**Lorna's naked parade day**

by Eruco91

**Chapter 1: Lorna's naked parade day.**

Sam continued her slightly too quick pitch for the sleepy Lorna.  
  
The 19 year old brunette did not appreciate being woken up early on one of the rare Saturdays she had no plans, the fact that her bottle blonde and slightly too bubbly twin was the one at the door didn't make it more bearable.   
  
"Some girls from my sorority and I organized a fundraiser and I need your help, it's for a super worthwhile cause and our model dropped out at the last minute, literally all you have to do is sit on a cushion on a parade float for a few hours. No one will even see your face, just your body." She remained immensely proud of her ability to say that last line without more than a faint hint of a smirk.  
  
The general tone of the request reaching Lorna if not the exact wording, but as she shook free from the fog she considered the beautiful Saturday outside, her lack of plans and the leverage her blonde twin sister owing her a last minute favor would give her, Sam might even forgive her for that I'll fated prank a few months back. Ever the calculating one, she considered further.  
"What's the cause?" was her slightly horse from sleep reply  
  
"A women's shelter" Came the slightly too bouncy for the subject matter answer "the float is on Sexual consent, it's really classy and artistic. The float has 4 scenes throughout a typical date. From first meeting to the bedroom."  
  
"You're rambling, and I dunno Sam you know I don't like crowds"  
  
"That's the beautiful thing, all the models will be harnessed in and have a shiny dome covering their heads, mirrored glass so you see yourself in the model, also keep them anonymous as some of the girls will be half dressed, we're really hammering home the 'No means no at any time' message. My 'girl on bed still dressed' backed out, and I need a sub please please please!  
  
Lorna was torn, but eventually she gave in after making her sister promise she wouldn't end up regretting this.  
  
Sam resisted the urge to smirk as best she could but made sure her she had her back to her sister just in case, she was finally going to get her back.  
  
On their 18th birthday the girls made a roadtrip to a beach about 2 hours away, Sam had been pressuring Lorna to wear something more revealing for years, at least a two piece. So when it came time to leave she repacked her sisters bag with a very conservative full bottomed bikini as a little push...  
Lorna did not take it well. She took 20 minutes to coax out of the changing room, another hour to get out of the water, then refused to ever take off her summer wrap skirt once out, Something Sam found infuriating as it was hilarious it didn't do anything to cover her middrift or cleavage, both impressive enough on the 5'10 volleyball player and ignored solely by their owner, everyone else around enjoying the rare view.  
  
But at this point Lorna was more worried about keeping her bottoms on than her usual shyness, and for good reason...  
  
Ok maybe Sam went overboard with the teasing and pressure, maybe switching the swimsuits went too far and Lorna felt naked. But there was no reason to go -there-, While Lorna was being a baby refusing to come out of the water. Sam decided she was going to sun and nap. She wasn't quite sure when it happened, all she knew was that when she went to sleep around 11:45 she was on her stomach with her top untied and had on a fairly average side tying bikini bottom, about a half hour later she (finally) rolled off her blanket onto the hot sand and became aware of three things at the same time, her complete nudity , her laughing sister shaking her bikini at her, and the small crowd currently taking photographs and giggling at her (word had spread over the last 20 minutes or so of the Busty blonde getting rid of her tanlines). She tried to rip the blanket up as cover but was unable to due to the cooler and her sister weighing it down, it moved a couple feet twisting her up momentarily and putting her butt high in the air, as she continued to struggle the blanket bunched and wrapped around her leaving her exposed from the waist down in the back, after a few seconds of jiggling work she finally got to her feet and began a far more revealing than intended run to the bathrooms 200 yards away past several groups of people enjoying the beach and the view.  
  
It took Sam a fair amount of drinking and alone time to face anyone. Her sister stayed vigilant for revenge the entire rest of the weekend and Sam never found an opening to return the favor. A few weeks later her twin had given her a passionately heartfelt apology over drinks racked with guilt, explaining she had just wanted Sam to feel nervous like she did for once. They had made up and moved past it...  
  
Until now that is...  
  
Because Sam had a plan...

**Chapter 2: Lorna's naked parade day**

"Come on your costumes in the car we have to get going!"  
Sam had already pulled her sister halfway down the hall before finishing her thought. Lorna who was currently only wearing a long, but far too thin shirt, and boyshort style panties. Normally she would never leave the house like this but her sister was frantic and had a deathgrip on her arm.  
  
Lorna hesitated at the front door requiring an extra tug and to see her sister unlock the car with the keyring remote.   
  
fter she made her mad dash to the car Lorna slammed her pantie clad butt onto the clothe seat and began looking around the unusually empty and clean vehicle. Just as she had about decided she hadn't overlooked it the full situation sunk in, the costume was indeed not present, her sister had caught up and was already driving them down the road. and she was in nothing but a sleepshirt and panties.  
  
She became very aware of the clothseat on her bare legs and lower ass cheeks, her perky c cups shifting under her shirt with every movement, her nipples noticeably dragging across the thin fabric.  
  
"Sam what the hell, you said my clothe were in the car?!"  
  
"-The- car not -my- car. Don't worry you won't be wearing that for the float." Replied Sam.  
  
Lorna could have sworn her sister smirked for a brief second. But she was literally along for the ride...  
  
Lorna had gotten used to being pushed to wear more sexually engaging cloths over the years, usually by her sister, occasionally by friends. But this was ridicules, she was tore between silently thanking herself for stopping and putting on a pair of panties before answering the door, and kicking herself for not throwing on shorts as well.  
  
Oddly enough going bra-less wasn't uncommon for the 19 year old brunette. It was her one private nod to naughtiness, the result of reading a French study that a braless life would mean perkier boobs long term. As a result, she had yet to notice fully just how thin and worn the old white sleepshirt (proclaiming Lorna "staff" of some forgotten event or other) truly was...and it truly was on it's last leg.  
  
Lorna's attention was more focused on the end of the shirt, specifically everything past her seatbelt which kept flapping around in the wind as they drove exposing her lilac purple panties to...well no one actually, her sister was looking at the road, and everyone else was thwarted by the protective layer of sedan currently surrounding her, but that didn't stop Lorna from blushing and trying to hunch down as Sam drove them into thicker and thicker traffic.  
  
They only lived about a 15 minute drive from the forgettable enough state school they both attended. As they approached the sea of both people on the sidewalk and cars on the road thickening with every block they got closer to campus.  
  
While Lorna clearly -felt- naked and truth be told her pokeys were a bit obvious. As far as Sam was concerned right now Lorna really wasn't too far from what Sam and her sorority friends wore to class most days. Reminding her of that fact and that acting embarrassed would just draw attention to herself Sam kept pestering her sister to sit up straight and act casual. Lorna was having none of it.  
  
"So what exactly is the plan once we get to campus" Asked the noticeably nervous brunette coed. Mentally placing herself at different locations around campus and wincing internally at her current under-dressed state.  
  
"Oh would you stop fidgeting! Relax, we're going directly to the sorority house to change and get on the float. You can either casually walk up and not make a scene or sprint through the yard and get the attention of everyone on Greek row. Your call but it's like 30 feet from the car to the door..." Replied Sam

**Chapter 3: Lorna's naked parade day**

As they pulled past the generally fairly well kept 3 story houses out on the outskirts of the urban campus. Lorna was mortified by the number of people hanging out on their front lawns, grilling, drinking, smoking, and generally getting ready for home-coming. There were only a couple dozen people out on this block but it felt like a stadium to the shy 19 year old currently riding passenger in a sleep-shirt and panties, while her bottle blonde twin drove in a similar if altogether more appropriate version of the same outfit, the good ole warm weather sorority girl uniform of a slightly large T-shirt and northface shorts.  
  
