**Allison's Addiction**

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**Allison's Addiction Ch. 01**

AUTHOR'S NOTE: "Allison's Addiction" is a joint literary effort. I joined forces with an author named Anon140 in order to create this story. If you like this story, he should get part of the credit. As always, if you have any suggestions to improve the story, please click on my name, and e-mail me your suggestions.   
  
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My name is Allison, and I'm an addict. However, I'm not addicted to cocaine or heroin, or any of the drugs the DEA is trying to keep out of the hands of the public. I'm addicted to being treated like a lesbian sex slave.   
  
No. Wait. I'm oversimplifying things again. Let me start all over again, from the beginning.   
  
My name is Allison Brand. I'm a twenty-two-year-old woman with a history of being very athletic and physically active I have twelve years of ballet training and four years of gymnastics training.   
  
Some of you out there will hear that I've had twelve years of ballet training and realize how impressive that is. For those of you who have never trained as a ballet dancer, allow me to explain something.   
  
Ballet dancers are athletes.   
  
We train just as long and just as hard as any Olympic class gymnast, pole vaulter, sprinter or speed-skater. In addition to whatever else is going on in our lives, we show up every day for anywhere between six and eight hours of ballet training. This includes intensive stretching exercises at the barre, lots of fast leg work, and leg extensions, and that's before you've done centre work and allegro. Then you get drilled on choreography. By the time you've completed a typical day of training, your entire body is drenched with sweat, and almost every muscle and tendon in your body is complaining that you pushed them too far.   
  
And the next day, you show up and do it all over again.   
  
The relevant point here is that I underwent this type of grueling training for years,and I endured. More than endured, I thrived. Every year I made extraordinary strides in my agility, my flexibility and my endurance. No matter how demanding the requirements laid down by instructors, choreographers and ballet mistresses, I pushed myself and met those requirements dead on.   
  
As you can imagine, I took a great deal of pride in my body and all of the things my body could accomplish. Almost all of my self-worth was derived from my superior physical abilities. And then; in my early twenties; when most people are at the height of their physical strength and endurance; I began to suffer from chronic fatigue.   
  
This was an unbearable hardship for me to go through. I had spent my life pushing my body to limits that ninety-nine percent of the human race have never even attempted. I was accustomed to having superhuman endurance, and then suddenly no matter how much sleep she I got the night before, I would wake up tired and stay tired all-day long. I tried drinking coffee, but the caffeine didn't seem to have any effect on me.   
  
Now, the good news is that at this point in my life I had already given up on ever becoming a professional ballet dancer. A dancer suffering from chronic fatigue would be destroyed. Dancers have to constantly train, even in the of-season. Lying on the couch all day long is like a death sentence to a ballet dancer. If you lie around idle, you'll slowly lose your muscle tone, your endurance and your flexibility...everything that you need to dance on stage.   
  
When I was nineteen, I had decided to give up on my dreams of dancing on stage at the Kennedy Center, and took up a much easier career as a professional model.   
  
It turns out that the perfect posture, dancer's legs, flat abs, svelte figure and narrow waist that you get from twelve years of ballet are exactly the sort of physical qualities that photographers, artists and fashion designers are looking for when they hire a model. As a result, transitioning from ballet to modeling was an easy changeover in my life.   
  
And; while models don't have to work out nearly as hard as professional ballet dancers; they still need to work out. They still need to put in at least seven hours of serious exercise every week in order to keep their muscles toned, their tummy flat and their figure lithe and sexy. You can't keep a figure like mine by lying on the couch all day, every day.   
  
A model won't lose her muscle tone and svelte figure after just one day of being inactive, but slowly, day after day, week after week, she'll become softer and more unimpressive-looking. Eventually she'll lose everything about her that's impressive and aesthetically pleasing. Then she won't be able to work in the modeling field anymore.   
  
My regular doctor is Dana Anderson over at the Augustus Beach Family Medical Center. I went to see her, hoping for a quick remedy to my fatigue. She checked my thyroid, my lungs and did at least a dozen blood tests, but she still had no idea what was causing my symptoms.   
  
Having run out of ideas, she referred me to another doctor that was conducting clinical trials on a new, experimental drug called modirall.   
  
"Take one of these, every morning," Doctor Khorkina instructed me, "And keep a written log of the results. I'd be especially interested in any side-effects you may experience. Make an appointment to come see me again in two weeks, and we'll discuss your progress and see where we want to go from there."   
  
I took the bottle of pills and promised to see Doctor Khorkina in two weeks. I made the appointment, however I wasn't overly optimistic. Since the drug was experimental, that meant it had never been proven to combat my symptoms. Words like experimental rarely filled anyone with confidence.   
  
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"How'd your appointment go?" Chloe asked when I returned home with my bottle of experimental medication.   
  
"I got drugs," I announced to my roommate and held up the plastic bottle, shaking it dramatically for effect.   
  
"Amphetamines?"   
  
"I have no idea," I responded, "They're called modirall. I've never heard of them before, and I have no idea what they're supposed to do. I'm not even sure if the doctor knows what they're supposed to do. I think they want me to be a guinea pig and help them figure it out for them. I'm supposed to take one every day, and let my doctor know they cause super-diarrhea or something."   
  
"Are you sure you should take those?" Chloe asked, her voice suddenly filled with concern, "What if they make your symptoms even worse?"   
  
"Worse? Are you kidding?" I asked, "Just walking up one flight of stairs to my doctor's office is a major ordeal now. How much worse could it get?"   
  
There was concern on Chloe's face, but she didn't answer my question. Obviously, it was possible for the wrong medication to make things worse. The wrong medication could induce a heart attack and kill me, but I was at a point where I felt like I was drowning, and I'd grasp at any potential solution that floated by close enough for me to reach.   
  
I'd know Chloe for about five years, and we'd been best friends for about four years. We'd met in Miss Straff's ballet class. We didn't really click at first, but eventually we discovered that we had a lot in common, especially concerning the fact that we both had controlling and manipulative mothers.   
  
I plopped down on the couch and made an oomph sound. Just being on my feet long enough to walk from my car to the apartment building had worn me out. It was a short walk, but I was still exhausted.   
  
"So, what's the plan?" Chloe asked, and then she walked over and gracefully set her ass down onto the couch with far more grace than I had managed. I felt somewhat jealous of her. I had lost all of my grace and endurance, but she was just as perky and graceful as she ever was.   
  
"Tomorrow morning, I start taking these," I explained to Chloe, "And I keep a written record of how effective they are. And of course, if there are any weird side effects, like I start growing extra nipples, I'm supposed to write that down, and let the doctor know about it."   
  
"Jesus Christ," Chloe said and recoiled as if I had physically struck her.   
  
"It's a joke," I said, noticing Chloe's reaction, "I'm not really gonna grow extra nipples...probably."   
  
"This is your health we're talking about," Chloe protested, "Don't joke about things like that. I actually care about you, you know."   
  
"I know," I said, sounding somewhat grumpy and petulant, "But I've already tried a more conventional approach to getting better, and it didn't work."   
  
"So, now you're going to try an unconventional approach with untested, mystery drugs?"   
  
"Hey," I snapped at her, "These things just might work! At one point in time the smallpox vaccine was unconventional and untested, and that ended up working out pretty well!"   
  
Chloe folded her arms in front of her in a defensive sort of gesture and gave me a wounded sort of look. She really did care about me. But, I was irritable and desperate, and somewhat jealous of Chloe's excellent health, whilst my health was in a disturbing downward spiral.   
  
"I'm sorry I snapped at you," I eventually said, hoping to erase that wounded look from her face, "Look, I don't start taking these things until tomorrow morning. If I get any weird or disturbing side-effects from this drug, I will let you know immediately, and if you think the side-effects are bad enough, I'll give you the entire bottle. You can flush the pills down the toilet if you want."   
  
"Seriously?" Chloe asked.   
  
"Seriously," I replied, "I'm putting you in charge. I'll tell you about any medical problems or reactions even before I tell my doctor."   
  
"You know tomorrow's Tuesday," Chloe reminded me, "I have to go to work tomorrow morning."   
  
"I'll call you at work if anything bad happens," I said, "I swear."   
  
I held up my hand like people do in court when they swear that oath to tell the truth, and gave Chloe my most sincere face. She was almost like a big sister, the way she looked out for me.   
  
