**The Vanilla Test**

by[koala011860091](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1116014&page=submissions)©

Saturday morning, and Gretchen slept in. About 10:00 Petra called her and said she would pick her up at 11:00. Gretchen asked what they were going to do, but Petra just laughed and told her that it would spoil the fun if she knew. Gretchen stayed naked until Petra called again saying she was right outside the building. Gretchen pulled on her underwear, jeans shorts, and a tank top, stepped into some sandals and bounded down to Petra's car.  
  
"So what are we doing?" Gretchen asked as they pulled out.  
  
"I thought a day at the beach would be good."  
  
"Wait, I didn't bring a suit. Oh, we're not going to some nudist place are we?"  
  
"No," Petra laughed, "then I'd have to get undressed too, and this is your kink not mine. Besides, you want to be naked where you're not supposed to be, right? I have a suit for you, don't worry."  
  
"Hey, don't take that kink comment the wrong way, okay?" Petra continued after a bit of silience. "We all have our own kinks, and that's what makes us interesting. This one is yours and that's cool. It's just not mine."  
  
"So what is yours? You never talk about yourself," Gretchen asked.  
  
"Maybe if you make it to day ten I'll let you know."  
  
They got on the highway to head to the beaches, and Petra pulled over on the shoulder. She reached back and pulled a bag in to the front seat. She handed Gretchen a white two piece swim suit, and told her that she should put it on. Changing clothes in a car along the Interstate seemed pretty tame to Gretchen now, so she peeled down her shorts and panties, pulled on bikini bottoms, removed her bra and top, and with a giggle, put on the bikini top. The bottoms were actually not too radical, sort of a Brazilian type cut. The top was strapless, but covered her fairly well. The fabric seemed very thin however, and neither top nor bottom were lined. Her nipples showed as prominent bumps in the top, and with no hair down there the crevice of her vulva was easy to spot. Her tan lines did not match the bikini bottoms, and the white skin around the fabric just made it seem more revealing.  
  
"Fits me I guess," Gretchen commented, "but it doesn't really hide very much. Where did you get it?"  
  
"Amazing what you can find on the internet. Now here's the deal. You're wearing nothing more than that bikini until I drop you back at your place. The drive out there, on the beach, off the beach, all the way home. Got it?"  
  
"Wow. You've put a lot of thought into this stuff," Gretchen said with a grin.  
  
"Hey, what are friends for?"  
  
Petra pulled out onto the highway, and they drove the better part of an hour to the state park. The park consisted of a bunch of dunes along one of the Great Lakes, with some decent beaches. It wasn't Waikiki or South Beach or anything, but on a summer day in the Midwest, it was a nice relief from the heat and humidity. Petra paid the entrance fee, and found a spot to park. As they walked to the beach it started to sink in to Gretchen about how hard this would be. Petra had a gray tank dress over her swimsuit, and carried a beach bag with their stuff. Everyone else around her was wearing shorts and T-shirts or some kind of cover up. She was the only one walking around in a bikini, and one that didn't hide that much. Guys were checking her out constantly, and girls were giving her dirty looks that said "Slut!"  
  
It got better on the beach, just because now other girls were in their bikinis, although guys were still looking at her a lot. They walked for a while until the crowds thinned out, and Petra picked out a spot. They spread out their towels and sat facing the lake, watching the waves come in. Petra peeled off her cover-up, revealing a black bikini that Gretchen had to admit made her friend look pretty good. It wasn't as revealing as Gretchen's, but she was sure guys would be checking out both of them. Petra put sunscreen on herself, and handed some to Gretchen.  
  
"Let me get your back," Petra suggested as Gretchen finished up her front. Gretchen laid down on her stomach and Petra squirted a bunch of lotion on her back and down her legs. Petra rubbed it all over her back, and then undid the top to make sure she got under it. Then she did the backs of Gretchen's legs, working her way up to her butt. Gretchen had to admit that it felt really good. Laying in the warm sun, the feel of hands rubbing lotion in, it was delicious. As Petra's hands got closer to her butt, she wondered what her friend would do. She knew it would be weird, but she was hoping that Petra would rub the lotion on her rear, it all just felt so good.  
  
Petra did not disappoint her. She worked her hands up to Gretchen's ass, and then focused in on rubbing the lotion into her cheeks. She even pulled the suit up into kind of a wedgie to expose most of her friend's rear end.  
  
"Leave your suit bottoms like that, it will give you a good tan." Petra laid down next to her. Gretchen re-tied her top, kneeled by her friend and returned the favor. She put lotion on her hands and started rubbing it into Petra's back and shoulders. Petra had wonderful olive skin, and her body was trim, if not as athletic as Gretchen's. Gretchen wondered to herself why Petra didn't dress more to impress. She certainly looked great in a swimsuit. Gretchen undid Petra's top to get lotion all over her back. She thought briefly about pulling her friend's top off, but remember the comment about exhibitionism being Gretchen's kink not Petra's, she thought better of it. When she was done with the back, she started working up Petra's legs, rubbing them a little longer than was strictly necessary, but she wanted Petra to feel a good as she did. She got up to Petra's rear, and she realized her heart was racing. She put more lotion on her hands and began rubbing, working her hands up under Petra's suit. She pulled Petra's suit up to make it more of a thong, and noticed that no tan lines appeared. "Hmmm," she thought to herself, "an unexpected side to Petra."  
  
Petra reached back and pulled her suit in place, but she had a wide smile on her face as she thanked Gretchen, saying it felt really good. Gretchen laid on her back to soak up some rays. Petra leaned over and told her to spread her legs some, to give people walking by a good show.  
  
"Wider. A little wider. Good" Gretchen's feet were now almost three feet apart, and she was sure that someone walking by would know for sure that she was shaved down there. The feeling of being exposed was making the pressure build up inside her. She propped herself up a bit on her elbows, and watched the lake and the occasional person walk by. She was definitely attracting attention from the guys who passed by. Most of them tried to look like they weren't staring, but some of them openly gawked. The whole thing turned Gretchen on immensely, and it was all she could do to not play with herself.  
  
They girls flipped over after a while, and soaked up more sun. Soon they were both roasting hot, so they decided to go in the lake. In the only really acceptable way to get into a cold lake on a hot day, they ran down into the waves and dove under.  
  
"Omigod, cold, cold, holy crap is that cold," Gretchen sputtered as she came up. They laughed at each other as they hurried out of the water. Gretchen looked down, and almost had a heart attack. She was naked! Well, alright, she wasn't naked, but the suit had become see through. Not wet t-shirt kind of see through, closer to Saran Wrap kind of see through. She could see how pink her nipples were, and the cleft of her sex was in plain sight. She might as well have been wearing nothing.  
  
"Petra," she hissed, "look at me."  
  