As they pulled up to Sam's sorority house Lorna was pleasantly surprised how close they were able to park to the house.  
  
She had been steeling herself for this the entire ride and now hopped out of the car without hesitation just like she would while properly dressed. Her bare feet on the warm pavement reminding her just how much of a lie that was, and the gentle breeze tickling her butt driving the point home. Her movements were surprisingly fluid but her deep blush gave away her embarrassment.  
  
As Sam exited the vehicle she was met by her former big and best friend in the sorority Jess.  
  
The two of them communicating in rapid fire whispers occasionally giggling. Lorna was too focused on getting inside to bother listening in on the conversation.  
  
"I can't believe you actually got her here, is she wearing anything under that shirt?" Asked Jess in an excited whisper "Oh I guess so...nicely done Sam"  
  
Lorna unintentionally answered that question for Sam as she climbed the steps onto the front porch and while trying to act casual and not like she was antsy to get inside and change bent over to examine a potted plant, accidentally flashing her lilac boyshorts to both the girls in the front yard and to a few of the more eagle-eyed frat boys of the dozen or so across the street.  
  
"I told you there was no way -that- was happening, but I have a few ideas don't worry. Everything is going better than planned, thank you so much for your help setting everything up"  
  
"Girl it was no problem, I'm all about a good prank war, after that stunt your sister played at the beach..." Jess trailed off and shook her head. "Are you ready to go?" Ask Jess.  
  
Sam nodded  
  
As the sorority sisters continued to chat Lorna was simultaneously trying to act casual and find a place to hide until her sister stopped gabbing. Shuffling to a side nook off the main porch she was hidden from view, helping herself to an icewater from their cooler she added pleasantly refreshed to the list of reasons hiding here was a good idea right now, the breeze seemed to have picked up here. and the temperature had dropped a few degrees in the shade. Overall she felt her situation was turning around. She could handle being barefoot and dressed like a sorority sister for a few more minutes. and her sister had promised she'd be completely dressed when she got on the float, if Sam wanted to have some fun with her as revenge for the beach prank it seemed like the least she could do was play along. Her guilt over stripping her sister overriding her own modesty somewhat.  
  
What she had failed to realize was that the pleasantly refreshing feeling was actually high end water atomizers misting the hair from jets on the floor. As she stood around her shoulders and the top of her breasts remained dry but everything from her armpits and below was slowly becoming more and more waterlogged, as it was already sticking to her body with sweat she never noticed the shift to transparency. She did notice her nipples redoubling their effort to point through her shirt and attempted to smother them down, only succeeding in tweaking them more and causing her shirt to rideup and stick to her lowerback.  
  
Sams eyes bulged momentarily as she realized how well that last minute trap had worked, she was immensely glad she had thought to turn those onto high. Her sister was practically naked, and didn't seem to notice a difference from before!  
But there was definitively a difference.  
  
From the front Lorna's perky C cup breasts covered only by a soaked too thin T-shirt sticking like a second skin added no protection for the bottom 2/3rds of the shy coeds upper curves, the dark pink Hersey kisses that were her nipples on clear display as the fabric hugged her figure. If you tore your eyes away long enough to scan her whole body you were rewarded with the absolute knowledge of the color and cut of her bright purple panties as well as a more than decent shot of figuring out she shaved into a thin racing stripe of public hair. If you happened to catch the back you might not have noticed just how clear her bottoms had become at first glance, were it not for the small inch wide trinity tattoo about a third of the way down her left ass-cheek. It was the same tattoo her sister had on her left wrist. Right now its only purpose was to show just how little her boyshorts actually concealed...it wasn't much.  
  
"So where is everyone I want to get her changed and strapped onto the float." asked Sam  
  
Jess smiled and then dived into her practiced lines...  
  
"Tiff, has the dress and stuff down at the big parking garage, the event staff finally decided to start and finish at the same location like we have been asking for months, but decided to tell everyone yesterday evening. I'm here directing everyone where to go, and I just got off the phone with Becca, parking is full so it's probably best to just walk over, y'all were the last 2, Oh shit we need to hurry!"  
  
"Is it really 11:20?" Replied Sam "the two girls only had 20 minutes to get across campus!"  
  
"We need to do something about your sister though dude, she's all twitchy and I don't want to have to coax her along every 20 feet." Jess half whined with a wink to Sam "Hey Lorna do you want one of my anti-anxiety meds? they're fairly low strength, I sometimes give them to freshman with stage fright before a performance."  
  
Lorna normally never would have considered such an offer, but considering the half dressed trek across campus she was apparently about to undertake it seemed like it might be the right answer.  
  
"Well maybe...she hedged"  
  
"Look" Said Jess, "Get one of those waterbottles full of relaxation tea (Sams eyes bulged at this instruction but luckily Lorna wasn't looking her direction), and swallow this pill. You'll feel 10 times better in 15-20 minutes."  
  
A few minutes later the 3 coeds started the trek towards campus proper, carrying some boxes of last minute supplies from the back of Sam's car. Sam and Jess having a couple of small boxes each, Lorna happily volunteered to carry the biggest box hoping it would afford her some cover, not realizing the view she gave bending over to retrieve it, nor that the front of her shirt pulled up as she lifted it out of the trunk. Holding the box in front of her breasts Lorna was completely unaware just how indecent of a sight she was giving. Covered only by waterlogged and sheer pale purple panties from the waist down, hunched over slightly to further hide behind the box her ass sticking out showing off both her small trinity tattoo and her very distinct tanline All three in shorts and T-shirts but only one barefoot and blushing.  
  
As they got further down the road Sam looked at Jess and whispered "Did you just get my sister to drink Molly tea?"

**Chapter 4: Lorna's naked parade day**

As they walked down the street a full halfhour ahead of schedule, Jess and Sam intentionally walked a few paces behind Lorna, normally she might have slowed to keep pace but it served her just fine if they wanted to add a little cover from the back. As far as she knew she was walking through her college campus in her sleepshirt and panties, barely covered. In reality her shirt was pinned under her box showing off everything from her hips down, which amounted to a thin layer of purple sheer nothingness in it's current soaked from an air mister state) Part of her realized she should be freaking out right now. and yet she seemed oddly alright and even energized by the whole experience.  
  
"What, I told her she'd be feeling great in about 15 minutes, that really was an anti anxiety med, she's going to be tingling like she's in a Jacuzzi feeling no pain and horny as hell in about..."  
Jess checked her watch  
"7 more minutes,"  
  
It was a good thing the drugs fully hit her system and Lorna began to relax, she began to focus solely on the sidewalk ahead of her as she walked, otherwise she would have noticed the few people turning into dozens and the dozens into hundreds of people mulling around the campus. Still not wanting to meet anyone's eye she just kept a steady pace blissfully unaware of the dozens of cell phones capturing her image every minute. About the time she made her second wrong turn in a row the two girls following had a quick whispered exchange and figured it was time to strike.  
  
"How you feeling Lorna?" Jess asked in her most sincere big sister voice "Everything settling on your stomach alright?"  
  
Lorna answered as the two girls came up on either side of her  
  
"Oh yeah, I feel great actually, a bit tingly though, is that normal?" She replied in a tone normally seen closer to bed than waking up.  
  
"Oh yea, that's that relaxation tea, makes your body just release all tension" As Jess said this she carefully put one finger on Lorna's lower back just above her pantie line...just as she thought the girl didn't seem to respond to the light touch, Too distracted by the allover tingles to notice one real one.  
  
She gave Sam a wink.  
  
"Hold up a second guys, we're going the wrong way" Sam pointed out.  
  