"Give me the pills," Chloe said, "I'll give you one tomorrow morning, and if there are no serious side-effects I'll give you another the following morning. And as long as I continue to think that they're safe, I'll continue giving you one every day. How's that sound?"   
  
I was going to object at first, but thought better of it. I'd known Chloe since I was a teenager, and in all that time, she'd never done anything malicious to me. I trusted her to be supportive and caring once again, just like she normally did, so, I handed over my pills to her.   
  
Then she proceeded to make dinner for both of us, and she brought the food over to the couch, so I could eat without having to get up. Chloe can be really sweet like that. Then she cleared away the dishes and we both watched an episode of Lucifer together.   
  
Chloe and I love this show. We both love the fact that it has strong female characters, including a female bounty hunter, a female psychiatrist, a female forensic specialist and a female homicide detective.   
  
And the homicide detective was named Chloe Decker. My roommate is named Chloe Dechert. Her name is almost exactly the same in spelling and pronunciation, so when something bad happens to the Chloe Decker on the TV screen, I can get all emotionally invested and act like it's happening to my roommate.   
  
Like when Detective Chloe Decker allowed Mazikeen (a knife-wielding demon from hell) to take her seven-year-old daughter trick-or-treating, I remember grabbing my roommate by the shoulders, shaking her violently and melodramatically asking her, "How could you let a demon take your daughter trick-or-treating? What kind of mother are you?"   
  
And struggling to keep a smirk off her face, my roommate replied, "Well, an unfit mother, obviously."   
  
In another episode, Mazikeen and Chloe pretended to be a married lesbian couple in order to infiltrate a private school's event for parents. Of course, I had to give Chloe a hard time at this point and said, "You married a demon? How could you?"   
  
"Well, yeah," my roommate retorted, "But, she's a really hot demon! Have you seen what she looks like in skintight leather pants?" And then she got a sex-kitten look in her eyes and slowly and suggestively slid her tongue across her lips.   
  
I laughed. I couldn't help it.   
  
When the episode of Lucifer ended, an episode some other TV began, but within a few seconds of the show beginning I drifted off to sleep.   
  
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The next morning, Chloe woke me and gave me my pill before she headed off to work. Chloe works as an exercise physiologist over at the Fairhaven Athletic Center. It's much steadier work than modeling, and she's expected to be at work, five days a week, fifty weeks out of the year.   
  
"Call me if you experience any weird side-effects," she told me firmly.   
  
"Good morning to you too," I said grumpily, as I felt groggy as hell and was bitter about being woken up.   
  
"I'm serious," she said, "Hot flashes, chills, vomiting, the shakes, anything like that, you call me right away. Understand?"   
  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I replied and I staggered off of the couch and took my pill.   
  
Chloe took off for work and left me all alone in the apartment. I still felt groggy, and decided to take a shower. Immersing my body in hot water would at least raise my body temperature, and make me feel more awake for a short period of time. Even if the pill didn't work, a hot shower would make me feel refreshed for a few minutes.   
  
I let the hot water pound my naked body and rubbed scented body wash all over pelvis and torso. This was done more out of habit, than an actual need to get clean. When I worked out I tended to get my entire body drenched in sweat, and I desperately needed a shower to wash away the scent of my own perspiration, but lately I hadn't had the energy to participate in a workout.   
  
And at some point, I could feel my heart pounding in my chest.   
  
I mean, really, really pounding.   
  
My blood ran deliciously fast through my veins, and I could feel a pleasant surge of eagerness in my muscles. I was beginning to feel like my old self again. The whole time I had been suffering from chronic fatigue, my muscles had felt stiff and rigid. Now, I felt limber, my muscles were like coiled springs, eager to be released.   
  
It took me a few seconds to get out of the shower and dry off, then another few seconds to pad barefoot into my bedroom and grab some clothes. My body had been idle and unproductive for too long. Now, it was like my body was screaming at me to get back into action.   
  
I didn't waste any time. I grabbed a sports bra, some yoga leggings, a V-neck t-shirt, some socks and my favorite pair of running shoes. I got dressed in a flash and tied my still-wet hair into a ponytail, stuffed my keys, my iPhone and my wallet into a fanny pack, and fastened the pack securely around my waist.   
  
It took me less than six minutes to get from the shower, down to the lobby of my apartment building and from there I went outside and jogged north up Sycamore Avenue. When I reached the intersection of Sycamore and Birch Avenue, I went west down Birch and headed for Chandler Park.   
  
Chandler Park had a bike path that was three miles long and if you followed it all the way to the end, you'd end up on Lake Drive, where they had a multitude of shops and restaurants. I decided to follow it all the way to end.   
  
It was early morning, and there were some people in suits on their way to work, teenagers on their way to school, as well as bicyclists, joggers and runners all getting their morning exercise. There was a complicated system that we used that allowed us all to share the same path without slowing down the flow of traffic or colliding into each other. I'd lived in Fairhaven almost my entire life, so I knew the system, and easily merged into the flow.   
  
I felt strong and energetic, and sprinted down the path like a speed demon. I passed most of the other pedestrians like they were standing still. It felt good to be my old, vigorous self again and I laughed buoyantly every time I passed someone.   
  
Of course, the people getting their exercise were dressed very much like I was, in yoga leggings or bicycle shorts or tight capris, and I found my eyes lingering on those people. If you do a lot of legwork, you tend to get very toned calves and thighs, and very toned glutes. Without thinking about it, I found myself admiring the shape of the firm, high buttocks that were clearly visible through the thin fabric of their leggings or their shorts. I had never been the type to ogle other people in public before, however it seemed that my libido (which normally is set on two or three) had been cranked up to eleven. And it wasn't just the men. I found myself checking out the shape of women as well. I had never been the type to be attracted to other women before but, damn Fairhaven had some very attractive females! I tried not to stare, but my eyes seemed to have a plan of their own, and they refused to listen to me!   
  
It was confusing, but kind of thrilling. It was like discovering a new type of beauty in Fairhaven that had always existed, but I had always been blind to before. Perfectly shaped thighs and buttocks just seemed to be everywhere I looked. My body responded to the visual display in front of me and I could feel a familiar throb in my loins.   
  
I shook my head and tried to concentrate on my run. I sprinted down the path like a machine, moving so fast that the sight of hips, pelvises, buttocks and thighs disappeared from my view almost as quickly as they appeared. I worked up a sweat and panted as I ran. I gobbled up the miles, and before I knew it, I was on Lake Drive.   
  
I slowed down to a walking pace and allowed myself to catch my breath. I told myself that the inexplicable spike in my libido was just a passing anomaly and by the time I got home, I'd be back to normal.   
  
And then, as I walked leisurely down Lake Drive, I tried to cool down my libido by deliberately taking controlled breaths. Slowing down my heartrate and breathing would slow down the throbbing in my loins, right? I tried thinking calm, boring thoughts as I walked down the lane and it seemed to be working. There was a dull ache in my sex, but it no longer had that insistent throbbing. I just needed to walk it off.   
  
I turned around and began my long walk back home, and then spotted two women on their way to the beach. I mean, one of them had a beach towel draped over her shoulder and they were both wearing two-piece bathing suits. Also, the beach was only about four blocks away from Lake Drive, so it was a pretty safe bet that the beach was their destination.   
  
The way they were holding hands made me think that they were lesbians. Gays and lesbians weren't at all unusual in Fairhaven. I see them pretty much every day, and don't give them much thought. They normally just sort of blend into the background.   
  
Except today, my eyes were inextricably drawn to the lesbian couple. The bikini bottoms they were wearing were both very revealing. The one woman was wearing bikini bottoms with a Brazilian cut, and the other was wearing a tanga bikini bottom, with ties at the sides. Both women were about my age and had high, firm buttocks. I watched them as they meandered away from me, and delighted in the way their buttocks moved as they walked.   
  
Why were my eyes hypnotically drawn to their almost-naked buttocks? I wasn't a lesbian. I wasn't into girls, but as they walked towards the beach, I found my feet taking me in the same direction as the two bikini-clad women, my gaze shamelessly preoccupied with their shapely rear ends.   
  
And as I followed the young couple towards the beach, and kept my watchful vigil on their firm thighs and shapely buttocks, I realized that the throbbing in my sex (which I had just cooled down), was stoked again. My body was now throbbing with sexual need. What was this? Ordinarily, I had a very low sex drive, but now every young, healthy person I spied on the street was stirring up my libido, like I was on ecstasy!

