**Life in Hawaii Ch. 00**

**by** [Sanialus](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1083366&page=submissions)

**Chapter 0: Departure**  
  
Kat was looking forward to today. She was finally leaving for her new job in Hawaii; She had packed last night and all that was left was to shower, dress, and leave. As she pulled off her top, she wondered what Hawaii would be like. Similar to the Hollywood image, complete with palm trees and year round warm weather, or more like most of the world, replete with normality? She dropped the line of thought as she took off her panties.   
  
Kat, born Catherine Elizabeth Gladwell, thought these and other thoughts as she let the steaming water caress her huge boobs. She often regretted her twin assets, as she felt they distracted from the rest of her stunning curves and luscious blond locks. However, these same looming peaks were currently garnering the most of her attention, as she lathered them thoroughly, only half for the cleanliness. While she pulled and twisted, rubbed and fondled, she considered finishing herself off; however, she suddenly jolted to her feet as she heard the doorbell ringing downstairs. *Shoot,* she thought, *is the taxi here already?*. She snapped off the water and raced downstairs, pausing only to grab a towel to cover her blatant nudity (not that she thought that the driver would mind, although her neighbor might, and she didn't want to gratify her neighbor's 18 year old son with a glimpse of her stunning nakedness).  
  
As she hit the first floor running, Kat realized her 'towel' was little more than a dishcloth. *Ah well, nothing to for it do now*. She opened the door. The taxi driver's jaw immediately dropped at the probably-illegal amount of skin she was showing. Blushing, she glanced down: the towel barely covered her nipples, and, if she hadn't been shaved clean, would have almost certainly left her blond pussy hair on display as well. She mumbled, "I'll just get my things...".  
  
"Nonsense! let me, please." The driver replied. Without waiting for a response, he walked in and grabbed a duffel, scoring an excellent view of her uncovered buns as as he passed and glanced back. Stammering, she rushed upstairs to get dressed. Slipping into the first pair of underwear she could find, a white thong that all but disappeared between in her butt, she began to pull on a white sundress when she heard a voice from behind, "You know, you really would look better in this..."  
  
Gasping and clutching her dress over her mountainous orbs, she whipped around to see her neighbor's 18 year old son standing in the doorway holding the sheerest negligee she owned. Astonished at his brazenness, she retreated into her walk-in closet, making sure to lock the door this time. As she pulled a bra over her godlike breasts, she realized that it was too small. *Damn, are my boobs still getting bigger? This was my favorite bra...*. Just as she threw the too-small bra to the floor, she beard another click, as that pervert opened the closet door! A nearly inaudible "Whoa.." echoed through the air between them as he beheld her gorgeous tits in all their unrestrained glory. Slamming the door in his face, she realized that the lock had been broken for a week and that the repairman had not yet come. She leaned on the door while she dressed, ensuring that he could gain no entry.  
  
As she stepped out of the closet, she dashed to the phone, dialing the kid's mother. Seeing what Kat was doing, he weighed his odds; having decided, he dived forward and dragged off her dress, leaving her in just a barely-there thong. Too shocked to react, she dropped the phone on the bed as he yanked her panties down. "Hello?" the phone sounded tinnily. As if in greeting, Kat moaned lustfully as the boy plunged a finger into her now-wet pussy, simultaneously reaching up to suck on a nipple. "Johnny! Stop!" she cried out as he set his other hand massaging her clit. "Johnny? Kat? I'm coming over this instant!"  
  
His mother was fast, and lived next door, but Johnny was faster. In response to his furious fingering, Kat had stopped fighting just lay there enjoying the wonderful sensations coming from her soaking wet pussy. Just then, his mother angrily stormed into the room, and grabbed Johnny by the collar. Slapping him, she began to drag him out. As he left, he saw Kat winking at him, promising more wonders to come...  
  
"Well, that was certainly a good note to leave on. I feel a little mean for getting him in such trouble... and for hinting, heehee." With this, Kat dressed again and departed for the airport.

**Life in Hawaii Ch. 01**

**by** [Sanialus](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1083366&page=submissions)

**Chapter 1: Plane**  
  
As she hopped into the taxi, she reflected about the events of previous minutes. Since she was leaving for a good long while, she decided she might as well go out with a bang. Thus, as she hopped out of the taxi at the airport, she yanked down her thong and threw them as a tip to her mostly chivalrous driver. Blowing a kiss, she picked up her bags, ready for check-in. Little did she know, the door had caught the tip of her dress, and, as the car drove away, tore most of her dress off, and sped away, leaving her with barely six inches of fabric. She was left standing on the side in a now-near-illegally-short skirt, with no panties. With a sigh, she continued onward, figuring she could buy a new dress in the terminal shops.  
  
Little did she know, most of the airport security team was out today with the flu; those few that remained were all male. She removed her shoes, probably flashing the rest of the line a few times. As she stepped through the metal detector, she heard the dreaded "ma'am, would you please come with us?". Not wanting to miss her plane, she did not protest, instead following them behind a screen. Immediately, a stocky guard began a pat down search; however, he seemed very focused on her breasts, and the general nipple area. A few more guards walked over, ostensibly to help with the search, but they had other ideas in mind. One began to thoroughly 'search' her ass cheeks; the other made her jump when he reached under her skirt and cupped her now-sopping pussy. As she moaned with delight, a fourth removed her tattered dress and threw it aside; murmurs arose from nearby travelers upon seeing this article of clothing fly out. As she sank to the floor in ecstasy, a fifth and sixth guard came over to see what the hubbub was. They quickly joined in the mauling of Kat's body. She writhed in exquisite pleasure on the carpet.  
  
20 minutes later, after recovering from her very exceptional searching, she dashed out to retrieve her dress. After dressing, she walked demurely to the back of the line; it was no use, as all eyes were inevitably on her disheveled state. To her horror, she realized that the screen was back lit, and that you could see everything that went on! Even worse, a security line had formed behind the screen! Not only was she just denuded and fondled by six strangers, hundreds more watched it happen! Hanging her head in shame, she was glad she had no living relatives anywhere near there.  
  
As she boarded the plane, she was overjoyed that she was out: she would never have to live down the embarrassment of talking to anyone from that town again. However, as she sat down, she saw one of her old high school boyfriends, serving drinks. She tried to duck, but had nowhere to hide, wedged in between two older men. He had seen her.  
  
If she remembered correctly, they had broken up badly; she hoped he still didn't hold a grudge. He approached: "Well hello there, Kat! That was quite a show you put on back there in security..."   
  
One of the men next to her asked, "What happened?"  
  
"Kat here went aside with about six security guards and, in front of everyone, stripped bare, and bared those titanic melons of hers to them. They clearly accepted her invitation, and really went to town on her! You could probably hear her screams from across the terminal. I'll bet she enjoyed every minute of it though, didn't ya, Kat?"  
  
"That wasn't how that happened at at all!"  
  
"Wooh boy, sounds like we missed quite the event, eh Edgar?"  
  
"For sure!"  
  
"Not quite! I'm certain I saw a news camera there, and they'll play that footage for sure on tonights segment! This plane can probably play it on the screens."  
  
On cue, several large, hi def tvs slowly lowered; All eyes again watched, from the perfect vantage point, as she received orgasm after orgasm. Exhausted, Kat fell asleep as her own loud moans and piercing cries echoing through the plane.   
  
As she drifted into sleep, she heard the two men conversing; she was too exhausted to care. She should have. Soon after, men began giggling and implemented their plan. They, ever so softly, removed her blanket. She shivered slightly; her nipples stood out like erasers beneath the thin dress. They stealthily shifted her top to be a little more revealing, moved her skirt down a little. In short order, they had exposed her hard nipples and full bosom for all to see once more. About two hours after they had started, they had worked her tattered clothing down to her ankles, leaving her naked for their feasting eyes. One wordlessly handed the other a 20 dollar bill as they began lecherously exploring her body.  
  
A young women across the aisle gave Kat dirty looks as her husband stared, mouth agape, at Kat's perfect figure. The intensity of these glares did not decrease as the two men began to rub her nipples, and to delicately probe her shaved pussy.   
  
An hour later, well into the flight, Kat woke up, feeling somewhat cold, to a voice asking her whether she would like a drink. She sleepily mumbled, "coke...", and rubbed her eyes. It was then that she felt the soft fabric nestled around her feet, the wet spot on the seat under her. She glanced down, shockingly realizing that she was bare-assed naked! She looked around once more, noticing that the two men were both gone, and that her old boyfriend was pouring her a coke. Watching her massive cans instead of his hand, he mistakenly set the cup down on the edge of the tray. It fell, and spilled it all over her dress. She nearly jumped to her feet, ready to explode at him, but thought better of it due to her nudity. She glared at him icily as he moved on, sniggering.  
  
Kat looked around for something to cover herself with, besides her soaked dress. For some reason, there were no blankets nearby; she figured it was her ex- that did it. Looking behind her, she saw the two old men approaching down the aisles. She panicked, and quickly threw on her drenched dress. Kat instantly regretted it, as her meager white dress was now almost wholly transparent. Her erect nipples were clearly visible, and her pussy lips were practically on display.   
  
The men sat down, "My my, what have we here, Miss Kat?"  
  
"Erm... Um... I don't suppose either of you gentlemen would have a blanket or some spare clothes?" "No, sorry. You could ask the flight attendant, though." With this, he pushed the call button, and within a few minutes her ex-boyfriend was there. She stammered, "Um... Can I get a few spare blankets, please?"  
  
He replied, "We're out, sorry. I think the captain has a spare outfit; he was visiting his wife or something. You could ask him... Just walk to the front of the plane and knock!"  
  
She decided to try it. After all, she didn't want to show up in Hawaii in *this* getup. Blushing furiously, she rose and pushed past the man to her left. He quickly squeezed her ass as she did so, making her yelp. Even more people looked over, lured by her cry and entranced by her stunning appearance. As she passed the first pair of people flanking the aisle, both gave her a light slap on the ass. To her horror, the next two continued this, lingering slightly longer with their hands on her luscious bottom. *Why on earth did I get a seat all the way in the back...*, she thought forlornly. About halfway through coach, some wise guy decided to grope her boobs as she passed as well. Soon she was pushing through a wall of groping paws, all trying to get under her dress. By the time she had gotten to the captain's cabin, her dress had been pulled off her fleshy slopes, and pushed up over her hips, leaving her fully exposed once more.  
  
She knocked. The door swung open, and she dashed to the welcoming refuge, eager to get away from the rest of the passengers. She saw the captain, a middle aged, handsome man, and his younger copilot; both were sitting speechless at her heaving temples of flesh. She blushed once more, again embarrassed by her state of undress. "Er, hi... I was told you might have a spare set of clothes? As you can see, I'm somewhat in need..." Kat asked.  
  
The captain responded, "Well, I do... But it might not be quite what you're looking for..."  
  
"Anything! I'll take it!"  
  
With this, the captain reached into a nearby bag and pulled out one of the most ridiculous outfits Kat had ever seen. It was comprised of two pieces; the first was essentially a long loincloth, tied with something akin to fishing line, with nothing to cover her bottom. The top was debatably a bikini, except that the only fabric was the merest squares of cloth designed to cover the nipples; It had matching near-invisible ties. Agog at how anyone could wear such a thing, Kat nearly decided to keep her current dress. However, as she didn't want the journey, and the trip back, to have been in vain accepted the outfit. The captain honorably turned around, and, after a few strategic coughs, so did the copilot. She quickly removed her wet dress, donning and tying the two piece. It was only slightly better than her previous dress. This somewhat covered her pussy and nipples; however, it left her ass and most of her areolas completely exposed. It also displayed her pussy if she so much as moved her legs at all.  
  
Her return and new outfit was met with a standing ovation as she emerged. As she walked down the aisles, the passengers were much less mob-like: they each gave her tits a quick grope, a light slap on the ass, and let her by unimpeded. As she again squeezed by the man next to her seat, she passed butt-towards him, not wanting to display her pussy in all it's shaven glory as her loincloth shifted. Faced with Kat's exceptionally perfect, and essentially naked, ass so close, the man could not help but reach out. His enthusiastic mauling of her buttocks pushed her forward; she almost tripped over the seat in front of her. She managed to push him off and sat down, glaring at him. The rest of the ride was mostly uneventful, aside from her eternal vigilance against the pairs of groping hands that kept trying to cop a feel before they landed.  
  
Finally, the plane touched down. She had not slept well, being constantly awoken by fingers invading her pussy and squeezing her massive tits. One of the men had gone to the bathroom a few times, which gave passerby the chance to sit down and quickly feel up Kat. By the time she landed, she seemed to have garnered somewhat of a celebrity status: as she left, everyone would permit her to squeeze by. This, however, also gave them a last chance to feel her nearly nude form. She gave them that, and did not even try to fight the many hands grasping at her various exposed areas.   
  
Once out, she walked briskly, quickly snagging her luggage without further mishaps. She was finally in Hawaii!

# Life in Hawaii Ch. 02

After Kat grabbed her luggage, she went to change out of her ridiculous outfit. She donned some more sensible clothes, a t-shirt and some shorts. She went to look for her escort. The school was supposed to have sent someone to take her to her new house. After she looked around, she saw her name being held up by two apparent students, a boy and a girl. Kat walked over to them, smiling warmly. greeting the two with a wave. "You're Ms. Kat?" the boy asked.  
  
