**Worst Idea Ever**

by SamCamp - The ASN Story Board

Let's See. Where do I start? The beginning I guess would be best. My name is Samantha. Sam for short. I am a 19 year old oriental second year college student. I am studying the arts. It was during last summer break that my story begins. I am four foot, ten inches tall and weigh 97 pounds with rocks in my pockets.   
  
Although I hit puberty at age twelve with most of my friends, I have developed absolutely no breasts and I mean no breasts. I grew pubic hair like most girls of that age, but never even got the little starter bumps the other girls got before their breast started to grow. I never needed a training bra and rarely wear one now.   
  
My hips barely developed and I have a somewhat raspy voice. My girl friends say if I you didn't look between my legs, I'd pass for a thirteen year old boy. As cruel as that may seem, it's true.  
  
I have a fifteen year old brother, Scott. Scott grew like a normal teenager and was five foot eight and one hundred and forty pounds. Our parents took a trip last summer to the Orient and although they are very hard workers, they wanted my to hold off getting a job so I could keep and eye on my younger brother while they were away for six weeks.   
  
Scott and I are very close, but like most siblings we get on each others nerves. Our parents weren't gone for three days when I was wishing it was three weeks later. That's when Scott would be going away for ten days with his scout troop.   
  
Scott's scout troop goes to a camp ground every summer. From what I hear, it's pretty cool. They sleep in a big dormitory style cabin, go canoeing, horseback riding and stuff like that. Best of all....I'll have the house to myself for ten glorious days. No "Hey Sis, can I have a ride here? Hey Sis, can I have a ride there?" What ever happened to bicycles?  
  
My plan for the ten days was to work on an assignment for one of my classes. I had to have an original idea for developing acting skills and have concrete research behind it. I had no clue what I was going to do.   
  
Day four without our parents home and I decided to watch a movie. I had just put in Mrs. Doubtfire. I've seen it a dozen times but it still cracks me up. Scott came in the den, asked what I was watching. After I told him, he went to the kitchen and returned with a snack and through my favorite potato chips at me and sat down. Like I said, we're very close.  
  
About half way through the movie, we paused it for a bathroom break. I was telling Scott about my upcoming project and like most fifteen year olds, he pretended to listen but I don't thinks he heard a thing. We returned to the den and restarted the movie. As I was reminding Scott how I was looking forward to having some privacy to work on my project while he was away at camp, he blurted out the worst idea ever.  
  
"You should come with us" he said while stuffing his face with cookies. "Yeah right" I replied, "that's what I want to do with my time off. Go camping with you and your geeky friends". "No really" he insisted "One of the guys can't go. We need seven guys but only have six. With my scoutmaster making seven, someone will have to go on canoe trips and stuff alone. Plus the trips all paid for".  
  
Sorry buddy, not my thing" I said, blowing him off as big sisters do. "Plus I have my project" I continued, not that I needed an excuse. Really. Go camping with my little brother and his friends. He must be out of his mind I thought. "That's what I'm talking about" he said. "Do like him for your project" as he pointed to the television.  
  
"Like who?" I asked. "Robin Williams! Dumb ass" he said. Come with us as a boy like he's being a woman. All you gotta do is cut your hair like a boy and let the hair on your legs grow. It's three weeks away. I'll tell them your my little brother. Who would know but me? My scout friends are a different group than my regular friends. They don't know I don't have a little brother".  
  
"That is the worst idea I have ever heard. Your and idiot!" I told him as I turned my attention back to the movie. "Maybe, but I doubt anyone in your class will do anything as original" he replied, still stuffing his face with cookies. All I could think about was even though it is a stupid idea, he was apparently listening.  
  
We continued watching the rest of the movie. I found myself watching it in a new light. Scott had a friend over and I went to my room. I was thinking about the project when I walked to the mirror, held my hair up and just mumbled, stupid idea.  
  
In order to get the idea out of my head, I needed to put it to rest, once and for all. I took off all my clothes, put on some gym shorts and tucked my hair up into a baseball cap. Wearing nothing but the shorts and the cap I found myself staring at my refection in the mirror. Before I knew it, a half hour had passed.   
  
As much as it has bothered me over the years, maybe this was the reason I had no breasts. I really could pass for a thirteen year old boy. I kept trying to get the idea out of my head but found myself unwilling to put on a shirt.  
  
I knew the boys wore T-shirts most of the time at camp, but sooner or later I would have to be topless when swimming and such. I can't be seriously thinking about this. There was no way I was going to do this I was thinking as I went into Scott's room and got a pair of boys gym shorts. As I looked in the mirror again, it was painful to see that I did resemble an early teen boy.  
  
Scott and his friend Eddie went out as I yelled down the stairs to be home by 10:00. "Alright" was all I heard as the door slammed behind them. Eddie was a regular at our house for years and a good kid. I really didn't have to worry about them.  
  
It was 7:00 and I had the house to myself. I stayed dressed in the shorts and cap as I tried to act naturally. As much as I couldn't believe I was still entertaining the idea, it did have merit. I kept thinking about my grade if I could pull it off.  
  
As 9:00 approached, I decided to build up my nerve and go to the kitchen for a snack. I creeped down the stairs watching the front windows to make sure no one was out there. The boys wouldn't be home for an hour. Why was I so nervous? Making myself hold my hands at my sides, I made my way to the kitchen. Our back yard was private so I felt more comfortable being topless there. I could see my refection in the glass sliding doors leading to the back deck.  
  
Keeping a close eye on the clock, I was fighting the urge to cover up. I could go up in twenty minutes and still be in my room a half hour before the boys got home. I reached into the refrigerator for some juice which put my back to the slider. That's when I heard the horrifying sound of the slider opening up.  
  
"So you're gonna do it, huh? Sis" Scott said. I jumped, screamed and covered the area where most girls have breast, yelling at the top of my voice "Scott! What are you doing?  
"Watching you from the back deck. If you don't put the outside light on, you can see everything perfectly in here". Absolutely mortified, I wimpered "You mean you and Eddie were watching the whole time?"  
  
Yeah. I told Eddie about my idea while we were watching you. I mean it Sam, you can pass for my younger brother if you go through with it. Oh and by the way, no offense, but Eddie's girlfriend has tits. You can put you hands down now".  
  
Eddie walked over and put his arm around me and faced us toward the glass sliders. Having a top to bottom view of us he quietly said "O.k. Sam, put your hands down". I lowered my arms and looked up at him with my puppy dog eyes and said "Eddie, I don't have boobs". Well Samantha. Since you're like my older sister, that's O.k.".  
  
Scott piped in "Eddie, want to watch Mrs. Doubtfire with me and my little brother Sam?" Eddie looked down at me and said "I sure do". With that, the three of us went into the den to watch the movie. I spent two hours topless with my younger brother and his best friend.

As we entered the den, Scott noticed I had my arms folded over my chest. "You can't be so self conscious if you're going to do this..Sam" he said. I snapped. "Scott! I'm not even sure I'm going to do this! I standing here with you and Eddie, TOPLESS! Give me a break!" "O.k. O.k., sorry. I was just saying" he replied.  
  
We all settled down and started watching the movie. I paid close attention to where my arms and hands were, determined to remain uncovered throughout it. Within a half hour we started talking about the project seriously. I got a notebook and started jotting down the possible pitfalls.   
  
When the movie ended, I got up and went to the kitchen to get the three of us some ice cream. I walked the boy's bowls into the room. I was so proud. I handed them the ice cream, went back into the kitchen and returned, holding my ice cream in one hand and my shirt in the other. I thanked them and said good night as I made my way upstairs.  
  
I could barely sleep. I spent half the night wearing only the boy shorts, ball cap and writing down ideas for the project. The next morning I got up and went to the kitchen. Still wearing the shorts and T-shirt, I put some bacon on the stove. I figured the smell of bacon would wake the boys. They were probably up all night playing video games.  
  
I was anxious to see if either of them would bring up the project this morning. As they entered the kitchen, Scott said "Lose the shirt..Sam" and Eddie followed up with "Get the ball cap. Your hair is a distraction". I wanted to talk about the project, not get topless again. Understanding that this was a fifteen year old's way of caring about the project, I removed my shirt.  
  
I cooked breakfast for us as the boys reassured me we could pull it off. We brain stormed as I did the dishes in my shorts and cap. The thought of going through with it, was all I could think of. Imagine my grade for the class. I told the boys I'd have to really think it through and I'd let them know in a couple days. Deep down I knew I was going to do it.

Scott asked me for a ride, as usual, and I took them to the mall. While there, I found myself looking at boys clothes. Shirts, shorts, sneakers, hiking boots and even boxers. Eddie walked up behind me and said "Sam..You know you want to do it. Think about your class. With only three weeks until the trip, I'd be getting started now. Changing your mannerisms from a 19 year old girl to a 13 year old boy is going to take a lot of practice". He was right.  
  
Scott walked up and said "Sis, they have a 'Kwik Cuts' here.(a hair salon) I knew cutting off my hair would be the one thing that would make me do it. If I cut off all my hair, I would have to do it, and as Eddie pointed out, time was running short. I must have look petrified as we walked in the salon. One of the male hair dressers signed me in and asked "What will we be doing today?" I just froze. Scott jumped in and said "My sister got the role of Peter Pan in a very important play. She needs to look like a boy". How he thought that up was beyond me.  
  
The stylist saw my fear and attempted to calm me down. I think it best if you trust me and not watch. I sat in the chair for what seemed like two hours. When he was finished, he showed me a mirror. It was short, shaggy, with the bangs over my eyes. I was about to cry when Scott and Eddie both walked up and said "It's Perfect!" The stylist explained that he left enough covering my face to help disguise the fact that I was a girl.   
  
The guys were right. If I wanted to pass as a thirteen year old boy, it was Perfect. I took a deep breath and made my way to the counter, seeing myself in all the mirrors. "Are you guys sure? I asked. Scott replied "Come on little brother. let's get you some clothes". I arrived at the mall a 19 year old girl, and left a 13 year old boy.  
  
On the way home we were pulled over by a police car. I was scared to death. I had never been pulled over before. I had no idea what law I may have broken. The officer walked up to my door and said ""Hey little fella, I'm going to need to see your drivers license". I was insulted. I handed him my license and said "Excuse me officer. I'm a girl".  
  
He looked at my photo and then back at me. Realizing that I was a girl, he tipped his hat and said "I'll be right back miss". Eddie and Scott were psyched. This was awesome. If I could fool a cop, who was trained to recognize little details, I could fool the guys at camp. The officer returned to my door, handed me my license and said "Have a nice day Samantha".   
  
When we got back to the house I put my new clothes in the washer. I wanted them to appear well worn by camp. Scott and Eddie were as excited as I was. Or at least as I was getting.  
  
Eight days passed and I went everywhere dressed as a boy. I didn't wear a shirt inside, when Scott and Eddie were around. We went over all the details of the camp ground. Changing rooms and showers were private. There was a lake and an indoor pool. A small store called the "Trading Post" was next to the ball field, etc.   
  
I was really training for this. My raspy voice was going to come in handy. I looked and talked like a 13 year old boy. I had twelve days until camp and felt I was ready for my acting role.

**Worst Idea Ever - 2**

The next morning I slept in. I came down to the kitchen about 10:00. On the table was a note 'Sam, I went to play baseball. Be back about 1:00'...Scott. Wow, I had the house to myself. I was wore a nightgown and panties to bed the night before. After all, I'd been wearing boys clothes for eight days now and wanted to feel normal for a while.  
  
Well, the house is mine, why not, I thought? I pulled my nightgown over my head and put it on the table. I had been topless in the house for so long it felt natural. I went about my house cleaning. I did the dishes, washed the kitchen floor and was vacuuming the den when I turned around and saw Eddie.  
  
Forgetting I didn't have my boy shorts on, I said "Oh hi Eddie, I thought you went to play baseball?" It wasn't until I noticed how he was looking at me that I remembered. I looked down, I covered my crotch and screamed "Eddie! What are you doing here?" He replied "Scott went to play baseball, so I'm waiting for him to get home".  
  
I looked at my nightgown on the table. Eddie had the same idea. We both ran for it but he got there first. He held it above his head. I was jumping up and down in front of him, reaching for it wearing only my tiny little panties. "Give it to me you little pervert!" I insisted. Being almost a foot taller than me, he just smile as he continued teasing me.   
  
"Relax Sam. I've seen you in your bikini before, and topless all this week. I'm not seeing anything I haven't seen before" he argued. "This is different Eddie!" Not wanting to let some fifteen year old get the best of me I said "Fine! Have it your way, you little perv!" As pissed and humiliated as I was, I could feel a tingling between my legs as I stood there practically naked in front of my younger brother's best friend.

**Worst Idea Ever - 3**

As I sat there letting Eddie watch me doing the most intimate thing a girl can do, as I pleaded with him not to tell anyone. He assured me he wouldn't. "Sam, this is like my second home and Scott is my best friend. I would never say anything. I have to much to lose" he said, never taking his eyes off my pussy being worked by my fingers.  
  
I was supposed to embarrass him yet I was the one humiliating myself. What's worse is I begged him with my eyes, as I asked him in a low voice to tell me what he was thinking about when he was jerking off upstairs.  
  
Now! He gets shy. "Sam..I would be way to embarrassed to tell you that. You'd never let me live it down" he said. "Eddie..I'm masturbating in front of you! I don't think you're the one that has to worry about never living it down. Please tell me. I really need to have an orgasm" I said.  
  
After finally getting up enough courage to tell me, he started talking, never taking his eyes off me. He went on to tell me his fantasy. He and I were at a pool party where everyone had a bathing suit but me. In his fantasy, I was naked and my pussy was shaved smooth. I told him I must have looked eleven years old. He continued letting me know how he knew I was nineteen and it turned him on that everyone was asking my age as he led me around, introducing me to all the other clothed people.   
  
I had a massive orgasm that shot ten inches into the air. I let out a huge moan as I collapsed back onto the couch. Eddie exclaimed! "That was awesome..Sam!. I didn't know girls could to that!". I replied "I didn't know 'I' could do that" as we both chuckled feeling incredibly naughty.  
  
After a few minutes, I picked up my panties and told Eddie I was going up to take a shower. We both made a pact to each other that we wouldn't tell Anyone, Ever.

I was in the shower wondering how I got myself into that situation. I was so humiliated. As I thought about every moment, whatever that had possessed me was still at work. I knew this because I was watching the last of my pubic hair go down the shower drain.  
  
I got out of the shower, dried off and looked at myself in the mirror. There I was. Looking at my tiny little 97 pound naked frame, boy hair cut, now with a bald pussy. I was right. I looked eleven years old. I couldn't stop thinking about Eddies fantasy. I knew I wasn't done yet.  
  
I went to the top of the stairs, naked. I called down to Eddie and told him to come up for a minute. He was walking toward my room when I stepped into the hallway, facing him, with my hands on my hips. "Is this what you were fantasizing about?" I asked. He just froze. Staring at my now smooth lips he muttered "Yeah".  
  
I grabbed his hand and led him to my room. "I want you to tell me another one of your fantasies. I want to cum again" I said. I walked over and laid on my bed instructing Eddie to sit at the end. He would be able to see everything and keep a look out in case Scott came home early.  
  
I knew being the object of his fantasies, it would be easy to masturbate to orgasm. He told me another one. I was the only one naked in his fantasies and that got me really aroused. Eddie asked me "Why are you doing this for me..Sam?" I replied "Eddie.. You made me feel sexy today". He resonded "Sam..You are sexy..every day".   
  
I don't know why, but for some reason I felt comfortable lying there, naked with a freshly shaved pussy, in front of him. It didn't take long until I came again. We sat there and talked for a half hour about our fiendship, his girlfriend and how this activity was naughty but we both were enjoying it.  
  
I got dressed in my boy clothes and we went down stairs to wait for Scott to get home. Eddie never said a word about what happened to anyone.

**Worst Idea Ever - 4**

Scott got home and somehow, Eddie and I were perfectly natural around each other. We got back to my project. Scott reminded me that it was good that I never got my ears pierced. Attempting to address any possibility of being discovered, we really laid it all out on paper. I even checked the calender to make sure mother nature wasn't going to pay me a visit at the wrong time. My period would be over three days before camp.  
  
It seemed we covered all the bases and now all I needed was practice being a boy around other people. We went everywhere together, with me playing the little brother. We went to the mall, played baseball and basketball. I was short but had a good outside shot. I was always a tomboy growing up (or should I say: growing older). That should help in the long run.  
  
Eddie invited his niece over. Her name was Heather and she was thirteen. If I could fool a girl, I should be able to fool the boys. I trimmed my eyelashed before she got there. I had inspected my body wearing only shorts at least a hundred times. I didn't want to miss some small detail that someone else would pick up on.  
  
Eddie's mom had to drive them to our house since thirteen year old boys don't drive. She knew me from picking Eddie up all the time. When she saw me she said "You must be Scott's little cousin. I'm Eddie's mom and this is my grand-daughter, Heather". We said hello and she left saying "You kids have fun now. I'll pick you up in a few hours" as she backed out of the driveway and drove away. Scott, Eddie and I looked at each other in amazment. She didn't recognize me. I pulled off being a thirteen year old boy to a woman that new me as a nineteen year old girl.  
  
The four of us walked to the park and just hung out for a while. It wasn't until we got back to the house that a problem was arising. Heather was attracted to me and asked me if I ever kissed a girl before. There's always something you don't take into consideration. If I told her yes, she might try to kiss me. If I told her no, she may want to be my first kiss. I had no idea what to do. I dodged a bullet by telling her I had a girl friend.  
  
Eddies mom came to pick them up. Heather went with her, and of course Eddie stayed over again. I had fooled a woman who knows me and a thirteen year old girl. This was definately promising. The next week and a half went on like that. No one guessed that I was a nineteen year old girl or a girl at all for that matter. Every group we were with or situation we were in, I was Scott's little brother or cousin, depending on wether we knew them or not.   
  
It was only two days until camp and I was so excited. all arangements were made for me to take the place of the boy that couldn't go. It was almost Show Time!

Well, today's the day. I was ready to be a thirteen year old boy going on his first camping trip. I was packed and ready. I kept a clear mind since my little escapade with Eddie except one thing. Eddie would ask me if he could inspect the new crop of pubic hair when Scott wasn't around. I don't know why, but I would pull down my pants and let him.   
  
He was really funny as he gave his crop updates. Imagine standing there, topless with your shorts at your ankles, while he would describe the condition of, what he called, this year's crop. For some reason he really liked seeing it grow back from day to day. It was kind of a turn on for me too.   
  
A van pulled up in front of the house. Scott looked at me and said "Well little brother. Here goes". There were already three boys in the van and the scoutmaster got out to greet us. Scott never told me his scoutmaster was a really hot guy in his early twenties. I almost melted right there.   
  
