of my mind I wondered, however, if their interest in talking with me was based more on seeing me naked on TV and somehow being the impetus for them getting to see Carrie and Tina naked than based on my loss and personal situation. Still, whatever the reason, I seemed to be enjoying a little popularity in my own right so I was going to make the most of it.  
  
The boys would occasionally make a remark about Carrie’s body causing me to laugh. I happened to notice that each time the boys and I laughed out loud, Heather, Carrie and Tina would stop what they were doing and look my way to see what was going on. I really wasn’t trying to make them feel bad or anything. I was just enjoying the camaraderie of these boys and all the attention I was getting,  
  
When the work was all but done, Mrs. Thompson thanked everyone for all their efforts and Tina’s parents led their naked daughter out to their car and left downtown. I could tell from her parents’ body language that it wasn’t over for Tina and I wondered what was going to happen to her when she got home. The vision of a leather strap flying through the air landing smack on Tina’s bare backside suddenly imbedded itself into my mind’s eye making me laugh out loud.  
  
Mrs. Thompson asked me to give another black plastic bag to Carrie and Heather so that they could finish up. I took the bag and walked over to them rather quickly as I was sure they both wanted to get out of there. I thought I was being helpful. However as soon as I got over to them and held out my hand with the bag in it, Heather got right in my face, snatched the bag rudely from my hand and said in a forceful whisper, ‘This ain’t over, Bitch.”  
  
“Yeah, this ain’t over,” Carrie echoed snidely. “Not by a long shot!”  
  
They both then went back to work as if nothing had happened. What did I do? I wondered to myself. I hadn’t planned any of this. It was her mom! Surely they didn’t blame me? I was as much of a victim of this storm as they were. I figured Carrie was just upset. After all we were friends. Surely she didn’t mean it. Perhaps she was just trying to impress Heather, her being so popular at school and all.  
  
My heart began pounding as I suddenly realized that, “I have to LIVE with Carrie for the next month!!” What if she really DID mean it?  
  
**THE END**