**A Forced Foray**

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**Chapter 1**
Ashleigh glanced around her barren dorm room and shrugged her bag off her shoulder. She had just experienced her first plane ride, all the way across the country, and didn't know a soul in this state. She was a few days early for her freshman year of college to start, and had beaten her mystery roommate to move in. Well, as much as she could move in without luggage.

She only had one bag with her, essentials like a few changes of clothes, a towel, toiletries, and a single blanket. Everything else would be arriving in a shipment within the next few days.

The plane ride has been stressful and uncomfortable, landing at 10PM. After going through security and finding a taxi to take to her dorm room, it was almost midnight. Ashleigh seriously needed a shower before she went to bed. She inspected herself in the mirror to see if she looked as bad as she felt. Her green eyes had bags under them, and her dirty blond hair was disheveled, in need of a good brushing. She just wore a simple t-shirt and some sweatpants for her flight.

Grabbing her towel and toiletry bag out of her luggage, she headed back for the hallway. She didn't know where the bathroom was. She was nervous about the shower situation. She'd never let anyone see her naked before, and didn't want to start now. They better have separate stalls for showering, she thought.

"Hey!" a voice greeted her before she'd even decided which way to explore.

"Oh," Ashleigh said, turning to look at the boy who'd spoken. "Hi." He was tall, maybe a little over 6 feet, and lanky. He had messy brown hair and a clean shaven, angular face.

"I'm Jason," he said. "Your neighbor." He pointed at his room, down one and across the hall from Ashleigh's.

"Ashleigh," she said, awkwardly balancing her armful of shower gear to shake his hand. "Do you know where I could find the girls' shower?"

Jason paused for a moment, thinking. Then he said, "Girls' shower? No such thing. This dorm only has the one, for everyone to share."

"Boys and girls together?" she gulped. "Isn't that illegal?"

"You're not from around here, are you?" Jason asked, laughing. "That's pretty much the norm in these parts. I'll show you where it is."

Ashleigh followed, although she wasn't sure she wanted to. She really needed a shower, though. Plus, this was her home for the whole year. Was she going to without bathing for months on end?

"Here," Jason said. "Shower is around to the right. See you around!"

Ashleigh pushed the door open slowly, looking around. There were a bunch of sinks along one wall, with a mirror the entire length of the wall. There were three stalls with toilets, and three urinals. Ashleigh thought the urinals looked weird; they didn't have those in women's bathrooms, but she supposed they made sense in a coed bathroom.

There was a gap in the wall near the sinks that must have led to the showers. She followed that around, still unsure of herself. When she saw the shower room, her legs turned to jelly as she realized how it was set up.

It was not one big communal shower, as she'd feared it might be. There were four separate stalls. But she didn't see how this was any better. All the stalls lined one wall, on the left. There were no doors, only curtains. On the right wall was a long bench and hooks to hang clothes and towels. The interior of the stall had nothing but a shower head and one small shelf for soap. Nowhere for her clothes.

How on earth was she supposed to get changed in here? There wasn't even a way to hang up a towel anywhere near the cover of the curtain. Then she looked down. The curtain didn't even come close to reaching the floor. It came two, maybe three feet short. Anyone in here would get to see her legs and maybe more if she had to bend over.

She was going to be sick. This was going to be her shower for the next year? She couldn't even imagine if there were only girls in here, but there would be boys too.

Her breathing quickened as she tried to figure out what to do. She sat down on the bench, facing the stalls, trying to wrap her head around this insane setup.

She couldn't possibly bring herself to use a stall like this, she thought. But she still felt sweaty from her flight and needed a shower badly.

Ashleigh just sat in silence, immobilized by fear. After ten or fifteen minutes of mentally fighting herself, trying to find a convincing argument that she should shower, she realized in all this time, no one else had entered. Maybe she could ease herself in today with no one around, and then get up at the crack of dawn from now on so no one else was ever here.

With all of her willpower, Ashleigh stood and pulled her shirt over her head and put it on the bench. She looked down at her exposed cleavage and broke out into a sweat. She pulled her pants off and lay them down as well. She looked longingly at her towel, but there was nowhere for it in the shower. With her soap and shampoo in her hand, she entered a stall and closed the curtain.

Well, she tried to close the curtain. There was still about an inch gap on either side where it wasn't quite wide enough to reach the wall. Ashleigh tried in vain for a minute to pull it in both directions and flatten it to cover the gap, fully aware that she was dressed in no more than bra and panties as she did so, but it was no use. Whoever picked this curtain was either a pervert or incompetent. Probably both.

With a deep sigh, Ashleigh gave up on the curtain. She looked down at her almost naked body and breathed deeply to try to calm herself. Closing her eyes, she reached behind her back and unclasped the bra, letting it fall away from her breasts. She'd always thought her pink nipples were too big. They came to a soft point, the areolas just a little puffy. They were a solid C cup, and Ashleigh loved the way they looked in a bra. Which she didn't have now.

Shivering, she moved down to her panties. She thumbed the waistline and pulled them down, bending over. Her boobs hung below the curtain as she stepped out of her last garment, and again she cursed this stupid curtain. Why couldn't it have been a normal door? She stood up and looked down over herself again, seeing the baldness of her labia. She never had been with a boy, but she still liked the feeling of her naked skin against her panties.

Trying to pretend she was confident, that all this was normal, she tossed both bra and panties under the curtain to the bench. Now she was completely naked in a coed bathroom, with none of her clothes or towel anywhere in reach. She turned on the water to distract herself from everything.

It was freezing. Her nipples instantly became erect, and her skin broke out in goose pimples everywhere. She fiddled with the knobs until the water was merely cool rather than ice. That seemed to be the best she was going to get.

She lathered up her hair and covered her body in soap. Even with the cold water, it felt good to clean off. She rubbed the soap all over her body, being careful around her nipples, extra sensitive from the cold. She felt strangely erotic, rubbing her breasts and pussy in such a public space. She wasn't quite out in the open, but she still felt exposed. The pleasure of cleaning off and moving her hands over her body mixed with sheer terror of this new experience made it almost bearable.

Finally, she rinsed all the soap off and got the shampoo out of her hair. She turned the water off and turned around to figure out how she was going to manage drying off and dressing.

The gap in the curtain was much wider than she remembered, around six inches. On the other side, Jason stood with his phone aimed straight at Ashleigh. Screaming in shock, she reached over and smashed the curtain against the wall, blocking the gap.

She heard Jason laughing from the other side, and looked down to see that, since the curtain was so short, he still had a view of her legs up past her knees.

"You asshole!" she screamed. "What did you see? How long have you been there?"

"Long enough," he said. "I got it all!"

"Delete that video!" Ashleigh yelled. "Please!"

He didn't answer.

"Jason! Please don't do this!"

"You have to come out sometime," Jason said. "I can wait."

Ashleigh looked down at herself, hoping against reason that somehow she wasn't still naked. She was. If she came out from behind that curtain, her tits, pussy, and ass would be on full display to anyone who happened to see, or point a camera at her.

"Fuck you!" Ashleigh yelled, out of ideas.

Jason just kept laughing and waiting.

There was nothing else she could do. She put one arm over her breasts and tore the curtain open. She charged Jason, painfully aware that she was not doing a very good covering herself, hoping to catch him off guard. She dropped her arm as she realized it was hindering her running, but it was too late. Jason backpedaled away from her, stumbling over a bench and turning to jog out of the shower area. Ashleigh ran after him, turning the corner into the main bathroom.

At least five other boys were there, and broke out into a cheer as she revealed herself. Ashleigh skidded to a stop, her arms instinctively coming back up to cover her privates. She froze in place for an eternity. Or maybe just two seconds. But it was long enough that a few phone flashes went off and everyone's cheers redoubled as they really comprehended how exposed she was. Barely able to form a coherent thought, Ashleigh turned to go back into the shower area, giving them a view of her round ass on the way out.

Going back to her stall, she looked around frantically. Where were her clothes? Her towel? She'd left them right here. But they were gone. Nothing she'd carried to the bathroom with her was still here except her soap, not even the key to her dorm.

The showers spun around her, and Ashleigh swooned towards the benches. She had never fainted before. Is this what it was like? She put her arm out, trying to hold herself up, but collapsed face down onto the tile floor, unconscious.

When she woke up, she had no idea how long she was out. She was still naked, sprawled facing away from the entrance of the showers, her legs spread to make sure that anyone who peeked in got a perfect view of her pussy. She quickly closed her legs, but by now it was too late. Anyone who had wanted to see did.

And she still didn't have anything to wear. Ashleigh pulled herself to her feet and looked around. No one was in the shower area. She peeked around the corner to the bathroom. No one was there either. That could only mean that everyone had gotten their fill of staring straight at her pussy, gotten bored, and left. She closed her legs again, even though no one was here to see, and wondered what she had ever done to deserve this.

She very slowly opened the door that led out into the hallway, looking left and right to make sure no one was looking. She made a break for it, streaking down the hallway as fast as her legs could carry her. Her boobs bounced in front of her, a little painful with each step, but she needed to be out of here as fast as possible.

Within ten seconds, she was back to her dorm room door. She tried the handle, but it didn't budge. Of course it was locked. Then she turned for Jason's room. His door was unlocked, so she flung it open and barged in. He and his roommate were both crowded around his computer screen, watching a video. They looked up to see Ashleigh in all her glory slamming the door behind her.

"This is even better than the video!" Jason's roommate said. Ashleigh grabbed the monitor, which was playing a clip of her in the shower, peeking in between that confounded gap in the curtains, ripped it off the desk and threw it into the floor, shattering the screen.

"Whoa! What are you doing?" Jason asked, standing up just in time for Ashleigh to grab the next thing near her, the computer tower, and give it the same treatment. It shattered upon hitting the ground, bits of plastic and metal flying everywhere around the room.

"Fuck you!" Ashleigh said.

"You bitch!" Jason cried. "That's my computer!"

Ashleigh looked around for anything else that she could destroy, grabbed a laptop, and hurled it into the wall.

"I'm calling the cops!" Jason cried.

"You do that!" Ashleigh screamed, and stormed out of the room. She sat in front of her dorm room, crying, doing her best to cover herself with her arms. She had let both Jason and his nameless roommate see her whole body during her angry attack. She had never felt so powerless in her life.

About thirty minutes later, after an escort from campus security, she found herself wrapped in a robe, sitting in the dean's office, waiting for him to arrive from home. It was dark outside, maybe 3 in the morning.

"Ashleigh," the dean's voice said, as he wound his way around his desk and slumped into his rolling chair. "You've been here all of three hours, and you've already gone streaking, broken into a classmate's dorm room, and destroyed his personal property. You do realize that you don't have to live the entire college experience in the first day, right?"

"I'm sorry, sir," she said.

"Do you think I want to be here right now, young lady?" he asked.

"No, sir," she said.

"I"m not your slavedriver. You don't have to call me sir. But what you do have to do is shape up. We don't have a strikeout rule here, but if we did, this would be both strikes one and two. You owe that boy, Jason, for all the damage you've caused. It comes to just over $4,000. Since you're a college student, I'm going to go out on a limb and guess that you don't have $4,000 to spare, right?"

Ashleigh's mouth hung open in shock at the price. "No," she said. "I worked all through high school and spent all my money on tuition."

"Don't throw that away," the dean said. "You're not being kicked out, yet, but you're on thin ice, young lady. The next time you do anything even remotely like this, you're gone. We don't need people like you coming to this institution and making a big stink of things."

"I'm sorry," she said again.

"And, you're going to pay Jason back. I know the boy's father, and I know he's trustworthy. He's offered to let you pay him back by working for him, so that saves you the trouble of finding a job. I don't know exactly what he has in mind, but I'm sure the work won't be hard."

"But--" Ashleigh began.

"I don't want to hear it, young lady," the dean snapped. "If I hear even a whisper that you might not be working in good faith for Jason, that will be the end of it. I can, and will, expel you."

"I have to do whatever Jason says?" Ashleigh asked.

"That about sums it up," the dean said. "Unless you want to flush all that money you already spent on tuition down the drain, and still owe the boy $4,000."

Ashleigh put her head in her hands. Jason was a monster, but the dean didn't even let her give her side of the story.

"We'll get you a new key, since you lost yours while streaking. I sincerely hope this is the last time we speak. Next time won't be nearly so pleasant for you."

Ashleigh stood and left the room, wrapping the robe someone had found for her tightly around her body. Her entire life savings had gone towards paying for this college. She had worked so hard in high school to get scholarships, and worked so hard at her awful job as a waitress trying to get good tips, and now all of that work rested on the shoulders of Jason, a boy she'd known for four hours and who had already betrayed her trust.

She could vomit.

**Chapter 2**
"Rise and shine," a male voice interrupted Ashleigh's nightmare about the night before. She lay in her bed, wearing the last change of clothes she had before the rest of her luggage arrived. She opened her eyes to see who had woken her.

It was Jason. Of course.

"I hope you don't mind I let myself in with your old key," he said. "But I have some big plans for your first day of work and we need to get started."

Ashleigh, still jet lagged from her flight and having only gotten a few hours of sleep, rubbed her eyes to try to force herself awake.

"Work?" she asked.

"In case you don't remember, I own you. With a word I can have you expelled, sent home, and charged with destruction of property. The college was nice to let you off so easy."

Now Ashleigh remembered her conversation with the dean. She couldn't even believe that he would go along with a plan like this. It was surreal. If Ashleigh didn't do everything Jason told her, she was going to be expelled. And, somehow, she didn't expect that he had any kind of honest work in mind for her.

"Get dressed," Jason said. "We're going to the mall."

"I am dressed," Ashleigh answered, sitting up on the bed. "These are the only clothes I have. You stole the rest. My luggage hasn't arrived yet."

"You still need to change," Jason said.

"Into what?" Ashleigh asked. "I said I don't have anything else to change into."

Jason's mouth widened into a malicious grin. "You need to change out of your underwear. You won't be needing those anymore. From now on, you are not allowed to wear a bra or panties."

"What?" Ashleigh asked. "You can't be serious."

"I am completely serious. If I ever catch you wearing a bra or panties, I'll go to the dean right away. Do you want to risk it?"

Ashleigh looked at Jason in disgust, but his smile only widened at her discomfort. She felt butterflies in her stomach, spreading throughout her whole body. Her skin tingled, especially where it touched her bra and panties, which it wouldn't be touching in a minute if Jason got his way. She felt the wave of dread almost physically crashing over her.

