**Kimmy**

by not a politician

At the start of the summer break, Kimmy and her mom had just moved, into a small town where her mom had just landed a new job. Their finances still stretched from the time prior, they had rented a small, cheap house a bit out of town, an old building that started life as a guest house to the larger farm house the landlady, now herself old enough to be a grandmother, was still living.  
  
She was actually related to Kimmy and her mom in some way that Kimmy found too complicated to remember. However, the relation was apparently not so close that Kimmy's mom would ask for a rent-free arrangement, and Kimmy herself knew the older woman so little that she simply referred to her as "the landlady".  
  
At 16, Kimmy was old enough to drive according to that state's laws, but not yet rich enough to own a car. They were hoping to be able to fix that by the end of the summer, to make it easier for her to get to school.  
  
In order to be eligible for the family health insurance package that came with the job, Kimmy had to have a check-up done. The landlady had volunteered to drive her, actually somewhat happy to help them out a bit and thereby be involved, and it transpired that she had rented out to liven the place up a bit just as much as for the extra income.  
  
With school barely out for the summer, Kimmy had not yet developed any sleeping-in habits, so she and her mom were both at the breakfast table just before mom had to leave for work. Kimmy was dressed in one of the large T-shirts that she habitually used as sleepwear for as long as she could remember. She was not wearing the made-to-look-like-animals house shoes that had been part of her home attire for years, as she was at a age where she felt she had outgrown such things and the warmer climate compared to where they used to live meant she no longer had that excuse, either.  
  
Her mom had long since instilled into her that fresh panties had to be worn after the morning shower, and to be put straight into the hamper when undressing in the evening. Putting on fresh panties just for the night and thereby increasing the amount of laundry and the risk of running out of underwear simply wasn't worth it. Therefore, the T-shirt, which she had since she was smaller and only just covered her butt, was currently the only thing she wore.  
  
"Now remember to get ready in time and be nice to the landlady when she drives you", her mom reminded her just before leaving for work.  
  
Kimmy, however, felt no need to rush things and dawdled about with all sorts of idle occupations, as a girl her age is wont to do during the summer break, before she finally decided it was time to get ready. Throwing her T-shirt onto the bed, she went towards the bathroom and then into the shower stall. Only to find that the shower was not working.  
  
A noise of disgust came from Kimmy's nose, but after some impatient turning of the knobs, she gave up for good. Then, her face brightened again as she remembered something she saw outside, behind the house. She went outside through the back door, which led to some kind of patio, an indeed found what she could confirm to be an outside shower contraption with a rainwater tank. She climbed the superstructure until she could see into the tank and found it to be filled.  
  
Happy with her achievement, she quickly ran back to the bathroom to get her shower gel and shampoo and went to have a proper shower on the patio. However, being used to simply take a towel from the supply she and her mom always kept in the bathroom, she had neglected to take one along. Cursing her lack of foresight, the dripping teenager made to get to the bathroom once more.  
  
But just as she entered the house through the patio door, the room was also entered from the other side, by the landlady. Kimmy took a moment to notice her and another to overcome being frozen with shock. The landlady, on the other hand, seemed not only unfazed, but apparently did not consider the situation to be noteworthy.  
  
"I always preferred the outdoor shower myself, when I was a small girl. Of course, I used the one by the main house", she said with a smile.  
  
At this point it became relevant that the women in Kimmy's family had always been on the short, small-breasted side, and were late bloomers to boot. Corroborating this, she shaved her pubic hair, grateful that the current fashion for this allowed her to hide how sparsely it still grew.  
  
Even with all these factors, any comparison with an actual child would immediately have set any misconception about her age straight, but such was not available, and the old landlady was looking at her from a point in life where a few years of age difference hardly seemed to matter anyway.  
  
"Hello. Umm, I need to get a towel", the still-dripping Kimmy finally said after some hours-long seconds.  
  
"I used to forget about towels too", was the reply, in a tone of voice obviously meant to console. Which might have actually destroyed the consoling effect, but Kimmy was too busy running to the bathroom to care either way.  
  
When she was barely finished drying herself, the landlady barged into the bathroom, tossing Kimmy the T-shirt she discarded earlier.  
  
"I got the dress lying on your bed, hurry up and get into your shoes, I don't want to have to race the car through town." When she said "shoes", she pointed to some rubber-soled sandals of the kind people wear to and from showers.  
  
"But those are not proper shoes and...", but before she could elaborate about the shirt not being a dress either, Kimmy was cut off:  
  
"Sandals are good when you visit the doctor since they are easy to slip off, now hurry up, dear", the landlady explained in a friendly, yet no-nonsense tone.  
  
This shut Kimmy up, and she stepped into the sandals while pulling the shirt-turned-dress over her head. While she followed the older woman to her car, Kimmy noticed that "ease of slipping off" must have also prompted the landlady to not give her any panties.  
  
During the drive, the rather slow speed the landlady was driving at explained why she had found it necessary to arrive so early. Kimmy quickly got bored and started to bump the backs of her sandals against the car seat, until they finally slipped off.  
  
"You can keep them off if you like", the older woman immediately and rather suddenly answered. Kimmy, feeling caught, did not reply, instead simply kept the sandals off. She also managed to fall even more silent than before, even though she had not spoken in the car at all.  
  
"you can call me Granny Johnson, or just Granny, if you like", the landlady finally said, attempting to break the ice. Kimmy nodded acceptance, not really seeing any other option.  
  
Granny drove on, attributing Kimmy's silence to the upcoming medical examination. Eventually, she pulled up the car in front of the doctor's office. She also insisted to come inside alongside Kimmy, since she had to drive her back, anyway.  
  
After reporting in at the receptionist's desk, they were directed to an examination room. Granny followed inside as if it where a matter of course.  
  
"Umm, I don't think you're supposed...", Kimmy began  
  
"Don't worry, I'll be right out, just slip out of your dress and shoes"  
  
"I don't think I should already..."  
  
"Nonsense, don't make it more complicated than it needs to be."  
  
"But..."  
  
"Silly girl", Granny said good-naturedly, and simply pulled the "dress", also known as Kimmy's old sleep shirt, over the girl's head and off her body.  
  
Kimmy did not react except by raising her arms to allow it to happen. Granny had been nice and pleasant all the time, and there was no doubt in Kimmy's mind that she meant no harm at all. Besides, it wasn't as if she had not seen Kimmy naked, or thought anything about Kimmy's nudity.  
  
"I guess you're right, you know the doctor", Kimmy assumed, giving in and slipping off the sandals as well.  
  
Granny folded the T-shirt over her arm and held the sandals in her hand. "I'll hold on to these so they don't get lost while they do their examinations", she said as the doctor finally arrived in the room, and made off to the waiting area.  
  
The doctor was male and judging by his appearance, approaching retirement age. Kimmy found her face turning red as embarrassment washed over her. Worse yet, she realized that the doctor must know her real age.  
  
"It's a bit unusual to be undressed right from the start", he said, being very professional in his demeanour.  
  
"G-Granny said it'll be quicker like this...", Kimmy finally managed to say after a second that felt like hours.  
  
"Oh, that's right, you came with Annabelle Johnson. I remember she was the same with her own children. And before that, during her own childhood. I still remember when we were kids ourselves, swimming at the lake."  
  
The doctor conducted a medical interview, with a naked Kimmy sitting on the other end of his desk. When it was done, he asked her to move over to the examination area. "Normally, this would be the point where you'd undress", he remarked, making Kimmy blush all new shades of red as she was reminded of her nudity and its unusualness. She was acutely aware of her body's exposure as the doctor performed all the routine tests and examinations that went with a checkup.  
  
When this part was over, she was led into an adjacent room by one of the doctor's assistants, where she was weighed and measured. The assistant, younger than Granny and the doctor but soundly middle-aged herself, commented on how the measurements where so much more accurate with Kimmy totally naked, ad praised her for not yet being squeamish about her body. She mistook Kimmy's blush as being due to having received praise.  
  
Finally, the assistant took a blood sample and gave Kimmy a plastic cup, explaining it to be for the urine sample. She was to fill it in the bathroom and put it in front of the lab's hatch. Kimmy gulped as the assistant went on to explain that the bathroom and lab where at the other end of the corridor.  
  
Almost as an afterthought, Kimmy was also told that she could get dressed again. Only too aware that this would require getting her T-shirt back from Granny first, she padded along the corridor on her bare feet and with her bare everything else, too.  
  
As she was about to pass the waiting room, she paused to cautiously peer in. There were only Granny and one other person, about Granny's age, and in conversation with her. Still, that was one "other person" too many for Kimmy's tastes, and she made to walk past the waiting room.  
  
"Oh, come on in for a second, dear", she heard to her shock as she walked past the wide open door. She stopped only briefly and almost would have kept walking, but the request was repeated, so she had no other choice but to enter.  
  
"We were just talking about you, dear. Please come closer so Dolores can have a good look at you." Kimmy was taken aback, but realized that it was only phrased in a way that sounded unfortunate to her, and proceeded to walk up and shake the other person's, now known to be named Dolores, hand. Still, she wondered how this was already the second, no, with the doctor and the assistant, fourth, person that day to see her naked as a first impression.  
  
"The assistant said I could get dressed again", she tried.  
  
"It'll be awkward trying to hold up the dress", Granny replied, pointing at the plastic cup in Kimmy's hand. "Better wait till you're properly finished.  
  
Foiled yet again, Kimmy hurried to the bathroom to get things over with, and after filling the cup and placing it at the hatch, headed straight to the waiting room, where the luxurious coverage of a T-shirt awaited.  
  
However, she ran straight into the assistant from earlier. "Ah, should've known that a Johnson girl wouldn't waste time to get dressed in the middle of things", she said. Kimmy considered this a bit odd, since she must have known her last name was not Johnson, despite the relation. "Well, now we only need to do the eye exam, and then you're good to go!"  
  
And so, with her bare behind on the seat while she read the numbers and letters, she wondered how many people ever had taken an eye exam in the nude.   
  
Having passed her eye exam, she literally rushed to the waiting room to grab her T-shirt. Pulling it over her head had never felt so good, and for the first time in hours, she felt properly covered.  
  
The drive back home, due to Granny's trademark slow and safe driving style, was as boring as the drive to the doctor's, and once again, Kimmy began unthinkingly to bump her feet against the car seat, and sure enough, her sandals came off. But she just mentally shrugged, since they were annoying to walk in anyway and she wouldn't need them back on the farm premises.  
  
"You held up really well today", Granny suddenly said at some point in the voyage, "and I'm glad you didn't fuss about with one of those silly paper gowns."  
  
Kimmy paled, only now realizing the odd absence of said gowns, or any mention of them, in the day's events.  
  
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Granny invited Kimmy over for coffee and cake when they got back, and Kimmy accepted, leaving the awkward sandals in the car as she went into the big old-fashioned farmhouse. Over coffee, they told each other a lot about themselves, and Kimmy learned enough to understand why nobody at the doctor's office would mention paper gowns to a Johnson girl appearing to an exam in the buff.  
  
Later, in the evening, Kimmy reported the gist of the day's events to her mother over dinner. Mom surprised Kimmy by agreeing with a lot of Granny's views, "at least when living in a small town", and suggested to listen to her whenever she suggested that it was OK for Kimmy to go about with little or no clothing in a given situation.  
  
Now, Mom ad Granny both were nice people and would never force her against her clear will, much less do anything to her obvious detriment, but it would be hard for Kimmy to speak up against the inner moral pressure her mom had just created

**Kimmy part 2**

After having talked with her mom about her day, Kimmy decided to have her evening shower. She went to throw the T-shirt onto her bed, much like she had done earlier, and went to the bathroom naked, exactly like she had done earlier. Where the shower was not working, also exactly like it had done earlier. Damn, how could she have forgotten.  
  
Silently berating herself for her oversight, she yelled a "Mom, the shower's not working!" in the addressees general direction, and went to get a bucket, in order to fill it with water and enable herself to shower on the patio like she did earlier.  
  
Her mom watched with amusement as her completely naked daughter carried a bucket towards the patio door, not seeming to notice she was sitting on the couch, even though that's where she had been sitting while they had talked, not long ago.  
  
When she saw Kimmy enter the house again, she finally asked "Whatcha doing, Kimmy?"  
  
"I was getting the outside shower ready, am getting my shampoo and towel now."  
  
Bits of information from Kimmy's earlier report and Kimmy's more recent actions suddenly made more sense, but Mom's concern lay elsewhere: "Don't shower just yet, run over to Granny first and tell her the shower's broken."  
  
Kimmy eagerly nodded and was already almost outside the door when she suddenly remembered that she'd better get properly dressed first. Running to her room, she got the T-shirt from her bed and slipped it on, then ran outside and over to Granny's house. There, she knocked on the door and was asked inside.  
  
"What brings you back over so soon?", Granny asked in her usual friendly voice, looking pleased as she looked over Kimmy's face, glowing from having run the path between the houses, her short T-Shirt and her bare feet.  
  
"Well I was just going to take a shower outside when Mom told me to tell you that the indoor shower is broken", Kimmy spurted out, still somewhat catching her breath from the run and without first taking time to gather her thoughts.  
  
"I see. Anything else?"  
  
"No, just the shower is broken."  
  
"Then out of curiosity, you were about to take a shower you said, were you still dressed or did you throw on the dress just for coming over?"  
  
"I was already naked when I filled up the shower's tank", kimmy replied honestly. "Why?"  
  
"Oh, it's just that out here, you needn't bother to get all dressed up just to go from one house to the other. Feel free to come over without clothes at any time."  
  
"Oh...", Kimmy began, but then she had a brilliant idea. By following what Granny just said, she could heed Mom's advice to "listen to Granny whenever she suggested that it was OK for Kimmy to go with no clothing" just often enough and visibly enough to avoid any guilt that her mom or her own consciousness could cause in the matter. Plus, in the heat of the local summer, it seemed like a good option to have, too. "Umm..., I guess it is OK then if I take my T... my dress off and go back naked?"  
  
"But of course", Granny replied, seeming very pleased with this response, smiling pleasantly at Kimmy.  
  
Using the momentum of her boldness, Kimmy simply slipped the T-shirt over her head, leaving her standing naked in the spacious entrance area. Granny stretched out her hand, and handing the T-shirt over for safekeeping seemed like the natural thing to do.  
  
Her mission accomplished, the now naked Kimmy ran back to her own house, where she explained to her surprised mom that this had been suggested by Granny. Then she went to take her shower on the patio. And realized afterwards that she had forgotten the towel again.   
  
Mom forbade her from entering while still dripping, and had her wait outside while she fetched a towel. It was quite late now and Kimmy felt tired from the events of the day, so she went to her room. Once there, she could no longer resist the lure of the sheets and crawled under them to fall asleep immediately.  
  
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When Kimmy awoke the next morning, she pulled aside the sheets to reveal her naked body. Pausing for a moment, she tried to recall the previous evening, and realized she had neglected to slip into one of her sleep shirts. She mentally shrugged, deciding that sleeping naked had felt nice. "Besides", she commented out loud with an amused grin, "it would have been odd to wear more to bed than I did for most of the day".  
  
Still, she decided that she should not slouch around and get dressed properly right after breakfast and shower, otherwise Mom and Granny would probably have her run around in just a sleep shirt for yet another day.  
  
As she entered the kitchen, she froze as she saw Granny sitting at the breakfast table with Mom. She had been caught naked again! Only when panic and embarrassment gave way to rational thought did she realize that both women had already seen her naked and thought nothing of it, and that her morning routine of having breakfast with her mom would have led to Mom seeing her naked anyway.  
  
"Granny came over to look at the indoors shower, but it seems it'll need to be properly fixed by a plumber, who won't be able to squeeze us in until next week."  
  
Kimmy nodded, signalling she understood, and went to fill the patio shower with the bucket once again. This time, she managed to remember her towel, and after drying outside, went to the bathroom to drop it into the hamper. But when she wanted to return to her room afterwards, she was intercepted by the two older women.  
  
They accompanied Kimmy to her bedroom, and after enlisting the still naked girl to help, went through every single item in her wardrobe. Bras, panties, jeans, tops and shoes and of course her collection of sleep shirts where taken, evaluated and piled in the room. When they were done, Granny was the one to deliver the verdict: "Well, these are all very sensible school clothes" she said, pointing to several piles containing most of what had been in the wardrobe, "but there is a lack of suitable summer wear", she added, pointing to another pile, consisting of her sleep shirts, which Granny seemed to insist were dresses.  
  
"Now I realise there is no real need for a young girl to wear anything during the summer, but it's not good to have only extremes to choose from. So what we need to do is get you some nicer summer dresses, some shorts, and some sandals that are a bit prettier than the ones you left in my car."  
  
Granny seemed to sense the upcoming objections, so she added: "I'm paying, and Kimmy can do some odd chores for me to repay me over the summer, and maybe I can even get her small jobs that bring outside money."  
  
The others, still not financially settled, had to agree that this suited them well, and both of them chose not to raise any objections.  
  
Granny wanted to do the shopping right away, even though Mom could not come since she had to leave for work. She expressed her trust in Granny's decisions, however. Granny headed out for her car and Kimmy followed her, snatching a T-shirt from the pile as she went.  
  
Sitting in the car, she finally got a chance to slip the shirt over her head. Granny headed for town, and only after a little while did Kimmy notice something amiss.  
  
"Granny, where are the sandals?"  
  
"Oh, I didn't want clutter in my car, so I took them into the house, and put them to your dress from yesterday."  
  
"But now I'll have to go barefoot."  
  
"Oh, don't worry, I know the department store, they won't throw out a girl your age for being barefoot."  
  
"Can we go to the shoe department first anyway?"  
  
"Sure, I don't see why not."  
  
They kept driving towards the town centre, a repeat of yesterday except that Kimmy was wearing even less, not having brought any shoes.

**Kimmy part 3**

While the drive continued for far longer that the distance warranted, according to Kimmy anyway, she picked up the conversation again.  
  
"I just remembered something: Yesterday, the assistant at the doctor's mentioned "Johnson girls" and not bothering to get dressed, what's that about?"  
  
"Well, when I was a little girl, like you, it was perfectly normal for kids our age to spend the summer, or any warm day, in just a dress, or just some shorts for the boys. That is, when we were not swimming or playing, which we did completely naked. I used to really like that, and I was naked practically all summer. When I had my own daughters, I allowed them to be naked in the house at all times, and outside when the weather permitted. They took after me and really loved it. I also tended to dress them in practical outfits when the occasion called for clothes, usually just a simple dress."  
  
Kimmy nodded, her own T-shirt-turned-dress, coupled with the absence of underwear or shoes giving her a very good idea what Granny's idea of a practical outfit was. She listened as the older woman continued:  
  
"They really loved being naked though. They never disobeyed when I told them to get dressed, but they stalled and obviously disliked it. When not being directly told what to wear, or to wear anything come to that, they would err on the side of less clothing and nudity. So a naked Johnson girl was occasionally expected to be seen, and it was known to those we had regular contact with how much they disliked getting dressed, so they were allowed to be naked in a lot of places you might not expect."  
  
Comprehension showed on Kimmy's face, but there was still one thing bothering her:  
  
"You said "when you were a little girl", what is the actual cutoff then?"  
  
"It's when you start looking womanly."  
  
Given Kimmy's age and look, this of course was a point she needed clarified:   
  
"So, if I were, say, mid-twenty and still looked like a little girl..."  
  
Granny couldn't help but start laughing. "Really, you're just like my girls. But no, it won't work. Eventually, you'll develop. Even if you're a late bloomer like me, you're somewhat expected to behave like your peers. There comes an age where you stop being naked around others. And much later, you'll want to dress warmly, just like Granny!". She laughed once again at her last sentence  
  
"So you were a late bloomer?"  
  
"Yes. Truth be told, if people had not known my age, I could've fooled the old geezers easily!" Granny winked and held a hand to the side of her mouth, in a gesture of secrecy: "Actually, several times, I did".  
  
"Oh?"  
  
"Yes. From roughly 16 to 18, I would sometimes take the car, when it was not needed, and drive to the next town. You have to understand, nobody from this town ever really went there, they always did everything here or, failing that, in the city. So I was basically going to where nobody knew me. I'd park somewhere out of sight. Then I would take everything off, clothes and jewellery and all, lock it in the car, hide the key and play naked like I used to, in and around town. I was never found out."  
  
Kimmy started thinking. Did this mean Granny knew the truth? Was inviting her to come clean? Would maybe support her?  
  
Granny noticed Kimmy thinking about something, and quickly added: "But you better don't think about that. Folks are bound to take a closer look these days".  
  
So much for coming clean, Kimmy thought, thanking God that Granny was not among these closer-looking folks. Still, if she played along through the summer, she could use attending school as her excuse to "grow up to be clothed". Being naked around the house during the summer didn't sound so bad, after all.  
  
Noticing that Granny was still looking at her sternly, Kimmy hastened to blurt out: "I'm not thinking about it!"  
  
Meanwhile, they had arrived at shop, indeed an old-fashioned department store. Kimmy climbed out of the car and followed Granny inside, amusing herself by comparing the feel of the different floor materials, inside and outside, against her bare feet while on the way to the shoe department.  
  
"We need some footwear for my grand-kid", Granny spoke, deliberately misstating her relation to Kimmy in part due to her feelings for her, in part just because she did not want to waste time with complicated explanations. "she doesn't much like wearing shoes, so we want some light sandals of varying formality."  
  
The young salesgirl's voice dropped to a whisper: "OK, but don't let my colleague see you, the official store policy..."  
  
She was, however, interrupted by said colleague, a man considerably older than her: "It's OK, we can make an exception for a Johnson girl. Just go ahead."  
  
"I didn't know you could get exempted..."  
  
"Well the rule is just so we have something hard and fast to throw hoodlums out, we are not forced to apply them to harmless, well-behaved little girls."  
  
The salesgirl made no further arguments and began showing them their selection of sandals, then helped Kimmy to try them on. Finally, they had settled on three pairs, conforming to the required scale of formality. Kimmy then watched dumbfounded as all three pairs were wrapped up and put into a bag after paying, still leaving her barefoot.  
  
"Can't I wear one pair out? Just so you don't have to call in favours all through the store?", she asked, thinking quickly.  
  
"Don't worry, I don't need to call favours, they are used to it. Besides, they don't allow wearing something out anyway."  
  
Their next stop was the clothing department, where two older saleswomen immediately recognized Granny. Granny greeted them and walked over, but Kimmy decided to browse the clothes right away. She was, however, not very impressed with what she saw.  
  
After a short time, Granny motioned her over, and they began walking the aisles and piling up clothing. Kimmy noticed summer dresses for girls clearly younger than herself, both in style and regarding the fact that even being small, these dresses would be short on her. She also noticed some short shorts, but no tops to go along with them. No kind of underwear, either.  
  
"About the shorts..."  
  
"I now I told you about dresses for girls and pants for boys, but that's a thing of the past. In fact, these are a bit different than the pants the boys wore back then, I just think they are practical garments sometimes, when something loose like a dress won't do. Now, let's try these clothes on you."  
  
To her mild surprise, Kimmy was not led to the changing cabins, but to some sort of staff room.   
  
"OK, here we'll have some peace and quiet, yet you won't have to walk in and out of a cabin after every garment."  
  
Kimmy broke into a short, amused smile. At this point, she had half expected that she would change right out in the open, but maybe Granny knew from her earlier days of naked mingling just how far she could go. Something about not putting on a show, something that looked staged.  
  
Still, she would have to undress in front of the two saleswomen. Oh, and Granny of course. But Granny didn't really count, she had seen her naked all the time. And the saleswomen were professionals, getting naked in front of them was really not that different from getting naked before the doctor's staff yesterday.  
  
Kimmy considered all these in the short time it took the women to clear a space in the middle of the room and put the selected clothing down on appropriate surfaces. She pulled her T-shirt-dress over her head, handed it to Granny, and stood naked in the middle of the room. Each garment was put on, then Kimmy did a full circle, the older women exchanged opinions on the look, then Granny decided whether to buy it.  
  
Only twice was the room entered by other members of staff, both while she was in between clothes, and both were properly introduced to her, complete with naked Kimmy doing a handshake.  
  
Finally they had moved through the whole piles of clothes, and Kimmy dropped the last shorts and stepped out of them. They gathered the pile they were going to take, and Kimmy nearly forgot to put her T-shirt back on, having already dropped it on the pile instead before she remembered.  
  
They stored everything in the car, then got in in the front. The sun had heated the vehicle up, and Kimmy made a show of being affected by he heat.  
  
"Don't worry, you can take a swim in the lake once we're back"  
  
"There's a lake back at the farm? You never said!"  
  
"It's inside that small forest you can see from the house."  
  
This cheered Kimmy up, but she still felt the heat, fiddling with the hem of her dress to fan herself throughout the drive, until they finally pulled up at the farm.  
  
"Woot, I'll just quickly run inside to grab my swimsuit."  
  
"Silly girl, you can skinny dip, it's not like you're not naked already while on the premises."  
  
With the promise of a refreshing lake as incentive, Kimmy did not need much persuasion. Handing her T-shirt to Granny once more, she ran naked through the woods and jumped into the cool water with a big splash. And she had to agree with Granny that skinny dipping felt great.  
  
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In the evening, Kimmy modelled her new wardrobe to her mom, who thought it was hilarious. She even encouraged Kimmy to play with her hairstyle and some hair decorations to enhance the effect, just during the modelling, and both had a good laugh at how young Kimmy looked if she tried. But their overall opinion seemed to be that these clothes were simply no worse than the T-shirts.  
  
After yet another shower on the patio, Kimmy went to her bedroom, casually dropping the towel in the bathroom's hamper on he way. Looking at her bed and her naked body, she started thinking again. Sleeping naked had been nice, but if she did it again, she'd have to appear naked at breakfast unless she wanted to waste a clean sleep-shirt just for between waking up and showering. Then again, Mom seemed to actively encourage it, so why not, she thought.  
  
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And so, the next morning at the breakfast table, Mom was once again treated to the sight of her completely naked daughter. She was still naked when her mom left for work, but had decided that it was time for some active wardrobe control, since she found it was getting way too easy to be naked and Mom's or Granny's every whim. So with mom at work and Granny busy at what essentially was the other end of the farm, she started her "countermeasures".  
  
She got dressed in a full attire of jeans and T-shirt, sneakers, and a complete set of undergarments after her patio shower. This used to be her idea of a casual attire back before they moved in with Granny. In fact, her whole wardrobe used to be based on this basic setup, except what she wore now was slightly more worn and slightly more comfortable than a set she would wear, for example, at school.  
  
In this outfit, she set out to do the first odd job set by Granny the day before, which was to paint the fence around the main farm house.  
  
"Go figure, I'm actually painting a fence", her inner monologue went, "and here I thought that's something that only ever happened in books any more. Come to think of that, I wish I had a bunch of dumb kids to pay me to do my work for me."  
  
But she hadn't, and the work went slowly in the heat. Sweating, her clothing clinging to her uncomfortably, she finally gave up and removed her sneakers and socks, then her jeans. After trying some more painting, she finally ditched the T-shirt, too, working in just her bra and panties. Yet even those seemed to be too warm as she worked, the edges cutting into her skin as she moved, so she finally remove them as well, finishing the fence-painting in the nude, which was still her state of dress when she reported her finished work to Granny a bit later.

**Kimmy part 4**

Just after a naked Kimmy had reported the completed work on the fence to Granny, she in turn was told that Granny had found a paying job for her. The gist was that she had to weed out a large garden, which was more than one day's worth of work at least. The owner, while actually growing plants there, didn't have the time to properly tend it due to the requirements of her work and her household, so the weeds had grown out of control. The family's oldest daughter would come to collect Kimmy very soon.  
  
Kimmy just stood and nodded, quite happy to have found something so soon, but not happy enough to freak out, and not really knowing what she could usefully do right then.  
  
"I'd go and get one of your new shorts, if I were you, you shouldn't go about in town completely naked, and the shorts should be almost as practical for work as doing it naked", Granny nudged her with an amused, good-natured wink.  
  