"Yeah it is a bit extreme, huh? It will go back when it dries out. But for now, get your hands down. Let's go lay down."  
  
The walk back to her towel was excruciating, knowing how she was displayed. As soon as she got to her towel, Gretchen flopped down on her belly as quick as she could, but Petra made her roll over and spread her legs again. This time Gretchen covered her head with a towel. She just didn't want to see who was looking at her displayed like this. In her mind, she imagined the guys leering at her, the girls looking at her like she was a wanton slut, maybe the rangers coming up and arresting her. The thoughts led to darker fantasies and she was soon much more aroused that a person should be on a public beach.  
  
"Let's go get a bite," Petra broke her reverie. Gretchen looked down, and her suit was no longer see-through, although it had dried conforming to her body. She got up and the two of them walked up the beach a ways to where there were some buildings and concession stand. As they stepped off the beach, Petra pulled on her cover-up, making Gretchen feel even more exposed. As they stood in line, Gretchen could feel all the eyes on her, although thankfully Petra carried most of the conversation, distracting her a bit from her exposure. They ordered a couple slices of pizza, and went and sat on a low wall facing the buildings..  
  
"Keep those knees apart," Petra instructed as they sat. Gretchen sat with her legs spread wide and facing the exit of the men's changing room. Basically every guy who came out stared openly at her crotch. She looked down frequently to make sure that she was still legally covered, but even with that, you could see the folds of her sex.  
  
After lunch, they went back to their towels, and soaked up the sun. Petra dragged Gretchen into the water again, and then made her do it two more times on her own. Each time the show she gave made her even hornier. The last time she came out of the water, Petra met her with all the stuff in her bag, and said they should go. It was after 4:00 by then, and the beach was emptying out, but the idea of walking to the car with the suit so see-through made her stomachs do flip flops. Gretchen hesitated, but Petra started off, not giving her any chance. She caught up, and they walked out to the parking lot. Gretchen saw many people do double, or even triple takes looking at her, and one woman even told her to cover up and called her a tramp.  
  
By the time they got to the car, Gretchen was trembling. She climbed in, and smiled embarrassedly when Petra asked how she was doing. She was so overcome with emotion, it was hard to talk. Over fifty people had just seen her close enough to naked to not make any difference. Her heart and her pussy were throbbing, and she felt like every nerve in her body was buzzing. It was an intense experience. Petra got them out of the park and headed to the highway. She looked over at Gretchen and smiled.  
  
"Hey, are you okay, you look a little freaked out."  
  
"More like turned on. I can't believe I did that. All those people, it was so intense."  
  
"Hey, we both know what you really need. Just go ahead and do it, I'll bet it makes some trucker's day."  
  
Gretchen looked at her friend for a minute, stunned. She realized that she had masturbated in front of Petra every day for the last three days, but it really hit her as strange that it was becoming a normal thing. But the truth was that Gretchen was desperate, so with a smile she reclined her seat and slipped her hand down her bikini.  
  
"No, make sure you give the truckers a show. Pull the bottoms down, and take off your top. Gretchen giggled a bit as she removed the top and pulled the bottoms to her knees. Soon she was going at it, breathing hard and writhing in the seat. She closed her eyes as she got closer to climax. She arched her back and diddled herself for all she was worth. Suddenly, she noticed that the road noises seemed louder than they had. She opened her eyes to see that Petra was driving right next to a truck, and the driver was watching her jill off. Just the thought of it pushed her over the edge. She actually screamed as powerful orgasm ripped through her. She slumped back in her seat, and Petra sped away from the trucker.  
  
"That was mean," Gretchen panted once she recovered, "I thought you were kidding about the truckers."  
  
"It seemed to be okay for you." Both girls started laughing hysterically as Gretchen got her swim suit on again..  
  
Petra got off the highway and drove into a town about half way back to home. She pulled up to fast food place where you walked up to the window and then sat outside.  
  
"You should be able to stay in your bikini here," Petra explained. They got out of the car, and went to the window to order a couple burgers. Gretchen got a lot of stares and a few scornful looks, but no one asked her to leave. They sat at a bench and Gretchen kept her thighs spread wide without even a reminder from Petra. When they finished they headed back to Gretchen's place. Petra parked about a half a block away, and they walked together to her apartment. As luck would have it, they ran into Gretchen's neighbors, and the girl who had seen her before burst out laughing when she saw Gretchen's outfit. As they passed each other, Gretchen could hear her tell her friends about seeing Gretchen in a towel, and then driving naked. Gretchen blushed all the way to her toes.  
  
Petra came in, and they decided to download an old classic movie to watch. As Petra set up Gretchen's laptop, Gretchen got undressed. She decided that Petra had seen her naked enough lately, and she liked having a rule about being naked when she was home. She told Petra as much when Petra raised an eyebrow at her being naked. Petra smiled a knowing smile.  
  
"There may be hope for you yet girl." They sat next to each other and watched the film, laughing and maybe even crying together. As Gretchen sat naked next to Petra, the laptop across both their laps, her thigh touching Petra's, she pondered how weird this was, but also how nice. It felt somehow liberating to be acting on her secret fantasies.  
  
After the movie was over Petra hooked up her camera to the laptop, and downloaded a couple photos. "I snapped a couple when your head was covered. I thought you might want to post them," she explained. They chatted for a while, and then Petra announced that she'd better get going. As she got to the door, Gretchen gave her a big hug. It felt different, having her whole naked body touching Petra's clothed one. Different, but nice.  
  
"Thanks for a great day," she said, and she kissed Petra on the cheek. Petra got a funny look on her face, said that she had had a nice time as well, and left. Gretchen wandered around her apartment for a bit, not sure what to do. She decided to post one of the photos, picking one that most clearly displayed her body. After that, she laid in bed, and with the lights on and the blinds open worked herself to another orgasm before drifting off.

**The Vanilla Test - Day 07**

The weather changed overnight and it was cool and rainy Sunday morning. Gretchen slept in before spending a lazy morning puttering around her apartment. Petra called her and said she would be by in the early afternoon to pick her up. Gretchen took a shower, making sure to shave any stubble that had grown around her pussy, and got dressed to run some errands. When she got back, she made sure to strip again, made herself a salad, and then surfed a bit waiting for Petra. About 2:30 the doorbell rang, and Gretchen buzzed Petra up. She grinned at Gretchen when she saw that Gretchen was naked.  
  
"Still not dressed? Let's go, we've got things to do, people for you to flash."  
  
Gretchen laughed nervously, but pulled on panties, jeans, bra, and a t-shirt. As she got her shoes on Petra looked in her closet. She came out with a 3/4 length raincoat, saying that it was raining out. They went downstairs and ran through the rain to Petra's car. As they drove across town, Gretchen asked what they were doing. Petra told her not to worry, but that Gretchen needed to strip down and only wear the raincoat.  
  
