**The Vanilla Test**

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**The Vanilla Test - Day 01**

"You are so full of it!"  
  
Gretchen started to blush, embarrassed by her friend's reaction to her confession.  
  
"You wouldn't mind if someone pulled your top down in public!?!? What, are you on drugs?" Petra continued. Gretchen felt mortified. Petra had been her friend since they were 8, and she had always shared all kinds of things with Petra. Whenever she had a new boyfriend, Petra was always the one she had called. Then when she broke up with those boyfriends, she called Petra. Nowadays she didn't have anything steady going on, but even when she was just hooking up, she always called Petra to tell her about it.  
  
So, it had seemed obvious to tell her about how she had seen these videos on the web where strangers run up to a girl and rip or pull off her clothing. All she had said was that she didn't know why the women seemed so upset, that she didn't think she would mind that much if it happened to her. Now Petra was mocking her, making Gretchen flustered and embarrassed. She sipped her martini to try and regain some composure.  
  
"I'm serious," she protested, "it wouldn't be that bad. It might even be a bit of a turn on."  
  
"A turn-on? Really?" Petra had a mysterious, half-mischievous expression on her face. "What were you doing anyway, that you saw this video?"  
  
That was a lot more complicated. Gretchen had recently made some amazing discoveries on the web that had literally changed her life. It had started with her just messing around watching YouTube, and she had come across some videos where a girl's friends would pull down her bottoms, or give her a wedgie. It was YouTube, so it never really showed anything, but it got her attention. It got her turned on. She started searching, and found other sites that had videos where girls were stripped or stripped themselves as they lost a bet. A lot of it was bogus, with really poor actors, but some of it looked real.  
  
Then she found the stories. Oh my God, did those turned her on. She found sites that had stories ranging from cute little ones where girls accidentally flashed a little skin all the way to hard core ones where girls were forced to be naked in public and have sex with strangers and more. She loved them all. She read them every chance she could get. When she was alone she would strip naked in her apartment and masturbate while she pretended she was one of the girls in those stories, suddenly naked in front of strangers, and forced to do all kinds of deviant things. It embarrassed her how kinky these fantasies got sometimes, but the orgasms were unbelievable. It was almost like she was addicted.  
  
"I... uhh... I just, ya know, found them."  
  
"Them? You watched more than one?"  
  
"Well... yeah, once I found one, I started searching and found more... and stories too.." Gretchen couldn't believe she was saying this out loud. She drained her drink as Petra pressed her for more details. "I found these sites that had stuff about girls being stripped or exposed against their will, it's crazy stuff, but I kinda liked it...." Actually she was obsessed by it, but no way was she saying that out loud.  
  
"Hmmm," Petra had a thoughtful look on her face, "you're joking right? It turned you on? Why?"  
  
"Well," Gretchen's face was burning, she couldn't believe she was talking about this. She needed to change the subject. "Do you want another drink?" She grabbed Petra's martini glass and headed over to the bar. It wasn't very crowded so the girl behind the bar had their refills ready right away and Gretchen brought the two martinis back to their booth. Petra pressured her to answer the question, and Gretchen gulped almost half the martini before she continued.  
  
"I guess I never... I just could never be the kind of girl who'd flash her boobs at a concert or anything like that, but if someone else did, or made me do it, it wouldn't be my fault, ya know?"  
  
"So you wanna be an exhibitionist, you're just too chicken, is that the deal?" Gretchen shrugged her shoulders and smiled weakly. "What a load of crap," Petra tore into her. "You are all talk and no action, girl. You talk about stuff like this, but there is no way you'd really let someone do it. Face it girlfriend, you're just plain vanilla, you're not cut out to be wild."  
  
"I AM NOT VANILLA," Gretchen said louder than she meant to, causing a few other folks in the bar to look over at them. "I'm not," she continued in a softer voice, "I got plenty of action in me \_girlfriend\_." She said the last word scornfully. Maybe it was the alcohol, but she was seriously pissed. Petra had really hit a nerve, and she was one to talk. For all Gretchen knew, Petra was could even be a virgin. She never really had a boyfriend in high school. She never told Gretchen about anyone while she was away at college. It's not that Petra wasn't pretty, she could just be kind of shy and bookish. She was a computer programmer for chrissakes; she had the nerve to call Gretchen vanilla?  
  
"Okay, prove it," Petra challenged her.  
  
Grethen looked puzzled. "Prove it? Whaddya mean? You want me to walk around in a tube top until some random guy pulls it down?" She polished off her second martini feeling that she was regaining the upper hand.  
  
"Let me get you another drink, and I'll explain." Petra's glass was still mostly full, but she had to drive, while Gretchen only lived four blocks away. Petra came back with some kind of a clear martini, not a blueberry one like Gretchen had been drinking. "I figured you'd need something stronger," she said as she settled into the booth next to Gretchen instead of across from her. Gretchen thought it was odd, as was the drink choice, but Petra started talking before Gretchen could comment. "So I'll tell you what, you want to show me that you aren't Miss Vanilla? Here's the deal -- I'll give you ten assignments over the next ten days where you end up ahh... exposed shall we say... and if at the end you've done them I'll admit that I was wrong and you aren't just full of hot air. "  
  
"What? Are you nuts? I'm not that crazy," Gretchen protested. It was insane, but part of her was getting excited. She squeezed her thighs together as she took a few big gulps of her martini, feeling the delicious pressure that was building. Obviously, there was no way she was going to do it, but for just a second she enjoyed the thoughts of have ten tasks where she might end up exposing herself against her will. She had to admit it turned her on.  
  
"I knew it -- vanilla," Petra smirked.  
  
"Goddamit -- stop saying that. I am not!"  
  
"Vanilla, vanilla, vanilla." Petra was grinning and looking so superior that it really made Gretchen's blood boil.  
  
"That does it, I think you're full of it too," Gretchen let loose. "You wouldn't even know what to do if I said yes -- I'll bet \_you\_ are all talk and no action!"  
  
"I'll take that as a yes. I'll start you off easy. Sitting here in this booth I want you to take off your panties, and remove enough from your top that you only have one layer over your boobs. Do it now, or I'm gonna call you vanilla every time I see you from now on"  
  
Gretchen laughed nervously. Petra stunned her. Gretchen had been sure that Petra was bluffing, but it was almost like she had planned it all out. Gretchen looked down at her clothes. She had changed after work and was wearing a tight turquoise top over a white tank top, and a tight pair of button-fly jeans, plus her underwear. She decided that Petra is still bluffing, and that she'd be way too embarrassed to actually let Gretchen go through with it.  
  
"Watch this bitch," said Gretchen, her confidence returning. She downed the last of her third martini, and she quickly peeled off the turquoise top. Next she removed her belt, and then giving Petra a teasing look, she undid the top button on her jeans.  
  
"Now we're talking," Petra grinned, "but there are a couple more conditions. If you unbutton, unzip, or unfasten anything it has to stay undone. So that top button doesn't get re-buttoned the rest of the night."  
  
Gretchen swore at herself. She had been sure that Petra would get embarrassed and try to stop her, but here Petra was egging her on. Her head was swimming from all the alcohol, and that pressure between her legs was getting harder to ignore. She decided to take it a bit farther, knowing that if she chickened out now, Petra would harass her about it forever. She just had to take it to where Petra was the one who got embarrassed and chickened out. She tried to push her jeans down with only the one button undone, but they were too tight. Once she undid the second one she was just barely able to get the jeans past her hips, but they pulled her panties with them. Fortunately with Petra sitting next to her in the booth, no one in the bar could see her.  
  
"Sexy," Petra smiled as Gretchen's bush came into view. Gretchen gave herself haircuts fairly often, and shaved around the edges to keep her pubic hair from getting too out of hand, but she had always had a nice furry muff. It made her feel very womanly to keep it that way.  
  
Pressing on, she pushed the jeans and panties all the way down, and worked them off her feet. While she was busy with that, Petra picked up the turquoise top, put it in her purse, and then held out her hand. Gretchen couldn't believe that Petra was going to make her go through with this, but she was determined to show Petra that she was wrong about her. She got the panties free of her jeans, and handed them to Petra, who made them disappear. Gretchen carefully wriggled back into her jeans, grateful that no one at the bar had walked by and seen her bottomless. She carefully pulled the flaps of her jeans together and pulled her tank top down over them so no one can see they were unbuttoned.  
  
Petra was holding her hand out again, look at Gretchen with an arched eyebrow. In her alcohol haze it took her a while to realize that Petra was waiting for her bra. She grinned sheepishly and pulled the straps out over her arms. A guy coming from the bathroom saw her and did a double-take, but he kept walking. Quickly Gretchen pushed the bra down and twisted it so she could unclasp it and she handed it over to Petra, who stuck it in her purse along with Gretchen's top and panties. Gretchen looked down at her chest and was horrified. She was proud of her boobs, and so she liked to wear tight fitting tops, but she always, always, always wore a bra. Without the bra under it the tank top went from discreet yet sexy to totally slutty. The stretchy cotton clung to her breasts like a second skin, and her nipples showed as two dark points pushing out the cloth. She quickly used her arm to cover them.  
  
