**Three Day Weekend – a**

By Karen

**College campus summer session.

Day 1: Capture and Conditioning**
"Crap!" I began, as I looked at the rain beating down outside the front door of Mason Hall.

This was not the way I wanted my weekend to start. It was Thursday night, and for the next three days I wanted to put the tribulations of first half of the spring semester behind me. My grades were not what they were back in the early days of my college career, and I attributed this to simply being burned out. I averaged five classes a semester for the first two years of my college life, plus two summer classes each year. After a terrible fall term to start my junior year, which I failed my first class, I set my spring schedule to try and make up for the mistake. I took my normal five classes, plus a night class to make up for the one that I failed.

I hated night classes. It was only two nights a week, but that was two nights that I wasn't able to study, or for that matter do anything else. It made for very long Tuesdays and Thursdays. And now with a long awaited rest before me, this. I was in no mood for the walk in the pouring down rain without my umbrella. I couldn't see anyone out on campus tonight, but that wasn't a surprise. Those that weren't forced indoors by the torrential downpour, had probably already left for the weekend. The class I had just gotten out of was less than half full at the start, and after the attrition rate during the class, there were only eight of us left by the time the Professor let us go.
I waited for a few minutes, in hopes the downpour would subside, but the skies had a different idea, and if anything the rain intensified. My walk home usually took fifteen minutes, and it was not something I was looking forward to. I made sure my backpack was closed up tight and I pushed open the door of Mason Hall. The wind pulled the door from my grasp and whipped it open.

I ran from the entrance way and out into the rain. It wasn't that far to Edward's Hall, but by the time I pulled the door open and stepped inside I was soaked to the bone. I know remembered why I dressed like I did for class. My sweats and T-shirt were drenched and hugged tightly against my body and my long brown hair was pressed tightly against the side of my face. I moved quickly through Edward's Hall, passed the lines of empty classrooms, before coming to the door at the other end. Again I was forced outside and after another dash through the rain I was at Hayes Hall.

Like Edward's, the building was empty, and the only sound I could hear was that of my own shoes, as they squished with each step. I practically jumped out of my skin when I heard a voice.
"Excuse me, Miss."

I took me a moment to figure out where the voice came from. There was an older gentleman, probably in the neighborhood of forty standing in the doorway to one of the science labs.

"I'm sorry, I was just cutting through." I replied, unsure of why I felt the need to justify my actions.

"Oh, I'm not concerned with that. I was wondering if you could help me with something." He asked.

I looked at him and he seemed harmless enough. "What is it?"
"I've just finished my work on a VR headset, and I'd like to have someone try it out. My assistant has already left for the weekend, and I don't want to wait until next week to try it out." He explained.
I was not a big fan of VR games, and I let him know as much, but he didn't seem concerned that I was not a video game person. He assured me that this prototype was not a game. I knew I should have kept going, but I agreed to try it out. He led me into the room and I set my backpack down on the front desk. In the back of the room was a large computer console, with numerous wires and attachments that weren't familiar to me. He escorted me back to the machine and instructed me to have a seat in the single chair in front of the device. I didn't know a lot about VR, but I always assumed I would be standing on a platform, making movements with my hands that wouldn't make sense to anyone watching me. This was different. He handed me the VR visor, and I slipped it over my eyes. It had headphones built in and they fit snugly over my ears. I looked around, but I couldn't see anything through the visor.

"Are you ready?" he asked.
I nodded my head.

Where I expected to see some sort of game or real life scene, all that moved through my field of vision were a series of colored dots, receding into the distance. They were accompanied by a dull throbbing beat coming through the headset. I followed the dots for a few moments until I heard a voice in my ears.
"What do you see?"
"Just dots." I answered.
"What are they doing?"
"Pulling away into the distance." I answered.
"Follow them to the distance. Concentrate on the point where they all come together." He continued, his voice very soft, almost lost amongst the throbbing beat. "Look into the dots, see where they join as one. Move toward the point."