"You weren't kidding about the flashing, were you -- I'm gonna be like some guy in a trench coat," Gretchen laughed. Petra just smiled mysteriously. Gretchen dutifully peeled off her clothes, and wrapped the raincoat around her. The fabric felt rough on her bare breasts, and she felt her nipples harden. Soon Petra pulled into the parking garage of the Museum of Art. Gretchen had not been here in ages. It wasn't a big one like Chicago or New York, but it did lend some culture to the city, and as she remembered, it had some decent stuff.  
  
They got out of the car and started walking to the museum. Gretchen was instantly excited just from the walk. The feeling of the wind blowing up on her recently shaved sex was incredibly intense, and the feeling of the raincoat liner on her nipples kept them hard and sensitive. They got into the museum, and Petra showed a member's card to get them both in. Gretchen had no idea that Petra was a member. One more hidden side to Petra. The museum was quiet, and they often had a gallery to themselves as they walked.  
  
In the third gallery they entered, Petra stopped and stared at a painting of a nude woman. She whispered in Gretchen's ear. "Wait until we're alone here, and then go stand next to that painting and flash me." Petra pulled a camera out of her purse and they waited about 30 seconds, and the room was empty. Gretchen walked to stand next to the painting, turned to face Petra, and opened the coat, flashing her boobs and pussy. Petra snapped off a couple pictures, smiling at Gretchen. In the next gallery it was a still life of flowers that Petra wanted in the picture. She told Gretchen to spread her legs wide for that photo. The next time Gretchen stayed facing the wall and lifted her coat over her waist and thrust her butt out as she looked over her shoulder back at the camera. All the posing and sexiness was turning her on, and the poses got increasingly dirty. She squatted down with her knees spread wide showing her sex. She cupped her breasts, holding them out to the camera. She bent over and used her hands to spread her butt cheeks. She was flushed red, and knew she was gushing wet from all the excitement. The anticipation of waiting for the room to empty, of finding a room with no security, made it all the more exciting. There were a couple of times where people might have caught them, but other than some funny looks, no one said anything to them.  
  
They found a room with a nude statue in it, and Petra said it would be great for her to have the same pose. Gretchen was very nervous about leaving her coat with Petra. What if someone walked in? It would take a long time to get back and get her coat on. After a lot of discussion, Petra talked her into it. They waited until the room was empty and Gretchen peeled off her coat, handed it to Petra, walked to the statue, and assumed the same pose. Petra had snapped of two or three photos when a man in a security uniform came into the gallery. Gretchen was horrified. She ran to Petra to get her coat, but the guy had clearly seen everything.  
  
"Excuse me ladies, I'm sorry, but you can't do this here," the guard explained, "this is a family museum." Thankfully, he didn't seem angry. He was a young guy, maybe college age, and he seemed uncomfortable that he was having to ask them to stop. Petra immediately launched in to a totally bogus story about being an art student, and that she was doing this as an art project. Nudes with nudes, that kind of a thing. The guard listened to Petra, but he kept staring at Gretchen. Eyeing her cleavage, or looking over her bare legs. He clearly was conflicted, part of him needing to do his job, part of him interested in seeing more of a naked Gretchen . After Petra went on for a while about how important this project was to her, he seemed to crack.  
  
"I'll tell you what," he said, "I think it's a cool project. Maybe I can help you out. I can go to each gallery, make sure there isn't another guard there, and watch out for people coming. I don't mind you doing it, but if people see you I could get fired, so you need to only go when I say. Okay?"  
  
"Oh thank you Tyler!" Petra gushed, getting his name from his nametag, "that would be so awesome." Gretchen smiled at him shyly, which made him smile back awkwardly. He was kind of cute in a nerdy kind of way, Gretchen thought to herself.  
  
They quickly worked out a pattern. Petra and Tyler would walk into a room and talk about where the best place for Gretchen to be naked, they would wait until the room was empty, and Gretchen would go pose for the photo. Often Petra would have Gretchen take her coat completely off, and the first time that happened, Tyler offered to hold it. That meant that Gretchen had to walk over to him completely naked to get it back. From then on, Tyler became her coat holder on every shot.  
  
Petra continued to put her in lewd poses. The worst was when she had Gretchen pose on all fours on a bench looking back at the camera, her knees wide apart and showing pretty much everything to the camera, and to Tyler. Between poses, he started to chat her up, and Gretchen flirted with him, enjoying the attention, and feeling very sexy. He asked if she was model full time, which made her laugh, and she explained she was just doing this for Petra's project. He told that she was beautiful, and that she should consider modeling more. Gretchen told him he was sweet.  
  
After a dozen more pictures or so, Petra announced they were done. She said goodbye to Tyler, and Gretchen reached up and gave him a hug, making him blush. They had walked 20 feet or so when he asked them to wait.  
  
"Hey Gretchen, would you ah... could I get your number? Maybe we could go to lunch or something, sometime," he stumbled out awkwardly.  
  
"Yeah, I guess," Gretchen smiled, figuring what the hell, "although just so you know I don't dress like this normally." He blushed beet red, but they exchanged numbers and then Gretchen and Petra left. They got back to the car, and Petra drove them out of the garage.  
  
"You seemed to enjoy Tyler's attention," Petra commented, "will you go out with him if he calls?"  
  
"He was kinda cute," Gretchen answered distractedly, still coming off her high from being exposed, "I probably will. Usually I don't get naked in front of a guy before the first date, but hey... it's a crazy week."  
  
"So what are we doing now?" Gretchen asked after a long pause.  
  
"We're done, I'll take you home," Petra said curtly.  
  
"That's it?" Gretchen couldn't hide her disappointment.  
  
"Hey I would have thought giving Tyler that show would have been enough for one day." Gretchen realized that Petra was actually annoyed with her. Was she jealous? Had Petra been interested in Tyler? Gretchen figured she did that often to Petra, attracting all the attention. But hell, in this case, Petra had made Gretchen get naked in front of the guy, what did she expect? Gretchen wasn't sure what to say, so she just stared at her hands.  
  
After another long pause, she thought she'd change the subject. "So, what are we doing tomorrow?"  
  
Petra didn't answer for a while, clearly struggling to express herself. Finally she started, "look, why don't we call this whole thing off? You've proved your point. You're definitely not vanilla, you don't need to do anything to prove yourself to me." She sounded sad as she said it.  
  
Although Gretchen would have thought she would be relieved to get out of the full ten, she was actually disappointed. "No," she blurted out, "you can't do that, I need you." Gretchen winced inside, knowing she was being more honest than was maybe wise, but she really did not want this to stop.  
  
"Need me?" Petra asked quietly, almost like she wanted it to be true, but didn't quite believe it. "Why?"  
  
