Top of Form

Elizabeth's Naked Day  
  
by McSkyy  
  
“Oh good, no one is using the washer…” Elizabeth muttered to herself as she entered the laundry room in the basement of her apartment building. The smell of dryer sheets filled the damp air of the dimly lit room. She walked up to the washer, set her laundry basket down on the concrete floor. She placed her key on top of the washer and started to pull clothes from the basket, and place them into the machine. Today she was washing her bright colors. Shirts, panties, a few blouses and a couple bras went in. She smiled as she pulled her little red string bikini out of the basket. She had turned quite a few heads in this daring little number just yesterday at the public pool her apartment complex shares.   
  
“I really am too busty to be wearing this in public…” she said with a smirk, as she dropped it into the washer. She was right. The top was too small for her large breasts. She had some trouble getting it to stay in place yesterday as she walked to and from the pool area, across a few parking lots. She had dared herself to not bring a cover-up with her, and it almost cost her once as the top came undone in back. Luckily, she was able to get it refastened with out exposing her breasts to any of the 20 or so people who were at the pool then.  
  
She has been working out now for 6 months, and has become very proud of her body, so yesterday was sort of a ‘show off’ day. She had purchased the bikini last summer, and her goal was to get to a point where she felt confident enough with her body to wear it in public. Goal met, and mission accomplished! She was 31, but had the toned body of a 24 year old. She still got proofed when she bought alcohol, especially when she wore her shoulder length black hair up in a ponytail.   
  
She smiled to herself as she recalled a few of the looks she got when she walked through the gates to the pool area. Even the young female lifeguard did a double take as Elizabeth strode boldly in, wearing her little red bikini.  
  
She placed the last of her clothes into the washer, and poured in a little detergent. She closed the metal lid, put 2 quarters into the slots, and started the cycle. She grabbed her key, and headed upstairs.  
  
Back inside her apartment, she decided it was time to get started with her day. It was a Tuesday, mid June. She had recently lost her job as a sales representative at a computer services company due to “restructuring”. In truth, she hated the place, and was glad to be rid of it. But she needed a job, so since her departure, she had been actively looking and interviewing. A quick glance at the clock confirmed that she had only 3 hours until her 12 noon interview at a downtown career placement agency. She walked into her bedroom to get ready.  
  
She had already showered and done her hair and eye make-up. She stripped off the sweat pants she had on, and pulled off her t-shirt. She rifled through her underwear drawer and selected a white tube bra and a light blue satin thong. She would be wearing a business suit, but still, she wanted no panty lines visible, and the tube bra really held her breasts up nicely. She loved how she looked with it on under her suit! She stepped into the thong, her big bare breasts swinging a little as she did. She pulled it up, then started to put on her bra when the phone rang.   
“Oh, great…” she said, realizing she had left it on the kitchen table. She quickly fastened the bra and ran out of the bedroom and down the hall. Her breasts jumped and bounced with each step, coming right out of her bra. She grabbed it on the third ring.  
  
“Hello?” she said.  
  
“Hi, is this Elizabeth?” said a male voice.  
  
“Yes it is…”  
  
“Hi Elizabeth, this is Mark James from Career Paths. I was calling to find out if you could possibly come in any earlier for your interview. We have a spot we think you’d be great for, based on your resume, but we need to get an answer back to the company by noon. Is 10:00AM ok with you?”  
  
“Sure. I’ll see you at 10.” She said. They said goodbye and she hung up.  
  
“Shit.” She said to herself. She had just lost 2 hours of prep time. Career Paths was downtown, a good 30 minute drive. That left her just under a half hour to get ready and out the door. Then she remembered the laundry. “Oh crap!” she said. The building had a strict policy about unattended laundry. Once last year, she had left clothes in the washer for a few hours. Someone had taken them out, and left them on the musty floor of the laundry room.   
  
“I’ll have to go down and get them now…” she said. She grabbed her key off the table, and started towards the door. As she opened it, she happened to glance down.  
  
“Oh goodness!” she exclaimed, realizing her nearly nude state. She stopped in her doorway, and quickly looked around. Luckily, no one was there. She quickly stepped back into her apartment and closed the door. Her heart pounded a little.  
  
“What a ditzy thing to do!” she said, and giggled a little. “God, what if one of my neighbors saw me??” She shuddered a little at the thought. She stuffed her big breasts back into the demi-cups of her bra. She then noticed her bathrobe on a chair in the living room. She grabbed it and threw it on. It was a short little black silk robe from Victoria’s Secret. She looked back at her door, then at the clock. She really needed to hurry.  
  
“Oh, I just don’t have time to find something more suitable to wear. Besides, everyone is at work, no one but me is doing laundry on a Tuesday morning…” She convinced herself, then headed for the door. She took a deep breath and opened the door, holding the robe closed with her other hand (the belt was missing). She quickly stepped out into the hallway, her door closing behind her, and she headed down the two flights to the door to the basement. She went to open the door, but found it locked. “Oh shit!” she said. “I forgot my key!!” she could recall putting it down on the chair as she put her robe on, not 60 seconds ago.  
  
  
  
part -2   
  
This meant only one thing… she was locked out. She knew that her front door locked behind her whenever she left. All of the apartments in this complex needed a key for entry at all times. It was a safety feature to guard against forgetting to lock up and suffering a burglary. What it didn’t prevent was getting locked out in your underwear and a robe!  
  
Elizabeth began to panic a little. She only really had 2 options. She could wait for someone to come into her building and persuade them to get the building superintendent, or she could do it herself. Not wanting to miss her interview, she decided to take matters into her own hands.   
  
The building super was in the rental office, near the pool. It was a good quarter-mile walk across the parking lots, a walk she made just yesterday in only her little red bikini. Even though she was really more ‘covered’ today, she felt like she was going to be more exposed, given the type of clothing she now wore.   
  
She walked to the front door and opened it. She looked out over the parking lot, and the other buildings. No one appeared to be around, but she could hear a lawn mower in the distance, and the occasional car passed by on the road to her left. She was now faced with another dilemma. This main door too, would lock behind her, unless she could somehow prop it opened. She knew there was nothing in the hallway of her building, and there was nothing on the stoop or the stairs outside within her reach. All she had was her robe, bra and thong.   
  
“Oh LORD!!” she said, frustrated. She just couldn’t take the chance that no one was in the rental office AND be locked out of her building. She at least needed to keep the door open so the building would be a ‘safe’ spot she could wait in. The door was very heavy, but she figured she could jam something underneath it to keep it from closing all the way. She decided that either her bra or thong wouldn’t be bulky enough, but both together may work. Or her robe. “Oh, how did I get myself into this?!?” she said, becoming more and more frustrated. She knew she had to act now, or risk missing the interview. She decided to use her undies and keep the robe. She stepped back inside, letting the door shut, and quickly stripped off her panties. Then she reached inside her robe, behind her, and unclasped the bra. It dropped to the floor. She gathered them up, and opened the door again. Unfortunately, she couldn’t hold the robe closed, and hold the door opened, and jam her underwear under the door at the same time.   
  