I continued to concentrate on the small points as they receded from me. At first I thought this was silly, but now it was important for me to see where the dots were going. I could still hear his voice in my ears, but it began to sound more and more like the dull beat. I felt like I was moving now, closing in on the place where the dots came together. I last track of time. I could have been following the dots for two minutes of two hours, I had no way of knowing.

**b**

I don't even remember the point where I stopped watching the dots, but it came as quite a shock when I heard the man's voice. I looked up and the VR headset was gone and I was still sitting in the chair. A feeling of uneasiness came over me and I knew it was time to leave.
"I have to go." I began, as I got up.

"You can't leave yet." He replied. "Now sit down."
"I sure can." I assured, and to prove this I sat back down. Why had I just done that? I didn't wanna stay here.

"What's your name?" he asked.
"Colleen."
"How old are you Colleen."
"21." I answered, having no idea why I was answering his questions. I knew I didn't want to but something inside me was compelling me to answer and there was nothing I could do to stop it.
"And you height and weight is?"
"I'm five foot six, and weigh 115 pounds."
"What size bra do you wear?"
That was none of his business. I told myself not to say a word, but I told him that I wore a 34C. He asked me if I was wearing one now, I told him that I was. What kind of girl did he think I was? He continued to question me. He asked me if I was wearing panties. I told him yes, I always did. He then wanted to know why such a beautiful girl such as myself, dressed the way I did. In such an unflattering manner. I explained that I was here to go to school, not to impress anyone. He handed me the VR headset and instructed me to put it back on. Obediently I did. Again my head was filled with the images of the dots receding into the distance. I heard the voice again. Telling me to concentrate on the dots. Follow the dots. Go to the place where the dots come together. Reach to the place where they are all as one. Look deeper. Again I lost all track of time as I tried as hard as I could to move forward with the dots. His voice continued, filling my head with thoughts and ideas. Again I was surprised when I found that I was no longer wearing the VR set, but sitting back in the chair with my eyes closed.

"How are you feeling Colleen?" he asked.
"Wonderful" I answered, even though I felt a little disoriented and my head felt fuzzy. I really wasn't sure how he knew my name. I didn't remember telling him.

"Do you know why you're here?" he asked.
I had to think about it, but I didn't have an answer. "I don't know."
He asked me about my height and weight. The questions seemed strange, but I answered then nonetheless. He asked me what size bra I wore, and I explained to him that I never bothered to wear one. I went on, telling him that my pert breasts were not in need of support. He asked if I was sure, and I let him know that there was no way I was wearing one. I reached up and touched my breast and was shocked to find out that I was wearing one.
"Can you excuse me for a second?" I asked.
"Sure."

**c**

I reached around behind myself and undid the clasp on the bra. Immediately I felt worlds better as the constricting garment fell slack. I worked the straps off of my shoulders, never removing my shirt and finally pulled the garment off and stuffed it into my backpack. I hated wearing those things. I had no idea why I had done that to myself.

"Do you feel better now?" he asked.

"Of course." I answered, loving the way my still wet T-shirt hugged to my breasts. I could feel my hardened nipples pressing against the shirt. I had to look down at the two dark spots, showing clearly through the white T-shirt.
"Are you wearing panties?"
"Are you kidding? I hate them." I answered, but something told me that I should check. Something didn't feel right, and damned if I wasn't wearing them.

What's wrong?" he asked.
"Why am I wearing these?" I asked.
"I don't know." He answered.
"I'll be right back."

I got up from my chair and turned and faced away. I quickly pushed my sweats off and then my panties. I didn't care that he was looking at my ass, I had to get these things off. I pulled my sweats back on and returned to my seat. I stuffed those into my backpack too. I could have simply gotten rid of them here, but thought it would be rude to leave them in a non-dormitory trash can. I suddenly felt much better about myself.

"Do you feel like yourself now?" He asked.
"A little bit. I just don't know why I'm dressed like this."
"How do you normally dress?"
"Shorts and a tank top usually. Definitely something more revealing than this."
"How does that make you feel?"
"Like I have to go home and get changed." I answered.
"Do you wanna go get changed?"
"I certainly don't wanna be dressed like this. I need to do something." I answered.
"We could make that into shorts and tank top if you'd like." He offered.
"I think we need to, I can't stand being dressed like this."
"Why's that?"
"Because I have a really great body, and dressed like this, no one will notice."
"Why don't you give me your pants and I'll make them into shorts for you."