As they stopped and Sam pointed to a couple buildings to get everyone on the same bearing, Jess skillfully with the practice of an experienced theater major made 3 small cuts into the elastic of Lorna's panties. The chemically oblivious, but normally very shy teen was now exposing well over half of her backside to anyone on campus who happened to look.  
With each step they worked their way lower.  
  
The oblivious teen walked past dozens of people, as her panties rolled down into a thin rope covering nothing but a half inch of upper thigh. Her shirt still pinned by the box, even in her drug relaxed state she still alternated between standing straight and trying to hide behind the box she carried, with the result being many opportunities for views and pictures by her captive audience.  
  
Nudity was technically not allowed here, but with their artist 18+ wristbands they had slipped on upon entering campus, security had been told not to mess with them as it could be seen as an invasion of their first amendment right to freedom of expression...states schools trying to be art schools.  
  
As the girls began to climb a staircase up the hill to the main field across from witch the parade floats were setting up. Jess and Sam had subtly steered them to approach from the complete wrong side of the field intentionally, to maximize Lorna's exposure.  
  
As they climbed the stairs Sam decided to press her luck, she came up behind her sister and in one swift motion grabbed the edge of her sisters shirt and quickly tugged to down hard and then flicked it back up, telling her sister she was fixing her shirt, as she pulled it down she hooked onto the shy, tingly, and drug relaxed coeds panties, forcing them down off her sisters hip (with a coordinated assist from Jess on the other side), Lorna continued to bounce up the at a slightly rushed rate, view down blocked by the box under her chin completely unaware she was currently walking into a crowd of hundreds of people fully bare from the waist down.  
  
Sam lagged behind her sister long enough to get some truly obscene photographs and video of her sisters bare ass and waxed slit as she navigated the staircase bouncing along without a care in the world, showing everyone who cared to notice that her blush extended to her lower cheeks and lips as well as those on her face.

**Chapter 5: Lorna's naked parade day**

Sam took some pity on her sister after they climbed to the top of the hill and this time actually fixed her sisters shirt. It landed about an inch or so shorted than her twin sisters short shorts. Long enough to cover everything if she didn't bend over and hide behind the box, like she was currently doing, unintentionally drawing attention to herself and giving the world an almost full moon. Atleast she was covered from the front now and less likely to notice reactions from the crowd. As far as Lorna knew she was still fully covered if underdressed, unaware that the tingling in her clit was partially the drugs heightening her feelings and partially the feeling of wind and sun on a normally covered location.  
  
They bring a wave of attention in their wake, dozens of people turning to stare and snap pictures.  
The float itself was a fairly simple thing, a Plexiglas X divided the top platform into 4 sections, one had a dining table and chairs, another a front porch doorway... Lorna was to ride on the section facing forward, a fullsized bed tilted up at the head just over a 45 degree angle.  
  
Seeking to take advantage of this wave of attention, once they arrived and set down their boxes Sam quickly gave Lorna a pair of cotton gloves designed to avoid smudging glass etc, and in this case used to make sure she didn't brush her bare bottom and realize there was a lack of fabric. Telling Lorna to help the designer Anthony with whatever last minute prep he needed she dug into one of the boxes they were carrying to get out Lorna's costume.  
  
Lorna felt like she should be more shy climbing several feet in the air on a float in her underwear with a crowd around her (She was still blissfully unaware of her lost panties on the steps more than ten minutes ago), but somehow that voice of caution that normally ruled her life was only whispering and without even really thinking about it she proceeded to climb up the float splitting the crowd in half as she presented a extended captain Morgan pose for a few seconds finding purchase with her foot, before locating a handhold to climb. As she lifted her arms to pull herself up anyone who was previously unaware of her bottomless state no longer was. Everyone of course except the still oblivious Lorna, who for the next five minutes proceeded to make endless small tweeks, what seemed to her nitpicky adjustments for "the artist" twisting the fake flowers a different direction on the door set, fixing a wrinkle in the sheet on the front, everything seemed to have her bent over or on her knees.  
  
Sam couldn't believe how well her plan of revenge was coming. The parade hadn't even started yet and Lorna was currently bent over in nothing but a thin T-shirt on all fours, which would have been bad enough without her also being a couple feet above the crowd on essentially a mobile stage. Yet maybe it was the security detail, maybe it was all the consent slogans and pamphlets being handed out, no one in the crowd catcalled or otherwise tried to interact with the bottomless coed. This was obviously part of the art. The right answer was to photograph and film it not harass it.  
  
Sam and Jess approached Lorna with a plastic bag full of clothing and a clipboard respectively, Lorna squatted down at the edge of the float to speak with her sister, still competently oblivious to her bottomless state as she showed her racing stripe and slightly parted pink lips to the milling masses, at this point Lorna was actively feeling good and looking for some alone time judging by the dark blush and slick shine of her waxed slit.  
  
It was in this position she took the clipboard and proceeded to sign several legal papers without more than a glance. The first was a sports waver and release, the second was a release of her filmed image for use both private and public use by the sponsoring organization (the Lowbank Women's shelter, and local chapter of the free the nipple movement). The last was an acknowledgement and consent to nudity for artistic purposes. Lorna skimmed the sports waiver and then quickly signed as she had at dozens of volleyball and gymnastic tournaments over the years.  
While she was doing this Sam was busy snapping pictures of the back of her clipboard greeting all the people of Reddit with the name of an account Sam setup just for this occasion (The ones for r/Gonewild alone was an amateur porn feed with over 1million active users).  
  
As Sam helped Lorna hop down she lead her over to a makeshift changing area produced by having several 6 foot temporary event walls in a small 12 foot square with a bench and some lockers on one side, and a large mirror on the other An L shaped front opening stood in for a door.  
  
Under normal circumstances Lorna would never even think of changing in such a place but with the combination of anti-anxiety pill, and quite a large dose of Molly tea, Lorna was feeling no pain and appreciated the feeling of privacy, just wanting to release some of the built up tension from her trek that was being enhanced by her intoxicated state. A close second priority was to then quickly become more dressed, the voice of shame was muffled currently but it was also persistent and she knew she should get dressed quickly.  
  
As Lorna ripped into the bag of clothing Sam snuck up behind her with a spare pair of panties,a darker purple but a very similiar cut to the ones left on the stairs twenty minute ago, held them to her sisters waist from behind and proceeded to mock pull them off her as she shoved her twin forward a step. The ruse worked, in Lorna's intoxicated state the brunette coed gave a single slight shreak of surprise smacking her sister in the shoulder and letting her know she could manage her own clothing, thanks.  
  
As Sam exited the changing station, set-up for just this occasion, she went around to the mirrored side to join the small crowd forming. grinning at the two-way mirror she quickly checked that the webcams were streaming properly. As she proceeded to post several of her sisters pictures and the streaming link, first to the e-mail chain of people who helped her set this event up, then to several appropriate NSFW subreddits. Before the hour was out she would hit the front page of one of most popular websites in existence. Breaking 100,000 views within the day. Sam hesitated before hitting send on the final e-mail, she had made her sister's body public but she was about to make it personal, looking up at her now naked sister she remembered the feeling of exposure on that beach all those months ago and of her friends laughing at her, and with one final press of her thumb sent the links to everyone Sam felt was deserving from their old highschool (a list of several hundred people) as well as to a good majority of Lorna's contact list.  
  