She looked around again quickly, and seeing no one, she let go of her robe. It fell open, exposing her very neatly trimmed ‘racing stripe’ of her bush, and the inner half of each breast. She stepped out onto the stoop, and quickly spun towards the door, still holding it open. She crouched down and started to jam her underwear between the bottom of the door and the carpet in the hall of her building (the door opens in to the building). As she did so, the silky robe slipped from her shoulders, baring her upper half. Luckily, she was working with her back to the world, so anyone who happened by wouldn’t see her bare breasts.   
  
She had some success getting the door to stay opened once she had everything in place. She let go of the door, and stood up to see if it held. Just then, the robe slipped off her arms, and fell into a silken heap at her bare feet.   
  
“Oh gosh!” Elizabeth exclaimed. The warm summer air hit her naked body in a soothing wave. Elizabeth covered her bare breasts with her hands, and spun around to face the parking lot, to see if anyone was looking. She quickly bent over and picked up her robe, but in the process, bumped her beautiful bare fanny on the door, causing enough of a disturbance that the underwear dislodged underneath the door, and the door clicked shut, with the underwear on the inside.  
  
“Oh great!!” She said as she put her robe back on with trembling hands. She tried the door but it was, of course, locked. “Well, not much choice now!” she said, and holding the robe close, descended the steps into the parking lot. That’s when she noticed the breeze. As she walked down the walk towards the pool area, a strong warm breeze blew the bottom of her robe open and up, exposing her from the waist down. She gasped, and with her free hand, tried in vain to keep everything in place.   
  
She walked quickly, with the silky robe, now pulled very tightly across her quite voluptuous body. Her boobs bounced around under the silk as she walked, the friction causing her nipples to harden and poke up through the thin material. Her very shapely rear-end jiggled a bit, back and forth as she walked at a quickened pace. She actually made it almost all the way there without a problem, and without seeing anyone. So after a few minutes of walking, the rental office in sight, she turned to take a little short cut between two parked cars, right outside the pool area. She quickened her pace a bit, but as she passed between the cars, she was suddenly quickly jerked to the side and spun around. There was a loud ripping noise, and the robe was pulled from her body. Trying to retain her balance, she stumbled forward, onto the grass in front of the pool area. She steadied herself, and looked back. Her robe had gotten caught on the side-view mirror of one of the cars she was passing between, and had torn in two. One piece still hung from the mirror, the other was on the ground next to the car.   
  
Elizabeth now stood in plain view, in broad daylight, completely naked. “Oh God…” she said weakly, looking at the robe. Then it happened. The 7 foot wooden gate to the pool area not 15 feet from her opened up. Elizabeth, paralyzed temporarily with the shock of her sudden and very public nudity, froze, but watched as 2 teenage girls emerged from the pool area, their eyes locking onto Elizabeth right away.  
  
“Oh my god!!” said one as they stopped dead in their tracks. The other gasped then started to giggle. Both wore small bikinis, and looked to be 18 or 19 years old. Elizabeth recognized them as being at the pool yesterday, when she debuted her new red bikini. Now, she was debuting her new tanlines, and a very stunned \_expression…  
  
  
  
part -3  
  
After a few seconds of bewilderment, Elizabeth came somewhat to her senses, and quickly covered what she could with her hands. She looked around frantically for a place to hide. She quickly ran to her robe, and bent to pick up the half that lay on the pavement, mooning the girls, who watched in awe. She grabbed the piece that hung on the mirror, but succeeded only in tearing it into smaller pieces as she tried to free it.   
  
That’s when she noticed the garbage truck pull into the lot. “Oh no…” she said, realizing she had only seconds before it would pass right by her. “Ohhhhh!” she exclaimed and seeing no other real options, she gave up on the second half of the robe, and ran back toward the rental office, past the two girls, one of whom whistled at her, the other commenting on her “daring new outfit”.   
  
She made it into the small grassy alley between the pool area and the rental office before the truck passed her by, and avoided (she was pretty sure) being seen by the garbage men. She ducked around behind the rental office and into a small hedgerow of bushes that were about 3 feet high. She crouched down and tried to collect herself.   
  
“Oh my gosh! How did I get into this?!?!” she said nervously. Her heart was beating a mile a minute, and she couldn’t catch her breath. Her hands were shaking from the embarrassment of the whole situation, and her tummy fluttered with nerves as she realized just what a spot she was now in! She waited a few moments, then gathered her nerves and peered around the corner. The girls were gone, the gate to the pool area was closed. She could see the garbage truck parked by one of the complexes many large dumpsters, and she could hear the sound of lawnmowers nearby. She glanced out into the area of grass behind the rental office, bound by the hedgerow she now hid behind. It was a large common area, used for picnics and such. She noticed that the grass there had not been mowed yet. She wondered how much longer she had until the gardeners showed up on the big riding lawn mowers. They’d see her for sure. Plus, the start time of her interview was fast approaching. She had to get back into her apartment, and that meant getting a key…   
  
“…but I can’t just walk into the rental office naked!” she thought to herself. “I have to find something suitable to cover up with!” she tied the half of her robe she had retrieved off of the pavement around her waist. It covered her up front, sort of like a loin cloth, but left her fanny totally exposed. There just wasn’t enough material.   
  
“Well, I guess I can cover my boobs with my hands..” she said. In truth, her breasts were so large, that her hands really only covered her nipple area and a bit more. She tried crossing her arms over them, and that covered a little more. “I’ll just have to go bareback…” she said with a shudder. “Oh god…” she said again at the thought of running into more people in her current state of undress. It was inevitable, though, so she took a deep, albeit very nervous breath, and dared herself to stand and walk into the rental office. She slowly walked around the corner, back into the grassy alley between the wooden fence of the pool area and the rental office. Thankfully, the garbage truck had moved on to the next dumpster, out of her line of sight.  
She quickened her pace then, and darted around the front corner of the rental office building, back into plain view of the parking lot, and other apartment buildings. She walked up to the main door. That’s when she saw the sign hanging there.  
  
RENTAL OFFICE CLOSED UNTIL 9:30AM  
  
“Oh no!” she said out loud. “I never should have left my building!” Starting to panic, she looked around frantically for a way out of this mess. She was very aware of her nearly naked state. She could feel the heat of the warm sun beating down on her bare shoulders, back and fanny. The warm breeze blew the front of her make-shift loincloth up several times, exposing her bush. She kept having to pull it down, which caused her to use one of her hands, causing her to expose a very large and very bare breast.   
  
“Oh I am soooo naked out here!” she said aloud. Just then, another car pulled into the lot and passed right by her, the male driver thankfully not looking in her direction. She could now see 2 different guys on large lawn tractors mowing the grass only one building down. The garbage men were just up the lot a bit. She decided that she really couldn’t stay here. She had to find some cover somewhere, and fast. The only route available to her was back into the parking lot, farther away from her building. If she could make it across the lot and behind the building across from her, she seemed to remember that there was a tool shed back there. She could duck in there, and maybe find an old shirt to wear.   
  