"I am indeed. You two are from Grant High?" she responded.  
  
"Yup, we are. Follow us, we'll take you to your apartment."  
  
They left to the curb, where they hailed a taxi, and the girl hopped in. The boy ushered her in, and then got in himself. Although he was probably just being chivalrous, this meant that her huge breasts were pressed against both students in the cramped taxi.   
  
Eventually they arrived, and the girl paid off the taxi. During the ride, she had introduced herself as Jo; she had long, waist-length black hair, large DD breasts, and a great tan. She was very toned as well.   
  
The boy was Riley. He was pale and somewhat geeky, although handsome. He had brown hair, and was about 5'8". They were both seniors.  
  
"I think we'll be living together." Riley said.  
  
"What?" Kat asked quizzically.  
  
"Well, the school usually assigns new students to live with a teacher, or new teachers to live with a student. That way the new person has a guide to the area and to the school to learn from. The principal said that you'd be staying with me."   
  
"Uhh... Thanks, I guess." Kat replied.  
  
Privately, however, she was dreading living with an 18 year old boy. It sounded like torture.  
  
They eventually arrived. Jo and Riley hopped out, and Kat followed. They each grabbed a bag, and headed up the apartment stairs. They each took a suitcase up.  
  
The apartment was very nice. It had a kitchen as you walked in, which opened to the living room with a few couches and a TV. A hallway led to the two rooms, and a bathroom was at the end of the hall. The complex had a pool and hot tub in the back.  
  
Kat had the larger of the two rooms, and she went in and began to unpack. She put her clothes away, and went to put her cosmetics in the bathroom. Kat and the two kids sat down to watch some tv, and spent the rest of the day on the couch. Kat decided to crash early, since she was quite tired from her trip over. She changed into some pajamas, and went to bed.   
  
"Kat, are you awake?" Riley whispered through the open door into Kat's room. It was about 11 o'clock, and Jo had gone home already. "Kat... Miss Kat...?" Riley said a little louder. She didn't respond, and continued snoring lightly. "Kat!" he half-shouted. She kept on sleeping. Riley grinned gleefully, *I love heavy sleepers*, he thought.  
  
He walked over to her side of the bed, and slowly pulled the covers off of Kat. The hot teacher was wearing a fairly demure pair of pajamas. They consisted of a flannel shirt and some boxers.  
  
Riley slowly reached out, and delicately began to push the hem of the shirt up Kat's torso. As he got to the bottom of her breasts, Kat gave a light toss, and he nearly jumped out of his skin. However, she settled back down again, and Riley pushed her shirt all the way to her neck. He gasped in wonder at his new teacher's amazing boobs. Reaching out slowly, he almost touched them; however, he stopped himself, not wanting to wake her. Instead, he lightly poked her in the belly. As Kat didn't even twitch, he tried again, a little harder. After a few more tries, he felt confident enough that she wouldn't wake up.*Damn, she is one****heavy****sleeper...* he thought.  
  
He finally caved to his lusts, and settled his hands on her huge boobs. *God, these are great. I must be the luckiest kid in school.* He played with her breasts for a few minutes, after which he pinched her nipples. Evidently, he pinched them a little too hard, and she flipped over in the bed. Apparently bothered by her shirt, which was hung around her neck, she subconsciously pulled it off. Startled by her sudden movement, Riley backed off. He grabbed her pajama shirt and hung it up, and then went back to his room.  
  
Kat woke up to the sound of Riley shouting from down the hall. "Kat! Wake up! We'll be late on your first day!"  
  
She sat up in bed, and gave a long, drawn out yawn to the waking world. She'd been having a very erotic dream, although she couldn't remember about what. Suddenly, the hot teacher noticed that she didn't have a top on! Looking around, she saw that it was hung up in the closet. *I'm sure I put that on before I went to bed... What happened? I guess I was just more tired than I thought from the plane trip over...* she reasoned.  
  
Getting out of bed, she walked over to her dresser and got out a bra. After putting it on, she was walking over to the closet to get a shirt when Riley's head poked through the door, and said "Ooh, nice outfit! I think your students will definitely approve. Anyway breakfast is ready!"  
  
"Riley! Get out of here!" she shouted at him.  
  
*Kids these days...* she reflected. Kat walked over to the closet and picked out a fairly conservative polo shirt. She changed her boxers for one of her favorite thongs, and a miniskirt that went to her upper thighs.   
  
She didn't want to show too much skin, but had no choice. Kat hadn't bought any of her own clothes since her senior year in high school: boyfriends and hopeful wooers had given her all of her current set of clothes as gifts. Consequently, she owned nothing but thongs and revealing skirts. At least she was teaching all seniors!  
  
They ate breakfast, and Kat headed out to her first day as a teacher...  
  
Her first period was English. She had planned for all of her classes to just hand out the necessary forms, and then jump into teaching, so this is what she did. She was writing the booklist on the board when she ran out of room and started from the top. Standing on her tip-toes, she continued writing on the blackboard, before she heard numerous giggles behind her. Snapping back down to her feet, she realized that by stretching to write at the top of the board, she had probably shown her class half of her ass. *Great. Now they think I'm a total slut,* she thought, annoyed at herself.  
  
Her next period was World History. She started lecturing, and paced around the room. About halfway through the class, she sat up onto her desk, and continued lecturing. It was only after the class, when she hopped down, that she realized why the students didn't seem engaged. She had been sitting at about eye level, with her legs spread. She had given her whole class a good, long look at her white panty-covered crotch! She blushed hotly from the embarrassment. *Well, my first day isn't going very well at all... I'll be fired by the end of the week!* the sexy teacher thought to herself.  
  
Kat's next period was gym. She left her room, and walked to the bottom floor, where the locker rooms were. No one had given her a separate gym uniform or anything, so she figured she'd just go in her current outfit. She walked up to the gym, and waited for her students to get there. After they arrived, Kat figured she'd try to make this class fun. After a quick headcount, she announced that they'd be playing touch football, girls vs boys, as they had even numbers; they all headed out to the field. She oversaw the game, making sure it didn't get too rough, for about ten minutes, before another teacher came in and asked one of the girls to come with him. As the teams were now uneven, Kat jumped in on the girls team. She was actually having fun, as the game moved pretty fast. A girl on her team threw her the football, and she began sprinting for the touchdown line. Suddenly, a boy, racing after her, dived. Throwing out his arms, he tried to tag her. However, his hands landed right above his sexy teacher's ass. His fingers caught in the waistband of her miniskirt, and, as he fell, he dragged her skirt down with him. As it reached her knees, Kat tripped, and fell to the ground.  
  
She turned beet red from the unintentional exposure. All the male students were crowding around, staring at their teacher's tanned butt, which was only covered by her thong. She hurriedly tried to stand up, but tripped again, as she hadn't pulled her skirt up yet. She yanked it up, and stumbled to her feet. She pushed out of the throng of students, and tried to regain her dignity. After a few seconds, she felt calm enough to continue the game, which the girls were winning. After a few minutes, the girl who had been called out returned, and replaced Kat in the game.  
  
Next up, she had a gymnastics class. She went to the sub-gym, which had all of the gymnastic equipment as well as the weights, and waited for her class. After they arrived, she introduced herself, and got started with some warm ups. Kat started them off with some simple jumping jacks. However, as she was doing them, she realized from the boys' gazes that her skirt was bouncing up, and her panties were showing again. She began to blush. *Wow, today really isn't my day... I really need some better clothes for this job,* she thought. Finishing the jumping jacks, she tried to think of some gymnastics stretches and warm ups that *wouldn't* be revealing, but couldn't bring any to mind. She just decided to give up, and not worry about the exposure to this class. After all, there wasn't much she could do. Next, Kat went with the classic touch-your-toes stretch, and proceeded to show off her ass to the class. They were quite enthralled. She decided to call it quits after that, and get to the real gymnastics.   
  
Kat began with simple cartwheels. She spent the rest of the period leading them on how to do correct cartwheels; they seemed to ask her to demonstrate a lot, which Kat figured was more because she flashed her thong every time she did a cartwheel than because they didn't understand it.  
  
Kat would get a break next period from her unwanted exhibitionism: it was lunch. She decided to go for the spaghetti, and got in line with the students. She idly chatted with a few near her, wishing the queue would hurry up. Eventually, they got to the front, and Kat was served a steaming plateful of spaghetti and tomato sauce. However, as she was walking into the teacher's lunch room, she ran into the vice principle.  
  
He came around the corner and barreled into her, knocking her tray out of her hands. The whole plate of pasta landed right on her shirt. Kat rushed into the adjacent teacher's bathroom and whipped off her shirt, hoping it wouldn't stain if she got it under water fast enough. A few seconds later, the vice principle hurriedly followed her in, apologizing profusely. He was stunned into silence when he saw that Kat was standing there in just a bra. Stuttering a little, he asked if there was anything he could do. After she hastily declined, he continued to stand there making small talk. *Damn lecherous man just won't leave,* Kat thought to herself. Eventually her shirt was as saved as she could get it, and she tugged it back on over her boobs. Glaring at the vice principle, she walked out, and got back in line for food. The rest of lunch passed uneventfully, although she was more careful about knocking into people this time.  
  
Next, Kat had chemistry. After she introduced herself, she put on the generic chemistry safety video, turned down the lights, and let the students watch. It took up most of the period, and so she decided to do a demonstration with the rest of the time. She got some hydrochloric acid from the cabinet, and some water. She was demonstrating to her class that acid should be added to water, not the other way around. She put on her face shield, put some acid in the beaker, and poured the water in. It spat out, most of it landing on her face mask. However, what she hadn't counted on, was that it also got on her shirt, and started eating away at it. She backed up hurriedly, and whipped off her shirt. It was probably ruined. As she turned red from the embarrassment of being in front of her class in a bra, she said, "And that, class, is why you always add acid to water."  
  
She just had one class to go before her day was over. However, she had to teach it in a bra. It was just a normal English class; Kat introduced herself, passed out the book list, and lectured for the rest of the period. No one seemed to be paying her much attention: they were all staring at her boobs instead. About halfway through, a student got up to sharpen his pencil. On the way back, as he was passing by Kat, who was pacing while she talked, he tried to grab her butt. However, enthralled as he was, he tripped them both up. His hand caught on her skirt, and pulled it up, far past her thong. Kat landed on top, and felt two hands groping her ass. Just then, the principle walked in, to see Kat, just wearing a thong and a bra, laying on one of her students in the middle of class. "Oh, I can see you're busy. I'll give you your gym uniform later," he said, as he turned and left. Glaring at the boy, Kat got up, and the boy returned to his seat.   
  
"How'd you first day go?" Riley asked as they got into the car.  
  
"Terrible. I think I flashed about every class I had!" she responded glumly.  
  
"Hey, sounds like a good day for your students! You'll be the most popular teacher in no time," he laughed.

***Life in Hawaii Ch. 03***

Kat got to work only to find the principle waiting for her. "Ah, Kat! Your gym uniform is in!" he said as he pulled it out of his bag.  
  
It was completely ridiculous. A navy blue thong, with a picture of the school mascot on it, and a microskirt that was only a few inches long. Consequently, most of her ass was left showing, and the picture on the thong was clearly visible. The top was a standard sports jersey, except that it was trimmed to be exceedingly short. Kat wasn't sure that it would even cover her nipples! "I know, it seems ridiculous. But it's what the staff voted on for the female uniform! I'll check in later, see how it looks on you."  
  
Kat was already dreading her two PE periods.  
  
When the time came, Kat changed into her dreadfully exposing outfit. The top *did* cover her nipples, but just barely. The bottom of her aeriolae were showing. When she walked upstairs to the gym, a bunch of the guys wolf-whistled at her. After her first class, most of the girls transferred out, and a lot of guys transferred in. Both of her gym classes were now about 40 boys each.  
  
Kat checked her schedule, and realized, to her chagrin, that it was wrestling day! She took her class over to the wrestling room, and got started. She tried to guide a few of them through some basic holds, but they weren't getting it. "Miss Kat, can't you just show us?" one asked. She had been dreading this.  
  
"Um... I guess... If you really need me to, that is.." Kat responded.  
  
She got down on the mat with one of them. She was demonstrating a bear hug, which should have been quite obvious, but they were asking for help anyway. She came up behind one young man, and grappled him from behind, tightly wrapping her arms around his torso. She could feel her big tits mashing into his back; she felt her shirt ride up, and her nipples were pressing into his back. "There, it's that easy," Kat said as she let go. She tried to quickly pull her shirt down as she let go, but a few students saw her nipples and giggled. She glared at them.  
  
Kat then organized some tag-team practice. She set up the students in teams of two, and set them against each other. However, by the end, there were only three guys left. She was just going to tell them to observe the others, and learn, but one begged her to be on his team so that they could wrestle. Ever the good teacher, Kat agreed.  
  
The student was up first. However, he soon got pinned, and tagged Kat in. She started wrestling the boy, but he soon had her pinned too. He was straddling her waist, and held down her arms with his. Her big boobs were rubbing up against his chest. He had her pinned well.  
  