I pulled myself together as he walked up and said "You must be Sam". I told him I was as we shook hands. He said hello to Scott and we loaded the van and got in. I was introduced to the other boys and took a seat in the back of the van. I figured since I was the youngest of the bunch, it was best to follow everyone elses lead. Especially Scott's. O.K., so far, so good. I was riding in the back of a van with four 15 year old boy scouts, while the hot scoutmaster was driving.  
  
We stopped, picked up the last two boys, and were on our way. The camp site was two hours away. I spent most of the time trying to remember the other boys names. I knew the scoutmaster's name. Bruce. Good name for a hot scoutmaster. I closed my eyes and listened to the others as we drove on. The shit that comes out of 15 year old boy's mouths can be really stupid. At least to a nineteen year old girl.  
  
The ride went pretty fast and we were pulling into the camp site in no time. Everything was just as Scott described. Dormitory sleeping arrangements, private changing rooms and showers, in door swimming pool and ball field near the lake.   
  
The men's room had 4 stalls and 4 urinals. Believe it or not, I had practiced peeing while standing up. As long as I had a tree or something to hide behind, I was going to be fine. Scott said he would just tell the others that I was embarrassed since I hadn't reached puberty yet. Nice brother, huh?   
  
I kept my mouth shut and my ears open. Bruce instructed us to unpack our things as Scott pointed to the bunk I would be sleeping in. Bruce had separate quarters next door. I unpacked all my boy clothes and stuff Scott had me get for the trip. I laid my sleeping bag out on the bunk, making sure I wasn't too neat about it.  
  
Everyone was settling in when one of the boys said "How about a four on four game of basketball?" Everone agreed and we headed for the outdoor basketball court. Scott said "Follow my lead. We're going to be skins. (I knew what shirts and skins meant) You may as well get this part out of the way. Don't look around and shit. Just pull your shirt off and toss it on the side of the court". My stomach was filled with butterfies as I heard Scott call out the teams and announce that we would be skins.  
  
I did as instructed and before I knew it, I was dribbling down the court with six boys and one man without my shirt. No one noticed a thing. I got so into the game that I forgot I was topless. I played well and scored several times with my outside shot. Bruce was impressed, I think. We played for an hour and when we were finished, I picked up my shirt and carried it to the water cooler. It wasn't even half way through my first day and my worst fear had been conquered. This was great!

**Worst Idea Ever - 5**

Sitting on the picnic table, without my shirt and with my hairy legs showing, I felt like one of the guys. We lost the game, but only by two points and it wasn't this little kid's fault. It was a fair game and I was fitting in. The rest of the week went that way. We went horseback riding, canoeing. swimming and hiking. I was having a blast. Best of all was that I knew I was going to get a good grade for my project.  
  
We were on day six, half way through the trip when everything changed. Remember when I said there's always something you didn't account for. Well in this case it was that 15 year old boys do stupid shit. We had just finished swimming when were all standing in a circle choosing for another game of basketball. All I had on were my sneakers and my boys swim suit. That's when one of the boys grabbed my arms behind my back, while another pulled down my suit.   
  
Everyone just froze. All eyes were on my little beaver (as Eddie called it) with my fresh crop of pubic hair. Bruce yelled to Scott. "Scott..What the hell is going on?" Scott's mouth started running a mile a minute as he blurted out "She's not my little brother. She's my nineteen year old sister and she has a project at college for her acting class. I'm really sorry but we thought this would be a good idea for her project and no one would get hurt".  
  
All eyes went from Scott back to my exposed pussy. The boy holding me was so stunned, he didn't let go. Bruce walked over and looked down at me and asked "So, what's your real name?" Bowing my head in shame, I told him my name really was Sam. Short for Samantha.   
  
He knelt down and as he was removing my bathing suit from around my ankles he said "Well Samantha, I think you need to put on some girl clothes". He tucked my suit safely away, and left me standing there, totally naked and unable to move, with only my sneakers, in front of all these boys. He finally gave the order to let me go after everyone had a good look at my totally exposed pussy.   
  
I covered my pussy with my hands as I explained that I has no girl clothes with me. "Well Samantha, that creates a problem" he said. "You see, I can't allow these boys to be decieved. If you put on boy clothes, they may forget you are really a girl. So it seems you'll have to remain naked, with your shoes of course, for the remainder of the trip".  
  
"You can't do that! I screamed. "Well we could call the authorities if you like. I'm sure they'd love to hear how an above age girl disguised herself so she could infiltrate and under age boy's club".

"You wouldn't really do that, would you Bruce?" I asked, almost in tears. "Oh..not only would I do it, but I am doing it. And about the name 'Sam', it's too close to a real boys name. I think we'll call you 'Muffin', after your little muffin there (as he pointed to my pussy) for the rest of the camping trip.   
  
What do you say boys. All in on inviting naked Muffin to join the rest of our camping trip?" They all started cheering and laughing at me, as I stood there totally naked and exposed in front of them. How did I go from being on top of the world to utterly humiliated in one instant. I looked at Scott and said "This was the Worst Idea Ever!"

**Worst Idea Ever - 6**

As they all stared at my naked little body, laughing, I started walking toward the bunk house. Bruce ran up in front of me and said "Muffin, you can't leave. I might have to call the authorities". I responded "Bruce, you can't expect me to just stand here naked while they all stare and laugh at me". He looked down at me and said "Of course not Muffin. You won't be just standing there. You'll be playing basketball with us. After all, right before your little secret was revealed, we were about to choose teams, remember?"   
  
"You expect me to play basketball, NAKED?" I exclaimed. "I sure do" he responded as he turned and looked at the boys. "Hey guys, whoever is on Muffin's team will obviously be skins. She's just showing a lot wore skin than anyone else". Afraid to be in real trouble, I took the walk of shame to the basketball court. All the while, listening to everyone's comments about my humiliating situation.  
  
As we got to the court, Scott Said "I'm sorry Sam. Let them have their little laugh. You have way more character the anyone else here". I said "Thanks Scott, that means a lot". As I thought about what he said, I started thinking. I can let them steal my dignity, or I can stand up to them. Naked or not, one thing was still true. I was a nineteen year old girl and they were still fifteen year old adolescent twirps.  
  
The teams were picked and I was gratefull that Scott was on my team. As the game started I played as if I were dressed. Afterall, they had all seen me topless on plenty of occasions. I tried convincing myself that being totally naked was no big deal, but in the back of my mind, it was. I played hard and shot well. Scott and I had played together so many times that we knew what the other was thinking. This made us a bit better than the others. He seemed as determined as me to show them up.  
  
The game would go to twenty one. Whoever reached it first, won. Half time would be at ten points. It was weird having the two boys on our team, calling me Muffin. We reached ten points while they only had four. Scott and I high fived each other and headed for the water cooler. I had been topless in this situation, but being totally naked except for my sneakers and socks was much different. At least the laughing had died down.  
  
Covered in sweat, any cool breeze across my exposed skin gave me chills. It was hot out, but it reminded me constantly that I was not only naked, but the only one naked. It was like Eddie's little fantasies coming true, but I had to bare the humiliation of them in public, not in the privacy of my own home.   
  
We returned to the court and somewhere deep inside, I felt empowered. I was actually running up and down a basketball court, outside in the open, Naked! The only girl in the group, and I was playing as well as any of the guys. My entire body on display with only my short, new crop of pubic hair for cover. It was so surreal.  
  
The game ended with us winning, 21 to 13. Knowing that everone had seen everything I had, since you can't cover your pussy with your hands when you're playing basketball, I decided to force myself not to cover up anymore. If I didn't act embarrassed, they would lose the motivation to humiliate me further. Hands at my sides, I walked confindently to the picnic table where the water was. I even put one foot up on the seat of the table as I drank my water. I ignored their stares and my good play and confidence shut their mouths. Even Bruce's

**SamCamp - 7**

While we were drinking our water, Bruce had gone to the cabin and grabbed some towells. He returned and threw one to everyone and said "Let's head on down to the lake". Everyone got a regular size bath towell while he handed me a little dish towel. I protested, "I can not go to the lake, Naked, with only this little towel !" He responed "Muffin, you have been without a shirt on plenty of occasions. That towel is all you need to cover your little muffin if we run into some other campers." As we headed down the path, all I could think was, 'I am now leaving our private camp area and heading to a semi-public beach, totally naked'.   
  
I walked in the middle of the group. I figured, they had already seen every inch of my naked little body. It felt safer in the middle. As the guys would talk, I would jump into the conversation. I was determined not to be some pathetic little victim. I was naked, and that was that. It was almost a bit thrilling to be walking down to the lake with no clothes. We reached the clearing and the beach. I was grateful no one else was there.   
  
As we settled down for an afternoon of swimming at the lake, I heard some voices. No....Not in my head, but real voices. Another scout troop was heading our way. OMG, "I'm naked!" I thought. What do I do? As they got closer, Scott said "Sam..Get in the water!". My brother may be an idiot sometimes, but he really looks after me. He dove into the lake with me along with two of the other boys. We waded out to about 3 - 1/2 feet. Enough to keep my gender hidden, but my chest was still visable.   
  
I think we were all 'on egg shells' as we heard, "Hey Bruce. How's the trip going?" Bruce replied "Good Ed. How about you guys?" I looked up and saw another boy scout troop on the beach. No one seemed to notice me. In fact, no one was even looking in my direction. Scott whispered to me "Samantha...Remember..You're Sam..my little brother. Don't try to hide or you'll look suspicious". That's when the other scout master looked right at me and asked "Who's the new little guy?" Without hesitation, Charlie (one of our troop) said "That's Scott's little brother..Sam. He took Trevor's place". I was overwelmed. These guys may have had a good laugh at my forced nudity, were calling me 'Muffin', but they had my back.  
  
Somehow or other, I was at ease, spending time at the lake with the troop. I even had a civilized conversation with Bruce. My Naked Captor. We were preparing to leave when I summoned the courage to ask "Bruce. "Why are you making me stay naked?" He responded "Schooling". Schooling? WTF was schooling?, I thought. We all gathered our things (of course, all I had was my dish towel) and went back up the trail to the camp site.  
  
When we arrived back at the camp, Bruce told the boys to start a fire. We were cooking on an open flame that night. He looked toward me and asked "Muffin. (I hated when they called me Muffin) You have to do a presentation for your class project, right?" Not knowing what he was getting at, I replied "Yeah". "Well, after supper, you can practice on us. Think about it. When you speak in public, you're supposed to imagine the audiance is naked. This will be the reverse of that. Go get prepared while the boys get super ready. You have two hours". Then he turned and walked away.  
  
I had no idea what he was up to. I went to my bunk to get a pad of paper and a pen, when I saw one of the shower doors was removed. I couldn't believe it. There was a sign that said 'MUFFIN'S SHOWER'. He was going to make me shower in front of the boys! I hated this guy. Hot or not, I hated him.   
  
"Fine!" I thought. I played basketball naked. Walked to the lake naked. I went skinny dipping with a group of boys who had bathing suits, and walked back naked. Who cares if they see me showering? I sat at the table in our bunk house and started taking notes and remembering why I was here. 'My School Project'. It took all of the two hours, but I had a good rough draft for my presentation. I had been a thirteen year old prepubescent boy for five days and nobody suspected a thing.

We all had supper and were relaxing around the fire when Bruce said "Guys. Muffin is going to give us a preview of her presentation for her acting class. Since she had all of us convinced she was Scott's little brother Sam, let's go inside and support her. That's what a troop does. Support each other". We all walked into the bunk house. Everyone found a seat as Bruce introduced me.   
  
As I was organizing my notes, I noticed Charlie was staring at my muffin. (As Bruce called it) I corrected him immediately. "Charlie!". I drew an imaginary circle around my face with my index finger. Looking into his eyes, I said "Charlie. This is my face. When I'm talking to you, please look at my face. O.K.?, Not down here". (as I pointed to my pussy) This is not my face..Got it?". He looked at me and responded "Yes maam". I noticed Bruce was smiling in the back of the room. I had everyone's attention at this point and gave my presentation. I know they are all only fifteen years old, but being naked gave me an advantage when it came time to give my real presentation. I had overcome total humiliation .  
  
The rest of that night we all hung out by the campfire. I had only been naked for a day, but already didn't care that I had no clothes on. It was late and we all turned in for the night. Being naked in my sleeping bag felt naughty. I had better get to sleep before I do something I'll regret, I thought. Remembering what I did in front of Eddie, I forced any thoughts of arousal from my mind and fell asleep.  
  
The next morning I woke up not realizing I had pushed the top of my sleeping bag off, some time through the night. I was laying there, completely exposed. Some of the boys were up, while others were still sleeping. Sitting up on the side of my bunk, I was reminded that this was not a dream. I was still naked, on a camping trip that had three and a half days remaining. I got up and headed for the bathroom, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. "Good morning Muffin" "Good morning Muffin" was all I heard on the way. And what was worse. I just responed "Good morning" back. I had come to terms with the name, Muffin.  
  
After breakfast, Bruce announced that he would be going to the store. They called it the Trading Post. He asked if anyone needed anything. I asked him to pick me up a woman's razor. Thinking he was funny he responded "That's kind of drastic. Isn't it?" I looked up at him and said "Don't be stupid. I grew the hair on my legs for this trip and now that everyone knows I'm a girl, I would like to shave them". He looked down at my naked body and little oriental face and said "Sure Sam". It wasn't until later that I realized that was the first time he used my name, since my naked humiliation began the day before.  
  
Scott walked by me and said "Hang in there Sis. You may not know it but all the guys respect you. They've all told me how cool my sister is, and how they admire you taking charge. Especially since you're not wearing clothes. I think they're afraid of you" he continued as he smiled while walking outside. Somehow he ha a way of building up my courage.  
  
Bruce returned and handed me a bag. He had bought the most expensive woman's razor and women's shaving cream. He also got a tube of sun block. With that he turned toward the door and said "Hey guys, I have to go pick up our rented fishing boat. I'm taking Scott with me. I immediately protested "Why Scott?" He responded "Because Scott has helped me hook the boat to the van before. We'll be back soon. Oh and Sam; Don't kill the boys while we're gone". With that, they got in the truck and drove away.  
  
I had been swimming, but hadn't showered for two days. That's how it is at camp. I got my soap, shampoo, razor and shaving cream, and headed for the showers. I had forgotten, but there was the shower. The door removed and the sign "MUFFIN'S SHOWER". The only towel was a clean dish towel, hanging on a hook. At this point I didn't care who saw me showering. They had seen naked for the last day and a half in all sorts of circumstances. What difference would it make if the little Peeping Toms caught a glimps of me showering.  
  
I washed my short hair, and was washing my body, when I noticed them gathering around. I ignored their looks and continued washing and rinsing off. I looked up at them as I applied the shaving cream to my legs and asked "You little perverts needs something?" They just shooked their heads no, as they watched me shave my legs. I was almost teasing them by now, and had removed all the hair on my body, except by boy hair and still growing pubic hair. I looked up at them and said "Sorry perverts. Show's over".  
  
That's when I heard one of them say "Muffin, shave your muffin". I simply said "Get out of here you little weirdo". Someone else piped in and before I knew it there was a full blown chant. "Muffin shave your muffin. Muffin shave you muffin. Muffin shave your muffin. In order to get them to stop I screamed "FINE!" Completely out of my mind, I put the cream all over my crotch and started shaving my pussy. In total defiance I removed every bit of public hair as they watched in awe. "There! Satisfied!" I yelled as they all staired at my now smooth lips, in complete disbelief. I then chased them outside, still soaking wet and looking like I was twelve years old.   
  
The boys ran off laughing, as it sunk in what I had just done. I was standing in the middle of the campsite , naked, wet and not even having pubic hair for cover. I just shaved away the one thing I had that helped me look closer to my real age of nineteen. Could this get any worse? Well it could. Just then Bruce and Scott pulled up with the van and boat. They couldn't help but notice I was soaking wet and standing alone outside. I started walking past them to go inside when they saw my freshly shaved muffin. They both had that 'WTF' look on their faces. "Don't ask" I said, trying to maintain some dignity as I walked to the bunk house.   
  
Scott asked "Sam. What happened?" "What happened?" I snapped, facing both of them, soaking wet and now completely without hair except for my little boy hair cut. "What happened? Your creepy little friends gathered to watch me shower and shave my legs. Then they started chanting, "Muffin shave your muffin. Muffin shave your muffin". I was Not going to let those imature twirps get the best of me, so I shaved it right there in front of them! Then I chased the little cowards out of the cabin and they ran into the woods. That's what happened!" As I turned to head toward the cabin, I heard Scott say to Bruce "I told you my sister can take care of herself ".

**SamCamp - 8**

I walked into the cabin, slammed the door and leaned back against it. My heart was racing and I was panting. Finally catching my breath, I stood there thinking about everything that just happened. It was so surreal. Not knowing how to feel, I thought, at least I put a good scare into the boys. I went back into the shower to rinse off again. It felt good to be clean. I was drying off with my little dish towel when I heard a knock at the door.   
  
"Who is it?" I barked. Bruce peeked in and before he could say anything, I asked, in a angry tone, "What do you want?" He slowly entered, looking almost frightened. "Are you o.k.?" he asked, softly. "Do I look o.k. Bruce? No I don't. I look like I'm twelve". He chuckled some, when I almost bit his head off saying "It's not funny Bruce. You have no idea what it's like being a nineteen year old woman, trapped in this little girl body!"  
  
I started to pout when he said in a reasuring voice "Sam, breasts are highly overated. You have a terrific little body and an absolutely adorable face. You have more spunk and courage than anyone I know. Your project proves how intelligent and creative you are. Some guy, is going to be a lucky, lucky man someday. Think about it. If you look this much younger than you are now, how great will that be when you're thirty or forty ?"  
  
I had no idea how to react. Here, this guy I hated for humiliating me, said one of the nicest things any guy had ever said to me. He was looking at me with his understanding brown eyes as I returned the look saying "thanks". We were just looking at each other when there was a knock at the door. We were both a little startled. The door opened and Scott looked in and asked "Are we going fishing Bruce?" Bruce responded saying, "You guys get the poles and tackle ready. We'll leave in a half hour".  
  
I looked up at him and said "I don't want to go fishing". He said, "I'll make you a deal, Sam. Put your sneakers on and take a walk with me for a few minutes and I'll take the boys fishing while you relax for a few hours". I figured a few minute walk, was better than fishing for four hours, so I agreed. "I'll meet you out front in one minute" he said, and walked out the door. I put on my sneakers and walked out the front door, as the boys were loading their fishing equipment in the boat, avoiding my evil stares.  
  
Bruce met me out front, holding a pair of binoculars. "What are they for?" I asked. "You'll see", was his response. I pointed at him with my fingure and said "Scott says you're a good, trustworthy guy. Well you better be!" He smiled and said "Let's go". He turned to the boys and said "I'll be right back. Make sure you don't forget anything". He turned to me and said "We're going the the lake. You'll see why when we get there". I was now walking , naked and smooth, with my enemy, down the trail to the lake. What had gotten into me ?  
  
