**Airport Strip Search - Part 1**

The Airbus landed smoothly with only the slightest bump and taxied along the interminable peri track towards the terminal building. It had been a long flight and Gillian Grey was pleased it was coming to an end. Her appointment was some four hours hence and she was looking forward to a shower and a rest before she had to dress and find a taxi.

The plane slowed and eventually came to rest, and immediately there was a mad scramble with people pushing and crowding, collecting their belongings from the overhead lockers and from under the seats, ready to rush clear of the aircraft and into the baggage hall. Gillian sat quietly in her window seat and waited. There seemed no point in joining the throng and she wondered if so many people could really be travelling long haul with only hand baggage, for that seemed to be the only reason to try to beat the crowd. Surely if there were cases to collect, they would all meet again in the hall to await their luggage, and anyway she hated crowds pushing and shoving. Apart from the unpleasantness of being so close to so many strangers, she always seemed to be the one to get pinched or groped in such circumstances; so she sat and waited.

The doors were opened in due course and the throng almost charged down the corridor with almost everyone following the 'Baggage Collection' signs. Gillian was almost the last person to leave the plane, and as she walked sedately after the crowd she smiled at her good sense. Collecting a trolley on route, Gillian arrived at belt number 3 just as it began to move and within five minutes she was walking towards customs and the arrivals hall. She turned automatically down the green channel and was just wondering how she would identify her driver when the lone customs officer motioned her over to the table. Gillian was not an experienced traveller and apart from a brief check over at the x-ray machine on a previous flight she had never had any contact with the airport officials.

The lady customs officer politely asked if she could examine the contents of Gillian's luggage and the two cases were lifted onto the steel topped table provided for the purpose. Gillian was shortly feeling very embarrassed as the contents of her bags were spread out on public display, especially as while the officer was examining her carefully sealed bag of washing, a crowd of adolescent boys passing by were treated to a comprehensive look at her underwear. The effect was made still more complicated by the fact that she was now acutely aware of her own current lack of undergarments, a decision she had made that morning while dressing when she found that her stock of clean clothing was seriously diminished leaving her with Hobson's choice in terms of her outer clothing and only a marginally more generous one in terms of underwear, i.e. to chose day old panties and bra, or to go without. She had chosen the latter because on a long flight it is only natural to perspire when sitting still for a very prolonged period, and being scrupulously clean in her personal habits Gillian did not want to risk the embarrassment of any possibility of body odour in the confined space on the plane. She was therefore standing with her most intimate apparel on public display dressed in a skirt which was far too short for comfort and a blouse which, although perfectly opaque, did little to hide her braless state from passers by.

The customs officer seemed to be taking an extraordinarily long time to check her cases and she wondered what could be the cause. The officer then looked up at Gillian and asked her to come into another room. Gillian was pleased to comply with the request, not least because her personal effects would no longer be exhibited to all and sundry. She followed the officer and was led through an unmarked door to the side of the customs hall. The door led into a small room in which there was another steel table bolted to the floor and a large mirror on the wall. There were no other furnishings of any sort. The officer left Gillian standing in the room while she left the room through another door set beside the mirror. Some considerable time passed and during that time Gillian walked round the room noting with some surprise that there was no handle on the door through which she had entered. She fixed her hair as best she could using her hands and looking in the mirror (the officer had taken her handbag along with the other luggage) and eventually sat up on the table looking at herself in the mirror and swinging her legs in time with some tune she had picked up on the plane and which she just could not get out of her head.

The door opened suddenly and the officer returned to the room. Abruptly she said that she had reason to believe that Gillian was in possession of illegal substances and that she would be required to undergo a search in order to establish the facts of the matter. Gillian immediately and loudly exclaimed her innocence, but this had no effect what so ever. The officer explained that the search would require all body cavities to be examined and that if she wished it was her right to insist that a doctor be called to carry out the search. However, the officer warned, such a course of action would lead to a delay of at least eight hours during which she would be required to remain in the search room in case she were considering disposal of the contraband. A bucket would be provided for any necessary bodily functions. How bad can it be thought Gillian, she had experienced embarrassment far worse than one woman could inflict in the past and although she had thought all such experiences were now well and truly behind her, in view of her business schedule and the people she was due to meet, she decided that such a delay would be intolerable, so she agreed to a search there and then.

"Very well," said the officer, "please do exactly as I say. Remove precisely the article of clothing I specify when I tell you and hand it to me colleague for checking. At all times stay exactly where you are behind the red line on the floor. Your feet are not to cross the line under any circumstances what so ever. Is that understood?"

