**The Summer That Changed Everything!** By **Hooked6** ([Hooked6@hotmail.com](mailto:Hooked6@hotmail.com)) 

*SYNOPSIS: There’s a mystery at Grandma Ruth’s farm and Anna finds herself right in the middle of it. Along the way she finds herself reluctantly exposed & embarrassed and learns a lot about herself while trying to solve the mystery.*    
**Chapter 1**   
  
“But MOM!” I protested. “You can’t be serious!”   
    
“Of COURSE I’m serious dear. The change will do you good.”   
    
“The whole summer?! Why can’t I stay here with you and enjoy the summer with my friends? It’s not like you are going anywhere. Why am I being punished?”   
    
My mom just sighed and shook her head. “Oh Anna, stop being such a drama queen. You’re not being punished. I would have thought you would have jumped at the chance to spend some time on a farm. Besides, you haven’t seen your grandma in several years. She may not be around much longer. You’ll regret not spending more time with her after she’s gone.”   
BUT mom . . . all alone on that isolated old farm with that old lady. Why, she doesn’t even have electricity. I won’t be able to use my smartphone or my computer! How will I update my Facebook page? This isn’t fair! Why can’t she come here and visit?”   
    
My mom dropped the basket of laundry she was carrying, marched across the room and took a firm grip on my chin. “That’s enough, young lady. You may be only 16 but that’s not too old to get an old-fashioned spanking. Now you’re going to Grandma Ruth’s farm tomorrow and you’re going to like it. If I hear one more word out of you you’ll lose your precious smartphone, i-Pad AND your computer until you’re 18. Do I make myself clear young lady?”   
    
There was no use in arguing any further. My mom had made the ultimate threat. There was no way I could jeopardize losing my electronic gadgets for two whole years! It wasn’t a bluff either. She would take away my things in a heartbeat as she was that strict. Once she had drawn the line on my behavior I knew better than to cross it. I would just have to make the best of it. But . . . the WHOLE SUMMER! UGH!!   
    
The following morning my mom loaded my suitcase into the family car. She had packed my suitcase for me as she said I wouldn’t take the appropriate clothing for farm work and there was no way she was coming back out to bring me extra things. She said if it was left up to me I would only take useless junk that I couldn’t use anyway. After all, she was raised on that farm and I was too much of a spoiled city girl to look after my own best interests.   
    
After spending almost the entire day driving we finally arrived at the farm. What a dump! The wooden house looked like it hadn’t seen a coat of paint in years. There were critters running all over the place and I had no idea what was holding the rickety old barn up. Even worse, the place smelled like animal poo and it was hot! REALLY hot! I just knew that without air conditioning I would just die! Mom was right. I was a spoiled city-girl and I liked it that way! How in the world did Grandma live out here all by herself?   
    
As I looked around as mom talked with Grandma Ruth, all I could see was pasture and trees. Pasture grass and trees as far as the eye could see. There didn’t seem to be another house for miles. The nearest town was about 5 miles away and as we drove through it on the way over, it really wasn’t much of a town – only a gas station, a general store, a hardware store, and a tractor dealer. I guess shopping to pass the time would be out of the question.   
    
My train of thought was interrupted as Grandma called out, “There’s my little Katie! Oh, isn’t she adorable?”   
    
“Grandma, My name is Anna . . . not Katie.”   
    
“Nonsense! I’d know my 7-year old granddaughter anywhere! Come here and give your Nana a big hug!”   
    
“Grandma . . . I’m not Katie and I certainly am NOT just 7 years old. I’m 16 and in high school for Pete’s sakes! What’s the matter with you? Are you blind . . . “Just then, I spotted my mom giving me a stern look and I knew I was close to crossing the line. I relented and submitted to a rib-crushing hug that almost took my breath away! For an old lady she still had a lot of strength.   
    
Mom and I spent about an hour sitting in the shade on her wrap-around porch filling Grandma in on all the goings-on since the last time we visited. The entire time Grandma Ruth kept referring to me as Katie and the tone of her voice reflected her belief that she was actually talking to a 7-year old.   
    
When she finally went inside I pleaded, “Mom . . . she’s like all crazy and confused! You can’t leave me here with that demented old woman! She’s got that old timer’s disease or something. She needs to be in a home not living alone out here.”   
    
“She may be a little confused at times, I’ll admit, but what senior citizen isn’t? She’s perfectly capable of taking care of herself and she manages her farm quite nicely. She may not live in a fancy house or have a lot of money but she still takes care of this place just fine and she’s well-liked by her neighbors in town. You aren’t in any danger and if you’re trying to get out of spending some quality time with my mother, just remember what I said.”   
    
Soon afterwards mom got into her car and bid us both “goodbye” before driving off down the dusty, dirt road leaving the two of us alone. Grandma had me help her in the kitchen and seemed surprised that I could do as much as I could – being only 7-years old. After trying to correct her for like 3 hours I finally gave up and just let her think what she wanted. Besides that glaringly obvious incorrect impression of who I was and her understanding of my age, Grandma Ruth seemed like the jolly and pleasant person I remembered her to be. Her house wasn’t though. It was sorely in need of some serious cleaning. If I was going to stay here for 3 months I was at least going to see to it that it was tidy and dust-free. Besides, there wasn’t much else to do but clean and do chores as there was no TV or anything that even remotely resembled entertainment.   
    
That night it was so hot, sweat was literally pouring off of me as I tried to sleep. The windows were open in my bedroom but there was no breeze and the air was still and humid. I slept in my T-shirt instead of my usual night attire and shoved the bed linen to the floor. That at least helped keep me cool.   
    
The next few days, in order to have something to do, I learned to do the farm chores – feeding the livestock, cleaning out the barn. I even got around to tidying up Grandma’s house a bit. It was fun but ever so hard. Much to my regret all the clothes my mother had packed for me were thick and heavy – things like flannel shirts and denim jeans. I guess she figured they would protect me from getting hurt around the farm. That may have been true but in this heat I would die from heat stroke if I tried to wear those things! I found myself treasuring the few things that were of light material like the two T-shirts and the one pair of shorts that she did manage to pack. At the end of each day I was quite tired and that helped me sleep at night despite my discomfort over the lack of air conditioning.   
    
Finally one morning Grandma could sense that I was exhausted. “Katie dear, why don’t you skip the chores for today and go down to the lake and cool off,” Grandma said with a smile. “It’s going to be a scorcher today. Besides, it’s not good for such a young person to work so hard.”   
    
I wasn’t about to argue. She told me that there was a lake a pretty good ways up the dirt road but that I could walk to it without any trouble. I wasn’t sure I wanted to swim a creepy old lake as there was no telling what kind of slimy creatures or snakes might lurk in the murky water. Still, it would be nice to do a little exploring so I agreed and took off across the pasture and then through the woods looking for that dirt road she had told me about.   
    
I walked along for what seemed like forever until I finally found it and began following it along. Suddenly I heard voices – teenagers! My spirits lifted immediately. At last, people my own age! I wondered if perhaps they lived close by and had access to a computer or perhaps some video games! I left the road and began following the sounds of their laughter and horseplay through the woods. A little voice kept telling me to be careful because after all I wasn’t sure sure who these people were so as I got closer I began to carefully crawl along staying out of sight. When the voices sounded as if they were really close by, I knelt beside a large bush and slowly peeked up my head over the branches.   
    
My heart just about stopped! There before my very eyes were at least 5 teenage boys and they were completely NAKED as they horsed around running in and out of the water!!! I had NEVER, EVER in my entire life seen a real live teenage boy naked! I was shocked and fascinated. My heart began to pound and I felt that familiar sensation between my legs which I knew to be from sexual arousal – the same feeling I had when I fingered myself when I was alone in my bedroom but this time I wasn’t even touching myself!   
    
Being careful not to make a sound lest I be discovered I kept watching, hoping that one or the other of the boys would once again leave the cover of the lake and run towards shore so I could see what I knew I wasn’t supposed to be seeing! Eventually one cute boy did just that as he ran out of the water to retrieve a ball that they had been playing with. At first he ran away from me and all I could see was his pale butt cheeks – and what cute butt it was too! As he picked up the ball and ran back towards the lake, his penis came clearly into view and I was fascinated. In fact over the next several moments that scene repeated itself several times with different boys and I got to see all of them!! I was amazed as each one of them was different. I never realized that boys’ packages came in so many different shapes and sizes! My heart was still racing as I took it all in. As much as I wanted to get closer or perhaps even join them, I dared not move a muscle as I was afraid of what might happen to me if they discovered that they were being watched by a girl. This was waaaaaay better than TV and the last thing I wanted to do was ruin it! No, I was content just to watch. Okay, if you want to the truth, I was too chicken to move. I was frozen with fear and emotion. I don’t think I could have moved even if I wanted to – a thought that made my heart pound all the harder as I wondered what I would do if they did actually see me and came in my direction! I don’t think I could have run away if I tried.   
    
All too soon the boys had had enough and they all got out of the water, dressed and then headed around the shore to the opposite side of the lake and disappeared into the woods. I stayed put for some time after I could no longer hear their voices just in case they came back. They didn’t and eventually I found the nerve to get up and make my way back to the dirt road that led to Grandma’s house. All I could think about on my way home was what I had seen! I tingled all over – especially “down there!”   
    
I took care of “business” as I took my bath later that evening. It was still so very warm that I only put on my T-shirt and panties as I sat in the front room talking with Granny. I was afraid she would object or say something to embarrass me but I guess she must have thought it was perfectly natural for a “7-year old” to dress that way at night since that’s what she thought I was – a 7-year old. One thing was for sure, however, and that was that I could NEVER get away with dressing like this at home! I felt so naughty and excited! It was as if I was getting away with something.   
    
My mind was so worked up over what I had seen that day that I could hardly get to sleep. When I did finally wake up the next morning I was still aroused. I decided to go down to breakfast dressed just as I was – T-shirt, no bra and pink panties. I wanted to prolong that feeling for just a little longer before having to get dressed. To my surprise, Granny asked me to go out to the chicken coop and see if there were any eggs as she needed a few more for the omelets she wanted to make. Before I knew what I was doing I found myself outside in basically my underwear!! It was awesome. It was naughty yet it felt so liberating and natural somehow. Yes, there were eggs and I gathered them up and put them in the bottom of my rolled up T-shirt so they wouldn’t break. What a rush!! Now my panties were completely exposed and I was outside! Why anyone could see me if they were out there somewhere and I knew from yesterday that, even though we were out in the boonies, teenage boys weren’t that far off!! I lingered around the chicken coop and barn for as long as I dared taking in all the strange sensations I was feeling and then returned to the house!   
    
“Did you find any eggs, Katie?”   
    
“Yes, ma’am, I did. There were 5 in the nesting boxes. I took them all.” As I held out my shirt to hand Granny the eggs she looked at me with a grin for a moment as if she knew what I was up to but then she returned to making breakfast and nothing more was said.   
    
As we sat around the breakfast table talking about things I realized that this was the first time in several days that I was actually happy and enjoying myself. Granny repeated herself a few times as we talked, almost as if she forgot that she had already told me that news before, but otherwise I enjoyed our meal and our morning chat for once. When breakfast was finished I began clearing the table.   
    
”Katie,” Granny said as she emerged with a laundry basket. “I’m going to wash a few things this morning in the wash tub outside, I’ve got your other T-shirt and if you give me that one I’ll wash it too. Your stuff is pretty filthy. Just because you’re living on a farm doesn’t mean you have to look like you do all the time, you know.”   
    
Thanks Granny, but this is the only other cotton shirt I have. All the rest of my things are too heavy to wear in this heat. I’ll just keep it on for a while longer.”   
    
“Nonsense,” she said as she grabbed the tail of my shirt and began lifting over my head.   
    
“Granny! I’m not wearing anything under my shirt! I don’t have a bra on!”   
    
“Piffle! 7-year olds don’t need a bra anyway. Now give me that shirt and stop all the whining.” With that, my shirt disappeared into her laundry basket and Granny left to go outside leaving me standing at the kitchen sink topless and wearing only my pink panties. I stood there covering myself with my arms for several moments not quite knowing what I should do. I realized that despite the heat I should change into something else. After pondering things for a few moments I decided that I should at least finish clearing up and do the dishes.   
    
Looking out the window as I filled the sink with cold water I saw granny at the old well lifting the handle of the metal pitcher pump to fill a large washtub. Such back-breaking working I thought. Granny should really see about getting electricity out here so she could use an electric washing machine instead of doing laundry by hand the old-fashioned way. I guess the main reason, like most households in the city that want things they don’t have, money was always the chief consideration. At her age I suspected she didn’t have much. I worked away cleaning the kitchen and soon forgot about my embarrassment at being topless. Oh I was aware of my state of undress but I wasn’t afraid anymore. In fact, I felt a bit aroused by the whole thing.   
    
Once the kitchen was clean I decided to stay inside – I wasn’t that brave to go out half-naked like I was – and decided to clean the rest of the house until my clothes were dry. There certainly was enough work to keep me busy for a while and that heat from the sun would certainly dry my things in no time – or so I thought.   
    
Time passed and I made a lot of progress dusting and picking up. What a mess her place was. I kept imagining what I must have looked like as I bent over to clean things and pondering what my mom would say if she saw me like this. She’d kill me - that’s what she’d do. No doubt about that at all!   
    
I was in the back bedroom cleaning when Granny called, “Katie . . . can you come here a minute?”   
    
“Be right there Granny,” I said as I finished making my bed.   
    
As I came down the short hall and rounded the corner into the front room there stood two women – one looked to be in her early thirties and the other just a little older. “GRANNY!!!” I exclaimed trying to cover myself. I couldn’t believe she did that to me – letting me walk out there topless in front of complete strangers!!   
    
Granny took hold of my arm and pulled me closer. “Ladies, this is my granddaughter, Katie. She will be staying with me for the entire summer. Isn’t she just the cutest thing?”   
    
The two girls just grimed a knowing smile in my direction as they both looked me over. I was so embarrassed! I couldn’t run and I was mortified to be seen like this. No one had seen me naked since I was a little girl – oh wait – Granny thought I WAS a little girl. This was all too confusing!   
    
The younger lady extended to her hand to shake mine. “Pleased to me you Katie. I’ve heard so much about you.”   
    
There was nothing I could do. I HAD to shake her hand. Since Granny still had a hold of my left arm I had to uncover myself to return her handshake allowing both women to get a good view of my boobs. “Um, my name is actually Anna,” I said meekly trying to correct the misimpression my Grandmother had given them.   
    
“But she likes to called Katie, isn’t that right dear?” Granny added in a hurry.   
    
“Yes, ma’am,” I reluctantly replied seeing there was no way I was going to win. What have I gotten myself into, I wondered?   
    
      
**Chapter 2**   
   
The young woman smiled as she took my hand. “Pleased to me you, Katie. I’m Trisha Hoffman. I’ve known your Grandmother for years. It’s so nice that she has such a wonderful girl to keep her company for the summer.”   
    
As the young woman was talking, I noticed her eyes kept darting over my body as if she was devouring the sight before her. It made me feel very self-conscious and creepy. She kept hold of my hand as she prattled on about my Grandmother and how she often dropped by to check on her.   
    
“Yes, I’m sure you’ll have a wonderful time,” the other woman spoke up and extended her hand in greeting. “I’m Trisha’s neighbor Madeleine, but people call me Miss Maddie. I own one of the little stores in town. You MUST come by sometime for a visit and meet the family. My Danny would love the company - always looking to meet new friends you know.   
    
Granny let go of my arm as she gestured for me to sit on the sofa. The three women sat down and talked about trivial things making polite conversation. As usual, Granny often repeated herself in conversation but the guests seemed to pay it no mind. All I wanted to do was find a reason to leave so I could get out of the gaze of these people. But every time I tried to excuse myself and stood up to leave, Granny pulled me back down on the sofa and the women continued to talk. I must have been sitting among them half-naked like I was for at least a half an hour. During that time I would catch one or the other of our guests staring at me. When they discovered I had noticed them looking at my body, they would politely smile that knowing little grin as if we were sharing some sort of personal secret and then they’d look away.   
    
At first, I thought it was just because they were enjoying the awkward situation and my body, but the more it happened the more I began to wonder if there was something else going on. I began to wonder if there really was some sort of secret about Granny or maybe something about this town that I didn’t know. The whole thing was creeping me out. Still, there was no denying my body’s response. My skin was electrified and was tingling all over just sitting there as I was wearing just my panties. Teenagers my age just didn’t DO these things. At least that’s how I had been raised. I felt naughty. The worst part was that, deep down however, I sort of liked it. I knew it was wrong but somehow it was thrilling nonetheless. It’s hard to explain.   
    
    
As Ms. Hoffman was talking to Granny, Miss Maddie asked me if I liked horses. She informed me that my Grandmother had the gentlest horse she had ever seen and that I should take him for a ride sometime. When I explained I didn’t know much about horses, she rose to her feet, grabbed my hand and said, “Come on, Katie, I’ll show you everything you need to know.” She then turned to my Granny and Trisha, Ms. Hoffman that is, and added, “Ruth, we’ll be outside with Old Smokey. We’ll be back in a little bit.”   
    
To my surprise I found myself being escorted outside once again only this time in just my pink panties!! No T-shirt this time to hide behind! I nervously looked around to see if anyone else was about as Maddie led me to the small paddock where a pretty red and white horse was standing there swatting flies with his tail. “Katie, meet Old Smokey.”   
    
“He’s beautiful!. He looks rather, um, rather dangerous though if you ask me,” I replied a bit apprehensively. I was standing there leaning against the wooden fence rail very much aware of how the light breeze was tickling my sensitive and completely unprotected nipples. As I looked down they were quite pointy – sticking out as if to draw attention to my breasts. I was afraid Maddie would notice and give me one of those silly grins of hers. I blushed at the thought of her noticing. As she talked on about the horse, I was still paying more attention to my surroundings than I was to that silly animal. I was SURE that at any minute some of those teenage boys I saw at the lake were going to come by and see me topless! After all, I never did hear those women come calling and was shocked to find them standing in Granny’s house! I just KNEW that one or more of those boys were about even though I couldn’t hear anything ominous and I would suddenly find them looking at me!! If that happened I would just die!! There was no place I could hide if one of them did appear as I was quite far away from the house and the barn. This paddock was much farther away from Granny’s porch than the chicken coop. This was not a good place to be when you’re only wearing panties!   
    
Maddie tapped me on my shoulder to get my attention. “He’s called Old Smokey because your Grandmother has had him for a very long time and he’s as gentle as a newborn lamb. When he was just a colt she named him Smokey because that morning was very foggy. She raised him and trained him very well. In his day, he won many ribbons at the county fair and all the kids around here just loved him to death. He’s really great with kids. You’ve nothing to fear from this old fellow. Now that he’s getting on in years everyone just calls him Old Smokey. It suits him, don’t you think?”   
    
“I guess so. But I could never ride something that big. I’ve never ridden a horse in all my life. Why, I don’t even know where the brakes are!”   
    
    
Maddie just laughed and grabbed a blanket and a saddle from the barn and proceeded to show me how to saddle him properly. When she had finished she asked me if I thought I could do that on my own. I lied, and when I said I thought I could, she took everything off the horse and made me show her that I really could do it on my own. After a few tries I got the hang of it   
    
She kept pestering me to climb up on the saddle. I thought of a hundred excuses why I couldn’t but she was persistent and eventually I gave in. I knew once I was on top of that thing I would be even more vulnerable and exposed than standing on the ground where I could use the horse for cover if I had to.   
    
“Don’t you DARE let go of him,” I yelled in a panic.   
    
“You’ve nothing to fear. Old Smokey has only one speed – a slow walk. I don’t think he could run if he had to, sweetie.” She then opened the gate and led him around as I sat there as though I was just along for the ride. It was fun. Just between you and me all that rocking back and forth with the saddle rubbing my sweet spot made me very aroused and exited – way more than I already had been! Soon she gave me the reins and told me what to do and encouraged me to walk him about on my own.   
    
Nervously I finally got him to go and before long I was having the time of my life. I had never ridden a horse before and this was fun – fun in more ways than I wanted Maddie to know about, anyway! I was quite wet and I found myself deliberately rocking my hips way more than I needed to as Smokey walked along just to heighten the sensation between my legs! I was afraid I was going to really embarrass myself if I kept on riding as I could feel that familiar pressure building “down there” and I knew that I was about to climax if I didn’t quit soon. I couldn’t believe I was sitting there outside so high up in the saddle where anyone could see me and of course exposing my boobs to this total stranger while secretly trying to pleasure myself. What a hell of a ride!!   
    
I finally stopped Smokey before I got too carried away. The horse stood there for a moment and then suddenly lowered his head to the ground to resume eating grass, pulling the reins right out of my hand! They ended up on the ground and I couldn’t reach the reins to get him to go again no matter how far leaned forward in the saddle. I was stuck. Just then I heard a loud bang like a car door slamming shut. I squealed and hurriedly brought both arms up to cover my chest and tried to slouch down low making myself into a little ball as I nervously looked this way and that trying to see what was going on behind me! My heart was literally pounding in my chest! “Oh Gawd . . . they’re here!” I thought to myself. I just KNEW those boys were here!   
    
Maddie just stood there behind me about ten yards away just laughing at me. “What’s the matter, sweetie? Don’t tell me you’re shy?” I was about to snap back angrily at her when I noticed my Granny and Trisha standing at the car.   
    
“We;ve got to go Maddie,” Ms. Hoffman yelled across the pasture from the driver’s side window.   
    
I was never so relieved in all my life! It was only Granny. Maddie turned to walk away saying as she did so, “So long, kiddo. Have fun with Old Smokey. You’ll be fine.”   
    
It wasn’t until I saw the car drive away that I realized that I was still curled up into a ball on the saddle and probably looked pretty silly sitting that way. I also didn’t have the reins to hold onto so Old Smokey kept picking at the grass, taking a few steps and picking at the grass again. I couldn’t stop him from walking and I didn’t dare climb off of him while he was moving. Worse than that, however, he was slowly walking away from the farmhouse talking me with him!   
    
“Come on old boy. Let’s go back to the house . . .” I said trying to cajole him into somehow turning around. “Come on, boy, we’ve got to get back.” Still the horse walked on, stopping here and there to munch a little on some tender grass before taking a few steps again. I guess when you’re a horse stuck in a small paddock and you suddenly find yourself free in the middle of a huge pasture full green grass it’s only natural to explore.   
    
“Come on old boy. Turn around. Be a good horsey and take me back. You can do it boy.” Smokey just kept walking on doing what came naturally. This horse was really getting on my nerves. He was totally ignoring me. “What’s wrong with you, you stupid beast. Don’t you understand English? Let’s go back now.”   
    
I tried once again to reach the reins but it was no use. I turned around in the saddle to yell for Granny to help me but she had already had gone back inside. I resorted to bribery. In my sweetest and most sugary voice I said, “Let’s go back fella; I’ve got a big juicy carrot with your name on it back at the house. If you want it, it’s all yours but you have to go back to the house to get it. Come on boy. Turn around.”   
    
I was beginning to get really nervous as I was now over 200 yards from Granny’s house in a wide open pasture and I was practically naked! “Come on you ornery critter, TURN YOUR FAT ASS AROUND NOW!”   
    
Just then I heard a whistle. Someone was whistling almost like they were calling a dog or something. Old Smokey perked his head up and looked around. At first, I was sure it was just Granny calling her horse back. I felt relieved figuring that she must have noticed I wasn’t around and spotted the horse leading me away. Then I heard the whistle again and it definitely wasn’t coming from the direction of Granny’s place. It was up ahead!! It sounded as though it was coming from the woods another 200 yards in front of me from where I was.   
    