“Oh god… I have no other choice!” she said. She steeled her nerves as best she could. She only had a few moments until either the garbage guys would come back towards her, or the lawn guys. She darted away from the rental office and back into the parking lot. She weaved between a few cars, then crossed the lot towards the other building. It took her about 10 seconds, but she made it. She ran around the corner of the building, still covering her breasts with her arms. Her bare fanny bounced deliciously as she ran. She got to the back corner of the building. She saw the shed, but it was padlocked.  
  
“Damn!” she said. “What now?!” She was still in plain view of other buildings at this point. She looked around frantically, her hair bobbing back and forth, sweeping across her bare shoulders. Then she noticed something. This particular building backed-up to a short chain-link fence that bound the apartment complex from a 7-11 store. From where she stood, she could see, hanging above one of the gas pumps in front of the store, a flag with the 7-11 logo. She quickly assessed the situation. If she could somehow get to it, it looked to be large enough to at least cover her lower half. She reached back and placed her hand on her bare left buttock, uncovering a breast in the process, just to ensure that she indeed needed something back there. The remnants of the robe were little more than a belt as far as her rear-end was concerned.   
  
She would have to cross about 50 yards of wide open lawn to get to the fence. Then hop the fence, cross the small 7-11 parking lot to get the flag. Once in the lot, she would be, however, in PLAIN view of anyone inside the store, and anyone walking by on the sidewalk, or driving by on the road. God forbid someone pulled into the 7-11 lot while she was there. She’d have no place to hide. But still, the flag would offer better coverage than what little she now wore.   
  
Her heart pounded in her well-endowed chest. Even where she stood now was very out in the open. But if she went through with this, she’d almost definitely be seen. She was sure that was going to happen at some point either way, so she decided to go for it. Dreading with every ounce of her 5’5”, 120 pound frame her decision to leave her building, she once again steadied her nerves as much as allowed by the adrenaline pumping through her very exposed body, and started to run across the back lawn of the complex, towards the fence.   
  
  
Part -4  
  
“Oh God… here goes!” she said as she took the first few steps. She ran with her arms crossed over her breasts, mostly to keep them covered, but also to minimize the bouncing and jiggling! Her bare fanny swished back and forth as she ran. She was very aware that she was now essentially mooning anyone looking out their back windows in that apartment building, but decided against trying to cover her bare fanny, as it would surely slow her progress. She crossed the 50 yards, and approached the fence. She slowed a bit, and scanned the 7-11 lot. Several trees and bushes that ran along the fence obstructed her view of anything other than the 7-11 parking lot, gas-pumps, and right side of the 7-11 building itself. She could see cars passing by on the road in front of the 7-11, but saw no one in the lot. She ran at the fence, and placed her hands on the top railing, exposing her breasts. She jumped up, and vaulted over it. As she cleared the top of the fence, the half of her robe she wore around her waist, loosened by the run, came completely untied and dropped off of her. It fell to the grass on the apartment side of the fence. Elizabeth landed on the pavement of the lot completely naked. She failed to notice that fact right away, however, and covering her breasts again, she ran towards the gas pumps and the flag. After a few seconds, she stood at the pump, looking up at the flag hanging down. She jumped up to grab it, but it was just out of her reach. She glanced at the 7-11 building, and noticed her reflection in the glass.   
  
“Oh my God I’m naked!!” she exclaimed. She looked around frantically for the remnants of her robe. Just then, a car pulled into the lot, driven by a guy who looked to be in his 20’s. He saw her immediately. Elizabeth gasped, then searched for someplace to hide. Instead of heading back towards the fence, she started towards the far side of the 7-11 lot. As she raced past the front door to the store, the door opened, and out walked another man and a woman, both older than Elizabeth.   
  
“What the…” said the man, wearing a suit.   
“Oh!” exclaimed the woman, who then covered her mouth with her hand and started to laugh. Elizabeth streaked past them, almost knocking the woman down. The woman slapped Elizabeth’s bare bottom with her hand as she ran past, saying, “You go, girl!” Elizabeth let out a small gasp, but kept moving.   
  
“Oh God! Oh god!” she repeated as she ran. She couldn’t even think straight at this point. She just headed across the lot. Another car pulled in then, behind her. She looked back to see that it was a car load of high school aged girls. They started to honk the horn and shout out the windows at her.  
“WoooHooo!!” “Nice Boobs!!”   
  
  
“I have to get out of here!” Elizabeth exclaimed, breathlessly. She could barely run at this point. She was breathless from the embarrassment of being so exposed in front of all these people. Her whole body tingled and felt warm. She was aware of every sensation on her bare skin, the sun, the breeze. She was acutely aware of just how naked she was. She had never felt so exposed and vulnerable in her life! Her heart pounded in her ears as she whirled her head around, looking for somewhere to go. She stood right in the middle of the 7-11 lot, in plain view now of almost 10 people!   
  
“Oh God! What now?” she said to herself. Her hands were shaking so bad at this point. She dropped one between her legs to cover her bush, exposing a breast in the process. Several cars passed by on the road. The girls in the car were all out now, watching, pointing, laughing and shouting at her, only about 15 feet away. The guy who had pulled into the lot was out of his car as well, watching her in slack jawed awe. The well-dressed couple watched too, as did the male 7-11 clerk, who now came outside to see what all the ruckus was. Then behind her, Elizabeth heard a woman’s voice.  
  
“Oh my God! Put some clothes on!” She whirled around to see a woman walking down the sidewalk, towards the 7-11. “What’s the matter with you?!? Are you some kind of streaker or something?!” she shouted.  
  
Elizabeth panicked, and tried to search frantically for some cover. She turned her bare fanny towards the people in the lot, and started to run (well, at this point, walk quickly) around the corner of the 7-11 towards the back of the building. The shouts from the highschool girls continued, but Elizabeth could barely hear them over her own heartbeat and heavy breathing. She made her way along the side of the building and around to the back. She went along the back of the building, now out of view, somewhat, and decided the best thing to do was to head back into her apartment complex. She found another spot along the fence she felt she could hop that would keep her the most hidden from the small crowd now in front of the 7-11.  
  
She ran up to it, her big bare breasts bouncing up and down, and vaulted over it, landing again on the soft grass behind her apartment complex. She set off again, one hand over one boob, the other covering her bush, across the lawn towards the building and parking lot. She reached the building, then noticed that near the pool area, the two bikini clad girls from earlier had returned. She watched their bikini clad butts as they walked into the pool area, closing the gate behind them.   
  
Elizabeth needed some cover and fast! She had been involuntarily streaking now for what seemed like an eternity. Her heart pounded, she felt warm and tingly all over from all the exposure. She was embarrassed, humiliated, but also somewhat aroused and very confused. She could hardly think straight. She decided that the pool area was as good an area as any to hide. At least in her completely naked state, people in swimsuits wouldn’t be THAT much more covered than her.   
  
  
  
Part -5  
  
She crept slowly along the side of the building, keeping an eye on the parking lot for any bystanders… Seeing none, she took off again, breasts bouncing, full yet shapely fanny jiggling in plain view of anyone around. She made her way towards the gate of the pool area. As she stepped from the grass, onto the sidewalk, then into the parking lot, she heard a wolf-whistle, and a “Whoah baby!” from her left. She gasped and stopped dead in her tracks as she realized that she had unwittingly just exposed herself to the garbagemen, who were emptying a dumpster just 30 feet from her, to her left. The 3 men all stopped what they were doing and gawked at her.  
  