Just then, it hit me! It wasn't ecstasy, it was modirall! Doctor Khorkina had told me it was a highly experimental drug, and might have side effects! My heightened libido was obviously a side effect! I needed to get home, and away from all visual stimulation. With difficulty, I tore my gaze away from the shapely derrieres in bikini bottoms and began to sprint back home as fast as my feet could carry me.   
  
I made it home in record time, and took the stairs up to my apartment, rather than taking the elevator. Once inside the relative safety of my home, I had no more visual stimulation to provoke my libido, however the damage had already been done. I was feverish with lust, my nipples were hard and erect and my clitoris was throbbing.   
  
I was sweaty and panting. I decided that the best course of action was to relieve my sexual tension by masturbating in the shower. I had to peel my clothes off, as they were soaking wet with perspiration and adhered to my skin. And when I was naked, and I caught a look at myself in the bathroom mirror, I was shocked at what I saw.   
  
My face was flushed and my face and upper body were drenched in sweat. My nipples were more swollen and erect than I had ever seen them before. Their color also looked unnaturally dark and vivid, almost red. My excited breathing had highlighted my strong stomach muscles, and my breasts rose and fell in an almost hypnotic manner as I continued to pant.   
  
Experimentally, I reached for my nipples and brushed my thumbs back and forth across them. It was a gentle motion, but my nipples were so swollen and inflamed that they ached. I gasped at the overpowering sensations caused by such minor physical contact, but I didn't stop manipulating my pink, swollen nubs. On the contrary, I began to slowly, incrementally increase the intensity of my rubbing, causing my nipples to ache all the more.   
  
I let out a long, protracted sigh. The more I abused my poor nipples, the more my sex throbbed with hungry spasms. My nipples still hurt, but it was a dark, delicious, libidinous kind of pain. I savored the pain and made unfamiliar moaning sounds. The sounds coming from my throat sounded foreign and exotic. I had never made sounds like this before.   
  
I continued to perspire, however my sweating had nothing to do with going on a seven-mile run. It was all about a feverish, sexual fire that began in my loins and spread out, claiming my breasts, my nipples, my thighs, my temples, hell, most of my body! I had never known that a sexual heat like this was even possible! I continued to pant as my sex throbbed with hungry spasms, and an agonizing wave of desire passed through me.   
  
"Oh, God," I exclaimed in a passionate, lustful voice I didn't recognize as my own.   
  
Slowly, I allowed my left hand to drift down to the swollen lips of my vulva, while my right hand continued to grasp and rub at one inflamed, swollen nipple.   
  
The lips of my sex were soaking wet and extraordinarily sensitive to the touch. My breathing became ragged and everything below my waist quickened and I felt a wild wave of dark, delicious desire stab through me. This was eroticism on unprecedented level.   
  
I changed my stance and spread my feet further apart, feeling more wanton and libidinous. I was already naked, but I wanted to feel even more exposed. I had the urge to feel raw and unrestrained in my sexuality.   
  
I found my poor, swollen clit and stroked it lightly with my thumb. It was larger than I'd ever seen it before and was terribly sore, and tender to the touch. I inhaled deeply and loudly as I stroked my poor, inflamed clitoris and an unfamiliar, wicked sexual sensation circulated throughout my entire body.   
  
I gasped at the sinful, erotic wave that washed over me, and I panted as I mindlessly rolled my swollen nipple between my thumb and forefinger, and rubbed my aching clitoris, heedless of the pain. The pleasure was painful, but the pain was a dark, sexual thrill. I gasped and moaned and watched myself in the mirror as I writhed in a shameless, obscene manner and rubbed my clit and swollen nether lips even more vigorously, causing more delicious suffering and agonizing delight.   
  
There were tears welling in my eyes, and I gasped and moaned at the sharp, stinging pain, but I was unable to stop tormenting my poor, defenseless, pink pubic lips or my abused, sensitive nipple. An overwhelmingly powerful orgasm had been building up inside of me since Chandler Park, and it just kept gathering more strength as the morning progressed. I couldn't keep the orgasm pent up any longer. It had to release it and let it break across my feverish, naked body.   
  
What was growing inside of me had become a boiling, overwhelming need. My hips squirmed in an extraordinarily indecent manner, and then I pinched my nipple cruelly while vigorously rubbing the inflamed, reddened lips of my pubic slit and then I watched my reflection through heavy-lidded eyes as I shuddered and sobbed and the feverish pleasure of my intense orgasm washed over me, bathing my slender, naked body in a sort of dark, sinful pleasure that I never knew possible before.   
  
My breasts heaved up and down and my abdominal muscles clenched and tensed and my hips spasmed as I gasped and panted and moaned, as the orgasm seemed to rip through me over and over again, and I wondered if the intense sensations would ever stop.   
  
I leaned against the bathroom sink and continued to pant. I was still covered in sweat and my face was wet with tears, and labia and inner thighs were soaked with my sexual juices. Yeah, it seemed to me that somebody had been planning on taking a shower before they got distracted by their own reflection in the mirror. Maybe somebody should step into the shower and cleaned up right now.   
  
In the shower, I ended up cupping my breasts and manipulating my nipples in between my thumbs and index fingers. This new sensitivity I had discovered in my nipples and my clitoris were like a whole new world that I desperately needed to explore again and again.   
  
I ended up fingering myself to two more orgasms while I was in the shower. Three orgasms in one day! That was a record for me! And it wasn't even noon yet!   
  
Still standing in the shower with the spray of water coming down on my naked body, I remembered that I made a promise to Chloe. I had promised her that I would call her right away if I noticed any side effects from the modirall.   
  
Chloe was a good friend, but after much consideration, I decided to break my promise to her. The orgasms that I was experiencing from modirall were mind-blowing and exquisite. They were on a whole new level of sexual pleasure that I had never even suspected was possible! I couldn't take the chance that Chloe might pull the plug on my new favorite thing.   
  
After I got out of the shower, I toweled dry and began to take advantage of all the excess energy my new drug was giving me. I washed all the dirty dishes in the kitchen sink, put them away and then began to work on the laundry. Earlier in the week, Chloe had washed, and dried three loads of laundry and brought them upstairs from the laundry room. I took the clean laundry, and proceeded to put it all on hangers, in drawers or on shelves in the linen closet, wherever things were supposed to go.   
  
It wasn't until after I had finished all of these household chores that I realized I probably should have gotten dressed first. Normally people don't go about doing household chores in the nude.   
  
Okay, so this drug gives me lots of energy, hyper-stimulates my libido and seems to make me forget to put clothes on. The first one I decided I could tell Chloe about. Those other two, I decided to try and conceal from her.   
  
I put on a pair of hip-hugger panties, a bra, and then went into my closet and grabbed an old pair of skinny jeans and grey t-shirt that was almost brand new. It had a V-neck, long sleeves and was a cotton/spandex mixed weave, so it clung to my skin almost exactly like a leotard. Years of ballet classes had caused me to develop a fondness for unitards, leotards, tights and similar types of apparel.   
  
Having gotten myself dressed, I took a long look at myself in the mirror and checked myself for any telltale signs that I might have a drug problem. I had stopped panting, I had stopped sweating and my pupils weren't dilated. Okay, I was pretty certain I could pull it off, and convince Chloe that I wasn't experiencing any side effects from taking Modirall.   
  
I looked at myself in the full-length mirror in my bedroom and checked for visible signs that might clue my roommate in on the fact I was on a drug-induced high. At first glance, I looked normal.   
  
I leaned in closer, and studied my eyes. They didn't look wild or manic. I pretty much looked like plain old Allison Brand. After three powerful orgasms, I seemed to have calmed down somewhat. Damn! Were other people in the drug trials experiencing the same side-effects I was experiencing? I wish I had the names and phone numbers of the other people in the drug trials. I'd love to talk to them about this.   
  
I padded out into the kitchen and got myself a glass of ice water. The modirall had a way of driving up my body temperature. Ice water would help me cool down somewhat.   
  
I'd never bought stock before, but I was considering buying stock in Brie Incorporated. It was inevitable that somebody would figure out that modirall was a powerful aphrodisiac. When that happened, it was inevitable that they'd market as a sex drug. I could see modirall driving up Brie's stock value by a thousand percent or more.   
  
I went over to my computer to do a search on stock investing, when my phone rang. I picked it up, and glanced at the screen. At first, I was assuming it was Chloe, checking up on me, but it turned out to be Rita Hanson, my agent.   
  