"I have two more conditions. First, no hiding anything. So keep your hands at your sides the rest of the night, and pull up your shirt so people can see that your jeans aren't buttoned."  
  
"You're nuts, I can't do that, we'll get thrown out."  
  
"No one's going to throw us out, we're in a bar, not at church"  
  
"I just can't"  
  
"Look, vanilla girl, if you want to quit and go home, do it now and stop wasting my time. You said you wanted someone to make you, so NOW DO IT!"  
  
The forcefulness of Petra's command shocked Gretchen, and she meekly bowed her head, pulled her shirt up and opened the flaps on her jeans. You couldn't actually see any of her pubic hair, but there was a hint of darkness at the bottom of the "V" shape that told her that if she opened any more her bush would be in view. She rested her hands at her side, and slowly looked up at Petra, who was grinning at her. Gretchen couldn't believe how her heart was pounding. She clenched her fists to stop them from trembling.  
  
"So what's your other condition?"  
  
"To make sure we keep this interesting, you need to make sure your headlines are on for the rest of the night. If your nips aren't rock hard, you need to pinch and play with them to get 'em up. I'm not sure they're on right now, so get to work girl."  
  
Gretchen started to say something, but something about the way Petra was looking at her made her decide to just give in and get through the night. Petra was making her do it right? Why fight it? She lifted her hand to her boobs and started to trace her index finger around her nipples, brushing them up and down. She could feel them tighten up and her whole upper body got goosepimples. She giggled as she kept working her nipples, and squeezing her thighs together as she got more and more turned on.  
  
"I don't think they're as hard as they can get," Petra comment when Gretchen stopped. "Give a few pinches. Harder. There you go!" Gretchen actually let a small moan escape her lips as she gave her nipples a hard tweak. "Okay, it's your turn to buy a round." Petra slid back to her side of the booth so Gretchen could get out.  
  
After three martinis, there was no way Gretchen really needed a fourth, but Petra made it clear that she expected Gretchen to keep drinking. Gretchen slipped out of the booth, and walked up to the bar. It took all her will to hold her hands at her sides as she walked across the room to the bar. The guy who had spotted her earlier took one look and suddenly his eyes got huge as he stared at her barely concealed tits and then wandered down to the exposed skin above her crotch. Gretchen's knees wobbled as her pussy throbbed at the thought of the people staring at her.  
  
"Well you look like you're getting comfortable," the girl behind the bar said in a bitchy tone of voice. Gretchen mumbled something lame about it being hot, even though the bar was well air conditioned. She felt like a total bimbo, standing there with her nipples pointing out in full salute and with her fly open, but even worse, she was getting turned on by how humiliating it was. She squeezing her thighs together as she waited, uncontrollably needing to stimulate her pussy. When the drinks came, she fished her credit card out of her back pocket and paid for the drinks, working her jeans a tiny bit down in the process.  
  
As she headed back, Petra stood up and told her they were going to shoot pool. She did not ask, she told Gretchen. Gretchen found the way Petra was treating her even more humiliating. As they walked back to the pool table, Petra told her, quietly thank God, that her headlights weren't on. Gretchen thought to herself that Petra was crazy, she was so turned on that her nipples were like diamonds, but she had no energy to argue. As discretely as possible Gretchen used her free hand to pinch her nipples again. Gretchen heard some girls at a table break into laughter as she did this, and she realized she'd been caught. She felt her cheeks burning in embarrassment as she got to the pool table.  
  
Petra made her rack the balls, and then break. The feel of her boobs swinging freely as she bent over the table to put the balls in the triangle was both strange and liberating. It was so unlike her to not wear a bra, but as she got used to it, she found she was enjoying it. Unfortunately it was also unlike her to drink so much, so she scratched on the break. After Petra stopped laughing at her, she told her to go again, but that she was playing for a button on her jeans. If Gretchen won, she could do up one button, if she lost, she'd have to undo another. Given the alcohol that worried Gretchen a bit, but sometimes her pool was better when she was drunk, so she focused in and managed a good break on her second try.  
  
As they played, she and Petra started talking about things other than the fact that she had just gotten partially undressed in a public bar, and talked more about Gretchen's job, the new website that Petra was developing for a client, old friends they knew, and all kinds of more normal things. Other than the way Gretchen's breasts would jiggle and swing as she tried to make her shots, and Petra's habit that of gently tugging Gretchen's jeans down a little bit whenever she passed by, it was like a normal girl's night. Neither of them were playing very good pool, but they were having fun. Eventually Gretchen had sunk all of her balls, and was looking at a chance to win the game and do up her jeans if she could sink the eight ball. She lined up her shot, called her pocket, and... totally blew the shot. She sunk the eight just fine, but the cue ball followed it right in.  
  
"Scratch on the eight, oh that's such a bummer," Petra gloated. "Let's see you lose another button there honey!" Gretchen couldn't believe her luck, she had been so close. She looked down at her jeans, and slowly, reluctantly undid the third button and opened her jeans up some more. A tuft of pubic hair was exposed for all to see.  
  
"Hey there, you need a hand with that?" Gretchen jumped as the guy who had spotted her earlier came up with his buddy. He was grinning ear to ear as his eyes went back and forth between Gretchen's tits and her crotch. Gretchen thought to herself that the guy might not even realize that she had a face.  
  
"She's fine," Petra took control of the situation, "she just can't help herself sometimes. Do you guys want to play us for the table?" The guys jumped at the chance, but Gretchen started to protest. She hadn't even finished her first word before Petra cut her off. "Your headlights need fixing." Gretchen gasped at the thought of playing with her nipples right in front of these guys. "Now," Petra insisted.  
  
As the first guy was racking the balls, Gretchen took a long drink from her martini, and then slowly, hesitatingly raised her hand toward her tits. Finally she had to close her eyes, and she started to play with her nipples, alternating between rubbing and pinching them, right there where practically everyone in the bar could watch her. She heard some girls laughing across the room, and the guy at the table swore softly. Gretchen's head went back as the erotic sensations washed over her. She kept teasing her nipples as she felt her crotch get warm and squishy. It was all she could do to not shove her hands down her pants and go at herself.  
  
"Okay there, try to control yourself you slut," Petra slapped her ass, jolting Gretchen back to reality. "Let's play some pool, you break." The guys were looking at Gretchen with their mouths open in stunned silence, making Gretchen feel even more awkward. She walked to the table, set the cue, and shot the break. Before she could straighten up, Petra came up and pulled her jeans halfway down her ass, showing the whole bar how white her butt was.  
  
"Nice tan line," Petra teased her. As Gretchen pulled her pants back up she noticed that the bartender had an unpleasant look on her face. She clearly wasn't pleased with their behavior. Gretchen sunk two more balls before the guys got to take their turn. Petra whispered in her ear that she should make sure to distract the guys to throw their game. Giggling, Gretchen made sure to stand right in the guy's line of site as he shot and started playing with her nipples again, causing him to miss horribly.  
  
Petra managed to miss her shot, not because of Gretchen, but because she plain sucked at pool. For the next guy, Gretchen started rubbing her belly, slowly working her hand closer and closer to her snatch, finally putting a finger down the front of her jeans right as the guy shot. Gretchen laughed out loud as his shot went way wide. She had not expected this kind of control from being so exposed, it was exhilarating, and very erotic.  
  
As she went to make her shot, the first guy came up behind her and tried to pull her pants down the way Petra had. Gretchen shrieked, dropped the cue, and grabbed her pants before he could pull them very far. She swore at him as he laughed and kept trying to pull her jeans down. Neither of them noticed the bartender come over.  
  
"I'm going to have to ask the 'lady' to leave," the bartender said, the word "lady" dripping with sarcasm. "We don't need trashy whores ruining our image."  
  
"Ahh we were just leaving,' Petra jumped in, pulling Gretchen away from her tormentor, "this place is a frickin dump anyway." The guys laughed as Petra dissed the bartender. One of them offered to take the girls to his place so they could have some fun, but Petra shut him down.

"Nah, my girlfriend and I are headed home so I can screw her brains out." The bartender looked totally disgusted and the guys looked stunned.  
  
"You're lesbians?" he asked in an incredulous voice.  
  
"Hey, you're like some kind of genius. You should be on Jeopardy or something. 'I'll take pair-o-dykes for a thousand, Alex." Gretchen laughed as Petra led her out of the bar. Petra was not the most outgoing girl, and she could sometimes come off as shy, but she was probably the smartest person Gretchen had ever known. To top that off, she should could cut into someone so they wished they had never been born. Or at least wish they had never messed with Petra. The guys tried to hide it, but Gretchen could actually see them deflate from Petra's withering comments.  
  
Outside the two of them started to laugh hysterically.  
  
"I can't believe you said we were gay," Gretchen was almost crying she was laughing so hard.  
  
"Hey it worked. Something needed to shut those numb-nuts up. Now let's head home, and get those headlights up"  
  
"Hey, they are so hard they hurt."  
  
"I don't believe it, I think you can do better."  
  
