Undertow

“Oh God, this is beautiful!” Amy Anderson exclaimed as she entered the lobby of the Hilton Hotel on Marco Island, Florida. She looked up at the soaring arched ceiling in the 5 story atrium, complete with two fountains, marble floors, and huge potted palm trees everywhere. It was just breathtaking.

Hotel staff and guests alike moved all about the lobby, and Amy had to navigate her way through the massive room to get to the main desk to check-in. This time of year, the gulf coast of Florida was a busy place, full of tourists, many of them European, but also college kids on Spring Break, and other warm weather seekers from up North. The Hilton, however, was an upscale hotel that really didn’t cater to the under 21 crowd of drunken students, looking for a week of debauchery. The clientele here was clearly older, more subdued, and classy.

“Hello ma’am, checking in?” asked an attractive young woman as Amy got to the front of the line.

“Yes… Anderson, Amy?” Amy said, setting her luggage down. The girl, whose nametag read ‘Melissa’, smiled and typed on her computer.

“I have you staying with us for 3 nights, checking out on the 23rd… is that correct?” Melissa asked.

“Yes.”

“I see here that it is a double occupancy… will you be needing two room keys?” Melissa asked.

Amy’s heart sank a little bit. It was supposed to be a double occupancy, that is until Amy caught her boyfriend Mike in bed with a stripper he had picked up at a buddies bachelor party, just 5 days earlier. This was to be the first vacation Amy and Mike took together, to really test out their new relationship. Amy, 29 and turning 30 in just 3 months, had incredibly high hopes for her and Mike. She wasn’t getting any younger, and Mike really seemed like ‘the one’… that is until she walked into his apartment and found him in the throes of passion with a 21 year old blond exotic dancer. Granted, she had gone to his place that night ‘unannounced’, but still… if he wanted to sleep with other women, why had he given Amy a key?

Amy’s friend Tracy had convinced her to take the trip anyway… the time away would do her some good, and who knew, maybe she would even meet someone. Since the plane tickets were non-refundable, Amy decided to go for it, and just try to forget Mike. That had actually worked, until now…

“Actually, no… just the one key will be fine.” Amy said. The girl continued to check Amy in, then called a bellhop to take Amy and her bags up to her room on the 14th floor.

The room was gorgeous. A huge king sized bed was right in the center, gorgeous ocean-scape paintings adorned the walls. Two huge armoires that matched the bed were against one wall. The bathroom had a Jacuzzi tub, and a separate stand-up shower. And the balcony overlooked the beach. It was wonderful. Amy started to feel better already.

The flight from Washington, DC was a short one, but for some reason, Amy still felt a little drained. It was only 2PM, and the sun was out and shining brightly, temperature in the high 70’s. DC was still stuck in the middle 40’s with drizzle and clouds, so this was such a nice change from a weather perspective. It lifted her whole mood.

“OK… time to hit the pool. First a shower, then bikini, then chaise lounge… in that order!” Amy said, then laughed to herself.

She stripped naked and took a long warm shower. Feeling rejuvenated, she wrapped a towel around herself and walked back out into her room. She opened her suitcase and pulled out the three bikini’s she had brought with her. The first was a fairly modest black two piece from J Crew that she wore to the beach at home frequently. The second was new, a string bikini from Ujena swimwear that she had yet to wear in public, but which she thought she looked great in. The third was a thong bikini that she had purchased a while back, but never had the guts to wear outside of the tanning salon she went to.

A swimmer in college, Amy was still in great shape. All the training she went through during her high school and college years paid off, and she was able to maintain a fairly regular work out regiment, even to this day. She prided herself on looking good. She had an athletic build, standing about 5 feet 6 inches, with lightly muscled legs arms and shoulders from years for doing laps in the pool. Her bust-line was ample, but not at all overwhelming, just between a B and a C. The one physical attribute that gave her fits in the gym, however, was her somewhat full backside. Most people complimented her on it. Her rear was very shapely and womanly, but Amy always wanted a smaller butt. She worked it out all the time, but that only made it firmer… not smaller. Hence, she never wore the thong in public. Always a full coverage bikini bottom, or a one piece.

She decided on the new string bikini… it had a full bottom, and the top fit her really well. She felt quite confident in it. She put it on, then threw on a thigh length white cover-up over it, and slipped into her sandals. She put her shoulder length straight brown hair up into a ponytail, held with a small rubber band. She grabbed her sun block, sun glasses, room key and wallet and threw them into her small beach bag, and headed out the door.

The Hilton had a really nice outdoor pool with a large deck area, 2 outdoor bars, one of them a pool bar, and hundreds of chaise lounge chairs to lay out on. That was Amy’s only goal for this afternoon… catch the last few hours of sun and get her tan going.

She took the elevator down and went out to the pool area. It was quite a bit more crowded than she thought it would be, but after a few minutes, she was able to find an empty lounge chair. She grabbed a complimentary beach towel (free for guests to use) from the small towel hut next to the pool, spread it out on her chair, set her bag down, sat down on the lounge, pulled her cover-up off over her head, and laid back. In no time, she drifted off to sleep, despite all of the activity around her.

She woke up about 45 minutes later as an aerobics class had started next to the pool. Amy smirked as she watched several heavy women in all sorts of ill-fitting swimsuits try to keep up with the incredibly fit male instructor. She realized just how hot it was out here as a drop of sweat rolled down the middle of her forehead to her nose.

“Whew… time for a swim!” she decided. She stood up from her chair, and glanced around. The pool area was hopping with people, most of them Amy’s age or older, very few children. The pool was packed as well.

“Ugh…” she said out loud… being a swimmer, Amy really wanted to take a few laps to cool off, and that was not going to happen in that over crowded pool. She decided to try the beach, and take a quick ocean dip. She thought about bringing her stuff with her, but realized that if she did, her chair would again be up for grabs. It was unwritten rule that a chair with a towel on it was a reserved chair. So she walked over to the towel hut to grab another towel to take to the beach.

“Oh damn…” she said as she reached the small hut. There were no more towels. “Well, with all these people, I guess I can see how they would run out…” she thought. She looked back at the pool again. “No way…” she decided. Waaaay too many people. “Oh well, I’ll just run down to the beach and take a quick swim… it’s so hot out here I’ll probably dry off on the walk back to the pool area!” she thought, deciding that she wouldn’t need to take a towel after all.

She made her way across the crowded concrete deck to the door in the 4 foot high fence that lead to a small path down to the beach. The sand was quite hot under her feet, and she though momentarily about going back for her sandals. “Nah… I can take the heat.” She decided, and walked towards the water, some 200 feet away.

The beach was immense and stretched as far as she could see. There were many people walking, laying out, playing volleyball, etc. But since there was so much beach available, it didn’t look nearly as crowded as the pool area. “I’ll be laying out down here tomorrow for sure.” She decided.

She noticed a group of college aged girls just to her right. One was standing with her back to Amy, and REALLY filled out her bikini bottom. She was not a heavy girl by any means, she just had a full rear, much like Amy. Amy smiled to herself a little. “I guess Tracy is right, bigger butts are sort of ‘in’ lately.” She thought. Then, much to Amy’s surprise, the girl slid her hands around to her lower back, and slipped them into her bikini bottom, pulling it down slightly to fix a wedgie. In the process though, she bared the upper half of her butt to Amy, and anyone else watching. Amy gasped a little and looked around to see if anyone noticed. No one seemed to, and the exposure only lasted a second or two.

“Wow! That was a little risky!” Amy thought. “I’d be MORTIFIED if anyone saw my bare rear like that!!”

Part 2

She headed down to the waters edge and stepped in as a small wave broke at her feet. The water was warm and very inviting. “Oh yes…” Amy said with a smile as she waded out a little ways, the small waves cresting around her knees, then her waist. She finally dove forward and into the warm water, swimming a few strokes under water before coming up and swimming across the surface. It felt soooooo good. She swam out farther into the waves.

But after a minute or so, Amy felt a tugging at her bikini bottom, and then a slight release. She gasped and stopped all at once, quickly reaching back. She grabbed her bottoms as they slid down to her knees. One of the ties had come undone.

“Oh my!” she said, now standing in shoulder deep water. The small waves seemed a little bigger out here, and each time one passed by, she would actually be lifted off the sandy floor of the ocean, then gently set back down. It made getting her bottoms back in place tricky. She noticed, however, that the water felt kind of nice on her now bare backside, and even more nice rushing between her legs now that her bottoms were at her knees.

“Oooooo…” she said out loud. But then quickly pulled them up as she realized just how many people were around… she knew that no one could see her, but she just could NOT bring herself to continue with this little bottomless escapade, no matter how good it felt. She had NEVER done something like that before.

She re-tied the bottoms tightly and continued to swim, out to a point where she could no longer touch the bottom with her toes.

It happened suddenly… Amy was in the middle of a stroke, when she felt a pulling at her legs, that swept up to her waist, then her shoulders, and yanked her under.

“MMmpphpm!!” she struggled to stay above, but soon found herself pulled under, all the way to the sand. A wave had just gone past, and the undertow had caught Amy and yanked her down. Amy’s fanny bumped against the sandy ocean floor as she frantically clawed upwards to get a breath of air. She tumbled forward, with no control over her direction, and was suddenly thrust upwards, feet first. She could feel that her feet and legs up to her knees had broken the surface, so she spun her shoulders with all of her strength, then kicked over so that she was right side up. She was above the surface long enough to take a breath, before the undertow caught her again and dragged her under. This time, it was more violent, and Amy literally tumbled across the ocean floor, grabbing frantically at anything to try and right herself, and swim back to the surface.

Her mind was blank, and she switched into survival mode. She was pissed off that she was such a strong swimmer, but here she was getting her ass kicked by some waves and currents. She was again spit up to the surface, and this time, she managed to swim a few strong strokes towards shore in an attempt to free her self from the powerful current. It worked, again for a minute. She got caught up once again, and was this time dragged down to the bottom face first. She tried to claw at the sand to steady herself, then push back up to the surface, but the current was just so strong. It violently pulled her along the ocean floor as she thrashed about, trying to break free. Finally she was thrust skyward again.