Kimmy blushed a bit and ran off, embarrassed at having forgotten such a simple thing. In her bedroom, she perused the section holding her old sleep-shirts along with her new wardrobe, She picked a short-short that looked like it would be comfortable to wear during garden work. She also considered some sandals, but they'd probably get dirt into them, and they were too new to risk that.  
  
She then went to fill up the patio shower and use it. She'd get sweaty and dirty from the work to come, but she wanted to make a good first impression nonetheless.  
  
The shower also refreshed her body and mind on the hot day, and feeling the air nicely flow all over her freshly-cleaned body, she went to her room to get dressed in the shorts. The shorts already in her hands, her look fell upon her hamper, which she knew held her clothes from earlier, deposited on a little detour between finishing the fence and reporting to Granny. Maybe wear those, just for that first impression, and later switch back to her shorts since they had proven to be unsuitable to work in? No, that would make her look weird, or impractically inclined, or both.  
  
Firmly resolving that it was best to wear the same clothes from the get-go, Kimmy headed back outside. After only a short further wait, a car pulled up. To Kimmy's surprise, she knew the driver, it was the young salesgirl from the shoe department.  
  
"I asked the staff back at the store and my mom about Johnson girls as soon as I could, and I heard some really wild stuff", the girl, aged 16 like Kimmy, but unlike her, looking it, said.  
  
Looking Kimmy over, she grinned and added: "You going to come along like this?"  
  
Granny started to say something, but Kimmy was quicker: "Sure, it's a practical outfit for working in the garden", she said, with a confidence in her voice that she actually felt, to her own surprise. Granny smiled proudly despite having been interrupted, since this was almost exactly what she herself would have said.  
  
"You sure? Not that I'm objecting, but we'll be driving right through the middle of town and out the other side."  
  
"We'll just be driving through, it'll be no big deal", Kimmy answered, who had considered this part so far, but believed what she said based on the fact they'd be moving through fast enough.  
  
They both climbed into the car, waved to Granny and drove off.  
  
"My name is Lisa", the person formerly known as salesgirl began, "and I'm sorry if I gave any offence yesterday, I just wanted to keep you out of trouble".  
  
"I'm Kimmy, and don't worry, you've been nice."  
  
"so, you always go around in short dresses or just shorts?"  
  
"No, on the farm I'm usually naked", Kimmy could not help blurting out.  
  
"Amazing", Lisa replied, chuckling lightly. "So you actually dressed up for this, huh?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess", Kimmy replied, now chuckling herself, the thought of wearing small short-shorts and absolutely nothing else being considered "dressing up" suddenly seeming very funny.  
  
"you know", Lisa added, compelled to top it off, "From the outside, nobody can even tell whether you're wearing the shorts, or nothing at all".  
  
"Yea, I guess I could just pull them down", Kimmy said, laughing.  
  
"You'd really do that, would you?" Lisa was laughing as well.  
  
Kimmy laughed some more, but since the question still hung in the air, she started considering it. "Well, I guess I really could, but why?", she asked back. It wasn't as if she was trying to set some nudity record.  
  
"I dunno", Lisa replied, now back to serious as well. "I just thought as a Johnson girl, you'd jump at every chance to be naked, since you enjoy it so much."  
  
"Aren't I wearing little enough?", Kimmy replied, amused. "We're not obsessed with it!"   
  
Still, the remark got her thinking. Her mostly naked body, nearly all skin exposed, felt really good all over on the hot summer day, especially when there was slight breeze of wind, and the shorts were not at all uncomfortable. Still, their main positive feature was how little there was of them, and working naked earlier had felt really good, much better than trying to move about clothed in the heat. Damn, now that Lisa had called attention to it, her body, for a moment, seemed to have an odd desire to get rid of the shorts.  
  
Having come to think of it, she realized she had not been all that reluctant to get naked since she moved onto the farm. It almost seemed as if she had somehow cooperated, without knowing it.  
  
Into the silence caused by Kimmy's inner musings, Lisa's cellphone rang. Against all safety concerns, she answered it while driving.  
  
"It was mom. She has to work late again, and wants me to do the shopping since it'll be too late and she'll be too tired. First, we need to go to the library at the town centre, to collect a book my sister had reserved and which has been returned, then we'll head to the discounter for the groceries."  
  
They had already been pretty close to the town centre when the call came, and Lisa pulled up in front of the town library within minutes.  
  
"You can wait in the car, it probably won't be long"  
  
Kimmy stayed back, but it was boring, and the car was quickly heating up, standing in the direct sunlight without moving. She got out of the car, but the sunlight-exposed asphalt felt unpleasant under her bare feet if she stood still, so she went over to a patch of grass surrounding a fountain in front of the library entryway.  
  
Still, she could feel the heat radiating off the shadeless tarmac in the hot hours of the early afternoon, so she moved closer to the water. The water's cooling effect made it much better, and Kimmy, still bored, decided to step into the fountain’s comparatively large basin and wade around a bit.  
  
she looked towards the library entrance, but Lisa seemed to not yet have emerged. In truth, however, Lisa had just been about to exit the library when she noticed Kimmy approachingg the fountain, and when Kimmy's back was turned, she went into a position behind a pillar of theporticos, where she was shielded both from Kimmy's eyes and anyone watching from inside the library.  
  
Kimmy, not realising Lisa was already out again, decided to have a little more fun. She carefully, so as not to get them wet, stepped out of her shorts and threw them onto the grass, then horse-played in the fountain, letting herself get splashed by the actual water jets in the middle now.  
  
However, it didn't take long before an angry-looking, balding man ran out and began scolding her for being in the fountain, ordering her out, then scolding her some more while she stood, naked and dripping, at the fountain's rim.  
  
Lisa decided to cut the trouble short, emerged from her hiding places, and from behind the man, was just about to yell at Kimmy to run. Kimmy however, had not yet seen her. "I'm sorry, I didn't know, it was just so hot", she said. Her genuine apology seemed to work, maybe coupled with the fact that she was a bit scared of the angry man, and red with embarrassment at having been caught, which together with her young and innocent look might have triggered his protection instinct.  
  
Admonishing her in a rather more friendly tone to not do it again, he turned to leave; Lisa fortunately was able to get back into hiding in time. In his periphery vision, he could see the "little girl" picking up clothing and walking towards a parking car, presumably to get dressed behind it.  
  
With the man gone, Lisa hurried over, and let them both into the car. Kimmy sat in the passenger seat, dropping her shorts onto the floor before her.  
  
On the drive to the food discounter, the girls talked a bit more about each other. Kimmy learned that Lisa had a sister aged 13, two brothers in their pre-teens and that the work in the shoe department was her summer job.  
  
After parking, Lisa reminded Kimmy needlessly to put her shorts back on, and assured her that the occasional barefoot or topless child had never gotten in trouble at this particular discounter.  
  
The inside was air-conditioned, which felt refreshing but almost too cool on Kimmy's mostly bare skin. Her bare feet walked over a floor made of PVC. Lisa was pushing the shopping trolley along the aisles, directing Kimmy, having her fetch the items on their shopping list.  
  
Kimmy quickly realized that Lisa's comment about no trouble in no way meant that attire such as her own was common in this store. Even though there was a lot of space and a correspondingly high amount of shoppers even when the shop was not crowded, she only noticed one small girl that was barefoot and in a summer dress, and one young boy in shorts and sneakers. Kimmy wondered if the girl's parents made her wear panties under her dress. Probably yes.  
  
Still, there were mostly no reactions to her own particular style of dress, a few frown maybe, but most seemed to be OK with it, or too busy with their shopping to pay attention to what seemed to be a mere child. Only once did a middle-aged woman approach them, telling Lisa how she should pay more attention to what her sister wears when they go out in public.  
  
"Sorry I got you in trouble", Kimmy said after the woman was on her way again.  
  
"Hey, at least she didn't think I was your mother", Lisa replied, making Kimmy laugh hard.  
  
Their shopping was finished soon after, the woman at the register even smiling when Lisa, playing up the sister act, handed Kimmy the money so she could pay.  
  
They got into the car again, this time finally driving to Lisa's house.  
  
"Would you leave your shorts in the car, please?"  
  
"Huh, why?", Kimmy replied, startled.  
  
"So my sister and my brothers can see a genuine Johnson girl, of course."  
  
"Aren't I genuine enough?", Kimmy asked, indicating her shorts-clad self. "It's a 100% genuine Johnson girl work outfit."  
  
"I'm your big sister and responsible for your clothing, get naked already!", Lisa retorted, giving Kimmy a conspirational wink and a friendly jab with the elbow.  
  
"You're at home, command your actual siblings!", Kimmy replied, sticking her tongue out like a shorts-wearing, shoe-eschewing, nearly naked tomboy.  
  
Lisa then showed Kimmy where to work and which plants to pull or leave alone. However, she had barely worked for 5 minutes when Lisa re-appeared, bringing her brothers and sister, each of the latter wearing only a pair of shorts.  
  
"They say they won't get naked unless you do", Lisa said, smiling.  
  
"OK, I give in", Kimmy said while she could not help but laugh at the scene. "But my hands are dirty now, you'll have to pull the shorts down for me", she added, taking a page out of Granny's book of practical solutions. "Granny said working naked is the most practical, anyway", she remembered.  
  
Lisa pulled Kimmy's shorts down, the latter careful to stretch her hands out to the side. "Careful when you step out of them, your feet are dirty, too."  
  
Kimmy felt a wave of humiliation wash over her, being stripped like a little kid that had made herself dirty and couldn't take care of it alone. Everybody present, including Kimmy, knew this was not so, so the feeling did not last for long, having only existed in Kimmy's imagination anyway. Still, it was the second time that day that she had chosen to be dressed, once while painting the fence and now when she decided to keep her shorts on. Kimmy made a vow to herself that she would, from now on, get naked as soon as she was allowed.

**Kimmy part 5**

Lisa went away to store Kimmy's shorts somewhere safe, and when she returned, she saw her siblings had all stripped naked, and where helping Kimmy weed the garden, too!  
  
"Wow, how did you get them to do that?"  
  
"Do what?"  
  
"Getting naked... and helping you! I could never have gotten them to do more than the bare minimum of chores they usually do!"  
  
"I didn't do anything, they just seemed eager to join me... Guess I looked like I was having fun", Kimmy replied, chuckling.  
  
"You do - especially after finally ditching those shorts", Lisa replied with a broad grin.  
  
Kimmy gave her a good-natured jab, and returned to her weeding task. Lisa's siblings worked alongside her, all four naked weeders working as if it were a competition about who gets the most done. What would have been more than a day's work for a single auxiliary labourer was finished before the afternoon was really over.  
  
Not only was the work finished, they actually had had fun doing it. However, after a fierce battle with the weed, fought with careless disregard for losses, they were all extremely dirty. Lisa refused to let them into the house like that; instead she led them to the garden hose, washing them down one after the other, using the old trick of squeezing the muzzle to create a high-pressure water jet.  
  
This time, Kimmy was really washed like a little kid, but she didn't feel bad about it, she was having way too much fun, and enjoyed the water hiting her body, which was heated from working under the sun. When the four were clean, they took the hose from Lisa and splashed each other with it, horse-playing around to get control of the muzzle from each other.  
  
Which is why they were still all naked and dripping when Lisa's mom came home. Feeling a little caught and somewhat sheepish for meeting her employer like this, Kimmy stretched out her hand and introduced herself, and then everybody started talking at once, trying to explain the situation. Fortunately, the stern expression on the woman's face softened into a smile once she gathered from all the talk that all work had already been done. The only slight drawback for Kimmy was that the pay had been agreed per hour, but Lisa's mom actually gave her a little bit extra for getting her kids to help out around the house.  
  
They all had some friendly conversation, with most of the people around the table, including Kimmy, completely naked. Kimmy told how she learned to appreciate nudity in just the few days she lived on the Johnson farm, and in turn learned that while Lisa's mom was relaxed about clothing around the house and had never been against nudity when raising her kids, they up to then never had any real desire to be completely naked. Lisa's siblings then surprised everyone by nagging their mom to give them and Kimmy permission to be naked any time. Or rather, they started to nag, but their mom granted it almost immediately, not really being against it and maybe also in the hope that their new-found helpfulness would also continue.  
  
Lisa was the only one to really notice that the wording did not limit nudity to the premises, but was not interested in this detail as far as her siblings were concerned. She however also noted the absence of an age limit or exclusion for her, and decided to later test that a bit, in a tame way, just to see with how much one could get away with with her mom.  
  
When they decided to finally drive Kimmy home, Kimmy had already completely forgotten that she had arrived in shorts. Lisa purposely didn't remind her until well after they were on their way.  
  
"You probably wouldn't have put them on anyway, jumping out of the car naked at the Johnson farm, waving your shorts in greeting."  
  
Kimmy laughed at that, and they kept on driving for a bit, then Lisa spoke up once again: "I need to ask you something", she began, causing Kimmy to curiously look in her direction, "How old are you, exactly?"  
  
"..."  
  
"Oh come on, tell me - I've seen you and my sister naked side by side, the difference is noticeable, even though nobody could ever tell without the comparison."  
  
"16"  
  
"Awe-freaking-some! And you really got away with all that nudity! That must be so great!"  
  
"I sort of stumbled into it..."  
  
"Don't give me that humility shit! Don't you realize how lucky you are, looking so innocent? And with your granny supporting nudity so much? I envy you, Kimmy Johnson, I really do!"  
  
"I'm not actually called Johnson..."  
  
"Whatever, let me think... ah, I know." Lisa stopped the car at the side of the road, and ordered Kimmy to get out and do some exercises to work up a sweat.  
  
"Lol, why?", Kimmy replied.  
  
"Can't you just trust me?"  
  
"Can't you just tell me?"  
  
Lisa sighed, realizing it would probably be easier to explain everything in advance. "Well, I'm trying to make it look as if you're really suffering in the heat, and then I'll pass you off as my cousin from further north when we stop by at the ice cream parlour."  
  
"Hmm, ice cream sounds like a really good idea", Kimmy voiced her approval. She got out to do some exercises until she looked appropriately exhausted.  
  
However, when they were nearing the ice cream parlour, Kimmy had second thoughts: "I'm not so sure about this any more, if it requires such an elaborate lie, it just can't be right. I'm feeling bad about this"  
  
"You had no trouble going to the discounter in just your shorts, earlier"  
  
"That was different, I just honestly walked in there and it was accepted."  
  
"So, why don't we just honestly walk into the ice cream parlour now?  
  
"Completely naked? Think we can pull that off?"  
  
"No", Lisa sighed. "Anyway, I put your shorts into the glove compartment earlier, so get them out now, we might as well have our ice cream."  
  
Kimmy nodded, took the shorts out and, as soon as Lisa stopped the car on the parking lot, got out to step into them. Now once more properly dressed, she happily followed into the ice cream parlour.  
  
Unfortunately, there was a long line of kids standing at the counter, and Kimmy and Lisa had to queue. The line seemed to move at an unbelievably slow pace, and Kimmy got bored, staring off into space.  
  
The line kept moving, slowly, but when Kimmy stepped into view of the middle-aged woman at the counter, said woman suddenly became very agitated, rapidly speaking, much too fast and agitated for Kimmy to understand. She came around the counter and ushered the surprised and unresisting Kimmy into a back room. She kept talking, and eventually Kimmy understood that her sweaty look and apathetic stare must've convinced the woman that Kimmy was having a heatstroke or something similar.  
  
Kimmy was put on a couch, a wet towel was put on her forehead, her shorts removed, and a large ice cream cone was placed in her hand. She briefly wondered where Lisa had disappeared to, but then she could see, through the slightly open door, that Lisa had apparently been pressed into service at the counter while the woman doted on Kimmy.  
  
As soon as Kimmy's initial confusion had sufficiently settled, she tried to get up and reached for her shorts. But the woman pushed her back down and resolutely put the shorts out of her reach. "You keep down until you're better, and stay undressed until it's cooler outside." Kimmy could only smile at how circumstances once again had left her naked.  
  
After watching over Kimmy for a bit, the woman decided that Kimmy could again be talked to, and asked her for her family's phone number. Kimmy, however still did not know her mom's new number, and had to settle for mentioning the Johnson farm when the woman kept insisting. The ice cream lady called Granny and told her her own version of the events. Fortunately, she then decided she could safely get back to attending her shop, and handed the phone to Kimmy so she could talk to Granny.  
  
Kimmy gave Granny her own version of the events at the ice cream parlour, and could convince Granny that the ice cream lady had greatly exaggerated the danger Kimmy was in. Still, Granny made her promise to have another ice cream and leave off the shorts, just to be sure.  
  
It was at that point already approaching closing time, so Kimmy waited until the shop was closed before she walked out of the back room. Kimmy had not been wearing her shorts when she left Lisa's home, so she had held her money in her hand, but had put it into the shorts' side pocket when she had put the back on just outside the ice cream parlour. She therefore went over to her shorts to get the money back out, but stayed faithful to her promise and did not pull them back on, leaving them lying there.  
  
She need not have bothered with the money though, since the woman stoutly refused taking any payment. She allowed Lisa to help cleaning the place up, but Kimmy was literally forbidden from lifting a finger, instead sitting on a bar stool, naked legs dangling, licking her ice cream cone while the others worked.  
  
Lisa then drove Kimmy home, it being summer and still bright day outside. Lisa had once again taken the shorts Kimmy had almost forgotten, and when they arrived, Kimmy took up Lisa's earlier suggestion and waved them in greeting at Granny and Mom, thereby also fully convincing them that she was indeed fine.  
  
After hugging both Mom and Granny, Kimmy skipped inside and went to her room, on a mission that she had set herself earlier, along with deciding to be naked whenever and as soon as allowed. She gathered some of the boxes that had been used in the move, and put all her "school" clothes in them, keeping only the sleep shirts and the items Granny had purchased for her. She taped the boxes shut and labelled them "Do not open until school starts".

**Kimmy part 6**

After sealing and labelling the boxes, Kimmy needed to store them somewhere, least they waste space in her room, so she carried them down to the basement. This was noticed by Mom and Granny, who in the meantime had come inside. After learning what was in the boxes, Granny approved and rather suddenly decided she wanted to show something to Kimmy.  
  
Leading the naked girl over to the main house, she then showed her an old stereo, complete with both a record player and an early, quite boxy CD player. There was also a diverse collection of vintage music. Kimmy listened to some of them with interesting-sounding titles, soon starting to dance and sway to the beat while Granny watched.  
  
"Since none of my children or grandchildren still live here, I thought you might want to use it."  
  
"That's great!"  
  
"Shall we take it over right away then?"  
  
"Mhmm, I don't really have enough free space in my room. Especially not if I want to dance to the tunes."  
  
"Ah, but you have. Now that you put most of your superfluous clothes into storage, we can remove the wardrobe and the chest of drawers from your room. I saw they were disassembled when you moved so it can't be that difficult to take them apart move them out again."  
  
"But where will I put my clothes? The remaining ones I mean?"  
  
Granny had the answer to this, and after a bit of work, the stereo, records, taped and CDs were in Kimmy's room, Kimmy's sandals were put onto a shoe rack, a built-in feature near the entrance door, and her summer clothes were stored in the walk-in closet adjacent to Mom's room, which was just across from Kimmy's own. Afterwards, they all went to the kitchen to play a family board game for the rest of the evening, the completely naked Kimmy sitting next to the fully clothed women, everyone treating it like the perfectly normal thing it had become.  
  
When they were done playing, Kimmy went to her room to listen to some music, but Granny and Mom kept talking for a little bit longer:  
  
"She has really blossomed, it's almost a pity she'll be back into clothes when school starts."  
  
"She doesn't have to, there's no actual dress code at our schools."  
  
"Well, "aint no rule" is not going to cut it, last I heard someone tried it at Berkeley and was expelled on a pretence, with both the college and the town now having some of the strictest anti-nudity there can be."  
  
"This town is not without its history of nude girls, and with no law to complicatedly abolish, it can be pulled off if we play our cards right. Just wait and see, and in the meantime, encourage her not to wear too much"  
  
"Will do."  
  
-------------------------------------------  
  
When Mom went to get dressed the next morning, she found that the walk-in closet did not close properly afterwards. After some fumbling, she finally solved the problem by locking it, thankfully remembering to not pull the key out and take it with her, as she would do after locking the front door or her car.  
  
Meanwhile, after listening and dancing to musi...il late in the night, Kimmy had finally passed that point in the school holidays where one sleeps way past the normal wake-up time. When she did not come for breakfast, Mom went to her room, finding her daughter lying naked atop the covers, sleeping peacefully. Shouting next to her ear, shaking her and a slap to the bare butt all achieved nothing more than some incomprehensible mumbling from a still sleeping girl, so Mom gave up and went to work.  
  
Not much later, Granny achieved success of a sort where Mom had failed by simply dragging Kimmy up, even though she seemed asleep on her feet. She even was too tired to put on the dress Granny pushed into her hand, instead dragging it past her as she followed Granny, who in turn saw herself forced to take it back in order to avoid getting it dirty.  
  
Kimmy spent the whole drive sleeping naked in the passenger seat, but thankfully, like most car-sleepers, woke up when the car stopped. Even though she was still tired and yawning, Granny could explain Kimmy's next job to her, and this time, when again handed the dress, the teenager could be made to understand that she was to put it on.  
  
Granny explained that a friend of hers ran an ostensibly self-service laundromat, but was usually always present to deter vandals and thieves, to exchange notes for coins and to make some extra money selling drinks and sandwiches to those waiting for their laundry to finish. She needed half a day off for personal reasons, and Granny had volunteered Kimmy as cheap help.  
  
Kimmy was a bit worried after hearing that, for even if she felt perfectly confident about her ability in shop-sitting, she was not certain whether the owner would think she looked the part, for Granny had picked a dress that was one of the shortest, barely covering the essentials, and was also making her look particularly young and childish. Plus, Granny had not taken along any of her sandals.  
  
Sure enough, the woman complained when she saw Kimmy: "She looks a bit young"  
  
"Abigail Smithers, stop that right now, we both know how old your own kids were when they first sat the shop for you", Granny replied sternly.  
  
"All right, all right, business never picks up before noon this day of the week anyway, that's why I use it when I need to be away."  
  
Thinking that this had been surprisingly easy, Kimmy was led inside, shown the essentials, and then left alone in the laundromat. The morning was slow as far as business was concerned, and with nobody there and nothing to occupy her, Kimmy was slowly dosing away again, sitting on a chair.  
  
"Hi there, did you fall asleep waiting for your laundry?"  
  
Kimmy slowly came awake, and, gradually raising her gaze, she saw old sneakers, a faded pair of jeans, and a casual T-shirt on a girl about 16 years old - like herself, even though no-one could have told that at that moment.  
  
"No no, I'm just minding the shop, for, for Granny", Kimmy stuttered, still not fully awake.  
  
"Oh, you're Mrs. Smithers grandchild?"  
  
"What? No no, she is, I mean, Granny Johnson is my Granny, and the shop owner is her friend."  
  
"I see. could you..."  
  
At this point, the girl was interrupted by a loud, rumbling noise. At least, it seemed deafeningly loud to Kimmy, who blushed at her growling stomach. She had been, and strictly speaking still was, too tired and to have any breakfast that morning; Also, having slept in, she had been dragged from her bed straight to the car by Granny, leaving no time for a breakfast anyway. Now, the consequences made themselves known at the worst possible moment.  
  
"Aww, you poor little thing. Didn't get anything to eat?", the girl asked, abandoning her previous line of thought for the moment. "Why doncha take one of the sandwiches?", she asked, pointing them out. "You deserve some sort of payment anyway."  
  
"I was - I slept in and there was no time for breakfast. Don't know if I can just take one. And I'm getting paid anyway." A small part inside Kimmy winced at how much like a proud little girl she had sounded when she said that last sentence.  
  
"Well, you can take it out of your payment then. Or hey, I'll buy it for you, then you can be sure to stay out of trouble", the girl replied with her best reassure-the-little-kid voice. "You can do me a little favour in return, I was going to ask for help carrying my laundry anyway. By the way, I'm Daisy." Daisy stuck out her hand.  
  
Kimmy took it firmly. "I'm Kimmy." While she shook Daisy's hand, she had to suppress a giggle because Daisy's name, especially in a small town like this, made her think of the Dukes of Hazard.  
  
Kimmy walked over to get herself one of the home-made sandwiches from the bar, and sat back down to eat it. But when she was already maybe a third into eating it and bit into it again, filling and sauce spilled out the other end and dropped onto her dress.  
  
"Oh no, look what you've done", Daisy cried out. "Quick, get off your dress, we'll wash it with my laundry before the stains dry!"  
  
Kimmy, still somewhat sleepy and compliant, quickly put down her sandwich, stood up and had already started pulling up her dress when she stopped. "Ummm, I - I'm not, ummm, wearing anything under it."  
  
Now it was Daisy's turn to giggle. "Naughty girl, does your Granny know?", she teased.  
  
"Yes, she kinda thinks that I'm a little girl and that it's OK for me."  
  
"Cool, wish my family were this relaxed", Daisy replied. Then, when she saw Kimmy had stopped moving, she added: "Go ahead, I don't mind."  
  
"Oh yea, right", Kimmy said, embarrassed that she had just stood there, dumbstruck. she quickly pulled her dres up over her head and put it into the nearest empty washing machine, where it looked rather lonely. "Right, lets get your laundry inside then."  
  
"Doncha want to finish your sandwich first?"  
  
Shrugging, Kimmy sat back down and started to eat again, very careful not to spill anything again, even though now, with her being naked, it didn't much matter any more. When Daisy noticed, she for some reason found it very amusing, causing her to chuckle.  
  
Soon, Kimmy had finished eating and jumped up, walking to the door and urging Daisy on. Only when she was about to walk out the door did she realize she was doing so stark naked, cursing herself for the failure to think ahead she had exhibited the entire morning.  
  
Then again, she thought, considering her exploits so far, walking onto a parking lot naked should really not be so big a deal. Walkig outside with a smile coming from a burst of confidence, she spotted a pick-up near the laundromat's entrance, with several well-filled laundry baskets on the back. Deciding it must be Daisy's, she ran ahead towards it and climbed up to the cargo space.  
  
"That's a lot of laundry", she said, in a slightly loud voice because Daisy was not yet fully out the door.  
  
"Well our own washing machine broke down, and the laundry piled up while we waited for the repair guy to find time, until it became clear that he wouldn't show up in time. It's not like we can go naked, unlike some people."  
  
Having reached the pick-up by then, Daisy accentuated her last statement with a friendly, low-powered punch. To Kimmy's calf, since the naked girl was standing atop the vehicle's cargo area. Kimmy reflexively stuck out her tongue in defiance. Then they unloaded the first basket, the shorter Kimmy on the higher ground; she then climbed down to help carry the surprisingly heavy basket inside.  
  
"You know", Kimmy began again while they filled the first machine, where Kimmy's dress was up to the the sole occupant, "I could've kept wearing the dress until right now, I just realized."  
  
Well, you didn't seem to mind terribly", Daisy said with another friendly little punch, this time to Kimmy's shoulder. "Besides, who wants to wear dirty clothes?"  
  
At this point, both girls had to laugh out loud. In good spirits, they finished bringing in the rest of the laundry, filling several more washing machines. Then, they had to wait for the washing cycles to finish until they could put everything into dryers. Not long into their waiting, they could suddenly hear a car pulling up into the parking lot.  
  
"Pretend that you're the shop sitter, and if they ask, I'm your little sister", Kimmy said quickly, by then having finally woken up fully, and operating at full mental capacity. She then went to inconspicuously hang around at the least visible spot, where between the rows of automatons, it was not apparent that she was naked.  
  
The new arrivals entered, a woman in her early thirties and a girl about Kimmy's apparent age, maybe a bit younger. The girl was wearing a dress much like the one Kimmy was wearing earlier, and sandals.  
  
The woman got buy with her laundry, while the girl wandered about in the laundromat. Suddenly the girl cried out: "Mommy, this girl's not wearing any clothes."  
  