Lorna would return home to find hundreds of text messages and dozens of missed calls. but for now the nubile coed was completely oblivious to any such audience. As she stood completely naked, wiping herself down with some baby wipes to freshen up, listening to the crowd mulling around on the otherside of the thick theatrical curtain. She actually giggled at the thought of it being removed, she found herself fantasizing about being naked in this crowd, as her hand continued a very thorough cleaning of her slit she walked over to the mirror and began posing in front of it, appreciating her body in a way she never had before. Sticking out her tongue and spreading her legs, glancing over her shoulder while she pulled her cheeks apart, she put a leg up on the bench facing the mirror. She imagined the crowd wasn't blocked from watching with one hand on the mirror and her ass towards the locker she proceeded to play with herself in earnest. Unaware of the 1,500 people watching her live via webcam or the 50 or so Camera phones pointed to the other side of that two way mirror.  
  
Sam was torn, she hadn't expected her sister to put on such a show at this stage of the game, as much as she wanted her sister to be sexually frustrated she decided a single quick orgasm wouldn't hurt Sam's plans. Even as she had this thought her sister sank down to her knees, butt facing the mirror as she faced the lockers and unbeknownst to her the live streaming camera which brought both her and her reflection to the masses. Her hand was a blur rubbing circles on her clit, her face scrunched up with the effort to not let any noise escape and draw attention to herself, her slit in full view of the masses.  
  
Meanwhile less than 20 feet away Sam was busy handing out business cards to anyone she saw taking pictures, these included Lorna's first name and Instagram, as well as her own subreddit. Some of these people had been following and taking shots since before Lorna lost her panties, her naked activities where captured from dozens of angles and quality levels. Just as Sam finished talking to a man with a very nice DSLR camera who promised to share every picture Sam heard a single elongated moan and looked up just in time to see several drops of her sister's climax splatter on the inside of the two way mirror.  
  
As Lorna lay in a sweaty heap, once again needing to freshen up with baby wipes for a couple reasons now, a single drop of her personal lube dropped into the grass, caught perfectly by a DSLR camera even as dozens of other shots gave context to the size of the crowd watching, as the obviously naked coed caught her breath.

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Sam gave her sister about 20 seconds to recover from her orgasm, long enough for even the slowest of photographers to get a decent shot before walking just shy of the entryway and asking Lorna if she was ready. Lorna quickly responded that she was just about done and was taking a minute to freshen up.  
  
Lorna was pleasantly surprised by the clothing she found in the bag, it was a good bit less conservative than she would normally have worn.  
  
A fairly simple (if high split) backless cocktail dress that tied behind her head, full bottomed white satin bloomers with side ties greeted her along with a pair of white high heeled shoes she recognized as her own. Quickly wiping herself down again, making sure to remove the evidence of her arousal as best she could. She went and applied some of the supplied sunscreen, she was annoyed by this unfamiliar brand which made her skin feel oily (It may have had something to do with the baby oil her sister had mixed in). Sam watched her sister rub herself down as well as do her hair and makeup before finally getting dressed, via the webcam feed along with just over 5,000 other live viewers.  
  
Once Lorna was fully dressed and feeling confident Sam quickly ushered her back towards their float lest she talk to someone and blow all of Sam's hard work. As they made a quick stop off at the porta-johns to make sure Lorna didn't have any bladder issues on the ride Sam passed her another spiked herbal tea, Lorna commented on the bitter taste of this obviously stronger batch but drank the bottle down on their way to the restrooms just the same, she was very thirsty after her orgasm. Double checking that her panties were in fact still dry and firmly tied. She smiled to herself, proud that she had gotten through walking across campus in her underwear and ready for an easy couple hours sitting on a parade float. She signed to herself, at least the worst was over.  
  
A few minutes later as she once again climbed the float the mulling crowd had changed in the time she was away so a whole new set of people enjoyed a view of her shapely ass as she gracefully but obliviously climbed the float. Her body felt loose and tingly, every touch left echos for several seconds, she found herself consistently rechecking her clothing because she couldn't tell the difference between the breeze and the gentle shifting of her clothing as she moved.  
  
She was guided to sit down on the middle of the bed which took up the front fourth of the Parade float. The bed was a little steeper than a 45 degree angle, there was a small cushioned platform for her to get on almost like a saddle but more curved, when she sank into it she found the position very comfortable if a little exposed, her hips were fully off the edge of the platform. several people were working on her at once as she was the last model to get into position.  
  
She found herself immensely glad no-one would be able to see her face during this event. As she walked up to the float she had seen the spacey looking mirrored headpieces the other models were wearing, and the idea of anonymity along with the boost of a second batch of herbal tea starting to settle had calmed Lorna's verses. Even as a faint voice screamed in the back of her mind that she should be embarrassed by the amount of leg she was showing and that she would be riding the parade route with her hips trust out towards the crowd, but that voice was drowned out by the pleasant tingling currently washing over her body. With so many people guiding her into positions the skin contact was intoxicating.  
  
They started with her wrists strapping them into handles directly over her head so that she looked like she was lounging and her neck hid the straps. There was another set that went around her forearms and were decorated to look like arm jewelry.  
  
She was then shown her headdress, a dome of mirrored plexiglas with a water tube accessible to her mouth, just like she had seen on the other girls...from the back... the front of hers had been left as simple (slightly tented) plexiglass allowing full view both in and out. there was however a cone of black plastic lining the bottom making it impossible for the very tingly and usually reserved coed to see her own body or look directly down at the crowd, it also muffled her hearing quite a lot and she had been warned that it would be next to impossible to say anything and if she needed assistance to throw up a piece sign and a thumbs up at the same time. Just as she was getting settled and comfortable in her new position she felt someone pulling on her leg spreading them apart. Actually she couldn't glance down to check but it felt like 4 people, 2 on each leg pulling and strapping her in. They were lucky she was a gymnast with the final position they had her in, her legs were actually higher than her hips and nearly straight out.  
She put up the needed sign for assistance, and her sister expecting this rushed to her aid.  
"Sam, I dunno if I can do this." Came the muffled plea.  
"Lorna, relax, look" she showed the girl a picture of herself taken just a moment ago angled to not show her head/face. The splits on the side of the dress allowed it to fall over her split legs giving her essentially a 2 foot long loin cloth, and while she was showing a lot of leg her panties weren't quite visible. Her hips were obscenely angled, and what wasn't obvious from the picture was the full view of Lorna's pantie covered ass from the side, as her hips extended past the platform on which her lower back rested.  
  
Lorna visibly relaxed  
"See it's gonna be fine" Just let me make a few adjustments to make you more comfortable.  
  
Sam paused for just a moment to appreciate the position she was in, all of her planning all the money for webcams (which she had almost made back thanks to random donations from her nearly 10,000 live viewers, currently enjoying any of 3 camera angles on the recently calmed coed.). Her sister was currently under the effects of anti-anxiety meds and a double dose of molly, making her much more relaxed and euphoric than usual. The shy teen who refused to wear a bikini was now strapped to a bed angled for maximum exposure, unable to look at her own clothing due to the collar on her headpiece, and was too tingly high to know the difference between a breeze and her clothing, before Sam gave her a second dose.  
  
Sam smiled to herself as she first lowered her sisters legs about an inch on either side, and proceeded to make finicky adjustments everywhere on her strapping. As Lorna closed her eyes to hold back the feeling of so much contact echoing in her body. Sam quickly took a picture to show her sister if she asked, then pulled out her fabric scissors. First she cut off the front of the dress from her naval down. Carefully lifting the dress away from her sisters body and making sure the cold scissors never made contact with her bare flesh. Her twin was obvious in her own little world even as her sheer white satin panties outlining every nook and cranny of her spread flower was revealed to the midday sun.  
Sam briefly considered stopping there, taken aback by the slightly transparent quality of the panties. Instead she continued her cut up the front of the dress until it was completely cut up the middle, adjusting her sisters bicep straps at the same time with one hand with the other she carefully moved the dress off her sisters breasts.  
With one final flourish she told her sister that the people who strapped her in forgot her waist strap! As she strapped her sister as she strapped on a very thin very special strap less than an inch wide with a single curved probe extending down and putting subtle pressure on the coeds clit. As she tightened her down Sam made two last little snips to the knots of her sisters side tie panties, leaving them on for now she would enjoy watching Lorna squirm her way out of them without realizing what she was doing. Sam gave the remote in her pocket a test push making the probe on Lorna's clit begin to softly vibrate and Lorna's hips to gently rock and twist. Sam already saw one knot begin to pull free and stopped the probe.  
  
