**Erica and Alice go for a walk**

by ?

"Much too hot for clothes," my friend Alicia commented as we walked along the crowded Main Street through town. I looked over at the busty brunette with my eyes wide, and then realized she was just kidding, just complaining about the heat. "Yeah," I mumbled and continued down the concrete sidewalk. We had head into town to do a little summer shopping. Alicia was dressed in denim shorts and a white top. I had on a light breezy dress that came down to the tops of my knees. Probably showing too much leg, but my friend told me they were cute. My legs, that is, unless she was talking about the dress or my shoes. Those were open-toed with black ankle straps. "You know, Erica," she said trudging between other people. "I bet you could walk past these shops in your underwear, and nobody would notice." The heat was sweltering, and the press of people didn't help much. It was humid, and uncomfortable. There was a full range of folks walking up and down Main Street. Men and women, teenagers, old people, little kids… I watched them all brush past us. My eyes and thoughts wandered, drifting to anything to take my hazy mind off the intolerable weather. Playing along, I looked over at Alicia who is taller than me. "I could walk around with nothing on at all, and nobody would notice." I tried to giggle, but I couldn't. What I wanted was something to drink. I rubbed my hand behind my neck, feeling the sun beat down. At least my hair was shoulder length, and not a long mass like Alicia, hers came down her back. Sometimes I was envious. But not today. Absently, I touched my shoulder, slipped a finger under the shoulder strap of the dress. We stopped at an intersection, and the traffic signal ahead flashed "do not walk". There were a dozen people or more around us waiting to cross the street. Dozens more would be coming toward us in the opposite direction. In front of us, a group of guys looked like they worked for a construction company, in their jeans and white tank-tops. At my side, Alicia bopped along like there was music in her head that only she could hear. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" my friend glanced at me and grinned. I shrugged my shoulders, miserable, and pouted. "I don't know. I'm thinking I need a glass of water." "No," Alicia shook her head. "I'm thinking you need to get naked." "Sure that would be a relief," I answered. I couldn't even laugh or make sense of her words. "You need to take off your clothes, Erica." My friend repeated softly, only for my ears. Her words were hot, like the sun on my back, her breath warm on my face. Hypnotic. "No kidding, I need to be bare-assed nude." The light changed, flashing from red to green. Ahead of us, the signal changed to show a static figure outlined in electric white crossing the street. In a split second, I anticipated the lunge forward of the crowd, which must be twenty people by now. And the world, for a brief moment, fell into silence. My fingers reached behind my back and found the delicate zipper. I liked this dress. I knew it well, and how easily it opened and fastened, and unopened. Less than a second, I pulled that little zipper down. In the same motion, my hands lifted to my shoulders where I took the straps and easily slid them to the sides. No one had any time to react. I just pulled the material down my slender body and stepped forward, leaving the dress on the pavement. "Miss!" someone called out from behind, but it was too late. I was already walking with the rest of the crowd. Walking forward topless because I had not a bra. I had on a pair of red undies, and my black shoes. Instinctively, I crossed my elbows over my small titties and looked over my shoulder in desperation. I saw a man holding up my dress, waving it in confusion. But he was too far back, and I was moving farther ahead. With my bare legs, tummy and back completely exposed, I turned to Alicia. "What happened? What have I done?" My friend looked all innocent. Shocked, then she was laughing. There were others laughing, too. I was walking down a public street, in only a pair of panties! This was like waking up to a nightmare. I had to run, but there were too many people around. And cars, lots of cars were driving down Main Street. Although I wondered if they saw me, because I was surrounded by so many people! I had to run, that was my single thought as I looked around, my head turning from side to side. Clutching my bare breasts, I pushed past others in front of me. Not sure if Alicia was even following. Then there were that group of young men just ahead. They were up near the next traffic intersection. If I could just make it that far, perhaps I could duck into one of the clothing shops and find something to wear! Ignoring the comments, the remarks, the whispers that were all too close to my burning ears, I pushed forward. I was right in back of the guys who stood at least a head taller over mine. "Excuse me!" I squeaked, and tried to squeeze between their shoulders. Startled, they allowed me to pass. I couldn't help but glance back and note their surprised expressions. Oh, this was so embarrassing! Me, in just my little red panties, out in public in broad daylight! In my attempt to rush clear of the crowd, I continued toward the edge of the sidewalk. What I didn't see was that the signal was a bright red hand displaying "don't walk"! Fingers suddenly grabbed the