"She's my cousin, she recently moved here", Daisy said quickly, addressing her reply to the grown woman, not going with the "sister" excuse because the woman knew her family to well for that, "She got her stuff dirty, so we put it into the wash with the rest".  
  
"Even her panties?", the daughter asked again.  
  
"Yes, even her panties", Daisy snapped at her. "She's been a bit clumsy this Morning", he added in her normal voice.  
  
"Mom, can I get naked too?", the girl then asked. Kimmy had to chuckle at how appealing it apparently was to the town's younger population to copy her dressing style.  
  
"No, your clothes are not dirty."  
  
"I'm wearing this dress the second day. Maybe third, didn't pay attention."  
  
"I'd tell you off for it and tell you to change once we're home, but I happen to remember exactly what dress you wore yesterday."  
  
"What if I got it dirty?"  
  
"I said no. Don't make me angry."  
  
That shut the girl up, and Kimmy found herself actually somewhat regretting this fact, since the exchange between the girl and her mother had amused her. What followed was a short period of simply waiting for the laundry, until the mother spoke up about the non-presence of Mrs. Smithers, but she bought the excuse of Daisy watching the shop while doing her laundry there anyway.  
  
But when the drying of the first load of laundry had completed, the daughter immediately noticed and pointed out that Kimmy was not putting on any panties or shoes with her dress.  
  
Kimmy thought quickly and replied that she could not find her panties in the pile and that she preferred to go barefoot. She wondered a bit why she said that last bit, since it was not precisely an excuse.  
  
But the daughter drew all the attention again anyway: "I wanna take off my shoes and panties too!"  
  
"I told you to shut up about it", the mother sighed.  
  
"Grandma always lets me go barefoot", the daughter complained now.  
  
The mother seemed, for a moment, to be about to lose her temper, but then she seemed to have an idea: "Always, you say? Well OK, go barefoot then, but only if you're ready to be barefoot a whole week, non-stop", she said, clearly convinced to have outsmarted her daughter and to have ended this particular argument forever. "Unless I tell you differently for important occasions", she nevertheless added, completely hedging her bet.  
  
But unexpectedly, at least for the mother, the girl cried out her OK and took off her sandals, thanking her mom. "First Lisa's siblings, now this girl, here must be something in the water in this town", Kimmy thought, oddly enough only thinking about the behaviour of others, not her own since moving there (Note: The author opposes both drugging others without their knowledge and using cheap deus ex machina-like storytelling devices; there is nothing in the water except perhaps in the proverbial sense).  
  
The mother muttered something about her daughter turning into a Johnson girl, but left it at that. Soon their laundry was done, and just as their car left the parking lot, Kimmy and Daisy still loading the pick-up, Mrs Smithers returned, and soon after, having already been phoned by the laundromat owner, Granny arrived, after just enough time for Kimmy to get paid and lauded for her good performance.  
  
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When Mom returned home that evening, she broke into laughter to see that Kimmy apparently had, upon returning home, hung her dress onto the wardrobe like a coat or jacket. On the closest level surface was a hastily written note: "Gone swimming to escape noon heat."  
  
Walking to the lake, she found her naked daughter, lying on a large towel on her stomach, still wet from her last swim, reading some light material. Kimmy noticed her mom approaching and waved, shouting a greeting.  
  
"Mommy, can I go barefoot all week? Grandma always lets me go barefoot", Kimmy then suddenly asked, in a purposely young-sounding voice.  
  
"You can go barefoot all you want, even lock all shoes away with your school clothes. But why is it “Mommy” and "grandma" all of a sudden?"  
  
But Kimmy was only laughing, and then told her mom all about her day. When she was finished, it was Mom's turn to tell some news: "Well, I learned today - I missed it cause I am still new and needed to focus on settling in at work - that the whole company will be having a picnic on Saturday afternoon, that is, tomorrow. All the families are welcome, too. It's apparently a big thing."

**Kimmy part 7**

After her experience with sleeping in that day, Kimmy was determined to get a good night's sleep and be rested for the next day and the big picnic, but following the laws of motherly protectiveness, Mom gave her an admonishment to go to sleep at a moment that was even before the bedtime Kimmy had set for herself, causing her naked daughter to moan in frustration, according to the laws of of the daughterly wish for independence.  
  
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The following morning, a well-rested and good-spirited Kimmy almost bounced as she went to and entered the kitchen, where Mom and Granny were already waiting for the naked girl, along with a truly plentiful breakfast. They explained that because of the picnic in the afternoon, there would be no lunch, and since it would therefore be longer until the next meal, the breakfast was more substantial.  
  
Granny explained some more about the picnic. It was held each year on a large meadow by a lake. The company Mom now worked for had always provided games as entertainment for the children of the employees during the picnics, and when Granny was young, it was already traditional that non-company families would attend, the details of which she explained.  
  
Mom had also received a phone call early that morning, explaining one of the volunteers doing the necessary work had fallen ill; both Mom and Kimmy would each be serving a short shift to compensate. Kimmy would be involved with serving the food and Mom would run a games booth, her reasoning being that not being able to sit down quietly during the actual eating part of the picnic, was the smaller sacrifice for Kimmy, compared to losing playtime. She'd also be better able to handle eating on-duty. Granny at that point mentioned how Kimmy would change into company-logo clothing for this and might like costuming like this.  
  
There was still time to kill before she'd have to get ready, so Kimmy went to the lake, where she spent the free time swimming. When she had had enough of that, she climbed out and pondered her options. As she pondered, she noticed a tree that she just might be able to climb. With a grin that said "why not" to herself, she took hold of a reasonably low branch and pulled herself up, then searched for more branches and hand- and footholds to climb to the very top of the tree.  
  
Once there, she enjoyed the view and the exhilarating feeling of having successfully climbed the tree, then, when that moment was over, started to climb down. Feeling daring and maybe even a bit invulnerable after her successful climbing, she decided to add a little acrobatics, lowering her naked self from the branch by the backs of her knees, intending to hang from them upside down. It might have helped her confidence that there was a soft moss floor under her.  
  
The manoeuvre was successful, but immediately after lowering herself into position, she saw Mom stepping towards her from close by, meaning she must have been approaching for a bit already. The naked Kimmy hung like this, feeling embarrassed, with a perfect view on her mom's stomach area and little else besides, while Mom called her out for dawdling.  
  
Kimmy had to hurry back to the house, where the outside shower was already filled for her and a towel lay ready. After finishing and stepping inside, the wall-mounted clock told Kimmy that it was not as late as all the talk about dawdling had implied. Typical parenting behaviour, she thought.  
  
Kimmy then went into the walk-in closet to select a dress, but hesitated whenever she was beginning to reach for a particular one. It took her only a short time to realize that the problem laid in her not knowing what look she was actually going for.  
  
"Granny, can you come please? I need advise on what to wear at the picnic."  
  
Granny and Mom joined her in the closet, and Granny started to pick out a couple of dresses that she considered appropriate. Kimmy picked the one whose material and colour she liked best, and slipped it on. It was held up by spaghetti straps, the back and sides at a height equalling the lower edge of her breasts, the breasts themselves covered because the front formed a kind of bib; the dress would not have been wearable with breasts larger than hers. When she smoothed it down, she noticed the hem was only barely decent.  
  
Almost giggling, Kimmy remembered shopping for this dress, and soon her attention was caught by other things, for Mom had just offered doing her hair, claiming she knew exactly which hairstyle would fit. Kimmy had to admit she rather liked the result, even though neither dress nor hairstyle helped her look her true age.  
  
"I like it!", she exclaimed, "makes me look awfully young though."  
  
"You look young with any dress, or without it", Mom replied. "I could confirm that just now when I fetched you from your tree."  
  
Kimmy had to concede the point, but her cheerfulness was undiminished: "I guess you're right, and I still like the look! Now let's pick out the sandals to match!"  
  
"No need for that", Mom stopped her, "Like I said yesterday, you can go barefoot all the time."  
  
"But mom, that was just the opening for telling you about my day!"  
  
"Maybe, but you go around barefoot all the time anyway, and a picnic, in this town, is not as formal an event as you obviously think."  
  
"The picnic will be on a meadow next to a lake, shoes will not be a common sight even these days", Granny confirmed. Since Kimmy's concern had really been the desire to fit in rather than the bare-footedness itself, the issue was settled.  
  
They all piled into Mom's car, Kimmy in the back. As she sat down, the her dress rose in the back, so that she was sitting on the hem, which felt awkward. After a couple of unsuccessful tries to pull it forward, she instead pulled it up, sitting on her bare butt with the dress falling around her. Pragmatic solution, Granny would have been proud. And indeed, it seemed as if the old woman was smiling at that moment, even if it was not certain whether she noticed anything at all.  
  
They arrived rather early, with time to spare before the official beginning. Kimmy met Lisa and her siblings, Daisy, and the girl from the laundromat before the area got crowded. As Granny and Mom had predicted, they were all barefoot, but that was not the important bit. Each of the girls showed Kimmy that they were not wearing any underwear under their dresses. Laughing, Kimmy raised her dress to unnecessarily prove that she was in the same state.  
  
After this first hour, Kimmy's shift as a volunteer waitress started, so in time, she reported for duty, and was handed a large white T-shirt with a printed logo, and a large waitress' purse. There would be no individual ordering of food, instead the volunteers would keep the serving plates and other dishes filled. The non-company visitors would give some money for their food based on the honour system. The purse existed because this had proven itself a better system than donation boxes set up at fixed places on the open meadow.  
  
"I'm sorry, the shirt might be a bit large on you", the middle-aged woman, who had given Kimmy both items, apologised.

"Oh no, it's a perfectly sized dress", replied Kimmy, who had been familiar with the concept of wearing T-shirts as dresses literally since her first day in town. She went behind a pile of supplies, shielded from the eyes of the woman and, she believed, everyone else's. However, as she pulled her dress up over her head and stood naked, she heard two little kids, a girl and a boy, giggle as they walked by at a middle distance, somewhat off the proverbial beaten path, where they had escaped Kimmy's attention.  
  
Kimmy quickly pulled the T-shirt down over her head and stepped out of her cover, the woman looked a bit surprised, then chuckled a bit.  
  
"You could've pulled it on over your own dress, like the others are doing it. Would've saved you from being seen in your undies by those two kids. But it's OK now, and I gotta say, you look kinda cute like this."  
  
"Sorry, My Granny said I'd change into a special outfit for my shift, I guess I took it too literal", she admitted, giggling.  
  
And so she started serving the food, and a lot of people were quite charmed by the little barefoot girl in the company logo "dress" that seemed even cuter for serving with the competence of an older teenager.  
  
Not all were charmed though. A 16-year-old girl, dressed like a member of a school in-crowd, complained to her mother about yet another barefoot kid, this one even serving food. However, her mother immediately chastised her for intolerance. Given her experiences so far, Kimmy, who could not help but overhear the conversation, half-expected the mother to order her daughter to take her own shoes or possibly all of her clothes off, but no such thing happened. However, the next time Kimmy passed within hearing range of them, the mother was asking her daughter to at least try to go barefoot.  
  
"Just because I think going barefoot is not always appropriate doesn't mean I was never without shoes for even a single moment in all my life", the daughter replied.  
  
"Don't nitpick what I say. I meant to try doing it outside of a bathroom or pool area. You even wear these "bathing shoes" when swimming outdoors."  
  
"Well, they are practical. The ground is dirty and there might be sharp stones."  
  
"It would be even more practical to not swim at all and stay safe and dry. But you'll have more fun by keeping things simple and spontaneous."  
  
Kimmy missed the rest od the conversation when her duties lead her out of hearing range, but when she passed once again, she noticed that the daughter had indeed taken off her shoes and socks.  
  
After about an hour, most were done eating, and Kimmy could now go once she handed back the shirt. She went to the same cover she used before; not only wasn't there any better, but it was where she had left her own dress. Making sure that this time nobody was in position to see her, she removed the T-shirt - and then couldn't find her own dress.  
  
Fortunately, the situation quickly resolved itself: Lisa, having noticed that Kimmy's volunteer services might no longer be needed with the picnic tables being less busy, bringing the dress which she claimed to have taken "for safekeeping".  
  
It had reached, by then, the point of the afternoon that is the hottest time of the day, and the sun had apparently chosen the picnic day to make it extra-hot. The whiny sought the shade and some of them headed home altogether.  
  
Kimmy herself was not entirely unaffected, looking longingly at the lake, telling Lisa how much she'd like a cooling swim. Lisa then parted, successfully managing to appear like simply wanting to head to another part of the area than Kimmy. A short while later, having run into Granny by then, there was an announcement by the company's manager-owner, who was about Granny's age, that the lake was available for swimming. Nothing much in the way of reaction followed though, since this was a deviation from the normal program nobody had planned for, there was probably not a single person there who thought to bring a swimsuit.  
  
"Too bad I didn't bring a suit", Kimmy voiced her trouble to Granny.  
  
"Silly girl, you swam naked at our lake, and it's much better than wearing those pieces of wet cloth."  
  
"Yes, but this is a really crowded place, and..."  
  
"No buts", Granny interrupted her, "be glad you're still young enough to be seen naked." And with that, she took hold of Kimmy's dress and pulled it over the unresisting girl's head, leaving her completely naked once again with the quick and easy removal of just a single garment.  
  
Kimmy was surprised in the first moment, but had to admit that in the heat, she immediately felt better with the dress off. Not wanting the dress to disappear again while she took a swim, she entrusted it to Granny, who was still holding it anyway. Then, since they had not actually been standing at the lake when the announcement was made, she walked to the small wooden jetty and jumped into the water.  
  
There was no immediate crowd of imitators, but Kimmy was soon joined by those she had already met in her earlier adventures, namely, Lisa's siblings and the laundromat girl, who had simply dropped their clothes onto the jetty. A few of the other kids present were also confident and interested enough to join them.  
  
It went not unnoticed, and sure enough, some went to complain to the company owner, but they were a minority, so he felt that he could safely ignore them and follow his öwn thoughts on the matter, which was to let the kids have their innocent fun.  
  
But of course, Kimmy eventually had to leave the water again, and standing on the small jetty dripping water, she looked for Granny to get her dress. Fortunately, Granny had thought to keep close, and Kimmy spotted her at the closest game spot, where short stakes were driven into the ground for a ring toss game. Walking the short distance naked, she then asked for her dress back, but Granny sensibly pointed out she'd better dry first, and suggested Kimmy should play a round of the game while drying off.  
  
With no better suggestion Kimmy did so. And then, it happened again: Some of the kids at the picnic got naked, asking parents for permission first in those cases where families moved as a group; in other cases the kids were encouraged by their parents. It was a minority, but there was no active opposition, for the individuals who could have formed it had already learned that the company policy was in their disfavour while trying to stop the skinny-dipping. Many of those now striping had already been barefoot, which was significant because aside from the group influenced by Kimmy, none had started out like that.  
  
"Well, it looks like you won't need the dress any more", Granny commented, pointing out the by no means rampant, but still very visible nudity around them. She was genuinely friendly, but Kimmy knew that she probably wouldn't change her mind and give the dress back.  
  
Of course, Mom just had to choose that very moment to find Kimmy and abduct her in order to introduce her daughter to every single one of her colleagues, as well as all their husbands and wives. Kimmy was of course naked every time she was introduced to one of these families, making a lot of naked first impressions. Even though in some cases, they technically were not first impressions, since of course, many had already seen her waiting the table, which they freely commented on.  
  
Kimmy felt very embarrassed, not so much at her nudity, but at being mistaken for just another one of those naked young ones milling about, something her looks only served to corroborate. Besides which, it is always embarrassing to be shown to a lot of friends of your proud parent. Kimmy however managed to win a lot of sympathy by being a trooper and bear it, shaking hands with all her new acquaintances politely and with genuine friendliness.  
  
As the introductory round came to an end and Kimmy was able to freely move about again, the numbers of the naked seemed to have increased slightly, and Kimmy also thought she noticed, even though she could neither confirm nor refute it, that the age of the naked seemed to have risen to the upper edge of harmlessness. It made her wonder if just maybe there was another young-looker like her in this crowd. What made her really smile though was when she saw that the complaining girl from earlier had apparently decided to join the swimming, judging from her still wet hair and skin, even if she must have stayed somewhat out of sight as Kimmy never noticed her in the water. She also was still barefoot and had even left her pants off when getting dressed again, which, given her rather long top, didn't make her stand out as particularly undressed at that point.  
  
When, at the end of the picnic, Kimmy was given her dress back for the ride home, she herself was the one who decided that it would be really silly to do that, and she drove home naked.  
  
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"I can't believe how easy that was", Mom later told Granny.  
  
"It wasn't. Kimmy is a natural at going naked and it's a joy to watch her, but without her friends to support her, or if we had chosen the wrong moment to act, it might have failed", Granny replied. Then, noticing the worried expressions suddenly crossing Mom's face, she added: "Oh no, don't worry, she was never in any danger. But she might have failed to inspire others, and that might have meant that she'd possibly been forced to get dressed again once schools started."  
  
"Well, good thing that did not happen, then."  
  
"Indeed."

**Kimmy part 8**

The day following Saturday's picnic was, obviously, a Sunday. Since it was the time of the summer holidays, Sundays or the weekend in general were nothing special for Kimmy, but they were for Mom. For Granny, they need not have been, but she had always made it a point to make them stand out from the rest of the week, and part of the result was that Mom and Kimmy got an invitation for lunch at the town's favourite, Moira's diner.  
  
Kimmy decided to contribute to the specialness of the day by dressing up, summer style of course. Unfortunately, those dresses in her summer wardrobe that looked the least plain also looked the most childish. Kimmy tried to counter the effect with a more mature hairstyle, but when checking in the mirror, the combination looked ridiculous to her. While she was still looking at the fashion disaster, pondering what to do, Mom came in, and noticed her daughters hair-related indecision.  
  
"Why don't you put it in side-bunches?"  
  
"I don't know, it'll make me look..."  
  
"Don't be like that, why don't you just try it and see how it works?"  
  
Suiting actions to words, Mom formed Kimmy's hair into two bunches at the sides of her head, and despite herself, Kimmy had to admit that it went well with the dress. All dressed up except for still being barefoot, she went to the entrance door to complete her outfit with her most dressy pair of sandals.  
  
"Isn't it still your barefoot week?", Mom teased.  
  
"Aww mom, I told you that was just..."  
  
Kimmy didn't get to finish the sentence, because her mom had started chuckling, giving away her lack of seriousness, and both broke out into full laughter. The good spirits lasted throughout the drive to the diner.  
  
Once there, they got into a booth and placed their orders]. The table and, correspondingly, the seats were rather high, as if you were sitting at a bar, so that the feet of a short person like Kimmy did not actually reach the floor. While they waited, she reached down to undo the ankle straps of her sandals, so she could let them dangle a bit.  
  
The food soon arrived, and they had some pleasant conversation while eating it. With Kimmy being distracted, she did not really notice her sandals slipping from her still idly swinging feet.  
  
A bit later, when Kimmy needed to go to the toilet, she therefore did not notice that she started walking there barefoot, but was quickly made aware by a voice exclaiming: "See, I told you going barefoot in here is OK". Kimmy instantly recognized the voice, and sure enough, when she turned to look in that direction, she saw laundromat girl and her mother in one of the other boothes.  
  
When Kimmy turned back towards the lavatory, she could see the diner's owner, who confirmed that there was no dress code and shoes were not required. In this town, this did not surprise Kimmy any more, and in fact, in a third booth, a girl and boy, apparently sibling and there with their parents, yelled out their approval of the policy and took of their shoes and socks.  
  
Kimmy quickly went into the bathroom, and when she came back out of the stall, she found that laundromat girl had joined her, and was now barefoot, which she previously had not been. Kimmy considered this to be a remarkable dedication, since she herself had only entered the bathroom barefoot cause she had felt it too late to back out after the commotion. It was a surprisingly clean bathroom though, living out in the country apparently had some perks.  
  
"Awesome, I'd never have thought you could just go barefoot in here. Thanks for daring to try."  
  
"It wasn't daring, I wasn't thinking about it, else I might just have asked the policy, I'm surprised you didn't. Actually, I'm even more surprised all other kids here would join in at once, and cheering, too. I mean, it's only bare feet."  
  
"Well, I didn't think of it, what with my mom insisting it's not allowed and this being a food place after all. As for only bare feet, well, bad enough that it's so difficult just to go barefoot, I'd love to do more!"  
  
"Yea, so you said back at the laundromat. But you heard the owner, no dress code, you could go out there naked right now."  
  
"My mom would faint. And ground me until my 18th birthday when she came to", laundromat girl laughed, "but why don't you do it?"  
  
"Do what? Undress in a restaurant bathroom for no real reason? That'd be strange no matter what."  
  
They both had a hearty laugh at that, but laundromat girl was not yet willing to let the issue go:  
  
"Well, maybe just take off our underwear?"  
  
"Not wearing any, I put it all away for the summer."  
  
"Awesome. Err, I mean, I don't believe you, prove it!"  
  
Kimmy had to laugh at the obvious attempt, but somehow, the girl's obvious admiration made her more than willing to comply. She raised her dress, all the way up to her neck, then pulled it off, handed it over, and did a slow turn, naked, full circle.  
  
"Proven?"  
  
"Yes", the girl said, and then pulled up her own dress to show Kimmy that she, too, wore nothing under it. Which, of course, was just as it had been the day before, but that was at a picnic which, as Kimmy had been told, was a decidedly relaxed environment.  
  
"I should have known", was Kimmy's laughing comment. Then she paused: "Wait a moment, something's wrong here. Back when we first met, you were definitely wearing panties, requiring permission to take them off, which you did not get. And you were then told, even though I did not understand the logic of it, to stay barefoot for a week, yet you clearly came here with shoes."  
  
"Well, the panties thing is hard to check, I just needed to see someone actually do it I guess. As for the shoe week, my mom obviously thought being forced for a week would "cure" me of my wish to go barefoot. It won't work but I knew she wouldn't even really try, she's much too concerned what others might think. That's why she reserved herself the right for exceptions."  
  
At this point, the discussion was cut short when the diner's owner entered.  
  
"Umm, she just handed me her dress because..."  
  
"Because you wanted to test how serious I was about "no dress code"? Well, at your age, going naked would be covered by the policy. I know my customers and there's nobody out there who would complain, either."  
  
"My mother might..."  
  
"Only if she thought it were expected of her, but as I said, everyone else in there is OK with it." Turning to Kimmy, she continued: "I've got to go into one of the stalls for the business I came in for, but if you want, just drape your dress over the other sink, and I'll keep it safe and give it back when you leave. Oh, and you can call me Moira."  
  
"Kimmy", replied Kimmy, extending her hand, still a bit stunned at being caught naked once again.  
  
Moira disappeared into a bathroom stall, and even though Kimmy half-heartedly wanted her dress back, her friend insisted that she went out naked. And that's what she did, to a somewhat shocked stare from her friend's mother, giggles from the siblings at the other booth, and knowing smiles from Granny and Mom. Granny commended Kimmy for going along with the spirit of Moira's policy, and Mom joined her.  
  
Kimmy's new friend went to talk to her mother, while Kimmy watched the siblings, curious whether she'd get some new imitators, which, given her experiences in this town up till then, was not that far-fetched at all. This particular kids did not seem too eager, though.  
  
However, when Kimmy had already mostly stopped paying attention to them, Moira went to that table, and after a brief conversation Kimmy could not hear, the girl took of her top, then shortly after the boy. The mother then neatly put the clothes away in her rather large handbag.  
  
Suddenly, Mom turned to Granny and changed the topic of their conversation: "I just wondered, you must know everyone in here, right?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Shouldn't you introduce us, then?"  
  
"Of course, should have thought of that myself."  
  
With naked Kimmy in tow, They went to the table of the larger family first, and Granny did the introductions. Everyone was nice and friendly, yet Kimmy was nevertheless somewhat embarrassed at being introduced naked once more. An embarrassment that grew by an order of magnitude when the mother helpfully gave her a list of possible activities in town that was clearly meant for someone younger than Kimmy's 16 years.  
  
The introductions at the next table were cut short though, with laundromat girl's mother keenly remembering the alleged relation with Daisy, and a lot of time was spent explaining Mom's and Kimmy's actual relation to Granny, as well as a made-up relation on the father's side to Daisy. Granny did most of the latter, since she was the most familiar with Daisy's actual family. Kimmy was just glad Granny was both quick-witted and kind enough not to give away her "granddaughter's" little lie.  
  
Soon it was time to leave, and Granny asked Moira to bring the bill and the dress. They sat back down at their booth while waiting for these items. Kimmy carefully lowered her foot, fishing for her sandals, but they seemed to be gone.  
  
"Mom, Granny, did you see my shoes?"  
  
Two nos came as answer.  
  
"Aww, mom", Kimmy then said, putting the frustration of a teen-aged daughter into that second word, "if you want me to go barefoot, just say so! Don't play games with me!"  
  
However, it seemed that Mom and Granny really were innocent. After a short but thorough search of the booth, they decided all they could do was tell Moira and hope the sandals would turn up again. On the way out to the car, Mom couldn't help but give in to her motherly tendencies, and told Kimmy how much cuter her outfit looked with her barefoot; Kimmy just rolled her eyes, despite, or rather, partly because she knew it to be true.

**Kimmy part 9**

As the car drove on and had nearly reached Granny's home, Mom spoke up again: "This incident just now about losing your shoes reminded me of something. I noticed that recently, it seems almost harder to get you out of your shoes than out of your dress, what's up with that?"  
  
Kimmy was at a loss for words. The truth was that so far, trusting Granny's judgement about being naked had worked out fine, but only because she looked so young. But recently, it had dawned on her that at the end of the summer, the general population of the local school would know her true age based on the grade she was in. She had therefor tried to return to a conventional-seeming outfit of dress and shoes during more public appearances. But she couldn't really explain that to Mom while Granny was in the car with them.  
  
"That's not true at all! Every time I didn't want to go shoeless, I would have wanted to take the dress off even less", was the best truthful reply she could give.   
  
"She's not used yet to the idea of it being all right at more public events. She seemed fine once she was in the middle of it. She'll soon want to go naked everywhere, then we'll have to actually restrict her", Granny chimed in, the last part said with a chuckle.  
  
The part about Mom and Granny having to restrict her nudity reminded Kimmy of something laundromat girl said, and she quickly formed a plan, which consisted of showing eagerness towards nudity to convince Granny, then explain her new concerns to her Mom and win her as an ally in restricting her own nude appearances. Except of course those in more private circumstances, which she had already grown to enjoy.  
  
Quickly acting on her new plan, Kimmy addressed her Mom, ostensibly still only concerned with the topic of wearing shoes: "Granny's right, Mom, and just to show that I trust her judgement, I'll give you my remaining pairs of summer shoes, and rely on your and Granny's judgement about when to wear them. I won't be asking about them again."  
  
This found Granny's and Mom's approval and the discussion about it ended.  
  
When they arrived back home moment later, Kimmy, without even thinking about it, took off her dress the moment she left the car, leaving her naked. She then gathered up all her summer shoes upon entering the house, and handed them over to Mom.  
  
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It was rather early the next morning when Granny entered Kimmy's room. Or at least, it was early according to Kimmy's holiday schedule, which is why she was found asleep, lying naked on top of the blanket, face down. Granny woke her with a friendly clap to her butt.  
  
"Wake up, sleepyhead, your friend Alice is coming", she announced.  
  
"Who the ... is Alice", Kimmy mumbled, half-asleep and speaking mostly into her pillow. Which was just as well, or Granny might have told her off for bad language.  
  
Granny took the mumbling as a sign that Kimmy was awake, and left again. Kimmy however turned over onto her other side and went back to dozing, reasoning that if anyone came, she'd hear the engine of their car soon enough, especially since getting dressed would be quickly accomplished for her.  
  
No such warning occurred though, and Kimmy was woken up again by another slap to her bare butt. This was followed by a cheerful "Good Morning" in the cheerful voice of laundromat girl.  
  