"You should probably get the ones you're wearing off now," Jason said nonchalantly. "I don't want this to end before it's even begun."

"Please," Ashleigh pleaded. "Don't do this."

"Bra and panties," Jason said, holding out his hand expectantly. Ashleigh eyed it, and he waved his fingers to try to hurry her along.

She couldn't believe that she was going to do this. She stood up from her seat on the bed, looking down at what she was wearing. She had worn tight black yoga pants and a yellow t-shirt to bed. At home, she usually slept with a pair of light shorts, but they hadn't arrived yet.

"I'll do it," she said after a long pause. "Just give me some privacy."

"That's not how this works," Jason said. "Now, give me your bra and panties."

Ashleigh turned her back and reached up under her shirt to unclasp the back, but Jason interrupted.

"Face me," he said. "It's like you're being intentionally dense."

Ashleigh slowly turned back around, then undid the hooks on the back of her bra. She slipped each arm out one at a time, then pulled it out from under her shirt. The shirt was so tight she could feel it wrapping around her breasts, and she saw her nipples poking through the material. There was just a hint of the outline of her areolas, and she instinctively covered her chest with one arm. She gave Jason the bra.

"And the panties," Jason said. Ashleigh wondered if it was worth it. There was no way to get those off without removing her pants completely. But her whole life had been to go to this college. She couldn't throw that away. She hated herself for what she was about to do, but most of all she hated Jason for making her do it.

Slowly, Ashleigh started to peel her yoga pants down her legs, exposing pink polka dot panties beneath. She looked down at them and noticed a small wet spot between her lips. How could she even be remotely enjoying this? She was disgusted with herself even as she finished removing her pants.

Jason stared between her legs as she moved her hands back up to begin working off her panties. She gulped and paused, unsure how she would be able to do it. Jason cleared his throat impatiently, and in a rush before she could stop herself again, she pulled them down past her knees, then kicked them off completely. She grabbed her pants and put them back on, covering herself as quickly as possible. She knew she gave Jason a glimpse or two between her legs, but for the most part she thought she hid herself fairly well. Hopefully.

"There," Jason said. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

Ashleigh felt the material of her pants riding up into her pussy already. Without a layer of panties beneath the tight elastic fabric, she was showing off all the details of her crotch in a huge camel toe. She reached down to readjust, but Jason stopped her.

"I like it like that," he said. "Leave it."

Ashleigh grimaced but left her pants alone. She shifted her weight to see if she could help the situation that way, but that only made it worse.

"There's one more rule for you to learn right now. I might add more in the future, but for now I'm keeping it simple. First, as you know, no bra or panties at any time. Not during class, not when you sleep, never. One fuck up and you're done. That same applies to this second rule as well."

Ashleigh tried to prepare herself for the worst. What was this sicko going to make her do? She dreaded hearing any more, but Jason continued.

"We're going to have a code word. Remember the word 'breeze', Ashleigh, because it's going to be important. And I'm not picky. 'Breezy' and 'breezed' count too. Whenever you hear this word, you need to immediately stop whatever it is you're doing, and show whoever said it your pussy."

"What!?" Ashleigh cried. She wasn't sure if she'd heard correctly, his words were so ludicrous. She couldn't go around showing random people her pussy!

"You never know who's a spy for me, or who's just lucky enough to have accidentally used that word in a sentence. Male or female, fellow student or teacher, anyone who uses that word sees your pussy. If you fail this, it's over. I'll tell the dean, and you'll be headed home to pay off your debt to me at McDonalds without a college degree."

"That's insane," Ashleigh said. "I can't just pull my pants down in public!"

"You'll have to, if the situation calls for it," Jason said. "Now, let's try it out. Breeze."

Ashleigh hesitantly grabbed the waistline of her pants yet again, but stopped. She looked at Jason, pleading with her eyes not to make her do it. So far, all the times he'd seen her naked, which was more than she cared to count despite their short acquaintance, had been circumstantial. He'd snuck up on her in the shower, she'd been naked but didn't really stand still when she trashed her room, and she changed her pants quickly. Showing him her pussy, on full display, was another level.

"I don't like repeating myself," Jason said. "Do it now."

Reluctantly, Ashleigh pulled her pants down, revealing her increasingly wet pussy, and looked away, not wanting to see Jason inspecting her. A tear formed in the corner of her eye, but she wiped it away. She wasn't sure which she hated more, the fact that she was doing this at all, or the fact that her body was reacting the way it did. Just yesterday, no boy had ever seen her nude. Now, she had to reveal her pussy to anyone at a moment's notice. She couldn't take it.

"This will be easier once we get you in uniform," Jason said. "You can cover up."

Ashleigh quickly pulled her pants back up over her hips. Immediately the crotch was riding back up into her crack, making sure everyone who cared to look could see the outline of her labia. She shuddered.

"Uniform?" she asked, not sure she wanted to hear the answer. Nothing Jason had said so far today could really be called welcome news.

"At the mall today I'll be buying you some skirts and dresses. None past the knee. They'll be all you're allowed to wear."

"Skirts with no panties?" Ashleigh objected.

Jason just smiled. "Let's get going."

Ashleigh quickly put on some socks and sneakers, which she was glad to see Jason allowed. On her way out, she glanced at herself in the mirror. That was a mistake. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts hung a little lower than she liked, and you could clearly see the shape of her slightly puffy nipples through the material. She sighed, skulking behind Jason as he led the way to the train station just off campus. He bought her ticket so they could get to the mall, and he had said that he planned to buy her outfits once they got there.

"What are you, rich?" Ashleigh asked.

"Yep! I already replaced that computer you broke," he said. "My father has a lot of money."

"Then why do I even need to pay you back?" Ashleigh asked. "You just like tormenting me?"

"Just because I have money doesn't mean it's right for you to break my stuff," he said. "You have to pay for what you did. I'm using my money to help you despite that. You should be grateful."

Ashleigh wasn't sure she agreed with that logic, but she didn't have much choice. She followed Jason onto the train. It was the kind of train where you had to stand the whole way, holding onto a bar so that the constant jerks this way and that didn't throw you off your feet. There were people crowded all around her, and she rode in constant fear that Jason, or maybe another one of them, would say the magic word and she'd have to show her pussy to the entire train car.

Luckily, at least today, that didn't happen. They made it to their stop with the tattered shreds of her pride not completely obliviated. On her way out, Ashleigh had to push past an obstinate passenger who refused to move out of the way of the door, brushing her breast against his arm in the process. Only then did he turn to look at her, then down to her breasts. She turned beet red immediately and hurried off the train.

From that point on, she saw more and more people staring at her bouncing breasts as she walked past. Without a bra, they really were going at it, each step moving them up and down enough that her shirt started to ride up in the front, uncovering her stomach. She pulled it back down, but couldn't do anything about her unruly breasts taunting every nearby stranger into staring straight at her chest.

The mall was close to the train station, and Jason led the way like he was intimately familiar with it.

"Did you grow up here?" Ashleigh asked.

"Yep!" Jason said. "This mall was my jam in high school. Weird that that's over, isn't it? Freshman year of college is a dream so far, though."

Ashleigh grunted in disapproval but didn't respond. They quickly found their way to a clothing shop Ashleigh never would have set foot in on her own. The front window was full of lacy lingerie, and the lighting was dim. She wouldn't have been surprised to find crotchless panties and dildos here, but she certainly wasn't going to go looking and drawing attention to those kinds of things for Jason.

"They have some real clothes too," Jason assured her, seeing her terrified look. "You're not going to be prancing around all day in sexy underclothes. You'll be in sexy normal clothes instead."

He went around to the racks and pulled various skirts and shirts off for Ashleigh to try on. He handed them to her to carry until he was satisfied. She saw the kinds of things he was picking and dreaded putting any of them on.

"There's a fitting room in the back," he said.

"Oh, you mean I don't have to change right here?" Ashleigh asked sarcastically.

"Don't test me," Jason said. "I think a stiff wind might be approaching. Maybe you could call it..."

"OK!" Ashleigh hissed. "I get it!"

"A breeze," Jason finished.

"You bastard," she said. "We're in public!"

"Do. It," Jason commanded.

Ashleigh dropped the armful of clothes and scowled at him. She glanced around to make sure nobody was looking. They were fairly well hidden by the various clothing stands around the store.

"No looking around to wait if the coast is clear," Jason said. "You hear that word, and immediately, you show your pussy. Now hurry up."

Ashleigh let out a terrified little yelp as she grabbed the waist of her pants.

"Jason," she said. "Please."

"Last warning."

For the third time today, she pulled her pants down. She stopped just past the gap between her legs, leaving her whole crotch completely exposed to the open air. Jason watched her squirm for a few long seconds. She looked around frantically, hoping no one saw.

"How long do I have to do this?" Ashleigh asked, her voice quivering.

"That's good," Jason said, and she pulled her pants up instantly. "Ten seconds is fine, for future reference. But make sure you don't count too fast!"

Ashleigh scooped all the clothes off the floor and made her way to the fitting room.

"Show me each in turn," Jason said. "Put together some cute outfits!"

Ashleigh entered the small changing area alone, dumped the clothes on the bench, and breathed for what seemed the first time today. Trying to calm herself down and regain her composure, she picked up one of the shirts Jason had chosen.

She pulled off her own shirt and was reminded that she wasn't wearing a bra. She quickly donned the first new shirt. It was black and had an extremely low cut neckline with a loose fit. She could see all the way down to her belly button while standing upright. Then she leaned over to remove her pants, and realized why it fit so loosely. The shirt fell away from her torso, completely revealing both breasts to any potential onlookers. When she stood back up, the cloth didn't even cover her boobs properly, even leaving one areola partially exposed. She readjusted it so she wasn't showing too much.

The first skirt she tried came halfway down her thighs and fit tightly around her legs, with slits up the sides almost to her hips that allowed her legs some range of motion. It felt more like a loincloth than real clothes.

She stepped out if the fitting room to show Jason how she looked.

"Ooh!" he said. "Twirl for me."

Ashleigh did a sloppy pirouette, feeling the top float away and the skirt flare out. She couldn't tell how much she revealed, but Jason seemed pleased.

"That's a keeper," he said. "Next."

Jason only rejected a few garments, the ones Ashleigh liked the best because they were comparatively modest. They were still utterly outlandish compared to what she'd wear under normal circumstances, but not revealing enough for Jason. After visiting three stores, she had sixteen new tops, nine new skirts, and three dresses, all courtesy of Jason's credit card.

Ashleigh wore a new purple dress out of the last store at Jason's request. The bottom of the dress came almost to her knees, and the shoulder straps were nice and wide. It showed off a fair amount of cleavage, but it wasn't too bad. Aside from the fact that she was wearing a dress without panties on, she reminded herself. Aside from that, it wasn't too bad.

"Let's hit up the food court," Jason said. "You find a table and I'll grab some pizza."

Ashleigh followed his instructions, and looked around for a vacant table. The food court was really crowded; it was just about the middle of the lunch rush. Ashleigh was keenly aware that her breasts hung loosely without a bra, and that she had no panties under her skirt. She blushed just thinking about someone looking at her. After a minute of looking around, she saw an empty table, and she made her way for it. She put all her bags full of new clothes down, and glanced around. She didn't realize how hungry she was through her constant abject terror until she smelled the aromas.

As she sat down, she kept her legs tightly together, afraid to spread them even an inch or to cross them. If she crossed her legs, she reasoned, her crotch would be hidden, but people might catch a glimpse all the way up her thigh or see part of her ass. She didn't want anyone seeing anything amiss at all.

Eventually, Jason came back with four slices of pizza and two drinks, put them on the table, and stood looking at her.

"Spread your legs," he said.

"But I'm not--"

He cut her off. "I'm going to go over there for napkins. If I can't see your pussy on my way back, I'm going to be very upset."

He got up and walked away. Ashleigh watched him go. He quickly grabbed a handful of napkins and turn back towards her.

She spread her legs, revealing her pussy underneath the table to any who glanced towards her. In a room this crowded, someone had to notice. Jason definitely saw, and nodded approval.

"Keep your legs like that while we eat," he said. "And remember, the more nervous you look, the more likely someone will notice."

Ashleigh kept her legs apart, her labia exposed to the whole world, and tried not to look nervous, however you accomplished that. If anything, she shook worse from her efforts.

The pizza tasted really good, but she barely even noticed as she ate mechanically, hardly aware of anything but her exposed sex throughout the meal. With every bite, she thought to herself that she couldn't believe that she was eating with her pussy on display for an entire cafeteria worth of people. By the time she was done, it was dripping wet, and she didn't even have any panties to help stop the flow. She could feel one drop of juice dribble down her leg as she finally stood up.

"I don't even think anyone noticed," Jason said. "See, you have nothing to worry about! That's it for today, too. Once we get back, you're free for the rest of the day. Just remember the rules. They are always in effect."

Ashleigh nodded her understanding.

"Also, since I got you all these nice clothes, I want to make sure you use them. Each day, wear a new outfit until you've worn everything I got you."

Ashleigh gulped. Some of the shirts were sheer, and you could see her nipples right through them. Some of the skirts were so short they barely covered her. How was she going to justify wearing those in public without underwear?

"Do you understand?" Jason asked.

"Yes," Ashleigh said. "I understand."

Ashleigh found her own way back to her dorm room from the train station, and found that her roommate had arrived since she'd left. Her own luggage was still missing, of course, but the room looked completely different half full of actual belongings.

"Hi," the girl said. "I'm Stacy."

"Ashleigh," Ashleigh said. "Nice to meet you."

"Nice dress," Stacy said. "I wish I could pull off something like that."

Ashleigh looked at her new roommate. She had brown, slightly curly hair and wore thick black-rimmed glasses, which was oddly in style nowadays. She had on a t-shirt for a band Ashleigh had never heard of and loose fitting jeans. She might have been a little overweight, but not bad at all. She didn't dress sexy, but that didn't mean she couldn't.

"You can try it in if you want," Ashleigh said. "I think it would look good on you."

Stacy smiled. "Maybe, after my shower. Just got done unpacking and I want to clean off."

"I hate the showers here," Ashleigh said. "I can't believe boys and girls have to share!"

"Uh...what?" Stacy asked.