No longer concerned with whether he saw me undressed or not, and simply because he asked for them I stood up and removed my sweats. I saw his eyes settle on the dark patch of hair between my legs. It brought a smile to my face. I like it when people see me like this. I handed him the pants and sat down. He accepted them and walked up toward the front of the room. He returned several minutes later and handed them back to me. I slipped them back on and they look much better. Both legs had been cut off only an inch below my crotch. I modeled them for a second and felt a little better about wearing them.
"Are they to your satisfaction?" he asked.
"Can you tell I'm not wearing underwear?" I asked. It was very important for me to know this.
"I can't tell." He answered.
"That's what I figured. Can I borrow your scissors?"
"Sure." He answered, handing them over.
Carefully, not wanting to cut myself, I made a slit in each side that extended almost to the elastic band. Now there was no question of whether anyone could tell I wasn't wearing panties. I sat back down and was happy about how the shorts looked. Now if we could fix this damn shirt, I would be perfect. Completely unconcerned that someone I had just met was sitting only five feet from me, I removed my shirt. Again I was happy to see that he noticed my pert breasts. I handed him the shirt and he set about tailoring it to my specifications. When I put it back on the sleeves were gone and the collar around the neck had been expanded. It was also a little shorter, leaving a small band of skin visible just above my waist.
"How's that?" he asked.
"I guess it's OK." I answered, less than happy about how it looked.
"What's wrong?"
"You still can't tell I'm not wearing a bra." I answered. It was very important that anyone seeing me knew that I was without one. "Maybe a couple slits in the side will make it work."
He approached me and very carefully made two incisions inside the arm openings of the shirt, that extended down my side. I looked carefully at myself and come to the conclusion that the shirt was now the equal of the shorts. I felt completely at ease. I suddenly now had the urge to leave. I stood up to go, and the man made no motion to stop me.
"Now you remember what you are, don't you?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm a tease and flaunt. I like people to look at me and see my body. I'm an exhibitionist."
"Very good. Now be back here around the same time tomorrow and we'll talk about how your night went."
"Will do. Thank you for making time for me." I answered as I walked to the front of the room. I removed my keys from my backpack. "Do you mind if I leave the rest of my stuff here. I really don't feel like carrying it home in the rain."
"That's fine. I'll make sure nothing happens to it." He finished.

