*Catherine and Suzy Story*  
Thu Apr 15, 2004 22:32  
203.97.2.242  
  
This story follows my Lesson at Terrence Guilliams, though I suggest you read Dah's stories first - as I have pinched his characters.  
  
Cronenberg Saturday, Chapter 1  
  
Catherine Higgins lay in bed gazing dreamily at the ceiling, her eyes were not quite focused on the Union Jack pinned on the ceiling of her dorm room. A ray of sunlight warmed her naked skin, as during the heat of the summer night she had thrown off the sheet that now lay pooled at her feet. As it was Saturday morning her alarm had not been set, so as she rose gradually from sleep she reflected on what had been a bizarre week, even for her.  
It was to have been the last week of her five-week nude punishment, but on Wednesday she and her best friend, Suzy O'Brien, had been caught with a packet of cigarettes and they had both been severely punished. Suzy had been stripped and the two girls had been sent naked to Terrence Gulliam's School for Boys to assist the Cronenberg biology teacher, Miss Johnson, with a very hands-on sex education class. Catherine and Suzy had been totally exposed and intimately touched by the whole class, including Catherine's boyfriend Steve and Suzy's boyfriend Doug. The end of the day had her, Suzy, Doug and Miss Johnson all drive naked to Suzy's place for dinner and then afterwards she and the beautiful young teacher escorted Doug back to his dorm, the three of them still nude.  
Of course she had not been allowed her clothes back yesterday, as might have been the case. Her nude punishment now extended until her first gym class next term. So both her and Suzy would spend the whole summer holiday nude. Both her and Suzy would be going to the end of term dance naked this Thursday. She would probably never get a chance to wear her green dress. Still, having all the boys looking at her nude body at the last dance had been nearly as exciting as the Sex-Ed class.  
She thought again about Wednesday's class and how it felt to have Suzy and all those boys looking and touching her body, never before had she been so completely exposed, or so aroused. Her fingers began to duplicate the feelings as they flowed over the soft curves of her naked body. Her caresses eventually reached the smooth folds of her shaved mound and her fingers dipped into the hot wetness below. Catherine was lost in her reverie, her soft moans masked the sound of the gentle knock on her door and the sound of the door being slowly opened.  
Catherine's eyes were tightly closed as she approached her climax, but as her orgasm peaked she looked up and saw Suzy's amused grin and Anthony's wide mouthed stare. Too lost in her pleasure to truly register her audience, she moaned loudly as her fingers released a flood of her juices.  
A few moments later, when Anthony finally remembered to breathe, his involuntary gasp brought Catherine back to Earth. It finally dawned on Catherine that she had an audience. "Oh no," she yelped, tore her hands from between her thighs and pulled the sheet over her head in embarrassment. She had forgotten that they were biking to the mall this morning.  
Suzy laughed at her friend's reaction, though she was a little disappointed that Catherine had stopped. Only half joking she said, "Don't let us stop you." She looked at the pictures stuck on the wall, "Lying in bed looking up at a hunk like him, I'd be doing that all the time too. Who is he? I don't remember seeing him in any movies."  
Catherine sat up, her surprise at her best friend's ignorance overriding her shame. Instead of answering she reached under her bed and grabbed a magazine at random. She leapt up and smacked Suzy's naked bottom with the magazine and then handed it to her. On the cover was a photo of the young man and a caption stating some exclusive story on the young Prince.  
"I'll just jump in the shower," said Catherine, "won't be a minute."   
"You go and give her a hand Anthony," said Suzy with an evil grin, "Me and um, William, can continue where Catherine left off."  
"Hands off bitch," said Catherine, snatching the magazine back in mock anger, "he's mine." She threw the magazine back under her bed and picked up her towel and shower bag.  
"You better stay and keep your sister under control," Catherine said to Anthony, "if you went into the showers the other girls would eat you alive."  
"What a way to go," grinned Anthony.

Catherine was soon ready, one advantage of always being nude. She had washed her hair and shaved her pussy the night before, so she only needed a quick shower to remove the results of her morning's passion. She soon returned to her room to find her bed made and Suzy and Anthony sitting reading from her magazines. She seldom wore makeup or jewellery, so after putting on her white socks and shoes the only other thing she had to put on was a dab of perfume.  
The trio were soon on their bikes, headed toward the mall. Anthony didn't mind sacrificing his Saturday morning to accompany his sister, especially when she was spending time with the lovely Catherine. He was paying more attention to the fascinating movements of Catherine's naked bottom ahead of him than where they were going, so the journey to the mall went all too quickly for him.  
  
When Catherine had asked permission to bike to the mall, she had been told that the school considered the mall as "safe", so she and Suzy were permitted to be alone, provided they remained within public areas. Though Anthony would have happily accompanied the girls all morning, he had a soccer game to get to. So once the girls had locked their bikes, he walked with them to the main entrance and after a hug from Catherine, left the girls for the morning.  
  
A security guard was just unlocking the main door to the mall as the girls arrived. Suzy recognised him from the last time she had been nude at the mall and the man also recognised her, naked girls not being very common even with Cronenberg Academy nearby.  
"Morning girls," said the guard with a leering grin. He made a show of holding the automatic doors open and waving the pair through with a bow. He watched appreciatively as the girls walked away and then whistled happily as he went about his business.  
  