Kat toe-tagged in her student. He came around behind the guy who had her pinned, and Kat thought he was going for a bear hug, as they were supposed to be practicing. Instead of grabbing Kat's pinner when he reached his arms around, he grabbed her boobs instead! The student pushed her top up past her heavenly globes and grabbed them in his hands. The third student, who was partnered against her, also came in, and grabbed her tit.   
  
So now she had one student sitting on her belly and holding her arms down while two more squeezed her exposed tits. The whole class had a great view of her boobs, and most of them had stopped wrestling. Kat had to figure some way out of this, before the whole class came over to grope her tits. She'd be the ridicule of the school!  
  
Then, the sexy teacher had an idea. Her school walkie-talkie was only a few feet away, on the side of the wrestling mat. If she could only reach over and grab it, she could call security in to haul the students off of her. However, both of her arms were pinned!  
  
She decided to use some of her gymnastics skills. As the boy was sitting on her hips, her legs were free. She reached them up, and put her feet around his shoulders. She wrenched him off, onto the floor in between her legs. Now that her arms were free, she tossed the two boy's hands off of her tits, and crawled over to her walkie-talkie. By this time, the boy who had pinned her was back up, and moving over to Kat. She pressed the walkie-talkie's button down just in time to shout, "I need Officer Jones to the wrestling room immediately!" before the student got to her, and grabbed her hands. She was sitting on her knees, leaning forward, with her ass thrust into the air. Her skirt covered just about nothing, nor did the thong she had under it, so her butt was totally exposed to all her students. Another student came up from behind, and started kneading her ass cheeks.  
  
Just then, Officer Jones walked into the room. He was a slightly portly, 40 year old white guy who had worked for the school for years. He was known for his harsh punishments, and, seeing him, the students quickly backed away from Kat. Taking a glance around, he walked over to Kat, and helped her to her feet. Kat pulled her top down once again, for what small modesty it provided. The bottom half of her boobs were still hanging out, and her ass was still clearly visible beneath the insanely short skirt. "You boys go down to the locker room, and get ready for your next period." he said.  
  
With that, they cleared out, and he led Kat down to the women's locker room to await her gymnastics class...  
  
When Kat's gymnastics class came out of the locker room to find her dressed so revealingly, they were floored. Not only did they have the hottest teacher in the school, but she was dressed like a total slut! They followed close behind her when she walked to the gymnastics equipment, no doubt staring at her ass.  
  
Kat was dreading this class. Gymnastics was full of jumped, flipping, and cartwheeling, all of which would probably make her tits pop out of her tight shirt at the slightest movement. Kat decided she'd try and preserve her modesty this time, and just instruct the students without demonstrating. However, just as she decided to do so, the principle walked in! He smiled at her, and stood on the side lines, observing.  
  
Kat, however, certainly wasn't in the mood to put on a show for him beyond what she was wearing. She began talking the kids through how to do a cartwheel.  
  
Soon enough, after making a bunch of mistakes, one of the kids spoke up, "I'm not really getting this, Miss Kat. Maybe it would be better if you showed us how to do it?"  
  
*Wiseass*, she thought to herself. "I'm afraid I can't do that today," she replied.  
  
However, the principle then spoke up. "Why don't you show them, Kat? I think it would be a much more effective lesson."  
  
Kat, of course, didn't want to comply. However, he paid her salary and her rent, so she didn't have much of a choice. Kat walked onto the mat, and, reluctantly, did a cartwheel. As she expected, her boobs popped right out of the top, fully exposing her wonderful melons to the class. She quickly pulled it back down, but not before they got a good view.  
  
After that, the students were constantly asking her to demonstrate again. She complied, under the gaze of the principle, giving them more views of her great tits. Eventually, she got tired of their shenanigans, and said, "All right, this is ridiculous. I think that's quite enough demonstrations."  
  
However, one of the students said, "Aww, but they were really helpful!"  
  
Kat replied angrily, "My breasts keep falling out! I can barely do a cartwheel like this..."  
  
One of the students raised his hand, and said, "I know! Why don't you just take your top *off*, so you don't need to worry about it?"  
  
Kat was mortified at the thought, and flat refused. However, the principle spoke up once again, saying, "I think that's a great idea! After all, then you could instruct the students without worrying about your massive titties popping out."  
  
Kat argued back, "But then my 'massive titties' will already be out!"  
  
"So what? Those big melons have been on display for probably half the class, it's not something your students haven't seen yet."  
  
"But... But... But I'm a teacher! What will the students think if I just leave my breasts on display for them to ogle at? It's not right!"  
  
One of the students piped up, "We'd be fine with it! Like the principle said, we've been watching your big tits bounce around all class. I'm sure no one would object to seeing a bit more of them!"  
  
She shot back, "This is between the principle and me, thank you."  
  
The principle, however, replied, "See? They wouldn't mind a bit! Anyway, you have my express permission to teach topless around here. Even bottomless, if you like. I know I, for one, wouldn't be averse to seeing your tight ass *or* your huge knockers!"  
  
Kat could see she wasn't winning this argument, and that the principle just wanted to see her breasts. Extremely reluctantly, she slowly pulled the top over her boobs, letting them fall freely to gravity. She turned beet red with embarrassment. At the students' urging, she did a cartwheel. To her surprise, it was easier! She wasn't worried about her top falling off, and she could focus more on her form than her outfit. However, she was still leery about having to teach topless.   
  
Eventually, the end of the lesson came, and she quickly put her top back on, before the next period arrived, and walked back down to the locker room to change back into her regular outfit.

**Life in Hawaii Ch. 04**

Kat's day began as any other workday would have. Her alarm clock started to ring, and gradually got louder until she got up. Eventually, the pillow over her head couldn't drown it out anymore, and she walked across the room sleepily and offed the pesky thing. *A shower, or coffee...?* Kat silently debated. Choosing the shower, as it felt much better and she had time, she trudged to the bathroom in the hall.   
  
The bathroom in their apartment was open to the hallway. You couldn't see the toilet from the outside the doorway, and the shower had a frosted glass door, which afforded a little privacy.   
  
Thus, when Kat saw the blurred form of Riley getting out of bed, she tried to hurry it up. However, she had only been showering for a few minutes, and hadn't even started washing her luxurious auburn hair. Kat saw him slinking up to the shower door, pretending to just be wandering around while he brushed his teeth, all the while just looking for a better view. He was most likely getting one, considering he was almost two feet away from the shower door. She turned her back to him, hiding her shaven pussy and huge breasts, and shouted, "Riley! Stop that, and go make breakfast!"  
  
She saw Riley moving into the kitchen, and resumed enjoying the waterfall. She started washing her hair, and, once done, moved to soap up her body. She started with her breasts; she was feeling a little horny this morning. However, she didn't have time to really go at it, and sufficed with a good breast 'washing'.  
  
Eventually she finished, and came out. Wrapping a towel around her form, she came out of the bathroom to the smell of cooking pancakes. However, she resisted the lure of breakfast, and went to dress first. She decided to dress a little sexily today, and grabbed a thong, abstaining from getting a bra. Instead, she chose a v-neck shirt, that showed off her boobs very nicely. She picked a fairly risqué skirt, that went down to her upper thigh. It was fairly loose, and she'd have to be careful of any sudden winds.   
  
She walked out of her room and almost ran into Riley, who was right outside her door. "Perfect timing! Breakfast's ready, I was just coming to tell you."  
  
*Sure, more like trying to peek at me while I was changing,* Kat thought. Nevertheless, they went to the kitchen table, and began breakfasting on excellent pancakes and fresh pineapple juice. Riley was a pretty good cook, for a high school kid. They grabbed their things, and went out to the car.   
  
Their ride to school was fairly uneventful. They arrived, and Kat, leaving Riley to go park. However, Kat's small skirt got caught in the door, and, as Riley drove away to the parking lot, it tore off, stuck in the door. Aghast, Kat tried to chase after the car, but it was already gone. She was stuck in the school parking lot wearing just a thong and revealing top. Looking around, she was alone in the parking lot. She decided to make a run for her classroom, which wasn't far from the main entrance, and hoped nobody noticed her. She ran for the door, making her ample ass jiggle. Her breasts were threatening to pop out of her top as well, if she kept running. Slowing to a swift jog as she entered, no one was in the lobby. Her room was only a corridor away, and she was thanking fate and the empty path when she heard a voice behind her. It was the principle. "Kat, can I see you in my office, please?"  
  
Kat very reluctantly turned, and followed him into his office. His secretary, one of the few other women in the school, gave her a dirty look as she passed. "Yes, sir?" she asked the principle once she was inside and had closed the door.   
  
"Well, Miss Kat, your attire today is a tad lacking."  
  
"I realize that, sir, and I'm terribly sorry.  
  
"Yes, well. You know that teachers must follow the dress code as well as the students. I must give you a dress code violator shirt to wear," the principle said as he handed over the garish, neon-yellow shirt.   
  
Kat started to leave, shirt in hand, when the principle said, "Put it on here, please."  
  
Kat was outraged, as she was not wearing a bra today, and now she had to take her top off in front of the principle. *As if he hasn't seen my boobs enough!* However, she had just got the job, and didn't want to piss of her boss this early. She turned around, facing the door, so that he could not see her breasts as she turned. She took off her top, and turned red at having to expose the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra to her employer. However, as she stood topless and in a thong, she heard the secretary outside say, "Sure, go on in!"  
  
The door opened to reveal a gaping Riley standing there. Behind him, at her desk, the secretary glared daggers at Kat, for standing there in just a skimpy thong. She hurriedly pulled her new t-shirt on, only too eager to hide her boobs from Riley's ever-prying eyes. However, once she pulled the shirt on, she found it only went to her hips! She had hoped it would help conceal her lack of pants, but her butt was just as visible as before. She raced out of the office, and dashed to her room. However, as she passed by the secretary's desk, the middle-aged woman stuck out her hand, and caught Kat's thong on a finger. At the speed Kat was going, it simply snapped, its tattered remains hanging off the secretary's finger. "Oops, did I do that? I'm so sorry. Here, lemme just throw this away for you..." she said as she pitched the broken thong into the trash bin under her desk. Kat's embarrassment deepened, now that she was fully bottomless, while the secretary just snickered at her predicament. Kat just raced to her room, as she didn't want to stop anywhere and chance a meeting with even more people. Luckily, she didn't encounter anyone else on the way there, or in her room, and sat behind her desk without further incident.  
  
Once in her room, the sexy teacher wondered how she was going to get through the day completely bottomless, but decided to change out of the horrid yellow shirt first. She took that off, and pulled her original v-neck out of her bag. However, as she was starting to put that on, Riley walked through the door, to see her glorious tits pointed straight at him from across the room. Squealing, she yanked her shirt down, covering her boobs from his wide eyes. "Hello, Kat! Did you manage to find any panties yet?" Riley said as he walked over to her desk. Looking down, at her pussy, he said, "Oh, I guess you didn't. Well, today should be interesting, right?"  
  
*It should indeed,* she thought. "Riley, go sit down," she said sternly.  
  
She slid her chair as far under her desk as possible, which hid her state of nudity, as long as no one came around to the back of her desk. However, she'd have to stay like this all day, and couldn't write on the board at all. It was going to be a *very* interesting day.   
  
Kat's students arrived and sat down, one by one, none the wiser to her lack of pants. She eventually grew a little less tense, as her desk was in a corner. No one would walk around to the back of it, and everyone in the front couldn't see a thing. She started her class, talking about the French Revolution. Not the most interesting topic, and only a few students were paying a lot of attention. She eventually stopped caring about her lack of pants, and continued her monologue about Robespierre.   
  
It was almost lunch. She had moved into math an hour ago, and was talking them through a fairly difficult algebra problem. She had talked all morning, occasionally answering questions or elaborating on things that the students seemed more interested in. However, about 10 minutes before class ended for the morning, Riley raised his hand, and asked, "Miss Kat, I'm a little confused about this problem. Could you do it on the board?"   
  
*Damn that kid.* "I'm sorry Riley, not right now."  
  
"Oh. Why not?"  
  
"Er... I just can't," Kat said, not being able to think up a fast excuse.   
  
Of course, Riley knew about her pants-less state. "Okay. I'll bring it over, we can do it on your desk."  
  
He got up with his notebook, and walked over to stand in front of her desk. She spun his book around, and started looking at what he had done so far. He was on the hardest problem in the section, which she had assigned as extra credit, as it would probably take 15 or 20 minutes to solve. She started explaining where he was going wrong, but it was going to take a few minutes. After five minutes of discussion between them, Riley said, "Kat, I'm tired of straining my neck around to look at the book right-side up. Couldn't you come around to this side?"  
  
"Riley! You know I can't do that!" she whispered back.  
  
"Well, then I'm coming around to your side." he responded.  
  
Kat would have hissed a hurried "No!" but she knew it would have been useless. Riley walked around behind her desk, where could he see her pussy. Blushing, Kat continued explaining, as it was nothing Riley hadn't seen before, although she still didn't want him blatantly staring. Soon, the lunch bell rang, and the students filed out; Riley, however, remained by her. "Aren't you coming to lunch, Kat?"   
  
"Er, no. I'm not very hungry, I think I'll stay here," she said.  
  
"Aww, come on! You can't last through the day without eating!"  
  
