**Thornwood Episode II – School Pride**

by [ribeye98](mailto:ribeye98@gmail.com)

**Part 1**

Rachel woke after a fitful night of sleep. Maybe it was the strange bedroom. Maybe it was nervous tension due to starting school the previous day. Maybe it was some kind of sexual tension. Perhaps she should have worn her nightgown after all. It seemed like a good idea last night. For some reason she had slipped it off and hung it on the hook behind her door. Slowly the sleepiness faded from her eyes and she started to get her bearings. Then she bolted upright in bed.  
  
“OH MY GOD!” Memories of yesterday came flooding into her head. “Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God.”  
  
\*\*What did I do? Did I really….? The tryout! Coach Ron…Tommy…ERIC!  
  
“Oh my God”  
  
She pulled the sheets over her head and lay back down willing herself to wake up for real and end the hallucination. But it wasn’t something she could wake up from. She was already awake. The heavy pit in her stomach was very real. When that didn’t work, she rolled into a ball and closed her eyes. Like a child trying to make the scary monster go away. But that didn’t work either.  
  
After several minutes of adamant denial the reality that she had actually done all those things fell over her. Wishing it away was not going to achieve anything so she moved on to bargaining with herself. She started by telling herself she was not a child anymore.  
  
\*\* So what if I let Eric watch me masturbate yesterday? It’s my body. I am a maturing young adult. I’m free to do what I want. I can handle a little adversity in life. I WILL face him with my head held high. Then I’ll move to Antarctica and become a hermit!  
  
The personal pep talk was not going well. Each time she tried to form a thought or plan of action a scene from yesterday would appear and shatter it. First it was the picture of her standing before Coach Ron with everything exposed. That was the first time any man other than a doctor had seen her budding body in as long as she could remember.   
  
Budding was the proper word to describe her body too. She squeezed her legs together in the bed and recalled how her naked pussy lips were the only things concealing the intimacies within.  
  
She tried not to think about that and shifted to the tryout. That was actually a good memory. Her exposed state didn’t seem so bad once she got near the pool. She mused about the other swimmers in their various uniforms, and Ellie who practically idolized her. It was a crazy tryout for everyone. The guys wearing the sack over their genitals with the drawstring around their waste brought a smile to her face. She thought about how her state best performance in the freestyle had vindicated the cold, cold months of training up north.  
  
Just when she was starting to relax, the word “cold” snapped her back to that hot sidewalk outside the school and the embarrassing walk home with Ellie. The weather down south was so hot even at night. How could she have slept comfortably in much more than her bare skin? She remembered the baking asphalt and her dance across the road.  
  
Just to be safe Rachel pulled her feet up to confirm there was no permanent damage to her sensitive soles. They looked fine, just like the rest of her. She looked over her body. The oil had faded away, leaving her skin mostly milky white. She was impressed that her skin had survived the day with only the slightest hint of a tan.  
  
The word “tan” brought her back to the lounger by the pool; another good memory. That moment had changed the way she looked at Eric. It had to have changed the way he looked at her, too. She had shared something so intimate with him. It still wasn’t clear in her mind if she had chosen to do it or been forced by the situation. Regardless, the memory of that moment caused her body to respond by making a persistent and growing request for attention. She was incredulous by her body’s actions.  
  
\*\*Haven’t you had enough? Settle down girl. You just did that yesterday in front of….  
  
But she hadn’t. She didn’t get the chance to finish the job in front of Eric. She tried to think back to the last time she had climaxed which caused the image of her outside Tommy’s house to break in.  
  
“Oh my God”  
  
What Eric saw was one thing, but the situation with Tommy was completely different. She didn’t really know him. Yet she had intentionally posed outside his house. She had stood there fantasizing about him seeing and touching her naked boobs. It was a different kind of thrill knowing she wasn’t supposed to be there. Was she trying to get caught? If she had kept walking she could have avoided the close call under the tree. But she had stayed, almost too long. And the rush afterward had brought her body to the brink of climax; past the brink really if not for those damn kids on their bicycles. Then she remembered the webcam and sitting at the computer in her barely there nightgown. Oh how close she had come to exposing herself to Tommy again!  
  
She looked at her borrowed nightgown hanging on the hook behind the door. The response she usually got when a grown man saw her was multiplied in the looks she received from Eric’s dad last night. For him to see her in only that little nightgown was a little unnerving, but a man like that was going to lust over her no matter what she was wearing. She cracked a smile at how he had gone out of his way all evening to watch her. The sight was probably driving him crazy. Of course, he would never try anything. He was too concerned with his political career to make a stupid mistake like that, especially with his own wife right there. But a little teasing would be harmless. She might even have some fun making him squirm.  
  
All the recalling got Rachel’s mind working. Now awake, she started to deal with the problem at hand. Today was Friday; School Pride Day at Thornwood. Participation was mandatory for the swim team. It would be nice to stay on the team if possible, but going to school in her uniform was out of the question. Outside the context of a swimming pool, she was just a naked girl wearing gloves and a weird cap. She was proud of her body and proud of being on the swim team, but school spirit only extended so far. She drew the line at attending class with her naked body on display like that. Maybe she could transfer to another school. Even though most of the tryouts were over, surely if she were allowed to tryout she could make a good impression.  
  
Her pussy twitched. Her body wasn’t going to let her get distracted from what was most urgent. Rachel attributed some of her current problems to lack of clear thinking. She had been aroused all day yesterday. Her arousal had made her do things she would normally never consider.  
  
\*\*This sexual awakening stuff is powerful…and dangerous\*\* she thought as her hand slid into place. After all she had been through, here she was about to start another bate session and she hadn’t even got out of bed yet! There was only one way to get the hormones coursing through her system under control. If she didn’t there was no telling what trouble she would get into today. Unfortunately, she never got that chance and another long day of trouble began right on cue..

**Part 2**

Rachel’s bate session had barely started before another bodily urge began rising within her. She tried to suppress it, but it proved to be just as persistent as her arousal. She had to pee. She had put off her climax this long and decided it would have to wait. A few more minutes wouldn’t kill her. So she reclaimed the will over her hands and rolled out of bed.  
   
She had to decide if she would put on the nightgown or risk going naked. It was kind of fun to think how only yesterday she went to the bathroom naked and peeked in Eric’s room on the way. He had been asleep so didn’t know, but she saw the tent in his boxers. Her fantasy was to walk in naked to his room and start giving him a blow job. Warmth spread down her body just thinking about his boxers and the throbbing mystery inside.  
   
Out of the corner of her eye a piece of paper slid off the bed onto the floor. She walked over and picked it up. It was the email from Coach Ron. She tried to think back to last night. She had been so tired while reading it and fell asleep before finishing. Eric’s mom must have set it on her bed to read in the morning. It didn’t matter now that she was going to be kicked off the team, but she was still curious what it said. She ignored the urging from her bladder and sat down on the bed to find her place. After backtracking a little, she found the part where she had started nodding off.  
   
“…You should be proud to be a part of something so extraordinary. I have extraordinary plans for this team. I want all of you to be committed to joining me in the journey.  
   
The first practice will be tomorrow after school. We will start by touring the facilities. We are fortunate to have one of the best high school aquatic facilities in the nation which will give us a great competitive advantage. Due to the generous support of our program sponsors, we are able to afford the best training equipment and supplies. This support even allows us to cover the cost of travel and uniforms.  
   
Speaking of uniforms, I am sorry that the shipment of warm-up outfits and training shoes did not arrive in time for the tryout. I have just received the boxes and will be sorting them tonight. You may pick up your warm-up in my office before school tomorrow.  
   
I will be sending out a more detailed schedule soon, but you should already be committed to after school practice every day and Saturday events. Like the tryout, all practices will be closed to non-team members.  
   
If you have any further questions, feel free to email them or stop by my office. My door is always open.  
Coach Ron – Thornwood varsity swim coach”  
   
Rachel was floored. She had totally forgotten about the warm-ups you wear over your swimsuit. She re-read the email three times to make sure she wasn’t missing a catch. On the third pass she allowed a glimmer of hope to spark within her.  
   
\*\*If I can make it to school in my uniform, I can wear my warm-up to School Pride Day and be home free! It even comes with matching shoes!  
   
Now Rachel was standing. The excitement of being on the swim team was coming back. Knowing that the practices would be closed was a relief, too. The thrill of getting to train on all that state of the art equipment was building again. Sure, there was the potential for problems walking to school in nothing but her suit, but she rationalized it all away as a small price to pay. She could wear her backpack like Ellie had done and borrow some shoes to cross the hot road. So what if someone saw more than they should for a moment? She was a proud member of the Thornwood Varsity swim team on her way to School Pride Day. Rachel screamed with joy into her pillow to avoid waking everyone.  
   
Her stomach rumbled. The stress knot was loosening. She had barely eaten anything yesterday and now hunger pangs were competing with her need to pee. Rachel excitedly pulled on her nightgown and opened the door. Her two bodily urges; hunger and bladder were strong. But arousal was not about to give up that easily.  
   
The wave of horniness hit her as she stepped into the hall. All the excitement did not change the fact that she was barely dressed in Eric’s house. It also didn’t help that his door was open. But she had just been saved from an impossible predicament. Weather from excitement, relief, horniness or just young curiosity, Rachel needed another peek at Eric.  
   
She tiptoed to his door appreciating how silent her nightgown was. It practically floated behind her. He was sleeping with his sheets once again bunched around him. He was only wearing boxers; it was too hot to sleep in much else around here. There was the bulge and even a slight gap at the fly. She could only see hints of what was inside which served to nudge her arousal and curiosity higher.  
   
It took the highest degree of self control to keep Rachel’s hands in check. One was resting on her thigh threatening to move in at the first sign of weakness. She forced the other one behind her back and grabbed her other elbow. Keeping her hands from attacking her body caused her chest to strain against the sheer fabric of her nightgown.  
   
She closed her eyes and bit her lip to suppress a whimper. Her pussy was throbbing. She desperately wanted to see what was in those boxers. If she didn’t leave soon, she was certain to do something she would regret. She stood there trying to calm down enough to quietly back away. She didn’t even notice him waking up.  
   
Eric woke to see Rachel in his doorway with her eyes closed wearing her borrowed transparent nightgown. He could get used to this kind of view first thing in the morning. He had taken care of business last night. But at his age, his member was ready to go anytime. At the vision before him his usual morning wood became rock hard and started flexing up and down in anticipation. Still mostly asleep, he mumbled “good morning, Rach.” Her blush was the topping on the cake.  
   
She jumped at his words. Her breasts jiggled under the sheer fabric of her nightgown. Her pink nipples were at attention and trying to burst through the mesh pouches restraining them. Eric wanted to reach down to adjust his boxers. But he didn’t know weather to cover up or start jacking off so he just lay there and waited.  
   
“……I…I was just…wanting to tell you….thanks again, for last night.” Rachel stumbled over her words and scooted near the door frame. Part of her wanted to back around the corner and hide her obvious arousal. But he had already seen so much yesterday and she couldn’t take her eyes off him…another awkward silence.  
   
Rachel watched Eric’s erection throbbing causing the front fold of his boxers to open and close and giving enticing glimpses of his impressive package. Only a single button in the middle kept his member from escaping its cage. Rachel absently licked her lips. An image formed in Eric’s sleepy mind of her kneeling beside his bed pulling his boxers down. He still wasn’t sure he was awake. This had to be a dream. If it was a dream, that was how it would turn out. There was only one way to find out so he moved the scene forward, “no problem.”  
   
Rachel jumped again. She was so focused on his boxers; she forgot he was even awake. He might even be talking in his sleep, she reasoned. The embarrassment of being caught peeping into his Eric’s room caught up to Rachel and now she suddenly wanted to end the conversation and get out of there. She said, “Well, see you at breakfast”, and pulled the door closed not waiting for a reply. Then she rushed into the bathroom and locked the door anxious to get the encounter behind her. The full length mirror was waiting for her as she turned toward the toilet.  
   
“OH MY GOD!”  
   
It was the first time Rachel had seen her reflection while wearing her nightgown. She had imagined it as just like wearing her swimsuit. But the image in front of her was worse because this nightgown was designed to be sexy. It succeeded in every area. The latch on her chest pulled her breasts together creating an impressive cleavage. Usually cleavage is tempting because it conceals what lies below. But this outfit provided no such cover. The cleavage was only decoration on top of the real prize. The lower curves of her breasts were on full display with her bright nipples leading the way. The sensation of being encased like a bra was shattered. This had the opposite effect of a bra.  
   
The material spread out as it went down her tummy and stopped short of her waist. Like a curtain pulling back on a stage presenting her bare mound as the main attraction.  
   
\*\*Did I really wear this nightgown all night last night in front of Eric’s family? Surely it wasn’t that bad. At least I wasn’t so aroused last night.  
   
She wracked her brain to remember if she had exposed her pussy to Eric’s dad. She rationalized that Eric was OK because of the pool. His mom was a woman so not as big a deal there. But did Eric’s dad ever get a good look?  
   
\*\*He certainly looked plenty of times. But did he get a really good, straight on look at my pussy?  
   
A shock up her spine brought her back to the mirror. Her hand was pinching and kneading her left nipple through the fabric. She had to slap it away with her other hand to get it to stop. Angry at her own depravity, pulled away from the mirror and sat down to pee. It took a while to calm her arousal enough to relax. When she did her stomach growling came back stronger.  
   
\*\*Did I really say ‘see you at breakfast’ to Eric?  
   
The last thing she wanted to do right now was go down to breakfast in this nightgown and sit with Eric. She could put her uniform on, but she would be wearing that all day under her warm-up. Her hair didn’t like that idea. She could stay in her room until time for school and skip breakfast, but her stomach didn’t like that idea at all. She would have to sneak down and grab a bite before Eric got up. Then she could come back upstairs and take her shower while he ate breakfast.  
   
Meanwhile, Eric had fully awoken. He didn’t understand why Rachel would stand in his doorway while he slept, but he was disappointed that it wasn’t a dream. Most teen boys would fantasize about something like that. He was not going to waste the fantasy either. Hi boxers hit the floor as he grabbed his laptop making sure to lock the door on the way and started up the video of Rachel by the pool. Yes, if he couldn’t have his dream come true, he could at least have his second best choice. This would be a great start to his Friday.  
   
Rachel finished in the bathroom then tiptoed down the hall. Eric’s door was still closed. She didn’t hear snoring, but she didn’t hear music either. She hurried past and down the stairs just in case. The warm sun streamed through the glass back door. It was going to be another scorcher. Thankful for A/C she stepped onto the cold kitchen tile toward the refrigerator. She could heat some food if she had to, but hoped to find something quicker like a granola bar or fruit.  
   
As she opened the refrigerator, a blast of cold air hit her body. Her nipples stiffened into points. She instinctively reached up with both hands to protect them from the cold. It felt good to have an excuse to cup her breasts. She was still amazed how fast they had grown. It wasn’t very long ago that she wore padded bras. Now her boobs had outgrown every bra and outfit she owned. It was even impossible to contain them in her hands. She kept massaging as she looked for food. The cold air from the fridge blew over her skin raising goose bumps all over her body. It was a simple reminder of how exposed she was in this nightgown.  
   
She was about to give up and move to the pantry when she noticed the pizza box. It was the leftovers from the pizza Eric had ordered yesterday. Cold pizza sounded perfect about now. She was so happy she didn’t even stop to contemplate who had delivered it. She grabbed the box, closed the fridge and looked around for a plate.  
   
Rachel had helped Eric’s mom wash the dishes last night, but wasn’t around to help put them away. She would have to search around. She began carefully opening cabinets without luck. Her stomach complained at her for taking so long. Distracted by her hunger she let a cabinet door slam shut. The noise halted her for a moment before she chastised herself for being scared. Eric’s dad would sure get a thrill from seeing her like this. She thought how fun it would be to tease him. Too bad he was already at work by now.  
   
Eric’s mom was probably around. So what if she caught Rachel sneaking a snack for breakfast? It’s not like Rachel was sneaking around the house naked. She was wearing the nightgown Eric’s mom had loaned her. Sure it was revealing, but she should be proud of how good she looked in it.  
   
Rachel took a moment to spin in place, letting the material fly up around her. She felt like a ballerina. All girls love tutus. This was just a sexy tutu nightgown.  
   
\*\*Erotic eveningwear for the adult ballerina.  
   
Rachel mused at the thought. The next door she opened contained the much sought after plates. They were on the very top shelf where she couldn’t reach. She could try to find a stool or grab a chair from the dining room. Or she might just reach it if she stood up on the tips of her toes and stretched out completely.

That was a big mistake…

**Part 3**

Eric’s dad turned the corner of the kitchen to a magnificent sight before him. The same angel who had tempted him all last evening was here dressed in the same nightie. Rachel was balancing on the edge of the counter with her toes just lifting off the ground. Both hands were high above her head, her leg muscles flexing to stretch out. From this angle he could not see between her legs, but the side view of her nearly nude body was enough to take his breath away.  
   
Her bare legs were fully extended all the way up to her tight rounded cheeks. She was slightly leaning over the counter which ensured her entire backside was fully on display. Her flat stomach led up to those unbelievable tits. Her slender frame made them look even larger. But due to the miracle of youth they did not hang down. Instead they stood out proud and full capped by those enticing light pink nipples.  
   
The tanning oil had faded from her white skin; the pornographic angel being replaced by a more innocent looking teenager. He could get used to this kind of view first thing in the morning. He drank in her body once more before disrupting the scene, “Good morning, Rachel”.  
   
Rachel startled at his voice and dropped the plate she was pulling down. It fell into pieces on the floor. She looked over to see Eric’s dad smiling at her from the doorway. The thought of teasing him flew out the window and she just wanted to cover her body. She started to turn toward him, then thought better of it and turned away. She wanted to run out of the room, but the floor was littered with glass shards from the broken plate. So she just stood there uncomfortably shifting from foot to foot.  
   
Eric’s dad watched her sway. The nightgown did nothing to conceal her body. No matter how she stood she was flashing something to his hungry eyes. With that body she was going to make some lucky bastard very happy someday. In the mean time it was his to enjoy. She spoke “Hi…Mr. G. Sorry about the plate. I’ll clean it up.”  
   
“Please, call me Richard. I’ll get the broom.”  
   
Because of the glass shards and her bare feet, Rachel could only stand in place while Richard went into the other room. While he retrieved the broom, Rachel pulled her arms up around her. She tried to find an unrevealing pose, but simply didn’t have enough arms. How stupid she had been to think it would be fun to tease Eric’s dad!  
   
\*\*This is so humiliating!  
   
Richard returned and passed Rachel the broom. Then he crouched down to hold the dustpan for her. It took several passes to get all the shards of glass. Rachel did her best to turn away from Richard as she swept. She didn’t want him seeing her private parts. She couldn’t help that her bare bottom was facing him at eye level, but that was better than the alternative. When she finished sweeping she thanked him for helping then she said something she immediately regretted. Just being polite by offering, it was stupid as soon as she said “Do you want some cold pizza?”  
   
“I’d love some, thank you. And some juice. I’ll take it by the pool.” Richard responded instantly. He walked through the dining room and out the back door; smiling the whole way.  
   
Rachel was stunned. She was hoping to get back up to her room and eat her own pizza. Now she had to serve Richard breakfast in her nightgown.  
   
\*\*Doesn’t he have to get to work or something?  
   
Richard had already eaten breakfast. In fact, he was running very late for work. He had overslept due to the wild night in bed with his wife. But he wasn’t about to miss a chance to spend time with Rachel and her nightie. He sat down at the breakfast table by the pool and shifted his own erection. Having this girl around was better than Viagra. His wife sure seemed satisfied last night, and he was already good to go another round.  
   
Rachel stood at the back door holding the tray of cold pizza with the glass of juice for Richard. But her legs wouldn’t move. She was having trouble convincing herself to step outside. Wearing this revealing nightgown all over Eric’s house was one thing, but stepping outside in broad daylight turned out to be too scary of a proposition.  
   
She was stuck there because of her moment of stupid courtesy. Fortunately, her active imagination gradually came up with a workaround. It started as more of a coping mechanism than a real way of dealing with it, but it would allow her to get through it. As she stood there, she built up a story in her mind.  
   
Since she was forced to serve Richard his food, she fancied herself a family maid in medieval times. Her outfit was explained because she was so poor. She couldn’t afford a proper maid outfit and so was forced to wear these rags like Cinderella. The master of the estate fancied her and gave her the privilege of serving breakfast. Instead of pizza and juice by the pool, it was pork and ale by the moat. She set the tray down and grabbed a strip of cloth from a drawer to tie her hair up. It wasn’t much but it would help her with the illusion.  
   
Then she put on her brightest smile and stepped out the backdoor, “Breakfast is served!” She tried to sound enthusiastic, but her knees were weak. She feared she would drop the tray and make another mess. Her mind didn’t like being outside in her nightgown…rags. She forced herself back into character and started walking. Richard turned to see Rachel wearing a tie in her hair and a big smile. Her body glowed in the bright sunlight. She walked up beside him and sat everything down in place. Then she curtsied and said, “Can I get you anything else, sir?”  
   
It drove Richard crazy. She was standing so close to him, he wanted to reach out and touch her smooth skin. He didn’t quite know how to respond to the curtsey. But it was damned adorable! He just said “Aren’t you going to eat?”  
   
“Yes sir. I was just serving you first.”  
   
“It’s….Richard” he was about to explode. Why was she calling him sir?  
   
“Yes Richard” Rachel turned back inside to eat her own breakfast. She swayed her hips as she walked feeling his eyes on her undulating ass. She had found a way to tease Richard. Her hormones overruled her mind and she started to like the situation.  
   
When she got back inside, her hand shot up to her breast. It took a few moments before she regained control and went over to eat. She thought of the dumbstruck look on his face when she served him. After two slices, she decided to check on Richard. She was having so much fun flirting; she almost pulled her nightgown off for this second round, but her mind stopped her. That would probably go beyond simple teasing. Besides, this was part of her costume. She would just have to think of some other way to tease.  
   
She grabbed the pitcher of ‘ale’ and headed outside back in character. Richard had emptied his glass, but not his plate. She stood across the table from him with her feet apart and leaned over to fill his glass. The view was spectacular. Richard’s jaw dropped as her melons hung over the table. He imagined what it would be like to squeeze them or to lick those candy nipples. Directly between her breasts, he could look down her flat stomach and just see the top of her hairless cleft. It took his breath away when she looked him in the eye and said “Is there anything else I can do for you, Richard?”  
   
He could only manage to shake his head no, unable to utter a word. With another curtsey she was gone back inside. Richard couldn’t wait to get home to his wife that evening. For some reason he had some role playing on his mind.  
   
Rachel burst up the stairs toward the bathroom. She had just flirted with a grown man. Sure it was in character, but he didn’t know that. She heard music from Eric’s room as she passed. She was still grinning at the look on Richard’s face as she started a cold shower. When she finished, she decided to shave her legs. It barely needed it but she wanted to look good for her first swim practice. She was an expert at shaving so it went quickly. She got a few jolts as she carefully shaved her pussy lips. But by now she was starting to focus on getting ready for school. She would have to put that off until tonight. Just as she was drying off, she got a knock. Eric called through the door, “Rachel, are you coming down for breakfast?”  
   
“Not today. I already ate.” she opened the door with her towel wrapped around her and a smile. Normally, she would be too embarrassed to be seen by Eric wearing only a towel. Compared to her nightgown this felt like a blanket. Flashing the tops of her boobs was nothing by now. It felt good to have such confidence in her body. He mumbled “ok” as she proudly walked past him to her room.  
   
Once inside, Rachel focused more urgently on the task at hand. She had to walk to school in her revealing uniform because of School Pride Day, but there was a normal warm-up uniform waiting for her when she got there. A twitch in her pussy reminded her that they would probably walk to school with Tommy again. She made a plan.  
   
She dropped her towel and pulled on the clear belt of her swim uniform. Before she put on her swim cap, she remembered the nightgown. She didn’t want to make Mrs. G angry, so she opened the door and ran back to the bathroom. She was now naked, but willing to risk the exposure because Eric was downstairs eating breakfast. It was kind of thrilling to run around his house naked again.  
   
She might not be so thrilled if she had any idea what lay in store for her…

**Part 4**

Back in her room, Rachel hung up the nightgown on the hook behind the door and put her swim cap on. Before donning her gloves, she adjusted the straps of her backpack to their longest length to wear it Ellie style and help cover her boobs. With the straps loosened the pack sat low on her bottom which helped cover her from behind.  
  
She pulled the straps together in front and carefully set them on her nipples. Her boobs were much larger than Ellie’s and they bulged out on both sides of the straps. Once her gloves were on, she didn’t have much control over the straps either. She rested one hand on a strap to help steady it. She would have to keep the other gloved hand between her legs to cover her front. The webbed fingers and stiff material spread out to create a pretty good covering down there. No different than wearing a bikini, she reasoned.  
  
As ready as she’d ever be, Rachel opened the door for her walk to school. She just had to stay focused on getting to Coach Ron’s office in the girls locker room of the aquatic facility, then her ordeal would be over.  
  
At the first step down the stairs her backpack shifted. Both straps slid completely off her boobs. Her nipples sprang free like they were just waiting for the misstep. Rachel had to use both hands to fix her straps which left her pussy exposed. Getting the straps back in place was difficult because of the restrictive movement of her gloves. The whole exercise was futile because the straps slipped off again on the next stair. She gave up and walked down exposed. Richard had left for work, thankfully. Eric was outside eating breakfast. So once she reached level ground she had time to adjust her straps before continuing.  
  
Eric’s mom was awake by now and gave Rachel her motherly smile. She was in a good mood for some reason. She had read the email from Coach Ron and pieced together the girl’s plan. If Rachel could walk home yesterday in that uniform, she could follow the path in reverse just as easily today.  
  
Rachel went outside to see Eric dressed for school and waiting. Before they left, she asked to borrow some shoes from Eric. She vividly remembered her dance across the hot asphalt and didn’t want a repeat performance. She wasn’t about to borrow from his mom; too afraid she would bring out stiletto heels or something. Eric agreed to help and after a minute came back down with sandals.  
  
Even with the adjustable straps Eric’s shoes were too big for her. It only took a few steps for her to stumble and lose balance. Her backpack shifted again pulling both straps off her breasts and she had to put her hands down to catch herself. This setup was worse than a bikini. Bikinis mostly stayed where they were placed. This was exposing her entire body at every opportunity. She thought of Tommy again and decided going barefoot was the safer route. The southern sun had not baked the roads yet, so she left the sandals there and planed to wear the training shoes when she got to school.  
  
Tommy was waiting outside as they approached his house. Eric was several paces ahead of Rachel who was being extra careful to avoid another exposure. Tommy didn’t mind. He had to talk to Eric privately anyway. He was excited to see that Rachel was wearing her uniform even though she had a glove over her crotch and straps over her breasts. He said “hi” to her and pulled up next to Eric. Rachel kept a slow even pace with her bare feet and pounding heart. Hoping she had not made a big mistake. She only relaxed a little as the boys started to pull away from her.  
  
Tommy was angry with Eric, “dude, why didn’t you call me yesterday?! You said you were going to send me a video of Rachel by the pool. But I didn’t hear anything. I was trying to call you all evening.” He opened his phone to show off his wallpaper. It was the picture Eric had sent him of Rachel tanning by the pool naked with her arms over her chest.  
  
“Put that away!” Eric had decided against sending the video to Tommy. It would crush Rachel if he shared that intimate moment with anyone else. Even the way Tommy was flaunting her picture made him nervous. “I’m not sending you the video. I changed my mind.”  
  
“WHAT? Dude, you’re a greedy bastard. You can’t leave me hanging like that. Hook me up, bro.” Tommy looked back to see the girl behind them wearing nothing but a backpack. She was walking so carefully to keep everything in place. He would give anything for a freak wind gust to knock her off balance, but it remained calm.  
  
“Forget the video. It’s not that great anyway” Eric lied and tried to change the subject. “Ultimate War 3 just came out. We should pick up a copy and play it tonight at your house.” Tommy reluctantly shifted his attention back to the conversation. They talked about the new cheerleader uniform rumors going around. Tommy would rather talk about Rachel, but this was a good alternate topic.  
  
As they neared the school, Rachel found her steps getting slower and slower. Was she really going to walk into her school wearing nothing but a backpack and gloves for cover? On the surface, it sounded insane. The sense of dread was building in her stomach. She rallied her resolve by thinking about School Pride Day. She should not be ashamed of a professional uniform. Most of all she just had to get to Coach Ron’s office where a warm-up and shoes were waiting for her.  
  
A terrible thought struck her. She had been stuck with this uniform in the first place because her mom was late to sign the release form. By the time she got to the boxes, this style was the only one left. What if she got to Coach Ron’s office and all the warm-ups were taken? That quickened her pace. She branched off from Eric and Tommy’s route and angled toward the entrance closest to the aquatic center; her anxiety building with each step…

**Part 5**

Principal Robinson hated School Pride Day. In fact, it was probably his least favorite day of the year. This year was shaping up to be no different. He didn’t know when the tradition had started but he vowed to end it next year. The first thing it did was highlight the difference between students with specific talents and those with none. That created inevitable animosity. The bullies were on high alert and hunting for trouble and the noise levels in the halls were higher than they should be. He was standing in the main hallway, which was more like a zoo about now, trying to maintain order.  
  
On top of that were the uniforms themselves. Every year, someone would file a complaint about one of the teams’ uniforms. Usually it was a parent whose daughter didn’t make the cheerleading squad. As usual, the cheerleading uniforms this year had pushed the envelope. Dozens of teenage cheerleaders showed up to school wearing their thin satin halter tops. Because they were a backless design which didn't hide bra straps very well, they had decided as a team to go without bras. The girls loved all the commotion, but it just meant more work for Principal Robinson.  
  
The Earth Friends Club had decided on today to stage a protest. Those little hippies in training had shown up wearing oil soaked animal skins in protest of the recent oil spill or something. He couldn’t send them home because they were ‘exercising their constitutional right to peaceful protest’ but the greasy mess they had left caused almost as big a commotion as the cheerleaders. The band members showed up in their full polyester dress uniform. Two had already fainted from the heat and were waiting in his office to be sent home.  
  
Then there was the swim team. Several of the parents of last year’s team had already met with him about the new coach. He pretended to listen, but wrote it off to bitterness about the changes this year. Eventually, they went over his head to the school board. He was actually glad about that; one less problem for him. He would just do whatever the board decided. But when one of the swim team members showed up to School Pride Day with his ass exposed and his junk in a bag and another girl in a suit with her entire chest exposed had a breakdown, it became his problem. He called Coach Ron who assured him he would get things under control. He warned Coach Ron that the school board would get things under control very quickly if he didn’t.  
  
It was into that circus Rachel walked as she entered the school. The first and last day of school are usually the loudest, but today was even louder. She was thankful for all the distractions. Without them a naked girl walking into the school would be the topic of the day for everyone. She did get a few weird looks from some students, but quickly made it the short distance to the aquatic center without incident.  
  
Coach Ron noticed his favorite swimmer enter the locker room and get in line to receive her warm-up. He wasn’t sure if she would actually show up. She was using her backpack and gloves to cover the important parts, but the parts that were showing were amazing. Most of the other members had already come through and he was getting to the end of his last box.  
  
Rachel noticed something weird while waiting in line. Thornwood’s school colors were red and white, but most of the warm-ups being handed out were blue and gold; the colors of Eastern Academy, Thornwood’s biggest rival. Coach Ron addressed the line again.  
  
“I am sorry to report that there was a mix up with the uniform supply company. As you can clearly see, we were shipped the wrong colors. In addition, we did not receive the correct number of warm-ups, so we have had to ration them. I can assure you we will remedy the situation as quickly as possible and get true Thornwood red warm-ups. In the meantime you may wear these warm-ups to School Pride Day.”  
  
There was a groan from the room but Rachel was relieved. She was terrified Coach Ron was about to say they ran out of warm-ups. She pushed to the front and Coach Ron greeted her. His memory of patting her butt came rushing back.  
  
“I’m sorry about the warm-ups Rachel. This is all we have left.” He handed her a blue jacket with gold stripes. Although it was the wrong color, it looked like it would fit. She hesitantly slipped her backpack off onto the floor. Coach Ron tried not to stare at the nice view of her body as she took off her gloves to put on the jacket and work the snaps. The warm-up was designed to be conveniently pulled off for athletes so it had snaps up the front and back as well as up the arms. It actually pulled apart into four pieces. It was made of a lightweight and very thin material, like a windbreaker. There were no pockets. Her breasts jiggled freely underneath and her nipples poked out in front, but it did provide cover.  
  
Rachel finished the snaps and looked up at Coach Ron expectantly waiting for the matching pants. He just stood there and watched as the realization slowly sunk in. They were out of pants. “I had to ration them, Rachel. There weren’t enough in the shipment so each member only got a top or a bottom. The boys mostly took the pants and shorts. All we have left are jackets.”  
  
“But I can’t go to school in this!” Rachel raised her arms. The hem of the jacket shot up to her waist exposing everything.  
  
“And why not?” Coach Ron held all the cards. It was only a matter of playing them one at a time. “You should be proud of your membership on the swim team. Today is a day to exhibit school spirit. No matter what color the team warm-ups are, you are all Thornwood red underneath.” He thought of the red blush under her jacket and contained a little smile before continuing. “We need to raise the profile of the swim team at Thornwood before we begin on the surrounding community. You are still wearing your swimsuit after all.”  
  
\*\*Raise the profile?! If I wear this to class, it will raise a lot more than profiles.  
  
Coach Ron adopted a serious tone to play his trump, “Rachel, another student has already gone home. I had to dismiss her from the team. If you are unable to show pride in your team, we will have no place for you. You may stay here and decide, but I have to get back to work.” Coach Ron was understaffed.  
  
He didn’t have his student assistants working yet and he only had one assistant coach. When he got the job, there were plenty of young assistant coaches at the athletic club back in Switzerland. They all wanted the chance to learn on the job in America. He had his pick of the applicants and had specifically chosen Johanna. She spoke passable English and was willing to work hard, but had a timid personality. Because she had no prior knowledge of American customs, she followed Coach Ron’s lead and didn’t question his crazy decisions. The other assistant coach, a carryover from the previous staff, quit not long after Coach Ron arrived. Being shorthanded kept him busy on days like this but he could handle it.  
  
Rachel’s mind was spinning. She had to get a grip. Her options were limited. If she asked to go home, Coach Ron would kick her off the team and give her warm-up to another swimmer. That would leave her with the long, shameful walk home in nothing but her suit. She looked down at herself and thought about Coach Ron’s school spirit speech. Was she actually considering this? The thin jacket came down to her thigh like a miniskirt. That left her long legs completely bare all the way down to her feet.  
  
Coach Ron watched out of the corner of his eye. He knew she was considering it when she started experimenting with her arms. She raised and lowered them to see how high she could reach before exposing something inappropriate. He loved the peep show; her little lower lips flashing almost every time she rose up.  
  
She got his attention, “What about the shoes, coach?” Coach Ron smiled. The question meant she had convinced herself to wear the jacket to class.  
  
“They are training shoes, designed to build muscle. They are only meant to be worn during workouts, but I suppose you can wear them today. It is School Pride Day, after all and at least they sent those in the right colors. What’s your size?” He acted like he was making a special exception for her. She brightened at that. At least she could be proud of her special training shoes.  
  
He handed her a pair of the correct size. On top they looked like normal white tennis shoes with a red stripe. But the soles didn’t look like anything she had ever worn. They were very thick and rounded. After lacing them up she stood to take a step and almost fell over. The hard thick soles added four inches of height. In addition, they were designed to work your leg muscles as you walked. Rachel had to constantly adjust her stance to remain upright, flexing her shapely calf and thigh muscles. It was like standing on tennis balls. It would take days in these shoes to fully get the hang of it.  
  
But Rachel didn’t have enough time. She was close to being late for class. She would have to learn it as she walked. So she got her backpack on and headed for the exit before she lost her nerve. As she stumbled to the door the backpack shifted a little and the straps of the jacket pulled tight across her chest. Two of the weak snaps popped open revealing the inner curves on her chest.  
  
That was one of the problems she had with her gloves. It was almost impossible to reattach the snaps because she couldn’t use her fingers. With enough patience, she got her modesty back in place. There was nothing she could do about the little gaps between each snap. She could feel the air seeping into every gap and knew each one meant a little patch of her skin was showing. That was nothing compared to the skin showing on her legs. Because of the damn gloves, she couldn’t grab and hold her hemline down. There weren’t even pockets for her to place her hands in and weigh it down with.  
  
All she could do was smooth it down with the palms of her hands. As she did, her hand reached out to feel the smooth skin of her upper thigh, but the gloves prevented even that. She snapped back to reality and chastised her hormones for the moment of weakness. Rachel was out of time, so she mustered all her school pride and stepped into the halls of Thornwood on her way to class.  
  
All she could do now was keep her flattened hand ready to cover her crotch in an emergency and hope her ‘miniskirt’ jacket was long enough. She was about to find out…

**Part 6**

Rachel clumsily walked to her first class without incident. The rowdy atmosphere in the crowded halls provided plenty of other distractions, but Rachel turned lots of heads as she passed. When she got to her desk, she hung her backpack behind her chair for extra cover. After she sat down, she looked herself over. Several of the weak snaps in different places of her warm-up had come loose. It was like her jacket was disintegrating around her. As she quickly worked to reattach them she wondered if others had seen anything they weren’t supposed to. She was so worried about her state of dress she didn’t hear a word of the lesson.  
  