On the way down the trail I could feel the breeze brushing over my newly shaved area. Although it stimulated me, I was sure to walk behind Bruce. I may be short, thin and have no breasts, but if I do say so myself, I have a cute butt and nice legs. I was not going to let him have a view on our travels. We entered the clearing at the beach. Bruce walked to the edge of the water and looked through the binoculars. What he was trying to zoom in on, I had no idea.  
  
Bruce turned to me and said "Sam, take these and look that way" as he pointed to the other end of the lake. He sat down on a fallen tree trunk. I took the binoculars and searched for what he had seen. I had to do a double take, as I saw the beach on the other end of the lake. There were people on the beach, in the water, and they were naked!   
  
I turned to Bruce and asked "Bruce, why are we here and why are you showing me this?" He looked up at my face, being eye level with my freshly shaved pussy lips, and said "Sam.. If you'll let me speak, un-interupted for two minutes, I'll tell you". I was naked, had a shaved pussy and nothing to cover myself with. What did I have to lose? "O.k." was my answer.   
  
I felt like I should sit next to him, while he gave his response, but I didn't want splinters or cuts on my bare butt. So I stood there, only four feet away from him, as he explained his motives. He went on to say "Sam...You have pulled off a brilliant disguise as a thirteen year old boy. You had convinced five fifteen year old boys, and me, that you were Scott's little brother, Sam. If it wasn't for a couple of scouts, trying to humiliate Scott's little brother, by exposing his little, bald penis, you would have been known to this scout troop as 'Scott's little brother, Sam'.   
  
When you were unmasked as a girl, you looked to everyone's expressions. Sam...99 out of 100 girls would have fought to break free and pull up their shorts, but you were more concerned about your cover being blown, and the risk to your project. After Scott revealed that you were working on a project for an acting class, I started to think. You stood there with nothing, but a boy's swim suit that was around your ankles. You may have been exposed, but it wasn't what you were worried about. You were worried about your acting project. Since you pulled off being a thirteen year old boy flawlessly, why not try another transformation while you're here ?"  
  
As sarcastic as I could be, I asked him "Oh, so what are you? Some kind of big shot movie producer? Do you even have a job?" I was caught off guard with his answer. "Well Sam. I actually have two jobs". "You call this a job?" I replied. I think I hurt his feelings when he said "I don't get paid to do this. I was in this troop when I was a kid. Our scoutmaster volunteered his time so me and my friends could go on these trips. These boys are good kids and I like that they can get away for a while during the summer. Plus I enjoy the camping trips.  
  
Feeling a bit guilty, I asked "So what is your job? How can you get away from work to do this with them? Do you use up all of your vacation time? He answered my three questions with one statement. "I'm the drama teacher at Fairview Community College" I have four weeks off in summer". "You're the drama teacher at Fairview?" I responded, as if I didn't believe him. "Yup. I just finished my first year there".  
  
"How old are you? I asked. He looked right into my eyes and said "I'm twenty three. I graduated from there and got my degree in 'the arts'. The year I graduated, my drama proffessor retired. He told me I should apply for the position. So I did and the board gave me a shot. I have plenty to learn, but I was hired back for next semester. It's not a big fancy University, but the students are great and I found my nych in life. I love my work".  
  
It took me a minute to respond. I finally came out with the question "What did you mean by transformation?" knowing what he was going to say. Why else would he have shown me those naked people accross the lake? I interupted before he could answer and said "You want me to pretend to be a nudist. Don't you?" He smiled and said "The term is actually 'Naturalist', Sam". He handed me the binoculars again and told me to look accross the lake again as he explained.   
  
Bruce went on to tell me how forty percent of the camping areas are rented by naturalist groups. The owners, Harold and Marge, tell me they have been renting to them for thirty years. This whole area is private property and clothing optional. The naturalist rent the sites on the south side of the lake. The trading post has clothing optional shopping times between 9:00 and 10:00 a.m and 2:00 and 3:00 pm. For the die hards who never put on clothes while they're here, that's when they shop. They cover up if they shop during the remaining hours the store is open. It's thirty five percent of their overall business".  
  
I stood there watching these naked people enjoying the beach, as Bruce went on telling me the clothing optional rules of the camp ground. "Something to think about, Sam. We better get back. The boys must be restless by now". I handed him his binoculars and walked in front of him on the way back. If he wanted to check out my cute little ass, well let him.

As we approached the place where our path crossed another path that ran around the lake, I heard voices. I stopped in my tracks and listened. I could here people's voices and the hooves of horses. I turned to Bruce with total panic in my eyes. He looked at me with this reassuring look and said "Whoever they are, you'll never see them after this week. You're allowed to be nude here. This is your your chance to break the ice. Anyone who can shave her muffin in front of five fifteen year old boys, then chase them into the woods, can do this". I looked at him with this horified expression, but couldn't help but chuckle a bit.  
  
Trying to muster all the courage I could, I still felt like hiding. It was only seconds it seemed before we stood on the trail in view of these two people horseback riding. I was naked and there was no hiding it now. It was a man and woman and they apparently knew Bruce. The man looked at us and said "Hey Bruce. How's your trip going?" Bruce answered "Great Carl. Hi Mary". The woman replied "Hello Bruce".   
  
The man looked down on my tiny, naked, hairless body and said "Hello miss. Visiting from the Southside of the lake?" Still frozen in my tracks, Bruce intervened and said "Carl. Mary. This is Samantha. She's the sister of one of my scouts. She's over here visiting". To my horror, they dismounted and both walked over to shake my hand. They continued their small talk with Bruce for a few minutes. While mounting their horses they both had friendly smiles and welcomed me to the north side of the lake. With that they rode away.   
  
I was still in shock when Bruce smiled and said "Come on you little naturalist. We need to get back". He put out his hand to gesture for me to lead. As we walked back my mind was racing. I was just talking to strangers, totally naked. We reached the camp site and the boys walked up to meet us. I figured they were mad but they looked at me and all told me they were sorry. They were just messing around, as they put it. They didn't mean to upset me. I told them it wasfine and go have fun fishing. I was staying behind.  
  
The boys loaded up in the van as Bruce walked up to me. He handed me a brochur the camp gave to the clothing optional campers and a book called 'The Naturalist Life'. I looked up at him and he just said "Study materials if you want to pursue your next acting project for school" then turned and got in the van. I watched them drive off, still coming to grips with the last two hours of my life.   
  
I was alone. Standing outside naked, glancing at the naturalist information Bruce gave me. I knew one thing was certain. I was alone and had something I needed to do. I have not had minute alone all week. I went into the cabin, laid on my bunk and masturbated, thinking of the last two days events. After having a powerful orgasm, I was now able to focus. I was reading the material, realizing I could put some clothes on. Strangely enough, I didn't want to. I remained naked and really started to take in the material. These naturalist are as comfortable being naked as the rest of us are wearing clothes.

**SamCamp - 9**

I soaked in all the information I could from the materials Bruce gave me. I studied inside and outside. Knowing Bruce wanted me to go shopping at the trading post, Naked!, I found myself pretending the cabin was the store and it was full of dressed people. Over and over I went through it in my mind. Could I pull off being a naturist? Could I even summon the courage to walk in the store with no clothes on. I knew Bruce was telling the truth because there were pictures of naked people on the brochure, at the lake, horseback riding and even shopping in the store.  
  
I was talking myself into doing this all in the name of 'another high grade' for my class. I wasn't sure I could even tell my proffessor about this. It was a liberal arts school, so I guess I could. I really was putting some thought into the possiblities. Would people talk to me? Would they ignore me? I thought to myself, if I was the dressed person in the store, I don't think I'd strike up a coversation with a naked person. Even if I knew I might encounter them.  
  
I decided not to over think it. I had this time to myself and I was enjoying pretending to be a naturist. I even had fake conversations with imaginary people in case the situation should arise. The reading material was pretty simple. A three page camp brochure and the book was only forty eight pages. I read them both, twice.  
  
About three hours had past. I was laying on my bunk in the middle of my third reading of the book, when I fell asleep. I was sleeping on my stomach when I heard Bruce whispering. "Hey Sam". I responded with a muffled "huh?' Again I heard him say "Sam, we're back". He put his hand on my lower back and ever so gently, nudged me saying "Hey sleepy head. We're back".   
  
I rolled over on my back and had a good long stretch. Completely without a thought, I was arching my back and stretching my arms and legs, allowing Bruce an unobstructed personal view of my tiny little hairless body. I collapsed back on my bunk with my arms above my head on my pillow and asked "How was fishing?" He just had this little smile on his face as he replied "Good".   
  
By now he was sitting on the side of my bunk. I was completely at ease, when I asked "Where are the boys?" He told me they were cleaning out the boat and getting the fish ready for dinner. He then asked me if I was getting up. We both snickered a bit.   
  
As I got up, I waited for him to ask me if I had considered posing as a naturist. Since he didn't, I figured he may not want to pressure me. So I asked him "Are we going shopping at 9:00 tomorrow?" He looked at me with a look I hadn't seen before and said "I'd be proud to go shopping with you Sam". I reached out to shake his hand and said "Great. It's a date".

**Worst Idea Ever - 10**

After committing myself to shopping naked at the trading post, I started having second thoughts. Imagine, walking around a store totally exposed, while others were dressed. What if other naturists were there. Would they know I wasn't a true naturist? Would people ask me why I was naked? Would they understand the life style or think I was a slut? My mind was racing a hundred miles an minute.  
  
Bruce must have known what I was thinking because he handed me the trading post's updated brochure for clothing optional campers. He told me he had just picked it up while he and the boys were out fishing. Harold had asked him why he was picking it up and he responded that one of the scout's sisters was a naturist and staying with us.  
  
I looked through the brochure and there were more pictures than the one he gave me earlier. Everyone in the photos seemed so at ease while shopping naked. They must have been. After all they allowed him to use their pictures in the brochure. I started to calm down and decided to use the rest of the night, hanging out with Bruce and the boys, as practice.  
  
I walked out to check on the boys and ask about their fishing trip. Trying to sound sincere about caring so I didn't seem out of place being naked still. We talked while they continued to clean the boat and equipment. Bruce came out and retrieved the fish they caught so he could prepare them for dinner. It wasn't long before I was becoming comfortable again with my nudity. The boys barely noticed. Or at least they didn't let on.  
  
I followed Bruce back into the cabin and asked him if he had mentioned anything to the boys. He said he felt it was best not to say anything until after my first shopping experience. I agreed. I asked Bruce the question that had been on my mind since he suggested I do a second project as a naturist.   
  
"Bruce. As a drama teacher, how would you react to someone turning in a project like this?" He stopped what he was doing and turned, looking right at me from five feet away. I awaited his answer as I felt so tiny standing there with by smooth pussy lips and little boy haircut partly covering my little oriental face.  
  
"Samantha, I would think that this beautiful girl has more originality, guts, courage and determination than anyone ten times her size. And I would think that, because it's true". This man who was my mortal enemy just hours before had a way of making me feel inspired. I liked that he called me Samantha. I felt that he was looking at me as the nineteen year old girl I was, not some little kid.  
  
The next few hours were uneventful. We cooked dinner on the open fire again. The boys were all going for their cooking merit badges. Although it was still very warm, the sky became cloudy and a light rain started. We all went to the indoor pool and of course, I was the only one without a bathing suit, but didn't mind. My mind was consumed with my upcoming shopping excursion.  
  
I swam with the guys for a while but then retreated to the bunk to read the Naturist Lifestyle again. I didn't want to miss a thing. If I was going to do this, I had to be as convincing as I was as a thirteen year old boy. Over and over I read the book and both brochures I had. I was psyching myself up for tomorrow.

That night I could barely sleep. I was so nervous about the next day, and aroused at the same time. It took all my dicipline to keep my fingers from my opening. Being naked was embarrassing at times, but getting caught masturbating by one of Scott's friends would be the height of humiliation. I wanted so much to cum but couldn't risk it. I finally fell asleep well after midnight.  
  
It was 7:30 the next morning when we all got up. Breakfast was made on the Coleman stove instead of the open fire. The camp didn't have a regular stove or refrigerator. Bruce had to pick up ice three times a day to keep the food and drinks cold. Everyone ate, but I was barely able to get down a few bites. My stomach was full of butterflies. I'm not sure if it was nerves or excitement. Probably both.   
  
Bruce told me that I should put some clothes on so the boys didn't catch on to what we were up to. The hour and a half seemed to drag on as my mind kept questioning my decision to go through with pretending to be a naturist at the store. I put on what clothes I had with me, so I looked like a thirteen year old boy again. The guys teased me saying "Look! Scott's little brother is back!" After spending so much time with them, naked, and shaving my public hair in front of them, a little teasing was nothing. I was just anxious to get started.

**Worst Idea Ever - 11**

It was finally time to get in the van and head for the store. The entire campground was quite big and the drive to the store takes about twelve minutes. As we drove away from our camping area, Bruce suggested I remove my shirt and shorts. "You don't want Harold and Marge to see you getting undressed to go in the store. When people go into the store nude, they arrive that way" he said. I wasn't wearing anything else except my sneakers. Although I was unbelievably nervous, I removed them and threw them to the back of the van. Bruce looked at me and I just said "In case I try to back out".   
  
We were minutes from the store and I was naked again. As we rounded the final bend I saw the store in sight. There were only two cars in the parking lot. I guess that was a relief. I would have preferred none. Bruce parked in the parking section across the gravel road from the store. I looked at him and said "Do you think you could have parked any further away?" He smiled and said "It'll give you time to get in character before we enter the store... You ready?"  
  
  
I took a deep breath and said "From here on, I'm a naturist". Bruce told me he knew I could do it and offered a small bit of advice. He said although nudists prefer to go by the name naturist, don't correct anyone who may use the term nudist. "Good advice" I told him. "That might give me away". We looked at each other and got out of the van and started walking toward the entrance of the store.  
  
The store (or trading post as it was known) was an old wooden building with a covered porch on the front. It was really quaint. We walked up onto the porch and to the door. Bruce opened the door and motioned with his eyes for me to go in first. The door had and old bell that rang every time the door opened or closed. It startled me at first.  
  
Well this was it. I was totally naked except my sneakers and the van looked a mile away. Being sure not to lower my head, I walked in. I was doing it. I was standing in a semi public store with absolutely no clothes on. Bruce called out "Good morning Harold. How are you this morning Marge?" The man responded "Good morning Bruce. This must be the young lady who's staying with you guys". Bruce said "Harold. Marge. This is Samantha. She goes by Sam". They both replied at the same time "Good morning Sam".   
  
Harold said "Make yourself at home little lady. Bruce your regular coffee?" "Yes please" he replied. "Sam. Coffee for you?" Harold asked. "No thank you" I answered, looking at him from the end of the asle. I looked at Bruce and told him I was going to walk around the store a bit. He said he'd meet me at the counter when I was finished.  
  
My heart was racing as I strolled down the isles. All the thoughts were returning. What if someone else came in?. What should I do? "Get a grip, Sam" I said to myself. "You are a naturist". I continued around the store a few minutes and summoned the courage to walk up to the counter. Marge said "Sit sweetie, what can I get you?" I told her a glass of orange juice as I sat at the small lunch counter.  
  
Bruce joined me as I heard the bell on the door ring. I felt myself stiffen up when Bruce put his hand on my knee. A reminder that I was allowed to be naked. I only had to get past the idea of others seeing me that way. A man came in and purchased fishing bait. He looked at us, smiled, tipped his hat and walked out. OMG. No one even seemed surprised that I was totally naked. I WAS A NATURIST!

I started counting in my head the amount of people that had seen me naked this week. First there was Eddie and the show I put on for him. The boys and Bruce of course. The other scout troop saw me standing in the lake with my chest showing. The husband and wife horseback riding couple. Now I was here in front of Harold and Marge. Harold calls Marge..'Mother' and she calls him..'Papa'. They are so cute together. And last but not least, the man buying fishing bait who tipped his hat to me. I actually had some good material for my next project.  
  
After finishing my orange juice, I got up a strolled around the store. I was so thrilled to be naked. Just then the door flung open ringing that damn bell again. I was at the end of one of the isles about twenty feet from the counter, Bruce, Harold and Marge. I was on my own, as a father and son walked in and saw me. Fighting the urge to cover up, I tried to act natural. The boy looked about eleven and stared at me with his bulging eyes and mouth wide open. That's when my feelings of embarrassment started creeping back in.  
  
The father said "See son. I told you people shop here naked. She must be about your age. Like I said before, you can 'not' tell your mother I brought you here during clothing optional hour ". I felt more exposed than I had all week. The man said "Hello sweetheart. It's my son's thirteenth birthday, so I was hoping he'd meet a nudist. But it's better that you two are close in age. Are you parents here?" he asked. Not sure if I was more insulted or humiliated, I responded "I'm nineteen" as I could feel the boy soaking in every inch of my naked, hairless body. "Oh I'm sorry" he said, as he walked up to the counter, leaving his son to get a good look at his first naked girl.  
  
Remembering I was supposed to be a nudist I continued my stroll through the store. Up and down each isle, the boy followed, never taking his eyes off me. I could see the others were enjoying my predicament. After a few minutes I turned to the boy, put my hands on my hips and said "Why don't you take a picture. It'll last longer", being sarcastic. Before I knew it he had his phone in his hand and was snapping one picture after another. I yelled "Hey! Stop that! I was just kidding!"   
  
He continued snapping photos as I lurched toward him. He started laughing and ran, still hitting that photo button. I chased him to the front of the store, where he hid behind his father. As I was about to insist he delete the pictures, I saw Bruce shaking his head back and forth as if to say no. Don't make a big deal of it. The boy's father looked down on my tiny naked form and said "You told him to do it". He smiled at me and said "It has been a pleasure little lady". He looked down at his son and said "Don't let your mother see those pictures". With that, they walked out of the store with my naked body and my dignity on the boy's phone.   
  
Bruce grabbed his coffee and said "Come on Sam, lets sit at the picnic table outside. Knowing he was trying to get me back into character, I agreed and followed him outside. As we sat at the table I said "I know. I know. If you're a nuturist, those things will happen". Not rubbing it in, he simply responded "Yup". I sat with my legs facing away from the table with my elbows leaning on it. Bruce sat the same way as I looked up at him, pouting. Allowing him full view of everything I had, I said "Can you imagine what those pictures must look like?" We both started laughing. Bruce finished his coffee and we headed back inside.

**Worst Idea Ever - 12**

I asked Bruce what time it was as we walked into the store again. (Oh...'That Bell'.) It's not that I don't like it. It's just every time I hear it, I know someone will see me naked. He told me it was 9:15. That meant there were 45 minutes left for the clothing optional shopping time. I already had enough naturist experience to start my project and was ready to go back to the campground. We sat back down at the counter and Bruce got a refill of coffee. As Bruce and Harold were talking, Marge asked me it I would be kind enough to help her restock some of the shelves. Why not? I thought.   
  
I followed her to the back room. It was big and really well organized. She didn't have a list or any mobile device. She knew what she had, and where it was. We went back and forth from the stock room to the isles, filling the empty spaces. Somehow I got the courage to ask her why I hadn't seen and other naturists shopping. She told me the two groups they had, left out that morning, and the next group was not due in until the day after tomorrow. The magnitude of what she said hit me like a ton of bricks. I was the only naturist in the entire campground. I was the ONLY ONE NAKED!   
  