"Well then, maybe you'd like to bring me lunch, Riley?"  
  
"Uhh, never mind, then. I think you'll be ok."  
  
With that he left Kat in peace. She was not exactly at peace, however, as she just realized she had to pee. Her orange juice this morning now wanted a one-way ticket out, and wouldn't wait much longer.  
  
She had a few options. There was the bathroom in the teacher's lounge, which would be student-free, but her mostly-male peers were probably eating in there. There was the girls' bathroom, which was on the opposite side of the school. Finally, there was the boy's bathroom, which was just down the hall. She decided to use it, as it was closest. *Besides, everyone should be at lunch anyway*, she assured herself.  
  
After a quick glance revealed that the hall was empty, Kat ducked out of her room. She dashed down the hall, hoping no one would see her. She was in luck, and made it to the boys' bathroom without being seen. She went into a stall, and sat down.  
  
Larry had ducked out of the cafeteria to go to the bathroom. He never liked company, and so he walked a little further to get to the farther bathroom, near Ms. Kat's room. Upon thinking of his 1st period teacher, he remembered another day, a couple of weeks ago...  
  
*...It was after school, and he needed some help with the homework she had given. He went to her room, and tried the door, but it was locked. Being resourceful, he went to the room next door, to try the connecting door. He found it unlocked, and walked in. To his surprise, he saw Ms. Kat standing there, facing away from the door, in only a bra. As she turned around at the the sound of the door opening, he saw that she was putting on a shirt. However, most of his attention turned to her boobs, which were left mostly exposed by the bra. She quickly threw him out of the room, but the experience had left him dreaming about his stunning teacher ever since...*  
  
...Snapping out of his reverie, he found himself at the bathroom. He walked in, and went over to the nearest urinal, and began to unzip his fly, when he heard a muted squeal from behind him. He turned around, only to find the object of his fantasies, Ms. Kat, standing right behind him. Even better, all she had on was a top: her pussy was fully exposed. "Uhh... Hi, Larry. What are you doing here...?" she asked as he felt his cock springing to attention.  
  
"Er... Going to the bathroom... How about you?" he replied.  
  
"The same, this one's closer to my room..." Kat said as she slowly edged out.  
  
"Is there some reason you don't have any panties?" he boldly asked.  
  
"Um, long story, really... I should be going..." she dodged.  
  
"Oh. Well if I can help at all, I'd be glad to..." he said, as she turned to leave.  
  
*Man, she has a* ***fine*** *ass,* he thought to himself. However, instead of leaving, she turned around, and said, on a lark, "Actually, you might be able to help. I don't suppose you'd have some spare pants or something? Some gym shorts, maybe?"  
  
"Sorry, no. My gym shorts are at home right now. I think I have a shirt, though, that might be longer than what you have now."  
  
"That'd be great! Where is it?" she asked, becoming less inhibited.  
  
"It's in the locker room." he answered.  
  
"Umm... Do you think you could run down and get it?" she asked, not wanting to traverse the school in her bottomless state.  
  
"Er, I don't think so. The coaches never let anyone in except teachers. I'll come with you though! Uhh, you know, just in case, or something..."  
  
Kat turned to the door and began to leave, giving Larry another great view of her tan ass. He followed her out, and down the hall, his eyes never leaving her butt. *It's a shame everyone's at lunch...* he thought.  
  
Kat mentally groaned as she walked down the empty hallways, hoping not to encounter anyone. She knew Larry was right behind her, his focus riveted on her ass as they walked down the hallway.  
  
Thankfully, they didn't see anyone else in the halls. However, when they got there, and Kat heard a few voices speaking behind the closed locker room doors, Kat began to have some misgivings, and considered going back, rather than face more people.   
  
As she was about to turn around, the bell rang out. The period was over. Everyone who had a gym class would be flocking down here to change. She'd be caught in the packed halls nude from the waste down.  
  
Without any further ado, she pushed open the locker room doors, and walked in, keeping one hand over her pussy. She saw the two coaches talking to a student, Joe, whom she had 3rd period. "Errm... Hi.. Larry here just needed to grab something for me..." she timidly said.  
  
*Great. Now three MORE people have seen me bottomless,* she thought. As the three men stared at her mostly-covered pussy, Larry went over to his locker and pulled out a spots jersey. It was decently long, much better than what she had on now. As time was of the essence, she pulled off her top as she was walking over, eliciting a gasp from Larry at her exposed tits. She grabbed the shirt out of his limp hand, and quickly pulled it on, just as a student walked in the door. He got a glimpse of her exposed bottom before the shirt covered it.   
  
The shirt, although much better than what she had been wearing, still left her ridiculously exposed. It had been built for a male form, and was stretched almost to breaking over her large boobs. You could see hints of her nipples, and the tight fit made it quite clear she wasn't wearing a bra. It wasn't quite as long as she'd have liked, either: it extended just past her pussy, and left the very bottom of her butt exposed, and that was when it was stretched to its limit.  
  
She walked out as more students walked in, and ducked into the nearby (women's!) bathroom. To her dismay, just going this short distance across the hall had caused it to ride up another inch. She had also heard Larry telling all the students walking in about what was going on. She was going to be infamous before two periods were over.   
  
She hid out in the bathroom until the bell rang. Walking out, she held down the bottom of the shirt, keeping it from exposing more of her ass to the few students lingering in the hall.  
  
As she strode into her class, the students let out a collective gasp. The girls were staring daggers at her, while the boys were openly drooling. However, she ignored all of them, and began teaching straight away.  
  
Overall, Kat managed to keep it a fairly ordinary class. A few boys tried to sneak peeks up her shirt, by suddenly leaning way over to get something off the floor just as she passed by, but she kept it to a minimum. About halfway through, one of the students in the front row, dropped his pen. It started rolling across the floor, right past her, and, out of reflex, Kat bent over and picked it up. This made her shirt ride up completely over her ass, and she flashed her entire butt to the class! She heard a few giggles, as well as a high-five from the student who dropped the pen and his neighbor. In retaliation as well as to discourage more tricks, she promptly assigned him detention after school. This seemed to keep the rest of the students at bay, and the remainder of the period was as tame as could be expected.   
  
Riley was in her next two periods. Knowing him, he'd try to pull something. The students coming in seemed less surprised than the last bunch: rumors had probably already spread about her outfit, or lack thereof. No one did anything untoward on the way in, and she began the class fairly normally.  
  
About ten minutes into the class, the students were working on their projects. A few were cutting shapes out of paper, for the artistic part of the project. Riley, holding scissors, asked Kat to come over and take a look at something. Motioning to his paper once she walked over, Kat bent down to take a look at it. She heard a muffled gasp from behind her, and realized that she was giving the student right next to Riley an up close and personal view of her great ass. She quickly straightened up; however, as she was rising, Riley's hand, still holding his scissors, darted out to her top. He sliced a long cut in the top, going down to nearly her bellybutton.  
  
The extreme tension in the shirt pulled the slice in a deep v-neck. It exposed about half of her boobs, stopping just before her nipples were visible; however, her areolae were out in the open. Kat blushed deeply at the unintentional exposure. All eyes on the room were glued on here as she tried to pull her shirt closed; this only served to rip it open more. Even her nipples were visible, now. Her entire face was crimson, and she dashed back to her desk, and sat down. She had a quick idea, *I'll just turn it around, so the rip will be on the back! I'll be fine that way, I think...*  
  
She tried to pull her arms in and spin the shirt around, but it just ripped it further. She didn't want to try too hard, as she only had about 8 inches of fabric between the bottom of the cut and the bottom of the shirt. Her only option was to take it off and turn it around. She said to the class, "Er, I don't suppose you'll all just close your eyes for a moment or two while I turn this around?"  
  
None of them so much as blinked. *Well, here goes the rest of my modesty...* Kat thought as she glared at her students. The sexy teacher pulled her shirt over her head, fully exposing her glorious tits and pussy to the class. She quickly reversed it in her arms, and pulled it over her head again. They only got a thirty-second look at her naked form, but they certainly seemed satisfied.   
  
After giving Riley detention, she spent the rest of the period behind her desk, hiding from shame, and let them work on their projects in peace. Eventually the bell rang, and most of the students left. Her next period was world history, and a few of her current class were in that as well, and stayed.  
  
As the new class arrived, they carried in a positively excited atmosphere. On a normal day, she'd be happy to see such enthusiasm; today, however, she felt they were much more interested in her clothing material than her teaching material. She could see the students who had stayed after the last period excitedly telling the new arrivals about what had happened. *I'll never live this down*, Kat thought.  
  
As class begun, Kat got up and began to write on the board, while lecturing about the Sepoy Rebellion. After about 10 minutes, she fell into her normal teaching groove, and zoned out. Thus, she didn't think anything of continuing her chalkboard notes on the very top of the board, as she usually did to maximize space. However, her students certainly did.

Stretching to reach the top of the blackboard made her shirt ride up past her bellybutton. Her boobs were big enough to block her seeing this, and she didn't notice, instead continuing teaching. However, not many students were listening, as her hairless pussy and toned buns were on total display for their eyes to feast on.  
  
The rest of the period, and the next one, continued in this manner. She was a little irked by how little her students seemed to be learning, but she chalked this down to her almost-exposed butt. In reality, it was her completely-exposed butt, but she didn't know that.  
  
Finally, school was over. As she was packing up her stuff to leave, mentally rejoicing that the day was finally over, she got a call over the intercom.  
  
"Hello, this is Kat," she answered.  
  
"Hi, Kat, this is the principle. The teacher that was supposed to watch the kids for detention is out today. Since two of these three seniors were sent here by you, do you think *you* would mind overseeing detention today? Thanks."  
  
With that he hung up, not giving her a chance to refuse. She nearly screamed; she would have to stay here an extra hour and a half. Plus, the students that had been sent to detention would get more time to ogle her exposed body. What kind of punishment was that?  
  
As she was groaning about her task, Larry walked into the room. "Uhh... Hi, Ms. Kat? I need my jersey back, I'm heading to a game right after school."  
  
This was worse than the apocalypse. She had left her previous top in the mens' locker room, which was currently full of boys. She couldn't very well go in there and get it. "Couldn't it wait, say, 20 minutes?" she asked pleadingly.  
  
"Sorry... I really have to go now, and the coach would freak if I didn't bring my jersey... He's really strict about it... You could run down to the locker rooms now and talk to him about it, if you'd like..."  
  
Kat was being forced to choose. She could walk through the crowded hallways, to the boys' locker room, which was full of young men in various states of undress, and head inside to talk to the coach, and, if they couldn't be persuaded, get her previous top. Alternatively, she could give him the jersey, which would leave her totally nude during the detention she had to oversee. Finally, she *could* refuse, and keep the jersey, but it would end badly: the principle was a huge supporter of sports, and the coaches held lots of sway with him. The principle was also a huge pervert, and would probably berate her for not stripping on the spot.  
  
Kat decided to head down to the locker rooms. The shame of parading around the school with the bottom of her ass showing was better than sitting in a room naked with three seniors for an hour and a half, especially since one was Riley.   
  
She followed Larry out into the hall, and soon attracted a crowd despite her attempts to hold her dress down. She made it to the locker rooms without exposing anything further. Larry was ushering her inside, mumbling that he really had to go soon.  
  
The room was full of students. The only PE classes were varsity football and varsity baseball. Consequently, all of the boys in the room were seniors. A few were in her classes. All of them were staring at her.  
  
The coaches were standing outside their office, and walked over to her. "Can we help you, miss?" one asked.  
  
"Yes, you can. Will Larry here be fine be fine going to the game without his jersey?"  
  
"Sorry, no. All players are required to wear jerseys. If he doesn't he could be suspended. League rules."  
  
*Well, damn,* she thought. She looked around for her morning's top, but didn't see it anywhere.  
  
"Hmm... I don't suppose either of you would know where my shirt is? I left it here this morning, I think you'll remember."  
  
"We don't... Keeping an eye on the whole locker room is near impossible; a student probably made off with it earlier today," one replied.  
  
She heard a voice call out from the back door, "Larry! There you are! We're leaving in thirty seconds, get out here!"  
  
"Uhh.. Ms. Kat? Could you hurry it up a little? I really need to go..." Larry asked.  
  
"Well, could I use your office then, to change out of this?" Kat asked the couches.  
  
"Nope. We've locked 'em for the day. You're welcome to use the bathrooms, though."  
  
She looked over, only to see that the bathroom stalls had no doors, and decided that that would be a terrible idea.  
  
"Fifteen, fourteen, thirteen... Hurry it up, Larry! We gotta get going!"  
  
The two coaches grinned lasciviously at her as Larry said, "You heard him, Kat! I need that jersey back fast!"  
  
Kat was dead out of options. Trembling, she began to reach down to take off the jersey. She grabbed the hem, and slowly started to lift it over her head. All of the forty odd heads in the room were glued to Kat as her pussy slowly became exposed. She lifted higher, and the shirt reached the bottom of her breasts. She continued past her nipples, and up over her head. Handing it over, she nearly cried at the supreme embarrassment.  
  