I had to get out of there! I kicked Old Smokey with my feet and rocked in the saddle trying to get him to turn the other way. That was REALLY a stupid thing to do. I guess Smokey figured I wanted him to walk on and stop eating grass so that’s exactly what he did – he walked, and walked and walked. He didn’t stop to eat, he just walked He was taking me right towards the woods carrying me ever closer to whoever it was out there and there was no way to turn him!   
    
“NO YOU STUPID HORSE! GO THE OTHER WAY,” I yelled.   
    
I heard the whistle again and again. I covered myself as best I could but I still was afraid I was going to fall off so I had to use one hand on the saddle horn to keep my balance while trying to cover myself with the other and I wasn’t doing a very good job of it either. The whistle was growing louder and more melodic as though whoever it was out there was making fun of me. They had to have seen me otherwise why would they be calling my horse other than to get a better look at me? I thought about just jumping off but I wasn’t used to riding a horse and I was afraid I’d break a bone or something trying to get out of the saddle while he was moving so I held on for dear life!   
    
The woods were just a few yards away now. Any moment I would surely be face to face with some boy I didn’t know looking at my boobs! HOLY CRAP!! My heart was fluttering now – no longer beating its regular rhythm. I felt lightheaded and clammy.   
    
The horse entered the woods and stopped suddenly. I looked around in a panic but could see no one. “Alright, whoever you are. You’ve had your fun now LEAVE ME ALONE!” There was silence.   
    
I anxiously continued looking around but still saw no one. “LOOK. THIS ISN”T FUNNY,” I yelled forcefully. Then I heard the whistle again and snapped my head towards the direction it came from. I started laughing. I couldn’t help myself. There, on a branch of a tree was the biggest woodpecker I had ever seen. He whistled again and I laughed some more. There was no one out here! It was just that stupid bird!   
    
I let out a huge sigh of relief, carefully climbed off the horse as Smokey just stood there, grabbed the reins off the ground and led him out of the woods and back towards Granny’s place.   
    
Upon reaching the house I heard Granny call out the window, “Have a nice ride, dear?”   
    
“Yes ma’am,” I replied trying to sound confident. “It certainly was thrilling to say the least!”   
    
    
**Chapter 3**   
    
That night as I lay in bed all I could think about was the events of the day. It wasn’t long before my hand was exploring my crotch. I couldn’t believe I had been topless for most of the day – OUTSIDE no less and in front of complete strangers!! I didn’t know quite what to make of it. It was so overwhelming I could scarcely take it all in.   
    
What if that horse carried me on and on like that. There’s no telling where I would have ended up. What if those boys had been in those woods and saw me!! Just then my breathing quickened, my body tensed and I had the first of many Big O’s that night. It was the most intense orgasm I had EVER experienced! Even after my climax was over I was still aroused and hungry for more. I found myself imagining being caught like that. I thought of the panic and terror that very idea filled my mind with. I just couldn’t sleep. It had been the most exciting day of my life!! I didn’t want it to end. I finally fell asleep with my hand still between my legs.   
    
The following morning I was awakened by the sound of Granny calling, “Katie! Are you going to sleep all day? It’s 7 o’clock. Breakfast is ready.” It took me a while to realize that she was calling me as I am used to my real name, Anna, not this Katie person’s name. My Gosh, I thought, farm people sure do get up early!   
    
“Be right there,” I replied. It was then I noticed that my hand was STILL between my legs, right where it hand been the night before. All I could do was smile. I washed up a bit and got dressed in my T-shirt and shorts and ambled into the kitchen.   
    
I couldn’t eat much in the way of breakfast as my stomach still had butterflies. It’s hard to describe but I was “on edge” the whole morning. I visited with Granny and listened to her tell me the same stories she had told me before and pretended to laugh at them as if it was the first time I had heard them and then did my chores. I ended up on the porch in early afternoon just staring at the landscape, daydreaming about the previous day. I just couldn’t get my mind off what had happened.   
    
As I sat there I became increasingly aware of the weather. It was hot, extremely hot and humid. The air was sticky and there was only a slight breeze which helped but not a lot. There were scattered clouds here and there, but it didn’t look like rain. I thought about going inside but then I would lose even that poor excuse for a breeze. I was hot, miserable and bored.   
    
I then spotted Old Smokey who was back in his paddock. Terribly naughty thoughts began running around in my mind. I wondered what it would be like to go riding with him like Lady Godiva. Imagine me, completely naked riding around the farm! I couldn’t do such a thing . . . could I? I was wet at the very thought of it. Part of me wanted to do just that, but the rational part of me said there was no fucking way! What if something went wrong? Then again what fun it would be! I didn’t have to think about it long as Granny called me and said she had some things she needed my help with – like washing the bed linen by hand! YUK! That of course took me the rest of the day - so much for day dreaming. I never knew there was so much work to be done on a farm.   
    
That night I imagined me riding on Old Smokey all over the farm without a stitch of clothing. It’s amazing how brave one becomes when one’s actions are only fantasy. I even gave myself another Big “O” imagining that I hid my clothes somewhere rather than carrying them with me in case of an emergency. That did it. I had made up my mind I was going to do it! Well, at least maybe for a little ride somewhere away from where Granny could see me anyway and yet close enough to the farm that I would be safe.   
    
My heart rate was much faster than usual the following morning. I was trying to figure out a way of asking Granny if I could ride Old Smokey by myself without her asking too many questions or arousing her suspicions. Every time I worked up the nerve to ask, I chickened out.   
    
“What’s the matter, sweetie? You look like something’s on your mind?”   
    
“Well, I was wondering . . . um . . . I guess I was wondering what the rest of the farm looks like. I mean I’ve been here several days now and haven’t really seen much of it. Mom said it’s really a big place.”   
    
“That it is, Katie, it’s almost 1,000 acres. It’s been in our family for generations.”   
    
“Well I was wondering, that is if you don’t need me today if I could . . .”   
    
“That’s a great Idea! I’ll go with you and show you around.” My heart sank. That’s all I needed. So much for my little adventure I thought. Then Granny said, “No, I can’t do that today. What was I thinking?! I’ve got to . . . oh, what in the heck was that I had to do . . . let me think. I was just saying to myself I had to do . . . Oh for heaven’s sakes. I’ll think of it sooner or later. Why don’t you just go yourself? Or, better yet, Take Old Smokey. You can cover a lot more ground that way. You don’t mind if I stay at home and do whatever it is I have to get done, do you? It’s hell to get old!”   
    
I couldn’t believe my luck! :”No Granny, I don’t mind at all!” I said excitedly. “I’ll take good care of Old Smokey too. Thanks Grandma. Thanks a lot!”   
    
I somehow managed to catch and saddle that old horse. My pulse was ecstatic and my body was tingling with excitement. But, could I actually go through with it? I really, honestly wasn’t at all sure that I could, but just the THOUGHT of maybe being out there and having the opportunity was enough to get me aroused! I had to at least try! But trust me, I was a realist. There was no way I was taking any chances. I could DREAM I was Lady Godiva all I wanted, but, in reality I was all “thought” and very little “courage.”   
    
Eventually I got underway. Old Smokey took his time and like Maddie had said, he just plodded along at a very slow pace which was perfectly okay with me. The longer I rode the hornier I got. Along the way I had to admit Granny’s place was beautiful. Such variety of scenery and so isolated. After riding along for about a half an hour and not seeing or hearing a soul, I finally got brave enough to take off my T-shirt. I draped it on my lap. The feeling of the cool morning air on my bra-covered chest was stimulating. I was very nervous at first but then I couldn’t stand it anymore and took off my bra and it joined my T-shirt in my lap. That same feeling I had the other day riding topless came flooding back to me! I rode like this for some time being careful to make sure I wasn’t being observed.   
    
I wanted to take off my shorts but I wasn’t sure I could do it. I debated with myself mentally. It was so easy to tempt myself but actually DOING it was another matter. I really wanted to go all the way and just experience riding completely naked like Lady Godiva – even if it was only for a minute or two. I knew I was going to chicken out if I waited much longer. So . . . I pulled back on the reins and got off the horse and in one quick motion I took off my shorts and my panties. It was unbelievable! I actually DID IT!! I was so proud of myself! I got back up on the horse and rode on more aroused than I ever thought I could be. I was actually completely nude in public far away from home. Me, Anna, the shy city girl who had several times been called a “goody-two-shoes” at school; me the conservative – always did-what-I-was told girl actually riding a horse naked! It felt AWESOME! But . . . somehow, I wanted more.   
    
What I REALLY wanted was to make my fantasy of the other night, come true- the one that caused the most exquisite throbbing, deep vaginal orgasm that I ever had, come true. I wanted to lose my safety net. I was riding along in one of Granny’s many pastures and saw another line of trees that I took for more forest. I quickly decided before I could change my mind that I would find a place to hide my clothes and then ride off and leave them. I had to see what it felt like to be totally and completely vulnerable! I knew what I was going to do was crazy but I just had to do it or I would regret it for the rest of my life. If I backed out now I didn’t think I would ever have the courage to try it again. Heck, I might never have the opportunity to try again for all I knew. At least that’s what I told myself to keep from chickening out.   
    
I reached the tree line and stopped at a large rock. I tossed my clothes onto the top of the rock and turned Old Smokey around. Riding off away from my clothes was the hardest thing I had ever done. It was also the most exciting thing I had ever done. I felt FREE and liberated . . . and horny and aroused and wild and crazy!! It was like I was a different person. I kept going and the farther away from my clothes I rode, the more intense the feelings I was experiencing!! It was like a high I had never before felt.   
    
I rode for some time in and out of the forest and wandered through several pastures. I pulled back on the reins after entering another line of trees and stopped the horse. I was so wrapped up in my own feelings it wasn’t long before I started fingering myself right there in the saddle. I was about to lose control when my heart almost stopped.   
    
“Hello!” a voice called out.   
    
I froze!! I was too overcome with fear to even move a muscle or to think clearly for that matter. I just sat there.   
    
“Nice day for a ride”   
    
I looked to my right and there standing on the ground was a girl about my age. I just stared at her without saying a word. What could I say? She had just caught me playing with myself sitting on top of a horse totally naked! I was so totally and utterly humiliated.   
    
“I don’t think I know you. Are you new around here?”   
    
I just looked at her for a few moments before realizing that my hand was still between my legs. I quickly yanked it out and put it behind my back as my fingers were still very wet.   
    
The girl gave me a wry smile. “Don’t be shy. It’s okay. I often do that myself” she said giggling, “though not on a horse. I hope you got yourself off before I interrupted you. My name’s Danielle but most people call me Danny. What’s your name?”   
    
“Um . . . my name is Anna.” I said, barely able to get the words out. I suddenly remembered that Maddie had said she had a girl named Danny so I felt a little better about things – but not much! Her comment about seeing me fingering myself was so humiliating. Danny was cute - REALLY cute. It may have been just my hormones talking but on a scale of 1 to 10 she’d be a 12! Having her see me naked while she was clothed only added to my embarrassment. It reinforced how vulnerable I was.   
    
“Oh, you’re Katie, Ruth’s relative. I heard you were staying for the summer.”   
    
“Um . . . that’s right - for the summer. Why did you just call me Katie instead of Anna?“   
    
The girl ignored my question and giggled as she looked me over. I wanted to push the issue and find out why everyone wanted to address me as Katie but she interrupted my train of thought by asking, “Do you always ride around naked on horseback?”   
    
“No.” I said almost in a whisper. I felt my face grow flushed and I was sure I was beat red.   
    
“You know, if you don’t put on some sunscreen your body is going to match your face pretty soon.” Did you bring any with you?”   
    
“No, not really.”   
    
“Well, climb on down. I have some here and I’ll take care of you.”   
    
She held out her hand and I decided to dismount. She greeted me by patting me on my back and told me how pretty she thought I was, which made me blush all the more and then squirted some lotion in her hand and asked me to turn around. I complied and suddenly felt her hand applying the lotion to my back and shoulders. When she continued on down towards my butt I gasped! She was actually rubbing my rear end! She was touching me in a private place. I should have been repulsed at such intimate contact but as worked up as I was, it felt kind of nice so I let her continue massaging the lotion into my butt cheeks. When she was through with my back and legs she turned me around and before I could react she began rubbing lotion on my right breast!!! It felt good but I immediately blushed profusely and pulled away. “I think I can do this part myself.”   
    
She made a playful “mock frown”, and unexpectedly gave my boob a tender kiss. “Mom was right. You are the cutest little thing!” She then watched with great interest studying my every move as I finished what she had started.   
    
“I’ve got some cold drinks up ahead if you want to join me. It’s awfully hot out here today.”   
    
I didn’t really want to hang around talking to this girl while I was naked but her offer sure sounded good. “Thanks. That would be nice.”   
    
She led me over to a blanket and pulled out a Coke from a small cooler. “I often come here to write in my journal. It’s peaceful here and my brother doesn’t know about this place. Boys can be such a pain sometimes.”   
    
We talked for quite some time and I found out that she was a really nice person. We talked about boys and she asked a ton of questions about what it was like to live in the city where I was from. I really was beginning to like her – a lot! I was still very wet and having her watch me – or should I say “devour me” with her eyes only made things worse. I could tell she was interested in me and that should have made me feel creepy but for some inexplicable reason it didn’t. It made me feel . . . well . . . sexy somehow. Eventually I realized that it was getting late and told her I had to get back before my Granny worried that something had happened to me.   
    
I stood up and bid her goodbye as she gave me the most flirtatious smile and then walked off into the woods. I watched her leave and then turned around and discovered to my horror that Old Smokey was gone! He was GONE!! I was naked, far from my clothes and he was nowhere to be seen! That stupid beast must have walked on by himself. Gawd, I was in so much trouble.   
  

**Chapter 4**  
    
My first thought was that Old Smokey couldn’t have gone far. He was most likely just picking at the grass somewhere close by. I was sure I could find him. “Here, Smokey old boy. Here Horsey,” I called out as I emerged from the woods and scoured the pasture for any signs of where he might have went.   
    
I ventured out into the middle of the open field and looked around. ‘COME ON, BOY! Let’s go home!” I yelled sweetly. I saw and heard nothing. I went to the other side of the pasture and still there was no sign of where he might have gotten to. I couldn’t remember if I had tied him up or not when I got off of him after being discovered by Danny. I guess my mind was on other things at the time like getting my “hand caught in the cookie jar” as it were. I had no one to blame for my carelessness than myself. How stupid could I be?   
    
I then thought that perhaps Smokey was still in the woods somewhere back where Danny and I had our little picnic and I just missed him. I decided to go back and check. Surely he would be there and everything would be okay again. Upon reaching the woods and searching around for quite some distance in several directions, I failed to find even a trace of him – no horse poop on the ground, no broken branches – nothing!   
    
I began to get a little worried. I ran this way and that calling out for that stupid horse. I ventured into several more pastures and several stands of tall trees looking for him but to no avail. I expanded my search ever farther hoping that I would spot him. I wasn’t sure how long I had spent visiting with Danny but surely it wasn’t THAT long, was it? I couldn’t remember. I kept telling myself that Old Smokey would be just around the next bend, or in the next pasture or maybe in the next field. I changed directions about a dozen times and still there was no sign that idiot beast! Of course I was very acutely aware that all the while I was doing this I had no clothes on – NOTHING to cover myself with. Though that circumstance was very arousing earlier – now that I was without my horse far, far from home it was very scary!   
    
I decided to quit searching for him and go and retrieve my clothes before someone else spotted me. I knew I would feel better if I wasn’t naked. I headed off towards a line of trees to get to the rock where I had left my stuff. Reaching the trees, I didn’t see the rock. “WHERE IS THE FUCKING ROCK?!” I screamed in exasperation. It’s supposed to be right here!” I said pointing to a spot on the ground where I was sure it was located. “Who could have taken such a HUGE rock?! This doesn’t make sense!” Perhaps I had just made a mistake.   
    
Adrenalin began pumping through my veins and I ran to the next section of woods – but there was no rock! I ran to another, then another – still no rock! OMG I forgot where the rock was! Hell I didn’t even know where I was, let alone where that stupid rock was supposed to be. I began to panic! “Where AM I?” I mumbled to myself. “I’ve got to figure out how to get home!!”   
    
The full weight of the situation began to hit me. I was lost in a place I was not familiar with, totally naked and very scared and the possibility of being discovered was growing higher and higher. I HAD to do something! “Think, girl . . .THINK!! “   
    
I looked about trying to get my bearings. “The woods across from that far field look familiar,” I said to myself. I studied my surroundings some more. “Yes, I think THAT is where my clothes are. I’m SURE of it.” So off I went jogging across the open field, my boobs bouncing freely and my hair flying in the wind. I must have looked a sight!   
    
I got to the trees and surveyed the area and to my disappointment there was no rock, no clothes not even Smokey’s poop to guide me. I was about to break down and cry when I spotted something out of the corner of my eye – a dirt road!   
    
“YEEHAAAW!!” I screamed at the top of my lungs! I saw a dirt road! I recalled that when I was looking for that lake the other day I followed a dirt road. Perhaps this was that same road! I wasn’t sure but it was the first positive sign I had so far that I might be closer to home than I thought.   
    
I was taking a chance walking naked along such a road but I was sure that I could hear or at least spot a car coming long before the people in the car could see me. I could always jump into the woods if I did see someone coming. So off I went. I walked along for maybe 30 minutes along that dusty road and saw nothing that seemed familiar.   
    
My mind was in overdrive worrying about all sorts of things. It’s funny how your mind plays tricks on you when you are anxious and scared. Several times I thought I saw a car approaching in the distance and ran for cover only to realize that it was just waves of heat rising from the ground blurring things at a distance.   
    
Then I froze. I thought I heard laughter. I ran for cover and listened carefully. There was no mistaking it. I was hearing laughter. Perhaps I was near the lake. If I was, I should be pretty close to home! I felt a wave of relief for a moment then I worried that maybe it wasn’t the lake at all and I was near somewhere strange like someone else’s farm house or something. I had to check it out to be sure.   
    
I slowly crept through the woods trying to make sure I was hidden by the brush or trees as I made my way. I still couldn’t see much from where I was but the voices were growing louder so I knew I must be going in the right direction. Just one little peak, I thought, and I’ll know if it was the lake or somewhere else. I just had to get close enough to see. I saw a large hedgerow ahead of me and I decided just to dart over to it, crouch down and then peak my head up to see what was ahead. I stood up and started to trot toward my objective.   
    
“HEY!” someone shouted “THERE’S A NAKED GIRL OVER THERE!” Holy Crap, I had been spotted!!! I bolted and ran as fast as I could to the 3-foot tall hedgerow and ducked down beside it.   
    
“NO WAY,” a boy’s voice said. “You’re seeing things.”   
    
“I’m telling you there WAS A NAKED GIRL OUT THERE.” The first boy insisted.   
    
I carefully peaked over the bush I was hiding behind to see what I was up against and I saw 5 teenage boys – ALL NAKED standing up in the water looking in my general direction. One boy was even erect –his penis sticking straight up in the air in front of him! Under other circumstances I would have been thrilled to see that, but not now! Fear ran up my spine! Some boy saw me naked!! Now they ALL will see me naked. My only hope was to keep hidden and hope they wouldn’t see me. There’s no telling what 5 naked teenage boys would do if they caught a naked teenage girl all alone in the woods. I could literally feel my pulse bounding up my neck and my breathing was as fast as if I had just run a 4-minute mile.   
    
“Are you sure?” another boy said. “I don’t see anything.”   
    
“She was over there,” the troublemaker said pointing his finger toward my hedgerow.   
    
“If you’re so sure, why don’t you go over there and see.”   
    
“I’m not going over there. Maybe I was mistaken.”   
    
“What’s the matter, you chicken? Frank is a chicken, Frank is a chicken.” Soon all the other boys started chanting. I felt bad for the boy but I was glad because I was hoping their teasing would make the boy forget about looking for me.   
    
“I am NOT a chicken. I’ll show you. I really DID see something out there.”   
    
“Yeah . . . prove it.”   
    
“Okay, I will. I’ll show you!”   
    
The other boys were all laughing and carrying on as the boy I called the troublemaker began walking towards me. I wanted to run but I was sure if I did that they would all run after me – literally chase me down like some animal and tackle me and do . . . well I didn’t want to think about that.   
    
As the boy got closer I don’t know what got into me, but I suddenly found myself standing up over the waist high shrub exposing my boobs for all to see and pointing my finger right at the boys. “DON’T YOU DARE COME ANY CLOSER! I’M WARNING YOU . . . I SEE YOU GUYS!”   
    
Then, to my utter and complete surprise, all 5 boys screamed, covered the privates and began scurrying about as fast as they could. It looked like a Chinese fire drill as they ran about in a panic trying to pick up their clothes.   
    
“IT IS A GIRL!. LET’S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!”   
    
The boys then ran to the opposite side of the lake like they had a few days earlier and disappeared into the woods waving their clothes trying to keep themselves covered. It was the funniest thing I had ever seen. Here I was worried that these boys would totally take advantage of me once they saw that there really was a naked girl watching them, when all the time they were so worried about protecting their modesty because a GIRL had seen their penises. I’ll never figure boys out. It was almost as if they were ashamed that I was looking at what they had between their legs! What a hoot!   
    
Well, at least I found the lake. Now all I had to do was follow that dirt road back to Granny’s and I’d be home free!   
   
Buoyed by my new-found confidence after watching the boys scatter, I returned to the dirt road and began following it. I walked and walked. I wasn’t really paying much attention to the scenery as I was just ever so glad that this ordeal was almost over! Soon I’d be back at Granny’s and all would be fine. Well . . . I still had to explain about Old Smokey but at least I’d be safe again.   
    
After walking another half an hour I began to get a little concerned. I should have been at Granny’s by now, I thought. I didn’t remember walking this long to get to the lake the other day. I tried convincing myself that her place was just up ahead around a few turns, maybe past a few more trees. But when I finally completed those turns and passed those trees there was only more dirt road. I began to think that maybe I went the wrong way or maybe there was another dirt road that led to Granny’s and that I only stumbled upon the lake by accident. Hell, maybe there was even another lake for all I knew!   
    
Then I saw a large sweeping curve - a bend in the road that looked familiar. “NOW I know where I am. Granny’s place is just around that bend,” I mumbled confidently to myself. I picked up my pace and began skipping along hoping to reach home.   
    
“WHAT THE . . .” I said as I made the curve. Right before my eyes, maybe 30 feet away was the paved main street of the town!! There were cars passing by and people - LOTS of people walking on the sidewalks going into and out of the shops! I had walked all the way to town!!   
   
   
**Chapter 5**  
    
I stood there frozen as I was mesmerized by the scene in front of me. The town was much bigger than I had remembered it being on my first ride through it on my way to Granny’s. There was a lot more foot traffic and cars traveling on main-street. There seemed to be more shops and stores too. I just stood there taking it all in like I was in some sort of mental fog or something. Here I was, standing on a dirt road completely naked miles from my farm and my clothes. I had no idea how I had got there and no idea how I was going to get back. I was practically numb with fear. My hands immediately covered my body – one hand over my chest and the other trying desperately to cover my pubes. If people only knew that a naked teenage girl was standing not 30 feet from them as they went about their business. That thought instantly brought me back out of the fog I had been in and I began looking around for cover.   
    
My sudden movement must have caught a young woman’s attention as she walked along the sidewalk across the paved main street that ran from left to right up ahead. She stopped, did a double-take looking right at me for a moment. Then, to my surprise, she waved her hand in the air as a greeting and yelled, “HELLO KATIE!!” She then resumed walking down the sidewalk as if seeing a naked girl in town was no big deal. I had no idea who that person was. I had never seen her before in my life. How did she know who I was? That was just weird!   
    