I watched the big clock on the wall, as we continued back and forth, stocking shelves. I helped her for 10 to 15 minutes. Each time the bell rang I could feel a shiver down my spine. Only a few campers came in and out, but I realized that the boxes I was holding in front of me, covered the breasts I didn't have, but my bald, smooth pussy was on full display. The few people that came in just casually said "Good morning" got their items and left. Working with Marge made me feel somewhat safe. I was returning my thoughts to my project. I was a naturist and this was good for my project.  
  
Marge and I had finished stocking the shelves and I returned back to the counter, where Harold and Bruce were still talking. Ready to get going, I asked Bruce what we needed to buy for the camp site. He responded "Two bags of ice". That's it? I thought. I have been naked in front of at least ten people for two bags of ice? I kept telling myself "Remember your project. Remember your project". I felt like Bruce was stalling. Harold seemed to be in no hurray for us to leave either. That's when I heard the noise that made me quiver. It was a bus. A BUS!  
  
There was a bus pulling up to the front of the store. In a panic, I looked to the van. It seemed a mile away. I looked to Bruce for sympathy and a way out. It was too late. The bus stopped right in front of the store and I heard that 'swoosh' noise you hear when the door opens. I looked to Harold and Bruce and I saw a look on Harold's face that made me realize he was expecting it. "Harold. What going on?" I asked, with a look of total fear in my eyes. "Relax..Sam. It's O.k. Their just some campers checking in. I didn't think naturist were concerned about others seeing them naked?"  
  
Before I could get a word out he continued "Besides. It's just my crazy sister-in-law and her friends and family". Marge said quietly "Papa" (In obvious defense of her sister) Harold said "My sister-in-law is great, but she has been bugging me for years. "I want to see a nudist. I want to see a nudist" he said shaking his head sarcasticly. "Every time they come, no one shops nude, or they stay at their site and have their groceries delivered. She just wants to meet a nudist. You don't mind. Do you?"  
  
I looked at Bruce with the most evil eye. Harold jumped in and said "Sam...Bruce had no idea they were do here. What's the problem? You are a regular naturist...Aren't you?" My eyes connected with Bruce's as he gave me a look of compassion. He leaned down and wispered in my ear "If you want me to rush you out the back and to the van, I will. It's up to you". I glanced out the window and saw people getting out of the bus.  
  
I closed my eyes and repeated to myself "I am a naturist. I am a naturist". I opened my eyes and looked to Harold and said "I'm sorry Harold. It's just a little overwhelming. So many people and all. I'll be O.k." "Good" he said. "I need to get her off my back". Then I heard Marge say "Papa". "I mean, have her meet a nudist" as he rolled his eyes. I was standing in this old country store, naked, shaved and petrified, but I was going to be a "NUDIST"

I said to Bruce "Walk with me down this isle and look like we're shopping. Maybe they'll get a glimps of me and mind their own business". The bell rang as the door opened and I had this horrible feeling in my stomach. I could hear the voices of at least a dozen people. They hadn't even seen me yet, but I felt utterly ashamed and humiliated. What was I thinking? Why am I naked? I was not having fun at all.   
  
I heard a woman yell "Marge...Harold.. How are you?" Marge returned with "Ruth! It's great to see you". I could see the two woman hugging through a gap in the shelving. This was definately Marge's sister. I glanced out the window and the bus was still unloading. How many people can fit on a bus? Most of the others were hanging around on the front porch, stretching and walking off whatever cramps they had from their trip.  
  
There were people from the front door to the counter, and all over the porch. I was trapped. At least forty clothed strangers were about to see me in the most compromising position possible. Totally naked. I had even forfeited my modesty. Bruce saw the sheer panic on my face and tried to calm me down. He whispered in my ear "Sam. Remember your project. You will never see any of these people again, once we get out of here". It was little consolation.  
  
I heard Harold say "Ruth. I have someone I want you to meet". I started getting mad until I remembered Harold had no idea I was not a true, practicing naturist. I waited for my fate as I heard their footsteps getting closer to the isle we were in.   
  
They reached the end of the isle and Ruth got an unobstructed view of her first naturist. Harold said "Ruth. This is Samantha". Ruth got way past being giddy. She started pointing at me as she shuffled her feet in blind excitement. Imagine a 65 year old woman acting like that. "You're a nudist! You're a nudist!" she kept saying.   
  
She barrelled down the isle to me as I stood there like a deer in the headlights. She grabbed my hand and started shaking it almost violently. "Boy am I glad to finally meet you!" she exclaimed. I worked up the best smile I could, as she was practically dislocating my arm. What came next was truly embarrassing. She yelled out "Hey you guys! Come here! I told you! Look!...SHE"S NAKED!"  
  
I could hear dozens of feet make their way to both ends of the isle. With no where to go, I gave them a smile and slight wave. At least twelve pair of eyes were staring at my naked body and smooth, bald pussy. "Harold said "Come on people. Let her breath". Reluctantly they backed up a bit.  
  
Ruth looked right at my pussy and asked "Do all nudists shave their pubic hair? This only served to have everyone focus on my most private part even more. Having no idea how to respond to such a ridiculous question, I cleared my throat and managed to squeak out a "Not all". There was no doubt. This was the height of humiliation.

**Worst Idea Ever 13**

Harold came to my rescue. "O.k. O.k. that's enough. People. Please. She's not a novelty. She's a woman" he said. I was so happy someone finally recognized that I was a woman. Maybe a young woman, but a woman just the same. He reached his hand out to me. As I took it, he led through the crowd. The feel of their clothing against my bare flesh was exhilarating. It was all I could do to keep myself from getting moist down there.   
  
Harold led me out to the open area, where at least another ten people had made their way into the store. Another group just staring at their first naturist. I was totally on display now. Twenty five people inside and who knows how many outside, looking through the windows, were ogling my naked little body.  
  
Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, the questions started flying. "How long have you been a nudist?" "Do you stay naked all the time?" "Do you wear clothes in winter?" I mean the dumbest things ever to come out of people's mouths, were heading in my direction. By this time everyone had formed a circle around me. Being only four foot ten or so, it was like being surrounded by giants. You can imagine how much worse it made my nudity.  
  
Realizing that these people were not the brightest bulbs on the tree, I decided to take a few questions. After all, this was for my school project. I held my little arms up and everyone fell silent. "Please one question at a time" I requested. Ruth never left my side and tapped me on the shoulder. "What's it like to naked when everyone else has clothes on?" she asked.  
  
I told them, that although I don't wear clothes at home or at some of my friends homes, this was the most people I have been the only one naked in front of. I went on to explain that naturists are as comfortable being nude as most people are with their clothes on. I told them on trips like this, I am usually with other naturists and that this was an unusual situation.  
  
A man asked me how old I was. When I told him I was nineteen, Ruth jumped in and said "Wow! You're really nineteen?" As I shook my head yes, she came back with "You look like you're twelve". Seeing she upset me a bit, she immediatly said "I meant that in a good way". How can you mean that in a good way? I thought.  
  
Trying to redeem herself, she only made it worse. "You are absolutely adorable sweetie. Just like a little china doll" she continued as she sought the approval of the others. I must have had a blank look on my face. Did this woman just call a 97 pound, naked oriental girl, a china doll, in front of 25 or so dressed people? I am probably the least politically correct person I know, but that was just outrageous.

As I surveyed the crowd, and realized they were hanging on every word I said. I started to feel a bit empowered. Somewhere deep down I was actually enjoying this a little. I was looking forward to the end of the Q & A, and just wanted to stroll around naked in front of everybody. I was ready to go back to shopping with Bruce when the last question I would answer came out from the crowd. It was the same question Ruth had asked earlier.   
  
It came from another elderly lady. "Do all nudists shave their pubic hair?" she asked. I decided since it was not only a stupid question, but the same stupid question asked erlier, I was going to have a little fun with it.   
  
I stood there in the center of the store with my little bald pussy on full display, and said "No...Not all. Actually I usually have mine waxed. I don't like the razor burn or stubble in such a sensitive area. A friend who works at a salon does it for free". I must have had a psychic moment because I knew the next question before I heard it.   
  
"Is she a nudist?" someone asked. I answered with complete confidence. "Well...No...'HE' is not. But he does support my naturist lifestyle". Every mouth in the room hung open. You could see them picturing in their minds, a guy giving me a pubic wax. "I go over to Mark's house, that's his name...Mark, once a month for a treament. That way I don't have to worry about it for a while".  
  
This was just too good to be true. I was now having fun, and thankful I was naked. I turned away and started my naked stroll through the store. People were going in and out and every time I thought everyone had seen me, there was a new pair of eyes covering every inch of my tiny naked form. I was starting to get aroused.

**Worst Idea Ever 14**

Barely 30 seconds into my naked stroll, a woman spun me in my place, put her arm around me and said "Smile and say CHEESE!" Click. Click. Click. OMG! It Had Started. Everyone wanted a picture with the little naked oriental girl. I knew I could do nothing but comply. Determined not to be seen as some sniveling little victim, I plastered a confident smile on my face and posed with almost everyone for a photo or two. All the while I was keeping and eye on the clock. I had twelve minutes left for clothing optional shopping and hadn't seen Bruce for a few minutes.  
  
As I looked for Bruce, people kept coming up to me saying things like "Look! You're on 'Only One Naked.com'." "I posted you on 'Nude In Public.com'." "Hey I put you on 'Naked In A Crowd.com'." In less than ten minutes, my little naked body was posted all over the internet. WTF?. What if my friends or family see me? What about people from school? I needed to find Bruce and get out of here before any more damage could be done to my reputation and self esteem. It's amazing how fast someone can go from humiliation to elation and back again.  
  
Bruce came around from behind the shelving, with a smile and looking at his watch. I met him at the front door and we headed out to the porch. "Where have you been?" I asked under my breath. Bruce replied "Sam. I was never more than a few feet away. I was letting you get material for your project. What happened in there, would not have happened if I was shadowing you. And GIRL, You were great! I couldn't have been a better naturist myself" as he grinned.  
  
Ruth came out on the porch and asked "Samantha..We have another bus coming in. We're having a family reunion. More relatives will be arriving. Will you be back at three o' clock?" Before I could answer Bruce jumped in "We do have to get ice three times a day. I know I'll have to come back and pick some up. It's up to Sam, if she decides to come back with me". He put it all on me. That bastard! I looked to Ruth and responded "I'm not sure about our plans for the day, but I might come back". I gave Bruce a dirty look and we both grinned a bit as we made our way back to the van.  
  
In the middle of the parking lot, we stopped walking to allow a car that was pulling in, go by. The car stopped in front of us and my heart sank. The man got out of his car, looked me up and down and said "Well. Well. Well. What do we have here?" It was Ed. The scout leader we ran into when we were at the lake before. "Hey Bruce. Who's this?" he asked. I cut him off and said "My name is Samantha. I'm nineteen and I'm a nudist". "Well Samantha. You look like you're ten". He said. I responded "Most people guess that I'm twelve. Thanks for the extra two years. It'll come in handy when I'm fifty". "I admire your spunk. Perhaps you could assist Bruce's scout troop in a game of flag football" as he looked to Bruce for confirmation to the challenge.  
  
"We'll be there!" I said in utter defiance, as I continued to the van. "Pompous ass" I muttered as I walked away. Bruce and Ed set a time for the game. Two hours from now. We would meet on the grid iron at 12:00 noon, and I would play naked. I was in the passenger front seat of the van, when I saw Bruce look in the driver's window at me. "Pretty bold Sam" he said as he got in. "I know. But he was just so arrogant. I know Scott can play. I sure hope the rest of your troop can. Playing flag football with a bunch of teenagers, naked, is bad enough. Losing would really suck".   
  
As we drove out of the parking lot, Bruce said "You know what you have to do". I replied "Yeah. I have to tell Scott. I have to tell him what I did at the store, before we rally the guys for the game. He'll be alright with it. After all, it was his idea that I pose as a thirteen year old boy in the first place. I'll make him feel like this is all his fault without putting too much guilt on him". Bruce just smiled as we drove back to the camp site. I never even thought about retrieving the shirt and shorts I had thrown to the back of the van earlier.

**Worst Idea Ever 15**

Bruce and I pulled up to our camping area and I got out of the van. Not remembering I was wearing clothes when we left, I heard one of the boys yell "Hey guys! Muffin's naked again!" I looked to Bruce and said "I forgot. Why didn't you remind me?" He just game me this look that said 'You're the one naked. Maybe you should have remembered'. Trying to act natural, while coming up with a story, to explain why I was naked again, I looked for Scott. As our eyes met, with no sound, he mouthed to me "WTF?"  
  
I walked toward him and he turned and walked to the basketball court. He picked up the ball and started shooting. I could tell he was upset. Bruce must have held the others back, because no one followed us. Not looking at me, he continued to shoot baskets. I said "Scott. It's not what you think". He replied "My sister left the camp site dressed with my scoutmaster, and returned naked. What am I supposed to think?" I immediatly rebutted, "No No No ! It's nothing like that! I swear Scott! Just stop shooting and let me explain to you".   
  
Scott and I sat on the picnic table near the court. I asked him "Do you know that nudists rent the camp sites on the south side of the pond?" He replied "Of course I do. Me and the guys used to hide in the woods, trying to get a look at the naked girls". That's when it hit him. "Did you shop naked at the store?" he asked. I lowered my head and said "Yeah". "How many other naked people were there?" he asked. I had no choice but to answer.   
  
"Well about that. Apparently, they all left before 9:00 this morning. "So you were the only one naked in the store?" he asked. I was trying to explain when he interupted "Oh...So you pulled off being my thirteen year old brother, and now you're a nudist. Don't tell me. Extra credit? I'll hand it to you Sam. You do take that class seriously". "Please don't be mad" I pleaded. "Hey. I'm not the one naked. Do what you want. I will say this , Sis. You've got guts. No scense. But guts". I hugged him, but I could tell hugging his naked sister was uncomfortable for him, so I backed off quick enough to let him know I appreciated him, but not long enough for him to be embarrassed.  
  
Now I had to tell him about the flag football challenge. I explained what went on at the store, and how we ran into Ed, on our way out. "Say no more" he said. "Ed was an ass, right?" I nodded 'yes'. "Now because of your big mouth, we have to play them and you have to play naked". I looked at him with total admiration. He really knew how to cut to the chase. I nodded again. "Well come on. Let's tell the guys" as he led me back. Scott told the others about how and why we were playing the other troop in flag football.   
  
It was amazing. They were all in. One boy, Charlie, (If you remember, he was the one I had to remind to look at my face, not my pussy, when I was giving my practice presentation a couple days earlier) was bigger than everyone else. Charlie had a heart as big as his body. He was bigger but less mature than the other boys. He was the 'fat kid' a few years ago. Charlie started in a low voice "Muffin. Muffin. She's the one. She plays naked just for fun. Muffin. Muffin. She's the one. She plays naked just for fun".   
  
All the boys jumped in and started dancing and singing "Muffin. Muffin. She's the one. She plays naked just for fun", over and over. I was not only 'Not Pissed Off" but really appreciated them having my back. It was O.k. for them to tease me, but nobody else was going to get away with it. They finally stopped when Bruce stepped up and said "Guys. Ed and I will coach our teams, but not play. It will be seven on seven. 'Charlie'. Your job is to protect Muffin". As I looked at him, he winked. He knew Charlie would protect Muffin better than Samantha. I just smiled as he continued his instructions.  
  
We had an hour until we had to meet the other troop at the field. Bruce had us to go through a few drills. Where ever I was lined up, Charlie was next to me. Scott would be quaterback. He had the talent for the position. The rest would swap blocking, running and recieving. We were as ready as we were ever gonna be. Bruce, six fifteen year old boys, and a naked little oriental girl, wearing only sneakers, all loaded in the van to go to the field.  
  
We arrived at the field, and none of us could believe what we were seeing. Ed had spread the word about the game. There were at least 150 spectators from the camp ground. There was a camera man on the side of the field. A CAMERA MAN! Where did he come from? I panicked and froze solid. As I stared out the van window in total fear, the boys rallied again. Everyone told me it was O.k. It was Charlie's comments that had the most effect on me. "Muffin. This is your hour. Screw them. We're here to kick some ass, and I will not be more than three feet away from you at all times. I promise". I took a deep breath and we all exited the van to a standing ovation.  
  
Scott took charge and said (with all the others listening) "Sam. You don't walk in front, or in back, and we're not going to surround you. You are a member of this team. Now guys, put your heads up and jog to our side of the field". My little brother looked down at me and winked. As we were jogging to the sideline, I couldn't help but notice. I'm nineteen years old, and 'None' of my guy friends were half the man, my fifteen year old brother was. We arrived on our side of the field, and it was time. Both teams looked across the field at each other, waiting to get started.

**Worst Idea Ever - 16**

Well. I'm not sure how I got here, but I was standing on the side of the camp ground football field wearing nothing but my sneakers and ankle socks. Everyone from all of the campsites must have been here. I still could not figure out what a camera man was doing here, but I needed to stay focused on the game. The field was fifty yards long and thirty yards wide. Just the right size for this type of game.  
  
We went to the middle of the field to meet the other team and get instructions. Ed looked at his players and said "See. I told you there would be a nudist on the other team". Of course all the boys were soaking up every inch of my naked body. It would be a one hour game and scored like a regular football game. Touchdowns were six points and since there were no goal posts, extra points needed to get into the end zone from the five yard line.   
  
We went back to our side and put on our belts and flags. It felt so strange wearing the belt with flags on my bare skin. We won the toss and were getting the first kick off. They kicked off to us and Scott got the ball. He ran it back to the twenty yard line before someone got his flag. We had thirty yards to go to get a touchdown.  
  
Scott called a huddle and said "Sam. You see the kid in the red shirt. His name is Bill and he hasn't taken his eyes off your pussy".  
  
"Scott!" I replied.  
  
"Hey. It is what it is. Lets take advantage of it. If he lines up near you, let him get a good look so he's distracted. Tom (one of the boys from our troop) You line up on Sam's right and Charlie, you on her left". As we stood there on the line of scrimage, I realized Scott was right. Bill was covering Tom, but couldn't take his eyes off my little bald pussy.  
  
"HIKE" Scott called out. Bill was still staring at my privates when Tom took off. I stood there letting him soak it in when Scott landed the perfect pass. Within 18 seconds, it was six to nothing. Bill stood there stunned as Tom ran into the end zone. He turned and looked at me. With a sarcastic smile on my face, I said "Get a good look?" and walked down the field for the extra point attempt.  
  
The spectators were cheering as I marched my little naked self down the field. We failed to get the extra point, but the game was under way and I was settleing in to my position. I was less self conscious about being naked in front of all these people. My nudist project could not have been going better. There was still plenty of inner feeling of humiliation, but I was sure to get a good grade for my class.