She adopted the stereotypical one-arm-over-her-breasts-one-on-her-pussy stance, hoping to hide her female bits from the questing eyes. However, her breasts were a little too big to be covered by an arm, and she was still quite exposed. She didn't want to go into the halls until they cleared out, especially not fully nude, and so she just waited there, for all the guys to see. As they slowly filed out, she glared daggers at the coaches, who just grinned back.  
  
Eventually everyone had left, but her and one coach. The other had gone to watch the soccer game Larry was in. She waited another ten minutes in steely silence, wanting to make sure no one was in the halls. Eventually she poked her head out: the hall was very empty. As she pushed open the door and walked into the hall, the coach gave her a chuckle and a light slap on the ass, and parted with, "good luck!"  
  
Kat stalked down the halls, trying not to be seen. One time she heard someone coming from around the corner, so she ducked into a side hall and quickly ran into a classroom. Luckily, it was empty, and she waited there until she heard the footsteps pass. She was only a dash away from her room now, she realized. She walked out, and ran facefirst into the principal. Mumbling apologies, she dipped around him, and resumed her fast walk. To her retreating butt, he shouted, "Good outfit, Ms. Kat! Very school-appropriate. Dress like that every day, and we'll have as teacher of the year in no, time, eh?"  
  
She turned the corner, out of earshot from his chauvinism, and walked into her classroom, only to be confronted with three students! She had completely forgotten about them, and was just thinking about getting back. Slamming the door behind her, she nervously said, "Hi, boys, You'll be serving your detention with me today."  
  
Their eyes were as wide as dinner plates. "I don't suppose one of you wants to give me a shirt, or some pants? I'd count your punishment done now..." Kat asked.  
  
She mentally rolled her eyes at the word 'punishment', but, not hearing a response, walked over to her desk and sat down. Three sets of eyes traced her naked body's every move.  
  
After a few minutes, Riley asked, "Can I work on some homework, Kat?"  
  
Eager to have his attention at least partially turned to something else, she said, "Sure! Go right ahead."  
  
However, as he pulled a camera out of his backpack, she cried, "Put that away! What are you doing?!"  
  
Riley coolly responded, "My photography homework, of course! Now, would you mind moving your hands? I can't get a clear shot of your tits..."  
  
"Hell no! Put that away this instant! Don't walk over here! I am **not** here on a photoshoot!"  
  
As Kat angrily said this, the door opened, to reveal the principal! Taking the situation in, he said, "Well well! I was just looking in on how the detention was going; looks like it's coming along nicely!" he exclaimed. As an afterthought, he added, "I do hope you'll oblige your student there and move your arms. I think you'd make an excellent model, and he could use the practice! I'm sure the photography teacher would appreciate some photos of your huge hooters, as well."  
  
Glaring in astonishment at the principal, she reluctantly moved her arms aside and let Riley take his pictures. It was not wise to disobey the principal, and she didn't want to lose her job.   
  
The next day, while passing by the art hall, Kat saw that numerous pictures of her exposed, naked body had been framed and hung throughout the hall. Riley sat grinning behind a table, with a sign reading, "Free art prints!"

**Life in Hawaii Ch. 05**

It had been a year since Kat's last checkup at the doctor. That morning, she had gotten a letter from her new doctor's office, saying that she should schedule an appointment. She called them up, and, surprisingly, they had an opening later that afternoon. She quickly agreed to fill it.  
  
Kat decided to wear what amounted to a standard outfit for her. She grabbed a white thong, a miniskirt, and a low-cut top, forgoing a bra. Leaving Riley behind, she drove off to the doctors.  
  
After she arrived and checked in, Kat sat down in the waiting area. As always with doctors offices, she had to wait about fifteen minutes before they called her in. Her new doctor walked in a few minutes later. However, to her surprise, Dr. Jordan was a man! However, he was quite handsome. "Hi, Kat, I'm Jordan, your new doctor," he greeted her.  
  
"Uh... Hi!" Kat replied.  
  
"Here, I'll need you to put this on," he said, hander Kat a standard hospital gown.  
  
Kat nervously waited for the doctor to leave the room. After a few minutes, he said, "Well? Are you changing?"  
  
"Uhm... Aren't you going to leave the room?" Kat asked.  
  
He rolled his eyes, and said, "It's not anything I haven't seen before. Please, I'm on a tight schedule."  
  
Kat nervously took her top off, exposing her luscious boobs to the doctor. *Well, I guess he's gonna see 'em some point during the check up anyways...* she thought. Sliding her miniskirt down her legs, she began to put on the gown. "Panties too, please," the doctor said.  
  
Her face red, Kat turned away from the doctor before removing her thong. She then put on the hospital gown he had give her. To her horror, it was incredibly revealing. It seemed to be a few sizes too small, as the thin material probably went only a few inches past her pussy. Due to her big boobs, the ties on the back wouldn't reach; her entire ass was exposed to anyone behind her. The top had a diving v-neck, so most of her boobs were exposed as well. "Are you sure you don't have anything, you know, larger?" Kat asked the doctor.  
  
"Nope, sorry. That's the only size we keep in stock."  
  
As he said this, Kat noticed that he had never shut the door! A boy was standing outside, peering in, and had watched her change! "Uhh, doctor? Could you shut the door?" Kat asked, embarrassed.  
  
"Sorry, this door's handle is broken. It drifts open."  
  
"Well, could we go to a different room then?" Kat asked.  
  
"Sure. Follow me." the doctor obligingly said.  
  
He walked outside, and Kat followed. As they walked down the hall, the same boy that was outside their room followed them, staring at Kat's totally exposed ass while pretending he was just headed further down the hall. As they neared an open door, Dr. Jordan spun around, and said, "I almost forgot! We still need to take your weight."  
  
He began walking back towards the lobby, and Kat followed him. The other boy, having no excuse to continue following them, went into one of the rooms nearby. As Kat saw that the scale was on the other side of the lobby, she became mortified, as she would have to walk past everyone in the waiting room! Remorselessly, her doctor continued onwards, and Kat followed.  
  
Soon they passed the waiting room, and Kat was totally embarrassed as all heads in the room turned to watch he shapely ass pass by. She thought she saw someone from her school! After they passed, Kat got up on the scale, and the doctor weighed her. He stood right behind her, and reached around to the scale, so that his arms were brushed up against her boobs. After he finished, with a result of 120 pounds, he said, "120, very good. I bet I know where a lot of that weight is!" as he grabbed one boob in each hand and squeezed a little.  
  
"Doctor!" Kat angrily replied.  
  
He grinned a little as he let go and walked back past the waiting room. Kat embarrassedly followed him, again turning red at the attention her ass received. However, after she once more crossed, the doctor said, "Oh, look. Someone else seems to have taken your room. We'll just head in here, then."   
  
With that, he turned back, and went into the room directly across from the waiting room. Annoyed now, Kat followed him in, giving the people there another good look at her ass. She slammed the door behind her.  
  
Dr. Jordan did the normal stuff then, such as the standard knee-jerk reflex test, and checked her mouth and nose. Next he got out his stethoscope, and said, "Alright, I'll need you to take the gown off, or, at least, the top part."  
  
Kat obligingly slid the gown down to her waist. The doctor put the earpieces in, and moved the icy stethoscope right onto her nipple. Within seconds Kat's nipple was rock hard, and poking out. He did the same to the other side, took a few notes, and remarked, "Well that all looks good. Let's take your temperature."  
  
He walked over and got a thermometer. "Alright, hands and knees!" the doctor said to Kat.  
  
She sat for a moment, confused, before she realized that it was a rectal thermometer! Kat slowly got onto her hands and knees on the exam table, horrified. "Here, now, we can't have this getting in the way," the doctor said as he pulled her gown off of her.   
  
She was now totally exposed! He proceeded to push the thermometer into her butt, wiggling it slightly. Eventually it was far enough in, and he said, "Alright, now we wait five to ten minutes for it to fully stabilize."  
  
Kat was sure it didn't take that long, but he was the doctor. After a few minutes of waiting in awkward silence, she heard the door open behind her. Glancing back, she saw a young man entering, and the doctor said, "Ah, James! I was hoping you'd show up. Kat, this is James, my intern."  
  
*James... James... do I know this kid?* Kat wondered. After a few seconds, she realized with dread that he was in her first period class! If it was at all possibly for her to turn redder than she already was, she did. He was dutifully inspecting his teacher's firm bottom. "Here, now, I have something to show you." the doctor said as he moved up the table.  
  
"Today, you'll learn how to check a women for breast cancer!" he told James. As he firmly grabbed her boobs with both hands, he said, "It's simple, really. You just gently massage the breast, feeling for any lumps. Be sure to pay special attention to the nipple region."  
  
At this, he let James put his hands on her boobs, and he began squeezing and playing with her tits. As he pinched and twisted her nipples, Kat began to get wet.   
  
"Ooh, looks like we're having a little problem here," the doctor said as he put a hand up to her wet pussy.  
  
Kat moaned as he plunged a finger in. James continued playing with her tits, twisting and pinching her nipples lightly. After a few minutes, the thermometer beeped, and the doctor ceased fingerfucking her. He gently wiggled it out of her ass, looked at it, and said, "Alright, everything seems normal back here! You're good to go!"  
  
As he finished saying this, he took her gown from the floor and tossed it in the trash. Kat sat up and turned around, only to see that the door was open! James must have left it open when he came in. Every pair of eyes in the waiting room was turned onto her naked form. About 20 people has just watched her get fingered by a doctor while his intern played with her tits! Kat was once again mortified. However, she then realized that her clothes weren't in this room. She had changed in a different room, and left them there. She was going to have to walk out to there completely nude, with her pussy still dripping.  
  
*Better get this over with...* Kat thought as she timidly walked out of the exam room. Everyone's heads swiveled to watch her. She ran down the hall, one hand over her pussy, one trying to cover her bouncing boobs. *Which room was it?!* She questioned. She tried a door at random. Two men, another doctor and a patient, both turned to look at her. *Damn!*  
  
But wait! The doctor was holding her panties! She walked over and snatched them out of the doctor's hands. "Where are the rest of my clothes?" she asked angrily.  
  
"Er, another patient decided that they looked good, and, since no one knew whose they were, she took them. I don't think she saw the panties, though. I was just about to throw them away!"  
  
Kat nearly broke down. All she had to wear now was a thong. She slipped that on, grateful for the mild coverage. And walked back outside. She now had both hands free to cover her big tits from the prying eyes. She dashed to the exit, and then across the hall to the elevator. After it arrived, the doors opened, and she saw that it was completely empty! *Well, at least* ***something's*** *going to my way...* she thought.  
  
The doctor's office was on the 10th floor of a big office building. She hit the ground button, and the elevator began to descend. As it got to eight, it stopped. Kat cursed under her breath. To her horror, the doors opened to reveal a good 10 men standing there, chatting amongst themselves. All conversation stopped when they caught sight of the nearly-nude babe standing in the elevator. As one, they moved into the small elevator, packing Kat in. She could feel someone behind her squeezing her butt, and everyone was looking at her. One said, "Hi, I'm Joe," as he reached out and grabbed her hand.  
  
Another introduced himself, and grabbed her other hand to shake. Now both of her tits were exposed! The two men wouldn't let up the handshake, either. Two hands reached forward from behind her, and grabbed onto her tits. By the time they got to the first floor, probably everyone in the elevator had groped her, or still was. About four pairs of hands were on her tits. As the doors opened, she pushed them aside, and dashed out of the elevator. She hurried over to the parking garage, and jumped into her car. She got home without *too* many people seeing her boobs as she drove.  
  
Kat was never going to that doctor again!

**Life in Hawaii Ch. 06**

Kat woke up on Saturday, with nothing to do. Riley was spending the night at a friend's house, so she didn't have anyone to do something with.  
  
Kat, however, didn't want to spend the whole day moping around at home. She decided to go to the local mall, a trip she hadn't yet made. She had wanted some new clothes, and might as well check out shoes while she was out.  
  
Not wanting to waste any time, she made breakfast and headed out for the day!  
  
-----  
  
Kat stepped out of her car and into the bright sunlight, and adjusted her dress. When she left the house, the sexy teacher picked out a yellow dress and heels. It was buttoned up the front, and a tad more conservative than her usual wear, but Kat hadn't worn it in a while. It didn't show too much cleavage, but revealed enough to be a little teasing. The bottom came down to a little above her knees. However, Kat had decided to be a tad risque, and went without panties or a bra. The dress's fabric was pretty soft, so it wouldn't chafe or anything.  
  
All in all, Kat was happy with her outfit. That is, she was happy with it until she shut her door, and began to walk away. She felt a tug from behind. Oh no, she thought, I must have shut the door on my dress! As she turned around to open it again and free her trapped dress, she heard a pop. She glanced down just in time to see one of her buttons roll under the car. Looking at her dress, she realized that the bottom button had popped off when she turned around.  
  
Kat then remembered why she hadn't worn this dress in a while: the buttons came off easily! She had wondered why there were two extra buttonholes on the bottom when she had put it on. Now there were three extra holes!  
  
Kat, however, didn't want to go home. That would just be delaying her day out, and she had woken up late as it was. She figured she'd just be careful while she shopped. After all, she still had 18 buttons holding her dress together. Kat reopened her door and freed her dress, carefully this time.  
  
She began walking towards the mall. As she had gotten a good spot, it wasn't a far walk. As she approached the doors, she saw that they were open, and that a workman was on a ladder, working on something above the door.  
  