“Oh No!!!!” she shrilled. “Please don’t look! I’m completely naked!” she shouted at them, then continued towards the pool gate. She ignored the “Nice Outfit! Nice Tits!” shouts from the men as she walked. Her bare rear felt sooooooo naked as she passed by them, knowing that they all were staring hungrily at it.   
  
“Oh God… Oh God…” she said, too breathless and emotionally drained to muster the strength to run. She barely managed a quick walk, putting her naked body on display that much longer. She could feel her bare fanny bouncing up and down as she walked. She had never felt so exposed in her life. She crossed the parking lot, when she saw something move to her right. She whirled her head around, just in time to see two young women, about her age, one that she recognized from another building, walking down the walk towards the rental office.   
  
“Oh my God!” one girl exclaimed, and started to laugh. She was a really cute brunette in a halter top and shorts that Elizabeth new lived in the building across the lot from her. The other, a pretty, big-boobed blond in open-mouthed awe, just watched. The blond looked familiar to Elizabeth, she just couldn’t remember from where… She had on a tight tank-top and shorts on.  
  
“Ohhhh!” Elizabeth sighed, caught naked by even MORE people! They were headed to about the same spot on the sidewalk she was heading for, near the pool and rental office. As luck would have it, she wound up right in front of them after a few more seconds.   
  
“You do realize that you’re totally naked?” the brunette girl asked, still laughing. Her friend just watched in amazement.   
  
Elizabeth shot her a nasty glance as she turned her back towards them to head towards the pool. Just then… SMACK!  
  
“Oooo!” Elizabeth shrieked as the girls’ hand slapped her bare left buttock. Elizabeth’s hands instinctively went to her fanny, completely exposing herself again to the 3 garbage men, now in front of her to the left. She quickly covered up again, bending slightly at the waist, unknowingly presenting her bare fanny to her assailant again. SMACK! SMACK! Two more slaps came quickly.   
  
“You’re a pretty naughty girl for being naked in public!” the girl said. SMACK!  
  
Elizabeth was mortified. Naked was bad enough, but naked and SPANKED?!?! She couldn’t believe it was happening. She took a step towards the gate across the grass, but tripped over the lip of the sidewalk, and fell to all fours on the lawn. The girl wasted no time in administering another quick spanking. SMACK! SMACK! Elizabeth gasped…  
  
“What… what are you doing?!” she said, trying to get to her feet. She crawled quickly on all fours, boobs bouncing and knocking together beneath her, her bare butt swishing wildly. SMACK! SMACK! The girl followed behind her, continuing the spanking. Elizabeth scrambled up, but not before another slap. Her fanny stung a bit, and she rubbed it with one hand, turning to face the girl now, the other hand over her bush.  
  
“Wow!! Those are really nice boobs!” the girl said. “Tell me, are you a streaker, or some kind of exhibitionist?”  
  
“W-Why are you spanking me?!?!” Elizabeth stammered, almost overcome with emotion.   
  
“You just have such a nice booty!” she said. “I couldn’t resist. Plus, like I said, you are very naughty for being naked outside!”  
  
“I’m locked out, and I lost my clothes. I just need to get back into my apartment.” Elizabeth explained in a pleading tone, on the verge of tears.  
  
“That’s not my problem Naked Girl!” the girl said, then, as if on cue, walked right past Elizabeth, her blond friend following, but gawking at Elizabeth’s naked form. Of course, as the brunette girl past, she took the opportunity for one more spanking… SMACK! bringing her hand down once again on Elizabeth’s delicious, very bare, right buttock.   
  
“Ohhh!” Elizabeth gasped, rubbing the spot. She could not believe this was happening to her!! She glanced up and noticed the garbage men still watching her. She quickly decided to head back towards her building and try to find a way inside. She gathered the energy to muster a slow jog, and ran with her arms across her breasts, mostly to keep them from bouncing too much as she ran.   
  
  
  
Part –6  
  
She weaved her way through the conjoined parking lots, past several buildings. It took a couple minutes, but soon, she was within sight of her building. As she approached, the door opened, and out walked her neighbor Janet. Janet was a 20 something single girl who lived downstairs from Elizabeth. She was a really cute brunette who always said hello to Elizabeth whenever she saw her.   
  
“Oh my God!” Janet said, seeing Elizabeth coming through the lot towards her.  
“Please hold that door!” Elizabeth said, bouncing and jiggling her way towards the steps to the stoop in front of the building. The door clicked shut behind Janet. Janet has on a business suit, and looked like she was heading to work.   
  
“Elizabeth! What are you doing?” she said, hand over her mouth in shock “You’re naked!” then she gasped. “Oh my… are you streaking?!?” she smiled devilishly. “You daring chick, you! That is so cool!”   
  
“Janet, I’m not…” Elizabeth started as she neared the steps.  
  
“That is sooo daring! I mean, it’s like the middle of the morning! People must have seen you!”   
  
“Well, actually, yes…” she started again. “But I’m not really…”  
  
“Wow! It must be soooo exciting to go streaking! I always wanted to try it but could never muster the guts to do it.” Janet kept cutting her off. Plus, Elizabeth was totally out of breath at this point… Janet headed past her towards her car.  
  
“I need to get going, but call me later… let’s go streaking together later, ok?” she said as she unlocked her car. “You’ve inspired me to try it… wow you have big boobs… see you later!”  
  
“Wait, but I…” Elizabeth sputtered as Janet got into her car. She started it up and drove off, waving as she left.  
  
“No way that just happened!” Elizabeth thought to herself, leaning her bare frame on the railing of the steps to catch her breath. The smooth metal felt very cool against the hot naked skin of her hip. She glanced over at her own car, and suddenly had a revelation.  
  
“My spare key!” she said aloud. She ran to her car, covering nothing. She bent over and reached under the wheel well and found it. A small magnetic box with a spare car key inside! She quickly unlocked her car and got inside.   
  
She breathed a little easier, now somewhat hidden in her car. She glanced around, but there was nothing to cover-up with. She didn’t even have floor mats. She started up the car, and decided her only option was to drive over to her friend Debra’s apartment to borrow some clothes. It was only a 5 minute drive.   
  
She sat as low as she could in her seat, and cautiously drove off. It took just minutes to get there. Debra lived in another complex, much smaller than Elizabeth’s. It was closer to the city, and in more of an urban area. Elizabeth pulled her car into the lot in front of Debra’s building. She found a free spot about 50 feet from the door. Here was the catch. She would now have to streak through this parking lot to the door, go into the lobby, ring Debra’s buzzer, and have Debra come down and let her upstairs. The inner lobby door was locked at all times.   
  
She felt somewhat energized by being “out of view” in her car for the past few minutes, so she convinced herself that this would be a piece of cake compared to what she had been through already. She looked around as she slowly opened her door, and saw no one too nearby. Debra’s building was right off the main road, so she’d be in plain sight of any passing cars or pedestrians as she crossed the lot to the door. Once inside, she would, of course, be at risk of being seen by anyone leaving, or entering the building.   
  