Rachel decided as long as she was able to sit still in the chair, she could get through class without flashing anything. But all too soon, the dreaded bell signaled time to walk to her next class. This time a bee was loose in one of the halls. The other kids were waiving it away. Rachel’s natural instinct was to squeal like the other girls and bat it away. But her outfit would not allow that. She would rather get stung than make a spectacle of her body. It took an incredible amount of self control for Rachel to keep her hands down and calmly walk past; a small reminder that the slightest lapse in concentration would result in embarrassing exposure.  
  
By third period, Rachel was finally starting to get comfortable. She noticed how many boys looked at her as she walked the halls. She didn’t mind the attention since she felt covered. She did notice the cheerleaders’ outfits. But every time she looked at one, she just got a cold stare back. In fact, not many of the girls gave her friendly looks. Maybe it was the looks she was getting from their boyfriends.  
  
But the worst thing happened in fourth period math class just before lunch. Rachel wasn’t really paying attention. She kept looking over the boys in her class. They were all trying not to get caught looking at her. She hated that she wasn’t able to focus on the class. She generally got good grades in the past, but her outfit was never this much of a distraction.  
  
\*\*Is this what being boy crazy is like?  
  
She always made fun of the ditzy girls who only seemed interested in attracting attention from cute boys. Was she turning into one of those? She wasn’t asking for the attention. It was her body and her outfit. She was caught up in it all, and she wasn’t normally this horny. She thought back to that morning and how she had been unable to finish her bate session. She squeezed her legs together in the chair putting pressure on her mound.  
  
\*\*If I had only finished, I could concentrate. That’s my excuse. Now my stupid horny body won’t let me think about anything else. My throbbing pussy was so close to…  
  
“…Rachel. It’s your turn.” the teacher’s voice broke her train of thought. There were math problems written on the board and the students were taking turns solving them. Rachel stood up and tried to smooth her jacket down. The extra height of her shoes put the angle of the seated students just below her hemline. She nervously walked to the board trying not to flash anyone along the way. The chitters of her classmates behind her gave her little confidence that she was succeeding.  
  
It was a pretty simple algebra problem. Since it was the second day of school, the teacher was only trying to gauge the proficiency of her students. Rachel was good at math and had even seen this equation before. It was only a matter of filling in the right numbers then she could sit down.  
  
But Rachel’s body was not cooperating. It was determined to keep her sexual needs front and center in her mind. She stood there staring at the problem with her backside to the class. She had to keep shifting her weight because of the shoes. The numbers refused to have any meaning. She glanced back. Every eye was on her. A draft of warm air hit her feet and rolled up her body. It didn’t stop when it reached her jacket but flowed into every gap. She felt it touch every inch and crevice of her naked body underneath. Her nipples responded immediately as an image flashed before her eyes; Rachel ripping off her jacket in front of the class and bringing herself to an explosive orgasm right there.  
  
She shivered though the draft wasn’t cold. Then the anger came. Indignant at her hormones, she forced herself to ignore the class behind her and study the problem.  
  
\*\*Come on girl. All you have to do is start small. Pick a simple equation and build from there….That one.  
  
She saw an obvious blank that could be filled in. After that the whole solution would fall into place. Rachel had conquered her embarrassment and hormones, or so she thought. As she reached up to fill in the first blank, a laugh erupted from the class. Without thinking, she had just pulled the hem of her jacket up over her bare bottom. Her tight ass was on full display. She pawed at her bottom trying not to turn around in the process and show her aroused nudity, but the jacket wouldn’t budge. The hem had caught on the loop of her belt. The laughing continued as she fought with the jacket and eventually got it back into a modest position.  
  
Once Rachel’s exposure was over, the teacher calmed the class but it was too late. Rachel stood there for another minute then said “I don’t know the answer” and was mercifully allowed to sit down. She was so upset. The exposure was one thing; a temporary embarrassment. But she couldn’t even complete a simple math problem. That only added to her fear of becoming a mindless sex crazed animal.  
  
After class, news of Rachel’s blackboard exposure spread into the lunch room ahead of her. She was hoping to find some other team members to eat with. She hadn’t seen Ellie yet. Maybe they could swap stories about their morning. She would even settle for Eric and Tommy just to see a friendly face. She was still angry at herself. That’s what prompted her to lash out at her next encounter.  
  
Brenda the bully was more commonly referred to as Brenda the bitch, but never to her face. She was having a having a bad day. Cheerleaders and spirit squad pixies prancing around and club members flaunting their uniforms made her sick. She wanted to put them in their place. She hated everything about School Pride Day and made it her goal to make everyone around her hate it just as much.  
  
While waiting in the lunch line Brenda saw her next target, a girl from the varsity swim team. One of her cronies had just told her about a swimmer mooning her math class on accident. After confirming that this was the girl, Brenda was ready to play.  
  
“Hey swim slut, you should be careful swimming tonight. I hear there’s a FULL MOON out.”  
  
Rachel tried to ignore the taunt, but the Brenda the bully did not stop.  
  
“How did you make the team, by doing the HAND JOB STROKE on the coach?” Brenda made a nasty gesture with her hand, “doing laps around his balls?”  
  
The blush under Rachel’s warm-up mingled with the heat of anger. She was supposed to represent the swim team with pride. She didn’t have to take this abuse. In a flash of anger which she would later regret, she let her own insult fly, “You COW! The only laps you’ll ever do are around your pudding cups…bitch.”  
  
The students around them went dead silent. Brenda did not expect this reaction. Most students just took their punishment and moved along. This particular insult struck home in several ways. Brenda did not exactly have a body built for swimming. In fact cow was a good description of her body shape. Her bullying could be attributed to low self esteem. Worst of all, she looked down at her tray where she had placed three pudding cups.  
  
Rachel didn’t know what to do. She wanted to apologize, but she knew better than to engage a bully. She spotted some guys from the swim team and hurried over to their table. Rachel knew she had survived the when Brenda left her tray and walked out of the cafeteria to lick her wounds. She lost her appetite after her teammates told her that she had just stood up to a notorious bully known as Brenda the bitch.  
  
The afternoon classes dragged on for Rachel. She still couldn’t concentrate on the lessons. She was too excited to get to her first swim practice. She read over the email in her mind. They were going to tour the facilities and learn about the equipment. She got her first homework assignment in sixth period biology but wasn’t worried. She had the whole weekend to complete it.  
  
She still hadn’t seen Ellie. Freshmen classes were in different area of the school. She wondered how Ellie was coping with her warm-up and suit. It probably wasn’t as bad as Rachel because Ellie had such a petite body and small breasts. But it would still be helpful to see someone sharing the same ordeal.  
  
On the way to seventh period, Rachel’s jacket snagged on an exposed screw. It didn’t tear, but the snaps popped open all the way down one side. The side of her breast and torso were exposed. Fortunately, Rachel was able to get un-snagged and slip into the nearby girl’s restroom and smile at the whole thing. The constant reminder that she could be completely naked in an instant was both thrilling and terrifying.  
  
Rachel finally saw Eric after seventh period. It was so nice to see a friendly face, she wanted to hug him but didn’t because of her outfit. They talked briefly about their day. She didn’t tell him about the exposure in math class or the screw on the wall. If he had heard any stories, he didn’t tell her. She appreciated him not bringing it up and teasing her about it. It would have been so easy; the old Eric would have jumped all over it. Maybe Eric had changed. The bell for class rang and they had to separate again.  
  
The final period flew by. After seeing Eric and growing comfortable in her warm-up, Rachel was free to daydream. It was the last period on a Friday after all. They didn’t expect kids to learn anything then. When the bell rang, her heart leapt. She had survived School Pride Day with only a few blunders. She was truly proud of herself and her body as she floated toward the aquatic center. Very few students could have done what she did today. But what happened next turned her entire mood upside down…

**Part 7**

Rachel would have sprinted to swim practice if she could. But her outfit along with her shoes would not let her, so she tried to contain her excitement and settled into an unsteady stroll. She was surprised when Ellie came up beside her wearing a normal school outfit.  
  
\*\*Why does Ellie get an exemption?  
  
“Ellie, how the hell did you get an exemption? Where’s your uniform?” Rachel had made it through today partly because she knew Ellie was going through the same thing.  
  
“I didn’t make the team, so I don’t get to wear the uniform.”  
  
“Oh, Ellie! I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to snap at you.”  
  
“It’s ok. At least I got picked to be a team manager! Coach Ron said even though I don’t get to participate in School Pride Day, I get to do everything else with the team except compete. He even gave me a warm-up. I’m on my way to practice right now.” They came to the busy main stairs and Ellie started down. But Rachel realized she would be flashing everyone below her if she tried to climb down. And it would be a painfully slow climb in these shoes.  
  
She remembered a less used alternate staircase. So she made an excuse to Ellie and turned to go that way. It was a very fateful decision. By now the halls were clearing out as students went home. She didn’t want to be late for practice, but walking any faster could mean falling down. It took forever to reach the alternate stairs in the older section of the school. Rachel tossed her backpack to the bottom and started the climb down. She only made it two steps before the heavy breathing above interrupted her.  
  
Brenda the bitch had been hanging around the pool area hoping to get a rematch with Rachel. She was about to give up when she saw Rachel leaving the top of the main staircase so she covertly followed her. Now, with no one else around and no way to run she had cornered her prey in the perfect spot.  
  
“Where do you think you’re going, slut?”  
  
Rachel looked up into Brenda’s red face and knew she was in trouble. She couldn’t run in these shoes in the middle of a staircase, so she had to negotiate her way out of it.  
  
“Look, Brenda, I wanted to tell you that…”  
  
“Shut up” Brenda reached down in one motion and pinned Rachel against the wall with her hands behind her back, “the time for talking is over.”  
  
Rachel disagreed and tried to restart the bargaining. But Brenda’s slow intellect had moved on to what to do next. Rachel’s jacket was riding up to her waist. That’s when Brenda noticed the hard loop sticking out of Rachel’s lower back. “What’s this?” She then saw the clips on Rachel’s swim gloves and put two and two together. Rachel didn’t know what Brenda was doing until she felt two ‘clicks’.  
  
“Interesting”, Brenda had latched Rachel’s gloves to her belt. Her hands were bound behind her like handcuffs. Brenda let go and got a better look at Rachel. Then she noticed the snaps on the jacket, “let’s see what else you have under there.”  
  
“NO” was all Rachel could get out before Brenda reached up with her strong hands and pulled the jacket completely off. Snaps flew apart as the jacket went to pieces in her hands. She tossed the jacket to the bottom of the steps next to Rachel’s backpack.  
  
Rachel was now starting to get scared. She had to do something fast before things got out of hand, but she was too conscious of her naked body to think clearly. Brenda spoke “Thos gloves behind you make it look like you have a tail. Hey you should thank me for helping you with your Halloween costume. Isn’t that right? You’re going as a naked bunny!” With that, Brenda gave Rachel’s exposed bottom a slap.  
  
“Ouch” The sting made Rachel bounce lewdly. “Stop it Brenda! This isn’t funny.”  
  
“Oh, I think it’s very funny. You sure were a jokester at lunch.” She gave Rachel another slap causing her to jump again. With her hands trapped behind her, Rachel had no defense when Brenda reached up and twisted one of her bare nipples. That hurt worse than the swat. Now panic mounted within Rachel. Was Brenda going to rape or molest her? She was powerless to stop her so she resorted to pleading. “d…don’t hurt me. I’m a virgin!”  
  
Brenda laughed. “Don’t flatter yourself. No one calls me a bitch and walks away clean. I’m just here to even the score. I’ll tell you what, bunny. If you can hop all the way to the bottom of the stairs for me, we’ll call it even. Now get going.” With that Brenda gave Rachel another smack.  
  
Rachel tried to formulate a counter offer, but Brenda didn’t give her any time to think. The swats continued at perfect intervals. Every protest was interrupted before it could be articulated. After a few attempts, Rachel’s bottom convinced her to give up and start down the stairs.  
  
“Come on, hop for me slutty bunny.” Brenda’s slaps did make Rachel hop like a bunny. Her athletic body allowed her to maintain balance on her training shoes even with the swats on her bottom and her breasts bouncing with every hop.  
  
Her hands bound behind her made for an obscene display, but Rachel had no choice. Brenda timed the smacks to match each stair so Rachel was hopping the whole way down. The persistent swats were more degrading than painful. It was impossible to think straight knowing that, no matter what she tried, the next swat was only seconds away and they would not stop until Rachel reached the end. So with about five stairs left, Rachel took a chance. She leapt to the base of the stairs and miraculously landed on her feet.  
  
“Hey, that’s no fair. You cheated.” Brenda lumbered down the stairs. Rachel looked longingly at the doors which led into the pool area. She was so close, but with her hands secured behind her, she couldn’t pull them open. Brenda was now beside her and strong enough to hold the doors closed anyway. “We’ll just have to think up another task for our little slutty bunny.”  
  
“Rachel!” a voice came from the top of the stairs. They both looked up. It was Eric. “Leave her alone, Brenda”.  
  
“Stay out of this, pansy. Don’t make me come up there.”  
  
“You’ll get expelled”, Eric pulled out his camera phone and pointed it at girls. Brenda gave one look and decided it wasn’t worth it. Before she left, she whispered in Rachel’s ear “this isn’t over, bunny”, and then Brenda the bitch was gone.  
  
Eric rushed down the stairs to help Rachel. It took him a moment to figure out how her hands were bound behind her. When the latches were freed, Rachel wrapped her arms around Eric to give her savior a giant hug. Eric didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t hug her back without grabbing something inappropriate so he just kept his arms at his side. She pressed in close to him in relief for a few moments then looked up at him and said, “thank you”. She looked like she wanted to kiss him.  
  
“I…was just trying to catch you and wish you luck at your tryout.” Eric tried to address her as just Rachel and not the naked girl wrapped around him, “Tommy is not far behind me.” At that Rachel snapped out of the moment. She grabbed the pieces of her jacket and held them in her arms trying to cover up as best she could. It was just in time as Tommy appeared at the top of the stairs. Although she was no longer wearing her jacket the most important body parts were covered.  
  
“What’s going on here?” Tommy came down the stairs with a grin. He was about to tease Eric about ripping Rachel’s clothes off or something, but Eric was quick to interrupt, “Nothing. Let’s just get going”, then to Rachel as if nothing had happened “good luck at practice. See you.”  
  
Her whole body was visibly shaking.  
  
Things didn’t add up for Tommy. He could tell they were hiding something. But Eric was quick to change the subject, “Hey Tommy, can you get a couple of free pizzas for tonight?” Rachel was providing enticing glimpses of body parts behind her jacket pieces. Tommy appreciated the view, but didn’t want to creep her out by staring. So he wished her luck too and opened the door to leave with Eric.  
  
Rachel was so grateful that Eric had shown up and saved her from Brenda. With Eric protecting her everything was right with the world. But that perfect world was shattered by what happened next…

**Part 8**

Rachel wanted to fully convey her gratitude to Eric, but with Tommy there, she settled for “thanks” and lingering eye contact. The smile on Eric’s face showed that he got the message. But just as the boys turned to leave through the door, Tommy took his phone out of his pocket. He was calling his boss to order some pizzas. Neither boys noticed, but the instant was burned into Rachel’s mind. There on Tommy’s phone was a picture of her sunbathing nude by the pool.  
  
She couldn’t breathe as the door closed leaving her in the stairwell alone. There was only one way that Tommy could have gotten that picture. Eric had sent it to him. Her mind started spinning. If Tommy had the picture, how many other people had it too? Eric had betrayed her.  
  
\*\*The video!  
  
Rachel’s heart sunk. She dropped her jacket and sat on the stairs with tears blurring her vision. How could she ever have trusted that jerk? The stress of the day weighed on her as she started to cry. Practice would have to wait.  
  
Coach Ron was not happy as he marched into city hall. He was missing his very first swim practice. The first call he received was from the school board. They were calling an emergency session and his swim team was the topic. The second call he received told him not to worry about it. A man he had spoken to only once before, who referred to himself as the ‘Bystander’ told him everything would be taken care of. But he still spent the day doing his homework just in case. He felt prepared for the inevitable grilling he was about to receive. Worst case he would have to look for another job after this. But he could always find a club looking for someone with his experience.  
  
He hated not being there for the first practice. He had looked forward to presiding over the locker room as the nubile girls of the swim team showered and changed. But that would have to wait for next time, if there was a next time. He had given Johanna written instructions to follow. She could handle the tour.  
  
He stepped into a packed meeting hall. The session was about to begin. One of the school board members met him at the door and introduced himself as “Frank”. He was clearly nervous as he ushered Coach Ron to a reserved seat on the front row. There was rarely this much interest in school board meetings. Whenever there was, it was never good news.  
  
Richard Goodson entered the hall just as the session was beginning. There were no empty seats left, so he stood along the crowded walls. He was just finishing up some city council business in the building and came over to watch the show along with everyone else. He was looking forward to seeing Frank sweat.  
  
The chairman greeted the audience before formally opening the session “I would like to keep this meeting moving along. So I will need cooperation from such a large audience. Let’s get this wrapped up in a timely manner so everyone can be home before the bad weather rolls in tonight.” Then it was time for the first speaker; a concerned parent. She was very emotional as she read from her script. It was a pretty standard complaint. Nothing Frank hadn’t heard before. She ended with a scathing rebuke of Coach Ron and his ‘detestable methods’. Coach Ron had no reaction, which impressed Frank. Of course, he would get his chance to speak. If this continued, he would also have to answer to the board. The excited audience buzzed as the next speaker came to the mic. It was more of the same. The accusations mostly came across as bitterness and without merit.  
  
Back at the school, Rachel tried to recompose herself. Eric had betrayed her trust. She didn’t even want to think about him right now. Still shaking from the Tommy’s picture and the encounter with Brenda, Rachel snapped her warm-up enough to make it to the locker room. She got ready and made it to the bleachers just as the assistant began practice.  
  
The assistant introduced herself as Coach Johanna and apologized that Coach Ron was not able to make the practice. Her first announcement regarding the warm-ups was not well received but Rachel was too distracted to listen.  
  
Johanna was reading from a stack of papers “We are returning the wrong color warm-ups to our supplier tonight. Please place your warm-up in the boxes outside Coach Ron’s office after practice. If you received a partial warm-up in the correct size and color, you may keep it. Once the correct shipment arrives, you may then match it to create a complete warm-up.” The implications were lost on Rachel. She was zoned out. She didn’t even acknowledge Ellie sitting a few rows behind her.  
  
Johanna moved to her next announcement, “Before we begin the tour, there are a couple of items coming up on the schedule. First is the annual fundraiser carwash.” another groan from the students. They weren’t here to wash cars, they came to swim. Johanna was powerless to control the crowd. She could only stick to the script. “Due to generous donations from our supporters, there is no shortage of funds this year. However, in order to raise our profile within the community, we will donate the money to a local charity. The carwash is scheduled for tomorrow at 8:00am behind the grocery store on 23rd street. Participation is mandatory….”  
  
Rachel heard it, but it barely sunk in; something about a carwash. She looked down at her nipple. It still hurt a little, but there was no redness or permanent damage. Johanna continued, “…between now and our first swim meet we will be hosting our sponsors…” Rachel turned her thoughts to School Pride Day; particularly her moments of exposure. At the time, it had been terrifying. But now thinking back it was somehow exciting and kinky.  
  
\*\*Am I a pervert? Turning into some kind of exhibitionist?  
  
“…exhibition of the practice facilities.” The word ‘exhibition’ brought Rachel back to practice mentally. Johanna finished her announcements and began explaining how the tour would go. She really wished Coach Ron were here but he was stuck at city hall…  
  
Without evidence the school board meeting dragged on. The crowd was restless, but the accusers had saved their best for last. Richard was getting bored with the proceedings and was eyeing the exit until the next parent stepped up. She connected a laptop to the projector for her presentation. As she spoke a slide show of images came up on screen. One of the girls had snuck a camera into the tryout. Richard perked up at the images.  
  
The chairman had to warn the murmuring audience as the parent gave her speech. The first picture was a group of boys facing away from the camera. Their bare butts were exposed. Another showed a topless girl about to dive into the water. The quality wasn’t great. The pictures had been taken covertly at weird angles and the lens was foggy. But it had the desired effect. The presenter described her daughter’s experience at the tryout. With the pictures behind her, every word hit home.  
  
An image of Rachel scrolled into view. She was climbing out of the pool after a race. The water was pouring off her obviously naked body. She looked like every man’s fantasy. Richard looked around the room at the reaction and tried to hide his grin. If they only knew how he had that same girl walking around his house in a barely there nightgown! Rachel’s picture was replaced by a clear one from school that morning; a young lady wearing a topless uniform hiding her chest and face in her hands. It was damning evidence.  
  
Frank looked down at Coach Ron still trying to maintain his cool demeanor. He would get a chance to speak before the board voted on the complaint and his fate, but it didn’t look good.  
  
The parents were finished with their part and Coach Ron took his turn at the mic.  
  
“Ladies and Gentlemen, I come before you today as a proud representative of Thornwood High School and the varsity swim team. I don’t have to list all the accolades and accomplishments the team has garnered in years past, but I would like to remind you of its more recent miserable performances.”  
  
Coach Ron went on to report how Thornwood had finished last or second-to-last as a team in every meet the last two years. No individual had qualified for state or even district in any stroke. He got a personal joy when he pointed out the parents complaining today all had kids on those teams. But that was only a minor rebuttal. He still had to contend with the pictures and accounts of the tryout.  
  
Even though he wasn’t from Switzerland, he put on a thick accent and played the part of an eccentric genius. He described his resume and experience with the Swiss national team. He assured everyone his methods, no matter how unorthodox they seemed, would produce results; and that was why he was brought in. It was all dramatically impressive. Now he had to deal with the issue of nudity.  
  
“That tryout was supposed to be closed to the public in order to build trust. If you want to point fingers, you should be examining those who covertly broke that trust by recording your child without your permission. Ask them if they have other pictures; perhaps covertly taken in the locker room?” At this accusation, a buzz broke out in the crowd and the irate parents tried to jump up in protest. But they already had their chance to talk. Now it was his platform. “I apologize if I offended any parents with my methods. In Switzerland, we do not deal with such provincial prejudices about our bodies. I procured the most advanced uniforms in the competitive swimming industry. Ancient Greek Olympians swam in the nude and I could refer you to many court cases where women were given the right to be topless or be treated equally as men. I always understood America to be a nation of equality.” That statement drew a lot of agreeable nods from the patriotic crowd, so Coach Ron pushed his luck.  
  
“I will not have my swimmers competing in antiquated puritan rubbish.” He looked around the room hoping he hadn’t gone too far with that last statement. The audience was divided. Many of them were agreeing with him. They didn’t want to be viewed as antiquated. Others were not yet convinced. The insult to puritans may have hurt his case. This was the Bible belt after all. He trudged on, “You can see from the pictures that there were no male genitals exposed during the tryout” he hoped he would not be challenged on that misstatement. There had been a couple wearing suits like Rachel, but none had made the team.  
  
“As for the young ladies’ uniforms, I am willing to offer a compromise. I will provide a modification so that genitalia, both male and female, are equally covered. However, at the highest levels of competition the difference between winning and losing is measured in thousandths of seconds. I will not to sacrifice suit performance just to satisfy old fashioned modesty. Thank you.”  
  
Frank watched Coach Ron return to his front row seat. It was time for the board to vote. The resolution was simple. A majority “YES” vote approved the resolution firing Coach Ron and started the new search for a head coach. A majority “NO” vote defeated the resolution and confirmed Coach Ron’s position provided he comply with the details of his compromise proposal. Despite Coach Ron’s convincing speech, Frank knew the he was a dead man. The resolution was a lock to pass.  
  
Frank also knew he was going to vote “NO”. He had been contacted earlier by his campaign contributor; the man who called himself ‘Bystander’. He offered Frank $20,000 more for his campaign in exchange for voting “NO” on today’s vote. Frank jumped at it. With thirteen members on the school board, one token “NO” vote wouldn’t change anything. It was a silent vote, so no one would even know it was him, except Bystander.  
  
Not a single person in the audience left their seat while the board took a short recess and voted. When the meeting reconvened the chairman stood up to read the results. The school board members looked at each other in surprise as the results were announced. Richard was pleasantly shocked at his good fortune and started planning a celebratory dinner. Coach Ron had an amused look on his face as if he had known the result all along.  
  
“The resolution is unanimously defeated by a vote of 13 to 0”…

**Part 9**

The tour was arranged for the whole team to go from station to station together. One student would volunteer to demonstrate the station with Johanna providing technical knowledge. She was only familiar with some of the equipment herself, but Coach Ron had briefly explained everything to her earlier.  
  
The swimmers were all wearing their uniforms. Ellie caught up to Rachel as they approached the first station. They were both wearing the same uniform but Ellie had red warm-up shorts on and a clipboard. There were a couple of other topless girls and some guys with exposed butts. But Rachel was the only one exposing everything. She had taken her training shoes off in the locker room. Her leg muscles were getting sore from wearing them all day.  
  
Johanna introduced the endless pool and asked for a volunteer. One of the girls was chosen and climbed in. It was like a water treadmill. As you swam, the water flowed past you so you would stay in one place. There were lots of computers and wires, but Johanna looked afraid to touch them. So she left them hanging there and had the girl just demonstrate how to swim in it. Rachel had seen pictures of those and knew they were very expensive. It was cool to know she would actually be training in one.  
  
The next station was a machine from a company Rachel had never heard of. Johanna checked her notes before calling it the ‘stretch trainer’. There were a lot of wires and tubes just like the last one. There were several volunteers and this time a guy was chosen. He was one of the ones wearing the sack. He climbed into the machine and placed his hands and feet where indicated. The robotic appendages sprang to life and started moving. It seemed to be taking the student’s measurements. Johanna read from the script as it worked. “This device is designed to maximize flexibility; an essential component of successful swimming technique.”  
  
The young man got embarrassed when the machine pulled his legs apart to their maximum distance. His arms were being worked out too. There was nothing he could do to hide his crotch as the machine stretched him to his limit. Rachel was glad she hadn’t volunteered for that one. Her naked body in that machine would have turned the demonstration into an anatomy lesson. She looked ahead at the other stations trying to pick out the least embarrassing. Finally the machine finished its initial cycle and released the boy.  
  
After that display everyone volunteered for the next station, the warm down tub. Thankfully, Rachel was chosen to demonstrate. What could go wrong with that? Again ignoring the monitors, Johanna had Rachel enter the tub. The hot water felt great on her sore leg muscles. Rachel settled into one of the prefabricated contour underwater seats as Johanna buckled her in with a lap belt and shoulder straps. Its jets were designed and positioned to work out your muscles after a strenuous exercise. Rachel could get used to this kind of pampering. Then Johanna turned on the machine.  
  
Immediately, Rachel knew something was wrong. One of the jets was positioned right where she was sitting. A stream of water pounded through her outer protection and right on her sensitive inner opening. This wasn’t right at all. She looked around at the other students. They were standing over her in a circle. None had any idea what was happening below the water. “oh...gagh!” she exclaimed lifting her body off the seat. But because of the harness she could only lift about an inch. The probing stream of water was relentless. Rachel looked around wildly for help. She reached for the buckle, but couldn’t work the latch with her gloves on. Her body started to respond. It took all her will to suppress a moan.  
  
After about 20 seconds, the jet underneath her turned off and others turned on. Able to catch her breath Rachel addressed Johanna, “Coach, can you turn it off please?”  
  
Johanna didn’t understand why, “It’s just going through a demo cycle. It will be complete in a minute.” She pointed to a digital timer which said 1:19. Rachel had to endure it for 80 more seconds.  
  
The jet under her seat started back up. This time it was a steady rhythm, thrusting deeper with each pulse. Rachel didn’t know if she could last a minute without embarrassing herself in front of her teammates. She looked around again for help. Ellie was writing something on her clipboard. Rachel gasped as the pulses quickened. She was on her own. No matter how she shifted her bottom, the probing stream found its target. Her breathing was coming in short bursts now. Her body was building for an explosive release. Rachel was determined not to humiliate herself in front of her teammates, but she was losing the battle.  
  
She bit her lip and tried to relax the strained look on her face. She stared at the timer.  
  
\*\*30, 29, 28, 27….oh, oh, oh. FOCUS. 24, 23, 22….OH GOD.  
  
The machine turned all jets on full blast. Rachel hoped her moan was drowned out by the noise of the water, but she couldn’t be sure. Every part of her body was being inundated. She was on sensory overload. But the worst part was being impaled on the jet in her seat. She was about to give up and let go when she stumbled on a different tactic. Instead of fighting to get away, she pushed her body fully into the seat. The extra pressure reduced the effectiveness of the jet stream. Her outer lips were just able to fight off the intruder. It still felt like she had a vibrator on her pussy, but at least it wasn’t insider her.  
  
She closed her eyes and ticked the seconds away in her mind; begging the machine to end its assault. Then all at once the jets stopped and the water went calm. Johanna reached down and unbuckled Rachel but the girl did not get up. It took several minutes to calm down before she was able to climb out of the tub and rejoin her teammates.  
  
The next station was actually pretty cool looking. Johanna called it a “Reflex platform. Designed to improve reflexes and reduce launch times into the pool.” Unfortunately, without knowing how to hook up the wires, they were unable to do a real demonstration. So they moved on to the more traditional stations. These included strength trainers and stationary bikes; the same as those found in most gyms.  
  
The last machine was the most impressive looking. Johanna announced it as a stroke trainer. This was the one machine Coach Ron had actually shown her how to use. The volunteer nervously got up on the platform as Johanna programmed something on the monitor. The swimmer resting on her hands and knees with dials and buttons below her on the table. She wore a belt harness suspended from above. Her hands and feet were set into sockets. Johanna reached under the girl and flipped a switch. The machine sprang to life and the pulley on her belt started winding up.  
  
The girl let out a yelp as the belt suspended her a few inches above the platform and the sockets on her arms and legs started moving. It was programmed for the freestyle stroke. Johanna read her notes aloud as the girl tried to fight the machine. “This device will help you learn the proper stroke for any type of swimming. It learns your movements as you train and will correct any poor technique.”  
  
By now the girl had stopped fighting and was swimming through the air; settling into a proper freestyle stroke. It actually looked fun. One of the other swimmers asked how it felt. She said the machine was loose on her arms and legs, but she could feel little tugging corrections if she got off track. She could see how this would really help her learn the correct technique over time.  
  
That ended the tour, so Johanna dismissed everyone from practice. Rachel was relieved. It was officially the weekend and she had survived two long days of almost constant exposure. She looked forward to putting these days behind her and getting back to being a regular teenage girl. She especially couldn’t wait to wear some real clothes for a while. But fate had another plan for her…

**Part 10**

\*\*Maybe Mrs. G. would run to the storage building tonight and get a few of my things for me.  
   
Ellie interrupted Rachel on the way to the locker room, “Hey Rachel, I was wondering if you wanted to stay with me tonight. Then we could ride together in the morning.”  
   
It took a few seconds before Rachel knew what Ellie was talking about. She hadn’t paid attention to Johanna’s announcements. In fact, Rachel hadn’t given much thought at all past swim practice. As they entered the locker room, Rachel saw the shipping boxes. The knot filled her stomach once more as she realized she would not be able to wear her warm-up home. Then it hit her.  
   
\*\*The carwash!  
   
Did they expect her to wear her suit to the carwash without a warm-up? She turned to Ellie, “are you talking about the carwash tomorrow?”  
   
“Yeah” Ellie stripped off her shorts and stepped under a shower head. Rachel, already naked, followed her lead.  
   
“Do we have to wear our uniforms?”  
   
“That’s what Coach Johanna said. Weren’t you paying attention?” Ellie lathered up her skinny body.  
   
“Uh, yeah” Rachel barely focused on her shower. There was too much to think about. She had been making plans to get her clothes back. Now she was facing another stressful day of improvising covers for her mostly naked body at the carwash. How could she even consider a sleepover? Her first reaction was to decline Ellie’s offer. But the alternative was to spend all evening around Eric at his house. Rachel didn’t want to deal with Eric right now so she returned to Ellie’s offer.  
   
She didn’t know anything about Ellie’s family, but Ellie was a nice girl to hang around. It might be fun to have a good old fashioned sleepover with a friend. She made up her mind.  
   
“I’ll have to check with my…Eric’s…mom first. But I’d love to spend the night at your place.”  
   
They were now drying off. Ellie beamed as she slipped her warm-up shorts back on and snapped them up the sides. Rachel was jealous that she had to return her jacket and walk home naked because it was the wrong color. At least she had her backpack and some shoes this time. Her legs complained as she put the training shoes back on and followed Ellie to the exit. Her hormones made sure to remind her that for the third time in a row, she would be walking this route without so much as a bra or panties on for cover.  
   
The air was heavy as the girls stepped outside onto the sidewalk. Clouds billowed in the distance but there was no breeze. The hot days this time of year often mixed with the moist fronts to produce impressive results. Tornadoes were rare but known to occur. It was still hot and dry out. The prospect of pending rain hung in the air.  
   
As the girls walked, Rachel probed Ellie about her family. Ellie was the oldest of three. “It’s just me and my stupid brothers” as she put it. Both brothers were under age 10, which calmed Rachel a bit. Her parents and a great uncle lived there too. Rachel figured they would stay mostly in Ellie’s room and away from the rest of the family. She could handle that.  
   
When they got to her house, Ellie skipped inside. But Rachel had to get permission from Eric’s mom and hoped to get a few clothes from storage before returning to Ellie’s for the night. As she continued on, she dealt with the carwash.  
   
\*\*Maybe Coach Ron wouldn’t mind if I wore one of my own swimsuits from storage to the carwash. What’s he going to do, send me home?  
   
That prospect lightened her mood as she entered Eric’s house. Eric’s mom resisted the idea of a sleepover at first. She was hoping to get Rachel in more embarrassing situations to get her husband worked up for another wild night. She didn’t know what had happened that morning at breakfast. Richard was plenty worked up. But with Eric at Tommy’s house for the night, it wouldn’t be fair not to allow Rachel a sleepover too.  
   
The news that Eric was at Tommy’s house came as a relief to Rachel. She still didn’t want to deal with Eric yet. Now to get some normal clothes, “We also have a carwash fundraiser tomorrow. Ellie’s family is going to drive me. Do you think I could get some of my things from storage tonight?”  
   
Eric’s mom had other plans for the girl this weekend so the carwash was a disruption. She would just have to work around it. “The storage facility is too far away to drive tonight. I’ll take you on Sunday after church. In the mean time, I suppose you can borrow my nightgown again. But you better take good care of it!” Before Rachel could protest, Eric’s mom swept up the stairs to retrieve the nightgown.  
   
\*\*Did she just say ‘after church’?  
   
Rachel was not planning to go to church. She wanted at least one relaxing day before going back to school. As she stood in the living room thinking about that news the front door opened behind her. Richard walked in carrying a bouquet of flowers and a bottle of wine. He took one look at the girl wearing nothing but her backpack and started grinning. How could this day get any better?  
   
“Hi Rachel, did you have a good day at school?”  
   
“Hi…Yeah, I guess.” Rachel couldn’t look Richard in the eye. She moved behind a recliner to cover herself better. Under his gaze her backpack straps suddenly didn’t feel wide enough.  
   
“I’m making dinner tonight. Do you like lobster?”  
   
“Oh, I’m not staying. I am spending the night at a friend’s house.”  
   
Richard was disappointed, but rallied. An evening alone with his wife would be just fine. “Well you be careful, supposed to be a bad thunderstorm tonight. The wind is really picking up out there.”  
   
“It’s just a few blocks away. I’m sure we’ll be fine.”  
   
“Good”, then an idea struck him, “Would you mind helping me bring in the groceries?”  
   
Rachel glanced at the stairs wishing Eric’s mother would hurry up so she could get going. She wanted to say ‘no’ to Richard’s request but didn’t have a good excuse. So she reluctantly followed Richard out the front door to his car. How she could carry groceries with her backpack and gloves on?  
   
“I saw your swim coach today at city hall.”  
   
\*\*What? So that’s why he wasn’t as practice!  
   
“They were having a school board vote about the tryout and about your uniforms.” He used that as an excuse to look at Rachel and her uniform; like he needed an excuse.  
   
“I have a copy of the minutes in my car.” He nodded to the passenger seat.  
  
Rachel forgot about the groceries and her state of dress. She wedged her hand under the door handle and yanked the passenger door open. Her backpack shifted as she leaned over to grab the minutes. Richard watched the whole scene with enjoyment, but Rachel was too excited to care. She skimmed the minutes. It was mostly boring procedural stuff. There was a mention of the tryout and a vote. Then she got to the ending.  
   
“…be it formally resolved that the uniforms be modified as previously agreed upon. Be it also resolved that the program will comply with all official regulations regarding uniform design. The proposition before this board is hereby defeated.”  
   
\*\*What does that mean?  
   
She didn’t understand the part about modifying the uniforms, but with Richard leering at her she realized she should probably modify her current state of exposure. She adjusted her backpack to get back the small amount of modesty and resumed the job of carrying groceries.  
   
Back inside, Eric’s mom came down the stairs carrying a little clear bag. Rachel recognized it as a Ziplock sandwich bag. Eric’s mom had neatly folded her nightgown and secured it inside. Rachel was unable to hold it because of her gloves so Eric’s mom tucked it under her belt.  
   
