Thong You Very Much

by jopo11 Â©

Caitlin was by no means a conservative girl, but by the standards of

today's teenager she was fairly modest, despite the fact that many of the

guys in her senior class would have loved to see her in more suggestive

clothing. She was also a studious girl, and loved French. So, when the

opportunity came up to go to France for a semester, she took it. She had

lived there for a while when se was younger because of her father's job,

and she was going to be staying with an old friend, Emily.

When Caitlin got off the plane she was devastated to find that most of her

baggage had been lost by the airport. However, when Emily met her at the

baggage claim she was very reassuring.

"It's ok, Caitlin," she said. "You got all the important stuff in your

backpack, and after we get settled in today we'll go out and get you some

now clothes. It'll be fun. Daddy's got a big checkbook."

"Ok," Caitlin said, feeling better already.

So, after the girls stopped by at home and had lunch, they set out to get

some new clothes. "Where do you want to start?" Emily asked.

"I don't even know."

"Ok, well there's a great place to get some pants and shirts right over

there, so let's just start with that," Emily replied.

The girls went into the store and in no time Caitlin was in the changing

room with a stack of pants Emily had helped her pick out. Emily, unable to

resist, was in there with a pair or two of her own.

"I don't know," Caitlin said, trying the first pair on and looking in the

mirror. "These pant are awfully tight."

"Oh they're not that bad. Everyone here wears them like that," Emily said.

"But look," Caitlin replied, still looking in the mirror. "You can see my

underwear lines right through them."

"Oh well yeah, you're going to have to wear a thong with them," Emily said

matter-of-factly.

At that point Caitlin turned around in surprise, and just in time to see

Emily, who was in the midst of trying on her pants, standing there in a

skimpy, white lace thong looking back at her.

"You want me to wear one of those?" Caitlin exclaimed.

"Of course, silly. You mean you've never worn one?" Emily said, realizing

she wasn't kidding.

"Worn one, I've never owned one," Caitlin retorted. "They look so

uncomfortable. Plus, I don't know, I guess i just kind of though they were

for...slutty girls."

"First of all, everybody wears them. And they're not that uncomfortable.

They just take a little getting used to. And they have a nice effect."

Emily assured her.

Emily got Caitlin to grudgingly buy some of the pants, as well as some

shirts, and the next stop was a lingerie store. What with it being France

and all, in addition to the fact that Emily had strategically picked this

store, there was not a whole lot to choose from besides thongs. So,

Caitlin picked out a couple of full backed silk underthings, and with a

little help and a lot of prodding from Emily, several thongs. Overall,

Emily counted it as a fairly successful outing.

The next day Caitlin came to the breakfast table wearing some of her new

clothes. She was also, as Emily noticed by the panty lines, not wearing a

thong. After they left the table Emily caught her in the bedroom and

confronted her about it.

"Why aren't you wearing one of your new thongs? look Caitlin, that

underwear is fine for jeans or when you're exercising or something, but

those are thin stretch pants and girl, you've just got to wear a thong,"

and with that Emily went over to Caitlin's dresser and pulled out a blue

string thong. She tossed it to Caitlin and said, "Really, there's nothin'

to it." Emily walked out of the room and closed the door leaving Caitlin

standing there with an open mouth and a thong in her hand.

"Ok," Caitlin thought to herself. She slowly walked over and locked the

door. Returning to her place by the bed, Caitlin first her pants and then

her underwear. Feeling that she was doing something naughty all the while,

and realizing that it was kind of turning her on, Caitlin picked up the

thong and stepped into it. She slowly slid it up her shapely legs, gently

easing the string back into position. She put her pants back on and

admired herself in the mirror. Maybe it's not so bad after all, she

thought.

Several days later Emily and Caitlin were sitting in Caitlin's room. Emily

was pleased to notice that Caitlin had been wearing thongs since their

conversation, but she had chosen not to comment on it. Today Caitlin was

wearing a pair of loose jeans though.

"How about we go to the beach tonight? Mom said we're eating an early

dinner, and it's just a few minutes away. It's one of the things we

haven't done yet," Emily suggested.

"Sure. Let me model this new suit I got," Caitlin said. And with that she

got off of the bed and started to change into her suit. AS she took off

her jeans Emily say that she was weary a red lace thong.

"You're wearing that with those? That's quite a turnaround from the girl I

knew a week ago," Emily exclaimed.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I kind of like them. It makes me feel sexy,"

Caitlin replied.

So, the two girls had dinner and went to the beach. They had had wine with

dinner, as was the custom in Europe, and Caitlin really enjoyed the

evening's selection, so she had had just a glass or tow extra. Then, on

the way to the beach, they stopped for dessert. Caitlin got a drink that

she thought looked really good. She didn't realize it was alcoholic until

after she was done, and found herself a bit tipsy. Nonetheless the two

girls continued on their way to the beach. The set their towels up towards

the now descending sun. Much to Caitlin's surprise, Emily began to untie

her top.

"What are you doing?" Caitlin exclaimed

"Look around, honey. This is a topless beach. Try it, it makes a good

tan," Emily replied, nonchalantly.

It was Emily's turn to be surprised now. Caitlin, having found a new sense

of sexuality, and being a little tipsy, reached up and undid her top. Her

smooth, round, and surprisingly large breasts fell free of the top...