For the third time she was returned to the surface, and this time she kicked free of the ocean’s clutches, swimming several strong, quick strokes towards shore. She swam until she reached a point where she could stand.

“Oh my God… Oh my god…” her heart pounded, and she was out of breath. She was shaking a little bit, and tears welled up in her eyes. “Oh Thank God!” she thought, now realizing that she was at a safe distance from where the waves were cresting. She took a moment to compose herself after her very real, scary and life-threatening ordeal. She wiped the salt water and tears from her eyes, and started to calm down a bit. She looked to the shore, and of all the people both in the water and on the beach, no one seemed to have noticed her plight. Not even the lifeguard who sat in her chair almost right in front of the hotel.

“OK… swim time is over!” she decided, and started to wade back towards shore. As she walked though, she noticed something… a sensation? Something was a little different. But it felt oddly familiar to her… like just earlier, when her bottoms came undone…

“oh GOD!” she said, and quickly slid her hands down to her hips. Her fingertips found nothing but bare skin. She quickly ran her hands all the way down to her feet… nothing. Her bottoms were gone! That’s when she noticed her top…

“Ohhhh!” she gasped, now standing in shoulder deep water. Her string bikini top was hanging around her neck, and floating in front of her… the ties in the back had apparently come undone. Panic set in quickly. Amy frantically searched for her bottoms as she tried to get her top back in place. She spun the top around so that she could try to pull it back down over her breasts again and re-tie it… but she was horrified by what she discovered. One of the ties was completely gone – most likely torn off during her struggle with the undertow – just a few threads remained. It had probably gotten caught on a piece or coral or something, Amy thought blankly. She was thankful that her whole top hadn’t come off, but given the state of it now… she would have to hold it in place. It could not be retied in the back.

She looked back up at the beach. It suddenly seemed much more crowded, even though it was not. “Oh god… what am I going to do NOW???” she said aloud. She continued to search for her bottoms, but deep down, she knew they were gone forever.

The sun was still fairly high in the sky. Amy guessed that it was about 3PM. She abandoned any hope of actually retrieving her bikini, and focused on what her next move should be. Had this been South beach, people may not even look twice at a practically naked woman emerging from the water… but this was the other side of Florida, and these beaches were MUCH more conservative. Thongs were very rare indeed, and there were signs posted all over that pointed out the rules of the beach, one of which was Adequate Swimwear Required.

“Oh no… Oh my gawd no… this is not happening…” she said out loud. She tried to focus her brain on a way out.

“Well, I could stay out here until dark I guess…” she thought, but then realized that would not be for at LEAST another 6 hours. She scanned the beach to see if there was anything that she could quickly get to and hide behind for a while, perhaps until it did get dark. The tears once again welled up in her eyes as the reality of her situation set in – bottomless, and nearly topless on a public beach. Her towel and room key were several hundred feet away, and to get them she would need to pass by dozens and dozens if not over a hundred strangers…. All clothed.

“What’s the worst case, it would take me what, maybe 3 minutes?” she thought. What choice did she have, really? She would need to use one hand to keep her top on. The other hand she could use to cover herself up front… she was thankful of her recent bikini wax… her bush trimmed to a neat little stripe, very sexy. She’d only need one hand to cover that… but it was baring her ample fanny to a crowd of strangers that had her stomach flipping.

“Oh… god.” She said at the thought. Her heart now started to pound as she knew that she was about to be seen bottomless by so many strangers… “all those eyes on my bare naked ass!!” she thought. Again, tears came. Amy quickly brushed them away. “ohhhh… get a hold of yourself!” she said out loud. But it was hard… her heart was already pounding, and she had NEVER been more nervous in her life. She had to have a plan, and needed to come up with it soon.

Part 3

She again scanned the beach. To get back to the little path and up to the pool deck she’d need to pass by a ton of people. But would she even WANT to go back to that pool deck? There were sooooooo many people there that it seemed crazy to even attempt. Maybe it would make more sense to try to get back to the hotel lobby to get another room key? The idea of being in the lobby almost naked made her stomach flip, but there were absolutely less people there than there were by the pool.

“OK… OK….” She said, taking a deep breath. “I have GOT to get back inside.” She tried to find the path of least resistance across the beach to the hotel. There were a lot of people around, but they were fairly spread out. She noticed one section to the left of the hotel where there seemed to be less beach-goers than there were elsewhere. To bypass the pool deck and circle around to the front of the hotel would also be a challenge, and since Amy had just arrived, she was unsure of the best route. It was a massive hotel and she was unfamiliar with it’s layout. She would have to find the best way as she went… a very daunting task for someone so minimally dressed. But she knew she had no choice. The water was warm, probably close to 72 degrees, but she also knew that hypothermia would set in eventually, well before it got dark. She already felt a little cold as the ocean breeze picked up a bit. It was still March, after all.

She waded over to her left and visualized the path she would take. She decided that in order to minimize her exposure, she should stay underwater up to her neck for as long as possible, then once she got to the beach, run like hell. She crept closer to shore, crouching as the water level fell. Soon she reached a point where she couldn’t continue on and keep her boobs underwater. So she pulled her top down and tried to hold it in place with her left hand, planning to use her right when she needed to cover herself ‘down below’. The problem was, since this was a string bikini, the small triangle cups were sort of independent of each other, with just a small string between them. Using only one hand, Amy could keep one breast or the other covered at a time, but it was tough to keep them both in their respective cups without the top being tied around her back. The tie around her neck did little to keep things in place. She decided to just drape her arm over the top and hope that was enough.

“OK Amy… you can do this. Just don’t look at anyone, keep your head down and your ass moving FAST, and this will all be over soon…” she said out loud, in a quivering voice. She closed her eyes then draped her left arm across her breasts and broken bikini top, clamped her right hand over her bush, and stood up, now in just thigh deep water. She exhaled, and opened her eyes.

She started to wade in, and her legs felt like lead. “Oh god… this is nuts! It seems like miles just to get to the beach!” she thought. She broke one of her rules right away and started to look around to see if anyone noticed her. It took a little bit, but soon, she saw a few heads turning, and faces looking her way.

“Oh no… oh please don’t look….” She said. She could not bring herself to stop looking at people as she waded closer to shore. Her breathing got heavy quickly, and she could feel her legs moving slower. She was walking with her knees together, and a hand jammed down between her upper thighs… not a good position to be in if speed is you goal.

No one was too close to her yet, but it seemed like more people were starting to take notice. Her eyes darted all around, from this shocked face, to that laughing one, from one pointing man to a group of stunned volleyball players. Her heart pounded in her ears and she could barely hear the whistles and gasps over it. “oh no… oh no… oh god….” She said ever so softly as she walked. She was soooooo nervous and very embarrassed. Soon she was out of the water, and now actually had passed by some people, so the exposure was complete.

“Oh god… my bare… fanny… they can… see.. every… thing…” she said to herself softly. Ahead of her to her left that group of college girls laughed hysterically, to her right, 3 men just gawked. She had no idea just how many people were now enjoying her very public exposure. Everything seemed to be happening in slow motion now.

But she continued on at a pace just above normal walking, head swiveling, unable to stop taking everything in. She past by a group of people who had towels, but it never even occurred to her to ask for one… she was just so focused on getting off that beach.

At some point, she started to notice the comments…

“Wooohooo! Nice ASS!” came a male voice.

“Oh god… put something on you slut!” a female voice.

“Hey, a streaker!” another female voice.

“Um, like NICE outfit!” yet another female.

Then, about 50 or so feet onto the beach, Amy really started to panic about her rear end being so exposed. She convinced herself that her top provided adequate coverage for the moment, so she let the arm that was covering her breasts drop to her side. She slid it around her hips in an attempt to cover her butt, but it really did little good. She wound up just letting her hand drape over her left buttock as she walked, deciding to not hold on to her top at all. Her boobs leapt, bounced and shook a little in the remains of her top with each step, now free of the support and coverage her arm had given them moments ago.

She kept going, and the number of onlookers continued to grow, as more and more people began to notice this practically naked woman, walking among them on this very public beach.

“Someone should call the cops!” said a woman’s voice.

“What a whore… PUT SOMETHING ON!!” said another. “Yeah, naked girl, I’m talking to you!”

“Now THAT’S a bahdunkadunk!!” said one of the college girls, referring to Amy’s rear.

Amy bristled a little at that comment and moved her hand more to the center of her rear to cover what she could. She kept walking, quickening her pace now to a very slow jog. That resulted, however, in her breasts bouncing free of her top, which now hung between them, like a long necklace.

“Oh god… this is like a nightmare!!!” she screamed in her head. She looked down and saw that her nipples were 100% erect and sticking straight out from her bouncing breasts. She gasped a bit and grimaced, but could not bring herself to use the hand covering her fanny to fix the top. She knew it would just come loose again anyway, and she was soooooo embarrassed that people were seeing, and commenting on her ample butt!!!

“Oh lord, like why are my nipples hard??” she wondered as she walked. “As if this isn’t embarrassing enough!!!”

Amy got close to the small path that lead to the pool area, and headed to the left of it to try and find an alternate route back into the hotel. She started to run a little faster now, and saw that there was in fact an opening in the fence that bound the parking lot next to the hotel from the beach. She headed towards that.

Part 4

“I must look sooooooo foolish!” she thought as she took notice of her shadow on the sand. Running like that, with her knees practically locked together, and her hands feebly attempting to preserve at least SOME modesty. She took just a bit of solace in the fact that she would be off the beach very shortly. The opening into the parking lot was just up ahead.

Some people behind her were laughing, others cheering, but one thing was for certain, ALL of them had now seen her naked rear end, among other things. She had a sudden rush of modesty and actually stopped running for a minute, turned her back to the parking lot and away from all those eyes, and used the hand that was on her rear to fix her top. “Enough people have already seen my naked boobs!” she thought. Her hand trembled so much though, that it was tough to get the top in place. She looked up, and was truly shocked to see just how many people were watching her. There were dozens of them! She gasped a little. “Oh why did I stop!!!” she thought. She got the top in place, then covered her butt again, and turned towards the opening to the lot. She scampered through it, and took some cover behind a row of cars.