**d**

With that said I walked out into the hall. It was only a short walk to the outside door at the end of the hall. The rain, if it had let up while I was inside was now beating down with the same ferocity as before. Not caring in the least, I walked out and headed across campus to my apartment. It felt good as the cooling rain came down on me as I moved slowly across the deserted sidewalks of the school. I didn't pass anyone for a long time, and I was kind of bummed that I hadn't. I wanted people to see me, and appreciate my great body. The first person I encountered was under the entrance way of one of the buildings out toward the edge of the campus. He was by himself and keeping out of the rain. Unable to resist I changed my course so I walked in front of the building. I was a little dismayed at first that my passing didn't get a response, but I guess it took him a little time to get his nerve up to call out to me.
"Excuse me, Miss." He began.
I didn't answer, but walked over to where he was standing out of the rain. I stopped a couple feet from him and allowed him a moment to look at me. It felt good to know he was checking me oJust the thought of him looking at me had my nipples hard, and I loved they way they felt pressed against the wet T-shirt that was clinging tightly to me.
"How you doing tonight?" asked the guy. He looked like he was a couple of years older than me, and even though I was standing there like I was, I could tell that I was making him very uncomfortable.
"I'm great. How 'bout you?"
"I'm OK." He answered, seeming very unsure of the answer. If I were him and someone with a great body was standing next to me, I know I would be doing better than OK.
"Do I make you nervous?" I asked, knowing it to be the case.
He looked away, like he couldn't bare to face me. I figured there was something wrong with him, since there was absolutely nothing wrong with me.
"No." He answered, offering no further explanation.
"Look, if I make you uneasy, I'll be moving along." I resumed. I still had a bit of a walk ahead of me.
"It's not that. It's just the way you're dressed." He answered, turning back to me and looking at my erect nipples.
"Something wrong with the way I'm dressed?" I asked.
"I can see your tits." He answered.
"No, you can see my nipples pressed against my shirt." I answered in a teasing voice. "If you wanna see my tits, you're gonna have to ask."
"Really? OK, I wanna see them." He answered quickly.
Thinking nothing of it, I pulled my shirt up and let him see. He reached out toward me and I quickly moved away. "You said see, not touch." I teased.
With that said, I quickly dashed out from under the covering and into the rain. I heard him call me a couple of times, but I never looked back. I crossed over the main street through campus and started down the row of dormitories. Mine was still in the distance, at the end of the row, but at least now home was in sight. There were a couple of guys sitting in front of their building, on a couple of benches under the front canopy when I passed. I looked over at them a couple of times, but didn't move toward them until I heard them call out to me. I was completely drenched, but I couldn't get the smile off of my face. I felt so good. I stopped in front of the benches they were sitting on and waited for them to finish eyeing me up. It took them a few seconds to allow their eyes to roam over me, until they could look me in the eye.
"Nice tits." Started the first guy.
"I know."
"You don't believe in a bra?" Asked the second.
"Why? I think they look better like this. Don't you?"
"Yeah." Answered the first. The second was quick to agree.
"So why should I wear one?"
"Good point. So what are you doing out in this crap tonight." Asked the second guy.
"Walking around."
"You always walk around in the rain in a white T-shirt?" asked the first.
"Yup, got something people like to see." I answered.
"Can I see?"
I didn't answer, but pulled my shirt up so they could see them. Neither said a word and quickly I had my shirt pulled back down.
"Nice." They agreed.
"I know."
"Can I ask you something?" asked the first guy.
"Sure."
"Are you wearing underwear?"
"Nope."
"Prove it."
I jumped up onto the bench across from them and pulled my shorts down exposing the dark patch of hair between my legs. I felt so good exposing myself. I almost didn't wanna pull my shorts back up.
"So you wanna come up to our room for a drink?" Asked the second guy.
"Nah, I gotta get going." I answered, as I pulled my shorts back up. I expected them to chase after me, but neither did. I wasn't sure why they didn't. I knew I was hot, and I figured they might wanna see me strip again. I didn't think anymore about it, as I found someone else to show-off for. He was two buildings down, out front leaning against the entranceway post, having a cigarette. He saw me coming from a ways off and motioned for me to come over once I was close enough. I headed toward him, but didn't move under the cover of the entrance way, instead I let the rain continue to beat down on me. I couldn't wait to show him my body. It seemed like after each time I showed it, I wanted to show it more. I hoped he was interested.
"Hi." I began, putting my hands on my hips.
"Hello." He replied, looking long and hard at my chest. It made me tingle.
"What's going on?" I asked.
"Looks like you are." He answered.
"Got that right." I answered.
"Just out walking around tonight?"
"Yeah, something like that."
"That your normal walking around attire?"
"Yeah, it's very comfortable."
"Looks it." He answered. I was hoping he would get to the point here. I was burning up inside wanting to tear my clothes off so he could see me. I don't know why I just couldn't rip them off. For some reason I felt compelled to wait for him to ask.
"So, anything you wanna ask me?" I continued.
"You cold." He asked, while flicking my nipple with his finger.
I took a step back.
"What?" he asked, like he hadn't done anything wrong.
"Can't touch." I teased.
"Can I see?"
"What you wanna see?" I asked excitedly.
"Everything."
Unable to contain myself, I pulled my shirt off and pushed down my shorts. I picked my shorts up and stood there so he could see me. He reached out for my breast again, but I backed away.
"I told you, no touch."