It was our turn to kick off to the other troop. Another of our guys, Glen, kicked the ball off. I ran down as fast as I could. For some reason I seem to be running faster than I usually do. Now I know why streakers always seem to be so fast.   
  
As we all converged to the kid with the ball, I could feel hands all over my body. It seemed like every inch of me, except my pussy was groped. Knowing it was just the game, I tried to take it in stride, but my hormones weren't listening. "Focus. Sam. Focus" I kept telling myself. But I couldn't help but be aroused.  
  
  
They lined up for the next play. I lined up against the shortest kid on their team. He still had me by 4 inches or so, but all I had to do was get one of his flags if he caught a pass. The ball was snapped and the kid I was defending ran into a group in the middle of the field. One of their players broke loose, but the ball was over thrown.  
It was second down.  
  
The next two plays my guy ran the same pattern. It finally occured to me, he was doing it on purpose, so his team mates could cop a feel. Without being too obvious, they were grabbing very inch of me, especially my little bare rear end. Charlie noticed and started blocking them away from me. It wasn't long before they backed off a little. Don't get me wrong. If they could get a handfull of my bare ass, they would.  
  
They had to punt to us after not getting a first down. We all waited for the kick. It came right to me. I tucked the ball under my arm and took off as fast as I could. Somehow I got past everyone. Imagine seeing this little naked oriental girl sprinting down the sideline. I could feel one of their guys catching up. He grabbed my flag and I fell forward, sliding into the only mud puddle on the field.  
  
I held on to the ball as my tiny 97 pound frame was sliding through the mud. When I finally stopped, the entire crowd was on full alert. I got up, covered in mud and soaking wet. I held the ball up, showing I hadn't fumbled and another standing ovation ensued.  
  
The guys surounded me giving me high fives because we were on the ten yard line. Scott asked if I was alright. I have never felt so invigorated in my life. I told him I was fine, but I was more than fine. I had just made a good play, while wearing nothing but sneakers and ankle socks if front of all these dressed people. I was actually hoping the camera man got it all on film.  
  
We scored on the next play with a fake pass and end around run. It was 12 to 0 and life was good. As we would go back to the huddle, my team mates started patting me on the ass. I never said a word. I was enjoying this more than you can imagine.  
  
I lined up with my muddy little body and pink ass, for the extra point attempt. Scott faked another pass and handed the ball off to me. With Charlie blocking, it was and easy run into the end zone I spike the ball at it was now 13 to 0. I wouldn't have put clothes on if you paid me.

By this time, Ed was just plain pissed off. He couldn't figure out how his boys were being shown up by a naked, 97 pound girl. It was awesome!  
  
The rest of the game was scoreless. It was 1:45 in the afternoon and I was naked, covered in mud, grass stains and sweat. I could feel the beads of sweat all over, but mostly I could feel the ones dripping off my smooth, bald, pussy. Thirteen to zero. That's right, 13 to 0 was the final score. I was so glad we won after shooting my mouth off at the store.   
  
As everyone gathered around after the game, Ruth ran up to me with some man I hadn't met before. "Samantha! Samantha!" she yelled, as if I were a mile away. She was running to me with the man in tow. "This is Craig Shuman. He's from 'American Naturist' magazine. That's his camera man over there". Well now the mystery of the camera man was solved.  
  
The man held out his hand to shake mine. As we were shaking hands, he said "Samantha. We are here to do a story on the group of naturists due in the day after tomorrow. We had no idea you would be here, or what a thrill it was going to be to watch you. Would you mind if we did a story on you?" Can you believe it? A man was asking me, while I was the only one naked, if he could do a story about nudists with me in it. I had no idea what to say.

**Worst Idea Ever - 17**

Everything was so surreal. Who are all these dressed people around me. Now on the sideline, and not playing on the field, I felt more exposed than ever. All I could hear was the clicking of camera phones and discussions about my nakedness. I said to the magazine man "Mr Shuman. Right now I just want to go back to our camp and take a shower".  
  
"Will you consider it" he asked.  
  
"I'll have to let you know" I responded.  
  
"We are staying in cabin 'C - 4' at the south lake camp site. I truly hope you'll consider letting us do a story on you. Please be in touch" he asked.  
  
I looked to Bruce and he recognized my need to be rescued. He said "Alright folks, we're heading back to our camp site. Ed, Guys, Good game. Everyone from our troop in the van". We all walked to the van, with the crowd and their cameras following us. As we loaded in the van, I jumped in the passenger front seat. I just collapsed back in the seat, thinking, "What just happened?" There must be hundreds of photos of my tiny naked body in the hands of complete strangers.   
  
The van was mostly quiet as we pulled away from the field. Scott was the first to speak. "Gotta hand it to ya, Sis. Thirteen year old boy. Nudist. What's next?" Before I could reply, all of the others boys started talking at the same time. "That was awesome!" "I can't believe it!" "We kicked ass!" "Sam, you were great!" etc. Bruce and I just glanced at each other and smiled. All I wanted to do was take a hot shower.  
  
We arrived back at the cabin and I asked Bruce and the boys if I could shower in private. Recognizing how truamatic the whole thing was on me, they agreed and let me unwind in a nice hot shower, without spectators. I went inside and gathered my shampoo, soap, shaving cream and razor. I hadn't given to much thought to Mr. Shuman's offer, but if I did decide to do it, I wanted to be sure I had no stubble.  
  
As I was showering, all I could think about was all those people having naked pictures of me. Knowing I couln't turn back time, I tried to put the thoughts out of my mind. I finished my shower and dried off when I realized the only clothes I knew the location of, were in the back of the van. I went outside naked and retrieved them from the back seat. As I was putting on the shorts and T shirt, the guys protested. "You guys have seen enough of me for a lifetime. Now, knock it off" I insisted.  
  
As I re-entered the cabin, I noticed Bruce had followed me in. "Well. Have you made up your mind about the story?" he asked.  
  
"I don't think I'll do it. These people run a magazine designated to naturists. It wouldn't take them long to realize I'm not a real nudists. I think I'll go over and thank them but decline on the basis that I would like to protect my privacy" I replied.   
  
"That seems like the wise decision" Bruce said.  
  
"Can I borrow the van to go over there?" I asked.  
  
"Of course you can, Sam. You can reach the gas and brake peddles. Can't you?" he said while laughing.  
  
"Ha ha ha. Very funny" I said. We both laughed a bit more, as I got ready to drive over and give my answer. I wanted to let them know soon, so it wasn't wearing on my mind all day. Bruce handed me the keys. As our hands touched, we both paused a bit before letting go. I put on my hiking boots, since my sneakers were wet from having the mud from the field washed off them. I hopped in the van, moved the seat all the way up, and drove to the south side of the lake.

I followed the camp ground brochure map to cabin C-4. I was happy to see some of the people from the store and football game. Their camp sites were only about twenty yards away. The idea of meeting two men in a cabin in the woods made me nervous. As I got out of the van, several people were waving to me. I returned a polite wave and walked to the cabin door.  
  
I knocked and was greeted at the door by a nice looking tall blonde woman, about thirty years old. She was wearing kaki shorts, a T shirt, socks and Nike sneakers. She said "You must be Samantha. My name is Linda. Please come in". I followed her into the cabin where I was re-introduced to Mr Shuman and found out the camera man's name was Craig. Mr Shuman was about 40 years old and Craig not much older.  
  
Mr Shuman shook my hand again and asked "I hope you decided to allow us to do a story, Sam". I must have telegraphed my answer with the look on my face, because Mr Shuman's facial expression went from one of anticipation to disappointment. I explained, I would prefer to remain anonymous. Linda added her rebuttal as she led me to an ajoining room.   
  
My eyes must have bugged right out of my head. There was an entire wall of the room covered with high quality 8x10 photos of me on the field and after the game. "See Samantha. You would be the most adorable subject for our article. This is my personal favorite" she said as she led me to the wall and pointed out a photo. It was me, holding onto the football for dear life. My eyes were closed, my teeth were clinched and I was sliding through the mud and water on the field. The photo was so clear you could see hundreds of individual drops of water splashed into the air.  
  
I was mesmerized. It was so much different to be naked in front of all those people, than it was, seeing myself like that on film. I was trying to comprehend how I could have done it. 'I WAS THE ONLY ONE NAKED IN FRONT OF A HUNDRED OR MORE DRESSED PEOPLE!' OMG!  
  
Unable to take me eyes off the photos, I felt Linda's hand slide up my shirt and start rubbing my back gently. I looked up at the tall, beautiful blonde and muttered "I can't believe that's me".   
  
Linda and I were alone in the room. Mr Shuman and Craig must have figured she may have a better shot at changing my mind if we were alone. She was still rubbing my back when she leaned over and whispered to me. "See Sam. I told you. You are the most adorable little thing I have ever set eyes on". I could feel her soft hand still gently rubbing me as she moved her hand upward, bringing my shirt with it, and exposing my bare back. Still, I could not pull my attention from all of these photos of my naked little body.  
  
Linda turned my face towards hers and continued whispering. "Why don't you remove this shirt and shorts, and we'll spend time studying the photos, before you make a final decision?" Unable to squeak out a response, I just stood there as she removed my shirt. I even lifted my arms like a 4 year old being undressed by her mother for a bath.   
  
She neatly folded my shirt and put it on a nearby chair. She knelt down in front of me and slid my shorts past my slender hips and down to my ankles, as my freshly shaved mound was only inches from her eyes. Still I stood, gazing at the photos. There were so many of them. I lighly lifted each foot, allowing her to slide my shorts over my little hiking boots.  
  
I was once again, totally naked, except for my feet. Linda folded my shorts and put them with my shirt. She returned to my side as we, studied each and every photo, ever so slowly.

**Worst Idea Ever - 18**

Still mesmerized by all the photos, I started really paying attention to my facial expressions. I could tell when I was embarrassed, determined or when I was aroused. Linda would allow me to study them, and then walk up behind me and quietly ask me how I was feeling at that moment. To see myself so exposed in front of so many people was intoxicating.  
  
She would whisper things like "How did it feel to know some would go back to their camps and masturbate while thinking about you?" "Did you have to restrain yourself from getting wet in front of everybody?" Still I couldn't eek out a word. I was just soaking in all the photos, expressions and feelings of embarrassment, arousal and empowerment.  
  
Linda turned me toward herself and asked "Sam. Will you let us do the article?" I had no choice but to come clean. I had to tell her I was not a true naturist. This was all an act to forward my grade in 'The Arts'.  
  
She knew something was holding me back. "Let's take a walk and get some fresh air" she said. I turned to my clothes as I felt her grab my hand. "Come on. You don't need those. The entire camp has seen you naked". She rushed me past Mr. Shuman and Craig saying "We'll be back guys. Going for a walk", and out the front cabin door we went.

I noticed the van as soon as we were outside. I looked at Linda and said "I have to go. I told Bruce I'd be back soon with the van".   
  
"No problem" Linda replied. "Leave the keys in it. I'll tell the guys to bring it to Bruce and let him know I'll have you back around lunch time". Having a feeling this was a bad idea, I complied anyway.   
  
Linda and I were now walking down the nature path. She was fully dressed, and me in just my hiking boots and socks. At least we were on the side of the lake where campers were used to seeing nudists. This was my only consolation.  
  
While we were walking, Linda turned to me and opened up. "I joined Mr. Shuman and Craig on this project because I wanted to meet, and get to know some naturists. I want to know what makes you all tick. Where do you get the courage to walk around naked. Do you get embarrassed? Do you get aroused? I don't have enough guts to take my top off on a topless beech, and you just stroll around completely naked, like it's nothing. How do you do it?"  
  
I had no choice but to tell Linda the truth. This woman just confided in me. I could not decieve her. I had some solace in knowing that I never told her or Mr. Shuman I was a nudist. They just assumed because I was naked. Well as I saw it, my school project was as good a reason as any, to be naked in front of so many dressed people.  
  
Just as I was about to tell her, we ran into some other nature path travelers. Great. It's Ruth and some of her friends. "HI SAM!" she yelled. It was almost creepy how excited she got when she saw me. I returned a polite "Hi". As they approached, she asked "Who's your friend?" Having no choice, I introduced her to Linda.  
  
I expected something stupid to come out of her mouth. I was not disappointed. "How come you're not naked, Like Sam?" she asked. Linda just replied "I'm not a nudist" as she gave me the 'are you kidding me?' look. I returned the look with my 'tell me about it' look.  
  
As linda and I were trying to escape politely, I heard Ruth say to one of her friends "Samantha has a guy named Mark remove the hair from her pee pee".  
  
Pee Pee? Are you F\*@#ing kidding me? I thought. By the look on Linda's face, she was thinking the same thing.  
  
Then she said "See Sam. I didn't say anything about you looking 10 years old, because I know you don't like that".  
  
Yeah...That made it better. "Well. Gotta go" I said, as I grabbed Linda's hand and started walking as fast as we could, without running, up the path. I could here Ruth saying "We'll see you later" in the distance. All the while Linda and I were struggling not to laugh out loud.  
  
As we slowed down and managed to stop laughing, I knew I had to tell Linda everything. Looking over, I saw a little wooden bench on the side of the path. Perfect! I told Linda I had something to tell her, and we sat down.  
  
No better place to start than the begining. I told her the whole story. From my summer acting class project, to how Scott came up with the idea while we were watching Mrs Doubtfire. How Eddie and Scott helped me with my transition to a 13 year old boy. I left out the part where I masturbated in front of Eddie. 'Twice'. I continued to when I was exposed as a girl, at the hands of two juvenile idiots, trying to embarrass Scott's little brother Sam.  
  
I went on about Bruce making me stay naked, right down to the "Muffin shave you muffin' chant. My walk to the lake with Bruce and the inception of the nudists idea. Our trip to the store and how I was trapped by Ruth and all those traveling on the bus with her. Meeting scoutmaster Ed in the parking lot, to how my big mouth was the reason I was playing flag football, Naked.   
  
Linda just looked at me dumbfounded. "You mean. You're not a nudist. This is all for a college grade?" I shook my head yes. She broke into the biggest smile. "This is way better than you being a nudist" she said. "Way better!"   
  
Having that off my chest, made me feel better. Linda started asking the questions she brought up earlier in her confession. "Don't you get embarrassed?" she asked.  
  
I responded "Sometimes I'm totally humiliated, while most of the time, a little embarrassed".  
  
"Where do you get the courage?" was her follow up question.  
  
"I didn't plan all this. It just started with those two boys and got a little out of control. Or out of my control, at least" I answered.   
  
I could tell she wasn't sure of her next question, when she finally asked "Do you get horny?"   
  
"LINDA!" I responded.  
  
"Well do you?" she persisted. "I can't imagine you not getting horny. I mean with your cute little pee pee on display for everyone" she said while laughing. I just gave her this horrified look, when she continued "I'm just kidding Sam. But you do have the cutest little face and body".  
  
I was sitting with my legs partly spread when Linda looked at my crotch. "Look Sam! Your little labia is coming out to play". Our eyes were both focused on my pussy as I heard her continue "And it's glistening! You do get horny! Another couple of minutes and I bet your little clitoris peeks out saying 'Make me cum'.  
  
"Linda! Stop it!" I insisted as I looked at myself. She was right. My labia was exposed and I was getting wet.  
  
Not to be denied linda looked right in my eyes and said "Girl. You are self lubricating. You are Horny! Let's get you back to the cabin and get you some relief"  
  
"Linda! Stop it!" I insisted again. But it was no use. She grabbed my hand and pulled my little naked body down the path like a mother dragging her 4 year old through WalMart.  
  
I continued my protest to no avail. She was ignoring me as were almost at a jog. All the while I could only think, this woman I met just a short time ago, had promised (Or at least that's what I thought she meant) to bring me to climax once we reached the cabin.  
  
It seemed like only seconds until the cabin was in sight. I tried to get Linda to let go, but she was to strong. We burst through the door. Linda said "Sorry guys. Sam just got her period" to Mr Shuman and Craig as she pulled me into her bedroom. She slammed the door behind her and led me to the bed. Pushing me down on my back, she laid beside me and parted my legs.  
  
Trying to be quiet, with Mr Shuman and Craig just on the other side of the door, I continued my protest at a whisper. Linda spread my legs even further and whispered in my ear "You are soaking wet Sam. You can't tell me you don't want to have an orgasm".   
  
"But what about the men?" I asked, trying not to be heard by anyone but Linda.  
  
"There's a fine line between humiliation and eroticism" she whispered as she rubbed my soaking wet pussy. Not knowing what she meant, I laid there only six feet from the door, with my legs spread wide and my inner vaginal parts on display. I just closed my eyes and submitted to her touch. "I have something for you. Wait a minute" she said.   
  
Linda opened her purse and retrieved a little battery operated stimulator and returned to my side. Looking at the device, I started spreading my legs as far as they would spread, and opened my lips, exposing my clit. It was too late. I had to cum no matter what happened or who saw.

**Worst Idea Ever - 19**

Time line error. Linda is going to have Sam home for dinner, not lunch.  
------------------------------------------------------------  
  
I looked at Linda, wanting so much to have an orgasm, but not sure why she was so insistant that I have one. My eyes were pleading for her to bring me to climax, but the thought of Mr Shuman and Craig just on the other side of the door made me nervous.   
  
I quietly squeaked out the words "Why do you want me to cum?" Linda whispered her response in my ear. "Think of how many people have naked pictures of you now, Sam. You know some of the guys and maybe some of the women are masturbating, while thinking of you. Why should they have all the fun?" After all, it's your pussy. You're the one who's been naked all this time. Don't you think you should have an orgasm too?"  
  
I just nodded and closed my eyes as she brought me to climax. Desperately trying to keep quiet so Mr Shuman and Craig didn't know what was going on. I just fell limp after my orgasm. Linda said "Come on, let's get you up before they decide to come in". I got up and wiped myself, trying to regain my composure. I asked Linda to retrieve my shorts and shirt from the other room.  
  
She went to get them when I heard the bad news. "Hey guys. Where are Sam's clothes?" she asked. Mr Shuman replied "I put them in the van when we took it back to Bruce. I figured she took them off, so she didn't want them. I didn't want her to accidently leave them here".  
  
I couldn't believe it. I had to go back out to the room with the three of them, naked, after just having an orgasm. You may not know this, but after you climax in a situation like this, your arousal turns to embarrassment almost immediately. I summoned my courage and walked out into the room.  
  
As all eyes were on my little naked body, I said "That's O.k. Linda. You can take me back to the camp site now anyway". Mr Shuman replied "Sam, Bruce said he would pick you up at 5:00. I looked at the clock. It was only 4:10. I had to stay here naked for another 50 minutes.  
  
Mr Shuman started to press me about the article again. I found myself sitting with my legs crossed and I never sat that way. Linda jumped in and explained how I was not a true naturist and this was all for a school project. Mr Shuman just looked at me with his eyes wide open and said "Wow Sam. You must really want a good grade for that class. This is extraordinary!" Hoping he was finished with the idea of doing an article for his magazine about me, I just nodded as I watched the clock.