Colleague what colleague? Nothing had been said about a colleague thought Gillian and as she thought it the colleague appeared through the same door she herself had entered by shortly before. Two things impressed themselves on her mind. Firstly that normality was just inches away, and secondly that the colleague was a man. Was she seriously expected to undress in front of two complete strangers? Looking at the face of her accuser the expression left no room for doubt. Yes, that was exactly what was expected of her and she herself had agreed to the procedure. Gillian made a vow to herself at that moment; this may not be the first time she had been naked in front of strangers, but it was sure as hell going to be the last!

"Officer Johnson is currently on secondment to the customs service here at the airport and he is required to learn as much as possible in a very short time. I will therefore be issuing the instructions and recording the results and Officer Johnson will be performing the search."

It wasn't a question, it was a statement. Gillian was so shocked by this latest blow that her voice failed her and her reply was nothing more than a squeak.

"Very well," continued the lady officer, "please remove your right shoe only and pass it to Officer Johnson.

Gillian did so. Her heels were not high by any standards, but the lack of a shoe unbalanced her and she put her right foot down touching the cold concrete floor. Again an involuntary squeak escaped her lips.

"Thank you," said the officer. "Now the left ,please."

Again Gillian complied and the cold of the floor seemed almost painful as her bare feet rested on it.

"Your blouse now, please."

The voice was harsh and loud in the in the room and it echoed around increasing the effect.

Gillian's hands moved slowly to the top button of her blouse. She was trembling and found it difficult to undo the button.

"If you are having trouble I can ask Officer Johnson to help," said the woman, "only we've got a lot to get through and haven't got time to waste."

Her hands found the button and succeeded in their task, and the next and the next until the blouse hung loose around her where she had untucked it from her skirt. It was only by a conscious effort of will that Gillian managed to get the blouse off and she passed it back behind her to Officer Johnson without turning in an effort to preserve some modesty. As she felt the blouse taken she covered her breasts with her hands only to be sharply rebuked and told to keep her hands at her sides. This felt like school all over again and Gillian stood rigid and unmoving as the moment when she would be required to reveal her complete lack of underwear moved even closer.

"Now the skirt please, Miss, and don't let me even think that you are trying to hide anything anywhere. Keep your hands at your sides at all times."

The voice seemed even more aggressive now as it echoed around the room, but this time her hands obeyed her and the button at the back of the waist band came undone without difficulty. Gillian slowly undid the zip and eased her skirt over her hips whence it slipped down her long and shapely legs of its own accord. Gillian stepped out of the skirt and started to bend over to retrieve it and stopped. She would have to expose her completely shaven pussy to one of the two other occupants of the room in order to comply. Frozen in space and seemingly time a thousand options ran through her head, but none would offer her an escape so, keeping her legs as close together as possible, she squatted down and picked up the skirt handing it back to the ever present Officer Johnson as she straightened up.

"We will now proceed to the body search," the voice informed her. "Please bend over and shake your hair out fully," came the next instruction.

Gillian did so. Her embarrassment had turned to humiliation and as it did so, the numbness she had felt earlier had returned; it was almost as if this whole horrible experience was happening to someone else.

**Airport Strip Search - Par t2**

"Stand up straight and put your hands on top of your head" came the voice again "Officer Johnson is going to check your breasts to ensure nothing is hidden there."

This was getting worse and worse; not only was she totally naked in front of these people; now she was going to be touched and there was nothing she could do. Gillian felt so powerless; yet her hands were on her head and her fingers interlocked to ensure they did not slip inadvertently. Officer Johnson came up to her side so quietly that she did not hear him and she jumped as he touched her. His touch was gentle but firm as he felt the contours of each breast and then lifted them one by one to the limit of their upward travel. Gillian had always been slightly embarrassed about her breasts. Not only were they decidedly on the large side of normal, her nipples were of the inverted type and when relaxed they offered no particular profile; however, when erect they exhibited very long and stiff teats and they were very easily excited. Indeed, on reflection, it was tantamount to a miracle that the situation in which she found herself, naked in a chilly room in front of two strangers, had not already caused the reaction, and now with her breasts being minutely and indeed manually examined, the effect was highly noticeable; she was becoming more and more erect and there was nothing she could do to stop both officers being fully aware of her apparent arousal. The examination concluded as suddenly as it had begun and without being told, Gillian again placed her hands at her sides.