“Have a good evening, dear. Call us if you need anything” then before Rachel could stop her “I’ll take your backpack up to your room for you.” Eric’s mom grabbed the handle of Rachel’s backpack and slipped it off. Then she was gone back up the stairs. The loss of her only piece of covering shocked Rachel. Richard was in the kitchen putting the groceries away, but was certain to be furiously thinking of an excuse to come back.  
   
Rachel didn’t want to go outside naked again, but she didn’t want to stick around to see Richard’s reaction to her sudden nudity. She looked outside. The sky looked angry now. She should get to Ellie’s house before it started raining. So Rachel stepped outside and started walking into a strong wind. Richard watched her leave through a window in the kitchen. The school board vote earlier guaranteed he would get to see every part of that divine teenager and her maturing body. He made a note to lookup the swim meet schedule in order to attend every one. He had to be supportive of her extracurricular activities after all. Richard smiled as he turned his attention back to the romantic evening ahead…

**Part 11**

It started raining half way to Ellie’s house. Huge drops sizzled on the hot pavement. Within a minute Rachel was in a downpour. Her gloves provided almost no protection from the biting rain. She crossed her arms over her chest and walked as fast as her shoes would let her. Every drop on her tender skin was a reminder of her nudity. She was soaking wet when she reached Ellie’s house.  
  
A boy answered the door and let her in. He stared at her but didn’t say anything. Water was pouring off her body. Ellie’s mom told her to stand in the entryway and made Ellie’s brother get a towel. Thankful for at least a little covering, Rachel was introduced to Ellie’s family. Ellie’s great uncle was in a wheelchair. He looked her up and down a few times and snorted when Rachel was introduced. Ellie’s dad barely looked away from the weather broadcast. He fancied himself an amateur storm chaser. Days like this didn’t come around often enough in his opinion.  
  
Rachel couldn’t believe it when Ellie came down. She was still wearing her uniform and the warm-up shorts. That left her topless in front of her family. She walked around like it was completely normal and her family didn’t react. Maybe Ellie was more of a free spirit than Rachel realized.  
  
After the introductions, the girls went up to Ellie’s room. Almost instantly Ellie stripped off her shorts. She said she wanted to show Rachel her swimsuits. One by one she tried on different bikinis and one-pieces from her closet and modeled them for Rachel. It only made Rachel jealous and served to highlight the fact that she had nothing to wear. Then she remembered the baggie. She pulled it off her belt and tossed it on Ellie’s twin bed. At least it had stayed dry in the downpour.  
  
As the storm raged outside, Rachel started to settle in. She and Ellie giggled and talked about typical girl stuff. After about an hour Rachel’s stomach growled. She hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast. Ellie suggested they go to the kitchen and grab a snack. Ellie was in the middle of picking out another outfit to try on. She had nothing but skimpy panties on, but didn’t hesitate to walk out the door and down the hall. Rachel followed her more out of fascination than hunger. Did Ellie walk around her house like this all the time? Ellie’s other brother was in the kitchen when they walked in. Rachel crossed her hands over her boobs and crotch to get away from his stare. He seemed a little more interested in the female body than his brother. He didn’t seem to care that Ellie was mostly naked in the same room.  
  
Ellie suggested they all play a board game, but Rachel drew the line at that. So they grabbed their snacks went back to the girl talk.  
  
“So what did you think about practice? Some of those machines were crazy right?” Ellie was back to digging through her closet.  
  
Rachel thought about the intrusive water jets and deflected “Yeah, that stroke trainer looked incredible.”  
  
Ellie gave Rachel an evil wink, “What about that warm down tub? You seemed to think it was pretty incredible, girl.”  
  
Rachel blushed. If Ellie had noticed her arousal in the tub, how many others had noticed too? She didn’t want to talk about it, but Ellie persisted.  
  
“Yes, it was pretty relaxing. Some of the jets….I guess it got me worked up a little.” She admitted.  
  
“Really?!” Ellie grinned “What did it feel like? I’ve got to know.”  
  
Ellie convinced Rachel to talk about the experience. She described how she had kept herself from the brink by pushing down on the seat and keeping the jet on the outside of her body. Ellie hung on her words, “I’ve got to try that!”  
  
“No, you don’t.” Rachel warned her “it would have been so embarrassing to lose control in front of everyone.”  
  
“What’s wrong with a little satisfaction? Don’t you masturbate?” Ellie had a way of getting right to the point. And just like that the subject had changed.  
  
Rachel started to dismiss the question as irrelevant. But she would be lying to herself and Ellie if she did. Sexual arousal had been the only thing on mind for two days. It would be ingenuous to pretend like she didn’t care about such things. Ellie had been so open and honest with her about everything. It was time to reciprocate.  
  
Once Rachel started talking, she couldn’t stop. Ellie listened in awe as Rachel told her everything; from the session under the tree by Tommy’s house to the one by the pool with Eric; even the encounter with Richard at breakfast. The confession was cathartic.  
  
“…and you never finished yourself off? Oh girl, you have to take care of that. It’s not healthy. You’re going to explode!” Ellie’s analysis sounded about right to Rachel. But what could she do? She was always aroused but never alone.  
  
Ellie made a proposal “I’m not a lesbian or anything. I’m just trying to help. How about this? We’ll bate right now at the same time. I’ll use my bed and you go take a bath. You can come back here whenever you’re done.”  
  
Rachel couldn’t believe how casually Ellie had proposed it. Each girl would be satisfying herself sexually at the same time. Rachel would be too uptight to actually do that in a strange house…but a warm bath would feel nice.  
  
Ellie was excited by the idea in more ways than one. Her nipples hardened into little points and she reached up with one hand to tweak them; not in the least ashamed of her body. She had already dropped her panties to the floor and stepped out of them. Lightning flashed outside followed by a thunderous crash. Rachel thought she was insane as the obvious objections jumped into her mind and were rationalized away one by one. She silently consented by working her gloves off and untying her shoes. When she had removed everything, Ellie happily pulled her to her feet and led her by the hand to open the door.  
  
“Have fun. See you in a few!” and with a wink Ellie closed the door behind her. Rachel was now in the hallway of Ellie’s house completely naked. A rush of warmth hit her. Her own nipples begged for the same attention Ellie’s had received. Rachel gave in to them but was determined to draw the line at that.  
  
\*\*I’m not about to masturbate in Ellie’s bathroom with her whole family downstairs. I’ll just go take a bath and come back.  
  
But as much as she wanted to deny it her body told her she really, really needed this. She couldn’t stop her hands from pinching and pulling her nipples as the bathtub filled with bubbly water…

**Part 12**

Coach Ron wasn’t used to such strong thunderstorms. At his apartment he had the TV tuned to an emergency weather station and kept up with the reports as he studied the USSA rule book. The victorious vote in the school board meeting today was still fresh in his mind. It meant he was truly free to run his program however he chose. The compromise with the uniforms was a small price to pay.  
  
While went over his list of team members a thought came to him. It was so perfect; he thought maybe he really was turning into a crazy genius. As best as he could judge every person on the list already had a uniform that met the criteria of the compromise; except one. Rather than issue all new uniforms he could just have everyone keep their current uniform. Then he wouldn’t have to order a bunch more and would only have to modify that one.  
  
He pictured Rachel wearing her ‘uniform’ which presented every inch of her perfect body. Of course it wasn’t a real uniform she had been issued. It was a swim accessory kit designed to be worn over a traditional swimsuit. But she didn’t know that. And he wasn’t about to let her in on the secret.  
  
Coach Ron hated to modify anything about it, but he had already agreed. At least her magnificent breasts would still be on display. He smiled at that victory. The question then was how to comply with the board ruling while keeping the changes and the suit to a minimum.  
  
He knew just the person who could help. He picked up the phone and called his buddy at the swim supply company. He explained the situation and the events of the school board meeting. Then he talked about his star swimmer and how she thought she had been issued a real uniform. He asked if there would be any way to modify the uniform to meet the requirements of the compromise.  
  
His buddy thought for a moment, “I think I have just the thing. It’s not really swimming related, so I will have to make a few modifications to it first. Can you email me a picture of your team mascot? Good. I’ll overnight it as soon as I get done. You owe me more than a beer though. You have got to send me some pictures of this girl!”  
  
Coach Ron agreed then said “That was a nice touch sending me the wrong warm-ups. You wouldn’t believe what some of the kids wore to class! I’m sending them back to you tomorrow. No rush on getting me the right ones.” He thanked his buddy again then hung up and went to find a logo to email…  
  
Rachel checked the lock on the bathroom door for the hundredth time before lowering her naked body into the water. \*\*It’s just a normal bath\*\*. She was convinced the bate session Ellie had prepared for her was not going to happen. Because she was already clean from the rain shower outside there wasn’t much for her to do but play with the bubbles. She wanted to give up and go back to Ellie’s room, but was afraid of interrupting Ellie in the middle of her own gratification. Every creak of the house made Rachel jump. She felt like she was doing something dirty. She had to force each muscle group to relax one at a time.  
  
After nothing happened for ten minutes, Rachel dared to reach her hand between her legs. “OOOOAAAAAHHHH”, a lusty moan escaped her lips and echoed on the bathroom tiles.  
  
The noise was loud; too loud. Everyone in the house would have heard it. She had to stop. She urged her hand to let go of her mound but it wouldn’t budge. She sent her other hand down there to retrieve it, but that hand only joined in the action forcing another loud moan out of her. This time her outburst was masked by a thunderclap.  
  
Shockwaves of delight coursed through her body. Rachel could do nothing but hang on as her hormones took over. Only her large breasts broke through the surface of the bathwater. They rose up like miniature mountains. Her glistening nipples strained toward the sky demanding more attention. She obliged. Her skin was slippery from the soapy water. She squealed with every tweak.  
  
She thought about the water jet as a finger slipped inside her and started stroking. This time she didn’t conceal her outburst. She couldn’t. Her body would not cooperate. There were going to be more moans and maybe even screams of ecstasy before she was done, but her capacity for caution was gone. The thunder mixed with her grunts of pleasure and echoed around the room. Her left hand roamed her body for a few minutes while her right hand continued to work its magic between her legs.  
  
\*\*Come on Rachel  
  
She was an out of control freight train approaching the top of a mountain. This peak would finally bring her the release she desperately needed. Every stroke pounded like a knock in her head.  
  
\*\*Rachel, open up, girl  
  
She was as open as she had ever been. One finger was not enough so another one slipped in. The bath water churned from her effort and splashed onto the floor. Rachel was getting close. Her moans were unrestrained now. They mixed with the knocking rhythm and the roaring thunder outside to create an erotic symphony.  
  
\*\*knock, knock, knock, knock…Rachel  
  
“KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. Open the door Rachel. We have to go.”  
  
Ellie stood outside the bathroom door knocking, but heard nothing from within except rapturous cries. She gave up and grabbed the key from above the frame and unlocked the door. She walked in to see Rachel furiously pleasuring herself. The girl was oblivious to her surroundings. Her whole body was straining to reach what had been beyond its grasp for so long. Ellie hated to interrupt, but it was critically important. She called Rachel’s name but got no response. She had no choice but to pry the girl’s hand away from her sex and pull her out of the water.  
  
Rachel opened her eyes to see Ellie standing over her pulling on her arm. Ellie’s lips were moving, but Rachel was delirious with arousal and didn’t understand the words. She was being pulled out of the bath right at the crescendo of the best bate session of her life. Her clouded mind cleared enough to hear Ellie say something about the storm. Rachel didn’t understand. She only knew Ellie was trying to pull her into the hall.  
  
“…and it’s coming this way. We’ve got to get to the safe room.”  
  
\*\*Safe room?  
  
Rachel was still confused. Right now, nothing could be more urgent than her impending orgasm. She had just enough sense to grab a towel as Ellie dragged her out of the bathroom toward the stairs. Then the tornado sirens went off.  
  
Another crash of lightning and the power went out. Now Rachel stopped struggling and acquiesced to Ellie’s instructions. Ellie was holding her hand leading her down the dark staircase. Rachel’s pussy pounded with every heartbeat. She was so close. The fear of the storm mixed with her arousal to pummel her nerves as they reached the bottom of the stairs.  
  
The pitch black only added to the surreal nature of the situation. Rachel squeezed her boob and whimpered as they walked. Her body wasn’t convinced this was real, and it wanted to finish. As they rounded a corner the girls were blinded by a flashlight.  
  
Ellie’s family was waiting for them outside the safe room. Her father grew up in tornado alley and insisted on having one installed when they moved here. As Rachel started to piece together what was happening, her mind told her stop pleasuring herself and put the towel on. That’s when she realized it was only a hand towel. When she held it over her boobs it hung down to the top of her pussy lips. It was too small to wrap around her.  
  
The safe room was built to withstand even the most powerful tornado. It was 3 feet wide by 6 feet long and made of steel reinforced concrete. Rachel and Ellie were herded inside followed by Ellie’s brothers. Mom and dad came in last and latched the heavy door closed. Old Uncle Herbert was already sitting in his wheelchair at the very back. The only light came from Ellie’s brothers’ flashlights which spent most of their time pointed at Rachel’s body.  
  
The room was not designed to hold 7 people, at least not for very long. The cramped quarters forced Rachel to straddle the foot rests of Uncle Herbert’s wheelchair facing away from him. She held the towel tight over her front and knew her naked bottom was being shoved in his face, but there was no where else to stand. Every time the pressing group ahead of her shifted, it pushed her closer to Uncle Herbert. Any closer and she would lose her balance and end up in his lap.  
  
Ellie stood in front of her. She was wearing some boy short style panties and a matching lace bra. In front of Ellie’s brothers was her mom; on the phone constantly. She was communicating with nearby friends and relatives to make sure everyone was safe. Ellie’s dad was in front fiddling with an emergency weather radio. He kept saying, “I told you this room would come in handy someday. I should really be out there, you know.” He kept threatening to open the door and get a good look at the storm as it roared overhead. But he had to make do with the radio and phone accounts from his wife.  
  
They spent the next hour in the safe room. Rachel’s heart pounded for the first 15 minutes thinking she might have just survived a tornado. There was no privacy in the cell, so she couldn’t ask Ellie about her bate session. She guessed by Ellie’s clean underwear that she had finished. Her own hand towel was woefully inadequate as cover. The boys seemed to make a game out of shining at her exposed body parts. One tiny towel and two flashlights meant it was a game Rachel couldn’t win. That she couldn’t shift positions wasn’t helping either. The only place to stand was with her feet apart directly over Uncle Herbert. That turned out to be the worst part. She yelped the first time she felt a rough hand goose her inner thigh. She twisted away as best she could and slapped his hand down. Uncle Herbert was probably crazy, but even senile old men know what to do when a nubile teenager’s naked body is shoved in their face.  
  
Either he forgot or just didn’t care, but every few minutes Uncle Herbert would reach up again and cop a feel when Rachel was least expecting it. Every time she twisted away or tried to fight his hands, her towel would slip and expose something to the boys.  
  
One such effort made her lose her grip on the towel and it fluttered to the ground. She had to bend over to retrieve it giving Uncle Albert the sight of his life. Humiliating did not even begin to describe it. Rachel hated to admit it, but the peep show for Ellie’s brothers and Uncle Herbert’s probing hands kept her aroused the whole time. By the time it was over she was as horny as ever, but spent mentally. Masturbation was the last thing on her mind…

**Part 13**

Ellie’s dad declared the all clear after an hour. They piled out expecting to see a war zone, but everything was disappointingly normal. The power had returned and it had even stopped raining. In fact they were really never in danger and probably could have come out earlier except for the reports Ellie’s mom was receiving over the phone. The tornado had missed Ellie’s neighborhood, but her mom’s brother and his family were not so lucky. They were all safe and accounted for, but there was some damage to their house. Ellie’s mom insisted on going over there to see if they could help.  
  
She put the boys to bed then addressed the girls back in Ellie’s room. “Your father and I are going to check on my brother’s family. The storm threat has passed. You should be fine the rest of the night. Uncle Herbert is in charge while we’re gone.”  
  
As soon as they were gone Ellie apologized about disrupting Rachel’s bath. “I’m so sorry, Rachel! My parents said it was heading our way and we had to get to the safe room. You were taking so long and…you can go finish if you want.”  
  
Rachel blanched. She didn’t want to talk about that. “It’s ok. Let’s just drop it.” She was ready to get back to typical girl talk. It was dark outside, so Rachel decided to get dressed for bed. Ellie’s eyes got big when she saw Rachel pull her nightgown out of the baggie and put it on.  
  
“Cute outfit, but you didn’t have to dress up for me!” she teased Rachel.  
  
“My other things are still in storage so Eric’s mom loaned it to me. It’s actually comfortable.”  
  
Ellie acknowledged “It does look comfortable. It’s so hot this time of year; I wish I had something like that to sleep in. But I don’t have the boobs for it.” She reached behind her to unlatch the bra. Her small perky breasts sprang free as it hit the floor.  
  
“Do you want a drink?”  
  
Rachel had forgotten about dinner with the storm passing over and said that sounded good. Ellie gave an evil grin and ran out the door oblivious to her exposure. Rachel thought of Ellie running around the house in various states of undress. She could never bring herself to do something about that. Ellie’s parents were so relaxed about it. Not like Richard. But the more she thought about it, she had in fact been running around Eric’s house exposing most of her body to his family. She stood up and gave a little curtsey then pirouetted letting the nightgown fly up around her. Then she gave in to her aching nipples for a bit and let her hands play before regaining control and sitting back down.  
  
Ellie returned and passed Rachel a tall glass. “So tell me about this Eric you keep mentioning? Is he cute?”  
  
Rachel took a few long drinks and stared out the window before answering. “He’s a jerk. I’m staying at his house right now because our families knew each other a long time ago.” She had never tasted anything like this before. She was about to ask what it was when a realization hit her. Ellie’s window shade was open! During the day it wasn’t noticeable, but now at night anyone looking at the house would see right into Ellie’s well lit room.  
  
“OMG Ellie! Close your window shade.” Rachel did her best to cover up, “anyone could look in and see us getting dressed.”  
  
Ellie casually walked over to the window. Before she closed the shade, she did a gyrating dance. “Relax, Rachel. Nobody cares about a couple of silly girls.”  
  
Rachel took a few more drinks.  
  
\*\*This stuff is good. Wait! Is it alcoholic?  
  
“Ellie what’s in this thing?” Ellie saw Rachel smiling and knew it was a friendly question. She had borrowed a non-alcoholic mix from her parent’s liquor cabinet. It was just mixed with fruit juice. But Rachel didn’t know that. Ellie thought it wouldn’t hurt to let Rachel think she was drinking a real cocktail.  
  
“This is a sleepover. You’re supposed to experiment with new things. Try to relax and have a little fun.”  
  
“Ellie! What if your parents catch us?” Rachel had only drunk alcohol once before; on a dare.  
  
Ellie giggled “We’re supposed to break rules. It’s just like a wine cooler anyway. Besides, my parents won’t be back for a long time.”  
  
Whatever, I’m not drinking it.” Rachel put the glass down, but in her mind the alcohol was already working through her system. It was actually just hormones and sugar. It didn’t help that she hadn’t eaten anything decent since breakfast. Ellie decided it wouldn’t hurt to let Rachel think she was getting drunk. She got back to the topic at hand “So this Eric. If he’s such a jerk why did you give him that show by the pool?”  
  
Rachel gave Ellie another, more detailed account of the pool episode. It was a stupid thing to do knowing Eric was pointing his camera phone at her the whole time. She couldn’t explain why she did it except to say it was a moment of weakness. She had been experiencing a lot of those lately.  
  
Then she explained about seeing her sunbathing picture on Tommy’s phone. It was easy to connect the dots after that. Ellie sympathized. Then Ellie got another wicked grin on her face. “Hey, I have an idea. Since Eric took a video of you without your permission, you have a right to repay the favor. It’s still early enough. Let’s sneak over to his house and record him getting ready for bed! Maybe we’ll get lucky and catch him stroking it!”  
  
The image of Eric’s boxers flashed into Rachel’s mind. It had been in the back of her mind all day. She would love to get a better look at what was inside, but she wasn’t about to go peeping in his window. “I’m not doing that. Your great Uncle would never let us go. Besides, Eric’s spending the night at Tommy’s house.”  
  
Ellie latched onto that comment. “Even better! Tommy just lives a couple blocks from here, right? If you have a video of Tommy, you can use it as a bargaining chip to get them to delete your pool video. My dad has some fancy recording equipment. I’ll go grab a camera.”  
  
“What about the storms? What if we get caught? What if…” But Ellie was already gone out the door. Rachel sat there and worked through every excuse to not go.  
  
\*\*They’re probably already asleep. It would never work out like Ellie thinks. Straight guys don’t just hang around their room naked.  
  
That argument especially fell flat because these two girls had spent the evening traipsing all over Ellie’s house nearly naked. Ellie returned pointing a camera at Rachel. “What are you doing? Doesn’t that red light mean its recording?”  
  
“No. I’m just making sure I know the controls. I need to test this before we get there. Now pretend like you’re Eric and move around the room so I can get the focus right.”  
  
Rachel wanted to refuse, but her mind told her the alcohol was affecting her inhibitions. Actually it was her arousal, but she didn’t know the difference. Always the performer, Rachel stood up and did her best Neanderthal impression of Eric. “Ooh, ooh, ooh. Fire Water!” Rachel jumped over to the cocktail and took another drink.  
  
Her slinky outfit and sensual body didn’t work with the scene, but she was having fun. “me...want…hump”. Ellie howled with laughter as Rachel plodded around the room pretending to mount the furniture. Rachel cracked herself up when she picked up a hairbrush and held it to her crotch like a phallus. Then she lay on the bed and pretended to jack off. She had a convincing fake orgasm grunting the whole time before both girls erupted into laughter and the scene fell apart.  
  
When they stopped giggling, Rachel shocked even herself by what she did next. She stood up, took another long swig from the bottle and said “I owe those bastards some revenge. Let’s go.”  
  
On their way out the door Ellie whispered to Rachel “watch this”. She turned to Uncle Albert and called “We’re going for a walk. Be back later.” He barely even woke up as the two girls passed by. It didn’t matter that they were going out on a walk in their skimpy underwear at night.  
  
Rachel shivered even though the clear air was still warm. Her wispy nightgown flew behind her in the breeze. She had to step quickly to keep up with Ellie who was still wearing her lacy boy short panties without a bra. The excitement of being outside in her nightgown kept her hands busy. Convinced her inhibition had been compromised by the alcohol; Rachel let her hands explore everywhere they could reach.  
  
Ellie noticed Rachel feeling herself up “Pretty excited, huh Rachel?”  
  
That was an understatement. Her falsely impaired judgment allowed her to speak whatever she was thinking. “My body is so turned on right now. I can’t believe we’re out here! You should feel how wet I am.”  
  
Now it was Ellie’s turn to blush. “Settle down girl. Just think of it as a stroll through the neighborhood.”  
  
But Rachel’s arousal wouldn’t let her stop bringing up embarrassing subjects. “I don’t know how you walk around your house naked like that. Your brothers are about to hit puberty. They’re going to start noticing your body. They were sure studying mine tonight!”  
  
“They don’t look at me that way. We took baths together not too long ago.”  
  
Ellie’s bathtub was a sore subject for Rachel “You finished your bate session, didn’t you?” Ellie gave an apologetic nod.  
  
“WELL I didn’t. I was RUDELY interrupted.” Rachel cupped her mound as they walked. The pressure felt good. “…if it weren’t for this STUPID FREAKING STORM.” Rachel yelled at the sky.  
  
Ellie had to quiet her because they were approaching Tommy’s house. Rachel’s heart started pounding again. They walked around to the side of the house and found a first floor window with a light on. They guessed was a bedroom. They looked at each other once more then quietly walked up to the windowpane and stood there still as statues. The window shade was positioned so they could see between the slats. Both girls stared in disbelief that they had actually found Tommy’s room. It must have been their lucky day. It looked like they had hit the jackpot…

**Part 14**

Rachel couldn’t believe she was standing just outside Tommy’s house wearing nothing but a transparent mesh nightgown. She would be in so much trouble if she was caught, but the riskiness of it all only heightened her arousal.  
  
Both girls had to stretch out to see in the window. Tommy was sitting in a rolling chair playing a video game facing away from the window. They could tell he wasn’t wearing a shirt. If he had turned toward the window, he would have seen the faces of two horny girls staring back at him.  
  
Ellie spoke in a near dead silent whisper, “Is that Eric? He’s cute!”  
  
It took several attempts for Rachel to reply. Her mouth was so dry. It was like all the moisture in her body was being redirected to between her legs. She finally got out the word “Tommy”. He paused his game and stood up. Both girls froze.  
  
\*\*Did he hear me say his name?  
  
He was wearing cotton boxers which bulged as he crossed the room. He just grabbed a sports drink and another slice of pizza then sat back down. It took a minute before Rachel started breathing again. Her body demanded attention. Her hand squeezed her pussy tight but went no further. She held on for dear life. The only thing keeping her body in check was fear of waking the entire neighborhood if she lost control.  
  
The prospect of seeing a developed teen’s penis was getting to Ellie too. The camera had already been forgotten and set on the ground. She had both hands occupied by her own body. She worked her breasts in one hand and followed Rachel’s lead by slipping the other hand under the waistband of her panties.  
  
The pleasant surprises kept coming for the girls. They couldn’t have planned it better when Eric walked in. He looked like he was just coming out of the shower because of the towel around his waist. He tossed a plastic airplane at Tommy who called back in disgust. The toy had distracted Tommy’s game and caused him to get killed just before a checkpoint. Rachel stared in anticipation as Eric walked around the room in his towel. At any moment he could drop it to the ground and she would see Eric’s glorious jewels. He dug around in a duffle bag and pulled out a toothbrush then he walked back out of the room.  
  
Rachel and Ellie both took a gasping breath. Rachel didn’t know what was worse, that she was spying on two boys in the privacy of a bedroom, or that it was turning her on so much. She blamed her compromised inhibition. She would never normally do something like this.  
  
Eric returned and tossed his toothbrush back in his bag. Then it happened. He pulled a pair of clean boxers out of the bag. It was like time stood still for Rachel. In slow motion, Eric pulled his towel off and tossed it on the bed. He was now standing completely naked facing away from the girls. Rachel drooled at Eric’s muscular naked bottom. She studied the way it flexed as he walked back toward the video game. Tommy didn’t even look up. Eric held his boxers with one hand and pointed at the TV. He was giving Tommy instructions, but Tommy wouldn’t listen. A heated argument developed, but the girls could only make out a few words. Rachel willed Eric to turn around and reveal his treasures to her hungry eyes. They refused to blink in case she missed something. He kept threatening to turn around but would always turn back to the TV and say something more. Even from behind it was still a naked teenage boy, something neither girl had ever seen before.  
  
The heated conversation started to settle down. Eric was about to put his boxers on when he said something. Rachel and Ellie strained to make out the words. “…storm….lame.....stuffy in here.”  
  
Tommy’s answer made Rachel panic, “just open the window.” She ducked down just missing the sight of Eric’s front as he turned and started walking directly toward the window. Ellie did not duck. She stood there frozen with her mouth open. She looked like a deer in the headlights. Rachel had to yank her down to break the spell just before he got there. They hugged the wall as the window opened above them open. Eric peered out and looked around. “It looks fine out here. Not even raining.” He stuck his hand out just over Rachel’s head. If he lowered it a few inches, he would touch her hair. She tried not to move a muscle and prayed they wouldn’t get caught. Eric continued “I told you that tornado warning was a joke.”  
  
After a few agonizing seconds he pulled his hand back inside. Rachel wanted to leave. She silently pulled on Ellie’s arm, but the girl would not move. Rachel tugged again. Ellie just grinned at her and shook her head. She wanted to see more. Rachel wasn’t going to look again and further risk getting caught but Ellie peeked back over the window sill. When nothing happened, curiosity got the better of Rachel. She peeked back in to see both boys focused on the TV. Eric was wearing his boxers now.  
  
After another checkpoint Tommy handed the controls to Eric and stood up, never looking away from the screen. Then he took off his own boxers as Eric sat down in the chair. This time both girls were struck dumb. The side view of Tommy’s body revealed his sexual organs in profile. His member hung down impressively between two heavy balls. He stood there a moment to watch the cut scene then he walked out the door to take his shower.  
  
The girls stood there with their mouths open, not able to believe what they had just seen. Rachel felt like they had already pushed their luck to the limit. She wanted to tell Ellie it was time to leave, but with the window open they had to communicate silently. Ellie indicated she wanted to stay and see Tommy come back out of the shower. But it would be too risky. They door was directly facing the window. They were sure to be seen when he came back. Rachel dragged the reluctant Ellie away from the peep show and back around the side of the house.  
  
When they cleared the corner of the house, both girls broke out into giggles. Rachel blurted out “Oh my gosh did you see Tommy’s…dick?”  
  
“Oh yeah! He was hot. I don’t know which one I liked better, Tommy’s or Eric’s.”  
  
Rachel wanted to grill Ellie about Eric’s body as they walked. She hadn’t seen any of the good parts, but Ellie had seen everything. Ellie stopped her as they entered the neighbor’s yard “Is that the tree you were telling me about?”  
  
Rachel confirmed. Ellie had a naughty thought “Why don’t you finish what you started right here under the tree?”  
  
“Oh stop it…what if the boys hear me and come outside?”  
  
“I’ll go keep a lookout by Tommy’s house. You come get me when you’re done.” Ellie started to walk away.  
  
Rachel stood there in shock and watched Ellie disappear back around the corner of the house. Normally she would dismiss the suggestion as ridiculous. But for some reason she hadn’t stopped Ellie from leaving. Was she actually considering it? Her body was desperate for release and more than willing to accept the unusual circumstances. The recent images of Tommy and Eric added fuel to her inner fire. She blamed it on the alcohol as she sat down under the tree to resume her session.  
  
The mulch around the trunk was mostly dry even though the surrounding area was muddy and wet. Rachel spread her legs and tried to count how many times she had started down this road without success. By now her hands were on auto-pilot. They knew exactly what buttons to push as her body worked itself up for another run at an orgasm.  
  
Ellie heard whimpers from under the tree grow into the familiar grunts Rachel had made in the bathtub. She watched Tommy’s window afraid the noise would rouse them, but nothing happened. Ellie’s own body had been satisfied just a few hours ago, but the recent scene in Tommy’s room was too good to ignore.  
  
She wasn’t going to let Rachel have all the fun. So she pulled her panties down to get better access and started on her second session of the night. Ellie realized that hanging around this perpetually horny girl was awakening her own body’s sexual needs. And satisfying those needs was turning out to be pretty damn fun.  
  
Ellie was amazed at how fast her body responded to her touches. She closed her eyes and pictured the body parts she had just seen. She was a virgin like Rachel, but her imagination ran wild thinking about how male sexual organs would work and feel. She came in practically no time. As her euphoria faded, she heard the moans still coming from the tree. She rounded the corner to see poor Rachel still building to what was sure to be an explosive release. If only they hadn’t been interrupted by the…

**Part 15**

It happened so fast it felt like a fire hose. First it was a “click, click, click” sound. Then without further warning, freezing water blasted her from all directions. Ellie jumped out of the way just in time to avoid the sprinklers. Rachel too jumped up with a yelp and started running. She only made it a couple of steps before she slipped on the muddy ground and came crashing down. Tommy’s neighbor had automatic sprinklers timed to water after sundown, which came as unpleasant news to Rachel. She frantically scrambled back up and tried to get the freezing water to stop pummeling her.  
  
\*\*What idiot waters their grass right after a thunderstorm?  
  
Just then the porch light came on and flooded the yard with light. Tommy’s neighbor opened his front door carrying a powerful flashlight. Rachel and Ellie both took off in a sprint. The neighbor stepped outside and pushed a button on his wall turning the sprinkler off. He saw the girls running away, but his eyes were still adjusting to the darkness. “Damned deer eating all my flowers.” Then he yelled after them, “YOU KEEP RUNNING AND DON’T COME BACK! YOU HEAR? STAY OUT OF MY YARD. I’LL BE WATCHING!”  
  
Rachel and Ellie ran for two blocks before they dared to slow and look back. No one had followed them. Ellie was exhilarated by it all, but Rachel wasn’t so happy. She was still dripping from the sprinklers and her nightgown was covered in mud from her fall. Ellie tried to comfort Rachel as they stepped into the laundry room which was next to the kitchen.  
  
“Don’t worry about this. I’ll run it through the washing machine on gentle cycle. Let’s go take a quick shower and it should be done by the time we’re finished.” She helped Rachel out of the nightgown and threw it in the wash with her own panties. Both girls were completely naked this time as they walked through the living room and past Uncle Albert. The TV was on but he was snoring away and didn’t even notice them pass.  
  
The warm shower felt good on Rachel’s sore muscles. Besides walking all day in her training shoes, she had just sprinted two blocks. For the second day in a row, Rachel was mentally and physically exhausted. When they got back to Ellie’s room, Rachel started eyeing Ellie’s bed. Ellie’s outburst snapped her back to attention.  
  
“Rachel, we have to go back! I left my father’s camera outside Tommy’s window.”   
  
Rachel wasn’t about to walk all the way back to Tommy’s house. It was a recipe for disaster. His neighbor was sure to be on guard for any intruders. “I don’t think that’s a good idea. We would get caught. We can stop and get it in the morning on the way to the carwash.” The prospect of washing cars all day tomorrow made Rachel want to get to bed even more badly. This lack of decent sleep was certainly contributing to her poor decisions lately.  
  
Ellie could tell from Rachel’s sleepy eyes that she wasn’t going to be much help. “OK. You don’t have to go, but I can’t leave that camera outside all night. I’ll ride my bike over there and be right back. The gentle cycle should be done. I’ll move your nightgown to the dryer. You can go on to bed after it’s dry.” She didn’t have the heart to tell Rachel the real reason for her urgency. Rachel didn’t know Ellie had recorded her performance with the hairbrush earlier. If the boys found that video Rachel would never forgive her.  
  
Ellie started out the door but Rachel stopped her, “Shouldn’t you wear some clothes this time?”  
  
“Good idea.” Ellie grabbed a hoodie and some shorts and pulled on some sneakers to complete her outfit. Then she left Rachel sitting on the bed in her towel to go retrieve the camera. She just hoped no one else had found it first…  
  
Tommy had no sooner turned off the video game to go to bed when an annoying beep filled the bedroom. Eric was already laying on the top bunk, but he sat up and looked around. He heard the noise too. “I think it’s coming from outside.”  
  
Eric jumped back down and they both walked to the window to listen. There was a clear two-tone beeping sound. As they peered out, Eric noticed a red light blinking in the bushes below. “What’s that?”  
  
While Tommy studied it Eric suggested they go outside and investigate. Tommy considered for a moment then said, “It’s all muddy out there. My stupid neighbor waters his lawn at night. It’s probably his sprinkler system malfunctioning. Let’s just close the window.” Tommy would never know how close he came to obtaining a kinky video of Rachel wearing sexy lingerie and humping furniture.  
  
Rachel got so tired after Ellie left; she climbed into bed with her towel still on. She tried to wait for her nightgown to finish in the laundry room, but was fast asleep almost as soon as her head hit the pillow. Her last thought was to resolve not to get into so many embarrassing situations tomorrow. She would play it safe all day at the car wash and avoid anything that could possibly put her in an aroused state. That plan lasted until she woke up the next morning…

**Part 16**

Rachel woke after a fitful night of sleep. Maybe it was the strange bedroom. Maybe it was nervous tension due to the upcoming carwash. Maybe it was some kind of sexual tension. Perhaps she should have worn her nightgown after all. It seemed like a good idea last night. For some reason she had decided to go to sleep without putting it on.  
  
She knew she wasn’t wearing it because each hand was resting on a bare breast. Her other hand was settled between her legs petting her smooth naked pussy and keeping it company. She was so comfortable and relaxed; it took her a very long time to realize that she didn’t have three hands. The thing that finally woke her was the sensation of two stiff objects poking into her upper back.  
  
\*\*Where am I?  
  
She opened her eyes to see the sun streaming through Ellie’s window. Ellie’s twin bed was crowded. Ellie was wrapped around Rachel fast asleep which explained the extra hands. She was also naked which explained the pointy objects in Rachel’s back. Rachel tried not to make any sudden movements. As she slowly extracted herself from tangle of sheets and limbs, Ellie stirred and smiled up at her.  
  
“Good morning.” Ellie stretched out the sleepiness from her body. When she had returned from Tommy’s house Ellie saw Rachel sleeping naked and decided to follow suit. It was the only way to keep cool in a hot crowded twin bed. Rachel was still disoriented. She tried to recall how she got here. But her mind was keeping yesterday hazy; like it was trying to protect her from the humiliation.  
  
Ellie looked at her alarm clock. “We better hurry up and get some breakfast or we’ll be late for the carwash.”  
  
\*\*Carwash?!  
  
Rachel groaned. Ellie knew what she was thinking and tried to cheer her up. “Oh come on Rachel, it won’t be that bad. I’ll be there wearing the exact same thing. Look at yourself. You don’t have anything to be ashamed of. Now let’s go get something to eat.”  
  
Rachel had to stop Ellie before she walked out the door. “Wait! I can’t go out there. I’m…n…not wearing anything…and you’re not either.”  
  