"Haven't you seen the showers yet?" Ashleigh asked. "It's perverted. There are a bunch of shower stalls with curtains that don't even block people from looking in, and nowhere private to change or anything."

"The girls' shower is right upstairs," Stacy said. "And it didn't look anything like that. Did you shower in the boys' room?"

"There's a girls' shower?" Ashleigh asked, the blood draining out of her face.

Stacy laughed at her misfortune, and Ashleigh forced herself to laugh along. But silently, she was weeping as she realized Jason tricked her all along just to get that video.

**Chapter 3**
"Is there any reason you slept completely nude last night?" Stacy asked the next morning. "It was a little weird."

"More comfortable," Ashleigh answered. It really was. She'd never tried it before, but as the proud owner of exactly no clothes now that were suitable for sleep, she had no choice.

"Uh huh. And any reason you're still not wearing panties under that skirt?"

"How can you tell?" Ashleigh asked, panicked.

"You flashed your vag at me a few times already," Stacy said. "Just thought you'd want to know."

Ashleigh felt her face flush as she apologized.

"I just like it," she lied. "More comfortable."

"If you say so," Stacy answered.

Jason didn't interfere in her life that day, or for a few more days. Ashleigh and Stacy grew closer as they hung out together, and Stacy eventually stopped asking Ashleigh why she dressed like such a slut. Ashleigh still wasn't used to the idea of not wearing panties, but she bore it well enough and just learned to sit with her legs crossed and avoid climbing stairs near other people. She still hadn't worn any of the sheer blouses yet. She wasn't sure what to do about that.

Her luggage finally arrived, but she ignored most of it as her wardrobe restrictions didn't allow for any of her own clothes. Classes also began, and Ashleigh liked having the distraction from the increasing sense of dread for Jason's next plan.

The first Friday after classes started, Ashleigh and Stacy were headed towards the cafeteria to grab some lunch when she got a reminder of her awful predicament.

A boy she didn't recognize approached her, holding his phone up to his face.

"Hey," he said.

"Hi," Ashleigh answered. He was pretty cute, so she flushed a little that he'd approach so boldly. "Do I know--"

"Breeze," he said.

Ashleigh's heart jumped into her throat, her stomach sank into the depths of her bowels, and she froze dead. Stacy looked at her questioningly, as Ashleigh grabbed the bottom of her skirt.

She pulled it up, revealing her bald pussy to her friend, this stranger, and anyone else who happened to walk down this sidewalk. She was mortified. An utter stranger was staring right at her naked vulva. And Stacy, her only friend in this side of the country.

The boy's phone flash went off. Then, he leaned closer, putting his phone right up next to her lips to get them full in the frame, and snapped another picture.

"Sweet," he said, and strolled off. Ashleigh pulled her skirt back over herself and flattened it.

"What the fuck was that?" Stacy asked.

"It's a long story," Ashleigh answered, turning red.

"I don't have any more classes today," Stacy said. "I don't care how long it is. What the fuck?"

Over lunch, Ashleigh told her everything, from the fateful shower, to wrecking Jason's computer, to the dean's mandate.

"That's fucked up," Stacy said. "I can't believe he'd go for that."

"What else can I do?" Ashleigh asked.

"I don't know, but making you wear no panties? Making you show your pussy anytime someone says the word breeze? What a sick bastard."

"Yeah," Ashleigh said. "I hate it. I hate him. But I have to do it."

"Forgetting something?" Stacy asked.

"Huh?"

"I said the word. I mean, rules are rules. What if Jason finds out about this?"

Ashleigh glared at her new friend, but moved to stand up, resigned to her fate.

"I'm just messing with you," Stacy said. "Besides, I don't swing that way. Seeing your vag doesn't do it for me."

They finished their meal and headed back to the dorm, Stacy periodically interrupting their conversation just to remind Ashleigh how fucked her situation was.

A few hours later, as Ashleigh was refreshing herself in the mirror on the back of the door to prepare for her first Friday night out in college, the door swung open and Jason entered.

"Ashleigh!" he said.

She stared at him blankly, withholding a response. The fact that he was here could only mean one thing. She had been looking forward to checking out a party on campus, and Stacy was even wearing that purple dress Ashleigh lent her, looking better than ever.

"I'm sorry, Ash," Stacy said.

"What?" Ashleigh asked, turning around.

"I told her about our little deal the first day," he said. "I'm paying Stacy to keep an eye on you and make sure you're a good girl. And today, you broke a rule."

"Stacy?" Ashleigh stammered.

"I'm sorry!" she said, putting her arms over her face in shame. "I need the money!"

"So, Ashleigh, would you like to describe your transgression for me."

"I don't even know what I did wrong. I showed my pussy to that creepy camera guy you sent. Who knows where those pictures will wind up?"

"But Stacy said the word again at lunch."

"You told me not to worry about it!" Ashleigh yelled, spinning towards her roommate.

"The rules are very clear," Jason said. "Any time the word is said, you reveal your pussy. There are no exceptions. But, since you were tricked and you've been faithful otherwise, I think that I might allow you to get off with a simple punishment today rather than jumping straight to the dean. What do you say?"

"What is the punishment?" Ashleigh asked.

"Come with me," Jason said. Ashleigh followed down the hallway, past his own dorm room to somewhere else, dreading what she would find there. "There's a small party tonight. Just a few friends, to play some video games."

The party was apparently on her own floor, down a way she'd never been before. They walked past the boys' bathroom, and Ashleigh shuddered at the memory of her first night on campus and being tricked into using the showers there. They walked almost all the way to the end of the hallway before taking a right into one of the rooms. Jason entered first but held the door open for Ashleigh to follow.

"I brought a guest," Jason said as he entered. Ashleigh followed him into the unfamiliar dorm room, where three boys were already crowded around a TV. They looked up to see her scantily clad body, and immediately forgot about their game. "This is Ashleigh."

"Fucking hot!" one boy said.

"Yeah, where'd you get her?" another jibed.

"Ashleigh, lay back on the bed," Jason commanded her. She walked across the room, her face on fire from embarrassment as the boys' gazes followed her every step of the way. Did they really think she was this attractive? Her pussy seemed to gush at the compliments they gave her.

She eased her way into the bed, then lay on her back, keeping her legs together so they couldn't see anything if they looked up her skirt. Her breasts fell to the side as breasts do when you lay on your back, which moved them closer to the sleeve holes of her shirt and possibly into view. She shivered, hoping none of them noticed she wasn't wearing any underwear.

The three new boys crowded around her like they had the video game a moment before, and Ashleigh could feel their eyes picking her apart. They swept over every square inch of her body. She was trembling even more fiercely now, terror mixed with some small amount of excitement. These boys liked what they saw.

"Spread your legs," Jason said. Ashleigh closed her eyes and tried to forget what was around her. She had to do it; it was part of her punishment. These boys were all going to see her pussy. Slowly, Ashleigh separated her heels, and she could feel as her lips parted. She couldn't tell if her skirt blocked the view or not, but it didn't matter for long, as Jason flipped it up to reveal everything.

In the surprise, she opened her eyes to see every boy in the room's eyes fixed onto her sex. The gravity of what she was doing crashed down on her. She was baring her pussy in a room full of strangers, spreading her legs for them to get a good view. She snapped her legs shut and reached for her skirt, but a look from Jason told her she was on thin ice.

Her eyes teared as she spread her legs again.

"Stay like that until I say," Jason said. "And for you perverts, no touching. This is her first punishment. If she fucks up again, we'll take this a step further."

Ashleigh couldn't believe she was here, putting her pussy on display like some kind of exhibit for these nerds playing video games rather than going out and partying for her first Friday. And she hated that she had, even for a second, gotten any joy out of it.

Unsurprisingly, no one really paid attention to the game anymore. They had something much more interesting to look at. Ashleigh closed her eyes and tried to pretend she was somewhere else.

"Man, I would love to stick my dick in that," one of the boys said.

"Shut up, idiot. You've never stuck your dick in anything."

"Well I'd start with that."

"She's way out of your league. Are you seeing this fucking body? There's no way she'd have sex with a loser like you."

"There's no way she'd lay bottomless on my bed with her legs spread either, I bet," the boy countered.

"You had nothing to do with that."

"Boys," Jason said. "Let's just enjoy the show. Now is not the time to discuss the fact that Joe is and will always be a virgin."

"Hey, fuck you, Jason," the one apparently named Joe retorted.

All the while, Ashleigh just lay, mortified, as they discussed her like she wasn't even there. She could feel the air against her exposed labia, every fold visible. And she could feel that, with each compliment one of the boys said about her body, it got just a little bit more wet. She tried to will it to stop, but it had a mind of its own.

Finally, after an eternity, Jason spoke. "Stand up. We want to get a look at your tits." Not the reprieve she was looking for.

Ashleigh reluctantly edged get way off the bed and stood up, painfully conscious of how her breasts were affected by gravity. They looked bigger standing up, jutting outwards instead of laying flat against her. They had a slight torpedo shape, the nipples coming to a soft point, facing just a bit outward.

"Lift your shirt," Jason said. Ashleigh was relieved, somehow beyond logic, that he hadn't commanded her to take it completely off. But she still had to find a way to follow his command while her heart was beating out of her chest. She felt like she was watching herself as her arms moved of their own accord down to the bottom of her blouse and gripped the hem. They lifted, higher, higher, until the bottoms of her breasts were visible. She dropped the fabric and got a new grip so she could expose the rest without completely removing the shirt, then lifted. Her breasts dropped a bit as they were freed from their cloth prison, and Ashleigh let go of her shirt, letting it rest there above her bosom.

These boys' eyes seemed to bore holes through her chest as they studied her breasts. Ashleigh stood as still as possible, not wanting to risk even the slightest jiggle.

"I really like her nipples," one of the boys said. "I just want to suck them."

"No touching," Jason said.

"Can't I just grab it?"

"No," Jason said. "If she needs another punishment after this, maybe. But that's up to her."

After a few minutes of the boys pointing to various private parts of her body and discussing her naked form, Jason changed it up again. He grabbed a pen from a desk and tossed it in the floor.

"Ashleigh, pick up the pen," he said.

She sidled a few feet to get close enough to reach it, glaring at Jason. She instinctively covered her breasts, but lowered her arm as Jason shook his head. When she was close enough to the pen, she squatted down, keeping her knees together and her back straight. It was hard, and she was lucky she was a little athletic or she might not have been able to do it at all.

Her fingertips could barely reach the pen, but after a moment she had a grip on it and stood back up. Jason was on the other side of the room, past two of the boys. He held out his hand expectantly. Ashleigh slunk over, keeping her legs together as she walked. The boys didn't move out of her way, forcing her to brush against them as she walked. Her breasts pushed against one as she crept past, and he stared at them as they smushed against him. After she got passed, they fell back into place with a small shake. She handed the pen to Jason.

"Let's try this again," he said. "Except this time, no bending your knees."

Then he dropped the pen at Ashleigh's feet.

Without being able to bend her knees, she'd have to bend at the waist. Of course, the pen was against the wall so she'd have her ass up in the air and her pussy on display for the whole room from under her skirt.

She took a deep breath. Best get it over with. She bent over and immediately the boys hushed as they huddled together to gawk at her backside. Without bending her knees at all, she just barely couldn't reach the ground.

"I can't reach," she said, standing back up to at least cut off the view of her vagina.

"Spread your legs then," Jason said. "Or lay on the floor. Figure it out."

Ashleigh flushed again. She slowly bent over, widening her stance as she went down. She felt her pussy lips open slightly as she got lower, her ass high in the air giving everyone behind her an unobstructed look inside her. Her breasts hung low, visible between her legs, as she grabbed the pen. She did up quickly, snapping her legs shut. The insides of her thighs were slick with her juices, and she cringed. Her own genitals were against her, inexplicably enjoying this despite all sense.

She handed the pen to Jason.

"Much better," he said. "That's the end of your punishment. Now go. We have games to play."

The boys groaned. Ashleigh pushed past them again to get to the door, one errant hand stroking her ass as she went. She hesitated opening the door, moving to look through the peephole first.

"Out!" Jason said. "Now."

She opened the door and stepped into the hallway, her breasts still bared.

Before she could even pull her shirt back down, she was greeted by the distinctive flash and click of a camera taking a picture. She nearly jumped out of her skin, partly from surprise but mostly because some unknown pervert just took a picture of her exposed. Somehow, none of the boys had thought to do that during her punishment.

Ashleigh pulled her shirt down and put a hand over her pussy through the skirt to make sure she was covered. She crouched against the wall, looking around for the photographer.

"You're funny, Ash," Stacy said. "It's just me. Better hurry back to the room, though. No telling when someone might arrive."

Ashleigh sprinted down the hall to her own room, trying to ignore her bouncing breasts. The knob wouldn't turn. Locked.

Stacy strolled casually down the hallway with the key in her hand, drawing out Ashleigh's torture.

"Stacy, please hurry," she said. She still felt exposed even though she was wearing as much as she wore out and about today.

Stacy laughed but didn't increase her pace. She just kept her leisurely stride, making a few seconds of walking feel like minutes before she finally reached the dorm.

Finally, Stacy unlocked the door, and Ashleigh bolted inside, jumped under her covers, and hid. She replayed her naked excursion over and over in her mind, trying to think of how she could have hid herself better. She didn't even realize her hand was on her clit, rubbing, for a few minutes. When she did realize, she quickly orgasmed, moaning loudly.

"You're something else, Ash," Stacy said, laughing.

Ashleigh curled up under the covers and tried to disappear.

**Chapter 4**
It was the next Monday when Jason came knocking again. Or, rather, when he let himself into Ashleigh's room with the key he'd stolen. She woke up to him shaking her, and upon seeing his face she recoiled in fear. The dean of her college had essentially made her his slave; if she didn't do everything he said, she'd be expelled. With Jason being such a sick pervert, Ashleigh contemplated whether giving up everything she'd worked for was a better option. It still wasn't. She closed her eyes and mentally prepared herself for whatever was coming.

"Up and at 'em," Jason said. "I have an appointment for you."

"I don't like the sound of that," Ashleigh said.

"Get dressed," Jason commanded.

Ashleigh was naked under her covers, and pulled them closer around her at the idea of getting up with Jason in the room.

"It's not like I haven't seen you," Jason said. "Hurry up."

Ashleigh threw her covers aside and stood defiantly. Stacy laughed from the bunk above her, and she turned red again, remembering how her roommate enjoyed her torment.