Gretchen took a deep breath. "I've discovered a new side of me this last week, and I really like it. But I can't do it without someone pushing me. I need you to make me do some of this stuff I would just never do it on my own. Friday night I thought I'd order a pizza and answer the door naked, but I just couldn't do it. I wanted to, but without you I chickened out."  
  
"Maybe you should just get Tyler to do it," Petra said, a little cattily.  
  
"Him? He's cute, but come on, he's a kid. And he doesn't know me like you do. There's no one else who would do this for me. Please. Pleeeze?" Gretchen couldn't believe she was begging for this, but she didn't want it to end.  
  
Petra smiled, and seemed to feel better. "Okay, okay, I'll do it," she rolled her eyes in an exaggerated way. "We're doing a big release tomorrow, so I've got to go work tonight, and I'll be working until late tomorrow. How about we catch a late movie?"  
  
They agreed to meet up late Monday evening, and Petra dropped Gretchen off at her place. Gretchen gave her a hug, glad they had gotten through whatever was bugging Petra. She got out and was almost to her front door when she realized that she was still just in the raincoat and had forgot her clothes. Petra had driven off, so it was too late to get them today.  
  
Gretchen went up to her apartment and spent the evening hanging around naked. She often found herself at her computer watching the videos of herself. She kept going back to the one of her masturbating after she had shaved her pubic hair, where she had her finger in her rear. The whole thing was just so perverted, and the girl in the video seemed so animal, so sexual, it was hard to believe it was Gretchen. She found herself copying the pose again, and bringing herself off. What was she turning into?

**The Vanilla Test - Day 08**

Gretchen stood at her dresser, staring at her underwear drawer. She couldn't believe that it had taken her this long to figure it out, but as she looked at her drawer she discovered she was very low on bras. For seven days in a row Petra had made her take off her underwear, and then kept it. While Gretchen still had underwear left, she was getting low on bras, at least on ones she liked to wear to work. She ended up selecting lacy demi-cup that was really only for hot dates, but it would be okay underneath the white blouse and grey skirt she planned on wearing. She picked out the panties that matched it and set them by her pile of clothes. She finished getting ready for work while still naked, getting dressed at the last minute.  
  
The day seemed to drag on forever. Work, exercise, errands, it was all just killing time waiting for going to the movies with Petra, and see what she would make Gretchen do next. When she got home, she stripped naked, made herself some dinner and spent some time surfing. She was amazed by the comments guys had made about her postings. Most were extremely complementary, many asked for more, and more explicit poses. She laughed; it didn't seem to matter what you showed a guy, they would always come up with something more they want to see.  
  
Finally, it was time to go meet Petra. She put back on the outfit she had worn to work and drove to the multiplex. Petra was already there, and had bought tickets to some period drama that had been out for a few weeks. It wouldn't have been Gretchen's first pick, but she hadn't seen it yet, so it was probably okay. They entered the theater, handed in their tickets and found their way to where the movie would be. They climbed the steps up to the very back row, where Petra picked out some seats. There were only about 5 other people in the theater.  
  
"So, I have this little problem," Gretchen confided as they sat down, "I'm running out of underwear. You keep stealing it."  
  
"Really? Out of underwear? Me, stealing?" Petra was grinning. "Well, maybe you should stop wearing it."  
  
"Oh ha ha," Gretchen said sarcastically, "like I'm going to start going to work without underwear. Really, I need it back."  
  
"Tell you what, you get to ten days, and we'll talk about how you get your underwear back." Petra didn't leave any room for arguing, so Gretchen let it slide. That was only two days, and she figured she could make it. They continued their girl talk until the movie started up. The previews had just finished and the opening credits were rolling when Petra leaned over to Gretchen.  
  
"Unbutton your blouse," Petra whispered in her ear. Gretchen's heart started to race. She thought something like this might be coming. There were now a dozen other people in the theater. No one was near them and they were all facing away from her, but all they would have to do is turn around to see her. She found the idea frightening and fascinating at the same time. Slowly she reached up and undid the first couple buttons on her blouse, letting her lacy bra peek out.  
  
"Unbutton it all the way," Petra urged. Slowly, because her hands weren't working so well, Gretchen undid all the buttons and untucked the blouse, fully exposing her lace covered breasts. Gretchen looked down and in the light from the screen her nipples were clearly visible as bumps in the flimsy fabric. "Nice bra," Petra whispered, "very sexy" They both giggled.  
  
Gretchen sat like that for a while, until it started to feel normal, like she always opened her top at movie theaters. She knew that Petra would not let it stop there. "Give me you skirt," was the next command. Gretchen's mind raced at what she was going to do. The blouse was one thing. If she saw anyone turning she could just close it up. While no one would be able to see that she didn't have a skirt on, what if something happened, like a fire alarm? How would she explain only having panties from the waist down?  
  
She laughed at herself, since she had never in her life been at a theater that had a fire. She knew she was just delaying the inevitable. She skootched forward, reached back, and undid the clasp and zipper of the skirt. Lifting her rear, she slid the skirt over her bare legs and off, before handing it to Petra. Petra set it on the seat on the other side of her.  
  
"Hmmm, the panties are sexy too," Petra grinned as she whispered. Gretchen could feel herself getting flushed as she sat there with her underwear in plain view, lit by the silvery glow of the movie screen. After a short while Petra leaned over again. "You don't really need the blouse on do you, why don't you let me hold it." Gretchen was almost trembling as she slowly worked the white blouse down her tanned arms, and then handed it to Petra. She knew that this was beyond crazy. The stunts in the park and the photos at the museum had been crazy, but other than Petra and Tyler, no one had actually seen her. This was closer to her walk back from the beach with the transparent bikini, and she had almost fainted when she did that. She still had her underwear on, but she knew that Petra wouldn't let that last. She started clenching and releasing her thighs, trying to satisfy her arousal.  
  
"I think you should give me the bra too," Petra whispered to her shortly. So this was it, she would be topless in a movie theater, with no way to hide if people turned around. Slowly she slid the straps down and off her arms, letting the cups fall away, almost exposing her nipples. She sat that way for over a minute trying to work up her courage. Finally, Petra leaned over and whispered again.  
  
"Do it, remember I'm making you do this, you are not allowed to stop."  
  
Somehow, those words pushed Gretchen over the edge, and gave her what she needed to finish. She slid the bra down off her breasts and onto her firm belly, she spun it around to unclasp it, and handed it to Petra, who put it with her other clothes. Gretchen was almost in a total panic. She was topless, and all her clothes were two seats away. If anything happened, there would be no way to explain this. At least in the art museum Petra had her "nudes with nudes" story. What would the story be now? It was insane. Her thighs were opening and closing rapidly now.  
  
Finally, Petra asked her for her last piece of clothing. Slowly Gretchen peeled her panties down her thighs and handed them over. The feeling of her bare bottom on the seat gave her goose pimples. Her nipples were so hard they hurt, and although she didn't dare touch her crotch, she could see that she was swollen and wet. The feelings were exquisite.  
  