"Nearly through now, Miss," said a kindly male voice. Officer Johnson had spoken for the first time since he had come into the room, but almost before the words were spoken the sharp voice of the woman cut in:

"Lay on your back on the table, spread your legs as far apart as possible and using the tips of your fingers expose in sequence each fold of flesh to Officer Johnson so that he can confirm the absence of contraband."

This was too much for Gillian and she exclaimed "No" in a haunted scared voice which also seemed to echo around the room, but one look was enough to confirm that the choice was to expose the innermost secret parts of her anatomy herself, or to have Officer Johnson do it for her. She almost felt it would be less invasive if he were to perform the function; at least it would not be she who was actually exposing herself, but even at this point she still had some vestiges of modesty and she could not bring herself to accept another's hands touching that most intimate part of her being.

Slowly she moved to the table and turned to face Officer Johnson for the first time. By so doing she was also facing the door through which she had entered, as it seemed, so long ago. The temptation to run was only arrested by the knowledge that there were a multitude of people, normal, fully clothed people, out there and by the fact that there was no handle on the door. Gillian lifted herself up onto the steel surface of the table and breathed in sharply as the cold metal touched her thighs for the first time. She eased herself backwards along its length and when she judged that she had gone far enough lay back onto this metal 'bed'. She lay there for a few moments accustoming herself to the cold hardness beneath her and then she began to open her legs. She had only ever had one lover and everything she and George had done had been accomplished under the sheets with the light off. Even her doctor covered as much as possible when she attended for the essential examinations required of the female sex, and of course her doctor was a woman. Now for the first time ever she was spreading her legs for a man under bright lights without even her pubic hair to cover her. How she cursed her lifelong friend Jennifer who had suggested the razor as an aid to cleanliness and the avoidance of embarrassment when wearing swimwear. Avoidance of embarrassment, how ironic!

She had opened herself as far as possible and now she was required to open her most secret place and reveal its secrets to Officer Johnson. Her legs seemed immobile, fixed in this faintly ridiculous position and as her fingers parted her lips to reveal clitoris and vagina, they too seemed frozen into immobility. Just as she was exposed to the greatest possible extent, the unthinkable happened, the door opened, the very door she had been thinking about moments, or was it hours, and a burly man stepped into the room. He nodded to officer Johnson and walked over to the woman to whisper something to her, but from Gillian's point of view the only thing which drew her attention was the door itself. Here she was with open legs and everything exposed to the gaze of anyone who looked her way. The door had been left fully open!

Gillian couldn't move, she couldn't speak, her throat was dry and her muscles in spasm shocked not only into silence but also immobility all she could do was watch as more and more people became aware of the naked brazen young woman who seemed intent on showing all she had, to everyone. Eventually the noise of the comments being made outside caused Officer Johnson to realize the position and to shut the door. In reality he should have reacted more quickly, but in common with the observers outside, his attention had been firmly fixed on the beautiful young woman on the table and more specifically on those parts of herself which she was displaying so openly.

The shutting of the door had two effects. Firstly, Gillian regained the use of her limbs, whereupon she removed her hands and closed her legs rapidly, and shortly afterwards began to weep softly to herself. Secondly, Gillian was handed back her clothes and told to dress, that her baggage would be returned immediately and that she was free to go. Gillian did not need to be told twice and without any hesitation she pulled on her skirt and blouse and put on her shoes. As she slipped on the second of the pair, a fourth officer came into the room carrying her bags. Gillian took them without a word and departed immediately as Officer Johnson opened the door for her to go.

The walk through the arrivals hall was torture for Gillian as it seemed that everyone was looking at her and pointing her out as the woman on the table with her legs apart. In fact this was not the case at all, her face had been largely obscured by her ample bosom and, in any case, the attention of most of the onlookers had been focused at a somewhat lower level.

Gillian walked on looking for a driver with a card on which would be her name, but none was to be found. Gillian walked out of the airport and stepped into a cab giving the address of her next appointment as the destination, because she was now very late for her appointment and the hotel could be found later. Tardiness was never wise when meeting people of the background of her contacts and tardy she certainly was, despite her every effort to organize the trip properly.