She grabbed a dress from the pile of new clothes Jason had bought her, and pulled it quickly on. No bra, and no panties; those were not part of Jason's mandatory dress code. She was almost out of new clothes now, and a sheer blouse and miniskirt taunted her, but that would wait for another day.

"Get to classroom B416 at 9 o'clock," Jason said. "The professor is expecting you, and will give instructions."

"What class is it?" Ashleigh asked.

"You're going to be late," Jason said. "Better hurry."

Ashleigh went to the map of campus on the wall to figure out where the room was. Then she owned the door to leave, terrified of what she might find there.

"Go!" Jason urged. "Hurry!"

Ashleigh left, heading towards the building where she would find room B416. She has never been in that building before, and it took a few minutes to get there. She doubted she had the right one, so she asked a nearby student for help locating it.

He stared at her chest throughout their conversation.

"B416?" he asked. "I have a class there now. I can bring you."

His eyes stayed bolted to her tits as she accepted his offer, and she knew they bounced as she walked, giving him a good show. At least most boys tried to be covert about their staring at her braless breasts the past week, but this guy was just a creep.

They rode an elevator up together, and her guide led the way into the classroom.

"Oh, you must be Ashleigh!" a friendly man in his mid thirties greeted her. "I'm professor Jones. In glad you volunteered for this."

"Um...hi," Ashleigh said.

"Here's a robe for you," professor Jones said.

Ashleigh reaching for it, wondering what it was for. "Thanks," she said, eyeing it curiously

"Ok then," professor Jones said. "Well, you can get undressed behind that curtain."

Ashleigh's heart stopped. Undressed? What kind of class was this? Finally, she had the presence of mind to look around the room. There were easels set up in a circle around a cushioned seat in the middle of the room. On one side was the small curtain the professor had indicated.

This was an art class, Ashleigh realized. And she was to be the nude model.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?" Professor Jones asked.

Ashleigh looked over to the creepy guy who had guided her up her. He was almost drooling over himself at the prospect of seeing her naked body.

She gulped. "Yeah, I'm fine," she said. She had to do it, or Jason would have her expelled. Looking around as she walked to the curtain, she saw one of the boys from the night before was in the class. That's how Jason would be hearing about it, then. She had to go through with it.

She stepped behind the curtain, which really wasn't much privacy, since anyone could just come around the curtain without any hindrance. She glanced around, as if it mattered. No one could see her right this moment, but that wouldn't last long. She pulled her dress over her head. At least it was easy to get naked when you were only allowed to wear one item.

Looking down over her exposed body, Ashleigh wondered how she ever got involved in this. Before coming to college, if you told her she'd be a live nude art model, she'd have laughed in your face. No one had seen her nude before college, and now seemingly everyone she met got a full view of her tits and pussy before even speaking to her.

"Ashleigh, we'd like to get started," professor Jones said.

"Sorry," she said. She pulled the robe on quickly, which would give her at least a few more seconds of reprieve before baring all. She took one last deep breath, then left the relative safety of the curtain. Every eye in the room was on her. She could feel the wave of disappointment as they realized she still had her robe as a protective barrier from their prying gazes.

But that wouldn't last. She was going to have to take the robe off, and then their stares would be able to sweep over her naked skin unabated. Ashleigh's eyes darted around the room, terrified, and she started blushing. She was frozen in place, just standing there, unsure what to do next.

"Ashleigh, if you'll come to the middle," Professor Jones said. "We'll do four different sketches, fifteen minutes each. For the first, please just sit however is comfortable."

She walked slowly to the middle, trying to avoid thinking. It didn't work, as usual.

She sat on the round cushioned chair, crossed her legs, and put her hands on her lap.

"Ashleigh, the robe," Professor Jones reminded her. Ashleigh jumped from her seat with a start, embarrassed that she'd forgotten to take it off, but more embarrassed to take it off. Trembling, she slipped one shoulder down. It still didn't reveal anything, but Ashleigh already felt more exposed than she ever had. She had to just do it, like ripping off a bandaid. The longer she took, the more impossible it would be.

The robe fell to the floor.

Ashleigh quickly sat, putting her hands in her lap again so her arms were obstructing the view of her breasts at least a little, and waited.

"Okay, thank you. That'll work for a first pose," Professor Jones said. "We'll open up more for the latter poses."

And so, Ashleigh sat, trying not to move or think, for fifteen minutes while a group of peers used her naked form as inspiration for their art.

Fifteen minutes lasted fifteen centuries, but finally Professor Jones instructed everyone to stop with what they had.

"Okay Ashleigh," he said. "I'd like you to uncross your legs, and lean back onto your hands for the next pose."

She gulped, but followed his instructions. She kept her legs together, which still showed a little of the top of the cleft of her pussy, but not much. With her arms behind her, though, her breasts would be on full display.

"Okay, that's good," Professor Jones said. "Try arching your back just a little bit."

Ashleigh complied, pushing her breasts even further into the air for all to see.

"Perfect!" Professor Jones said. "Hold that pose."

Ashleigh could feel the eyes on her nipples, which were a little extra firm from the excitement of being on display. She looked down over herself and realized a little more of her labia was visible than she realized, but she didn't dare move to cover it.

If this was only the second pose, she dreaded what the next two would be. This one was harder to maintain, and Ashleigh had to focus on her arms to keep herself propped up. It made the time pass faster, because before she knew it, it was time to reposition again.

"This time, Ashleigh, I want you to pull your knees up to your chest."

She obeyed. Her pussy peeked out from between her legs, on full display for any artists in front of her.

"Not quite," Professor Jones said. "Spread your legs apart a bit more. Perfect."

She felt her pussy lips spread open just a little, still clearly exposed to any who looked.

"One more adjustment," Professor Jones said, gently guiding her knee away from her breast. "We want to be able to see as many curves as possible. That's the point of the nudity."

Ashleigh grimaced at the thought. He'd just intentionally made her breast, specifically the breast, more visible. She shivered, knowing that he'd looked at her arms thought about her breast. Her pussy was beginning to get wet, and she hoped no one could notice any glistening. That thought made it get even worse, so Ashleigh tried to stop thinking about her pussy.

Looking around the room this time, she saw that the creepy guy who'd led her here was directly in front of her, with the best unabated view of her exposed sex. She shuddered, but didn't cover up. With her vagina on full display, this pose lasted the longest of the three so far. She was dripping wet by the time fifteen minutes were up.

"For this last one," Professor Jones said, "let's get you face down on there."

Ashleigh stood up to reposition herself. She lay back on the cushion, this time in her stomach, keeping her legs together. This wouldn't be so bad, she thought.

"Okay, now prop yourself up in front, on your elbows."

Ashleigh obliged, seeing that her breasts hung down as she lifted her torso. Her nipples grazed against the cushion as gravity reshaped her chest.

"Good, good," Professor Jones said. "Now if I could just..."

The teacher grabbed her ankles and repositioned her legs, spreading them wide apart. One leg dangled off the cushion while the other bent at the knee, the flat bottom of her foot facing up. And, of course, she thought, leaving her pussy gaping open, a clear view right into the depths of her vagina.

"Hold that pose!"

Ashleigh wanted to scream. She couldn't even see the students who got a view inside her, but she could see the creepy guy now ogling her tits.

One girl looking at her to draw shook her head in pity, and Ashleigh blushed deeper. She wondered how many new shades of embarrassment she'd learned about in this one session.

"And time's up!" Professor Jones said.

As she stood, Ashleigh realized that she had just spent over an hour on display naked for a group of college boys (and a few girls). She bent down to pick up her robe, not even thinking about how that framed her pussy for the lucky few behind her. As if it hadn't had already been framed. She slipped the robe on, jiggling her boobs in the process to get her arms through the sleeves. She closed the front and tied the waistband, and hopefully the worst part of the nightmare was over. She started meekly making her way back towards the curtain. Walking was awkward due to the wetness from her pussy dripping down her thighs as she stood. She doesn't make it two steps before Jason's friend, the one from her punishment the night before, spoke.

"Why don't you come look at our drawings?" he suggested.

Ashleigh froze.

"How about letting our gracious model get dressed first?" Professor Jones said.

"No..." Ashleigh barely breathed. Jason would be upset if she didn't do things the way he wanted. "I'm covered fine like this. I'll take a look."

The professor shrugged, and Ashleigh made her way over to the easel so she could look at naked drawings of herself. The boy was a surprisingly good artist, she had to admit. She recognized herself, and especially the explicit detail of her breasts and pussy in each drawing. He was so good, she might as well still have been nude in front of him. The robe didn't do anything when there were lifelike pictures of her on display all over the place.

"Come see mine, too!" another boy called over. Ashleigh crossed the room sheepishly to his easel, afraid of what she'd find there too. This artist had a clear view between her legs on the last pose, and had seemingly spent all his time on the details of her labia. Ashleigh could barely look at it, or at the boy, knowing that it was her intimate parts on display.

Most of the students had packed up and left by now, leaving only Ashleigh, the professor, Jason's friend, and the creepy guy who'd never once speed staring at her. Ashleigh made her way behind the curtain to put her dress back on.

It was gone. There was nothing behind the curtain.

"Thanks again for volunteering, Ashleigh," Professor Jones called out. "Maybe you can join us again next semester."

She heard the door click, indicating that he was gone. Jason's friend also left. He must have stolen the dress, another part of Jason's inane scheme today.

Ashleigh felt herself quivering. She tried to calm herself down by breathing slowly, in through the nose, out through the mouth. She still had the robe, and she hadn't paid for the dress. It didn't matter. Sure, it would be weird walking back to her dorm in a bathrobe, but it was better than doing it completely naked, which was something she wouldn't put past Jason at this point.

"Need another guide?" the creepy guy came around the curtain, and Ashleigh jumped two feet in surprise.

"Get out!"

The boy didn't budge. "You're so beautiful. I can't believe a girl so perfect would be willing to do this, but I'm not objecting!"

Ashleigh couldn't stand this boy's creepiness anymore. She dashed past him and out the door into the hallway. She stepped into a luckily open elevator door and pressed the button for ground level. As the doors slid closed, she realized her mistake.

She should have taken the stairs. She watched as the digital display counted down the floors. 5. 4. 3.

It stopped. The door began sliding open. Ashleigh pressed herself into the corner and covered herself with her arms. It didn't feel like it made much difference.

A boy got on the elevator and glanced at her, then did a double take back when he realized her state of undress.

"Whoa," he said.

Ashleigh slunk down, trying to melt. How obvious was it that she was naked under this robe? She looked down and saw that her mad dash to the elevator had loosened the belt's grip around her torso, and the robe hung open. If the boy had been at a different angle, he would have been able to see her nipple.

"Fucking hot. Why you covering up those titties?"

College boys were the worst, she thought. Such pigs.

Ashleigh quickly pulled the robe tight again and pulled on the belt. She couldn't risk running again; she had to take her time walking back to her dorm so that the robe didn't shift again. She silently begged the elevator to finish its descent. The countdown continued, and by some stroke of luck the elevator didn't stop on the second floor. When the doors opened in the ground level, Ashleigh pushed her way past the crowd waiting for the elevator hastily.

A bunch of people stared at her as she power-walked past, but all she wanted to do was be home again. She kept going, refusing to meet any strangers' gazes and focusing on her destination. Finally her dorm building came into view. She rounded the last corner and plowed through the doors to her hallway.

Without thinking, she barged into Jason's room.

"You asshole!"

"Oh, hi Ashleigh. What happened to your dress?"

"You know damn well! Your stupid friend stole my dress."

"I didn't tell anyone to steal your dress."

"Well he did anyway."

"I doubt it. Nude art model was plenty for you today. I don't want to push you too fast. Seems like you handled it okay, though."

"If it wasn't your friend, then who?" Ashleigh asked.

Jason shrugged.

"It must have been that creepy guy."

"You walked into an art class naked and there was only one creepy guy?"

Ashleigh laughed, a good old fashioned authentic laugh. She forgot that was possible recently with her plight. "I guess not, you're right."

"Well, like I said, you're done today. You can go back to your room and do whatever you want. No more nudity."

Ashleigh looked down at herself, her robe open again and almost showing off her breasts despite her efforts to walk calmly. She pointedly untied the belt to her robe, letting the front hang completely open and giving Jason a full view of her breasts and pussy, then quickly turned around and darted out of the room, holding the robe closed again.

Somehow, that last little show of exhibitionism for Jason threw her back over the edge, like she was in the classroom. Her pussy was throbbing, aching for attention. Back in her own room, she didn't dress right away. She had some urges of her own to take care of.

**Chapter 5**
Today was the day. There was nothing left to wear but a sheer blouse and tiny skirt. Of course it had to be on a day she has classes, but she has nothing but her own poor foresight to blame for that.

She stood naked in her room, staring at her clothes for the day laid out on a chair for a long while. How in the world was she going to be able to wear a shirt like this without getting in trouble? Her entire breasts and nipples would be clearly visible, barely obscured more than if she just forewent the garment altogether.

But she had no choice. With a sigh, she pulled the clothes on. The sheer white blouse buttoned up the front loosely, allowing some skin to show through the gaps if viewed from the right angle. Not that it mattered, since her nipples were plainly visible through the fabric anyway. The skirt barely came down far enough to cover her pussy. Her lips would be on full display if she moved even an inch the wrong way. And she had to wear this to chemistry class.

She appraised herself in the mirror. There was no hiding under these clothes. It was almost worse than being naked. It was intentionally provocative, drawing the eye to her in a way plain nudity couldn't.

Ashleigh gathered her wits and headed for the door that would turn this from an imagined nightmare to her reality. Her roommate, Stacy, had this class as well and picked up her bag to bring along.

"Looking good, Ash," she said, snickering.

Ashleigh didn't deign to respond. Stacy loved mocking sleigh for her plight, but she has no choice. If she didn't do everything Jason said, she'd be kicked out of school. She readjusted her blouse to try to bunch it up around the nipples, by it was no use.

"Shall we?" Stacy asked, opening the door to the hallway.

Ashleigh stepped outside, her face burning red. She walked close behind Stacy as they went to class, hoping maybe the other girl would shield some view of her.

It seemed every make pair of eyes within visibility was glued to her. She urged Stacy to walk faster, by the girl was dedicated to prolonging Ashleigh's exposure. Ashleigh felt her pussy moistening, less than an inch out of view of the ogling college boys.