back of my underwear just as I was about to cross into the street. At that moment, a line of cars came speeding by, some blaring their horns. I wasn't sure if it was because of my attempted jaywalking or because I was half-naked! Paused in mid stride as the momentum of my fleeing body carried me forward, my arms lunged out. But the hand on the back of my panties was strong, the grip firm. I could go no further. I suppose the person behind me had saved my life. Yet I felt like I would die from the humiliation. "Hold there, little Miss," the young man said. As he pulled me back onto the sidewalk, my heart beating wildly, he accidentally tugged the elastic band lower so that it was under the curve of my bottom when he let go. I'm sure it was an accident. Now my cute behind was rather exposed. I heard Alicia talking next to the guy. "Don't worry, she's with me." "Younger sister," he asked with a grin. Great, I was standing here topless with my bottoms half down, and he was flirting with my friend Alicia! "She's a real handful," the brunette simply replied, punctuating her comment with a slap on my bare ass. "Ouch!" I squealed and jumped. Again, my hands were raised to cover my small breasts, hiding the nipples that had already grown long and hard. I pouted as I spun around, looking every part the little girl. "So what happened," the gentleman asked, chatting quite amicably with Alicia. "She lost her dress," my friend spoke for me. "All these people, so crowded. It must have gotten snagged on something." It seemed like it was taking forever for this light to change. We were now at the front of the group gathered on the curb, so I don't know how many people in back saw my condition. "You better get her covered up then," the guy was saying to Alicia. She looked at me, and then back at this stranger who had saved me from running into traffic. "Actually, I was thinking she should take off her underwear… and her shoes, too." My mouth hung open, speechless, I could hardly manage a gasp! "I said, Erica, that I like your choice of underwear. And your shoes, too!" Alicia repeated herself. I blinked, trying to comprehend what I thought she had said a moment ago. Then in an embarrassed, small voice I answered, "Oh..." "Light's changed," the young man we had been standing in front of suddenly informed us. Just like that, I spun around, and hopped into the cross street, desperate to reach the other sidewalk. More people were approaching from this direction, and I self-consciously grabbed the front of my panties to hold them tight. My butt was still hanging out the back end! "Bye!" Alicia was quickly at my side, with a hand at my elbow, yet still turning her head to wave to the construction guys. Thankfully, she was blocking me from the view of traffic on Main Street. We hurried forward, almost in a blur, so maybe people wouldn't have time to see how scantily I was dressed. "Those guys were hot," my best friend giggled in my ear. "I wish they had seen me naked!" "I'm not naked," I mumbled. Alicia was quiet for a second, even as we continued walking, before replying. "Not yet." "Can't we go back to your car?" I whined. With a dismissive wave of her arm, my friend said, "I'm parked all the way back there, remember? You don't want to have to cross the street and walk down the other sidewalk like this, do you?" "No, Alicia," I replied with one arm held across my small breasts, and my other hand clutching the front of my red underwear. Then she told me, "I think you need that drink. So you don't overheat!" It sounded like a good idea, so I really couldn't argue. At the same time, I really had no idea what she had in mind. As we passed some more boutiques and shops, people turned their heads or made comments. But we kept moving and did not stop long enough to create a scene. Up ahead, on the corner of the next intersection, was a Pizza joint. They had cafe style seating outside. "Come this way," Alicia took my hand and started pulling me further away from the crowd following behind us. Oh God, my cheeks were bouncing playfully, and my nipples felt so hard! My friend and I crossed over just as the traffic signal turned red. We ran over and found a couple chairs by a circular table. "Oooh," I gasped, once my bare ass hit the warm surface of the seat. I was going to readjust my panties, but Alicia told me not to fuss. At least we were off the main sidewalk, and had a bit of shade under the awning of the Pizza shop. I picked up a menu from the table and used it to hide my naked tits. Alicia also grabbed a menu, and started to review the selection. I was not really paying attention or concentrating. With one hand, I absently teased the ends of my hair. Then my friend turned to me and said, "Hey, Erica, your feet must be tired from walking on the hot pavement." "Yeah," I mumbled somewhat disinterested. "I'm glad we got a chance to sit down." Alicia continued in her sweet hypnotic voice. Or maybe it was just the heat. "You should probably take off your shoes." Now I was interested. I looked shyly over the edge of my menu, gazing down at my open-toed footwear. Turning my head, I saw that there were still many people going up and down the sidewalk along Main Street. The pizza place had a door that opened up onto the curb. But we were a little more secluded here at the outside tables. I reached down, lowering my arm so that I could undo the ankle straps of my shoes. It was then