There was a small shoe shop just next to the entrance but it had not yet opened. Just beyond this shop was another, this one open and brightly lit but empty. Expecting someone to appear soon, the two nude girls entered and looked at some of the shoes on display.  
"Eeek," there was a loud screen from behind the two girls. A middle-aged woman was standing in the back doorway of the shop looking at the nude girls with horror. "You can't come into my shop dressed like that," she yelled, rushing up grabbing each of the schoolgirls by an arm and dragging them out of the shop.  
The girls were too surprised at the vehemence of the woman's reaction and allowed themselves to be led.  
"Security," shouted the woman. The guard who had let the girls into the mall quickly appeared.  
"What is the problem ladies?" he asked  
"That should be obvious," snapped the woman, "these girls are naked."  
"So?" replied the guard.  
"Get them out of the mall now," insisted the woman.  
"I'm afraid I can't do that Ma'am," answered the guard.  
The shopkeeper huffed at this and started to drag the girls toward the Mall exit, but the guard stepped into her way.  
"Could you please stop molesting the customers," said the guard to the woman as he firmly removed her hands from the girls.  
"Me, molesting customers," snapped the woman. "Can't you see that these girls are breaking the law? Throw them out now or I'm calling the manager."  
"He's already on his way," said the guard, tapping his earpiece.  
Catherine spotted a man in a suit walking in their direction, flanked by another security guard. She also noticed that many other shopkeepers and a few customers were standing in shop doorways watching them.  
"Good morning ladies," said the man in the suit with a smile. He was short, about Suzy's height, and rather stout. His dark hair had receded to leave only a thin strip above his ears and collar. "What can I do for you?"  
"Is everybody going daft?" asked the woman. "Can't you see that these trollops are naked?"  
The manager slowly and deliberately looked each girl over, "These two beautiful girls are indeed naked, but they are obviously Cronenberg students in their school uniform. Is this correct girls?"  
Both girls answered, "Yes, Sir."  
"Hmmf," grunted the shopkeeper, "They should be banned."  
"I'm afraid I can't allow that," answered the manager. "Cronenberg Accademy has been a respected part of this community for a long time, their rules must be abided here."  
"Well they are not allowed into my shop," said the shopkeeper. Then she raised her voice, for the benefit of their audience, "I'm sure any decent store would also not allow them in either."  
"That is your prerogative," said the manager, "Now that is all settled, ladies Good Day." Before he departed he took Suzy's hand and kissed it, then repeated the action with Catherine. The manager then stepped towards the shopkeeper with the intent of taking her hand as well, but she quickly turned and stormed into her shop.  
The manager chuckled as he walked away, both the guards followed leaving the nude girls alone.

*Chapter 1 - part 3*  
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The two nude girls continued around this side of the Mall. Most of the shopkeepers had seen or heard their discussion with the woman and the Mall manager and were waiting in their doorways to block their entry. They eventually arrived outside Nearly Nude. The shop was open but empty. As the girls entered, they heard a call from the back, "I'll be out soon, feel free to look around."  
Since she wanted to catch the shopkeeper before any customers arrived, Suzy walked into the storeroom, "Hello," she called.  
"Oh," squealed a young woman, clutching some clothing over her body. Which, other than red suspenders, fishnet stockings and heels, was naked. "What do you want?" she begun defensively, then recognition dawned and her face brightened. "You're Suzy aren't you? You came in here a few months ago and you were nude then too." She dropped the underwear in her hand and shook Suzy's hand in greeting. She was a little taller than Suzy, nearly but not quite as well built. Her shoulder length hair was platinum blonde, though Suzy noticed that her closely trimmed pubic patch was quite dark. "Did your friend like the present you bought her?"  
"You can ask her yourself," answered Suzy, "she's out there in your shop."  
"Let's go and meet her," said the shopkeeper and taking Suzy's hand in hers walked out into the shop, seemingly forgetting that she was still naked.  
Catherine looked up, surprised to see Suzy with another nude girl.  
"Catherine," began Suzy, "meet, um? sorry, I don't actually know your name."  
"Rebecca, but please call me Becky", answered the nude shopkeeper. "Did you like the stockings?" Then before the young redhead could answer she added, "Green weren't they? That definitely is your colour. Are you looking for some more accessories?"  
"Yes, yes," laughed Catherine, "I agree, and sadly no."  
"Huh," said Becky, then she burst out laughing, "Oh, I do go on, don't I? It's not every day that beautiful girls come into my shop completely naked. As you can see I'm a bit disorganised at the moment, I nearly forget to get dressed some days."  
Catherine was about to remind the young shopkeeper that she had in fact forgotten today, but just then the door chimed and a man entered.  
On seeing the three nude girls, the man stopped as if he had walked into a wall. "I'm s-sorry," he stuttered, "I think I'm in the wrong place."  
"You're in Nearly Nude," said Becky, "We stock lingerie and other accessories to make the female body more alluring. Can I help you?"  
"Well, yes," answered the man. "I'm looking for an anniversary present, and I forgot last year so I've got a little catching up to do."  
Becky immediately started offering suggestions and started pulling items out for the customer to view. Her enthusiasm got a little carried away and she started loosing track of herself, until Suzy stepped in. Suzy found or fetched some of the items as Becky suggested them. The customer was delighted to be served by two beautiful nude women.  
Catherine stood back and watched, she felt a slight twinge of jealousy as she noticed that her friend and the young woman made a natural team.  
The man finally completed his purchases; he left with a smile and a last lingering look at each of the nude girls.  
"Thank you so much Suzy," said Becky. "I can get so disorganised sometimes. I don't often sell that much in one go, that guy's wife is in for quite an anniversary. And did you see how turned on he looked."  
"Are you surprised?" laughed Catherine. "With three lovely nude ladies in the shop."  
"Three?" said Becky, she looked around confused, then spotted her reflection in one of the shops many mirrors, and finally realised that she was naked. "Oh, my, god. I finally did forget to dress, didn't I?" She burst out laughing and the two girls joined in.  
"I supposed I better put something on, or I'll have to shorten the name of the store," laughed Becky. "But first, what brings the two of you in here?"  
Becky made them a coffee while Suzy explained that they were required to get a few days work experience during the holidays. While they talked Becky finished getting dressed, but her idea of "dressed" meant wearing a lacy red bra and panties to match her suspenders. Becky was only too happy to take Suzy on, but then apologised to Catherine that she could not also employ the nude redhead. Catherine explained how she wanted to find work in a shoe store, but that so far had only met with hostility. Becky knew the woman who had first tried to evict the girls, only too well. The woman had tried to get Nearly Nude closed down, along with the Mall's Adult shop. The manager who had helped the girls had also come to Becky's aid. Unfortunately the rule he had applied, that shopkeepers were free to make the rules within their own shops, was now being used against the nude girls.