As she contemplated her next move, the thought of having to run naked through the lobby and try to ask the desk clerk for a key was almost too much for her to handle. Tears welled up in her eyes, and she let out a sob, but she quickly pulled herself together.

She was about to start heading through the lot, when all at once, a woman in a very tight white bikini came up to her.

“Um, are you ok?” she asked. She was a very attractive blond, maybe Amy’s age if not a little older. Her bikini looked painted on, Amy thought absently.

Amy was breathless and could barely speak. She just crouched there, one hand between her legs, the other arm across her boobs. She tried to compose herself. Oh God… not another person making fun of her…

“Do you need help??” the woman said. “Oh my… are you… naked?”

“Y..y… yes…” Amy stammered.

“What happened? I mean, are you streaking or something?”

Amy laughed a little sarcastically, then said, “Um no… I am soooo not streaking. I um, lost my bottoms in the ocean while I was swimming.”

“Oh… I see… wow! That’s quite a predicament!” the woman said smirking a little. Amy looked up at her. She had shoulder length blond hair, pulled back in a ponytail like Amy’s was. She wore an extremely tight fitting black bikini. She also had on a pair of sandals, and carried a set of car keys in her hand. “So, you are kind of stuck, huh?”

“Yeah, you could say that…” Amy said. “That’s my hotel right there…” Amy said, motioning with her head in the direction of the hotel.

“And you didn’t bring a towel or anything?” the woman asked.

“Um… well, not down to the beach.” Amy said, glancing around again to see if anyone was watching.

“Well, I’d give you something to wear, but as you can see, I’m really not wearing much myself.” And she held her hands out to her sides, as if Amy needed confirmation that all this woman had on was a bikini. Amy did absently take notice of her large breasts however, that bounced in her top a little bit as she raised her hands.

“Could you maybe… find me something to wear???” Amy asked, a little hopeful.

“Um, well, I guess I could…” the woman said. “But I am in kind of a hurry...”

“Oh please… I’d do anything just to get a towel!” Amy said in a desperate voice.

The woman paused, then smirked a little. “Anything?” she asked.

“Yes… Please!!” Amy had reached her limit with being naked in public… she just wanted to get back into her room!

“Gee… I guess you ARE in a pretty tough spot, huh?” the woman said. Then she smiled, “Well, like I said, I am in a hurry, but why don’t we get in my car and this way at least you’ll be out of sight a little bit… ok?”

“Where’s your car?” Amy said, hopefully.

“Just over there, a few rows back towards the road.”

She had already been nearly naked on the beach in front of dozens of people… the parking lot would be nothing compared to that. “OK” Amy said, “Lead the way…”

The woman smiled, “Great… follow me.” She said, and walked away.

“Maybe she has a towel or something in her car!” Amy thought. She stood up and looked around. The woman started to walk farther into the lot. Amy scampered behind her, ducking in and out between parked cars to maximize her coverage. The woman stopped at a small Mercedes convertible and unlocked it with her remote key fob.

“Hop in.” she said. Amy quickly jumped into the passenger seat, the woman got in on the driver side.

The leather seats were VERY warm on Amy’s bare rear-end, but she instantly felt better being inside the car. The woman put the keys in the ignition and started up the car.

“Ummm…. Where are we…” Amy started to say. The woman sort of cut her off.

“My name is Melissa by the way, and you are?”

“uh.. Amy.” Amy said as Melissa put the car in reverse. “I’m sorry, but where are we going?”

“Oh, well, I don’t have a thing for you to wear WITH me, so I thought we’d go get you something… that ok?” Melissa said and smiled at Amy. “Plus, I have an errand to run that just will not wait.”

“Oh… I um…” Amy was a little unsettled by all this, but what were her alternatives at this point? “uh… sure. No problem.”

Melissa smiled and started to drive out of the lot. Amy sat with one hand in her lap, covering up, the other holding her top in place. She glanced around the little 2-seater car they were in, and saw no towel, no clothes… nothing. Not even floor mats!

“So tell me Amy, what happened? How exactly did your bottoms come off? And what happened to your top?” Melissa asked as she wove through the lot and approached the road.

“I was, um, swimming, and got caught up in the undertow… when I finally got free of it, I was, um… you know…”

“Naked??” Melissa asked, and laughed a little. “I’m sorry… that really sucks sweety!”

“Um… yeah.” Amy said, now sitting a little lower in her seat and peering out the window. She felt a little more covered now seated in the car, but she was still practically naked, and now being driven around by a complete stranger! Her heart was still beating pretty hard, but she had gotten to a point where she had her breath back, and was feeling a bit more at ease.

“So you ran bottomless into the parking lot?” Melissa asked. “Wow… that’s gutsy! I mean, that’s a pretty busy beach out there!”

“Oh yes… yes it is!” Amy said, and let out a slight laugh herself, a nervous one, since she didn’t find a THING funny about all of this.

“I lost my top once before… in the Ocean, but I did get it right back. I can’t even imagine losing my bottoms and NOT finding them! That must have been soooo embarrassing!” Melissa added in a somewhat consoling tone.

“I have never been so embarrassed in my LIFE!” Amy said. “I mean, I’m STILL embarrassed right now, but god… nothing like earlier.”

Melissa smiled a little. “Oh you don’t have to be embarrassed in front of me!”

Amy smiled nervously, then looked out the window… they were heading farther and farther away from the hotel. “Um, I don’t mean to be rude, but where are we going?” Amy asked.

“Oh yeah, sorry!” Melissa said. “I just have a quick stop to make, then I thought we could head back to my place to get you a little something to wear.”

“Oh. Ok. That’s great.” Amy said.

“So, are you still willing to do ‘anything’ to get some clothes?” Melissa asked, not looking at Amy, but smiling widely. Amy frowned a little, remembering their conversation in the lot moments ago.

“Um, well, yeah, I guess.. I mean… why?”

Melissa kept smiling. “Oh, just wanted to make sure.” She said.

“oh god…” Amy thought. “this chick is gonna wind up being a psycho or something! I mean, what could she possibly want me to do??”

Part 5

They drove for another minute or two in silence, Amy getting more and more nervous by the second. Finally, she just couldn’t take not knowing what was going on.

“So, just what exactly are, um you going to need me to do?” Amy asked, glancing over at the extremely fit and busty Melissa.

“Well, I thought a trade would be in order, for a start.” Melissa said.

“Um, ok. What sort of a trade?” Amy had no idea where this was going.

“You know, you trade me something you have for something to wear.” Melissa said, sort of matter-of-factly.

“OK… well, at the moment I don’t have much!” Amy said with a slight laugh. Then it dawned on her… “oh… do you mean… my bikini top?” she added, clutching it closer to her body.

Melissa just smiled. “I think that would only be fair.”

“But, it’s ruined, really.” Amy said, clueless as to why Melissa would even want it.

“Oh that’s ok.” Melissa said. “I’ll take it anyway.” She looked over at Amy and raised an eyebrow.

“Uh… you want it… now?” Amy asked.

“Please.” Melissa said, and held out her hand.

“But…but it’s all I have on.” Amy started to panic a little. She did NOT want to take off that top! “I’ll be, you know… naked.”

“Oh Amy… you’re as good as naked now anyway!” Melissa said. “But I’ll tell you what. You can give it to me in a few minutes when we get to where we are going, if that makes you more comfortable.”

Amy didn’t respond, but the nervous feeling in her belly grew… she started to almost feel sick.

Melissa pulled into the parking lot of a small strip mall. There were a few little shops, a beauty parlor, a beach shop with shorts and swimsuits and stuff, a little convenience store and a dry cleaner.

She pulled into a spot and turned off the motor.

“OK Amy… here’s the deal. I will trade you something to wear for that bikini top that you are now holding over your boobs. But, since it is ruined, I just need you to do a small favor for me in addition.”

“Oh god… what?” Amy asked in a very small voice. She could not believe this was happening.

“Well, I told you I was running late because I have something at that dry cleaner that I need to pick up, and they close in 10 minutes. But I am also sort of thirsty, so as a favor, I’d like you to go into that convenience store and get me a diet vanilla coke.” Melissa said, and opened a small compartment in the console between the seats, she pulled out some change and held it out to Amy. “This should cover it.”

“Are you crazy?” Amy said. “I can’t go in there dressed like this!!”

“Oh, don’t worry, you won’t be…” Melissa said. Amy relaxed for a second. “I mean, you’ll have to give me your bikini top first silly!”

Amy’s eyes opened wide and her jaw dropped. “What??? I – I -… can’t…”

“Oh come on, this is EASY compared to your little streak on the beach! Just walk in, grab the coke, drop the money on the counter, and walk out. It will take you less than 30 seconds.”

“Oh this is crazy… why are you doing this to me??” Amy said, tears now welling again in her eyes.

“I told you why… I’m thirsty.” Melissa said, completely serious. “Now give me that top and get moving…. Because the clothes I am going to trade you are currently in that dry cleaners shop next door. And they are about to close.”

Amy looked up as a tear ran down her cheek. The small convenience store was almost right in front of them… all she really had to do was run in and out. What choice did she really have? she certainly couldn’t just get out and WALK back to her hotel! It was a good mile or two away! What is wrong with this crazy Melissa bitch!! Why was she making her do this??? Amy started to get quite mad.

“Oh god… ok. I’ll do it.” She said, and snatched the coins from Melissa’s hand, then, with a slight pause, pulled the bikini top off over her head and handed it to Melissa. She quickly covered her bare breasts again.

“Off you go!” Melissa said. “Don’t take too long… looks like you only have a few minutes until that dry cleaner closes!”

Amy took a deep wavering breath, then said, “OK… I can do this.” And swung the door open. She stepped out, not even closing the door behind her. Her naked body was bathed in sunlight, and she was now in plain view of the road AND the strip mall stores. She covered her groin again with the hand holding the change, but for the moment, left the rest exposed, and ran towards the door of the store.