She once again steeled her nerves as best she could. She extended one bare foot out the door, then the other. She slowly stood up and quickly whirled around, making sure the coast was clear. She ensured her car was unlocked, and, leaving the key in the ignition, closed the door. “I’ll only be a few minutes. No need to lock up and take my key.” She thought. She took a deep breath, then started to quickly make her was across the very open lot towards the building. She covered nothing, as she didn’t expect it to take too long to get there. As she emerged from the row of parked cars, and out of the shade of the trees overhead, the warm sunlight hit her naked skin like a wave. It took her back in her mind about 20 minutes, when she first streaked across her own apartment complex. Her tummy fluttered a bit at the memory.   
  
Her very bare boobs bounced up and down, and side to side as she walked at a semi-quick pace across the open lot. After a few steps, though, a car passed by on the road. Then another! She gasped, but kept going. A third car honked at her as it passed. She made it to the far side of the lot, then quickly bounced and jiggled her way up the steps, and pulled open the door. She stepped into the lobby.  
  
The tiled floor felt cool under her naked feet. Thankfully, no one was around.   
  
“It feels so weird being naked in Debra’s building!” she whispered to herself as she walked to the row of buzzers. She found Debra’s, and was about to ring it when she heard voices.   
  
“Oh god…” she said. They were coming from behind the locked door leading to the apartments! People were coming downstairs! It would be only seconds before they were in the lobby. She couldn’t go back out into the lot. They were surely headed there, and she’d have to streak to her car first. They’d see her for sure.  
  
“Oh no!” Elizabeth panicked. She whirled her head around to find someplace to hide. She noticed a door across the lobby. She made a split second decision to run towards it. She pushed it open just as the door to upstairs opened, and 3 men walked into the lobby, missing seeing a beautiful naked woman by fractions of a second….  
  
… but the 6 people in the coffee shop Elizabeth had just unwittingly stepped into did not. In fact, they all saw her right away!  
  
  
Part -7  
  
Elizabeth had forgotten that a small coffee shop had opened in the first floor of Debra’s building last month. The door she had just burst through was right next to several tables, to the left of the counter. Elizabeth froze momentarily, hands at her sides, nipples erect and pointing straight out at the 4 patrons who sat at a few tables nearby. She took a step back, her bare fanny pressed up against the cool steel of the door she had just come through. A girl working behind the counter started to giggle, and a guy cleaning a coffee machine across the shop dropped his rag, and his jaw. 2 other men in suits sat at one table about 10 feet away. An older woman who had been reading her paper when Elizabeth came bounding in wearing nothing but tanlines, now gawked at her from another table. A young woman, maybe 20 or 21 sat at another table, sipping coffee and writing in a notebook. She gasped and said “Oh my!” as she saw Elizabeth.  
  
Elizabeth, totally shocked by this latest onslaught of very sudden and very public nudity, actually managed a weak smile as she reached behind her with her left hand to find the door handle. Her right hand dropped between her legs to cover her neatly trimmed bush. Time seemed to stand still. Other than a few gasps, and the giggling of the girl behind the counter, no one really said anything right away. They all just watched.  
  
Elizabeth felt as though her body was made of lead. Everything seemed so slow and heavy, like in a dream. She felt around for the door handle with her left hand, causing her big naked breasts to jiggle nicely for the onlookers. She looked from person to person, making eye contact with everyone in the room. Each of them wore the same stunned \_expression, except for the young girl at the table, who stopped writing in her notebook long enough to smile back at Elizabeth.  
  
“Uh… I um,” Elizabeth stammered nervously, searching for something to say. She found the handle, but a quick pull on it confirmed her nightmare was getting worse. It seemed to be locked. “Oh god…” she said softly. She smiled nervously at the people in the coffee shop as she continued to pull on the handle behind her back. Her breasts bounced and jiggled even more as she did this. Her body got that warm and tingly feeling all over again, like she could feel everyone’s eyes on her, looking at her exposed naked form up and down.   
  
She whirled around, exposing her bare rear to the onlookers, and used both hands to try and get the door opened. After what seemed like forever, the handle pulled up, and the door opened. Elizabeth quickly stepped back into the lobby of Debra’s building. Luckily, the 3 men that had been there moments before (she was actually in the coffee shop about 30 seconds) were now gone. She dashed over to the buzzers and rang Debra’s several times.  
  
“Oh come on… Come on..!” she pleaded, staring at the small speaker, awaiting a response. She rang it again and again. She was so focused on it, that she failed to notice the door to the parking lot open. A 40-ish, butch-looking, female postal carrier walked into the lobby, and saw Elizabeth immediately.  
  
“Ooops!” she said. “Looks like someone is locked out in her birthday suit!”   
  
“Ohmygosh!” Elizabeth exclaimed, startled by the woman. She quickly covered up a bit with her hands.  
  
“What are you sweety, a streaker or something?” she said and laughed, then just walked over to the mail boxes and started to deliver the mail.  
  
“This is soooooo humiliating!” Elizabeth said to her self.   
  
“You’ve got guts, honey. This is a pretty busy neighborhood to be streaking in!” the woman said, not even looking at Elizabeth. She quickly finished her deliveries, then left without another word.   
  
Elizabeth waited a few more minutes for Debra to answer, then decided to leave. She quickly dashed to the back door, and prepared herself to streak across the lot to her car. She opened the door and stepped out, quickly descending the steps, not bothering to check for onlookers. As she crossed the lot, covering her bush and one breast with her hands, she looked up, only to find that her car was not parked in the spot she had left it. It was gone!!  
  
“What the…” she started. But it all hit her at once. She’d left the keys in it, unlocked. Someone had stolen it!! Before she had a chance to react, she heard a familiar voice to her right.  
  
“Oh my God! Naked Girl! How did you get here?!?!” It was the brunette who had spanked her, and her blond friend, getting out of a car. That’s where Elizabeth had seen the blond before… in Debra’s building! She must live here!  
  
“Oh no…” Elizabeth said. “Please... you girls have to help me. My car was just stolen, and I’m completely naked. I’m locked out of my apartment over a mile away! Can I please borrow something to wear?” she ducked behind a pick-up truck to try and stay out of view. The girls came over to her.  
  
“That’s quite a run of bad luck…” the brunette said. “I guess we could help you. But it will cost you! Next time you go streaking, you should stash some back-up clothes somewhere!” she said. Both girls giggled a little. “Although, with that body, and that fanny of yours, ooooo! I can see why you like to show it off!”  
  
“And those boobs!” said the blond. “So big and bouncy!”  
  
“Will you please just help me?!” Elizabeth said, getting frantic now that she was locked out naked in public, and over a mile from home. The girls looked at each other and exchanged sly smiles.  
  
  
  
  
  
Part -8  
  
“Sure, we can help.” Said the blond. “But like Mandy said, it will cost you something.”  
  
“I’ll pay anything, just please, get me something to wear!” Elizabeth pleaded. The girls whispered a bit to each other for a few minutes. Then Mandy, the brunette spoke.   
  
