**The Story of Zoe Magners**

By Embers

If someone had told Zoe about what was going to happen on Saturday night and what that would lead to she would probably have not gone to collect the mail that morning in just her towel and would definitely made some better decisions on Saturday night. Fortunately for us she did go out in just a towel and she did make some bad decisions and it did lead to a lot of very entertaining situations, this is her story...

I woke up like it was just any other ordinary Friday morning, after lying in bed for a while I jumped in the shower to freshen up for the day ahead at school. I washed my shoulder length brown hair first and then moved onto the rest of my body. I gave my boobs a little squeeze as I washed them, I liked my boobs they weren’t too big but certainly big enough. As I was finishing up I excitedly remembered the latest issue of my magazine was due today and once out of the shower I put a towel round me and headed downstairs. My mum was making breakfast in the kitchen “morning, postman been yet?” “He just came by a moment ago”
I really wanted that magazine and checked myself in the mirror near the door, the towel covered more than any of my skirts did and probably more than my shirt would as well. ‘... it’ I thought to myself ‘what could possibly bad happen, it’s 7am’

I quickly headed out the door and with one hand on my towel and moved as fast as I could down the garden path. It was another warm morning and I could tell the weather was going to be boiling again. Once at the fence I checked the path and seeing nobody I moved out and checked the mail, couple of letters and my magazine!

Feeling very happy I headed quickly back off the street. I wasn’t more than two feet inside the garden when I felt a sudden tug on my towel, next I jolted and then my towel was gone. I quietly squealed and span around I tried to tug it but was caught well on the gate. I heard voices and decided to leave it and just get inside. I slapped the mail and arm over my boobs and popped the other hand down to cover my pussy and ran for the door.

I barged it open and slammed it shut and then collapsed against the wall gathering my breath. “I thought you had a towel” my mum laughed sticking her head out the kitchen. I screamed again “Oh my god, mums don’t look!” I covered up and sprinted for the stairs, hearing her laughing away in the kitchen.

Once I’d got my breath back I sat on my bed and it suddenly hit me how much of a rush that was and how turned on I felt. The air whipping over my nude body, the prospect of being caught. It dawned on me I wanted to try that again but not while my parents were around.
I went down for breakfast once I had got my clothes on. “Nice to see your wearing clothes now!” my mum said as I sat down. “Oh by the way, me and your dad are going away for the weekend, we’ll be leaving around 10am tomorrow and we’ll be back Monday afternoon ok?”
“That’s cool mum, it’ll be nice to have the house to myself for a bit” I joked “Haha well no parties!” I was already working ideas in my head; I couldn’t wait for tomorrow night!

I was up much earlier than I would normally be on Saturday, around 9.30am. I showered and saw my parents off and once they were gone I went round the house and closed the curtains, I didn’t want people seeing in today.

Once done I returned to my room and slipped off all my clothes and for the first time (other than Friday morning) I was outside my room, naked. It was like the house was new to me all of a sudden and though no one could see me it still gave me a buzz to be naked around the house.

I made myself some breakfast and ate it in the kitchen enjoying the feeling of the cool varnished wood on my bare round bottom. I spent the rest of the day nude, quite a relief in the heat actually but my thoughts were focused upon once night fell.

Finally it started getting dark outside and I decided that there was no time like the present to get this little personal dare done. I walked to the front door, my plan was pretty basic. I was simply going to walk to the mailbox check for post and walk back. I opened the door a crack and poked my head out, keeping my unclothed body out of site behind the door.

It was very quiet out, I could hear cars in the distance but they were going by on the main street, the curtains were closed in the houses opposite and to either side. “Here we go then” I said to myself and stepped out the door.

Whilst I walked like I normally would my head was swivelling left and right keeping an eye open for any movement, at houses or in the street, seeing none I kept on walking not covering up. The light cool night breeze blew over my exposed naked body, I savoured the way it caressed my skin. My nipples were pointing the way and I knew as soon as I was safe inside I would need to cum.

All too soon I reached the gate, there were still a few threads on the nail where my towel had got caught on Friday morning. I stepped out onto the street feeling a rich excitement from being naked somewhere I really shouldn’t be. I checked the mailbox and then turned and walked back to the door already starting to rub myself with my right hand as my left stretched out to push the door open. It didn’t open.