"Hey, Rita," I said cheerfully.   
  
"Good morning, Allison," Rita said, even though it was 12:15 in the afternoon, "I hope I caught you at a good time."   
  
"Yeah, what's up?" I asked her.   
  
"Erotische Dessous needs models to pose for their new online catalog that's coming out this Fall," she told me, "Are you interested?"   
  
I'd modeled for Erotische Dessous before. They paid well, and I had a good working relationship with their photographers, so, of course I said yes.   
  
"They're doing photoshoots all day on Friday, will you be ready to go?"   
  
"Sure," I replied, "Friday sounds fine."   
  
"That's only three days away," Rita advised me, "And this is going to be a lingerie shoot. You'll be practically naked. If you've got an ounce of flab or fat anywhere on your body, you won't be able to hide it underneath your clothes."   
  
"Thanks for the advice, Rita," I said, "But I've got it covered. Every inch of my body is toned and firm."   
  
"I'm glad to hear it," Rita replied, and then she gave me a time and address to show up on Friday. I wrote it all down, and recognized the address. It was a photography studio near Augustus Beach. I'd been there for photoshoots before. There were two photographers that worked out of that studio, and I knew them both.   
  
"Friday morning, nine o'clock," I confirmed with Rita, and I assured her I would be there.   
  
I had told Rita a little white lie. After then days of chronic fatigue and lying on the couch, I wasn't quite as toned and taut as I used to be. I needed to spend the next three days toning up my abs and my glutes if I wanted to look my best. Rita was right about not being able to hide any minor physical flaws in a Erotische Dessous photoshoot. They hired models like me to pose in thongs, G-strings, V-strings and cheeky panties. If I had any flab or cellulite, there'd be no place to hide it.   
  
"Three days," I assured myself, after I finished my phone call with Rita, "I've got time."   
  
First, I went on the Internet and created an online trading account. Once I finished that, I went searching for Brie Incorporated stock to see how much it was selling for. Their stock price was currently at $22.71 per share. I put in an order to buy ten shares when the price dropped to $20.00.   
  
I knew nothing about buying stocks, but I felt like I had just made a smart move. A drop of $2.71 wasn't much, and if Modirall ever got marketed by Brie Incorporated as a sex drug, I was pretty sure their stock value would go up like a rocket.   
  
Okay, I got the ball rolling on investing in pharmaceutical stocks, next I needed to do something about preparing for my lingerie photoshoot.   
  
I woman doesn't lose a lot of muscle tone from ten days of inactivity, but any physical imperfections a woman has would be magnified under the bright lights of a photography studio, especially if that woman is wearing nothing but a pushup bra and a lacy V-string panty.   
  
I got an exercise mat out of the closet and stripped out of my jeans and my shirt. I laid the mat down on the floor and began to do some floor exercises.   
  
I did one-hundred hip thrusts, then one-hundred knee tucks, then fifty side crunches on my right side and another fifty side crunches on my left side.   
  
I took a short break, got some water to rehydrate, and then went back to work.   
  
I grabbed a bench and some hand weights, and then I started doing Bulgarian split-squats. These are really great for toning the thighs, the calves and the glutes. After I had done a hundred of these, I set the weights and the bench aside and went back to doing hip thrusts again.   
  
The modirall was giving me tons of endurance and endless energy. My muscles were unaccustomed to all this demanding activity after I had spent almost two weeks lying on the couch, but my cardiovascular endurance was at an all-time high! This modirall was great stuff for athletic training! I had no desire to stop my exercise routine, or even slow down!   
  
I got into a rhythm, working my abs, my calves, my glutes, my obliques and my thighs, and just enthusiastically kept things going. I'd occasionally take a short break to get some bottled water, but then I'd get right back into my exercise routine again. I was so deeply into the zone that I lost all track of time.   
  
At one point I was lying on my exercise mat, doing hips thrusts, when the front door of my apartment opened. The door had been locked, so whoever was tampering with the front door must have obtained a key to my apartment somehow. I froze in mid-thrust and focused on the space between the door and the doorjamb, to see who the intruder was that was about to enter my home unannounced.   
  
"Chloe?" I said, when I saw my roommate take a few steps forward into the apartment, "What are you doing home so early?"   
  
"This is the same time I normally get home," Chloe insisted, "What are you doing?"   
  
"I'm toning my glutes and my abs," I replied, "I've got a photoshoot Friday."   
  
Chloe raised an eyebrow and replied, "I was expecting to find you asleep on the couch, but you're doing floor exercises instead?"   
  
"The modirall kicked in," I answered, "Apparently it does everything I'd hoped it would."   
  
Chloe set down her purse and several bags, and then took a few steps closer. Her eyes got wider as she got closer, and then I finally got up off the floor.   
  
"I'm fine, I'm totally fine," I protested before Chloe had a chance to say anything. I was sounding defensive, but only because I was being defensive. I had given Chloe the authority to take my drugs away, but I didn't want her to exercise that authority.   
  
Chloe examined me intently, and I did my best not to look or act like a drug addict. I'm guessing that I did a good job, because Chloe finally relaxed and said, "I brought home Greek lemon chicken for dinner, but you need to take a shower before you can eat. You're all sweaty, and I don't want you sitting on the couch until you're all cleaned up."   
  
Chloe didn't need to tell me twice. I was just glad to have passed inspection, so I padded barefoot towards the bathroom, intending to take my third shower of the day, and I heard Chloe's voice calling out to me, "And put some clothes on before you come back out! It's really distracting when you walk around almost-naked like that!"   
  
I nodded in agreement, even though Chloe couldn't see me. Chloe was a lesbian, and she had broken up with her last girlfriend back in April...or possibly May. I forget. The point is, she hadn't had a valid outlet for her sexual needs in months, and I was a very attractive woman.   
  
Parading around in front of her in nothing but a bra and hip-hugger panties really was a major distraction. I'd have to put on something less revealing when I got out of the shower. Otherwise it would just be a cruel tease, showing off the goods that Chloe could never have.   
  
I finished my shower hastily, dried off and hunted up some clothes from my bedroom. I ended up choosing a soft, comfy pair of pajama pants and a short-sleeved t-shirt. When I returned to the living room, I was no longer sweaty and I was decently covered up.   
  
"Hey, did you wash all the dirty dishes while I was at work?" Chloe asked.   
  
"Yeah," I replied as I came closer and scanned the room for the food. I knew it was nearby. I could smell the yummy aroma as I walked into the room.   
  
"Who are you, and what have you done with Allison?" Chloe asked, "The Allison I know would never wash dirty dishes without me having to nag her first."   
  
I shrugged my shoulders and gave Chloe an ambivalent look.   
  
"The modirall gives me lots of energy," I explained, "When I'm on it, I can't stand sitting around, idle. I have to be up and active, and doing stuff. Is that so bad?"   
  
Chloe just gave me an amused look and said, "Are you kidding? I wish your doctor put you on modirall years ago."   
  
I found the Greek lemon chicken as served up one plate for me and one plate for Chloe. My stomach growled indignantly at me, and I realized I hadn't had anything to eat all day long. Seriously, I had forgotten to eat. Who does that? Apparently, the drug had made me focus so intently on accomplishing physical tasks like jogging, split-squats, hip thrusts and washing dishes, that I totally forgot to take time to deal with important daily rituals like breakfast and lunch.   
  
This drug was kind of tricky. I was going to have to be more careful in the days to come. I didn't want to end up suffering from malnutrition because I forgot to eat.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \***   
  
"Allison, where are your clothes?" an admonishing voice asked. It was a powerful voice that carried across the room and echoed off the walls. It was a voice that demanded your attention, no matter what.   
  
With a quick glance down, I realized that I was naked and barefoot. Ordinarily, when I showed up for a ballet class, I showed up wearing a black leotard and pointe shoes. If the studio was too cold when I arrived, I'd add leg-warmers to my ensemble, however, for reasons I couldn't recall, I had arrived for ballet class without any clothing whatsoever. What had I been thinking?   
  
"I must have left them in my locker, ma'am," I replied timidly, and then I looked up and saw the face of the woman with the powerful voice.   
  
It was Terpsichore, goddess of dance and choreography. I remember years ago one of my dance instructors had a poster of her up on the wall of her studio. I was told that whenever dancers performed on stage, Terpsichore would be there in spirit, observing the dancers and judging their performance, but nobody ever warned me that she might show up in a dance studio when I was doing stretching exercises at the barre!   
  