The first thing she noticed was her own very naked reflection in the glass store front, boobs bouncing as she ran. “Oh god!” she said out loud. It took just seconds to get to the door, she burst through it, a loud bell rung to announce the presence of another customer to the store staff. Amy kept her head down, and headed towards the coolers. Her bare feet slapped the cool tiled floor of the store… a sensation that made her feel even more naked, if that was possible. She went into auto-pilot. She was aware that there were some people in the store, but for the moment, she decided not to even look. She just walked quickly to the rear of the store, and started scanning the coolers for the coke Melissa wanted. She made the mistake of looking up at one of the big round mirrors hanging in the corner of the store, and caught a real glimpse of herself…. Naked… in public… in a 7-11. Her knees almost buckled, but she pulled it together, and found the coke. She pulled open the cooler and grabbed a bottle of it. Then she turned around and was about to head down the narrow aisle to the front counter, when she found herself face to face with two college aged guys.

“Oh!” she said, a little startled, she didn’t know anyone was that close to her. “Excuse me…” she said, and tried to walk past them, but there was very little space. Both had huge smiles on their faces, and one was opening up his phone… his CAMERA phone!! Amy had no choice but to just push her way past them, this time holding one hand over her groin again, she held the coke bottle over a breast, sort of.

“What’s your hurry?” said the guy without the phone, and he lightly grabbed Amy’s arm. Amy shook loose of his grip, but then felt a hand on her bare fanny.

“Oh… hey!” she exclaimed, and sort of shoved the guy in front of her with her shoulder, finally got past them, and raced towards the counter.

“That’s a nice ass you have!!” said one guy. “Woohoo! Nice and juicy!”

Amy ignored his comment and just made a bee line for the counter. A very shocked looking middle eastern man was behind the counter. He started to say something, but Amy didn’t care. She just HAD to get out of there. She heard laughter to her right and glanced over to see two high school girls near the magazine racks, watching her every move.

She dropped the change on the counter, then ran for the door. She burst out into the parking lot, but the Mercedes was gone!!

“Oh no!” she said. She was about to panic, when suddenly Melissa pulled up right in front of her, with her window down.

“Quick! Give me the coke!” she said. Amy just followed the instructions, handed her the coke, and was about to head around to the passenger side of the car when Melissa forced a small piece of paper into her hand.

“Wha…?”

“That’s your claim ticket for the dry cleaner. They have the outfit I am trading you. Good Luck!!” Melissa said, then hit the accelerator and drove off.

“Nooooooooooo!!!!!” Amy shrieked as she watched the Mercedes pull away. She actually ran a few steps towards it, but then came to the realization that she was stark naked in plain view of anyone either driving by, or still in one of the stores. She quickly covered up, and ducked for some cover between a couple of cars.

Part 6

“Oh god… this is not happening… oh please…no!!” she was in a total panic now. Naked, a couple of miles down a very busy road from her hotel… with only this stupid piece of paper…

She looked at the small pink slip in her hand… sure enough it WAS a dry cleaning claim ticket.

“Oh lord… has it come to THIS??” she wondered. She peered over the top of the car she was now hiding behind. The dry cleaner was all the way at the far end of the little mall… a good 300 feet. She’d have to get there soon too, as she remembered that it would be closing. She took a deep breath, and tried to get into that ‘auto-pilot’ mode she went into in the store. It didn’t work. Just then a car from the road honked and she jumped. She was still in view of the road a bit.

“Oh I have to do something!!” the clothes at the dry cleaner were her only hope – short of getting arrested for indecent exposure, although she’d almost welcome that at this point, just to be finished with this most horrific and completely embarrassing ordeal.

She glanced around again, then stood up and started to run towards the dry cleaners. She ran right through the center of that parking lot, totally exposed to both the road and the stores… she had no other choice!

The pavement was hot and rough on her bare feet, quite a contrast from the cool tile floors in the 7-11. There were cars driving by on the road at a constant pace… it was, however a 4-lane commercial street (2 lanes in each direction), with stores, hotels and restaurants all along it. A few horns honked, but she wasn’t actually SURE that someone saw her until she was about half way there, and a car pulled into the lot right in front of her. She locked eyes with the driver, a man, but just kept running. Behind her, she heard a girls voice yell “Woooooo!! Streaker!!” she assumed it was one of the girls who had been laughing at her in 7-11 just a minute ago, but she did NOT turn around to look. She just ran, arms pumping, breasts and full round buttocks bouncing, covering nothing. Less than 10 seconds later, she reached the dry cleaners door. She opened it and ran inside.

The smell of dry cleaning fluid hit her like a slap in the face, as did the hot air… much warmer in there than outside. Her eyes adjusted to the dim light, and she saw a woman working behind the counter… she seemed to be the only worker in the place. And there were no other customers.

“Oh thank god…” Amy thought.

The woman had her back to Amy, but had heard her come in and said, “Be with you in a second…” and continued to do what she was doing. Amy nervously looked around to make sure no one else was there. She covered up with her hands again, sort of. After what seemed like an eternity, but was actually about 20 seconds, the woman turned.

“Oh Jesus Christ…” she said upon seeing the naked Amy standing there. “what the hell is this??”

“I… oh god.. can you please just help me??” Amy pleaded. She handed the woman, who was probably 250 pounds and in her 50’s, the claim ticket. The woman snatched it from her and sighed.

“What is it with you college girls and runnin’ around nekkid?? What are you all, a bunch of whores or something??” For a second, Amy was a little flattered that this woman thought she was a college aged girl… but that quickly faded. The fat woman looked at the claim ticket, shook her head, then headed back to the rear of store where hundreds of articles of clothing hung on racks.

Amy was shaking now…. She had never been so nervous in her life! She was truly completely stranded. She didn’t know anyone in the whole state of Florida that she could call for help. The woman came back, holding a hanger that was covered with a clear plastic bag. At first, the hanger almost looked empty.

“Well, if THIS is all that you have to pick up, you may as well just stay naked… you little slut.” The woman hissed, and tossed the hanger at Amy. Amy caught it, exposing herself for the moment. She quickly ripped the plastic off the hanger.

“Oh … god…” she said. All that hung on the hanger was a light pink pair of thong panties, and a matching, really slutty looking tube style top. Both appeared to be more than a little see-through. Still, they were more than she had on now, so she quickly pulled the thong on, then the tube top/bra. The top was skin tight and was really just a 4 inch wide band of semi sheer pink material that fit like a small tube top. The thong was lined in front, but was just so tiny… the thin little side-straps dug into her hips quite a bit. Amy was happy she didn’t rip it just putting it on!

“Now get the fuck out of my store before I call the cops!” the horrible woman hissed. Amy jumped a little.

“But, I…”

“GET OUT!!!” she yelled and took a step towards coming out around from behind the counter. Amy quickly exited the store… and now found herself in an entirely new predicament…. Getting back to her hotel!!

The top and thong went a very short way towards making her feel more covered. The thong was really small and tight… very tight. But at least it was lined up front. The top on the other hand, was very flimsy and quite see-through.

Now out in front of the dry cleaners, Amy tried to decide what to do next. She knew it was a long walk back to the hotel, and dressed like this, she wasn’t sure she could do it. She would absolutely need to find someone who would help her… for real this time! But who? And where would she look for them?? It was all too much to handle, and Amy started to break down in tears again. She sobbed a little, and ducked behind a parked car again to shield herself from the road. She was able to stop crying for the moment, and had resolved herself to the fact that she just may as well start walking back to her hotel… there was really no other way.

She took a deep breath, and stood up, and started to walk towards the road. It would be tough to walk the two miles barefoot, especially down these concrete sidewalks, but again, she was left without a choice in the matter.

As she neared the road, she noticed people in cars looking her way. There were some people across the road in another parking lot, and still others in a McDonalds parking lot next to that one. She was spotted right away, a car honked, a man hooted at her, she saw others pointing.

“Oh god… I can’t do this!! How is this my life!?!?” She stopped before she reached the sidewalk and turned to hide again behind a car….when she saw the beach shop. Of course!! She could just run in there and beg for, or steal something to wear!! It was right in between the 7-11 and the dry cleaners. She made a bee-line for it, and burst in through the front door.

Part 7

It was a small shop, smaller than the dry cleaners even. A girl was working behind the front counter, and the shop was packed with racks and shelves, full of bikini’s, shorts, cover-ups… all sorts of things for Amy to wear!

“Um… Hi!! Can I help you??” the girl asked, with a smile and a slight giggle. She was young and blond, maybe 19 or 20. She had on a tube top and pair of short shorts. The black top was really too small for her well endowed chest. It read “DANGER” in white letters right across both breasts.

“Oh god…. Yes! Please, I need something to wear!!” Amy said, coming right up to the counter, covering her breasts in the see-through top with her hands.

“I’ll say!” the girl said. “You certainly have guts going out wearing that!”

“Y- you don’t understand….” Amy started to explain.

“Oh.. no. Don’t get me wrong, I think it’s really cool! I mean, I’ve gone streaking before and stuff, but wearing a stripper outfit like that in public?? Wow!” And she smiled widely. “So, what did you want to buy, and how much did you want to spend?”

“Well, that’s the problem, you see, I don’t have any money.” Amy said. “and what I am wearing is really all I have with me.”

The girl raised an eyebrow and smiled again. “Um… ok. So, what are you coming in here for then, Streaker girl?”

Amy took a deep breath. “Look, it’s a long story, but what it boils down to is that I am stranded, in public, with practically nothing to wear, and I need some help to get clothes, and to get back to my hotel. Can you just loan me something to wear??”

“Um, like, no! The owner of this place keeps like a really close inventory on stuff… I would lose my job if I just let you take something, and I LOVE working here.”

“Oh god… please, you don’t understand what I’ve been through today! I am begging you!” Amy said, and another tear ran down her cheek.

“Listen, I wish I could help, I do… but I can’t let you take anything… I’m sorry.” She looked at Amy with a somewhat sympathetic expression.

Amy started to get a little frantic and quickly scanned the area for something to cover up with. She saw a pile of beach towels on a table for sale, and quickly walked towards them.

“Uh… hey! What EXACTLY do you think you are doing?” the girl said, and ran out from behind the counter. Amy got to the towels, grabbed one, and turned to run out of the store. The girl caught up to her from behind. She grabbed the towel and pulled it hard, spinning Amy around so that she now stood facing the girl. The girl pulled the towel again, but Amy held fast and pulled it back. They stood toe to toe, eyes locked on each other. The girl sort of raised an eyebrow as if to say “Oh yeah?” then with her other hand, she grabbed Amy’s tube top right between her boobs and pulled a little. Amy gasped.