I actually just stopped and stared at the door, my mind not ready to comprehend what this meant. Eventually I tried again and again it didn’t budge. It then dawned on me what had happened, this morning without anything majorly distracting me I put the door on the latch, tonight with excitement and nerves clouding my judgement I pulled the door too behind me on instinct but forgot the latch.

I was now very close to panicking, I was locked outside naked, had no way of contacting anyone and –I stepped back to check- no windows were open. I didn’t dare go to my neighbours as the ones I knew were very chatty with my parents and I didn’t want them knowing that for the second day in a row I was naked outside.

There wasn’t any real cover in my front garden so I found the shadiest spot and sat down to gather my thoughts. I was swiftly ceasing to be turned on and just plain worried now. I dunno how long I sat there, at least five minutes and amazingly nobody had walked by when I had one of those moments where if it were a cartoon a lightbulb would have appeared above my head.

I remembered that after I watered the plants (I wore a dressing gown) I hadn’t locked the back door, I had a way back in! Unfortunately getting there wouldn’t be easy, I live in the middle of a long terrace of houses and the only rear access other than through the house is via an alleyway which starts at either end of the street.

I was stumped I had a way in; it just meant that as a result I’d have to streak my street. As I considered it I realised that I had little other choice and the street was very quiet. It would only take a couple of minutes to get to one end and then I’d be pretty safe in the alley.

I crept slowly to the gate and checked the street, not a soul about. I began to think that I might just get out of this without anyone knowing. I slipped quietly through the gate, shivering at the thought of being naked on a public street, it felt so much different than my garden.

I ran as quietly as I could down the street trying to cover but in the end going to holding my boobs to stop them bouncing about. I could see the end of the road in sight, I could just round the last house and be safe in the alley. Hearing a door open behind me I sprinted, rounded the last house and ducked into the alley. I leaned against the last houses fence gasping for breath. It was only after a few deep breaths I realised, I was not alone.

“What the ...?” A female voice said. I looked up and staggered back, there was a group of three girls smoking, I swiftly moved my hands to cover myself up and looked down trying to think what to do but my mind was frozen in panic. “Wait, is that Zoe? Zoe Magners?” another voice questioned. At that point I should have just run, done anything but what I did, I snapped my head up and allowed them to confirm their theory.

“OH MY GOD IT IS!” I finally saw a face I clearly recognised and it was the last person I wanted to see right now. Abby Epson.

She and I have a history; we used to be good friends, not best friends or anything like that but good friends nonetheless. Then she started smoking, it’s a habit I am not a fan of one bit. I started arguing with her because I wouldn’t try one and because I wanted her to stop. As she began smoking more and more in youthful foolishness I decided the only way to stop it was to tell her parents, well that didn’t go down well at all with Abby.

At school the next day we had a blazing row which showed that most of my former friends were on her side, a few held back and would eventually become part of my new group of friends they just didn’t want to get involved in the argument. It eventually ended up with me and her fighting and just before teachers came through to break it up I gave her a heck of a black eye.

She and I hadn’t said a word to each other since that happened around six months ago but she still glared at me whenever we passed, from what I heard the night after I told her parents she got the spanking of a lifetime from them. Now I had handed her revenge on a plate.

“Grab her!” Abby shouted. Two of her friends dropped their cigarettes and rushed forwards grabbing my arms before I could move and held me in place. “Well, well if it isn’t the snitch” sneered strutting forwards and then puffed a mouthful of smoke into my face, I coughed and spluttered. “You caused me so much trouble bitch and then gave me a black eye! Right, Clair, Jane pull her arms away I won’t get a good shot with those tits covered up”

I realised what she was going to do as she pulled her phone from her pocket, the cow was going to photograph me! “Please don’t do this Abby, I’ll do anything!” “Oh I know you will, but I’m sure you’ll also do anything to stop me releasing these pictures to school or passing them onto your parents, though perhaps that would be just desserts!”

I tried to resist but the other two girls were far too strong for me and soon had my arms spread out, they even hooked a foot each inside mine and spread my legs. Abby was taking a lot of pics some getting all of me, others she came right up close for shots of my face, boobs, pussy and my ass.

As she was doing this she asked me “So why on earth are you running around outside naked anyway?” I didn’t know what to say, “I got locked out” I muttered “But why were you naked outside in the first place?” She had her own lightbulb moment then, “Wait let me check that close up of your ... illuminated by the flash on my camera.” There was a pause as she searched, “Aha! Your wet down their! You’re getting off on this!”