"None of the other students left their clothes in the locker room," Terpsichore said reprovingly, "Perhaps you think that you are somehow better than the other students, perhaps you feel that you're not required to act in accordance with dress code, even though all of your fellow students showed up in the requisite leotards, unitards and spandex tights."   
  
I opened my mouth to apologize, however my vocal cords no longer seemed to work. My vocal cords felt thick and swollen, and my capabilities of speech just seemed to abandon me. Unable to apologize, I used my hands to cover up my bare breasts and my pubic lips. I hoped that such a gesture would be interpreted by the goddess as being contrite and repentant.

Terpsichore shook her head as if this gesture was insufficient to repent for the insult that the dance classroom had suffered by my breach of good conduct, and imperiously declared, "Since you feel are too good to follow dance studio etiquette, I'm assuming that you feel your dance skills and technique are superior to the other students in this room."   
  
I attempted to respond to this musing of hers, however, my vocal cords still wouldn't work, and then Terpsichore snapped at me, "Allison, full leg extension!"   
  
For those of you who don't know, a full leg extension is a very physically challenging endeavor. It takes years of training and conditioning.   
  
Fortunately, I'd been training and conditioning my body for ballet even since I was seven years old. I'd spent years strengthening my core, years of stretching exercises, stretching my hamstrings, lengthening my adductors, and increasing my flexibility to levels that ninety-nine percent of humanity can only dream of having.   
  
With as much grace as I could muster, I stood on my right leg and lifted my left until my ankle was just an inch away from my face, and my toes were pointed directly up at the ceiling. This is an extreme stretch, and I could feel the strain in my hamstrings and inner-thigh muscles almost immediately. If a normal human tried this, they'd pull a groin muscle or suffer some other horrible injury. With my years of training, I wasn't about to injure myself, however I could still feel the strain in my muscles and tendons.   
  
"Very good," Terpsichore said, saying her first kind word since she'd entered the room, "Your form is perfect."   
  
I smiled at the compliment, and then she added, "Show us how long you can hold yourself in that position."   
  
My face froze, and I had to stifle a groan. Achieving this position at all is a super-human feat. Holding it for more than four or five seconds would be agony. Already my muscles were beginning to protest being forced into this unnatural position, and demanding that I stop.   
  
However, I wanted Terpsichore's approval, so I ignored the protests from my straining muscles, and resolved to hold my extension for longer than I had ever held one before.   
  
Several students came forward and crowded around me. Young males and females in spandex, sidled forward, to witness my feat of flexibility and stamina as I held my pose. Quite a few of them looked impressed. Terpsichore's face looked impassive and aloof. She seemed intent on humiliating me in front of the entire class, and had no intention of praising my performance.   
  
The strain in my muscles intensified and sweat began to break out upon my naked body, yet I continued to hold my leg at full extension. I had already dissatisfied Terpsichore with my failure to follow the dress code. I had no intention of allowing her to find reason to disapprove of my skill, endurance, or dedication as a dancer.   
  
Terpsichore was taller than me, and physically impressive. She was lean and lithesome, but had well-sculpted muscles visible just beneath her flawless skin. She wore a black leotard that was cut very high on the leg, and I could see a very impressive and erotic groove where the tops of her thighs were joined to her pelvis.   
  
Despite the very arrogant look on her face, I found myself feeling a deep sexual attraction to her. What was that all about? I had never been attracted to women before. Why was I feeling this soft, wet pulse in my sex as Terpsichore closed the distance between us?   
  
And just as I was wondering about the answer to that question, it occurred to me that I was in an exceedingly vulnerable position. With my legs so far apart, my pubic lips were very exposed and on display. Of course, Terpsichore knew I would be exposing myself like this when she ordered me to show her my leg extension. Did she have some sort of sexual agenda when she ordered me to hold this pose?   
  
I whimpered and panted as the strain in my muscles became increasingly painful, however I didn't break the pose I was holding. I gazed at Terpsichore and all my fellow students in defiance. I wasn't going to be perceived as weak or neglectful. I'd dedicated years of my life to this art and put my body through grueling training and long hours of rehearsals. I knew myself to be worthy as a dancer.   
  
And then, my whole perception of the scene seemed to transform. I was still holding my leg at full extension, Terpsichore was still watching, the students were all watching, but something had changed.   
  
Suddenly, I was less interested in gaining Terpsichore's respect, and more interested in feeling exposed and vulnerable in front of Terpsichore and a dozen of my peers. I'd never felt this way before, however, I was now feeling a deep sexual thrill at being naked, exposed and forced to hold this difficult and revealing pose for a crowd of onlookers.   
  
I felt almost like a naked slave on the auction block, being examined and evaluated by prospective buyers, my physical attributes being judged. Being ogled and judged and objectified like that should have left me feeling angry and offended, however I strangely found my humiliating circumstance to be very erotic and delicious. As beads of sweat formed on my torso and breasts, it seemed that it magically drew the attention of my fellow students. Some of them focused on my now-erect and swollen nipples, and others gazed spellbound at the glistening folds of my swollen labia. The most intimate portions of my body were available for them to examine.   
  
Being naked and judged and evaluated while I displayed my swollen labia and held myself in this painfully difficult position for my fellow dance students caused a confusing and agonizing wave of desire to pass through me. It was shameful, and humiliating and I was in excruciating pain from the difficult task I was performing, however the same and the humiliation I felt was delicious. In fact; strangely; I found myself wanting the humiliation to continue.   
  
"Summer, her leg is trembling," I heard Terpsichore observe, "Assist her in holding that position."   
  
Summer was one of the female dancers in my class. I knew her very well. I considered her to be a friend, however right then she was more a vehicle of Terpsichore's will than anything else.   
  
Summer took hold of my ankle, gently but firmly, and held my leg in place. I could practically hear my muscles and tendons screaming their protests at me as I continued to abuse them, and I tried to explain to Terpsichore how much pain I was currently enduring. I was almost drenched in sweat at this point, and could feel droplets of sweat as they rolled down the small of my back, and towards my bare buttocks.   
  
"I know," Terpsichore explained to me, "However there is one more thing you must do for me, before you are allowed to reduce the strain on your overextended muscles."   
  
I was about to inquire exactly what else she wanted of me, when she inclined her head towards mine, and she silenced my words by claiming my mouth as her own.   
  
I was surprised by the sudden kiss, and confused.   
  
And then my shock and confusion were washed away in a wave of desire, as I melted into the kiss. I murmured into Terpsichore's mouth and experienced a sudden feeling of heat in my loins. I had never kissed another female before, however I found myself delighting in it. The feverish feelings of lust that washed over me almost made me forgot about the agonizing strain in my muscles and I kissed Terpsichore back, reveling in the softness and perfection of her mouth, and then my lips parted enough for Terpsichore's tongue to gain entrance to my mouth and our tongues collided in an erotic joining that hardened my nipples and made my sex throb with hungry spasms.   
  
It was the most delicious and erotic kiss of my life, and I wanted more. I wanted Terpsichore to own me, to possess me, to make my naked body into her playground. I wanted her tongue, her lips and her fingertips to explore every part of me. I had never felt erotic desire for another female before, however, I was unashamed in the erotic desire I felt for this immortal beauty.   
  
And then I gasped as Terpsichore's face changed. She had broken from our kiss, and we were both panting and out of breath, and my naked body shuddered just as Terpsichore's face became smoother, younger and less intense. Her eyebrows became thinner. Her eyes became darker, a sort of a mix of beautiful coppery brown exploding from the center of the iris, and an alluring, organic green at the edges.   
  
And then, I remember where I had seen eyes like that before. Chloe had eyes like that.   
  
Suddenly, it wasn't Terpsichore's that I was longing to explore and play with every inch of my naked body. It was Chloe that was heating my loins and rousing my passions. And with a dozen of my fellow dancers looking on, I took Chloe's face in my hands and leaned forward to merge her delightful lips with my own once again.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \***   
  
Then I opened my eyes wide and found myself wrapped up in my blankets and lying in my own bed.   
  
My heart was beating rapidly, and I was soaking wet between my legs. My whole body was bathed in the familiar feelings of post-orgasmic bliss, and I realized that I had just awoken from a very intense wet dream.   
  
I almost never had wet dreams, and up until now I had never had a wet dream that involved me being sexually attracted to another female. I had always defined myself as heterosexual, but that dream had me engaged in a very passionate, erotic kiss with Chloe.   
  