Mr Shuman told me that he still felt we should still do an article. It would be about my first time as a naturist. I politely turned him down, feeling more naked than ever. Craig added to the discussion, explaining that since it was my first nude adventure and I was the only one naked, there was a good story there for those considering the lifestyle. Again I politely declined while keeping my eye on the clock.  
  
Linda invited me into the room that had the photos, to view several more pictures Craig had taken and displayed. I almost covered myself as I got up to enter the room. Now that I was no longer horny, I just wanted my clothes. I joined her for no other reason than my little bare ass was getting sore from the hard wooden chair.  
  
This time I was focused on the faces of those experiencing my naked exhibition. Their facial expressions went from disbelief, shock, curiosity, to those you could tell were enjoying my humiliation. Some seemed to be down right happy I was being so exposed to everyone. Almost as if they were glad it wasn't them. You could see them pointing at me and laughing. It's funny when it's at someone elses exspense.   
  
Now I really wanted my clothes.  
  
The clock on the wall was at 4:30. Another half hour untill I would have my clothes and end my embarrassment. Just as I was counting down the minutes, the front door opened. I heard voices from the front room. "Is she here?" said one. "I can't wait to meet her" said another. "This can not be happening" I thought to myself. "It just can't".  
  
Linda said "Hello ladies. Samantha is in the next room". "Is she naked?" one voice asked. "She sure is" Linda responded. "Follow me". I wanted to crawl into a hole as I heard their footsteps heading toward the room. There I was. Not just totally naked, but surrounded by 8 x 10 photos of my naked little self among all these dressed people. I can't believe I allowed myself to get into such a humiliating situation.  
  
In through the door came two girls about my age. Before I could get my bearings, they reached out to shake my hand, as they introduced themslves. "I'm Janet" said one and the other was Tiffany. I couldn't get a word in, as they went on to explain that they were there to meet friends that were due in the following morning. "Our friend has been trying to get us to try this nudist thing for months" Tiffany explained.   
  
"When we met some people at the store, they all had naked pictures of you on their phones. We knew you had to be a die hard nudist, and just had to meet you. After all, my friend was never the only one without her clothes on. She is always with other people. But You! Well...We wanted to hear about being a nudist from the best".  
  
I just stood there, naked and speechless.

**Worst Idea Ever - 20**

Linda jumped into the frey as she walked up and stood by me. "Well girls. You've definately come to the right place. Samantha almost never wears clothes. Isn't that right Sam?" she said, with a sinister grin on her face. Mr Shuman and Craig joined the group. With looks on their faces that said 'this should be good', they waited for my response. Everyone was circled around me, waiting to hear my advice on being a nudist.  
  
It was only 4:35. Bruce wouldn't be here to rescue me for another 25 minutes. What was I supposed to tell these girls. Should I come clean or keep up the masquerade? Linda could not help herself. She had to add to my humiliation. "So tell us Sam...Why are you always naked?" she asked. You could hear a pin drop as everyone waited for my answer.  
  
Here...there are two girls, toying with the idea of being naked in public, and their decision would be based on my next sentence. And to make matters worse, there were two men and another woman who were basically complete strangers to me, waiting to see how I would get out of this mess. What do I say? How do I answer?  
  
Refering back to the materials Bruce had given me, I responded "There are as many reasons for being nude in public as there are nudists. Naturism is about freedom, enjoyment and getting in touch with yourself. It is not a sexual thing. Personally...I was born this way and feel as comfortable being naked with all of you as you do wearing clothes".  
  
The question I was asking myself is "Did they buy it? Was my body language in line with my statement?" I didn't know. I just knew I was standing here naked, wanting my clothes, wondering what they were thinking about my explaination for being like this.  
  
As everyone was standing there, silent, I said to the girls "Janet.. Tiffany..Why don't you remove your clothes and we can take a short walk, to see if it's for you?" (Hoping to have some company in my humiliation) Tiffany replied in horror. "I don't think I could do it! I mean look at you! Totally naked with your smooth bald little vagina out there for everyone to see. I can't imagine what it must feel like to be so totally over exposed!"  
  
Janet added "I agree with Tiffany. The idea of everyone seeing my most private and intimate parts, while theirs are covered up. I don't think I can go through with it either".  
  
And I thought I couldn't feel more embarrassed. There was no doubt that Mr Shuman, Craig and Linda were enjoying this. 'It is what it is' as they say. I was naked. I had nothing to cover myself with. The girls were talking me into feeling more humiliated, as if I was enough already, and Bruce was still 15 minutes away.  
  
Now I had to sit here with all of them, trying to convey the idea that I was confident in my naturist life style. I don't know how, but at least the girls seem to believe I was comforable being the only one naked.  
  
BRUCE...WHERE ARE YOU?

The last 10 minutes seemed like an hour. It was 5:05 and Bruce wasn't here yet. It was probably the first time in his life he was late. 'Take it easy Sam', I kept telling myself. He'll be here soon. Meanwhile Janet and Tiffany kept talking about how they couldn't get over that I was so comfortable being so exposed and on display. They just went on and on about it. I was dying inside but had to maintain my what little dignity I had left.  
  
Finally at 5:10, Mr. Shuman anounced Bruce was here. I thought it was strange I didn't hear him pull up, but didn't care. I was just happy he was outside, with the van and my clothes. I hurried to the door. As I stepped outside, my heart just sank. I thought I was going to be sick. Bruce was here alright. He, Scott and the other boys were coming up to the cabin on horseback, and Bruce had one in tow. No doubt that horse was for me.  
  
Mr. Shuman, Craig, Linda, Janet and Tiffany were elated. They started laughing and calling me Lady Godiva. I took it in stride as I assured them Bruce would have brought my shorts and shirt, knowing I would be horse back riding.  
  
I walked over to Bruce and looked up at him, sitting way up there on his horse. "I assume this horse is mine" I said. Then I asked him for my clothes. He looked down at me and said "I didn't bring your clothes. I figured when they were returned with the van, you didn't want them" he said. Everyone started laughing and calling me Lady Godiva again.  
  
"Bruce!...It didn't occur to you I might need at least my shorts, if I'm going to be riding a horse?" I barked. Now anyone who was not staring at me before, was staring at me now. Bruce calmly replied. "The man at the stable put a soft pad on your saddle so you don't get saddle burns".  
  
"Hey Sam!...Be careful not to get saddle burns on your muffin!" Charlie yelled out. "Shut Up! Charlie" I responded, while everyone was still laughing at me. Janet and Tiffany seemed especially happy to see me so mortified. They walked up to me and said "This is why we don't take our clothes off in public" as they continued laughing and pointing at me.

I decided I had to get a grip. Summoning the last of my courage, I turned to Janet and Tiffany and said "You know...Tomorrow these camp areas will be filled with naturists. Nude people of all ages, sizes and shapes. There will be old men and women, right down to the children. All enjoying their vacation as they see fit. You two might want to grow up a little before then. You wouldn't want to embarrass the friend that invited you.   
  
I turned back to my horse, put my boot in the stirrup and pulled myself up. There was no way of avoiding everyone seeing my spread little rear end and the underneith of my smooth pussy lips. There is no other way to mount a horse.   
  
I settled my bottom in the saddle, appreciating the pad the stable man had sent for me. I looked to Bruce and said "I hope we're going riding for a bit and not right back to the stable". He smiled, nodded yes and remounted his horse.  
  
I could hear Mr. Shuman say, as he was leaning in the doorway, "Like I said earlier...Extraordinary...The girl is simply extraordinary". That definately made me feel better about being naked, and my recent humiliation at the hands of those two twits. I turned to wave goodbye, noticing that Janet and Tiffany didn't seem to be on their high horses anymore. No pun intended. Haha.   
  
Bruce led the way, as I waited for everyone to pass me in the line. Scott just smiled and winked at me, then shook his head, as he rode by. I got in front of Charlie, who was now last in line.   
  
Now about Charlie. Charlie was bigger than the other boys, but less mature. He had a heart of gold and over the last nine days, I came to see him as my second in line protector, next to Scott. He would say stupid things, but that was alright coming from him. I had become very fond of him during this trip.  
  
As we rode down the trail, I would stand up in my stirrups, pretending to adjust my position by shifting and bending over a bit. I was actually giving Charlie a view of my muffin ( As he always referred to it ) that no one else was getting. Truth be told. I was teasing the poor boy. Some might call it, torturing him. Haha. I was actually feeling a little sexy putting on this show for my audience of one.  
  
Needless to say, Charlie was not complaining. Later when we returned to the stable, he had to wait a minute before he could dismount. I was the only one who knew why. I laughed to myself but never said a word to him about it. I knew and he knew. That was enough.  
  
I was so busy putting on a show for Charlie, I wasn't paying attention to where we were going. I was just following the horse in front of me. The riding path had met up with a gravel road. We were now riding two wide, on a road used by the campers, in their cars, to get back and forth to their camp sites. We were now riding down a semi-public road.   
  
I found myself squirming in my saddle, anticipating more naked public exposure. It was such a roller coaster of emotions. One minute, invigorated that strangers are viewing every inch of my bare skin, while they are dressed. The next minute, wanting to cover up and hide. Well the latter wasn't going to happen. Not with my legs spread over the sides of my horse like this, wearing nothing but my hiking boots.  
  
It wasn't long before thoughts of my public exposure became a reality. Coming down the road, from the opposite direction we were heading, was a golf cart with two male maintenance workers. Probably college kids working here for the summer. Bruce held up our group so the horses would not get spooked.   
  
All hopes of them just driving by and waving were dashed, as they stopped the cart and hopped out. They both were wearing their camp uniforms of kaki shorts and monogrammed T-shirts. "Hey guys. How's everyone enjoying your camping trip?" one of them said. "I'm Chris and this is Allen". Allen put up his hand in a little wave, as we all returned a polite 'Hello'. It was obvious that all they wanted was a glimps of the little, naked oriental girl.  
  
"You must be Samantha" Chris said. "Harold and Marge told us you were camping with us", as they took places on either side of my horse, just in front of my knees. This gave them both an unobstructed view of my smooth pussy lips and exposed labia. An unavoidable result of sitting on a horse. Chris did most of the talking, while Allen struggled to look at my face. I caught him several times, just staring at my pussy, but I didn't say a word.  
  
Chris went on "I don't think we've ever had a singular nudist here. They always camp in groups. So we just wanted to welcome you and hope you're having a comfortable stay". Comfortable stay...'My Ass'... I thought. Did they really think having two young men, who are total strangers to me, staring at my exposed pussy, from two feet away, was making me feel comfortable. The horndogs stopped to get a look at me, so I let them have it. "Harold was right. You are a tiny little thing" Chris said. "Well. Have a nice stay everyone". Then into the cart a down the road they went. I was so glad he didn't add his guess at my age.  
  
That was the first time I didn't say anything to one of my spectators. I just sat there and let them gawk at me. I must be getting tired. As all the boy's eyes, were back on me, Bruce rode up to me and asked if I was o.k. With a sad puppy dog look I said "I'm fine. But can we go home now?" Charlie said "Yeah Bruce. Muffin's had a long day. Let's get her home". Bruce gave me a warm smile and responded "Sure Sam. Right away". With that, we were on our way back to the stable, to return the horses and get the van. I just turned to Charlie and gave him a wink, as I mouthed the words "Thank you". Like I said. My protector.

**Worst Idea Ever - 21**

The rest of my 'Lady Godiva' ride back to the stable was uneventful. I did get some waves and "Hi Sam's" from some of the people we met at the store. Our ride to the stable took us past some of their camp areas. I was so happy to reach the stable. It was the first time I met the man who ran it. Having catered to naturists for years, he barely gave my naked little body a second glance.  
  
We turned in our horses and all loaded up in the van. I was only a few minutes from another shower and a chance to relax. Since we were leaving for home tomorrow, my plan for tonight was to unwind and get my project notes in order.   
  
The boys and Bruce headed for the pool to go swimming before dinner. I walked into the cabin and over to my bunk. My heart almost melted when I saw what was on my bunk. It was a pair of cotton girl panties, an oversized camp ground T-shirt and a note that read "Thought you might just want to be 'Samantha' on our last night here. Thanks for being such a good sport". It was signed by all the guys and Bruce.   
  
I took a quick shower and dried off. I couldn't believe how good the panties felt on my skin, when I put them on. The T-shirt was perfect too. Not so big like a tent, but long enough I didn't bother putting on shorts. I stood in the mirror brushing my little boy hair, feeling fantastic.   
  
I had not just one, but two method acting projects to report on. I may have been through a considerable amount humiliation, but there were a few times it was actually kind of fun. All I know is that I survived and found out I was really able to count on Scott, Bruce and all the guys. It was definately worth it.   
  
Bruce and the boys returned to the cabin from their swim. I almost got teary eyed when I thanked them. They all told me I was welcome except Charlie. He of course yelled out "We have to take care of you Sam! You're our Muffin!" We all laughed and started dinner. The rest of the night I stayed in, working on my project, wearing my T-shirt and panties. Boy did they feel good.   
  
The boys were out most of the night making the best of their last night at camp doing who knows what. It was a good night. I was glad my naked ordeal or adventure ( Which ever way you look at it. Maybe both ) was over, but it was certainly something I'll never forget. And in a weird way, it gave me a confidence I may need in the future, when it comes to taking risks.  
  
It was 11:00 when the boys came in. I was in my bunk with my notebook and pen. Scott's bunk was on the wall across from mine. They were lined up foot to foot with about three feet of floor space between them. Five other bunks were along that wall and Charlie had the bunk next to mine, in the corner.  
  
He doesn't snore but he breathes heavy when he's sleeping. I've had to poke him more that once this week so I could get some sleep. Bruce had his private sleeping quarters attached to the bunk house but with a seperate entrace.   
  
By midnight everyone was in their bunks and sleeping. Or so I thought. About 12:30 am I kept hearing this noise, like tossing and turning, from Charlie's bunk. If I cleared my throat, it would stop. At 1:00 I could still hear the noise Being the prepared scout that I was (or was pretending to be) I had my flashlight next to my bunk. I aimed it toward Charlie and turned it on. O.M.G.! He was jerking off !  
  
"CHARLIE! STOP THAT!" I insisted in a low but stearn voice as I scanned the room to see if anyone else was awake. I couldn't believe his response. He told me it was my fault. He couldn't get the picture of me bouncing around in the saddle out of his head, and he wouldn't be able to sleep if he didn't finish. This kid was actually lying there with his thing in his hand, pleading his case, never stopping the motion.  
  
Being forceful as I could be, I said again "CHARLIE! YOU NEED TO STOP DOING THAT NOW!" BY this time the flashlight was pointed at the floor. We could see each other in the shadows, but it wasn't bright enough to wake the others.  
  
Charlie looked right at me with his pleading eyes and said in a low voice "If you would show it to me again, I could finish really fast. Come on Sam. Please" never showing the slightest bit of embarrassment about what was happening.  
  
"CHARLIE. ARE YOU NUTS? I'M NOT DOING THAT! NOW STOP THAT AND GO TO SLEEP!"  
  
"There's no way I can sleep Sam. Not until I finish. Just show it to me one more time. It'll only take a minute".  
  
I just sat there on the side of the bunk in disbelief. Scanning the room again to see if anyone was up, I was actually considering it. I really needed to sleep and I couldn't listen to that all night. Especially now that I knew what 'that' was. I leaned over and said "YOU BETTER HURRY UP YOU LITTLE PERVERT. I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M DOING THIS" as I slid off my panties, spread my legs and lifted my T-shirt up to my waist. Then I shined the flashlight on my pussy and gave Charlie a look that said 'O.k. Now hurry up'.  
  
Still scanning the room, I glanced over at Charlie. He was still going to town, never taking his eyes of my smooth little lips. In an attempt to speed things up, I spread my lips open for him, as gross as that seemed. He looked up at me and asked my to take off my shirt. I just rolled my eyes in disgust as I ripped my shirt off.  
  
Now totally naked, legs spread open, lips spread open and flash light shining on my pussy, I took another look around the room. Charlie finally ejaculated. He laid there with a smile on his face and said "Thanks Sam".   
  
"You're welcome. Now go to sleep" I barked, as I put my panties and T-shirt back on. I turned off the flashlight and got back in my sleeping bag. I closed my eyes and tried to fall asleep. I opened my eyes about 15 minutes later, realizing there was one problem. Now I Was Horny!

I just laid there with my eyes closed, telling myself to stop thinking about being horny and go to sleep. A half hour later I was still wide awake. Charlie was breathing loudly again, but that wasn't what was keeping me up. The more I tried not to be aroused, the hornier I got. The entire days events kept flooding into my thoughts.  
  
The store. Being trapped in front of all those dressed people with nothing to cover my shame. The way I felt after I became more secure in my nakedness. My little speech about my imaginary friend Mark, and my pubic wax treatments. I was afraid to soil my only pair of panties, so I slipped them off and put them in my pillow case.  
  
Recalling how my arrogance landed me in a flag football game. The only girl and totally naked, except my sneakers and ankle socks. I could still feel all those boys hands all over my bare skin. I could see the faces of the spectators more clearly than when I was actually on the field. ( Thanks to Craig's photos )  
  
"No Sam!", I kept telling myself. "Keep your fingers out of there". I was holding myself back from working them into my already wet opening, as the memory of Linda removing my clothes, while I stood in that room, mesmerized by all of those photos of my naked body, surrounded by so many people. All of the different expressions on their faces were crashing in on me. I tried to keep my now heavy breathing, quiet.  
  
The thought of Linda bringing me to climax, just feet from Mr. Shuman and Craig, only made the feeling more intense. How exposed and vulnerable I would have been, had they opened the door. Clinching my fists and grabbing the material of my sleeping bag, I managed to keep from masturbating. Still...The days memories would not leave me.  
  
Janet and Tiffany asking the advice of a die hard nudist, only to turn on me, and laugh at my naked humiliation. The little peep show I put on for Charlie, down two miles of horse trails.   
  
I was asking myself how I could have just sat there, while Allen and Chris were eye level, and only feet away from my spread legs and smooth, open pussy. How it felt having my labia on display for them, and not be able to utter a word. Right down to spreading my legs and opening my lips, for Charlie as he jerked off.  
  
I was past the point of no return. I knew I didn't want to masturbate in my bunk, but I had to have an orgasm. But where? I know....The pool! I could masturbate there, then take a swim afterwards. Feeling naughty and horny, I removed my T-shirt. I listened for any movement in the room. Hoping the coast was clear, I tip toed to the door. I opened it, oh so slowly, as it squeaked like a rigged haunted house door on halloween.   
  
I managed to escape! I was outside, naked again, and the moon lit up the night as if it were day. Damn! I forgot to grab a towell. Oh well, I'll have to drip dry after my swim. On to my real purpose. Having an orgasm. I wanted to masturbate in private, with only my memories of the day for company.  
  
I made my way through the wet grass to the pool house. The moon was so bright, I would have no need for lights, once inside. The building was mostly glass. It had six foot solid walls with ten feet of glass on top of them. The ceiling was mostly skylights.   
  