She hadn't really been watching the movie, but looking at it now, she figured that there was less than 20 minutes left in the film. She started to get worried about when Petra would let her get dressed. If the lights came up, people would see her for sure, and would probably get in real trouble. Just the thought of it made her thighs open and close faster. Petra leaned over again.  
  
"I know you want to. Go ahead," was all she said. One part of Gretchen rebelled at the thought, but Petra was right, she really wanted to. And she didn't have a lot of time to get it done, so she'd better get started. Her hand drifted down between her legs and along her bare sex. She closed her eyes and thought about how she must look. Naked, skin glowing in the light from the screen, hand moving quickly over her crotch, it was pushing all of her buttons. She lifted her feet up and put them on the seat in front of her, spreading her legs wide, and she really started to go at it. Her head was back, and her hips were thrusting into her hand.  
  
Suddenly she reached out with her free hand and grabbed Petra's. Petra seemed surprised, but she returned the grasp. Gretchen just felt the need for human contact as she pushed herself over the edge. She squeezed her friend's hand hard, and felt Petra squeeze it back as the orgasm washed over her. And boy, was it a good one. Her whole body trembled and tensed as she snapped her thighs together and squeezed her crotch. She kept holding Petra's hands tight as the climax receded.  
  
Once she had recovered, she looked at the screen and saw that the movie was wrapping up. She let go of Petra's hand, and asked for her clothes back. Petra whispered not yet. Soon Gretchen was pleading with her, but she didn't want to make very much noise, or people would look back. Finally, Petra reached over, grabbed Gretchen's bra and panties, and them put them in her purse! Gretchen was getting seriously worried now, that she was going to be caught. Petra gave her a grin, and stood up and left. The noise of her standing made a couple people turn around, causing Gretchen to duck quickly out of view. By the time she looked up, Petra was leaving the theater, and her skirt and blouse were several seats away. She scurried over, grabbed her blouse, and put it on without bothering to button it. She looked up and saw the end credits start to roll. The lights would come up any second. She grabbed her skirt, sat down, lifted both legs and pulled the skirt over her feet. The lights came up just as she lifted her butt to get the skirt up. People began to stand up, and a few looked back at her as she held her blouse together.  
  
How was she going to get out of here? Neither her blouse nor skirt were fastened, and she couldn't very well fasten them with people standing around. She waited, hoping everyone would leave and she could fix her skirt and button her blouse, but before the room was empty, the cleaning staff came in. She swore under breath, and decided to make a break for it. Using one arm to hold the blouse closed over her chest, and another hand behind her holding her skirt together, she stood up and hurried out of the theater. The clean up people looked at her, but none of them said anything to her. As she walked in the hall, several people stared at her, and she saw Petra laughing. She ignored everything and rushed to the bathroom and into a stall. Once safely inside she managed to fix her skirt, and then button up her blouse. Several women gave her knowing looks as she came out of the stall, making her even more embarrassed. She went to find Petra.  
  
"I can't believe you did that," she hissed, "I could have been caught!"  
  
"Yeah, but you enjoyed it, didn't you?"  
  
Gretchen knew she couldn't really deny it, so she just complained about the risk. Actually, now that she knew she was okay, it was seeming funny to her too, and she started to laugh with Petra. They decided to walk across the parking lot to a restaurant with a bar, and get a drink before calling it a night. As they walked up, Petra asked her to stop.  
  
"I just want to fix your top, " she said, and she reached up and undid the top button on Gretchen's blouse. Gretchen was too shocked to move as her friend undid three buttons on her blouse. Gretchen looked around to see if anyone was watching. Petra pulled the blouse open a bit, showing enough of Gretchen's chest so that everyone would know she was braless. Her hands brushed against Gretchen's breasts slightly as she did this, causing Gretchen's nipples to harden and her pussy to throb slightly. Petra turned and walked to the bar, leaving Gretchen flustered and breathless.  
  
Once they got inside, they sat at the bar and each had a glass of wine. The bartender was very attentive, enjoying the view he got down Gretchen's blouse, but Gretchen basically ignored him. She didn't want a repeat of the whole Tyler experience. The two girls talked for a while and Petra let Gretchen know that she didn't have a lot of time on Tuesday, but that she had a plan for them after dinner. Then she let Gretchen know that Wednesday night would be the big night. It would be ten days, and Petra said they should go out clubbing that night in celebration of Gretchen passing all ten tests. Part of Gretchen was excited that she had passed the test, but part of her was worried what would happen when it was over. So much had changed in the last week, she didn't know how she could go back.  
  
They set up a time for Petra to pick up Gretchen the next day, paid their bill, and went back to their cars. At Petra's car they said good bye, and Gretchen hugged her friend. She told Petra how intense the night had been, and thanked her shyly. Petra hugged her back, and as she was letting go her hand drifted down Gretchen's back and across her butt. The sensation made Gretchen jump a little, and Petra pulled away. For a few awkward seconds neither of them knew what to say, until Petra just said goodbye, and jumped in her car.  
  
Gretchen walked back to her car, enjoying the night breezes on her cleavage and blowing up her skirt along her shaved sex. She just felt so sexy, she loved the feeling. She pulled her skirt up as she drove home and absently played with her kitty the whole way there. Once in her apartment she stripped again, and went to bed dreaming about what would come next.

**The Vanilla Test - Day 09**

Gretchen decided to wear a sports bra under her work clothes on Tuesday. Petra had once again stolen her underwear last night, and so Gretchen's drawer was getting empty. If she lost this one, she would have to either wear a really old bra she didn't like, or go braless at work. The idea of not wearing underwear around her colleagues was both embarrassing and exciting. At least that decision could wait one more day.  
  
Gretchen got dressed at the last minute, drove to work, and spent the whole day waiting for it to end. Once she left, she ran some errands, and went home. As was normal now, she stripped as soon as she entered her apartment. She ate a little dinner while surfing on her laptop and waited for Petra. A little before 7:00, Petra rang her doorbell and came up. Petra smiled when she saw that Gretchen was naked.  
  
"Perfect outfit there babe, it'll make this easier. Let's get you ready," Petra started right in. Gretchen was concerned about Petra's comments, but she followed her into the bedroom. "Okay, you need to find a tight fitting T shirt, and I know you have an old pair of cut-offs." Gretchen dug out navy blue T shirt that she had gotten for free and was definitely a size too small, and found the pair of cut-offs . She started to get her sports bra to put it on when Petra waved her off. She told Gretchen to just put on the T-shirt for now. Once the T shirt was on, Petra pulled a magic marker out of her bag, and stepped close to Gretchen. Gretchen's nipples stood out as bumps on the fabric, and Petra gently pinched the left one as she brought the marker up to it. The sensation made Gretchen gasp, but then she settled down as a Petra marked the T shirt to show where the nipple was. Petra repeated the process on Gretchen's right breast, although it seemed to Gretchen that Petra kept her hands on Gretchen's breast longer than was strictly necessary.  
  