“I will rip this little slut top off of you in a second if you don’t drop that towel.” The girl said, pulling the top away from Amy’s chest ever so slightly.

“Oh god…” Amy said, and was about to drop the towel, but just couldn’t give up like that. “Please…” she started to say. The girl pulled the top a little more. Amy heard a small rip.

“I’m serious…” the girl said. “I’ll tear it off AND take this towel back… then you and your bare boobs can go streaking someplace else.”

Amy sobbed a little, and let go of the towel. The girl tossed it behind her, but before she let go of Amy’s top, she pulled it just a little farther, then up. Amy’s left breast bounced out the bottom of it, then her right. The girl let go and the top snapped back, just over Amy’s now bare breasts.

“Oh!” Amy exclaimed and frowned. “Why did you do THAT?”

The girl smiled a little. “Sorry… naughty impulse I guess! Those are really cute boobs though… I see why you like to show them off!”

“Uhhg… I am so not showing them off on purpose…” Amy said, pulling her top back down over them, which seemed silly since the top was quite transparent anyway. She wiped a tear away again.

“Ok, so listen… I’m sorry about not letting you take anything. But, I guess I could give you a ride to your hotel if you wanted.”

“Really? Oh that would be great! When?? Now?!?” Amy was so excited for the offer of some help she almost got frantic.

“Whoa there naked chick… in a few minutes, ok? I need to wait for my co-worker to come in first. What’s your name anyway?”

“It’s uh… Amy.” She said.

“Hi Amy… I’m Melissa.” The girl said. Oh Christ, not another fucking Melissa?? Amy thought to her self. But she just smiled at her new friend and said…

“Nice to meet you Melissa… uh, so when is your coworker getting here?” she asked, a little less frantically.

Melissa looked at the clock on the wall. “In a few minutes.” Then she glanced out the door into the parking lot. “Um… uh oh, are they here for you??”

Amy frowned and looked back over her shoulder out the glass front door. Pulling into a spot near the door was a police cruiser.

Amy gasped. “Oh no!”

Melissa laughed a little. “OK streaker! Quick, come with me.” And Melissa headed around behind the front counter. Amy followed her back. “Duck under here… quick, he’s coming this way!”

“I, uh… are you sure?” Amy was in a panic. But then she saw the officer coming towards the door, and crouched down in front of Melissa. The counter was just about 4 feet high and sort of hollow underneath from behind, so Amy crawled in as far as she could and stayed kneeling, on all fours actually. Melissa stood right in front of her… just inches from Amy. Amy heard the door open.

“Hi officer!” Melissa said, “What can I do for you?”

“We had a report of a nude woman running through the parking lot here a little while ago… did you happen to see anything?”

“Hmmm.” Melissa said, like she had to think about it. Suddenly, Amy felt Melissa’s hand on her back. She took hold of Amy’s top and yanked it down towards her waist.

Amy stifled a gasp as her breasts spilled out of the top again, and now swung freely below her.

“I did see a really cute brunette in a thong and see-through top earlier. Could THAT be her, Officer?” Melissa said. Oh god... what was Melissa doing? Amy thought. Her head was spinning again.

“Well, it could be...” the gruff sounding mail officer went on. “The report said she was naked, but could you describe this woman you saw?”

Again, Melissa’s hand was on Amy, this time on her lower back.

“Oh, sure, let’s see. Well, she had brown hair, up in a ponytail.” Melissa’s hand slid down to Amy’s left buttock. “What the hell is she doing?” Amy thought. She tried to push the hand away with an elbow, but was really in too cramped of a position to do much. Plus, she didn’t want to really move a muscle and have the cop hear her or see her anything. Just then, Melissa somewhat firmly squeezed Amy’s butt.

Amy slapped a hand over her mouth to keep from crying out. It didn’t really hurt much, but it was such a shock!!

“….and she has sort of average sized boobs, cute ones, very bouncy.” Melissa continued. “Oh, and a really nice big round booty. Also VERY bouncy.”

Amy could not believe what she was hearing. Just when she thought it couldn’t get any worse, Melissa’s hand grabbed the back of Amy’s thong, actually the string between her buttocks, and yanked it hard. There was a quick, short tearing sound, and the thong was gone! This time, Amy did gasp out loud.

Melissa covered it well by fake coughing at that same moment. Then the cop spoke again.

“Um… well. OK! Thanks for those, um… details. Just call us if you see her again, ok?” he said.

“Oh… of course officer.” Melissa said.

“Have a nice day ma’am.” He said, and walked out the door.

“OK… he’s gone.” Melissa said. “He’s back in his car and is pulling out.”

Amy peered up from the counter to confirm. The cruiser was in fact backing out of it’s space. Her top slipped down now to her waist.

“I can’t believe you ripped my clothes off like that!” Amy said, standing up again, her hands now covering her bush, her top still around her waist. “Why did you do that????”

Melissa, still holding the remnants of the thong in her hand just smiled. “I’m so sorry about that, Streaker Amy… another naughty impulse!” She tossed the thong into a garbage can nearby. “I owe you one thong.” She said and smiled. Then she reached out and put one hand on each of Amy’s now bare breasts. “Oh these are just sooooo irresistible!” and she squeezed them both.

“OOOOHHH!” Amy gasped and backed away. Melissa let go. “What are you doing?”

“Just having fun… sorry!” Melissa said. Amy quickly pulled the top back up over her breasts, then continued to use both hands to cover herself up front down below. Suddenly, from behind her, a female voice said, “Well, well, well,… what do we have here?” Amy about screamed and turned around to see a punk rock looking girl standing there, with short spikey black hair, a few tattoos on her arms, glasses, a skin tight black top containing a very large pair of breasts, and a matching black skirt. She had her hands on her hips, and was looking Amy up and down.

“This is Amy the Streaker.” Melissa said. “Amy the Streaker, meet my co-worker Lola.”

“Um… so where did you find her?” Lola asked, never taking her eyes off of Amy.

“Oh god…” Amy said, looking down at her feet now… totally humiliated.

“She came in here a few minutes ago, wearing that top and a matching thong. She was streaking in our parking lot earlier.” Melissa said.

“I was NOT streaking…” Amy said.

“Streaking huh? Cool! OK… so where’s her thong now?” Lola said. “Was she getting ready to streak again or something?”

“Something like that!” Melissa said, and winked at Amy. “Actually, I was gonna give her a ride back to her hotel.”

Lola just smirked. “Oh I bet you are!” then she walked past Amy and over to the cash register. “So, are you all done for the day? Is the drawer all set? I don’t want Mario in here bitching that the drawer is short cash again…”

“Lola.. it’s fine, trust me.” Melissa said. Then she looked at Amy. “OK, let’s go… my car is out front.”

“Um… out.. front?” Amy said, her heart now starting to race again.

“Yeah… out in the lot, you know… the lot you were running around naked in?” and she laughed. “Let’s go!” Melissa headed out from behind the counter towards the door.

Amy just lowered her eyes and started to walk past Lola and out from behind the counter. But as she past her, Lola said, “Well, have fun streaking!” and she swatted Amy’s bare rear somewhat firmly.

“Ouch!” Amy said and sort of jumped a little and slapped one of her hands over her butt to ward off any additional spanks.

Melissa was already at the door and walking out into the lot. Amy hurried to catch up to her, one hand over her bush, the other over her butt, sort of. Her boobs bounced around in her little top as she quickly walked to the door. Melissa was already outside.

“Waaaaaait!” Amy said once she got to the door, holding it open with her foot. Melissa stopped and turned towards her.

“Um… yes?” She said, smiling.

“Where is your car?? I mean, I’m practically naked! Can you just drive over here to get me?” Amy pleaded. Her heart was pounding again as cars drove by on the road.

“Oh Amy… you crack me up!!” she said. “um… no. Now just follow me!” and she kept going into the lot, towards the road. She walked through a few rows until she stopped at a small Honda Civic coupe… parked right in front of the sidewalk and the street.

“Oh no…” Amy said. She took a deep breath and ran out into the lot. She continued to cover herself like she was. She just kept her head down and made a bee-line towards the car. Melissa unlocked it and got in. It took Amy 10 seconds or so, but soon she reached the passenger side and pulled the handle. Locked.

Part 8

“Hey!” she yelled and frantically pulled on the handle. Melissa smiled and leaned over, and rolled the passenger window down a couple of inches.

“Oooops!! Sorry about that! Didn’t know it was locked!” she said. Amy looked around quickly. A man across the street in the McDonalds lot was looking at her. A car honked, it’s driver staring RIGHT at her as he drove past.

“Quick! Let me in! People are looking!!” Amy screamed.

“Are they?? Hmmm…” Melissa said. “Well, let’s give them something to see!”

“What???!!” Amy said. This was getting crazy again.

“I’ll unlock the door, but first you have to step over that little guard rail there, walk out onto the sidewalk, and take your top off.”

“Huh?? You are crazy! No way!” Amy said, and crouched down to try and hide a little.

“Ok.. if that’s how you feel about it.” Melissa said, and she started up the car and put it in reverse “See ya!”.

“Oh god oh god oh god!” Amy’s mind was blank. She knew she had no choice but to do what Melissa asked. Especially now that she knew the cops were around, looking for a naked brunette – she needed that ride to the hotel! “Oh… OK!” she said. She stood up. “Just out on the sidewalk?”

“Yes.” Melissa said.

“Ooooohhh Lord!!” Amy said, and quickly stepped to the guardrail and over it, onto the side walk. With shaking hands she pulled her top off over her head. It slipped from her fingers and fell to the concrete walk. She immediately covered up with her hands, one arm across her boobs, the other clamped over her bush. Her full bare rear was facing the lot and Melissa.

Cars were passing within feet of her, some honking… people across the street were watching. Amy had never in her life felt more humiliated. She felt tingly and just warm all over. She was absently aware that her nipples were rock hard and throbbing under her arm. “Oh god oh god oh god…” she continued to chant under her heavy quick breath.