"Oh, so you're Alice", Kimmy finally managed to say, with a yawn, after taking several moments to wake up sufficiently.  
  
"Oh, so you're Kimmy", Alice aped her. She was wearing a dress with layered skirts made from a denim-like fabric, with increasingly higher waistline. It let her look surprisingly "dressed" despite leaving her arms and almost all of her legs bare. She was wearing nothing else, of course. And she looked way too cheerful for what was, to Kimmy, early morning.  
  
"How did you get here? I didn't hear a car."  
  
"I rode my bike here. My mom won't let me have the car yet. Besides, I like riding my bike, and the town is small enough that it makes reasonable transportation, if you're not in a hurry."  
  
"I never had a bike. We always lived in big cities were the issue never came up, especially since we were never particularly rich."  
  
"Does that mean you can't ride a bike? We'll have to fix that, girlfriend", Alice decided.  
  
However, Kimmy refused to do anything at all before her shower and breakfast. Alice watched, amused, as Kimmy prepared and used the outdoor shower, then sat down for breakfast, where Granny and Mom were already waiting.  
  
"Aren't you going to get dressed at all?", Alice finally asked, grinning broadly.  
  
Kimmy had not even considered dressing so far, since she was on the farm and no strangers were present, so the comment took her by surprise. However, she was now sufficiently awake to bite back, and in no mood to be driven into the defensive: "Why don't you get undressed? I'm surprised you didn't already."  
  
"Is it really OK?" Alice asked, looking at Granny and Mom, who both nodded, Granny voicing her encouragement.  
  
Alice let her single garment drop to the ground and stepped out of it. She then demonstratively went over to stand next to Kimmy, which presented to Mom and Granny the view of two naked little girls.  
  
"Do you have a bike somewhere?", Kimmy asked Granny, "Alice mentioned they are useful around here, so I want to learn to ride one." She knew how "age-appropriate" this was, but the prospect of some independent mobility was too tempting.  
  
Granny nodded and showed everyone to a shed, where a bike could be found. It looked like it came straight from the hippie era, and the same was true about the basket fixed to the handle bars. But the bike seemed to be in a reasonable state of repair, and with the saddle adjusted low, Kimmy's toes could just reach the pedals even at the lowest point of their movement circle, so she was able to ride it.  
  
The morning was spent teaching Kimmy, with everybody - minus Mom, who had to leave for work - watching, giving helpful advice, and occasionally trying not to laugh. But by midday, Kimmy could ride the bike reasonably well. During lunch, Alice invited her to go visit her grandma in the afternoon.  
  
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During the ride to Alice's grandma - Alice was back in her dress, and Kimmy wore one, too - Kimmy turned to Alice:  
  
"Alice...", she began  
  
"Please call me Ally."  
  
Kimmy did so, and they started a conversation about their general life and their interests. Something did not fit quite right, so Kimmy asked Ally about her age. And found it was the same as hers.  
  
"No way, you look much younger!", Kimmy protested.  
  
"So do you."  
  
"You mean you knew all the time?"  
  
"The penny dropped when I learned you're a Johnson girl. So am I, by the way. Well, my last name is Williams, and my Granny is called Jones. But she's first cousins with your Granny, and was a Johnson girl in her youth, so I'm part of the heritage. I look the part, too, obviously. I had just been waiting for a chance to live up to it."  
  
"If you figured it out, did your mom, too?", Kimmy asked, suddenly worried.  
  
"No danger. Mom never lived up to the tradition. It might be cause my granny moved away before she had her. We only moved back here after my mom's divorce. By then, the Johnson girl traditions had sort of faded, due to a lack of active Johnson girls. My granny, who had moved back here for retirement, won me over fairly quickly. We lived with her for the first few months, you see. But with my mom being who she is, I never dared to be too open about it. But I think it will change, with you being here."  
  
"How does all that make her fail so figure me out?"  
  
"Oh, right, sorry, the point is, since she was so opposed to going nude from an early age, granny never bothered to tell her about the part of keeping it up longer by looking younger. So she doesn't have the edge that helped me figure it out."  
  
"Another thing, why didn't your granny involve my granny?"  
  
"I have no idea. They are friendly towards each other, but not really close. They lived in different towns for a long time, and your granny is only my great aunt two and a half times removed, so I never thought it odd."  
  
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They arrived to Granny Jones' house, which used to be a farmhouse, which it still was in all respects except the actual farming business; the land had long ago been sold to boost other local farms to a more profitable size.  
  
The girls dismounted and leaned their bikes against the wall, but when Kimmy wanted to go inside, Ally stopped her.  
  
"Wait, you're not dressed for first contact."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"I think you should meet her naked."  
  
"But why?"  
  
"It's appropriate for a Johnson girl, that's why."  
  
"What if I don't want to meet every new person in this town with nothing on?"  
  
"So what if you did? Nothing wrong with it!"  
  
"If there's nothing wrong with it, join me, Miss I-never-dared-to-be-too-open-about-it."  
  
Before Ally could reply, however, Granny Jones came out, having heard the argument.  
  
"Hey Granny", Ally began before Granny Jones could say something herself, "meet my friend Kimmy, grandchild of Granny Johnson."  
  
"That certainly explains the talk about nudity that alerted me to your presence."  
  
"Kimmy was wondering whether it'd be OK to go ahead and meet you naked even if you never met before. She needs a refresher course in Johnson girl behaviour, I think."  
  
"If that's so, why are you still dressed?", Kimmy retorted.  
  
"Girls, girls, please stop arguing, you're welcome to wear or not wear whatever you want, each of you." Following this, Kimmy and Ally looked at each other, then simultaneously decided to get naked, as if on a mutual dare.  
  
Next, they all went inside and gathered around the big table. Granny Jones served cake and hot chocolate, and over a long conversation, Granny Jones and Ally were filled in on Kimmy's adventures so far, and Kimmy was filled in about backgrounds. At one point, Kimmy slipped from "Miss Jones" to "Granny Alice", since she was Alice's granny, and it turned out her name was indeed Alice, with Ally being named after her. Granny Alice rather liked this over the less personal "Miss Jones", and as a way for Kimmy to avoid having two persons called "Granny".  
  
It was getting later over all the talking, so it was suggested for Kimmy to stay over night, so the girls could have an impromptu sleepover and as much of the next day as they liked before Kimmy would return home.  
  
While Kimmy phoned home to give notice, Granny Alice went outside to fetch the dresses the girls had carelessly left there. Kimmy's happened to be one of her old sleep-shirts, and Granny Alice found a spot that had become damaged, maybe while riding the bike, or maybe just because the fabric was old. She insisted to wash and mend the dress, and promised it would be ready before Kimmy would leave the next day.

**Kimmy part 10**

Eventually, the girls went up to their room. The house was easily big enough for everyone to have her own room, but Ally and Kimmy decided to share and have a proper sleepover. Kimmy of course had brought nothing to wear to bed, so she simply flopped onto the large bed after her first indoor-shower in a long time. Ally decided to do the same, and after a lot of talking and being silly, they fell asleep. They woke up the next morning cuddled up together.  
  
While Ally was busy in the bathroom, Kimmy went to talk to Granny Alice, planning to secure her help and advice. She explained how she wanted to be the one pushing the envelope so Mom and Granny would have to restrict her wisely rather than pushing her at the most inconvenient times. She also explained how she tried to simply get "fully dressed" again but found that she did not like that option very much any more.  
  
Kimmy was especially hoping to be less often caused to be naked when meeting people for the first time. Granny Alice suggested that Kimmy should make a point of wanting to be naked at every appropriate and especially inappropriate opportunity. That way, her Mom and Granny would have to restrain rather than push her, making Kimmy the active part and giving her control to avoid the unpleasant bits. Kimmy understood the reasoning, but was not sure if it would work out.  
  
Granny Alice also suggested that in the evening, Kimmy should start by riding her bike home naked. Before they could discuss this any further, however, Ally left the bathroom, freshly showered, and re-joined them.  
  
After a lazy breakfast, the girls went to explore the woods. This forest, of course, did not belong to Granny Alice, who only owned the house and garden. Exploring, of course, in this case largely meant that Ally showed Kimmy around. After a good while of horsing around and climbing trees, they arrived at a pond and decided to have a swim.  
  
A jetty had been constructed at the pond to serve as a platform for swimmers, and the pair of naked girls used it to dry in the sun after their desire for swimming and water-related horseplay had been momentarily satisfied. Somewhat exhausted, they dozed away in the sun, and did not hear the approaching car until it came to a halt on the patch of grass that served as parking space and turning area for any cars that happened to drive to the pond.  
  
The driver was a girl of barely 18, and the three younger kids that came with her, two boys and one girl, were quite apparently her siblings. Their bags could only have been more indicative of their plans if "beach day" had been written on them in large letters.  
  
If the unexpected arrival of the car had been a sudden point of excitement in Kimmy's and Ally's time at the pond, what followed was decidedly anticlimactic. The newly arrived group were not bothered at all by what to them was a pair of naked little girls. The younger three quarters of them decided to skinny dip as well, only the oldest girl, the one who had driven, changed into a rather modest bikini. Playing together in the water, everybody became fast friends.  
  
Nobody questioned that everybody was nude bar one, until Kimmy finally did, giving in to her curiosity. At the time, the older girl simply pointed out the age difference, but from then on, her younger siblings would pester and tease her about it until she finally gave in, commenting that nobody but them was present anyway.  
  
When finally everybody had had enough water for the day, and before they parted, Kimmy and Ally were invited to visit their new friends and their parents the following evening.  
  
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Kimmy stopped by Granny Alice's house to retrieve her bike and clothes, but decided to heed her advice and ride her bike home naked. This was her first naked bike ride - aside from her early practice, which didn't count - and she found it to be a very pleasant experience.  
  
She told Mom and Granny all about the visit to the two Alices. She decided to give Granny Alice's plan a try, and managed to give the impression of having been eager to be naked as much as possible. It was easier than she thought.  
  
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The next morning, Kimmy awoke in good spirits and hurried to the kitchen, where Mom already was, as well as Granny, who seemed to have become a regular for breakfast. It turned out that neither Mom nor Granny would be able to give Kimmy a ride to her new friends, because they both needed to be at a meeting of the PTA and school board that evening. Kimmy assured them this was no problem, glad that she had her bike to rely on for transportation now.  
  
After breakfast Kimmy went to have her morning shower outside, while Mom went to the walk-in wardrobe she shared with Kimmy to get ready for work. She then locked the door, as it was faulty and would not stay closed otherwise. As she so often did, she started to pocket the key afterwards, but this time, her mind preoccupied with work and the evening's conference, she did not notice and stop herself, and instead took it along to work.  
  
A short time later, but after Mom had already left for work, Kimmy noticed the locked door and her own resulting lack of access to her clothes. Pondering her options, she decided calling Mom at work was out, since she would be too busy to come back and going there naked to fetch the wardrobe key was not a pleasant perspective. Going to Granny was also out, since everything clothing-like she ever left at Granny's house was long since returned for laundry, and Granny was guaranteed to declare her own clothes as unsuitable for a "little girl", even if they could be made to fit.  
  
Finally she had the idea to call Ally, whose clothes were almost guaranteed to fit her. It turned out that Ally didn't have access to her car that day and would be using her bike, just like Kimmy. It was therefore decided that it did not make sense for Ally to take a detour to the Johnson farm, and would instead bring a change of clothes for Kimmy directly to the house of their new friend's parents. This was not a problem since they had been told that said parents wouldn't be home before a certain time, and they would both arrive a bit sooner than that. Their new friends themselves had already seen Kimmy naked, so that was no big deal, Ally insisted.  
  
Kimmy would have been happy to not have to resort to getting some non-summer-clothes out of storage, except that would have involved breaking her own resolution and probably also her word, so it would only have occurred to her after running out of all other options, and then spending some more time thinking on the problem.   
  
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Kimmy left the farm a bit early, anxious that she might misjudge speed and travel time or take a wrong turn somewhere. Of course, as always when such precautions are actually taken, they turn out to be unnecessary, and Kimmy arrived ahead of schedule. Her route had been leading exclusively through back roads, rather than through town, even without particularly planning for it. As a result, her journey had been completely uneventful without any encounters. Still, naked bike riding had not yet become boring to Kimmy, so it was all good.  
  
As predicted by Ally, nobody was concerned be Kimmy's nudity, and after Kimmy filled everyone in on her arrangement with Ally, it was decided to spend the waiting time by watching TV. Of course, everybody was clothed when Kimmy arrived, and since they had no reason to get naked themselves, Kimmy stayed the only one sans clothes. At first it felt a bit strange to be the only naked one among a group of people watching TV, but since humans in general can't stay perpetually embarrassed about the same thing without perpetual reminders, it soon felt normal to her.  
  
The reminder came in form of an engine sound, and Ally then being informed that it was the parent's car.  
  
"Oh shit, they're early, I'm not dressed yet."  
  
"Hurry, come on upstairs, it's not too late yet!, the oldest girl said, and dragged the naked Kimmy upstairs, where she tossed her something from a closet quickly. It turned out to be a large, plain white T-shirt. "Sorry, can't give you anything else, or they might recognize it and ask question."  
  
There would have been no time for Kimmy to try and improve her impromptu wardrobe anyway, since the parents had already entered the house, asked their kids (well, the downstairs ones) if any of their guests had already arrived, and upon being answered, asked to meet Kimmy.  
  
After introductions, the mother wondered whether Kimmy wasn't a bit too old for such a short dress, and Kimmy reflexively responded by saying that her Mom and Granny didn't think so. The mother then apologized for having mistaken Kimmy for older. Kimmy was relieved to be off the hook, but also cringed inwardly that she again was mistaken for younger, and at what amounted to her own insistence, no less.  
  
Literally minutes after, Ally arrived, having dawdled at home and thereby missing her calculated departure time by a nwrrow yet decissive margin. She had brought Kimmy's clothes, but of course now it was too late for a change; Ally picked up on the situation in time and left the clothes outside.  
  
After the parents had met Ally, they suggested that since it would still be light outside for a good while, the kids could go play in the garden or use the hot tub.  
  
"Aww, I brought no swimming suit", Kimmy and Ally nearly simultaneously complained.  
  
"Kimmy, does your Mom require you to wear a swimming suit yet?"  
  
"Not when I swim at our lake."  
  
"Then you don't need to do so here, either. In fact, all of you are young enough to be suit-less if you want, even when leaving the hot tub for the garden. Except for Kate and Ally, of course. Ally, you can use one of Kate's spare swimsuits."  
  
The "home team" all gave the impression that they were familiar with this arrangement, leading Kimmy and Ally to conclude that this was normal for the family and had only been spelled out for the guests' benefit. Kimmy felt very embarrassed that she was classified as a little kid while her not much more developed friend Ally got the adult treatment. But as before, she soon got used to it, except for a few occasions where Ally or one of their new friends would point it out, to either good-naturedly rib Kimmy about it or to make fun of the situation for everyone to laugh.  
  
Overall, though, Kimmy had to admit that it was rather pleasant to not have to bother with a wet suit when they were doing party games in the garden, and she even used this as a comeback against Ally.  
  
This went on for a bit over an hour, then the doorbell rang. It turned out to be the neighbours from across the street, a couple of about middle age, a bit older than their friend's parents. They explained that due to the nice weather, they had spontaneously decided on a barbecue, and equally spontaneously decided that this would be even nicer with some friends, so they thought to invite one of the neighbour families. After they had been introduced to Kimmy and Ally, with Kimmy of course still naked and wet from the hot tub, the invitation was extended to them.  
  
The inviting couple explained to Kimmy, with a tone of voice appropriate to delivering excellent news, that up here in this somewhat remote street, they were still following the old ways, so it was OK for Kimmy to not bother dressing just to cross the street. Since nobody else of the naked faction made a move to disagree, Kimmy simply had to go along with it as well.  
  
The barbecue was a very pleasant event, and extended well past sunset. A new humiliation lay in store for Kimmy at its end though. While Ally was allowed to ride home, Kimmy was believed to be too young to leave alone after dark. After a quick call to Mom, it was agreed that the simplest resolution would for her to stay the night.  
  
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Kimmy somewhat involuntary but by no means unpleasant overnight stay fortunately helped to solve some logistical problems, as she could leave the borrowed T-shirt where it belonged and ride home in the clothes brought by Ally. Of course, Kimmy in theory could have went home naked, leaving Ally to take home the extra set of clothes that were hers anyway.  
  
However, Ally decided that there was no reason to push things like that, and Kimmy was happy to agree. Besides, it turned out that the sandals included in the outfit where the ones that went missing when Kimmy had met Ally and her mother in a dinner, which was now revealed to be a practical joke executed by Ally.  
  
But when Kimmy was under way on her bike, something felt wrong. Not only had she been naked most of the previous day and also for the night, but most of her total bike-riding was done naked as well. Even though she was able to ride the bike just fine, it still felt as if her clothes where being a hindrance. In particular, she couldn't quite decide whether she wanted to pedal using the soles of her sandals, or put her toes on the pedal, making use of the fact her footwear was open-toed.  
  
She finally, already out of sight of the family she had visited, decided to just ditch the sandals. While at it, she also decided to get rid of the skirt, as a third option to sitting on it or letting it fall around the saddle. Her top was not really that much of a hindrance or annoyance, but she took it off anyway, leaving her naked on her bike, convinced that this was the way bikes really should be ridden.

**Kimmy part 11a**

The evening after Kimmy returned home from her overnight stay, she gave a detailed recount of the events to Mom and Granny over dinner. Mom seemed particularly amused when Kimmy recounted how she did not know how to handle her sandals when riding her bike. Kimmy inwardly rolled her eyes when she realized that Mom apparently still was believing Kimmy to be too concerned about footwear. Mom was of course being silly; it was one of those parent things, similar to how a daughter could ask for a certain flavour of soft drink just to try it, and then spend months convincing her parent that it's not her new favourite just because of that. Kimmy decided to help along normalisation by stating that she had resolved to solve the issue by always riding her bike barefoot.  
  
Conversation moved on, and Kimmy was told that at the recent PTA meeting, the school principal had expressed the wish to meet Kimmy. As it turned out, transfer students were so rare in town - read, unheard of - that no procedures existed and Kimmy would receive all necessary instruction and information in person while the paperwork would be taken care of.  
  
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The appointment with the school was in the early afternoon, so Kimmy had enough time to un-storage a school-appropriate outfit. She had previously discussed said outfit with Granny and Mom, not only because Granny knew the principal, but also because Kimmy needed some confirmation, since otherwise prematurely removing clothes from their storage would have felt like breaking a vow. Mom had even agreed with the shoes for the outfit without any fuss, which was a relief for Kimmy since it meant that she no longer obsessed about the whole footwear business.  
  
Rummaging through the clothes she herself had put into storage, and according to what she had, at her own suggestion, agreed upon with Mom and Granny, she assembled what at her old school had been called an "overachiever outfit". This consisted of blouse, modest (about knee length) skirt and smart shoes. Among the students, it was seen as either snobbish or frumpy, depending on the attitude of the wearer, but among the teachers, when worn by student with good grades, it was seen as stylish. Given this background, Kimmy would not be seen dead wearing this as ordinary school wear, but considered it perfect for a first impression when meeting a school official.  
  
Kimmy particularly liked the shoes. They were made from shiny black leather, making them look smart and dressy, but if Kimmy had to name one single thing she liked about the shoe, it would have been the heel. The heel was the opposite of narrow, not meant to look sexy at all, and actually relatively comfortably to walk in, but what it did was add noticeably to Kimmy's height. With the heels, she looked like a smart young woman, without them, like a little girl playing dress-up in Mommy's clothes.  
  
Kimmy tried various socks and stockings, but found none that supported the desired image. Lacking hose, she decided to leave her legs bare. A bra was equally absent from the final choice of outfit, but given Kimmy's figure, not actually lacking.  
  
After a final and satisfying look into the mirror, Kimmy looked at the clock and found she still had lots of time to kill, and sat down on the couch for some reading after also having turned on the TV. As she settled on the couch, she went for a sideways slouch, taking her shoes off so as not to dirty the upholstery.  
  
While she was absorbed by reading whatever it is that teenagers read, Granny came in to tell her that the plumber, or actually his son or nephew would have time that day to finally fix the broken shower. Granny said that she would oversee the repairs herself, so Kimmy only registered that she was not required to do anything and quickly forgot about the whole thing again.  
  
Kimmy shifted positions several times while reading, and eventually noticed that her panties were somehow not sitting right. Quickly readjusting them, the annoying problem soon returned, so Kimmy decided to simply take them off to later put them back on properly.  
  
A short time later, she heard Granny entering the front door, accompanied by someone with a male voice. Seeing her panties on the table, Kimmy quickly grabbed them. She stood up and tried to straighten her clothing to look presentable. As for the panties, she simply dropped them and pushed under the couch with one bare foot, removing them from sight.  
  
Her teenage girl instict had been absolutely correct in causing her to try and look her best, for the male voice turned out to be what was casually referred to as a total hunk, and the ideal age, too – high school senior or possibly college freshman.  
  
While the guy - nephew of the resident plumber and, as it turned out, earning a bit extra with his uncle during his college's summer break - was fixing the shower, Kimmy went along, with the intention to flirt. Unfortunately, while she and Granny were standing in the bathroom watching him prepare his equipment, Granny pointed out an untucked edge of Kimmy's blouse. It must've come loose during the couch-slouch, or while hastily trying to straighten her apparel. Afraid that Granny might further embarrass her by trying to re-dress her like a small child incapable of doing it herself, Kimmy quickly hastened to do it herself, despite the college guy in the room.  
  
He only smiled though, and also reacted to her conversation in a quite friendly way. But when he left, he ruffled her hair and called her a squirt! It was only then that a rapidly blushing Kimmy remembered her still bare feet and realized that her assessment of looking like a child playing dress-up without her shoes had been only too correct.  
  
Before Kimmy had a chance to get over it though, Granny announced that because of the shower repairs, they now had to hurry for the appointment in school. Now of course, given Granny's trademark slow and careful driving style, having to "hurry" was relative, but it still meant that Kimmy was barely given time to grab her shoes before being ushered into Granny's car.  
  
Mere moments after Granny had started driving, Kimmy noticed something wrong, even if it was just a minor annoyance. Not used to sitting in a car wearing skirts, she had come to sit on it awkwardly. She quickly raised her butt and straightened the skirt out under her, believing the issue to be be resolved. However, Granny had noticed the movement.  
  
"At the school, I'll go ahead to meet te principal so we can keep the appointed time, while you use the extra bit of time to adjust your clothing with the help of the mirror in a bathroom. Then I'll bring her back to the entrance where we can meet up again."  
  
"That's not necessary Granny, it's fine now."  
  
"Better be safe than sorry dear, now take that skirt off before you get wrinkles in it."  
  
Inwardly sighing, Kimmy took off the skirt, leaving her riding the car in only her blouse. Her bad mood didn't last for more than a moment though, because riding the car in only her blouse didn't feel bad at all. In fact, and in accordance with her resolution to take control via a more active role, she took of the blouse as well, after neatly folding the skirt first. She then folded the blouse as well, putting it on top of the skirt, and smiled broadly at Granny. Granny smiled back.  
  
Even the nicest naked car ride ends at the destination though, and Granny and Kimmy both got out of the car and headed inside the school building, Kimmy wearing her folded blouse and skirt in one hand, her shoes in the other. It occured to her that this was the first time she set foot into her new school, and she was doing it naked. Which fitted with her overall summer experience, she thought.  
  
Once inside, Granny headed straight to the principal's office to fetch its eponymous occupant, Kimmy headed into the nearest bathroom to get dressed again, but first she put her shoes onto the floor so she had a free hand for the door.  
  
In the bathroom, Kimmy got properly dressed again. Except for not wearing underwear, of course, but that couldn't be seen. And also except for her shoes, but those were just outside. Smartly dressed yet barefoot, she padded out of the bathroom to complete her outfit with her height- increasing shoes.  
  
Just as she was about to bend and pick them up, something caught her eye, though. The shoes momentarily forgotten, curious Kimmy walked over to a stand with info brochures whose title she had to read twice to be sure. The flyer, manufactured on a school office printer, was obviously intended for the students, once they returned from summer break. In it, the dress code was explained.  
  
Or rather, the continued absence of one. It was explained that the school and the PTA noticed the re-appearance of "casual" clothes for youths, and approved on grounds of this being a more healthy development than an ever-increasing brand clothes competition. The absence of a dress code or any other minimum requirements for clothes was now even explicitly in the rules. Well, almost any other requirements, as certain - still rather skimpy - minimums were asked of students that were visibly past puberty.  
  
Adding two and two, Kimmy concluded that the PTA and school board contained a large proportion of people who were overexposed to Kimmy and those inspired by her, and were swayed by Granny and Mom at the last meeting to set in stone and actively support the school's nudity-friendly dress code. What's more, the provision about rules only applying after puberty became "visible", presented as a safeguard against ever younger-maturing offspring, could be seen in the other direction as well, still allowing Kimmy to be naked, possible with her and Ally the only naked ones in their grade.  
  
Kimmy was in two minds about this development, the main drawback being that this might mean that even at school, were everybody theoretically knew her age, she might be treated as less mature than her fellows. Distracted by these thoughts, Kimmy neglected to put her shoes back on before Granny arrived with the principal.  
  
"Don't like the uncomfortable shoes?", the principal, a good-natured woman close to pension age, asked.  
  
Kimmy, awaking from her reverie, quickly tried to step into them while holding up the flyer, starting to explain: "I was just..."  
  
"Oh, I see you found out about our new clothing policy already", the principal interrupted her, "In which case, don't let me stop you from continuing to undress."

**Kimmy part 11b**

At this point, Kimmy reasoned, going along with the principal's assumptions was going to be the easier route, especially since she was obviously very OK with it. And it wasn't like she would meet a lot of people in a school building during summer break. Kimmy simply removed her skirt and blouse again and stood naked. Neatly folding the garments, she handed them to Granny for safekeeping, who also took the shoes.  
  
"Mmm, I must admit", the principal said, half to herself and half to Granny, "she really does seem to look young enough to not need clothing. Let me get a closer look?"  
  
With this request and some prompting from Granny, Kimmy stood while the principal took a closer look at her, occasionally shifting a bit as required.  
  
"Stands up to closer inspection as well. I was eventually able to see the signs of her, well, let's call it her mathematical age, but only because I was looking for them. She'll keep passing the new decency requirements for some time to come. I dare say with her build and looks, she'll need to keep showing her ID at the liquor counter until she gets wrinkles and grey hair. Well, as per the law even then, but you get what I mean."  
  
Naked Kimmy was then taken on an extended tour of all the school's facilities, both indoors and outdoors. For the most part, it went as Kimmy had expected, and knowing her way around would certainly come in handy when school started again.  
  
There was, however, one thing Kimmy had not taken into account. When she decided that stripping would be easier than giving a long, complicated explanation and making a fool of herself in the process, she had assumed that the school would be virtually empty over the summer. She can be excused this assumption, since most students never set foot into a school building during summer break, nor are they much exposed to the reasons why people would still be present. But of course, the assumption is wrong regardless. Nobody with a paid job gets that much free time.  
  
During the first part of the guided tour, Kimmy only saw two groundskeepers, one for inside the buildings, the other working at the outdoor facilities. But contact to them was limited to a sighting from relatively far away. However, when the real estate tour had ended, the staff tour only began, for Kimmy was introduced to every single teacher she would have lessons with, including the coach for general physical education.  
  
Most of them were astonished at the grade Kimmy was going to be in, having estimated her to be too young for it. The general tone after this first astonishment was praise for not considering herself too old and too cool to go along with the new dress code ideas. Kimmy enjoyed being praised, but it also reminded her that there might be peer pressure regarding what the students should wear, and she'd need to find out the student body's usual attire before school started again.  
  