“OK, here’s what we are willing to do. Suzette will get you some clothes from her apartment. But you have to earn each item. To earn it, you have to complete a mission, like a dare, that we decide upon. As you complete each dare, you get the item of clothing. If you fail to complete the dare, you have to pay a penalty.”  
  
“Oh no…” Elizabeth said softly, fearing the worst. “Wha- What kind of penalty?”  
  
“We’ll decide that when the time is right…” Suzette said. “I’ll be right back…” she dashed off in to the building.  
  
“OK, while Suzette gets the clothes, we can wait in my car…” Mandy said.  
  
“Your… your car, but… why?” Elizabeth stammered. She could barely catch her breath. She was so nervous about what she’d have to do to get something to wear…  
  
“Let’s just say that all of your missions will be taking place at various places around town…” she reached down, and took Elizabeth by the hand. She lead the now somewhat submissive, emotionally drained, and option-less naked brunette to the car. They got in, Elizabeth in the back seat. Elizabeth’s head was spinning. It was beginning to seem like she would be naked for a while. Suzette was back in a flash, carrying with her a small gym bag.   
  
Mandy drove, Elizabeth sat low in her seat to avoid being seen by anyone outside the car. They pulled out of the lot and drove for a little bit towards the city. They then pulled into a gas station with a mini-mart store, and up to a self-service pump.  
  
“OK Naked Girl, you’re first ‘mission’ is to fill up my tank with $10 of unleaded. Here is the money.” She handed Elizabeth the 10 dollar bill. “If you complete this mission, Suzette will give you…” she looked at Suzette, who reached into her bag and pulled out a pair of black thigh high stockings. “Those sexy stockings. If you don’t, we’ll just leave you here to fend for your self, in the buff.”  
  
Elizabeth snatched the 10 from her hand. She sighed. Boy, she had really gotten herself into it this time, she thought. Now she couldn’t just leave. This gas station was a lot tougher to find a place to hide at than either her building or Debra’s. “Oh why did I agree to go along with this?!?” she thought.   
  
“Oh well, I’ve already been naked at the gas pumps once today.” She said. She took a deep, but very nervous breath, and opened her door. She swung her bare legs out, and stood up, glancing around. Cars drove by on the road, but no other cars were filling up at the pumps. Elizabeth quickly closed her door, then grabbed the gas pump nozzle, removed the gas cap on the side of the car, and inserted the nozzle. She hit the start button on the pump and squeezed the nozzle. Nothing happened. She tried it again. Still nothing. That’s when she looked up and noticed the small placard on the top of the pump.  
  
“All cash sales must be paid for in advance inside store.”  
  
“Oh god no…” she said. She glanced at the girls in the car. Suzette opened her window. “Ooops! Forgot to mention you have to pay first!” Both girls giggled. Elizabeth bit her quivering lower lip and fought the urge to scream. She took another deep breath, and boldly walked towards the building. One hand over her bush, then opened the door with her other hand, and stepped inside.   
  
The cold, air-conditioned atmosphere inside the store hit her like an avalanche, causing her already hard nipples to harden and extend even more! She quickly walked up to the counter, boobs dancing about, bare butt swishing wildly. She handed the 10 to the stunned old man behind the counter.  
  
“$10 on pump #2 please.” She said quickly, then ducked behind the counter to shield bare body from his view. He took the money, hit a few keys and said, “OK darlin’! You’re all set! You have a great day now, girly!” Elizabeth smiled weakly at him and turned towards the door, seeing for the first time the two teenage boys standing near the soda cooler, not 10 feet from her.  
  
“Wow!” said one. “She’s hot!” The other just stared, almost drooling.   
  
Elizabeth gasped upon noticing them, then started to blush, and covered up with her trembling hands. She bolted back outside to the pump. She pumped the gas without incident, taking only about a minute, the boys and the old man watching from the doorway. She then jumped back in the car, totally breathless.  
  
“Good girl!” Mandy said. Suzette tossed her the stockings, which Elizabeth quickly pulled on to her bare legs. They came up to about mid-thigh. Mandy pulled out. Elizabeth sat low in her seat again.   
  
“That was awful!” Elizabeth thought to herself. “This is just so humiliating! I can’t believe how many people have already seen me in the buff today!!” She wasn’t at all getting used to the fact that she was out in public naked, but at least the initial shock was starting to wear off a bit. Now, it was more the humiliation of being the only naked person among all the clothed people. It made her feel vulnerable, exposed, and more than a little naughty. There was a weird sexual feel to it that she couldn’t quite put her finger on… She pushed that thought from her head. The last thing she wanted to do was start enjoying the situation!  
  
  
  
  
  
Part –9  
  
They drove a bit farther, then pulled into another parking lot. It was in front of a small strip mall that housed a tanning salon, a small hardware store, a Laundromat, and a little restaurant. They parked a few rows away from the front door of the tiny mall. There were 15-20 other cars in the lot.   
  
“OK, naked girl. Your next task is to walk through the front entrance of the mall, go into the tanning salon, walk up to the counter, and ask the girl working there if she thinks you have nice boobs. You have to get her to touch them. Suzette will go in ahead of you to make sure you complete this dare. If you do, Suzette will give you your next item. As always, if you don’t, we leave you right here…”  
  
Elizabeth’s head felt dizzy. She was now about to streak a small mall, then convince another woman to grab her breasts, all while wearing only thigh high stockings. She tried to push the intense nervous feeling out of her belly and head, and just focus on what she had to do. Suzette got out of the car and went inside.  
  
“OK, it’s show time!” Mandy said. Elizabeth’s stomach did backflips as she stepped out of the car, and padded across the parking lot towards the door. A car on the road passing behind her honked at her. Again, she dropped a hand over her bush, and draped the other over her breasts. Strangely, even though she now had at least something on, she actually felt even more exposed! The stockings, coming only about halfway up her thigh, made her bare fanny feel even more naked, more on display!  
  
She made it to the door, and pulled it open. She stepped in. Again, the cool air had an enlarging effect on her bare nipples. As her eyes adjusted to the dimmer lighting inside, she noticed that she was not alone!  
  
The mall only had four shops, and in between them all was a small common area, or the ‘mall’. There was a little garden in the center, surrounded by benches. On one bench, an old man sat, on another, a teenage couple. Elizabeth took a deep breath, and raced past them all. The old man said nothing, even looking away as she past. The teenage boy gasped, then said “All right!” His girlfriend punched him in the arm, and called Elizabeth a whore. The tanning salon was at the far end. Elizabeth raced through the doorway.   
It was a small salon, with a counter and a few chairs in the main front room. Suzette sat on a chair, playing the part of prospective customer. A beautiful blond woman in a string bikini top and shorts sat behind the counter. As Elizabeth approached her, the woman gasped,  
  
“Oh my goodness! You can’t come in here like that!” she said.   
  
Elizabeth walked up to the counter. “I’ll go, I just need to know one thing…” she said. Elizabeth noticed that the white bikini top the blond had on was unlined. Her big dark nipples were quite visible through it. Her breasts overflowed the small triangles. They were almost as large as Elizabeth’s, but not quite.  
  