I immediately darted for cover into the trees that lined the dirt road and hid behind some shrubs. It suddenly dawned on me after I collected myself that something really peculiar was going on. How did that stranger know that my Granny called me Katie? Why did she just wave at me and then just walk on rather than check to see if I was in trouble. I mean I would have thought that if I had seen a naked and frightened girl in town, my first instinct would be that something bad had happened to her and that she might need assistance and call the police or something. Oh GAWD . . . did that girl call the police on me?! Maybe she did and I just didn’t notice. I HAD to get out of there.   
    
The only thing to do was to head back down the road back the way I came. I may not have known where Granny’s farm was, but I knew I couldn’t stay in town naked. I would just die! There was no way I could stay hidden forever either. I was about to jump and run for the dirt road when I noticed a car coming down that road heading towards town! I immediately ducked back into my hiding place as the car passed by. WHEW! That was close! I was almost spotted. I waited a few more moments and tried again. To my horror, another fricken car was coming, only this time it came from town and was heading back up the road the way I had come. Things were getting much too busy. I figured that it must be late enough in the afternoon that people must be getting off of work which is why the town seemed so much busier than I had remembered it.   
    
Panic was REALLY setting in now. I couldn’t stay here until it was dark as I was absolutely sure I couldn’t find my way at night. Besides, I was too much of a coward being afraid of things that come out when the sun goes down to even try. What was I going to do? I had to think. Then I saw her – a friendly face that I recognized. Mrs. Hoffman was walking along the sidewalk after just coming out of one of the shops   
    
Like my incident at the lake where I somehow found the courage to act, I stood up, jumped out from my hiding place and yelled: “MRS. HOFFMAN!” She stopped and looked around for a moment trying to figure out who had called her. “OVER HERE!!” I shouted waving my hands in the air. “I’m over here!” She turned in my direction and spotted me and began walking towards me as I quickly returned to my hiding place for cover.   
    
“Hello Katie. What are you doing out here?”   
    
“Ms. Hoffman!” I said with relief. “Am I ever so glad to see you !! I . . . um . . . sort of had a little situation.”   
    
“What happened? Did you get hurt?”   
    
“No. I . . . um, that is Old Smokey, that’s Granny’s horse, anyways I was riding him and when I got down from the saddle, he sort of took off and I lost him. I looked for him but I got lost and somehow ended up here.”   
    
“Lost your clothes too, I see,” she said with a wild grin causing me to blush profusely. I just looked at the ground trying to think of what to say that wouldn’t sound ridiculous. “No matter,” Ms. Hoffman said plainly. “Would you like for me to give you a lift back home?”   
    
“Oh COULD you?!! I’d be ever so grateful.”   
    
“Well, actually it’s no trouble. It’s not that far – maybe a fifteen minute ride out of town.” Then, after taking my hand and helping me to my feet, she said those words that made my heart stop, “My car is just around the corner. It’s not far.”   
    
“But . . . I CAN”T go with you like this!!”   
    
She smiled and began walking towards town with me in tow, “Why not? You’ve made it this far haven’t you? It’s just a quick walk. No one will notice.” Before I could protest we were walking along on the sidewalk in front of the shops!!   
    
Just then I heard someone else call out, “HEY, KATIE! NICE DAY ISN’T IT?” I turned back over my shoulder and saw another teenage girl about my age waving at me with a huge grin on her face. I didn’t know who she was either. She just waved and then walked on.   
    
As we reached her car that was parked in front of a store on main street, a car passed us by and then another. I was petrified with fear. I just knew I was going to get into trouble! Mrs. Hoffman struggled with her keys to unlock her car door. As I looked around, people were everywhere – across the street, in the shops, sitting on benches that lined the street here and there, yet no one seemed to pay much attention to me. They all seemed preoccupied with their own business. I felt weird being totally naked in the middle of town! It was a rush really, in more ways than one. I had fantasized about being Lady Godiva, but at least she had a horse. Here I was on foot in plain view of everybody!! Oh I wish she would Hurry up!!!  
    
Finally she got the door open and said, “Hop in.”   
    
She didn’t have to tell me that twice. I immediately opened the passenger door and hopped into her car. She tried making polite conversation about the weather and made small talk as we headed back down the dirt road. She made a bunch of turns and took several dirt roads before straightening out and heading in one direction. No wonder I was lost, I thought. There must a dozen dirt roads around this town. I was ever so thankful that she didn’t ask me why I was naked. I really didn’t have a clue what I would have said to try and explain my state of undress. I think she knew I was mortified as it was. Most of the ride was made in silence, though several times I caught her looking at me and smiling.   
    
As Grandma’s farm came into view I going to ask Ms. Hoffman to stop and let me out before reaching the gate. I just knew that if Granny saw me getting out of Ms. Hoffman’s car things would be worse for me. Fortunately, once again, this kind and gentle lady must have sensed by predicament and stopped the car on her own a good distance from Granny’s house. “I think it best that you make your way from here, don’t you?”   
    
“Yes, Ma’am,’ I sighed with great relief. “Thanks for understanding.” I then got out of the car as she watched my every move. Did you know it’s hard to get off of leather seats in a lady-like fashion when you’re naked? Your skin sticks to the leather seats. I’m sure I showed her a lot more than what was appropriate. Still she said nothing – just smiled at me and waved good-bye. “See you later,” she said as she sped out of sight.   
    
I wondered what she meant by that. I stood there watching her dust cloud settle for a few moments as I tried to collect myself. Then I reluctantly headed toward Granny’s house. She was sitting on the porch in her rocking chair sewing on something as I approached. “”Bout time you got back. Where you been?”   
    
“Well, that’s a long story. About Old Smokey . . . it seems that . . .”   
    
“Seems you LOST him, didn’t you?” she interrupted before I could finish explaining.   
    
“Well, sort of . . . you see . . .”   
    
“Looks like you lost your clothes too. What in the world have you been doing?”   
    
“It’s not what you think, Grandma. It’s like this, I . . .”   
    
“Never mind, I hate long stories. Best go and unsaddle your horse and put him away.”   
    
“WHAT?” I exclaimed as I saw Granny pointing behind me. I turned around and to my surprise there was that old nag of a horse standing in the pasture still wearing his saddle picking at the grass. “But . . . How did he get . . .”   
    
“He wandered home several hours ago. Looks to me like you had an interesting day, little lady. Now you best get to tending to him. Brush him good before putting him up, you hear?”   
    
“Yes, Ma’am,” I replied as politely as I could. I was glad that she too didn’t press me on what happened to my clothes. I caught that stupid horse and gave him an earful for leaving me stranded in the fields like he did. I may be crazy but I was sure he understood what he had done to me. He was as sly as a fox, that one. After putting the saddle away I went into the house to finally get into some clothes. I had had enough of this nudity thing. I had my crazy adventure and I wanted to be a normal person again.   
    
Upon reaching my room I couldn’t find my suitcase. I had been using it to store all my stuff in as I was too lazy to unpack and put everything away in the chest of drawers. I looked under the bed, in the small closet – everywhere and I couldn’t find it. I figured Granny must have moved it so I went through the house and still was unable to find it anywhere.   
    
“Granny, have you seen my suitcase? It’s missing.”   
    
“Suitcase? What suitcase?”   
    
“The one I brought with me from home. It was right next to my bed when I left this morning.”   
    
“I don’t remember you bringing a suitcase. I think you are mistaken.”   
    
“Granny! I had all my clothes in it. I need my suitcase. Now, please try and remember.”   
    
**“ALL** your clothes? Honey, you’ve been wearing that same T-shirt and pair of shorts since you’ve been here. I’ve never seen you in anything else. If you had a suitcase full of clothes why haven’t you been wearing different outfits instead of the same thing every day? Your memory must be going. It happens to me all the time.”   
    
“Oh come on . . . What did you do with it? Stop playing games. I need my suitcase!”   
    
“I don’t care for your tone young lady. First, you lost my horse, then you lost the clothes that you left with this morning and now you lost your suitcase and you’re blaming ME for it? If you can’t take better care of your things that’s not my problem.”   
    
“Granny, I NEED CLOTHES! I can’t go around like this? Everything I had with me was in that suitcase!”   
    
“Oh and you think I’m made of money that I can just drop everything and buy you a whole new wardrobe? Fat chance. If you really had a suitcase, it will turn up or you’ll remember where you put it. If you didn’t have one, then this will teach you to take better care of the things you do have. You came home naked after being out all day so it must not bother you too much, dearie.”   
    
I just sighed. I was exasperated with that old woman. I couldn’t get too mad at her though as she was old and most likely a bit demented. I was sure that my suitcase was indeed around the farm someplace. I mean, as far as I knew Granny never left the farm so even if she accidentally misplaced it I was sure I could find it if I looked hard enough.   
    
I looked and looked for the rest of the afternoon but I never could find it. I even checked the chicken coop and in the barn! I looked under blankets, in trash cans, and even looked UNDER the house. Nothing!   
    
“Best get cleaned up, Katie. We’re having company in a little bit.”   
    
“COMPANY?!!”   
    
    
**Chapter 6**  
    
“Granny, you can’t have company!! I haven’t found my suitcase yet. I don’t have anything to wear.”   
    
“Oh you worry too much. It will turn up sooner or later – that is if you really HAD a suitcase. Besides I’ve made you something I want you to wear tonight so you best get cleaned up, oh, and do something with your hair.”   
    
Granny then disappeared down the hall to her room.   
    
This whole day had been unbelievable and it wasn’t over yet. At least Granny made had me something. I guess that’s what she had been sewing on when I came home earlier. I headed down the hall and started pouring water into a basin in the bathroom and went about cleaning up. As I looked in the mirror I realized that she was right about my hair. It was a tangled mess. It took some time but I managed to brush it enough that it looked presentable. It was the best I could do under the circumstances. It will be a relief to finally get some clothes on, I thought.   
    
When I returned to the front room Granny was dressed in her Sunday best. She was wearing a beautiful frock and even had a nice broach pinned to her chest. I had never seen her dressed so nice. “This must be some pretty special company,” I said, “for you to be getting all dressed up like that.”   
    
“Well, it’s not every night you get invited out to dinner.”   
    
“YOU’RE DRIVING us out to dinner somewhere?!”   
    
“No, I think someone else is picking us up. They should be here any minute. In fact, they’re running a little late. I expected them to be here by now. I don’t drive, you know and I don’t often get out these days. Now come over here so I can have you put on what I made for you.”   
    
“Gee, Grandma, thanks for going to all that trouble. You’re a life saver.”   
    
Granny had me stand in the middle of the room as she reached into a small box lined with tissue paper a pulled out a hat. It was a straw hat with a large royal blue ribbon running around it with two long streams hanging down the back. Stuffed into the ribbon hatband were small fresh flowers and some ornamental baby’s breath.   
    
“Do you like it?” she asked holding it out proudly so I could see it.   
    
It looked very old-fashioned to me. It was something I wouldn’t be caught dead in but I didn’t want to hurt her feelings. “Yes, it’s lovely. You don’t see many women wearing hats these days. Women don’t wear hats in the city much. Are these things still in fashion out here in your town?”   
    
“Oh yes. It’s quite common for important occasions like Easter Sunday and Founder’s day and such – especially since Kate Middleton, that English Duchess Lady wears hats. Try it on and let me adjust it for you.”   
    
I took the hat and put it gently on my head as Granny applied some finishing touches. “Now hold still, dearie, as I’m going to put in a hat pin to hold it in place and keep it from blowing away.” I felt her fiddling with it as she stood behind me for a few minutes. “There, how’s that feel?”   
    
“It feels fine.” I replied. Granny then held up a mirror for me to see how I looked. Much to my surprise I really looked great. Despite my earlier misgivings, the hat’s design and the color of the ribbon really set off my complexion. I actually liked how it looked on me.   
    
“Some people are just made for hats, don’t you think?”   
    
“It looks marvelous, Granny, thank you! Now I had better hurry and get the rest of my things on before your company arrives.”   
    
“Oh . . . did you finally locate your suitcase, dearie?”   
    
“What? No, I mean the rest of the things you made for me.”   
    
“You’re already wearing what I made for you - the hat. I worked on it all afternoon.”   
    
“Granny! I have to have something to wear. Did you already forget? I told you I don’t have anything else to wear. All my clothes were in my suitcase, remember?”   
    
Just then there was a knock on the door. My heart stopped yet again as Granny hollered, “COME IN. It’s open!”   
    
Before I could dash for cover in walked a man who, after noticing me, broke into a broad smile and just stood there gawking at me. Maddie came in next followed by her daughter Danny.   
    
“Come in, come in,” Granny said invitingly. “It’s good to see you.”   
    
Ms. Maddie looked at me a bit apprehensively and said apologetically, “Oh, are we too early? I thought we were supposed to be here at 7 o’clock.”  
    
“You’re right on time,” Granny said. “We’re all ready to go. Do you like the hat I made for Katie?”   
    
“It’s adorable,” the man quickly replied, “best hat I’ve seen yet. In fact, I can’t stop looking at it.”   
    
I’ll bet that’s what he’s looking at, I thought to myself.   
    
“Oh goodness me, I’ve forgotten my manners. Charles, this is my granddaughter Katie. She’s spending the summer with me. Katie, Charles is Maddie’s husband.”   
    
The thirty-something year old man walked up to me and extended his hand to shake mine. “Pleased to me you, Katie.”   
    
“My name is ANNA,” I rudely snapped back. “Why does everyone insist on calling me KATIE?”   
    
“Now, now,” Granny said admonishingly, “We’ll have none of that. Katie’s just a bit upset. Seems she misplaced her suitcase today with all of her clothes. That’s just like a kid, you know - can’t seem to take care of her things. Still, I can’t let that ruin a special night like tonight. I am so looking forward to dinner. Come along, everybody. We don’t want to be late.”   
    
“Perhaps Katie might like to stay home,” Danny said rushing to my defense. “You guys can go and enjoy your dinner and I’ll be glad to stay here and keep Anna, I mean Katie, company. I’ll even help her look for her suitcase.”   
    
“Oh heaven’s no! I’ve been looking forward to introducing Katie to our hosts. Like I said before, I don’t often get asked out and I have never had the opportunity to show off my granddaughter. She’s coming. Everything will be fine. No one will mind if a little girl is a bit underdressed.”   
    
“Well, if you’re sure it will be alright,” Maddie said a bit hesitantly.   
    
“Sure, I’m sure. Now let’s get going.”   
    
I looked at Ms. Maddie hoping she would think of something to get me out of this but she just gave me that “oh well” look as if she was resigned as to not cause a scene. I could tell she didn’t want to upset my Grandmother and was willing to bow to her wishes. It was as if she knew what Granny was doing was wrong but she didn’t want to cross her for some reason. At least that’s how it seemed to me. It was all so surreal. Behind that pleasant exterior, Granny had that way about her that made people just give in to her. Perhaps it was just because people knew she was a bit crazy and doddery. I knew then it was hopeless to resist further. I was screwed and I knew it. Ms. Maddie knew it too. I saw the look of empathy on her face but there was nothing she could do. She wasn’t going to interfere. For whatever reason if SHE was willing to accept my crazy grandmother’s idea that this was proper, than I wasn’t going to persuade Granny any differently. The look in her husband’s eyes, for obvious reasons, confirmed that he was okay with this too.   
    
We all walked out to their minivan. Maddie and her husband sat up front while Danny, Granny and I sat in the bench seat in the back and just like that we were off. Gawd, did I feel like a fool wearing a hat and being otherwise completely naked!   
    
I looked over at Danny and she just stifled a giggle. I could tell she thought it was hilarious. Ha, ha – big joke I thought to myself. She wouldn’t think it was so funny if she was the one sitting in that van naked!   
    
It wasn’t long and we were driving down the center of town. The place was practically deserted now. I couldn’t help but recall that only a short while ago I was actually walking down that very sidewalk completely in the nude! Little did I know that I’d be back again dressed in the same way so soon! It sent chills up my spine.   
    
As I looked at that sidewalk and recalled the people that saw me and called me Katie, something was nagging at me in the back of my mind. Something that said things weren’t right somehow but I couldn’t put my finger on it. Something that made me feel that there was something else besides a little old lady that was hopelessly confused. I shook my head as I concluded that it must all be just my imagination. After all, I had quite a day so far. Maybe I was just so overwhelmed I wasn’t thinking straight. Still . . .   
    
I was jolted back to reality when we pulled into a driveway at a house just outside of town. There were several cars parked on the grass as well as two in the driveway. “This can’t be good,” I thought to myself. There must be a bunch of people here other than the owners of this place. I took a deep breath as Charles shut off the motor and everyone began to get out of the vehicle.   
    
   
**Chapter 7**  
    
Through the open side door of the van I could hear the sounds of people enjoying themselves emanating from inside the house confirming my worst fears that this was more than just a small dinner among neighbors which did little to help my self-confidence. To top it all off, it was still fairly light outside as it was summer and that meant I had to exit the car in daylight, without the cover of darkness.   
    
“Come along, dearie. I can’t wait to introduce you to my friends.”   
    
“Granny, I’m not sure that . . .”   
    
“Oh you look fine. You clean up pretty good for a little kid,” she said with a wink almost half-jokingly as she reached in to take hold of my hand. I curtly brushed it aside and got out on my own. I wasn’t a little kid and I definitely wasn’t going to be treated like one. Granny looking pleased with herself, took a huge, deep breath and exclaimed, “Oh my, something smells good. I wonder what we are having for dinner. Let’s get inside, shall we?” She then started quickly walking towards the door followed by Charles and his daughter Danny. I was happy to stall a bit until they reached the door before making my move so I could use them for cover.   
    
Ms. Maddie, who had politely waited for me until I was ready, put her arm around my shoulder and gave me an empathetic smile. “It’ll be okay. Everyone knows that your grandmother has a little problem with her memory and judgment. She doesn’t mean any harm. She basically has a heart of gold and she’s really such a good person otherwise. We all just accept her for what she is. You won’t get into any trouble. We all understand. Trust me.”   
    
That was easy for her to say, I thought. She wasn’t about to attend a dinner party wearing only a stupid hat!   
    
As I reached the door with the others, Granny rang the doorbell. I was a nervous wreck standing there wondering what was about to happen. The door opened and a very smartly dressed woman in her mid-thirties greeted us. “Hello! I’m sooooo glad you all could come. I don’t know why we don’t do this more often? Please, come in. Make yourselves at home.” Our host nodded toward each guest as they entered the house, “Evening, Charles . . . Hello Danny, aren’t you looking nice this evening. It’s good to see you in a pretty dress for a change.” Then her eyes grew large when she spotted me and she broke out into an awkward and obviously forced smile. “Who’s . . . this young lady, Ruth?”   
    
“Why, this is my granddaughter, Katie,” she said proudly as she pushed me forward so our host could get a better view. “Isn’t she just the cutest thing?”   
    
The woman gave a surprised expression as she looked me over, obviously taken aback by my lack of clothes. She seemed a bit uneasy – nervous perhaps - that my Grandmother had dragged a naked teenager to her dinner party. She looked at me for a moment as if she wasn’t quite sure what to say as she stuttered a few times trying to get the words out, then she exclaimed with obviously feigned pleasure, “Ruth, she’s ADORABLE. I can see why you brag on her so much. Katie, I’m so glad to finally meet you.” The uneasiness of Miss Amy at my nudity was apparent in her voice despite what she had actually said and that gave me gave concern that Ms. Maddie’s reassurance that everything will be alright wasn’t really so.   
    
Granny, unfazed, by the woman’s discomfort, continued happily, “Katie, this is Miss Amy. She teaches at our high school. She does a fantastic job too. I’m sure you’ll like her a lot. If you’re having any trouble with math, she’s the person to ask. I recommended her for the job when she first came to town, you know. One of the best decisions I ever made, I think.”   
    
Miss Amy, still obviously not sure what to make of it all, reluctantly resumed the role of the perfect hostess, “Please . . . come in. Let me introduce my guests here this evening.” Miss Amy then escorted me into the middle of the front room that was filled with 8 or 9 people – a few younger couples and several older men and women all milling about engaged in conversation. Each was also dressed to the hilt in fancy clothes. Miss Amy put her arm around behind me, took a deep breath and called out, “Everyone . . . Could I have everyone’s attention, please. This is Ruth’s Granddaughter, Katie.”   
    
You could have heard a pin drop as everyone turned and one by one noticed that a naked teenager was standing in the room! All conversation ceased and only the sound of a large grandfather clock ticking away the seconds could be heard filling the room with an ominous sense of dread. No one spoke. They only stared, their gaze fixed on my body. I could have just died! As I looked around the room, their expressions weren’t of shock, anger or even indignation – their facial expressions were just blank – providing no clues as to what they were thinking. Being the center of attention in front of a group of strangers I almost pissed on the floor and my legs grew so weak I thought I was going to collapse. I glanced over at Ms. Maddie and it was almost as if she was saying, “I’m sorry,” such was the look on her face.   
    
Granny, not to be one to take a back seat continued to keep things moving. “Fred,” she said turning to an older gentleman standing by the fireplace, “how do you like Katie’s hat? I made it myself this afternoon.”   
    
The man cleared his throat and replied, “Is that so? It’s quite stylish I think. It looks good on her, it compliments her . . . that is to say it goes nicely with her . . . eyes.”   
    
“I thought so too,” Granny said sweetly. She then took me around the room and made personal introductions to everyone. I felt like a slab of meat on sale at the grocers and everyone wanted a piece of me. At least now that everyone had seen me they became a bit more at ease as they talked with Granny and a few even asked me a question or two. The mood was still tense, but the shock was over for most of them and, like Maddie had indicated earlier, they seemed to accept the eccentricities of my Grandmother.   
    
Still, I was completely naked except for my stupid hat among a room of not only clothed people but fancy-dressed clothed people at that, which made me feel even more out of place.   
    
“Okay, everyone, “Dinner is ready. If you all would make your way to the dining room,” Miss Amy announced. At last, I thought, things will finally get moving so I could get out of this place. It could have been worse. I suppose.   
    
As the guests made their way down the small corridor and into the dining room, I waited until last letting the adults go first, out of politeness of course. My mother would have insisted on proper etiquette at dinner parties. My mother – HA! She would have a stroke if she could see me now - her prim and proper daughter NAKED at a private, fancy dinner party!! Somehow that thought was pretty amusing to me. I secretly had always wanted to rebel against the tight control she exercised over me. I smiled a bit at that thought. “Take THAT mommy dearest.” At least I’d could always look back on this awkward moment later on and take pleasure in the fact that I got away with something that she’d croak over! Maybe this wasn’t so bad after all.   
    
I was feeling pretty good at that point as I rounded the hallway and entered the dining room – that is until I saw two teenage boys sitting at the table! I stopped in mid stride and looked around the room. Everyone else was getting seated and the only empty chair I spotted was at the smaller table where the boys were sitting. Granny must have noticed my hesitation and apparently felt the need to introduce these two forgotten souls.   
    
“Boys, this is my Granddaughter, Katie. “   
    
Both teens just giggled as they looked at me. One of them mocked me by asking, “Did you forget something, Girlie?”   
    
“Now boys, there’ll be none of that. Mind your manners as you’re a guest in this house,” some man said curtly. I took it that he must have been their father as they straightened up and got very quiet.   
    
I spotted Danny sitting with her family and had been hoping to sit with her but there wasn’t room. In fact the ONLY chair was at the small table with the boys. “Have a seat so we can say the blessing,” Granny said as she pointed at the empty chair. Having no choice, I reluctantly did as she had suggested while giving the boys a stern look that I was hoping conveyed to them that I wasn’t going to tolerate any foolishness. It was bad enough having adults see me naked but two teenage boys close to my age was overwhelming.   
    