Gretchen's humiliation started again as she walked down the well lit street, pinching and pulling on her nipples. If she hadn't been drunk, it probably would not have surprised her when Petra pulled her pants down again, but it did. This time they got halfway to her knees, and all the cars driving by could see her ass and her twat. She squealed, and reached to pull them back up again. She was mortified to see a couple strands of lubrication stretching from her vagina to her jeans, and it was apparent that her jeans had a good-sized wet spot at the crotch. She realized she was even more aroused that she had thought.  
  
Several cars honked at her before she could wriggle her jeans back on and catch up with Petra. She was laughing hysterically as they walked together towards Gretchen's place. About a block before they got there, they passed a small gas station and minimart. Petra grabbed her friend's hand and stopped.  
  
"Okay, here's the deal. One more little thing, and we're done for the night. Undo another button on your jeans." Gretchen looked down, she only had two buttons left, and the last one was right at the bottom of the fly, and she had probably never undone the last one as long as she had owned the jeans. She would essentially be completely undone. But Petra just looked at her like she was a total chicken if she didn't do it, so reluctantly Gretchen undid one more button. Now her bush was completely exposed. You couldn't actually see her lips or anything, but that was about all that was hidden. "Awesome, now here's five bucks, we're both gonna be dehydrated from drinking, go buy us two bottles of water."  
  
Gretchen took the money, and hurried into the store. Thank God she never went in here, and there was no way the clerk would recognize her. He seemed pretty stoned, but he definitely perked up when he got a view of her. She quickly went to the fridge, grabbed two bottles of water, and went to pay.  
  
"Interesting way you're dressed there..." the guy tried lamely to chat her up. She just smiled at him and waited for her change. She knew she had to be the color of a tomato she was so embarrassed, but Petra had said that this was the last thing of the night, she was getting by on pure determination at this point. They guy stared at her boob for what seemed like a really long time, but he gave her the change, and she headed out to Petra.  
  
Petra took the water, and started to walk towards home, taking a sip as she went. "You'd better drink up, you're going to be pretty hungover tomorrow." Gretchen opened her bottle, and took a long drink, when suddenly she felt something cold and wet all over her chest. She looked down to see Petra pouring her whole water bottle on Gretchen's boobs, finishing off by pouring the last of it down the front of her open jeans. The effect was unbelievable. The cold water made her super hard nipples somehow even stiffer, and as the cold water hit her clit, it made her jump and shriek. She felt an orgasm sneak up on her in a flash, and even though it didn't quite happen, she still let out a moan as it receded.  
  
At the same time she heard a bunch of voices cheering and even hear someone say "wet tee shirt contest." There was a group of high school boys filling up, and they had seen the whole thing. Gretchen looked down at her breasts, and her fears were confirmed. They were exposed as clearly as if she were topless. She started to reach to pull the shirt away, but Petra swatted her hands away.  
  
"Not tonight girl, you let them look." She walked Gretchen over to the boys and asked them what the thought. They all cheered and told her what a nice rack she had. "Yeah, she just loves to show off, she can't help herself." Gretchen whimpered as they all talked about the things they wanted her to do next. She couldn't believe the things they were saying, and she was starting to get worried that it might get out of hand when Petra shut the whole thing down. "Not tonight boys, this is the end of the show. Good night." They tried to protest, but Petra had a way of making sure they knew it was over.  
  
The last block was a total blur for Gretchen, with the alcohol and her ridiculously aroused state, she was little more than a zombie. Petra helped her open the door to her building and told said good night.  
  
"I'll call you tomorrow," Petra told her.  
  
"So," Gretchen said, slurring just a little, "I guess I showed you I'm not vanilla."  
  
"One down, nine to go girlfriend, one down and nine to go." With that she walked over to her car and drove off.  
  
Gretchen swore at herself, and then hurried up the stairs to her apartment. She heard a neighbor's door open, but she was pretty sure she got through her door without being seen. As soon as she locked her door, she stripped off what was left of her clothes, threw herself on the bed and masturbated for all she was worth. The first orgasm hit her like a brick, but she just kept going. After the third one, she started to lose steam, and she passed out naked on her bed with her fingers buried in her sex. They were still there when the alarm woke her in the morning.

**The Vanilla Test - Day 02**

Gretchen groaned to the noise of the alarm. She was majorly hungover, and her head ached something fierce. But her hand felt nice on her vagina, and she started to move it gently. Her mind went back to the night before, standing out in the street with her pants to her knees while she pinched her nipples. Her free had went to her breast and played with the hardening nipple. In less than a minute, a gentle orgasm washed over her. It didn't cure the hangover, but it took a bit of the edge off.  
  
She padded out to the kitchen, still naked, and made some desperately needed coffee. Even though she lived alone, she didn't normally walk around naked, but somehow this morning it felt right. She casually rubbed herself as she got out some Advil and waited for the coffee to brew. Once she had four Advil and a few slugs of coffee in her, she went to shower and get ready for work. She played the events of the previous night over and over again in her head, and she felt conflicted. On one hand, her fantasies of being stripped in public had always had some strong, handsome, mysterious man making her do these things, not her best friend from 3rd grade. On the other hand, the whole thing made her so horny it made her weak in the knees. She found herself masturbating again in the shower. Five times in about twelve hours was a lot, even for her, but she just couldn't help herself.  
  
As she put her makeup on and got dressed she thought about Petra. Gretchen had always viewed Petra kind of like a sidekick. Gretchen had always been taller, better looking, a better athlete, and more popular than Petra, and so she had always felt protective of her petite friend. Gretchen knew that Petra had a sharp wit and could be tough when pushed, but her behavior at the bar had been a total surprise. Gretchen had never seen her take charge like that, it was schocking. It was also a little awkward. It was not a normal thing to have your best friend pull your pants down because she knows it turns you on. Gretchen was seriously embarrassed she had told Petra all that, but she guessed if you can't tell stuff to your best friend, who were you going to tell?  
  
Work was an unpleasant event that morning. She had not been so hungover in a long time. Thank God, it got better after lunch. A little before 3:00 she heard her phone buzz. It was a text from Petra.  
  
Petra -- "hey vanillagrl-ready for act 2?"  
  
Gretchen - "NOTVANILLA" (Although she had a smile on her face as she worked her phone.)  
  
Petra - "9 2go 9 2go"  
  
Petra -- "Meet at 8 at Elaines"  
  
Gretchen felt her stomach getting queasy. Petra wasn't serious about this whole ten times thing, right? Gretchen had definitely proved her point at the bar, she didn't need to do anything else. This whole vanilla thing was just crazy. She considered telling Petra no, but decided it would be better in person. She texted Petra that she'd see her there and got back to work.  
  
After work she ran a couple errands, got some food at a drive through, and headed to Elaine's. It was a cool coffee shop, a couple blocks from Petra's house. It had comfy sofas, lots of stuff to read, board games, the works. Given that she had only recovered from her hangover a few hours before, she was glad to be drinking coffee. Petra was already there when Gretchen arrived, and they got some coffee, grabbed a Scrabble board and sat at a table.  
  
Gretchen kept trying to bring up the topic and tell Petra that she was done with all this vanilla test crap, but Petra kept talking about other stuff. The game went on, and they got deeper into their girl talk, and Gretchen found herself relaxing. She was having a good time, like she always did with Petra, although the scrabble game did not go well. Gretchen was a shark at pool, but Petra was pretty unbeatable in Scrabble.  
  
When they finished the game Petra took off her glasses, looked at Gretchen with a steely look in her eyes and said "go to the women's bathroom, take off all your clothes and take two photos of yourself in the mirror. One front, one back, and make sure everything is showing. Face, tits, and twat." Petra pulled a digital camera out of her bag and slid it over the  
  
"Huh... wha...are you crazy? I'm not doing any more of that," Gretchen hissed, trying not to attract attention.  
  
Petra leaned in close to her face, and spoke quietly but fiercely. "Listen vanilla girl, this is your last chance. I don't give a flying you-know-what what you do, but do you really want to spend the rest of your life being a boring, uptight, repressed little bitch just because you're afraid? Afraid to let loose the way you really want to? Are you going to let fear rule your life?"  
  
Gretchen was shocked. Her friend had never talked to her like that before. She felt like she was going to cry. "I'm... I'm not repr.. I'm not repressed," she stumbled out meekly, but it had no force. Petra had penetrated right to her core, had seen her hidden (maybe repressed?) desires, and laid them all out. She felt very weak and exposed.  
  
"Then prove it," Petra urged, pushing the camera into Gretchen's hand, "prove it to yourself. It's just the girls' bathroom for crying out loud, go for it."  
  
Gretchen giggled, and wiped the tears that had welled up in her eyes. "Just watch me," she told her friend confidently. She sauntered over to the bathroom, just to show Petra that she was in control of herself. Of course, once she got in the bathroom, her will melted away. She stared in the mirror for over a minute trying to decide what to do. Then another woman came in and used one of the stalls. Gretchen worked on her makeup, waiting for the woman to finish up and leave. Once she was alone again, Gretchen took a deep breath, and decided that if she was going to do this she'd better get moving. She quickly unbuttoned a couple buttons on the back of her blouse and pulled it over her head, setting it on the sink. She kicked off her boots, undid the side zipper on her wool slacks and slid them and her panties off, peeling her stockings off too. Moving fast now, she pulled her arms out of her bra, pushed it down, spun it around and undid the clasp, putting it on top of her pile of clothes. In less than 20 seconds she was naked in a public restroom. Her adrenaline was pumping and she could hear her pulse drumming in her ears, she couldn't believe she was doing this.  
  