“No sweat” Ellie picked up a white tank top and tossed it over her shoulder. We’ll stop by the laundry room and grab our clothes before we eat.”  
  
Rachel didn’t know how that was supposed to make her feel better. Her nightgown didn’t cover any of her private parts. But her growling stomach told her to follow Ellie to the food and worry about modesty later. There was one thing to be happy about. At least she didn’t feel hungover from last night’s cocktail.  
  
Still half asleep, Rachel followed Ellie down the stairs into the living room. Ellie was navigating over boxes that had been placed there overnight. Rachel tried to follow her path. Just when they reached the doorway to the kitchen, Rachel glanced back across the room over the boxes and froze. There were four teenage boys asleep in sleeping bags in the living room floor, and one in the recliner. She tugged on Ellie’s arm.  
  
“Hmm. Those are my cousins. They must have come over here to sleep after the storm came through last night.”  
  
“Ellie! We’re naked.”  
  
“Not for long. There’s the laundry room.” Ellie pointed across the kitchen. Rachel could handle walking around her childish brothers, but these guys looked to be in their mid to late teens. She considered navigating around the boxes back to the safety of Ellie’s room, but the decision was made for her. One of the boys stirred and started to rub his eyes awake. Her fastest avenue of escape was into the kitchen.  
  
Rachel passed through the kitchen eyeing a package of blueberry pop-tarts on the counter. She entered the laundry room where Ellie was pulling on her boy short panties and white tank top. It was still a questionable outfit in Rachel’s mind. She could clearly make out Ellie’s stiff nipples through the fabric and her skimpy panties didn’t really hide much below either.  
  
After getting dressed, Ellie reached into the dryer then gave Rachel an “uh oh” look. As she pulled out what was left of Rachel’s nightgown, she looked at the dial. “I must have accidentally put it on super dry mode”  
  
Rachel held the tatters of mesh cloth in her hands. She could barely figure out how to even put it on. She crossed it over her shoulders then found the latch which came together around her neck. There was no discernable shape to it, just strips of mesh hanging around her boobs.  
  
“Rachel, I’m so sorry. Eric’s mom will understand it was an accident, right? Of course, I will replace it.”  
  
Rachel wasn’t so sure about Eric’s mom. This was the second nightgown she had ruined; another crisis to deal with. But it would have to wait.  
  
“Woah!” a voice from the kitchen interrupted the girls.  
  
It was one of Ellie’s cousins.  
  
Rachel squealed and dove for a chair at the breakfast table. She would take anything that provided cover. The boy laughed and said “This place is classier than I remember.”  
  
Ellie stuck her tongue out at him and said “Shut up, dork. She’s had a hard night.” Ellie offered to make some eggs. Rachel just sat there and blushed trying to hide her girl parts from the new set of eyes.  
  
Ellie somehow managed to burn the first set of eggs. The fire detector went off, waking the rest of her cousins. One by one, they filed in to see the naked girl at the breakfast table. The table was made of glass so it was obvious she wasn’t wearing anything below her chest. Her legs were clamped shut and her hands were tightly pressed to her breasts. She could actually feel the burning blush on her skin as each boy appraised her body. Ellie’s mom came in and took over making breakfast.   
  
\*\*Why do we have to have eggs anyway? This is taking too long. They’re all looking at me!  
  
Everywhere she looked Rachel saw eyes on her. Ellie and her mom were quietly having a heated conversation over the eggs. Their whispers grew to the point where Rachel could make out parts of it.  
  
“…so not fair.”  
  
“Well that doesn’t change the facts, sweetie. Their house had some roof damage last night and they had to stay with us. We’ll have to accommodate extra guests for a while.”  
  
“But mom…”  
  
“Young lady, that’s enough. It’s an inconvenience, but everyone has to do their part.” then Ellie’s mom glanced at Rachel and added, “and you girls need to go put on some decent clothes. You can’t be walking around the house in your…underwear…today.”  
  
Ellie was angry. “There’s nothing wrong with our outfits. We’re going to the carwash anyway, so you don’t have to worry about us!” She marched over to Rachel and grabbed her hand then called back to her mom “Forget the eggs. We have to go get ready anyway. We’ll need a lift to the carwash.”  
  
\*\*Forget the eggs?  
  
Ellie pulled Rachel to her feet. She was now very exposed. With only hand free to put over her crotch her exposed breasts jiggled across the room as Ellie pulled her to the exit. Rachel didn’t appreciate the exposure, but was glad to be leaving.  
  
But before they could get out of the room Ellie’s mom had one more thing to say “Your father followed your uncle back to their house earlier. They’re going to need both cars all day. You’ll need to find another way to the carwash.”  
  
Ellie stopped and turned back to argue with her mom. Rachel just wanted to get out of there. She faced the wall and tried to be invisible as Ellie took her sweet time. She kept her head down with her hair over her face and didn’t dare look back at Ellie’s cousins who were lined up around the room appraising her naked backside. Mercifully, Ellie finished her argument and stomped out with Rachel in tow.  
  
Ellie was still angry from the encounter with her mom when the girls had reached the safety of her bedroom. She grumbled something about disrespect as she adjusted her swim uniform. Ellie’s belt was just like Rachel’s. The stretchy synthetic material conformed to her tiny waist.  
  
Rachel felt better knowing another girl would be wearing the same uniform. She tried to forget the encounter with Ellie’s cousins as she pulled the tattered remains of her nightgown off and threw it on the bed.  
  
Then she saw Ellie snap on her warm-up shorts. She was still topless like Rachel, but the rest of her intimate parts were concealed. Once their morning routine in the bathroom was complete, Rachel laced up her trainer shoes but couldn’t bring herself to go back downstairs.  
  
“Ellie, I don’t think I can go through with this.”…

**Part 17**

Ellie encouraged Rachel. “You can do this, girl. Don’t be ashamed. Remember, you represent Thornwood. Be proud of your team and your uniform. Don’t focus on your body so much.”  
  
\*\*Don’t focus on my body so much?  
  
“How am I supposed to focus on anything else, when everyone else is focused on my body?”  
  
“That’s not true, Rachel. I’m sure you won’t be the center of attention. You’re just one member of a team. Just focus on the community outreach. We’re doing this for charity.” Rachel’s nipples were doing some outreach of their own. Ellie’s perky breasts were cute but didn’t compare when Rachel’s decided to come out and play.  
  
“We have to go soon. It’s either this or quit the team. You heard Coach Johanna. Participation is mandatory. Now, how do we get there? I guess we’ll have to ride my bike.” Ellie suggested “We need to leave now. We’re probably going to be late as it is.”  
  
“Oh no” Rachel shot that idea down. She imagined riding through town on Ellie’s handlebars like a sexy naked hood ornament and shivered. “I couldn’t do that; not in this outfit.”  
  
Ellie challenged her “OK, well do you have any ideas?”  
  
If she could only take a moment to think it through, Rachel probably could have come up with a solution. But once again she was forced into an emergency decision. The only thing she could think of was calling Eric’s family. But she didn’t want to talk to Eric right now. Maybe he wouldn’t be home yet. Then she imagined Richard driving the girls around town. That was almost worse. If he knew Rachel would be washing cars in her team uniform, he would find a way to personally bring the entire city fleet to get washed.  
  
Ellie was anxious to get going. Rachel had to concede that the bike was the only option available, “but only if I get to drive.” They had to walk through the piles of boxes and the kitchen again to get to the Ellie’s bike in the garage. Rachel smelled breakfast and heard loud conversations coming from the kitchen area. Her stomach complained about missing the eggs earlier. When the girls stepped through the door all conversation stopped.  
  
Ellie marched through the room with her head high and her chest out. Rachel was not so certain. She used her gloves for cover and avoided eye contact. Ellie’s mom offered to cook something, but Ellie insisted. “We’re going to be late.” Rachel meekly asked if she could have a pop-tart to go. Ellie’s mom agreed. She had to use peel both hands away from her body to use as a plate. She devoured it on the way to the garage.  
  
Ellie climbed up front as Rachel mounted the bicycle seat. She was glad to be in back. Ellie was so exposed up there with her little headlights proudly pointing the way. They didn’t make it far before a couple of problems surfaced. In her gloves Rachel could barely steer. Her method was to rest her hands on the handles and push to steer. They almost crashed going down the driveway. In addition, her training shoes didn’t fit on the pedals. They kept slipping off which made for slow going.  
  
The air was much cooler today because of the storm front. After a block Ellie complained, “We’re never going to get there at this rate.” Rachel had no choice but to switch places because Ellie was wearing sensible sandals.  
  
Sitting on the handlebars meant she had to keep her hands behind her to balance. Her breasts were thrust way out in front and her exposed nipples stiffened in the cool breeze. Rachel was thankful for the lack of vehicle activity this early on a Saturday morning. Sexy hood ornament was a good description.  
  
When they approached their first car, Rachel wanted to cover herself. But she needed both hands to maintain balance up on her perch. The driver was distracted by Rachel’s indecent display and had to swerve to miss a curb. Ellie started pedaling faster which made Rachel nervous. Without any clothing for protection, a crash at this speed would be very painful. But Ellie seemed to maintain control as the girls sped up. They still had 18 blocks to go.  
  
The traffic increased as they neared the carwash site. Rachel winced with each car they passed. Her only hope was that at this speed the passengers couldn’t get a good look at her nakedness, but she couldn’t be sure. They pulled into the parking lot of the supermarket and she quickly dismounted to regain some modesty.  
  
This location was chosen specifically to maximize traffic and it looked to be a good choice. The carwash was in the rear parking lot and hadn’t started yet, but it Ellie and Rachel were last to arrive. Coach Ron gave them a look of disapproval as they walked up. He could have punished them for being late but decided to forgive them instead. Seeing Rachel report for duty in nothing but her uniform was payment enough.  
  
He addressed the students and gave a speech about community involvement. He kept using the phrase, “Remember to represent yourself with pride in everything you do”. When he was done he explained how the carwash would run. They had two sites on opposite ends of the parking lot where the washing stations would be setup. The team would be divided between boys and girls for a friendly competition. Because the sites were behind the grocery store and not visible from the main roads; each team would be responsible for driving traffic back to their station.  
  
At the end of the day, the team with the most funds raised would get to go to a movie. The losing team would be responsible for cleaning up both sites. Johanna was put in charge of the girls group and Coach Ron would supervise the boys. After seeing Rachel he almost switched the assignments, but didn’t want to arouse suspicion or anything else for that matter.  
  
Johanna started handing out tasks. The girls would rotate between stations so they weren’t stuck with one job all day. A problem arose almost immediately. With her gloves on, Rachel couldn’t hold any of the washing equipment. She couldn’t even receive the donations. Ellie was in the same boat, so Johanna made them the advertising crew.  
  
They were expected to hold the signs by the road and drive traffic to the girl’s station. But even that wasn’t possible with the gloves, so Johanna improvised. She ran into the store and came back with some string. Then she added a neck strap to the signs so the girls could wear them. The half size poster board signs were 10 inches tall by 30 inches wide. Ellie’s hung down just right to cover her chest with her warm-up shorts covering the rest.  
  
Rachel’s strings were a little too long. If she adjusted the sign just right, only the top curves of her large boobs were showing. But as she walked, the sign would shift and tilt and her nipples would peek out. She only had one hand free to steady the sign because she had already planned on keeping her other hand permanently glued between her legs.   
  
Rachel stood behind the grocery store for a few minutes gathering her nerve. Her teammates started complaining because they weren’t getting any business. The boys across the parking lot were already working on a few cars. Rachel repeated Coach Ron’s words in her head as she worked up the courage to walk out to the road.  
  
\*\*Represent yourself with pride in everything you do.  
  
Ellie gave Rachel an encouraging smile and with one more deep breath, Rachel started walking…

**Part 18**

The early morning traffic was pretty light even on the main road. The boys across the parking lot were jumping and hollering to get the attention of drivers. Rachel wasn’t about to jump around like that in her current state. Fortunately just by standing there wearing nothing but a sign around her neck, Rachel attracted more attention than anything the boys could have done. Plenty of cars slowed down to figure out what she was doing out there. She earned some honks but most drivers spent so long studying her body, they never got to the sign. Ellie suggested they split up to ‘maximize exposure’.  
  
After and hour the southern sun cooked off the morning clouds and it started to get hot. The breeze died. Another concern hit Rachel. If she was going to stand out here all day she had to do something to protect her skin. Another crisis caused by lack of planning.  
  
\*\*How stupid can you be not to bring sunscreen?  
  
The other swimmers didn’t worry about sunscreen this late in the summer. They all had a nice summer tan. But Rachel’s tender skin was still white from training indoors all summer. She chastised her lack of forethought as she stood there. Normally, she would plan ahead and be prepared for something as obvious as a sunburn. Lately her life had turned into one emergency after another.  
  
She wondered why over the past few days she hadn’t been able to think past the immediate situation. She wasn’t sleeping or eating well. Maybe her hunger had something to do with it. She looked down at her maturing teenage body. The answer was standing right in front of her face; a different kind of hunger. Ever since her hormones drove her into the hallway of Eric’s house two days ago, her body’s needs had ruled every thought or decision.  
  
She was a slave to her own body. She desperately wanted to regain some self control, but didn’t know how. If her body got pleasure in exposing itself to others, she did it. She was just along for the humiliating ride. How else could she explain standing on a busy road in broad daylight wearing nothing over her nakedness but a flimsy sign?  
  
Another honk. This time a car full of teenage boys. They yelled at Rachel to take the sign off. She pressed her flat glove tighter over her pussy and made sure the sign was still in place. Her skin was glistening with sweat. She needed relief from the oven she was standing in. But if she walked around to create a breeze her sign was sure to expose her. She looked back at Ellie who was bouncing around and entertaining cars down the other street; doing her part to bring in traffic. She looked the other way toward the boy’s corner and spotted a big oak tree half way between. Rachel didn’t hesitate. She had to get out of this oven, so she made her way to the tree.  
  
The temperature dropped ten degrees when she stepped under the shade. Rachel had made the right decision. She picked a comfortable spot to stand and turned her attention back to her humiliating assignment. It was now mid morning and the road was packed with cars. Beside the grocery store behind her, there was a mall with a theater across the street. She dreamed about being a normal student going to the mall on a Saturday morning to shop for clothes, instead of standing across the street in no clothes. There was plenty of time to daydream as she stood under the tree. She still got honks and even occasionally waved back. This was not exactly her ideal Saturday but she would make the most of it. She could handle a little exposure for one day if it meant helping the swim team.  
  
\*\*Represent yourself with pride in everything you do.  
  
As Rachel got more comfortable, she even started yelling at cars and waiving them in. She still kept one glove over her private parts and kept her bare bottom facing away from the street, but she felt like she was finally contributing to her team. As the morning wore on she even started to enjoy it.  
  
She still wasn’t sure about the idea of going to a movie in her suit, but she would have to deal with that later. Once again the need to plan ahead got pushed aside to deal with the task at hand. Of course, she could only dedicate a little concentration toward any task. Her body dominated the rest of her focus. Every movement had to be carefully coordinated to keep her covers in place. It was a wonder Rachel was able to bring any cars in. Sadly, Rachel was so focused on bringing cars in without giving them a free peep show; she didn’t notice where the cars were going. She had moved so far down the street, her cars were turning into the boy’s side to get a wash. She was helping the boys win without even realizing it.  
  
After a few hours Coach Ron made the rounds to check on all the stations. He had to smile when he got to Rachel he saw her enthusiastically working the crowd. He was disappointed to see that she had found a way to mostly cover herself. But the sight of her bottom was a pretty good consolation as he came up behind her.  
  
“How are things going in the advertising department?”  
  
Rachel jumped at the voice behind her. She instinctively turned toward Coach Ron so he wouldn’t see her naked backside. Then she heard several appreciative honks from the street and quickly turned back around. She had just given some lucky drivers a great view of her tight teenage ass. She had no choice but to let Coach Ron look.  
  
“Hi Coach” was all she could say as she tried to recompose herself.  
  
Coach Ron took a moment to study the girl before he spoke again. Her bare skin was glowing with perspiration. He couldn’t wait to get her working out on some of the swim training machines. “Do you need anything, Rachel?”  
  
“Um, it’s getting pretty hot out here.” She reached up to wipe the sweat from her forehead causing her breasts to rise seductively under the sign. Her nipples threatened to make an appearance “…and I don’t have any sunscreen.”  
  
“Why aren’t you rotating stations with the other girls? Are you too good at this job?” He winked knowing that when it came to drawing attention, nothing compared to Rachel’s nude body.  
  
“I can’t do the other jobs because of my uniform. These gloves...”  
  
Coach Ron frowned at her with seriousness. “Show me your gloves.” That order meant showing a lot more than her gloves. Rachel hesitated before turning half way from the street and obeying. Coach Ron had already seen everything before, but she still pressed her legs together to hide her lower lips as much as possible. She held her hands out with the palms up so he could see them. Coach Ron pretended to study the gloves when actually he was studying the exposed part of her smooth pussy lips. Rachel squirmed under his gaze, but stood still until the examination was complete.  
  
“You haven’t been taking care of your equipment, Rachel. These synthetic gloves are meant to be worn only in the water. Look at this! There are scuffs all over them.”   
  
“What are you talking about?” Rachel looked at the gloves. Besides a little dirt, she could only find one or two scratches.  
  
“Didn’t you read the care instructions?”  
  
\*\*Uh oh\*\* She shook her head. Rachel hated screwing up. She especially hated being scolded.  
  
“Take them off and give them to me” there was admonition in his voice.  
  
“Yes, sir” This time she obeyed immediately. She tried to satisfy Coach Ron’s request quickly in order to hopefully avoid further rebuke.  
  
Something clicked in Coach Ron’s mind as he watched Rachel’s shaking hands struggle to get the gloves off. Her personality caused her to yield to anyone in authority. That was why she had worn the suit in the first place when almost no other students dared.  
  
He was in a position of authority over her as her head swim coach. But how much control did he really have? He came up with a little experiment on the spot to test his theory. Without warning grabbed her by the waist with both hands and spun her around in place before taking the gloves. She was now mooning the street much to the enjoyment of the passing motorists. Rachel jumped a little when his hands touched her skin but stayed exactly how he had placed her.  
  
“When not in use, your gloves are to be stowed behind you like this.” As he stepped behind her and clipped the gloves to the loop in her belt, he grazed the smooth skin of her lower back with his hands. This time she didn’t react to his touch. She was obviously stunned by the revelation about her suit.  
  
\*\*RACHEL! You idiot!  
  
Coach Ron clipped the gloves neatly to Rachel’s belt. They hung down behind her and perfectly matched the curve of her bottom; one glove resting on each cheek. He wasn’t done chastising her quite yet “Young lady, I wasn’t just joking when I said ‘Represent yourself with pride in everything you do’. I expect you to take the same pride in your uniform as you do in the team. That includes taking the time to learn proper care and cleaning. Do you have pride in your uniform, Rachel?”  
  
Rachel was amazed at her own stupidity as she twisted around to study the gloves resting on her bottom. It took her a moment to hear Coach Ron’s question before she quickly answered “Yes, Sir. I am very proud of myself, my uniform and my team.”  
  
“That’s more like it” Coach Ron smiled his approval and gave two pats to the lower curve of her bare bottom just below where the gloves were hanging. He had been waiting for a chance to experience that again and her body did not disappoint. He considered his little experiment a success. If he used this power carefully he could probably get her to do anything. Coach Ron could have happily ended the encounter right there. But he was having so much fun with the girl; he just had to push the experiment a little further…

**Part 19**

Rachel tried not to be embarrassed when Coach Ron patted her butt again. She had just stated “I am very proud of myself, my uniform and my team”. She had to back up her words with appropriate actions. Those actions did not include slapping his hand away or covering herself in shame under Coach Ron’s gaze even though her mind was screaming for her to do so.  
  
While she tried to maintain composure Rachel beat herself up mentally over her own stupidity. Coach Ron had just demonstrated the correct way to store her gloves. She had worn them for almost two days straight without ever realizing what the loop was for.  
  
\*\*Even Brenda the bully figured that out…sort of. How stupid can you be?  
  
She tried to hide the turmoil within and smile up at him with pride. Hopefully he was about finished and she could get back to carrying out her sentence in peace. It was easy to smile at Coach Ron’s next words “Now that your hands are free, you should take some shifts washing cars. Those girls have been working really hard back there. I’m sure one of them would be more than happy to take your place out here.”  
  
Her smile faltered as the implications sunk in. She would have to give up her sign.  
  
\*\*At least I won’t be stuck on the side of the road. Maybe I can wrap up in one of the terry towels.  
  
But just before Rachel was freed to leave, Coach Ron threw her a curve ball. He reached into the bag of donation money and handed Rachel a few dollars. “Go buy a bottle of sunscreen from the supermarket then send one of the girls up to take your place. I’ll hold your post until she gets here.” With that he grabbed the string from around her neck and pulled the sign over her head.  
  
Alarm bells went off in Rachel’s head as her naked breasts were revealed. She started to reach up to hide them. She got half way then reluctantly forced her hands back down to her side and adjusted her posture to reflect the pride she was supposed to be feeling.  
  
\*\*Represent yourself with pride in everything you do.  
  
Even Coach Ron couldn’t keep his jaw from dropping as Rachel presented her rack to him. Her glistening teen mounds ignored the laws of gravity and strained up toward him. Her pink nipples stood proudly on top ready for inspection. The way she stood there in silence with her breasts extended, it was like she was inviting him to touch them. Coach Ron was so lost in the moment he almost did just that. But to do so would blow his cover so he didn’t move.  
  
Rachel didn’t move either for a similar reason. She hadn’t touched her nipples in hours and they ached to be pinched. It took every ounce of her will not to give in to them.  
  
Honks broke out among the traffic and Rachel escaped her trance. She couldn’t keep standing out by the road with her breasts exposed like this. The alternative wasn’t much better, but she had to do something. So she left Coach Ron still in his trance and started across the parking lot.  
  
Rachel weaved between parked cars on her way to the store entrance. Awash in hormones her nipples felt like magnets drawing her hands upward. She stepped behind a van and looked around to make sure no one was watching. Then she indulged her nipples for a few seconds and whimpered.  
  
She knew she shouldn’t be touching herself in public that way, but she couldn’t stop. She wasn’t a pervert…but she was a girl with needs. She tried to snap out of it, but the urge was overpowering. A dreadful realization hit her as she looked down at her glistening naked body. She was going to bring herself to orgasm right here in the parking lot. It was the only way to get moving again. She leaned on the bumper to gain better access between her legs.  
  
That turned out to be the only thing that saved her. On contact, the chrome bumper of the old van scorched her butt. She felt a burning sensation and jumped out of position. Rubbing her tender cheeks she became angry at her body for having grown so needy.  
  
\*\*Why do I have to constantly attend to my body’s sexual needs? Can’t I get a day off once in a while?  
  
It was a fair question. But the answer eluded her. She reluctantly resumed walking toward the grocery store. It was like a death march for her modesty. She didn’t know how she got into these situations. She just wanted to get it over with. Rachel picked up the pace. Her gloves heaved under the flexing muscles of her bottom; gently slapping her butt with each step. It was a new sensation she wasn’t used to. It reminded her of Brenda’s relentless smacks from yesterday. It was not a happy memory, but she had to admit it motivated her to get down those stairs in a hurry.  
  
Now these gloves were like invisible hands prodding her forward. Making sure she didn’t change her mind or turn back. Each step prompted another until before she knew it; she was at the entrance…

**Part 20**

The cold air conditioned store raised goose bumps all over her skin as Rachel entered the supermarket. Without thinking, she stuck her hand between her legs to provide their customary cover. That was a mistake. The glove had been a great cover for her pussy. Her fingers were better at serving a different purpose down there. Her legs buckled as her fingers slipped right past her outer lips and settled on her clitoris.  
  
“YYYYAAAAAGHHHH!” She let out a scream and fell to the ground.  
  
A little old lady had just finished her shopping and was pushing her cart out the door. She saw the naked girl on the ground pleasuring herself. She gave Rachel a look of disapproval and mumbled the word “disgraceful” but kept walking.  
  
Rachel swore at herself and struggled back to her feet. She grabbed a cart and firmly placed both hands on the bar to keep them out of trouble. Then she started shopping.  
  
\*\*Just find the freaking sunscreen and get out of here.  
  
The first aisle she entered contained one person. A cute guy was stocking the shelves. Normally Rachel would check him out. Maybe even flirt a little by asking where something was. But today she just quickly walked past as he looked her up and down. It was the same routine the whole shopping trip. Every eye followed her down the aisles as she searched in vain for the sunscreen.  
  
After searching over half the store she broke down and asked an employee. The lady looked her over and said “You’re with that swim team out back, aren’t you? Is this some kind of hazing?”  
  
Rachel wanted to represent with pride, but it was too embarrassing to tell the lady this was actually her uniform. She nodded with a smile.  
  
“OK come with me. I think we sell three different brands of sunblock.” The lady led Rachel straight to the correct section where sure enough there were the three brands. Rachel shuddered involuntarily when she saw one of them. It was the same tanning oil Eric had loaned her two days ago. She was absolutely not going to pick that one. Of the other two, she grabbed the one with the highest SPF and thanked the lady. Now it was time for the part she dreaded most.  
  
\*\*OK. That wasn’t so bad. Now just checkout and it will be over. Be proud of yourself and act like you belong. Don’t draw attention to your body.  
  
The checkout area was the busiest part of the store. Clerks and lines of shoppers alike turned to look as the naked girl approached. She didn’t want to stand in line. The clerks were mostly her age and a mix of guys and girls. Fortunately Rachel spotted a self-checkout station and rushed over to it. Happy that her ordeal was almost over and that she wouldn’t have to interact with any of the clerks; Rachel flashed the bottle of lotion over the scanner. A weird beep erupted from the station. All activity around them stopped and stared at her.  
  
Rachel didn’t know what she had just done. All she knew was that she had just given everyone an excuse to stare at her. It was too much. Her pride faltered and she resorted to covering up. The beeping continued for 20 seconds before an assistant manager approached her. He was a pimply kid about Rachel’s age. He stared at her through his thick glasses. There was pure hunger in his eyes as he probed the cracks between her fingers. “Hello sweetie. What seems to be the problem?”  
  
Rachel was hoping to not have to talk to him, but he wasn’t going to let her off the hook. She wanted to yell at him. How was she supposed to know what was wrong with the machine?  
  
“I…I don’t know. It just started beeping.”  
  
He took the bottle then started punching buttons on the screen. The beeping stopped. “You can’t buy this legally without identification. Do you have an ID?” He scanned over naked body as if he was helping her find the missing ID.  
  
\*\*DO I LOOK LIKE I HAVE A FREAKING ID?  
  
She wanted to scream in frustration, but managed to calmly say “No”.  
  
“We have other brands that don’t require ID. You should get one of those.”  
  
Rachel didn’t thank him. She just turned and walked back down the aisle. Activity didn’t resume until she was out of sight. The assistant manager just said “wow” to himself and went to get a copy of today’s security tapes.  
  
Back in front of the tanning shelf, Rachel wanted to die. She didn’t feel proud. She didn’t feel confident. She felt exposed, and embarrassed, and aroused. She looked around to make sure no one was watching. She massaged her breasts for just a moment then quickly grabbed the next bottle of sun block. She was about to walk away when something made her look back. Another setback. The second bottle of lotion was almost twice as expensive as the others. She didn’t have enough money. Rachel wasn’t about to go back to Coach Ron and ask for more. She shuddered again as she was forced to take the tanning oil of the shelf and walk back to the register.  
  
This time the alarms didn’t go off and Rachel made it out of the store. Ellie was waiting for her back at the carwash station. She had her gloves attached behind her as well. Her sign was gone too leaving her chest bare, but she didn’t seem bothered by it. Rachel had Ellie apply the oil to her back but was able to do the rest herself. She was all right as long as she didn’t think about Eric too much. Now that she was oiled up with free hands, Rachel was ready to contribute to washing cars. But something came up before she even got started…

**Part 21**

Eric’s mom was having a bad day. She shouldn’t be disappointed after last night. Her husband never cooked dinner anymore. A night off from cooking was pretty nice and with Eric and Rachel both spending the night at friends’ houses, he made it an incredibly romantic on. After dinner and wine, they retired to bed for desert. The next few hours were spent in role play. Richard wanted her to be a medieval servant waif and wear rags. She obliged and the result was better than their honeymoon.  
  
The magic wore off once the sun came up the next morning. Her husband had been moping around the house all day. The slight hangover from the red wine wasn’t helping, but she knew the main reason. There was a certain young pixie whose body primed the pump. But without Rachel as the catalyst, she wasn’t going to get any more action from Richard. The past two nights had been unbelievable and Eric’s mom couldn’t wait to go for round three. It wasn’t very nice to be using the girl like this. But her own sexual needs which had been dormant for so long were now awake and flexing their influence. She started working up some more plans to use Rachel. She knew just the place to start…  
  
The midday sun beat down on the swim team. They were tired and hungry from working all morning. Rachel was hungry too, but hadn’t worked nearly as hard all morning. So Johanna put her and Ellie in charge of procuring lunch. That meant walking across the street to a burger stand. Rachel didn’t want to go, but if she refused she would look lazy in front of her teammates. At least Ellie would be with her because it would take two girls to carry all the burgers.  
  
Rachel marveled at how Ellie bounced across the parking lot. She demonstrated how the gloves slapped her ass as she bounced. It didn’t seem to matter that she was topless and her nipples were being shown off to the world. Rachel fed off of Ellie’s energy and pride and tried to stop worrying so much about her own exposure.  
  
\*\*If Ellie can do it, I can do it. Even if she has shorts and I don’t.  
  
They crossed to street together and walked up to the burger stand as proud members of the Thornwood swim team. Rachel knew something was wrong as soon as they started to order. Looking into the trailer, she recognized two girls from school. They were two of Brenda the bully’s thugs. Before she could duck behind something, one of the girls recognized her. She gave Rachel a dirty look and started whispering to her cohort.  
  
Ellie ordered 23 burgers, one for each girl on the team and one for Coach Johanna. The boys’ team could get their own lunch. Rachel had a bad feeling about the burgers. She couldn’t see the grill area, but she suspected the Brenda’s lackeys were up to something. Her suspicion was confirmed when one of the thugs brought the food to the window herself.  
  
“Here you go girls, enough burgers for all you bunnies.” Ellie didn’t get the reference and just accepted the food. Rachel was sure the thugs had done something to the burgers. She wasn’t about to eat one, but she didn’t know if she should tell the other girls about it. On the way back she broke down and warned Ellie who asked “Should we tell the other girls?”  
  
“I don’t know if they actually did anything or not. I would hate for all those burgers to go to waste because of me. Maybe I’m being paranoid.”  
  
They decided not to tell anyone. Unfortunately, it was a mistake not to tell. Rachel realized that as the girls got sick one by one and dropped out of the carwash. But now it was too late to tell anyone. By quitting time, she and Ellie were the only girls left. Even Coach Johanna went home with a stomach ache near the end.  
  
Rachel worked hard all afternoon. She felt more comfortable in her uniform when she was washing cars. Maybe it was from being around water. Maybe because most of the drivers went shopping while their car was cleaned, so she could forget about her nudity for a while and just focus on helping the team. She thought she was in shape, but washing cars was a different kind of workout. Her muscles were sore everywhere. When it was over, Coach Ron broke the news to the two remaining girls. They had lost badly. He sent the boys to the movies then offered to help clean up because Rachel and Ellie had no other help.  
  
Cleaning up turned out to be more difficult than it seemed. Rachel had to rinse down the parking lot and buckets. Then recoil hoses. Then she laid all the sponges and towels out to dry. While they were drying, Coach Ron sent her to return the hoses they had borrowed for the day.  
  
He loaded her up with all the coils of hose and directed her to a nearby home supply store which had loaned them the equipment. The hoses got heavier and heavier as she labored across the street. There were coils hanging off her everywhere and most were full of water. Her muscles protested but she trudged on.  
  
She entered the store and announced her presence. She must have looked like a monster with everything hanging off her like that. One of the workers had her follow him out back to the loaner section of the store. He was probably in his thirties and friendly looking. He was trying to be helpful. But with each coil he peel off Rachel, his mouth opened a little wider. At first he thought she was wearing a really skimpy bikini. Then as more and more was revealed, he found himself looking at the oily body of a naked teenage goddess.  
  
Rachel knew by the look on his face and the bulge in his pants that she was giving him the show of his life. But she was even too tired to blush. She didn’t bother to cover up as she thanked him and walked out of the store. She had to walk past a group of day laborers who were standing near the entrance. They whistled and shouted what must be vulgar things in another language, but she didn’t have an excuse to be offended. After all, she was the one walking through their area completely naked and oiled up. So she let them have their fun looking at her body. They would surely tell this story for a long time.  
  
Back at the wash site, Coach Ron dismissed the girls and thanked them for their service. He told them with the combined monies raised they had set a new record for fundraising. It was something to be proud about as Rachel climbed back on the bike. She gladly let Ellie do all the work pedaling back home.  
  
When Coach Ron got home, he found a note waiting for him. He had just missed the delivery of an overseas package. The note said he could pick the package up in the morning at the shipping station. The evening couldn’t end fast enough. He planned to go there first thing in the morning and pick it up…  
  
Rachel couldn’t stop yawning on the way to Ellie’s house. Two straight nights of poor sleep was catching up to her. As they pulled into Ellie’s garage an inviting aroma wafted from the kitchen. Ellie’s mom was cooking a special meal because of their house guests “You girls go clean up. It’s almost time for dinner. Rachel, you’re welcome to stay. I’m sure there will be plenty to eat even with Ellie’s cousins. They should be back any time.”  
  
The meal smelled wonderful to Rachel, but she wasn’t about to eat dinner in her uniform with all of Ellie’s cousins around. She asked Ellie on the way to her room if she could borrow something to wear. It took several attempts to find something that would fit Rachel. It wasn’t her frame. She was skinny enough to fit Ellie’s clothes. But her bust was way too big for just about anything Ellie had. She settled on a t-shirt and a skirt. The skirt was a little short, but better than nothing. Because she didn’t have a bra, Rachel put on Ellie’s hoodie. Her nipples still poked through a bit, but it was much better than what she had worn to breakfast.  
  
Rachel devoured her dinner. It was the first good meal she had eaten in days. She didn’t interact with Ellie’s cousins. After dinner, Ellie asked her to spend the night again.  
  
“That sounds great.” Rachel would hang out with Ellie’s than deal with Eric and his family. “I should probably call Eric’s mom first, just to check in. Can I borrow a phone?”  
  
Eric’s mom shot down the idea immediately. Of course, she didn’t have to tell Rachel the real reason. She had another perfectly valid excuse ready “You need to sleep here tonight because we’re all going to church in the morning.”  
  
“I don’t want to go to church”, then Rachel realized how bad that sounded to Eric’s mom and quickly came up with a better response, “…I don’t have anything to wear.” She was proud that her tired brain had come up with what sounded like a valid excuse.  
  
Eric’s mom was ready for that. She had the same instincts her son had when it came to manipulating people verbally. “Don’t worry about that. I’ve already arranged some clothes for you to wear tomorrow.”  
  
But she got an extra thrill from her next statement, “They’re honoring all the students who made a club or team. You get to go in front of the whole congregation and receive a blessing from the pastor. It’s just like School Pride Day. The students even get to stand on stage in their uniforms for the ceremony!”  
  
Rachel woke up at that. “Wait a minute. If you think I’m going in front of your church in…”  
  
“Young lady; that is enough!” Eric’s mom cut Rachel off, “I will not have you speaking ill of our church. In our house, going to church on Sunday is not optional. Now you will get home right now. You need to get a good night’s sleep.” She hung up.  
  
Rachel as she broke the news to Ellie in desperation “…and they even want me to go on stage in the middle of the service in my uniform!”  
  
Ellie tried to be supportive “Rachel, I really think you’re making too much out of this. You’ll only be up there a moment. I’ll even loan you my warm-up shorts. Technically, that’s part of the team uniform. Remember what Coach Ron said about being a team representative in the community. Stand up there with pride and you’ll be fine.”  
  
Rachel was touched by the nice gesture. She thanked Ellie for the pep talk and accepted the shorts. She gave Ellie a hug of gratitude for everything then started the long walk back to Eric’s house. At least she had Ellie’s borrowed clothes to wear tonight. She didn’t have a plan for church tomorrow, but from the tone of Eric’s mother’s voice she probably wouldn’t get out of attending.  
  
She entered Eric’s house still in a bad mood. It didn’t help that she had to tell Eric’s mom about the nightgown. She decided to get it over with. She held the remains out and took her punishment. Eric’s mother didn’t have to act upset. She really didn’t understand how the girl managed to destroy another nightgown after a single night. But Rachel wasn’t about to explain what happened. She just said “I’m sorry.” She didn’t even bother to ask for another one.  
  
\*\*Might as well sleep naked. It’s so hot; I’ll probably end up that way anyway.  
  
Eric tried to start up a conversation with her a few times that evening. He asked about the car wash and how much money they raised. He asked how her first practice went. He hadn’t seen her since Friday afternoon. Rachel gave cold one word responses. She was still angry at Eric after what he did to her; sharing the picture and probably more with Tommy. Eric was clueless. But when did he ever understand girls? She was hugging him one day and giving him drop-dead looks the next. It would be best to halt the attempts at conversation and try again tomorrow.  
  