**Airport Strip Search - Par t3**

The cab's tyres crunched across the gravel, which made up the semicircular driveway serving the Cronenberg Academy. The day was bright, clear and warm, with only a gentle breeze to waft the dust away from the car. To the left of the main building, now directly in front of the cab, was a playing field with several groups of girls practising various track and field sports. Gillian had got out of the cab as soon as it stopped, expecting the driver to come and open the boot (trunk) and get her luggage, but the driver was in another world. He had glanced at the girls with a the general curiosity of one who enjoys sport, but does not participate and his attention had been drawn to a group of girls running round the track. They were on the back straight, but he was sure that one of them was naked. His attention now riveted by the sight in front of him; he was watching the girls as they ran round the bend shortly to pass directly in front of him he was sure one was running at least topless, nothing else could account for the way her ample breasts were bouncing as she ran.

Gillian decided she was quite late enough and tapped on the glass impatiently. The driver, roused from his voyeuristic reverie got out of the car and walked almost backwards round to the boot where he undid the latch and cracked himself soundly on the head while trying to get the bags without losing sight of the track. He cursed roundly and dropped the bags on the drive, returning to the safety of his seat to watch the remaining view before the young lady in question disappeared out of sight beside the building. He didn't even notice the lack of a tip (withheld because of his tardiness at retrieving the cases) as he drove slowly back up the drive, paying much more attention to the sports women to his right than to the road ahead.

Gillian straightened herself and picking up her bags mounted the steps, which led to the front door of the Academy. As she approached the great doors, they opened as if they were automatic, and the two girls who were in fact responsible appeared from behind them. One, a tall blond haired girl in her late teens, was dressed in her official school uniform consisting of white blouse, tartan skirt, white socks and black shoes, all perfectly presented, spotlessly clean and well pressed. The other girl, red haired, shorter in stature and much more petite was also in uniform, but without her blouse, her white cotton bra on open display for all to see. Together they escorted their visitor to the reception desk where another slightly older girl was waiting to make the appropriate entry in the visitors' book. This girl appeared to be fully dressed in the same uniform, until she arose from behind the table saying that she would escort Gillian to the Principal's Office. She was wearing the same design of blouse, socks and shoes as the first girl, but from the waist down to her socks she was naked. As she walked with Gillian, Rose, for that was her name, began to explain the discipline policy of the Academy, how corporal punishment had been abandoned in favour of humiliation as being more effective and indeed more humane, but Gillian already knew all she needed about the school policy; after all, she herself was an ex student of the Cronenberg Academy.

Rose knocked smartly on the door of the office and at the command 'enter' she led the way into the office, making sure no part of her partly exposed body was hidden from the occupants. Gillian shuddered as the memory of her own humiliation at the airport came back with a vengeance, particularly the injunction to stand straight with her hands at her sides. She shuddered again at the accompanying picture of her laying naked and totally exposed on the table as the door opened and the other officer had walked into the room leaving a perfect view of her vagina held open by her own fingers, on offer to anyone walking through customs.

Gillian followed Rose into the room and was immediately left standing on the infamous square of carpet so well remembered as it were from another life as Rose departed, closing the oak panelled door behind her as she left.

The room seemed smaller than she remembered it, but perhaps that was because it was now crowded with members of the Appointments Committee with whom she had her interview. How well she recalled that fateful day when she had finally snapped and returned all the sly pinches, pushed and kicks she had received from her one hated fellow student Sharma with one enormous slap to the face. The sound of the slap had appeared to be amplified by the corridor in which they were standing waiting for permission to enter the classroom and it had been at that exact moment that Mr Fredricks had chosen to leave the confines of his classroom and come into the corridor. No amount of explanation or mitigation could save her and Gillian, one of the best behaved pupils in the school and one who lived in mortal dread of a Cronenberg punishment, was duly paraded in front of the then Headmistress to have her inevitable punishment pronounced.

She remembered in vivid detail standing on that same square of carpet as the details of her 'crime' were relayed, she remembered not looking at her judges at all, choosing instead to study the pattern of the carpet in minuscule sections in order to help her control herself. She recalled the dreadful moment when she was ordered to strip completely and to remain in that condition for a full week, such was the severity of the mandatory punishment for violence at the school. As these memories flooded into her mind, Gillian wondered what had ever possessed her to apply for the post of Disciplinary Officer at the school, what demon had taunted her into coming back to this, the scene of her most embarrassing experience (at least until that morning's episode at the Airport). She felt the same draft on the back of her legs as she had noticed when removing her skirt so long ago, and the horror of the removal of her bra and panties at that time, when no man had ever before seen her expanding breasts and the little patch of pubic hair which was her only covering and exposing herself to Mr Fredricks came back again causing yet another involuntary shudder.