She then turned to Melissa, who was smiling widely. Melissa stuck her head out her own window and said. “OK… now just leave your top there, and meet me down at the intersection, and I’ll let you in!” she said, and pointed. A couple hundred feet down the road was a major intersection with another road. There were people all over down there, and a traffic light and cross walks.

“What?? Noooo!!” Amy said.

Melissa just laughed. “Time to live up to your reputation as a streaker!!” Melissa said, then pulled her head back into the car and backed out of her space.

“Oh my god no…” Amy said softly, watching helplessly. Another car honked at her, causing her to jump. Amy couldn’t even think straight. The thought of running naked down the road was too much for her to handle. There were just so… many… people…

Melissa was already out of the lot and heading towards the intersection when Amy snapped into her autopilot mode and just started to run. She went as fast as she could, fists pumping, bare feet slapping the sidewalk, boobs bounding, covering nothing. She just focused all of her effort on getting to that intersection and into the car.

People gasped and laughed and hollered as she passed by them on the busy sidewalk on the way to the traffic light. She heard one woman call her a whore, another said “Oh that is just ridiculous.” Guys whistled at her and hooted. Melissa drove through the intersection and pulled over. Amy would now have to cross the 4 lanes of street… twice. Once in front of her to get through the intersection, and then again to get to the other side of the street where Melissa had pulled over.

“Oh god… why?” she said, another tear streamed down her cheek. After a few seconds Amy reached the intersection. But the light was red, and cars were driving by in front of her. She stopped at the corner, right next to an older couple, and a college aged guy, all three of whom just stared at her.

“Oh God… I AM a streaker now!” Amy thought. She covered up again, somewhat, and looked at the light, her whole body trembling. Again though, her nipples were throbbing and when she put her hand down below to cover up she noticed….

“Oh my God… I’m getting wet!” she was horrified. “This is turning me on?? It can’t be!!!”

The light changed and Amy dashed into the cross street, right in front of two cars at the light, then she zig-zagged across the main street again to Melissa’s car. She jumped in, the door being unlocked this time. She was completely out of breath.

“Oh that was just AWESOME!! You ARE a streaker!!” Melissa said with a huge smile. “It was all I could do not to tear off my clothes and join you! How was it??”

Amy just glared at Melissa. “How do you THINK it was??” She said.

“Well, your high beams are on… DAMN you could poke an eye out with those nips! I guess you liked it!!”

Amy groaned and quickly covered her breasts with an arm, and shoved her other hand between her upper thighs as Melissa pulled out and back into traffic. Amy knew that in her mind… she did NOT like it. But her body was telling her otherwise.

She sat as low as she could to keep from being seen. Melissa drove a bit, then said, “Which hotel?”

“The Hilton.” Amy said softly… her whole body was shaking from the experience, and she felt somewhat numb.

Part 9

Melissa drove another minute or so, then turned into the Hilton’s main drive, and pulled over next to the curb just before reaching the lobby doors.

“OK Amy… here you are!” Melissa said.

Amy took a deep breath. “Please Melissa… you have to go in and find me something to wear… or at LEAST go to the front desk and get me a key for my room??”

Melissa smiled a little. “OK… I guess I’ve put you through enough public nudity for one day anyway… wait here.” And she turned off the car, took the keys and got out.

“Oh thank god.” Amy said as she watched Melissa walk towards the front door. She noticed really for the first time just how skimpy Melissa’s outfit was. Her top was a tube top that really seemed to be struggling to keep Melissa’s full breasts contained. And those booty shorts… they really showed off a lot of her rear. And SKIN tight! Amy caught herself watching Melissa’s fanny bounce as she walked into the hotel.

There were some people around, but none too close to the car… anyone walking by could just look right in and see the naked Amy sitting there. She glanced around, but for the moment, things seemed safe. Her mind was still racing, but she felt somewhat relieved that it looked like THIS Melissa was going to help her out. Her heart still raced. “I can’t believe this day…. Oh my GOD how many people have seen me naked!?!?” she said out loud.

As she repositioned herself in the seat, her forearm rubbed across her very erect left nipple, causing a slight twinge of pleasure. “Oooo” Amy said. She frowned a little. Then she very slowly let a finger explore ‘down below’ just a bit. VERY wet now. “Oh my…..” she said. Her heart rate picked up a little bit. “There’s just no way…” she said. “….that I am getting turned on by all this.”

She tried to laugh it off, but then decided to test herself a little. She looked around again. The coast was still sort of clear. She squeezed her left breast a bit and another wonderful little wave radiated through her chest to her belly. “Oh god…” she said. She was actually quite close to having an orgasm… that is to say, she knew it would NOT take much to push her over the edge. “How can this be?” she said out loud.

She started to lightly rub her left breast and nipple with the soft palm of her hand. It just felt soooooo good. The whole time she glanced all around. “Oh this is just crazy… what am I doing?” she said, but her breathing was getting heavier by the second… she was getting quite aroused. “I caaaaan’t do this here. I… can’t”

But then her hand started to wander between her upper thighs. Her heart raced and her mind went more than a little hazy. God it was happening so fast. She was getting really warm. She kept looking around to make sure no one was watching.

“Oh I can’t... I can’t do this… here…” she said. But soon she knew it was inevitable. She started to think about what she had been through. “I am trapped out here… so, mmmm, naked. All those people looking at me… oh god. At my b- b- bare fanny… they all saw it... And my boobs, and… Oh… my…. God…” she said. Her eyes closed and both hands were now busy at work. One alternating between her breasts, squeezing, rubbing and caressing each one, back and fourth. Her other hand now deep between her thighs. She slipped a finger inside….

“Ooooooohhh” it wouldn’t take long now. Her inhibitions were melting away…. She wasn’t even looking around anymore, she kept her eyes shut tight. She knew how wrong and twisted this was, masturbating, naked, in public in the car of someone she had just met. But it just felt sooooooo gooooooood.

“oh god… streaking on a major road… totally… completely… utterly exposed. Everyone was watching…” she said out loud as she started to replay parts of it in her head, from the beach to the dry cleaners… the guy in 7-11 grabbing her, Lola spanking her. Melissa ripping her thong off. Jesus… it HAD turned her on!! Suddenly, eyes still closed, she had in her head the image of Melissa’s rear end in those booty shorts, bouncing up and down with each step.

“Oh my… mmmmm… what a sexy fanny she has… oh god… I just want to squeeze and spank it…” she said giggling a little, eyes still closed. “Oh Melissa….” She said.

“Um, yes?” she heard Melissa say suddenly.

Amy gasped, opened her eyes and shouted “Oh God!!” Melissa was standing right next to the car with a huge smile… the window on Amy’s side still open a couple inches from before. She had heard everything.

“Oh… don’t let me interrupt! See… I knew you liked it.” Melissa said and winked at Amy.

Amy was instantly mortified. Getting caught naked by throngs of strange people… one thing. Getting caught pleasuring yourself… another thing. Getting caught pleasuring yourself AND talking out loud about a girl you suddenly find attractive…. Quite another thing all together.

“I uh… oh no… H- How.. How long were you, um…” Amy could barely speak. She crossed her arms over her breasts and shrunk down in her seat a little.

“Standing there? Well… long enough to know how you feel about my booty!!” Melissa said, then came around to the driver side and got in. “So, you like my fanny, huh?” and she gave Amy a sexy half smile and a wink. “Thanks sweety… I like yours too.”

“Oh god…” Amy’s face was red hot from blushing… partly from her near orgasmic state, but mostly from the stinging humiliation of getting caught like this.

“As for spanking me… well, we’ll have to see about that later…” Melissa said, then reached over and patted Amy’s thigh. “Gee, you look like you were pretty close to losing it! I should have let you finish!”

“Oh God….” Amy muttered. She was still quite aroused, though.

“But here is the deal… they won’t give me your key… they say that only you can get it.”

Amy partially snapped out of her humiliation. “Uh… um… I have to?”

“Yup… the girl at the desk said she remembers you from earlier. I guess she checked you in. But she wouldn’t give me your key.”

“So… so… wha… um, . What am I supposed to do?” Amy said. God she was still so turned on. She actually stole a quick glance at Melissa’s more than ample boobs, partially spilling out of her tube top. Melissa noticed, and stuck them out farther, just a bit. Amy quickly looked back up into Melissa’s eyes. Melissa smiled warmly and shook her breasts ever so slightly. Amy took a deep breath and closed her eyes for a second.

“Oh God… who am I? What is happening here?” she thought. She opened her eyes and said. “What do you think I should do?”

“Well, you can’t really just run in there naked… they’d call the cops. So I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“No… that wouldn’t be good…” Amy said. She was still quite breathless.

“So… what I thought I would do… and believe me, I would not do this for just anyone…” Melissa started.

“What?” Amy asked.

Melissa took a deep breath, let it out, then said. “I’ll let you wear my clothes in there to get your key.”

Amy raised her eyebrows. “Um… the clothes you have on?”

Melissa, blushing just a little bit, nodded. “Yes”

Part 10

Amy could not believe her ears.

“Are you serious?” she asked.

“Um…yeah. But you have to promise me something first.” She said.

“OK.” Amy said. She was overjoyed that the public nudity adventure was about to end. Even though she had gotten turned on by it… it was mostly in retrospect. She never felt horny or anything WHILE it was happening… it was mostly just awful and humiliating. But sitting in that car reflecting on it is when she got really turned on. She certainly did NOT want to go nude in public again any time soon. As for the Melissa factor… well, she couldn’t really explain that one yet.

“You have to promise me that you’ll come back.” She said. “You know… once you get into your room and can change and everything. OK??”

“Oh… well, of course!” Amy said.

Melissa started up the car again, and pulled into the parking lot… the same lot right next to the hotel that Amy had met the OTHER Melissa in earlier that afternoon. She pulled into a spot and turned off the car.

Melissa took a deep breath and looked around. “OK… here goes.” She brought her hands up her sides and slid her fingers under her black “Danger” tube top. “Remember, I would not do this for just anyone…” and she winked at Amy and smiled. Then she slowly pulled the top up and off over her head. Her large round breasts literally bounced right out. No bra at all. Amy could NOT take her eyes off of them… they were the most perfect, large and totally natural breasts she had ever seen. Melissa had some serious tan lines as well from a small bikini.