Before Rachel went upstairs to bed, Eric’s mom said “Our neighbor across the street has a girl about your age. I’ve borrowed one of her dresses for you to wear to church. You’ll also need some clothes for school next week. I’ll take you by the storage facility tomorrow afternoon so you can get some of your own things.”  
  
Relief washed over Rachel at that news. She had endured another naked day, but her nightmare was ending. Tomorrow she would get her old clothes back. She thought of Ellie’s words of encouragement. She could handle another minute or two of exposure at church. She would represent her team during the short ceremony. Then in the afternoon everything would be back to normal.  
  
She rushed up to her room and stripped off Ellie’s outfit. The borrowed dress Eric’s mom had procured for her was hanging on the hook behind the door. Rachel thought it looked a little childish, but didn’t study it too much. She was too excited about tomorrow. Once she was naked and in bed, Rachel considered a quick bate session. The tension of the day was falling away and her body’s physical needs were coming back.  
  
She was on the verge getting back to being a normal teenage girl. She told herself that did not mean thinking about masturbation 24 hours a day. She was going to re-cage the sex crazed animal that had controlled her for the past few days. Sleep beckoned. It was a big accomplishment for Rachel to tell her body ‘no’ to the sexual urges and go to sleep. But her body had other plans for her…

**Part 22**

Rachel woke after a fitful night of sleep. All night her body had fought with her. She had a dream that she was a warrior princess. She was battling a giant beast which threatened to pillage her town. For some strange reason, when she went out to confront it she was naked. The beast became obsessed with her body. It didn’t try to kill or hurt her. But she spent all night fighting off the advances upon her intimate areas.  
  
By morning she was hyper-aroused. While she slept, her arousal had fought back into its rightful place on top of her priority list. Under the sheets Rachel’s hands were already working her body over, getting her ready for another bate session. Rachel was in an aroused daze. She cracked her eyes open and tried to think of a reason not to continue.   
  
She was in her bedroom at Eric’s house. Normally that would be enough to deter her. But she could already hear loud music from his room. That music would mask her sexual noises perfectly. She was about to give her hand the go ahead when she realized it was already working its motion between her legs. She moaned in pleasure and bucked against her hand. Then she started massaging her breasts one at a time.  
  
Before she fell completely into the haze of sheer bliss, she looked around the room one more time. She was glad she did. Rachel could see right through her doorway into the hall. She must have left her door open last night.  
  
\*\*How did I miss that?  
  
It would have been most embarrassing for someone to walk past right as she was climaxing. The thought only heightened her arousal and she allowed herself another moan of ecstasy. She would just jump out of bed and close the door before continuing. That’s when she noticed it.  
  
\*\*Where’s my door?!  
  
The hinges on the frame were still there, but her door was missing. Just then Richard stepped into view and smiled at Rachel.  
  
“Good morning Rachel. I hope I didn’t disturb your sleep.”  
  
Rachel pulled her hands away from their ministrations and tried to figure out what was going on. Richard had just walked in on her in the middle of a bate session. Did he know she was naked under the sheets? Did he hear her moaning earlier? She blushed and pulled the sheets close around her; grateful for at least a little covering.  
  
“Um, Mr. G., Where’s my door?”  
  
Richard’s smile widened. “Call me Richard, please. My wife has been pestering me all weekend to get this fixed” he pointed down at the chlorine stain on the carpet. “I’m going to have to cut out a section around the doorway and replace it. The door was in the way.” He leaned down with a utility knife and started cutting a square around the stain.  
  
Rachel was stuck. She saw the dress she was supposed to wear laid out on the floor by the window. She needed to get into that dress as soon as possible. She would have to wait in her bed until Richard left. He didn’t seem to be in any hurry though. While he worked Rachel thought of the performance she had given Richard over Breakfast a few days ago. It was like he was reading her thoughts because he looked up from his work and gave her a wink.  
  
Rachel shivered. It had been a thrill showing off for him. But that was a different setting. Her bedroom was the last place of privacy in the house. She couldn’t just get out of bed naked and let him watch her get dressed…could she?  
  
Richard noticed Rachel eyeing her dress as he finished cutting out the stained part of the carpet. He knew she wasn’t wearing anything under that sheet. It would make his day to see a naked Rachel roll out of bed and get dressed. He reached back into the hall to pull in the matching square replacement. It fit perfectly and just needed to be attached to the existing section…“Damn it. I forgot the tack strip.”  
  
Rachel looked at him in confusion.  
  
“I’m not going to be able to finish this until I can get to the hardware store. They’re closed on Sunday, damn.” He stood up “Rachel, I’m going to leave this section here. Just step over it for now.”  
  
Rachel nodded that she understood. Richard dallied for a minute trying to think of an excuse to stick around. But without the tack strip he had none. Reluctantly he gathered up his tools and went back downstairs. As soon as he was out of range, Rachel leapt to the dress and pulled it over her head.  
  
The relief of being dressed wore off quickly as Rachel appraised her outfit; a purple high waisted cotton dress with a flower print. It had two layers. The purple chiffon outer layer hung down to her mid thigh. The opaque inner layer was a little shorter. It was designed so its flower print pattern would show through the sheer outer layer. The top was sleeveless with puffy ruffles around the arm holes. There was a purple ribbon belt hanging at the waist.  
  
The more she looked at it she started to realize something.  
  
\*\*This isn’t high waisted!  
  
It was actually a children’s dress. On Rachel’s teenage frame it became high waisted. Because it was not designed for girls with boobs, all the material down to the waist line had become gathered up to accommodate her massive breasts. That made Rachel even more concerned with her hemline. The sheer outer layer was long enough to be modest, but the inner opaque layer barely reached her legs at all.  
  
She tied the ribbon belt into a bow behind her. The belt pulled the fabric tight under her boobs which served to accentuate them even more. With no where else to draw from, the tightened belt caused the hemline to pull even higher. In addition, the dress no longer hung straight down in front. It billowed out away from her body. Rachel was certain that, from certain angles, this dress was inappropriate for church; especially since she wasn’t wearing any panties.  
  
Eric’s mom appeared in the doorway, “Oh good, you’re dressed for church. Come on down and eat breakfast. It’s almost time to leave.”  
  
She started to walk away but Rachel Stopped her, “Mrs. G. I don’t think this dress is going to work. I think I’m too old for it.”  
  
Eric’s mom came back in and had Rachel model the dress. “Hmm. I don’t think you’re too old. Barbara said her Lily is 13 and was still wearing this dress only a few years ago.” She leaned down and looked at Rachel’s legs. Her long tone legs in that incredibly short dress made her look like a supermodel. The girl was flashing more than a little thigh. She tried to look motherly, but the thought of letting Richard see Rachel in this dress was making it difficult for her to maintain composure. “I think it’s designed to be worn with a slip, but you’ll be fine for one day in it” she said with decisiveness.  
  
Rachel wasn’t convinced she was decent in this dress. She asked if she could wear Ellie’s borrowed clothes to church.  
  
“Nonsense! A girl should always wear a Sunday dress to church. I’ll not have you walk in there wearing a sweatshirt.”  
  
Rachel wasn’t ready to change the subject, but she got distracted by Eric’s mom’s next words, “Now, your swim coach called this morning. He has a special delivery for you. He said something about a uniform. I told him he could stop by this afternoon. Don’t forget to bring your uniform to church for the ceremony. See you at breakfast.” Then she was gone.  
  
Rachel’s forgot about her objections to the dress as she pondered the news. She wondered about Coach Ron’s special delivery. Maybe he was going to bring her a more traditional, less revealing suit. She got excited as she gathered up her uniform with Ellie’s warm-up shorts and headed downstairs. Perhaps this was the last time she would have to wear this revealing suit. She had no idea how wrong she was…

**Part 23**

The ride to church was uneventful. Richard adjusted his rear view mirror to point directly at Rachel’s but her hands kept the short dress in place so only her longs legs were exposed to his hungry eyes. It was a small disappointment that he couldn’t see more. But he knew about the honor ceremony and couldn’t wait to see Rachel on stage.  
  
He worked his view up Rachel’s body to her mammaries. They were encased in flowery purple fabric but he could make out the shape of her nipples underneath. She wasn’t wearing a bra. He swerved to hit a pothole on purpose then watched her breasts jiggle enticingly under the thin fabric. He smiled as he thought back to his personal experiences with Rachel’s unbelievable rack.  
  
He mostly went to church to score political points with potential voters. He normally snoozed through the service, but today promised to be quite exciting. His wife saw him looking in the mirror and nudged him. Richard thought it was because he was speeding and slowed down a bit. He would get to see more of Rachel soon. He just had to have patience.  
  
Rachel ignored Eric in the back seat. He tried to start several conversations but every one fell on deaf ears. She seemed to be brooding. Eric was confused and starting to get annoyed. He chalked it up to the fickle moods of teenage girls as they pulled into the parking lot.  
  
Rachel was still wearing the muscle trainer shoes that Coach Ron had issued her. They made her long sculpted legs look incredible. But they also raised her up several inches making her hemline even more indecent. But after two straight days of wearing them, she was getting pretty good at balance and rarely stumbled anymore. She crossed her arms under her chest as soon as she got out of the car. A little boy walking past looked at her funny. She realized that her arms were causing the dress to bunch up even more and her bare pussy was peeking out at the boy. She rushed her hands to her side and made a note to keep them there.  
  
There was a light breeze on the way to the church building. Her hands were in place to hold the dress down in front but the back caught a gust. Eric got a good look at her naked bottom as they walked. He almost made a joke then changed his mind. He tried help by walking behind her to shield from the wind. But Rachel just made an ugly face and hurried inside on her own.  
  
Eric’s mom stopped and introduced Rachel to a few people. She tried to be gracious and shake hands, but her stomach was full of turmoil.   
  
\*\*Nothing to be ashamed of. Represent yourself with pride.  
  
She was introduced to Lily from across the street. Lily started laughing when she saw Rachel wearing her old dress, but her mother gave a scalding look and she settled down. While they were walking away, Rachel heard Lily mutter under her breath, “what a weirdo.”  
  
Rachel got plenty of looks as she followed Eric’s parents to a pew in the sanctuary. After a few songs and prayers, the students were dismissed to get dressed in their uniforms for the presentation. The butterflies in Rachel’s stomach went crazy as she followed the other girls to the bathroom to change. In all there were 15 students. Rachel was the only swim team representative. She went into a stall and took her dress off.  
  
\*\*That didn’t take long.  
  
She adjusted her swim belt and started to attach the gloves behind her. But she thought the bright glove on her hands might help draw attention away from her topless display so she wore them instead. When it was time to put Ellie’s warm-up shorts on, Rachel encountered some difficulty. The petite size shorts had been a snug fit on Ellie’s less mature frame. Rachel was skinny, but when she pulled the shorts up her legs she couldn’t get them over her hips and round bottom. She gave a tug and the snaps popped open down both sides. They were designed to be unsnapped and pulled off quickly. She put the shorts in place as best she could then squeezed the snaps back together.  
  
Then she bent down to pick up her swim cap. The snaps went flying again. She swore at them and carefully snapped them back up. There were huge gaps between each snap where her bare skin shone through. But being was topless she didn’t think anyone would notice; as long as her shorts didn’t explode off her while she was on stage.  
  
The other girls raised their eyebrows when she stepped out of the stall. Rachel didn’t know any of them, but recognized one of the cheerleaders wearing a read and white Thornwood uniform.  
  
\*\*Represent yourself with pride in everything you do.  
  
Rachel stood proud with her head high and silently walked out the door into the hall. One of the proud parents was waiting outside the sanctuary to herd the kids on stage. She was taking pictures of each student but when she saw the topless girl approaching; she blushed brighter red than Rachel was. She tried to act like Rachel wasn’t really there and didn’t offer to take her picture. Once the students were lined up, the music started they were prompted to walk out on stage.  
  
\*\*Represent yourself with pride in everything you do.  
\*\*Represent yourself with pride in everything you do.  
\*\*Represent yourself with pride in everything…  
  
The congregation was applauding as each student appeared. But the applause stopped and whispers broke out in the crowd when Rachel appeared. Some of the older parishioners who were not asleep were still clapping. They had such poor eyesight; they didn’t even notice that there was a topless girl up there. Richard sure noticed. He saw a few other camera flashes and wished he would have thought to bring one.  
  
Rachel stared at the back wall and counted the agonizing seconds until it would be over. The pastor was reading the students’ names and talents one at a time. As he worked down the line he placed his hand on the student’s shoulder and said a prayer of blessing over them. When he got to Rachel his voice faltered. He was at a loss for words at God’s masterpiece standing before him.  
  
He started to reach for her shoulder. Despite being an older and pious reverend, he was still a man. He really wanted to find out if her skin felt as soft and supple as it looked. But then he remembered the congregation behind him and changed his mind. He compromised by placing his hand on her head and began his prayer of blessing.  
  
“Heavenly Father, we thank you for this young lady’s magnificent…blessings…which you have bestowed up on her. This child is here today to acknowledge that her considerable….talents…are from you. May her exhibition…of talents in competition this year bear witness to your goodness and stimulate others to stand erect, uh, unwavering in the face of adversity. Amen”  
  
He shook her hand vigorously and said “Thank you”. He made a plan to buy season tickets to the Thornwood swim meets this year as he moved on to the next student…

**Part 24**

Coach Ron had a great relaxing Sunday morning at his apartment. He had rushed over to the shipping office as soon as they opened and picked up the package from his buddy.   
  
Inside was a small 8 inch box with a single phrase written in many languages but no pictures. Having lived in Switzerland for several years, he could read some of the languages but looked around until he found the phrase in English: “Made in Amsterdam.” A big smile crossed his face as he opened the box and pulled out the instruction sheet.   
  
“N.A.T.A. (Netherlands Adult Toys Assoc.) proudly presents The Pussifier (tm), another great product from BysCo.”  
  
After calling Rachel’s house to schedule a visit, he spent the rest of the morning back at his apartment reading the real instructions. His buddy had also typed up a separate sheet of fake instructions that made the device seem like a legitimate swim accessory. It was too perfect. If this actually worked he would have to buy his buddy a whole brewery…  
  
After Church Rachel was paraded around the church as Eric’s mom seemed to introduce her to everyone. This time Rachel got several looks of disapproval from women. But the hungry looks she got from the men made her most uncomfortable. A large group was huddled around a slide show of the ceremony which had been setup to project on a wall in the foyer. Rachel couldn’t bring herself to go near that area.  
  
Once back in the car, she tried to put the morning behind her by telling herself the humiliation was finally over. It brightened her mood to know she was a couple of hours closer to getting her regular clothes back; and probably a new uniform as well.  
  
She ignored Eric again on the way home. Eric’s mom was driving now and went a different way home. They were stopping by Ellie’s house to drop off the clothes Rachel had borrowed. Rachel thought it was kind of out of the way to go by there, but Eric’s mom insisted and said she wanted to meet Ellie’s parents anyway.  
  
By the time they got back to their house, Eric didn’t know why he was even being nice to Rachel. He could have teased her about so many things lately, but held his tongue. All he got in return was scorn and anguish. He made one last attempt at being nice by paying her a compliment. “Hey Rach, you were good at church today. Made me proud to be a Thornwood student.”  
  
“Shut up, jerk” Rachel slammed the car door in his face and started toward the house.   
  
Eric’s mom stopped her before she got inside. “Rachel, come with me. We need to go thank Lily and Barbara for loaning you that nice dress.” Rachel slumped in displeasure but turned back around to follow Eric’s mother across the street.  
  
\*\*This lady is controlling my life!  
  
Richard went inside to watch football but Eric stomped up to his room. He could have had a lot of fun at her expense lately, but was being nice. But she repaid him with insults. The way he saw it, Rachel was taking advantage of his kindness. Slamming the door in his face was the last straw. If Rachel wanted to act like a bitch, then he was done being nice to her. He closed the door and started plotting ways to get revenge. The old Eric was back.  
  
Across the street Barbara welcomed the guests inside and called Lily out from her bedroom. Eric’s mom spoke first, “Rachel and I wanted to thank you again for loaning us this beautiful dress.”  
  
Lily’s giggle made Rachel mad. Eric’s mom had already filled Barbara in on Rachel’s situation and the boost it was having to her and Richard’s sex life. So she was ready for what Eric’s mom said next “Rachel, go ahead and thank Lily and return her dress.”  
  
Rachel stared at Eric’s mom. “NO WAY. I’m not wearing anything under it.” Lilly giggled even more at that.  
  
“Rachel, dear” this time a little more stern, “You are being very ungrateful. Remember we are going to get your clothes a little later. You can wear your suit and maybe get a tan until then.”  
  
Rachel looked at Barbara for help. Surely this lady would see how ridiculous the request was. Barbara just gave a motherly smile and said, “You looked so proud in your uniform at church.” Then she looked at Rachel’s dress expectantly.  
  
Incredulously Rachel looked around the room once more. Lily was no help. Rachel gave in, slipped her dress off and handed it to Lily with an angry “thank you.”  
  
Eric’s mom said “that’s better. Now let’s go.” She was treating Rachel like a child.  
  
Barbara walked them to the door, then with a wink “you and Richard have a good week.” Bye you two.  
  
The mention of Richard made Rachel perk up. She didn’t know what was going on, but she suspected Eric’s mom was up to something. She didn’t like being forced to walk around naked, but she especially didn’t like being treated like a little girl. She was a maturing teenager. How could anyone not notice? It’s not like her body looked like Ellie’s. But how did Richard fit into all this?  
  
She knew she was being used, but didn’t know to what purpose. Now Rachel was really angry. When got back across the street and walked in the front door Rachel started toward the stairs but Eric’s mom said “Rachel, would you tell Richard that lunch is almost ready?” The request was a step too absurd.  
  
\*\*Why does he need to know lunch is almost ready? Isn’t that obvious? That’s it! Eric’s mom is exposing me to get back at Richard somehow.  
  
Rachel made up her mind. She drew her inspiration from Ellie as she kicked her shoes off. If Eric’s mom was going to make her show off to Richard, she was going to do it Ellie style. She bounced into the living room with her heart pounding and her whole naked body on display. Richard almost had a heart attack when he saw her. Rachel plopped down on the floor and kicked her feet behind her.  
  
“Watcha watchin?”  
  
If he were being honest he would have said “your tits” but instead he said “a ballgame”.  
  
Rachel tried to watch the action, but she was getting light headed.  
  
\*\*Ellie does this all the time. Just act like you’re dressed.  
  
“W…Who’s winning?”  
  
“I dunno” Richard didn’t even really hear the question. He was too busy adjusting the erection in his pants. He didn’t know why Rachel had just walked in completely naked like it was totally normal, but he wasn’t about to question it. He was going to enjoy every second.  
  
After a few minutes, Rachel’s elbows got uncomfortable. She rolled over and lay on her back fully aware of the show she was putting on for Richard. An audible gasp came from the chair where he was sitting. Her silky smooth pussy lips were now visible. Rachel tried to maintain a serene look on her face but in the open air her nipples betrayed her. They became hard as rocks and stretched toward the sky; aided by her creamy mounds of teen flesh. Richard dug his hands into the arms of the recliner and silently willed Rachel to stay in that position.  
  
Rachel stared blankly at the TV. Every alarm in her body was going off and telling her to stop her teasing display. She felt her breasts rise and fall with each breath. She didn’t dare look at Richard directly, but could see a look of pure lust on his face out of the corner of her eye. She felt an itch on her stomach and reached up to scratch it. But her hand ignored the itch and landed on her breast instead. Richard gasped. She tried to cover by pretending to scratch and itch on her breast, but the display was still erotic.   
  
Rachel was ready to end the little teasing session. But before she could leave she had to show Eric’s mom that being nude around Richard didn’t bother her. She held her pose and prayed for Eric’s mom to come check on them. In the mean time she would think up a believable exit strategy.  
  
She didn’t have to wait very long for Eric’s mom. Right on cue she entered the living room. She was not at all happy with the scene before her. There was Rachel flaunting her nude teenage body right in front of her husband. She was stretched out on the floor holding her boob and Richard was practically drooling over her. She knew the look on his face. Too much of this and Richard would blow his load this afternoon without her, which left nothing for her tonight.  
  
No. She planned to give Richard glimpses of Rachel’s nudity, but this was going too far. She wanted to denounce Rachel and make her go put some clothes on, but she couldn’t do that. It was her fault Rachel was naked in the first place. The damn girl was ruining her carefully laid plans. She had to break up the scene.  
  
“Richard, dear. Richard. RICHARD!” He finally looked at her with a goofy grin on his face. “You promised to clean out the pool yesterday. Well, I just checked it and it still hasn’t been done.”  
  
“Oh, that. I’ll take care of it later.”  
  
“Richard. You really need to take care of it now. I work hard to maintain this house. The least you can do is follow through when you agree to do something.”  
  
“Honey, I’m watching the game right now” a thin falsehood “I promise I’ll do it tonight.”  
  
“No more promises Richard. You’re not lounging around all afternoon while I make lunch and do housework. You will clean the pool now, and you can make your own damn sandwich for lunch!” She wasn’t acting now. She really was angry at his flippant attitude. It must have sounded sincere because Richard pulled himself out of the chair and headed toward the back door; grumbling the whole way.  
  
“Rachel, we’re going to have sandwiches for lunch. I set out all the ingredients on the dining room table. We’re not going to sit down as a family this time. You may eat it anywhere you like.”  
  
With Richard gone, Rachel was free to end her charade. She stood up and was about to go make a sandwich when she noticed the computer. Wickedly she bounced over right in front of the webcam and turned the machine on.  
  
\*\*Might as well check my email first. Just close the video chat program first this time.  
  
Eric was still in his room thinking about Rachel. He did like her as a friend and maybe even more than that. But he wasn’t willing to put up with her recent mood swings. He was surfing with his laptop which made him think about her video on the hard drive. It never crossed her mind that was the reason she was mad at him. He would have deleted it at the time if she asked. He owed her that much.  
  
But now he was glad he still had it. If Rachel was going to treat him like trash, he was justified in using her body as source material for his masturbation fantasies. She was his friend, but she had a killer body that no one could ignore, especially with the outfits she had been wearing lately. Even now thinking about her body was making him horny. He was about to load her pool video for a quickie when a notification flashed on his screen. “Eric\_PC has logged off of vchat”.  
  
It reminded him of Rachel using the PC downstairs in her nightgown several nights ago. She had been so nervous about that webcam and how Tommy had almost seen her. The wheels started turning and the perfect plan formed in his mind. It was a long shot if anything came of it, but the result could be spectacular. He decided to put his own satisfaction on hold and do a little research. After a bit of online searching, he gathered all the tools to carry out his plan. Now he just needed a chance to implement it…

**Part 25**

The only email in the inbox worth reading was from Rachel’s mother.  
  
“Hi sweetie. I wanted to give you an update on our houses. I have some bad news. I guess our realtor understated the damage done by the break-in. It is going to take more than a few days of work to get this house ready to sell again.  
  
And now I’m hearing that the house we were about to buy has sustained some storm damage! More bad news.  
  
I hope everything is going good with you. You’re a trooper. I’m sending Eric’s mother $100 to take you shopping for school. No, I’m not buying your affection ;)  
  
Think of it as a reward for making the swim team.  
Congrats again, baby.  
See you soon  
Love,  
Mom”  
  
It was bad news indeed for Rachel. I meant she would be staying at Eric’s house for a while longer. At least until they could get both houses repaired. Oh well, she did get a shopping trip out of the deal. She could really use a new bra.  
  
As she turned the computer off, Rachel glanced at the webcam. She looked around the room to make sure no one was watching and tweaked her nipple. It felt so good, she couldn’t get up until she gave the other one the same treatment.  
  
\*\*Maybe I have time for a quick bate session and nap before we go to the storage building. The perfect way to relieve tension on a hot Sunday afternoon.  
  
Rachel walked more lively into the kitchen to make her sandwich. Eric’s mom was there, but Richard was still out back cursing at the pool. Rachel confirmed the plan then said “Mom is sending me $100 to get some new clothes. Do you think we could go shopping after the storage building?”  
  
“Let me think about that. I’ve needed to return a dress, and I do have to replace a certain nightgown” Rachel shrank at the mention of the nightgown she had ruined. “We’ll see.”  
  
That answer was as good as Rachel could hope for. She would be happy either way as long as the storage building was still on their agenda. “I’m going to go take a quick nap. I’ll eat in my room.”  
  
Rachel’s body quivered in anticipation as she rushed her sandwich together. She thought she had tamed the animal of arousal. But in reality, it could only be controlled for so long. At the first chance of privacy, the caged beast was breaking out of its cage and preparing her body. She knew the sandwich would be forgotten as soon as she got to her bed. She could feel wetness building between her legs. She skipped the condiments and slapped some ham and cheese onto two slices of bread. Her hands were shaking as she started up the steps. She couldn’t wait as her hand found a nipple and squeezed. She whimpered and almost fell down the stairs.  
  
“Since when did this become a nudist colony?”  
  
Rachel snapped her hand back down and looked up. Eric was standing at the top of the stairs holding his laptop. She recognized the smirk on his face.  
  
“Go away, Eric.” She wasn’t exactly in a position of strength. Without any clothes on, Rachel just wanted to end the conversation.  
  
“I was trying to go downstairs to make a sandwich when your naked ass got in my way.”  
  
She pushed up the stairs past him and said “you’re such a jerk, you know that?” It wasn’t a great comeback, but it was good enough; now to slam her door for punctuation.  
  
Rachel wanted to cry as she stood in her bedroom looking at the doorway. Her door was still missing. Richard had taken it down that morning and never put it back up. Without the door, she had no privacy. Without privacy, no bate session. Without that…  
  
Rachel collapsed on the bed. Her aroused body complained about the change of plans. How could things get any worse? A minute later Eric appeared in her doorway wearing his teasing grin. Rachel pulled the sheets over her nakedness and looked around for something to throw at him. The only thing close enough was the sandwich, so she did it. Eric dodged it easily. “Nice try, fast food. Hey your coach is here. He has a package for you.”  
  
\*\*Ugh. I don’t want to deal with that right now.  
  
It was a familiar phrase she had been telling herself a lot lately. One that kept getting her into trouble. But she felt a wave of exhaustion come over her. If her body was not going to get its way it was going to shut down.  
  
“Tell him I’m not feeling well and went to take a nap. Just have him leave the package downstairs.”  
  
“I’m not your errand boy. Tell him yourself.” Eric saw Rachel looking for something else to throw and changed his tune, “Fine, I’ll tell him.”  
  
Coach Ron was disappointed to hear Rachel was sleeping. He really wanted to see this device in action on her body. It would have to wait until swim practice tomorrow. He left the box with Eric’s mother and went away empty. If only there was some way to speed up time…  
Rachel awoke from her nap to find a dress had been laid out for her. It was the one Eric’s mom was planning to return. Rachel could see why as she put it on. It wasn’t just ugly. It was a little old lady dress. Even Rachel’s smoking hot body couldn’t make it look good. The good news was that it meant Eric’s mom had agreed to the shopping trip.  
  
Rachel bounded downstairs to put on her trainer shoes. She found Eric’s mom and they got in the car for their little trip. Rachel couldn’t believe how excited she felt. She was just going to get some of her old outfits, but somehow it felt like she was on her way to reclaim her old life. Rachel was bursting with excitement, but it didn’t take long for that excitement to turn into utter despair…

**Part 26**

With Rachel out of the house Eric had to work fast. He had found an online discussion forum with some pirated software and instructions. He just had to install the software and run a few tests. The first step was to remotely access the webcam in the living room.  
  
Eric installed the control program on his laptop and the remote module on the family PC. He could now remotely activate and record the living room from his laptop over the wireless network. The goal was pretty simple. It was only a matter of time before Rachel used the computer again. If her recent patterns held true, it was a pretty good bet she would be wearing a revealing outfit.  
  
The second program he installed was to disable the webcam recording indicators. He could now record in stealth mode without the user knowing. He wasn’t exactly spying on her. It wasn’t his fault she wore skimpy clothes to check her email. But it would be difficult to explain to his parents why he was making recordings of the family room. It would be better not to get caught in the first place. The last piece of the puzzle was a motion detection module. With it, his laptop would automatically notify him and even start the recording if it detected movement downstairs.  
  
He configured the PC to appear to shut down on command. The screen went blank just like normal, but the tower underneath was still running silently. Then he tested the setup on his laptop. As he walked into the living room, he studied the webcam. Not a single light flashed. But on his laptop a notification popped up alerting him to the motion.  
  
He brought up the video monitor. The recording had started. It was better than he could hope for. They had purchased a top of the line HD webcam to chat with grandma, but she didn’t even know how to turn her computer on. With the webcam in the corner of the room he could see the entire living area in perfect detail. He turned the lights off and the webcam automatically adjusted to low light mode. Even standing there in the dark he saw himself clearly on the screen.  
  
He sat down in front of the PC and turned the monitor on. There was no indication on the desktop that the remote software was running or that the webcam was recording. But the video on his laptop showed him sitting at the desk clear as day.  
  
Happy with his tests, Eric returned to his room with the scene from last week on his mind. Rachel had sat right next to him in the living room floor to do her homework. She wore a skimpy nightgown which preserved no modesty. He had done the noble thing and not gawked at her body. Now he regretted it. She didn’t deserve such chivalry. He wasn’t going to let a chance like that pass again. With this setup he could covertly record any activities in the living room and it would go straight into the newly created “swimmer” directory of his porn collection.  
  
He wasn’t expecting anything nearly as good as the pool video. It was a family room after all. But he should get some good clips of her lounging around in skimpy clothes. If only Rachel had a computer in her room. Then he could get some really good stuff…  
  
The drive seemed interminable despite being only a few miles away. Rachel wished she had thought to bring the package from Coach Ron with her. The minutes from the school board meeting said something about modifying the uniforms. That could mean anything but she convinced herself Coach Ron had delivered a new, more modest suit. Opening the package would have been a perfect way to pass the time on this trip. Alas in the excitement she had left it behind.  
  
Oh well. It would be waiting for her when they got home. There were other ways to pass the time; like preparing to get her old stuff back. Rachel preemptively pulled her shoes off and tossed them in the back seat floorboard. The muscle trainers were really effective, but not at all comfortable. Her calf and thigh muscles felt stronger after only a few days wearing them and they made her legs look good. She would still use them for training, but she was ready to wear something a little more sensible for a while. There’s nothing like an old pair of comfortable shoes.  
  
She wasn’t just excited about the shoes though. Her entire wardrobe was still in storage because of the move. Rachel was a typical teenage girl when it came to clothes. She complained about her outfits and was always begging to go clothes shopping. But now she was overjoyed at the thought of just having a closet full of her old clothes. She even looked forward to a plain bra and panties!  
  
Rachel looked at her dress. Eric’s mom had loaned it to her and she wasn’t wearing anything underneath.  
  
\*\*Has it really been three days since you last wore underwear?  
  
The dress still had its tag attached. Eric’s mom was going to return it. That meant a trip to the mall after the storage building which excited Rachel too. She was being sent $100 from her mom and couldn’t decide what to buy with it.  
  
She looked down her front and took in a breath. Her mounds swelled to fill even the frumpy oversized dress. The last few days it was like her breasts were out of control. She always enjoyed pinching her nipples even when she was younger and her boobs were just developing. It was one of the first pleasure signals she got from her body. She learned to manipulate those signals for maximum arousal during bate sessions, but didn’t experiment much beyond that.  
  
Lately her nipples were in arousal overdrive. Even now, as the fabric of the dress drew them up and down with every bump in the road her nipples dutifully reported each movement as a pleasure signal. Besides driving her crazy, these constant reports made her breasts seem like a more prominent part of her body.  
  
That prominence made them seem bigger, too. The last bra she had worn supported that evidence. In fact, it was too small for her. She only wore it that first day of school because it was the only one available. She was certain that bra wouldn’t fit her now. It was like bra cups had been constricting growth. And after spending a few days in the open air and sunshine her boobs were growing like weeds.  
  
\*\*Bra shopping is boring, but necessary. It has to be done. Might as well do it first.  
  
Rachel thought of her old bras. They were boring and utilitarian. She avoided sexy bras in the past. She always thought they were too revealing. But now she had a different perspective. A lacy bra was nothing compared to the exposure she had endured. Maybe a less restrictive bra was just what she needed. At least it would be an improvement over her current attire.  
  
A matching bra and panty set would be nice. But it would also be expensive. She had plenty of perfectly fine pairs of panties. Best use the money on other things…unless there was a good sale.  
  
Euphoria washed over Rachel as the shopping list grew. It was a teenage girl’s typical daydream.  
  
Eric’s mom took the drive time to reassess the situation. Her original plans for Rachel had taken some wrong turns. A normal self conscious teenage girl would have broken under the embarrassment by now. But Rachel was turning out to be more resilient than a normal girl.  
  
She was resilient, but there was something more. It’s not like she wasn’t self conscious about her body. The blushes and aborted attempts at covering up provided evidence of that. No. There was something else about Rachel. Eric’s mom tried to think about Rachel’s outfits the past few days. Was there a commonality behind them?  
  
The ridiculous swim uniform was from that screwball coach. No telling what he was thinking, but the school board managed to screw up the meeting where he was should have been fired. Regardless, a modified uniform was waiting for her when they got back.  
  
The other outfits had come from Eric’s mother. First was the sexy lingerie nightgown which was indecent for anyone to wear even to bed. A normal girl would have refused. Yet Rachel had worn it to dinner and all evening with barely a protest. She even took it to her friend’s house the next evening. If only she hadn’t ruined it.  
  
Then there was the church dress borrowed from Lily. Once again, Rachel had complied after only a minor protest. Then after church, Rachel had taken off the dress and walked across the street stark naked. A normal girl would not allow herself to be manipulated so easily. Yet each time, it only took a bit of coercion before she accepted the outfit provided by Eric’s mother. It’s like the girl doesn’t know how to treat her own body. She has no idea how obscene she’s been. She trusts a mother’s judgment in such matters.  
  
That’s it! Rachel isn’t just resilient; she’s accommodating and naive. She draws both her courage in times of exposure and her modesty compass from others. Eric had figured the girl out a long time ago. That’s why he was acting so weird the first time he presented Rachel in her uniform to the family. She was so trusting, she accepted whatever he said was normal. Eric’s mom had to be impressed by the lengths a horny teenage boy would go to keep a naked girl around the house. She didn’t appreciate him lying to his own mother, but could forgive his fabrication this time while applauding his ingenuity.  
  
It was a big revelation for Eric’s mother as the pieces fell into place. Her primary objective was surreptitiously humiliating Rachel into deciding to move back home while giving the appearance of encouragement. But clearly that wasn’t going to happen. The girl would do anything if properly encouraged. That much should have been obvious by now.  
  
She admitted to herself that her motives had changed. Her sex life was resuscitated because of Rachel. At some point that became primary driving reason for using Rachel. Her husband, who normally barely gave her a glance anymore was back to being an animal in bed. It had been selfish of her to use Rachel that way. But, she told herself Rachel wasn’t completely innocent in the matter. The girl had to know what she was doing to Richard. And flaunting her naked body in front of him in the living room had clearly given her a thrill too.  
  
Eric’s mom concluded that Rachel’s exposures had been harmless for everyone involved; beneficial even. She had no regrets and would gladly extend the plan if a suitable avenue presented itself. Sadly, she saw no path forward. She had squeezed a few wild nights out of her husband while her son got what was probably a weekend he’ll never forget. But now they were almost to the storage facility. The fun had to end sometime and she thought she would have to accept it. But then they hit a detour and a new way to proceed fell right into her lap…

**Part 27**

It was the first indication for Rachel that something might be wrong. The detour sign said “Bridge out. Road Temporarily Closed. Use Alternate Route.”  
  
\*\*That’s strange. Why divert traffic when it’s nothing more than a drainage ditch?  
  
Rachel perked up and got annoyed as Eric’s mom followed the orange detour directions. She was intolerant of any delays so close to their destination. The detour led them through a neighborhood. Her subconscious sent a warning signal to her stomach. The sense of dread was coming back. She dismissed it by telling herself everything was fine.  
  
The sneaker in the tree was too unusual to dismiss. The most obvious explanation for having a shoe in a tree is that some kids were messing around and got it stuck. But Rachel’s heart skipped a beat when she saw it. There aren’t many white tennis shoes with green checkered patterns on the side. She happened to own a pair which she had bought at a local store in her old hometown.  
  
\*\*A coincidence. Someone at that house has the same good sense of style.  
  
Rachel’s subconscious tried to warn her again but it couldn’t get through. She remained upbeat and positive as they drove on. But the next indication sent warning bells off all over her body. As they rounded the corner, a large tree lay across the road. A road crew had already cleared a path for cars. There were very few things that could bring down a tree that big.  
  
Rachel’s consciousness went into overdrive to keep her from piecing the clues together. Her mind raced thinking about everything she needed to do before school tomorrow and all the embarrassing things she had done recently; anything to keep her from figuring out the truth. Rachel looked around wildly as they drove down the street toward the storage facility. She saw some storm damage scattered among the houses they passed. She thought of the hours spent with Ellie’s family last Friday in the safe room. They must be approaching ground zero of that tornado. She felt like she was going to faint.  
  
\*\*Everything’s fine. Just get to the storage building.  
  
She gripped her knees so hard it restricted the circulation to her fingers. Part of her wanted Eric’s mom to drive faster. But another part wanted to stop and turn around. They passed a couple of parked police cruisers. She was unable to say or do anything. They came to the end of the street and turned toward the storage facility entrance.  
  