I checked the door. Yes! It was unlocked. I slowly opened the door, stepped in, and quietly closed it behind me. Now where to position myself so I would be comfortable. I wanted to take my time and really enjoy it. Perfect! There was a padded bench with no back on it. I had forgotten about that. I could lay on my back and allow my legs to fall on either side.   
  
I walked over to the bench. Then AAAAHHHHHH!!!  
  
The water opened up and a man came up from the depths! I ran to the door screaming, when I heard a familiar voice yell "SAM! SAM! IT'S ME! BRUCE!"  
I turned and screamed. "Bruce ! What the hell are you doing? You scared the living shit out of me!" He looked as stunned as I was. I bent over, trying to catch my breath. "I was swimming a lap under water" he said, catching his breath as well. "I didn't hear you come in. I am so sorry".  
  
I walked up to the pool, as he made his way to the side, still in the water. He was standing in about four feet of it. It wasn't until he looked up at me, that I remembered I was naked. For a split second, I attempted to cover up, but realized he had seen everything I possessed. He said "Why don't you have a seat on the bench and relax for a minute, while I do a couple more laps". Still shaking a bit, I took his advice and sat on the bench.   
  
As Bruce was finishing his laps, I couldn't help but notice, now that my eyes had adjusted, how light the pool area was. There were no lights turned on, yet it was almost like day, except for the water itself.   
  
Bruce swam to the low end of the pool, and walked up the stairs. OMG. He was wearing the tiniest little navy blue speedo you ever saw, and walking toward me. I almost lost my breath again. He stopped about four feet from me, looked down and asked "Are you alright Sam?" Unable to form words, I nodded yes.  
  
There he stood. This tall, well built, handsome man. His body glistening from the water and moonlight, wearing almost nothing. I was constantly reminding myself what I had told Charlie, the day I did my practice presentation in the nude. Look at his face. Not his scantly covered crotch. Look at his face. Wow did he look fine.  
  
Just sitting there, staring at this almost naked, beautiful man, I finally uttered some words. For the first time in my life, I stuttered. "Th th that's not the bathing suit you usually wear" I said, wishing I could take it back. Sitting there, unaware that my legs had fallen open to my sides, and sloutching, I waited for his response.  
  
"No...it's not Sam" he replied. "This is the suit I wear when coaching the swim team at college. I was doing my laps when you came in".  
  
"Swim team?" I asked.  
  
"Yes. Swim team. Coaching the men's swim team at the college, is the second job I was telling you about. When the drama teacher retired, so did the men's swim coach. I was on the team during my four years at school there, so he recommended me for the job. I was fortunate to be asked back for next semester. So I have the privilage of teaching drama and coaching the swim team for the next year".  
  
I heard what he said, but I was catching a glimps of that tiny litttle speedo every time he even looked away for a second. If the scare took my mind off how horny I was, seeing Bruce like this was reminding me. I could feel my juices stirring, but was not noticing that I was displaying my little bald mound for his viewing pleasure. Either that or I just didn't care.  
  
I sat there totally exposed, while he stood there in his tiny little speedo, and talked for a while. All the time I was fighting the thoughts in my head and trying to focus on our conversation. Bruce asked me "Well....are you going to continue with what you came here for?"  
  
Completely forgetting my surroundings, I actually replied "Bruce! I am not going to masturbate in front of you". The words were barely out of my mouth when I realized what I had said. The stunned look on his face said it all. He quietly replied "I was talking about swimming". I had just let Bruce know I came to the pool to masturbate. I was mortified.

**Worst Idea Ever - 22**

After basically admitting to Bruce, that I came to the pool building for the sole purpose of giving myself an orgasm, my skin felt like it was on fire. I could feel it turn from white to bright red as he looked down at me. Trying to recover, I shook my head and said "Swimming! That's what I meant Swimming" still not having the where abouts to close my legs together.   
  
Watching him drink up my naked little body and bald pussy, I put my face in my hands and mumbled through them " I can't believe I said that. I have never felt so foolish or ashamed". I spent the last of my dignity. I had lost all self respect in front of a guy I was really getting to like. I guy who also happens to look unbelievalbe in a speedo. How could I have let that slip out?  
  
Bruce hesitated before responding. I got to know him well enough during the trip, to speculate that he didn't want to say anything that would humiliate me even more. The awkward silence was killing me. Finally he said "It's no big deal Sam. I'm surprised, after the day you've had, you haven't done it a few times already". I looked up to him, still trying not to lock in on his skimpy little speedo and replied "Really Bruce.... A few times?"  
  
"Well...You know what I mean", he said. "No Bruce. I don't think I do. Please explain" I pressured. If I could get him to trip on his words a bit, it might take the heat off me. Or at least lesson my feelings of embarrassment. "I just meant that being naked all day in front of so many dressed people must stir up all sorts of emotions. I figured arousal might be one of them". He winced right after he said it.  
  
I had him! He seemed to be grimacing as he waited for my response. I had to make it good. I couldn't let him off the hook. This was actually starting to be fun.  
  
It must have been some subconscience defiance, because I threw my leg over the bench so I was straddling it and leaned back on the palms of my hands. "Arousal..Huh? So you think diving into the lake, so a scout troop passing by, wouldn't see I was a girl, yet alone naked, was arousing? Or maybe having some little boy laughing at me while he was taking pictures of my naked body, then hiding behind his dad. Yeah, maybe I was aroused by that.   
  
Let's not forget being trapped in the store without a stitch of clothing, while a bus load of people surrounded me asking stupid questions and taking their own pictures. And last but not least. Two camp workers blocking my horse as they had an eye level view of my legs and muffin, as you put it, spread open on the saddle. Yeah.. That was a real turn on".   
  
By this time I was sitting up with my hands on my knees, still making sure I didn't obstruct his view. I was attracted to him and was hoping he was serious when he said I had a terrific little body.  
  
"Don't get me wrong Bruce" I continued. "I'm glad I was able to pull off my nudist persona. I think it will be good for my grade. Although...I have no idea how I will approach my professor with it. But I'll figure something out. But back to what you said. I think words like humiliated, embarrassed, shy, mortified from exposure would have been better choices, to describe my emotions. That's all".   
  
Bruce seemed relieved that I finally finished my rant. He calmly looked at me and said "Sam. You may have been feeling those emotions, but it never showed. None of those words, accurately describe attitude that was conveyed. At least the attitude I witnessed. You showed more class while being naked, than all the clothed campers combined. I was proud to be with you.   
  
I looked up at him and said "Thanks Bruce. That means alot". Then the shit head said "Not even a little aroused?" as he held his thumb and index finger an inch apart, laughing. I yelled "Bruce!". He started running around the pool and I gave chase. All the while he was saying "No running around the pool".   
  
Still chasing him and laughing myself, I followed him as he jumped into the water. As we both came to the surface, we just stared at each other with genuine smiles on our faces. We were definately connecting on an emotional level. I started splashing him and he went under the water to avoid it. I was hoping he was checking out my bald pussy as my legs were kicking to keep me treading water.   
  
I kept going under so I could check out his body in that tiny speedo without being caught. I said it before and I'll say it again. He looked hot! I was so happy I was naked and he was almost naked. I also knew, if thing progressed, that speedo was not going to contain his excitement. As we swam around, I was thinking how glad I was this 23 year old guy, with all this responsibility, knew how to mess around. I could tell we were both having fun.  
  
We made our way to the low end, and I sat on the side of the pool, with my legs dangling in the water. I was careful not to spread my legs too far but was happy to display my pussy some more for him. I leaned back on the palms of my hands again, as Bruce floated around the shallow end just feet from me.   
  
Bruce said to me as he was chuckling a bit "I know. I know. This is my face. This is not my face", as he did the same hand motions I gave Charlie at my practice presentation. I smiled and said "I don't care if you look" as I laid back on the pool deck, giving him a perfect view . I had just admitted I was putting my smooth pussy on display for him and wanted him to look, without worrying about me seeing him looking . I was hoping I wasn't being to forward.  
  
Bruce pulled himself up on the side next to me, scanning my naked little body. I was so happy he wasn't trying to conceal his interest. He said "Can I ask you something, Sam?" I replied "Sure". "How did you end up naked over at the magazine people's cabin, and who was that lady with you?"  
  
"Oh yeah...I forgot I was dressed the last time I had seen you before that. Well, that lady is Linda, and she's with the magazine. She took me into a room in the cabin that had dozens and dozens of 8 x 10 photos of me from the flag football game. You need to see them. She was trying to talk me into letting them do an article on me".   
  
"It was like I fell into a trance when I saw the pictures. I spent almost a half hour looking at the photos. The expressions on the people's faces. The expressions on my face. Seeing myself so exposed in front of everyone. It was like looking at someone else. But it was me who was naked. Well, as I was studying them, she simply removed my shirt and shorts".   
  
I'm not sure why, but I just let her. I stood there mesmerized by the photos as she look my clothes off. I even lifted my arms up when she removed my shirt, and stepped out of my shorts as she removed them.   
  
I think she was hoping that by being naked again, she may be able to capitalize on my more daring side and I would do the article. Is that wierd? I mean letting a complete stranger, even if she was a woman, take your clothes off while you just stand there?" I asked Bruce. "Not one bit, under the circumstances" he said with the warmest smile.   
  
Bruce continued scanning my naked body and then looked me in the eye, and said in a whisper "You have the hottest little body". Thrilled to hear him say it out loud , I responded "Even though I don't have any boobs?" He smiled again and said "I told you before. They're over rated".

**Worst Idea Ever - 23**

Right after Bruce told me boobs were over rated, he jumped back into the water. I instinctively knew his little speedo was not enough cover for his excitement, which was fine by me. I was really starting to like him. He had not one, but two good jobs at the college. He gave his spare time to these boys, and yes, he was hot.   
  
I pulled myself back up to sitting position, leaving my legs spread enough so my pussy was still on display. I figured since the water was the only part of the pool area not lit up by the moon, Bruce could hide his manhood without being self conscience. When you have no breasts, and you're attracted to someone, you use the weapons in your arsenal.   
  
I decided to stand up and take a walk around the pool. Giving Bruce a different angle of my tiny little frame, I would look over my shoulder while we were talking. Truth be told, I was giving him a simultaneous view of my nice little butt and cute oriental face. I wasn't sure if I was teasing him or myself, but I didn't care.  
  
I made my way to the deep end of the pool and dove in. Immediately I got back up on the side, exposing myself in the same sitting position. Bruce swam down to the deep end and held onto the side, still taking in my wet, naked form.  
  
All was silent for a moment, but it wasn't an awkward silence. I honestly believe we both were just happy to have this time alone together. It was as if we were getting to know each other, while remembering my younger brother and his friends were sleeping only fifty yards away.  
  
Bruce looked up to me and asked "Can I ask you something?" This was the second time he asked this question, and my response was the same. "Sure" I replied. He seemed a bit uncomfortable but managed to get his question out. "When Scott and I were gone, what happened when you shaved your pubic hair in front of the boys?" he asked, not knowing if I would be upset.  
  
"Oh..That" I said. I wasn't purposely trying to alleviate his apparent anxiety over the question. I guess it just worked out that way. I stood up and started telling the story. "You know Bruce. You may have left me with six, fifteen year old adolescent perverts, but I never felt threatened. I was showering in the open shower stall, thanks to you by the way, and started shaving my legs. The boys started finding their way to positions where they could get a view.   
  
I figured these boys probably have not seen a naked woman, other than on the internet. So I continued shaving my legs and pretended I didn't notice they were congregating around me . Well then Charlie... 'You know I really like Charlie?', started the chant. "Muffin shave your muffin...Muffin shave your muffin". I stood there acting out what happened in front of Bruce.   
  
"With twelve, young eyes staring and my naked, soapy body, I became defiant. First I tried to chase them off, but they started chanting with Charlie. 'Muffin shave your muffin. Muffin shave your muffin'. So I just said "FINE!".   
  
I was now totally acting out what happened, as Bruce treaded water in total concentration. "So I took the shaving cream and rubbed it on my pubic area" I told him. All the while, recreating the moment. "Bruce....Their eyes were popping out of their heads" I continued. "I took the razor and started shaving, making sure to be careful, but yelling at them at the same time".  
  
"There's one stroke. I told them. I narrated every stroke as they watched my pubic hair disappear down the drain. When I was finished, I stood there (Giving Bruce the same view they boys had that day) and aked them, 'Satisfied you little perverts?'. Then I chased them out of the cabin. That's when you and Scott pulled up and asked me what happened".   
  
I could tell by Bruce's expression, he didn't think my public, pubic shaving was slutty, but the response from a young woman to six teenage boys. Even though I was nervous about what he thought, I didn't let it alter how I acted, or who I was. If I couldn't be myself with him, then I needed to move on.   
  
"Now I have a question for you" I said, as I stood naked on the side of the pool. "What's that?" Bruce asked, holding to the side of the pool, still staring at my naked flesh.   
  
I walked over to the bench and sat down, as I formed my words. Bruce got out of the water and brought his sexy, speedo clad body over to the bench. He was more relaxed (if you know what I mean) and sat down beside me.   
  
"You have seen me acting the part of a nudist for a while now. What was your favorite situation?" I asked,wondering how he would respond.   
  
"Honestly?" he asked. "Honestly" I replied.   
  
"When you were telling the people in the store about you 'male assisted' pubic waxings. I watched their faces and could imagine the pictures they had in their minds" Bruce said.   
  
I through my leg over the bench, so I was straddling it again. Then I laid back and clasped my hands behind my head, while letting my legs drop to the sides, exposing my bald pussy again, and asked "Like this?"  
  
"Yeah.....Like that" he said, not taking his beautiful blue eyes off my smooth mound.

**Worst Idea Ever - 24**

For a moment I was basking in the delight of Bruce's total admiration of my naked, hairless body. Watching him drink in every inch of my exposed form, was creating these uncontrollable urges between my legs. Sure that Bruce would make an advance on the naked and willing girl in front of him, I closed my eyes, remaining on display and available.   
  
I felt the bench shift a bit. As I anticipated Bruce's touch, I heard a splash in the water. "WHAT?......Why didn't he?.......But we were going to.......". Or so I thought.   
  
Bruce stood in the shallow end of the pool and asked "What about you?" "What about me?" I responded, lifting my leg back over the bench, facing him again, yet not closing the gap between my thighs. I had been out of the water for a while and was dry. Except for my moist pussy, and I wanted Bruce to notice, if he hadn't already.  
  
"Well...You were the one totally exposed in front of all those people. How did that feel? And what were your favorite and least favorite parts?" he continued.  
  
The words 'Totally Exposed' brought back a rush of erotic memories, and I found myself fighting the urge to masturbate right there in front of him. "My least favorite part? That's easy" I said. "When I had to jump in the lake to keep from being discovered by the other scout troop".  
  
"Really?" He replied. "Why's that?"  
  
"Because I didn't know nudists were welcome here. I thought I could really get in trouble being naked in public.  
  
"And your favorite part?" he said with a sly grin.   
  
I just blurted out my reply, without thinking. "Bruce! You can't imagine how it feels. I have never been so humiliated and horny at the same time in my entire life!" My legs were spread even furthur as I started massaging my now soaking wet pussy, begging him with my eyes to come satisfy me. Everyone has a breaking point and I had reached mine.  
  
Bruce approached me through the water and reached his hand out to me. By now I had stopped massaging my pussy but left my hand resting on it. I got up from the bench and met him at the side of the pool.  
  
The rest is private, but I will tell you this much. Bruce's speedo spent the next two hours on the side of the pool, and we both had to sneak back to our sleeping quarters at dawn. You should've seen us. We looked like two adolescent teens after curfew.   
  
As the sun was rising, I tried to keep the sqeaky door silent as I attempted to get back to my bunk unnoticed. The boys were still sleeping as I made my way accross the creaking floor. Just as I reached my bunk, I heard Charlie. "Sam....Why are you naked again?" he asked, still groggy from just waking up.   
  
"Shush!" I snapped. "I couldn't sleep so I took a swim. Now go back to sleep". I grabbed my T-shirt and panties and started putting them back on when Charlie asked "Sam...is there any chance?"  
  
"NO!" I snapped again, in my low but stern voice, still lowering my T-shirt past my ribs, standing in front of Charlie with my pussy exposed and my panties on the bed. Then I leaned over and said to him "And you better not tell anybody about that! You hear me? Now go back to sleep!"  
  
"I won't" he said. "You're the one who woke me up you know" as he rolled over and went back to sleep. I crawled back into my bunk feeling so satisfied. I knew I would sleep like a baby.  
  
I felt like I had just fallen asleep when I heard Scott say "Get up Sam. We have to clean up and pack. We only have a few more hours till we go home". I wiped my eyes and made myself get up. I didn't want to create any suspicion about last night's activities.  
  
Everyone went about packing their things when I realized, the panties I was wearing, were the only girl things I had. I had been a thirteen year old boy and a nudist for the last ten days. Even with all the uncomfortable moments, I was feeling pretty proud now.  
  
It was 8:45 and most of the camp was cleaned up. Bruce and I were trying not to ignore each other, or let on to the boys that something was going on between us. We would mouth little things to each other, or just smile at each other, making sure no one was watching. I felt like I was thirteen years old, back in Jr. high school.  
  
Bruce announced he would be buying all of us breakfast at the store. After all, the camp fire was out and the old gas stove in the cabin had been cleaned already.   
  
Immediately all eyes were on me. I just said "What?" as I stood there in nothing but my T-shirt and panties.  
  
Bruce held out his watch and said "Well Sam. Will you be going as a thirteen year old boy or a nineteen year old nudist? It will be clothing optional hour when we get there". I was wondering if he wanted me to go naked, when the boys started pleading. "Be the nudist Muffin! We like her better" etc.  
  
Charlie of course was the loudest, saying "Come on Muffin. We didn't get to see you naked at the store yet". Afraid he might tell the others that I let him masturbate, while staring at my smooth pussy lips and vaginal opening, I decided to compromise. Scott added "Just go as you are".  
  
For someone who was pretending to be a nudist, and for only five days at that, I gave my little speech on naturist etiquette. "Real naturist would never go in public in their underwear or bras. That's taboo. They like the freedom of the lifestyle and would never taint it with dress that would be sexually stimulating".   
  
They all just looked at me dumbfounded. I put my hands to my mouth like a bull horn and shouted "For all you fifteen year old idiots. That means I can wear my T-shirt for cover from the sun or chill, but my panties are off limits". That's when Charlie said "Does that mean you won't be naked?" With that I went into the cabin, removed my panties, and put on my sneakers.   
  
I rejoined the boys and we all piled into the van. Bruce struggled to find a second to give me a look of approval and reassurance. The boys all jumped into the back seats as I got in the passenger front seat. Charlie was last as usual. I was so tempted to give him another undershot of my pink pussy lips through the gap between my thighs, but figured I was asking for trouble. I did like teasing that kid though.  
  