Finally they arrived, and Stacy and Ashleigh took seats towards the front of the room. The closer to the front, Ashleigh reasoned, the fewer people could see her front. She kept her legs pressed together, knowing there was still a fairly good view because her skirt was so unreasonably short.

They waited a few minutes for the rest of the students to arrive, and the teacher came in last. He was an old, balding man, exactly the kind you'd expect from a chemistry teacher.

"Breezy out today," he said, conversationally, before getting started.

Ashleigh's heart thumped out of her chest as Stacy slapped her arm.

"Do it," Stacy urged.

Ashleigh was frozen in place. One of Jason's rules for her was that whenever anyone said the word "breeze" or any form of it, Ashleigh had to immediately show that person her pussy.

"I can't," Ashleigh whispered. "Not in front of the class. Not the professor."

"Rules are rules." Stacy had a huge, speed grin on her face.

"No," Ashleigh barely breathed the word. She felt a tear escape her eye and begin rolling down her cheek, but she wiped it away. If she did it, she'd get in trouble with the school and maybe the dean, who had already given her two strikes, but if she didn't, Jason could have the dean expel her.

"At least spread your legs," Stacy said, interrupting Ashleigh's train of thought.

That sounded like a reasonable compromise. She wouldn't stand and show off her pussy in front of the entire class, but she would still be showing it to him, if he happened to look.

Ashleigh slowly parted her legs, revealing her dripping labia. There was a clear view from the front of the room, where the teacher stood, directly below her desk into her vagina.

Mid-sentence, the professor caught a glimpse, stumbled, and babbled a few nonsense words while he caught his composure. Ashleigh didn't budge, and pretended she didn't notice that he was looking.

This old man, probably a grandpa, was staring directly at Ashleigh's exposed pussy in the middle of class. All the muscles in her body ached from the tension, but she held herself completely still.

The professor cleared his throat and went on. Ashleigh kept her legs open for the rest of class, not wanting the professor to think she realized what was going on. His gaze frequently turned towards her sex, and she grew more and more wet the entire lecture. It felt like a year before the professor finally dismissed them.

Ashleigh stood as calmly as she could muster, flattened her skirt, and walked past the professor to exit. He had been so obsessed with her lower half, he hasn't even noticed that her breasts were clearly visible through her shirt. His head turned to follow her as she walked past.

After she escaped the torture of the classroom, Ashleigh went straight back to her dorm, leaving even Stacy behind. The trip was, of course, complete with even more gawking college males fixating on her breasts. She barely noticed somehow.

Back in her room, she went under the covers on her bed, curled up, and tried to forget she was alive. It was no use, as her hand shortly found its way between her legs, and in no time at all she exploded in a powerful orgasm.

Just as she calmed down, the door open and Stacy strode in. And Jason was right behind her.

"Naughty girl," Jason said. "I should have you expelled."

"Jason, please. I couldn't do it in front if the whole class."

"I don't remember adding any such loopholes to the rule. Someone says breeze, and you show your pussy."

"Jason..."

"Like right now! I just said it."

Ashleigh quickly flung her covers aside and spread her legs for the boy. There was juice from her all over the sheets.

He admired her exposed pussy for a few moments. Her skirt was hiked up all the way to her waist, blocking exactly nothing. Jason's eyes focused on her sex, and Ashleigh felt herself heat up from embarrassment.

"Too late, anyway," he said. "I shouldn't have to remind you. That's twice today. The punishment is going to be more severe this time. Follow me."

Ashleigh flattened her skirt again as she stood, pulling it down a little to make sure it covered her private parts. It did little good. She followed Jason into the hallway, then out of the dorm building.

"Where are we going?" Ashleigh asked.

"As part of the punishment, I'll tell you now so you have more time to worry," Jason said.

"No, never mind," Ashleigh quickly recanted.

"We're going to a bookstore. There are a few books I've been meaning to try."

Ashleigh remained quiet. Jason didn't offer any more explanation, but Ashleigh was sure there was more to it than just visiting a bookstore.

She'd been following Jason mostly without thinking, but now in their silence she had time to remember what she was wearing. A short skirt with no panties and a sheer blouse with no bra. Not exactly bookstore attire. She looked nervously around, catching more than a few pairs of eyes glued to her chest as she walked past.

Looking down, she saw that her nipples were clearly visible through the fabric. She reached up to cover herself, but as if he were psychic, Jason looked over and scowled. Ashleigh dropped her arms back to her sides and tried not to think about her breasts. The way they bounced with each step, that task proved difficult.

They walked a bit off campus to the main road, now crowded with random pedestrians rather than random college students. Ashleigh didn't know which crowd was worse.

The bookstore wasn't far. Ashleigh hadn't had time to explore much off campus yet, but the area looked fun. The street was lined with shops and restaurants. She made a note to come back this way under better circumstances.

Jason held the door of the bookstore open for her. It was one of the big chains, with huge sections for each different genre. Once inside, Jason paused and waited for Ashleigh to catch up.

"Here's a list of the three books I want," Jason said. "Find them for me."

Ashleigh took the slip of paper hesitantly. This wasn't the kind of perverse punishment she had been expecting. This was just making up for her "employer's" laziness. This was more along the line of the work she hoped for, rather than being blackmailed into being a slut.

She read the sheet, and didn't recognize any of the titles or authors.

"Where are they?" Ashleigh asked.

"You are tasked with finding that out," Jason said. "Didn't I just say that?"

"But it's your list. You must have an idea."

Jason just smiled and waited. Ashleigh sighed but set off into the bookstore to begin her search.

Luckily, it wasn't very crowded. It was quiet and had that smell of fresh cut paper you could always rely on from a bookstore. Ashleigh walked down one if the aisles, in the self help section, glancing at authors and titles to see if any matched one on Jason's list. He followed behind her, watching but remaining silent as Ashleigh looked around.

This was going to take forever, she thought. She had to ask one of the employees where to find them.

She quickly found a man maybe in his forties with a strap holding his glasses around his neck.

"Excuse me," she said. "I need help finding these books."

The man set his glasses all the way at the tip of his nose and took her proffered note. "Let's see," he said. "I don't know these off hand. Let me look them up for you."

Ashleigh breathed a sigh of relief that he hasn't noticed her chest as she followed him to a computer. The employee information computer was set up right in the middle of the store, in the main aisle with a clear view down the row to the front doors.

He typed a few words, painfully slowly, then perused the page.

"Ah, I see," the man said. Then he didn't speak for a few moments. "The first one is in the mystery section. Why don't you run off and find that while I look up these others?"

Ashleigh was relieved to have an excuse to find a bit of privacy again. She set off for the mystery section, saying the author's name over and over so she wouldn't forget it. Knowing where to look, it didn't take long at all to find the exact book Jason wanted. She plucked it from the shelf.

"One down," Jason said. "Give me your skirt."

Ashleigh's high from completing a bit of her task was crushed.

"What?" she asked. "But what if someone sees me?"

"First of all, do you want to rack up another punishment during the first one?" Jason asked. He waited.

"No," Ashleigh said sheepishly, looking at the floor.

Jason held out his hand. Ashleigh dejectedly pushed the waist of her skirt down over her hips and let it fall to the ground, revealing her bare ass and pussy to the area around her. Luckily no one else was in this aisle, but that wouldn't last long. She had two more books to find.

Jason cleared his throat, then looked at his hand. Ashleigh sighed, then bent over to pick up her skirt from the floor. Her pussy was in display for anyone behind her, and it felt awful and embarrassing even with no one there. She put the skirt in Jason's hand, then looked around nervously.

At the art class, at least she was supposed to be naked. Here, it was taboo, or a crime. She didn't even know, but she knew it wasn't something you did. Yet she was doing it.

"Two more," Jason said.

Ashleigh was frozen. She couldn't go back to the man with the glasses now, but she wouldn't find the two books on her own either. The man even had her list! She didn't even remember the other titles. She gulped as she realized she had to go back to the center, very publicly visible aisle.

She crept back towards the middle if the bookstore, glancing all around as she moved. The place was still mostly empty, so no one stumbled across her, luckily.

"Have you found the other books?" she asked the man with the glasses from around the corner.

"Here it is now. The second one is in the science fiction section."

"And the third?" Ashleigh asked. She'd been gone so long, he had to be done searching.

"I'll look for that now," the man answered, not even glancing away from the screen. She had underestimated how slow this man was with these newfangled machines.

Ashleigh sighed and looked around for the science fiction section. It was near the mystery section, thankfully, so she doubled back to where she'd come from, still distinctly aware that her pussy and ass were completely exposed. Jason followed her with an awful grin permanently affixed to his face.

Ashleigh glanced around the science fiction shelf for a minute, not finding the book she needed right away. She was glancing around frantically, and that wasn't working. She forced herself to calm down and go alphabetically, looking at each one to make sure she didn't miss it.

Jason took a step to the side, but Ashleigh didn't pay attention at first. Then her peripheral vision caught a glimpse of something, a shadow, near Jason. She glanced over and saw someone else had entered their aisle.

He stared at Ashleigh, mouth hanging open. He might as well have had drool sibling down his face. Ashleigh reflexively squeezed her legs together, but turned a deep shade of red. She could feel her face burning.

The newcomer showed no signs of looking away or moving. What a pervert, Ashleigh thought. She tried to ignore him and look fit the book, and finally found it on the bottom shelf. Of course.

She hesitated, glancing back at her ogler before grabbing it. Finally, with a deep breath, she just went for it. She bent over quickly, took the book, and stood back up as quickly as she could.

"Two down!" Jason said. "Now the shirt." He held out his hand.

Ashleigh looked around, trying to find an adjacent aisle with no extra onlookers.

"Right now," Jason said. "I'm really getting tired of you delaying."

Ashleigh undid the buttons on the front of her blouse, facing both Jason and the stranger. Somehow, she knew Jason would object to her turning her back.

She pulled one arm out, revealing her entire right breast to both men. Then she shifted the two books she was carrying to the other hand and finished removing the sheer white fabric. She handed it to Jason, who took it with a smile. Ashleigh was now completely naked in the bookstore, in front of a stranger, whose mouth gaped even wider now.

"Here," Jason said, handing Ashleigh thirty bucks. She took it, turning so only Jason could see her front but giving the other guy a view from the side. "This should cover the three books. Meet me at the front door when you're done."

He turned and left. Ashleigh quickly ran to the end of the aisle in the other direction to get out of view of the perverted onlooker. She crouched down, trying to make herself small, and tried to just focus on breathing.

How in the world did Jason expect her to pay for these books naked? She heard movement from the aisle she'd just left, and took off into another aisle a few over from it. She had to avoid that other guy seeing her again. She had to avoid anyone seeing her, but Jason had made that all but impossible.

Ashleigh debated finding the bathroom and spending the whole day until closing teaching herself how to make clothes out of toilet paper, but even if that worked, Jason would be mad. She had to finish this to appease that blackmailing jerk.

Finally, after regaining her composure, Ashleigh worked her way slowly back to the computer area, where the man with the glasses waited for her.

"Have you found the third book?" she asked, hiding even further in the adjacent aisle than last time.

"Ah yes, in the nonfiction section," he said, looking up at her. He blinked rapidly at the surprise of seeing Ashleigh utterly nude. She cowered back, hiding among the books as the employee struggled to react.

Ashleigh knew the nonfiction section was across the main aisle, so she sucked in her breath and took action. Before the man could scold her, or worse, she ran across the open space and into a new set of aisles. She turned a corner and hid, waiting for someone to chase.

No one came. After a minute, Ashleigh figured she better start looking for the last book, before anyone stumbled on her by accident again. She found it quickly, to her great relief, and pulled it off the shelf.

Now she had to pay for them. That would involve standing still as the cashier rang up all three, then handing cash offer and waiting for change, naked for all to see the whole time. Ashleigh was already having what felt like a heat stroke, with the adrenaline pumping through her veins. She could barely stay still she was so nervous. She paced back and forth, going over her options in her head.

There weren't any. Finally, she peeked out at the main register, which had a little old lady standing behind it, reading a magazine and waiting for customers. Ashleigh was going to give the old woman a heart attack, if she didn't have one herself first. This punishment was way worse than flashing just her pussy. She could feel her heart throbbing in her temple and every other vein. It was time. Do or die.

Finally, Ashleigh made a break for the register. The cashier looked up just as she arrived and dumped the books onto the counter. Ashleigh was shaking visibly, covering her breasts with one arm and standing close enough to the counter to block and view down below.

The old lady behind the counter eyed her disapprovingly. "You are in public, young lady."

"I know," Ashleigh said. It was a fact that was pounding itself against her sanity. She was in public...naked. It was insane.

"I don't know what you think you need to prove, but this isn't the way to do it."

Oh no, Ashleigh thought. The last thing she needed right now was a lecture.

"Please just let me pay for these and leave," Ashleigh said.

"You are a lost soul, girl, but if that's what you want..."

Ashleigh slapped the thirty dollars Jason has given her on the counter. The cashier sighed but grabbed the scanner to start ringing her up. Ashleigh was still trembling violently, and each second the old lady delayed to give Ashleigh an extra scornful look felt like an hour. She silently willed the old hag to just hurry up already, but she seemed intent on taking forever. She put the books in a plastic bag, then put the cash in the register. She began counting out singles and coins for change, and Ashleigh tapped her foot impatiently, swaying back and forth to try to get her mind on anything else but her predicament.

Finally, with change in one hand and a bag of books in the other, the transaction was complete. Ashleigh hurried to the nearby front door, where she didn't see Jason.

"Please leave," the cashier said. "Don't come back until you've learned to control yourself."

Ashleigh's face burned as she looked dejectedly at the front door. She couldn't go out there. The bookstore was one thing, with only a few customers and lots of aisles to hide in, but outside it was just a sidewalk and a wide open street. Then she saw Jason standing out there, looking inside and smiling. He motioned for her to exit. Ashleigh couldn't believe he expected her to go outside nude.

But she didn't have a choice. Jason held up her clothes. Ashleigh positioned the bag in front of her exposed labia and crossed her other arm over her breasts, then pushed through the front door of the store.

"Well done," Jason said. "Here, get dressed."