The damage to the surrounding neighborhoods was actually pretty minimal overall. Tornadoes are notorious for unusual attack patterns. One house could be completely wiped out while the houses across the street could show no sign of damage. The storage facility had suffered the direct hit. The tornado had touched down at one end and lifted at the other leaving behind nothing but cement foundations.  
  
It was clear there was nothing left of Rachel’s belongings. All they could do was drive past. There would be no point in turning in. A cloud descended on Rachel. Her mind was coping the best way it knew how. The carnage did not affect Eric’s mom as much as Rachel but she was still awed by the sight.  
  
She offered condolences but got no response. She wasn’t even sure Rachel heard her. She tried to cheer Rachel up as they drove “Your family’s treasured memories are fine back at your old house. This unit just contained furniture and clothing and everyday items. Try not to dwell on it too much. As far as the loss, the insurance company should cover it. Of course, we’ll be happy to help you some until the settlement clears. It’s a good thing we were planning to go shopping.”  
  
The girl was in shock. She didn’t hear a word of the pep talk. It was too much to take in, but Eric’s mom expected Rachel to recover soon enough. Kids were more resilient than adults. The word ‘resilient’ got the wheels of her mind turning. The poor girl had just lost all her material possessions. It was the opportunity she had been looking for to draw Rachel back into her role as a seductive pawn.  
  
\*\*It didn’t hurt anyone last time. Everyone benefits.  
  
Eric’s mom had to ask herself one question. Was she really willing to exploit a crisis like this to satisfy her own sexual appetite? The prospect of more wild nights with Richard tipped the scales and she shifted into planning mode. She developed her contingency and headed toward the mall.  
  
Rachel stared out the window as they drove; unable to accept reality just yet. The world through the window didn’t seem real. She must be watching a TV show or a bad movie; a horror movie. Eric’s mom made some calls on her cell phone but Rachel only heard bits of the conversation due to the ringing in her ears. She was slowly coming to grips with what had happened.  
  
“…to be selective and not go over budget. Don’t worry. I know a few tricks to conserve money.” Eric’s mom was talking to her again. The haze started to lift as the car came to a stop. They had parked outside a department store at one end of the mall. Eric’s mom had to open Rachel’s door and prod her to get out of the car. She walked toward the department store but Rachel stood in place and looked around trying to figure out what was going on. Then she remembered they were going on a shopping trip.  
  
“Rachel this is no time to despair. We have a big shopping agenda and don’t want to run out of time before they close. Come on. It’ll be fun!” Eric’s mom called impatiently from the entrance. Rachel started toward the door. Her senses were dulled. She wanted to stop and think for a moment but Eric’s mom didn’t give her the chance. Then she noticed how uncomfortable her feet felt. She was walking barefoot across the hot parking lot. She ran back to grab her shoes from the car, but it was locked and Eric’s mom was already inside the store. Too dazed to develop an alternate plan, Rachel scurried on into the store.  
  
\*\*Have to buy new shoes today anyway. Have to buy new everything.  
  
Rachel tried to deal with the reality of her predicament but was overwhelmed by the task ahead of her. She no longer owned a single stitch of clothing. She surveyed the store in dismay. She didn’t even know where to start. She wanted to collapse on the ground and cry. But Eric’s mother wouldn’t let her. She took control and grabbed Rachel’s hand…

**Part 28**

Rachel watched the aisles pass by as Eric’s mother led her through the store. Having not been to this mall in years she didn’t remember much about it. She had been meaning to visit since her family was going to be living here, but her hectic schedule would not allow it up to now. The closest she had been was yesterday when she stood across the street from it and advertised the carwash.  
  
She saw the mall and thought how fun it would be to come here. But at the time she was wearing her swim uniform which was too indecent to go shopping in.  
  
They walked briskly through different departments. It was all a blur to her and she felt rushed. Rachel caught glimpses of things that she would have considered necessities for a typical teenage girl’s stocked wardrobe but was too stupefied to mention it. She was doing good enough to remain standing, much less carry on a normal conversation. They entered the teen clothing section but Eric’s mom didn’t stop. She surprised Rachel by maintaining course and even picking up the pace. Through the junior and misses section they walked without stopping.  
  
Rachel tried to take a moment and concentrate “Mrs. G, where are we going? Aren’t the clothes back there?”  
  
“Oh sweetie, we can’t afford to pay retail. We’re on a tight budget, remember? They have some clearance racks in the children’s section. I know $100 doesn’t seem like enough, but we can stretch our money with a few good deals. We’ll have some great ensembles before you know it.”  
  
\*\*Children’s section?  
  
They kept walking through men’s and electronics until they came to the children’s clothing section. And sure enough at the back were several racks marked ‘clearance’. Eric’s mom started perusing outfits.  
  
Rachel absently followed suit but couldn’t focus on the task. After a couple minutes she realized she was just spinning the rack and staring at the same outfits over and over. She tried to focus but quickly found that nothing was even worth picking up. She hadn’t worn outfits like these in years. How did Eric’s mom not realize that?  
  
\*\*This is ridiculous. No amount of savings is worth this!  
  
She looked at the price tags thinking she could develop an argument for going back to the older teen’s section. She tried to do the math but her brain was still fuzzy from all the recent stress. All she could get out was “I think I’m too old for these clothes.”  
  
Eric’s mom was expecting that statement and had a response prepared, “Oh not at all Rachel. Trust me. Women my age spend a lot of money to look as youthful as you. You should enjoy being a girl while you can. You don’t have to dress like a grown up all the time. A Less mature more conservative outfit can still be stylish. Don’t be so impatient to grow up.” She had a handful of clothes by now and began holding them up to Rachel one at a time and commenting.  
  
Rachel didn’t fully accept that logic but something about it did make sense. Was she rushing to grow up too fast and put herself in situations beyond her comfort level? Maybe if she dressed a little more conservatively she wouldn’t have so many problems with her body’s newfound sexual urges. She gave the children’s clothing another chance. But the next dress she picked up exposed the flaw in her logic. It was the exact same purple dress as the one Lily had loaned her. Rachel stared at it. This dress was childish and meant to be conservative. But on Rachel’s maturing body it became practically scandalous. Surely Eric’s mom would be swayed by this proof.  
  
“Rachel, that reminds me. I called Barbara on the way here. She offered Lily’s dress to help jumpstart your wardrobe. She was more than happy to donate it after I told her about your hardship. So you can put that dress back. Isn’t she so generous? Now we only need 4 more outfits to have enough school clothes for a whole week!” Eric’s mom held another dress up to Rachel as if to judge how well it would fit her.  
  
Rachel was incredulous. She had flashed her ass all over church in that dress. And now Eric’s mom expected her to wear it to school? She forgot about her argument against childish clothes and resorted to just arguing “Stop treating my like a kid. I’m not 5 years old! And…and besides you can’t tell if something fits by holding it up like that.”  
  
Eric’s mom took the outburst in stride. “Throwing a fit doesn’t solve anything. But you’re right. You ought to be trying these on to be sure. Maybe it will help you get into the right state of mind for shopping. Follow me.”  
  
Rachel regretted her tantrum as the woman walked away to the far wall and motioned her over. No one liked being treated like a child. Eric’s mom really was trying to be helpful, and she didn’t want to seem ungrateful. She reminded herself these clothes were temporary provisions. So what if they were a little childish or a tight fit? Perhaps she would feel differently about that dress if she had been wearing panties. She could live with it until her mom sent some more money. She resolved to be more amenable to Eric’s mother.  
  
As she walked toward the changing station, she passed an underwear rack. The perfect thing if she was going to be trying on clothes. Rachel stopped and looked at the available options. For girls, there were some silk slip tops and training bras and prepackaged panties. The training bras looked way too small for Rachel’s developed breasts. She hadn’t worn a training bra since she was 12. Her nipples reminded her of their unrestrained state by becoming hard under the dress. They used to be just little bumps on her budding chest. Now her boobs needed no training to do their thing. They were beyond training and had grown unmanageable. She tried to ignore their ache for attention and focus back to the clothing rack. The panties were all white with different cartoon animals and characters on them. She picked out the largest slip top she could find and a girl’s size “L” panty package before continuing.  
  
Rachel found herself in the toddler clothing section. This single changing station served all the children’s departments. Being meant for children it wasn’t a formal changing room. It consisted of two rods sticking out the wall about 5 feet high. The rods curved to meet in front leaving just enough space for a person to stand. A curtain hung down from each rod almost to the floor. It was designed for young kids who usually needed help trying on outfits and where modesty wasn’t as important. Rachel had to duck under the rods to get inside as Eric’s mom handed her a clearance dresses.  
  
“Go ahead and try this on. I need to go return the dress you’re wearing before it gets too wrinkled.” She stuck her hand out and waited for Rachel to hand her the frumpy granny dress. Rachel’s hesitated. She thought she must be crazy for even going this far. She could have insisted on finding a real room in another department, but something about this made it seem like an adventure. She would never get the chance to do something like it again. They were shopping for new clothes. She had to try stuff on before buying it. She had a legitimate excuse for being there. After all it was a changing room, sort of. It had to be done but Rachel still struggled with giving up her last piece of clothing.  
  
Because her head was above than the curtain rods she could see out around the store. Not many people shopped on a Sunday night so the store was mostly empty. But it was so weird being able to see out while she changed. Do people really do this? She looked at Eric’s mom for confirmation.  
  
“Stop dallying, young lady. You know we have a tight schedule. If you keep delaying we’ll never get done in time.”  
  
Rachel took a deep breath and pulled the curtains closed. The rods didn’t quite meet in the middle, so there was a gap all the way down. Rachel tried not to think about that as she shrugged her granny dress off and handed it over the curtain to Eric’s mom. Without comment she accepted the dress and walked off leaving the girl completely naked.  
  
Rachel started shaking. She didn’t know if it was from the cold A/C in the store or from having just stripped naked in a public place. Rachel’s hormones got the better of her for a moment and she reached up to squeeze her nipples. She wanted to close her eyes and relish the stimulation, but instead she kept her eyes wide open and alert to any approaching shoppers. She took as long as she dared to massage herself. She had trouble stopping because soon her body was begging her to escalate the action. After a few more moments of pleasure Rachel convinced her hands to release her nipples and reach for the slip top. It barely fit over her head. Immediately Rachel knew it was too small to be much use. The bottom of the shirt barely covered her areolas. Half her boobs were hanging out the bottom. Her recently stimulated nipples held the thin material out from her body like little erotic supports.  
  
She had a sinking feeling all the outfits she tried on from the children’s section would produce similar obscene results. But she was already committed to the chore. Since there were no hooks she pulled the undershirt off and rested it over a curtain rod and tore into the package of panties. She had only marginally better luck with these. The cotton material was designed to stretch but could only stretch so far. She got the panties up her legs and with considerable effort pulled them up as far as they would go. They didn’t come close to reaching her waist. Now that the panties were in place her body again responded; this time to the pressure on her pussy lips.  
  
Rachel was in ecstasy. She hadn’t worn panties since last Thursday. In fact nothing had touched her crotch these last few days except her own hands or gloves. Everything else was a loose fitting item like a dress or the warm-up jacket. Rachel’s hormones had twisted her sense of modesty into knots. What used to be normal to her was now the opposite. Now even the simple act of wearing panties became an orgasmic experience. It was hard to comprehend but she felt more normal and in control when she wasn’t wearing anything. It didn’t help that this pair was so restrictive. It embraced her mound so tightly she was afraid to walk.  
  
Rachel owned… or rather used to own several different styles of panties. She even had a thong but almost never wore it. But the way these tight girl panties fit on her she had trouble matching it to a particular style. If she had to describe them she would use the words “ultra low rider”. They sat so low on her hips her pussy lips nearly peeked out above the waistband. In fact, she was afraid they would do just that as soon as she started walking around in them. She twisted to look behind her. The view wasn’t much better. Only the lowest part of her bottom was covered and the material was stretched tight across her firm muscles. She wouldn’t have to worry about a wedgie. There was nothing to grab onto and no material left to pull up into her crack.  
  
“ahem”  
  
Rachel startled and turned back around. A shopper had approached when she wasn’t looking; a mother with her son. Rachel immediately covered her breasts and checked that the curtain hadn’t opened too much. The boy was too young to catch what was happening but the mother gave Rachel a confused look before saying “we need to use that when you’re done.”  
  
“Sure. Of course” Rachel rushed to accommodate them. Even though she had convinced herself this was acceptable she felt like she had been caught doing something dirty by using the children’s changing room. She quickly pulled the clearance dress over her head while the other shopper waited.  
  
\*\*Just act like you belong. You have as much a right to be here as they do.  
  
Rachel wanted to end the encounter quickly. The other shopper wasn’t going anywhere which meant Rachel would have to leave the area. It would look abnormal for her to walk away from the changing area still wearing the outfit she had just tried on. But without anything else to wear Rachel didn’t have the luxury of worrying about appearances. She had enough to worry about with this dress. That it was made for a child became clear as soon as she tried to get it over her breasts. The lower half fit, but the upper half was a tight weave artificial material. No matter how much she pulled it would not stretch over her chest.  
  
Rachel looked at the other shopper as she struggled with the dress. The mother watched her with bewilderment. Rachel squeezed her top half into the constricting material as best she could. The long sleeves only came to her elbows. There were buttons down one side under her arm. The side of her boob bulged out but Rachel knew fastening those buttons would be impossible. There was just not enough material to go around her.  
  
There was no time to check how she looked. She felt the hem on her upper thighs and hoped it would be enough but could still feel open air on her bottom. She gave the dress one more tug then stepped out under the rod smiling at the mother. She took two steps and almost gave out under the intense pressure between her legs.  
  
“HMMMFFit’s all yours” She left the slip top and remaining package of panties and hobbled away from the pair of shoppers refusing to look back. Her panties cupped her mound sending jolts up her spine with each step. Rachel bit her lip to avoid another embarrassing outburst. She casually held her hands over her bottom to help cover the inappropriate view from behind and just walked away.  
  
She walked all the way to the first aisle of home appliances before daring to look back. The trip only took a minute but felt like hours because of the sensation between her legs. Rachel wasn’t going to survive these panties. She lowered them so they wouldn’t press on her pussy lips. In this position they didn’t cover anything and were bunched up on her upper legs.  
  
Rachel fought with the dress some more to get it to cover her bottom. It was an improvement but her bunched panties were still sitting well below the hemline fully visible. She looked around for some other clothes to wear but was now standing in the baby section. Rachel realized she had no good excuse for why she would be standing here in a too small dress. She had to get back to the clearance racks without being seen. At least she could maneuver without the panties assaulting her sex at every step…

**Part 29**

Rachel had to circumvent the changing area. She didn’t want to engage those shoppers again. So she picked an alternate route through the bedding department and slowly worked her way back toward the clearance racks. She had to duck behind some displays a few times to avoid shoppers, but the worst part was crossing the main walkway. She was in perfect position and thought the coast was clear but just as she started across a store employee several aisles away noticed her and came to assist.  
  
Rachel saw him coming with resolve and had to think of something quickly. He looked to be middle aged. If he caught her walking around in one of the store dresses she would probably be in a little trouble. But once he saw the store panties bunched around her legs he would likely consider her a shoplifter and her troubles would multiply. She couldn’t run away. That would be too suspicious. She had to act like a regular customer.  
  
Her best chance was to find a legitimate excuse cover up. Rachel looked around wildly for anything that could help. There were sheets hanging on a display showing all the different designs. She could wrap herself in one. But that would be very suspicious. She peeked back around the corner. He smiled at her. He was now only three aisles away and clearly coming to help her. Rachel backed down her aisle and took one last look around. Across the way behind her were several bedding displays. They weren’t real beds, but made up to show how the bedspreads and accessories coordinated.  
  
It was her last hope. Rachel dove into the closest fake bed and pulled the covers up over her as the employee rounded the aisle. She tried to hide the terror she felt of almost being caught. His smile disappeared when he saw her laying on the display.  
  
“Can I help you, ma’m?”  
  
\*\*Just act normal. You belong here.  
  
“No…thank you. I’m just shopping for bed spreads.”  
  
He suspected something was up but maintained his professional attitude. “These displays aren’t meant for people to lay on them.”  
  
Rachel’s heart started pounding. If he made her get up her cover would be blown, literally! She took up an indignant tone of ‘the shopper is always right’ and said “How else will I know how it looks from this angle?” She felt something between her legs. One of her hands had instinctively gone down there to as a defense mechanism. The other hand held the covers up under her chin. She pretended to study the design on the bedspread as if she did this type of thing every day. She didn’t dare look him in the eye.  
  
After a few moments he seemed to accept her odd statement. He left her alone but hovered a few aisles over. He would wait her out and confront her when she got up. He had a right not to trust such suspicious behavior. Rachel was uncomfortable under the thick layers of the exhibit. Besides a full sheet and blanket set, there was the comforter and several pillows. Her body heat contributed to the raised temperature. But she didn’t dare move a muscle to get more comfortable.  
  
The only thing that moved was the hand between her legs. Once the immediate danger had passed it inevitably adjusted its mission to one of pleasure. It was a most improper thing to be doing at that moment but for some reason she didn’t desist. Under so many layers she found she could do it without attracting attention. With her panties lowered her fingers had direct access to their destination. She even impressed herself with how well she kept the look of a discerning shopper on her face while the lascivious action proceeded underneath.  
  
As she worked her body over Rachel had a revelation. Instead of working her into a hormonal frenzy like normal, this session had a relaxing effect on her. Her body was a pressure cooker. Without relief, it continually drove her into many humiliating situations. But she now saw she could regulate the passion, even in a public place without the embarrassing noises that accompanied a climax. She was using masturbation to let off steam. She had stumbled upon a way to perform a silent bate session while giving the appearance of complete calm.  
  
Rachel suspected it had something to do with the fact that her nipples were in no way involved in the session. They were safely confined within the dress. She had tried to bate quietly in the past but her nipples always betrayed her. The only thing missing from this new method was a climax. It was like she had denied her body its desired release for so long it was now willing to accept satisfaction in any form; even if it was less effective and without climax. She could still feel her teenage hormones surging through her but in a more controllable state. She would gladly trade the occasional climax in exchange for regaining dominion over her sexual urges. It might turn out to be a problem down the road, but for now she was happy with the results.  
  
Her clouded mind started to clear and she calmly removed her hand from between her legs. It didn’t put up a fight like times past. Even that was a big accomplishment. Now that she was able to think clearly she soon came up with a simple but elegant solution to the immediate problem of the hovering employee. She called him over.  
  
“Sir! Do you have this bedding set in California king size?” she figured he would not know the answer to such an unusual question. And she turned out to be right. He thought for a moment then said, “I don’t think so. We usually don’t stock that size. I’ll have to go check in the stock room.”  
  
“OK, I’ll wait here” She gave him her brightest smile as she lied through her teeth. As soon as he was out of range Rachel jumped out of bed; congratulating her ingenuity. Then she looked down at her dress again.  
  
\*\*Oh God. How did I get stuck wearing this stupid outfit?  
  
She pulled her panties off and tucked them under a fold in her dress. She would rather be exposed and able to move quickly than stumbling around with her panties around her thighs. She started back toward the clearance racks with more confidence. Her silly appearance was a problem and the only solution was to not get caught. With catlike stealth she avoided further contact until she was almost back to the racks. Eric’s mom saw her approaching.  
  
“Rachel, where have you been? I’ve been looking everywhere.”  
  
“It’s a long story.”  
  
“Well whatever happened, we don’t have much time left. The store is closing.” She took one look at the dress and added “Oh that will never do. Let’s get back to the changing station. I have some better options.”  
  
Rachel allowed herself to be led back to the station. At least this time she felt like she had some more control. She still had to try on outfits behind a tiny curtain in the kiddie section but she was determined to do it on her own terms.  
  
She found the package of panties and stuffed her pair back in. “Mrs. G. These panties are too small. Could you go to the older girls section and get me a few pair and maybe some bras to try on?”  
  
Eric’s mom looked her up and down with a wicked grin on her face. She took the package and handed Rachel another dress “I’ll see what I can do. But you really need to stay close by this time and don’t run off. I can’t help you if you don’t follow instructions.”  
  
Rachel nodded and ducked back into the booth. This new dress ought to be a better fit. She couldn’t wait to get the current dress off for good but she waited until Eric’s mom was out of sight before continuing. This time she was going to strip on her own terms. Unfortunately her newfound confidence was crushed by what happened next…

**Part 30**

Rachel scanned the large store once more before starting to undress. There were almost no shoppers by now because it was so late in the day. The employees were mostly milling around trying to look busy until quitting time. There was no one attending this department that she could tell.  
  
She wiggled the old dress off over her head and dropped it on the ground. Once naked she took another look around. Being too old and too tall for the changing curtains she could easily see over the top. But if anyone looked over they would see the bare shoulders of a girl trying on clothes, nothing more. She looked down to make sure the curtains were still fully closed. Sure enough her wiggling had caused the gap to open slightly.  
  
\*\*Stupid cheap store - can’t even build a real changing room for the kids.  
  
She grabbed one of the curtains and gave a yank. She shouldn’t have taken her frustration out on the innocent curtain. But it was too late to catch her error. The rod which was holding it up broke from its wall mount and crashed to the tile floor with a loud clang. Half her changing room was now lying in a heap on the ground.  
  
“SHIT”  
  
Any nearby employees were sure to have been alerted by the noise and were on their way to investigate. Had she been dressed, Rachel would have waited for someone to respond and calmly explained what happened. But being completely naked and suddenly exposed to half the store she panicked and ran.  
  
She ran as best she could while staying low to avoid detection. She followed the same path from earlier only this time she didn’t have the benefit of a children’s dress for cover. She was almost to the infants section 150 feet away before she dared to look back.  
  
“Shit”  
  
The same employee whom she had sent on the bedding goose chase was standing over the changing station studying the carnage. Rachel bent over and huddled behind a rack of baby clothes while she watched the scene unfold. The employee picked up the broken rod and laid it against the wall. Then he picked up the curtain and folded it over a nearby rack. That’s when he noticed the dress underneath. It resembled the one that eccentric girl was wearing over in bedding, but it still had a tag attached. He stood up and suspiciously looked around for any evidence of the girl.  
  
Rachel bent lower and waited for him to give up the search. She was so fixated on the scene she didn’t even notice the two boys walk up behind her.  
  
“Hey look, it’s the slut”  
  
Rachel froze. She had been caught. An image formed in her mind of being arrested for streaking; of being handcuffed and marched naked through the mall.  
  
Until the other boy spoke up “No, you mean stripper”  
  
“No I mean slut...but why does she have two bottoms?”  
  
“You don’t know anything. That one’s not a bottom…and she’s a stripper, my dad said!”  
  
“NO. Slut!”  
  
“Stripper…slut…stripper”  
  
Rachel recognized the argument as the same one from the boys on the bicycles. She turned around to confirm. “SHHH!” she tried to quiet them. If she couldn’t get them to settle down she was in big trouble.  
  
The boys dropped their argument and went back to staring at her naked body. After a few awkward moments she asked them “don’t you have to be somewhere?”  
  
In unison they responded “no”  
  
\*\*argh! Think, girl.  
  
“Wanna…play hide and seek?”  
  
Even the younger boy saw right through her ploy, “My big brother tries to do that to me all the time. No way!”  
  
“I’ll give you a special prize if you go away.” It was a weak offer because she clearly had nothing to give.  
  
He called her bluff. “You’re just trying to get rid of us. You don’t have any prizes.”  
  
But she saw the gears turning in the older boy’s mind. He developed an idea than said, “OK we’ll go away and leave you alone if you let us touch your boobies first”.  
  
“No way.”  
  
“Why not?” the boy had made a plan. He wasn’t going to let her reject his proposal that easily.  
  
“It’s not proper” Rachel tried but he didn’t accept her explanation.  
“So walking around a store naked is proper? I think it a fair trade. You let us touch your boobies and we’ll leave you alone.” Then he added “…or we could just follow you around making noise to everyone we see!”  
  
He had figured out Rachel’s vulnerability. He was old enough to know you can’t walk around a mall naked without getting in trouble. He was also old enough to be interested in what Rachel’s body possessed that his didn’t. Rachel couldn’t believe how boldly he had made such an indecent offer. She was being blackmailed by a preteen punk.  
  
She wracked her brain for a way out but the blackmail was airtight.  
  
\*\*It won’t be so bad. Just let the little bastards cop a feel and then they’ll be gone….It’ll probably give them the thrill of their life.  
  
“OK fine. But then you have to leave without telling anyone.” She knelt down behind the clothes rack then pulled her elbows behind her to offer her breasts up. She held her pose despite a twinge of apprehension. Any grown man would kill for the chance to be the first to hold Rachel’s naked virgin breasts in his hands. The younger boy merely giggled in amusement unable to really appreciate Rachel’s offering.  
  
Rachel figured the older boy had never touched a girl in this way before but was old enough to know he was about to experience something special. He stepped up and positioned one hand under each breast then slowly slid them into place on her bosom.  
  
Rachel flinched at the first touch. Her heart pounded the seconds away. She felt her nipples harden and prayed he wouldn’t notice. But there was no way not to notice and soon he was sliding his hands up her smooth mounds to intercept. The first touch on her nipples made fireworks explode before her eyes. She gasped and started to twist away but made herself get back in position. The tween’s eyes got big and his mouth dropped open as he watched Rachel squirm and pant under his hands. Each breath made her breasts swell to fill his cupped palms. If he hadn’t hit puberty yet it was fast approaching and Rachel’s performance was accelerating the process.  
  
Rachel lost track of time as the boy’s hands settled into a slow caressing stroke. The friction on the surrounding flesh was certainly stimulating, but it was the occasional contact with an engorged nipple which caused all her squirming. She writhed under his touch which only aided his work. It was hard to tell if Rachel was trying to move away or increase the stimulation for her own benefit. She should have called “time” and ended it but she was lost in arousal. It supported the theory that her nipples were the cause of her troubles and became extremely dangerous when aroused.  
  
The boy too quickly figured out the connection between her nipples and her erotic reactions. He was thoroughly enjoying the experience evidenced by the bulge in his pants. Of course he was not about to offer to stop on his own. Rachel started mixing short involuntarily whimpers into her panting. She gave up all pretense of moving away and leaned into his touch to maximize the pressure on her breasts. A familiar sensation started building within her. The long suppressed orgasm was forthcoming. She was out of control because of his relentless assault on her naked chest. Until he decided to let up she was powerless to do anything but continue down the path toward a screaming orgasm. Her fate was literally in his hands.  
  
On his face she saw a familiar look. It was the same look any grown male would have in his position; raw lust. He was driving a naked teenage nymph to the peak of pleasure. Any hope of him stopping was dashed. The last thought she had before closing her eyes to succumb to the inevitable was that this boy might not have been as innocent or as young as she first thought…

**Part 31**

Coach Ron couldn’t stop thinking about Rachel. Back at his apartment, he was planning for the upcoming week’s practice schedule. As he thought through the different training stations he couldn’t help but picture Rachel on each piece of equipment. Underneath all the soft skin and sexy curves was the firmness of youth. He practically salivated over the thought of seeing Rachel work the equipment wearing nothing but her newly modified swimsuit.  
  
One thing did bother him about that. She had not greeted him when he dropped off the modification at her house. Surely once she saw it she would have some questions for him yet he hadn’t received so much as a phone call. He didn’t know how to feel about that. Part of him wanted to call her and find out what she thought. But he was worried that would be too obvious. Better to let her believe he hadn’t given the device another thought after delivering it. He decided to write a group email to the team about the upcoming week. Maybe he could gauge her impression if she responded.  
  
His supply company buddy must have been curious about the result too because just then Coach Ron’s phone started ringing.  
  
“Ron, I can’t stop thinking about your young swimmer friend.”  
  
“Tell me about it Pete. You’re half way around the world and I’m just across town.”  
  
“That’s what I wanted to talk about. My company is sending me to the states for a 4 day trade show this week. I really only have to show up the last day. Since you’re such a big shot over the program, I thought I could fly down and see your operation. Maybe sit in on a few swim practices.”  
  
“Technically, the practices are supposed to be closed to outsiders.”  
  
Pete persisted, “Come on buddy. You owe me one. Surely you could figure a way around the rules. I could be an equipment expert or a medical consultant. From what you told me about the school board vote you are free to do whatever you want, right?”  
  
Coach Ron pondered Pete’s suggestion, “Well I have been pushing people around a lot lately. That’s what got me into hot water in the first place. I was planning to lay low for a while and let things blow over.” but the idea had already taken root. Coach Ron had set the precedent of being eccentric. If he toned down the craziness now, people might get suspicious. It was right in line with his manufactured personality to bring in one of his own experts. Besides, he did owe Pete for all he had done.  
  
“I’ll figure out a way to work you into a practice. I guess I owe you that much. Just try not to stare at the girls too much, okay?”  
  
Pete promised and hung up. Then Coach Ron started working a newcomer into his plans for the week. He wasn’t surprised when the phone rang again. He was half expecting a call from Bystander sometime this weekend…  
  
Rachel had to use all her will to maintain control over her hands. They urgently wanted to move around and start fondling her pussy lips. But even in the height of arousal she had enough self control to keep from openly masturbating in front of the two boys. It was the only thing prolonging her release. The stimulation on her breasts alone might not be enough to push her over the edge. She would soon find out. She was too far gone to call off the assault and the boy was not about to let up. Her breaths were coming in quick short gasps now.  
  
Rachel suppressed another squeal as a nipple was tweaked. It took all she had to keep her hands behind her and plastered to her butt as the boy continued experimenting with different combinations. First he would rub the outsides of her breasts then he would move one hand in to attack its target. He let her nipple poke between his fingers and rotated his palm for a few seconds. Rachel bucked under his touch in erotic agony until he let up. Then he moved his hand underneath to lift the heavy boob. The glands shifted below her skin and she almost cried out in passion.  
  
It was like a game to him. She held herself back from release yet didn’t stop him. Her body writhed with erotic tension but there was a look of pain on her face. He just had to figure out the correct combination to solve the puzzle and unlock the prize that so desperately wanted out.  
  
He setup for his next assault. This time he moved his hands in parallel just outside her areolas. He was going to hit both nipples at once and start pinching. The surprise move would either push her over the edge or break her out of the trance. He figured the game had to end sometime. It would be fun to watch the finale either way.  
  
The boy’s hands were in position and he was just about to make his final move when…

**Part 32**

“Attention shoppers. The store will be closing in 15 minutes. Please make your final selections at this time and proceed to the front of the store. We appreciate your patronage.”  
  
Rachel’s eyes shot open and she looked around wildly. The boy got scared and retracted his hands from her body.  
  
“UM…We gotta go…..Thank you.” He felt genuinely grateful for what Rachel had just given him.  
  
The younger boy wasn’t so happy with the outcome of the deal “Wait a minute. I didn’t get my turn!”  
  
But his friend put him in line. “Forget it. They’re closing. If we’re not at the food court when your brother gets off work, he’ll leave without us. Do you want to walk home?” That shut the boy up and he followed his friend’s lead down the aisle and out of sight.  
  
Rachel’s stood up on wobbly legs. Her body was still in a hormonal daze from the near miss it had just experienced. She had just let a kid openly fondle her naked breasts for more than a few minutes. She didn’t have to allow it, but hadn’t stopped him. It was the first time a member of the opposite sex had touched one of her intimate areas. Was she supposed to consider it a sexual experience even though he was so young?  
  
\*\*How many minutes was it? Did I almost…? What is wrong with me?  
  
Her nipples were raw from being overworked yet they still ached for more. The store announcement was a wake up call. She had to get back to the changing room or at least back to the clearance racks. She had no excuse for being naked in the baby clothes section.  
  
She resumed her surveillance of the changing area which she had been watching before the boys interrupted. There was no sign of the employee. If she was going to make it back and finish her shopping before the store closed she had to start moving. This time she stood straight. Stealth was not as important because the store was clearing out. She just needed to hurry.  
  
Straight toward the one remaining changing curtain she walked. She was still very tense and jumped at every movement and noise around her. But despite her nudity, or maybe because of it, she found herself enjoying the nude scamper. Tuning into the world around her to such a high degree made her feel so alive; though the prospect of getting caught made her feel sick.  
  
She would be more than ready for her nudity to end when she got back to the changing station. Her plan was to quickly slip on the dress she had dropped in her earlier panic and move away in case the helpful employee decided to come back around.  
  
As soon as she was back to the changing station a problem presented itself. Rachel looked around frantically but couldn’t find the dress. She soon realized she would not find it because the vigilant employee had returned it to its place after cleaning up the broken curtain. She would have to be naked a bit longer, just until she could get back to the clearance racks in the older kids’ section. Then she could pick an outfit and finish shopping.  
  
Eric’s mother was waiting by the clearance racks. It raised her eyebrows to see the naked girl approach. “Rachel! You ran off again. What in the world have you been up to? And do you mind telling me what happened to the dress you were supposed to be trying on?”  
  
Rachel was too embarrassed to talk about her encounter with the two neighbor boys. She said “The changing room broke” And left it at that. It didn’t explain what happened to the dress or why she was naked. Eric’s mom could tell Rachel wasn’t telling her everything, but she didn’t have time to pry.  
  
“Well we’re really out of time now. If we don’t hurry they’re going to close down the cash registers and we’ll be forced to go home empty handed.”  
  
Rachel’s reaction was priceless “But I won’t have anything to wear! You can’t make me go home…n…naked!”  
  
“You brought this on yourself, young lady. I don’t know what you’ve been up to but you’ve squandered all your shopping time. Now you better buckle down and focus for the next few minutes or you will be sorry. And you better believe I will follow through too. You played games with me all afternoon and wasted my time. I don’t have any problem making you wear Lily’s dress to school all week.”  
  
The only thing Rachel really owned beside Lily’s dress was her swim uniform and she would rather not wear that anywhere besides swim practice. Rachel hated how Eric’s mom berated her like a naughty child. But she had the upper hand. She had the cash and the car keys. Rachel had nothing. Not even clothes to cover herself. She wrapped her arms around herself and promised to behave.  
  
“Good. Now we have to take some drastic shortcuts if we’re going make it to the register on time. It will take to long to go back and forth to the changing room. You can try them on here, ok?” Rachel nodded as Eric’s mom grabbed the first outfit “Excellent! Let’s see, I had lots of things on the list but we’ll have to just focus on the bare essentials. Since you ruined your nightgowns, you’ll need something to wear around the house in the evenings. Try this on, I’ll be right back.”  
  
Rachel wanted to question that line of reasoning, but Eric’s mom was already walking away and she didn’t want to call her bluff about leaving empty handed.  
  
\*\*Ugh. She’s probably going to get another see through number.  
  
It was a light weight summer dress with spaghetti straps. It was all white with a couple of sewn on flowers near the bottom. It was cute but clearly way too small. Once again, the obvious problems with Rachel’s maturing frame manifested in the too small dress as she worked her body into it. Her bust was much too big and bulged out the top. And her long torso made the dress scandalously short. In fact it looked more like a long shirt than a dress. Eric’s mom came back carrying a nightgown.  
  
“I don’t think this one is going to work”  
  
But Eric’s mom had other plans. “Oh I don’t know. It’s pretty cute. Being the end of summer we can get it at a deep discount.”  
  
Rachel tried to point out the obvious flaws “It’s too tight around here” she pointed to her chest. “And it’s pretty short” she turned around for proof. The fact that her bottom was hanging out the back reminded her to ask “did you bring some other size panties?”  
  
Eric’s mom had been waiting for that question. She had to mask her enjoyment as she broke the bad new to the girl, “unfortunately, I went to customer service to return those panties you tried on. But it’s store policy. You cannot return intimates after you’ve worn them. You should have checked with me instead of rushing to open this package. We obviously can’t afford a second package. It is the result of your carelessness. You’ll have to live with it.”  
  
Rachel was crushed. In many ways those tiny panties were worse than wearing nothing down there. But Eric’s mom had already moved on to studying the summer dress “Hmm. It does look a little tight, but I think it will be OK with a few alterations. I don’t mind breaking out my sewing machine to save a few bucks. Let’s put this in the ‘buy’ pile. Here, try this on.” She passed Rachel the nightgown next.  
  
There was no time for modesty now as the time ticked away. Rachel couldn’t believe herself as she stripped off the summer dress. The store was deserted by now but it still felt weird to be taking her clothes off out in the open like that.  
  
“What about the bras?”  
  
Another expected question with a prepared response from Eric’s mom. “You’re so young you hardly need a bra yet. They can get really expensive. It’s best we just stick to the essentials.” even Eric’s mom had trouble delivering such a ridiculous line without bursting out in laughter. If anybody needed a bra it was Rachel. Her massive boobs had bulged out of every outfit so far and her stiff nipples poked through as well. Rachel looked disappointed but had to accept the news. Even face to face with her maturing body, Eric’s mom refused to see Rachel as anything more than just a girl. Rachel could have stopped and presented her obvious case for needing a bra. But that would take too much of something she didn’t have enough of; time. And she didn’t want to be stuck riding home naked.  
  
Rachel was cheered up a bit when she Eric’s mom handed her the next article. It was a typical girl’s floor length nightgown; perfectly modest. But her happiness only lasted until she got it over her head. There were thin ribbons laced throughout the top half in a delicate crisscross pattern. The cotton material stretched but the ribbons did not. It felt like a corset. The ribbons constricted her chest so much Rachel could barely breathe. “Uh, uh. It’s too tight.” Rachel pulled it back off.  
  