All through the blessing I avoided looking at them instead glancing down at the table. I told myself that I HAD to act like I was confident otherwise they’d sense my weakness and pick on me the rest of the night. Act confident? Yeah right. My stomach was turning summersaults and my throat was as dry as a desert. My naked boobs were not two feet from their faces at this small table!!! To make matters worse I was as wet as I’d have ever been in my life! I should have been sitting on a towel not bare skinned on a vinyl folding chair!   
    
As the food was passed around the boys kept quietly snickering amongst themselves and elbowing each other in their sides as if they were sharing some secret joke. There was a joke alright, and I was it! I looked up across the table as one of the boys held out the plate with rolls for me to take one and a light went off in my head. It recognized that boy! He was the troublemaker at the lake the other day that insisted that he saw me. HA! I had seen that boy naked!! Suddenly I wasn’t so scared anymore. The playing field was suddenly level. As I held his gaze while holding onto the plate that he had in his hand he too must have made the connection and got this nervous look about him. “GOTCHA, you little twerp” I whispered softly, just loud enough for him to hear. I know he heard me too because he lowered his eyes as he let go of the plate.   
    
I kept staring at him almost making a game out of it imagining in my head what his little Willie looked like. Oh this was fun!! I thought to myself. I’m the one sitting across the table with a boy who likes to skinny-dip! A little voice in my head kept singing a taunting melody, “I’ve seen you naked . . . I’ve seen you naked!” It was juvenile I know, but it kept me from feeling the stress of sitting in a room full of people wearing just a silly hat.   
    
Though the thoughts in my head may have lowered my anxiety; they were also making me more and more aroused. I wasn’t frightened any more – I was downright horny! I could feel my nipples hardening and sticking further out and my areolas were getting quite puffy. I had to be careful as I was sure people would notice and that would not be a good thing!   
    
His friend kept snickering as he looked at me while he ate so I felt I had to do something. So, in a rather loud voice – louder than the murmuring of conversations going on at the main table among the adults, I said, “So boys, did you have fun swimming at the lake yesterday?”   
    
A look of terror came over both of them which filled my heart with glee. I owned them now! It was quite clear that they knew I was about to tell the whole room that they were swimming naked. One of the boys shook his head almost as if he was pleading with me not to say anything more while the other looked as if all the color had run out of his face. Suddenly I became aware of the sexual nature of my situation. I could tease and taunt these boys with my body frustrating them to no end as there wasn’t a thing they could do about it. They couldn’t tease me anymore either because I held the “Ace.” I could spill the beans about the gang of boys that liked to run around without clothes. To seal the deal and cement my control over these two, I leaned forward and whispered softly, “I wonder what your mother would think if she found out what you like to do at the lake.” Both just looked terrified but they said nothing.   
    
I then messed with them good. If I HAD to be attending this party in just a hat I might as well have a little fun. I sat up and reached over the table to pick up the salt and then put it back making sure that my breasts dangled temptingly in front of their eyes. As I sat down I saw the boy that I called, The Troublemaker, swallow hard while the other just loosened the collar on his shirt. I had never realized how much fun it could be teasing boys! I crossed my legs under the table and “accidentally” but very seductively, brushed the leg of one of the boys with my foot, rubbing his calf a little while looking at him in the eye. I thought the poor fellow was going to faint!   
    
The boys stopped eating, and for the most part, all they could do was stare at my breasts! They were like a magnet to them that held their eyes firm. I wondered if either of them was sporting a boner yet. Before, when they ogled my body it made me self-conscious. Now I was relishing the attention. Just to make sure of their discomfort, I spotted a bowl of peas at the adult table and decided that I wanted some of them. I slowly got up lingering long enough for them to get a good view of my pelvis and then I carefully turned around so that my butt was only inches away from one of them as I bent over. I excused myself to the woman at the adult table and asked her to pass the bowl of peas. I just knew the boys were looking at my vulva from the back and I was eating it up!! I didn’t know what had come over me, really. Was I enjoying the attention like I first thought or was it the power that I felt over these two that I was relishing? In either case I was thoroughly enjoying myself!   
    
After taking the bowl and turning around to face my table again it was better than I had hoped. BOTH of them had their eyes glued to my labia. They weren’t looking at my eyes and they certainly weren’t looking at their plates. They were looking at my sex! For the first time in my life I thought, “Damn, it’s good to be a woman!”   
 

**Chapter 8**  
    
I was brought back to reality by the voice of my Grandmother, “Katie, what are you doing over there to those boys?” She asked in a maternal sounding voice. CRAP! I was busted. She had seen me and knew exactly what I had been doing. Now it was MY turn to be humiliated.   
    
“What do you mean, Granny?” I replied in the best innocent-sounding voice I could muster. Most of the adults had stopped eating and were looking disapprovingly in my direction to see what Granny was talking about. The sly grin on my Granny’s face said it all. I was doomed. She was surely going to embarrass me in front of everyone – especially those two little twerps sitting across from me!! I couldn’t stand it if that happened. I wanted to crawl under a rock and hide! I KNEW what I had been doing was wrong, but I wanted to do it anyway. I don’t know what came over me. It just felt so good, you know? This whole situation was just too confusing!   
    
“You know better than that, dearie.”   
    
“Um . . .”   
    
“It’s not polite to take the peas and keep them all to yourself without offering others sitting at the table with you a chance to have some too. You were raised better than that, I think, weren’t you Katie?”   
    
I let out a HUGE sigh. “Yes ma’am. I don’t know what I was thinking. I’m sorry, boys, would you care for some peas?”  The adults all resumed their conversations and went back to eating.   
    
As I put the bowl back down on the table I looked over at Granny and the grin that I saw told me that she knew EXACTLY what I had been up to, but, she had the grace and class not to expose my bad behavior to the entire room. I gained at new bit of respect for that old woman because of what she did. My mother surely wouldn’t have handled it that way at all. She would have embarrassed me for sure! In comparison, Granny might not be so bad after all.   
    
Luckily the boys had not caught on and just continued to sit there meekly, pretending to pick at their dinner. If they had figured out what my Granny was on about the tables would once again be in their favor. As it was, I still held all the aces and I was beginning to like that. I liked the feeling of power that I felt. I still wanted to tease those boys and make them feel frustrated – a desire denied. I had never been an object of desire before. I had never thought about it much. Back home the boys I knew never so much as acknowledged me. For all they cared I was the invisible girl. I could be standing in the school corridor with several girls and the boys would come by and say hello to the other girls and walk on by never even noticing I was there. I’ll bet they’d notice me now if I went to school in just this hat!  HA! I could just picture me standing in the school corridor totally naked!  How ridiculous would that be? Right now that thought was very arousing!   
    
Danny pushed her chair back and asked to be excused as she was finished with her meal. She then looked at me. “Care to join me, Katie?” I really didn’t want to leave the boys just yet as I was having way too much fun but I figured I had pushed my luck enough for one night so I stood up and took a step away from the table. It was then I saw the parental look in Granny’s eyes.   
    
“Oh . . . may I be excused too, please?”   
    
“Don’t you want dessert? I understand Amy has prepared a wonderful chocolate cake.”   
    
“It sounds wonderful but I think I ate too much as it is. Would it be alright if I joined Danny?”   
    
“You may be excused,” Granny said in a motherly tone. “Run along and join your friend.” Trying to stay on Granny’s good side, I thanked Miss Amy for a wonderful meal and left the dining room in search of Danny.   
    
I wandered around the large house and finally found her in a bedroom that had been turned into a small home office of some sort. She looked at me excitedly and motioned for me to quickly close the door. “Well?!!!” she asked half out of breath.   
    
“Well, what?”   
    
“You know what! Don’t play innocent with me. Come on . . . give it up. What was it like sitting there at that table in front of the boys naked like that?” she asked giggling so hard she could barely get the words out.   
    
I was blushing terribly but I just HAD to talk about it. “It was . . . .  Horrible, that’s what.”   
    
“I saw you, you little slut, you were enjoying it weren’t you?”   
    
“Don’t call me a slut, you whore!”   
    
She took my hand and pulled me down on the couch along the wall and we sat next to each other as she continued with her nervous chuckling. “Go on . . . I want details, sister!”   
    
I had never felt like such a celebrity before. It was like all my emotions were just bursting to get out all at once. It was against my better judgment but I just had to tell her everything. I couldn’t hold it in if I tried. “Well, at first, I was, you know, all nervous and crazy. I mean when I saw all those people dressed up so fancy and there I was all naked in the middle of them I wanted to faint. I was trapped and couldn’t go anywhere. And then, when I saw those boys at the table, I really lost it.”   
    
“Go on . . .”   
    
“I mean my boobs were right in front of their faces for heaven’s sakes. They were all making fun of me, teasing me and making obscene gestures and everything.”   
    
“You poor thing! I’ll bet that was terrible . . . NOT!”   
    
“What do you mean, NOT?” I asked incredulously. “It WAS terrible. You should try it sometime and see how YOU like it.”   
    
“Oh, who are you kidding,” she said, and before I could react she slid her fingers right between my legs and wiggled them around. “Just like I thought - you’re SOAKED!”  Feeling her fingers roaming around down there, as worked up as I was, literally took my breath away and I gasped so loud it made her laugh.   
    
She kept fingering me slowly and the sensations of having someone else teasing my sweet spot instead of my own fingers was electrifying and disturbing at the same time. She shouldn’t be doing that, I thought to myself, but my body had other ideas as it felt so wonderful I just sat there taking it all in for much longer than I should have before I yanked her hand away. “That’s gross!” I protested trying to maintain some sense of propriety.   
    
“Yeah? What’s this then?” she mocked as she held up three very moist fingers and waved them in my face. I felt my body get quite warm and my face blushed. There was no denying it. My body had betrayed me.   
    
“Okay, Okay! I did enjoy messing with the boys. I mean they were so hot looking and staring at me that I just couldn’t resist teasing them a bit.”   
    
“Teasing them A BIT? Why if your ass had been any closer to Andy Simpson’s face you could have used his nose for toilet paper!”  We both laughed at that and continued talking about what it was like to be ogled like a Hollywood a sex object. Danny seemed to be quite intrigued by the whole thing “So did you notice if either of them popped wood?”   
    
“I couldn’t tell,” I replied laughing hysterically. “But I wish I had could have seen that!”   
    
“Darn! I’ve always wondered what Andy was hiding in those trousers of his.” I wasn’t sure but I thought that maybe she had a crush on this Andy Simpson fellow. “So, how many boys have you had sex with?” she bluntly asked.   
    
“DANNY!” I exclaimed. “What a question!”   
    
“Well . . . how many?”   
    
I was ashamed. Her question had penetrated my façade of trying to make like I was popular, but the truth is, I wasn’t. I just lowered my head and ignored her question. I wanted to relish my moment in the limelight for a while longer. Being the center of attention was new for me and I liked it.   
    
“Well . . . how many . . . 6 . . . 8 . . . 10?   
    
“None.”   
    
“WHAT? You’ve got to be kidding. As confident as you looked tonight you MUST have done it at least ONCE?!”   
    
“Nope. Heck I haven’t even kissed a boy yet?   
    
“NO WAY!” Danny yelled in disbelief. “You’re kidding, right?”   
    
“Look, I’m not popular. Boys don’t ask me out and I certainly don’t walk up and kiss them just for the heck of it. I probably suck at it anyway.” I sighed.   
    
“How do you know?”   
    
“Huh?”   
    
“How do you know that you suck at it? Has a boy ever told you that?”   
    
“No, like I said I’ve never kissed a boy . . . Have you? Kissed a boy, I mean.”   
    
“Dozens. It’s fun! You should try it sometime.”   
    
I just looked at the floor quietly.   
    
“Oh I see,” Danny said sounding all sophisticated. “You just don’t have your self-confidence built up in the kissing and sex department yet. I can help you with that.”   
    
“Yeah? How?”   
    
“Practice. Here, give me a kiss and I’ll tell you if you are doing it right or not.”    
    
“WHAT? Kiss you?! No way!”   
    
“How else are you going to learn? Haven’t you ever been to a slumber party before? That’s where I learned to kiss – from other girls at a slumber party.”   
    
“You’re just saying that.”   
    
“No I’m not. It’s true. I can’t believe you’ve never been to a slumber party. Don’t they do those in the city where you come from? It’s nothing to be ashamed of. Why, every girl worries about her first kiss – you know - what if my nose smashes his. Which way should I tilt my head? Should I hold my breath or breathe normally - all those awkward things that can rob you of your kissing confidence can be answered by practicing. You obviously can’t practice on guys so . . . the only thing left is to practice with your girlfriends.”   
    
“Well . . . it makes sense but . . . I don’t know.”   
    
“Oh hush up and kiss me.”   
    
I looked over at her and she had her eyes closed and her lips were moist and ready. My heart began to throb as I pondered whether to actually go through with it. I leaned closer to maybe give it a try and then panic set in. “I can’t” I sighed. “I just can’t kiss you . . . you’re a GIRL!”   
    
“Oh for Pete’s sakes,” she said and before I knew it she was planting her lips against mine! SHE WAS KISSING ME!!  Damn, that felt good, I thought.    
    
“Now you try it.”   
    
“Um . . .”   
    
“Don’t talk, just do it!”   
    
Before I could change my mind I leaned forward again and gave her lips a quick little peck then pulled away.   
    
“Very mechanical,” she said critiquing my effort. “Try again only this time, make it last longer and relax your lips a little. Open them up a smidge so that they aren’t so tight and tense. It should be fun. You’re not kissing your grandmother, ya know.”   
    
I leaned over and tried to do as she said. When my lips met hers it felt different this time. It felt really . . . well . . . nice! With our lips still locked, Danny put her arms around me and really began softly caressing my naked skin as she kissed me back. OMG! What was I doing?! My brain told me this was wrong-wrong, WRONG . . . but my body told me: “Damn this feels good!” I found myself putting my arms around her and hugging her as affectionately as I dared. I LIKED this. I never thought I was attracted to girls before. What was I thinking? I’m NOT attracted to girls. I never have been, but yet, my breathing was hard and fast and my sweet spot was tingling and . . . my hormones were silently screaming - begging Danny to finger me again. Before I knew what was happening I felt Danny’s tongue part my lips!   
    
“AHHHHHHHHH” I screamed and pulled away. My reaction was instinctive as her tongue took me by surprise! I sat there looking at the surprised disappointment on Danny’s face wondering what I should say. I didn’t want to hurt her feelings. Then, before either of us could say the first word, I heard someone shouting down the corridor.   
    
“For the millionth time, I’M NOT KENNY!!  My NAME Is PATRICK!!!  WHY IS EVERYONE IN THIS STUPID TOWN CALLING ME KENNY???”   
    
    
**Chapter 9**  
    
I instantly shot up from the couch like I had been sitting on a hot stove.  All my senses were straining to understand what I had just heard. This was too weird. If I heard correctly here was a boy having the same problem I was having!   
    
“Don’t go!” Danny said emphatically.   
    
I realized that after pulling away from Danny’s kiss that she might not understand what was going on. “Danny, I really enjoyed kissing you and would like to practice more some time . . .”   
    
“You WOULD!!  SWEET !”   
    
“But right now I have to check something out.” I carefully opened the door a crack and saw another teenage boy I had not seen before standing next to a woman I presumed must have been his mother. I figured they must have just arrived as they were not at dinner before. They were talking to Maddie. I strained at the door to try and hear what they were saying without giving myself away. One thing I knew already – he was cute! But that’s all I knew.   
    
“ANNA, DON’T. Please just close that door.”   
    
Sure, now she calls me Anna, I thought to myself. “Danny, hush! This is important!”   
    
She jumped up off the couch and pushed the door closed and held her hand against it forcefully so that I couldn’t open it again. “I KNOW this is important but so is this,” she said keeping both hands on the door.   
    
“What are you talking about? I got to find out . . .”   
    
“NO . . . that’s just it, Anna, No you don’t. Just leave things be.”   
    
I looked at her in total bewilderment. “What do you know about what’s going on around here?”   
    
“What do you mean what’s going on around here?  Um . . . that is, you should just stay here with me - that’s all.”   
    
“BULL! You KNOW something, now it’s your turn to spill the beans. What do you know?”   
    
“Nothing, really. I’ve said too much already. Just don’t go poking your nose into things that aren’t your business, that’s all.”   
    
Now she was scaring me. Still, I had to hear more of what they were saying. I tried pulling on the door knob but Danny put her full weight against it and angrily shouted in a low whisper, “ANNA – NO!”   
    
“What’s wrong with you?! Get out of my way!”   
    
“NO!  Anna, listen to me. You don’t want to do this.”   
    
She looked at me with very frightened but sincere eyes. I couldn’t understand what had come over her. She was acting all weird. “Why? What’s the big deal? I just want to find out something. It’s not like I’m doing something illegal – like walking through the middle of town naked or something. Now please just sit yourself down.”   
    
“Anna, I’m your friend, right? I mean, I stood up for you back at your Grandmother’s house trying to get you out of going to this dinner party. Who else but a friend would do that, right?”   
    
“Well, yeah you did do that but . . .”   
    
“And I didn’t make fun of you like the boys were doing earlier AND we shared a special moment juts now that only true friends would do, right?”   
    
“Yes, but you don’t seem to understand . . .”   
    
“Anna, listen to me! If you push this and stick your nose where it doesn’t belong you’ll be sorry. Your Grandmother won’t like it one little bit and TRUST ME- you DON’T want to upset that woman!”   
    
I looked at her like she was a bit crazy or something. “Danny, my grandmother is just an old, dowdy woman who’s as harmless as a butterfly. She proved that to me earlier when I was teasing those boys. She could have called me out on it but you saw what happened. She’s really a nice old lady – a bit confused at times but a nice old lady. Surely you see that don’t you?”   
    
“Don’t be too sure about that? You don’t know the half of it.”   
    
I shook my head in disbelief. “You’ve been drinking too much beer or something.”   
    
“It’s your life. If you want to be an idiot and ignore someone that’s trying to help you then that’s your business.” With that she stepped aside. “Go ahead. See if I care. “   
    
I studied her face for a moment trying to decide what to make of all this, “You’re serious aren’t you?”   
    
“Serious as I can be.”   
    
“So what if I do a little secretive poking around. She;’ll never know.  I’ll be careful.”   
    
“Not good enough. It’s not worth the risk, trust me.”   
    
“YOU obviously know more than you’re saying . . . OR . . . You know what I think? I think you are jealous that I was flirting with Andy Simpson and now you don’t want this Patrick- Kenny guy to see me like this because you’re sweet on him too, that’s what I think.”   
    
“Oh for Pete’s sakes. Get real. I’ll tell you this then I’m not saying another thing. There was a girl once that crossed your sweet, innocent Grandmother and she paid the price BIG TIME. She’s has regretted it to this very day. I’m telling you this because I’m your friend and it’s in your own best interest: You’re fooling with things you know nothing about .JUST LEAVE THINGS BE.”   
    
I thought about it for a few minutes then, despite her warnings, I opened the door a crack and peeked out into the hall once again. He was gone – the boy was gone and so was the woman that was with him! I listened carefully and heard nothing but the dull murmur of the dinner crowd coming from the dining room. I decided that whatever had been going on was over now. I closed the door and sat down beside Danny. I heard Danny’s warning and I wasn’t ignoring it but something was bothering me. How did I know that I could trust her?  Yes, something was definitely weird but what was it? Who could I trust? For all I knew my Granny was the only sane one here. I had to play this carefully. After all, I was the one in the middle of all this. The only other person that seemed to be safe was that Patrick – Kenny guy. He was the one I had to seek out.  Well, maybe not. Heck, I didn’t know what to do. Maybe it was best just to take things slow and doubt everything until I figured things out. Then the voice of reason tapped me on the shoulder telling my brain that it was just my imagination. I was alone, away from home for the first time in a long time and I was bound to make things seem crazy. Stress will do that to a person, I thought and being naked in somebody’s house full of people I didn’t know would definitely qualify as stressful.   
    
“Well, I’m not saying you’re right. I still think you’re jealous of my teasing your boyfriend.” Danny let out a disgusted sigh. “But, I’ll do as you ask and let the whole thing drop, Okay? It’s probably just my city-instincts messing with my over-active imagination anyway.”   
    
“Yeah, that’s probably it,” she said trying to sound convincing.   
    
We talked about the boys at my table again and I told her all about my skinning-dipping discovery and she was all ears!   
    
“So who was the boy with the boner?” she asked, obviously quite turned on by the idea that I saw a boy like that.   
    
“How should I know? He was just a boy.”   
    
“What did it look like? Was it big?”   
    
“Gosh, Danny, I don’t know. It all happened so fast and I was scared, remember? Yeah, I guess so.”   
    
‘So you’ve seen a boy’s cock before, then? See - you’re not so inexperienced.”   
    
“Um, no, sorry, I haven’t, but it looked big to me!” At that we both had a good laugh. This was fun. I had never had a girlfriend that I could talk to so openly about sex and stuff. Most of what I knew came from locker room talk among the girls back home and from those stupid Sex-Ed classes that I had to take.  My mom would certainly never talk about stuff like this with me. Danny was fast becoming a real friend. Still, I had to be careful as I didn’t trust her completely yet. But, like I said, I WAS really enjoying talking to her about things. She seemed so experienced about boys and how to make out. We must have talked for at least another hour about boys and things. We laughed, we practiced kissing again and we laughed some more.   
    
I was having such a good time talking with her that I had forgotten about the fact that I had to go to the bathroom until Mother Nature made the issue an urgent matter. “Danny, sorry, but I really need to pee. I’ll be right back.”   
    
‘Sure, it’s down the hall on the left.”   
    
I found it with no trouble as the door was open. Just as I was about to go in, I heard a man talking in the dining room saying, “I don’t like it. We’re taking too many risks as it is.”   
    
“Nonsense, Harry. Everything is just fine. You worry too much.”  That was my Granny talking. I really, really had to pee but alarm bells were going off in my head. I just had to try and listen to what they were talking about. I carefully hid next to the wall and quietly listened. My heart was racing again and it was all I could do not to hyperventilate. I just wasn’t cut out for this spy stuff.   
    
“You really should have said something to her.” Some woman said.   
    
Then I heard Miss Amy say, “How was I to know that that woman was going to bring Patrick by? She wasn’t invited you know.”   
    
“Still, it worked out fine, didn’t it?” Granny said. “Everybody just try to keep calm and do your jobs and things will be just fine. Now, are we ready for the vote?” I could hear murmuring among the people in the other room then Granny said. “All in favor?”   
    
“AYE!” came the response from a number of people.   
    
“Any Nays? Let the record show that there was no one opposed. The motion has been carried unanimously.”  There was more murmuring that I couldn’t quite understand then Granny said, “Okay we’ll proceed as planned. If there are any new issues we’ll deal with them later. I don’t have to warn you all of the consequences of anything going wrong. There’s too much at stake to turn back now. Remember, as always you are all still bound by your oath of secrecy and I don’t have to remind you that I take your oaths quite seriously.”   
    
What had I gotten myself into? I wondered.  This was some serious stuff! I was in way over my head!!!   
    
Suddenly I could hear people stirring around and chairs being moved. “I think I need to check on Anna, I mean little Katie. She’s been out of sight for way to long,” Granny said.   
    
HOLY CRAP! She was coming! I almost fainted again and I began to panic. I was so overwhelmed with fear that I started to pee all over myself – right there in the hallway!   
    
      
**Chapter 10**   
   
She was coming! Somehow I managed to regain my senses and quickly duck into the bathroom and shut the door. I was breathing so hard I was almost hyperventilating. I was scared. Maybe Danny was right after all. My mind was whirling with a myriad of ideas as I heard Granny’s voice outside the door talking to someone.   
    