*Chapter 1 - part 4*  
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Catherine left Suzy talking with Becky, and continued on her quest, though now she was without her friends support. She tried a couple more shops. Still feeling the sting from the last shopkeeper's rejection, Catherine was not paying much attention to where she was headed. Out of the corner of her eye she saw some shoes in a shop window so she automatically entered. It wasn't until she was well inside the shop before she took notice of her surroundings. There were indeed a few stands with shoes, all stiletto heeled, but next to these were whips and handcuffs, hardly standard for a shoe shop. The walls were covered in pornographic posters, magazines and videos, and racks sex toys. The cabinet in front of Catherine displayed things she could not even imagine a use for. She realised that she had wandered into the Adult shop.  
The shop was silent and appeared empty. Catherine was intrigued by the contents of the shop, just being in here was both naughty and frightening, a little like the first time she was nude in public. She looked around, but she was a little unwilling to be caught so she stood still and studied the contents of the shop from where she was. After a couple of minutes Catherine thought she had better leave. She turned and then jumped in shock at seeing a man who had been standing a couple of feet behind her.  
"Good morning miss," said the shopkeeper. He was short and balding, though his hair was brushed over the bald patch in a vain attempt to hide it. He had crept up behind Catherine just as she entered the store and he had been looking her over from behind and at her reflection in the cabinet mirrors. "Is there something you are looking for, or are you just browsing?"  
"Oh, I came in here by mistake," replied Catherine.  
"Dressed like that?" he chuckled. "I think you are in exactly the right place."  
"No," said Catherine. "I thought it was a shoe shop and?"  
"Not a clothes shop? I think that you need one of those more," said the shopkeeper, pointing out her nudity as if she were not yet aware of it.  
"Oh no," explained Catherine, "I'm not allowed to wear clothes."  
"And your master lets you out alone?" asked the shopkeeper.  
"Master?" said Catherine confused.  
"Your master or mistress," said the shopkeeper. "You are a submissive aren't you?"  
"Submissive?" said Catherine, starting to figure out just what the man thought she was. "No, no. I'm a student at Cronenberg Academy and I've been punished to be naked."  
"I haven't heard about this academy in any sex clubs," said the shopkeeper. "Is it new? I might know some prospective clients."  
"I think you have the wrong idea," said Catherine, "Cronenberg is a high school. Now I really must be going."  
As Catherine was trying to leave the store, the shopkeeper kept asking questions about the school, Catherine and her punishment. She would have been happy to talk about it with him, but she was finding him a bit creepy. She was used to people who looked at her with lust, but with this man it was as if she was a thing to use or buy and sell.  
She finally made it out of the Adult shop, though not before taking the man's business card. She had at first refused it claiming nowhere to put it, but when his next offer was a ben-wah ball with the shop logo she decided the card wasn't so bad.

*Chapter 1 - part 5*  
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Catherine was feeling downcast. She had done a full circuit of the mall and no one had been willing to employ the nude girl. Many shopkeepers had been quite hostile and a few more had called security, not that the guard seemed to mind. Even the permission by the mall management was insufficient to sway the shopkeepers into allowing a nude girl into their shops, let alone offer her a job. Many of the shops now displayed a large sign saying: "NO NUDITY ALLOWED IN STORE". Having run out of shoe shops, she would have to think of another type of shop to try. She absently fingered the Adult shop card, almost tempted to take the sleazy man's offer of work, even though her instincts warned her against it.   
The guard who had let them into the mall waved out to her, he was again standing by the main entrance. Catherine thought that she could ask the guard if he had any ideas, he was bound to know who the more reasonable shopkeepers were.  
"Hi Catherine," said the guard as the nude schoolgirl approached. "You've lost your friend, and you don't seem to have bought much."  
"I'm not here to shop today.," answered Catherine, "I'm trying to find some work for the summer holidays, but..."  
"No one wants to employ a nude girl," the guard continued for her.  
"Suzy's found a job at Nearly Nude," said Catherine, the guard chuckled at that, "and I've had one offer." Catherine showed the card from the Adult shop.  
The guard shook his head, "A sweet girl like you shouldn't get involved with someone like him."  
"He gave me the creeps," agreed Catherine, the guard thought she was sweet, that thought lifted her spirits a little.  
The guard pointed to the shop by the door, "Have you tried in here?"  
"No," Catherine shook her head, "it was closed when we came in."  
"Old Ray has kept erratic hours ever since his wife died," said the guard, "I think his heart's gone out of the business, but he's a decent chap. Though I doubt he will be able to pay you much."  
"As you can see, I have expensive taste in clothes," laughed Catherine, turning to show her "outfit", "he just might be able to afford me."  
  