Eric’s mom was expecting that. She had picked out this nightgown specifically for that reason. It was fun to watch Rachel labor over the decision in front of her. Either she accepted the outfits provided or she went without clothes. “Rachel you have rejected every outfit we found so far. You have to work with me.”  
  
Rachel knew no amount of alterations would make that nightgown work.  
  
“It’s too tight around my…my boobs.” She blushed. Even though Eric’s mom had seen her naked chest many times and they were even now completely exposed, it was different for her to talk about them so openly. “Maybe we can stop by the underwear display on the way to the register. I can pick something out quickly without even trying it on.”  
  
Eric’s mom took the nightgown back with a huff. Rachel had found a loophole and was fighting to regain control admirably. Fortunately the store’s announcement allowed Eric’s mom to turn the tables. Rachel lost her composure because of it. She allowed Eric’s mom to set the agenda for the next 5 minutes. And that seemingly insignificant decision turned out to have embarrassing consequences for Rachel in so many ways…

**Part 33**

“So now you want a designer nightgown?”  
  
“No it’s just that one is too small on top. It’s nice but…I need to be able to breathe!” Rachel explained while moving on to the next outfit. Was she going to find anything worth buying today? She noticed something strange about it as she looked at the tag. Hope flickered. The peasant girl outfit was actually her size! Yet it had a red clearance tag. \*\*There must be a catch\*\* she thought.  
  
The cute pleated bust had enough material to contain even her impressive assets. The stylish top was designed to hang loosely over the shoulders. A ribbon laced all the way around the top and could be pulled into bow in front. This allowed the wearer to control how much cleavage was showing. The short sleeves could be worn on or off the shoulder. That’s when Rachel realized the catch. The ribbon was missing from the top.  
  
Without the ribbon, only a thin elastic band kept the large opening in place. The material draped precariously over her mounds flirting with disaster at any moment. That moment arrived when Rachel bent down to step into the knee length skirt. The shirt gave up its battle with gravity and slid off her shoulders like water; pooling at her waist.  
  
Eric’s mom could see Rachel about to reject the outfit over that flaw. She had to intervene “Don’t worry about that ribbon. I can replace it at home. Overall this is a better fit than anything else you’ve tried on so far” then with a wink “Besides, you keep complaining about tight clothes. You can sure breathe in this, right?”  
  
Rachel finished stepping into the matching skirt before pulling the peasant girl blouse back up. It stayed up if she kept her arms raised slightly. Any lowering would cause it to slide back off her shoulders and nearly expose her breasts.  
  
Once she buttoned up the skirt she understood how this outfit got into the clearance section in the first place. The pleated wrap around skirt had a plaid pattern and off center buttons in front. It was her size and a cute style. In fact, it fit her perfectly. The top missing button was its only problem really; but clearly the reason it had been moved to clearance.  
  
Despite having to keep one hand on her waist to hold the skirt up Rachel talked herself into liking the outfit. If Eric’s mom could fix the blouse and replace a single button on the skirt she might have something worth wearing. She looked back over the clearance rack with a new eye. Maybe she had overlooked some other cute things which would fit her. She didn’t trust Eric’s mom. She had to take matters into her own hands if she was going to get out of here with decent options.  
  
But it was too late to get engaged in the shopping process.  
  
“Attention shoppers. The store is closing in 5 minutes. This is your last chance to make purchases. We thank you for the chance to serve you today and look forward to seeing you again in the near future!”  
  
Rachel looked at Eric’s mom with alarm. She was more worried about the threat of going home ‘empty handed’ than anything else. Eric’s mom seized the opening. “Well that’s that. No more time to try on outfits. It’s a shame. There were so many other things we needed too. Just have to count everything we have so far and make do.”  
  
The list of completed outfits was very short. Counting Lily’s dress they only had 3 outfits for school; and two would require significant alterations before wearing. There was no other way for Rachel to describe the shopping trip except unmitigated disaster. Eric’s mom quickly held up a couple more outfits as she added up the prices in her head. “Just have to take a guess at these. I think they’ll work. If not I should be able to modify them without too much trouble. Let’s see, that should get us up to 5 outfits. Still need to get that nightgown…” she looked at Rachel’s bare feet “and did you want to get some shoes?”  
  
A new pair of shoes was high on Rachel’s wish list. She nodded vigorously just as Eric’s mom had hoped. “We’ll have to split up. I’ll take these things and checkout. I can stop by the intimates section on the way and pick up some socks and a nightgown” the fear in Rachel’s eyes made her quickly add “Don’t worry, I’ll make sure it’s not so restrictive as the last one. I have a pretty good idea of your size by now.”  
  
She handed Rachel some money “Here’s $15. You head over to the shoe department. I know it’s not much, but it’s all you have left and you can pick out something nice and sensible with that. When you’re done go ahead and checkout. I’ll meet you at the car.”  
  
Rachel took the money and watched Eric’s mom gather up the outfits with a sense of urgency “Snap out of it Rachel. We must hurry now.” Then she was gone.  
  
It took several seconds before the reality set in. Rachel had a job to do. She had to get to the shoe department and checkout before the store closed in less than 5 minutes. She didn’t like being rushed. How could anyone pick out the right pair of shoes in a matter of minutes with only $15 dollars? Standing around like a statue wasn’t helping though.  
  
She broke out of her stupor and took two big steps in the right direction. Immediately her skirt slipped off her hips and shot to the ground almost tripping her. In taking the money from Eric’s mom she had removed her hand from her waist. The blouse would have been long enough to barely cover her intimate areas except she had to keep her other hand raised. The blouse sat skewed on her body. It covered from one shoulder down to the opposite hip but it was obvious she was naked underneath. Rachel looked around quickly thankful that no one else was around to see the accidental strip.  
  
She vowed to avoid any further wardrobe missteps at least until the outfit could be properly repaired. Then she pulled her skirt back up and cautiously resumed her trek. With one hand on her skirt and the other holding the money at shoulder level in front of her she made good time to the shoe department. She figured she had about 1 minute to pick out a pair of sensible shoes and checkout.  
  
\*\*This is impossible!  
  
Everything was too expensive beyond plastic lounge shoes or flip flops. Rachel frantically scanned the aisles looking for anything else that would work. She caught the eye of and employee. She didn’t want attention right now but she needed his help.  
  
“Miss, this department is closed. You need to head to the exit.” His eyes got wide as he approached. The beauty standing before him was flashing body parts left and right.  
  
Rachel looked at him with pleading eyes, “please. I just need one pair of shoes but I don’t have a lot of money. Do you have a clearance rack or something?”  
  
“Like I said this department is already closed” her body deflated at his response causing her top to shift enticingly over her ample assets. He looked her up and down. Her skirt sat low on her hips. \*\*She must be wearing skimpy panties\*\* Then noticed she was barefoot. She stood there holding her outfit together and nervously shifting her weight while he deliberated. He was supposed to close his department early to ensure it was clean before quitting time. What if he stayed open a few more minutes? Would his manager ever know? Was he willing to risk his job just on the chance she would flash something inadvertently? The scene before him weakened his rationality and made up his mind for him.  
  
“I suppose I can make an exception just this once” her entire body perked up and her face beamed. “We have a few clearance items over here.” It was a gamble for sure, but he was willing to take the risk for just the chance at seeing what she was struggling to hide from view.  
  
Rachel followed him past a few aisles to a far wall. Being the clearance section there were no seats nearby. There were also no shoes on display. Only boxes stacked up from floor to ceiling. He asked her size and quickly pulled out a few selections. Rachel could never have sorted through the hundreds of boxes without his help. She was silently thankful for his sudden change in attitude. She didn’t know it yet, but Rachel was about to reward his kindness in the most embarrassing way possible. The gamble he made by assisting her was about to hit the jackpot…

**Part 34**

The shoe department employee eyed the clock willing his manager not to walk by. He hoped to guide Rachel over to a chair and help her into various shoes, but she was in too much of a hurry. Rachel took the first box he offered threw the shoes on the ground. They were simple sneakers on sale for $12.99. She stepped into them but the right heel was folded over itself. She leaned against the wall of shoes and carefully pulled her right foot up behind her to fix the heel.  
  
The employee watched in anticipation as the girl balanced precariously on one foot. She had to let go of her waistband to adjust the shoe. The skirt slipped down a couple inches then stuck on her hip bones. An invisible hand held it in place while she fought with the stubborn heel. Rachel’s other hand was holding the cash and resting on a shoebox against the wall for stability. Her arm dutifully raised to maintain her shirt’s modesty. She started to lose her balance and put her foot down but the heel was still off.  
  
She lifted her foot a second time. The skirt shifted even lower. The employee still couldn’t see a panty line even though her skirt was now well below her waist. He had planned on sneaking peeks while he ‘helped’ her but she was doing a good enough job on her own so he just stood there and drooled with a kind smile on his face. Rachel could feel her skirt slipping. She had put herself in this untenable position. She should have found a seat but she was determined to finish as quickly as possible.  
  
\*\*Just one more tug and the heel…will…be…fixed.  
  
All the digging into her shoe made her lose balance again. This time instead of putting her foot down she leaned more heavily on the wall for support. That was a huge mistake. Instead of meeting the solid wall like she expected, she discovered she had actually been leaning on shoe boxes stacked tightly from floor to ceiling with nothing behind. The stack couldn’t handle the extra pressure and started to give way. Rachel felt herself losing equilibrium.  
  
She soon realized her mistake and started to put her other foot back down but failed. In her persistent attempt to fix the heel her fingers had become wedged into the shoe and wouldn’t budge. Her body was already tipping into the false wall despite shifting around on her one free foot. She needed both hands and feet to truly regain balance. She waived her one free hand in an attempt to buy time while yanking her trapped fingers. The balancing act was quite a spectacle especially with the added danger of impending exposure.  
  
Rachel’s arm waiving did little to improve her balance situation but did produce another unfortunate result. All the motion caused her blouse to slip off her shoulder. It started its steady slide down her body exposing girl parts along the way. Rachel panicked as her exquisite breasts sprang free for the benefit of the employee.  
  
With a desperate heave her fingers came loose but the quick upward movement made her pull her entire arm right out of the sleeve. She stomped her foot down and braced herself against the wall with both hands but nothing would stop her now until she hit the floor.  
  
Now that Rachel’s arms were free nothing stopped the blouse from sliding down to her waist. She was giving this lucky man more than a peek at her hardening pink nipples and supple breasts but the sooner she regained her balance the sooner she could cover up properly. There was nothing else nearby for her hands to find purchase on but the caving wall of shoeboxes.  
  
She stood bent over in an agonizingly slow motion fall. Her breasts were exposed but at least she could rely on the shirt to stop when it reached her waist. Or so she thought. Unfortunately this time her blouse had too much momentum. It caught her skirt as it continued cascading down her body. Rachel yelped in surprise as both articles of clothing dropped to the ground together. She looked back at the employee for help. His eyes bulged out and his jaw was slack. He had hoped to catch a glimpse between her legs, but he absolutely did not expect to see every inch of her perfect naked body including a completely bare shaved pussy.  
  
“Oh my gosh! I’m so sorry!” she tried to apologize for her lewd display as the wall finally collapsed. She hit the ground hard and was soon buried under the mountain of boxes and shoes. Rachel would have preferred to die of shame right there. Her second choice was to curl up into a ball and stay hidden under the boxes forever. But the employee had other plans. He could see bare limbs and bits of skin mixed throughout the pile of shoes before him. He couldn’t wait to excavate the sexy naked prize that lay beneath.  
  
Rachel tried to regain her wits as each box was removed from above her. The first order of business was getting her clothes back on. She reached down by her feet and felt for cloth. She couldn’t see anything and had trouble moving around. She snagged something and pulled it up; her blouse. She struggled into it just as the employee was clearing out the boxes above her. Then she reached back down frantically searching for her skirt which had broken loose in the fall.  
  
The employee saw her hand grasping around and grabbed it; pulling the still bottomless girl from the rubble.  
  
“I’m so sorry! I’ll clean it up.” She pulled the blouse down to cover her nakedness. It was not a good replacement for a proper skirt because there simply wasn’t enough fabric to go around. Her bare bottom hung out the back and when the shirt was pulled down her impressive cleavage bulged out the top of the scoop neck. The only thing saving her from another exposure were her perky nipples catching on the top seam. “Um…I seem to have lost my skirt.”  
  
The helpful employee smiled and pretended to dig around. He saw her skirt lying under the boxes but wasn’t in a hurry to actually find it. He could have watched Rachel in her current state of dress all day.  
  
“Attention Shoppers. The store is now closed. Employees close out your stations and come to the front of the store for final instructions. Thank you.”  
  
His fun was over. He ‘found’ her skirt and held it up for her to step into. The girl gladly accepted the covering but still looked distressed. He knew why.  
  
“Is there any way I can still checkout? I really need these shoes.”  
  
Considering she had arrived barefoot he couldn’t disagree with that “The registers shutdown automatically. But I could probably call a favor in at customer service.”  
  
Rachel looked at the carnage around her. “I’m sorry about the mess.”  
  
“Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of it” he would gladly do the extra work in exchange for watching Rachel’s balancing act strip show. He could probably even blame it on a shopper and get his manager to pay overtime to clean it up. That made him smile even more. “Follow me.”  
  
He started toward customer service, but Rachel stopped him. “I dropped my money!” They both dug around for about a minute but could only find $10.  
  
“Don’t worry about it. I’ll cover you. I’m sure to find the money when I clean this up.”  
  
Rachel wanted to hug him. He was going way beyond the duties of a regular employee. She walked happily beside him to customer service where another dilemma awaited her…

**Part 35**

Eric’s mom waited impatiently in the car; her own task having long been completed.  
  
\*\*The tart wants something she can breathe in? She has breasts of a goddess and she still finds a way to complain!  
  
She smiled wickedly. Rachel would not be able to accuse her of not listening. The nightgown she had picked out solved Rachel’s maturing problem perfectly. Never mind the pieces she had conveniently discarded. She couldn’t wait to show it off to Richard. Eric’s mom was in for another exciting night.  
  
The setting sun reminded her to check the time. She couldn’t imagine what was making Rachel so late. The store was closed but Rachel had somehow managed to screw up even the simple task of picking out shoes.  
  
\*\*What is that girl up to?  
  
She would know one way or another once Rachel exited the building…  
  
The friendly employee left Rachel at customer service with an extra $5. He was already late to the end of day meeting so he had to say ‘goodbye’. This time Rachel did hug him in thanks. He could feel her warm flesh pressing into him and reveled every instant. He hated to leave.  
  
The customer service lady was not so kind. She begrudgingly agreed to check Rachel out but eyed her suspiciously “Your total comes to $14.03”  
  
Rachel said “keep the change” and thanked the lady. Without pockets there was no point in holding the loose coins. The lady gave a cold response and Rachel turned to leave. As she neared the exit at the front of the store she saw all the employees gathered for their end of day meeting. Her new friend had been dismissed from the meeting early to go clean the mess in his department. She picked the furthest door in hopes of slipping out without drawing attention to herself. It didn’t work.  
  
“BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP”  
  
\*\*Uh Oh  
  
The meeting was suspended and the group walked over to investigate the noise. Rachel looked around wildly.  
  
\*\*Is it the shoplifting alarms? But I paid for these shoes!  
  
Rachel didn’t have her receipt but the customer service rep could easily prove her ownership. She should have stayed and explained, but something insider her was telling her to make a run for it.  
  
The urge to flee was so strong Rachel didn’t even stop to think about her outfit. Eric’s mom hadn’t paid for it yet so it technically still belonged to the store. Convinced the detectors were malfunctioning Rachel made up her mind and turned toward the exit. She only made it two steps.  
  
“POOF. Hsssssss…”  
  
The skirt had a security ink tag. Once Rachel got too close to the exit a magnetic field remotely triggered the tag releasing blue ink all over her skirt. Rachel froze. Now she was in real trouble. Running was no longer an option. She turned to face her fate.  
  
She had to endure the eyes of every employee on her as she gave her side of the story.   
“…but I only had $15. It was an honest mistake. I have more money in my car. If you will just let me…” the manager cut her off. He wasn’t buying it. “Listen miss, I don’t know what you’re trying to pull by sneaking out wearing store merchandise. And you haven’t explained what happened to your old clothes. In fact you haven’t given me any good explanations so far! I have little reason to trust you.”  
  
The manager thought she was up to something. Playing some sort of game with them or a dare. No one wears a single article of clothing into a store, returns it, and then tries to walk out in other clothes they didn’t buy. She had to expect to be caught and forced to return the stolen clothes. But from the looks of what she was flashing under the outfit she wasn’t even wearing underwear.  
  
\*\*Is that why she did it? Possible…but now that she’s caught she looks genuinely scared of the consequences. And how do the shoes fit into the story? It doesn’t add up.  
  
Because Rachel couldn’t produce a receipt for the shoes, the manager first checked with customer service to confirm that part of the story. He verified the girl had bought shoes but no clothes. It was almost like she had set everything up this way. She was forcing him to take the clothes off her back and leave her naked.  
  
He felt like a tool in her game and he didn’t like it. Taking clothes away from an attempted exhibitionist played right into her scheme and was no punishment at all. But she couldn’t be allowed to leave with stolen merchandise. He needed a way to further test her motives. He devised a clever test. He would judge her reaction and choose an appropriate method of reparation for her misdeeds.  
  
“We normally have a zero tolerance policy for shoplifters. But this is a little unusual. I’ll allow you to leave without pressing charges if you agree to come back and make things right. You must be an example for others that shoplifters are not tolerated here and they will be caught.”  
  
Rachel jumped at the offer. She didn’t like the idea of being an ‘example for others’ but she probably deserved it after trying to run. And the offered terms were better than being arrested. She left her contact information and agreed to come back for the next 4 Sundays to be the ‘example’.  
  
It was time for the test. The manager started by saying “now let’s see what damage you’ve done”. Then he reached down and grabbed one of the pleats on Rachel’s skirt. He had a right and he handled it with authority. It was his property after all. It didn’t matter that the girl was currently using it to conceal her body. That was not his problem. He lifted the hem on one side to her waist. Rachel yelped in surprise as her naked hip was exposed but didn’t protest. She just stood in place and accepted his scrutiny.  
  
He worked around her pretending to study every seam of the skirt gathering each pleat into his hand as he went. He worked all the way around behind her so that her naked bottom was uncovered. One look at her naked behind and the manager almost lost it. She was so firm and tight all the way around. Her skin was smooth with the magic of youth. Nothing sagged. He regretted the offer he had just made. Now that he had seen the prize, he would have gladly allowed her to be an exhibitionist in his store.  
  
By now most of the skirt was raised. Only the front remained in place. Rachel eyed the manager nervously; afraid he would continue and expose her pussy. The manager was very tempted to finish his tour around her body. But he had found what he was looking for in one of the folds and had to stop.  
  
He dropped the skirt and held the spent ink cartridge in his hand as he laid down the gauntlet for the girl. “I’m glad to see our upgraded tag security system works. Of course I can’t let you take it out of the store. Thieves would love get their hands on one of these tags to see how it works. I assume you still want to buy the blouse?” He used the excuse to stare at her tits standing proud underneath the white cotton material.  
  
Rachel indicated her desire to keep the blouse by nodding. “Since you’ve already paid $15 for the shoes, I will allow you to exchange it for the blouse. You may do that or keep the shoes. It makes no difference to me what you decide. Just leave the other item here and I’ll see you next Sunday at 2:00pm sharp.”  
  
The manager dismissed the other employees then took up position several feet away to await her decision. Many employees left but several stayed in the chance she would actually go through with it. A rare opportunity to see a smoking hot teenager take her clothes off. Rachel only recognized one of the employees. The same one from the bedding department whom she had tricked earlier. His grin indicated he was not about to budge until she had made her choice…

**Part 36**

The skirt was ruined anyway from the giant ink stain. Rachel looked at the security tag hanging within one of the folds.  
  
\*\*How did I not notice that before?  
  
Going bottomless would be humiliating but the manger had spoken; the skirt had to go. She first slipped out of her shoes to avoid getting ink on them. They came off frustratingly easy.  
  
\*\*Why couldn’t they have slipped on that easily?  
  
Decision time. She had worked so hard to get these shoes. She hated to leave them here at the finish line. But could she really do what it takes to keep them? Everyone had already seen her naked bottom, but her body contained many more enticing areas yet to be revealed. Removing the skirt would be a good first test. Every eye followed her skirt as she lowered it to the ground and stepped out. The room was silent to appreciate the uninterrupted view of her long tone legs.  
  
The peasant blouse hung crooked on her frame and over one shoulder. She held the opposite hem down to cover her privates. Her heart pounded. Now she was showing way too much skin. She knew the people behind her were getting another nice view of her bottom. Would it really be that much worse to take her top off? With the shirt barely clinging to her shoulder it wouldn’t take more than a simple shrug for her to lose it and become naked.  
  
Rachel stood there for several seconds building up nerve. She agonized over the decision both physically and mentally. Her body would start the movement to shed the blouse then her mind would overrule and stop her. Everyone watched the young beauty war within herself. Even the manger was rooting for her to complete the strip. She started to lose her last vestige several times but in the end she couldn’t do it. Not with everyone standing around staring at her like that. Leaving her shoes on the floor Rachel turned and shuffled out of the store in shame.  
  
The manager was a little surprised that she didn’t choose nakedness. He had convinced himself that she was some closet exhibitionist looking for a thrill at the store’s expense. After seeing a little more of her perfect body and the way she acted truly humiliated he privately wondered if her story was true.  
  
Regardless, the manager knew the perfect way for the girl to make amends for her attempted shoplifting. She would learn a lesson and be a warning for others of what happens to thieves in his store. The fact that she wouldn’t enjoy it would be her punishment. He couldn’t wait for next Sunday to come around when he would get to see more of Rachel’s glorious body.  
  
The sun was setting but the parking lot was still hot. Rachel had to scamper to the car because of her bare feet. She couldn’t look Eric’s mom in the eye. She buckled her seatbelt and stared straight ahead. It had to be a strange sight. Not only had Rachel failed to return with shoes but her skirt was also gone. When asked about it, Rachel said “it’s a long story”. She clearly didn’t want to talk so Eric’s mom started the car and drove off.  
  
They drove for a few miles before Eric’s mom restarted the dialog. “I spoke to your mother while I was waiting for you to come out of the store. I told her about the storage facility…” the reminder hit Rachel like a ton of bricks. She had lost everything. It was the primary reason behind the shopping trip in the first place. But somehow she had managed to finish shopping wearing less clothing than she arrived in.  
  
Rachel looked in the back seat for the rest of the purchases as Eric’s mom talked about the phone conversation. It had been a productive one. She had thanked Eric’s family for keeping Rachel and for the shopping trip.  
  
Rachel’s mom gave a final speech that was music to her ears. “I don’t care what you say. I don’t want you to give Rachel special treatment. You’ve been so kind taking her in these extra days. I’m going to be busy here for a while longer but I hope to make her first swim meet. In the mean time I want you to put Rachel to work around the house. She is used to having chores and I want her to earn her keep.”  
  
Eric’s mom promised take good care of Rachel. They took a more direct route this time because they didn’t need to stop by the storage facility. They were almost home and Rachel wanted to be wearing something more than a blouse when they arrived. But she found nothing in the back seat besides her strength trainer shoes. “Where are the shopping bags?”  
  
“In the trunk.” Eric’s mom could tell Rachel wasn’t listening to her. She felt disrespected. She was trying to explain what her mother had said but Rachel interrupted again “Did you get socks?”  
  
“Oh I got something better than that. Wouldn’t you agree stockings go much better with dresses and skirts than plain old socks?” Rachel didn’t understand. Weren’t stockings just long socks? They pulled into the driveway and Eric’s mom popped the trunk “help me carry these bags in. We’re getting back later than I expected, but I can whip up some dinner.”  
  
Food sounded good to Rachel, but she needed to get inside and properly dressed first. It was dark by now and the coast was clear. She could walk inside wearing just the blouse if she had to but she would prefer to wear something from the trunk before going inside. She grabbed her shoes from the backseat then got out of the car and scampered around to the trunk. Eric’s mom was already at the front door holding most of the bags. Rachel dug around the trunk until she found a single bag. She figured out it was the nightgown Eric’s mom had bought for her but in the dim light she couldn’t see much else. A car started down the street. Rachel quickly held the bag over her front to hide the fact that she was bottomless in the bright headlights. The car passed without noticing. Thankful for the extra covering Rachel went inside.  
  
Richard looked up from the TV as Rachel entered the door. He eyed her outfit but just smiled silently. Rachel held her bag over her legs to help conceal her lack of skirt and headed for the stairs. Before she could get up Eric’s mom called her into the kitchen.  
  
“I will help you work out a chore schedule for tomorrow. Don’t worry about it tonight. I’ll write something up for you later. Just make sure you’ve finished your homework for school tomorrow.”  
  
“Chore schedule?”  
  
“Honestly girl, you really need to work on your listening skills. We already went over this in the car. Your mom told me to give you chores like you do at home. She didn’t want you taking advantage of our hospitality. I told her you were no trouble but she insisted. Now I need to wash your new outfits and figure out what alterations need to be made. You can wear your new nightgown around the house this evening while I wash your new clothes. Don’t worry; you should be able to breathe in the one I picked out.   
  
I’ve already started the water. Go ahead and transfer the clean load to the dryer and add your blouse to the next load. You can change in the laundry room. Dinner will be ready soon.”…

**Part 37**

Rachel was confused and annoyed.  
  
\*\*I didn’t agree to a chore schedule. Surely mom didn’t intend for me to do that. And I suppose I’m supposed to get naked right there in the laundry room? Who does she take me for…Ellie?  
  
Ellie had no problem walking around her house in various states of undress. But this was not Rachel’s own house. Neither was it her family. She walked to the laundry ‘room’ which was little more than an indentation on the way to the garage. It was just around the corner from the living room where Richard was watching TV. She could even see the computer sitting in the corner of the room. At least there were no windows visible from where she was standing.  
  
Rachel first opened the plastic shopping bag and pulled out her nightgown. She made sure it wasn’t some torture device or a transparent ghost gown before giving up her current shirt. Once it passed initial inspection she set it down to complete her ‘chore’. She found the pile of wet clothes sitting on top of the dryer. After pushing the pile in and starting the cycle she turned to the washer. Here she hesitated for a moment. It was already full of water and clothes and awaiting her blouse.  
  
\*\*Might as well get it over with.  
  
She shrugged her shirt off and into the machine and closed the door. The cycle started automatically. She tried to ignore the wave of horniness she felt from being naked and focus on the nightgown. The one piece article was skimpy but had more material than the last one. It was black with red trim. The silky material was slippery and incredibly thin. It was definitely not a little girl’s nightgown. But after the restrictive piece she had tried in the store Rachel was glad for something more appropriate for her age. Of course she would never normally wear something like this around Richard and Eric.  
  
She gathered up the nightgown and was about to pull it over her head when she heard Richard cough in the adjoining room. She froze. It would drive him crazy to know she was standing right around the corner completely naked. Rachel’s mind was screaming to get dressed but her body had other suggestions. It was risky to even entertain her body’s urges outside the privacy of her bedroom. Then again her bedroom door was gone so privacy was an illusion there anyway.  
  
Rachel felt her hormones surging to the surface. Her naked body was compelling her to step around the corner and show itself off to Richard. Her pulse quickened with the thrill of impending exposure. She had to come up with a compromise soon before her body took control. The first thing that came to mind was the new substitute ‘bate maneuver she had performed in the fake bed at the department store. Surely that would satiate her body. Rachel leaned against the wall with her legs spread. She kept the nightgown bunched around her arms in case someone approached and she had to slip it on in a flash.  
  
With a sharp eye on the door she reached between her legs and initiated a gentle but firm stroke on her pussy. The relaxation attempt was working. She felt her risky impulses start to wane as she worked over her lower lips. Her nipples hardened; eager to join in the session. Rachel knew better than to accommodate them. Even the slightest touch would reverse the direction of she was headed and send her arousal spiraling out of control.  
  
Even though Rachel couldn’t touch her nipples she could study them. They were the same light pink color she had always known them to be, but they had changed in other significant ways. When she hit puberty, Rachel’s nipples were little more than nubbins sitting on her flat chest. Occasionally they got hard but the event barely registered through her training bra. Over time she learned that when she got aroused her nipples would swell and poke out. To pinch them was physically rewarding and also convenient because they were so naturally accessible.  
  
The dynamic changed when her breasts developed. Her docile nipples soon had a place of prominence on which to thrive. She found more and more pleasure in them as she matured until they eventually became the primary source of arousal on her body during masturbation. To completely ignore them now went against all her instinctive sensibilities.  
  
But Rachel’s nipples had lately grown beyond mere nubbins and into dangerous objects. They had been barraged with a perpetual cycle of arousal for days; forced to inflate and deflate repeatedly without orgasmic release. The constant exercise combined with the fresh air and lack of restrictive clothing to result in a measurable increase in size.  
  
Even worse, the larger volume seemed to be filled with ultra-sensitive nerve endings. Every pinch triggered an explosion of overwhelming pleasure throughout her body. This was obviously the source of her embarrassing audible outbursts. In addition, the straining and pulling seemed to inflate her breasts to ever greater bulk. The larger her breasts swelled the more prominent her nipples became and the cycle started all over again.  
  
Between regular glances toward the living room, Rachel kept looking down at her chest. She barely recognized that part of her body. Even the coloring on her mounds was different due to her recent outdoor activities. Her bare breasts never received direct sunlight before this week.  
  
Even when she was young and just starting to develop boobs, she would have been embarrassed for someone to see them. But now that she exceeded most girls her age in physical maturity she felt an added responsibility. A nude tan alone was no big deal, but the sun wasn’t the only thing to see her bare breasts these past few days. It was enough to make her doubt the wisdom of so much recent exposure.  
  
Rachel tried to think back. How had various people had reacted when they saw her topless? Coach Ron gave her a strange look at the car wash. She recalled him staring directly at her boobs when he took the advertising sign from her by the road. But besides that single encounter he acted professional around her. Rachel wrote it off as an anomaly of circumstance. He saw women naked all the time at his old job in Switzerland. Surely her teenage rack barely registered on his scale. She moved on to other encounters.  
  
Ellie was a total exception in Rachel’s mind. Her family’s relaxed approach to nudity around the house made them poor gauges of propriety. Ellie’s mom had mentioned something about dressing more modestly around their house guests so there might have been something there. Rachel continued her pussy massage as she thought. The reaction she had received from Ellie’s cousins was more disconcerting. But they were horny teenage boys. They would probably be turned on by the udders on a cow. They were not a good standard either.  
  
Eric’s mom saw Rachel’s nudity as a practical matter. Because she viewed Rachel as a child, modesty was hardly important. It was nothing for her to ask Rachel to walk across the street naked when she returned Lily’s dress. She had also provided Rachel with the sheer nightgown last Thursday. Her philosophy was “enjoy being young while you can” and “don’t be in such a rush to grow up”. Rachel still had nagging doubts about Eric’s mom. But she had been consistent in the way she acted toward Rachel so far.  
  
If Eric’s mom saw her as a child Eric’s dad was another matter completely. Richard did not see a child when he looked at her. Rachel gazed into the living room again. She had learned years ago that the female body had a powerful effect on members of the opposite sex. Richard was a prime example of that effect.  
  
She rarely used her body to flirt or tease guys. But on at least two previous encounters she had intentionally flaunted her nudity in front of Richard. She wasn’t seriously trying to seduce him. But she had to admit she got a rush from flexing her newfound power over men. She had misgivings on some level that her behavior wasn’t right. Why else would she stand here in the hallway trying to assuage her hormones instead of walking around the corner to Richard? She felt like a child given a dangerous toy but unwilling to give it up.  
  
\*\*Am I being immature?  
  
She looked back down at her massive bulging mounds topped by perfectly shaped pink caps. They stuck straight out like magic without any support needed. Her rock hard nipples were pointing up just slightly and still begging for attention. Rachel almost caved in and touched them. She had the rack of a full grown woman with the elasticity of a teenager. The combination was a catalyst of incredible arousal both for her and others.  
  
\*\*How can I expect people to keep their eyes off when I can barely keep my own hands off?  
  
Rachel’s massage session was winding down and she felt less impulsive now. Maybe she was over-analyzing it all. When most people looked at her they probably just saw a clumsy girl fretting over silliness. She would be forced to grow up eventually, but surely she could find a way to keep the toy a little longer.  
  
If she could find a way to control the roller coaster ride of exposure and arousal, she would be able to obtain a more balanced perspective. The first tool would be this new mini-bate. She had mixed feelings about it. Despite feeling relaxed and able to think more clearly afterward, the long term ramifications were as yet unknown.  
  
The scary part was that her arousal never really went away. It just became more manageable. Her nipples were still extremely engorged. They stuck out obscenely; betraying the arousal that churned beneath the surface. They would settle down in time and the ache would go away. But if she were to touch them now she was likely to start screaming in ecstasy on her way to an embarrassingly loud orgasm.  
  
\*\*No! A real ‘bate session is too dangerous. Better to stick with mini-bate sessions for now.  
  
With regular incremental relief Rachel figured she could keep her nipples in check. Being covered by real clothes for a while should help.  
  
Rachel wanted to experiment with the new powers her body possessed, but she resolved to be more selective in wielding them. The nightgown she was holding was a good start. It was skimpy but not transparent like the last one. She could wear it and have her fun in the evenings without being forced to openly display her assets to Richard or Eric. It would also remove the temptation for her to touch her nipples directly. Rachel was happy with the compromise.  
  
However, Rachel had no idea her resolution wouldn’t last 30 seconds before being blown away by the next development.  
  
She smiled as she pulled the nightgown on over her head; oblivious to the impending embarrassment. The silky material easily slid down her arms and onto her body. Just as it was falling into place she was disrupted by a loud noise behind her. It sounded like an explosion. And within moments Rachel was back where she started…

**Part 38**

“Beep…Beep…Beep” Eric was sitting in his room playing a video game when his laptop alarm went off. It was alerting him to new movement in the family room. The laptop recorded everything even when it was just his dad watching TV downstairs. Eric was kind of annoyed by the disruption. He needed to adjust the programming somehow but didn’t want to work on it right now. He reached over to mute the laptop when he noticed something different.  
  
There were two entryways to the family room. From its position the webcam could see not only the living room but also into one of the hallways. Standing in the hallway beside the washing machine was Rachel and she was staring right at him! She was wearing an off-the-shoulder very short dress…or was it just a shirt? Either way she was flashing a lot of leg! She wasn’t really looking at him but actually at the webcam sitting atop the computer in the living room.  
  
Rachel turned away then bent over to shove a pile of clothes into the dryer and her shirt rode up behind her. She was flashing more than just leg. He could see her naked bottom under the shirt. Eric started to get excited. He wasn’t sure his program would work have any success. But he certainly didn’t expect it to pay off so quickly. He was even more shocked a moment later when Rachel stepped to the washing machine.  
  
Eric had jacked off to Rachel’s pool video only a few hours earlier, but when the girl shrugged her shirt off and tossed it into the machine Eric was ready to go again. She was completely naked and changing clothes right in front of him. She picked up the nightgown and was about to put it on when she stopped and looked at the living room again. Even though Eric knew better, it felt like Rachel was looking right at him because of the way the webcam was positioned.  
  
Then the most amazing thing happened. Instead of putting her nightgown on, Rachel crept up to the doorway. She was standing just out of view of Eric’s dad in the living room but perfectly positioned for the webcam to see everything. For a second Eric thought she was going to walk out and give his dad a pleasant surprise but then she did something even better.  
  
She turned her back to lean against the wall and spread her legs.  
  
“Holy Shit!”  
  
With the nightgown bunched around her arms and her eyes staring straight at the camera, Rachel started masturbating. The scene was something out of a cheap porno only with a girl who was better looking than any porn star. There was no reason for her to start masturbating right there, yet he recognized the stance as soon as she took position.  
  
Eric had the presence of mind to make sure his recording was working and his door was locked before checking on the video stream again. The sight before him demanded action. He pulled his shorts off and started stroking his member in sync with Rachel’s hand.  
  
He couldn’t hear anything through the microphone because of the loud TV but she didn’t seem to be making any sound anyway. She maintained a calm look on her face throughout the process and kept looking down to check on her tits. A few times she looked like she was going to join them into the fun, but she just stared as if lost in thought. Eric stared too. He had seen Rachel naked since the original pool session, but he hadn’t seen her touch herself like this.  
  
Too soon he increased his pace and his balls started aching for release. He wanted to make the moment last; to draw pleasure from every moment of her private activity right up until she came. But the girl was a machine. Her pace hadn’t changed. In fact she didn’t look any closer to cumming than when she started. Eric couldn’t wait. He reminded himself that the scene was being recorded. He could go back and watch it as often as he liked. With that assurance he shot a magnificent load then settled down to watch Rachel finish.  
  
Eric had a twinge of guilt as his arousal faded. Perhaps he shouldn’t be spying on Rachel like this. Then again, he wasn’t spying in a private area. If she wanted to strip naked in the downstairs hallway and start ‘bating he couldn’t control that. Besides, he was done compromising his needs and wants for the sake of some moody teenage girl.  
  