And then I remembered being hypnotized by the sway of that woman's ass on the beach in her tiny bikini bottoms. My fascination with her ass wasn't very heterosexual either.   
  
Modirall, I reminded myself. Modirall was doing things to my sexual identity. It was making me more sexual. It was cranking up my libido to levels I never even known existed before. Apparently, gender was no longer important. My body wanted sexual release multiple times a day, and it didn't care where that release came from. Female lovers were just as acceptable as male lovers.   
  
But, Chloe? Chloe was my best friend! Wasn't there some sort of rule that said you never had sex with your best friend? I was pretty sure that was a rule somebody had written down somewhere at some point.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \***   
  
When Friday morning rolled around, I got up early, got ready for my photoshoot and arrived about half an hour early.   
  
Rita wasn't kidding when she said I'd be nearly naked for this photoshoot. Alexi's assistant handed me my first outfit to change into, and I swear it must have weighed less than an ounce.   
  
There was a maroon V-String panty made of imported nylon and lace. This sort of panty is known as "butt-floss" and for a very good reason. It does absolutely nothing to cover a woman's butt. There's just a thing strip of fabric that gets pulled up tight between your ass-cheeks, and leaves your buttocks completely exposed.   
  
And a woman can't wear V-String panties unless she shaves off all of her pubic hair first. The tiny strip of fabric that comes down from the waistband to conceal a woman's pubic lips is so narrow, that pubic hair will be sticking out from underneath the edges of your garment, unless you shave it all off.   
  
Well, some women prefer waxing or laser-hair removal, but I've always preferred shaving. Somehow the idea of stripping naked from the waist down and spreading my legs wide for some total stranger so she can rip my pubic hair out by the roots, or burn my pubic hairs off with a laser, just seems too much like rape. I've never had the courage to allow a strange woman to have unlimited access to my vulva, so she can painfully remove the hairs growing out of the soft, intimate flesh around my labia and anus.   
  
"There's no bra," I complained to Alexi's assistant.   
  
"You can use your hands to cover up your breasts," she said, "This shoot is just for the panties. These first photos will just focus on your body from the waist down."   
  
I think I grumbled something sarcastic at the assistant and went into the dressing room to change my clothes.   
  
For the next shoot, I was given an even smaller pair of V-String panties. They were black, low-rise and made of nylon/spandex. There was even less fabric to cover my vulva on these panties than there were on the first pair the assistant handed me.   
  
The good news was, I got a matching bra to go along with the panties this time, so I wouldn't have to spend the next shoot constantly using my arms to cover myself.   
  
It was a demi-bra that left my breasts mostly exposed, and it was also a push-up bra, which meant that it gave my boobs some extra lift for serious cleavage. The extra lift and push-up padding added about one and a half cups sizes to the way my breasts normally looked.   
  
Everything I modeled that day followed a very predictable theme. There were thongs and V-strings that left my buttocks totally exposed, and just barely accomplished the task of concealing my pubic lips. There were also demi-bras and push-up bras that seemed to do more to call attention to my breasts, than to conceal my breasts.   
  
It would be easy for a model to feel like a whore, posing in these tiny, almost invisible scraps of fabric, however Alexi was an excellent photographer, and always built a rapport with his models. The way he talked to his models, he made them feel like they were the most desirable women alive, and that their bodies were works of art. When you left his studio, you didn't leave feeling like you were a whore, you left feeling like Galatea, a semi-divine beauty, carved from ivory by a master-sculptor and given life by the Goddess Aphrodite.   
  
Alexi and I had an excellent working relationship and we both respected and recognized the skills that the other possessed, however the photoshoot we had that day seemed different from any of the shoots we had every done before.   
  
"Wow," Alexi exclaimed when we were almost done for the day.   
  
"Wow?" I asked.   
  
"This is a side I've never seen of you before," Alexi said, "It's like you're a completely different woman."   
  
Alexi's assistant nodded in agreement, but I didn't understand. What did he mean by different? I noticed some admirable definition on my abs from three days of intensive abdominal exercises, but that shouldn't make Alexi say I seemed like a completely different woman.   
  
"Here, Allison, let me show you something," he said and he took a memory card from his digital camera and plugged it into a computer on his desk.   
  
Within seconds, images of me in skimpy lingerie appeared on the computer screen. I'd seen images of me in skimpy lingerie before, and I said so.   
  
"Look closer," Alexi said, "Notice anything different?"   
  
Alexi scrolled through the photos, and I soon realized what he was talking about. The woman in the photos didn't just have a firm, toned body. She was rawer, wilder and more sexual than I had ever been. Raw, sexual need just seemed to radiate from this woman. She seemed wild and uninhibited. She looked like she was going to come right through the computer screen, pounce on me and rip my clothes off.   
  
"Wow," I exclaimed, finally in agreement with Alexi and his assistant.   
  
"What's happened to you since the last time we worked together?" Alexi asked.   
  
"Um," I said hesitantly, "My doctor has me on a drug that combats chronic fatigue syndrome."   
  
"Seriously? That's the only thing that's changed?" Alexi asked.   
  
"They ought to market that drug as an aphrodisiac," Alexi's assistant said, "You look like you're in heat. I've never seen you like this before."   
  
**\* \* \* \* \***   
  
The next evening, Chloe and I had dinner with Hannah. Hannah is a very anomalous friend of Chloe's. Most of Chloe's friends are professional ballet dancers, aspiring dancers, choreographers or some sort of person associated with the world of ballet. However, Hannah was a neurobiologist with Johnson and Johnson.   
  
She's also fourteen years older than Chloe, so in addition to not being a dancer, there's also a big age difference between Hannah and Chloe. I have no idea how these two women became friends. They seem to have very little in common.   
  
We were eating at I nostri amici, which is one of my favorite restaurants, however it's prohibitively expensive, so we can't afford to eat their very often. We were guests of Hannah this evening, therefore we wouldn't have to pay anything. That took the pressure off of us financially.   
  
After the waitress had taken our drink orders, Hannah turned to me and said, "So, Chloe tells me you're suffering from chronic fatigue syndrome?"   
  
"I was," I said timidly, not realizing that my medical condition was going to be a topic of conversation, "I'm feeling much better now."   
  
"She's taking an experimental drug, developed by one of your competitors," Chloe added helpfully.   
  
"Should you be telling her that?" I asked my roommate, "I mean, won't Brie Incorporated sue us, if we tell their competition what they're up to?"   
  
Hannah laughed at my suggestion and made a gesture with her hand like she was swatting my question away.   
  
"Allison, dear," she said with an amused smirk on her face," It's no big secret that Brie is in the process of developing a new chronic fatigue drug. Pfizer is doing exactly the same thing, so is Johnson and Johnson. The only way that Brie would be able to sue you, is if you gave us the chemical formula that they're using to manufacture their new creation."   
  
"Oh," I said, feeling somewhat foolish. I didn't know much about corporate law, or the games that pharmaceutical companies played.   
  
"I would be curious to know what caused your chronic fatigue," Hannah said, "Did they check your thyroid?"   
  
"Yes," I replied, "And the doctor said that my thyroid was normal."   
  
"Hmmm. What about malnutrition?" she asked.   
  
"I learned a lot about nutrition during my years of ballet training," I told Hannah, "I'm certain I was never malnourished."   
  
Hannah was very silent as she considered her next words. She looked at me like I was a puzzle that she was eager to solve. I took a sip of my water and wondered why my chronic fatigues was so fascinating. I wasn't fascinated by it, and it was something that happened to my body.   
  
Then she totally took me by surprise by asking me, "When was the last time you got laid?"   
  
I spit my drink out all over the table and gave Hannah an offended look, then I blurted out the words, "What the hell, Hannah? What kind of question is that?"   
  
Hannah seemed to be impervious to my outrage and calmly replied, "It's a fairly simple and straightforward question. And it's medically relevant."   
  
"Seriously?" I asked, "You think chronic fatigue can be caused by lack of sex?"   
  
Once again, Hannah did the long, silent stare before she said anything, then she calmly responded, "There are studies that show that lack of sex can lead to depression and other medical problems. Sex helps to boost and strengthen your immune system, while lack of sex can cause psychological problems that lead to physical manifestations."   
  
I raised one eyebrow, and gave Hannah a good, long look before I finally replied, "I guess the last time I had sex was about three or four years ago."   
  