“Oh THERE you are. Have you seen Katie? It time for us to be going. Goodness me I‘ve had such a wonderful time! But it’s almost 9 and I’ve got to get up at 4 to milk the cow.”   
    
Granny’s voice was ever so sweet. It was hard to imagine her involved in anything diabolical or being such a mean person like Danny had suggested. Still, things just weren’t adding up. Something wasn’t right. Part of me wanted to trust my own instincts which said that Granny was okay and it was Danny that I had to be worried about. Maybe all that stuff I overheard was something completely innocent.   
    
Outside the door I heard Danny reply, “I think she’s in the bathroom, Miss Ruth. I’m sure she’ll be out in a minute.”   
    
Hearing Danny’s comment reminded me of my own urgency. Heck, my leg was still wet from my little accident and I was still occasionally dribbling a bit. I hadn’t even noticed as I was so scared. I hurriedly emptied my bladder and cleaned myself up. When I opened the door Granny was standing right there in the hall looking at me with a funny-looking smirk. She just stood there smiling never saying a word.   
    
“GRANNY,” I half shouted almost out of breath. “You startled me!”   
    
“Did you have fun, dearie?”   
    
“When?! Just now??  I mean . . . tonight?  Ah . . . yes, I think so.” I was so nervous and felt so guilty I wasn’t even thinking clearly.   
    
“See? I TOLD you this would be fun. Aren’t you glad you came along?”      
    
“Yeah . . . sure . . . I’m glad, of course I’m glad. It was fun.” Inside my head I heard this little voice saying “liar, liar, pants on fire!” Jeez, I wish I HAD some pants!   
    
“Good! It’s best we get back now. It’s late and I don’t want to put ole’ Charles out by making him wait on us.” Granny then adjusted my hat, and stood for a moment admiring her handiwork then smiled with deep satisfaction. “I just LOVE that hat!”   
    
Granny stepped back another step then suddenly exclaimed, “OH FOR HEAVEN’S SAKES! Would you look at that? Someone has spilt their drink all over Miss Amy’s floor.” She raised her wet shoe off the floor in disgust obviously having stepped right in the spot where I had my little “accident.” I was so embarrassed. “This wasn’t YOUR doing, was it, dearie?”   
    
My legs grew week. Did she know? Was she just testing me?   
    
“No, Granny! Honest. I didn’t have a drink back here.”   
    
“Well, be a dear and clean that up. Then we’ll go.” She then returned to the living room to say goodbye to her host.   
    
BOY was that ever close, I thought to myself. I leaned back against the wall to try and collect myself.   
    
“What’s wrong with you,” Danny asked approaching me having come from the back office. “Your Granny piss you off or something?”  It may have been just my imagination but her silly grin led me to believe she knew exactly what was on the floor.   
    
“No,” I replied smugly and grabbed some paper towels from the bathroom and began cleaning up the mess. Talk about humiliating work – cleaning up your own pee off the floor as your friend looks on.   
    
Back in the living room Granny was getting a hug from Miss Amy, “Thanks for coming, Ruth. “Tonight was surely . . .” she paused trying to think of the right word, “truly exceptional.” She said that just as she spotted me entering the room. It was obvious that she still hadn’t quite adjusted to my nakedness.   
    
I joined my grandmother at her side and then out of the clear blue this guy gives me a hug! My boobs pressed firmly against his shirt as he wrapped his paws around my back and hugged me!  “Thanks for coming, Katie. It was good to see you,” he said as if he had known me all my life.  I think he just wanted to hug a naked girl, that’s what I think.   
    
Other guests joined the small group that had assembled to say goodbye. I shook hands with a few of the ladies present and just as I got to the end of the line there, standing at the doorway, were the two teenage boys I had sat with at dinner.   
    
“It was nice to meet you,” one of them said as he pulled me close and awkwardly gave me a hug rubbing his hands up and down my back!! I tried to pull away but be kept hugging me. My first hug from a boy my age and it had to be like this! When he finally let go, the other boy did the same – the boy I had seen naked at the lake. This time I was a little more prepared but it was still weird letting a boy touch me like that without me wearing any clothes. I smiled to myself a bit however when I realized I was feeling his boner pressed against my pelvis. It was obvious that he was trying to get the best of me for the way I treated him at the dinner table.  This was too good to pass up. I certainly wasn’t going to leave letting him have the upper hand. As he continued to get his jollies by prolonging his embrace, I softly whispered into his ear, “I sure hope that isn’t as big as it gets, *little boy*!”   
    
He firmly pushed me away and immediately left the room obviously insulted and terribly embarrassed! I smugly shouted out, “See you around!”   
    
The ride home was mercifully short and in no time we were back at the farm. Once inside Granny removed my hat and put it carefully into a large box and suggested that I get some rest. She didn’t have to tell me twice!   
    
It was a restless sleep to be sure. My mind kept replaying things in my head; so many emotions, so many thoughts.  I was aroused and excited yes, as it’s not often you get to be seen naked at a dinner party, but I was also confused and worried.  What was Danny talking about? Who was this Patrick - Kenny guy? Questions shot through my brain as I tried to make sense of it all.   
    
I finally was awakened by the crow of a rooster outside my window. Heck, the sun wasn’t even up yet! I rolled over and looked at the clock. It said 5:30am. I heard Granny in the kitchen so I decided to get up and help her with the chores. I wasn’t sure what she was going to say after last night but I needn’t have worried. She was her same old jolly, albeit a little confused self.   
    
After the breakfast dishes were put away and I had tidied up the house, I decided to take a bath and get cleaned up myself. It was already almost noon and I was hot and sweaty. As I was sitting in the tub just enjoying the coolness of the water against my skin I began to feel sexy and the thoughts of the dinner party with all those people looking at me as I stood there in just my hat got me feeling pretty worked up. I started sensually caressing myself running my hands ever so softly over the sensitive parts of my body. I closed my eyes and imagined those boys looking at me, the desire in their eyes fueling my arousal. As I said before, I had never been popular with boys at school. This was all something new for me and I liked it. I didn’t understand it, but I liked the attention.   
    
I had just put my hand between my legs and was fingering my sweet spot when, suddenly and without warning, Granny burst into the room!   
    
“GRANNY!” I exclaimed in a panic as my hand shot up out of the tub, splashing water on her dress.   
    
She had a bowl of batter in one hand that she was stirring with a wooden spoon that she held in the other. “A friend of yours is at the door . . . wants to see you . . . found the clothes that you lost the other day when you went out on Old Smokey.”  The batter must have been hard to stir as she seemed a bit out of breath as she spoke.   
    
Granny then turned and left the room without saying another word still stirring the mixture in the bowl as she went. “I’ll be right there!” I called out after her. I grabbed a towel and began drying myself. “Good ole Danny!” I thought, “I KNEW she’d come through for me. She must have known that I had my clothes nearby when she found me horseback riding naked the other day. She must have gone looking for them for me. Good Ole Danny; such a loyal friend.   
    
I was in such a hurry to be able to wear clothes again I barely dried my skin and started wrapping the towel around my wet hair as I headed for the door. I had just completed making my little turban with the towel around my head when I reached the front door. When I looked up, I got the shock of my life. It wasn’t Danny standing there holding my clothes, it was . . .   
    
“PATRICK!” I shouted in fright. It was the boy I had seen at Amy’s house the other night – the boy everyone apparently called, Kenny! I immediately wrestled with the towel trying to get it off my head as I nervously tried to cover myself. He was obviously uncomfortable and was ever such a gentleman as I saw that he at first immediately averted his eyes then he turned away facing outside as he apologized. I think he was more taken aback than I was!   
    
“I’m sorry. I think I caught you at a bad time,” he said politely. “I didn’t think, I mean, I didn’t know you were taking a bath.”   
    
“No,” I said nervously with my voice cracking, I thought you were a girlfriend of mine. I shouldn’t have . . .” My voice trailed off as I looked up once again. I finally got the towel off of my head and draped it in front of me. It barely hid the essentials.  “Okay, I’m covered,” I said still shaking a bit.   
    
The boy turned around and gave me a nervous smile. “Listen, um, I found these the other day and I asked around and was told they probably belonged to you. Are these yours?”   
    
“Yes, thank you.” I said as I reached out with one hand to take the clothes as I held a death grip on the towel; in front of me.   
    
We both stood there awkwardly – neither of us having the courage to say another word. To his credit he didn’t stare at me. Clearly he was just as shy as me!     
    
Finally he spoke up, “Listen, just now you called me Patrick. How did you know my name? Have we met before, someplace?”   
    
“I saw you at Miss Amy’s yesterday. You were with your mom, I guess.”   
    
“Yes that’s right. We were there for a minute or two but I didn’t see you though. I would have remembered you.”   
    
Yeah, especially if you had seen me naked, I said to myself and then smiled and thought, Oh wait, you just did! “My name is Anna,” I said trying to keep what little conversation we had going for a bit longer. This boy might have a few clues as to what’s going on around here and I didn’t want him to leave just yet.   
    
“Anna? I thought you were Katie? At least that’s what I was told.”   
    
“Yeah, and I thought you were Kenny.” I then nervously looked around to see if Granny was anywhere close by. “Listen, I need to talk with you about something. Can you wait here a minute while I get dressed?”   
    
He nodded his head and I quickly turned and headed down the hall to the bathroom. It wasn’t until I was half way down the hall that I realized I was still holding the towel in front of me and he had the perfect view of my naked little butt! When I turned to enter the bathroom I looked up towards the front door hoping to see that he had once again turned away out of politeness. Nope! He was looking right at me grinning!  DAMN!   
    
    
**Chapter 11**   
   
I darted into the bathroom and quickly changed into my jeans shorts and T-shirt. My underwear was missing, however. I could only imagine that some boy taken them for his own personal use – a trophy for personal bragging rights no doubt. I could just picture that pervert with his filthy hands all over my panties. Still, at least I had SOME clothes. It sure beat running around naked.  I primped and brushed out my hair. I cheated and borrowed some of Granny’s lipstick and mascara as mine was in my missing suitcase along with my other things. Checking myself out in the mirror at least I looked presentable.   
    
I really wanted to talk with this boy but I was afraid of Granny overhearing. I had to think of something, a way to meet him somewhere away from the farm.  I wasn’t sure what I was going to do but I knew I had to get back to him before he left out of boredom.   
    
Fortunately he was still there. I walked up to the door but I couldn’t think of anything to say. I literally was too shy to speak. This cute boy had just seen me naked and was just staring at me. To make matters worse he just stood there with those innocent-looking, puppy-dog eyes. Neither one of use had to guts to start talking. After some very awkward minutes I started, “So, it sure is hot, isn’t it?”  Boy was that inane! I kicked myself for not being more imaginative.   
    
“Yeah, hot,” he sheepishly replied.   
    
Trying to keep things moving after even more awkward silence I said, “Makes things very uncomfortable, doesn’t it.”   
    
“Yeah, sure does.”   
    
Jeez, this guy may be cute but he sure can’t say much.  “I’m staying with my grandmother for the summer,” I finally volunteered.   
    
“Yeah, I heard.”   
    
Is that all this guy can say is “yeah?” This was getting me nowhere. Perhaps he was so shell-shocked over seeing me naked that he lost his confidence. I’ve heard that cute girls can do that to a boy – especially if they are naked.   
    
I was starting to believe that maybe this wasn’t the best time to try and pry information out of him when Granny walked into the front room still stirring her bowl. For some reason he surprised the heck out of me and chose that very time to say, “Listen, Katie, since it’s so hot and all . . . would you, I mean if you’re busy I’ll understand, but, I was thinking that maybe, that is if you want to . . . you know . . . go with me into town and get an ice cream soda at Hansen’s Drug store . . . that is if you aren’t too busy.”   
    
I was shocked! A boy, a cute boy at that, was actually asking me out!  No boy had ever done THAT before, ever!  I wanted to scream “HELL YES!” but with Granny lurking just behind me I thought that wasn’t the best thing to do so I played it cool. “Well . . . I’ll have to clear it with my Granny first.”   
    
“You got any money, boy?” Granny snapped curtly. “Cause, I ain’t got no cash to waste on such foolishness as that and I don’t think Katie does either.”   
    
“Oh she won’t need any money, ma’am, I’ve got enough with me to pay for both of us.”   
    
“Would it be okay if I went, Granny? I’ll be careful and I’ll come right back, I promise.”   
    
“Well, he seems nice enough. Alright, you can go, but see that you’re back before too long. You’ve still got chores to do.” She then gave me a wink and I knew that her gruff manner was just for show – put on all for Patrick’s sake – just to keep him in line I suspect.   
    
We walked along the dirt road mostly in silence. I was too busy trying to think of how to broach the subject of my concerns about the town and he seemed too nervous just walking with a girl to say anything. After about 15 minutes of just walking along he suddenly took hold of my hand! We continued to walk only now we were actually holding hands! It was almost like we were a real couple on a date! If only the girls at school could see me now! Man, they’re never going to believe this when I tell them about it. My heart was fluttering and I felt warm and special inside. So this is what it’s like to go on a date, I thought.   
    
All too soon we reached the town and Hansen’s Drug store, which looked like one of those old-fashioned places I’ve seen in Norman Rockwell paintings. Inside we approached the lunch counter in the back and sat on two stools next to each other.   
    
“I like Chocolate shakes the best. How about you? What do you like?” he asked me.   
    
“I don’t know,” I said trying to be coy. “I think a root beer float sounds nice.”   
    
The waitress came over and went back behind the counter and asked, “Whatta ya have?”   
    
Patrick ordered for both of us and smiled as he put the menu back into its place.   
    
We began talking about school and our favorite movies. I learned that he was vacationing here with his mother for two weeks and had only just arrived. When I asked him why he was at Miss Amy’s house he said his mother had heard she did math tutoring and she wondered if Miss Amy would be willing to help him with his summer math assignments.   
    
“I’m not very good at math,” he finally admitted “But I really like school.”   
    
 The waitress then brought us our ice cream and we carefully sipped away at our treats.   
    
We continued talking about little things when he finally asked me if I had a boyfriend. HA, me having a boyfriend? Of course I acted all demure-like and told him I had nothing serious going on at the moment. That seemed to make him smile. I guess he liked my answer.    
    
I was having such a good time enjoying his company I was afraid to ruin things by bringing up my questions. On the walk back home I knew that time was running out. “Listen, Patrick, I just have to ask you something. The other night I heard you shouting at Miss Amy’s place being angry over everyone calling you Kenny. What’s that all about, anyway?”   
    
His mood changed in a hurry. “Beats me! Ever since I got to this town and I would meet people on the street they would say, ‘Hi Kenny!’  I don’t even know who they are and they’re automatically calling me Kenny. When I meet someone new and tell them my name is Patrick, they STILL call me Kenny! It’s like it’s an episode out of some science fiction movie or something. It’s beginning to bug me too. Why do you ask?”   
    
This was my opening. What he said was weird and not unlike my experience except my own Granny calls me Katie and she should know better. “Well, Kenny . . .” I teased   
    
“That’s not funny!”   
    
“Sorry, well Patrick, the same thing has been happening to me only they call me Katie. My name is Anna yet everyone – even my own Granny - calls me Katie and she KNOWS who I am.”   
    
“Well your Granny IS pretty old. Maybe she’s just confused because everyone else calls you Katie. Old people get forgetful you know.”   
    
“That’s true, she is confused at times, but she started calling me that even before we met others in town. I don’t get it. So . . . why exactly did your mom pick this town to vacation in? Do you have any relatives living here that she wanted to visit?”   
    
Patrick thought about it for a while then answered, “No, I don’t think so. Mom just said she needed to get away from the city for a while and she liked the sound of this place. I’m not really sure.”   
    
“So you don’t know anyone here at all?”   
    
“No, not that I know of.”   
    
“Yet people call you Kenny and are friendly to you even though you don’t have a clue who they are? Something’s fishy. Have you any ideas?”   
    
“All I know is that there is something big going to happen on June 21st.”   
    
“June 21st? That’s next week! What’s so special about the 21st?”   
    
“Dunno. I heard this lady Mrs. Hoffman talking to my mom about it.”   
    
“Ms. TRISHA Hoffman?”   
    
“Yeah, I think that’s her name. She’s been hanging around the house a lot lately. Anyway, I heard them talking about it and when I asked them what was going on that day they got all funny and mom yelled at me for being nosey. Now every time my mom talks to someone in this town they immediately shut up if I come near.”   
    
“Has anything else happened to you that seems a bit odd?”   
    
“Like what?”   
    
“Oh I don’t know, like maybe losing your clothes or something?”   
    
Patrick laughed. “You crack me up. I think you are the only one I know that seems to have lost things. I heard you lost a horse too.”     
    
“Shut up.” I snapped giggling. “He ran away. I didn’t LOSE him.” We rounded the corner on the dirt road we had been walking on and my Granny’s farm came into view. “Well, I guess I had better say goodbye. Granny’s probably watching me out her window. I had a wonderful time. Thanks for the soda.”   
    
“Sure. Maybe we can do this again sometime . . . that is if you want to. You’re kinda nice.”   
    
“That would be wonderful. There’s not much to do around here so come over to call on me anytime.” Now came the awkward part. I stood there wondering if he was going to try and kiss me. “Oh PLEASE kiss me,” I begged silently to myself. He waited . . . I waited . . . he looked around . . . I leaned in a bit closer recalling what Danny had said about not being mechanical and to try to just let it happen. The anticipation was killing me! I wish he’d just DO IT! In my mind I screamed, “KISS ME, YOU IDIOT!”      
    
Alas, he just turned, waved a bit and said, “Well . . . I’ll see ya around,” And headed back down the road.   
    
DAMN! I thought, I was THIS close to getting my first real kiss! I should have realized he wasn’t going to kiss me when earlier he turned away when he saw I was naked in the hall. He was the closest thing to a gentleman I had ever met. That was sort of nice, I guess. I smiled and reluctantly walked back towards the farm. “Damn! He should have kissed me!” Suddenly I had a thought and turned around and looked back at the road. He was doing the same thing! He was looking back at me! Well, at least I knew he liked me otherwise he wouldn’t have looked back   
    
Upon entering the house I couldn’t find Granny anywhere. I checked the barn and called out for her but she didn’t seem to be around. I decided to use this time to try and find my suitcase. Now that I met this cute guy I definitely needed something better to wear than this T-shirt and a pair of shorts. I started looking in every room, checking every nook and cranny. That suitcase just HAD to be around here somewhere. The one place I hadn’t checked when I was looking the other day was Granny’s room.   
    
I carefully entered and looked around. Her room smelled of “old” things; old perfume, old flowers and just a hint of mothballs and such. Her room was much different than the rest of the house. I checked her closet and found nothing of mine there. Then I spotted a large cedar chest at the foot of the bed. I opened it and saw a bunch of books, some quilts and a few old sweaters. I was about to close the chest back up again when a particular book caught my attention. It had a hand-carved ornate wooden book binding, which was very different. “Wow, that’s pretty,” I thought to myself as I picked it up.   
    
I almost stopped breathing as I looked at the hand-carved cover. It said, “The Book of Katie!”   
  

**Chapter 12**   
   
My heart began pounding. Was this the clue I had been looking for? I suddenly felt a bit frightened like I was in real danger or something. I had this feeling of dread that if I was caught in here looking at this, something terrible might happen to me. If real-life spies had to go through this kind of stress I never want to be one!  Against my better judgment I carefully opened the book. On the first page was a picture of a little girl about 7 or 8 years old who looked a little like me. Except . . . it wasn’t me, or anybody that I even knew. No wonder people were calling me Katie, I thought. There was a resemblance of sorts. Under the picture was a handwritten title that simply said, “Katie.”   
   
I turned the page and to my surprise there was picture of another little girl about the same age only she was definitely a different girl. She didn’t look at all like the little girl on the first page. Underneath her photo was the same inscription: “Katie.”  I began flipping through the pages and the entire book, except for a few blank pages in the back were filled with photos of different little girls all appearing about 7 or 8 years old and underneath each was the word: “Katie.”   
    
Oh Granny has really lost it. She thinks EVERYBODY is a Katie! Well, that explains the Katie mystery, I thought. There’s no conspiracy, Granny is just confused. It’s so sad when people begin losing their memory as they get older. Someday doctors are going to have come up with a treatment for that Old-Timer’s disease. Oh well, I guess Danny was right. I just have an over-active imagination.  I started to feel better about things and began to relax a bit. Now if I could just find my suitcase! What in the heck did Granny do with it? I started to close the book when my whole body began to feel electrified – a tingling ran up and down my spine giving me the chills and Goosebumps popped up on my skin! I couldn’t believe it! I hurriedly turned the pages again and it was true! EVERY GIRL was wearing the same straw hat with blue ribbons!! The same hat that Granny made for me the other day! Oh this was no coincidence. Granny wasn’t confused – these pictures were posed. I was more confused than ever!   
    
Just then I heard the porch door open and Granny call out, “Katie, are you back yet?”   
    
I literally threw the book back in the cedar chest closed the lid and ran into the hallway. That’s the last thing I need was for Granny to catch me in her room going through her things! “I’m back here, Granny,” I called out as I headed toward my bedroom.  “I’m in my room.”    
    
I waited a few moments then I came out of my door stretching my arms in the air like I had been taking a nap. Granny was standing at the end of the hall looking at me. Did she see me leave her room? I wondered. She just stood there watching me as I headed towards her. OMG! She saw me, I thought. I’m screwed. I tried hard to hide the fact that I was scared out of my wits.   
    
“So you ARE back. Have a nice time with what’s his name in town?”   
    
“Oh . . . yeah, it was fun. I had a root beer float. It sure cooled me off. Thanks for letting me go.”   
    
She looked at me, then around behind me as if she was suspicious of something. Oh gosh, here it comes! I’m in for it now.   
    
“You aren’t hiding anything from me, are you, Katie?”   
    
“Hiding? Um . . . what do you mean, Granny?”   
    
“That boy isn’t in your bedroom is he? I’ll skin him alive if he is!” she said as she forcefully marched toward my room.   
    
“No Grandma! There’s no one back there, honest. I would NEVER . . .”   
    
“Just checking,” she said as she looked in my room. “I don’t trust boys.”   
    
She then gave me a playful wink and invited me into the kitchen to help her prepare supper. WHEW! That was close!   
    
The next few days were boring as all get out. Nothing happened. I mean no one called on me. By no one I mean, Patrick. I wanted desperately to tell him about what I had found. Of course I also wanted to see him again. So far he had been the only bright spot of my stay so far.   
    
Granny had me learning how to hoe weeds in the garden. What a hot and disgusting job! Surely there had to be a better way to grow vegetables. And milking the cow – I had always thought you just yanked on the cow’s teats and milk came out into the bucket. I had no idea what a chore it was. It sure looked easy on those TV movies. Each night I had to hand-wash my only T-shirt and pair of shorts. Despite my best attempts at trying to keep my only clothes clean, it was darned near impossible on this farm.   
    
Another day passed with the same old mundane, monotonous chores. What did Granny see in this lifestyle? The worst part was that June 21st was getting ever closer and I still had no idea what was going on or what was supposed to happen.    
    
Finally I decided to take things into my own hands. I needed to get away from the farm – even if it was just a little walk. I was hoping that I would accidentally run into Patrick walking about as it sure didn’t seem like he was going to call on me at the farm.  I decided to walk down to the lake. I was pretty sure I could find that place without any trouble. “Who knows, I might even see a few naked boys again,” I thought to myself.  No such luck. The lake was deserted. I sat on a rock tossing pebbles into the water and tried to sort things out in my mind. After about an hour had passed, I returned back home. The worst part was that I didn’t see Patrick on the walk back either!   
    