After a few more minutes of intimate massage Rachel simply stopped. Eric was shocked. He didn’t know everything about female anatomy, but he had seen enough porn to know that girls had orgasms too. He had been looking forward to seeing Rachel have one. His fun looked to be over as Rachel started to put her nightgown on but then something hilarious happened that had him rolling on the floor…

**Part 39**

“BOOM! KaChunk, KaChunk, KaChunk, KaChunk…”  
  
Rachel jumped at the noise behind her. She turned to see the dryer quaking violently. A line of smoke streamed out the back but she wasn’t in immediate danger. Richard called the living room “Is everything OK?” He was coming to investigate!  
  
Fortunately, Rachel had been in the process of getting dressed when the dryer exploded. She quickly pulled the gown over her head.  
  
As she pushed her arms into the short sleeves and started pulling the gown down her body, she noticed that the nightgown was smaller than it originally looked. It wasn’t too tight, but it was very form fitting. And it was fighting her all the way down.  
  
\*\*’Not so restrictive’ my ass! Either Eric’s mom is a liar, or you’re rushing it because you’re nervous. Settle down.  
  
Richard took longer than expected to climb out of his recliner. But she could sense him approaching from around the corner. The hemline was now to her waist. She had just enough time. She had almost cut things too close with her deviant naked behavior but one last good tug and she would have beaten the clock.  
  
Thinking she was home free, Rachel watched at the doorway as she completed the final tug. Warning bells went off in her head telling her something wasn’t right with the gown. She looked down at herself and cried out “Oh my God”.  
  
Just then Richard appeared in one doorway and Eric’s mom in the other. There was Rachel standing in a sexy black nightgown with a look of abject fear on her face. The thin silky material clung to her every muscle and curve from the tight short sleeves and neck all the way down to her hips; a compact fit on Rachel’s long skinny frame.  
  
What prevented her bust from being a problem was a unique and clever accommodation in the gown’s design. It began with a modestly high neckline. But it only came down a few inches before the fabric stopped. Then there was a large empty oval right where the bust would normally be. There was a thin ribbon sewn into the seam to help the hole maintain its shape. Below the hole, the satin material resumed and continued on down her stomach like normal. The gown ended with a couple inches of red lace trim around the bottom.  
  
Eric’s mom smiled at the scene. She couldn’t have planned it better. Rachel looked perfect modeling her new cupless negligee. The window in front lined up with her chest so that nothing was hidden. Her young mounds overflowed their oval border and spilled out in all directions. The gown provided no support, yet her bulging teenage breasts needed none. They persevered on their lofty perch as if refusing to sag and impede the view of the satin material under them.  
  
Her engorged nipples were an added bonus. They were rock hard and lewdly betraying what could only be abject arousal. Their pink coloring contrasted nicely with her creamy white skin on the black satin background. Rachel’s new nightgown was designed to showcase her naked breasts and flawless nipples in the most pronounced way possible. It served its purpose to perfection.  
  
Rachel instantly reacted to cover her naked boobs from Richard’s eyes. She pressed a hand into the middle of each breast to at least cover the most embarrassing parts. It was the touch her hyper-aroused nipples had long been waiting for. On contact they reacted with a flash of extreme pleasure and Rachel cried out again. It felt like hot pokers were burning holes through her palms.  
  
Her body which had seemed satisfied moments ago was now a raging inferno. She had to remove her hands or risk something much worse than embarrassing exposure. She cried out again in wordless anguish as she forced her hands to let go and exposed her nakedness to Richard prying gaze.  
  
“Hmmmaugh” her face showed signs of internal conflict and distress. She almost reached back up. But bit her lip and held her pose.  
  
The unexpected dryer mishap and subsequent shock of forced exposure got her adrenaline pumping. Rachel took heaving breaths which only drew more attention to the impressive display of her natural assets. She felt helpless and unable to stop Richard from staring at every inch of her glorious rack. She couldn’t touch them but she had to do something. She couldn’t escape. Her legs were jelly and both exits were blocked by someone. In an act of futile defiance she turned away from him as best she could and tried to control her breathing.  
  
The dryer was still making a grinding noise but was in its death throes. Richard noticed his wife looking at him. She wanted him to deal with the dryer so Richard walked over to it. His eyes were still glued to Rachel but he managed to put and end to its misery by unplugging it. He stayed there and opened the dryer door while continuing to study Rachel and her latest clothing twist. The red and black nightgown transformed his wispy angel into a devil. It discarded the pretenses of concealment and jumped straight to displaying the charms of a seductive temptress. He felt like the luckiest man on Earth.  
  
In another setting Rachel might have felt like a temptress in this outfit. But she was too humiliated to think about that. In her scramble to get covered she began to see the other problem with the nightgown. In the dim light of the hallway the black satin was mostly opaque. But it wasn’t so much the type of material that concerned her as the amount. The problem began where the material ended only a few inches below her waist. The red lace trim below that was only a couple inches wide and mostly transparent. It wrapped around behind her in a snug embrace; a nice decoration on the top part of her bottom. But it was largely ineffective as a skirt.  
  
With her back turned to Richard, Rachel was acutely aware of her exposed bottom. Turning back around would not have helped because the same problem existed in front. The transparent lace barely covered the top half of her pussy lips. Rachel tried to pull it down but the material was not made to stretch and refused to budge even an inch. It only shimmered as she wrestled with it.  
  
Eric’s mom had been waiting for this encounter. When she was buying the negligee, she anticipated that Rachel would not approve; especially after she discarded the matching bra and panties that were supposed to make up the rest of the ensemble. She hadn’t bought it for Rachel’s benefit though. She was merely using the girl as a lure. Based on Richard’s reaction, the ploy had already worked.  
  
Sadly he just wouldn’t have reacted the same to seeing his wife in it. She wasn’t about to try and compete after seeing the way it fit every curve on the teenage girl and particularly the way Rachel filled out the braless window. She would settle for using this lure to gain her prize later in the evening. And if she played her cards right, for many evenings to come…

**Part 40**

Eric’s mom had been waiting in the kitchen for Rachel to finish the laundry and discover her new nightgown. But the girl took a long time to perform even that simple task. Little did she know Rachel had taken a mini-bate break.  
  
She didn’t anticipate the dryer blowing up, but she was ready to rush in anyway after she heard Rachel’s exclamation. It didn’t take long for her to assess the situation. She was a little annoyed by the way her husband openly gawked at the girl instead of dealing with the dryer situation. But she had to be happy with the gleam in his eye.  
  
Once the dryer was deactivated and the noise died down she addressed Rachel who was in obvious distress over her outfit. She played the part of the proud mother. But inside the proper church going southern woman was a degenerate housewife more than willing to compromise her morals for the sake of sexual fulfillment.  
  
She studied the erotic costume as if it were a normal everyday outfit. “Oh darling, that is so cute! And it’s even a perfect fit for you. I’m glad I was able to purchase something that fit without you there to try it on.”  
  
Rachel was incredulous. “But my…But….” She glanced over at Richard. She thought the flaws in the gown would be obvious. But Eric’s mom hardly noticed or seemed to care. She was going to force Rachel to form a defense and present her case. Rachel would have gladly done so if not for Richard. But she recoiled at the idea of discussing her intimate areas with him standing right there.  
  
Eric’s mom saw her struggling to form the words of protest. With the same tactical skills as her son, she had planned ahead to drive the conversation where she wanted it to go. But with Richard there she quickly changed tactics. She could use Rachel’s shyness around Richard to trap her. Her goal was to downplay the fact that the gown concealed nothing. Unwilling to voice a protest about that, Rachel would be forced to accept the premise that nudity was no big deal. Then she could make Rachel feel guilty about rejecting such a nice and reasonable addition to her wardrobe.  
  
She was way more prepared for this showdown than Rachel was. The girl tugged on her hemline while Eric’s mother continued “I know what you’re thinking sweetie. It looks expensive. Don’t worry. Consider it a gift from me. After what you’ve been through today with that storage building you deserve something nice.”  
  
Rachel stared in shock. \*\*Expensive?!  
  
“It’s not that. I mean thanks, but. But my b…. my…bust!” Rachel glanced at Richard and blushed as she said it. Her words faltered and failed her. She couldn’t talk about it with him standing there. The blush spread right down her neck and onto her creamy chest adding another splash of color to the natural masterpiece on display.  
  
Eric’s mom was impressed. The girl fought valiantly but couldn’t protest outright without dying of shame. The showdown was really already over; Rachel just didn’t know it yet. “Oh yes! Isn’t that the best part? You specifically requested something that would allow you to breathe. The other ones I looked at would have been so constricting. But you’ll be able to grow into this one without any problems. Richard dear, don’t you agree?”  
  
“Hhm” Richard was on his knees still staring at Rachel’s behind but reaching into the dryer as his excuse. The new angle was providing him with yet another amazing view of Rachel’s charms. He didn’t hear the question but the sight rendered him speechless regardless. Rachel blushed more at the mention of Richard. It was bad enough that he was there while they talked about it. But for Eric’s mom to intentionally bring him into such a private discussion was unbelievable.  
  
Unable to form a coherent argument Rachel felt her position eroding. If she didn’t do something soon she would be stuck accepting Eric’s mother’s premise and her gift. She was seriously outmatched and underprepared to debate Eric’s mom.  
  
Rachel gathered her resolve for one last attempt at sanity. She took a deep breath fully aware of the enhancing effect it had on her naked bosom. Turmoil and arousal still churned within her. Her mind was telling her the situation warranted panic and her body longed to be attended. She suppressed both urges and forced herself to remain calm. She needed to sound like a reasonable person instead of a child throwing a tantrum.  
  
“Mrs. G. it’s a nice gift. And I do appreciate it. But it is a little…skimpy. I know I requested something less restrictive. This fits better than the one I tried on at the store, but” she nodded down at her naked breasts. “but, I’m practically topless in this!”  
  
An admirable speech. Eric’s mom pretended to listen attentively but in reality she was merely awaiting her chance to respond. She used a relaxed, reminiscing tone and turned the conversation away from the outfit and addressed the statement about nudity in more general terms.  
  
“Rachel, you have nothing to be ashamed of. I myself was quite the tomboy growing up. When I was your age I spent many days with my playmates wearing nothing more than jean shorts. Especially on hot summer days like we’ve been having lately. It was nothing to go topless or even go skinny dipping if the opportunity presented itself. Why I don’t even think I owned a swimsuit until I was 18. I rarely wore anything to bed in the summer. If I did, it wasn’t much more than this.” It was all a patent lie. But if the girl was suspicious she didn’t show it.  
  
“Now as far as your nightgown, you should remember what happened back at the store. I did my best to get you something and you had plenty of chances to help with the shopping. You disappeared on me more than once and wasted our time. I figured you would be grateful I bothered to get you anything at all!” Although the speech about her childhood didn’t seem to resonate, that last point struck a nerve. The alternative to this nightgown was nudity and Eric’s mom was subtly reminding Rachel about the threat she had made back at the store.  
  
Continuing the ‘nudity doesn’t matter’ theme, Eric’s mom walked over and grabbed the hem of Rachel’s nightgown causing it to rise to her waist. In reality it didn’t expose more than was showing before but Rachel was still embarrassed by the maneuver. Eric’s mom rubbed the material between her fingers as if weighing the girl’s protest. “Oh I don’t know. It might be a little thin. But you have to remember it doesn’t get cold around here for several more months. You will be much more comfortable in this than some stuffy flannel or cotton.”  
  
Eric’s mom should have stopped there, but she was on a roll. Her next statement was a bit too condescending and almost ruined her ploy “I probably wasted my time buying it in the first place. After all the things you’ve ruined lately with your carelessness. We’ll be lucky if it lasts a week.”  
  
That wasn’t fair. Rachel was responsible. She wasn’t going to let that subtle insult stand. Indignation started building to replace the timid embarrassment. She yanked the gown away from Eric’s mom and started eyeing the exit which was now open. “I’m not careless!”  
  
Eric’s mom realized her tactical mistake and tried to rally, “The carpet in your room says otherwise. And of course, there are the two other nightgowns. Why it’s only a matter of time before you break something else.”  
  
\*\*She’s treating me like some destructive puppy!  
  
“Well those were accidents. I am old enough to take care of my own clothes. If you think I’m so irresponsible, why are you making me a stupid list of chores?”  
  
The advantage now tilted away from Eric’s mom. She let the girl rant while she took a moment to plot her next move. But fortune was on her side. What happened next was so perfect that absolute victory was guaranteed…

**Part 41**

Rachel thought she had found a way out from beneath the seemingly airtight trap. Without fully thinking it through she made a reckless claim. She would later regret it. But for now it felt good to rant.  
  
“Don’t get me wrong. I will gladly do my part to help out around here. I don’t even care about wearing this nightgown…” that wasn’t completely true, but she didn’t want to stop her momentum to explain “…In fact, I’m not going to wear anything you bought me because of what it represents. Unless you can prove that I’m as irresponsible and careless as you claim. Otherwise, I get to pick my own clothes from now on. And I get to pick my own chores!”  
  
Eric’s mom had no real power over the girl. The trauma from seeing the storage building had allowed her to be manipulated for a little while. Rachel had a right to demand this all along. The old Rachel was returning. “Now I’m sure my mom will loan you more than $100. Tomorrow I want to go back to the mall before school and pick out my own outfits like I’ve been doing for years. That is unless you can provide even a single shred of evidence that I am careless. Otherwise you have no right to treat me…”  
  
“OUCH!” Richard’s outburst interrupted the quarrel. He had been still messing around inside the dryer when his hand contacted something hot. He peered inside and pulled out the exact thing Rachel was demanding Eric’s mother to produce.  
  
With a nasty red spot on his hand, Richard tenderly pulled a plastic shopping back out of the dryer. It was the same bag that her nightgown had come in. Rachel had accidentally dumped it in with the load of clothes. The hot air melted the plastic onto the vent holes which had caused the motor to overheat. Rachel couldn’t believe her bad luck.  
  
Eric’s mom couldn’t believe her good fortune. The girl’s defense was completely destroyed in an instant. In his hand Richard held the single shred of damning proof of Rachel’s carelessness. Eric’s mom walked over and reached into the dryer.  
  
“The whole load is a loss.” She seized the advantage and was determined not to make another misstep. “Young lady, It’s not enough for you to ruin your own clothes is it? Now you’re going around ruining other people’s clothes. Not to mention the dryer.”  
  
Rachel had no defense left. She turned around in defeat. It gave Richard a direct view of her boobs but had enough sense to keep a hand over her crotch as she shuffled over to get a closer look at the damage. It wasn’t even worth arguing. Due to her carelessness the plastic bag had slipped into the dryer. Even Rachel admitted she was guilty.  
  
She stood there like a scalded puppy and awaited her sentencing. Eric’s mom recognized the look of surrender and relished the chance to put the girl in her place.  
  
“I believe this settles the debate. I will have a list of chores sitting on your bed in the morning. You will do your chores every day without complaining. I was planning on giving you an allowance like Eric. But for now that money will have to go toward the purchase of a new dryer.”  
  
“As for your wardrobe, I see no reason why you can’t wear this nightgown in the evenings as originally planned. It fits you and you look comfortable in it.” She glanced at Richard’s grinning face before continuing, “I am not going to take you shopping again when there is a pile of perfectly good clothes on my sewing table awaiting some minor alterations. Until you show me you can be more careful with your things, I will continue to have veto power over your clothing options. Is that clear?”  
  
She paused until Rachel nodded in acceptance.  
  
“Good. Now I was just plating dinner when all this happened. Your first chore will be to tend to Richard’s hand. Since your carelessness caused the burn, it is only fair that you nurse him back to health. There is a first aid kit in the garage. Then both of you come to the table.”  
  
Once the sentencing was complete, Eric’s mom returned to her dinner duties and left Richard alone with the defeated girl. Rachel didn’t know what was worse; being treated like a child, like a pet, or like a servant girl. She viewed herself as a grown up but this latest accident had shaken her confidence.  
  
Richard stood up and adjusted his pants. The bulge reminded Rachel of her exposure. This nightgown might be worse than anything else she had worn so far. It was designed with one purpose in mind. To present the female body in a sexual manner. No matter how she stood, she was exposing something to Richard’s eyes. It didn’t help that she couldn’t cover her nipples without moaning in ecstasy. She needed an escape.  
  
“I’ll be right back with the first aid kit.”  
  
He smiled like he had won the lottery “Thank you. I’ll be in the living room.”  
  
Rachel flushed as she walked to the garage. As soon as she stepped into the garage and closed the door behind her she did something unexpected. She collapsed against the wall and attacked her pussy with frenzy. She surprised even herself by doing it, but it made sense. The events of the last few minutes had assaulted her arousal. Another mini-bate was required or she was going to explode. The first few seconds accelerated her arousal to the point she feared she wouldn’t be able to stop. But then she gradually started to cool off.  
  
She knew what had really triggered it. Richard’s considerable bulge was a familiar reminder of another bulge she had seen recently. It was easy to see where Eric got it from. She envied Ellie who had seen much more than Rachel when they were peeping on the boys at Tommy’s house. Eric’s mystery remained just out of her reach.  
  
\*\*Another potential disaster averted by a mini-bate.  
  
Rachel’ new nightgown was both a blessing and a curse. The short gown and lack of bottoms provided easy access to her pussy. She could complete a mini-bate and cool her arousal in a timely manner. But the design ensured there would be much more arousal from exposure creating the need for more mini-bates. It was a viscous cycle. Then there was the constant temptation of her exposed nipples. What seemed like the prospect of never ending humiliation loomed over her life and it all started with this nightgown.  
  
\*\*It’s designed to promote one thing, sex. Even going naked would be more modest than this. Even…my swim uniform. My swim uniform!  
  
The devastation and frantic recovery of the past few hours’ events had caused Rachel to forget that Coach Ron dropped off a new swim uniform for her that afternoon. It was a lifeline in her sea of despair. Rachel burst with excitement. She grabbed the first aid kit and rushed back into the living room. There in the corner was the box from Coach Ron still waiting for her.  
  
\*\*It looks a little small. But good things can come in small packages!  
  
Richard was also waiting for her. She had to attend to his hand and eat dinner before she got her prize. Too excited to worry about modesty, she knelt down beside him and squeezed some burn ointment on the wound. Her first touch caused him to flinch in pain. Richard’s hand jumped up involuntarily and bumped against Rachel’s left breast. He apologized but didn’t look sorry. Rachel tried to be more careful after that.  
  
Richard decided to eat in the living room. He had an excuse because of his hand so his wife allowed it. Rachel was tasked with serving his meal and checking in on him.  
  
Richard enjoyed every instant of the pampering. He could get used to a mostly naked nubile servant attending to his every need. It gave him an idea of a game he wanted to play with his wife later.  
  
When Eric came down to dinner he was greeted with the same scene his parents had been enjoying. Even after jacking off two times today, he was ready to go again after seeing Rachel in person. The image on his laptop did not compare to the full 3-D experience. The girl’s epic breasts and pink caps were amazing. Their shape, and the way they stood high on her chest, was the same as other girls her age. Except her boobs were scaled up to rival a fully grown woman. They barely quivered when she walked; not like the fake silicone boobs on porn stars. Porn stars would kill to have young looking natural breasts like these. It was enough to make Eric finish dinner quickly and go back upstairs for another round.  
  
Rachel had to endure dinner service and clean up duty from Eric’s mom before she was finally released to check out her new swimsuit. “I don’t have any more chores for you tonight. Just make sure and have your homework done before you go to sleep.”  
  
The moment had arrived. Rachel grabbed the box and ran upstairs to try on her new swimsuit. She didn’t have a bedroom door so she went to the bathroom instead. She stripped her nightgown of excitedly. But her excitement only lasted as long as it took to open the box and pull out Coach Ron’s new uniform modification.  
  
“What the fu…

**Part 42**

…ck?”  
\*\*What is this thing?  
  
She looked in the box and double-checked the contents. Inside the brown cardboard outer box was another box with generic pictures all over it of people in swim gear. Inside was a case with a red device. The device was shaped like a skinny cylinder about 4 inches long. There was a convex disc about 3 inches across attached at one end. On the disc she recognized the picture as the Thornwood High School wildcat mascot leaping in front of a white ‘T’.  
  
The cylinder bulged a bit near the middle then tapered to a rounded point giving the device a bullet shape. It had a solid yet flexible core and a smooth coated surface; probably some synthetic material. Along the cylinder were several small rings or flaps which angled slightly toward the disc on top. The rings were soft and squishy.  
  
There was no swimsuit in the box; only this alien device. She picked up what must be an instruction sheet and started reading.  
  
“The Pinnacle”  
BysTek Aquatic Technologies is proud to present the latest innovation in competitive swimming.  
  
The Pinnacle was designed by our top engineers to take swim training to the next level. It provides multiple benefits to our customers.  
  
First, it exercises muscle groups which are rarely associated with swimming. Our experts have found that these muscles, which are only found in the female body, can provide an astounding boost a swimmer’s fast-twitch response capacity as well as endurance. This is the only device on the market which targets these often overlooked muscles. If exercised properly and regularly they can give you the edge when it’s time to reach your peak. And everyone knows that in world class swimming, every thousandth of a second counts.  
  
Second, the Pinnacle provides a comfortable and hygienic alternative to the traditional women’s swimsuit. It complies with most uniform regulations (see your local rules for details) yet it produces up to 18% less water resistance than other suits. While the Pinnacle may be worn under a traditional swimsuit, it is recommended to be worn alone to minimize drag in the water.  
  
The Pinnacle consists of two main components. The anchor device is hypoallergenic and p.h. balanced for improved compatibility with the female body. The patented obsidian-alloy outer cup is both soft and rigid. When worn, it will flex to cradle the vulva for additional protection. Yet it is stronger than a male athletic cup and will stand up to most external forces.  
  
The Pinnacle comes with a stylish and sanitary cleaning case. See reverse side for operating and cleaning instructions.  
  
“Reach your peak with The Pinnacle!”(tm)  
Contact us to request a customized Pinnacle with your team logo or mascot on it.  
Check out our other many great products at bystek.com  
  
“Oh…my…God”  
  
Rachel didn’t need to see the operating instructions to guess what she was supposed to do with it. She tossed it back in the box in disbelief. She wasn’t about to ‘wear’ it. Perhaps if she had a bit more energy she would be willing to at least try it on. But right now she only felt disappointment.  
  
She had been looking forward to a new uniform or at least something to provide a little more cover. If she guessed correctly, this thing would barely serve to cover her pussy. The bigger issue was the ‘anchor device’. The rubbery cylinder was practically a dildo. Rachel had never used a dildo, but she did know what they were for. It didn’t matter that this was used for swimming. She would be too embarrassed to have such a phallic device inside her, especially in public.  
  
\*\*I would rather quit the team than be stuck wearing this all year.  
  
Rachel tried to rally her morale but was too spent. She had been running on fumes all evening and this final blow was too much. She suddenly felt exhausted. But she couldn’t go to sleep quite yet. She had homework. And because of Eric’s mom and her stupid rules, Rachel had to do it in the living room where Richard was sure to be waiting. After putting her nightgown back on Rachel turned to open the bathroom door.  
  
“Agh!”  
  
In the mirror Rachel was able to see herself wearing the negligee for the first time. It was even more humiliating than she imagined. Her pussy peeked out partially from below the hemline, but the rest of it could be clearly seen through the lace trim. One well placed hand could conceal her pussy. She could do nothing about the back where the trim refused to pull down far enough to cover her bottom. But the worst part was her naked breasts framed for display like an erotic art gallery.  
  
It took another mini-bate before Rachel could bring herself to go back downstairs with her homework assignment. She lay in her same spot on the floor with her legs kicked up behind her and opened the book.  
  
Biology. She had to complete a worksheet on the human body. She winced with each mention of a female body part because it always matched one of her own exposed body parts. The page on male anatomy wasn’t much better. She found herself actually being turned on by clinical descriptions. She couldn’t stop thinking of what she had seen of Tommy’s organs and comparing them to the pictures in the book.  
  
Rachel had to endure 30 more minutes of exposure while Eric’s family sat around and pretended to watch the TV. Although her bottom was hanging out, she was able to mostly minimize exposure. Richard held his breath every time she shifted. His little devil threatened to roll over any second but she held strong the whole time.  
  
By the time Rachel was finished, her nipples were aching. She kept accidentally rubbing them against the rough carpet. The solution would have been to roll over but she couldn’t bear to do that. She said ‘goodnight’ and went to bed. She had to complete one more mini-bate under the covers before she was able to settle down. She was careful about it though, because she didn’t have a door for privacy. While she worked, Rachel thought about her uniform problem.  
  
\*\*Maybe I’m misunderstanding the device. Maybe Coach Ron was going to tell me more instructions when he delivered it.  
  
It was a long shot. But Rachel needed something to hold onto.  
  
\*\*Maybe…he sent me an email explaining everything!  
  
Rachel was mad at herself for not thinking of that earlier. But she didn’t want to go back downstairs and face Eric’s family again. She decided she would wait until they went to bed then sneak down and quickly check her email. With new hope, Rachel finished her mini-bate and rolled over. When Eric came to bed a little later, he saw Rachel already sound asleep under her covers as he passed by her doorway…

**Part 43**

felt like only a few minutes. But actually Rachel had been asleep for a couple of hours when she rolled back over. Everything was dark and it took a few moments for her to get her bearings. Then she remembered her original plan to check Coach Ron’s email.  
  
\*\*Wouldn’t hurt to check.  
  
She snuck downstairs. Everything was quiet. She made a sweep around the house to make sure everyone was asleep before sitting down in front of the computer. She switched the monitor on and brought up her inbox. She did not fail to notice the thrill of sitting in front of the computer in her new nightgown. She glanced up at the webcam just to make sure the recording light was off. Hope flickered as she saw an email from Coach Ron and started reading.  
  
Subject: In Training  
  
Attention team,  
  
You may have heard rumors about last week’s school board meeting. I would like to tell you directly what happened. I am still the head coach of the Thornwood swim team and my full authority has been sanctioned. There was a vote of approval on the uniforms with a few minor modifications. Those of you who were affected by these modifications have already been notified. If you have any questions about them, please contact me. I had to dismiss one member off the team for her actions during the tryout last week. We need to stick together as a team if we are to achieve anything this year. We must not let outsiders come in and divide us.  
  
Since our annual fundraiser is done you are now officially in training for the upcoming season. This is the most important part of a successful year. Your hard work now will pay off when it comes time to make that final kick in a big race.  
  
Our first meet is a two team direct contest at Eastern Academy. I don’t need to tell you how important this match is. Historically Thornwood holds the edge in record but Eastern has won the last 12 straight head-to-head matches against us. If we are going to win any state or regional competitions this year, we will have to go through Eastern.  
  
The meet is scheduled in two weeks. Therefore, we will have to train very hard to be prepared in time. Next weekend we will have two extra practices. Saturday at 10:00am we will perform an exhibition of our new training equipment for our boosters. Sunday at 2:00pm will be our walk-through scrimmage to prepare for the Eastern meet.  
  
Sunday evening after practice I will leave the aquatic facility open. This is a free time for you to have some fun and let loose after a hard week of training. Team captains, I expect you to work up some unity building exercises for this free time. Because it is not a school sponsored event, I cannot require participation. But it is highly recommended. Coaches will not be attending.  
  
I have one more bit of exciting news. Through a generous donation we have been given a new fully equipped coach bus as well as the use of a private plane. This will allow us to attend events beyond our local area. When we visit Eastern Academy next week we will be showing up in style and with an extra degree of intimidation. And after we whip Eastern we can move on to the biggest and best competition around the country!  
  
Thank you, and always remember to represent yourself with pride in everything you do.  
Coach Ron  
  
\*\*Bus?! Private plane!  
  
Rachel was beyond excited. Only hours ago she was considering quitting the team. She started negotiating with herself. It was a topic she chose not to think about. Eventually she would have to wear her uniform to a swim meet. Would this modification make things any worse than that?  
  
\*\*At least it does cover my pussy.  
  
The idea of having something inside her was unnerving. Maybe it wouldn’t be that bad once she tried it. She decided to give it a try before practice tomorrow then she would make her decision.  
  
But before she could turn the computer off her eye caught the webcam sitting on top. She had barely avoided a video chat session with Tommy several days earlier. Rachel had been thinking about that event ever since. What would it have been like if Tommy had seen her? Just before Rachel lapsed into fantasy mode, she had the forethought to make sure the video chat program was turned off. But as soon as she clicked on it something popped up:  
vchat.exe has experienced a fatal error and cannot continue: video device already in use.  
  
\*\*video device already in use!!  
  
Rachel checked the webcam again. The 'transmitting' light was still off. Figuring it was just a bug in the program, she dismissed the error and the program exited.  
  
She was now ready to play out her fantasy. She started by pretending to accept a video chat request from Tommy.  
  
\*\*Oh, hi Tommy. I was hoping you would show up. I just wanted to show you my new nightgown. Do you like it?  
  
Rachel thrust her breasts out to present the best feature of her outfit.  
  
\*\*It’s so soft. I wish you were here to feel it. Do you know what else is soft?  
  
She slid her hand down between her legs to demonstrate how soft her pussy lips were. She pulled the gown up with her other hand to reveal more and more of her body. She spread her legs and settled into a steady stroke while her other hand continued to lift the gown. It reached the bottom of her breasts and she paused.  
  
\*\*You want me to do what? Oh, Tommy. That’s naughty. The window is for looking, not touching. If you want me to touch my boobs; I’m going to have to take this off.  
  
And just like that Rachel pulled her nightgown up over her head and dropped it on the floor. Now she was incredibly horny from her pretend video chat session and strip show.  
  
\*\*What’s that Tommy? You want me to pinch my nipples for you? Well I have a strict rule against that. I couldn’t possible break it for you.  
  
Her right hand went back between her legs. She slid her left hand up onto her breast just out of reach of a throbbing nipple. Even that close proximity caused her to exhale with pleasure. If she wasn’t careful her mini-bate was going to turn into a full blown bate; complete with noisy outbursts and a screaming orgasm.  
  
Rachel massaged her pussy and pictured Tommy’s naked member. Even flaccid it had been impressively large. As a finger slid into her she thought of the Pinnacle device. She started massaging herself from the inside; unsure if she was appeasing her body’s arousal or escalating it. Her other hand squeezed her massive boob. It felt heavy and full and so firm. The pressure caused her already engorged nipple to extend out even further.  
  
It was like a shiny button sitting on a rocket of hormones. All she had to do was push that button and trigger would launch her body to unimaginable heights of sexual satisfaction.  
  
She barely held her hand back from the brink, but couldn’t pull it away either. Every second of action down below pushed her to give in. Her whole body quivered with anticipation.  
  
Unable to stop herself, Rachel closed her eyes and said “Oh, Tommy!” out loud. She stopped fighting her hand knowing full well what she was committing to. Once she started pinching her nipples, she would not be able to stop this session until she came. But just as she was releasing control of her hand…

**Part 44**

…she heard a door open. The noise came from down the hall where the master bedroom was.  
  
“Shit!”  
  
Rachel bounded out of the desk chair in a panic. She did not want to get caught pleasuring herself in the family room. There was no evidence that she had been looking at porn or doing anything illicit on the computer. But it would still be difficult and embarrassing to have to explain herself. She didn’t have time to shut down the computer but she could turn the monitor off. The room went dark.  
  
“Hello?” The voice was Richard’s.  
  
\*\*Oh no.  
  
Rachel felt around the floor frantically for her nightgown but the chair must have knocked it away. She heard footsteps down the hallway. Out of time Rachel abandoned her nightgown and tiptoed to the doorway in a flash. The hall light came on and Richard called out again “hello? Is someone down here?”  
  
He appeared in the doorway. Rachel was plastered against the wall just around the corner from him. She saw her nightgown wrapped around one of the legs of the office chair. She prayed Richard would not see it or her. She should have dove behind the recliner instead, but hindsight is always better.  
  
Richard had just got up to get a drink of water from the kitchen when he thought he heard a noise in the living room. After another sleepy scan he chalked it up to the wind and turned to go back to the kitchen.  
  
Rachel grabbed her nightgown and rushed upstairs as quietly as possible. She collapsed onto the bed in a heap. It was a grave reminder of what could happen if she didn’t keep her body under control. She silently performed one more mini-bate before forcing herself to calm down.  
  
As of tomorrow she would be in training. She had no idea what heights of arousal and lengths of humiliation and depths of depravity lay in store for her. All she knew was that she needed to sleep. That night she had a dream which provided but a glimpse into what her life would become all because of Thornwood.

THE END

**Thornwood Episode II Epilogue – The Dream**

Haze  
  
\*\*Where am I? What’s happening?  
  
Rachel looked around. She felt a sensation that something bad was imminent. She could avoid it if she only knew what it was. But the answer kept slipping away just before she grasped it.  
  
She stepped onto a stage. A cheer erupted from the audience.  
  
\*\*I shouldn’t be up here. I don’t want everyone looking at me!  
  
No. It wasn’t a stage. More like a platform.  
  
Her eyes tried to adjust to the bright lights. The wheels of her mind spun in place unable to find traction or make sense of the situation. Cameras flashed from all directions.  
  
Her body sent a warning signal. She looked down.  
  
Naked.  
  
She barely recognized her own body. She looked different…older. She must be someone else’s body. But it was her skin.  
  
\*\*These breasts are bigger. And the nipples are...incredible. Are those tattoos?  
  
Forgetting she was on stage and in public, she reached up to sample her rock hard nipples. But before she got there Rachel was distracted by her swim gloves.  
  
\*\*Why am I wearing these?  
  
As she studied her hands, someone started talking. Rachel could barely make it out over the cheers. The words didn’t sound like English anyway.  
  
Two other people in swimsuits stood beside her.  
  
Her mind was slow to piece the clues together, but eventually through the haze she realized she was standing on an awards platform. Another warning signal hit her. She needed to get down and run away. But her feet were cemented to the stage. She couldn’t move.  
  
\*\*This is so humiliating. Everyone can see my naked body.  
  
Rachel looked around frantically. Her eyes were drawn to the crowded stands of cheering people.  
  
\*\*Ellie?  
  
Somehow she picked Ellie out of a crowd of thousands. Ellie was holding a sign that said “Go Team Rachel!” in red, white, and blue lettering. She waved and yelled but her words were drowned out by the cheers.  
  
“Ellie!”  
  
Then suddenly Rachel’s excitement was replaced by dread. Standing next to Ellie was the captain of the Thornwood swim team. Rachel tried to remember her name, but her mind was too fuzzy. The girl glared at Rachel with an evil grin. In her hand was a small black box. She lifted it and menacingly pointed it straight at Rachel. Then she flicked her wrist causing it to recoil like the firing of a gun.  
  
Rachel flinched but nothing happened.  
  
A man below Rachel got her attention and held up a medal.  
  
\*\*Is that for me?  
  
Rachel bent down to accept it. The movement caused a flash of light on her chest. The light was reflecting off a small silver object which was somehow attached to her right nipple.  
  
\*\*A piercing? Can’t be!  
  
The man slipped the medal around her head and adjusted it in place on her chest. In the process his hands brushed both her exposed nipples. Rachel let out an involuntary moan of pleasure. But even her own sound was drowned out by the roaring crowd.  
  
She closed her eyes for a few moments in her private world of arousal. When she heard the music playing, she opened them again.  
  
Everyone was turned to look at the American flag being raised. Rachel turned as well. She tried to put her hand over her heart like everyone else, but missed. Even with her gloves on, her hand was doing it’s best to apply pressure to her nipple. She almost melted.  
  
\*\*OH! That feels so good.  
  
Then the quake began.  
  
Rachel felt the platform shaking and had to spread her stance to regain balance. But no one else was responding to the earthquake. The music kept on playing.  
  
The earthquake seemed to be directed between her legs. She felt like she was sitting on the epicenter. But that couldn’t be. She was standing.  
  
\*\*Maybe it’s not an earthquake.  
  
She stood on her tip toes to hopefully relieve the pressure on her pussy, but the assaulting quake just followed her.  
  
“OH God!” She felt a familiar urge growing. Rachel was nearing an orgasm.  
  
Now the shaking was so bad Rachel feared she would fall off the platform. There was nothing nearby to hold on to. The people around her went on singing as if nothing was wrong. She took another step for balance as the music began its crescendo toward the final stanzas.  
  
\*\*I can’t climax now. Not here where everyone would see me.  
  
No matter how she stood, the steady vibrations assaulted her. Rachel fought furiously to prevent her body from reaching its climax. But she was quickly losing the battle.  
  
“Oh Oh Oh. UNNNNNNGH.”  
  
She matched every note of the song with a lusty outburst of her own. She knew her own climax would arrive when the final note of the anthem sounded. She had to avoid that at all costs. There was only one option left. As music reached its final climax she threw herself off the award platform and braced for a painful landing.  
  
But instead of cold cement, she landed on the soft carpet of her bedroom at Eric’s house. Rachel immediately reached between her legs to satiate her burning loins. She fingered herself on the bedroom floor as the dream faded from memory.  
  
By the time she was relaxed and awake enough to think straight, she didn’t remember any of the dream. She only remembered that it had been strange and scary and that she woke up horny.  
  
Rachel checked the clock. It was 3:30am. She sleepily climbed back into bed thankful that she didn’t have to live in the bizarre world of dreams. Little did she know that her dream was actually a glimpse into her future. Rachel was destined to live out the vision almost exactly as she had dreamed it.

THE END