"Miss Grey" a man had spoken although for a moment she could not place from which the voice had emanated. The high-backed chair behind the desk began to revolve slowly and in so doing it revealed the speaker to Gillian. It was none other then Mr Fredricks, older, yes, but definitely Mr Fredricks. "Miss Grey," he repeated, "you are now precisely two hours and fifty three minutes late. Tardiness is unacceptable in pupils, how much more so then in a potential Disciplinary Officer at Cronenberg?"

All of a sudden Gillian felt like a schoolgirl again, and again she found herself studying a patch of the carpet at her feet.

"Well Miss Grey," he said slowly, "we are all waiting to hear your excuse, indeed we have been waiting quite some time."

Gillian could not control herself, she could not speak, she could not give the perfectly reasonable answer, which was the truth, in fact it was all she could do to continue to study that interminably repeating pattern on the carpet.

"Miss Grey," said Mr Fredricks, "under normal circumstances your application for the post of Disciplinary Officer would not now be considered at all, but given the specific requirements of the post and the calibre of the other candidates we have interviewed so far, we feel that we have no choice but to make some allowance for the distance you have travelled to be here today. However, the only allowance we are prepared to make is to allow this interview to go forward, no other concession whatsoever will be granted. Can I take it that you are familiar with the job description and terms and conditions pertaining to this post?"

"Yes, Mr Fredricks," came Gillian's querulous reply.

"Good," replied Mr Fredricks. "In that case you will be aware that the new discipline code, instituted after the incident with Mr Jenkins, includes both staff and pupils alike. Or perhaps not alike," he smiled, "because, of course, should a member of staff be guilty of breaking the Cronenberg code, he or she is required to undergo a punishment of twice the severity which a similar lapse would attract in the case of a pupil. For that reason, Miss Grey, I therefore must ask you to remove both tops and bottoms for the duration of the day if this interview is to continue."

Gillian Grey stood rooted to the spot, was she truly being asked to strip once again, twice on one day? She was now a mature woman of twenty-five years of age; how could a fellow adult demand such a price for a simple interview? How could she escape from this frightful situation?

Slowly, very slowly, for the second time that day her fingers began to undo the buttons of her blouse, one by one they opened and the material of her blouse, flimsy enough at the best of times, betrayed her once more by opening to reveal her majestic breasts to the assembled company. She reached the last button and switched her attention to the cuffs, right, then left, then with an effort she shrugged the garment off her shoulders and caught it as it fell from her back. Gillian placed the blouse on the desk before her, and as she had done years and hours before, she undid the button at the back of her skirt and lowered the zip, again she eased the material over her hips and again she felt the skirt slip down the length of her shapely legs revealing all to the Committee. She bent over and picked up the skirt and folding it neatly (she had not forgotten the rules about care of uniform) she placed it together with her blouse on the desk. Naked once more in front of a group of strangers of both sexes, Gillian stood straight up with her hands firmly placed at her sides.

"Thank you, Miss Grey," said Mr Fredricks. "Would you care to take the seat behind you and we will begin."

**Airport Strip Search - Par t4**

The interview continued with a series of general questions about Gillian and what she had been doing after she left the confines of the Cronenberg Academy some seven years previously. The questions were not too personal, but she had to keep twisting first one way and then the other in order to face the questioner, which resulted in her breasts constantly swaying from side to side. Gillian knew well enough not to try to cover any part of herself and certainly not to try to arrest the movement, but the effect was extremely disconcerting as well as being highly embarrassing and she realized that this was in itself an example of the new even more humiliating punishments which she herself would be inflicting if she was appointed to the job.

More than one and a half hours later the interview concluded and Gillian was asked to leave the room while the members of the Committee considered their verdict. She slid of the stool giving one final bounce of her full breasts and walked naked from the room closing the door gently behind her. She still could not think what had decided her to once again strip herself of her clothing, but as the interview had continued she had begun to feel more at home with her own nudity, even powerful in a room full of clothed people. This was something new, something she had never experienced before and when the bell for change of class rang a few minutes later Gillian found that she could, just, stand still beside the door while the hordes of pupils passed her by in their rush not to be late for their next lessons. Only once did she feel at all uneasy as she stood there and she couldn't quite work out why at the time, this was when the naked runner from the sports field passed her, intent on timeliness the girl didn't seem even to register her presence, but the effect of seeing her naked and vulnerable amongst all the other pupils had a marked effect on Gillian which was to cause her serious trouble in later months.