She grabbed the camera, and turned to the full length mirror, and looked at her naked body. She had to admit she looked pretty good. Her tan body was offset by her creamy white breasts and crotch. She was proud of her body and her looks. She held up the camera to take the picture when she remembered Petra's word about showing everything. She looked at her vagina in the camera, but all she could see was her pubic hair. She had seen pictures of girls on the internet where they used their hands to spread themsselves. She had always thought that was incredibly dirty, for a girl to show herself like that. She reached down with her free hand and worked her finger into her slit so she could spread her sex to be visible in the picture. Her knees wobbled as her finger brushed against her little button. She was shocked by how sensitive she was. And, oh my God, was she wet. She worked her finger back and forth, feeling her lips swell and spread. It felt so good she let out a little moan. Using the hand to hold herself open, she smiled at the camera in the mirror, and snapped a photo.  
  
"One down, one to go," she said to herself. She turned around and looked over her shoulder at her ass in the mirror. While she knew her butt was better than average, compared to the first photo, this view didn't seem sexy enough. She spread her legs some and stuck her rear end out, opening her butt crack a little. She thought that was better, but still not quite right. She put her legs wide apart, like four feet apart, and then bent over and peered back between her legs.  
  
"Now we're talking," she thought. Her sex was wide open, and even her puckered butthole was exposed. No way Petra could accuse her of trying to hide anything. She put her hand up to her sex and used her index and middle finger to spread it. She gasped as the sensations overwhelmed her. She began moving the fingers up and down, and then stuck one of them inside herself as her palm pressed on her clit. She closed her eyes as she pressed harder and faster. This was crazy, stripping and jilling herself off in the women's room, but it felt so good, and she was so close. She could feel an orgasm getting closer. Closer. Almost there. She tensed her thighs as she started to crest...  
  
"OH MY GOD. I'm sorry," a young woman had walked into the restroom and was staring at Gretchen. "I just.. I ah was just going to..." Gretchen was completely mortified, but it was too late to stop. She let out a loud squeak, her hips bucked, and her eyelids fluttered as she climaxed hard. "You're... you are.. oh my God," the woman stammered and then left the bathroom totally flustered.  
  
Gretchen was humiliated beyond belief. She couldn't believe she was doing this. Her hips continued to buck as she tried to regain control. Once her orgasm subsided, she started to get dressed. As fast as she could she pulled her blouse over her head without bothering to button it. She pulled her slacks on without stopping for her panties, and stepped into her boots. She grabbed the rest of her stuff and hurried back out to Petra. Gretchen saw the woman who had walked in on her, sitting with some guy and laughing. They both looked at her and started laughing even harder. Gretchen lowered her eyes, came up to Petra, and hissed that they had to go.  
  
"Huh? Why?"  
  
"I got caught! Let's get out of here!"  
  
"No way!" Petra laughed uncontrollably. "Here, give me that stuff. Let's go." Petra grabbed the camera, bra, panties and stockings and put them in her bag. Gretchen almost ran out to her car, holding her boobs as they jiggled and swayed without her bra. She sat in the driver seat and suddenly noticed how weird it was to be wearing wool slacks with no underwear. The seam in the crotch made it very interesting. She resisted the urge to squeeze her crotch as Petra climbed into the passenger seat.  
  
"Wow, you got out here fast. What's the big deal, a girl saw you naked, it's not like it's the first time that's happened."  
  
"Well, it wasn't just that. It was... Well you know... she came in, you know... and then I came... well I just came."  
  
"WHAT!?!?!" Petra shrieked and started laughing all over again  
  
"It just kind of happened. I touched myself to take the picture, and I just got carried away." Gretchen started driving to get away from that place.  
  
"And you masturbated? And you came? Was it in front of that lady? I've gotta see this" Petra was still laughing as she dug the camera out of the bag. Suddenly she stopped laughing.  
  
"Hey, there's only one photo."  
  
"I told you I got caught, I was getting ready for the second one when she walked in"  
  
"Pull over the car. Do it now." Petra's tone had that steely edge again. Gretchen pulled over to the side of the road. "So you had time to finger yourself to an orgasm, but you couldn't finish a simple assignment? Unbelievable! Take those clothes off again.  
  
"What?!? Here? I could get arrested!"  
  
"Lighten up. It's dark out no one will even know. All you have to do is drive a few blocks to my house. The cops around here are way too busy with real criminals to be looking for naked chicks driving. Come on!  
  
Gretchen sighed, and slipped the blouse back over her head. She had never re-buttoned so it came off easily. She lifted her bum and pulled the slacks down, removing them and her boots. Petra stuffed the shirts and slacks into her bag, but told her to put the boots back on.  
  
Gretchen was in a hurricane of emotions as she pulled back out into traffic. She tried to focus on driving so she didn't kill herself, but her body was screaming for her to take both hands and ravish herself. She bit her lip in a vain attempt to distract her mind from how aroused she was. Thank God, it only took a minute to get to Petra's house, although if felt like an eternity. Petra grabbed her bag, got out, and told Gretchen to come in with her.  
  
"Naked?" Gretchen whined.  
  
"It's dark out, and my porch lights aren't even on. My neighbors won't see you. And if they do it will just give them a thrill.  
  
As Gretchen stepped out of the car, the cool evening air played over her naked body. She was scared to death that someone would see her, but she also felt incredibly sexy walking up to the house wearing nothing but high-heeled boots. They made her hips swing sexily as she walked, making her feel very naughty. By the time she got into the house she wasn't sure if she was relieved or sad that no one had caught her.  
  
"Take a seat at the desk, I'll get my computer set up."  
  
"Your curtains are open!"  
  
"Hey it's legal to be naked inside. If the neighbors don't like it they shouldn't be looking in my windows."  
  
As Petra set up her computer and pulled the image off her camera, Gretchen just sat and pondered her situation. It was totally weird to be sitting there stark naked with a fully dressed Petra sitting next to her working away at the computer. It just accentuated how out of control Gretchen was, like she needed to be naked. The thought got her excited again, and she slipped her hand between her closed thighs.  
  
"What are you doing there? Sheesh, this really does get you going, doesn't it?"  
  
Gretchen was humiliated. She really wanted to continue, but she made herself pull her hand away.  
  
"Well don't stop for me, it's not my problem you can't control yourself." But Gretchen was too embarrassed to do anything.  
  
"Now just a tiny bit of photoshopping..." Petra had the picture of Gretchen pulled up on her computer. It was stunning, like things Gretchen had seen on porn sites. Every detail of her nudity was in sharp focus, and her smiling face had a look of excitement that was showed she was enjoying this.  
  
With a few short mouse strokes, Petra blurred Gretchen's face, not enough to hide her smile or expression, but enough that even people that knew her could not be absolutely sure it was Gretchen. Then she pulled up a web site dedicated to public nudity.  
  
"What are you doing?' asked Gretchen, afraid she already knew.  
  
"Not me, you. You're posting your naked picture to the web."  
  
"I can't -- what if people recognize me?"  
  
"That's why I blurred your face, you bimbo." Petra rolled her eyes. "Here, now type in something really sexy and slutty, and let's post it" Petra slid the keyboard over so Gretchen could type.  
  
Gretchen looked at the screen in a daze. She didn't know what to do, and she said so.  
  
"Just type that you went out tonight and you were so horny that you had run to the girls room and strip. Tell them if they give good comments that you'll post more."  
  
"Will I? Is that what you're planning?" Gretchen asked quietly, somewhere between anticipation and fear.  
  
"Eight to go sweetheart. Eight to go."  
  
Gretchen finished up typing and posted her photo. Almost immediately, she wished she could take it back, but it was too late. She and Petra sat and talked for a while, about things other than the fact that Gretchen was naked. After about 20 minutes, Petra said she needed to get some sleep after their night out drinking, and suggested that Gretchen do the same. Gretchen felt oddly disappointed. She wasn't sure what she was expecting, but it seemed like a sudden end to the evening. Petra stood up and walked over the door to let Gretchen out.  
  
"Wait -- I gotta get dressed first -- where are my clothes?"  
  
"I don't think so -- you should go home like that."  
  
Gretchen protested that the drive was way too long, and that she couldn't get into her building if she was naked. Petra sighed as if Gretchen was being totally unreasonable, but she walked back towards her bedroom. She came back and tossed Gretchen a bath towel.  
  
"There you go. Are you happy now?" Petra asked as if she had done Gretchen some huge favor.  
  
"A towel, are you nuts? It's not even a big one."  
  
"Hey, I made a concession vanilla girl, it's that or you can go naked."  
  