"Three or four years?" Hannah asked, with genuine outrage.   
  
There was a stunned silence on Hannah's part, followed by an analysis of, "Look, sex produces hormones that beneficial to your emotional health. After three or four years of neglecting your emotional health, you were probably suffering from depression. Depression is a psychological ailment, but it can lead to physical symptoms. Did your doctor look at your chronic fatigue from that angle?"   
  
"I was not depressed," I said adamantly objecting to her diagnosis.   
  
"Three or four years?" Chloe said, giving me a look of pure horror, "A good-looking woman like you? I realize you never brought any guys around to our apartment, but I always assumed you were hooking up with somebody somewhere, like maybe one of the photographers that you work with."

"Look," I exclaimed loudly, somewhat annoyed that my sex-life (or lack thereof) had turned into the topic of our dinner discussion, "The last guy I was with was extraordinarily cute, but he was utterly inept when it came to lovemaking. He couldn't find a woman's clitoris with both hands, a map and a flashlight, and he was utterly unskilled at bringing a woman to an orgasm. Every time he took me to bed, he utterly failed to complete the job. I mean...he looked amazing naked, but he was useless as a lover. And despite the fact that he never once was able to bring me to orgasm, he was shocked, absolutely shocked when I broke up with him!"   
  
And then I got a sudden shock when I heard the voice of our waitress behind me, saying, "Ooh, I hate guys like that."   
  
I made a barely audible whimpering sound when I realized our waitress had overheard everything I just said. Wow. I had just spilled some of the most intimate details of my life to a total stranger.   
  
"I didn't mean to eavesdrop," the waitress said apologetically, "I was just standing here with your drinks, when you said that."   
  
"It's quite alright," Hannah said, "You were just doing your job. We're not offended."   
  
I was offended, but apparently, my feelings weren't important. That Hannah was so arrogant. She made more money than I did, so her feelings were more important than mine.   
  
"I gave up on men years ago," Hannah offered, while the waitress was still standing over me, and listening to every word, "If you like, I know several women at the R&D lab who are currently unattached. I could introduce them to you, if you like. They'd be thrilled to have a chance at a nummy treat like you."   
  
My face grew painfully hot with embarrassment, and I noticed the waitress giving me a sidelong glance to see how I'd respond to Hannah's offer.   
  
"No thank you," I responded coldly, "I don't think I'm willing to throw my heterosexuality away just yet."   
  
Hannah had a lime daquiri, and Chloe had a Cuba Libre. I was the designated driver, so I was just drinking water. I very rarely drank, and even had a t-shirt at home with the words, Designated Driver printed on the front. I had a friend named Kiko, who had bought me that shirt years ago, and I hadn't had a sip of alcohol since.   
  
Oh, wow. Was I really as boring as I sounded? No sex, and no alcohol? Was I turning into a nun? Was modirall the only interesting thing about me?   
  
**\* \* \* \* \***   
  
The modirall had really amped up my sex drive, and Hannah had made me feel incredibly self-conscious about my long dry spell since my last lover. As a result, I decided to make myself seem a lot less like an old maid, and grab myself a man.   
  
All of the male dancers I knew from Ms. Straff's ballet class had been exceptionally good-looking, any one of them would do. I just needed to track one of them down. I hadn't seen any of them since I stopped my ballet training, and didn't know how to contact any of them.   
  
Fortunately, my second-best friend in the world did.   
  
Kiko had been a student in Ms. Straff's dance class, and she was far more social than I've ever been. I was extraordinarily confident that she'd kept in touch with all of my former dance-mates. I pulled out my iPhone and gave her a call.   
  
I allowed Kiko to engage in small talk and pleasantries before I got to the point. Kiko liked small talk, and I hadn't seen her since the Valentine's Day Costume Party in West Hollywood. She had a lot of things she wanted to catch me up on.   
  
When there was finally a lull in the conversation, I explained that I was looking to hook up with one of the male dancers from Ms. Straff's dance class, and I needed her help in finding them.   
  
There was a pause (always a bad sign), and then Kiko explained that she knew how to get in touch with them, but hooking up would not be easy.   
  
Scott had moved to Rhode Island, and was tending bar in a place called the Cadillac Lounge. Dylan and Julian were still in California, and had both been accepted to the same ballet company, however, they had both moved to San Francisco, which put them hundreds of miles north of me. Also, they were now a couple, as in they were now having sex with each other. It didn't sound like either one of them would be receptive to having sex with me.   
  
Christopher had moved to London. Apparently, his parents were both British, and he was trying to repair his relationship with his estranged parents.   
  
Ms. Straff's class had been mostly female. Dylan, Christopher, Julian and Scott were the only male dancers in the class. Damn! I had really wanted to hook up with one of them, and then throw my active sex life in Hannah's face.   
  
I asked Kiko for suggestions on what to do next, but she didn't have any quick or easy answers. However, she did promise to call me, if she came up with any brilliant ideas.

**Allison's Addiction Ch. 02**

I continued to have wet dreams about Chloe.   
  
In one of them, I was naked and on a wooden stage. A female dressed in black boots, black jeans and a black t-shirt, held a whip in one hand and grabbed me by the scalp with the other, she dragged me across the stage my yanking on my hair and I followed her helplessly.   
  
There was a crowd with scores of boisterous, excited people surrounding the stage. Nobody explained it to me, but somehow, I knew that this was a slave auction, and I was there to be bid upon. And then, the auctioneer called out to them in a familiar voice:   
  
"Lovely naked dancer! Blonde, with firm, little breasts and dancer's legs! And situated on top of those legs, you'll find the most delicious buttocks to ever grace the female form!"   
  
I recognized that voice. That was Chloe's voice. Why was my best friend doing this to me?   
  
Before I could ask the question out loud, Chloe yanked my head down, forcing me to bend over at the waist. She had maneuvered me so that my buttocks were facing the crowd, then she kicked my legs apart, thus presenting my pubic lips to the crowd, in addition to my buttocks.   
  
"You won't find a shapelier rear-end than this on any other woman in the entire state of California! What am I bid for her?"   
  
I heard a loud insistent voice call out a bid for two-thousand dollars. That person was quickly outbid by another loud voice. And then a third voice outbid the second bidder.   
  
The bidding stopped at six-thousand dollars, but then Chloe took her leather whip and smacked me across my bare buttocks several times. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!! The sharp pain caused me to let out an agonized scream. The crowd roared with approval as I wailed and moaned in pain, and suddenly the bids started to climb again.   
  
The way I was being abused, controlled and publicly humiliated should have outraged me into a blind, red-hot fury, but instead, I found myself overcome with sexual need, and wanton, feverish desire. Having my naked body exposed in public and being abused by my best friend was causing my sex to throb with hungry spasms, and causing my entire body to be gripped with an uncommon sexual heat.   
  
I was savoring the abuse and the lewd, public exposure of my naked body, and the bidding continued to rise until they reached sixty-thousand before they stagnated.   
  
"Are you really going to allow a libidinous wench like this to go for a mere sixty-thousand?" Chloe roared at the crowd, "She is eager to be your sexual plaything! Just look at this!!"   
  
I was still bent over at the waist and my legs were still spread indecently wide, and then I felt Chloe's hand reaching between my legs, and cupping my vulva. She toyed with my swollen pubic lips, before forcing them apart and then thrust two fingers inside of me, making me moan.   
  
She probed my intimate interior, causing me to squirm my hips and gasp as she stimulated sensitive nerve-endings within me. I panted helplessly as she brought my needy body closer and closer to orgasm, and then I whimpered miserably, as she withdrew her fingers from my hungry, pulsing sex.   
  
"See how wet she is for you," Chloe cried out, and although I was bent over and staring at the ground, I somehow knew she was holding up her hand for the crowd to see how it was soaked with my sexual juices.   
  
The crowd went berserk after that, and bids were called out faster than the auctioneer could confirm them. Twenty-thousand rapidly because forty-thousand. Forty-thousand rapidly became eighty-thousand. Eighty-thousand rapidly became one-hundred and twenty-thousand.   
  
I was impressed! I was a very popular commodity, to get such furious and competitive bidding! And who called out that winning bid? Who wanted me so fervently, that they were willing to pay almost a quarter of a million dollars?   
  
Chloe yanked my head up and I was handed over to the woman who now owned me. It turned out that the winning bidder was Hannah Richter, Chloe's friend who worked at Johnson and Johnson. How much did they pay her, that she could afford to bid so much on a naked slave-girl?   
  