Three teachers had a reaction that was not a mere variation on this pattern. Miss Ackerman, a young teacher for social sciences, stood up from her desk work to greet the group as it entered her office. Kimmy noted that Miss Ackerman's feet were briefly fishing for her shoes, which she had slipped off, before she raised. The young teacher at first misunderstood the implications of the discrepancy between Kimmy's looks and grade, mistaking her for some kind of girl genius. Blushing slightly, Kimmy explained that she merely looked young and was in fact a very average student.  
  
Miss Ackerman was disappointed by this, because, as she pointed out, she loved to watch a classes' reaction to unusual students. She then brightened again when another idea hit her, and she suggested for Kimmy to attend school naked at least in the beginning. Kimmy diplomatically explained that while she greatly enjoyed nudity, she was not so fanatical about it that she would insist on being naked if it was unwanted or even seen as a sign of social maladjustment: "I dunno, it sounds cool and all, but what if they all really hate me for acting like a freak over the whole dress code thing?"  
  
Kimmy however stood no real chance against the sheer joyful enthusiasm and friendly disposition of the young teacher, who really wanted to find out exactly how casual one could dress given a waiving of any official rules and a general air of harmlessness. And before long, Kimmy had agreed to a plan where she would come to school on the first day dressed lightly, and then get naked, as casually as possible, after Miss Ackerman explicitly told the class such a clothing choice was OK with both her personally and the school rules.  
  
When Kimmy left the room, she inwardly shook her head at having just become part of a clandestine "naked in school" conspiracy, even though the devious master plan merely consisted of her and perhaps a few others continuing her habits from the summer, and seeing if it would fly. The fact that the social sciences teacher considered success to be possible had at least dispersed Kimmy's latent fears that there might be an adverse, or even hostile, peer reaction. That some felt "too old and too cool" to go along with certain things was apparently to be taken at face value, nothing sinister about it. Be that as it may, Kimmy's approach to school nudity had somehow turned from a cautious to an envelope-pushing one.  
  
An adverse, read hostile, reaction however did come, from the English teacher, the old, stern and spinster-like Mrs. Campbell. She left no doubt that she didn't like Kimmy's nudity, saying that it would have a bad effect on the boys, and also all but saying that she thought this was Kimmy's intention. She outright demanded that proper clothing be worn in her classes at all times.  
  
The last of the three was the coach, who joked upon seeing Kimmy that at least he would be able to see how fit she was. His lack of surprise was explained by him with already having seen Kimmy naked and near-naked in public over the course of the summer. His jovial comment however prompted Granny to inquire about his views on naked exercising, and he promptly declared that on a purely practical level, it would probably be a good thing. The buzzword "practical" made Granny beam.  
  
He however made two qualifications. The first being that Kimmy was OK with it, which the naked girl found very sympathetic of him. The other she expexted to be, given the way he started the phrase and given Mrs. Campbell's antagonistic speech to be something about her not doing it to seduce the boys. Instead it was: "As for the boys, well fortunately they won't be too distracted by her yet".  
  
After this little cold shower, Kimmy was led to the school secretary for the paperwork necessary to complete her transfer. Since this was something Granny, not having much knowledge of Kimmy's prior schooling nor about the local school current procedure, could not help with, and since the secretary was more than capable to handle it on her own, the principal suggested she and Granny should not breath down Kimmy's neck.  
  
While Kimmy was busy filling out forms, the school secretary spoke up: "Clothes only hide the character."  
  
"Really, you think?", Kimmy asked curiously.  
  
"Actually, no, not really. I was just looking for something to say. I like proverbs." After a pause, she added: "So, why?"  
  
It took Kimmy a moment to catch on. "Why am I naked? Well I guess you can say because I could, that is, I was offered to. You see, I'm naked a lot at home, and, well, somehow the principal caught me in the hall with my shoes off and the "no dress code" leaflet in my hands, so she assumed I was about to strip and encouraged me to go ahead."  
  
"And you simply took off every stitch? Why not simply explain things?"  
  
"Well, I didn't want to have to explain, it was too awkward."  
  
"You didn't seem to mind right now."  
  
"That's different, this is afterwards."  
  
"Why not just say barefoot was as far as you wanted to get, or at least take off less than everything?  
  
"Oh. Errm.", was Kimmy's reply, which was fully enough to convey to the school secretary the reason why Kimmy never really considered to disappoint the principal's expectations.  
  
The topic was not followed further, and while having a bit of small-talk, Kimmy finished the forms and then left the office to return home with Granny, who was waiting at the car. Passing an otherwise deserted corridor, she thought she saw someone almost move into view, then that someone actually did. It was Miss Ackerman, notably not wearing anything. She acting as if nothing was amiss, and the two naked ones simply passed each other with a friendly nod.  
  
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Kimmy saw no reason to dress for the ride back home, and Granny was certainly not the person to hold her back in this regard. The car had barely stopped when the naked girl jumped out and ran to the phone in order to call Ally, who was only too eager to join what between them, they now "officially" called the "naked in school conspiracy".  
  
Kimmy was still naked when over dinner, she told Mom all about her day. Mom was delighted, and actively helped with suggestions. One was that Kimmy should, since her teachers didn't all react the same, wear an outfit whose parts she could easily stow into her book-bag. A T-shirt and shorts were agreed upon, which she could wear separately or combined.  
  
"But what do I do with the clothes that I put away for school now?", Kimmy inquired, her tone making it clear that even if she asked, she did not consider it a major problem.  
  
"Well, you either just keep them put away until you need them", Mom replied in the same tone, "or you hold a garage sale."

**Kimmy part 12**

It was once again Saturday, the weekend after Kimmy's preview of her new school. Mom didn't have to work, so she, Granny and Kimmy were sitting on the porch and playing cards. Needless to say, the two older women were dressed, if casually, while Kimmy was, as was now usual, not wearing a stitch. Ally, who by now had a standing invitation, was approaching them, having ridden over on her bike. The friend and co-conspirator of Kimmy was dressed in short-shorts and a T-shirt, her feet were bare. She greeted everyone with an energetic wave, her skin still glowing from having ridden as fast as she could.  
  
"Hey there Kimmy, losing to the card sharks again?", she addressed her naked friend.  
  
"I'm not losing, what makes you think so?", a puzzled Kimmy replied.  
  
Ally however dropped the subject and joined the group at the table, gossiping as they all kept playing cards, even though no-one was keeping score. Along with the subject, Ally had dropped her clothes, ending Kimmy's status as the only one naked.  
  
"Granny, have any other jobs come up for me?", Kimmy eventually asked among the mutual updating.  
  
"Sorry dear, nothing yet, you'll be in debt some more", Granny replied, causing Kimmy to blush as this was so bluntly stated in front of Ally.  
  
"Hey, how about a bikini car wash? The timing would be perfect! And it certainly would pay back any advances you got on your allowance", Ally came to the aid of her friend, excited at the thought of doing what she had just suggested.  
  
"Kimmy doesn't have a bikini", Mom objected, "only a one-piece, and it only fits because she hasn't grown or filled out much in quite some time."  
  
Kimmy groaned inwardly at having this mentioned, even though she knew it was probably also true about Ally unless her friend's mom kept buying new suits anyway.  
  
"I don't have one either", Ally now confessed, "my mother always bought me one-piece suits, and now allows me to skinny-dip as long as the others do it too, but I never had a bikini. The bikinis are not essential anyway, just a good way to present the idea in three words."  
  
"No need for bikinis at all, girls", Granny took over, "Kimmy has some shorts similar to yours, if you both wear them it makes you look like a team and is much more true to the Johnson girl style."  
  
This was met with approval from everyone. It was soon agreed that the perfect spot would be the parking area at Moira's, and that the girls would work from around noon into the early afternoon to catch a lot of lunch customers. A quick phone call later Moira, too, had agreed to the plan. Kimmy and Ally stormed off to gather the needed accessories.  
  
"Is it weird that I was relieved when we agreed on just shorts rather than full bikinis?", Mom asked once the girls were out of earshot.  
  
"No. Skin coverage means nothing. If it were otherwise, they could just as well have worn sets of underwear instead of bikinis. Also, Kimmy can still get away with swimming naked, so it's only natural you can't see a good reason for her to have and wear a bikini regardless."  
  
"Speaking of clothes she doesn't wear, I've been meaning to ask you, how are the chances of reducing her surplus clothing in a garage or jumble sale?"  
  
"Mhmm, I haven't thought about that, but you're right, it'll be good for her if she doesn't have to worry about these stored clothes and try to find a reason to wear them again. I'll speak to her when I have a good solution to get rid of them."  
  
Meanwhile, the girls were raiding the entire premises for everything that could be used in washing a car. Luckily, they had been given permission by Granny to use her stuff too, since Mom's supplies were barely adequate to wash her own car every once in a while.  
  
The next step was to prepare several signs advertising the "Johnson Girl's Car Wash". As they lounged on the floor of Kimmy's room painting, Ally, suddenly puzzled by something, looked at her still naked friend and then around the room.  
  
"Don't you have a wardrobe or something? where do you keep your clothes?"  
  
"Mom and I keep them in the walk-in closet across the corridor."  
  
Ally stopped working immediately to go and have a look. "Where you in the habit of wearing your mom's clothes, or did you already dress like you do now even before moving here?"  
  
"Neither", Kimmy laughed, "I stored the ordinary stuff away over the summer. To free up space for the music system Granny gave me."  
  
"Neat, I wish I'd have such an excuse. I'd make sure that everything I don't like would happen to end up in the stored pile!"  
  
The girls eventually finishes all their preparations and loaded everything into Mom's car. When Kimmy therefore declared them ready to go, Ally replied by waving two pairs of shorts, which made Kimmy realize they were both still naked. Taking no other clothes than their respective shorts, the girls where then driven over to Moira's Dinner by Mom.  
  
The parking lot still looked rather empty when they headed inside to say hello to Moira, Kimmy and Ally running ahead of Mom.  
  
"Welcome, girls. You're still a bit early, it's mostly empty. Why don't you have a milk-shake on the house first?"  
  
"Umm", Ally began, looking first at Moira, then at Mom, "is it OK if I undress for my shake? It's not fair that Kimmy is the only one of us who ever got to be naked in here." Receiving two nods, Ally quickly stripped off her shorts and stood naked. "Come on Kimmy, you too! It's twice the fun together."  
  
"No thanks, done that already! And I'd be dressing again soon anyway."  
  
Ally winked at Mom, and when Kimmy looked at her mother, half on reflex and half trying to figure out what it meant, Ally suddenly pulled down her friend's shorts. Of course, right at this very moment a family chose to enter the previously empty dinner, mom, dad, and two daughters. The younger girl was about as old as Kimmy looked, the older girl was about 18. They were soon followed by more customers, this time familiar ones: Lisa's complete family.  
  
The timing was rather bad, with the new family having seen the moment of de-pantsing, causing Kimmy to turn bright red as she imagined what they might think of her now. Luckily, she had tons of friends present who could explain everything. Since everybody else apparently already knew everybody else, the explanation seamlessly turned into the introduction, with a freshly naked Kimmy finding herself shaking hands with people she just met. Then, over some milk-shakes which had meanwhile arrived, the new family soaked up every little anecdote anyone in the room could tell about Kimmy's antics so far, sparing no embarrassing detail.  
  
Soon enough though, Ally and Kimmy were back in their shorts and unloading Mom's car, filling buckets, connecting a hose to a tap, hanging up their ad signs and whatever else was necessary, all done in record time it seemed. Business soon picked up, with most of the customers being patrons of the dinner.  
  
About an hour in, Lisa drove onto the parking lot where the girls were working. Both her family and the Smith family - the acquaintances from earlier - had at that point already finished and left. Lisa climbed out of her car and explained that her sister and the younger Smith girl, which Kimmy remembered was called Charlene, or Charlie for short, were eager to join Kimmy and Ally. They would have done so sooner but needed to change into shorts matching those worn by the two Johnson girls.  
  
Business was good that day and even with the shares of Ally and the other girls Kimmy would be out of debt. Nothing noteworthy happened until the scheduled end of the car wash.  
  
Close to the end though, Kimmy had her first run-in with the local police when a genuine car of the county sheriff's force pulled up in the parking lot. From it emerged the sheriff himself. He was older, somewhere between middle age and retirement, and looked jovial enough. Still, Kimmy was sure she was now "busted", even if she didn't quite know what her crimes would be called.  
  
Luckily, the sheriff had other ideas: "Well, it certainly looks like the Johnson girls are really back! I still remember Granny Johnson's own kids. I'll have my car washed, please." Then he turned to Ally: "And Alice, since you're the oldest, see to it that the others don't get overboard, OK?"  
  
Kimmy did want to correct this misconception, but was still too stunned from the shock of seeing the police car appear. When she had recovered and her shock had faded, so had her indignation of once again being taken for younger, so the equation was still tipped in favour of staying quiet. Humiliating as it was, being thought of as unaccountable by the police force might not be too bad.  
  
Even while Kimmy pondered whether or not to speak up, she and Ally had begun to wash the sheriff’s car. While they were still busy, Lisa came to pick up the other two girls. Suddenly, Ally tripped over a bucket, Kimmy being unable to tell whether her friend had been uncharacteristically clumsy or whether someone else had kicked it over in the commotion. Be that as it may, Ally tripped and fell, right into the puddle made by the bucket's former content.  
  
Ally's shorts were now wet, prompting her to comment that she'd better take them off.  
  
"That might be not such a good idea, you're already a bit old for that", the old Sheriff interjected, "On the other hand, they are much to wet to wear." He rubbed his chin briefly and suddenly looked at Kimmy: "Hey, why don't you give Alice your shorts, you're younger and it's no big deal if you run around nekkid."  
  
Kimmy was at a loss. If she tried to clear things up now, she might be accused of just not wanting to help, or be considered as a little girl telling tall tales. Hoping that the embarrassment would be over more quickly if she kept playing along, she unbuttoned her shorts, dropped them and, with a dexterity she had already developed in her short time living naked on the Johnson Farm, picked them up with her toes to avoid bending.  
  
The shorts-exchange now complete, the girls could finish the sheriff's car, and to their dismay found that the other girls had skimped out on cleaning up the place and left already, possibly hurried on by Lisa. Worse, Mom was late, forcing Kimmy to wait almost 15 minutes naked, which the girls decided to spend inside with another round of milk-shakes. To their surprise, the sheriff followed them inside, intent on spending his break there, making it impossible for Kimmy to ask for her shorts back or for Ally to strip to equal terms.  
  
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Back on the Johnson Ranch, and after Ally had headed off on her bike, Kimmy was informed by Granny that the Smiths had invited Kimmy to stay over for about a week, since the Smith girls both had taken to like Kimmy and Lisa's family had told them so much about her, too. Also, they had told Mom of a jumble sale they were going to attend the following day.  
  
"That's be the perfect opportunity to sell off all those clothes you put in indefinite storage anyway."  
  
"Well", Kimmy began, "I certainly won't need those clothes during summer." "And maybe not for school either, at first", she added after a short thinking pause, "But eventually..."  
  
But Granny cut her off: "Yes, eventually you might need a different wardrobe again, when you move off for college or when you start working. Or when you simply get too old. But by that time, will those stashed-away clothes fit your bill? Will they even still be wearable, even stored under good conditions? It's not that they are special, or high quality, or anything. When "eventually" happens, we'll just get you a bunch of appropriate clothing, and meanwhile, you don't have to worry."  
  
Kimmy had no arguments to counter this, so it was settled that the following day, Kimmy would sell of most of her clothing. Oddly, even though she would never have come up with such a plan herself and even though she initially felt a resistance reflex, she found that the knowledge of it actually happening really didn't bother her as much as she thought it would. In fact, she began to quite like how Granny and Mom had taken this needless worry from her, and for the rest of the evening, she kept working on her sales strategy for the following day.

**Kimmy part 13**

The following morning, Kimmy, freshly showered and still naked, was having a relaxed breakfast with her two dressed guardians. When she heard the Smiths' car approaching, she went to the wardrobe to get dressed, smoothly slipping into the blouse and skirt which she almost wore to school. She quickly grabbed her height-increasing shoes without putting them on yet, and managed to rejoin the others before the Smith family had fully entered the house. She almost wished she could wear her short-shorts, as she had lots of fun during the car wash, but was convinced this outfit was more appropriate this time.  
  
Kimmy noticed the others' surprise at her choice of outfit and explained why it was a good idea, putting down the shoes to have her hands free for gestures. Her main arguments were that she should wear the same style she'd be selling and that she should look professional in order to avoid people trying to take advantage of someone seemingly inexperienced and naive: "Nobody's going to buy clothes from a naked person and looking like a little girl I'd only be offered small change."  
  
Mom and Granny couldn't argue with that, even though Mom just had to make a comment about how cute Kimmy would have looked selling clothes while wearing only her short-shorts. Ms Smith however could and did argue with it, not attacking her reasoning but explaining that since she and her daughters would be sellers as well, Kimmy should just join them and not play lone wolf. She pointed out the red T-shirts of herself and her oldest daughter and Charlie's red dress, and held up the red T-shirt she brought for Kimmy.  
  
With just a little prompting from Granny, Kimmy dropped her skirt and stepped out of it, then removed her blouse, standing naked once more before putting on the red T-shirt. Everyone agreed it made an excellent dress for her, and even though Kimmy was a little bit worried to wear it outside of "Johnson town", she let herself be convinced that it would be fine.  
  
Amongst the praise for Kimmy's new dress, Ms Smith had remarked how it suited her much better than "that disguise with the heeled shoes", which prompted Charlie to want to try out the disguise. Everyone agreed, out of curiosity, and Charlie stripped naked right then and there, so eager that Kimmy's stripping, unhesitating as it was, seemed reluctant by comparison. Charlie then went to don the blouse, skirt and smart shoes instead. The act of stepping into the shoes seemed to make her grow, and everyone had to admit that Charlie looked much more mature in that outfit than even Kimmy had.  
  
Everyone who had seen Kimmy wearing them, that is. But rather then letting the games of dress-up continue in order to give a demonstration, Granny just informed the Smiths that Kimmy, too, seemed to age up when wearing them. However, she also said that it was a good thing they wouldn't be needed that day since, as she had noticed from the first day, her "granddaughter" simply loved being barefoot, even if she sometimes needed reassurance that it was socially acceptable for her.   
  
With a speed and ease that might have surprised any observer, Kimmy's surplus wardrobe was loaded into the Smiths's already somewhat packed station wagon. As Kimmy walked out out the house a final time to add a bundle consisting of a pair of shorts, an extra dress, and a toothbrush, she noticed the heeled shoes still standing in the living room. Kimmy looked down at her bare feet, but decided to not bother getting any other shoes. If, against all expectation, she should need any, she could just take a pair of those she was about to sell. Then, she headed out to join the party headed off towards the jumble sale site.  
  
Already driving away from the farm, Ms Smith spoke in Kimmy's general direction: "If you want, it's OK if you stay naked until we get there." Before Kimmy could react to this, Charlie, who was sitting next to her on the back seat, made use of the permission, stripping off the red dress she was again wearing as well as everything else. Kimmy of course was now compelled to join her, she was wearing nothing but the T-shirt-dress anyway. Ms Smith couldn't help but chuckle in amusement at the two girls.  
  
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At the same time, back at the farm:  
  
"Why is it so much fun to talk her out of wearing shoes whenever she's about to leave?", Mom asked.  
  
"Probably the same reason other mothers enjoy last-minute fussing with their daughters dresses, wipe spots from their cheek with spit, and try to improve the already perfect accessory selection even in the last minutes. It's just that with our Kimmy, making her wear just a tad less is much more appropriate than all these things."  
  
"Still, it's just the shoes. The fuss seems a bit out of proportion when viewed in the cold hard light."  
  
"I keep telling you, the amount of skin coverage means nothing. You can't really feel naked unless you feel the ground under your bare feet. Besides, she mostly only wears shorts or summer dresses, with no undies. Can't really take anything but the shoes."  
  
"I guess you are right, Kimmy wearing nothing but a pair of shoes would be too hilarious", Mom replied, fighting back the giggles.  
  
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Ms Smith drove the car into a free space in the parking lot and stopped. Charlie and Kimmy got dressed again and left the car with the others.  
  
"Aren't you going to put on some shoes?", Ms Smith asked the still barefoot Kimmy.  
  
"I didn't bring any except those I was going to sell", Kimmy replied. She was going to add that she could wear a pair of those if the need should unexpectedly arise, but she was cut short before being able to mention this.  
  
"Oh right, your Granny actually said that, I just misunderstood. Shouldn't be a problem here, either. In fact, you can be barefoot for your whole stay with us, regardless of how you're otherwise dressed."  
  
Kimmy considered trying to clear up the misunderstanding. She realised that so far, following Granny's clothing guidance had never led to any harm, and that this guidance had certainly included the message that going without shoes was acceptable in "Johnson town" at all times. She just would have to see how things would work out in this new town. She nodded acceptance to Ms Smith, and then they went to set up their stall and started selling their used goods.  
  
There was something different in this town though. Even though Kimmy certainly got no comments or other bad reactions to her bare feet and T-Shirt dress, but unlike previous occasions that summer, there were no imitators, not even when Charlie decided to skip her shoes as well to look more like Kimmy. There were a number of people wearing flip-flops though, so maybe, unlike Kimmy and Charlie, they just didn't think it would make a difference.  
  
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After a while, one of the potential customers suddenly addressed Kimmy: "Excuse me, aren't you the serving girl from the picnic?"  
  
Kimmy stared blankly at the woman for a moment before recognising her as the mother of the complaining girl back at the company picnic. She nodded.  
  
The woman then turned to Ms. Smith. Kimmy didn't listen to what they said, assuming the woman wanted to buy something or other. Instead, after a brief exchange between the two grown women, Ms. Smith took Kimmy aside: "The daughter of this woman - Brenda van Houten, I know her in passing - is apparently a bit of what you might call a stick in the mud. She assumed me to be your mother and asked me how I managed to let you turn out so well. I set her straight on the mother thing, but suggested that we could let you and her daughter meet and maybe become friends. She really liked that because her daughter apparently, if temporarily, thawed a bit after witnessing one of your adventures. Also, she told me that it's high time, since her younger daughter, who is your age, is apparently starting to emulate her older sister."  
  
Kimmy worked out from that, since she was in fact the same age as the older sister, that the woman, like so many others, must have taken her for younger. She also learned, through more reporting by Ms. Smith, that the plan was for her, the Smiths, and the two new girls to meet later that day, at the lake were the picnic had been, as if both groups went there independent of each other. Lastly, Kimmy would also accompany the woman on a tour around the jumble sale, to try and find some Kimmy-style clothes for the too-conservatively-dressed daughters.  
  
Just as Kimmy was about to leave the stall, however, Ms. Smith held her back. She explained that Kimmy was not to be seen at other stalls wearing the "team dress". Kimmy briefly considered changing into one of the outfits that were up for sale, but then remembered her bundle in the car.  
  
Out on the parking lot, Kimmy had already undressed when she suddenly turned to the woman:  
  
"Why are you buying clothes for your daughters at a jumble sale? You seem rather well-off."  
  
"I wasn't planning to, I came here to treasure-hunt, I spontaneously decided to get the girls some clothes in your style when I saw you in your T-shirt and bare feet, without a care in the world. Almost makes me wish to be a little girl again myself."  
  
Kimmy was about to reflexively correct her on the little girl thing, when she realized that the woman hadn't been talking specifically about her, and anyway, she had a much better idea...  
  
Remembering the point of view the woman had taken back when arguing with her oldest daughter at the picnic, it was easy for Kimmy to convince her, and soon they were browsing the stalls, Kimmy in an old T-shirt of hers and nothing else, and Brenda in one of Kimmy's denim skirts which she had bought, her blouse tied under her breasts, and bare feet.  
  
However, as Granny once said, skin coverage means nothing - in this case, to Kimmy's chagrin. For all her more relaxed way of dressing, Brenda was still assertive enough to stay in charge, having no trouble at all getting Kimmy to model those clothes meant for the younger daughter. Since the concept of changing rooms was of course very much absent, this meant Kimmy was often naked while between outfits, but nobody seemed to mind, it was to them just a mother hurying along her daughter while they looked for clothes, with said daughter into mild discomfort due to feeling too old to be treated like that.  
  
In a way, the whole process was reminiscent of shopping for new clothes with Granny, only for a much larger audience. Kimmy was too distracted, but Brenda could certainly notice that the number of barefoot people in the area was now on the rise, and many were starting to try the clothes for sale in the same fashion Kimmy was.  
  
"If you always shop like that, how come your daughters give you any trouble when you want to add a new spin to their clothing style?"  
  
"Oh no, they both feel much to old to be seen shopping with their mother", Brenda replied to Kimmy's inquiry.  
  
Despite the unintentional humiliation from this reply, Kimmy enjoyed the shopping tour as a whole, feeling flattered that Brenda was buying outfits for her daughters based on her, Kimmy's, style.  
  
When they both walked out with the last of the purchases to store them in Brenda's car, Kimmy already felt comfortable in the older woman's presence. Kimmy had worn the very latest purchase out, so she had to take it off to load it into the car. When Brenda looked into the rear mirror while driving off, she could still see Kimmy waving with her T-shirt dress, which she hadn't put back on yet.  
  
--------------------------------------------  
  
Much later that afternoon, Kimmy and the Smiths met Brenda and her daughters. Both cars arrived at the same time, even though this had not been coordinated. Then again, they had agreed on a time and didn't specifically arrange for one group to arrive earlier than the other.  
  
Kimmy immediately noticed that the woman - Mrs. van Houten - had changed back into a more conservative outfit in the meantime, so at least she knew where the daughter had gotten that from.  
  
The lake had no sand beach and wasn't very close to the town's centre. There also existed, even though Kimmy hadn't learned of it yet, a public pool in town, all contributing to the lake not being a very crowded spot. The two groups were almost on their own.  
  
The cover story couldn't really be called that because it was entirely true: Kimmy's group went there directly from the sale in order to cool off swimming. Mrs. van Houten just omitted to tell her daughters she knew this. Since the whole Smiths/Kimmy group had agreed to all be naked, and didn't have a swimsuit between them anyway, there wouldn't be any young age excuse this time, either. However, at Charlie's insistence, formed while they drove in the hot car, both Kimmy and Charlie ran off into the lake even before introductions, leaving their clothes in the car.  
  
When they were sufficiently cooled down, they rejoined the others. Being introduced, Kimmy learned that "complaining girl" was really named Chastity Grace, and her younger sister's name was Yolanda. Brenda was wearing a one-piece suit, her daughters rather conservative bikinis. No mention was made of the complete absence of swimwear on everyone else.  
  
However, when Chastity - Chas among her school crowd - caught Kimmy on her own, she explained: "I recognise you from the picnic. And thanks for the fun you started there! Judging from how mother immediately had no problem with you all being naked here, and the fact she bought a bunch of clothes screaming "hill-billy" yet hid them, my guess is that she wants to nudge me and Yo in your direction, which would mean your presence here is some obvious scheme from mother."  
  
Kimmy's look was all the confirmation Chas needed, so she went on: "What mother doesn't realise is that I'm a popular girl at school and need to keep up a fashion sense, so of course I kept up my normal dressing habits. But I'm not the stick in the mud mother always claims me to be, so I'll just play along while we're all together here; after all, I already have set a precedent of slipping back afterwards." And with that, she stripped off her bikini, and Yo, seeing her older sister's example from not far away, seemed happy to follow.  
  
And Kimmy had to smile, since she knew the school might change enough for even the "popular" girls to be regularly wearing Kimmy style outfits. Chas might get to enjoy her "hill-billy" clothes often indeed!

**Kimmy part 14**

When everyone decided it was time to leave the lake, nobody in the Smith's car considered it necessary to wear anything for the short drive home. Dealing with the heat, not much more was worn for bed; as far as Kimmy could see, the beds had been stripped down to just pillows and sheets, and panties were worn for nightwear. Still, it was more than Kimmy had brought for herself, not that she regretted this in the warm weather.  
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The next morning, Kimmy, sleeping in Charlie's room, was stirred from sleep when said girl, already fully dressed in shorts and a tank top, laid a hand on her shoulder to shake her awake.  
  