Gretchen started to argue, but she really didn't have it in her. She wrapped the towel around herself, covering everything from her boobs to her mid thighs. In college she had had a strapless minidress that covered just about as much, so it was better than naked. She said her goodbyes, and Petra watched from her porch as her friend got in her car and drove off.  
  
The one good thing about being in a towel was that Gretchen could rub her kitty for all it was worth the whole drive back to her house. She didn't cum, that might have made her crash, but she was chewing on her lower lip to keep control. The she pulled into her parking space behind the building, and the task in front of her sank in. She was going to walk across a well lighted parking lot, into her building, and up two flights stairs while wearing nothing but a bath towel and boots. The boots actually made it worse, because it made it clear that she wasn't just out of the shower or anything. She screwed up her courage, opened her door, and hurried across the lot. Not too quickly though, because the towel kept wanting to open up on her. She fiddled with her keys, let herself into the building, and started up the stairs. As she got to the third floor, she saw her neighbors' door start to open, and one of the girls who lived there stepped out. The girl's jaw dropped as her eyes went from Gretchen's face, down her body to her bare legs, and back up again.  
  
"Woah. Are you okay?" she asked with genuine concern. Gretchen didn't even know the girl's name, but she mumbled yes and something about her getting locked out as she struggled to get her door open. The girl looked very worried, but Gretchen managed to get inside and close the door before any more conversation happened. She flopped on her bed and masturbated some more. But it seemed like the pressure that had been building up was now going away. She kept at it for a long time, but she just couldn't climax. Suddenly she jumped up, turned on her lights and opened all her blinds before laying back down and going at it again. She had no idea if anyone could see her, but she imagined all kinds of guys watching her as she orgasmed again and again. For the second night in a row she fell asleep with a finger in her sex.

**The Vanilla Test - Day 03**

Gretchen woke before her alarm went off as the sun streamed in her windows. It took her a few moments to remember that in her desperation she had opened her bedroom blinds. Part of her found the whole thing embarrassing, but part of her smiled at the memories of how she had felt. Lazily she returned her hand to her sex, and stroked herself gently as she thought of the previous evening.  
  
"Better not start that again," she thought with a smile, and got herself out of bed. For the second morning in a row, she made her coffee in the nude. She felt kind of exposed in her kitchen with nothing on, but she guessed that was the point. She showered and laid her clothes out, and then stayed naked while she did her hair and makeup. Only when she was just ready to leave did she put her clothes on. It wasn't any big deal, but it made her feel kind of naughty.  
  
While she felt better than the day before, work was still a struggle. She kept thinking about last night, about getting caught mid-orgasm in the bathroom. She was so embarrassed that she figured she could never go back to the coffee shop, but it got her all wet just thinking about it. She wore a skirt that came down to mid-calf, along with a pale blue short-sleeve sweater. It wasn't super sexy or anything, but it made her feel feminine. She did like the fact that when she sat at her desk she could stroke her bare legs. Nothing too overt, just enough to feel good.  
  
Petra called her cell around 3:00 again. Gretchen was at her desk so she couldn't talk for long, and certainly couldn't say anything about last night's events, so they quickly agreed to meet after Gretchen finished her workout and they could get some dinner and maybe go shopping. The rest of the day at work dragged out so slowly it was painful, and Gretchen caught herself several times opening and clenching her thighs as her body sought some release.  
  
Going to the gym and getting some exercise helped mellow her out at bit, and she resisted the idea of masturbating in the shower. She had a private stall with a curtain, but even with her new adventurism it was too much of a risk. But it did get her thinking, and once she got dressed she had a totally wicked thought. Before she could change her mind, she reached under her skirt, peeled her panties down, and then threw them in the trash on her way out the door. No way she could change her mind now.  
  
She and Petra met up at Gretchen's place, drove together over to a nearby mall, and grabbed some dinner at a salad bar place. They talked and ate together and Gretchen felt like she was going to burst. When they were almost finished, she just couldn't hold it in any longer. "I don't have any panties on! I took them off at the gym and threw them in the trash." She giggled as she described what she'd done.  
  
Petra's eyebrows went up. "Wow. That's pretty good -- there may be hope for you yet." She smiled sweetly at her friend. "Let's go have you try on some clothes that go with that." As they walked across the lot to the mall, Gretchen's stomach started to flutter. It was one thing to not have panties on while she had the long skirt on, but she worried about trying on other outfits.  
  
First, they stopped in at one of the anchor department stores, but they didn't really see anything that either of them wanted. They strolled through the mall, arm in arm, looking at the various stores. The next place they stopped was for the younger set, but they both still qualified to shop there. As they went through the racks, Petra came over and handed Gretchen a skirt and top.  
  
"Why don't you go first?" Petra suggested. "Just be sure to come back out here and model it, for everyone.' She emphasized the "everyone" when she said it. Gretchen headed back into the changing area, got into a booth, and put on the outfit. It was a jean skirt that came to her mid thigh, and a white sleeveless top. She had worn one of her "business woman" bras that had foam cups that hid everything, so the T was pretty safe, and while she felt very risqué in the skirt with no panties, there was no actual chance she'd expose herself. She walked out to Petra, who made her spin around a couple times to show off the outfit. While there was nothing overtly sexual about it, Gretchen found herself getting aroused just by being bossed around, and in anticipation of being exposed. There were a few other girls in the store, plus two guys. The guys had seemed totally bored until they noticed Gretchen's little show.  
  
Petra kind of frowned at the outfit, and suggested that it wasn't quite right. She handed Gretchen another one and went back to browsing while Gretchen went to change. This outfit was a little more adventurous. It was an orange one shoulder top and a small black wrap-around skirt. The top was pretty sexy, but with her bra on it didn't really show much. The skirt, however, was definitely risky. It only came halfway down from her crotch to her knees, plus the wrap around would slip open showing even more thigh as she walked. On top of that, she didn't really like it. The black and orange combo looked like a Halloween costume, not something she would wear out. Resigned to her fate, Gretchen took a deep breath and walked back out to Petra to show off. The two guys were still there, and they were definitely checking her out now. Gretchen asked Petra what she thought, and slowly did the spin to show front and back.  
  
"It looks dumb with your bra on," Petra frowned, "why don't you take it off?" Gretchen gulped, the top might show a lot more without the industrial strength bra under it. But she wasn't going back into that "vanilla girl" discussion.  
  
"All right," she said reluctantly, "I'll be right back."  
  
"Oh, just do it here," Petra said as if that were the most normal thing in the world, "I'll hold it for you."  
  
Gretchen's mouth dropped open, but Petra just held out her hand with a little smile on her face. Gretchen glanced around. None of the other girls was paying them any attention, but the guys had their eyes glued to her. Sighing, she slid the bra strap down the uncovered shoulder and over her hand. Then she worked it out the sleeve on the other side, and finally down to her waist and off. As she handed the bra to Petra, Gretchen noticed that the one guy she was facing had frozen like a deer in headlights as he stared at, well, at her headlights. Gretchen let a little giggle out at the joke in her head, and spun around for Petra. Maybe a little too quickly as she heard the other guy swear. Had he seen her butt?  
  
She looked at Petra, who was holding up her cell phone. "What are you doing?" she asked, but then she realized it wasn't a phone, "what is that?"  
  
"Video Capture. It's for putting videos up on YouTube and stuff. Don't you have one?' Petra asked innocently. "I just got a good video of your twirl. Do another one, faster."  
  
Gretchen's pulse went even faster. Not only were the guys watching her, Petra was filming it for the internet. She bit her lip, and did another twirl, feeling the skirt rise and fall as she did. She noticed that the one guy's girlfriend had grabbed him and was dragging him out of the store, so she figured that they had probably been able to see something, maybe even her bush.  
  
"Ahhh, I don't really like it," Petra said as she put the video thingie away, "it looks like a Halloween outfit." Gretchen rolled her eyes, and went back to the changing room, knowing that there was no way Petra would give back her bra. She put her conservative skirt back on, and pulled on the blue sweater she had worn to work. It was definitely faster to get dressed when underwear wasn't involved. The sweater hid her boobs a little better than the orange top, but her nipples definitely were poking out. When she came back into the store, the second guy still peeked at her, but his girlfriend was talking to him with an annoyed look on her face, so he couldn't really stare.  
  
Petra led her back out into the mall, and they walked along some more. "You aren't going to make me keep my headlights on again?" Gretchen asked in a worried tone.  
  
"What? That's crazy, this is a family mall," Petra made it sound like Gretchen was the crazy one. Even still, Gretchen was more relieved than annoyed. It was bad enough walking in a crowded mall with a no bra on. Pinching her nipples at the same time would have sent her over the edge. She looked over at Petra as they walked, who seemed to be looking for something. Gretchen started to wonder why Petra was doing this. In some ways, they were just like they had always been. Good friends, doing girlie things and having a lot of fun. Except every once in a while Petra would get that steely look in her eyes and make Gretchen do these outrageous things. On one level it made Gretchen angry to be treated that way, but she had to admit that a powerful, hidden part of her really craved this. Maybe that was it. Petra was her friend and was just trying to do what was best for Gretchen, even if Gretchen didn't really know it.  
  