One thing Kat hadn't thought about when she decided to continue into the mall was that the third lost button meant that, whenever she walked, her dress separated more, and revealed more of her thigh. As she walked up to the disabled sliding doors, her mid thigh was on display with every stride. When she walked through the doors, the man gave her a low wolf whistle. Kat glared at him, and walked through the door. However, her sleeve caught on the workman's screwdriver, which was hanging on his tool belt. As Kat walked by, the top button of her dress popped off, and she turned around carefully. Continuing to glare at the man, she unhooked her sleeve, and walked on angrily. The man chuckled as she walked away.  
  
A bit more of her cleavage was on display now. Her dress was originally designed with seven buttons below the crotch, seven in between that and her boobs, and seven holding Kat's big boobs in the dress. With three missing from the bottom, she only had four buttons down there, and six on the top. Although she was showing a bit more of her rack, she was still comfortable in the outfit. After all, she regularly showed more than this at school!  
  
Kat continued into the mall. It was shaped in a simple loop, so she just picked one way to go and started walking. It wasn't terribly crowded. Kat walked for a while, gaining confidence, assuring herself that she wasn't going to lose anymore buttons. After all, what was going to make them come off? Nothing, she decided.  
  
After walking a ways, she came upon a shoe store. She happily went in, and began to browse the aisles for shoes she liked. Eventually she found a pair she liked, and wanted to try them on. However, the box was on the very top shelf. If Kat stood on her toes and stretched, she thought she could get it. Stubbornly not wanting to ask for help, she gave it a shot.  
  
Once she was balanced on her toes and could get her fingertips on it, however, she felt a tug on the bottom of her dress. A button popped off the top of her dress. Another sharp tug, and another button came off. With the second tug went Kat's balance. She toppled over, landing on her side on the floor. When she sat up again, unharmed, she saw a child of probably only five standing by her. He looked embarrassed, and mumbled an apology. Another woman swept up from behind him, and picked him up. She apologized profusely, and also looked embarrassed. "Oh, no problem," Kat replied. "He probably just confused me for you. We are wearing similar dresses, after all."  
  
That was true. The other woman was also wearing a yellow dress, that was about the same length. Kat got up off the floor and dusted off her dress. The other woman stepped over, and said, "Oh, let me help you."  
  
She began to dust off the back of Kat's dress with her hand, ignoring Kat's protests. Once she finished, she straightened up Kat's outfit. However, when she tugged on one sleeve to even it out, another button popped off of the bottom part of Kat's dress. "Oh! I'm so sorry! I'll just leave you be..." the she said as she backed away, son in tow.  
  
Kat, dismayed at how fast she was losing buttons on her dress, glanced down at it. She was now missing four from the bottom, and three from the top. Quite a bit of cleavage was showing now, as was her upper thigh.  
  
Sighing at how exposed she was becoming, Kat once again reached for the box. She was sure the bottom of her ass was exposed as she stood on her toes. However, something interrupted her once again as she reached for the box. Again she felt a tug on the bottom of her dress, and again a button popped off the top. Before she could regain her balance and turn around, she felt a light slap on the bottom of her ass, and a male voice said from behind her, "You'd better get a better dress, missy. This one seems to be coming apart."  
  
With that, Kat stabilized herself, and whipped around to face the man. He was an employee of the store, middle aged, but still somewhat handsome. "Aren't you supposed to be a professional?" Kat asked angrily. "I will have you fired so fast..."  
  
At that, he took heed. "Er, sorry, madam. Is there anything I can, er, do for you?"  
  
Kat replied, "Yes, there is. Get that pair of shoes off of the top shelf."  
  
"Yes, ma'am," he said as he reached up and pulled the shoes down.  
  
"They are too big for you, though."  
  
"What are you talking about? They're a five. That's what I wear."  
  
The employee disagreed. "Looking at your shoes, I think you're a four."  
  
Kat was still angry that he had slapped her butt. "Oh yeah? Measure me," she commanded imperiously.  
  
He dutifully walked off, and returned with a foot-measurer. Kat sat down on a nearby bench, and he got on his knees and undid her shoe. He slid the device under her foot, and lined up the bars with her toes. "Well, I guess I'm wrong. You are a five." he said.  
  
It was only once they both stood up that Kat realized what he had really done. She had been sitting down, legs apart, in a now-loosish dress. He had had a clear view of her pussy! Why on earth did I decide not to wear panties today?Kat thought to herself. She glared at the man, and exclaimed, "Here, you can put these back. I'm done here."  
  
As she began to walk away, however, the man stuck his leg out. Kat tripped on it, and started to fall. He jumped over to her, and tried to catch her. He got an arm around her waist, but Kat kept falling. He had grabbed onto her dress at a bit above the waistline. As Kat fell, buttons began to pop off of the middle, one by one. By the time she had slapped his hand away, she had lost six of the middle buttons. Kat jumped up, and was ready to shout at him, but figured that she should just get out of the store before she lost any more buttons. She angrily stormed out.  
  
Once she was outside the store, Kat looked down to see what damage had been done to her poor dress. Almost all of the buttons in-between her boobs and her crotch were gone, leaving her toned belly visible. She was left with four buttons keeping her boobs covered, and three on her pussy. Her dress was looking quite meager now that it didn't cover her midriff. You could almost see down to her pussy!  
  
Kat figured she had better hurry to a clothing store, so that she could buy a new outfit. This one wasn't lasting very long at all.  
  
Quickening her pace, Kat walked down the mall. However, she was soon waylaid by a college boy. He looked to be 18. As he greeted her, he said, "Hi there, do you have change for a twenty?"  
  
Kat, who knew she did, dutifully pulled out her wallet and gathering up bills. As she was focused on this, she didn't notice the second boy walking up behind her until she felt his hands grab her boobs from behind. In her haste to turn around, she dropped her wallet and purse on the ground. She slapped his hands away from her breasts, and was about to shout at him when she saw the other boy bending down to pick up her wallet. Assuming rightly that they were in cahoots, but wrongly that he was trying to steal it, Kat whirled back around, and hastily bent over to get her wallet. The second boy, now faced with Kat's beautiful ass, pushed her dress aside and grabbed her butt with both hands. Unfortunately for Kat, this caused two more buttons to pop off of the bottom of her dress.  
  
The boys both noticed this, and figured that that was why she was missing so many buttons in the first place. She was now down to one button on the bottom! This didn't even keep her pussy totally covered. She was sure a few hairs were peeking out.  
  
Kat grabbed her wallet and stood up, again turning around to chastize the boy behind her. However, the first boy, who had noticed how easily her dress's buttons came off, reached out and tugged hard on her sleeve. At this abuse, three buttons shot off of her dress.  
  
Kat was now down to just two buttons: one on the top, and one on the bottom. The dress hardly concealed her boobs at all. It held together enough to conceal her nipples, but not much more. On the bottom, most of her ass was exposed, as was some of her pussy.  
  
At this point Kat just wanted a new outfit. To that end, she dashed away from the boys, not wanting to give them another opportunity to take off her buttons. Her boobs were bouncing wildly, and she was sure numerous people got peeks at her nipples and her bush, not to mention her very exposed ass.  
  
Kat soon saw a clothing store. She rushed in, and toward the back of the store where the women's clothing was. The two boys followed her in, although Kat didn't notice them.  
  
Glancing around, she hurried over to a promising-looking stand of jeans, and grabbed out one that looked like it would fit. Sure enough, it was her size. She then hastened to the underwear section, and grabbed some panties. Finally, she went to the shirts, and picked out the first one she saw in her size.  
  
Holding all of these, Kat looked around for the changing rooms, so she could get out of her dress as soon as possible. Spotting a promising doorway, Kat walked over to the back of the store. She stepped into the first room, eager to get changed into something less revealing.  
  
These changing rooms had curtains instead of doors, so they weren't quite as private as Kat would have liked. However, she quickly pulled the curtian closed, and took off her dress, and pulled on her new thong and jeans. They fit nicely, and, best of all, didn't put her ass on display! As she looked at the shirt she had grabbed, Kat realized it was a little less conservative than she would have liked, as it left her midriff bare. However, it did cover her boobs nicely, so Kat was happy.  
  
Ready to face the world again, Kat turned around to walk out of the changing room. To her surprise, the curtain was already open! The two boys from before were standing outside the changing room, grinning. They must have opened it while she was changing! Kat instantly turned red. They had seen her totally naked!  
  
Blushing, Kat stalked out of the room, and into the store. She glared at the two kids, who were staring at her lasciviously. As Kat walked up to the front of the store, they went off in another direction. By the time she had gotten to the register, however, they were back, this time holding a disposable camera, which they had already unwrapped and were winding. Glaring at them, she stepped up the register, and greeted the guy standing behind it. He looked about 19, and wasn't terribly good looking. "You got any clothes, lady?" He asked, as Kat wasn't holding any purchases.  
  
"Oh, I'm wearing them."  
  
Suddenly looking a bit more interested, he said, "Well, how do you want me to ring 'em up? Wanna take them off?"  
  
Kat blushed, and mumbled, "Er, not really..."  
  
"Well, howabout you just sit up on the counter, and I'll try and scan them?"  
  
With that, Kat hopped onto the counter, and sat with her legs dangling off.  
  
Without hesitating, the boy grabbed the back of her shirt, and scanned it. However, as he tugged on the neckline, Kat heard a mumbled "uh oh..."  
  
Glancing behind her, she asked, "What? What is it?"  
  
"This shirt has the security device in the front. See, all the stuff in the store has a special electronic gizmo that sets off the alarms if I don't turn it off."  
  
"Whaaaat? What kind of shirt has that in the front? Can't you just let me out without turning it off?!"  
  
"Nope, I can't. You'd set off all the alarms. Now, turn around, so I can disable it in..."  
  
"But you'll be able to see my boobs and everything! Can't you just fudge the rules this once?"  
  
"I'm really sorry, but I can't. Now unless you want to take the shirt off, turn around."  
  
Kat reluctantly turned around, and the boy greedily reached for her shirt. He pulled it as far forward as it would go, before grabbing the device. Leaning forward to deactivate it, he was getting a good look at Kat's big boobs. Glancing downwards, Kat could see that, from his angle, almost everything up to her nipples was uncovered. He was staring straight down at her giant melons, to Kat's embarassment.  
  
After about 10 seconds of ogling her boobs, the boy finished and reluctantly let her shirt go.  
  
Well at least that's over, Kat thought. However, the boy then exclaimed, "Alright, I'll do your jeans now. Why don't you stand on this side of the counter, and lean over? That'll make the tag easiest to get to."  
  
Angrily, Kat did as he said. She felt a light slap on her ass, followed by a snigger, and blushed a little more. The boy stuck one hand down her jeans, pretending to search for the device. He was actually just feeling up her ass, however. After a few seconds of this, he slipped a finger through it and pulled it up. Disabling it, he said, "Alright, now I need to do your panties."  
  
Kat was mortified. She hadn't thought about this at all. However, before she could protest, the boy had slipped his hands under her crotch, and was unbuttoning her jeans. He quickly grabbed the sides of her jeans, and yanked them down her legs. She was now bent over the counter, with her pants around her thighs, wearing a thong that left her entire ass on display. Kat blushed furiously at the embarrassment. He began to maul her ass with both hands, squeezing it and kneeding it. Kat glared back at him, "Can't you stop feeling me up and hurry it up?"  
  
Not looking at all ashamed, the boy felt around the thong. "Hmm... It doesn't seem to be back here."  
  
"What?! Well where else could it be?!"  
"Well, on thongs, they sometimes put it in the front..."  
  
"What?! Who on earth would do that?!" Kat angrily asked.  
  
The boy replied, "Well, I don't think that the manufacturers usually expect half-naked sluts to be wearing thongs out of the store..."  
  
"I am not a slut! And I'm only half-naked because you yanked my pants down!" Kat shot back.  
  
"Either way, I still need to do these panties... So flip over!"  
  
Kat knew he was right, but was still quite reluctant. She slowly turned over, so that her back was on the counter, and the boy was standing between her legs. Leering at her, he tugged her panties down, revealing her pussy. Raking a finger through Kat's pussy, the boy said, "You're sure you're not just a horny slut, trying to get nailed by a poor store clerk?"  
  
Kat glared daggers at him. He, however, just grinned back at her, and grabbed her panties. Without too much further ado, he disabled the security device. Kat was glad that this vile guy was finally done scanning her clothes, and that she could pay and get out of this shop. However, the boy had different ideas: "Alright, I'll do your bra now."  
  
If it was possible to turn more red, Kat did. "I'm... Not wearing one..."  
  
The boy pretended to look surprised, and said, "Not wearing one? But your tits are so big! Why wouldn't you wear a bra?"  
  
"I don't even think you have one in my size here..." Kat said feebly.  
  
The boy, just wanting to get a better look at her boobs, said, "Uh huh. I'll bet you're just trying to get out without paying for it. Well I'll tell you, lady, shop lifting is not tolerated!"  
  