Ashleigh swapped the bag for her clothes greedily, barely even taking time to look around her. She turned her back to the street and pulled her skirt on first to hide her ass. Then she put on her blouse, still see-through but world better than having nothing, and buttoned it all the way up. When she turned to face Jason again, she saw the sidewalk was mostly empty, although she had a few gawkers. Luckily it wasn't a high traffic time of day, but she was still mortified.

"Punishment over," Jason said. "You did well enough. Hopefully, next time someone says breeze you won't think twice."

Ashleigh pulled her skirt bottom up to her waist to expose her pussy to Jason, and the others walking past him. She still trembled at the thought that someone would see her, but no one looked this time. No one but Jason.

"Very good," he said. "You're learning. You can stop."

Ashleigh immediately lowered her skirt back into its proper position and flattened it out so it didn't look off. They walked back to campus together, a thankfully uneventful proceeding. Ashleigh went back to her dorm room, last on her bed on top of the covers, and stared up at the ceiling.

This had to end soon. How much of this was her debt to Jason really worth? She couldn't believe what she'd done today, and didn't want to think about what would come next.

**Chapter 6**
Ashleigh woke up Friday morning owning exactly no clean clothes from Jason's dress code. She realized this as she stood, naked, in her dorm room looking at the pile of laundry she'd been putting off. Stacy, her roommate, must have already awoken and left. That was probably for the best. Although Ashleigh had grown to not care about her roommate seeing her naked (how could she, after all?), she still didn't want to deal with questions if she didn't have to.

She decided that her classes that day weren't important. She has enough snacks to subsist for one day without leaving her room, and she would do laundry late that night when everyone was either asleep or gone home for the weekend.

Somehow, the inevitability that she would have to do laundry naked didn't faze her. Well, maybe a little, but after her ordeal at the bookstore the day before, this seemed innocent. Ashleigh flopped back into her bed, still completely undressed, and studied for the class she was skipping today.

It wasn't long before her day was ruined.

The door to her dorm unlocked and opened, and Jason entered.

"Get dressed," he said.

Ashleigh winced. "I can't," she answered, reflexively closing her legs even though she was face down on the bed facing the door. Her cleavage was visible, but her nipples were hidden against the fabric of the bed.

"Why not? You want to come along naked?"

"All my clothes are dirty," Ashleigh said.

Jason laughed. "And here I am trying to buy you more. That's ironic."

Ashleigh didn't answer. She found that the fewer questions she asked, the better. Any hint of what's coming from Jason usually had her too nervous to function.

"Ok, tell you what. You tell me your measurements and I'll pick out some clothes for you. You do the laundry while I'm gone so you have something to wear tonight."

"But if you're buying clothes..." Ashleigh said. She really didn't want to have to do laundry naked midday.

"Different clothes," Jason said. "I'll be buying some risque bras and panties today, but you still need normal clothes to go over them."

"But I thought I'm not allowed to wear those," Ashleigh said.

"I've thought of an exception. I need to hurry though, so I'm back on time. Give me your measurements."

Ashleigh told him, then he reminded her that she had to do the laundry while he was out and left the room. Ashleigh looked at her pile of dirty clothes, then at herself, and sighed.

One load of laundry meant three trips to the laundry room: one to load the washer, one to move the clothes to the dryer, and one to retrieve the clean clothes. Add to that the that she'd never used these machines before and she didn't know how long the cycles lasted, she might be at risk of discovery for a while.

Ashleigh gathered her clothes in her arms to get started, then had an idea. She dropped her clothes again into a heap and grabbed a towel to wrap around herself first. She felt embarrassed that she hadn't considered this earlier. Somehow, Jason's blackmail has led her to irrationally just accept that she would be naked in public, even with an alternative. She shuddered at the thought.

She tested the towel to make sure it was secure around her and wouldn't fall, then gathered her clothes back up and headed for the laundry room.

Of course, the hallway was occupied. The boys who saw her whistled, but she ignored them. They couldn't see anything she wouldn't show in a bathing suit.

She loaded the washer and started the cycle, a thankfully uneventful process. She turned to go back to her dorm, then almost jumped out of her skin when she saw Stacy standing in the doorway.

"Don't you think that Jason would prefer if you washed the towel too?" she asked.

Ashleigh stared at her roommate expressionlessly, then pulled her towel off and held it in one outstretched hand.

"Happy?" she asked, lifting the top of her washing machine and thrusting the towel in.

"Actually, yes," Stacy answered, turning to lead the way back to their room.

Ashleigh followed, completely naked as usual. No one saw her in the hallway this time, but she knew it was just a matter of time. With two more trips to the laundry room, there would be no way she'd be lucky enough that no one would be in the hallway for any of it, not to mention other people in the laundry room itself. She glanced at the clock and mentally added forty minutes, then collapsed onto her bed to endure the wait.

She was almost desensitized, and that terrified her. At least she was only naked in her dorm building, she thought. That way, only people who already thought she was a slut would see her acting like a slut.

So when it was time to move the laundry to the dryer, she didn't even hesitate before throwing her dorm room door open and parading to the laundry room. Then a pair of guys saw her, and she saw their jaws drop from surprise. She reflexively tried to cover up, one hand on her breasts and the other over her pussy. She scampered embarrassedly past the onlookers, and both turned to stare at her ass as she hurried away.

The laundry room was thankfully abandoned. She leaned against the wall for a few moments to catch her breath before moving her wet clothes to the dryer. The boys were gone on her trip back.

So she was wrong, she thought. She wasn't as desensitized as she thought. She wondered whether that was a good thing. Maybe everything would be easier if she were, but then would she really be the slut she appeared to be from these adventures? Her sense of modesty was the only thing she had left. If she embraced anything about this, then Jason had won. If for no other reason, she couldn't let that happen. Plus, based on that last trip to the laundry room, it didn't matter what she thought, because as soon as she was exposed again, she'd revert back to her base embarrassment.

Jason returned before the dryer's timer was up, holding three or four different bags of new clothes for Ashleigh.

"Pick out your favorite from these," he said, dropping them all on the bed. "Then we'll go."

"The laundry is still drying," Ashleigh said. "I have to go get it...now actually."

"You've been going to do your laundry naked?"

Ashleigh nodded.

"Not that I disapprove, but you didn't have to do that. I think today's going to be stressful enough for you. I'll go get your laundry. You pick out your bra, panties, and shoes for when we go out."

Ashleigh was dumbfounded. She wasn't sure which was worse, the fact that she'd needlessly let multiple people see her nude, or the fact that whatever she was going to have to do later was bad enough that Jason was being nice to her. That thought alone had her knees shaking.

She dumped the contents of the bags onto her bed so it would be easier to sort through it. Some bras were sheer, and even the ones that weren't would cover barely more than her nipples. They clearly weren't designed for support. There was also a pair or two of sheer panties, and even one with the crotch cut out. Some were little more than string with a tiny patch of cloth that might, at the right angle, actually cover something.

Then there were the platform heels. He'd bought three pairs of heels that would make her six inches taller, or more. They were completely impractical.

She'd just about finished picking through them and choosing her attire for the night when Jason returned with her normal clothes. Well, relatively more normal, at least.

"These are all like stripper clothes," Ashleigh said.

"You're right," Jason said.

Ashleigh's heart stopped when she realized the implication.

"No!" she cried.

"Don't worry," Jason said. "It's only an audition today. Think of it like a job interview."

"So if I do badly enough, I won't need to do it ever again?"

"I won't be happy if you don't get the job," Jason said. "I got you this great opportunity. If you squander it, there will be a punishment, and I promise that you will not like that one bit."

Ashleigh gulped, but dutifully started dressing in her stripper clothes. She was shaking the whole time in the terrifying anticipation of taking off her clothes on purpose in front of strangers for the express purpose of their sexual arousal. Hopefully it was a place where she could keep some clothing on and just wiggle around suggestively, but somehow she doubted she'd be that lucky.

Finally, she looked in the mirror to see her almost irrelevant bra's straps clearly visible under her loose shirt. She wore the tiniest skirt Jason had bought her, with panties that covered maybe a square inch of her crotch, if she was lucky. And she was half a foot taller than normal, which she had to admit really made her legs stand out. From the thighs down, she felt as sexy as ever. Unfortunately, the rest of her attire made her look just like a stereotypical stripper. She supposed it was appropriate, but she still felt almost defiled.

"Great!" Jason said, patting her on the shoulder. "Let's get going then. It's too far to walk, and not close enough to any train stations. We're going to have to drive."

"And how will I...commute...if I get the job?" Ashleigh asked, risking a bit of hope that she'd found a loophole.

"No worries," Jason said. "I have no problem acting as chauffeur for this particular endeavor. I don't think I could tire of this."

"The show, or my shaking?"

"Both."

They got in Jason's car and drove almost thirty minutes. Ashleigh sat in utter silence, barely able to breathe because of her anxiety. Jason didn't even need a GPS for directions; he'd clearly visited this establishment before. Ashleigh wondered just how long he'd been planning this.

Finally, or rather, dreadfully, they arrived at a windowless gray building only marked by a single sign: Go-Go Girls. At least it was classy, Ashleigh thought sarcastically. Jason parked and got out of the car, but Ashleigh didn't budge an inch.

Jason walked around the car and knocked on the window with one finger. "Come on, they have to finish the auditions before opening."

Ashleigh breathed deeply as Jason opened her door. She slowly, deliberately, unbuckled her seat belt, then took Jason's outstretched hand to help her stand. He led the way up a short flight of stairs to a small landing and the door that led to her doom.

"Hey Jay," a big man behind a small counter in the foyer said. "This Ashleigh? Come on in."

Ashleigh wanted to ask how the doorman knew him, and her, by name, but she found herself left unable to speak through her nerves. She silently followed Jason through a pair of saloon-style swinging doors and into the strip club proper.

She froze, immediately overwhelmed. She didn't know where to look first. The lighting was bright, giving her a great view of the various horrors the room had to offer. The outside edge of the room was set up like a bar, with all the seats facing the middle. Inside the bar were more seats, also facing the middle but much closer. In the middle of the room was a long stage, high enough that no one in the room could possibly not see it. The stage had a stereotypical stripper pole at either end. The inner chairs were right up against the stage, and Ashleigh could already see why.

Three of the chairs were occupied by middle aged men. On stage, a stark naked woman was lying on her back right in front of one of the men, reaching down with her hands and spreading her pussy.

"Don't worry," Jason said. "The lights are only this bright for auditions and stuff. During normal performances they're a lot dimmer."

"Uhh..." Ashleigh barely managed to eke out.

"Also, not all girls get quite so...personal as this, although I have to admit it would help your chances. The ones who show more, and even let the guys touch them, make more money for both themselves and the club."

"We're just finishing up here," one of the men sitting by the stage said. "Then you can come on up."

Take your time, Ashleigh thought, but she was unable to coordinate her lungs and vocal cords well enough to voice more than a small snort. Jason laughed, but Ashleigh stood motionless, her gaze fixated on the girl on stage. She was now rubbing her pussy and lifting her pelvis off the stage to put her genitals right in the face of the man who'd spoken.

"Ok, I think that's all I need to see," the man said, smiling at his own joke. "Feel free to head down to the dressing room, right over there."

The girl picked up her clothes from scattered positions all over the stage, still naked, and walked out of the enclosed bar area to a door on the outer edge of the room that the man had indicated.

"Ashleigh, is it?" the man asked, looking over to her.

Somehow, she managed to nod, and Jason's hand on her back urging her forward helped her take the first step. She found a gap in the bar and entered.

"Make your way onto the stage, please," the man directed.

Ashleigh was barely even able to look at him, and didn't even risk glancing at the other two. She took the same few steps up to the stage that the last girl had used to leave the stage, went to the middle right in front of the man who was speaking, and stood there waiting for more instructions.

"Nervous?"

Ashleigh nodded.

"Well, best to take the plunge quickly then," the man said. "I'm Rob. I'm the manager. These two with me are here to protect the girls. You get into any trouble, you yell for one of them, the guy giving you trouble gets a boot up his ass and is never allowed back."

"Ok," Ashleigh said, surprised she'd been able to even breathe.

"So why don't you get naked and show us what you got?" Rob asked.

Ashleigh took a deep breath, taking one last look around the room. That's when she noticed the mirrors, along one entire wall, opposite the three men. She'd be able to see everything she was doing, herself in all her glory up on stage in front of complete strangers. Why were there mirrors? She gulped, but it was time.

"Sensual!" Jason yelled from his corner.

Ashleigh had to do it. She had to focus on right now, and not on how full the club could be. There were only four guys here, and one of them had seen her naked enough times that he barely counted. She had been naked in front of more people than this at the art class. She could do it.

Slowly, unsure at first, Ashleigh rubbed her hands over her legs. Her skirt barely came down past her pussy, so her thighs were on full view all along. After a few seconds of that, which felt like an hour, she quickly pulled her skirt down, like ripping off a band aid. She kicked it away, then pulled her shirt over her head just the same.

"Slower," Rob said. "It probably feels like it's taking a long time up there, but the guys like to be teased. You're doing great."

Ashleigh nodded, then spun around to get a look at herself in the mirror. She was wearing a barely-there bra and panties, and realized that, facing away from the men, she was giving them a full view of her essentially bare ass. The string was so small between her ass cheeks that it might as well not have even been there. That was the point, after all. She found herself swiveling her hips, to wave her ass in the men's faces, almost without even realizing she was doing it. If she stopped, it would look bad, so she kept going, getting lower and lower as she backed up closer to Rob, giving him a closeup of her firm butt.

She wasn't facing him, so she couldn't tell if he approved. But now she was committed. She had to go through with the whole thing. Somehow, the utter ridiculousness of her situation had faded into the background of her mind. She stood up and turned around, cupping her hands over her bra and taking a few steps sensually backwards. She feigned pulling her bra off, but simply removed her hands to reveal the cloth beneath. She felt a smile cross her face, against all odds, and resisted the urge to suppress it. Instead, she reached behind her back to grab the string that was tied behind. She pulled, undoing the knot and letting the string fall to her sides. The cloth still covered her breasts, but hung loosely.

Then, she got down on her knees, leaning ever so slightly forward to let the cloth barely slip away from her breasts. She rocked forward and back, a little bit more each time, letting the bra reveal more and more with each repetition. Finally, she pulled it over her head and left her arms up, showing off her completely exposed tits to the manager and his two lackeys. They nodded approvingly, as Ashleigh climbed back to her feet. She turned around fully, to face them again, showing off her body with a cute twirl. Her nipples were hard as rocks from the excitement and embarrassment. She glanced over at Jason for encouragement, and he just gave her a slanted smirk.