"Wake up sleepy-head, breakfast is in 15 minutes."  
  
Glancing at the already switched off alarm clock, which she had apparently been sleeping too deeply to hear, Kimmy decided that the Smiths were definitely early risers, especially considering it were the summer holydays. Her sleep-addled brain was still able to predict that she would, by the Smiths' standards, probably sleep in every day. Then she drifted back to sleep.  
  
15 minutes later, Charlie woke her again and dragged her directly to the breakfast table, the still sleepy and very naked Kimmy stumbling along, eyes barely open, hair a mess. Everyone else was having breakfast already dressed and groomed, almost like a picture of a happy family. Ms. Smith talked to Kimmy in a very kind voice, saying how she understood that Kimmy must be tired after the day before. The statement, despite or maybe because the of the friendly and understanding tone, made Kimmy feel like a little girl being told off for being tired after staying up late.  
  
Both parents then left for work rather soon, which went a long way towards explaining the early breakfast. With the parents gone, the Smith sisters then exchanged meaningful looks.  
  
"I think Kimmy needs something to wake her up properly", Charlie said.  
  
"She also didn't wash herself yet, that needs amending", her older sister Samantha added.  
  
Maybe these vague announcements should have worried Kimmy, but the truth was that Sam and Charlie did not feel threatening at all when they spoke, nor when they led Kimmy into the spacious back yard. Said yard bordered onto the forest; there was a low fence marking the property, but it certainly would not be an obstacle to a limber naked girl.  
  
Sam and Charlie began implementing their solution, which consisted of spraying cold water at Kimmy using the garden hose, until she was awake enough to jump them and wrestle for control of the hose. Afterwards, they simply spent the day in the garden, Kimmy never bothering to get dressed, rightly concluding that it was not required of her and already having spent so much of her time at the Smiths' house naked that it came as naturally to her as being naked on Granny's farm.  
  
She however was not on Granny's farm, and despite the backyard being directly next to the forrest, there were still neighbours on two sides. Out of these neighbours, one couple in retirement age was at home in the backyard next to them, even if they only did arrive after the girls had already spent some time outside. Naturally, they asked the girls over so the Sam and Charlie could introduce their new friend.  
  
Kimmy very politely shook their hands and introduced herself. At first, she didn't even realise any more that making new acquaintances while not wearing a stitch would have been very unusual for her before that summer. She was reminded of her full embarrassment potential though when the old couple remarked how much they were in favour of her way to cope with the summer weather:  
  
"Sensible of you to go nekkid in the heat while you're still young enough. Charlie here already feels herself too old to go nekkid most of the time, even though she's still more reasonable about the way she dresses than others her age."  
  
This time, Kimmy decided to try and correct them: "I'm not younger than Charlie!"  
  
"We know dear, we know", they assured here, yet Kimmy was not yet sure if they had realized she was actually older than Charlie. Insisting, however, would certainly look suspiciously like telling tall tales, so she left it at what she thought she had achieved.  
  
The rest of the morning was spent with ice-cooled lemonade and some pleasant conversation, and when it was time for lunch, the neighbours - the Grangers - invited the girls, which they happily accepted as it meant they didn't have to cook themselves. Kimmy however felt compelled to help with serving, and afterwards with loading the dishwasher.  
  
A bit later, a chime was heard that Sam and Charlie immediately identified as the ice cream truck. A fraction of a second was enough for everyone to decide they really wanted some soft ice cones as soon as possible.  
  
"Wait for me, I need to fetch some clothes", Kimmy told her two friends.  
  
"Too chicken to come as you are?", Charlie teased her.  
  
"Easy for you to say, you're both wearing shorts and tops."  
  
"Easily fixed", Charlie replied in defiance, and had already removed her top when Kimmy interrupted again.  
  
"Besides, my money is with my clothes."  
  
"Fine, just say what you want and we'll get it and you just give us the money when we come back", Charlie compromised, eager to get going before the crowd got too large for her tastes. She and Sam were already halfway out the door before Kimmy could tell them what to get for her.  
  
They were not quite as fast on the way back, and Kimmy was already waiting for them at the door, money in hand. Unfortunately, Charlie reached out to give Kimmy her cone at exactly the same moment Sam reached out to take the money. The ice-cream cone was knocked out of Charlie's hand.  
  
Kimmy reacted quickly, reaching forward and indeed catching the cone, even though she got some of the ice-cream on her hands, as it had of course been impossible to aim for the waffle, be quick, and keep the frozen delicacy from falling out all at the same time. It was all in vain, however. Unbalanced from her lunge, Kimmy fell forward, and even though she managed to hold the cone up rather than falling on it, the shock of impact was enough to knock the ice-cream out of the cone, and it fell to the open side of Kimmy's hand, landing right in front of her nose between her arms, on the floor, spoiled.  
  
Since it was, in the end, Kimmy who dropped the ice, it was assumed without discussion that she was the one who had to get it replaced. Looking down the road, Sam told her that she needed to hurry, too, since there were few customers left at the truck and it would move soon.  
  
Kimmy had grown less concerned at being naked in "Johnsonville" after she kept getting away with it, but she had not forgotten the concept that some situations required different styles and amounts of clothing than others. Still, having spend the day naked since the morning had lessened the threshold, and the sense of urgency added by the impending departure of the vending truck was enough to make her dash out completely naked even if it was just for ice-cream.  
  
Running at her top speed, her bare feet only touching the warm asphalt of the sidewalk for a moment at a time, Kimmy thought of nothing except of catching the ice cream truck before it left. Only when she was standing in front of it, the sole customer left, holding out her money and trying to catch her breath to make the order, did she blush a bit at how silly her rash action had been.  
  
Fortunately, the saleslady was very friendly and gave her an extra big portion for no extra charge, cause Kimmy looked so hot. And this was entirely refering to temperature.  
  
There was nothing left to be done except to walk back. Even though the air was hot and humid, there hadn't been too much direct sun heating up the sidewalk, so it felt nicely warm under Kimmy's bare feet as she strolled along. She was almost at the intersection, from where it was only three more houses, when a car turned into the street from the right, immediately turned again and stopped in the driveway immediately behind Kimmy.  
  
Kimmy wanted to simply keep going, but a female voice called out to her: "Wait a moment! Where did you get the ice-cream? Pete wants one, too."  
  
Kimmy turned around to reply, exposing her naked front to the woman in the process: "I'm sorry, the ice-cream truck already left."  
  
Little Pete, hearing this, began to cry and sob, repeating how he wanted an ice cream. His mother explained to him very patiently that this wasn't possible right now, which seemed to calm him down but didn't fully console him; he still looked unhappy.  
  
Kimmy hesitated just long enough to inwardly curse her bad luck and to some extent her maternal instinct, but there was never any real doubt. She stepped forward and, smiling at the little boy, gave him er ice cream. The happy face of the little boy might, just might, have been worth it, but the mother actually ruffling her hair as she praised her as a sweet little girl left no place for anything but the wave of embarassment rushing over her.  
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When both parents had returned, it was suggested that they all visit the cinema. Naturally, nobody objected, and everybody went to get dressed for the occasion. The parents exchanged their office clothes for a more leisurely outfit, while Sam and Charlie put on sandals. Kimmy slipped into the better one of her dresses, then asked whether she should borrow some sandals from the girls. The reply was that she could get away with being barefoot in the cinema, so that was that.  
  
Even though Kimmy found that she was, to her dismay, the one and only barefoot person at the cinema, one reason she could get away with it, and maybe with more, became apparent once they reached the ticket booth at the entrance, which had Chas inside. Apparently, the van Houten's owned and operated the town's only cinema, even if it was a fairly small and old-fashioned by modern standards. Upon looking at her ticket, Kimmy noticed with a blush that she had been let in at a kid's entry fee.  
  
There was a lot of commotion at the stall with the popcorn, sweets, and soft drinks, which was operated by Yo. Kimmy felt a little tug on her dress, and when she looked down, some small kid had left a chocolate stain on it, the dark chocolate easily visibly against the light colour of the dress.  
  
Ms. Smith took her aside: "Slip into the bathroom once the lights go out in the theatre. Then during the commercials, you'll be alone when you take off the dress and rinse it out. It shouldn't be allowed to stay in too long or it will be impossible to remove."  
  
Everybody was already milling towards the dark room with the big screen, so Kimmy did not have to wait long. Stepping into the girl's room and feeling the cool tiles under her feet, she noticed with relief that it was clean and well-kept. She slipped the dress off, leaving her fully naked once more.  
  
With soaking, soap from a dispenser and some very careful rubbing - very, very careful, didn't want to make the spot bigger - she managed to get the stain out. There were however only paper towels, no hot-air dryer as it is sometimes found, so she couldn't get it completely dry.  
  
Not wanting to put the dress on wet, she wondered if she could just leave it off, slip into the dark theatre, and put the dress on once it was dry. She opened to door and stuck her head out to check if it was clear. Chas, who had closed the ticket booth and taken over the sweets stall, Yo having left, spotted her immediately  
  
"Hi Kimmy", she addressed the head peeking around the half-open door. Said head did not move. "Something wrong? You're standing there a bit oddly."  
  
"Well", Kimmy began, "I got a chocolate stain on my dress from some kid and washed it out, and didn't want to put the wet dress on, so I was checking if I could slip into the dark cinema", she confessed.  
  
"Guess I should have expected something like that to happen around you", Chas replied with a smile, "and you should be OK, the theatre is dark enough. In fact, give me the dress, we have a laundromat and tumble dryer in our house right across the yard, so it will be all good and dry when the show is over."  
  
Nodding, Kimmy gave the dress into Chas' outstretched hand and tiptoed over to the large double door leading into the theatre. Chas then switched out the hall lights for her. Kimmy hadn't even thought about that!  
  
Another thing Kimmy had not thought about was how to get out unseen after the movie ended, but Chas was once again thinking ahead, sneaking in close to the end of the movie and handing her the dress, in perfect condition to wear. Once more all dressed up and walking out on bare feet on the heavy-duty carpet, Kimmy realized how fun it had been to watch the movie naked in the big room with all the unaware people.  
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Back home, Kimmy was, despite her protesting, being sent to bed an hour before everyone else, to help her with rising early. Kimmy's indignation was not at all helped by the fact the next morning, she found out that it had, of course, helped.

**Kimmy part 15**

Kimmy woke up at a reasonable time, having been sent to bed early for that very purpose. Already naked, she simply slipped into the shower, half-heartedly towelling herself down afterwards. Dropping the towel into the hamper, she walked to a hallway mirror, looking at her naked reflection and trying to decide on what to wear. The reason she did this was her desire to fit in with the Smiths at the breakfast table. None of the clothes she brought were quite right though, and she realized she'd have to ask Sam or Charlie for something appropriate. She sighed, thinking that it was so much easier at the Johnson farm, where she was simply naked all the time.  
  
"Deep in thought, aren't you?"  
  
"Oh, good morning Miss Smith", the startled Kimmy replied, "I was just thinking I need to borrow some clothes from Sam, so I don't stick out so much at breakfast."  
  
"Don't worry yourself dear, it's perfectly fine if you just come naked, that's how we know our Kimmy after all, and personally, I think it is cute."  
  
Kimmy blushed a bit, but could argue no further and just nodded, finding herself naked at the breakfast table not soon after, amidst the clothed Smith family.  
  
"Did you sleep in again, Kimmy?", Charlie asked  
  
"No, your mom said I could have breakfast naked though."  
  
"Cool. Mom, can I be naked at breakfast, too?"  
  
"Only on two conditions. One, you put on at least a pair of shorts before you leave further than the yard. Two, Sam and Kimmy agree to be naked as well. Either all of you are naked, or all dressed."  
  
"Aww mom, the Young kids can be naked whereever they want", Charlie complained, referring to Lisa's family.  
  
"And yet, they are often seen wearing clothes when going to places", Ms. Smith replied, implying that her own daughters might get carried away and never even consider again whether to wear clothes.  
  
Kimmy agreed right away, glad to not be the only one who would be naked any more. Charlie then looked at Sam, who finally nodded after a few long moments. Charlie then undressed, compelling the slightly surprised Sam to do the same. Charlie had initially intended to stay naked for breakfasts and dress immediately afterwards, starting the following day, but the wording of the condition gave her the idea to stay naked unless leaving the premises, which she decided to start doing right away.  
  
Of course, Kimmy realised, this meant that from then on, each of the girls could decide to strip at any time and the others would be honour-bound to comply. Of course it would be limited to the house and yard, which was a good thing for Sam, who actually looked her 18 years. In truth, when Alex Smith spontaneously made up her conditions rather than simply agreeing with Charlie's request as she almost did, she had been guided by the rather common motherly beliefs that her teenage daughter was acting "too old", and that her daughters could get along even better.  
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At first the new agreement meant little, the girls simply spending the morning naked in the backyard until noon, reading, lounging, horseplaying, using the water hose on each other. After lunch however, still sitting at the table, they were in the mood for something a little more exciting, and decide to leave the backyard into the forrest. The suggestion came from Charlie, who argued that Kimmy should be shown more of the area around the house.  
  
Kimmy had to agree that it would be a shame to stay at some place for a week and not get to know the surroundings. Charlie, being the youngest therefore the most genuinely unembarrassed, had suggested to do the stroll in the buff, but was reminded of the conditions of the mutual nudity rule. Instinctively, Ms. Smith had known how to prevent the girls from instantly locking each other into constant nudity on a mutual dare basis.  
  
At first, the excursion was not that exciting at all. The girls, each wearing their required short-shorts as their expeditionary uniform, saw a lot of trees and other plants you'd expect in a forest, but at first, little else. On the plus side, the forest was a pleasant place to be during the heat of the day, and Kimmy rather liked to walk barefoot on the forest floor.  
  
And that might have been what the horse was thinking, too. Rounding a corner in the narrow path, the girls entered a small clearing covered with grass, and nearly walked right into the fully-grown animal of undoubtedly equine nature.  
  
"It's a horse", Kimmy said, the announcement so obvious and superfluous that she wanted to kick her own bare behind for it. She was, of course, wearing shorts, but her mind had her receive the just punishment bare-butted anyway. Minds are like that if you walk around naked most of the time. Fortunately, her two companions hadn't expected a horse either, and consequently were themselves too surprised to make any snide remarks.  
  
Sam and Charlie turned at each other, simultaneously asking each other: "Where did it come from?" It was Charlie who first broke the general stunned inaction by by exclaiming: "Who cares, let's ride it!"  
  
The horse was not saddled so there was a pause while they girls though about the best way to climb onto its back, until Kimmy successfully tried, holding on to the animal's back while using her toes to grab at the fur, swinging the other leg up and over, ending up correctly straddling the horse's back.  
  
Of course, the horse wouldn't move. At all. Kimmy tried talking and shouting at the large animal, tugged at it, bounced on it, the other girls pulled and pushed, but the horse wouldn't move. Persistently trying, and looking rather ridiculous for it, Kimmy still eventually managed to find out how to direct the horse using pressure from her feet and calves. The idea had been Sam's, though.  
  
The girls took turns riding the horse slowly along the edge of the clearing. When the novelty wore off, they discussed how to further proceed.  
  
"We should take him for a longer ride", Charlie opined.  
  
"How do you know it's a hi – never mind", Kimmy stopped herself as the answer to her own question became obvious to her, "we can't all three ride him at once though, two would have to walk along or something. We could take turns, I guess."  
  
"I've got a better idea", Sam interjected. "A horse like this can easily carry an adult plus equipment, and you both come to no more than half of that. Weight-wise." The last sentence was added after a brief pause, meant to clarify things, yet Kimmy had already felt a small wave of humiliation during the pause. Sam continued: "I've noticed though, that we've been doing it wrong. The horse is not saddled and, err, has no reins or anything, so we should've ridden him naked. So, shorts in a pile, ladies!"  
  
"Aren't we breaking some rule here?", Kimmy tentatively objected while already following the example set by first Charlie, then Sam as well, throwing her short-shorts onto the pile, leaving all three girls naked once again.  
  
"For a barefoot girl, you're an awful lot like a goody-two-shoes", Sam teased, going not so much out of her way, but out of her ordinary vocabulary to do so. "Anyway, the rule was to put on the shorts before leaving the backyard, not to keep wearing them."  
  
"For an older sister, you're awfully quick to resort to blatant loophole abuse", Kimmy retorted, glad to be able to use a witty reply for once.  
  
"That's not what I meant", Sam explained, refraining from any witty counter-reply on her on in order to not let things devolve into bickering, "What I meant is that our mom is not the "no backtalk" type and since we didn't take the shorts off immediately but rather waited for a reason, which we didn't know in advance would present itself, she won't get mad." While saying this, Sam was piling the shorts onto each other, then folding them into a package easily fitting into one hand.  
  
"Funny, I expected her to call you "barefoot little sister" in return", Charlie interjected. In order to no let things devolve into bickering, Sam had to turn on her barefoot little sister and tickle her until she cried "uncle horse".  
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Kimmy and Charlie decided to not direct the horse too much, instead letting him decide on the direction himself, seeing where he might go. As the horse trotted on, Kimmy had to admit that Sam had been right, riding the horse naked was so much better in so many ways. Eventually, already quite far away from "Johnsonville", he lead his two naked riders to a farm-like building with stables that looked as if he might have come from there.  
  
Approaching the buildings, nobody could be seen, so they rode ride right up to the stables. They disembarked and had a look around. What they saw confirmed their initial impression; the whole complex, while not in disrepair, had a distinctively disused atmosphere.  
  
"Looking for something?", a stern female voice suddenly sounded from behind them.  
  
"We just wondered where the horse came from", Kimmy replied, trying not to sound as is she had been caught with the hand in the cookie jar.  
  
"Ah yes, I think I should thank you for bringing him back". Pause. "By the way, is it normal here to walk around dressed in such an airy outfit?"  
  
"It's perfectly acceptable until you're too old", Charlie explained rather vaguely.  
  
"And how is that decided?"  
  
"By your looks, apparently", Kimmy explained wryly.  
  
Hearing this, the woman broke into a smile: "That's perfect. My daughter Darla should be able to strip, then. I brought her on this riding holiday for character building, and if she can go naked, the outdoor experience might be just that much better. I'm Donna, by the way."  
  
Considerably cheered up by the good news, Donna proceeded to show the - rented - premises to the girls. There were two horses total, one for herself and one for her 16-year-old daughter Darla, but she agreed to let Charlie and Kimmy have a ride some time. But she also said that she wouldn't let them ride alone.  
  
During their guided tour of the stables, they also met Darla. She was dressed in an immaculate riding outfit thst looked expensive, conservative, and classically cut. Her styling was suitably understated, but equally perfect. She looked like a poster girl for riding as a pastime for old money. Which seemed to include a slightly snobbish posture and attitude. However, paying attention to it due to her own experience and what Donna said earlier, Kimmy also noticed that Darla's height and general appearance would probably would probably let her look younger when naked, just like Kimmy herself.  
  
"Mother, who are these naked savages?"  
  
"Darla, behave, these fine young ladies brought us back the horse that escaped you. And I was told their attire is not uncommon hereabouts".  
  
"Well, I am glad I don't have to go native then".  
  
At this point, a car engine could be heard. Kimmy recognized the car of Ally's mom, and given the road it was on, it could only be headed their way. Kimmy dragged Charlie towards the gate, ostensibly eager to meet the new visitors, in reality to get the right distance so she wouldn't be directly involved in the argument that was starting between Donna and Darla, while still hearing everything when they raised their voices.  
  
The car drove into the yard and stopped. From inside emerged Sam and Ally, both dressed in jeans reaching to just below the knee, T-shirts and sneakers.  
  
"How did you find us?", Charlie wanted to know.  
  
"Easy, my mom does all the real estate brokering around here, Sam just had to ask about a place being rented with horses mentioned in the deal."  
  
A short distance away, Donna and Darla were talking in a less friendly and relaxed way, Darla calling her mother's ideas stupid, even getting bitchy at her, slipping up and calling her mother stupid, as well. Having enough, Donna cut her off sharply to greet the new arrivals, hissing at Darla that the matter was not yet over.  
  
Both mother and daughter seemed to have calmed down though, and the conversation and inevitable repeat and continuation of the guided tour were quite pleasant. Ally and Sam of course requested riding privileges, and to Kimmy's surprise, unlike herself they were granted them even on their own. Kimmy wanted to protest, but realised it would be futile: If the cutoff was 18, as law issues would suggest, then drawing attention to this might achieve nothing except to lose Ally her horse privileges, making her angry at Kimmy without anything gained.  
  
After the end of the tour, Sam invited Donna and and her daughter over for a welcome-in-town-dinner before she, Ally, Charlie and Kimmy left with the car.  
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Luckily, Sam had planned ahead and cleared the invitation with her mother, so there was no argument over the extra work. Ms Smith brought the extra groceries with her on the way from work, and with everyone helping, dinner was soon prepared, or so it felt. Everybody went to their rooms to get changed.  
  
Due to what Donna told her about the nature of the trip she was taking with her daughter, Kimmy believed the dinner to be a rather informal affair, and just showered and wore her better dress, without asking for shoes or accessories from her hosts. She had overestimated the casualness though, for even though no one was in evening wear, they were not quite as barefoot and unadorned as Kimmy, either. In this they had correctly guessed the expectations of their rather well-off guests correctly, who arrived in similar garb, leaving Kimmy as the underdressed odd one out.  
  
Darla remarked on this upon arrival, but couldn't resist doing it again over dinner: "How come you're the one who couldn't manage to dress properly even when you have guests? Even the other naked savage was able to."  
  
"Shut up", the other naked - now dressed - savage, Charlie, replied. "Kimmy is a guest here just like you, and she could sit at the table with us stark naked if she wanted to. come on Kimmy, show her!"  
  
Kimmy, surprised by this last sentence, threw a startled look at Charlie, then at her parents. The latter just nodded, and with everyone else looking expectantly, Kimmy felt compelled to strip. Luckily, it was only one dress to remove before she was naked amongst a somewhat-formal dinner party.  
  
Now really the odd one out, Kimmy tried to be on her best behaviour to avoid any further negative attention. She need not have worried though, as her friendly nature went down much better with those present than Darla's abrasiveness. Darla, noticing this and feeling jealous, ends up "accidentally" pouring a glass of red wine over Kimmy's shed dress. The usual remedies were tried on the dress and the party dissolved soon after.

**Kimmy part 16**

The next morning, three naked girls showed up for breakfast, only to meet Ms. Smith in a serious mood, informing them that through dinner conversation yesterday, she learned enough to know that they broke the rule that had been set up at breakfast. After hearing the full story, she spoke her verdict:  
  
"At the beginning, when you got naked to ride the horse, it was justified, but later on you just ignored the rule regarding equal dress. I realise it was impractical for use outside or with guests here and it is therefore revoked. BUT! There has to be some punishment, a punishment that fits the crime. Therefore, there will be a family outing, preferably with horses, of both the Smith and Johnson families, with everyone dressed except for you three."  
  
The "punishment" was not received with much dread, and in fact after announcing it, Ms. Smith facial expression soon returned to the usual friendliness, so everyone just proceeded with breakfast and their morning routines, until Ms. Smith walked up to Kimmy, phone still in hand even though the call had already ended.  
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When Darla had woken up that same morning, she had, as normal, dropped her nightshirt into the hamper and entered the shower. But when she came out, she found that no bathrobe was available, and that the large bath towels had been replaced, the new stack being in the popular too-small-to-serve-as-cover format.  
  
Darla grabbed a couple of the towels for possible drying purposes, but first went back into her room to check the closet for clothes. There were none. Without even bothering to use the drying option represented by the small towels, Darla immediately proceeded to implement the obvious solution to the entire problem: Complain! She stormed out of her room in search of her mother.  
  
But her mother was not immediately found, and as Darla's anger, as is normal, slowly diminished over time, her hands subconsciously went to cover her breast and pubic area, so when she finally confronted Donna, the impact of her demands was somewhat countermanded by the sight of her classic embarrassed nude female pose.  
  
As a result, Darla did not manage to assert her position when Donna explained to her that in order to foster her character development, she was to remain nude for a while. She did, however, manage to panic, run away, and lock herself into her room, to which Donna had no other solution but to ring Ms. smith and ask for advice.  
  
Ms. Smith, in turn, had no time to drive over and personally help in solving the situation. What she did was to suggest to send over Kimmy to try and talk Darla out of her room.  
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When Ms. Smith, phone still in hand, had finished explaining this, Kimmy had no idea how she was supposed to achieve this, but realizing she was the best solution readily available, was willing to try.  
  
After quickly dressing in her T-shirt dress, Kimmy had to borrow a bike if she didn't want to walk, and received Charlie's, which was an embarrassingly pink model obviously marketed to little girls, and of course fitted Kimmy's size perfectly. As she pedalled to the horse ranch, she mused whether she was the only cyclist that didn't even know if she could ride a bike wearing shoes. She did however know that sandals had proved awkward, and that closed shoes were simply inappropriate during summer.  
  
Another thing she wondered was why she was trying to help Darla, who had not exactly been nice to her. Then again, helping Darla in this case meant getting her ready to go out naked, which surely was a good thing.  
  
When she arrived, Donna was already waiting. She pointed out the window of Darla's room on the upper floor while explaining the situation again, even if Kimmy had heard it already through Ms. Smith. She noticed that the window was open, and the wall next to it was covered in vines. Kimmy saw this a her chance to talk to Darla in the same room rather than through a looked door.  
  
Qickly announcing her plan, she was already starting to climb. The time she had spent climbing in the trees around Granny's farm paid off well enough that she was making good progress, too. Before Donna could reply to the plan, Kimmy was basically halfway up to the window, so she decided mentioning the ladder was superfluous. Instead, she announced that since Darla and her were only screaming at each other instead of talking, she would make herself scarce until the situation was resolved.  
  
Darla was surprised when first the head and then the rest of Kimmy appeared in her window. She did, however, not move her hands to cover her breasts and crotch for the simple reason that they had already been there, even in the empty, locked room. She was sitting on the bed yet she had not, Kimmy noticed, tried to cover herself with the sheets.  
  
Kimmy did not know what reasoning or emotion was behind this, but decided the mere fact Darla had not felt the urgent need to take this measure was a reason for hope. Not knowing what else to do after saying hello, Kimmy began to explain how being naked was really quite nice, and that she herself only discovered it a short while ago.  
  
Darla seemed interested, and even stood up to walk towards Kimmy, dropping her hands to her sides. And then suddenly, she grabbed Kimmy's dress by the hem, and lifted it over the other girl's head, running off with it. She managed to unlock the door, go through it and lock it again before Kimmy recovered. She knew the "little savage girl" would just climb out of the window, but the locked door would buy her some needed time.  
  
Meanwhile Kimmy, still a bit stunned, wondered why it was so easy to draw her dresses up over her head. Objectively, it might have been that this one was really a T-shirt, was rather short on her, and that Darla was the same height as Kimmy, putting her hands at the ideal starting level.  
  
Darla, wearing the dress formerly found on Kimmy's now naked body, discovered that the sturdy wardrobe containing her mother's clothes was locked, as was the hard-case suitcase probably containing her own. With vandalism out, she looked around for a hairpin or similar item, but none was immediately to be found nor, to be honest, had she known how to pick a lock with it.  
  
When Kimmy had finally come to her senses and climbed down the vines, no sooner had she run into the middle of the yard to look for and find either Donna or Darla, the latter suddenly galloped past the naked girl with approximately half an inch to spare. She waved a credit card that must have been her mom's, judging by her shouted "Now Mother will buy me new clothes!"  
  
Still unable to see Donna anywhere, Kimmy quickly swung herself on her - or rather, Charlie's - bike. She wasn't quite as fast as the horse, but she knew where Darla was almost certainly headed - the department store where Granny had taken her shopping for clothes not that long ago. She made a none-too-large detour to the Smith's house for some clothes, but Sam and Charlie were out somewhere, and since Kimmy didn't want to take any of their stuff without asking, her only option were her short-shorts, her other dress still in the laundry somewhere.  
  