"Let's go in here," Petra pointed at the Izod store. Gretchen followed her. Polo shirts weren't really her style, but she was just along for the ride. Petra wandered around and then brought her a little knit dress to try on. Gretchen took one look and knew that the raspberry colored dress would be completely obscene with no underwear under it. But Petra was not going to let her squirm out of it. She grabbed the dress, and headed to the curtained booth at the side of the store. Petra called her back, and whispered to leave the curtain open a bit.  
  
Gretchen went into the booth, and started to close the curtain behind her. It was so hard for her to stop her hand with the curtain open by about four inches. Even though no one was in the store other than Petra, pure habit made her want to close the curtain. She clenched her fists, digging her nails into her palms to stop her hands from going to fix the curtain. Once she had herself under control, she peeled the sweater off, and then shucked the skirt down her legs. Feeling naughty, she made sure that as she bent over to pick up her skirt that her butt was pointing at the open curtain. She pulled the little polo dress on, and saw that she had been right. Not only could you see the bump of her nipples, the slightly raised area of her areolas were clearly visible. Since she had no panties on, the dress kept getting caught in her butt cheeks, making it totally obvious she had nothing on underneath.  
  
She opened up the curtain all the way, and gasped as she realized that Petra had been videoing her. That view of her butt would make for a pretty racy video. She had to think of a way to talk Petra out of posting that, it would just be too embarrassing. Petra had her turn around a couple times, told her that she liked it, and suggested Gretchen should buy it. Gretchen did have to admit that the raspberry color went well with her tan skin and brown hair, and that with a belt, and some underwear, it could be a cute summer dress. She changed back, bought the dress, and she and Petra continued around the mall.  
  
Gretchen noticed that her boobs were causing a lot of guys to stare, and she unconsciously crossed her arms to hide her erect nipples. Petra leaned over and whispered in her ear. "I told you that you didn't have to play with them, I didn't say you could cover them up. Put your arms down and arch your back a little. Gretchen's cheeks started to feel warm, and she knew she was blushing as she put her hands behind her back and stuck her chest out for guys to stare at. She could feel herself get even more aroused as people would stare at her, especially with the knowledge that she had nothing on under her skirt.  
  
Petra pulled her into another store and started browsing the racks. She handed Gretchen a short summer dress, and told her to go try that on, reminding her to not forget the curtain. The changing booths were along the back of the store, but they were just curtains on three sides. Gretchen struggled again to make sure she had left a 4 inch gap in the curtains before she started to undress. She shucked the skirt off, and had just peeled the sweater over her head when she heard the curtain open up.  
  
"Here,' Petra handed her another dress, "you should try this one too." Petra acted like it was no big deal that everyone in the store could see her completely naked. Gretchen moved her arm to cover her exposed boobs but could do nothing about her crotch as she used her other hand to take the dress from Petra. It was probably just as well, she thought, because if she put her hand on her crotch she might start rubbing and not be able to stop. Petra closed the curtain, but left a gap that was over 8 inches.  
  
Gretchen put on the first dress, and realized that the people in this store would be getting quite the show. The summer dress was obviously a couple sizes too big for her; Petra must have done that on purpose. The spaghetti straps were too long, and the top was too loose, so the dress kept slipping down to where her nipples would pop into view. She pulled it up as best she could, and headed out to show Petra. There were three guys in the store, and they had all seen the show when Petra opened the curtain, so they openly stared at her now. At first, Gretchen couldn't find Petra and had to walk around the store, continually pulling up the front of the dress to avoid showing her boobs. Finally, she found Petra, who instead of making her twirl, this time made her raise her arms up high, causing both her nipples to pop into view. Both girls giggled uncontrollably as Gretchen tried to get her boobs covered.  
  
"I don't that dress is quite right," Petra could barely stop laughing, "Get rid of that, and then pick one of these four to buy." She handed Gretchen a pile of sundresses. "I've got some stuff I'm going to try, so you don't need to come find me. Leave the one you pick on. You should wear it out of here."  
  
Gretchen went back to the booth, this time leaving a good ten inch gap in the curtain. She pulled off the sundress and held up the other dresses to inspect them. They were all strapless, with floor length skirts. Gretchen had seen a number of girls in them this summer; they seemed quite popular. As she compared the prints and colors she noticed in the mirror that a guy had positioned himself to watch her in the mirror through the gap. Feeling wicked, Gretchen decided to give him a bit of a show.  
  
She hung the dresses up, and looked at herself in the mirror. Her heart started to pound as she concentrated on looking at herself and not the guy. Her hands came up, stroking her flat belly, and then circling the white flesh of her boobs. Slowly she circled in, getting closer and closer to her nipples. Finally, she reached her nipples, and began to rub and pinch them. Leaving one hand on her breast, she slowly traced the other slowly down her belly and ran it through her pubic hair. Through her slitted eyes she could see the guy shift around a little, and it looked like his hand might be by his crotch. Gretchen smiled as she thought about how wild she was being, and she slowly worked her fingers down to her pussy. She was soaking wet. She worked her fingers up and down her slit, and then over her little button. She played with that for a while as she watched the guy fidget out in the store. Then she got a totally evil idea. She opened her eyes, and looked right at him. He got a panicked look on his face, but she smiled, and then brought her slick fingers up to her mouth and began to lick and suck on them. It was the dirtiest thing she had ever done in her life, and she loved the feeling of power running through her. The guy almost doubled over for a few seconds, and then looked totally worried as he rushed out of sight. Gretchen realized she must have made him cum, and that he was going to have a real problem explaining that to his girlfriend.  
  
Deciding to quit before things got totally out of hand, Gretchen picked out a print that she liked best and put the sundress on. It fit pretty well, if a tad big, but she liked the look. The strapless part made it sexy and feminine, showing off her tan, while the long skirt meant that it wasn't at all trampy. She grabbed her clothes and walked back out in the store. She was still jittery after playing with herself, and she was worried that some wetness might work down her thighs. Thank God, Petra came out within a minute or so, and they headed to the checkout. Petra bought a couple dresses for herself, and Gretchen borrowed some scissors to cut the tag off, and paid for her dress.  
  
"You look kind of flushed," Petra commented as they walked out, "you really do get off on this, don't you?" Gretchen told her about playing with the guy that was watching her. "Wow! I think I've created a monster." Both girls laughed as they linked arms and headed for the mall exit.  
  
As they passed the movie theater that was in the mall, they worked they way through the crowds. Petra slowed her down and whispered in her ear. "I'm going to give you my bag to carry so I can get my keys. After that, I'm going to come up behind you and pull your dress down. I want you to count to five before you pull it back up. Make sure people get a good look." Gretchen was terrified, but she nodded nervously. As they walked out the door and into the parking lot, Petra asked her to take her bag, and she opened her purse. Gretchen walked slowly. A group of eight college age kids were walking towards the movies. When they were about twenty feet away, Gretchen felt Petra's hands under her armpits, a sudden motion, and the cool evening air on her naked body.  
  
She really hadn't meant to scream. It just came out. For at least two or three seconds she didn't even drop the bags, she just looked down at herself, her dress at her ankles, and not a thing on from there up. The college guys gave out some catcalls while their girlfriends told them to shut up. Gretchen dropped the bags, and used her hands to cover herself. She had been too freaked out to think about counting, but she stayed that way for a while as people stared at her. Finally, she had to expose herself totally to get the dress, and work it up her body. She heard one of the girls call her a slut as she bent over, showing everyone her butt. She had to wriggle her hips to shimmy the dress up her body, bringing more comments. Once covered, she grabbed her bags, and ran for Petra's car.  
  
She jumped in the car and words started to tumble out. "Ohmygod. -- all those people -- they all saw -- totally naked -- couldn't even breath -- so freaking HOT!" Gretchen was almost shouting as Petra laughed at her. Petra kept laughing at her as she drove out of the mall and told Gretchen that she had been naked for a lot longer than ten seconds. Gretchen was still breathless, "they were all looking at me, and all I could think about was how turned on I was. I was embarrassed too, but I'm sooo horny now." Gretchen stopped suddenly, mortified that she had admitted that.  
  
"Hey, you started last night, I told you to go for it," Petra said with a crooked smile, "just recline your seat, you'll feel better with some release." It was totally weird, but what wasn't weird about the last few days? Gretchen reclined her seat, hiked up her dress, and began rubbing herself. She was so turned on it didn't take long before she was going at it for all she was worth, her back arched and with her thighs tight and trembling. She let out a loud moan as a very satisfying orgasm took her. She looked at Petra, who was giggling, and started laughing herself. If you didn't count doing it under the covers after everyone went to sleep at slumber parties, she had never masturbated in front of another girl, but it made her feel even closer to Petra.  
  
"Wow, this has been some day."  
  
"Three down and seven to go girlfriend." They both smiled. Soon they were at Gretchen's building, and Petra told her she'd call her tomorrow. Gretchen gave her hug, feeling somehow sentimental about having been so exposed in front of her old friend. Petra smiled at her, said goodbye, waved again as she got in the car, and drove off. Gretchen felt very good, but also weird, and maybe a little disappointed. It wasn't like she expected anything else, but she just really didn't want the evening to end. She went up to her apartment, and for the first time in a few nights did not need to satisfy herself. She stripped off her dress, watched some TV, got ready, and crawled into bed.