Ashleigh danced around on stage topless for a few minutes, going to Rob primarily but spending a little time venturing to the men to either side. She wasn't sure how far to go, so she didn't get too close to them and mostly just wiggled her body back and forth for their amusement.

Finally, it had been long enough, and she knew the last bit had to come off. How had she gotten to this point, she wondered. How could she even be contemplating taking her panties off on stage?

But here she was. She turned around, shoving her ass in Rob's face again, and pulled her panties down to her ankles before she had time to rethink her resolve.

She almost collapsed from an overwhelming wave of embarrassment, but she steadied her knees and stood back up. If they got a view of her pussy, it was only brief, and now she was facing away from them. She swayed back and forth a bit, still facing away, too afraid to turn around. She made her way to one of the poles, but realized that she had no idea what to do with it once she was there, so she just walked around it slowly, facing the men sidelong briefly before strutting back to her past position.

There was one last thing to do, she knew. Jason was still watching, and somehow his expression gave her the confidence she needed to finish her ad hoc act. Or, maybe, it was the threat of what would happen if she didn't culminate her performance.

Finally, Ashleigh spread her legs, still facing away from Rob and his cohorts, and bent all the way down, looking at them upside down between her legs. Her pussy was definitely on full display in this position, and her breasts hung awkwardly, also visible. She stayed that way for a moment, then stood and turned around as confidently as she could muster. She stood there, her legs together but the cleft of her pussy still visible as the men looked up from their seats to her on the stage.

"Ok, great job," Rob said. "If you want to collect your clothes and make your way to the dressing room, I'll meet you in there and we can go over everything."

Ashleigh flushed. They barely even acknowledged how difficult that was for her. She crossed her legs briefly, but then quickly had to move to gather her clothes from around the stage. She did her best to cover herself as she did so, and rushed down the steps and into the dressing room to get out of their field of vision. The girl from before her was in there, dressed and waiting.

Ashleigh started putting on her panties, when the door already opened, and the three audience members plus Jason came in.

"I thought this was the women's room!" Ashleigh said.

"That concept has a little different meaning at a strip club," Rob laughed. "The male customers can't come in here, though, just employees. Not like you have much to hide, you know, anyway."

Ashleigh covered her breasts with her arm against logic as she finished pulling up her panties with one hand. She knew how ludicrous she looked, but after she'd fled the stage, whatever confidence she'd conjured had vanished into thin air. She'd never be able to do anything like that again, she just knew it. How she'd even done it once was beyond her.

Once her panties were up, she turned her back to start putting her bra on. Only halfway through that process did she realize this room was even more full of mirrors than the last, and everyone could see whatever they wanted via mirror even with her back turned. She flushed again, but finished tying the bra behind her back as fast as possible.

"Good news is, you're both hired," Rob said. "You can start tonight."

"Uh..." Ashleigh said. "I'm busy tonight?"

"You are?" Jason asked.

"Yeah," Ashleigh lied. But there was no way she was doing this again.

"Tomorrow, then," Rob said. "Be here at four. It starts slow, but it picks up around nine or ten."

"Uh..." Ashleigh repeated.

"She'll be here tomorrow, then," Jason said. "Right, Ashleigh?"

"I...guess so," Ashleigh sighed.

"I can work tonight," the other girl said. How could she do it, Ashleigh wondered. How could that girl be so confident that she could spread her pussy, which Ashleigh couldn't even bring herself to do even in her brief moment of confidence. And now she was excited to start work, stripping. Ashleigh wasn't cut out for this, but she wasn't given a choice.

Once they got back to the car, Jason glanced over at her. "You're not busy tonight, are you?" he asked.

"No," Ashleigh admitted. "But I couldn't imagine doing that again."

"Well, gear up, because with a real audience it's going to be even better. I guess it works out, though, because now we can spend the night figuring out your stripper name."

"Stripper name?" Ashleigh asked, horrified.

"Yeah. You wouldn't want them to know your real name, would you?"

"Oh, no, I guess not," Ashleigh said. "This is really happening, isn't it?"

"Tomorrow night, you're going to be on stage having men give you dollar bills for showing your tits and pussy," Jason said. "It's for real. And tomorrow is their busiest day."

Ashleigh leaned her car seat back as far as it would go as Jason pulled out of the parking lot. She closed her eyes and felt a tear form at the corner of her eye, then roll down the side of her face into her ear.

**Chapter 7**
Ashleigh's eyes swung wide open as she bolted upright in her bed, sweating and breathing heavy. She wanted to say it was a nightmare, but really it was more like a portent. Waking from a normal nightmare was a relief; it wasn't real and you could go on with your life. But today, Ashleigh was furious that her dream about dancing on stage in front of throngs of people wasn't real life, because that meant she'd have to do it all over again tonight.

She glanced at the window, and saw that the sun was just coming out for the day. She had to shower to clear her mind and freshen up after waking in a cold sweat. She gathered her shampoo and other accessories, then her towel. She didn't have to take any clothes off since she'd taken to sleeping nude.

That was Jason's doing. She'd never even considered it before, but with the restrictions he'd placed on her dress, she barely had any other choice. As it turned out, sleeping that way was actually really comfortable. Was that the only good thing that had come from Jason's blackmail? Ashleigh wasn't really sure. Certainly stripping on stage tonight wouldn't qualify.

With a sigh, Ashleigh wrapped her towel around herself and made her way to the second floor showers, in the girls' bathroom this time. The setup was the same, though, and she had since been desensitized. If only one stranger, and a girl at that, saw her naked on a given day, it was a miracle.

No one else was around, so Ashleigh dropped her towel as soon as she was in the shower area. She hung it up on a hook near her stall. She pulled the curtain shut behind her, but didn't obsess over the inevitable gap it left, allowing anyone in the room to sneak a peek. Although she was used to it, she still thought whoever was responsible was a pervert.

She lathered up and began rubbing her hands all over her body to clean it. She lingered a moment extra on her breasts. The soapy, soft, puffy nipples felt amazing under her fingers. Before long and without realizing, one hand had wandered down to her pussy. As soon as it made contact, she shuddered in pleasure.

She shouldn't be doing this, she thought for a fraction of a second before ignoring her initial instinct. She needed this, to relax and have something else to focus her mind on, at least for a little while.

Ashleigh gave in, and began stroking her pussy furiously. She thrust one, then two, fingers inside herself. She leaned against the wall for balance, then lifted one leg high to spread her pussy wide open to ease her own access. Her other hand, which had been kneading her breast all along, soon joined the first. One was penetrating her while the other traced circles around her clit, coming ever closer with each revolution.

Finally, she made contact, and the orgasm was instant. She moaned loudly as her fingers pumped into her pussy faster than ever. Her body thrashed involuntarily, but she kept pressure on her clit and kept pounding. Another orgasm came in the middle of the first, catching her completely by surprise. She moaned again, louder this time, loud enough for the whole bathroom to hear. Over and over her hips thrusted themselves, until finally it was over.

Ashleigh opened her eyes to see some shocked girl, standing fully dressed but equipped with the essentials for a shower, staring wide-eyed at her through the gap in the curtain.

"Highly recommended," Ashleigh said.

The girl was still frozen in place. Ashleigh started laughing. She'd just been caught masturbating in the shower, and she was the one trying to ease the embarrassment of the other girl. She must have looked insane, laughing this hard after that display, and that thought only made her laugh even harder. Before long, tears were streaming down her face from laughter, and she was doubled over.

Finally, Ashleigh recomposed herself, rinsed the rest of the soap off, and left her stall. The other girl had somehow mustered the courage to undress and begin her own shower during Ashleigh's fit of hysterics.

Instead of grabbing her towel, Ashleigh had another idea. She flung open the other girl's curtain and stood, fully naked, staring at the other girl's similarly exposed body. She had red hair, and the pubes to match, trimmed neatly. Her pussy lips were shaven clean, a nice tight pair that came together into a perfect line. Her breasts were small but perky, with pointy pink nipples. She screamed.

"What's your name?" Ashleigh asked.

"Get out, you crazy bitch!" the girl shrieked.

"We've already seen everything there is to see," Ashleigh said, although her gaze still lingered on the girl's pussy, occasionally risking a trip to her breasts. She had no idea what she was doing, but at this point she was utterly past acting rationally. It probably stemmed from her upcoming ordeal tonight. "What is your name?"

"Katie," the girl said. "Now go away."

"Katie," Ashleigh said. "I'll remember that."

She backed away, and Katie pulled her curtain closed again. Ashleigh quickly dried off and went back to her room, where she lay naked on her bed and went over her shower trip again in her head.

Before long, her hand was on her pussy again. She stroked it gently at first, slowly working her way back up. She began moaning softly at the pleasure, amplified by thinking about that insane display she'd just put on.

"You realize I'm right here, don't you?" Stacy asked. "You're out of your mind."

"Did Jason tell you what I have to do tonight?" Ashleigh asked without stopping.

"I'm trying to stay out of that. Got way past what I'm comfortable with, like this."

"I have to be a stripper. At a club."

"I see you're taking it in stride. You look like a natural," Stacy said.

Ashleigh stopped her show and sat up on her bed to look at her roommate. She was fully aware that her boobs were on full display to the girl, but somehow that didn't faze her. "What happened to me?"

"Jason," Stacy said. "That kid has latched onto you something fierce."

"Hmm..." Ashleigh said, flopping back to the bed. She had a lot of thinking to do while she waited for her blackmailer to arrive to escort her to her doom.

Against all logic, the hours passed quickly. Maybe she'd fallen asleep, or maybe her contemplation had really been that engaging. Either way, her door opened and Jason entered.

"You still aren't dressed?" he asked. "Wear normal street clothes. You can change into stripper clothes there."

Ashleigh found herself dressing automatically, not even nervous about what was upcoming. Jason asked Stacy if she wanted to join, but she declined. At last, Ashleigh and Jason were in his car on their way to her first night as a stripper. On stage. In front of anyone who wanted to see.

During the drive, Jason described how various things worked, like how eager patrons could request private dances or VIP room time with one of the strippers. He also gave her some tips for her stage time and even ideas on how to attract people wanting private dances, which she couldn't fathom using. She didn't care how Jason knew so much about this stuff. It didn't matter anyway; she had to go through with it no matter what.

She took in the information he offered silently. Tonight, she was trying to convince herself, she was not Ashleigh, but Madison, the stripper. Madison, she'd decided, was confident and playful. Right. That would work. She sighed, and recognized that the Go Go Girls club would be just ahead on the right. The moment of her demise was imminent.

"I changed my mind," Ashleigh said.

"You have to do it," Jason said.

"I don't mean that," Ashleigh clarified. "I meant about my name. I don't want to be Madison."

"What then?"

"Phoenix," she said. It sounded better in her head before she said it out loud. The real Ashleigh was going to die, but a new one, who did things like be a stripper, would rise from the ashes.

"Fine," Jason said. "There's still time to change it. It's not terribly official anyway."

Jason parked the car, and Ashleigh popped quickly out of her seat and grabbed the bag with her stripper attire.

It was a few minutes after four, so technically the club was already open. The lot was still mostly empty, although there was a lone guy going up the steps to the entrance. Ashleigh followed him up, as Jason jogged a few steps to catch up to her.

"You one of the new girls?" the doorman asked.

"Yep!" She tried to sound excited.

"What's your name, beautiful?" he asked.

"Phoenix."

"Well, Phoenix, if any of those suckers in there give you any trouble, just let me know. They'll regret it in a hurry."

Ashleigh forced a smile and pushed through the saloon doors into the main room. The first thing she noticed was that it was really a lot darker in here than during her audition. The lighting seemed to be mostly ultraviolet, and it was actually kind of hard to see. The lighting color changed after a few seconds to red, where it was a little easier to make out details, but still not easy.

There were maybe five guys in the audience, and none in the inner ring of seats. Those were for closeup interaction,Jason had explained, but at a cost. The guys there were expected to tip girls for the privilege.

The girl on stage now was still clothed. Not according to common decency,of course, but at least compared to being literally nude, which was inevitable.

Ashleigh wound her way around the bar to the dressing room. Upon entry, she saw two other girls, one topless and the other covered, but barely.

"Fresh meat," one said excitedly, the one who was "clothed". Her exposed boobs wiggled as she talked.

What would a confident girl like Phoenix say to that, Ashleigh thought. Instead of having a witty retort, though, she just floundered until the other girl said something else.

"Don't worry," she said. "Everyone is nervous on her first day. But you get over it quick, and then it's fun. What's your name?"

"Uh..." Ashleigh's mind was blank for a second. "Phoenix."

"A bold choice. It's memorable, and you're pretty, so don't be surprised if you're called for lots of private dances. Not that that's a bad thing. I'm Krystal. Get changed and then follow me. I'm on stage next, so you can watch and learn, and hopefully get over some of those nerves. You're after me, according to the schedule. You're just on here as 'new girl'."

"Th-thanks," Ashleigh stammered. She found a stool to put her bag on, and set it down. Krystal grabbed a bra and set to putting it on, and Ashleigh started rummaging through her bag to find what she chose to wear. It was a thin bra, with a very thin see through shawl to go over it, and a lacy pair of panties.

She hesitated for a moment, but just a moment, when it was time to remove her street clothes. Phoenix wouldn't hesitate, so Ashleigh cleared her mind and just went for it, stripping off all her clothes and standing in this dressing room with two other girls completely nude. But they were strippers, so they had probably seen enough naked women that they wouldn't even bother looking at her.

"Great tits, hon," Krystal said. "And you have a great pussy. Nice and neat. The guys are gonna be all over you. Don't get the other girls too jealous; they're not all as nice as me."

Ashleigh flushed, but tried not to show it. These compliments actually made her feel really good. Still, she hastened to get some clothes on quickly to cover up.

The dressing room door swung open, and Ashleigh reflexively spun around to see who it was. A man stood there, maybe one of the ones who'd been at her audition yesterday. Still, she had no panties on yet and had just turned to show off her pussy.

"Two minutes, Krystal," he said, and left.

Ashleigh pulled on her panties and followed Krystal out to the main room. Now the girl on stage was naked, and Ashleigh immediately got a glimpse of pussy as she swung around a pole with her legs spread.