easy enough to slip them off my feet. Again, making sure the menu was standing upright so that my body was hidden from view, I picked up each shoe and placed them on the table. That did feel good, as I wiggled my toes. Until I realized I was sitting out here, barefoot and topless! "Oh my," Alicia suddenly laughed. "Erica, you are almost... almost all naked!" I looked at my friend with brown eyes wide, breathless, and said, "I know..." It came out more like a whimper. A desperate pleading for help. It was so hot, but what could I do? I shifted my bottom in the seat. These panties were just so uncomfortable. "Go ahead," my friend encouraged me. "Just for a little while. No one will know." That was true, we seemed pretty safe on this end of the sidewalk restaurant. Leaning forward, I pushed my chest out, causing my quivering pink nipples to stick out even further. Underneath the chair, my toes ran up and down the back of my other leg. I was so hot. This would be so hot... Before I lost my nerve, I quickly brought my hands down to my hips, fists curling around the sides of my underwear. One last time, I looked around, the ends of my hair brushing bare shoulders. I would feel better once I was not wearing anything at all, a voice inside my head suggested. So I rolled the flimsy material across my thighs, past my knees, letting them fall down my lower legs. I lifted one leg out of the discarded panties. Still dangling from my toes, I raised them up with my foot, high enough so I could snatch my underwear and put them out on the table. Totally nude, I sat there in my bare birthday suit! I was so embarrassed, seeing my last article of clothing lying in front of the menu, I started to blush. Alicia reached out to take the panties, and stuffed them in her bag at the side of her chair. For safekeeping, she said. "But, Alicia," I squealed, "Now I've completely undressed... and we are out in public!" As if to confirm this fact, I looked down the front of my body and noticed my bald pink pussy. I quikly crossed my legs and started bobbing my bare foot. That felt good, and when I squeezed my thighs together, it was amazing! My fingers touched erect nipples, and began to flick them up and down. Nude on Main Street, and I was growing increasingly aroused. "Erica, you better control yourself," my friend warned and started to stand up. "I'm going to get us something to drink." Before she entered the restaurant, Alicia took my shoes, too. This meant I was left with nothing, no clothes at all to wear. And I only had this stupid menu board for covering. It was the middle of the day, not far from the corner of a busy intersection. I watched lots of people pass by on the sidewalk, trying to take my mind of my nudity. Not that it helped. Instead, as my eyes followed men and women, little kids and grown-ups, I put an index finger in my mouth. Getting it nice and wet, I was about to insert it inside my pink pussy, when I noticed someone coming out of the pizza joint. It was one of the workers, with an apron tied around his waist and a towel slung over his shoulder. He was apparently attending the other café-style tables out here. He moved closer to where I was seated, and my heart started racing. I sat up straight, against the chair, trying to avoid showing that my back was bare. True, my shoulders were smooth and exposed, but maybe I could have been wearing a tube top. I held the menu tight in front of my chest to maintain this illusion. At least because of my small tits, this wasn't a problem. I scooted the chair forward, leaving my lap beneath the table with my slender legs crossed. My bare toes peeked out, but there was nothing else I could do. The guy looked over at me and smiled. Completely naked, but hidden, I attempted a weak smile in return. "Sure is hot out today…" The young man, probably my age but maybe a little younger, asked if I would like him to bring out a pitcher of water. I didn't want him to get too close, leaning over to pour a glass right in front of me. I didn't want him to smell my pussy aroma. Shaking my head I answered, "No… thank you. My friend is coming back with some drinks." He nodded and went about his work, wiping down tables, putting out menus. I watched in fascination only a few feet away, and totally bare. This was insane! How did Alicia, my best friend, trick me into taking off all my clothes? I was thinking I should make a run for it. Just get up and streak to someplace more private. Of course, further down this side street, there was only the promise of more shops and parking lots. The chances of being caught nude were as likely as if I continued to stroll down Main Street. I closed my eyes, imagining such a spectacle. "Hey, girl!" Alicia's voice rang in my ear as she returned to the table. "Erica, I got you a raspberry flavored ice-tea, and we can share a pie." I looked up to see the tall refreshing glass on the table, and a cardboard box opened to reveal one of those small pan pies. Still clutching the menu to my breasts with one hand, I reached out to wrap my fingers around the drink. That already felt great, the icy condensation. Greedily, I gulped a big sip. Turning to the pie, I lifted a slice and took just a nibble. "I'm really not that hungry, Alicia." "That's OK," my friend said as she shoved in a mouthful. "More for me, and we've got to keep up our energy." I took another sip of my drink, and continued to bob my foot up and