**The Vanilla Test - Day 04**

Gretchen had not slept very well. She kept thinking about her orgasm in the car. The whole thing with Petra was very weird. They had been friends for a very long time, and they had been through a lot. From being in different crowds in high school, from Petra going off to an Ivy League while Gretchen staid closer to home, to ending up back near each other after college, but they always stayed close. And it wasn't like they hadn't always talked about sex. Well at least Gretchen always did, so Petra knew more about Gretchen than anyone did. But the last few days were way beyond that. Part of Gretchen was totally humiliated, and she worried what Petra must think of her. Part of her was obsessed with going further, and was dreading that Petra might stop.  
  
She continued her new habit of staying naked until it was time to leave. She made coffee, showered, picked out her clothes, and did everything else she needed to while she was still naked. She pulled on a dark blue bra and thong, a white blouse with vertical blue stripes, and a skirt that didn't quite come to her knees. Once she was dressed, she headed to work. She drudged through the workday until Petra called her at lunch.  
  
"I have some stuff going on this evening, but let's go for a jog late tonight," Petra suggested. They agreed that Gretchen would pick Petra up at about 8:30. The rest of Gretchen's day was uneventful. She finished work, went to work out, stopped for some Chinese takeout on the way home. As she walked in her door, she decided the naked in the apartment thing should continue. She got undressed, and then ate the takeout as she surfed. She casually stroked her naked body, and even rubbed her kitty as she passed the time.  
  
She put on her running stuff at about 8:00. She put the thong back on and a sports bra, a tight fitting sleeveless top and some loose fitting running shorts. She popped downstairs and into her car and drove over to Petra's. Gretchen called her right before she got to the house, and Petra was waiting on the street. She tossed a workout bag in the back seat and then climbed in the passenger seat. She had a loose fitting white T on with some long shorts. Gretchen smiled at her friend's choices of clothes. Petra was really very cute with a petite figure and beautiful olive skin, but she never put any effort into showing herself off. Gretchen had tried to get her out of her shell a couple times in high school, but it was obvious that Petra liked her shell. She had Gretchen as a good friend, but she wasn't really interested in being more popular.  
  
Gretchen asked where they were going, and Petra gave directions. Petra told her that they would go to a forest preserve out in the suburbs. It would be quiet at night, but also safe for a couple girls on a jog. They pulled into the unlit lot, and were the only car. Gretchen parked and they started off down the trail. The moon was close to full, and it was easy to find their way. With her longer legs, and frequent workouts, Gretchen soon got in front of Petra. Petra asked her to stop a second.  
  
"We need to slow you down a bit. Give me your bra."  
  
"I can't run without a bra, they'll bounce all over"  
  
"That's the point, it'll slow you down".  
  
Gretchen realized this was number 4, so she quickly worked the bra out from under her shirt, and handed it over. They began to jog again. She held her boobs as she ran, but Petra said that defeated the purpose and told Gretchen to keep her normal stride with her arms at her side. Gretchen had to slow down quite a bit, but found a pace where her boobs didn't fly all over the place. Petra kept alongside her, but was breathing hard. Soon she asked to stop again.  
  
"Okay, not enough, you're still going too fast. Give me the shorts too."  
  
Gretchen was ready this time, and just peeled them off. "Be careful, the car key's in those," she warned. Petra took the key out and put it her sock. They jogged a while longer, Gretchen savoring the idea of running in a thong. There wasn't anyone else here, but if there were, they could have got a great view of her butt. Soon Petra made her stop again, and before she could even say anything, Gretchen peeled off her top. Petra just giggled and told her that she was getting good at this.  
  
Going back to jogging was exhilarating. She was running out in a park, almost naked! Granted she still had her thong, and it was dark out, but it was close enough. The jogging was starting to make her sweat, and her skin glistened in the moonlight. Her boobs were bouncing with every step, but she found a pace that kept that from being uncomfortable, and she allowed her mind to wander, relishing the freedom of what she was doing.  
  
Soon Petra took the final step, and with a quick motion Gretchen pulled the thong off and stepped of it. She handed it over to Petra, and began to run, completely nude except for her shoes. It was such a rush! She was exuberant as she jogged with Petra by her side.  
  
Suddenly they heard some loud laughing up ahead. Gretchen hissed some profanity, and hunched over covering herself. "Don't panic," Petra was giggling again, "it's probably just some high school kids out drinking. They'll be too busy partying. We'll just cut across the field and they will never know." Gretchen got back up and followed her across the field, around the noise from the teenagers. She thought she heard someone say the word "naked" and then a lot of laughing, but no one followed them.  
  
They passed the halfway mark and followed the loop around back to the car. By the time they got back Gretchen had worked up a light sweat, and Petra was breathing hard. "You need to get more exercise girlfriend," Gretchen teased her.  
  
"Yeah," Petra answered between pants, "you're probably right. So how are you doing, naked girl?"  
  
"Un-freaking-believable. I feel so free. And so um, so... turned on," Gretchen finished quietly.  
  
Petra had that steely look in her eyes again. "Okay, so here's the deal. I've got the key to your car, and your clothes. So, you're not getting either until you go over to that bench in front of your car, and play with yourself until you cum."  
  
"What?!!?"  
  
"You said you wanted someone to make you, so I'm making you. If you don't get moving, I'll leave you out here naked."  
  
Gretchen knew it wasn't really a threat, that Petra wouldn't really do that, and even if she tried, Gretchen could easily overpower her smaller friend. But that wasn't really the point. It gave her mind the excuse it needed, so Gretchen sauntered her naked body over to the bench, sat facing the front of her car, and spread her legs. Just as she did, her car beeped and her headlights came on, making her jump with fright. Petra's laugh made Gretchen realize that she had just clicked the unlock button for the car. Petra walked over, opened the driver's door, and turned the lights so they would stay on. "Just wanted to be sure anyone walking by would know what you're doing," she grinned.  
  
Gretchen felt he stomach do flip-flops, but she was determined to continue. She worked one hand down into her bush, and started rubbing her sex. She wanted to orgasm badly, but the bright lights were distracting. She closed her eyes and moved her hand slowly. She began to get more excited, moving her hand faster and faster. She moved her free hand up to her breast, squeezing it, first gently, and then more urgently. She felt herself getting closer, and her buttocks lifted off the bench. Her thighs began to tremble as her hips thrust forward, getting her closer, and then she let out a loud shout the climax came over her suddenly. She slumped over to one side as she recovered, and she was grinning as she opened her eyes and looked at Petra. And screamed. Petra was standing there with her video capture thingie.  
  
"What are you doing? Did you get that on video!?!?"  
  
"Almost all of it. That was quite a performance, " Petra laughed, "the guys really liked your post the other night, I'm sure they'd love this." She laughed uncontrollably. Gretchen didn't know whether to laugh too, or throw a tantrum. She ended up laughing, but she was definitely worried.  
  
"You won't post that, will you? Really?'  
  
"Naah, blurring videos is a lotta work, and even if you get off on it, showing everyone on the internet your face is a little too much. Let's go home."  
  
"Okay let me get dressed."  
  
"Oh, no, this you can do, I'll put your clothes in the trunk." Petra left the driver's door open for Gretchen. Gretchen couldn't believe she was going to do this, but she slid behind the wheel naked. Petra popped the trunk open, tossed Gretchen's clothes in, and closed it again. The drive back was more difficult that Gretchen could have imagined. She was still shaky from her orgasm, and every time she came to a stoplight she was terrified she'd be seen. Petra was actually a help, telling Gretchen that she was doing great, and that she was well on her way to proving she was not vanilla. Gretchen smiled at the thought that anything she had done over the last few days was anything close to vanilla.  
  
Finally, she pulled up in front of Petra's house. Petra let Gretchen know that she had a Friday night work thing the next night, but that she could take off a couple hours in the afternoon. They agreed that Gretchen would take the afternoon off, and pick up Petra at her office. Petra said good-bye, but before she could get out of the car, Gretchen leaned across and gave her a hug. It felt weird, being naked and giving her friend a hug, but Gretchen really wanted to. Petra hugged her back, but when she let go she seemed flustered. She said good-night again quickly and rushed into her house.  
  
Gretchen worried a little that she had freaked her friend out, but there wasn't anything to do about it now. She managed to make the drive back to her place without incident, but as she pulled into the lit parking lot, she wondered what her plan was. She pulled into her space, and considered her options. She could climb over the seat, try to open the pass-through to the trunk, get her clothes, and get dressed in the car. Her other option was to get out, pop the trunk, and pull her clothes back on. While it was risky, she decided to just go for the simpler option. She popped the trunk, stepped out, and walked around to the back to get her clothes. Her underwear was not there, but she really didn't want to take the time anyway. She pull the shirt on quickly, and then pulled on her shorts, which did not go as well as she wanted it to. Her shoes made it difficult, and she was bent over for a while trying to get them on. Anyone coming out of the building would have seen an awful of her butt while she was bent over.  
  