As Kat was about to speak her angry retort, he quickly reached forward and grabbed her shirt. Before Kat could stop him, he yanked her shirt up to her neck, far over her tits. Just then, a bright flash lit up the whole scene. Glancing around in confusion, Kat saw the two boys who had gotten in line behind her with the disposable camera. She had forgotten all about them! And now they had a picture of her laying on the counter, jeans and panties around her thighs, with her boobs totally exposed as well!  
  
However, Kat's attention was immediately drawn back to the shop clerk. He had reached forward, and now had both hands on her tits, squeezing them and playing with them. Kat was finally fed up with this guy, and angrily tossed him off of her. She stood up, tugging her shirt back down in the process. The boy got one last slap on her ass before Kat tugged up her thong, and her jeans. Glaring one last time at him, Kat dug out her wallet, and pulled out a credit card. He charged her the clothes, which weren't overly expensive, and she was finally free of this wretched person. Glaring at him one last time, Kat walked out of the store.  
  
Although she had already endured quite the misadventure, it would all be for naught if Kat didn't do some shopping. Now properly attired, she decided to stick around, as she still didn't have anything else to do that day.  
  
It was getting close to noon, and Kat had come out of the store across from the food court, so she decided to get some food. Once there, she hopped in line, and bought some spaghetti.  
  
On one of her last bites, the sauce-laden spaghetti slipped off of her fork, and right down her shirt, landing wetly in her cleavage. Kat jumped up, causing the spaghetti to drip down between her boobs. She rushed over to the closest bathroom, and hurried in. Seeing that it was empty, quickly pulled off her shirt and began washing off her boobs. After a few seconds, however, she heard two people walking in and chatting. Kat quickly rushed into a stall, and shut the door.  
  
A few seconds later, they were in the bathroom. As they resumed their conversation, Kat realized they were men! Was she in the wrong bathroom?! Thinking back, she might have been; she hadn't checked the sign, as she was in a hurry. Maybe I can just put my shirt back on, and walk out, Kat wondered to herself. Wait, where's my shirt?! Shoot! I must have left it by the sink!  
  
She was now trapped in the stall until the two men left. She sat down to wait, and listened to the men's chatter.  
  
"Damn, that was one amazingly sexy chick."  
  
"Haha, yeah! Did you look at her tits? They were huge! You sure picked the right person to ask for change."

Oh, no! This must be the same two that were following me around earlier! Kat thought in dismay.  
  
"Mm, yeah. You can't even imagine how much I want to suck on those."  
  
"Hell yeah! Those knockers were gigantic! And they looked natural, too. Damn, I'd give anything for five minutes with 'em."  
  
"For sure. And did you see her ass? It was awesome!"  
  
"Oh, yeah! It was amazing! It looked so soft and wonderful! And how'bout that pussy?"  
  
"Oh god, yes. I wanted to fuck her so badly!"  
  
"I'd sell my soul for a night with her..."  
  
"She was so hot! I wish we had sluts like that at our school..."  
  
"We do, though! Haven't you heard about that new teacher, Miss Kat?"  
  
"I've heard a few rumors, but not really, why?"  
  
"I've heard she does some pretty slutty stuff. She looks pretty similar to that hottie we saw today: big tits, fine ass, about the same build."  
  
"Really? What kinda stuff has she done?"  
  
"I heard that on her first day teaching, she let a student grope her ass."  
  
"Holy shit! Have you got any classes with her?"  
  
"Sadly not."  
  
"Sucks. Well, what else has she done?"  
  
"She has done a ton of stuff. She taught her gym class topless once, I heard that was a sight to see."  
  
"Wow, that's awesome. Damn, why didn't I take any of her classes?"  
  
"My thoughts exactly. This other time, I heard that she came to school bottomless one day, and spent the day showing off her pussy and ass to everyone. At the end of the day, she walked down to the men's locker room, where a few varsity teams were preparing for matches, and took off her top. She showed off her big tits to the students for a few minutes, before waltzing back to her room in the nude to hold detention. One of the guys got a few pictures, I could probably get you one."  
  
"That is one horny slut. I sure wish I had her."  
  
"Yeah, she really is. Ah well, there's always next semester!"  
  
With that, they started walking out, having gone to the bathroom and washed up while talking. However, as they were opening the bathroom door, one said, "Hey, what's that?"  
  
After a few footsteps, Kat heard one say, "Whoa, it's that lady's top! The one from today! She must be topless again!"  
  
"Dude! Awesome! Maybe we'll get to see her melons again after all!"  
  
"Hell yeah!"  
  
"Where would she be, though?"  
  
"Good question. Probably at another clothes store, teasing another guy?"  
  
"Hmm, maybe. But she left her shirt here..."  
  
"Good point, so did she walk into the crowded food court topless? Wouldn't that get you arrested?"  
  
"Probably. So if she didn't walk out into the food court..."  
  
"She must still be in here!"  
  
With that, the two boys began walking along the row of stalls, pushing each door open. When they got about halfway down, Kat could see their feet in front of the stall, and they pushed the door. To Kat's surprise, it swung right open, revealing her to the boys. More importantly, it revealed her exposed boobs to them. Oh no! I must have forgotten to lock the door in my hurry to hide! Kat thought with horrer.  
  
"Well well, what have we here?"  
  
"A trapped damsel in distress?"  
  
"Or a horny slut just waiting for someone to find her?"  
  
Kat protested feebly, "I don't suppose I could have my shirt back?"  
  
"Mmhmm, we're on to you, Miss Slut. Plus, you're shirt's out here. So unless you want to run through that food court full of people topless, you'll do what we tell you."  
  
"First, let's see those tits. Stop covering them up."  
  
Kat, seeing no other choices, meekly obliged, and moved her hands.  
  
As the boys' eyes greedily drank in the view of Kat's wonderful breasts, a camera flashed a picture of the woman's glorious tits. One boy had pulled out the disposable camera from before. Their hands soon followed their eyes, as both boys mauled her breasts roughly. One sucked her nipple into his mouth, biting it gently and flicking it with his tongue. Kat moaned in pleasure and arched her back at this treatment.  
  
After a few minutes of toying with her tits, the boys backed off a little. "Alright, lose the pants."  
  
Kat, blushing, obeyed, standing up and pulling off her pants. "And the thong," the boy continued.  
  
Even more embarrassed, Kat slowly pulled her thong off. She was now totally nude, and at the mercy of these two. "Now hand 'em over."  
  
Kat reluctantly handed over her last remaining clothes to the boys. She was now totally at their mercy. "Alright, let's feel that ass."  
  
Kat obliged, leaning up against the wall. The camera flashed again, getting a good picture of her ass. While the two boys went at her butt, Ugh! Why couldn't I have just gone into the right bathroom!  
  
As this was going on, Kat heard the bathroom door open again, and another person step in. He walked slowly but surely, looking in each stall. Eventually he came to Kat's stall, and she looked back to see a mall security guard. The boys, who were too absorbed in Kat's wonderful ass, didn't notice him at all, until he placed a hand on each's shoulder. That got their attention in a hurry, and they were wide-eyed in surprise. "Lady, are these boys giving you any trouble?"  
  
Seeing an opportunity to get away from the pair, Kat nodded hurriedly, "Yes! Yes they are!"  
  
One of the boys protested, "Hey! She was tempting us! Just look at those huge tits! She's a horny slut, officer, we just got lured in here by her."  
  
Kat acted ashamed, "I am not! I was innocently going to the bathroom, here, when these boys came in and forced me to disrobe! I never meant to tempt anyone!"  
  
The other boy chimed in, "She did! We couldn't help it after we saw her standing there topless, beconing us into the stall with her massive titties on display!"  
  
Glancing from one boy to Kat to the next boy, the officer shook his head. "Sorry boys, but come with me."  
  
As they stepped out of the stall the officer said, "Ma'am, if you could also follow me, I need to take a statement."  
  
Kat, still naked, blushed. "Er, is that really necessary?"  
  
"Yes, it really is. Just follow me, please."  
  
"But... But... I'm naked! Can't I at least have my clothes back or something?"  
  
"Sorry, but you can't. They're evidence, and I don't want the evidence tampered with at all."  
  
"Well can't you give me your jacket or something?! I don't want to go out naked!"  
  
"Can't. Police protocol. Please, I need to handle these two hooligans, just follow me."  
  
"But we're right outside the food court! Everyone will see me naked! There's hundreds of people out there!"  
  
The officer started to sound annoyed. "Honey, I've got a job to do. Now, I need you to follow me out, and I don't care how many of those people get to look at your big tits or your firm ass."  
  
It seemed the officer was going to force Kat to walk out into the food court naked. "Er, you know... Um... I don't think they were bothering me at all, in fact. Yes, you can just let them go..." Kat said reluctantly.  
  
The officer gazed at her sharply, and said, "Alright, lady, if that's what you really want... I'll leave you three alone, then."  
  
With that, he walked out. Kat was again alone with the boys, back in the same situation she was.  
  
Kat decided to make a break for it. As they were turning around to face her, Kat charged forward, knocking them out of the way. They were caught off-guard, and both got knocked over. Kat hastily grabbed her shirt, and ran for the door.  
  
By the time they had gotten up, she was out. There was a small hallway connecting the bathroom to the food court, which was empty, so Kat had a few seconds alone. She quickly pulled her shirt on, which went low enough to cover her pussy. About half of her ass was still exposed though, so Kat tugged it down. As long as she held it, it almost covered all of her butt. She was still going to attract some serious looks from men, but it wasn't totally apparent that she was bottomless.  
  
Kat quickly walked out of the hallway and into the open food court, before the two boys could give chase. Immediately, heads turned towards Kat's wanton display of leg.  
  
Blushing, she wove her way through the food court, trying to hurry into the nearest clothing store to pick up another new outfit. However, as she was nearing the end of the gauntlet of tables, a man stuck out his leg. Kat didn't notice, as she was busy dodging the crowd.  
  
Kat tripped right over the guy's leg. She threw out her arms to try and catch herself, which let the bottom of her shirt go. It immediately sprung up to about her belly button. The last few tables in the food court got a glimpse at her pussy as she fell forward, and half of the food court saw her ass. She fell forward, so her ass was still on display as she recovered from the fall.  
  
The man who tripped her stood up, saying, "Oh! I am so sorry! Here, let me help you up."  
  
He put one hand on her ass and started groping her in front of all these people. While Kat turned even more red, he slipped his other hand under her belly, and began to lift. However, he let his hand slide up her slim belly as he lifted her. This pushed her shirt up more and more, until his hand had gotten to her tits. He now totally stopped lifting her, letting Kat fall back to the ground with his hand on her boob. Growling at him in annoyance, Kat began to lift herself up. However, before she could get up, two more men rushed to her aid, and began to life. However, they were pulling her up by her shirt! As they pulled harder and harder, it slid higher and higher. After a few seconds, Kat's tits were exposed to the gathering crowd. Although Kat was now standing, the two men kept pulling.  
  
In another few seconds they pulled her shirt right off her head! They melted into the crowd before Kat could try and snatch it back. Kat stood there, totally naked, with her hands crossed over her tits, shocked at the brazenness of these people.  
  
A camera flashed. Kat realized she needed to get out of here before anyone else tried something. She pushed forward, through the growing crowd. A few people slapped her on the exposed ass as she pushed her way through, but eventually Kat had gotten to the edge of the food court, and ran across to the clothing store she'd seen there. She dashed in, and hurried to the women's clothing. Ugh, deja vu. Except this time I'm totally naked. And all of these clothing stores look the same... Kat thought to herself.  
  
She grabbed the first thing she saw, a cute white outfit. It consisted of a skirt that was too short for Kat's comfort, and a top that looked a little too revealing, but Kat pulled it on as fast as she could, before anyone saw her in the nude.  
  
As she wandered further into the women's clothing section, Kat thought, Wow, this place really does look a lot like the first store I went into. Couldn't they at least try to **look** unique?  
  
Ah well, I'm already here. Why don't I do some shopping? At least the day won't be a total waste... She thought as she decided to stay in the store and look around.  
  
Walking further into the women's clothes section, Kat saw some clothes that looked appealing. However, they were on the folded on the bottom shelf of a stand. As she leaned over to pick them up and unfold them, Kat felt her skirt ride up, so that most of her ass was on display. Glancing behind herself in embarrassment, Kat saw that she had flashed her ass at a couple, who looked to be about in their 40s. The man was fairly good looking, as was his wife. She had pretty big boobs (about as large as Kat's), but they were hidden beneath a loose jacket. The woman was staring daggers at her, and the man was wide eyed, still staring at her ass. Damn, I really need to get some underwear, and fast.  
  
Blushing, Kat quickly grabbed the dress she had been reaching for, and stood back up. She hurried off, not wanting to anger the woman any more. She walked to the lingerie section, gravitating, as always, to the thongs. She picked out a few that looked good, and grabbed them to get a closer look.  
  
As she leaned forward to get one, she accidentally dropped one of the ones she was already holding. She knelt down, not wanting to flash anyone else, and leaned forward to pick it up. However, right at that moment, the same couple walked around the corner in front of her. The angle was perfect for them to see right down her skimpy top at her large cleavage. The woman resumed glaring angrily at her, and the man once again stared.  
  
Kat, once again blushing, stood up hurriedly. However, she stood a little too hurriedly, considering that she was wearing high heels. She lost her balance and toppled forward, stumbling. She fell heavily right into the man standing there, and threw her arms around him to recover her balance. Her lips were only inches from his, much to her chagrin.  
  