Stepping back from her sister Sam checked her phone and smiled. Lorna was completely oblivious to her nearly naked state. As well as the 12,500 people watching her or the dozens of people taking turns posing in front of her. The women in the crowd calling her brave as she was framed with such saying as "still not asking for it" and "no means no, even here", the men mostly just enjoyed the view.  
  
As they began to clear people away from the floats Lorna was made aware they would be moving soon due to the vibrations of the heavy duty truck starting underneath her.

**Chapter 7: Lorna's naked parade day**

The soft vibrations under Lorna were overwhelming, if she felt tingly and like she was in a jacuzzi before, now she was standing under a waterfall and getting a massage. Her white satin panties already showed every line of her spread flower as she slowly glided along strapped as she was on an inclined mattress at the front of a sexual consent float in her colleges home coming parade.  
Sam quickly tacked a sign under her that was basically a giant version of the business card she was handing out earlier.  
  
As the truck lurched forward beginning the parade. Lorna slid down an inch or two on her platform,using her arms to pull her back up she continued to be overwhelmed by tingles throughout her body, and oblivious to the alterations her sister had made to her panties. When Lorna had slid forward the back of her bloomers had stayed put while the front and her body itself slid down. The ties on both sides having been cut. They weren't quite falling off her yet, but when she pulled herself up the leg holes on both sides loosened, not holding onto her leg anymore and the waist had expanded enough to expose the top of her racing stripe of curly brown public hair. They were less than 2 minutes into the 90 minute parade route and her sister was already close to losing her last article of clothing.  
  
Meanwhile the coed in question was alternating between repressing orgasmic thoughts from all these vibrations and making goofy faces at the crowd, completely unaware that her astronaut style helm was not mirrored like the other girls on the float (all of which were fully clothed as well) allowing everyone she passed a clear view of her face from afar at least as the cone of black material that restricted her vision also blocked some of the view.  
There was a webcam built into the edge of the float between her legs facing up and one on either side of her.  
Her sister checked the feed regularly and was amazed to see they had broken 15 thousand views. She made sure to post the live link all over Reddit, even going so far as to post it directly to her sisters social media profiles (from anonymous accounts of course).  
  
As Sam walked along side the float giddy with excitement, she glanced ahead a van 200yards in front of them warned of potential nudity in art and to shield the eyes of those sensitive to such things. Following them was a dozen or so topless women and a couple men, marching for the free the nipple campaign. As a result anyone with a camera and a pulse had it pointed at their float by the time they drove by.  
  
Lorna was having the time of her life believing herself the anonymous center of attention and to still be wearing the slinky white dress her sister had cut more into a cape before the start of the parade.  
  
They were about 15 minutes into the 90 minute parade route.  
The roads were packed with people on both sides, an estimated 70,000 people lined the 6 mile route all told, roughly half of them pointing a camera of some kind at their float as it passed capturing the nubile gymnast covered only by a shin set of satin panties, legs harnessed into a full split as she rode crouch first into the parade, c-cup breasts bouncing pleasantly with every bump as she half set half layed down on the bed and platform supporting her lower back but which allowed her hips to extend over. and additional 17,000 and counting people watched the live feed from the 3 angles (plus face cam) available to the public (donations accepted).  
  
Sam was ecstatic, feeling no pain her own self she knew she should feel guilty about exposing her normally reserved twin but she shushed that voice by pointing out how care free her sister was [being.  
  
It]([http://being.It](http://being.it/" \t "http://disc.yourwebapps.com/_blank)) was true, the full tingles of her molly tea were starting to even out into a general feeling of bliss, Believing herself to be fully dressed but in fact only wearing white cotton gloves, a cut dress functioning more as a cape, and an increasingly loose pair of satin panties, along with a clear visored helm she believed to be mirrored.  
  
Sam took stock of the situation they were about 7 minutes away from their old highschool. Having graduated merely a year and a half previously and having notified many of her former classmates Sam expected there to be a sizable crowd ready to immortalize her sisters position.  
  
Lorna was unintentionally doing a fairly good job of removing her panties by herself, the cut knot on the side ties having given up and a full inch of exposed hip visible on each side with a single shoelace sized cord holding on by nothing but friction and habit. Lorna was slightly hyper due to the anxiety medication and molly currently running through her. She found herself grinding her teeth and fidgeting in anyway she could. Which with the straps on her wrists and biceps locking her arms behind her head, and her ankles strapped into a splits that left mainly moving her hips and pulling herself up after she slid down her inclined seat. The back of her panties had begun to bunch up and travel south more and more as she pulled herself up, believing the feeling to be a wrinkle in her dress she began actively trying to move it, resulting only in the crouch of her panties separating from her slightly parted slit 20,000 viewers on her livestream were greeted with a shot of the coeds exposed labia, even as the back of her panties snagged on the edge of her seat finally causing the sideties to come undone completely, Lorna naturally didn't realize this, still being unaccustomed to being on any type of altered perception and not aided by the fact the dress/cape she wore was the same material as her panties.  
  
A couple minutes later Sam saw their old highschool come into view 3 blocks down the road She also saw a line of film camera's on tripods and what looked like a couple local news vans setup within a few hundred yards of each other, along with the usual dozens of people per few feet as lined the entire route. This was the first major turn in the parade route, they had gone as far west as they would go and were about to backtrack east a few blocks before heading north. (Un)fortunately one of the floats ahead of them had gone down the wrong side street and the whole parade was coming to a standstill waiting for them to get back in position.  
  
Sam waited for the perfect moment and struck, her sisters panties still snagged on the underside of her seat she had successfully wiggled them down to -just- over her waxed glistening and currently spread slit. Just as they approached the school there was a solid gush of wind and Sam knew it was her moment. She pulled out the vibrator control in her pocket realizing with slight surprise that she had left it on 1 from the start she turned the dial to 8 just for a couple seconds before lowing it to 3. This had exactly the result Sam had hoped for,  
The bound coed bucked her hips into the air on reflex pulling her panties free from her hips as she did, they were picked up by the gusting wind and landed at the feet of a very surprised film student one of Sam's highschool buddies was in a film club with.  
  
Lorna continued to be oblivious to her (now completely) naked and exposed state, Lorna had the presence of mind to try and avoid a public orgasm in front of a news van, but that was easier said than done, her entire body continued to vibrate with the movements of the truck and this thing seemed to have a rough idle, as she sat there every strap shaking as they were tied into the frame of the vehicle. it was the hip strap that was causing her such frustration. It was maddening how it gently vibrated but not with enough contact to make her climax, she was stuck horny as hell bucking her hips and trying to maneuver the strap on her waist whether she was aiming for disconnection or firmer contact she honestly couldn't tell you.  
  
Meanwhile Sam was approaching her friend Dave who had organized this part of the festivities and was currently manning his camera with a perfect view of the spread coed.  
"The channel 5 news?" she said impressed with his pull.  
  
"Yea, they were the only ones to agree to air everything uncensored with a warning of artistic liberty beforehand. Everyone else is by mainstreet." He replied.  
  
"Oh my, so she's on TV right now?"  
  