**e - end of day 1**

He backed up till he was against the post again, and I got dressed quickly. I didn't trust this guy and I was relieved to walk away from him, and not have him follow me. Two buildings later I was in front of mine. I couldn't wait to get inside and take my clothes off and take a shower. There were three girls sitting out front as I approached. I didn't recognize any of them, but I hardly new anyone on this building. I moved between where they were sitting and made for the front door. I was almost there when one of them began.
"C'mere."
I turned around and looked at them sitting there. I hadn't considered this before, but I suddenly I got very turned on at the idea of showing them my body. I walked back to where the three of them were sitting.
"What?" I asked, fidgeting a little.
"What the ... are you doing dressed like that?"
"What's wrong with it?" I questioned.
"You look like a slut."
"I'm not a slut." I assured them.
"Walking around like that, and you're not a slut?"
"I just like to show off my body." I answered. I hoped they wanted to see it.
"What are you, a flasher?"
"A little."
"I don't believe you." One of them replied.
"You want me to prove it?" I asked, hoping that one of them would say yes.
"Yeah." She answered.
I proved it. I stood there holding my shirt pulled up to my chin, with my shorts bunched up at my feet. None of them seemed impressed with my body. Of course, I didn't know what I expected. I didn't say anything, but waited for one of them to speak. I figured between the three of them, one would have something to say about me taking my clothes off in front of the building.
"So what are you gonna do? Just stand there?"
I dropped my shirt back down and then reached down and pulled my shorts back up. The three of them remained silent as I got dressed. As soon as I was dressed, I wished I wasn't. I had felt so good about being naked, that the thought of standing here dressed bothered me.
"You just take your clothes off for no reason?"
"Sometimes."
"You always go around taking your clothes off?" Asked the second girl.
"I haven't taken anything off." I answered, while rubbing my hand across my tits. “I only flashed you.”
"Oh, but do you?" Asked the third.
"If someone asks." I answered, thinking how great it would be if they asked me to take everything off. I couldn't wait to show them my naked body completely, I was so proud of it.
"So what, you just go around taking your clothes off every time someone asks?"
"Yeah." I answered, thinking it was a normal thing to be doing. I had something to show and there were people who wanted to see it.
“Then why don’t you strip for us.”
I didn't answer, but let my actions speak for me. I pushed my shorts down and stepped out of them. Once they were free of my feet I pulled my shirt up and over my head and dropped it on the ground. The three of them looked at me standing there naked, and I got a warm feeling all over, as I savored in the fact they were ogling at my body and my clothes not touching me anywhere.
"That's really ...ed up." One of them commented.
"Maybe to you, but not to me." I answered before resuming my walk to the front door. I really didn't care for these three since they had such a problem with the way I was. It was my business, and they had no right to put it down.
I pulled my shirt back on and pulled my shorts back into place.
"So you gonna undress again?" asked one of them.
"If someone asks me." I replied.
"Fine, I'm asking. Show us your stuff, again.” I stood in front of them, pushed my shorts down and pulled my shirt up.
“You’re not going to strip?” “No.” “Why not?” “You didn’t ask me to. You only asked me to flash you. “Oh, I’m sorry. We’d like to see you take everything off.” “No problem. I love being naked and showing off.”
Unable to resist the offer, I pulled off my shirt and stepped out of my shorts. Holding both in my hand I stood in front of them. I had no idea why they wanted me to strip again, but their reasons didn't matter. I was happy to do it. None of them said anything again, but they were looking at me and that in itself turned me on.
"You do anything else?"
"Like what?" I asked. I was about to get dressed, but I didn't mind waiting.
"You ever walk around like that?"
"Nah." I answered.
"Why not?"
"No one ever asked me to."
"Why don't you walk over to that dorm like that." Pointing to one of the other three buildings.
Thinking nothing of it, I turned and walked away. She had pointed to the closest building, which was only a few dozen feet away and very quickly I was there. I kept my arms at my side as slowly walked back. My clothes were still sitting on the ground and I picked them up.
"So did that get you off?"
"It turned me on." I answered as I put my clothes back on, then added; “I like being naked, it’s great and I like the way it feels.”
“I guess so.” I started to go into the building.
"You gonna go masturbate now, or something?" Asked one of them sarcastically.
Without another word, I walked passed them and into my building, went through the dorm lobby and up to my room.