  
The guard led Catherine into the small shop. Even with the mall entrance next door, the shop had no customers.  
An untidy old man appeared from the storeroom, summoned by the door chime. He approached Catherine and the guard, but showed no reaction to Catherine's nudity.  
"Ray, this is Catherine," said the guard. "She's looking for a job for the school holidays and I told her you could help."  
"I don't get many customers," said Ray, Catherine was now expecting yet another refusal, "but the place has been getting a little dusty, so I could use a hand to tidy it up."  
"That's settled then," said the guard with a smile, "I better go do some guarding or something, see you Ray, Catherine."  
"See you?" said Catherine, then realised that even though the guard was wearing a name badge, she had neglected to read it.  
Ray turned and started to walk back into the storeroom, Catherine suspected he had forgotten she was there. "Do I have a job then?" she asked.  
"Oh. Yes, um, when do you want to start?" asked Ray.  
"Is next Saturday morning OK?" asked Catherine  
"That would be fine," he turned and went into the storeroom, "wait here."  
Catherine noticed that the shop was much like its manager, old, dusty and tired. She did not know how to help the old man, but she could certainly improve the look of the shop. Ray returned with a key he was attaching to a silver chain.  
"You'd better take this," he said handing the nude girl the key. "Let yourself in if I'm not here, it opens the cash register too."  
"Gee, thanks," said Catherine, surprised by the level of trust the old man was showing her. She looked around again her mind brimming with possibilities. "Do you mind if I try a few ideas, rearrange things and stuff?"  
"Do what you think is best dear," said the old man, as if he did not really care what she did.  
"Thank you," said Catherine. The old man turned to walk back into his storeroom, "see you next Saturday."  
As Catherine was leaving the store she looked behind to see the old man had turned and was now staring at her. Since it was the first time he had seemed to notice that she was naked, she turned to give him a good look.  
"Catherine?" he asked.  
"Yes?" she replied, noticing that the man was staring into space rather that at her revealed charms.  
"Is that Catherine spelt with a 'K' or a 'C'?"   
"With a 'C'," said Catherine.  
"Oh," said Ray, obviously disappointed, "my 'Kat' was with a 'K'," the light that had briefly appeared in his eyes went out. He turned from the nude redhead, shut and locked the shop door.  
  
Catherine wandered back to Nearly Nude to get Suzie, as the two girls were meeting Anthony at the mall for lunch before biking home. Catherine filled Suzy in on the job she had arranged as they walked to the food hall and then waited for a few minutes, when a group of boys broke through the ring of onlookers the nude girls had attracted. Catherine and Suzy recognised most of the boys, as they were members of Anthony's soccer team.  
"Once they heard why I was coming to the mall, they all had to come," explained Anthony.  
Again the centre of attention for a group of boys, Catherine could feel her arousal growing. She did notice, to her discomfort, that Suzy was getting a little more attention than her. The boys had already seen Catherine naked when she went out for dinner with them, but this was the first time most of them had seen all of the buxom brunette. Once again Catherine felt a stab of resentment toward her pretty friend, for stealing her thunder.  
The team had all decided to join the girls for Lunch. So as they were far too many for one table, Catherine grabbed Anthony and half of the boys and steered them to a table. Suzy was left with the other half of the boys to take a table nearby, but not so close so that Suzy would get any attention from her boys.  
Once they were seated, Catherine suggested that Suzy and her act as waitresses, of course the boys quickly agreed. The girls spent a while running back and forth between the tables of grinning boys and the counters. The man who was serving the drinks took great delight in leering at the two nude teens and would only give them the drinks one at a time, so he could watch the girls as they walked back and forth between his stand and the tables. He did give them a generous discount for their efforts though.

Catherine and Suzy, Chapter 2

Catherine waited at the school gates, letting the evening sun warm her naked

skin. She was not feeling as happy as she should before a date, as a letter

had arrived from her mother earlier in the day. But she determined to put the

letter out of her mind and enjoy herself tonight.

As usual the presence of the nude girl slowed the passing traffic to a crawl,

so she saw the O'Brien's car quite some time before it arrived. She laughed

when she could see just how much of Suzy's naked body was on display when

sitting in the open convertible. It was just Suzy and Mr. O'Brien in the car,

so they still had to pick up the girl's dates.

Suzy leaped out of the car and the two friends hugged. Mr. O'Brien had got out

of the car to open the door for Suzy, though he had been too late, so he

opened the rear door for the girls. Catherine gave Mr. O'Brien a warm hug

also, then both nude girls climbed into the back seat.

Catherine always felt a little like royalty riding in the O'Brien's posh

convertible, the attention the nude passengers attracted added to this

illusion.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Suzy. On hearing Catherine's reason, she giggled

and suggested, "Well if we are royalty, we better wave or something." And she

started enthusiastically waving to any onlookers.

"No, no," laughed Catherine. Then she mimicked an upper-class British accent,

"royalty wave like this, don't you know?" She looked out very seriously and

waved very slowly, barely moving her hand.

Suzy giggled and copied her friend. The girls spent the rest of the short trip

laughing and waving to everyone as they passed. If any bystanders had failed

to notice the nude passengers as they rode by, the girls waving was enough to

attract their attention. Some people even waved back.

The convertible pulling caught the attention of the few boys lounging around

outside the Terrence Guilliam school dorm. By the time the girls had climbed

out of the car, many windows had leering boys hanging out and a large group

had spilled out of the main entrance to form a half-circle around the car.

Steve and Doug forced their way through the throng. The girls hugged their

dates and then they went to get into the car. Everyone wanted to get into the

back seat, so Catherine volunteered to ride in front and Suzy sat between the

two boys in the back.

Mr O'Brien dropped the teenagers off outside the cinema complex and left

saying he'd pick them up from there later.

"Look at those naked sluts, shameless." They heard one woman say from the

crowd.

"Wait for me in the lobby," said Doug and slipped through the crowd that was

forming at the entrance as people noticed the nude schoolgirls.