As Kat stepped back and recovered her balance, she saw that the woman was now more than just annoyed. As Kat rushed away, she could hear the woman behind her saying to her husband, "That little hussie..."  
  
More than that Kat couldn't make out, but it sounded quite irate. Well, I hope I don't run into them anymore...  
  
Half an hour later, Kat had found a few clothes she wanted to try on. She hadn't run into the couple again, but she had seen them elsewhere in the store. Kat went to the changing rooms, only to find that, once again, they merely had curtains instead of doors. What is with stores in this mall? So weird! Kat thought.  
  
Either way, she definitely wanted to try on her clothes before she bought them, so she went into the first one, pulling the curtain shut behind her. She quickly stripped off her current skimpy outfit, tossing the skirt and top to the floor. She tried on the first pair of clothes she got, another skirt and a blouse. Deciding she liked them, she quickly stripped them off again, and tried on the second outfit. This one didn't look too good on her. As the first outfit was a tad pricy, she that she wouldn't buy either. Kat, distracted by trying to avoid the couple, had forgotten that she hadn't yet bought her original outfit. Thus, she stripped once more to put back on her original skimpy skirt and top.  
  
As she finished taking the second outfit off, she heard a shriek from behind her. Kat whirled around, only to encounter a slap in the face! Kat saw the woman from before standing there, seething. The curtain was wide open, and the woman's husband was sitting on a bench right in front of Kat's changing room. He had watched her the whole time! What a creeper! And now his wife was out to get Kat, even though it had been her husband who opened the curtain. The woman angrily yelled, "You shameless whore! Stay away from my husband!"  
  
The woman slapped Kat again, across the other cheek. Kat, angry at both the wife and her husband, slapped her back, and said, "Keep your husband away from me!"  
  
"You were the one flashing your ass at him, slut!"  
  
"That was not my fault! I didn't even know you two were behind me, I was just trying to get a skirt off the bottom shelf!"  
  
"Oh yeah? Were you planning on wearing that without panties too? Or maybe a thong? Wouldn't want to keep anyone from seeing your butt, now would you?"  
  
"I just... forgot that my skirt was so short! And that I wasn't wearing panties! And that's not even my fault! I had pants and panties an hour ago!"  
  
"And what'd you do with those? I'll bet you gave them to some boy you were fucking in the bathroom."  
  
"I... I wasn't fucking them! And it wasn't my fault!"  
  
"Them?! You are a shameless slut!"  
  
"I am not! It was your husband who opened this curtain, not me!"  
  
"Oh, don't tell me you weren't after him. I saw you pretend to stumble right into his arms, just so you could press your big boobs into his chest!"  
  
"That was totally accidental! I was in heels, and tried to stand up too fast to stop your husband from staring down my shirt!"  
  
"Like hell it was! Slut!"  
  
"Bitch!"  
  
Kat slapped the woman again. The lady charged her, and they both fell to the ground. Kat was up first, and jumped on top of the other lady, pinning her down. Kat straddled the woman's crotch, and held down her arms. She was totally pinned. "Alright, bitch, you want to get your pervy husband away from me? Maybe you should try showing some skin!"  
  
With that, Kat forced the woman's arms together over her head, and held them with one hand. With her now-free hand Kat grabbed the woman's shirt and yanked it up over her head.  
  
She was wearing a conservative bra: white and boring. However, her boobs were quite large. If she just showed them off, her husband would most definitely not be staring at Kat's.  
  
Kat had to let her arms free for a second so she could yank the woman's shirt totally off. Kat flung it aside, but the woman now had her hands free. She grabbed Kat's shoulder, and threw her off.  
  
This time the woman, now wearing her bra, was on top. She quickly pinned Kat down, saying, "You slut! How dare you take my top off!"  
  
"I'll do more than that, bitch!" Kat shot back as she wrenched her hands free from the lady's grasp.  
  
Kat sat up, and wrapped her arms around the other woman. She quickly undid the woman's bra, and tore it off. She was now straddling Kat's crotch, topless, their boobs mashing together.  
  
The woman, horrified at her unexpected exposure, shouted, "You whore! I'll get you!"  
  
She lunged forward, trying to pin Kat again. Kat, however, dodged aside, and the woman ended up on the ground once more. This time, Kat was facing the other way, and pinned the woman's arms down with her legs. Kat quickly took the opportunity to yank the lady's pants down. She grinned evilly back at the helpless woman.  
  
The woman, suddenly scared, said, "Please... No!"  
  
Kat, however, was merciless. She yanked the woman's panties down, and pulled them off.  
  
With a sudden burst of strenth, the woman toppled Kat off of her. Not trying to pin her adversary anymore, the lady just stood up. Kat, however, wasn't done.  
  
Kat charged the woman from behind, and brought her down. She whispered in the woman's ear, "You wanna know how you get your husband looking at you instead of me?"  
  
Kat reached around and grabbed the woman's boobs, and started playing with her nipples. The woman, blushing furiously, pushed Kat off, and rushed over to her husband. On the way she grabbed her clothes, which Kat had all tossed toward the door. Still blushing furiously at her exposure and mumbling to her husband, she dragged him off. He, however, was still staring at Kat's nude body.  
  
Well, she had some major issues, Kat thought as the woman walked off.  
  
Kat walked into her changing room again, a bit tired out from her nude wrestling. She pulled on her same skimpy white outfit, and walked to the front of the store to check out.  
  
As she approached the counter, a flash of realization hit Kat. This is the same store as before! THAT's why this everything looks so similar!  
  
Wait, damn! That means that there's the same boy there to check me out!Sure enough, there he was. His face lit up upon seeing Kat again, this time in another different outfit. As she walked up to the counter, rolling her eyes, he greeted her, "Back for another round, eh, lady?"  
  
To Kat's horror, she realized that she hadn't paid for these clothes yet! He was going to have to ring them up again! This really was not her day.  
  
"Hop up here and strip!"  
  
"Ugh, do we have to do this again?"  
  
"Well, you could just strip and head to a different store, if you'd like that more."  
  
Kat knew he was right. Her only option besides buying the clothes was giving them to him, and going back out into the mall naked. She wasn't about to do that again.  
  
Kat reluctantly sat up on the counter once more, near the lascivious boy. "Here, why don't you lay down and I'll start with the skirt."

Kat obligingly laid down, blushing, and the boy quickly yanked the skirt down her legs. "Wow, not even a pair of panties this time, miss? Pretty slutty.  
  
"Hmm, that's odd. Lemme see the top."  
  
Embarrassed, Kat let him reach over and pull her top up over her boobs. She was once again naked, laying down, as he searched around in the top. "Well, neither of these seem to have tags or security devices in them. Here, I'll go get you another one. Wait here."  
  
With that, he pulled the outfit off of Kat entirely, leaving her totally naked. He walked off towards the women's section, which was halfway across the store, leaving Kat laying naked on the counter. Dismayed that she was once again in public totally naked, Kat waited irritably for the boy to come back with her clothes. Luckily, there was no one else in the store, and the counters weren't visible from the outside mall.  
  
Eventually, the boy came back, holding another outfit. When Kat saw it, she immediately began to blush even more. However, withou teven giving her a chance to protest, the boy rang up the outfit, and handed it to her.  
  
It was more ridiculous than what she had on before. The black skirt was so short she doubted it even totally hid her pussy. The white top looked quite a few sizes too small: it was designed to leave the wearer's midriff bare, but on Kat, would probably leave most of her boobs bare as well. The boy of course hadn't brought any underwear.  
  
However, the outfit was better than being naked, although not by much. Plus, he had already rung it up, and was waiting expectedly for Kat to put it on. Considering that her only other option was to treck through the store naked once again to find a better outfit, Kat decided to put on his choice of clothes.  
  
Once she had tugged them on, she immediately regretted it. The white top was so stretched by her giant boobs that it was half transparent. Her aereolas were very visible, and her nipples pressed against the thin material clearly. It also wasn't nearly long enough. The shirt only went down about an inch past her nipples, leaving almost half of her boob on display.  
  
The skirt wasn't any better. It was far, far too short. The only way it would cover most of Kat's pussy was if she tugged it down, resting too low for comfort on her hips. Someone on eye-level with her crotch could probably get a pretty good view, but anyone standing up probably wouldn't see much. However, half of her ass was still clearly exposed. She couldn't pull it any lower, either, or the top of her ass would be on display, as would the top of her pussy.  
  
Feeling ridiculously vulnerable, Kat meekly pulled out her credit card, and paid for it.  
  
Should I just give up on my shopping? Anything I do seems to end up with me naked, and someone or other staring at me... Kat thought, wanting to give up. The day so far had been a total defeat. However, if she headed home now, it would also have been a waste. She would have spent the day showing off her naked body to dozens of people, and not have anything to show for it.  
  
Unwilling to face that reality, Kat refused to go home. As she walked out of the clothing store, wanting to get away from the horny boy as soon as possible, she wondered where she would go next.  
  
Everyone she passed stared at her in disbelief. As her face turned red at the unwanted attention, Kat decided to hurry into the first good store she saw. Just her luck, the first thing she saw was a spa. Kat headed in. Well, at least there won't be any men staring at me in here, Kat thought.  
  
As she walked in, the lady at the front gave her attire a strange glance. Kat ordered a pedicure, and the lady asked, "Would you like a lower leg massage as well? They're quite relaxing."  
  
Kat acquiesced and paid, and the lady led her to the closest chair. As Kat sat down, the woman folded the chair back, and handed Kat a blindfold. As Kat put it on, the lady put a bucket of water under her feet, to soak in. She said, "Alright, I'll send over our top pedicurist in about 10 minutes. Relax!"  
  
Truthfully, Kat was relaxing. There weren't any men staring at her very exposed boobs, and the warm water felt wonderful on her feet. She shut her eyes beneath the blindfold, and let her mind drift.  
  
She was brought back to reality a few minutes later when she felt one foot being lifted from the water. "Alright, Miss, our expert pedicurist is here now. You'll be well taken care of, just relax."  
  
As the pedicurist began massaging her feet, Kat did indeed relax. This royal treatment felt wonderful. Soon the lady was done with that foot, and lifted the other out of the water. She started on that foot, and it felt equally wonderful.  
  
Soon she set that foot down as well, and began the leg massage. She started on Kat's calfs, rubbing and kneading the muscles. She worked her way up from there, massaging her upper calfs. It felt amazing. All the tension built up throughout the day just melted away.  
  
The pedicurist continued moving up Kat's legs. She began massaging her lower thighs, and continued going higher. Kat wasn't protesting, since it felt so wonderful. Plus, it was a woman massaging her, so it wasn't like Kat fealt threatened at all. Soon the lady was doing Kat's upper thighs, digging her hands in deeply and kneading the tense muscles. She continued working upward, until she was doing the inside of Kat's very upper thighs, right near her pussy.  
  
Kat fully expected her to stop soon, but the lady continued. She moved closer and closer to Kat's exposed pussy. Soon she was basically massaging Kat's pussy lips, rubbing them sensuously. A few seconds later, she pressed a finger down on Kat's clit. Kat immediately moaned in pleasure.  
  
Just then, Kat felt two hands on her breasts. Someone must be behind her! The hands pulled Kat's shirt up, and began toying with her nipples. In her aroused state, they were quite firm already. The pedicurist continued playing with her clit, and stuck a finger into Kat's exposed pussy.  
  
Kat moaned again, bucking against the finger, pushing it further into her body. The lady added a second finger, moving them in and out quickly. The woman on Kat's tits began pinching her nipples more roughly now, which sent erotic sparks tingling down her Kat's spine. The woman put a third finger into Kat's pussy, fucking her intensely. In a few more seconds, in response to another flick of her clit, Kat began to cum. She writhed in pleasure, moaning nonstop. The pedicurist began to fingerfuck her even more intensely, sending Kat to further heights of pleasure.  
  
Soon, it was all over. In one final supernova of pleasure, Kat collapsed into the chair. The receptionists voice said from behind her, "Well now, wasn't that relaxing?"  
  
She felt the blindfold be pulled away from her face. When Kat opened her eyes, she found herself staring into the face of the pedicurist. The receptionist said, "This is Alex, our pedicurist. Isn't he wonderful?"  
  
He?! HE?! The pedicurist was indeed a man. Kat had just been fingerfucked and made to come at the hands of a man!  
  
As horrified as she was at this realization, Kat was equally horrified when she looked around and notice that there was quite the crowd of people in the store. Kat had been seated in the closest chair, which was in clear view of the mall. Numerous men had filtered into the store, attracted by Kat's wanton display of nudity.  
  
She shot upright and pulled her shirt down, anxious for the meager coverage it offered. She jumped out of the chair, her face scarlet, and dashed for the door. The heads swiveled, watching her boobs bounce beneath the shirt. Once she passed, she knew that her ass was totally on display as her skirt shifted. However, she valued getting out of there more than her long-gone modesty, and kept running.  
  
Kat ran out the nearest exit, and quickly found her car. She hopped in, and drove straight home, still mortified that dozens of people had watched her orgasm while another woman played with her bare tits.  
  
Kat crashed into bed, exhausted from her whole ordeal, and fell straight asleep.