down. "Erica, I know raspberry ice-tea makes you horny," my friend whispered. "It does?" I asked, my eyes growing very wide. Alicia's smile broadened. "Well are you right now?" "Yes," I admitted, a blush spreading over my fair skin. Although, I'm not sure the drink had anything to do with it. A few moments of silence passed between us as Alicia finished off her slice and the rest of mine. An empty box was left in the middle of the table where a little while ago, my shoes and panties had been. My mind raced, wondering how I was going to get out of this situation. Alicia reached over and touched my hand. "If I give you a dollar, will you go inside the restaurant and give it to one of the guys as a tip?" Nervously, I asked, "You mean without putting anything on?" "Buck naked!" my friend giggled. I bit my lip, frustrated, and tried to fan myself with a hand. "Are there any customers inside?" Alicia twisted in her seat, to try and look through the glass panes on the side of the building. "I don't think so…" She then produced a dollar bill, and slid it across the table. My eyes went wide as I looked from the dollar bill on the table, then back to Alicia. It was the end of summer, August, and very hot outside. My friend and I had been walking down Main Street. Somehow, she had gotten me out of my breezy dress. We had dashed over to a sidewalk café, where I found refuge at a table. Except, I had also removed my shoes and my panties. Now I sat, trying to hide my complete nudity, outdoors and very much in public. Again, my fingers lightly touched the dollar bill, and I asked Alicia, "Well… can I at least bring the empty pizza box to hold in front of me?" "Why?" my friend giggled. Blushing, ashamed of my arousal, I told her, "My pussy… is absolutely bald, and… I don't want people to see…" Alicia and I had been friends since before high school. She had long brown hair, unlike mine which just brushed the tips of my now bare shoulders. She was busty in the chest, where I had small perky breasts with long nipples. In a way, we were complete opposites. But she always seemed to look after me, like a big sister. "I don't see why not," the young lady finally said, "Although, it's not a very big box." "That's OK!" I immediately replied, before she had a chance to change her mind. It was absurd that I was even thinking about doing this. You see, Alicia had asked me to go into the restaurant and give the boys a dollar as a tip. But the thought of having the cardboard covering, had me feeling it would be all right. I looked over my shoulder, and then to my right. The café was on a street off of the main road that ran through town. Most of the flow of traffic was in that direction, and I counted dozens if not a hundred. But there were not many people actually around us. Quickly, before I would lose my nerve, I started to stand up. The menu dropped to the table and my butt lifted off the chair. One hand grabbed the dollar bill, and then I crossed this arm over my nipples and little tits. With my other hand, I reached for the closed pizza box, bringing the eight-inch cardboard square against my pussy. Shyly, I stepped away from the table. I paused, and saw Alicia sitting there, smiling up at me. I asked, "How do I look?" "Cute and sexy," my friend said with a wink. My legs are slim and were now totally bare. I have a flat stomach, and the box I was holding did not even reach high enough to cover my bellybutton. Probably because I was keeping it especially low so that my shaved vulva was definitely covered. With a nervous sigh, I half turned so that I was facing Main Street. I shuffled a few feet down the sidewalk on my dainty toes, and I could feel my bottom bouncing. Thankfully the door to the restaurant was nearby and on this side. Also, I was grateful that the glass door pushed in, rather than needing my hands to pull it toward me. Instead, I used my foot to shove the entrance open, and then walked naked into the café. It was an incredible sensation finding myself suddenly inside, after spending so much time outdoors. The air was cooler, even refreshing, yet causing my pink nipples to push up against my arm. I was barefoot, and felt the floor tiles deliciously beneath my toes. My eyes darted around, and as Alicia had said, there were no customers for the moment. I looked ahead, then, seeing one young man behind the counter. There was another guy he was talking with, the one with the apron and towel. Behind them was the door that led to the kitchen, and through this, another young man emerged, bringing out fresh slices of pizza to display behind the glass counter. Three guys now looked back and stared at me. Not wasting any time, I stepped forward, even drawn by the humiliation of exposing myself to them. To be sure, I had one arm securely over my breasts. And the empty box was held tight so that they could not see my private area. But I don't think there was any doubt that I was completely naked. "Um, hi… my friend, Alicia… she was here before," I started, looking at each of the three guys. They were anywhere from eighteen to twenty-years old. "She ordered a pizza and some drinks… and wanted me to leave a tip." I felt extremely foolish explaining this. The boys just grinned, smiled, and even chuckled as they watched me. My body moved all the way up to the counter. I had to stand on my bare tip-toes to reach the top, since the dollar was in the hand that was covering