Petra asked her to take the shirt off again and left with the shirt and shorts. She went to the bathroom, saying she would be right back. Petra stood naked in her bedroom, wondering what would happen next. Finally, Petra came out, and told Gretchen to put the shorts and T-shirt on.  
  
"What should I wear for underwear," Gretchen asked hopefully.  
  
"Oh no, not tonight. No bra, no panties, it just wouldn't work."  
  
Gretchen worried about the cut-offs with no underwear, but she knew better than to argue with Petra at this point. She pulled on the T-shirt, and laughed a little as she looked down. Petra had cut two small holes, just barely bigger than her nipples right on the marks she had made. Petra helped rearrange Gretchen's boobs so the nipples poked out into the open. Gretchen looked at the cutoffs, and realized what the gimmick was. The crotch had been cut away from just below the fly to about about where her anus would be. If she wore this outfit out she might look like she was dressed, but it wouldn't cover her nipples or her kitty. It was impossible, and she said as much.  
  
"I can't wear this, it doesn't hide anything, I'll get arrested," Gretchen protested.  
  
"Just get it on vanilla girl, I'll show you how to wear it once it's on."  
  
Gretchen pulled the shorts on. It felt weird without a crotch, but they went on okay. She looked down at her crotch, and standing up it was hard to tell that anything was wrong with the shorts. She had to squat to really see the effect. Gretchen had cut them off originally leaving a 3 inch inseam or so. Petra had removed a patch of fabric that was probably almost two inches at the widest. The opening went just from the beginning of her vagina down to just past her butthole. But when she stood back up it was hard to tell there was anything amiss.  
  
"So here's what you do. If anyone's looking at you, you cover your boobs with your arms and you clench your legs together. No one will know a thing." Petra was grinning from ear to ear. Gretchen was not so sure that no one would notice.  
  
"You have a twisted mind Petra. Very twisted. So where are we going?"  
  
"Thank you," Petra smiled, "Let's get in my car and we'll find out!"  
  
Gretchen walked downstairs very carefully, holding her arm across her breasts to cover her nipples. She hurried out and got in the passenger seat of Petra's car. As soon as they started driving, Petra told her to move her hands.  
  
"Drop your hands and spread your legs wide. I want to make sure that if anyone looks they get the full show."  
  
Gretchen dropped her arms, and spread her thighs wide. She looked down, first at her hard nipples, and then down to her shaved lips peeking out the hole in the shorts. If a car passed quickly, she would look completely dressed, but if anyone slowed to take a closer look, they would see everything. Just the thought of it made Gretchen squirm in her seat.  
  
Petra drove to a newer mall in town, one that was all outside. More like a set of Main Streets rather than an indoor shopping center. She found a parking spot, and they got out. It had been a hot summer day, and the place was fairly busy with people enjoying the slightly cooler evening and the way the daylight stretched late into the evening. Gretchen wished it would get dark sooner to hide her outfit. She kept one arm across her breasts, and walked slowly, trying to make sure that she didn't show too much. She thought that maybe a couple guys noticed, but she couldn't be sure. A group of young girls walked by, and when they passed her they all started laughing, so she was pretty sure one of them had seen that her shorts didn't have a crotch.  
  
Petra led her to a quiet spot and got out her camera. She told Gretchen to drop her arm and stand with her feet apart. She snapped a couple photos with Gretchen showing everything, and people walking in the background. They walked some more, and then Petra said she wanted some pictures of Gretchen by a fountain. Gretchen sat on the edge of the fountain, keeping her thighs tight together. She was terrified that someone would see, but Petra kept egging her on. Petra told her to watch for when it was safe, and then she should open her legs, and Petra would snap the picture. It took several minutes of waiting, but soon there was no one behind Petra, so Gretchen lowered her arm and spread her legs. Gretchen snapped two pictures, grinning wickedly. Gretchen started to get into it, and even lowered her hand to spread her sex for the photo. She saw someone right after that, and slammed her legs together, giggling loudly. She and Petra rushed out of there, both of them laughing.  
  
They spent the next half hour walking around taking pictures. As time went on they took more and more risks. There were pictures of Gretchen pinching her nipples, of her playing with herself, and even one where she worked a finger inside herself. They got pictures of her alone, pictures of her with people beside her, and then even a couple with her sitting on benches next to people who had no idea. The whole thing turned Gretchen on beyond belief, and she was flushed from all the excitement.  
  
"Let's get a drink before we head home," Petra suggested after a while. Gretchen was not certain about this, but Petra pulled her into a bar, and grabbed a high-top near the window. At least it wasn't at the bar, so it was a little easier to hide. Petra bought them each a glass of wine and they chatted as they drank it. Occasionally Petra would dare Gretchen to open her legs up as she sat on the high stool, but she always let her close them again before too long. Gretchen was pretty sure no one saw her bare pussy, but it still made her extremely aroused. When their glasses of wine were gone, Petra announced it was time to go.  
  
"Why don't you go to the bar and pay the bill?" Petra asked like it would be no big deal.  
  
Gretchen wanted to argue, but decided it would be pointless. She managed to fish out her credit card one handed, and went to the bar to pay. When the card and slip came back, the slip was curled up in a roll; there was no way she could sign it one handed. Gretchen bit her lip, and just went for it. She used one hand to hold the slip, the other to sign it, and exposed her nipples for anyone to see.  
  
"Thank you," she said quickly as she pushed the slip back to the bartender.  
  
"You're wel -- ohmygod... your shirt," the bartender sputtered as he finally noticed her nipples. Gretchen just smiled at him and shrugged her shoulders as she turned around and walked out.  
  
Petra had a new task for her as she came out of the bar. She told Gretchen to keep her arms at her sides, and walk normally back to the car. It was hard for her, but Gretchen managed to put her arms down, and leave her nipples exposed. It was dark now, so the way her crotch was exposed wasn't likely to get noticed, but the cutouts over her breasts were pretty obvious. At first no one seemed to notice, but soon they passed a group of young women, one of whom gasped and then started pointing Gretchen out to her friends. They were all laughing as Petra and Gretchen passed them. Gretchen was humiliated, but like normal, that just made her even more aroused.  
  
When they got to the car, Petra snapped a few more photos of Gretchen, a couple of her squatting, fully exposed at the side of the car, and one of her bent over the hood of the car, reaching back and opening the hole in the shorts. The whole thing seemed incredibly perverted to Gretchen, but it left her turned on beyond all reason. Once they climbed in the car and started driving home she didn't even wait for Petra's encouragement, she just started to give herself some relief. Petra looked surprised, but then just smiled as her friend masturbated in the car. As she got close, Gretchen found herself reaching out and grabbing Petra's hand again, and she squeezed it tight as she climaxed.  
  