"Yep, channel 5 is trying to shame everyone else for not support women's rights, who knows if it will work." Replied Dave "What's that?"  
He asked as Sam took out the vibe control from her pocket.  
  
Lorna was actively resisting the urge to climax, not here not now. She tried to pull her body close to the seat and avoid the strap pressing into her clit, she was successful at this for a short time before her hips would take on a mind of their own and buck out from under her. As she continued this process losing herself to the vibrations and the unfocused nature of the mood elevators in her system the time between her hips bucking kept shrinking until eventually Lorna was just twisting her hips and humping the air, her moans were heard by the livestream audience that was quickly approaching 30 thousand viewers. As the float backlog was solved and progress was once again being made, Dave and Sam slammed her up from the 3-5 waves they had been having her ride into a solid block of 8. As she screamed inside her helmit and bucked her hips a jet of her climax shot out of her several feet, soaking a dark line into the sheets underneath her. Sam lowered her back to a 1.5 as Lorna slumped on her platform deepening her splits, as her hips slid further off the platform, her lower lips, red and slightly puffy were now parted and dripping, sunlight reaching the inner crevices of her body for the first time in her life. Every few seconds a drop rolled down her slit past her puckered asshole and dropped onto the puddle/strain below her, her hips twitching slightly as aftershocks shot through her.

**Chapter 8: Lorna's naked parade day**

The next thirty minutes went by in a blur, they passed from old mainstreet into the business district, the crowd size doubling as suited professionals stopped their trek to gawk at the naked coed strapped to the front of a parade float. Lorna barely remembered where she was, so wrapped up in those dam teasing vibrations. She had climaxed 3 more times since the large one outside of her highschool, she logically knew she should be ashamed and guilty even if she wasn't sure anyone else noticed, and yet all she felt was a pleasant unfocused bliss and those dam tingling vibrations, this was natural and for a good cause she had nothing to be ashamed about.  
  
She was once again thankful for the gift of anonymity she mistakenly thought she still had. Believing herself to still be covered and to be wearing a reflective helmit like the other three models on the float. In fact her face was actually completely visible from the outside with a small shelf of two way material blocking her from seeing her own body or the people directly around her yet letting the entire street of people see every inch of her not blocked by a support strap.  
  
The helm also almost completely cut off her sense of hearing resulting in Lorna feeling much more isolated and private than she actually was, almost as if she were watching a movie of herself experience this day. She found herself thinking outloud about how worked up she was getting and wishing she could take care of it, and earnestly moaning trying to coax herself over that edge. Unaware of the nearly 50,000 people tuned into her live narration and 3 camera (plus face cam) stream. This was due partially to the slightly cum soaked sign on the bed under her spread legs giving out a hashtag "#LornaOnParade" as well as the streaming link and her personal instagram and subreddit which all linked to each other and was quickly snowballing into viral territory thanks to her top position on some fairly major subreddits.  
  
As they approached the halfway point of the parade route both Sam and Lorna became aware of a giant projection screen setup behind the towns main park and in-front of the city capitol building. Sam became ready to mute her sisters mic in case she caught site of herself on the big screen currently projecting the parade to a gathered crowd of thousands as well as what appeared to be the other local news outlets Dave had mentioned and Sam realized with a start what appeared to be a national syndicate of channel 5!  
  
As they approached Sam connected the dots and realized that channel 5's national van was in fact the feed going onto the projection, further it appeared they also believed in freedom of artistic expression judging by the warning flashing across the bottom of the screen, slightly redundant as they were currently airing a 4k crystal clear view of the nudity warning van a few hundred yards ahead of them. Sam knew what she had to do, she needed her sister to have her eyes closed for the few seconds between their float becoming the center of attention and them turning the corner onto new mainstreet proper and the second half of the parade. She couldn't risk her sister getting a hint of her nudity out of the corner of her eye as they turned the corner or she'd have to abort early. Steeling herself for any outcome she turned the nob on her vibe remote preparing to make her sister orgasm live on national TV.  
  
As Sam cranked the vibe to 8 once again Lorna jerked and bucked her hips like she had several dozen times before. This time however the strap to her right wrist slipped loose, just enough for her spasms to get her gloved hand free. Blinded by lust and medications she grabbed at both of her beasts in turn completely missing the difference in one layer of fabric versus the two she was expecting. Sam was panicking slightly with her hand on her sisters mute button. Ready to silence her and if need be run the stream in Lorna figured out her current state and began to have a meltdown.  
  
Instead it seems the oblivious coed had other plans, not for a moment suspecting foul play and feeling the fabric of her dress with her arm as it was still draped over her shoulders her elbow length gloves resting at her side thankfully for Sam avoiding any tell tell skin to skin contact. She with all the willpower Lorna possessed committed to the subtlety of her actions, she slowly reached her hand down to rest on her hip strap and the gently vibrating extension currently resting on the top of her slit. She very carefully and slowly began to make circles with her hand finally making proper contact between the teasing cloth covered object and her womanhood. The national news catching everything and censoring nothing as Anthony the artist quickly covered for the change and explained the importance of women taking control of their own sexuality, he did this in the bottom corner of a screen dedicated to the nubile coed masturbating with a "No means no" arrow.  
  
The twitter feed was full of people taking pictures of the fifty foot high screen showing off they were in the crowd of thousands watching from the park. Even as her live stream broke 100,000 viewers Lorna once again found herself having an orgasm more intense than she could ever remember finally, getting to take control of that dam vibrating strap she slowly lost the thread on the thoughts of subtlety as for the second time that day her hand became a blur over her clit and shortly there after she had a squirting climax in front of a live audience for the third time that day. This one lasting more than 20 seconds as her body spasmed and the aftershocks continued to gush and dribble shining like diamonds in the midday sun.  
  
The crowd was only getting denser as they made their way back towards campus for the second half of the parade route. The obliviously naked coed now feeling confident and in control as she rubbed slow circles with her hand and twisted her hips into the motion. As the wall of people on either side became thicker and thicker the nubile teen continued to ride forth exposed slit first, through the middle of the park straight at the national news camera. Slick and shiny with her own personal lube, blushing and slightly puffy from use. She took a break for a moment to massage a kink in her inner thighs unintentionally spreading herself wide open in the process. Sam couldn't believe her eyes, her sister was looking straight at the camera as she spent a good twenty seconds massaging her thighs. Sam made sure to run ahead and get some pictures with both the float and the 50 foot projection currently showing a closeup of her slit and the "no means no" arrow hiding the vibrator. It would actually be a fairly powerful message on consent if it wasn't so pornographic. This topic would be one of great debate during the next week or so's 24 hour news-cycle.

**Chapter 9: Lorna's naked parade day**

Lorna continued idly toying with herself as her eyes began to droop the second dose of herbal tea mixing with her sexual exhaustion causing her to drift into a deep dream filled slumber.  
  
It was the same nightmare as usual, she was naked in class giving a speech, she screamed and normally would have woken up at this point. But instead found herself running from the classroom one hand between her legs. As she ran around the corner she fell backwards.  
With a start she found herself walking through Disneyland mainstreet, just as casual as could be, until her sisters friend Jess looked at her and asked if she knew she was naked, glancing down the coed panicked and ran for what seemed like hours, unable to move closer to anything to hide behind but passing a continual stream of camera lenses, and still she was unable to control her right hand which continued to kneed and fondle her lower lips. Just as her panic reached a fever pitch  
  
She woke suddenly in her bed but in the middle of the cafeteria of her old highschool, her covers fell away exposing the naked coed to her whole school. But something was different about this scene, Lorna remembered the other scenes suddenly and realized she was in a dream. Suddenly every guy she was ever interested in was giving her appreciative compliments. Instead of panic she felt control, so what if she was naked, she had their attention and nothing to be ashamed of, she was above them and soaking in the attention. As her dream self continued to mual and handle her herself roughly, inserting 1 then 2 fingers even as her thumb made circles on her clit. As her dream self climaxed she closed her eyes.  
  