"Where's he gone?" asked Steve.

"I suggested that we don't all go buy the tickets," answered Suzy, "this way

we might have a chance at some privacy in the theatre."

Hearing this, Steve's face lit up. Catherine did not need to be a mind reader

to know what was going through his mind .

The crowd parted and followed the group into the lobby. Steve went to get them

all an ice cream, leaving the two nude girls standing alone.

Doug appeared soon after, "We're in the back of theatre 3," he said loudly and

then winked at Suzy. The girls noticed a few people leave the crowd and go

straight to the ticket booths.

When Steve appeared with four ice creams, they hurried to their theatre. The

entrance was quiet except for an usher, whose jaw dropped at the appearance of

the nude girls.

"Excuse me," said Doug noticing that the usher was likely to just stand

staring at the nude girls all night.

"Oh," said the usher, finally taking the tickets. "It's already started,

You're the back row on the right." He returned to staring at the girls, until

they had entered the theatre.

Catherine was not enjoying the movie. She actually wanted to watch it, but

Steve kept interrupting. It would not have been so bad if he just wanted to

cuddle and kiss, but he kept trying to touch her breasts and pussy. She

couldn't blame him, Suzy was encouraging Doug's advances and additionally had

him unzipped and throbbing in her hand. Catherine felt a little guilty at not

giving in to Steve, but the words of the woman in the lobby kept haunting her.

The woman had called her a slut, so had her mother in the letter she had

received this afternoon. Catherine knew her mother was angry with her getting

punished again.

"Pot calling the kettle black," she thought bitterly. Steve tried sliding his

hand back up her thigh, "Stop that," she whispered and slapped his hand.

Steve stood up and stormed out of the theatre.

Catherine sat and fumed. Steve did not return to his seat and after a while

Doug went to look for him. Doug eventually returned but said he couldn't find

Steve anywhere.

They were filing out of the theatre when Catherine saw Doug. He was coming out

another exit and beside him was a girl from school, Frankie. Catherine noticed

that Steve had dark red lipstick smeared on his lips, the same colour that

Frankie was wearing.

Catherine burst into tears and fled from the theatre onto the street. She

nearly missed seeing the O'Brien's car nearby, as tonight the roof was on. As

Catherine got in the back, Mr O'Brien asked her what the problem was, but she

was too distraught to reply.

Suzy and Doug eventually climbed into the car. Suzy told her father that Steve

was going to find his own way home. Mr O'Brien nodded his understanding and

they drove off.

They quickly dropped Doug back at his Dorm. Suzy didn't prolong her goodbye as

she didn't want to leave Catherine alone.

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Sat Apr 24, 2004 20:50

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Tonight for the first time since she had caught Catherine trying to sneak into

Suzy's room the night of the ball, Suzy's mother had allowed the two girls to

share a bedroom. They had moved the spare bed into Suzy's room for Catherine

to use.

While Catherine was in the bathroom, Suzy prepared her room. She pulled the

curtains open, with the bright moon shining in through the open windows the

room was nearly as bright as day.

She quietly pushed the spare bed beside her own and pulled the blankets off.

Catherine was still quiet when she came in, she sat on the bed and burst into

tears. Suzy sat beside her friend and put one and then both arms around her.

Catherine quietly sobbed into Suzy's shoulder, but the comfort of her dear

friend's embrace soon stopped her. It just felt so natural for their cuddle to

turn into an embrace, and just as natural when Suzy's face turned to hers and

the girlfriends started kissing.

With Suzy's lips on hers and the young brunettes skilled hands starting to

caress her body, Catherine felt her arousal growing. She soon started to run

her hands over Suzy's warm flesh and eventually discovered that her friend's

pussy was as wet as her own.

Catherine did not mind at all when Suzy moved her lips from her face onto

Catherine's firm breasts, sucking and biting them into new heights of

pleasure. When Suzy started slowly kissing down her stomach, Catherine had to

stop herself from pushing her head down faster. She felt Suzy's hot breath on

her soaking pussy and waited eagerly for the pleasure to start.

Suzy's breath was still hot between her thighs, but she was taking longer than

teasing anticipation would allow to start. Catherine opened her eye's not

realising they were shut and saw Suzy looking up at her with raw lust in her

eyes.

Just then Catherine felt a return of sanity. "No," she said quietly, though

she really wanted to scream, "Yes."

Suzy was disappointed, but saw the confusion in her friend's eyes. Reluctantly

she lifted her face from between Catherine's thighs

"I'm sorry," said Catherine quietly, she looked like she was about to burst

into tears again.

Suzy put a damp finger on Catherine's lips, "No need to explain."

"I'm just not ready for this yet," said Catherine, "though I do want to, you

know..."

"I want to too," said Suzy, "I'm so horny right now."

"Me too," said Catherine.

"I kind of noticed," said Suzy, then a cheeky look appeared in her eyes, "We

could..." One of her hands started sliding up Catherine's thigh.

"Better not," said Catherine, "We'd just get carried away again." Then she had

an idea, "You saw me this morning, it's only fair that I get to watch you

now."

Suzy briefly looked shocked at this suggestion, then grinned, "And just what

will you be doing while I'm um??"

Catherine didn't even bother answering her friend, she gently slipped from

their embrace and settled down the bed looking at Suzy through her parted

thighs.

The girls were quickly lost in ecstasy, seeing their own lust mirrored in the

others eyes and each imaginng that it was the others fingers, brought their

pleasure to new highs. They soon moaned together in climax, the first of

several before they finally curled up together in exhausted sleep.