“Wooooow…” Melissa said and looked around. “I’m more nervous than I thought I’d be!”

She handed the top to Amy, then she started to shimmy out of her shorts. That of course, caused her big boobs to bounce around and knock together…. another phenomena that Amy could not help but witness. She had a really tiny low-rise G-string on under her shorts, which got pulled down a bit too, almost to her mid thighs. Amy noticed that Melissa was totally shaved. Amy’s heart was racing again. “Oh my…” she thought. She quickly caressed a breast while Melissa wasn’t looking, and slipped her index finger ‘back in’ for a quick moment. A little pleasure wave went through her again. What was going on here…. Another woman?? She had never felt like this before… it was all so bizarre, yet exciting. Her heart continued to race.

“Oooops! Losing my thong!” Melissa said as she kicked off her sandals, and pulled her shorts off over her feet. “Hope you don’t mind if I keep that on! I mean, I’ll happily bare my tiggos for you, but I need to keep SOMETHING on if someone comes along.”

Amy said, “Um… your tiggos?”

“Yeah, My tiggos…. You know … Tig Ole Bitties?? Big Ole Titties?? My girlfriends and I call our boobs tiggos… just a silly thing.” She handed the shorts to Amy too, then pulled her thong back up and looked around, somewhat nervously.

“Wow… what guys wouldn’t give to see this!! Two naked hotties in a car!!” Melissa said, and giggled a little.

Amy smiled and quickly pulled the shorts on. Then the top. The booty style short-shorts fit well… even though Melissa was somewhat curvier through the hips than Amy, and was probably 15 to 20 pounds heavier and a few inches taller. The top on the other hand, was a bit of a problem. Melissa’s boobs were much larger than Amy’s… and Amy’s weren’t exactly small. The top stayed up ok, but it was not a real tight fit. Amy made a mental note to keep an eye on it.

“OK…. I’ll be right back. Thanks so much Melissa!” Amy said.

“I’ll be waiting right here… in my G-string!” Melissa said, and snapped the side strap of it against her bare hip. She sat lower in her seat, and folded her arms across her very ample and very naked breasts.

Amy got out of the car and her bare feet hit the hot pavement. She closed the door, and started to walk across the lot. Then she heard Melissa.

“Wait… Amy!” Amy stopped, just a few away. She turned in time to see Melissa getting out of the car.

“What are you…??” Amy started to say. But Melissa was already coming around the car towards her. She ran with her arms over her breasts, but they bounced like mad anyway. “Are you crazy??” Amy said, half laughing as the thong underwear clad blond bounced up to her.

“You’ll need these too!” she said, and looked around. The coast was somewhat clear. The lot was of course wide open, but they stood now between two cars and no one was nearby. She uncovered her breasts, and bent at the waist to take off her sandals. “They won’t want you in there without shoes!” Melissa said, straightening back up. She crouched down a bit, but this time did not cover up. “Wow… I forgot what a rush being naked outside is!!”

Amy slid her feet into the sandals and bent over to fasten the straps. “Thanks… now get back into the car before you get caught!!”

Melissa smiled and winked at Amy. Then she ran back around to the drivers side of the car. Amy watched her ass bounce and jiggle the whole way.

“Yummy..” she said to herself. Then she thought, “Oh man… who AM I???”

Amy quickly made her way across the lot and back to the front of the hotel. She had to keep pulling the tube top up. Her boobs bounced around so much as she walked that the loose top could not really stay put on her slim frame. Melissa was just so much more voluptuous. The shorts showed off quite a bit of Amy’s rear too… she would reach back every now and then to pull them down a bit.

She went into the main lobby and right up to the front desk. She recognized the cute blond girl, with the Melissa nametag, from when she checked in. “And the day of the Blond Melissa’s continues…” Amy thought as she waited to get the girl’s attention.

Finally, she looked up. “Well Hi there!” said Front Desk Melissa.

“Um, hi…” Amy said.

“You must be Amy Anderson.” She said, and smiled.

“I, um… well, yes… I mean, how did you…?” Amy started to ask.

“Your blond friend was in here a few minutes ago trying to get a room key for you…” she said.

“Oh… right.” Amy said.

“And oddly, she was wearing the exact same outfit…” Melissa said, raising an eyebrow. “The same little DANGER tube top and the booty shorts.”

“Oh.. um… hahaha… yeah, we like to, um.. you know, shop at the same stores.” Amy sputtered. She could feel herself starting to blush again.

“Oh really...” She said. “Hmmm…”

Melissa just sort of stared at Amy for a moment. Amy felt a little awkward. “Um… so can I get my room key?” she asked.

“Oh right! Almost forgot.” This Melissa seemed like a bit of an airhead. She grabbed a key card from the stack in front of her and slid it into the little card reader to program it for the correct room. She punched a few buttons on her computer, then the reader spit the card back out. “Room 1427” Melissa said, which was a good thing, because Amy had completely forgotten what room she was in.

Melissa handed the key to Amy. Amy, who had been neglecting to check her top since coming into the lobby, reached for the card. Being naked for the past hour somewhat numbed her bodily awareness just a touch, because she didn’t even notice the top now slip from her breasts, and down to her waist. She just took the card from Melissa.

“Thanks!” she said.

Melissa went wide eyed, dropped her gaze for a moment to Amy’s bare breasts, then looked back into her eyes. “Oh, you’re welcome!” Then she smiled. “but, um…your top seems to have, um…” and she pointed to Amy’s boobs.

Amy frowned a bit and looked down. She saw her bare breasts, nipples rock hard once again. She gasped a little, and looked around as she pulled the top back up. Two men in to her left were watching. “Oh no…” she said. She looked back at Melissa and smiled nervously. “Sorry!”

“Oh that’s no problem…” Melissa said, now blushing a little and hiding a smile. “But that has to be so embarrassing!”

Amy just smirked and said, “You have no idea…” she turned and walked towards the elevators. As she walked across the lobby, this time VIGILANT about keeping an eye on her tube top, she saw a familiar face coming towards her. It was the Melissa with the Mercedes!! The one who had stranded her earlier!! Amy quickly ducked behind a huge potted palm tree in the center of the lobby, and peered around it to get a better look.

Mercedes Melissa was wearing a tight fitting blue dress, similar to the one that Front Desk Melissa had on. “Oh god… she works here???” Amy could not believe it. She watched her as she strutted across the lobby, pausing to talk to the concierge, then disappearing through the door to the right of the front desk. Amy quickly went back to talk to Front Desk Melissa.

“Um,hi… me again.” Amy said as Melissa looked up from her computer.

“Oh… hi there!” Melissa said.

“Listen, a woman just walked through that door…” she said, pointing to the door. “…and I was wondering who she was?”

“Oh, that’s my manager. Her name is Melissa Brinks. Do you know her or something?”

“Well, not really…” Amy said. Then Melissa smiled.

“Oh good… ‘cause she’s a bitch! And you seem pretty cool… I was worried you may know her or something…” Melissa said, in a hushed voice.

Amy smiled a little. “She’s a bitch, huh. Well, that’s too bad.”

“Yeah, she’s pretty mean to all of the girls who work here… none of us can stand her really…. But she is the boss.”

Amy thought a moment. She would like nothing better than to get back at Mercedes Melissa for what she had done to her earlier. “Say, Melissa, what time are you off tonight?”

“Um… 8PM, why?” she asked.

“Would you mind meeting me for a drink in the hotel bar after you’re done? I wanted to ask you a few things about working in a hotel… I’m looking into a career change, you see.” Amy said, a little nervous, but starting to form a plan in her head.

“Oh… um, well… ok sure. I can’t drink alcohol though… they don’t let employees drink at the bar.”

“No problem… I’ll meet you down there at 8 then?” Amy said.

“Ok… see you then.” Melissa said.

“Great!” Said Amy, and she turned to walk towards the elevators.

Part 11

Amy headed up to her room and stripped out of the tube top and shorts and kicked off the sandals. Then she quickly put on a tank top shirt, panties, a little pair of running shorts and sandals. Normally she would wear a bra, but she just wanted to hurry down to get Beach Shop Melissa her clothes back.

She headed back downstairs and went out into the lot. She walked up to the car. Melissa was still in the front seat, sitting all crouched down. She smiled widely when she saw Amy. Amy smiled back. The window was open a bit.

“Hey… I was worried that you forgot about me!” Melissa said.

“How could I forget?? I was wearing your clothes until a few minutes ago!” Amy said and laughed. “Which, by the way, are right here…” and she held them out towards the window. Melissa looked around and started to open the door to retrieve them. Then Amy, with a sudden naughty impulse, pulled the clothes back and said… “although… maybe I should make you work for them?”

“Um… what?” Melissa said, hesitating with the door now part open. She covered her breasts with her hands and glanced around.

“Well after all, you made me streak a very public street to get a ride from you… AND you ripped my thong off! Maybe you should have to do something for me to get your clothes back?” Amy said, raising an eyebrow and smirking. She was really just kidding and looking to get a rise out of Melissa before she handed her the stuff.

“Well, ok… I mean, I guess you owe me some payback for that… what do you want me to do?” Melissa said, and giggled a little. Amy was NOT expecting that response.

“Um… I uh…” she stuttered. Oh gosh… \*should\* she have Melissa do something? She felt her own nipples get a little hard at the thought. She took a deep breath and thought about it for a second. Melissa stared at her intently, one hand on each of her large boobs. Amy decided that fair was fair… she would make Melissa earn her stuff back. She blurted out the first idea that came to her.

“OK… so here it is. I am going to walk over there, to the public beach entrance.” Amy said, motioning to the same entrance in the gate that she herself had streaked through earlier in just her bikini top. “If you want your clothes back, you have to meet me out there, on the beach, to get them. I won’t go too far out, I promise.”

“Oh Amy… that is absolutely crazy!! But ok… I guess I deserve it! Oh god… wearing just a g-string on the beach…” Melissa said. Amy wasn’t completely sure, but she thought she noticed Melissa squeeze her breasts a little. “OK… quick, go now before I lose my nerve!!” Melissa said.