We were off to the store. It was my last adventure, method acting rehearsal, public exposure or whatever you want to call it. But the butterflys were back. And I had a T-shirt this time. Go figure.

**Worst Idea Ever - 25**

As we arrived at the store, I was pleased to see only a few cars in the parking lot. We were down to our last five hours, and I was fine with just unwinding and heading home. So much has happened the last ten days. So much to take in and process for my school project.  
  
We all got out of the van. That's when the boys started egging me on to remove my T-shirt. I really didn't want to. I mean enough was enough. Right? Bruce and I were trying to keep from letting out any trace of what happened last night, so I was unable to look to him for support.   
  
I turned to Scott, and to my surprise, he just shrugged his shoulders and said "What's the big deal. Who knows. There might be real nudists in there for all we know" and headed for the store's porch.   
  
Bruce made what little eye contact he could and followed Scott to the porch. I was left with the rest of these boys, who had been my protectors for the most part, spitting out their reasons why I should leave my T-shirt in the van.  
  
"Come on Muffin".   
  
"One last acting rehearsal".   
  
"It's for your project".  
  
"A chance to meet other nudists".   
  
"It's only breakfast".  
  
Then of course there was Charlie. "Please Muffin. Everyone has seen you naked. What's the big deal. We'll keep an eye on you".   
I gave Charlie a nasty stare, and he rephrased his last sentence. "I mean....We'll keep you safe".  
  
I looked at their pleading expressions and figured, what the hell. I removed my T-shirt and put in on the seat in the van. The boys started cheering and high fiving me. Scott and Bruce just looked back, smiled, and continued to the store entrance.   
  
Once again I stood there, naked, except my sneakers, and had to reel the boys in. "Guys. You've seen me naked for the last 5 days! Get a grip!" With that we headed for the store to get breakfast. To be honest. I was hoping there were no other nudists there. I wasn't sure if I could be convincing.  
  
Scott and Bruce waited for us at the door. 1 - twenty three year old scoutmaster, 6 - fifteen year old boy scouts, and 1 - nineteen year old naked oriental girl (Trapped in a 13 year old girl's body) entered the Trading Post for their breakfast.  
  
The second we entered we heard Harold's greeting "Good morning Bruce. Hello boys. How are you Sam?" We all returned the gesture and made our way to the counter. I had to keep reminding myself that I was allowed to be naked. Bruce told Harold that we were ordering breakfast for our last day at the campground. We never had breakfast at the store. We had always cooked at the camp site.  
  
Marge came from behind the counter and asked "Sam...Eight people for breakfast. Feel like helping me cook honey?" She was so sweet, and never made me feel self conscious. I agreed in a heartbeat. I suddenly felt relaxed again. Marge and I made our way back to the kitchen which was visable from the counter area, and waited for the orders.  
  
I looked out around the store and noticed only a few women shopping. When eye contact was made, they simply smiled and went about their business. I recognized them, but didn't know their names. They knew me though. When they came to the counter to pay for their goods, they smiled again and said "Good morning Samantha. Nice to see you again". Not knowing how to feel, being naked and all, I returned the smile and said "You too".   
  
The orders came in and Marge and I got to work. She did the cooking and I did the toast and coffee. I got so focused on my job that I didn't see the store filling up with more patrons. I was dropping toast, english muffins and bagels in the toasters, along with pouring cups of coffee. I had worked at a diner when I was sixteen, so I had a pretty good idea what to do.  
  
It wasn't until I heard Charlie yell out "Hey Muffin...Where's my muffin?, that I turned and saw eight or nine more people placing their orders. By the looks on their faces, it was obvious they were enjoying watching my bare little ass go between the toaster and coffee maker. I froze for a moment. Then I heard Marge say "Sam...we need another bagel with cream cheese". She winked with such a reassuring smile that I returned to my duties.  
  
I was the side cook, at a quaint little breakfast counter, and I was naked. Somehow it actually felt normal. Don't know why. But it did. Our little breakfast rush was over and Marge gave me a big hug. "You were a big help Sam. Thank you so much". I had noticed that quite a few of the people were looking at this binder with laminated pages while they ordered. I assumed it was the menu, so I walked over to take a look.   
  
OMG! The binder was full of laminated photos of me at the football field. The same photos that had mesmerized me at Mr. Shuman's cabin. The ones that had distracted me so much, I let Linda remove my clothes.   
  
Everyone was placing their breakfast orders while looking at my naked pictures. I was horrified. I looked to Marge for answers when she simply said "Oh Sam.... Mr. Shuman and Craig thought you might want a souvenir of your stay here. So they made you that book".  
  
"What's it doing out here?" I asked. Marge replied "I didn't want to forget to give it to you. Relax sweetie. Everyone was there. They've all seen you naked. Heck, they watched you make their breakfast in the nude. This is no time to be shy honey".   
  
How do I respond to that. She was right. Almost everyone at the entire camp ground has seen me naked. Most of them have photos on their phones. "Pull yourself together Sam" I told myself, as I collected my souvenir and re-joined the guys at the picnic table on the porch.

**Worst Idea Ever - 26**

I sat at the end of the table on the porch, as people came in and out of the store. Most just waved and said hello. With the camp ground being a safe haven for nudists, it was nice not to get too many dirty looks from people. Still relieved I hadn't run into any real nudists, I was just relaxing at breakfast with Scott, Bruce and the boys.  
  
With 10 minutes left in the clothing optional hour, we were getting ready to head back to the camp for the last few hours of our trip. That's when a van similar to ours, pulled up in front of the store. I didn't think too much of it until a woman with six pre-teen girls in their bathing suits hopped out.  
  
They all barrelled up the stairs to the porch, as you would expect from six twelve year old girls on a camping trip. When they reached the top of the stairs, they just froze in place and stared at me. All their eyes and mouths were wide open and zeroed in on my naked little body. One of the girls turned to the woman and said "Mrs Jenkins..There's a naked girl up here".  
  
I wasn't embarrassed because I was naked. I was embarrassed because they all had boobs. Little boobs mostly, but boobs all the same. And there I was at 19 years old, with nothing. Not even little bumps, like two of the girls had. Jealousy was burning inside me as I was fixated on their small but noticeable breasts.   
  
Now I was the one staring. Just then, the woman reached the porch deck, and looked over at me. "Well hello sweatheart. What's your name?' she asked, walking in my direction as the girls were all giggling behind her. Before I could answer, Scott said "This is my little sister, Samantha. She's a nudist".   
  
"I can see that" the woman said. "I knew there were nudists here at the camp ground. I've prepared the girls, on the chance we might run into some. Girls...come over and say hello to Samantha". she continued.  
  
The woman asked me how old I was, as the girls made their way over to say hi. All of them still giggling and whispering to each other. Again Scott spoke up. "Sam is twelve. But she'll tell you...she's gonna be thirteen. You know how kids are".   
  
This brother of mine talked me into being a thirteen year old boy. He stayed mostly silent as I went through the humiliation of my nudist persona. NOW? He speaks up? I turned and gave him the dirtiest look, knowing this woman and the girls could not see my face from where they were standing.  
  
Bruce and the boys just stayed out of it. They were enjoying watching Scott toying with me. I think he felt better watching me be naked in front of these young girls, than all the adults we had run across.  
  
The woman introduced herself to me. "Samantha..My name is Mrs Jenkins, and these girls are in my 4H club. We're on our first camping trip. The girls are all about your age honey".   
  
Say hello girls" she instructed. "Hello Samantha" they said in unison. I was trying to say hello back, but was distracted by Bruce and the boys getting up from the table.  
Scott piped in again. "Sam and I will meet you guys at the van in a minute". As I was trying to figure out what Scott was up to, the smallest girl walked up to me. She was the only girl smaller than me. I later found out her name was Emily, and she was the ten year old sister of one of the other girls.  
  
She look right in my eyes and asked "Why do you let people see your privates?" With everything that had gone on all week, this was the first time I was truly ashamed. Mrs Jenkins jumped in. "Emily! That's not nice. I thought I had a talk with you about nudists".  
  
"You did Mrs Jenkins. But you never told us why they show everyone their privates" she said, still looking at me, waiting for an answer. The other girls started giggling again. If they ever stopped. I was speechless as I looked at the little girls face, hoping some words of wisdom would come.  
  
Scott felt how awkward it was getting for everyone, and jumped in again. "Emily? is it? Are you girls getting ready to go to the lake? I see you're all wearing your bathing suits".  
  
Emily shook her head yes. "Well we're not leaving for a few hours. Maybe Samantha can go swimming with you, if it's alright with Mrs Jenkins and the other girls. She hasn't had many little kids to hang out with this week. We can pick her up on our way out"  
  
I started to object when Mrs Jenkins said "That's a wonderful Idea. Do you girls mind if Samantha comes to the lake with us?" They all said it was fine. I could tell by the look on some of their faces, they were going to tease and embarrass me as much as they could. I felt completely exposed and vulnerable.  
  
I stood up to try and get out of this, when I heard the girls laughing again. "Look! She doesn't even have any peach fuzz yet" one of the girls said as she was pointing and my bald pussy. I had shaved again so I didn't even have any stubble. I was totally mortified.  
  
Mrs jenkins said "Now girls..we all mature at different times. You be nice to Samantha" as she put her arm around me. Scott was eating it up. Mr Jenkins told the girls to go into the store and get their drinks for the lake. She asked me if I wanted anything. I told her "a water would be fine" waiting for them all to go inside so I could kill my brother.   
  
As the door slammed behind the last girl I looked at Scott with the most evil look I could muster. "What are you thinking? You a\*#@\*#e! He stepped back and said "Think about it Sam. Three alter egos in ten days. Not bad".  
  
We argued for a minute until they all came back outside. Emily took my hand and said "Come on Samantha. Now you can tell me why you show every one your privates". The girls started giggling again as she led me away to their van. I was looked over my shoulder to Scott (Who was loving every second of it) like a sheep being led off to slaughter.

**Worst Idea Ever - 27**

We were about to load up in the van when I remembered 'THE BOOK!' The book with my naked pictures! I left it on the picnic table! I turned to see if Scott had picked it up. All I saw was him gettin in to Bruce's van empty handed. I told Mrs Jenkins I had left something on the table and would be right back.   
  
I ran up to the porch and retrieved the book. Now I had to bring it with me. What if the girls wanted to see what was in it? Do I let them see the dozens of photos confirming my shame? I was carrying proof of my public humiliation. Wait a minute. I'm a nudist. Nudists are not ashamed of their bodies. Even if they are tiny and have no breasts.  
  
I walked back to the van and got in. Emily had reserved a seat next to her for me. No doubt she wanted her question answered. I still had no idea what to tell her. Just her usage of the word privates made me feel unsettled. This was not like answering Ruth's stupid questions. I rather enjoyed that. I had to be careful in this situation. I certainly did not want to scar the poor girl for life.  
  
I sat in the seat next to Emily, which was in the very back of the van. Two of the other girls turned around in their seats, got up on their knees and leaned on the back of the seat staring at me. "I'm Sharon and this is Colleen" one of them said. I just replied with a simple "Hi". I was nervous about talking, not wanting my voice to give away my true age.   
  
So...What's in the book?" Sharon asked. I held it so tight I could feel the blood leaving my fingers. I replied "It's private". "PRIVATE? Colleen screamed. "You're sitting in our van, NAKED! What could possibly be private?" She asked.  
  
OMG. Twenty minutes ago, I was sitting with the guys, about to go back to our camp and get ready to go home. Now I'm in a van with all these inquisitive twelve year olds, with nothing but my sneakers and my book to cover my bare skin and bald pussy.   
  
Before I could react, Sharon grabbed the book out of my hands. I yelled "Give it back!" Now I really did sound like a twelve year old. The girls opened it with such fury, that the pages would have been torn out if Linda hadn't gone to the trouble of laminating them.  
  
They were stunned. The other girls all leaned in to see what Sharon had in her hands. There I was. Pages and pages of me totally naked among all those dressed people. The only one naked at that. To quote Emily "My privates" were on display for these girls to see. I yelled again "Come on! Give it back!" But all they did was pass it around to keep it away from me, getting an eyeful of my naked humiliation.  
  
Under different circumstances, I could be their baby sitter. Instead I felt like the smallest person in the van. The commotion alerted Mrs. Jenkins that something was going on in the back of the van. She pulled over and turned around, saying in a stern voice "Girls! What is going on back there?"  
  
Sharon and Colleen were all to happy to tell her I had a book with naked pictures of myself in it. She said "What?" and reached for the book. I wanted to crawl in a hole, as I watched her thumb through the pages.  
  
"Well girls...These aren't dirty pictures. They're just pictures of a nudist" she said. Then she turned to me and asked "Sam..How come there aren't any other nudists in these pictures?" I snapped out of my hypnotic state and replied "All the other naturists left the day before". I was so proud. Under the most trying of circumstances, I managed to keep my cover (So to speak) and respond like a true nudist.

**Worst Idea Ever - 27.5**

Mrs. Jenkins continued to go through the pages of my book. Her expression seemed to change with the turning of each page. When she finally got to the last page she put the book on her lap and said "Sam..I'll hold your book until your brother and friends pick you up. I don't want the girls ruining it". I wasn't sure how she felt about it. I know all the different emotions I had when seeing those photos for the first time at Mr. Shuman's cabin. It's a lot to take in.  
  
She then told us that we'd be at the lake in a few minutes and to buckle our seat belts. The van was eerily quiet the rest of the way. I was so nervous thinking about what she might be thinking. I was being quiet anyway, because I was afraid to speak like I was nineteen. I chose my words and tone very carefully.  
  
We arrived at the lake and all jumped out. The girls started running to the water and I started to follow. When we arrived at the water's edge, the girls looked at me. This was only the second time they saw me standing up. The first time someone chose to point out how underdeveloped I was. That peach fuzz comment was really embarrassing. That meant I was more exposed than when I was sitting in the back of the van, and I could feel my face turning red.   
  
As their eyes went up and down, taking in every inch of my bare skin, Mrs Jenkins walked up and said. "Samantha...I would imagine being a nudists is a real confindence builder". I just looked at her with what must have been a puzzled expression on my face. "I mean being so exposed with only your intellect for cover". I continued to look puzzled. Only this time it was intentional. When she used the word 'intellect' I felt she was baiting me to respond in a way no twelve year old would.   
  
Remembering this was all an acting project, I put on my twelve year old smile and said "I'm not sure what you're talking about Mrs. Jemkins. I just like to be naked!" Then I turned to the girls and said "You guys coming in?" as I ran into the water and started swimming around. the girls all followed and now I was twelve year old nudist, swimming with her new twelve year old non'nudist friends.  
  
The next hour and a half was pretty much uneventful. We swam and played like kids. The girls seemed to forget I was naked at times. Mrs Jenkins lent me a towell so I could lay out on the beach with the others girls. I stayed on my belly most of the time. I didn't want to seem like an exhibitionist. I was a naturist and proud of it.

**Worst Idea Ever - Final Chapter**

Bruce and the boys pulled up in the van. When the girls saw them, Sharon asked Mrs Jenkins if she would take a picture of all of us. I was fine with the idea. After all...almost everyone at the campground had naked photos of me. What's one more?  
  
After a short pause Mrs. Jenkins answered. "Sure..I guess it's alright. After all, Samantha is just another little girl like you. That's if it's O.k. with you sweatheart?" she said to me. As nonchalant as humanly possible, I said "Sure" and started the line as I put my arms around Sharon and Emily.  
  
With us all in a line, she said "O.K. girls. Say cheese". We all did of course and she took the photo. We all ran over to see it. For me it was kind of depressing. Not because I was the only one naked, but because the other girls all had long hair, while I had my little boy haircut. And I was the only one, including Emily, that didn't even need a training bra. I smiled all the same.  
  
Bruce came walking over, and I could see he had my clothes in his hand. He introduced himself to Mrs Jenkins, then look at me and said "Now Samantha. We're leaving the campground. Please put these on with no argument". Picking up on his lead, I just shrugged my shoulders and put my T-shirt on first. Remembering the naturist code, I then put on my panties and shorts. I sat in the sand and put on my sneakers.   
  
Bruce turned back toward Mrs Jenkins and continued "Her brother tells me her parents have to fight with her to wear clothes to school". He then turned to me and said "Isn't that right, Sam?" I just shrugged my shoulders again like some bratty twelve year old as I finished putting my sneakers on.  
  
I stood up and said to the girls "It was nice meeting you guys. Thanks for having me over. You too Mrs. Jenkins" as I turned and ran to the van still waving to them. Bruce said goodbye to Mrs. Jenkins and the girls, and started walking toward the van. I could see him biting his lip to keep from laughing.  
  
I was dressed, in the van and on my way home. Some ten days I had. Huh? The guys all asked how it went and I told them. Then I said. "You know..I'm pretty good at this acting thing. Imagine if I got a role that has a costume?" Everyone laughed as I elbowed Scott for getting me into that in the first place.   
  
I don't think we were on the road fifteen minutes when I fell asleep. Staying up most of the night before with Bruce was taking it's toll. I was exhausted. Happy and satisfied, but exhausted. It seemed like minutes until we pulled in our driveway. Scott and I were the last ones being dropped off. Scott thanked Bruce and headed into the house. I was stalling because I wanted to talk to him before he left.  
  
Bruce looked at me after Scott walked through the front door and asked "Can I call you Sam?" I said "You better!" and gave him my cell phone number. "Can I kiss you goodbye?"  
he asked. I replied "Let me talk to Scott first. I think I should tell him we will be seeing each other before he finds out on his own. But I want to Kiss you". He smiled again and said "I'll call you tomorrow. Get some sleep". With that he drove away.  
  
Just as I reached the front door, another vehicle pulled in the driveway. Oh no. It was Eddie. You won't believe how I wished I had used better judgement with him. I really like Bruce and I was afraid Eddie would be mad if I didn't...well you know...again. He hopped out of his mom's car and said "Hey Sam..How was the trip? Did you pull it off?"  
  
Trying to act normal, I said "Eddie...You should have seen me. I should get an 'A' for my performance". "That's great" he replied, as his mom waved and pulled away. As I was making my way through the front door he whispered "Sam...Can I talk to you?" Here we go, I thought.  
  
Remaining calm I said "Sure Eddie...What's up?" He looked up our stairs as if to see if Scott was around and back to me. I started feeling sick to my stomach. I really like Eddie. He's part of the family, and I was afraid I may have ruined out friendship.  
  
"Sam...About what happened before". I kept my mouth shut, hoping not to hear what I thought I was going to hear. Eddie continued "That can't happen again". I had no idea how to respond. That's not what I thought he was going to say. Then he said "Me and my girlfriend...well we are...well you know". I grabbed his shirt like the older sister I always was to him. "Eddie...If you get her pregnant..I'll cut your thing off!..Do you hear me?"   
  
He said "Yes..Sam...I hear you! And thanks for caring". "Can't leave you alone for a second" I said while giggling. I gave him a big hug and he ran up the stairs to see his best buddy. Life was as it should be.