Gretchen had managed to catch her breath when Petra pulled up in front of her place. They said there good-byes, and confirmed that Petra would come over the next night for them to go out clubbing. Petra seemed genuinely excited that Gretchen was almost ready to pass the test.  
  
"One more night, and I won't be able to call you vanilla girl," she grinned.  
  
"Like anything I've done lately could be called vanilla," Gretchen complained good-naturedly. "So will it really be over after tomorrow?" She was clearly concerned about the possibility.  
  
"Well, we'll have to see how it goes tomorrow, then we can talk about it, OK?"  
  
Gretchen reached over and hugged Petra. Petra reached around to hug Gretchen back, brushing her hand against one of Gretchen's exposed nipples. Gretchen shuddered at the stimulation. She held the hug for a bit longer, and then broke it off and went inside. She stripped naked as she entered her apartment, and got ready for bed. She played with herself lazily as she drifted off, wondering what Petra had in store for her.

**The Vanilla Test - Day 10**

Since Gretchen had not actually lost any underwear on Tuesday, she had a bra to wear to work today. She followed her normal routine of staying naked as long as she could before heading to work. After work she went to exercise, ran errands, went home and puttered. Around 8:00 she started to get ready go out. Petra had mentioned something about her outfit, so Gretchen didn't bother picking anything out to wear, she just stayed naked and did her makeup and hair.  
  
When Petra showed up she rang the bell and Gretchen buzzed her up. Gretchen let her in, and her jaw dropped. She just stared at her friend. There was just no other way to put it, Petra looked beautiful. She had on a little black dress that left her tanned shoulders bare. The bust of the dress created a respectable amount of cleavage, and the skirt stopped about mid-thigh, showing off her legs. Her hair was styled, and she was wearing makeup. She had even left her glasses off for the evening.  
  
Petra was a fox.  
  
"Oh my God! You look so hot tonight," Gretchen almost shrieked. Petra smiled shyly at the compliment.  
  
"Well, it's a celebration, isn't it?" She twirled as Gretchen cheered and whistled. "So, now for your outfit. Can you get that polo dress you bought?"  
  
Gretchen went and got the dress they had bought back in her shopping adventure. Petra told her to put it on, along with a pair of heels. Gretchen asked about underwear, but Petra just laughed. Gretchen put on the dress and the shoes, and then started to select a belt to keep the hem from riding up.  
  
"Oh no, just the dress tonight." Petra laughed.  
  
With that, Petra dragged her out the door and they headed into town. First, they went to a bar that had a large outdoor beer garden and headed to the bar. Petra ordered two shots, and they slammed them quickly. Gretchen was so nervous she could barely think. Anyone who looked her could tell she had nothing on under the tiny dress. That combined with Petra looking so good, they were getting a lot of attention. Petra wrapped her arm around Gretchen as they walked out into the beer garden. The place was pretty crowded, and Petra talked into Gretchen's ear as she steered her through the crowd.  
  
"Okay, so here's the final test. It's the Full Monte tonight. We're going to get pictures of you flashing your boobs with ten different groups of people."  
  
"But if I lift the dress to show my boobs, I'll ... show everything."  
  
"Oh really?" Petra grinned,"I hadn't thought of that. Oh well, I guess that's what you'll have to do."  
  
"But if I just go up to people and ask to pose naked with them, I'll get thrown out of here," Gretchen was getting close to panicking.  
  
"Well, maybe we will, but it's pretty crowded out here and there aren't many staff, so I'll bet we can get 10 photos. Excuse me," Petra had led her up to a group of young couples and started talking, "my friend here is trying to break into the internet, and she's trying to get on a site where they have naked girls with a bunch of people doing normal things. Could she sit with you for just a second without her dress, and I'll take her picture?"  
  
The women in the group looked very suspicious, although the guys all just leered at Gretchen. When the women started to object, Petra started selling them on how their faces would have to be blurred, and it was all just good clean fun. One of the women started laughing, and Gretchen could tell she found the whole thing interesting. Soon Gretchen was sitting between her and another woman, pulling her dress up to her neck, and smiling as Petra took some pictures.  
  
"Smile, okay all of you get in closer. Great. Smile. That's perfect." Petra snapped off three pictures.  
  
Petra pulled Gretchen away from that group right as she got her dress down, and walked her through the crowd. Petra put her arm around Gretchen, and let her hand slide down until it was cupping her ass. Gretchen looked over at her friend and thought again how pretty she looked tonight. And at this point, Gretchen was so turned on from having been naked in front of a bunch of strangers that she didn't care that it was Petra's hand on her butt, she was just glad for the contact.  
  
The next group Petra selected were a bunch of guys who looked like they had escaped the office and just hadn't made it home after happy hour. They were more than happy to pose with Gretchen. Soon she was sitting in between two of them, pulling her dress up again.  
  
"That's great, now you two guys reach in and lift up her boobs. Yeah that's it, lift them up just a little, and now squeeze 'em a bit. Pefect." A guy on each side of her now had a breast in his hand, and one of them was brushing his thumb on her nipple. Gretchen could hardly hear anything over her heat beating. She was sure that her bald kitty was running like a faucet now, and everyone could see it as she sat with her dress around her neck.  
  
Petra pulled her away from those guys and moved her along. This time her hand went under Gretchen's dress, lifting it back up a bit as she rested her hand on Gretchen's bare butt cheek. Gretchen just didn't care anymore as Petra selected another group. The photo sessions started to become a blur, as they moved around the beer garden. Soon it was just a big group around them; they had heard what she was doing, so Petra hardly needed to do much to find volunteers. Petra had her sit between some guys, putting one leg over the knee on the guy to the right, and the other over the knee of the guy to the left, opening her legs wide and letting everyone see how turned on she was. Between each shoot Petra would touch her, putting her hands in more and more intimate places. Sometimes she would help Gretchen get her dress back down, brushing her fingers across her nipples. Other times she would cup her hand on Gretchen's bare butt cheek as they walked. One time Petra was helping Gretchen pull up her dress, and Petra's fingers brushed her friend's slit. The feeling of Petra's finger bumping on Gretchen's clit was so intense it made her knees buckle. The whole thing had Gretchen absolutely delirious, she could barely stand. In the next few shots she got groped more and more often, mostly by guys, but Petra even got a girl to squeeze her boobs. Gretchen was scared that she might orgasm at any moment.  
  
Suddenly there were two serious guys there, and even her eroticized state Gretchen could tell they didn't want her picture. They were bouncers, asking the girls to leave. Petra agreed immediately, and she put her hand on Gretchen's butt and guided her quickly out of the bar. Gretchen started to come down a little as they cleared the bar, but she was still incredibly aroused.  
  