As she opened them she found herself once again tied to the front of a float, driving down main street in the business district, this time passing fancy hotels and office buildings as the rows of people slowly transitioned into a sea the closer they got to campus and the carnival like celebration that was home coming. Lorna felt like she had been asleep for hours but in fact it had been merely 20 minute or so. She felt funny and cartoonish, and couldn't shake the feeling that something was off like the world wasn't entirely real. What was real was the annoying stuffiness of her 'mirrored' helmet. With her one free arm she reached up and unhooked her other arm. Then fumbled for the release button on the back of the helmet.  
  
Sam watching this made peace with the fact this was probably as far as things would go and prepared to shut down the stream which had been hovering at 120,000 people for the past 15 minutes or so and had raised more than 200,000 dollars (all of which would go to the charities of course, minus Sam's cost of materials and gear).  
  
As she removed the helmet and truly took stock of her situation for the first time, she marveled at the details her mind could come up with... instead of freaking out the very high and anti-anxiety ridden teen was in a form of sleepwalk hallucination, she believed herself to be dreaming because in part she still was. With her negative emotions blocked by the full effects of the anti depressant and positive ones enhanced and made dreamlike by the molly and other herbal supplements Lorna found herself unable to do anything but enjoy the thrill her mind was providing just as she had in the cafeteria in her last dream.  
  
She pulled off her gloves and once again began to masturbate with abandon truly naked for the first time, closing her eyes enjoying the sound of the crowds reaction, swelling with joy at the adoration of so many.  
It was taking her longer to climax after so many previous exertions, she desperately tugged on the semi-idle vibrator attached to her hip strap willing it to turn on higher. Her Sister seeing this took pity on her and unintentionally confirmed Lorna's dream theory. Even with the help of the vibrator on 5 it took her more than ten minutes to reach climax, during which time they had passed out of the business district and were currently snaking the sub division owned by the school looping past every dorm and greek house along the way. The parties from earlier had multiplied and now it seemed every yard was packed with camera carrying frat boys. Sam couldn't really tell you which one started first but she did know that about two houses down her own block her sister began letting out a guttural moan of self induced climax while the same fraternities that had seen her pantie covered ass walk off now received the full view. Lorna continued to masturbate even past her climax, the key to waking up from a sex dream was to climax after all. Clearly she just needed to cum harder!

**Chapter 10: Lorna's Naked Parade Day**

Still believing herself to be dreaming, Stephanie "Lorna" Lornaston. Continued to toy herself as the parade made the final pass around campus. Like a mermaid on a ship she rode spread legs first into the endless sea of people. As the floats made their final turn to once again park on the bank hills that produced the border on one side of the main quad. The university was focusing on each float in turn and listing information about it on large projection screens either side of a musical stage.  
  
Lorna's naked form was once again projected 30 foot high over a crowd of people, this time however the naked coed had full view of the screen. She was surprised to see her own name not listed but remembered that she had subbed in at the last minute. But wait, said the seed of doubt...weren't words and clocks not supposed to act right in a dream? She tooked down to the sea of people with cameras she looked up at the stages consistent text crawl and clock in the corner. She looked down at her naked and glistening body.

Her breathing started to become shallow, she put one arm over her boobs and the other between her legs. but at the angle she was harnessed in she was still mooning the crowd her hand stopping just past her slit. Her ass and puckered hole still on full display she frantically tried to look anywhere but at the crowd of people willing herself to be anywhere but here to wake up. but everywhere she looked she either saw a camera or her own naked form still projected over the whole crowd, before finally shifting to the float behind them. As they turned to get into their position on the hillside the panic attack finally won out and seeing no other option the naked and extremely embarrassed coed passed out from the stress.  
  
She wasn't sure if it was her imagination or real but when she described her memories of that night to her therapist in the following months she seemed to vaguely remember being unstrapped and put over someones shoulder as they held her legs in front of them.

When she woke she found herself in a makeshift greenroom the theater college had setup, Their float was one of three being put on by this department but the makeup nook she was laying in was fairly well secluded. 2 (she blushed rather handsome) EMT's were busy checking her vitals. As she sat up she had the presence of mind to hold the blanket she found herself covered with to her chest. Accepting a bottle of water from one of the EMT's. She let them know she felt alright, didn't want an ambulance ride or (she shuddered) to be carried through that crowd on a stretcher. When they asked if she needed anything all she replied was clothing. She felt like she was watching herself over the next couple of minutes. The men left 2 of the theater girls picked her out a conservative outfit while telling her how brave she was and how much they envied her gall. She thanked them for the compliments in a monotone, unable to fully process reality. Detached, this girl wasn't her. There was her; Lorna the quite introvert with a mean streak but a heart of gold, the naughtiest she ever got was a nude to long term boyfriend, and then there was this person, this object of lust with a destroyed reputation. She was completely lucid but felt more disconnected from reality then she ever did while on the float.  
  
After about 30 minutes of crying and hyperventilating, she found herself pushing aside the tidal wave of emotion flooding her, damming it up temporarily while she began a mental loop of exactly what she was going to say to her sister. Feeling betrayed and enraged she asked one of the girls standing guard of her changing room/makeup nook to get her sister please.  
A few moments later a very guilty looking Samantha Lornaston, and a sheepish looking Jess came into the tent.

Over the next 15 minutes Lorna tore into her sister with all of the force of the speech and debate champion that she was. Getting them to admit to everything, and nearly losing her composure when she learned of her bottomless trek, As the sorority sisters broke down into their own tears. Sam admitted to experimenting with different drugs recently and not realizing what a horrible thing she was doing, her plan originally had been to just show off her sisters satin panties to the whole parade route, maybe tease her with the vibrations all as revenge for the naked beach prank her sister had pulled months earlier, but when Jess got her to drink the spiked tea everything just snowballed, deciding to cut her clothing free instead.  
  
"I heard you talk about the spiked tea when we came into campus you know, you guys arn't as slick as you think you are I know what 'herbal' means around you guys." Lorna told them.

"I know you do" Replied Jess "But that was a placebo, just some actual herbal calming tea, the anti-anxiety pill was real...sorta, they're a non-script calming pill you can get at Walgreens I keep them in an orange bottle and tell freshman they're super powerful to help with stage fright and make them feel like part of the 'in' crowd, they do make you kinda tingly if you were stressed out when you took them though. "  
  
Sam looked inquisitively and accusingly at her sister.  
  
"No, the tea you had on the way to the restroom was real, some of the same stuff I'm... was on"  
  
"So how long will I be loopy" Asked Lorna  
  
"You should be fully coming down about nowish actually, roughly 2-3 hours and you were sweating a lot." replied her twin  
  
"How could you do this to me?" Lorna felt a crack in her facade of cold fury as she began to breakdown looking at her sister with so much pain in her eyes. Sam was snapped out of any trace of a sense of victory, fully comprehending what she had done and wishing for a way to make it right.  
  
"I am so sorry, I..." She trailed off words failing her.  
  
Suddenly Jess's eyes went wide with an idea.

**Chapter 11: Lorna's Naked Parade Day**

Jess might as well have had a lightbulb appear above her head with the body language of "I have an idea" she was exuding. As she hastily began rushing around grabbing hair dyes and other needed accessories. And asking one of the girls at the door to grab her friend who was a stage makeup artist.  
  