"Told you," said Mr O'Brien to his wife. They were curled up in bed watching

what was happening in Suzy's room over the camera he had installed earlier

that day. Mrs O'Brien had claimed that Catherine had months before tried to

seduce Suzy, but Mr O'Brien had argued that of the two girls it was their

sweetly innocent looking daughter that was the aggressor. Unlike his wife, he

saw nothing wrong with the girls becoming lovers. He also knew that any

attempt by themselves to stop the girls would only make things worse. He

persuaded Mrs O'Brien into letting him hide their video camera in Suzy's room,

so that they would know for certain just what sort of relationship the two

girls had.

"Since you won our bet, I'll just have to give you your reward," said Mrs

O'Brien sliding down the bed.

Mr O'Brien lay back and watched the screen while he enjoyed his reward.

The other occupant of the house shuddered quietly to climax in unison with the

girls he was watching on his TV. It had been months ago when Anthony had by

accident found that the TV in his room could show what was being played on his

parent's bedroom video. He had secretly been watching their erotic selections

ever since. Tonight he had quite a surprise when rather than a hired video,

what was being shown was the action from in his sister's bedroom. He felt a

little guilty at his disappointment when Catherine turned down his sister's

seduction, but he quickly lost that at the girls next actions. He had been

infatuated with the lovely Catherine for months and the sight of her writhing

in pleasure beside his pretty sister was one that he would long remember.

Chapter 3 - part 1

Wed May 5, 2004 03:07

203.97.2.242

The Headmistress hurried through the schoolyard, it would not do to be late for the staff meeting. She noticed a couple of girls leaning against a building in the sun. The girls had their skirts lifted high on their thighs and their socks pulled down, shameless. Had she not been in such a hurry, she would have immediately punished these girls for such blatant disregard of the school uniform. She hurried on, around the corner were a group of girls this time, seniors all of them, some of them also had their skirts lifted as they lay in the sun. One of the girls had even removed her shoes and socks, she was lying face down and her skirt was lifted over her white knickers. The headmistress was livid, flagrant abuse of the Cronenberg uniform was an offence punishable by the most capital of punishments, complete nudity. She swore she would return as soon as the meeting was over and punish these girls.

She checked her watch just before she entered the staff-room. Only a few seconds more and she would have been late, good, that means that any teacher who is not already there will be punished. After the last meeting, she had threatened to strip any teacher who turned up late to any further meetings.

She opened the door and stepped in, the conversation in the room died at her entrance, so did any smiles when the teachers saw the look on her face. She looked around the room and quickly tallied the occupants, all present, good, except she would have liked to set an example of someone.

The Headmistress launched straight into her prepared agenda, no point wasting time on any pleasantries. The teachers caught her mood, there was little discussion or interruption during the meeting. The effect of this was that there were a few spare minutes at the end of the meeting. Since none of the teachers felt brave enough to volunteer when it came time for "any other business" the Headmistress brought up the subject that had caused her wrath.

"I've often seen girls relaxing in the sun," said Miss Coppoletta, the old art teacher was often a champion for the girls. "Since it is in their own time, I thought there was no harm."

There were a few murmurs of agreement, quickly silenced by the growing fury in the face of the Headmistress.

"There can be no excuse for abuse of the Cronenberg uniform," snapped the Headmistress. "I want this new trend stopped."

"I don't think it is a new trend," said Miss Johnson, the pretty brunette had been a pupil at Cronenberg a few years earlier, indeed she still looked young enough to be one of the pupils. "When I was a student it was quite common for the girls to sunbathe like that."

The Headmistress had now gone beyond anger, it was replaced by a threatening calm. "Well it is going to stop. Now!" she said ominously.

The tolling of the school bell announced the end of the lunch break, and the meeting. Unfortunately the girls who had been relaxing in the sun were gone by the time the Headmistress went outside to punish them, all the girls were now filing towards their classrooms. Across the courtyard she could see the tanned naked bottom of that unruly English girl, Catherine, disappear into a doorway. The Headmistress watched the nude schoolgirl noticing that she at least had her socks pulled up correctly, and smiled with the beginning of a plan to stop the behaviour that had so upset her.

Catherine had been feeling a little homesick lately. Today was a little worse than usual as it was a holiday at home - the Queen's birthday. It was an important event at home in England, but of course was not celebrated here. Suzy had suggested that they celebrate it anyway, so she had asked her parents if Catherine could come to their place for dinner. Catherine had suggested that she cook them all a traditional English dinner.

Catherine used to do a lot of cooking at home and she had learned one important thing about English food. It had a reputation as being bland and uninteresting, and when cooked using normal modern ingredients it certainly deserved this description. She needed to get some special ingredients if she could dispel the myths about English food.

During the afternoon break, she sought out a teacher whom she could often count on to escort her into town, Miss Copoletta the art teacher. Her last class of the day was art, so she might be able to go into town straight after class.

"Sorry dear," said Miss Copoletta, "I'm busy after school today. Your dinner is a lovely idea though. I might be able to find someone to help you though. Oh, there's Emily. She might help." She had spotted the young biology teacher walking by and rushed to intercept.

"I'd love to help," said Miss Johnson after they had explained Catherine's need, "actually I'm free now Catherine. What's your last class today?"

"Art miss," replied Catherine, "with Miss Copoletta."

"Would you mind if I took Catherine off your hands?" the young brunette asked her older colleague.

"Not at all Emily," the old woman replied, "Catherine is a rather talented artist, so she can afford to miss the odd class." She then grinned secretively and whispered, "I was going to get her to pose for a nude study this afternoon, but I guess that I will just have to volunteer someone else."

Catherine and Miss Johnson headed towards the car park discussing what Catherine needed. They saw Suzy walking towards them. Miss Johnson smiled as the two nude girls hugged. Catherine explained where they were headed.