Amy turned and walked quickly towards the gate. It was only a couple rows of cars away. She walked through and out onto the sand. The beach was much less crowded now than before… it was nearing the dinner hour, and the sun was lower in the sky than earlier. Amy walked out about 30 feet or so. The nearest people were still almost 100 feet away – no one really camped out near the entrance, most people stayed closer to the Ocean.

Amy reached her spot, then turned to watch the entrance. Sure enough, about 30 seconds later, Melissa came into view. She was crouching down next to the last row of cars. “God she looks cute!” Amy said. Melissa smiled at Amy, then gave her the finger and stuck out her tongue, still smiling. She looked around on the beach to see if anyone was looking in her direction, other than Amy. Then she stood up, hands on her breasts, and walked quickly to the entrance. She crouched down again next to the fence, this time getting a better view of people on the beach. No one had noticed her yet, as most of them were either laying down, or were out in the water, or at least facing the water. Then Melissa did something that shook Amy’s world a little. Staring right into Amy’s eyes, Melissa let her right hand slide from her right breast down her stomach, and into the front of her g-string panties. She licked her lips ever so slightly, then closed her eyes for a moment, lips parted. Amy watched as Melissa’s hand moved a little inside of the tiny thong.

“Oh… my….” Amy said. Again, she cold feel her own nipples get hard, and she now had to fight the urge to plunge her hand into her own panties!! Amy’s heart started to race a bit. This had to be one of the hottest things she had ever seen! GOD what was it about this girl that Amy was so drawn to?? She had NEVER been interested in another woman before. Amy looked around to see if anyone had noticed the busty, nearly naked blond, now touching herself at the entrance to a very public beach. The coast seemed clear for the moment.

Melissa opened her eyes and smiled widely at Amy, then she bit her lower lip a little and looked around. She stood up started to run towards Amy, hands on her breasts again. She looked nervous, but was also smiling a little. She looked around as she ran, then started to laugh a little. It only took her a few seconds to reach Amy, and she crouched right down next to her.

“Oh god…” Melissa said, looking around at the people on the beach. Still, it seemed like no one was really looking. “this is the craziest thing I’ve done in a while!” she said and giggled again. Amy smiled and crouched next to her thong-clad new friend. Melissa once again let her right hand slip down to her thong, this time not going in, but over. She was breathing quite heavily. “wow is this turning me on…” she said and started to lightly rub the front of her thong with her middle and index fingers.

“Um, Melissa…” Amy said looking around nervously at the other beach-goers. “What are you doing??”

“Oh, sorry…” Melissa said, but didn’t really stop. “I’m just getting a little turned on… you know, like you were earlier, in my car.” and she looked right into Amy’s eyes, then gave her a small wink.

“Um… yeah, I, uh… I know, but that was in, um, a car… this is a public beach!” Amy said. “There’s people all over! It’s only a matter of seconds before SOMEONE notices you and your bare boobs out here!”

“Ooooohhh God… don’t say that… it’s actually… getting… me…. hotter…” Melissa said, continuing to touch herself through the front of the thong. She closed her eyes and moaned very softly.

Just then, from the entrance, a female voice…

“OH MY GOD!!!”

Amy quickly jerked her head around to see a LARGE group of people heading onto the beach. Since both she and Melissa were facing the ocean, watching the people already ON the beach, they had neglected to keep an eye on the beach entrance. It looked like a wedding party, heading out to take pictures. There was a girl in a gown, a guy in a tux, and about 20 other people, including a photographer.

Melissa jumped up. “Oh shit!!” she shrieked. She quickly covered her boobs with her hands. Then spun around, with her practically naked G-string clad rear-end now facing the surprised wedding goers.

Amy jumped back up to her feet too, and acting quickly she handed Melissa her clothes.

“Oh no! quick, get dressed!” she said. Melissa grabbed the shorts and pulled them on. Then the top. Many in the group were laughing now, some making comments. They were still 20 feet away or so – Amy couldn’t quite make out exactly what they were saying, but she did hear the words ‘boobs’ and ‘slut’ at least once.

“Let’s go!” Amy said, and grabbed Melissa’s hand, heading past the staring gawking crowd and into the parking lot. The snickers and somewhat rude comments continued as they past by. They ran all the way back to the car.

Once safe inside, Melissa broke out in laughter. “Oh my god… that was crazy!! I can’t believe all those people saw me!!”

Amy laughed too. “Well… now you know how I felt earlier!!”

“Listen… I don’t know what your plans are for later, but do you want to, you know… get together and, um.. do something?” Melissa asked once she stopped laughing.

Amy’s heart raced a little, and she felt more than a bit excited by the prospect of spending some more time with THIS Melissa. “Sure! You want to meet me here, say around 8:30?”

“It’s a date!” Melissa said. They traded cell phone numbers just in case, and said goodbye, Melissa driving off, Amy walking back to the hotel.

Part 12

Back in her room, Amy collapsed on her bed. Her head swam with all of the afternoon’s events. She could NOT stop thinking about Beach Shop Melissa either… it was such a strange, new and exciting feeling!

In truth, she was exhausted, and it did not take her long to fall asleep. She napped soundly until about 7:00.

Waking up, she decided to take a shower before meeting Front Desk Melissa at 8PM. Standing under the cool running water, Amy started to run through a list of possible leading questions that would get her more information on Mercedes Melissa, as Amy now mentally referred to her, that would help her exact some measure of revenge for leaving her naked at the strip mall earlier. It seemed that Front Desk Melissa was no big fan of her manager Mercedes Melissa, so Amy felt like this task may wind up being quite fruitful.

She dried off, then tried to decide what to wear. It was going to be a pleasant night, according to the weather, so she picked out a pair of really low-rise jeans and a cute camisole top, with a thong and strapless bra underneath. She thought about going bra-less, but then just left it on. She slipped on her sandals, dried and styled her hair, put on a little lip gloss, and headed out her door at 7:50.

She took the elevator down to the lobby, and headed over to the bar. It was fairly empty. She sat down in a bar stool, and ordered an Apple Martini from the older male bartender, who did more than his share of gawking at her. Amy secretly loved the attention.

Shortly after finishing her martini, Front Desk Melissa walked in, still in her hotel uniform.

“Hi Amy!” she said, and then motioned to her to come join her at a table. Amy did. They sat across from each other.

“Sorry… I didn’t want the bartender to hear us talking… he’s got a serious gossip problem!” Melissa softly said with a grin.

“Ahhh…. No problem. Hey thanks for meeting me! Do you want anything to drink?” Amy asked.

“No. I’m fine thanks.” Melissa said.

“Listen, I don’t want to take up too much of your time. I just wanted to pick your brain a little bit about working in a hotel… like I said before, I am considering a career change.”

Melissa smirked. “Oh god, and you want to change to this??” then she laughed. “I’m not sure what you do know, but this CAN’T be any better!!”

“Really? What makes you say that?” Amy asked, acting intently interested.

Melissa listed off several of the mundane details of her boring everyday job, which Amy quizzed her about along the way to lend credibility to her ‘reason’ for wanting to talk to Melissa. But at the end of the list, Melissa added an exclamation point that would segue nicely into Amy’s real purpose for being there!

“… and I work for the biggest bitch on the planet!” Melissa said, sharply.

“Oh… right. You mentioned that earlier. So what’s her deal?” Amy asked, acting half interested.

“Well, first off, she is just plain nasty. She’s always putting us down about how we look, or dress, or do our hair. I mean, she’s gorgeous, but still… why pick on everyone like that just because you’re beautiful?”

“Hmm…” Amy said.

“AND… she is a slave driver, never gives out raises, and takes total advantage of being the boss.”

“How does she take advantage? Like giving room discounts to her friends and stuff like that?” Amy offered.

“Well, no… but she totally abuses the employee policies that she makes the rest of us stick to! Like the no alcohol at the bar thing… she has drinks in here, I’ve seen her! And she uses the health club facilities when she’s not supposed to.”

“Hmm… well that doesn’t seem TOO bad…” Amy said, trying to dig for more dirt. This was all tame so far.

“That’s not the half of it! One of the cleaning staff once caught her having sex in one of the guest rooms with some guy… and you know what that bitch did? She FIRED the cleaning lady!!”

“Oh my gosh! Really? That’s horrible!” Amy said… at least it was getting a little more interesting. Plus, it was taking almost NO prodding to get Melissa to open up.

“Yeah. There’s other stuff too… like her smoking in her office… and her sunbathing.” Melissa said. A light went on above Amy’s head.

“Sunbathing?” Amy asked, acting confused.

Melissa smiled and leaned in closer. “Yeah. She actually has the nerve to go upon the roof each day and sunbathe… totally against hotel policy. Sometimes she wears this little bikini, but other times…” Melissa hesitated.

Amy raised her eyebrows and offered. “Nude?”

Melissa smiled. “Let’s just say that SOME days she goes up there in her uniform and is not carrying a bag with her… so she’s either laying out in her undies, or, well, you know…. in the bare!”

“Wow…. That’s a little scandalous!” Amy said. “Anyone ever catch her up there?”

“Well, not exactly… she locks the door. But…” Melissa said and hesitated.

Amy leaned in… “What?”

“Well, let’s just say there is another way to get up there.” Melissa said. “I followed her up one day, just to see what the fuck she was up to, going to the roof at 2PM. When I noticed that the door was locked, I remembered someone once telling me about an access vent for the air conditioning unit. It’s this huge metal tube that actually has ladder rung steps in it, leading from the compressor room on the top floor to the roof. The maintenance guys use it when the system fails. Well, the lock on the door to that room is busted, so I went in and climbed up the vent, and saw that evil bitch out there, sunning those big bare boobs of hers!!”

“So… she was… um, naked?”

“Not totally… she still had on her panties. At least at that point… I guess she could have taken them off later. Her clothes were all piled up next to her, and she was on this little beach chair that she must keep stashed up there.”

“Wow! That’s something!” Amy said. It was almost TOO good to be true! “So she’s up there every day, huh?”

“Practically…” Melissa said. Amy had all the info she needed. They chatted for a few more minutes, then Front Desk Melissa left, and Amy went into the lobby to wait for Beach Shop Melissa.

“I have REALLY got to get some of these Melissa’s last names!!” Amy thought to herself.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*