Over the next few minutes she outlined the plan eventually getting both twins to agree, Lorna, no she corrected herself Stephanie (thanks to that dam hashtag) agreed with enthusiasm, Sam out of a sense of duty to her betrayed sister.  
  
A few minutes later Stephanie found herself slightly overheating from the layers of clothing but refused to remove a shred, wearing sunglasses and a baggie hoodie with the hood up over a t-shirt, over an A-frame tanktop, on her legs she wore jeans, over leggings. and had a second hoodie tied around her waist as a skirt. She also wore a blonde wig, the last thing she wanted to do was get in-front of a crowd again but if they could pull this off her reputation might actually be saved after all.  
  
Stephanie got into position watching the float she had ridden less than 2 hours earlier, she queued up in the line to take pictures with the models (for a suggested 5 dollar donation). But the line was fairly short without the naked girl drawing everyone's attention. Stephanie heard it before she saw it, the wave of people following...well her. A completely naked exact replica at the very least. Her sisters hair having been dyed, her tanlines broadened and trinity tattoo moved to the correct location with stage make-up. Jess kept pace beside her in a bathrobe and flipflops.  
  
Stephanie was impressed with her sisters gall despite herself. As well as her flexibility as she sank into the same strapped in position Stephanie had ridden in all day. Blushing at the lewd level of exposure. Doing some breathing exercises to keep her calm. Stephanie realized a few flatscreens had been added around their camp to entice people into the donations/picture line. She was projected larger than life in every direction. The same girl who was embarrassed to be seen by 50 people on a beach was now willingly naked for thousands.  
  
Stephanie was about 20 people back in a line that now stretched on as far as she could see, As they worked through the line Stephanie realized Jess and Sam were working a skit into the display, and plan. Every so often Jess would begin to make out with Sam, Sam repeatedly saying "yes" until she decided to end that round with a single "no", at which point Jess would jump back. the giggling coeds were clearly on some powerful substances, secret exhibitionists, or better actresses than Stephanie thought as there was hardly a hint of shyness radiating off her sister or Jess.  
  
As Stephanie got to the front of the line she pulled out the small banner and 4 thumbtacks they had given her back at the tent. As she climbed on stage she quickly put the banner on over the social media hashtag changing it from "#LornaOnParade" to "#SamLornaOnParade". Then with a the strength she possessed she pulled off her hoodie exposing the blonde wig in full, posing for a couple pictures next to her sister both with taking off, and without the wig. With any luck anyone who saw a blonde twin walking in the parade would assume it was Stephanie not Sam. Breaking from plan a little Stephanie reared back and smacked her sister hard on her exposed ass, still very angry with her, but keeping her face in a mask of disapproval for the cameras, she smiled when she saw the clear handprint forming.  
  
They now had their cover story but they these pictures and this section of video rise above the noise level, which would be difficult considering everything Stephanie had been through that day. That was where Jess came in, as the sorority sister once again began nuzzling and kissing on Sam's neck before moving to her beasts for a moment pausing to look up at Sam asking if she could go down on her, just as she had done a half dozen time before. This time however Sam consented. Stephanie knew it was coming and still had her mouth fall open in shock when Jess quickly shed her bathrobe, revealing a universal tan, and a toned 21 year old body. It occurred to Stephanie this might not be the first time these two had played together. Jess propped one of her feet up on a nearby landing presenting her ass and spread slit to the crowd as she began her work on Sam, expertly sucking flicking and fingering. Whether she was a natural blonde or not was a debate that would have to continue another day as her lower lips were completely free of hair. Jess began to unashamedly work her own clit with one hand even as she increased the pace plunging into Sam with the other.  
Stephanie knew her job was done, sat the vibe remote her sister had given her down, grabbed Jess's robe, and walked down the exit side of the stairway ramp. Heading back to the theatrical tent where her bestfriend Marnie was meeting her to take her home. Stephanie having borrowed a phone before she left the safety of the tent and called her. Knowing she would want to get out of here as soon as she was done.

**Chapter 12: Epilogue:**

Over the next few months Stephanie spent a lot of time at home alone. She started seeing a therapist and ironically prescribed a very similar anti-depressant to the one she had taken on that fateful day.  
  
Their ruse had worked, the public thought it was Sam the whole time. The few people such as Dave the camera guy who were involved in the planning even had their doubts, there was much debate about at what time exactly the twin swap happened, but most agreed it must have been around the time they went off alone to change and the live-feed was turned on and floatgirl masturbated for the first time.

The images and videos had gone viral, most of all the 2 hours Sam and Jess were posing naked with the crowd, after much prodding Jess had even climbed into a 69 with Sam. The modified hashtag skyrocketed past the other, all her social media profiles posting a story revealing the prank of pretending it was her sister while being Sam the whole time. Thanking the webstream for their over 800,000$ dollars of donations towards the charity and women's shelter.  
  
While some people called her a slut, they tended to be quickly stomped down by people defending her. After-all the ensuing discussion on the national news had advanced several states legislation in a positive direction, The Image of Stephanie's Vagina with the "No means No" arrow directly above it becoming the one image of her own to rival her sisters content in popularity.  
  
The first three days were the hardest she reflected 6 months on, driving around downtown as part of her therapy. She was managing fairly well all things considered. She was getting straight A's in her online classes, a combination of scholarships and her sisters bank account kept her from having to leave the house except for therapy appointments and in the last few weeks the occasional trip to her best friends house. Despite living with her sister had gone an impressive amount of time without speaking to her. Just getting to the point of any verbal communication in the last month.  
As she lost herself in her own thoughts driving around downtown her phone began to ring.

Sighing to herself she answered the call from her sister.  
  
"What do you want Samantha?"she said curtly  
"Hey Steph...just calling to let you know...hey actually where are you?"  
"What do you want Sam" Stephanie asked again a little more forcefully.  
"Well I want to tell you something important but I need to know where you are first" Replied Sam  
"I'm driving downtown for therapy... just passed main and second. What. Do. You. Want?"  
"Oh perfect, turn onto fourth."

As Stephanie turned onto one of the busiest roads in her town a 5 lane direct route downtown used by hundreds of thousands of people every day to get to and from work. She was met by her...no her sisters form on a billboard, her breasts completely uncovered, mirror behind her exposing her bare back and full butt, the familiar "No, means, no" pin this one a prop and twice as large as the one on the float blocking her labia from view and the arm holding it her only cover, until the eye followed her bare hips down her long legs to a pair of 4 inch black heels, There she was laying out in (almost) all her glory. Over her were the words "Even here" Under her was the message "Always confirm consent". along with more than a half dozen different sponsoring organizations.  
  
"What the hell is going on Sam? I thought you didn't like doing this" A truly confused Stephanie asked as she pulled to the side of the road.  
  
"Well, replied her sister. I don't really...it's so embarrassing! but well... they offered me 1.2million to be the posterchild of consent I called to tell you that you're getting 80% of that. And to let you know there's an open offer for you to join me on my HBO Reality show. We're still batting around ideas, but it will involve me yelling at sexist assholes and being naked a lot..They're paying me 80 thousand an episode, so I'm learning to manage. You can just yell and stay clothed for 50 thousand...it is kinda fun in a I feel like I'm about to die of embarrassment kind of way. "  
  
Stephanie was at a total loss for words. She knew she wasn't ready for anything that major of a step. But maybe in time... And her sister seemed to be making an honest effort to make things right. She had been quitely carted off to rehab shortly after the news story broke. And was 4 months sober (if you didn't count weed). Maybe yelling at some sexist pigs would be healthy for her...she needed to call her therapist. Calming her raging thoughts she smiled an honest smile, at the very least she could afford to go three times a week now..."  
  
End