The next day I did the same thing and once again the lake was deserted. Still the water was inviting. Sitting there I tried to make sense out of the “Katie “book I had found in Granny’s cedar chest but I grew frustrated at not being able to figure it out. Then my mind began to wander. I recalled my little “date” with Patrick and the feelings I had being the only girl naked at the dinner party at Miss Amy’s. I began to get aroused as my mind drifted into my fantasy world. I wasn’t sure how long I sat there but when I came to my senses it was starting to get dark so I once again scurried back to the farm.    
    
That night I had a dream after dream about my previous naked horseback ride. It was all so vivid, so arousing that when I suddenly woke up I was soaked down below. Three days of wearing clothes and doing boring farm work was beginning to frustrate me. I needed a distraction. That afternoon was even hotter than the previous couple of days and weeding the garden just about did me in. I told Granny I was going for a walk to cool off.   
    
Upon arriving at the lake it was once again deserted. I was the only one there. I sat on my fantasy rock and looked at the water. Then I started getting those old familiar sensations down below – just like I did the day of my horseback ride. “I’m going to do it!” I shouted out loud. I started taking off my shirt and unzipped my shorts. I was going to skinny-dip!! Heck if the boys can do it so can I. Besides, there hasn’t been anyone here for days, I told myself trying to boost my confidence. It was a crazy thing to do, I know, but I just HAD to see what it was like. I needed to relive that excitement and thrill that I felt when I was on Old Smokey!   
    
I nervously looked around as I folded up my clothes and put them on the rock I had been sitting on. It’s funny how your senses go into overdrive when you’re naked in a place you’re not supposed to be! Satisfied that I was indeed alone, I walked to the water’s edge and put my foot in. It was nice! Not too cold and not too warm.  I waded in so that the water was up to my knees. What a great feeling compared to the unrelenting heat I had been experiencing the last few days.  Finally I just dove in and began to swim around. It was heavenly! I LOVED the feeling of the water as it caressed my private body parts. “THIS ROCKS,” I squeaked with pleasure!   
    
I swam and splashed and swam some more. I did pirouettes in the water like a graceful ballerina and fingered myself in that most special of places. Oh, THIS is what I have been missing! It all felt so sensual, so wonderful and yet so natural and healthful. I lost myself in a myriad of pleasing thoughts and emotions. I imagined myself swimming like this with Patrick – equally naked of course. What a wonderful thought that was!! I tried to imagine what he might look like naked and got a rush of warmth and excitement at what was appearing in my mind’s eye as I squiggled in the moisture nature had provided.   
    
Oh I could learn to LOVE this place, I thought as I drifted along floating on my back, eyes closed to the world and all its troubles and stress. Peace and tranquility. Peace and tranquility. That’s what’s missing in the big city. Peace and tranquility. Why do people have to be so uptight about everything? Why can’t they all just relax and go with the flow?   
    
I drifted along floating aimlessly for quite some time. It was pure bliss. I know I sound like a broken record but unless you’ve experienced this for yourself - which I wholeheartedly encourage you to do - it’s hard to accurately describe the feelings I was having.           
    
Finally I decided I had better get out so that I could dry off in the sun before getting dressed and heading back to the farm. I dropped my body back into the water and rubbed my eyes and then turned around to swim back to my favorite rock.   
    
OMFG!!!!  BOYS!!!! There were FIVE, no, make that SIX teenage boys standing by my rock looking at me. Worse, there was Andy Simpson, the boy I had teased at Miss Amy’s. He was holding my clothes waving them tauntingly at my face!   
    
    
**Chapter 13**   
   
I screamed and ducked down into the water to try and cover myself as much as possible. I could hear the boys all laughing and carrying on. “Look! It’s a mermaid!” one of the boys jeered. “I wonder if it has a fishy tail” Joked another.   
    
“LEAVE ME ALONE!” I screamed after my head popped back up above the water so I could breathe. “GET OUT OF HERE YOU PERVERTS AND LEAVE ME BE!”   
    
There was more laughter from the boys and several made comments about my body. Obviously they had been there a while and had seen everything as I floated around the lake with my eyes closed oblivious to what was going on around me. What an IDIOT I had been!   
    
They just stood there laughing and taunting me.   
    
“I’ll tell . . .” I said threateningly, trying to bluff my way out of this.   
    
“Tell what?” the tall boy said. “That we saw you swimming in the lake naked? Go on. Tell if you want to. It will be YOU that gets into trouble. Girls aren’t supposed to be swimming naked, ya know.” His comment made all the other boys giggle all the more.   
    
Obviously I had to try another tack. “Look, you’ve had your fun. Now could you just leave me alone? Why don’t you take a walk and after I get dressed maybe we can meet up somewhere and hang out for a while. You seem like nice boys.”   
    
They obviously thought my suggestion was hysterical! “Look, we don’t care if you come out and get dressed, do we fellas?” mocked another boy. “Why should we have to take a walk? Just get dressed then we can hang out right here.”   
    
“No, thank you.” I said smugly. ”I think I’ll just stay here. You can’t hang around forever. Besides I’m in the cool water and you’re out in the hot and humid sun. I can outlast you. You’ll get sunburned for sure.”   
    
“We could always jump in and join you for a nice swim. Maybe play a nice game of Marco Polo. Hmmmm?”   
    
“You wouldn’t dare!” I snapped back.   
    
“Yeah,” Andy Simpson said. “Maybe we could all strip off and go skinny-dipping with you. That’d be fun, huh?”   
    
    
The thought of six naked boys frolicking in the water rubbing up against me and doing who knows what was not something I wanted to have happen. “IF YOU DO I’LL SCREAM!” Andy gave me an evil grin and started to take his shirt off while the others made hooting noises. “YOU KEEP YOUR CLOTHES ON ANDY SIMPSON!” Of course that comment made all the boys howl all the more.   
    
“Okay, we’ll keep our pants on and we’ll just watch you as you come out and get dressed. How’s that?”   
    
“Not just no, but HELL NO!”  I crossed my arms around my chest and pelvis and held them there for dear life just in case they could see my body through the water.   
    
“Well, if you don’t want to get dressed then maybe you don’t need these clothes.” Then turning to towards the other boys asked, “Any of you guys have a pocket knife?”   
.   
**“**You leave my clothes alone, you creep!”  I was really starting to panic as those were my only clothes I had left!! If that moron ruined them I’d have nothing else to wear and if Patrick came calling . . .” my thoughts trailed off as the gravity of what I had just said sunk in! OMG! I’d have to hide the rest of the summer!   “Why don’t you guys grow up and just leave . . . please? Don’t you have other things to do besides harassing a defenseless girl?   
    
“Not really. This is better than anything else we could be doing. How often do we get to see a naked girl up close and personal?”   
    
“Well, you’re not going to see this one so you might as well just move on.”   
    
“Oh I’m sure we will get to see you naked up close and we won’t have to do anything for that to happen either, right guys?”   
    
The boys all nodded their heads and another said, “I think it’s almost time, don’t you?”   
    
“What do you mean almost time?”   
    
ANDY arrogantly put my clothes back down on my favorite rock and they all stepped away. “It shouldn’t be long.” With that, I saw all the boys reach into their pockets and take out their cell phones pointing them at me. I started to get really nervous. What was he up to? I wondered.   
    
He was just bluffing, I thought to myself. Well, two can play at this game. “Go ahead and wait all you want. I’m staying put.”    
    
“Suit yourself.” Andy replied almost nonchalantly.   
    
I continued to crouch in the water as the boys all began looking around the lake, almost as if they were ignoring me and were searching the shore. “What are you playing at?” I finally asked, my curiosity getting the best of me.   
    
“You’re new around here so you don’t know.”   
    
“Know what?”   
    
Andy smiled and said, “Well, you’ve seen us swimming here before. We know you have. Did you ever wonder why we only stay a little while then leave?”   
    
“Um . . . no, it never crossed my mind. I could care less about your schedules.”   
    
“It’s just that about this time every day the snakes come out of the tress over there and drop into the lake. I sure wouldn’t want to be in there when that happens.”   
    
“SNAKES?!!!!” I screamed as I looked around in a panic. “There aren’t any snakes out here . . . are there?”   
    
“THERE’S ONE NOW! BEHIND YOU” another boy said excitedly as he pointed over my shoulder. “I SEE ONE TOO,” a third boy chimed in.   
    
“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” I yelled in a panic as I literally ran for shore. Naked or not I wasn’t about to swim with snakes. I HATE snakes!!!   
    
The boys were all hooting and hollering as I reached the shore and every single one of them were taking my picture. I ran for the rock and was just about to pick up my clothes when Andy snatched them away before I could get to them.  I chased him and a game of keep-away ensued. I ran this way and he ran that way. He taunted me with my stuff waving it teasingly in my face just out of reach. Meanwhile all the other boys were taking pictures and holding their phones close to my most intimate of places and making movies. Every time I lunged for my shirt I knew my boobs were flying wildly which made the other boys all joke about it.   
    
“Look at her tits!”   
    
“What a cute butt she has! Gotta get a picture of that!”   
    
I fell right into their trap and the more I chased Andy the more opportunities I was making for humiliating pictures. I decided to just drop to my knees and cover myself as best I could.   
    
Realizing that his fun was over and I wasn’t going to play his game anymore, Andy waved the others to him. “See you later, sucker!” he yelled as the boys all scattered leaving me naked watching my only set of clothes disappearing in that creep’s hand!!   
    
“Great! Just Great!” I scolded myself.  I very carefully looked around at the water for several minutes and seeing absolutely nothing I cursed my stupidity again, “There aren’t any snakes in that lake! They tricked me!” Never underestimate the creativity of a bunch of horny boys. “Now what am I going to do?”  Unfortunately there was only one thing left to do. I had to go back to the farm. I had no idea what I was going to tell Granny. Maybe she’d be in one of her confusion-fogs and not notice. I could only hope.   
    
The walk back was humiliating. How could I have been such an idiot?   
    
I was so depressed that when I reached the farm I just walked into the house as if there was nothing the matter. I didn’t care. There was nothing I could do about it anyway.  “Lose something again, dearie?” Granny asked with a wry smile.   
    
“It’s a long story,” I sighed and just kept walking to my room. Mercifully she never even asked anything else.   
    
The next morning I slept in. I just didn’t feel like doing anything. I just sulked, moping about in my bed. The most depressing thing was that in two days it was going to be the 21st and I STILL had no idea what was going on. Part of me was convinced that there was something weird taking place in this town and I was in the middle of it and another part of me, the skeptical part, thought that maybe it was just all in my imagination. It was so frustrating!! Before long I heard Granny coming down the hall heading towards my room.  That’s all I needed was for her to prod me into doing the gardening again.   
    
Instead she poked her through my doorway and said, “Friend of yours at the door . . . found your lost stuff.” She gave me another wry, knowing smile and left without saying another word.   
    
Oh whoop-de-doo. Andy decided to humiliate me some more by bringing my clothes back in front of my Granny, the clothes THAT HE STOLE! Well I had some news for him!  I grabbed the sheet off my bed, wrapped it around me and hurried down the hallway.   
    
“You know, this is getting to be a habit,” the voice at the door said.   
    
“PATRICK!!!!!”   
    
He laughed as he handed me my clothes.   
    
“Don’t ask.” I said anticipating his next question. I then leaned in through the door next to his ear and whispered, “Listen, do me a favor, wait a few seconds and ask me into town for breakfast.”   
    
“What? I don’t have any money with me,” he whispered back.   
    
“Don’t worry about it. Just ASK me, okay? I need to talk with you. It’s important but I can’t do it here. Say it loud enough for Granny to hear?”   
    
“But . . .”   
    
“JUST DO IT!”   
    
“Alright, alright.” He said a bit put out.  He waited several moments as I stood there pretending to be talking with him. He then spoke out in a loud voice, “Say Katie, I was wondering could I treat you to breakfast in town?” 

**Chapter 14**

   
“Why I’d LOVE to go to Breakfast with you, Patrick,” I said in my most convincing voice loud enough for Granny to hear.   
    
“Hold on there,” Granny yelled from the kitchen. “I’ve got breakfast cooking.”   
    
“But Granny,” I pleaded, “I eat breakfast with you every day. It’s not often I get to eat out.”   
    
Granny came into the room wiping her hands on her apron. She looked at me wrapped in my sheet, then glanced at Patrick and then gave me a wry smile. “You payin’ boy?”   
    
“Yes ma’am.”   
    
Granny appeared to mull it over for a few minutes then said, “Okay, dearie, you can go but the sheet stays here.”   
    
My mouth dropped open and I was shocked at what I thought she was implying. She couldn’t have meant she wanted me to go naked like I did at the dinner party!! She just COULDN’T have meant that! We all stood speechless for several moments before I started to panic. Patrick’s face told me that he was keenly aware that I was naked under the sheet and had a look of both shock and delight. My Grandmother had that serious deadpan expression she always had making it impossible to tell what she was thinking. “Granny, I can’t go into town . . .”   
    
“It’s a good thing you bought her clothes back young man.” Granny said with a huge grin and a playful wink. Then she returned to the kitchen. I couldn’t believe what had just happened. Was Granny just testing me, I wondered?  Would she have let me go wearing absolutely nothing if I had just given her back her precious bed sheet?! As crazy as that sounds, I wasn’t sure. In fact, I wasn’t sure of anything anymore which is why I desperately needed to talk to Patrick.   
    
I excused myself and ran back to my bedroom, changed into my only set of clothes and quickly headed out the door with my reluctant breakfast date. As soon as we were out of earshot and walking down the now familiar dirt road, Patrick exploded. “Care to tell me what that was all about? I don’t mind going out with you but I should at least be the one to ask, don’t you think?”   
    
“I’m sorry. I really am. I just couldn’t explain with Granny nearby. I have to talk with you. It’s really important. Let’s find a shady place further up the road and I’ll explain everything.” Patrick, bless his heart, was a trusting soul and didn’t push the issue further. I was really beginning to fall for this guy in a big way. The more I had a chance to see how he handled himself in stressful situations the more I admired his character. From my experience the boys I knew seldom displayed much of that back at school. Of course, it didn’t hurt that he was like majorly cute, either.   
    
To my surprise, Patrick took hold of my hand as we walked along, which made my heart flutter a bit. This was the second time I had a boy holding my hand and it made me feel very special. We were almost to town when I spotted a nice place off the road a ways with several downed tree trunks that we could sit on. I pointed to the spot and said, “That place looks nice. Let’s talk over there.”   
    
“So what’s this all about?” he asked before we even sat down.   
    
“Remember the other day when you took me out for an ice cream soda and we talked about how people here were always calling you Kenny and everybody was calling me Katie?”   
    
“Yeah, so?”   
    
“Well, after you took me home, Granny wasn’t around so I began looking for my suitcase . . .”   
    
“Suitcase? Why are you leaving?”   
    
“No, no, never mind. It’s a long story . . . anyway I was looking through Granny’s Cedar chest and I found this book with a wooden cover that said, ‘The Book of Katie’ on the front. When I looked inside I found a bunch of photographs of little girls about 7 or 8 years old and underneath each picture was the inscription, ‘Katie.’   
    
“Well that’s it then. Your Granny has officially lost her marbles. She just a confused old lady who thinks every girl in town is named Katie. You said she was suffering from Old-Timer’s disease, didn’t you? So what’s the big deal?”   
    
“That’s what I thought at first; then I looked closer at the pictures. The big deal is that ALL of the girls were wearing the same straw hat that I was wearing at Miss Amy’s dinner party the other day.”   
    
All the color ran out of Patrick’s face and he got this blank look as he stared off into the distance.   
    
“Patrick, did you hear me? I said they all were wearing the same straw hat.”  He just sat there quietly like he was in a stupor or something. “Patrick?  PATRICK? Are you listening to me?” It was like he had fallen asleep. Surely he wasn’t bored with me already, was he? “PATRICK,” I yelled as I poked his arm forcefully.   
    
“Um . . . sorry . . . did you say STRAW hats?”   
    
“Yes, so you WERE listening after all.”   
    
“Did they have a blue ribbon above the brim?”   
    
“Yes – a blue ribbon around it and two long tails that hung down in the back. Hey!  I thought you said you didn’t see me at Miss Amy’s. How did you know about the ribbon?”   
    
“I didn’t. It’s just that . . . well . . . yesterday, Danny’s mother brought one over for me to wear on the 21st and it had a blue ribbon around it. I told my mom that I thought it was stupid but she and Danny’s mom told me that it was very ‘country-looking’ and that I’d blend in. Mom insisted that I was going to wear it.”   
    
“GOSH!  That’s spooky.”   
    
“Maybe, but it still could just be a coincidence.”   
    
“A coincidence?!” I exclaimed. “You call the two of us getting the same straw hats just like those girls in the Book of Katie and then everybody in town calling us by the wrong names – even by people we don’t know, all treating us like they’ve known us all their lives . . . you call THAT a COINCIDENCE?”   
    
“Well . . . . Okay, it’s spooky.”   
    
I laughed as he was obviously tickled at my logic. “So did you figure out anything more about what’s supposed to be happening on the 21st? I think whatever it is the two of us are right in the middle of it.”   
    
“Of what?”   
    
“Of whatever ‘IT’ is.”   
    
We sat in silence as we both tried to figure things out. I was very grateful for Patrick supporting me. At least I wasn’t alone in this – that somebody else was as confused as I was. Somehow that reassured me that I wasn’t going wacko.   
    
Then that scary tingling sensation began running up my spine again as I had a terrible thought. “Hey, Patrick . . .” I said nervously breaking the silence. “I’m curious about something. How did you find my clothes – both times actually? I mean Andy Simpson just stole them from me yesterday and here you show up at my door early this morning with them in your hands. That’s seems odd to me that you would just stumble across them both times accidentally. Tell me the truth. Are you in on this somehow?”   
    
Patrick took hold of my hand and looked directly in my eyes and said, “Honestly, Anna, I really have no idea what’s going on here. I’m as in the dark as you are. Please believe me. I like you way too much to do anything to jeopardize our friendship – HONEST! I’m really telling you the truth.”   
    
My womanly intuition was beginning to send out alarm bells in my head. This boy was beginning to look like all the others I knew back home and I really didn’t want that to be the case.  I really had a major crush on him. He just COULDN’T be such a jerk. I just had to find out if he was lying. “So, if that’s true. Old Buddy, how DID you find my clothes? And . . . how did you know that they were even mine the first time you brought them to me? If you had found them totally by accident they could have belonged to anybody and being new in town for such a short time you would have had no idea where to even begin looking if you weren’t somehow involved. Answer me that if you can.”   
    
Patrick didn’t miss a beat. “That’s easy to answer. Danny told me where to look and who they belonged to.”   
    
“WHAT??!!”   
    
“Yeah, that’s right. The first time she told me she was when she was with her mom when they came over to visit. And then yesterday she stopped by for just a second and told me you had your clothes stolen and told me where to find them. She said she knew I liked you and that I could get in good with you if I went out of my way and brought them back to you this morning. So, I did. They were right where she said they be too. Her directions were pretty easy to follow.”   
    
I couldn’t believe my ears!! DANNY? Danny was in on this? I firmly grabbed ahold of both his shoulders and asked, “Are you sure? I mean, how can I trust you? You’re probably just saying this to keep from getting in trouble.”   
    
“No I’m not. I can prove I’m telling you the truth.” He then began digging into the front pocket of his jeans and pulled out a piece of wadded up paper. ”Here,” he said as he handed the paper to me. “This is the note from Danny with the directions on how to find your stuff. I used it this morning to get to where they were left.”   
    
I hurriedly opened the paper and sure enough it had very simplified directions written in a girl’s handwriting. “OH THAT DOES IT!” I snapped as I grabbed his hand and pulled him to his feet and began scurrying down the road literally dragging him along.      
    
“Hey! Where are we going/”   
    
“To see Danny! Oh she’s in sooooooo much trouble.” 

**Chapter 15**   
   
It no time at all we were in town. I knew where Danny lived because she had pointed out her place as we went through town the night of Miss Amy’s dinner party. She lived in an apartment on top of one of the businesses off Main Street.   
    
No sooner had we reached the outside wooden stairs on the side of the business that led up to Danny’s place, Danny’s mother came out of the second-floor door and stood on the wooden landing searching through her purse for her keys.   
    
“Hi, Ms. Maddie” I said pleasantly.”   
    
“Oh hi Katie, doing a little shopping in town?” she asked as she continued fumbling through her purse.   
    
“No, actually we came to see your daughter. Is she home?”   
    
“Um, yes actually. She just got up, the lazy thing. She’s in taking a shower. Would you like to wait for her?”   
    
“Yes, please . . . if that would be okay.”   
    
“No problem. I’m sure she’d be glad to see you. You two just go on up and wait in the living room. I’m sure she’ll be through shortly. I really have to get going. I’m late as it is. I’m supposed to be meeting someone. Sorry I can’t stay and chat.” She said as she scurried down the stairs. “The door is open; saves me from finding that stupid house key. Someday I’m really going to have to clean out my purse. Just make yourself at home.” With that she left the stairs and headed off down the street.   
    
“Well?“ I said to Patrick as he just stood there. “Let’s go.”   
.   
“Maybe we should wait until she’s through with her shower. She might not like it if we . . .”   
    
I gave him my most wicked grin and replied, “That’s just what I want . . . besides we HAVE permission, remember?” I grabbed him by the hand and headed up the stairs. Once inside I could hear the water running in the bathroom. Good, I thought to myself, she’s still in the shower.   
    
I turned to Patrick who was closing the front door and told him to leave it open.   
    
“Listen. If you really are my friend and like me as much as you say you do, I need you to back me up here.”   
  
“What . . . what are you going to do?”   
    
“Just back me up, okay. All you have to go is go along with whatever I say and don’t wimp out on me. Can you do that?”   
    
“Anna, this doesn’t sound like a good idea . . . I mean . . .”   
    
“Fine, be that way. Just march your sorry butt outside that door and never call on me again.”   
    
“But, Anna . . .”   
    
“Listen, Danny obviously holds the clue to whatever is going on around here. Anyway, what’s wrong with you? Don’t you want to see another girl naked?”   
    
Patrick got a huge smile on his face, “Well, since you put it that way . . . I’m in.”   
    
I carefully went to the bathroom and opened the door just a crack and sure enough there was Danny washing her arms. OMG she was beautiful!! I had no idea she looked that good under all those baggy clothes she was always wearing. I silently held up one finger in the air to Patrick as if I was counting, then two, then THREE!   
    
At the count of three, we both burst loudly into the room. Danny immediately spotted both of us and screamed. She dropped the bar of soap that was in her hand and used her arms to try and cover her body. “GET OUT OF HERE!” she snapped loudly. She was so cute all cowering in the shower trying to hide her nudity as the water cascaded all over her. “PATRICK, GET OUT OF HERE!!! KATIE HOW COULD YOU!!! AAAAHHHhhhhh, STOP LOOKING AT ME!!!!”   
    
I just laughed and grabbed her hand and yanked her out of the shower and dragged her into the living room still dripping wet. She couldn’t put up much of a resistance as she was desperately trying to keep her best bits covered.   
    
Danny was still in shock as she stood in her living room dripping water on her carpeted floor. “CLOSE THAT FICKEN DOOR!” she yelled at Patrick who just smiled and stood his ground.   
.   
“What’s the matter Danny? Afraid people will see you naked? Now you know how I felt the other night at Miss Amy’s.”   
    
Patrick gave me a puzzled look as he had no idea what I was talking about. I didn’t bother to explain and just let his mind fill in the blanks.   
    