"Wish I could come too," said Suzy, "but I've got history and there's no way Ms Carpenter will let me have that off."

"You couldn't come anyway," laughed the young teacher, "I've got Greg's car today and it wouldn't fit all three of us."

"Never mind," said Suzy. "Hey, Mum mentioned earlier that we could ask some more guests tonight. Would you and Mr Thorne like to come over for dinner too?"

"I'd love to," said the teacher, "I'll have to ask Greg, but I think he will want to come too."

They left Suzy and as they continued on their way, Miss Johnson took a tiny cell-phone from her handbag and punched a couple of numbers. She did not get through, but left a message to call her back.

As they reached the car park they walked towards a little green car.

"Oh, a spitfire!" Catherine squealed with delight, recognising the classic British car. "And it's British racing green too, how classy."

"Wrong side Catherine," said Miss Johnson, as the naked redhead approached the right-hand side of the car.

Catherine laughed at how quickly she had grown used to cars with the driver on the left. "Miss Johnson, it's a lovely day, can we take the roof off."

"Good idea Catherine," said the teacher. She was impressed that Catherine had not taken the opportunity to conceal her nudity while in the car.

They unclipped and folded back the hood and slipped into the low seats.

"Sure you don't want to get naked too?" Catherine jokingly asked the teacher.

"Tempting," said the pretty brunette with a grin, "I'll suggest it to Greg sometime."

The car started with a throaty rumble and they started to cruise out of the park. Before they reached the road they drove past the Cronenberg caretaker.

The old man waved and smiled. "Nice car," he said, "and a lovely day to be out for a drive. Would you like some sunscreen for the young lady?"

"No thank you," replied Catherine. She usually wore sunscreen to school, since she wore nothing else.

The caretaker was now standing too close to the car for the teacher to drive off safely. "Where are you two pretty ladies going so early?"

Miss Johnson explained where they were headed and they then discussed what they required.

"Lucky you stopped to talk to me," said the caretaker, "I can help you with the veggies. Drive around and meet me at my cottage at the other side of the school."

"Why don't you come with us," said Miss Johnson, "Catherine, hop out and you can sit on his knee."

The old man held the door open as Catherine climbed out, drinking in the view of the long-legged nude schoolgirl. He clambered into the low seat, his old joints protested a little at the effort. As Catherine slid back in, the grinning old man assisted her with a hand on her bottom.

Catherine sat with her back to the teacher on the caretaker's lap and her left arm around his neck. Due to the cramped leg space her legs were widely spread and he had a clear view between. She could feel a growing lump beneath one firm thigh. As the little car went over a bump her left breast hit the old man in the face, though he did not seem to mind. They continued to discuss Catherine's culinary plans, the old man was cackling with laughter at the names of the recipes the schoolgirl had planned, Spotted Dick and Toad in the Hole. Throughout the short drive the old mans hands wandered over the svelte body of the schoolgirl. He wasn't exactly groping her, as he avoided touching her breasts or pussy. Catherine recognised that where his fingers lingered were the very places that Miss Johnson had demonstrated on the girls during the sex-ed class last Wednesday as being often neglected erogenous zones. She almost regretted declining the caretaker's offer of applying sunscreen to her naked body, for the old man certainly knew what he was doing. The results of his caresses would have been quite obvious to the grinning old man, for not only was he frequently getting poked in the cheek with an erect nipple but the girls shaved pussy was now so wet that she was leaving a growing damp spot on his overalls.

Chapter 3 - part 2

Wed May 5, 2004 03:08

203.97.2.242

Fortunately the ride was short, the caretaker indicated where they were to park then lowered his head so that when they bumped over the driveway his face was engulfed by soft golden flesh. Catherine was shaking so bad, she slipped when getting out of the car. Again she had jostled the man's face with her bosom and to her dismay she had grabbed the nearest thing with her left hand, the large bulge that had recently been growing under her thigh. She leapt out and stood panting.

The teacher cleared her throat, hinting at something the girl had forgotten. Catherine then noticed the difficulty the old man was having getting out of the car. She stepped forward and helped him out. Of course, he steadied himself with his hand on her bottom. Catherine noticed that there was a large wet patch on the right leg of the old man's overalls.

They were led behind the small cottage, into the large vegetable garden. Catherine looked around in awe. Everywhere was the green of ripe healthy vegetables. Obviously the flair that made the schools rose-beds the envy of many gardeners was not limited to flowers. She was about to rush into the garden, but was stopped by a hand on her shoulder.

"Your shoes aren't suitable for gardening," said the old man.

He led her to the house and opened a small door off the porch and soon emerged holding two pairs of gum-boots. He then beckoned the young teacher to sit on a chair and then helped her out of her shoes, showing much more flexibility when kneeling than he had in the car. "Some of the girls sometimes give me a hand, so I have a few spare pairs of boots handy."

Once he had slowly slid a pair of boots on the feet of the teacher he asked her to get up and assisted her with a pat on the bottom. Catherine then sat in the chair, the caretaker lifted one foot and slipped off her shoe and then her sock. He had a clear view of her dripping pussy as he held her leg slightly raised. Once her footwear was removed from her other foot, Catherine realised that she now sat there completely nude. Even though her shoes did not cover anything important, she had grown used to wearing them and felt more naked at their loss. The old man took his time in replacing her footwear with the gum-boots, possibly he also realised the significance of their loss to the nude girl before him. On standing, her pussy was only inches from the old mans face. She turned to follow the teacher and he also patted her bare bottom.

On entry to the garden the old man appeared to have shed years off his age, his pride and joy briefly shared with his beautiful young companions.