She had been waiting about half an hour when the door to the Principal's Officer opened and she was invited to return to hear the result of the Committee's deliberations. Mr Fredricks spoke for all of them he said as he formally welcomed the latest member of staff to be appointed to the Academy and cautioned her against any further deviation from the strict rules which governed the institution lest she should be charged with enforcing her own punishment.

Rose met Gillian at the door and offered to take her to her room, bed and board being not only offered as part of the remuneration package, but also being required in order to properly supervise pupils under punishment during the evening and nights. The two young women, one naked and 25 and one semi-naked and 18 mounted the stairs together as they headed towards the staff apartments.

Nothing else was required of Gillian that day, so she unpacked her belongings and took advantage of the laundry facilities located in the basement of the staff wing. She loaded all her dirty washing into the basket provided for the purpose and carefully carried it down the several flights of stairs to the basement. She walked along the ill lit corridor until she reached a door marked Staff Laundry where she opened the door and entered the room. Gillian had already put her basket on the wooden bench in the middle of the room when a noise in the corner of the room behind the door alerted her to the presence of another person in the room. She turned abruptly to see a maintenance man staring at her in open astonishment.

Gillian almost made the mistake of covering her vulnerable and fully exposed personal areas, but the years of training at the Academy had their effect and she stood full frontal and faced him as be begun to rise.

"I'm very sorry, Miss," the man began. "They warned me at the office that there might be a few underdressed girls here and not to take any notice, but I didn't expect to see a fully grown, beautiful woman like you walking in on me as bold as brass like that. I'm sorry I stared I'm a married man, I shouldn't have looked, but you are such a sight well, I am a man."

Gillian knew only too well that this was a man, and a very attractive one at that, nothing like the elderly men to whom she had so recently been exposing herself. She sat down on the bench, still facing the young man and explained briefly that the rules of the school applied even more forcefully to staff than to pupils and because of her unavoidable lateness earlier in the day, she was suffering a double penalty. She then got up and began to load the washer behind her with the various combinations of clothes, which would not spoil if washed together. Gillian was aware of the man's eyes on her behind as she worked and she put a little extra bend and stretch into her legs as she worked, for his benefit alone. When the machine was loaded she sat down again, facing the man, but this time with much less attention to the proximity of her knees so that when he again looked up from his work, he had the same, if not slightly better, view of her nether regions as had been afforded to the Committee upstairs.

Gillian the shy and modest young woman was becoming Gillian the sometime exhibitionist. This was a dramatic change and although she was not yet aware of the change in a conscious way, Gillian was rapidly becoming aware of a dampness between her legs and a feeling in the pit of her stomach which she had never known before. The young man too was feeling the effects of watching a pretty young lady sit naked and open before him and was beginning to wonder if he would be able to rise, given the rise which had already occurred in a part of his personal anatomy. One part of him wanted to rise up and touch and take this beautiful young woman there and then; another wished fervently that his own wife would for once abandon her sensible dresses and comfortable underwear and expose herself, at least, to him; and another, final part was scared that someone else might walk into the room to find him in his present condition and complain to his boss about his actions and reactions to the situation. He therefore finished the job in hand, and, gathering his tool bag carefully in both hands to ensure its correct strategic positioning, made his excuses and left the room.

Gillian did not move when the man left, indeed she did not move for quite some time as she tried to analyse the different emotions which were rushing about and crashing into one another insider her befuddled head at that moment. The woman was escaping from the girl, the exhibitionist from the shy and modest creature of that very morning and in amongst all these thoughts was a serious doubt that the new rules of the Academy would have the desired effect, especially if others were to experience what she had herself experienced during that momentous day.

The washer finished its cycle and Gillian transferred her clothing to the dryer. Sitting down again she concentrated on what had happened and as she did so she found her fingers again drawn to that exposed flesh so recently stripped of its own protective covering of pubic hair. She sat and stroked the smooth warm skin with her fingers slipping down occasionally into the increasingly damp area between her thighs and enjoying the sensations. She mused about whether it would be appropriate to include this complete exposure as part of the humiliation scheme she was required to devise or whether the extra exposure she had herself experienced was, in part, the reason for the change in personality she was also experiencing.

The dryer bell rang to indicate that it too had completed its appointed task and Gillian collected her clothing and walked back to her room. Once there she ran a shower, dried herself and lay contented on the bed thinking of what was to come.