“LET ME GO!” she pleaded as I held her fast.   
    
“Not so fast, you little conniving tramp, so you knew all about where to find my clothes, eh? Did you send Andy Simpson to torment me too? Oh, I’ll let you go as soon as you tell me what’s going on. Why are you doing this to me?”   
    
“I don’t know what you are talking about?”   
    
“You DON’T? I think you are lying. Maybe we should just throw your naked little ‘self’ outside in the street. Maybe that will help you think clearly.”   
    
“You have no idea what you are dealing with. Don’t you see I CAN’T tell you! Trust me. You’ll thank me for this someday.”   
    
“THANK you? For what?”   
    
“Look, I told you at Miss Amy’s that you had best not upset Grandma Ruth, didn’t I?”   
    
“You leave my Granny out of this. She’s a sweet old lady. Don’t try and pin the blame on her. SHE didn’t write this note – YOU did.” I then held up the paper Patrick had given me and all the color ran out of her face as she looked at my friend as if she had been betrayed. “I KNOW you know more than you are letting on. In fact, I think YOU are the cause of all this. So unless you want to end up outside naked in front of the whole town, you had better start talking.”   
    
“I can’t. Please, you gotta believe me. I just CAN’T.”   
    
“Perhaps you need a little taste of what it feels like to have people staring at you,” I said as I quickly got behind Danny holding her arms and turning her to face Patrick. “What do you think of her body, my friend,” I said as I pulled her arms away from her front exposing her completely to him. I could literally feel her blushing. I could even see her earlobes turning bright red in embarrassment!   
    
“WOW!!! She’s hot!”   
    
“HEY!” I shouted, “Hotter than me??”   
    
“Ahem, no . . . but she’s a close second!” He said trying to dig himself out of the hole he had just dug for himself.   
    
I laughed at his playful response and then whispered in Danny’s ear, “So, how does it feel having this boy look at ALL your secret charms? Embarrassing, isn’t it?”   
    
My question obviously made her mad as she began struggling in earnest to get away. I was determined not to let that happen and somehow was able to hang on.   
    
  
Now START TALKING. Tell us what is happening on the 21st.”   
    
Danny went limp as if my question surprised her. “If you know enough about the 21st to ask about it, then you know all there is to know.”   
    
“That’s just it, We DON’T know. It’s only 2 days away!”   
    
“Well, then, you don’t have long to wait then do you?”   
    
That did it. She was really making me MAD now. “Fine, you want to play games, let’s play shove the naked girl out the door!” I started pushing Danny towards the open door but she struggled valiantly and kept me from making much progress. The sounds of passing cars and passersby talking down below could be heard easily through the open door making it painfully clear to all of us that once Danny was indeed out the door she was going to be seen.   
    
“Are you sure you don’t want to talk?” I asked trying to distract her from the fact that I wasn’t succeeding in getting her out of the apartment.   
    
“I CAN’T. Please, for your own best interest, LEAVE THINGS BE!”   
    
“Patrick, help me!” I shouted causing his eyes to get as big as silver dollars.   
    
“You keep your hands off me, you pervert!”   
    
I have to admit Patrick was a sport and didn’t let me down. The gentleman in him came shining through though as he didn’t touch Danny at all. He did however get behind me and threw his own weight into pushing me, which in turn overpowered Danny’s attempt at staying inside.   
    
In just a few seconds she was outside naked on the second story platform outside her door making her clearly visible to the street below. Her instinctive, but muffled scream caught the attention of several people on the sidewalk below and they all stopped and stared, laughing at her predicament. Of course I still held her arms behind her back so she hid nothing to the curious crowd below.   
    
“TALK!” I whispered sternly into her ear, “or else we are going for a little walk, understand?”   
    
Just then Danny exclaimed, “UH OH.”   
    
I looked over Danny’s shoulder and to my horror there were Granny and Ms. Maddie heading right towards the stairs we were standing on. They had seen us!   
    
  
**Chapter 16**   
   
I could feel Danny trembling all over in fright as she watched my Grandmother approach the stairs. She was more nervous now than she had been after I shoved her out the door naked. “Oh gawd, we’re screwed!” she mumbled under her breath. “Your Grandmother will kill me!”   
    
Granny stopped at the bottom of the stairs and sternly looked us over for several moments as we just stood there not knowing what to do. “Just what are you kids up to?”   
    
Ms. Maddie just looked at her naked daughter with surprised disappointment. “Go on, answer her,” Danny’s mom demanded. “Just what ARE you doing out here without any clothes?”   
    
I just knew she was going to toss me under the bus and tell her mom what I had done. There was nothing left for me to do. I had to face it. I had done a terrible thing and now I was going to suffer the consequences of my hasty decision. I was about to speak up and explain things when Danny shocked the heck out of me by saying, “We were just horsing around, that’s all. It was all my fault.”   
    
“Oh REALLY?” her mother said in disbelief.   
    
“Yes . . . um . . . I just wanted to see what it was like for Katie at the dinner party the other night and . . . well . . . we got to playing around and before we knew it I was outside and then you came up and . . . Awkward, I know. Sorry. We didn’t mean any harm, honest.”   
    
I couldn’t believe what I was hearing! Why was she doing this? Danny could have easily just told the truth and she would have been off the hook. Instead she was protecting me. WHY?! Could it be that she was really protecting herself from what she did to me with Andy Simpson? Maybe this was just the lessor of two evils and she figured this was the easiest way out. Perhaps if she had let me tell what REALLY happened, she would have had to explain everything else that she had been up to and had done to me which would have much worse. That made sense. I was right after all – Danny was behind all of this nonsense from the very beginning. Suddenly I didn’t feel sorry for her anymore.   
    
Granny looked at Ms. Maddie and then back up at us. “So, the three of you weren’t doing anything immoral, you were jealous of Katie and wanted to see what it was like. Is that what you are saying, Danny?”   
    
  
Danny hesitated, looked at her mother and then with her voice quivering a bit replied, “Yes ma’am.”   
    
Granny rubbed her chin. “I see. If what you say is true . . .” she then paused for dramatic effect before continuing with a devious smile, “Well, I can help you with that. If you want to get the full experience, why don’t you go over to Hansen’s Drug Store and pick up my prescription for me. I was meaning to do that this morning while we were out but you can save me the trouble.”   
    
Danny let out an audible gasp! “You mean now? Like this?!”   
    
“Of course, sweetie? That IS what you wanted isn’t it – to see what it felt like to be Katie. Well now is your chance to find out. It’s just across the street.”   
    
Danny was noticeably shaking and her breathing was very profound, almost like a panting dog in the hot summer’s heat. In desperation she pleaded, “Mom . . . ?” hoping that she would be the voice of reason and put a stop to this incredible idea.   
    
Her mom was apparently not in the mood to intervene. “Don’t look at me, kiddo. You got yourself into this mess. I think it’s a WONDERFUL idea. It might teach you a lesson.”   
    
“But MOM!”   
    
“Hurry back.”   
    
Patrick cleared his throat and said, “I think I need to be going now.”   
    
Granny laughed. “Are you sure you don’t want to know what it feels like to be Katie too. I’m sure Danny would LOVE some company.”   
    
“NO!” he snapped back quickly. “That is, I have enough trouble just trying to be me.”   
    
“Suit yourself, but I still want you two to go with Danny. I’m sure this has as much to do with the two of you as it does her. See to it she doesn’t get into trouble or dawdle along the way, won’t you?”   
    
Danny looked terrified and stood frozen in place. “Mom . . . please . . .”   
    
Then something happened that took me totally by surprise. My Grandmother, who up to now had been talking in a sweet, sugary voice as if she was just teasing us to make a point, yelled at the top of her lungs, “MOVE IT . . . NOW!” Her eyes were small and beady as she sternly pointed her finger across the street in the direction of Hansen’s Drug Store.   
    
He voice was angry and full of venom. Even I was scared. Her demeanor and commanding presence left little doubt about who was in charge. CRAP! Maybe Danny was right after all. My Granny wasn’t someone to cross.   
    
Danny’s legs were shaking as she slowly took step after step down the staircase, desperately looking this way and that up and down the street to see who was about. I stayed close behind to offer at least a little cover for her backside. Patrick was right behind me with his hand on my shoulder.  
    
When we reached the bottom of the stairs, Granny, back in her sugary-sweet voice said, “If any one gives you a hard time, just tell them I sent you.” Then, giving Danny’s cheek a pinch added, “Oh, you are so CUTE! Have fun and look both ways before crossing the street.”   
    
Like a condemned prisoner, Danny apprehensively plodded on. Patrick did the decent thing and got onto her left side in an attempt to at least partially shield her naked body from prying eyes. Fortunately it was still early enough in the morning that traffic was light. Many of the shops had not yet opened; a fact that most likely figured in Granny’s decision to insist she make this humiliating trek.   
    
When we were in the middle of the street, a voice called out, “Hey Katie!” I waved back at the young girl not having any idea who she was. Soon another girl called out her greeting, “Hi Katie!” I meekly answered back, “Hi.” even though I didn’t know that person either.   
    
Danny just sighed, “Shut up you idiot. They’re talking to me.” I was about to ask her what she meant when she added curtly, “You have no idea what a friend I really am! No idea at all!”   
    
“What?”   
    
“Never mind,” she said a bit put out, “You’ll find out for yourself soon enough.”   
    
Was she giving me a clue or was she just playing the role of a martyr since she got caught.   
    
Upon entering Hansen’s Drug Store, the old lady at the counter frowned as she spotted Danny and her lack of clothes. “Just what do you think you are doing? This is a respectable business. Get out of here before I call the cops.” She clearly was in no mood to tolerate such foolishness.   
    
I was scared to death and could only imagine what Danny must have been feeling at that moment. Fortunately Patrick spoke up, “Miss Ruth sent us over here to pick up her prescription. If you let my friend here wait inside I’ll go back and get it and we’ll be on our way. We don’t wish to cause any trouble.”   
    
The lady’s disapproving expression reluctantly changed. “Miss Ruth? Well, why didn’t you say so? Go on back and get want she needs.” The lady’s words may have sounded like she was being supportive but the tone in her voice was strained. She obviously was only tolerating us for some reason.   
Patrick started for the back when the lady spoke to Danny, “You go on as well. No need to stand in front of the store window like that.”   
    
Yes, ma’am,” Danny replied with her shaky voice.   
    
As we walked down the aisle headed for the pharmacy in the back of the store we had to pass the lunch counter. Danny gasped as she spotted Andy Simpson and two of his friends eating breakfast.   
    
“Well, well, what do we have here? Danny? Where are your clothes?”   
    
His comment made the other two boys chuckle teasingly.   
    
“Shut up, Andy. Just shut up!”   
    
He laughed and was about to say something stupid when I grabbed his shirt and pulled his face close to mine. “DON’T SAY ANOTHER WORD. She may not be able to do anything to you, but I sure can. I’m pissed at you for what you did to me the other day. Don’t think for a minute that this is over, cause it ain’t!” I shoved him back in his chair to a chorus of “oooooooooh’s” from his buddies.   
    
Danny’s face was as red as a tomato and her nipples were about as pointy as any I had ever seen before. Clearly she was not only embarrassed but a bit aroused as well – just like I had been at Miss Amy’s. If she had ever really wanted to know what it felt like being me, I was sure she now understood quite accurately after seeing her blushing and how perky her nips were.,   
    
Patrick explained to the man at the pharmacy that we needed to pick up my Granny’s prescription and after looking Danny over VERY thoroughly he turned and went back into the shelves and began searching for it. All the while Danny had to endure the stares and jeers of her classmates. It was bad enough being naked at a dinner party of mostly adults. I couldn’t imagine what it must be like to walk into a store in the middle of the town completely naked and be seen by your classmates – people that you would have to see every day. That would be too humiliating to even think about!   
The man returned with a small white bag and said, “That’ll be $64.38, please.”   
    
“Oh . . . ah . . . I don’t have any money.”   
    
“Gee, mister,” I pleaded trying to sound pitiful, “My Granny didn’t give us any to pay for this.”   
    
The man looked at Danny giggling, “And I suppose she doesn’t have any on her, either, eh?”   
    
Danny just wrinkled up her nose at him in disgust. “Yeah, I keep all my money in my pubic hair.”   
    
I saw the man’s eyes immediately drop to look at her pelvis when she said that. “Cute. No money then. That’s what I thought,” he said smiling from ear to ear as he handed the bag to Patrick. “Just tell Miss Ruth I’ll put it on her account.”   
    
Patrick thanked the man and we headed back down the aisle. “Nice buns,” Andy quipped as we left hearing, not only the boys, but the man at the counter laughing heartily as well.   
    
    
**Chapter 17**   
    
Once outside the Drug Store we had to wait for some traffic to pass. One guy honked his horn as he went past yelling, “Hi Katie!” which made us all jump.   
    
As we started to cross the street Danny suddenly dropped and curled up into a ball right in the middle of the road and refused to budge! “Danny, what’s wrong?” I asked not understanding why she had suddenly gone all terrified.   
    
“That’s Tommy Cooper over there on the sidewalk – the captain of the football team! He’s been trying to get into my panties all last year, the pompous creep! All I did was taunt him that he could only dream about my body as he would never, ever see it. CRAP! If he sees me naked like this I’ll NEVER live this down.”   
    
“Has he spotted you yet?” Patrick asked.   
    
“Not yet. He’s talking to those boys over there. I don’t think he’s noticed me.”   
    
“Well he sure as heck will if you stay in the road like this.” I said.   
    
Once again my hero came to the rescue. “Give me a sec and I’ll run over there and get him to turn around to talk with me. I’ll brag on all the things I’ve heard about his football talent which should give you time to make a run for it.” With that he ran across the street and sure enough he expertly maneuvered Tommy to face even farther away from the street and began chatting with him.   
    
“NOW!” I whispered as I grabbed Danny’s hand and we started running towards her apartment.   
    
We were almost to the sidewalk in front of her place when we heard someone behind us shout “HEY!! LOOK AT THAT NAKED GIRL!!”   
    
All the boys, including Tommy turned around and saw us. He then started jogging to where we were. “DANNY!!” Tommy yelled as he headed towards us. “I DON’T BELIEVE IT!! And you said I’d never see that hot bod of yours.” He was laughing his fool head off.   
    
Danny didn’t hang around to chat. She made a mad dash for her stairs and began climbing them two at a time! In a flash she was inside her door and slammed it shut. I casually walked up her steps as this Tommy guy said to me, “Hey girlfriend, tell Danny she has a nice tuna, okay?”   
    
I wasn’t going to tell her any such thing. She had been humiliated enough for one day. Patrick joined us a few moments later with Granny’s pills.   
    
Granny seemed pleased with herself as Danny just headed toward her room to sulk. Neither Ms. Maddie nor my Granny asked about our trip and I certainly wasn’t going to volunteer anything. I wasn’t sure that Danny would welcome my presence either so I stayed with Granny. After the women visited for a while longer, Danny’s mom took us back to the farm.   
    
The next day I spent outside doing that stupid garden weeding. To my surprise, Granny never asked me about my breakfast date or how I ended up at Danny’s place. I was glad. I was deathly afraid of what I might have said or worse, what I might have learned. Was Granny really a tyrant like Danny seemed to think or was Danny just caught in her own web of deceit and was taught a valuable lesson? I didn’t know. I DID know, however, that Patrick got a straw hat to wear on the 21st. What was that all about?   
    
One thing was for sure, I’d find out tomorrow as that was the 21st of June. Granny hadn’t said a thing to me about any special plans for tomorrow nor did I detect that she was making any special arrangements. Everything seemed as usual, which was what was troubling me. Patrick knew about that day and he too was confused. He was SURE something was going on. Try as I might, none of this was making any sense to me.   
    
That night I tossed and turned all night getting very little sleep. All I could think about was the events of my trip so far and worry about what might be happening the next day.   
    
It seemed like I had no sooner fallen asleep than I was awakened by Granny knocking at my door. “Time to get up, dearie” I heard her say through the closed door.   
    
I looked over at my wind-up alarm clock and it said 4:45am! “Granny, I’m too tired to milk the cow this morning. Can’t you do it just this once?”   
    
I heard her laughing as she opened my door. “Dearie, I’ve already done that and a bunch of other chores too. No, today is a SPECIAL day and we need to get you up and fed.”   
    
The words “Special day” shot through my brain like a knife through hot butter! OMG! TODAY IS THE 21ST. I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. “Granny, what’s so special about today that I have to get up and get ready so early?” I asked cautiously.   
    
“Oh, you’ll see soon enough. It’s a surprise! I’m sure you’ll like it. Everybody does! Now go and get your bath – as we will be in town for most of the day. Then after you are dressed come into the kitchen and I’ll have a great breakfast for you.”   
    
“But Granny . . .” I said as she ignored me and went to the kitchen.   
    
I took my time bathing and doing my hair. As hot as it had been yesterday weeding the garden, I felt particularly grungy and a getting washed up made me feel a whole lot better. As I looked at my clothes – the same tired almost worn out clothes I had been wearing for days the thought occurred to me how lucky I was to at least have these. If it hadn’t been for my hero, Patrick, I would have been in quite a pickle. Whatever was happening in town today, at least I was dressed thanks to my . . . boyfriend. Yes, I actually was thinking of him as “my boyfriend.” I liked that.   
    
Entering the kitchen I was a bit surprised to see Granny all dressed up again – really dressed up with make-up and everything. The only other time I had seen her that way was at . . . Miss Amy’s! Just then a wave of doom crept over me. Why did I have to make that association, I wondered?   
    
As I finished breakfast, I heard a car pulling up outside. “Oh that’ll be our ride into town. Best hurry up and finish, dearie. I don’t want to keep them waiting,” Granny said as she went to the door.   
    
I put my plate into the sink as my stomach was too excited to eat anything much. When I went outside I saw that our ride was Miss Maddie. She had brought her daughter Danny along as well. Granny got into the car and sat in the front seat leaving me to sit with Danny in the back. I was a little apprehensive about getting in the car with her as I wasn’t sure if she was mad at me or not after yesterday.   
    
I needn’t have worried. As I climbed in the car Danny was all smiles. She seemed upbeat and quite happy. I quietly apologized to her for the previous day but she wouldn’t hear of it. As far as she was concerned she was my best friend. On the drive she asked me if I had kissed Patrick yet. I just blushed and said something stupid like a girl wasn’t supposed to kiss and tell. She laughed at that and I felt much better about things realizing that I didn’t have to look over my shoulder worrying if she was for me or against me.   
    
Still . . . I had this nagging uneasiness about what was going on. What was happening in town that made Granny get all dressed up? Why was “whatever this was” such a secret?   
    
We drove through town as it was just getting daylight, the sun not having risen yet from over the horizon. There was a bit of morning fog but not enough to hide the fact that there were men on ladders putting up bunting on all the streetlights. There were flowers too in the window boxes of all the businesses along Main Street. Several people were using brooms on the sidewalks as if the town was cleaning up for something important.   
    
I was about to ask Granny what was going on when we pulled into Miss Amy’s house. My heart skipped a beat seeing that place again. All I could think of was walking around naked in her home! I tried to comfort my fears by telling myself that at least on this trip I was wearing clothes!!   
    
Everyone piled out of the car and we were greeted by Miss Amy who seemed genuinely excited that we were there. Once inside everyone made small talk for a few minutes talking about what a great day this was going to be and that the weather promised to be perfect! Granny received numerous compliments on her dress. Then Miss Amy came over and asked if I was excited about being there today.   
    
“I’m a bit nervous, actually” I confessed. “I don’t really know what . . .”   
    
I was interrupted by Granny who came over saying, “Enough of this small talk, we’ve got to get you ready, dearie.”   
    
“Ready? Ready for what?” I asked with my voice shaking from fear.   
    
“For the Parade, silly,” Miss Amy said with a warm and comforting smile.   
    
“Parade? What parade?”   
    
“The Summer Solstice Parade.”   
    
The Summer sols what parade?” Everyone laughed at my naiveté, especially Danny.   
    
Miss Amy explained, “The Summer Solstice. Today is the first official day of summer and every year we celebrate the arrival of this season with a big parade. People come from all over, miles away actually, just to partake of the festivities. They’ll be hundreds, maybe even a thousand or more people all having a good time!”   
    
“Wow that sounds like fun!” I said eagerly, “I like watching parades.” Once again Danny began giggling at my answer.   
    
“So, let’s get you ready, dearie,” Granny said as she began pulling at my T-shirt trying to lift it above my head.   
    
“HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! What are you doing?”   
    
“You can’t wear these things. They’re a mess.” Granny said as she yanked off my shirt leaving me topless in front of everyone.   
    
Miss Amy put her arm around me and tried to comfort me as Granny began unzipping my shorts. “You really can’t wear these old things to the parade, Katie.”   
    
“But . . . wait . . .”   
    
For a nanosecond I thought that maybe that they had just wanted me to look a bit more dressed up as everyone else including Danny was wearing something really nice. No sooner than I was naked I saw Danny holding the straw hat with the blue ribbons!   
    
“YOU CAN’T BE SERIOUS!” I exclaimed loudly. “I’m NOT going to watch the parade NAKED!”   
    
“You most certainly are NOT,” Granny said, with a smile making my heart rate slow a bit. “You’re going to be IN the parade naked!”   
    
“WHAT!!!!!! HELL NO I’M NOT EITHER!!” Just then I heard the front door opening and someone walking inside. I instinctively covered myself afraid of whom it might be. Then I saw her.   
    
“MOM!!!! HELP ME!!!”   
    
  
**Chapter 18**   
    
I couldn’t believe it. My mom was here! Of all the people that I really needed right now it was my own mother! “Tell them, mom. These people are CRAZY!!! Look what they are doing to me!”   
    
My mother just smiled, “Calm down, sweetheart. I know all about it.”   
    
“Good! Make them stop! They want me to ride in a parade NAKED!”   
    
My mom smiled and put her arm around my shoulder and said, “Could you all just give me a moment.” They all started to leave the room as my mom took a seat in front of me.   
    
“Danny,” I yelled out, “could you please stay? I might need someone to back me up. My mom isn’t going to believe what’s been going on around here.”   
    
Danny nodded her head and returned back into the room.   
    
I couldn’t get my words out fast enough and all my thoughts came out jumbled almost in one long sentence that probably made absolutely no sense but I had to get it all out before Granny came back and tried to stop me. “Mom you’re not going to believe this but I SWEAR it’s all true. Everybody’s been calling me Katie, even people I don’t know and there’s this Book of Katies that I found and I went to a dinner party naked right here, mom! NAKED with a whole bunch of people, and the straw hat, Patrick got one too and, people stole my clothes, oh and my trunk is missing and there was this secret meeting and they voted – on what I haven’t a clue and . . .”   
    
“It’s alright, sweetheart. Honestly. I know all about it. Everything is at it should be.”   
    
“What?!”   
    
“Just relax and take a deep breath while I try and explain it to you. So you found The Book of Katie did you?”   
    
‘Yes, have you seen it?”   
    
“Yes, I’ve seen many times. Do you know who Katie is?”   
    
I scrunched up my eyebrows and shook my head, “No but there are a lot of them!”   
    
“Katie was my sister, your Aunt - the original Katie that is. She hated clothes. In fact, every summer she mostly ran around naked and went just about everywhere just the way she was born. People LOVED her and they got so used to seeing her in town that nobody seemed to mind. She brought joy to just about everybody in town and always made people smile.”   
    
“What happened to her? I never even knew I had an aunt.”   
    
“Well, that’s the sad part, she got sick and there wasn’t anything the doctors could do. She died when she was 8 years old. Everybody missed her terribly. That’s one reason I left this beautiful place as I couldn’t bear all the memories.”   
    