In was now truly speechless, she knew my secret. “No denial? Well who knew you were such a slut! Release her you two” They let go; I didn’t run as I knew it would achieve nothing. “Right if you want me to delete these photos and never show them to anyone I think you’re going to do what I say for a while, got it? Now type your phone number in and we’ll be on our way” Not knowing what else to do I complied and typed my number in. “We’ll be in touch, come on girls let’s leave this slut” she said as they left.

I stood still for a moment and realised a better moment to absorb what had just happened would be when I was safely home. I sprinted down the alley, opened the back gate and ran into the house through the unlocked backdoor. I was angry, upset, scared and turned on, the latter I found amazing and soon was furiously masturbating on the lounges biggest chair, I had a massive orgasm and eventually dosed off to sleep.

**Part 2**

I woke with a jolt the next day grasping for a bearing of where I was and then realised I was in the lounge chair. It took me a moment to remember I was naked and then the previous nights events came flooding back to me. The walk to the mail box naked, the door being locked, streaking my street and then getting court by Abby Epson of all people along with her two closest friends who proceeded to photograph every inch of my bare skin. They had left me with the threat of publishing said photos if I didn’t do what they said ‘for a while’ that indeterminate length worried me, how long and what would I have to do to get those photos.

I glanced down at my phone and unsurprisingly there was a message, it was from Abby. Get to my house for 3pm, 27 Bermuda Way. DONT BE LATE. Short and to the point I guess. I checked the time; it was just before noon so I had plenty of time to get ready.

As I showered and dressed but all I could think about as I did so was what Abby would want me to do; all her homework? Get naked again? I pondered a lot of different scenarios and again to my amazement I found I was being turned on by any of the naked, humiliating ideas I came up with.

All too soon came the time I had to leave. The walk to her house just five minutes away was one of the longest of my life. Feeling nervous I checked my watch as I walked up her driveway, it was a couple of minutes before 3pm. I rang the bell and waited.

Abby came to the door a massive grin on her blonde haired face. “Get inside, we want to get started” I quickly stepped inside the door. She shut the door and strode past me and opened another door, “In here” I slowly trudged into the room and saw Clair and Jane sitting on the sofa.

“Stand in the middle of the room” she hissed at me and I did so hoping that this wouldn’t take long and I could just get on my way. As Abby sat down I began to plead with her “Look can’t I just pay you some money or something. Don’t make me do anything embarrassing please”

All three girls burst out laughing, “Told you she’d beg to be let off straight away” said Clair. Abby then spoke up “No you caused me pain, humiliation and so much trouble, I want to enjoy this and money is not what I’m after.”

“Well what do you want me to do then?” I asked not sure what to expect. “Well for today were just going to go for a little walk from here through a few streets, round the park and back. Oh and you’ll be wearing this” I gasped as she picked up from beside her chair a tiny ball of material. It was a small pink G-string and bra set, and the bra wouldn’t exactly conceal much.

“No! You can’t make me do this!” I argued, “Well I better start sending those emails, your parents and the school magazine first I think” Abby replied as she walked towards the door. Defeated I agreed “Fine I’ll do it but then you delete the pictures?” “HA! This is only the beginning, get used to taking my orders or I might find my finger slipping onto the send button on some of those emails. Now get changed”

I picked up the underwear set and headed to leave the room “Where are you going, change here we’ve seen it all before. You’ll probably enjoy all of this you dirty slut” I retook my spot at the centre of the room and slipped my shirt off over my head and then kicked my shoes off and pulled my jeans down and off as well.

“Keep going then” Jane smirked and I unclasped my bra and dropped it to the floor and then taking a breath whipped my panties down and off. Once again I was naked before them and once again I found myself getting turned on.

I picked up the tiny g-string and pulled it on and then quickly put on the bra glad to have some cover again even if it wasn’t much. I put my shoes back on. “Happy now?” I asked, “Not quite” Abby moved behind me as the other two giggled. I had no idea what was going on. Suddenly I felt something around my neck which was then fastened and I heard a click like a padlock.

“There! Now you’re ready for walkies” Abby laughed as she came back round to the front of me. I was still confused until I saw her carry a leash which she then attached to the thing round my neck; she was making me wear a dog’s collar and leash.

“My goodness Abby you’re too much!” said Clair. “Let’s go doggy” and Abby gave the leash a yank and I stumbled after her and then out of the door and into the day lit world outside.

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