She watched from the relative safety of standing right next to the dressing room, so she could disappear in there if the need arose. Krystal had other ideas, though, and grabbed her arm to lead her through the crowd.

"We do dollar dances here," she said. "Other clubs I've been to don't, but it's really great. If someone won't commit to twenty bucks for a lap dance, you can still usually get something out of them. Watch."

With all the confidence in the world, Krystal approached a man seated in one of the swiveling bar stools. She put her one hand on his shoulder and leaned really close.

"Dollar dance?" she asked.

"Sure!" the guy said eagerly. It was that simple.

Then, Krystal had her boobs out and was grinding on the guy, running her mound on his pelvis. He reached up and grabbed her tits, and Krystal threw her head back like she was in the throes of passion. Then she stopped and grabbed her boobs, holding them out expectantly. The guy shoved two dollar bills in her cleavage, and she squeezed her breasts together to take them.

"So there you have it," she said to Ashleigh once they were out of the guy's earshot. "All acting. Let's go meet the DJ."

"And that was Scarlet," a voice boomed through the room from overhead speakers. "For dances with Scarlet, see me at the DJ booth. Next up is Krystal. Krystal to the stage please."

"Already?" she cursed. "Phoenix, do some dollar dances and pay attention to me. I'll introduce you to Big G after your turn." Krystal hurried off, leaving Ashleigh alone. The girl on stage already finished collecting her money and clothes off the floor and waited for Krystal to get on stage before leaving.

Ashleigh looked around, overwhelmed. She saw Jason seated at the other end of the room, and automatically found herself heading towards him. Who would have thought that he'd be her safety net? Maybe he'd be her first dollar dance to help her work through her nerves.

"Dollar dance?" she asked.

"Do you want me to answer as myself or as a patron?"

"Just say yes," Ashleigh said.

"You convinced me," Jason said with a smile.

Only then did Ashleigh realize that, through all he'd made her do, they'd still never really touched in any sexual way. That was about to end. Ashleigh hesitated again, then hated herself for it. She'd already decided that she would embrace this night. Now was time to prove it.

Ashleigh straddled one of Jason's legs, rubbing her crotch on his thigh. She leaned forward, shoving her breasts, still covered by her bra, right in his face. He reached around her back and pulled her in, and somehow she welcomed it.

She maneuvered the stool around on its swivel so she could watch Krystal on stage. She hadn't taken anything off yet. Shifts on stage were twenty minutes each, and the trick was to keep interest the whole time. Jason had said the best way was the rule of sevens. Seven minutes clothed, seven topless, and seven naked. The math wasn't perfect, but no one was counting.

Ashleigh leaned back and pulled out her tits from her bra, holding them out for Jason to put in some cash. He obliged,commenting, "Learning some tricks already?"

"Thanks, hon," Ashleigh said, dismissing his comment and covering her breasts back up. She moved on to find the next guy willing to give her a dollar for thirty seconds of contact.

She picked a guy sitting by himself, a little older than her but not too old. She supposed that she'd have to get less picky as the night progressed, but for now he would do.

"Dollar dance?" she asked.

"Fuck yeah," the guy said. "I was hoping you'd come over."

Ashleigh straddled him like she had Jason. He gripped her hips and moved with her, almost forcing her to grind on his thigh, although she would have anyway. She leaned forward and hugged him to press her chest into him. She could already see this becoming a routine, which was actually a relief. The less thinking about what she was doing the better.

She leaned back and held her breasts ready to accept a dollar bill, still in the bra this time. Jason was one thing, but this stranger hadn't seen her tits before.

"What, no tits?" he objected. "That guy got them."

"You want to see them?" Ashleigh asked, surprised at his bluntness. Luckily, it came out sounding like she was teasing him rather than abjectly clueless.

His nod and smile told her he actually found her attractive. She felt good about herself, despite the obvious objectification. Ashleigh pulled the cloth of her bra aside to let her breasts hang out. Her puffy nipples were getting a little hard from excitement and nerves. This was her first real stripper act with a stranger, of surely many more to come.

The guy put three dollars in her cleavage, making sure to let his hands linger after, and even boldly going out of his way to graze her nipple.

"Can I get a dance?" he asked.

Ashleigh panicked. "I'm on stage next," she said.

"What's your name, then, baby? I can wait."

"Phoenix," Ashleigh said. "I'll see you later then."

He gave her a broad smile, then got up to move to the inner ring of seats, closer to the stage. She wondered if that was just to get a better view of her. Krystal saw him move, and sauntered over to give him a closer show. She was topless by now.

Ashleigh made her way around the bar, finding two more men who agreed to her dances. Neither was as bold or touchy as the last, which was fine by her. She had eight dollars now for just a few minutes' work. She sat at a vacant stool to watch the rest of Krystal's set, just in time to see her take off her panties.

Ashleigh couldn't decide whether the remaining minutes felt like hours or seconds. On the one hand, every time she caught a glimpse of Krystal's pussy, she shuddered to think that hers would be in the same position very soon. On the other hand, if she could be so bold, she knew that she had a much more attractive pussy than Krystal. Krystal's was dark and her inner labia hung sloppily out. Ashleigh's was nice and pink and neat, with what she considered to be just the right amount of bulging mound. It was weird, sitting there thinking about how great her pussy was. Maybe she had been missing out on this opportunity to expose herself like this all along.

"Krystal, everybody!" the DJ announced. Ashleigh's heart jumped into her throat, because she knew exactly what was coming next. She stood up in anticipation even before he made the announcement.

She braced herself.

"Next up, a new girl to the club. Give it up for Phoenix!"

Ashleigh took a step towards the stairs that led towards the stage. She felt like she'd never walked before. Another awkward stride followed. At least Jason had gotten them to change her name. Before she knew it, she was standing at the base of the steps, looking up at a completely naked Krystal, who was waiting at the top for Ashleigh to climb up first. That was one of the rules. There always had to be a girl on stage, so if your replacement was late, you had to fill the time.

As she took the first step up, Ashleigh noticed Krystal's pussy again, which gave her a burst of confidence. She was better looking than Krystal. She could do this.

Once on stage, her performance began immediately. There were three men scattered around the inner ring, with maybe ten more viewing from afar. The club would be packed later, she was told, but at least for her first dance it wouldn't be too bad.

She swayed her hips seductively as she sashayed across the stage. She was supposed to make sure to pay attention to the guys who sat up close for extra tips, but also balance that with general sexiness for the larger audience to keep the crowd. She decided not to get too up close and personal right off the bat. She swung around one of the poles to show off her body from all angles.

She knew that the bottoms of her ample butt cheeks hung out in these scant panties, and saw one of the guys staring at her backside. He must have liked it. She shook her ass just for him, then strode back to the other end of the stage.

All eyes in the room followed her. She wasn't used to such blatant staring. Even in her previous exposures, a lot of times people would avert their eyes unconsciously, conditioned all their lives to respect people's privacy. Not here. Their gazes were fixated, not even on Ashleigh as a person, but on her ass, her tits, her crotch.

They barely even saw her, just her features. Just Phoenix, Ashleigh thought. She smiled. Against all logic and everything she thought she knew about herself just a few weeks before, she was enjoying this.

She looked down at her cleavage. Her pale boobs were sexy, she realized. They looked so soft, so malleable. She squeezed them together and bent forward to give a look to the man who'd fondled her before. He tossed a dollar on stage.

As she was bent, she realized the view she must have been giving those behind her. Her pussy mound was bulging out, barely covered by a thin strip of cloth. She reached back between her legs and ran her finger down her crack through the fabric, then stood up.

The music changed, but she couldn't remember if this was the second or third song. The songs were the reminders to take something off. Ashleigh reached behind her back and pulled a string to untie her top. The two strings fell to her side, but gravity still kept the front covering her breasts. She left it like that as she crouched to get closer to the guy from before, who was all but salivating.

"Show me that pussy," he said when she got close enough to hear.

"All things in time, darling," Ashleigh said. Jason had told her the guys liked when you use endearing terms like that. She'd also said to tease them as much as possible, just to see them squirm. She could already see that working.

She leaned forward until she felt that her bra might start falling away from her breasts, then stopped. Her nipples were just barely hidden, and the fact that her bra could fall away any second only increased the tension. She almost let them slip out, then leaned back and stood up. She turned around, thinking that she'd pull her bra off with her back turned, but then remembered that there were gawkers on all sides.

Still, it was about time to lose the bra. Ashleigh didn't let herself think about it. She reached up behind her head and untied the two strings there. Then she pulled it free and tossed it to the floor a few feet away, instinctively covering both breasts with her other arm. She played it off as being more teasing, and after another spin, she put her arms up on one of the poles, fully revealing her pale, puffy-nippled tits to the whole room full of horny men.

They stared, and as Ashleigh moved around the stage, she saw that every eye in the room was fixated on her chest. She even looked down herself just to remind herself that this was real. It was. Now that her boobs were out, Ashleigh went around to the patrons in the inner circle and gave each of them a close up view for a few bucks. There were more than when she got on stage; she must have attracted them up with her feminine guiles. And her tits.

Two songs later, she'd only gotten to five of the guys. There were at least two left, but it looked like more were coming. She couldn't keep up, but it was time to lose her panties.

The last step. If she didn't already qualify as a stripper somehow, that would do it. She stood up and found her way to the center of the stage again. She looked around for Jason, who was watching. He gave her a small smile to encourage her, but amazingly, she didn't need it. She was going to do this.

Ashleigh slipped fingers from each hand into both sides of the waistband of her panties. She bent forward slowly, sticking her ass out to make sure the people behind her got a great view, then eased the panties down. They crept past her hips, then down her legs. Before stepping out of them, she wiggled her hips, showing off her exposed pussy to at least ten men who watched from behind her.

Standing up, Ashleigh crossed her legs to hide the view of her sex. But this time, her teasing was intentional. After a moment, she braced herself against a pole and bent over again, spreading her legs in a move she had seen Krystal do. Her pussy opened wide, giving half the room a great view inside her. After a minute of strutting around the stage, she went back to the close ups with individual guys.

First she found the guy she'd given the first dollar dance to, and crouched right near him. She leaned back onto her hands and sat on the floor, spreading her legs again to give the guy a look right at her exposed sex from only inches away. He tossed a few bucks on stage, and they fluttered around Ashleigh.

She didn't let anyone touch her, but she went around to each guy in turn, giving each the best view of her pussy she could manage. Each time it was a thrill, seeing the guy's gaze fixated on her sex. She loved the feeling that she was found attractive.

Before she even got to everyone, she heard the DJ's voice booming from the speakers again. "Phoenix, everybody! Give her a hand for her first time on stage. I'd say she's a natural."

Ashleigh was stunned. The time had gone faster than she'd ever expected. She went around the stage, gathering her clothes and the various dollar bills that had been strewn all over the place. She didn't count them, but it was a lot more than she expected to make, especially since there were still less than two dozen people in the whole club.

"Next up is Summer!" the DJ said. The girl was already at the base of the stairs, climbing up to take her turn. Ashleigh left the stage and hurried to the dressing room, anxious all of a sudden now that the rush that she was actually doing it was over.

"Good job, hon," Krystal said. "You sure you haven't done this before?"

Ashleigh blushed. "Was it too much?"

"You do what keeps the cash flowing," Krystal said. "You better get dressed quick; after that I imagine that you'll be up to your neck in dance requests. I'll introduce you to Big G. He's the DJ, but people can also go up to him and request dances with specific girls, and he hooks them up."

Ashleigh nodded, dropping her wad of cash onto one of many vanities in the room. She quickly pulled the bra and panties she'd shed on stage back on, then stuffed the money she'd made into a bag she'd brought with her for her street clothes.

She followed Krystal out of the dressing room and to the DJ booth. Ashleigh finally got her first good look at the man called Big G, and realized he was one of the men at her audition yesterday, but he looked familiar from something else too.

"Phoenix, this is Big G," Krystal said.

Ashleigh wracked her brain to figure out where she'd seen him before. Big G clapped his hand on her shoulder and leaned in close.

"You're in high demand, young lady."

Suddenly, something clicked in her head. Ashleigh looked at Big G's face, and knew where she'd seen him before.

"The dean of the college works at a strip club?" she asked, confused.

"Try again," Big G answered.

Ashleigh's face drained of blood, and her heart jumped out of her chest cavity. No, she thought. It couldn't be.

"It was all fake?" She barely managed to choke out a whisper.

"Jason called that night asking for a favor. Said he had some plan. Seems he really did."

All the things Ashleigh had done to avoid expulsion, all of it had been for nothing. Jason had blackmailed her, but the threat was never real. She was never in any risk of expulsion. Jason had tricked her.

"What now?" Ashleigh asked.

"There's a whole line of people chomping at the bit to pay money to grab your titties," Big G said. "You know, if you want."

Ashleigh scanned the room for Jason, who was still sitting in the same seat, enjoying the show on stage.

She glanced around at the crowd, and noticed that some of the patrons were staring at her, despite having everything covered and exposed titties on stage.

"Ok," Ashleigh said. "Let's do the dances."

Big G nodded, then leaned towards his microphone. "Number twelve, to the DJ booth."

Ashleigh waited with bated breath to see who it was she'd be giving her first lap dance to.

"Let's upgrade to a VIP room," a familiar voice said. It was Jason.

"Sure thing, boss," Big G said.

"Boss?" Ashleigh asked.

"My dad's the owner," Jason said.

"Rob? The guy who auditioned me?"

"No, he's just the manager. This way." Jason led to a small private back room. He sat down on a small cushion on the floor and looked up at Ashleigh.

"You tricked me," she said.

"Sorry. You want to leave? I guess the gig's up now."

"No," Ashleigh said. She pulled off her bra, tossing it to the side of the room haphazardly, then started lowering her panties.

"You're not supposed to go bottomless except on stage," Jason said.

"I don't care," Ashleigh said, standing standing before him completely exposed and unashamed. She threw herself at Jason, smothering him with her nakedness. She kissed him, and after a moment he gave in and kissed her back. "Thank you," she whispered.

Jason grabbed her right breast, and it felt so good. She reached down between his legs, feeling his cock for the first time.

After a minute, she forced herself to back off so she could take off his pants.

After they were done here, Ashleigh was going to find a way to get revenge. This was not the end. Maybe she wound up liking it, but Jason still needed to pay.

For now, though, she put it out of her mind and focused on getting his dick inside her.