Finally, she got them on, and she headed over to the door. Before she got there, the girl from next-door stepped out. She had a cat who ate the canary kind of smile. "Looks like someone was having fun tonight," her tone was somewhere between laughing and bitchy condescension. Gretchen was mortified. She mumbled a greeting, and got inside the building as fast as she could. She wondered how much her neighbor had seen.  
  
She got into her apartment, and stripped immediately. She was beginning to get used to always being naked at home. She got out her laptop, flopped on her bed and went to all her favorite sites, looking for stories. They didn't seem as wild as they had a few days ago, but she still managed to get a good orgasm out of them before she drifted to sleep.

**The Vanilla Test - Day 05**

Gretchen followed her new routine getting ready for work the next day, staying naked until the last possible second. First thing at work, she cleared taking the afternoon off, and spent the morning making sure she had everything wrapped up before she left for the weekend. At about 1:00 she took off, and went to pick up Petra. Petra tossed her bag in the back before climbing in next to Gretchen. She told Gretchen to drive off to the same park where she had done her naked run the night before. Gretchen immediately protested.  
  
"Hey, running naked at night is one thing, but I'm not doing that in the day. I'm not vanilla, but I'm not getting arrested either."  
  
"Woah girl, we're not doing that, don't worry. I have other plans." That got Gretchen even more worried. They chatted as she drove, and soon they were at the park. Early on a Friday afternoon the park was almost completely empty. A few joggers here and there, but all the picnic shelters were all empty. Petra led her into the park and across a large field. The walk was hot in the sun, but Gretchen thought she might be sweating for other reasons. The anticipation of not knowing what was coming was really getting to her. Finally, they sat at a table and looked around. The shelter was in a bit of a gully and was less visible to anyone jogging in the park. Gretchen looked in all directions, but couldn't see anyone. Petra set her bag on the table, and began pulling out whatever it was she had brought. A small bowl, a thermos, a mug, and a small bag were soon all on the table. Gretchen was perplexed.  
  
"I've been checking out some of this internet stuff that you're so into," Petra smiled wickedly, "and I noticed that most of the girls you see don't have a muff. I think it's so if you're an exhibitionist that you can be sure everyone will see you. So I want you to strip from the waist down and shave your coochie." She was laughing as she said it.  
  
"Here?" Gretchen was horrified. She had always been proud of her luxurious bush, it made her feel so womanly. Shaving it would make her look like a baby, it seemed wrong. To say nothing of doing it in broad daylight in a public park.  
  
"It's quiet here, and if you go quickly, I'm sure you'll be done before anyone sees you. Of course, don't go too quickly, you wouldn't want to nick anything," Petra smirked, "but you'd better get those pants off." She pulled a cordless trimmer out of the bag and held it out to her.  
  
Gretchen looked all around, then mentally shrugged her shoulders, and undid the zipper on her slacks. Soon she was naked from the waist down. She sat at the picnic bench, facing out, and spread her legs. Pausing a moment to reflect on what she was doing, she decided that it would always grow back. She used the clippers and quickly had reduced her glorious bush to stubble. Petra took the thermos, poured a little hot water in the bowl, and then pulled out a shaving brush, dipped in the bowl, and made some foam in the mug.  
  
"Here you go sweetie, use the brush to get good and lathered."  
  
Gretchen looked up to take the mug, and then noticed that Petra had the motion capture in her other hand. She should have known that this would end up on video. She took the mug and brush, and ran it all over her mound and down along her slit. The feeling was unbelievable. The warm brush going along her lips, caressing her clit, she loved the feeling. A flash of light let her know that Petra had taken a picture of her as well.  
  
"Is that really necessary?" Gretchen razzed her.  
  
"I'm telling you, those guys who saw your picture from the other night, they want more," Petra laughed, and snapped another photo.  
  
Gretchen kept looking around to see if anyone would see her, but the coast was still clear. Petra handed her a razor, telling her that it was a brand new blade. Slowly, and very carefully, Gretchen shaved herself. She kept having to pull on her lips and touch her clit, sending warm waves over her body as she did. The whole experience, touching herself, being so exposed in public, having Petra right there and taking a video, it was really getting to her.  
  
Suddenly she saw a couple women in the distance, jogging. She slapped her legs together and cowered down so they wouldn't see. The women paid her no notice, and soon were out of sight again.  
  
"Get going again girl," Petra urged her on. Gretchen went back to work, and soon had finished shaving her mound and along her lips. Petra wasn't done though.  
  
"Don't forget your butt crack, I can see a few hairs there. But before you do, give me your bra."  
  
Gretchen was getting good at taking her bra off under her top, and soon she handed it over. She took the mug and brush and worked up her crack, moving it back and forth across her asshole. It felt kind of funny, and she felt very dirty for even doing it. She had to squat on the ground to reach back there with the razor, but soon she was completely hairless. She sat back on the bench and Petra handed her a bottle of lotion.  
  
"Rub that in, it will keep the skin nice and smooth where you shaved."  
  
Gretchen did as she was told, and was soon rubbing lotion all over her crotch, which with the warm sun hitting it felt unbelievably good. She let out a small moan.  
  
"Keep going," Petra said, "the guys will love this, but pull your top up." Gretchen pulled her top up to show her boobs, and then kept rubbing herself as Petra videoed, and soon she could feel the pressure building up.  
  
"You didn't really rub it down by your butt," Petra commented, "I think the guys would like to see that."  
  
Gretchen smiled as her finger drifted down and rubbed the lotion along the crack of her ass.  
  
"Use you other hand back there. Yeah good. Now stick a finger in."  
  
"What?" Gretchen had done a lot of stuff before, but sticking a finger in her butt seemed really perverted.  
  
"Go ahead, girls do it on the internet all the time"  
  
Carefully Gretchen pressed her index finger on her back hole, and worked it in until she had two knuckles inside her. Her other hand went back to her sex, and soon she was back on her way to an orgasm. She loved the slippery feeling of her newly shaved sex, and she felt so dirty doing this in public with a finger buried in her butt hole. The total scene was coming together in a way that blew her mind.  
  
"Holy crap someone's coming," Petra hissed. Gretchen looked and saw a guy in some kind of a uniform about fifty yards off, looking at them and walking straight towards them. "Quick get dressed!" Gretchen pulled her pants on, grabbed her shoes, and ran for the car. Petra had all the stuff and was right behind her. When they got to the car, it didn't look like he had followed them, but they didn't wait around to see. Gretchen jumped in, started the car, and as soon as Petra was in they took off.  
  
Soon laughter replaced terror. "Oh my God, I can't believe I did that. That was unbelievable," Gretchen said, still on a high. Petra laughed, saying the look on her face when she saw the guy was priceless, and she said she was sorry that Gretchen didn't get to cum, but that she had to get back to work. Disappointed, Gretchen drove her back to her office. When they got there, Gretchen got out of the car to say goodbye. She reached out and hugged her friend, and whispered in her ear.  
  
"Thanks for this, I really like the way it feels now that it's shaved."  
  
Petra seemed flustered again. Gretchen smiled to herself, it was so unlike Petra to not be in control. They said goodbye again, and then Gretchen got in her car and drove off. Her first thought was to put her underwear back on, but it turned out Petra had taken that. She figure what the hell, lots of people had seen her nipples poking out her top this week, and the feel of her slacks on her newly shaved snatch kept her focused on how turned on she was. She ran a few errands, did some grocery shopping, and went home. Once inside her apartment she stripped naked, and relished the feeling of sliding her finger along her slick skin.  
  
She felt like she should do something extreme, something that would impress Petra. She considered calling for pizza and answering the door naked. It was exactly the kind of thing she could see Petra doing to her, but without Petra telling her, she just couldn't do it. She even picked up the phone and dialed a couple times, but she chickened out before the phone connected. She got out her laptop and decided to surf instead. She checked her email, and saw that Petra had sent her something.  
  
Hey Vanilla Girl,  
  
Here's a few videos for you and some stills. I've already blurred the face on the stills, pick a couple out and post them for the guys. The videos are for you.  
  
P  
  
Gretchen opened all the files and was amazed. There was the video of her butt in the changing booth in the store, of her masturbating at night in the park, and then today's close shave. Gretchen couldn't believe the wanton look on the face of the girl in the videos. It was like she was a whole different person. Gretchen rubbed her newly shaved sex as the girl on the video shaved herself.  
  
She turned that video off, deciding to save it for later. She opened the photos, and saw that Petra had blurred her face in every one, making it somewhat safe to post them. Even still, the idea made Gretchen swoon. Her naked body, now totally exposed, shown to millions of horny people around the world, it just blew her mind. Finally she picked one, and posted it to the site that Petra had posted her earlier picture. She chose one of her when she was almost done shaving herself. She wanted to post one of her masturbating with her finger up her rear, but she just couldn't bring herself to do it.  
  
She spent the rest of the night watching the video of herself shaving, and then diddling herself while fingering her bum. She even worked a finger in there again, and came again and again, until she wore herself out.