When Darla had started her ride into town, she had been a bit worried that the outfit of the stupid savage girl had, among other shortcomings, not included shoes. This had been alleviated somewhat when she passed a troupe of local girl scout analogues with not a pair of shoes amongst them, not even the scout mistress, in her early 20s, wearing any. At the department store, however, everyone wore shoes, since the official store policy still was to require them to be worn, even though, since Kimmy's visit there, none of the employees would dream of enforcing this.  
  
Still, Darla did not want to try on shoes in Kimmy's short dress and without underwear, so she went to the clothing department first. There, she encountered the same two saleswomen that had sold Kimmy her current wardrobe. Said two women noticed Darla's dress and bare feet, and from the similarity, took her to be a friend of, or at least kindred spirit to, Kimmy. They took her back to the same staff room Kimmy had used, and began to bring in clothes they thought were appropriate, without ever really listening to the stunned Darla, who wasn't really saying much, anyway.  
  
She did, however, notice the kind of clothes that were piling up, as well as the lack of underwear. Next, she was suddenly on the receiving end of how easily the dress could be pulled over someone's head. With a scream of "this is madness!", she grabbed the dress, which had already come to lie over a chair, and naked as she was, ran out of the room's second door and down the back stairs to the staff exit. Only at the bottom aof the stairs did she pause to catch her breath and slip the dress over her head.  
  
But instead of falling in order to cover Darla's body once more, the dress moved upward. The reason was Kimmy, who had arrived only moments before. Having phoned Lisa, hoping to catch her during her shift at the shoe department, Kimmy was told by her friend to come in around the back in order to lower the possibility of Darla spotting her and escaping again. With Lisa and Kimmy holding the dress and strategically covering all exits with their superior numbers, Darla gave up and sat her naked butt down on the cold stone step, valiantly trying not to break down sobbing.  
  
While Kimmy held the dress, Lisa secured the credit card. Kimmy decided that her best chance at converting Darla lay in first delivering arguments why Darla didn't need to feel bad about being naked, then telling her own story up to that point, starting with her and her mom moving into town.  
  
Darla seemed to slowly soften up, and after the end of the report and some negotiating later, Darla agreed to come along quietly and follow her mother's wishes from then on, in return for some shopping assistance and some help persuading Donna to accept letting Darla's journey be like Kimmy's. Lisa however did not come along, going back to work after slipping the piece of plastic she said the other girls would need into Kimmy's butt pocket.  
  
Darla had also gotten her dress back, and she and Kimmy went up the staff stairs towards the clothing department. They passed a landing with a door leading into a staff restroom. Said facility had, way back when, been designed as if for a private home, a single room, a single toilet bowl and a sink, a door that locked with an actual key. Suddenly, Darla pushed Kimmy inside this room, while at the same time pulling the plastic card from the other girl's back pocket. Then, she quickly reached around the door blade for the key, and used it to lock Kimmy in.  
  
Her triumph lasted only a few seconds before she realized the piece of plastic was an expired library card. Cursing Lisa, Darla had to change plans quickly and decided to scourge the only other possible source of clothing known to her in that town, the Smith's house. sha ran down the stairs, out the staff door and around the building to where she left her horse, her bare feet slapping first on the stairs, then the asphalt. she rode to her destination like the proverbial wind.  
  
Upon arrival, she found the place and and the back door open and snuck in, actually glad that now she would not have to ask about the clothes. Searching the premises, she found clothes in a drying room in the basement. But just as she had taken her dress off in order to change into the garments she had taken from the various clotheslines, she heard a noise. Quickly, she opened the door opposite the one she came through, and closed it until only a crack remained open. She didn't want to close it all the way though, for as soon as she was through it, she realised it was a door to the outside. Regardless, the door was balanced on its hinges and a spring in such a way that tiny cracks like the one she left open would automatically close, in order to prevent the door from being accidentally left open.  
  
Darla figured that it was just like the savages to build an automatically closing basement door yet leave the back door wide open. And of course, that thought already contained the solution to having locked herself out, yet it was not to be: she was spotted instead. The spotters were the friendly older neighbours. It bears repeating at this point that Darla had the same build as Kimmy, so as they had with Kimmy's, they misjudged the age of Darla.  
  
Darla managed to convince them she was waiting for the Smiths - she was still hoping they might give her clothes, so it was not even all that untrue - and they in turn decided to keep "little Darla" entertained through conversation and card games, yet Darla's boredom with this showed - she had never been good at hiding her annoyance. Fortunately, sitting at the table, she was at least able to cover her naked body somewhat, since she had again become acutely aware of it after the initial surprise at having been found had worn off.  
  
The neighboors, however, thought they had found the perfect solution for their young guest's apparent boredom: The public playground down the road. Darla broke into protests, but with a we-know-what's-right-for-you attitude, they dragged her along anyway, insisting she tried. Of course, once there, they believed themselves proven right when Darla stopped to fuss, realising she better not draw further attention. Pulling herself together, she tried to blend in like Kimmy so often successfully had, and so she was soon playing in the sandbox and on the swing, like she hadn't done for years.  
  
This finally ended when her mother came to collect her, having looked for her in the neighbourhood after Lisa brought her the credit card and Charlie reported the horse standing in her front yard. She informed Darla in perfect told-you-so manner that she had made her nude time much worse that it need have been.  
  
"You know what", her daughter replied, "I still don't want to be naked, but after just now, I certainly am no longer afraid of it."  
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Earlier, Kimmy found that with the door locked and no window, there was no way out except the air duct used to keep the place somewhat fresh even when in use. Commenting to herself how this was just like on TV, she was for once rather glad she was on the small side or crawling out that way would surely never have worked.  
  
As it was, it didn't work perfectly even so, for when her shorts got snagged, she could neither move her hands enough to free them, nor wiggle them loose, so she had to move forward and wiggle out, abandoning them. They were irretrievably blown away by the active air condition. She ended up outside naked, and quickly made her way back through the staff entrance to find Lisa.  
  
Lisa in turn suggested to use the "confiscated" credit card to buy a new pair of shorts, assuring Kimmy that her colleagues   
wouldn't balk about signature if she told them she had been given the card for shopping. But since Kimmy neither wanted to do such a dishonest act nor streak the city centre on her borrowed pink bike, she waited in the staff room until Lisa's morning shift was over, which would not be much longer.  
  
A friendly employe even offered Kimmy some ice cream, "since she was so obviously feeling the heat".  
  
"Why didn't you simply let new shorts be put on your tab?", Lisa asked on the way to bring Donna back her plastic money, resulting in Kimmy feeling very stupid for a moment.  
  
"Well anyway", Lisa continued, "Darla's in for a lot more naked time now, I figure."  
  
"Ah, but it's only punishment if she takes it as punishment."

**Kimmy part 17**

In the last few days of Kimmy's stay with the Smith, horses and riding were the big topic. Just about everyone in her circle of friends got involved in the craze, and it wasn't long before a horse-outing for everyone became inevitable, despite the fact that riding as a permanent hobby was considered way to expensive and impractical for most of those involved. It emerged that a riding event for everyone would happen as soon as the very Saturday that ended Kimmy's stay with her new friends.  
  
Rather early in the morning, everyone met up at the ice cream parlour, since it was sufficiently central to serve as a meeting point. A long drive would be necessary, since the two horses of Darla and Donna would not be enough for everyone to get a decent amount of riding, and the next stables where horses could be rented for day trips was close to a bigger city - but of course a ways outside it - where a larger customer base was available.  
  
Since Kimmy was travelling light, there was no need to make a detour to the farm first, as Kimmy's small amount of luggage could simply be taken along on the trip without problems. One of the immediate effects was that Kimmy was once again the only barefoot girl, and thereby just that little bit more naked than her already lightly attired friends. In theory, of course, Mom and Granny could have brought her some shoes, but they decided not to for the dual reason that she'd probably just kick them off during the drive, as had been her habit since the start of the summer, and that according to their plans, she wouldn't need them later, either.  
  
Donna and Darla were coming too, their horses in a transporter behind their car as that meant two less to rent. Darla was wearing a dress similar to the ones Kimmy had taken to wear, except both the dress and her light sandals somehow managed to look three times more expensive that anything Kimmy owned. Upon being asked, Donna related how Darla's naked time had developed: After absolutely refusing to leave her room at first, she eventually got so bored in there that she accepted to come out and ride naked, with the new rural style wardrobe a compromise that now both of them could live with. In the case of Darla, somewhat grudgingly.  
  
The owner of the parlour recognized Kimmy and made a reference to Kimmy's latest visit there, which she had spent naked due to the owner's concern about possible heatstroke. Of course, this led to a detailed re-telling of that story, from the owner's point of view. At the end, she added that girls buying ice-cream from her tended to dress more summerly lately, and that if Kimmy or her friends wanted to be naked again, it would probably not be a problem.  
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When the car caravan had arrived safely after an uneventful journey, the group were introduced to the owner of the horse-renting business, who turned out to be someone Granny had chosen because she knew her from her youth. The bigger surprise where the rules laid down for the day's riding: Not only did they actually demand that those “punished” with nude riding actually went through with it, they also introduced a single garment that was all the others would be wearing.  
  
Now, it must be understood that while Granny and Mom and also the other parents present would surely have allowed such an attire, it was unusual for them to demand such. The idea had been cleverly implanted in their heads by Sam, using tales of how much Kimmy and Charlie had enjoyed their naked ride.  
  
When first introduced, said single garment looked like just a piece of cloth, but was when unfolded recognizable as a sort of tabard, two pieces of cloth hanging down the front and back from the neck, the sides completely open. Made from re-purposed cheap aprons, as evidenced by the cheesy motives and supposedly funny slogans printed onto them, they would let you appear dressed from a distance while being only minimally restrictive.  
  
Now, if one were friends with Kimmy, such announcements were not unexpected, and there were certainly no objections. There was, however, no getting changed either, as everybody was quite hesitant to undress in front of each other, those parents as were there, and the stable owner. Kimmy was the one to break the ice, feeling that it was up to her: If she, of all people, didn't strip quickly, things might grind to a halt and be very difficult to re-start. Besides, nothing bad had ever come from being naked in Johnsonville, had there?  
  
After everyone was properly dressed or, as it were, undressed - it was rather fast after it started, especially for Kimmy in only a dress – the stable owner approached Kimmy:  
  
“You're quite gutsy, stripping first. I figured it'd be one of the younger ones, where nudity doesn't matter yet.”  
  
Kimmy started to deny modestly, then the full meaning of that last sentence hit her: “Wait, how did you know I'm not one of the young ones?  
  
“I worked with horses professionally for a long time, small persons are not unusual, one learns to see the signs.”  
  
Kimmy, feeling caught, tried to explain herself, but not really knowing what to explain or how, only stuttered a bit.  
  
“Easy girl, I know exactly why you're eager, riding a horse naked and bareback really is special, to any girl, there's nothing to be defensive about.”  
  
Kimmy somehow felt even more embarrassed now, but still lacking any explanation concept, instead answered with a meek and lame “Thanks” before being sent on her way by the stable owner with a jovial slap on her bare butt. She found no time to complain about this overly familiar behaviour though, as Darla drew everyone's attention with a veritable tantrum. She was also still fully dressed in her dress and sandals.  
  
“What's going on?”, Kimmy asked off the nearest person, naked like herself.  
  
“She freaked out when Donna told her she'd be among the naked group”, the naked girl, who happened to be Sam, replied. “Personally I think they both need to attend manners and communication 101, but we might get to see Darla being stripped. Would be fun and she deserves it, too!”  
  
Kimmy failed to see how that would be fun, especially for poor Darla, but she was spared finding out because Granny intervened, addressing everyone's (un?)favourite brat in a stern tone: “Now listen up girl, there's really nothing wrong with a bit of nudity! I'm sorry if your mom didn't tell you in advance, but that's no reason to throw a tantrum. Now get naked and don't spoil everybody's fun, or you won't make it easier on yourself!”  
  
Amazingly, this worked, even though Darla was obviously still fuming inwardly as she dropped her dress and stepped both out of it and her sandals in one move. Fortunately, as the group first went through some basic riding training under the stable owner's instructions, then set off for their ride and had a great time doing so, her mood gradually improved, proving once and for all that indeed every girl loves naked bareback riding.  
  
After hours had passed like no time at all, however, some wanted to rest, other wanted to keep on riding, and of those, most didn't want to keep sticking to one large group, so those still willing to ride more formed into groups of twos and threes. Out of the four completely naked ones, Sam and Charlie rode off together, leaving Kimmy and Darla as the other pair.  
  
Kimmy was a bit worried that now she wouldn't be able to hide amongst the group in case of an encounter, but Darla was having different thoughts entirely. It might be true that naked riding was greatly enjoyable – after all, she knew that in advance, having done it before – but that was no excuse to order her to strip in front of all the others. “So long, sucker, I'm off to get some clothes”, she shouted back at Kimmy as she galloped away.  
  
Kimmy tried to give chase, but her riding skills were no match for Darla's, and she soon lost sight of the other naked girl. She then decided to slow down to both be a bit easier on her horse and try to better follow Darla's trail, hoping to catch up while the other girl was busy with whatever scheme she had in mind.  
  
She had no luck whatsoever though, and was already about to give up and head back when a pair of girls on horses, naked like herself, broke from the trees and brushes to her left and disappeared into the trees and bushes to her right, at high speed. One of the girls pointed ahead and shouted, apparently at Kimmy's address: “She went that way!”  
  
Without thinking, Kimmy galloped after the girls. They were faster than herself, but just before she lost sight of them, they, it seemed, had caught up to “her” and managed to grab her reins or otherwise stop her. When Kimmy managed to catch up, they had already pinned Darla to the ground and were struggling to get her out of a pair of panties that were, as Kimmy knew, not her own. Adding two and two, she realised that the two naked girls were the victims of Darla's latest attempt to illegitimately obtain clothes.  
  
It appeared Darla had taken one set of clothes , consisting of dress, panties and shoes, to wear right away and another, consisting of panties, shorts, shoes, and a tank top, that she took along with a pack to carry them, for reasons that she kept to herself. After the theft victims finished re-dressing in their respective outfits, they talked about calling the police on Darla. They also noticed that there was, contrary to their earlier assumptions, no third outfit belonging to Kimmy. Kimmy needed to offer an explanation right then, or they would suspect that the second outfit had been stolen for her benefit.  
  
“Umm, you see, I better tell you - we were going to do a sort of naked dare, and Darla chickened out, said she'd go find clothes - guess she found yours. Don't know why she took the second set, maybe she thought I'd have broken down by now, too”  
  
“We should be angry but truth is, we know how you feel, out first time was scary as hell, too – it's how she got to our clothes with us not in them, in case you hadn't guessed. Pure luck we were back in time to see your chicken friend take them”  
“We won't be calling the police on you”, the second girl added, “but personally, I think you need to demand a forfeit from her for chickening out”  
  
“Come to think of it”, the first girl took over again, “there's also a forfeit you're both going to have to pay. Nothing remotely as fun as a streak though, I'm afraid. Although you'll of course be naked. To cut it short, my parents have been away for 2 weeks, will return on Monday, the place is a mess, and you're the help now”  
  
“If streaking is so much fun, how come you got dressed again already?”, Kimmy asked, mostly to change the topic, since due to Darla's ill-fated robbery there wasn't much she could do about the bit of slavery that the girl chose to call a forfeit.  
  
“To mark the difference between captors and captives, of course”  
  
Kimmy didn't make any further attempt and instead chose to blush and meekly fall silent while the self-styled captors lead them to the first girl's house, which was in a quiet suburb. The house was a fairly normal middle class building, and judging from the lack of stables, the captor-girls horses were rented just like Kimmy's and Darla's. Thankfully, they entered directly from the countryside via the back yard, tying the horses to some suitable trees not far away. Thank good for green-field-development.  
  
For having been only two weeks under teenager control, the house looked a pretty impressive mess. When the first girl wanted to assign task to the naked help, Darla immediately started to make excuses, claiming to never have done any housework before, ever.  
  
Before their hosts could get angry, Kimmy took over: “Then you go out, mow the lawn and cut the hedges. I'll clear up the debris and wash the dishes, then vacuum the place, that'll make it look decent to parents who're expecting the worst”  
  
Darla felt reasonably safe in the hedge-enclosed back yard, but was pushing along the electrical-powered mower listlessly because work, particularly the chore variety, didn't agree with her. To make matters worse, the reasonable safety turned out not to be safe enough, as she was spotted by the neighbour, an old lady.  
  
“Hello there little girl, what are you doing out here naked, and with that big mover?”  
  
Little girl? Darla was badly wanting to throw a tantrum at not being recognized as the sophisticated young woman she was, but she had to admit she had that young-looking body type. So, taking a page from Kimmy's book – something she had no trouble with as long as she didn't have to give her credit for it – she decided to play along:  
  
“Well, my sitter made me do her garden chores, and took my clothes so nobody can ask why they're dirty”, she claimed, with perhaps a little more blame-shifting than Kimmy might have used.  
  
“Poor thing, come over, I can give you lemonade and something to wear, and your sitter can face the music for not doing her chores when her parents come back on Monday!”

The house was cleaned, or at least, parent-ready, faster than estimated. Contributing factors where the fact that the clutter and used dishes were limited to the few rooms the girl had used, as well as the fact that Kimmy had managed to incite the girls to actually help her. Additional trouble, however, came from the fact that the bathroom very definitely needed some real cleaning, so Kimmy attended to it while the others were busy with vacuum cleaner and trash bin.  
  
She was still busy, kneeling naked and scrubbing at the last stubborn stain, when the first girl, now known as Holly, barged in.  
  
“We're done, good thing you're such a clean freak”  
  
“Am not, just earning pocket money with odd jobs”  
  
“Whatever, let's look if your friend is done”  
  
Of course, Darla had not been in the garden for a long while by then, and almost nothing of the work was done. The girls looked around the yard, of course finding nothing, until Kimmy spotted Darla by pure chance, with an accidental look through the neighbour's large living room window. Darla was lying on her stomach, wearing an oversized T-shirt, drinking soda and munching on popcorn while she was watching television.  
  
“That brat”, Kimmy and Holly shouted in unison.  
  
“It's unlikely it was all her idea”, Holly's friend Mary interjected, “it would have been to great a risk. I figure she's been caught and spun some story to get pampered rather than yelled at”  
  
“Yes”, Kimmy agreed, “that'd be just like her”  
  
Kimmy, Holly and Mary pondered their options. Since Holly had to keep living at her house and they didn't know what fib Darla had come up with, the girls decided they needed a plan to discredit anything she might have said. To this end, they would pass of Kimmy, whose looks were closest to Darla's among the girls, as her older sister, and collect the annoying, bratty and of course untrustworthy younger sibling from next door.  
  
She would of course need to wear clothes for that, so they raided Holly's wardrobe. One key item would be the sneakers, whose one-inch-thick sole would make her just that much taller than Darla while still looking casual, which would hopefully bring about the desired siblings look. Kimmy also selected a pair of jeans, a T-shirt, and some panties, although after putting everything on, she had to take most of it off again to remove the panties, explaining with a slight blush that after going without any for so long, it wasn't the right moment to get used to them again.  
  
She did also grab the most girlish dress available to pass off as the garment Darla ostensibly had chucked to go into the back yard naked. And also the most childish panties available. Couldn't let her go unpunished, after all.  
  
Walking next door felt odd. Although the sneakers were undeniably comfortable, the thick sole made Kimmy feel as if each step ended an inch too high. Between the panties and shoes, Kimmy briefly wondered how she would ever be able to deal with the start of the new school year.  
  
After they had rung next door and told their story to the neighbour lady, she rushed to the living room with an agry expression and re-appeared actually dragging Darla by the ear, which caused all the girls to chuckle quite a bit. The old woman also insisted that Darla change out of the big T-shirt into what she thought were Darla's own clothes right then and there.  
  
Back at Holly's place, the first thing Kimmy did was to kick of the shoes so she could walk normally again. Next, she and Darla took off the clothes they were wearing and handed them back to their rightful owner, Holly.  
  
“Now”, said clothes owner addressed Kimmy, “don't you believe that the forfeit has not been completed, for sheer lack of effort? And that, even though it's useless as a way of improving anyone's behaviour, a spanking now is necessary just to show such conduct is not acceptable?  
  
Kimmy nodded, feeling actually a little satisfied that Darla would pay a price for her bratty behaviour. And was very surprised when she was standing with her hands on the wall and her butt outward slightly, right next to the identically posed Darla. Kimmy had remembered too late that Holly and Mary treated herself and Darla as a pair when it came to paying for either's misbehaviour. Fortunately, the “spanking” was only one slap per cheek from each girl.  
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On the way back, Kimmy told of her adventure to everyone who was with her in the car, and they all agreed a forfeit for Darla would definitely happen. When everybody had arrived at the Johnsonville ice cream parlour for some after-excursion ice, they, too, agreed.

**Kimmy part 18a**

With such a large group ordering all at once, there was a noticeable delay until everybody had their cup of ice cream, prompting a remark that maybe acting as a waitress should be Darla's forfeit, which was then turned into a suggestion when someone added the requirement to do it naked. Even then, it might have lead to nothing had Lisa not commented to the effect of how much she'd love a prominently placed photo to immortalise such an event.  
  
However, as soon as Granny heard these comments, she actually suggested calling a friend of hers, who was a retired photographer and would certainly be able to produce an appealing photo series. This in turn got a reaction from Donna, who just then and there had fallen in love with the idea of taking home, as a souvenir, a photo series showing her daughter at various places and doing various activities wearing „typical Johnsonville fashion“.  
  
Amidst grins, nods and similar statements of approval, Granny then announced: “It's decided then, Darla's forfeit will consist of shooting several photos showing her at summer activities in and around town, in appropriate outfits, until the Donna and the photographer are satisfied with the results. Darla, do you accept the forfeit?”  
  
“Of course not, I – hang on a second, that's too easy, what happens if I say no?”  
  
“We'll keep coming up with forfeits. However, if we become convinced that you're simply using it to try and escape entirely, we'll just vote on something. And at that point, we won't go easy on you”  
  
“I still don't like this one, what if the photos get spread around?”  
  
“You'll be given the negatives, of course. Audrey always hands the customer the negatives”  
  
“The what?”, 16-year-old Donna asked, perplexed.  
  
“It means the photographer retired before digital equipment had the quality to convince all professionals”, Donna explained to her daughter. “In short, as soon as we have the negatives and all the positives, only we can create further copies. I was going to have her use my own memory chip and print out at home, but this will be just as safe”  
  
Those in the group familiar with both analogue and digital photography concluded that Donna's explanations were true in general, but that making extra positives in the darkroom would be fairly easy.  
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“I'd like to have some pictures like that of you”, Mom asked her daughter on the drive back to Jonhnson farm. “Maybe you should join Darla when she has her photo session”  
  
“Don't you think that'd be a huge quarrel over who does which shot? Why don't we... I dunno, why don't I just wait until she's done and then we can talk to Granny's friend Audrey?”  
  
“Sounds very reasonable”, Granny interrupted, “and since we're part of the community, we can rely on the honour principle and unlike others, don't have to be afraid of giving a few copies to your close friends”  
  
Kimmy's standard daughter-aversion to pictures of herself being shown was not helped by the fact she would be naked in most of them, yet with the way Granny had phrased it, she found it hard to come up with a way to convince her otherwise. She finally settled for: “Will they even want to see it, it's not like it'll be a special sight“  
  
“Oh, let us old people have our old people fun“, Mom replied. “Soon, you'll have kids of your own, and then you'll understand”  
  
But Kimmy had yet another concern, one that had pushed itself more and more to the foreground of her mind ever since Donna and Darla were discussing security precautions: “What if the pictures end up on the internet?”  
  
“Oh, nobody here would consider putting them there”, was Granny's reply, which could be anything from an empty phrase to the absolute truth and therefore best possible protection, but since, to her best knowledge, nothing had yet been posted despite generous amounts of nudity occurring in town, the latter might just be true.  
  
Also, under a strictly pragmatic view, even though the town's quaint and retro appearance made one forget, picture-making devices had become ubiquitous – if Darla or Kimmy took pics themselves, it was hardly even affecting any probabilities.  
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Back home, Kimmy immediately stripped comfortably naked and took all the clothes she had just brought back to the hamper next to the washing machine. Noticing that it was full, she loaded the machine and started it. Except nothing happened.  
  
“Mom, the washing machine is broken!”  
  
“Go take the laundry over to Granny, she has her own washer, and probably knows someone who can fix ours”  
  
Kimmy unloaded the broken washing machine into a plastic basket and carried it over to Granny's house. Putting the laundry down at the door, the naked teen walked inside, calling for Granny. There was no reply however, Kimmy's calls and the sound of her bare feet on the hard floor being the only sounds until she found Granny sitting on a chair in the kitchen, where she had dozed off.  
  
Granny was happy to grant use of her washing machine, and promised to call someone to repair Mom's right away. Granny explained to Kimmy were the washer was located, adding an explanation that the rumbling and rattling was nothing to worry about, as the machine had been doing that since it was new. She also told Kimmy how her own daughters loved to sit on top during a washing cycle when they were younger. Then, she turned to the phone to call someone, presumably the repair person, leaving Kimmy to fetch the laundry and bring it to the laundry room.  
  
  
After loading and starting the machine, Kimmy realised the Granny was not exaggerating about rattling and rumbling, and remembered what she said about her daughters. She decided to climb on top of the rumbling automaton briefly, just to see what the fuzz was all about.

**Kimmy part 18b**

Kimmy did not ride out the full washing cycle, but her little experiment still made her walk back to her own house less than immediately. Despite all the activities of the day so far and progression into the evening, it being high summer meant it was far from getting dark. Not looking where she was going, she almost bumped into a young man of maybe 18 years, who was just getting out of his car. Looking at him, Kimmy decided he was what you call a hunk.  
  
“Hello little girl, I'm Dave. Can you show me where the broken washing machine is?”  
  
Little girl? Kimmy wanted to protest, but realised that's what she must look like to him. Then she wanted to correct him, but was unsure how he might take it. In the end, she just showed him to the broken washing machine, riddling him with questions on the way. It turned out he was the towns fix-it man for everything from kitchen appliances to cars, 19 years old, and an eligible bachelor. Before Kimmy could pursue the matter further, Mom came in.  
  
“Oh, there you are, already wondered where you disappeared to. A couple out of town called who need to replace the babysitter for their two kids on short notice. I couldn't find you and they really sounded desperate, so I already agreed. The kids are old enough to not really need sitting. But the parents need to believe you can keep them in check, so you shouldn't dress too relaxed, I already laid out one of the longer dresses and a pair of shoes”  
  
The dress was about mid-thigh length, and the front and back were basically a large panel of cloth each. To compensate and avoid making it too hot in the summer, the sides were practically non-existent above the waist. All in all, it looked very modest, from most angles. The shoes were sandals, of the type with heel straps.  
  
Kimmy pulled the dress over her head and took the sandals into her hand as she went to fetch her bike, Mom coming along as she explained the way. She also offered a lift by car, but Kimmy insisted to drive on her own and be flexible for the return.  
  
Once on the way, Kimmy allowed herself a smile as she looked at the sandals in the bike-basket before her, proof that Mom had this time found it necessary to cause her to wear more rather than less. Kimmy decided that in order to reinforce this kind of thinking, she should put even more emphasis on being naked at all times on and around the Johnson farm.  
  
Then the same sandals caused another, not so happy thought, as Kimmy realised how ridiculous it was that she somehow wasn't able to work the pedals in anything but bare feet. After thinking a moment or two about what the problem had been last time and how to fix it, she stopped, slipped on the sandals, and tried.  
  
It worked without a problem, except after a short while Kimmy decided that riding the bike barefoot had felt better. Part of the reason why Kimmy had decided to do it differently had been to make a better impression on arrival, but more thoroughly re-thinking this part, she concluded that putting the shoes back on just out of sight would suffice for this. Since her destination was on the edge of town, she had chosen the route around town anyway, on the dirt roads between the fields; partly in order to avoid traffic, partly because more roads meant more chances to get lost.  
  