"Well we only got nine groups, so one to go vanilla girl. Wait, let's ask these girls," Petra had spotted three girls who were walking up to the bar. As she talked to them, one of them started laughing and asked if Petra was joking.  
  
"Hey Gretchen, this time just give me the dress." Gretchen was horrified at the way Petra asked for her dress like she would just take it off in public all the time, but it thrilled her too. Slowly, she reached down, grabbed the hem, and pulled it off, leaving her completely naked on the street. The girls started laughing and Petra talked them into posing with Gretchen. Soon they were standing around her, with their hands wandering all over her as Petra directed them to grab her breasts for the picture. One of the girls even flashed one of her tits for the photo too. Petra gave Gretchen her dress back, said goodbye to the girls, and they started to walk to Petra's car.  
  
"That's it, you did it," Petra said excitedly, "you are officially non-vanilla!" She hugged Gretchen, and then planted a kiss right on Gretchen's lips. Gretchen was surprised for a second, but she relaxed, and she even felt Petra suck on her lower lip as the kiss broke off.  
  
"Let's go dancing!" Petra got her in the car and they headed for another club. As they drove, Petra's hand rested on Gretchen's thigh when she didn't need it for driving. Each time it left her leg, it came back to a higher spot on her thigh. Gretchen wasn't sure where this was going to lead, but she was enjoying the ride.  
  
They got to a trendy dance club, and since they were two hot looking single girls, they got in right away. Petra led Gretchen down to the dance floor. As they danced together, Petra started doing things to get Gretchen to expose herself a little. She would hold her arms up in the while dancing, getting Gretchen to do the same, stretching the dress across her breasts. A couple times Petra squatted down, and when she came back up she ran her hands up Gretchen's thighs, pushing her dress up. She even got Gretchen to squat a couple times, which must have showed her shaved kitty to anyone who had looked. Petra would also dance behind her, then reach around her, bringing her arms up to brush against Gretchen's breasts. While they didn't do anything strictly illegal, their dancing was very erotic, and Gretchen was back close to her earlier highs.  
  
The next dance was a slow dance, and Gretchen thought they would leave the floor. Petra surprised her by grabbing her and pulling her close. Gretchen stomach was all butterflies as she looked into the eyes of her long time friend. This was definitely going into uncharted territory, and Gretchen wasn't sure where it would come out. She felt Petra's hands slide down and cup both her ass cheeks as they slow danced, and Petra told her how impressed she was by what Gretchen had done over the last ten days, and how hot it made Petra. Soon Petra had her dress hiked up above her hips, and was massaging her bare ass right on the dance floor. Gretchen was vaguely aware that people were watching them, but all she could do is look into Petra's dark brown eyes. Suddenly Petra twirled her, and then was behind her, hugging her whole body close to Gretchen's backside. Petra's hands continued to roam all over her friend's body, exposing more and more. The dress was soon up around Gretchen's neck, and although she realized that people at the club could see everything, she just didn't care. Petra pinched Gretchen's exposed nipples, and ran her hands down between Gretchen's legs, exploring her kitty. Petra's fingers slid back and forth along Gretchen's wet and swollen silt, and slowly circled her clit. Gretchen moaned and ground her ass back against her friend's hips. Soon Gretchen felt Petra push the dress up, and she helped her pull the dress over her head and off one arm. The dress now hung just around Gretchen's left forearm.  
  
Petra grabbed Gretchen's left breast firmly, pinching the nipple hard as she nibbled on Gretchen's ear from behind. She kept whispering about how hot this was. Petra's right hand went back down between Gretchen's legs and this time she slipped a finger inside of Gretchen. Soon Gretchen was gyrating her hips as Petra finger fucked her in front of the crowd. Gretchen spun around to hug Petra, and Petra slid a second finger inside as Gretchen started to grind her pelvis onto Petra's hand. Petra used her free hand to grab Gretchen's nipple, and used it to pull them close together. Petra managed to work a third finger into Gretchen's pussy, leaving her thumb pressing on Gretchen's sensitive clit. Gretchen humped her friend's hand for everything she was worth, not caring that she was stark naked on the dance floor, or who was watching her. Soon Gretchen was close to cummng, and her legs were trembling trying to hold herself up. She closed her eyes tight and held Petra for all she was worth.  
  
When the orgasm came, it was unbelievable. Gretchen bucked each time it rushed through her. It felt like it was bouncing up and down her body again, and again. It felt like it was never going to stop as she shook from the force of it, as Petra continued to slide her fingers in and out of Gretchen's pussy. Finally, she calmed down enough to lift her head, and look into Petra's smiling eyes.  
  
There was no time for tender moments though, as a group of bouncers surrounded them. Gretchen had to struggle to get her dress back on, as the bouncers physically guided them out of the club. The bouncers made it very clear that they were not to come back to the club any time soon, or maybe ever, and then pushed them unceremoniously out a side door.  
  
Gretchen was still feeling weak and she had to lean against a wall and catch her breath.  
  
"That was... un-freaking-believable," she gasped out.  
  
"Yeah," Petra giggled, "That was pretty out there. No way a vanilla girl would do that."  
  
Gretchen laughed. It all seemed so absurd now. She had started this because Petra had teased her and made her mad. Now her best friend from third grade had stripped her in nightclub and fingered her to what may have been the most intense orgasm of her life. It was all crazy. Why had she done all this? Why had Petra?  
  
Suddenly a gear shifted in Gretchen's head, and she saw things completely differently. Petra. It was really all Petra. Petra, who had always been there for her, since her first fourth-grade crush. Petra, who never seemed interested in boys . Petra, who had guided Gretchen through this discovery of her own sexuality. Petra, who had been jealous when Gretchen had flirted with Tyler, but not because she was interested in Tyler. Petra, who had dressed up just for Gretchen tonight. Petra, with whom Gretchen had just had some of the most intense sex of her life. Suddenly everything was clear.  
  
"Petra," Gretchen stood up straight, screwed up her courage, and blurted out, "I love you!"  
  
Petra looked at her and Gretchen could see the emotions wash across her face. Hope, replaced by skepticism, and then all covered with a sweet smile that Gretchen knew was hiding Petra's real feelings. "Oh girlfriend, I love you too." The words were sweet, but they were said as you would always say to at friend you love.  
  
Gretchen really couldn't blame her, it had been so many years. She had missed so many clues and hints, why would Petra believe she understood now? Gretchen thought for a second, and she knew what to do. She reached down, pulled her dress over her head and off, and threw it out into the street. Completely naked she stepped close to Petra and looked her in the eyes.  
  
"No... I'm in love. I'm in love with you," she said softly. Petra looked at her, and she blinked rapidly as her eyes started to glisten.  
  
"Well... it's about time."  
  
Then they kissed. And held each other tight.  
  
THE END