“Please, you have to leave! Or at least go put some clothes on! You are, like, almost totally naked, you know!” the blond continued. Suzette stifled a giggle. “I can’t have you in here like that! I’ll get shut down!”  
  
“I know… I just have one question for you…” Elizabeth said nervously. “Do you, um…” God, she felt so silly asking this! “Do you think that I have nice boobs?”  
  
“What? Oh my god! Are you kidding? You come in here naked, and you want to know if I think you have nice boobs?!?” the blond was standing now. She talked with her hands a lot, causing her own bikini’d breasts to bounce and jiggle a bit.  
  
“Yes. Please, I’m doing this on a dare. Just tell me if you think I have nice breasts, then give them a quick squeeze, and I’ll be on my way. “ Elizabeth could not believe that her situation had come to this…. Trying to persuade a blond in a bikini to fondle her naked breasts, in public.  
  
“This is crazy! I’m gonna call the cops if you don’t just leave.” She pointed to the door. As she did so, her breasts shook a bit in the small top, and her left nipple became partly exposed.   
  
“Oh Please! I need you to do this to complete this dare!” Elizabeth pleaded, her bottom lip quivering a bit.   
  
“Ok. Fine. You have nice boobs. You have really nice, really big, and really, really naked boobs! Will you go now!?!” she said, not noticing that her own breasts were slowly becoming exposed.   
  
“Thanks. But, now will you please, um, touch them?” Elizabeth said, her belly fluttering at the very fact that she was doing this!! She didn’t think she could feel anymore humiliated than she had in the parking lot when Mandy had spanked her in front of the garbage men. She was wrong. Being naked here, and begging another woman to touch her breasts was worse!   
  
The blond put her hands on her hips and sighed deeply. Her left breast was now almost totally exposed as her top slipped further off of it. Elizabeth thrust her breasts out a bit towards the blond.   
  
“God you’re something else…” she said, shaking her head. “This is nuts…but if it will get you out of here…” she reached out and touched the sides of Elizabeth’s breasts with her hands, and gave each one a quick squeeze. Elizabeth moaned a bit, involuntarily. Her own senses were so very heightened by the days events, that the woman’s soft hands felt absolutely wonderful on her bare breasts.   
  
“OK. Will you please go now?!” she said. Elizabeth stole one last glance at the girls’ now half bared left breast, and turned to leave. She quickly covered up with her hands, streaked out again past the people in the small mall, her bare feet slapping the cold tile floor. She went out the door and back to the car. Suzette followed close behind.   
  
“Well? How’d she do?” Mandy asked, starting up the car.  
  
“Oh, she did it alright… I couldn’t believe it!” Suzette said. She shot Elizabeth a sexy little smile over her shoulder.   
  
“OK! Mission 2 accomplished. Suzette, give her her next item of clothing.” Suzette reached into the bag and pulled out a pair of black high heels. She handed them back to Elizabeth.   
  
“Oh brother…” Elizabeth thought, but silently put them on. “Big deal. When am I gonna get something that covers me?”   
  
Her boobs still tingled a bit from where they had just been touched by another woman. She didn’t want to admit it to herself, but that had aroused her a little! All the streaking and exposure and strangers seeing her naked body, coupled with the spankings, the humiliation in the coffee shop; she was still a bundle of nerves. But that blond almost losing her own top, then touching her breasts had actually turned Elizabeth on a little! In general, though, she just wished this nightmare she was currently living was over. Plus, on top of everything else, these public missions were very risky. The last thing she needed was to get arrested for indecent exposure!  
  
  
Part -10  
  
Mandy pulled out of the lot, and headed south, towards the lake. The southern part of the city had a lot of lakefront property, public beaches and boardwalks. After about 5 minutes of driving, and of Mandy and Suzette whispering back and forth in the front seat about the next few missions, Mandy pulled over to the side of the road and parked. They were about a half-mile from the lake. They were on a pretty busy 4 lane road, lined with lots of shops and restaurants. People were out walking, and there was quite a bit of drive-by traffic.  
  
“OK naked gal. Time for mission number 3.” Mandy said, turning back towards Elizabeth. “Do you see that girl working at the hotdog stand over there?” She said, pointing across the street, and up to the right a bit. Elizabeth looked. She saw a young 20 something girl working behind a makeshift counter at a street-side hotdog and hamburger stand.   
  
“Yes…” Elizabeth said, bracing herself for what came next.  
  
“Your mission is to get out of the car, cross the street, walk up to that stand, and ask that girl if she knows where your clothes are. She’ll of course say she doesn’t. Tell her you went streaking this morning, and you thought you left your clothes near her stand. Get her to come out to help you look for them. She has a bikini on. That’s all she’s wearing. We see her here all the time. She always has on a little bikini. So, to complete your mission, once she’s out from behind the stand, you have to get her to either show you her breasts, or her fanny. Your choice. The only catch is, you have to get her to let you touch either her breasts or fanny, and you have to do it so we can see it all from here. As always, should you fail, we leave you here to fend for yourself.”  
  
“Oh my god…” Elizabeth said, shuddering. “How am I going to get her to do that??”   
  
Suzette smiled. “You’ll think of something!”  
  
“Right, now, off you go!” Mandy said.   
  
“Oh Lord!” Elizabeth sighed, taking another in a series of deep breaths. She opened her door. She stepped out, heels clicking on the pavement, and closed the door. She looked both ways, and quickly scampered across the road, everything bouncing wonderfully. A few people watched from a distance, but no one was in the immediate vicinity. It was only about 10:30, and the lunch crowds had yet to descend on this area.   
  
Elizabeth crossed the ground from the car to the stand in less than 10 seconds. The girl, busy at cleaning her charcoal grill, had her back to Elizabeth as she reached the counter, and didn’t see her coming.  
  
“Hi.” Elizabeth started to say…  
  
“Sorry, I don’t open until 11.” The girl responded, without turning or stopping her work. Elizabeth glanced down at the girl’s cute bikini-clad butt. She had on a small green bikini bottom, with what looked like snap close sides, and a matching top. The back had somewhat full coverage, and the top had a string tie in the back.   
  
“I was wondering if you could help me..” she said. “You see, I seem to have lost my clothes, and I…” she was about to continue when the girl turned to face her. Her eyes dropped to Elizabeth’s naked breasts, only partially covered by her hands, and she gasped loudly.  
  
“Oh My God!” she said, and let out a few giggles. “You are topless!” She couldn’t see Elizabeth from the waist down. The counter blocked her view.   
  
“Well, actually, I’m a little more exposed than that. See, I went, uh, streaking earlier, and I stashed my clothes next to your stand. Now they’re gone, and I’m sort of, you know… naked…” Elizabeth said. She desperately tried in her mind to come up with a scenario that would make it possible to complete her dare.  
  
“I’m sorry… you went, … streaking?” the girl asked, a little shocked. “You mean you were running around out here naked?”  
  
“Well..” Elizabeth said, and started to blush deeply. “sort of, yes.” Her eyes dropped to the girls chest. The top was doing an ample job of keeping her medium size breasts covered. “Yes. I stripped off my clothes, and went streaking in just my hose and heels.”   
  