Following her line of thought further, she decided that the circumstances where ideal to not merely ride the bike barefoot, but fully naked. Since she wore only a single garment, the dress, this state was quickly achieved.  
  
The plan went smoothly and the ride was pleasant, and exactly where the dirt road, still under sight cover from the tall grain, joined the main road leading into town, Kimmy stopped to slip on her dress and put on her shoes. Suddenly under the impression that it was somehow already darker than it should be, Kimmy looked up at the sky and saw heavy clouds.  
  
There was nothing to be done about it though, so Kimmy just started on the final stretch of road, her goal already in sight as soon as she turned onto the main road. However, as soon as she started to pedal, as if to punish her for getting dressed again, the downpour started, a heavy if not too cold summer rain that managed to get Kimmy completely drenched even on the short distance remaining.  
  
The parents greeted her at the door, having waited behind it. They quickly welcomed her and told her to get the wet clothes off, have a shower and get some dry clothes, the kids could show her where they were. Then they were off in a hurry, whatever they were planning to spend the evening with was apparently not affected by the weather.  
  
Kimmy shouted at quick hello into the house, the kids not yet having shown themselves, then dropped the dress into the puddle that had already formed around her. Stepping out of her equally wet shoes, she started to search the house for either the shower or her charges. She found the latter right after rounding the first corner.  
  
There was a moment of awkward mutual staring.  
  
“Hi, I'm Kimmy, your sitter”, Kimmy finally broke the silence. “Since you look old enough to start sitting yourself and won't accidentally burn the house if left alone, I assume your parents simply don't believe in trust. But I'm sure we can get along well.” Kimmy held out her hand.  
  
There was a moment of awkward mutual staring.  
  
“You look to be no older than us, which we can clearly see cause you are stark naked”  
  
Kimmy felt a flash of embarrassment upon the realisation that her nudity was out of place, a feeling virtually identical to the one she had when Granny suddenly stripped her naked back at the lake picnic.  
  
“I-I got caught in the rain, and your parents said I could get a shower here and clothes from you. Also, I'm in fact 16”, Kimmy explained, progressively regaining her composure as she spoke.  
  
Kimmy was shown to the bathroom, her charges introducing themselves as Tom and Jane on the way. She took a quick, refreshing shower and towelled herself dry. The towel still in hand, she briefly wondered whether it would make any sense to wrap it around herself, but then she discovered that clothing had already been placed in the bathroom for her.  
  
Said clothing was a T-shirt sporting the letter “I”, a heart, and a grey-coated cartoon horse with wonky eyes. It was a bit surprising to get only this one item, considering how the kids seemed to imply lax clothing was not common in this household, but Kimmy brushed that thought aside.  
  
Kimmy rejoined the kids, and someone suggested a board game to pass the time. During the game, the boy and girl asked more and more questions about Kimmy, eventually learning the full story of her adventures in Johnsonville. They were especially fascinated at how much nudity Kimmy was allowed at home; the kid's parents, in contrast, put emphasis on "proper" clothing for themselves and their offspring, regardless of what others might think or wear.  
  
Since the heavy summer rain was still pouring outside, Jane eventually asked why Kimmy had not simply rode over naked, if she was so comfortable with it, then she could have avoided getting soaked. Kimmy explained that she didn't want to meet their parents naked and was surprised by the rain. Being an honest type, she felt compelled that otherwise, being naked in the rain might be very practical, especially if it was a warm summer rain. This might have been a mistake though, as the kids then started to constantly nag Kimmy about a demonstration. Kimmy finally got them to cease by claiming that in order to really find out, all three of them would have to get out naked.  
  
They did not cease for long, however. Soon, when Kimmy got back from fetching a round of sodas, she found they had used the time to make up their mind and agree to get out naked into the rain with Kimmy. Since it was their first time, they decided to go into their rooms, just as if they were not undressing but changing clothes instead. Also, they reasoned leaving their clothes in their rooms would give them less chance to back out again.  
  
Kimmy went with Jane so her loaned T-shirt could be put away as well. The girls were a little faster than Tom and thus were already waiting at the entrance door. When he approached, Kimmy opened to door so they could all step outside. Just at that moment, there was a flash as Tom took a photo of Kimmy and his sister naked by the door.  
  
"What did you do that for?", Jane asked her brother.  
  
"I just thought we might want something to remember this", he replied.  
  
Before they could discuss it further, a woman and a girl Kimmy's age, presumably mother and daughter, approached through the rain. In order to get everyone's attention, they knocked on the door frame, seeing that the door was already open.  
  
The woman stepped in, flapping her umbrella a couple of times to make it drier, some of the drops spraying on Kimmy's naked skin.  
  
"We left the highway because we were worried about a noise in the engine and wanted to find a mechanic's shop, but the car then died on us less than half a mile from the town entrance. So we came to ask for shelter from the rain and to call someone to have the car towed and - excuse me, I just have to ask, why are you all three naked?"  
  
"Oh, that's normal", Jane hastened to say before anyone else could, "it gets very hot here and it's kinda rustic. So it's normal for kids to go naked. Even up to our age. We're often naked the whole summer! Except for special occasions. It's really quite normal. And we can call a mechanic from the next town over. I doubt they'll want to come tonight though cause they're not going to do any work on it before the weekend's over anyway"  
  
"You and the boy look a bit old to be "kids that can go naked", but none of my concern. Is there a least a hotel somewhere? We need to change into dry clothes, the rain's strong enough for water to come from all sides"  
  
"Oh, we can lend you a change of clothes, no problem", Jane's mouth once again outran everyone.  
  
The siblings gave their guests a change of clothes each, and Kimmy noted in passing they were given considerably more than she herself had been. While they were changing, Jane approached Kimmy.  
  
"Help! I wasn't thinking at all, my brain was frozen while I talked, I was so embarrassed at having been caught naked. We have to somehow get them to get going again, our parents will come back later tonight and then this "nudity is normal" lie will fall apart"  
  
"Well it's gotten more and more normal for me the longer I was in this town. But more importantly, I think I know someone I can call and maybe he can fix the car and send your "guests" back on the road before your parents return"  
  
The person Kimmy had in mind was of course Dave, and after a brief first call to Granny to get his number, Kimmy easily got him to agree to come and have a look at the broken-down car.  
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Meanwhile, the stranded mother and daughter had a conversation while getting changed into dry clothes:  
  
"You know, maybe you should just go naked like them while we're here. Seize the opportunity while there are no repercussions! The serious parts of life come all on their own, after all"  
  
"Oh mom please, it's so obviously just hogwash! They were getting ready for a streak while their parents were away", the daughter answered, mistaking Kimmy, Jane and Tom for siblings, "the boy was even taking a photo of the girls at the door. Besides, if you really look you can tell they're mostly to old for a "kids can do it" excuse. And besides-besides, why care that I can get away with it when there's no reason to do it!"  
  
"You mean no reason to get naked? There's no reason to be clothed either, but nevermind that now, cause we do have a reason now. The parents of these three kids will come back sometime tonight, so we can scare them a little by going naked, implicitly threatening for them to get busted"  
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And so, when everyone was gathered again, everyone was naked. However, Tom and Jane were worried about this, because it increased the chances of their parents discovering everything, the travellers were worried after hearing a mechanic was finally on the way and might see them, only Kimmy was comfortable, since Dave already had seen her naked and and the little nude gathering might help convince him that she was neither a little kid nor weird for going naked anyway.  
  
This situation lasted only a few minutes though, then the travelling mother spoke out: "All-right, let's cut to the point right away. Most of us seem uncomfortable sitting here like this, so raise your hand if you want to get dressed right away" Everyone raised their hands except Kimmy. "Right, let's all get dressed then except you, you're the only one really young enough in my book anyway", the woman concluded, addressing the last bit to Kimmy.  
  
Kimmy instinctively wanted to object, but not only knew that it was true when judging by looks alone, she also still didn't have her own clothes back. It might seem silly, but since Dave already had seen her naked, she much preferred to wear her own skin when meeting him, rather than whatever Tom and Jane might decide to give her.  
  
When Dave arrived, he didn't show any surprise at seeing Kimmy naked, but couldn't resist teasing her a little: “Hello again. I'm beginning to wonder if you even own clothes”  
  
“....” “....” “Can we pretend I made a quick-witted reply? I do own some clothes – somewhere. But you knew that”  
  
“I actually did, your mom and granny insisted on telling me just about everything about you after I helped out earlier today. I must admit, I have no idea how babysitting can end with a broken car, or why you even need to babysit for kids this old”  
  
This last sentence of course inadvertently shattered all erroneous conceptions anyone had about the situation, and a round of request for clarifications started and didn't end until everyone was correctly informed. As it became apparent that the mother-and-daughter pair of stranded travellers wasn't planning on telling anything to Tom and Jane's parents, and also became clear that Dave wanted to have the broken-down car pushed into the garage to be able to work in dry conditions, the siblings volunteered, and wanted to do it naked.  
  
Kimmy offered her help as well, but the guests wanted to further interrogate her, and since Dave stated he had enough help, naked Kimmy ended up being questioned about her life by the now-clothed pair, telling just about everything about her adventures for the second time that day.  
  
Only when they were satisfied did Kimmy join the others outside, and by that time, the daughter was willing to get naked again and join in, too. Fortunately, the car was old enough that Dave was able to fix it without needing electronic diagnosis equipment and without encountering parts that were never meant to be repairable.  
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No further trouble presented itself, and everything was resolved well before the parents returned. When the travellers left with some chance left to get to their destination the same night, Kimmy noticed the daughter had chosen to remain naked. This made her smile a little, but the real joy was that Dave asked her out to go see a movie with him on Sunday!  
  
When the parents finally returned late at night, Kimmy was already back in her own, dried clothes. It was, however, still pouring outside, so she was offered a ride back to Johnson farm. Kimmy tried to decline because it meant leaving behind her bike, but they insisted.  
  
Both parents came along, so Kimmy was sitting in the back. She didn't mind, as this allowed her to slip out of her shoes for the ride. Of course, she nearly forgot them when she got out, but only nearly. She also managed to direct the conversation towards the recent clothing trends in town, and to ask them a few questions on their views.  
  
The next day, late in the morning, Granny drove Kimmy over so she could fetch her bike. She was dressed in her shortest pair of shorts, nothing else, barefoot and with the “cutest” hairstyle Mom could make. Based on what she had learned the previous day, Kimmy had correctly predicted there would be no hostile reaction, and for some reason, she felt really good about having pushed the envelope like that.  
  
As soon as she was out of sight, having turned onto the track through the fields, she ditched even the shorts. She didn't plan to stay naked all day though, she had a movie date later!

**Kimmy part 19a**

Upon arrival at the Johnson Farm, Kimmy leaned her bicycle against the next wall and made a beeline for the phone to call Ally. Lounging on the couch, she went for the most comfortable pose, not caring what she put on display to anyone hypothetically entering the room, while she explained her thoughts to her friend: When she had fully committed to getting rid of all of her old clothing, she hadn't been thinking about dates at all, since the topic hadn't come up yet in her new life. Now that she had a date, she was concerned that her new casual style would make her look oddly young next to Dave, or that showing up to a first date wearing too little might give him the wrong ideas. Since Ally was both a lifelong local and Kimmy's general size and shape, Kimmy wanted to borrow an outfit from her, as well as get a general briefing on Johnsonville dating.  
  
After some token teasing about Kimmy flip-flopping on her wardrobe decisions, Ally pointed out that it would be easier if Kimmy were to come to her, moving just one Kimmy rather than an entire wardrobe. Finding the perfect outfit for a first date was potentially time-consuming, so Kimmy decided to head over immediately. Only when she saw her shorts still lying in the basket of her bike did she realise that she might want put them back on in order to go into town.  
  
With the directions provided over the phone, Kimmy had no trouble finding the house despite never having visited Ally before. The typical small-town two-storey house had a large lawn in front, surrounded by a low fence. Kimmy leaned her bike against the fence and crossed the path to the front door, the sun-warmed gravel tickling her bare feet.  
  
Ally must have seen her friend coming, because the door opened as soon as Kimmy reached it. Kimmy might have considered herself lightly dressed in just her short-shorts, but Ally's full nudity easily outdid her.  
  
"You're overdressed, unless you planning to wear a pair of old casual shorts under the beautiful outfit we're going to select?"  
  
"Overdressed? I don't hear that often any more"  
  
Kimmy started to laugh, but it turned into a surprised yelp midway through, because Ally had simply pulled Kimmy's shorts to her ankles in a swift movement. Ally was still holding on to the small garment, so rather than trying to wrestle her friend for them right out in broad daylight, Kimmy simply stepped out of them and into the safety of the house.  
  
Ally, still holding the little piece of fabric, explained that her mother was not at home, having lunch with some of her friends or acquaintances, so she had decided to treat herself to some naked time, even before Kimmy had called. She also stated that she was going to put the shorts somewhere safe since Kimmy would be naked between outfits anyway, and would need the shorts for her ride back to the farm; exposing the selected outfit to a bike ride would be too great a risk in her opinion.  
  
After several hours of getting in and out of clothes, all drawers, wardrobes and other furniture of similar function were empty, and huge piles of clothing where everywhere. Two frustrated teenagers flopped onto Ally's bed, from opposite sides, lying spread-eagled.  
  
"It's all your fault for being such a naked person, no wonder nothing looks right on you", Ally said teasingly and reached for a pillow, only to one-handedly slap Kimmy with it.  
  
"Hey, stop that", Kimmy demanded, even though her voice betrayed more amusement than annoyance. "And cut out the nons...", she tried to continue, but the pillow hitting her face stopped her. "Oh, now you're getting it!", Kimmy laughed, and with that, she rolled over and pinned Ally down, tickling her mercilessly. "Surrender, fiend, and stop that nonsense about there being no right clothes for me!", Kimmy laughingly hammed it up.  
  
"I surrender, I surrender! And I'll never blame you again if your outfit doesn't look right! I mean, why would I have to say anything when it's already obvious you and clothes just aren't compatible..." The last word turned into a shriek and then laughter as Kimmy started to mercilessly tickle her again.  
  
Ally managed to reach for her pillow again and swing it at Kimmy's face. The latter automatically reached up to free herself of the white ball of softness, and Ally used the opportunity to throw her off, jump off the bed and assume a defensive pillow-fight stance. Kimmy grabbed another pillow, and they exchanged blows for a while, until both had to stop because they were laughing to hard.  
  
"I dunno about you, but I'm thirsty now. So why don't I go down to get us some lemonade, while you just decide on an outfit. It's not like we haven't already been over the pros and cons of every single item, so you can make your own choice just fine now. And then, we both forget that we had a silly, immature, stereotypical pillow fight"  
  
Kimmy nodded her agreement, and watched Ally hurry out of the room. The she had another glance at the piles of clothes - and found she was no nearer to a decision than in the hours before. Moments later, Ally ran back in, sans lemonade, and threw a sun dress over herself.  
  
"You better get dressed, too. I heard Mom at the door just as I was about to head down the stairs. I turned back immediately, don't think she saw me"  
  
Kimmy nodded and slipped into one of the dresses lying around. Not that being dressed at home while running around naked or near-naked outside was particularly rational, but if Ally thought it was somehow needed to give her mom more peace of mind, Kimmy would trust her friend's judgement; the way things were going, Mrs. Williams would get used to more and more nudity soon enough.  
  
For the moment though, Mrs. Williams wanted an explanation why Kimmy was there and wearing one of Ally's dresses, so she was told the full story. Somewhat unexpectedly, she found the idea of Kimmy's "first date" to be rather cute, and offered her help in picking an outfit from Ally's clothes. "Offered" in this case meaning that a tentative argument to not get mothers involved was shot down by a remark that the girls haven't quite managed to decide on their own.  
  
Indecisiveness, as it turned out, was far from being a problem to Mrs. Williams as she had Kimmy put on, take off, and display clothing items in front of herself and her daughter. When she was satisfied, she had Kimmy strip naked again and neatly folded the completed outfit of choice. To Kimmy, it was all a blur, repeatedly being stripped and redressed in front of her sundress-covered friend and her fully clothed mother. She had to admit though, the resulting outfit choice was far from being an obvious case for rejection.  
  
"You better change back into the clothes you came, in like you said", Ally's mother reminded Kimmy before she could even ask why the freshly selected outfit was being folded away, "the clothes we picked should be nice, fresh and clean when you put them on just before your date". Kimmy was a bit surprised by this; it wasn't as if she'd be unable to keep the outfit clean for the relatively short amount of time in question. The bigger problem, however, was that Kimmy's shorts couldn't be found. Ally, who had put them away, first looked very purposefully under a certain pile of clothing, then another, then randomly riffled through several more, only to finally throw up her hands and admit that she must have misplaced them.  
  
"Well, it can't be helped now. I noticed the lunch money was still where I left it when I came back, and you don't seem to have cooked anything either, so I assume you still need to be fed. No backtalk, can't have your stomach suddenly growling on a date". And with that, she headed down into the kitchen. Ally slapped her naked friend lightly on the butt to get her going and brought up the rear herself.  
  
Ally's mom simply heated some spaghetti with tomato sauce from the day before in the microwave, then filled a plate each for her daugther and her naked guest. While they ate, Mrs. Williams informed Ally how over lunch, she had learned in detail about the upcoming changes for the new school year. Kimmy was surprised since she had kind of assumed ally knew all about it already, but thinking about it again, she hadn't learned of it herself until fairly recently, and the subject never came up between her and Ally due to more current stuff always haven taken priority in discussion and chit-chat. Kimmy thus paid just as close attention to Ally's mom than Ally, in case she could contribute to the conversation or maybe learn something new herself from a new source.   
  
Being distracted like this, neither of the girls noticed how Ally's careless handling of her noodles causes tomato sauce to be splutterd over Kimmy's body until Ally's mother pointed it out, making a remark about how it was a good thing Kimmy was eating naked. Kimmy blushed as she noticed the tomato sauce on herself, but after taking a moment to recover had to agree that eating naked was indeed a benefit in such a case, and even suggested Ally might try it too.  
  
To Kimmy's surprise, but even more so to Ally's, Mrs. Williams almost instantly agreed: "I know how you've always wanted more chances to be naked. When those opportunities came, you took them but didn't change the way you dressed at home very much, and I like to think it was out of respect for me. Myself, I was wary about the upcoming development, so I approved of this. But today, after learning that the school is changing its rules and the city council will tacitly support the same changes everywhere in town, there's no more reason for you to "hold back". Also, the new rules being based on apparent rather than actual age, we might want to take a good look at you."  
  
With the eyes of her mother and of a curious Kimmy upon her, Ally blushed as she realised she was supposed to strip right then. She seemed oddly reluctant to Kimmy as she stood and pulled off her sundress, until a comment by Mrs. Williams about the absence of underwear reminded her that some people still expected it to be worn, a fact that had dropped out of Kimmy's focus since she herself had stopped using any, seemingly ages ago.  
  
As has been previously stated, Ally was related to Kimmy around some odd corners and shared her late bloomer status, a fact that at that moment got rather heavily commented on. To reach a better verdict, Mrs. Williams then asked Kimmy to stand up, so that she could have a comparison.  
  
"You should both be able to go to school naked", Ally's mom finally announced the verdict, "but Ally, you might be a bit limited outside of school and home, despite the lack of an objective difference, since there already are people in town who know you're simply too old. Kimmy, on the other hand, you might as well retire your wardobe, since your birthday suit is the only outfit you'll really need for quite a while. Which is good since it means we're not forced to have a frantic search for those shorts you came in."  
  
Kimmy knew exactly, from previous experience, what Ally's mother meant when she said that previous knowledge of Ally's age in the local populace might cause different treatment of her and her friend in terms of nudity. Something would have to be done about that sometime in the future, but she decided that for the moment, the emphasis was on "in the future", since time had advanced more than she would have liked, and to leave without a prolonged search for those shorts suited her rather well. Sure, it would mean a naked bike ride home, but she could pick her route so as to leave the populated area rather quickly.  
  
Kimmy left, after saying everyone their goodbyes, and Ally, then once more standing at the entrance with the door at her back, suddenly got a line-of-sight inspiration as to the whereabouts of Kimmy's shorts. She wanted to rush after her naked friend, but Kimmy, pedalling fast, was already disappearing down the road. Ally's mom told her not to worry, though - it was, after all, perfectly fine for Kimmy to move through town wearing nothing, and if she somehow urgently developed a need for clothes regardless, she had a complete outfit in her bike's basket, after all.

**Kimmy part 19b**

As luck would have it for Kimmy, meanwhile, she couldn't leave the aforementioned populated area as quickly as she thought. At a distance that was not very impressive while riding a bike, but much more so when pushing one, she for the first time experienced the inconvenience of a flat tire.  
  
For a few short moments after realising what happened, Kimmy just stood on the road, naked, looking at the flat tire as if trying to hypnotize it, and considered if it would be best to push the bike back to Ally's at a trot and find a solution there, Push the rest of the way at a similar yet more exhausting trot, or find a way to call someone to hitch a ride from. The last option in theory was the best, but unfortunately had a blank in it or two.  
  
"Need some help?", a voice from one of the front gardens asked. It belonged to a woman in her early 20s, who waved a tyre pump, of the kind commonly fixed to bycicle frames, and a small plastic box presumably containing some sort of puncture repair kit. She was wearing nothing except a pair of shorts that ended just above her knees, a quite daring outfit for someone her age and figure.  
  
Kimmy readily agreed and followed the woman, who had spotted her from a window and then came out to offer help, into her backyard. The woman not simply repaired the tire, but insisted on teaching Kimmy how it was done, showing her how to disassemble the tire, find the hole with just your hands rather than an inconvenient water bowl, and apply the patch before re-assembling everything. She also mentioned how most people these days prefered to just carry extra tubes, their price having dropped low enough for this to be affordable. The woman herself - Ash - admitted to be a bit old-school about this. She also insisted on having Kimmy try her hand at it, which taught Kimmy a bit about bycivle maintenance but also caused her to get some oil on herself, mostly her hands.  
  
All in all, even with all the showing and explaining, the repair was done rather quickly, and soon Kimmy was again sitting on her bike, naked and ready to depart. Seeing her like this, Ash couldn't help but remark how lucky they both were that the town had, in her words, finally gotten sensible in its attitude towards nudity. Kimmy found herself agreeing before she could even think about it, but then she had to set off: She had left Ally's with a time buffer like any responsible person, but the flat tire, quickly fixed as it was, still had eaten into it.  
  
However, being young and fit, Kimmy still managed to arrive early enough to have time for a shower before the arranged pick-up time. Seeing Granny outside, she asked her to bring the borrowed outfit inside, since she herself still had oily fingers. When she opened the door and went inside though, she was surprised to find Dave already there - with two more girls and a somewhat sheepish expression as he explained that when he explained at home that he was going to the movies with "a friend", his little sister insisted on coming along, and the parents took her side, and then she even brought one of her friends along, without prior notice. The girls' impatience was also the reason why he was a little early.  
  
Kimmy was disappointed, even a bit angry. Babysitting younger siblings was not her idea of her date. But the shower - which was still necessary because of the oil, Dave already waiting or not - helped calm her down, and she reasoned that he didn't bring them along on purpose, after all. He'd just have to make up for it on the next date.  
  
When she emerged however - towel in hand because she had dropped the habit of wrapping it around herself when she stopped wearing clothes at home - the next surprise was already waiting: The younger sibling's friend was wearing the outfit she had borrowed from Ally, complete with shoes and everything. And as if to rub it in, the younger girl, tall for her age, looked better and more mature than Kimmy herself had in the very same clothes. Granny took Kimmy aside before she fully entered the room:  
  
"I know you might think that your date is going progressively downhill, but you should actually no longer consider this a date and rather see it as a family outing, because that's what it became when he brought along siblings. Just have a real first date sometime later. As for the outfit you borrowed, I promise if anything happens, I'll take it up with?"  
  
"Ally. But you know, I might still have wanted to wear that, even if we don't call it a date, now that I went and borrowed it"  
  
"Well, yes", Granny replied, suddenly sounding a lot more apologetic, "I guess I could say that you don't need to wear it for what is now a family outing, but you're right, and I only gave it to Alia because I had a weak moment and gave in since she was so adorably cute when she asked"  
  
Kimmy thought for a moment, but found that she wasn't really angry at anyone at this point, and also realised that she couldn't have things they way she originally wanted without being a lot more bitchy than she'd be comfortable with. So she went and got herself a short, light dress to wear and joined the others to leave for the cinema. On the way out, she quietly informed Dave that he still owed her a proper first date, to which he gladly agreed because it meant Kimmy wasn't seriously angry and still wanted to date him.  
  
At the entrance to the cinema, they, or rather Kimmy, were greeted by Chas. Most people already were waiting in the darkened theatre for the adverts to begin, so Chas had a moment to talk:  
  
"Hey there, barefoot girl, going to streak the cinema again?"  
  
"I didn't streak the cinema, nobody saw me but you!"  
  
"I saw your butt allright", Chas teased, "anyway, who are your friends?"  
  
Kimmy quickly explained who everyone was, then, on everyone's insistence, gave a recap of how she had ended up butt naked the last time she had visited this very cinema. When she was done, they had to hurry to avoid missing the start of the movie.  
  
A short time into the movie, Kimmy noticed some movement out of the corner of her eye, and to her surprise, a very much naked Ally ended up in the seat to her right.  
  
"Not that I'm not happy to see you, but you have some explaining to do"  
  
"Well, we found that little scrap of cloth you call your shorts, and made a quick call, just to let your folks know where you can pick them up. That's when I learned your cosy date was replaced with a mass event, and at that point, I saw no reason not to participate. I talked to Chas get in here and catch up with you guys, and she remarked on how similar we both dressed today, and then she ended up offering me free entrance if I went in naked. I knew you had done that with no problem so I just handed her my dress and here I am. Now, your turn to explain"  
  
"Explain what?"  
  
"Why you are not naked of course!"  
  
Kimmy just tried to laugh that question away - quietly, of course, since they were in a cinema - but Ally kept insisting, and since Kimmy couldn't come up with good arguments against it, she was soon naked. And she had to admit, it was just as much fun as her first time naked in a cinema.  
  
Kimmy of course didn't lean over to Dave to inform him post-haste that she had stripped naked in a dark room right next to him, but he noticed anyway. Kimmy promised him a full explanation after the movie in order to get him to mostly look at the big screen again. Nobody else noticed the pair of naked teens and, just as she had done the last time Kimmy tried this little stunt, Chas arrived with the dress she had been holding on to.  
  
Dave received a full explanation over a burger-and-fries dinner at Moira's. He also received a good look at Kimmy, who had stripped down, knowing it was OK with Moira. Ally, whose idea it had been, had stripped as well, and Dave's sister had joined them, although the latter two were of much less interest to Dave. Of the four girls in the group, only Alia had chosen to remain dressed, even though it made her look like the odd one out.  
  
On the way back from having dinner, Ally was the first to be dropped off - not at home but at the cinema, where she had left her bike. On the way there, Dave's sister and her friend Alia were quietly arguing, until Alia finally yielded and agreed to "do it". So when Ally hopped off, Alia stripped and handed back the borrowed outfit, as a pretense to remedy the fact she had thus far been the only one of the girls to not have been naked on their outing. Despite having needed some encouragement from Dave's sister, she didn't seem to mind her naked car ride at all; quite the opposite if anything.  
  
Next, Dave drove Kimmy back to her farm, and as they said goodbye, Kimmy made him promise that their next "first date" would be a strictly two person thing. Then, on an unrelated note, she informed him that having seen how much trouble selecting an outfit for a date can really be, she'd simply come naked next time.  
  
When Kimmy then entered the house, she found Mom. Who was rather naked.  
  
"Oh, hello Kimmy. I had a little chat with Granny about how I never got to be a Johnson girl in my youth, and as you can see, she agreed to me doing a bit off catch-up on that, while being on farm grounds"