my tits and I did not want to lower my arm. It would be too embarrassing if they saw how small I was, or that I was completely hairless. The dollar bill was placed on the high countertop, and I took a step back. "That's not a very big tip," the young man suddenly said as he went to open the cash register. "I think your friend just wanted you to come in here, without your clothes on." I blushed, and rubbed my toes behind the bare calf of my other leg. "Oh. You think so? I hadn't really thought about the size of the tip… Ohmygosh! That came out sounding so naughty, and I was getting horny! Swiftly, I took another step backward, keeping my eyes locked on the three guys watching me. "Where do you think you are going with that box?" one of them asked. "Huh?" I stopped and asked, glancing down past my smooth flat stomach, to where I positioned the box directly over my pussy. The young man continued, "That box is garbage. We can't have you littering the street or sidewalk. You'll have to throw it away." I swiveled my head left and right, feeling my hair on my shoulders, which was wonderful. But I had to remind myself that I was inside a public pizza café, as I regarded the empty table seating. Then I saw a large waste disposal unit in the corner, behind me. I looked back at the boys, my own eyes wide with anticipation. Slowly, I turned around, I turned my back toward them. I was letting them see my bare ass. No question I was naked now, as their eyes roamed from the back of my neck and down the supple curve of my spine, to my bare heels on the floor. My cute little bottom wiggle as I walked to the garbage bin, and dumped the pizza box. Now that I was not facing the guys who worked here, and lost my only covering, I dropped my arms to my sides. Sort of in relief, my nipples poked out fully erect. Down below, my rubbery pussy lips… my labia were unfolded and my clitoris was sticking out. I started to walk toward the exit with my bottom still on display. "Now that was worth the tip!" I heard one of the young men say. His voice almost made me orgasm on the spot! I hurried to the door, and pulled it open with one hand, my other arm flailing at my side. I'm sure they all saw the soles of my feet as I dashed bare-assed nude outside. “So? How was it?” Alicia asked with a grin on her face, of which the chin was resting on the top of her clasped hands. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.” I feigned decorum, which only made Alicia giggle, and for a while, we sat there, I took one final sip from my drink and drained the rest of it, the heat was almost unbearable, though there was the possibility that my rise in temperature had nothing to do with the weather, I brought the glass up to my touch my collarbone, the stinging cold glass felt so good against my skin, I couldn’t help but release a moan from my throat. “See, I told you that ice-tea was making you horny,” Alicia hid her smile behind her two hands, but it was clear from her eyes what her expression looked like “maybe you should do something about it?” I was shocked by Alicia’s suggestion, did she actually want me to masturbate right here in the open? ... And was I seriously thinking of taking her advice? “It would get very messy when I’m done...” I tried only once to get out of it, admittedly, it was all rather half-hearted. “I’m sure the boys would understand.” Alicia quickly shot down my reason rather quickly. I resigned myself and lifted one leg up onto the table, then took the other and placed it on the metal armrest of the chair I was in, I inched my butt out closer to the edge of the seat, Alicia had an excellent view of my shiny, wet, bald and widely spread pussy lips. “this is all because of the ice-tea..” I muttered out an excuse, half to me, half to Alicia, who just nodded in mock seriousness. The cold glass in my hand came pressed against my rock hard and erect nipple, flicking it gently, I bit my lips in an attempt to hold my voice in, even though the place was more or less abandoned save for Alicia and the boys inside, I did not want to attract any further attention. That, of course, went right out of my mind as my fingers finally reached their destination from the underside of the my modest breasts, across my belly and down to my erect clitoris and pressed against it gently, an audible gasp escaped from my lungs as I continued to toy with the exposed joy button, and soon after I was moaning in response. I sank my fingers deep into my pussy and began pumping away, loud and humiliatingly lewd sounds emanating from within, I was trying my best not to move my hips in response, so as to not slip and fall from my precarious position, I didn’t want to break the mood I was in. With a powerful, thundering wave of ecstasy that curled my toes, I creamed my seat with a pretty large orgasm, my juices freely flowed down from the seat and to the ground beneath it as I convulsed in my chair, the foot on the table slipped down as my fingers sank deep inside me and my back arched with the powerful sensation. “That was beautiful as always, Erica,” Alicia spoke softly to me, with obvious enjoyment in her voice “I should take you out to lunch more often.” I blushed at the remark, the rest of our day went by uneventfully after I got dressed, and received a thank you for “my show” from one of the boys as we left which only turned me a deeper shade of red for getting caught by the boys like that.