The girl raised her eyebrows in surprise at what she was seeing and hearing, then propped herself up on the counter with her hands to get a glimpse of Elizabeth’s lower half. She gasped again.  
  
“You are pretty naked!” she exclaimed. “Wow! I mean, aren’t you embarrassed? There are people all over!” she asked, looking past Elizabeth at some people who were watching from across the street.   
  
“Well, yes! That’s why I need help finding my clothes! It will just take a minute! I am soooo naked!” Elizabeth pleaded, and dropped one hand behind her to cover her fanny from the crowd gathering behind her. This completely exposed her breasts to the girl. Her heart was pounding in her ears. She was really exposed out here now. Cars past by every few seconds, people were starting to whistle at her from across the road.   
  
“Wow! Nice boobs!” the girl said with a big smile. “Sure, Miss Streaker, I’ll help you find your clothes!” and she bounced out from behind the counter, seemingly quite pleased about helping this naked brunette with her quest. “Where’d you say you left them?”   
  
Elizabeth pointed to a spot next to the stand. “Over there…” she said. The girl, after gawking at Elizabeth’s naked bod for a few seconds, walked towards the spot Elizabeth was pointing. Elizabeth quickly sized up the situation. She could try and quickly seduce the girl out of her bikini. She had picked up on a bit of an attraction coming from her, but wasn’t sure she could take it that far. She could try and loosen the top or bottom and get it to drop off, then help her put it back on, thereby touching the girls breasts or butt. That seemed like the most reasonable of the two options. It was all she could come up with, given the circumstances.   
  
Elizabeth’s mind and heart raced as she searched for her opening.   
  
“Try looking under there…” Elizabeth pointed to a small bin next to the stand, still in pull view of the road. The girl walked up to it, and bent at the waist to look underneath it. It was all the cue Elizabeth needed. As she reached for the thin fabric of the bikini bottom, she noticed that she had a small tattoo on her left buttock. The bottom pulled into her fanny cleavage a bit as she bent to check under the bin for Elizabeth’s ‘clothes’, but only a portion of the tattoo showed.  
  
“Hey, nice tattoo.” Elizabeth said. “What’s it of?”  
  
The girl giggled a bit. “It’s a tiny tattoo of a girl in a bikini. Everyone calls me ‘Bikini Betty’ so I got a bikini tattoo on my butt!”   
  
“Oh, it’s so cute, can I see it?” Elizabeth asked.  
  
“You want to see my tattoo?” the girl said, straightening up, looking over her shoulder at Elizabeth. “Gee, I don’t know. I’d have to practically take my bottoms off to show you…”  
  
Then, somehow putting her own complete humiliation aside for a moment, Elizabeth said, “Well, hey, I’m showing you a lot more than just my fanny. Come on, just one quick glimpse. It’s just so cute…”  
  
The girl, now seeming very interested, smiled and said, “My fanny? Or my tattoo….” She gave Elizabeth a somewhat sexy look.   
  
Elizabeth, finding it easier to play along, blocking the growing crowd behind her out of her mind said, “Well, I haven’t seen the tattoo yet, so, um... I must be talking about your fanny…”  
  
The girl smiled, then glanced around quickly.   
  
“Hmmmm…. I don’t know. I don’t show this tattoo to just anyone…” She hooked her thumbs under the sides of her bottom like she was going to pull it down, but didn’t. She glanced around again for onlookers. Elizabeth stood between the girl and the road, thus blocking her from the view of anyone behind Elizabeth. Mandy and Suzette, however, parker a bit farther down the road, had a good view. Elizabeth glanced over her own shoulder. The crowd was now up to about 6 people. Elizabeth, still using one hand to cover her fanny somewhat, shuddered a bit. Her knees felt weak. She was so close. The thought of failing and being left here naked did not appeal to her, so she once again pushed the humiliation of being seen by all these people out of her head, and focused on the task at hand.   
  
“Well, I don’t streak in front of just anyone’s hotdog stand either…” Elizabeth said, then managed a wink and a nervous smile. The girl giggled a little…  
  
“OK, just for you….” She said. She slowly pulled her bottom down over her beautiful buttocks, exposing them, and the tattoo, to Elizabeth’s eyes.   
  
“Oh, that’s so cute!” Elizabeth said. The girl, still looking over her shoulder, glanced around nervously. Elizabeth’s naked body still kept her pretty hidden from view, but she wanted to make sure no one else could see.  
  
“I can’t believe I’m doing this! Sexy busty naked brunettes must have a hold on me!” the girl said, breathing a little heavier. Elizabeth, seizing this opportunity, reached out then, and traced the outline of the tattoo with her fingers. “Oh!” the girl said, caught off guard. She gasped a bit.   
  
“Uh, ok, well, no clothes here, sorry!” she said, suddenly very flustered. She pulled her bikini bottom back up over her fanny. As the girl turned back towards her, Elizabeth noticed that her nipples had become very erect under her bikini top. “I need to get back to, uh, work…yeah. Well, bye…” and she hurried back behind her counter.   
  
Elizabeth came back to her senses… Mission accomplished, she bolted back across the street and into the car, exposing herself for just a few seconds to the small crowd that had gathered the sidewalk, teetering a bit on her high heels. Her bare boobs bounced and leapt all over as she ran.  
  
“That was great!” said Suzette. “I can’t believe she did it!”  
  
“Me neither! Way to go, naked girl!”   
  
Elizabeth was shaking from all the fear, nerves and emotion. “Th- thanks!” she sputtered, again slouching down in her seat to keep out of view. Mandy pulled away from the curb.  
  
“Here’s your reward!” Suzette said, and reached into the bag. She pulled out a completely sheer white bra and panty set. They were so sheer and lightweight, that when Elizabeth took them from Suzettes hand, they felt like a couple Kleenex with some underwires. Elizabeth slipped the bra on then tried to fasten the front clasp between the cups. As this was Suzettes bra, it had ample cups for Elizabeth’s boobs (both girls were between a D and DD cup size) but Elizabeth was about 4 inches taller than Suzette, and a little bigger over-all. It was a struggle to get the bra fastened. Once accomplished, she looked down. Her nipples were completely visible through the ultra-thin mesh cups. “Great…” she thought. “I may as well still be naked…” The underwiring in the bra held her big breasts up and out a bit, making them even more prominent.   
  
She put her hand behind the fabric of the panties, and they were also completely sheer in front and back. She slipped the small string bikini panties on over her shoes and hose, and pulled them up her luscious legs. Again, being Suzettes, they were not really big enough. But they were so fragile in construction that Elizabeth had to take care in pulling them up onto her hips. The ultra-thin side strings dug into Elizabeth’s bare hips a little. The front barely came over the top of her bush (not that it mattered, as, like the bra, it was also totally sheer!) She reached behind her, and felt that the back only came up to about the 75% point of her butt. At least an inch of her fanny cleavage was exposed above the sheer fabric (as was all of it below!)  
  
Her scanty underwear on, Elizabeth now waited patiently (yet very nervously) for her next mission, heart pounding, pulse racing. Mandy only drove a minute or two further, and they pulled into a Sheraton Hotel parking lot.