“Oh . . . I’m sorry mom. I didn’t know. So THAT’s why that first picture in the book sort of looked like me. She was a relative of mine.”   
    
“That’s right. The real Katie was the first picture in the book.”   
    
“So . . . who are all those other little girls? Did everyone in town name their kids after my aunt?”   
    
My mom laughed, “No sweetheart. Your Grandmother decided to do something to honor your aunt in a very special way. Shortly after your Aunt Katie died she set up a special foundation and each year she and a special committee picked a deserving girl who was happy, positive and well liked in the community and awarded them a full college scholarship plus expense money to ANY college or university they could get accepted to later on in life. She called it the Katie award.”   
    
“Oh, I see. So those girls were all scholarship winners.”   
  
  
“That’s right. And each year to get the award the winner had to be Katie in the most remembered and revered way.”   
    
“Huh?”   
    
Danny laughed, “She means they had to ride in the parade naked, just like little Katie did.”   
    
My mom scowled at Danny for a second then continued her explanation. “Yes, part of the award stipulation is that the winner had to “play” Katie during the solstice festival. It was only done with the full approval of the winner’s parents and the winner had to agree as well.”   
    
“So what about that girl you were talking about, Danny, the one that crossed Granny.”   
    
“Yeah, there was one girl who didn’t want to do it. Her parents tried and tried to convince her but she wasn’t having any of it. Later on after the girl grew up and graduated high school she couldn’t get a scholarship and her parents had no money to send her. She works at the burger joint up the road flipping burgers regretting that she didn’t accept the award.”   
    
“Yes, even though she was older now she couldn’t get the award because she refused earlier. It was her right to refuse then but she has to live with the consequences.”   
“So I’m confused. Where did Granny get all this money for scholarships? She like, lives in a dump!”   
    
“Don’t let that fool you. She’s a very wealthy woman, and also a very generous one. In fact she gives most of her money away to good causes. She doesn’t have to live like she does, she chooses to do so. Most of the people in this town wouldn’t have their businesses or homes if your grandmother hadn’t lent a helping hand. That’s one of the reasons they go along with this program. The other is to genuinely honor the memory of your aunt”   
    
“Okay, I get it. But what’s that got to do with me? I’m not 7 years old?”   
    
“No, but you are going to graduate high school next year and your grandmother is getting old. She wanted to make sure you were provided for as she is very proud of you. She wasn’t sure she would be around much longer and time was running out. The town means well but no one can say if they will be able to continue the program after she is gone so . . . she wants you to be this year’s award winner.”   
    
“ME?? A full scholarship?”   
    
Yes. It’s official. That vote you overheard was the committee approving your application.”   
    
“I didn’t submit any application.” I said totally confused.   
    
“No but I did. The committee wasn’t sure but you seemed to handle being naked at the party quite nicely. They were impressed with your innocence. THAT’S what got you your scholarship – not Granny’s political pull. The committee has to be unanimous in their voting for the award to be given.”   
    
“BUT . . . I’m too old to be Katie!”   
    
“Yes, and that caused a lot of concern, not only from the committee but from the townspeople as well. They weren’t sure if it was appropriate for someone your age to appear naked among such a crowd. So, they devised a test to see how people would react and as of last night it seems everyone agrees that it would be okay.”   
    
‘Test, what test?”   
    
Danny spoke up and explained. “Remember all those times you got yourself into situations that you found yourself under-dressed? Like when my mom helped you ride Old Smokey topless, then you surprised us all at your willingness to go and do that Lady Godiva thing.” I blushed knowing my mom was hearing that.   
    
“Skinny dipping in the lake, walking into town naked, and don’t forget the dinner party,” Danny added with glee.   
    
“You mean that was all a test?”   
    
“Yes, except YOU were the one that was supposed to walk into Hansen’s Drug Store to get your grandmother’s prescription NOT me. I took that test for you. You sort of screwed that up by your anger. I couldn’t tell you what was really going on as we were all sworn to secrecy. This had to be an honest test. If you knew about it you could affect the test results. So I HAD to take the test for you. There was no other way. See, I TOLD you I was a good friend, didn’t I?”   
    
“Yes, and you passed with flying colors,” mom reaffirmed.   
    
“But . . . what about the boys skinny-dipping?”   
    
“They were doing two things, one to help you overcome your inhibitions – it worked too as you eventually went skinny-dipping on your own. And two, to help the other winner.”   
    
“So the people in the town knew what was going on?”   
    
“Sort of,” Danny replied. “They knew that if they saw any girl in town naked that it was part of the Katie test.”   
    
“So THAT’S why everyone was calling me Katie!”   
    
Danny laughed. “Yes, and that’s why I almost slipped and gave you a hint when I told you they were talking to me, not you, when they said hi to Katie as I crossed the street naked on the way to Hansen’s.”   
    
It all made sense now. Then my spine began getting that tingle and Goosebumps appeared all over my flesh. “YOU MEAN I HAVE TO LET EVERYONE IN TOWN SEE ME NAKED?”   
    
Just then Granny entered the room. “Yes it does, IF you want the award. It’s your choice. You don’t have to do it. But, you’ve done so well so far I think you’ve got what it takes to pull it off. After all, your mother, being a single parent can’t afford to send you to college by herself and all my remaining money is tied up in trust for the foundation so I can’t just give you the cash. Besides, if you successfully do everything you are supposed to do today without backing out you will be paving the way for other teenagers to get this award in the future. You see, the town is sort of running out of little Katies.”   
    
Granny then put on the infamous straw hat on top of my head.   
    
“Wait a minute!” I said half out of breath. “You said there were TWO winners this year. Who is the other?”   
    
Granny smiled. “That’s right. There are two winners – first time ever. The committee decided that since this was a ground-breaking year using a teenage girl to be Katie, they also decided to open it up to a teenage boy this year as well. We are calling it the Kenny award, after a boy the original Katie hung out with all the time back then. Pretty clever; don’t you think?”   
    
“But that means . . . OMG!!”   
    
Just then a very embarrassed and a very naked Patrick walked into the room wearing a straw hat!! 

**Chapter 19**

   
“”PATRICK!” I exclaimed as I saw him enter the room with his mother behind him prodding him along. He was blushing and obviously quite uncomfortable. I couldn’t help myself. I HAD to giggle. He was naked except for that straw hat just like mine except that there were no trailing ribbons hanging from the back of the hat like mine. He looked so cute, all embarrassed and desperately trying to cover himself up front. When he saw me looking at him, he lowered his eyes to the floor.   
    
“Now son, there’ll none of that. Remember your agreement. You have to act proud and be of good cheer” With that his mother pulled his hands away from his groin exposing all that he had to the entire room.   
    
He was gorgeous! I wasn’t really sure why but I was mesmerized by the site of his cock. It was nice – not threatening, just . . . well . . . nice. I liked the looks of it and how it hung a bit to one side against his balls.   
    
“But mom, what if I . . . you know . . .”   
    
“Son, that’s probably going to happen at some point; it’s perfectly natural and nothing to be ashamed about. But, try not to dwell on it. If it happens just ignore it and concentrate on something else like the parade or the music.”   
    
“Or me!” I thought to myself, oh wait - that probably wouldn’t help. Suddenly I realized that I had been so busy checking out Patrick’s nudity that I forgot that I was naked as well. I quickly looked at Patrick’s eyes and sure enough he was looking me over and worse yet, he was smiling. Now, it was my turn to be embarrassed.   
    
Granny came over and handed me a clipboard with a bunch of papers on it. “What’s this?” I asked as I took the papers from her.   
    
“That’s your scholarship agreement. Your mom has already read it and signed as your guardian. Now all that is left is for you to look it over and make sure you have no problems with anything contained in it. If you agree with everything required of you, sign at the bottom on the line above your name. As you can see, the committee has already signed off on it, so once you sign the document it’s official – unless of course you fail to do what’s required. You can still back out at any time but, if you do, you forfeit your scholarship and your expense money.”   
    
The document had paragraph and paragraph of legal gobbledygook on page after page. I did see the part about me appearing in the parade naked and that I had to act as ambassador for the town in the spirit of my Aunt Katie, but the rest was all Greek to me. “Mom, Granny said that you read this mumbo-jumbo already. What do you think? Is this okay for me to sign?”   
    
“Well honey, that’s for you to decide. You should make sure you are happy with it. I have checked it out and I don’t think there’s anything legally objectionable in there if that’s what you are asking.”   
    
“Well, then, that’s good enough for me.” I took the pen and signed my name – on both copies. One was apparently for the scholarship committee and the other one I’m guessing was for my mom.   
    
Miss Amy came over and began applying some makeup to my face – eyeliner, and some mascara, stuff like that. I felt like I was some sort of fashion model or something the way everyone was doting on me. Eventually the adults all left to attend to some other details they were stressing over leaving Patrick and me alone in the room.   
    
“So when did you find out about all this?” I asked out of curiosity.   
    
Patrick was hiding himself behind a chair back as he stood in the room trying to act casual about his lack of clothes. “Mom told me last night. I about FREAKED!”   
    
“Yeah me too; I just found out a few minutes ago and I’m still trying to take it all in.” We both lingered in the room without saying much. It was awkward. I mean here was this guy I had a MAJOR crush on standing naked not two feet from me! What was worse is that I was in the same condition. It was exciting and very arousing but at the same time it felt weird – not natural somehow.   
    
“Danny told me all my troubles were part of the test to see if I’d pass for the scholarship. Were YOU tested too?” I asked carefully.   
    
“I don’t want to talk about it.”   
    
“What do you mean you don’t want to talk about it? It’s a simple yes or no question.”   
    
“Yeah, I was ‘tested’ as you say. I thought I was just absent-minded or something ending up naked all the time – like I was in the twilight zone or something. My own mom was accidentally exposing me to just about everybody! It all seemed so innocent but still I was the one who ended up naked – in the clothing store, people barging in while I was taking a shower, it was awful.”   
    
“I know what you mean. That’s how it was with me too. These people obviously have put a lot of work and planning into this whole thing. Since you here and naked I’m guessing you passed.”   
    
He just sighed.   
    
Just then Granny returned with two large capes. “Put these on,” she instructed as she handed one to each of us.   
    
“What are these for? I thought we were supposed to ride naked.”   
    
“Oh you are dearie. It’s just that we want the two of you to be a surprise to everybody. You keep these on until we get to the float and get everything ready.”   
    
This won’t be so bad, I thought as I put the cape around me. Of course it only came to just below my pelvis and I had to constantly hold it closed but at least I was covered. Granny led us out to Ms. Amy’s SUV. I was made to sit on the middle bench seat next to Patrick during the ride, our naked thighs touching each other. I was getting wetter by the minute and the worst part of it all was that there wasn’t anything I could do about it.   
    
As we rode downtown heading for the staging area I was shocked at all the people already lining the parade route! There were young, old, males, and females, in fact entire families were staking out there spots along Main Street. Just the thought of having all these people see me naked was frightening.   
    
We stopped at the back of some warehouse building. The street behind this building was a madhouse. There were all sorts of decorated cars, old tractors, floats of every kind sponsored by several local businesses, fancy dressed cowboys and cowgirls dressed in fancy Western clothing, and much to my horror, the high school marching band all decked out in their uniforms.   
    
“This is it,” Granny said excitedly, “Everybody out!”   
    
She led us over to a beautiful float at the end of this long line of floats and things. Our float was a flat trailer with a vertical back that was decorated with a HUGE image of a smiling sun. The floor was covered with a green grass-like carpet and everywhere the platform was decorated with real fresh flowers. Somebody must have gone to a lot of trouble decorating this. There was a sign over the top of the “sun” that said “Katie and Kenny – Solstice Queen and King”   
    
I jabbed Patrick with my elbow and quipped, “At least they got the pecking order right – QUEEN got first billing.”   
    
“Ha, Ha” he replied sarcastically. “I’m taller than you. People will notice me first.”   
    
“Really? Good! Maybe they will be so busy looking at your naked little self that they won’t have time to look at me before the float goes by.”   
    
“Damn! I hadn’t thought of that!”   
    
Granny got us into position on the float. I was hoping we’d at least be able to sit down to minimize our exposure but that wasn’t to be. We had to stand for the entire route right in front of the image of the sun. True, the float had a lot of decorations but they weren’t very tall and standing there next to each other our bodies would be quite obvious to those watching the parade.   
    
 Just then a man arrived wearing a dark suit. He looked really important. Granny introduced him. “Kids, this is our mayor, Adam Fullman. He’ll in the convertible in toward the front of the parade.”   
    
“Pleased to me you, Mr. Mayor,” Patrick said politely.   
    
“I’ll get right to the point,” he said seriously. “I wasn’t really for this idea of teenagers representing our fair city. Everyone had no problem with a little girl playing the part as it was innocent and cute. But this . . . well it’s a risk. Now, I’ve been assured by some of our leading citizens that you are fine upstanding people and will be great ambassadors for our town. Let’s hope so. This is really an important event for our area and of course for my administration.”   
    
It was clear this man had serious reservations about two naked teenagers appearing in the parade and I was starting to get worried. What if people reacted like that old lady in Hansen’s Drug Store? This could be a disaster. This could also be bad for Granny and her program, not to mention both Patrick and I.   
    
“Let’s show the His Honor the finished product shall we? Go ahead and give me your capes and assume the poses I told you about.” Granny said as she extended her hand.

**Chapter 20**   
   
I think it would have been much easier to disrobe if Mr. Mayor hadn’t said what he had said. Now I felt like I was doing something naughty. I looked at Patrick and he seemed to be feeling the same way as he was obviously waiting for me to make the first move!   
    
Neither of us really had a choice. It’s funny what you think of at times like these. I must have a bit of a greedy streak in me because all I could think of was getting that scholarship money. I had always dreamed of going to college but honestly I had resigned myself just like Granny had said to merely working in a store somewhere because I knew mom couldn’t afford it and I wasn’t an athlete that could get a scholarship on my own. Suddenly my whole future seemed brighter. I HAD to do this.   
    
Patrick just stood there desperately holding his cape closed looking at me like he was about to faint. “One of us has to be the strong one,” I thought to myself, so I somehow mustered up my courage and reached up and untied my cape and handed it to Granny. The cool morning air against my bare flesh caused my nipples to immediately tighten and stick out quite noticeably. Seeing me must have allowed Patrick to dig deep and find some courage of his own as he too reluctantly did the same. There we were, two naked teenagers, standing on the platform of the float against the backdrop of a hand-painted sun in a dark blue sky – two colors that I’m sure contrasted nicely with our pale and unclothed bodies.   
    
The Mayor’s eyes grew big and his mouth opened a bit as he looked us over. I just knew from the way he was reacting that he was going to kill this whole project and my scholarship as well. Not once, but TWICE he started to say something and each time he suddenly closed his mouth as if the words he was about to say were getting caught in his throat! I wanted to desperately cover myself as he was making me feel ashamed as though I was being very nasty as his discerning eyes roamed over my private parts. I mean here was the most important man in town at a loss for words which could only mean he was so upset that he was trying not to insult us or be rude. But, I could tell that’s just what he wanted to do – his eyes had that glazed-over look that said he wanted scream at us to put our clothes back on!   
    
“Miss Ruth,” he finally said as he looked away to where she was standing, “These are two very beautiful and courageous young people! My . . . has nature been kind to them both!”   
    
That wasn’t what I was expecting him to say. Now I felt even worse – like he was a pervert looking at a porn star or something. What if EVERYBODY in town after seeing us would think the same way he did? Then a little voice on the back of my head convinced me that he was in reality paying us both a very nice compliment and I should just take it that way.   
    
“Oh I DEFINITELY agree your honor! I think everyone will be well pleased with them both.”   
    
The Mayor nodded his head as he smiled at the two of us, made another thorough look and then reached up and patted my thigh as if to say, “Well done,” and then left whistling as he headed down the alley.   
    
WHEW! That was close! I was so worried about what he was going to say. After all that I had learned today about Granny though, I still wasn’t exactly sure if the Mayor was really okay with us being in the parade or if he was just doing the politically expedient thing and bowing to Grandma Ruth’s stature in the community. That nagging thought kept me on edge wondering how this was all going to play out and how the rest of the town would react.   
    
Granny then gave us some tips on how to stand and admonished us that we were not to ride the entire parade looking like stone-cold statues. She expected us to look around at the people in the crowd, smile a lot and most importantly to wave – “wave at everybody as if we were their best friends,” were her exact words.   
    
“Don’t forget to make eye contact,” she reminded us before she left to join Miss Amy. “Look directly at as many people as you can. It will make them feel special and feel more intimate with you.”   
    
More intimate?! How can I get more intimate with total strangers other than showing them all my secrets by standing naked before them?!   
    
“I’ll be watching you and following you along the parade route as will other members of the committee. Now don’t disappoint me. You just stay here and I’ll be back in a few moments before the parade is supposed to start. I have to check on a few things.” With that she disappeared around the corner taking with her our only means of covering ourselves – our capes - leaving us trapped completely naked on the float.   
    
I looked at Patrick and he was so embarrassed he could hardly look at me. Then I looked down at his penis and I understood why, it was sticking straight out away from his body as if he was half way to an erection. I felt bad for him but at the same time I was mesmerized by watching it twitch and jump; grow a little then relax. I figured he was probably trying to do as his mother had told him and think of something else so I dared not speak to him. Still, it was pretty cool to think that I might be the cause of that. That thought made me feel, well, pretty and . . . okay, I’ll say it, powerful. I had never, at least not that I knew of any way, never ever been the cause of a boy getting aroused before. Seeing him like that was doing wonders for my self-esteem!   
    
My thoughts were interrupted when several boys from the marching band came walking by the float and one of them shouted out, “SWEET DEW DROPS OF HONEY!! Would you look at that! There’s a naked girl on the float!”   
    
“Of course there is. There’s always a naked Katie-girl on the float.” Another boy said without even looking up.   
    
“NO shit, Sherlock, but this one has BOOBS!” ALL the boys then stopped dead in their tracks and stared.   
    
I wanted to crawl under a rock. So far, two groups of people have seen me as “naked Katie” and their reactions were NOT what I had been hoping for. – a sweet and innocent “Aw, how sweet!” would have been nice but not comments of shock and awe.   
    
“HOLY CRAP! She’s a teenager! And she’s wet too! Would ya look at that?”   
    
Okay now I wanted to slap that kid! It was true of course, but I didn’t think anyone would notice that glistening so easily between my tightly clenched legs.   
    
“HEY, there’s a naked dude up there too! We’ve never had a GUY in the parade before!” another band member noticed and then the group starting hooting and hollering in earnest. I was about to say something really mean when some adult called out, “Hey you guys, the parade’s about to start. Get your butts up here and line up!” With that they all took off. I could hear one of them yelling to their compatriots, “Wait until you guys hear this!” as they turned the corner disappearing from my sight.   
    
There was no telling exactly what those boys were going to say to their buddies but I had some ideas and they weren’t nice.   
    
“I’m not sure I can do this,” Patrick confided. “I’m just not cut out for this. I’ve always been a quiet sort of guy who minded his own business. I hate being in the limelight. I can hardly speak in front of my classmates at school let alone being up here like this in front of all these people. Look at me! My legs are shaking so badly I can hardly hold them still. I wish I was as calm as you, but I’m not!”   
    
I laughed, “Patrick, TRUST ME. I’m as scared as you are. But we can’t quit now! Do you realize what an honor this is? We could be set for life if we finish college. This parade can’t last forever. I mean seriously, this town isn’t that big for Pete’s sakes. Surely we can hold out for an hour or so – if that!”   
    
“Well . . .”   
    
“Oh come on . . . where’s that strong, confident boy I fell for? One of the things I liked about you was that you were such a take-charge, brave- kinda guy.”   
    
“You FELL for me?! You mean . . . you actually LIKE me?”   
    
“Well, duh? Of COURSE I do, or least the fearless guy I saw in action all this week.”   
    
I knew what I was saying must have sounded rather sickening but I needed Patrick. There was no way I could do this all by myself! My mom was always saying that boys liked girls who made them feel useful and needed; that they liked girls who admired their strength. Well, if she was right I was going to lay it on thick.   
    
Patrick looked at me funny for several moments. “You mean it? You REALLY LIKE me?”   
    
Jeez, this was sounding like grade school all over again, I thought, until I realized that my feelings for Patrick actually MEANT something to him. I wasn’t just a naked chick that he was interested in – he must be seeing past all that and was actually pleased that I even thought of him that way. “Well, yeah, I DO like you. You’re a nice guy,” I said trying to sound mature, “I’m glad I met you. Now, don’t you DARE bail on me! I can’t do this if you wimp out at this stage of the game. I really need you to man-up here, okay? If you don’t care about your scholarship, at least do this for me.”   
    
He smiled and nodded his head.   
    
Just then a really handsome boy dressed in western-wear and a cowboy hat came up and introduced himself, “My name is Jaye and I’ll be driving the tractor that will be pulling your float.”   
    
“I nodded my head acknowledging him. GAWD was he ever a Hottie! As he looked at me I felt myself getting wetter by the second. I wanted him. I wanted him BAD! I pictured him climbing right up on the float and taking me and you know what? I would have let him too! I suddenly shook my head violently back and forth as if to shake those thoughts right out of my mind. What was I thinking? What about Patrick?   
    
“You sure are a pretty thing,” he said with a grin that surely must have extended from ear to ear.   
    
“Um ,” I said awkwardly as my throat suddenly was really dry. “Thank you.”   
    
“Dude, I don’t envy you though.”   
    
Patrick looked at the boy with a puzzled expression, “Why’s that?”   
    
The boy just chuckled. “Well, there must be 4 girls for every guy out there along the parade route. When they all heard that this year we were going to have a guy as well as a teenage girl, they came out in droves – from all over too. Why there’s some from as far away as Platteville over 100 miles from here. They are all taking bets as to when you’re going to pop wood. Yes sir, I sure would hate to be you right now.” The boy then laughed all the more as he headed over and took his seat on the old John Deere tractor and cranked the motor.   
    
Hearing what the boy had said made me feel bad for Patrick but not for long as I started think, “what if the boys too came from miles around just to gawk at me!”   
    
The sounds of sirens revving up could be heard in the distance as well as people cheering making me think that the parade had gotten underway. I couldn’t see anything from my vantage point as we were behind a warehouse building while most of the units were around the corner lined up in order. I’m guessing the committee wanted us to be a surprise by saving our float for last – much like Santa Claus is always last in the Christmas parade back home.   
    
My heart began to beat faster. It won’t be long now, I thought. I can do this. I know I can do this! Then I spotted Granny and my mom heading towards our float.   
    
“WOW! That must be the biggest crowd we’ve ever had!” Granny said excitedly. “The town’s businesses are really going to take in some extra cash today!”   
    
“I’ll say,” my mom added. “And I was worried that there wouldn’t be anyone here because of the changes the committee made. I guess I didn’t have to invite all those people from back home after all, huh.”   
    
Now my heart really began to pound. “WHAT people?” I asked with my voice shaking.   
    
“Oh, just some of your friends from your high school,” she said nonchalantly. “I told that them that you were going to get a scholarship and be in the parade and that you might could use their support because you had to bare it all as part of the town’s Solstice ritual. I told them that you might appreciate their presence to bolster your confidence. I felt bad for you being in a strange town not knowing anybody. I must say you have some very good friends because a BUNCH of them made the trip. I just saw them on my way back here. I thought you said that nobody really liked you that much back home. You couldn’t prove that by me based on all those that showed up today.”   
    
“MOM! How COULD you!!!!”   
    
“Watch yourselves,” the boy on the tractor yelled over his shoulder, “It’s time to go!”   
  
  
**THE END!!**