Catherine was delighted by the quality of produce in the garden. She and the teacher both started picking peas, as she required a lot of them. The caretaker wandered around the garden calling out if they wanted this or that. He returned with a large basket brimming with goods, his wrinkled face beaming.

"I can't accept all of that," said Catherine, overwhelmed by the old mans generosity.

"Nonsense young lady," replied the caretaker, "besides, I can't put it back. Can I?"

Again the teacher was beckoned to sit on the chair, he slid the gum-boots off her feet. The caretaker turned on a tap and picked up the hose and again kneeled at the teachers feet. Suddenly he turned and directed a squirt of sun-warmed water at the nude girl standing beside him. She squealed with laughter, but made no effort to avoid the water. The caretaker then rinsed the teacher?s feet and rubbed them with his rough hands, he patted them dry with a towel and slid her shoes back on. Again he helped the teacher on the way with a pat on her shapely rump.

The caretaker picked up the hose and stood, looking at Catherine. The nude schoolgirl saw the cheeky look in his eyes, stepped out of the gum-boots and tossed them aside. The old man sprayed her and she rotated in the gentle flow. The water had cooled down now and felt very refreshing, soon her golden skin was puckered with tiny goose-bumps and her nipples had again hardened. The old man knelt at her feet and lifted and rubbed each of her feet. Standing, he again ran the water over Catherine's lithe body, then he turned off the water and returned with a towel. Catherine stood still as the old man slowly dried her. This time, though his hands wandered all over her firm flesh, his attentions did not seem to be sexual. Catherine felt refreshed and invigorated, as if she had just had a cool swim. The old man of course signalled that he had finished with a slap on her bottom.

The basket and two pails of peas only just fit in the boot of the little car. Catherine gave the old man a warm hug and a kiss on the cheek as thanks for his help. He opened the car door for each of the ladies and they were soon off with a wave.

They headed in towards the older section of town. Catherine was amused by the looks they were getting from passing motorists. Their thought processes were almost visible as they first noticed the unique little car, then looked at the pretty occupants, then noticed that one was naked. They spotted the shop that Catherine was looking for, fortunately there was a park right outside.

As they were getting out of the car, a large bus drove slowly past. Catherine looked up to see a row of Asian faces and cameras pointed in her direction. Unable to cover herself up or hide, she did the only other possible thing, she smiled and waved.

They entered the little shop, it catered to all things British. The walls were covered with maps and coats of arms, there were colourful splashes of tartan everywhere.

With a ding of the bell, the door of the shop opened and suddenly the shop was filled with Japanese tourists. They had obviously followed them in, as many had eyes only for the naked redhead. On an impulse, Catherine put on a tartan cap and posed for the video cameras pointed at her. She noted that soon after she had placed the cap back on the rack a tourist had claimed it to purchase. The teacher rolled her eyes as the nude girl danced around the shop among the tourists, trying on this and that. There was a honk of the bus horn outside and suddenly the tourists swamped the shopkeeper as they clamoured to quickly buy the items they had claimed from the nude schoolgirl. Again the door chimed and as quick as they had entered, the shop was quiet again.

"What can I do you lovely ladies for then?" asked the shopkeeper who had stepped out from behind the desk. Catherine recognised his East-end accent.

"Well," said Catherine, "the main thing I'm looking for is some treacle."

"Not hats and scarves and ties then?" said the shopkeeper with a stern face, but a wink to the teacher.

"I'm sorry," said Catherine, feeling guilty, "I was just..."

"Only kidding," laughed the shopkeeper, "feel free to try on anything you like. But was there anything in particular that you were wanting?"

"The main thing I am after is a tin of treacle," said Catherine.

The shopkeeper said, "Hmm, don't get much call for that But I might have something." He fetched a stepladder and climbed it to rummage through the items on a high shelf. He found a tin and descended the ladder and handed the tin to the nude schoolgirl with a bow.

Catherine paled when she saw the price. And then she noticed that it was in Pounds, half again as expensive. "Oh."

"Don't worry about the price," said the shopkeeper, "you can have it for free."

"I couldn't do that," said Catherine.

"Sweetheart, I'd give a pretty girl like you a discount anytime, and you're a Brit so I wouldn't rip you off like I do everyone else. Come in here starkers and you can have it for free."

"But..." Catherine started to object.

"Also," he continued, "I've just made more in five minutes than I usually do in a week. I saw what you were doing with the nips before, so I owe you one. What do you want the treacle for anyway?"

"Well since it's the Queen's birthday, I'm cooking a dinner for some friends, and..."

"The Queen's birthday? Blimey, I clean forgot. Well that settles it then, I can't sell you the treacle ?cos the shop's closed." He stepped to the door and flipped the sign. "Now before I hit the pub, is there anything else you need."

"Well, I'm making, um, Toad in the hole and spotted dick."

"Good choice Luv, they're favourites of mine too." Then he dropped his voice to a conspiratory whisper, "person'ly though, I?d?ve pick those just 'cos they sound rude."

They discussed what else she needed, and he was able to supply most of the items. Only the sausages he didn't have.

"I know just the place though, me bruvver in law has a butchers, couple a blocks away." He then rattled off some directions. "You walking or driving?"

"Our car is just outside," said the teacher, who had been quiet until now.

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"Cor, lov?ly motor," said the shopkeeper as they stepped outside. "But there's only room for two in there so..."

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"Hi 'Enry," said George, "I'd like you to meet Emily and Catherine."

"Nice to meet you, " said Henry, "I won?t shake your 'and, 'cos I've got blood all over mine."

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"Hey what are you doing, it's still early?" said Henry.

"You are closed for the day Henry," replied George. "This young lady has just reminded me that today is the Queen's Birfd?y, so we are off down the rub-a-dub as soon as you've served her."

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