\* \* \* \* \*   
  
I awoke with a gasp and panted as I slowly recovered from such a feverishly sexual and emotionally intense dream.   
  
I thought it was odd that I would (at the post-pubescent age of twenty-two) start having wet dreams about someone of my own gender. I had gone through my teenage years without once having a wet dream or a sexual fantasy about another female, and now I was having wet dreams about Chloe every night. And why was I getting aroused at the thought of being helpless, controlled and humiliated? That had never been a sexual turn-on of mine before. Why did the thought of being naked, submissive and humiliated suddenly stir my loins up into a sexual turmoil?   
  
I should have been greatly disturbed by this radical change in my sexual identity, however the orgasms I was having were so potent and utterly delicious, I decided not to worry about my changing sexuality.   
  
After one of my potent and erotic dreams about Chloe, I would often wake up with a throbbing, feverish need in my loins, and I'd be unable to fall to sleep unless I masturbated myself to orgasm. Invariably, I would think about Chloe while I squeezed, twisted and pulled on my throbbing nipples with one hand, and fingered my wet, pulsing sex with the other.   
  
It would be around one or two in the morning when I would wake up from these wet dreams, and Chloe was already heavily on my mind. Since she was already a potent force in my subconscious, it was easier to think of her face, her lips, her voice and her hands when I was awake and dealing with my sexual needs, than to try and conjure up someone else in my mind as I masturbated.   
  
And, of course, I saw Chloe every day, so remembering everything about her, was easier than visualizing another person to be the protagonist of my sexual fantasies. Chloe was the first person I saw every morning after I woke up, and the last person I saw in the evening before I went to bed. Also, let's be honest, she was a very attractive woman.   
  
Of course, I didn't mention any of this to Doctor Khorkina.   
  
When I went in to see her for my follow-up visit, I explained how beneficial the drug had been in rescuing me from chronic fatigue. I was no longer lethargic and wasting my life away on the couch. In truth, I was bouncy with energy. I felt like a teenager on the first day of summer vacation! I felt like an athlete at the height of her career!   
  
"I'm very happy that the modirall has worked so well for you," Doctor Khorkina said, "I'd like to take you off it for a while and see if you continue to do well."   
  
"Take me off it?" I asked, taken aback, "But, it's saved my life! It might just be the best thing that's ever happened to me! Why take me off it?"   
  
She did that doctor-thing, where she had a stolidly calm disposition, despite the fact that the person in front of her was a turbulent storm of emotion.   
  
"The manufacturers of modirall never planned on it being taken for long term use," Doctor Khorkina explained phlegmatically, "It's supposed be used as a sort of a jumpstart to reset your metabolism, and get your energy levels back to where they're supposed to be."   
  
I really, really didn't want to be taken off this drug, but I also didn't want to tell Doctor Khorkina the real reasons behind why I craved this drug so badly.   
  
"What if my fatigue comes back?" I asked, although I was far more concerned about losing the sexual high that I'd been wallowing in.   
  
"If it comes back, contact my office immediately," Doctor Khorkina replied helpfully, "However, it's unlikely that it will resurface. Thus far, the modirall has been surprisingly effective at rebooting the metabolism and getting people back on their feet. I think you'll be fine."   
  
Fine? I didn't want to be fine! I wanted to be indulging in the most potent sex drive and the most overwhelming orgasms that a woman had ever known! Fine wasn't good enough anymore!!   
  
I still had a few pills left. I was hoping that I could come up with a plan to get more.   
  
\* \* \* \* \*   
  
Okay, I wasn't a genius, but I had the bare bones of a plan by 2:30 that afternoon. Chloe worked over at the Fairhaven Athletic Center. Some of her co-workers were medical doctors. I was wondering if Chloe could talk one of the doctors there into supplying me with modirall.   
  
I mean...not all doctors will have the same opinions as far as when a drug is necessary and when it's not, right?   
  
Chloe was between clients, and I found her in her office. That gave us some privacy, which was fortunate. I needed to ask her for a favor, and having her clients and co-workers around would just make things more complicated and awkward.   
  
Having caught her alone, I thought my odds of me getting her cooperation were excellent, but it didn't turn out that way.   
  
"Allison, I love you like a sister," Chloe said, "But this plan isn't going to work."   
  
"What? Why not? You are friends with these doctors," I said insistently, "Right?"   
  
Chloe shook her head and pinched the bridge of her nose. That was a sign that I was annoying her, so I bit my tongue and tried to rethink what I was doing. I was clearly doing something wrong here.   
  
"Even if I could talk one of the doctors here into writing prescriptions for my friends," Chloe began, "Modirall is an experimental drug. It hasn't been approved by the FDA yet. Doctors can't write prescriptions for drugs like that. The only reason Doctor Khorkina was able to get you modirall was because somebody at Brie gave them to her, so she could participate in testing the drug's effectiveness."   
  
"Um," I said, feeling foolish for not spotting this flaw in my plan.   
  
"Why is this even so important?" Chloe asked, "If your fatigue returns, I'm sure Doctor Khorkina will put you back on the modirall."   
  
I considered concocting some sort of elaborate lie, but I found I just couldn't do it. Chloe was my best friend, and I had already deceived her too much as it was, so I decided to just come out and tell her the truth.   
  
"Okay," I said, my voice heavy with resignation, "I haven't been entirely honest with you about the effects of modirall. It actually did more than just cure my chronic fatigue."   
  
Chloe's facial expression didn't noticeably change. She just sat there and calmly said, "Go on, I'm listening."   
  
"It's also given me a sexual high," I elaborated, "Ever since I started taking it, I've been feverish with sexual desire. My nipples have been so hard and swollen that they ache. My sex is wet and throbbing, all day and all night! I'm masturbating between three and six times a day, and I'm having the most overwhelming, wonderful orgasms of my life!"   
  
Chloe got an amused smirk on her face, and said, "You have got to be kidding."   
  
"No, I'm serious," I insisted, "My libido has gone from beginner-level to Olympic-gold medalist-level! And now that I know what the Olympic-gold medalist-level feels like, I don't want to go back to the beginner level again!"   
  
Chloe raised one eyebrow and asked, "Your pussy is actually wet and throbbing right now?"   
  
"Yes," I blurted out, a lot louder than I initially intended, "Do you want to check?"   
  
Chloe rolled her eyes and held her hands up in a surrender-sort of gesture, and then replied, "Not here, no. I could get into trouble if I got caught feeling you up in my office."   
  
Then Chloe sighed and added, "Look, how important is this to you?"   
  
"Very important," I responded, perhaps too eagerly, but I was a bundle of hyper-stimulated nerves at the time, "It's pretty much my chief reason for living at the moment."   
  
"Okay," Chloe said, in a calm, patient voice normally reserved for reasoning with dangerous psychotics, wielding meat cleavers, "About three or four years ago, I had a girlfriend named Carrie. I had her on a very unorthodox program that had her in a constant state of sexual overload. She was just like you. Her pussy was wet and throbbing all day and all night. She didn't masturbate, I kind of had her on an orgasm rationing system, but when she did have an orgasm, they were so powerful and overwhelming, she couldn't move afterwards. She would just sort of twitch and tremble and make vowel-sounds. I could put you on a program like that, if you're willing to consent to me being in complete and total control of your sex life."   
  
"Um," I said again. Chloe was my best friend. Consenting to place her in charge of my sex life would be awkward. On the other hand, what if she could do as she advertised? I remembered her dating a woman named Carrie some years back. Did she really have Carrie's pussy wet and throbbing all day long? Could she really do that for me?   
  
"Look, you don't need to make a decision right now," Chloe said, "Go back home and think about it. I've got to get back to work. I'll see you tonight. If you decide not to take me up on my offer, we needn't talk about this ever again. I you do want to take me up on my offer, you know how to find me."   
  
I went home and tried to put Chloe's offer out of my mind. Chloe was my best friend, and you don't engage in a sexual relationship with your best friend, right?   
  
On the other hand, what she was suggesting sounded dramatically similar to the content of the erotic dreams I'd been having lately. I mean...those dreams were very potent in their eroticism. What if the reality Chloe was proposing was just as potent? Wouldn't a real-world sex life that was that powerful be worth violating social norms?   
  
I grabbed some dirty laundry, and took it downstairs to the laundry room. Call me crazy, but doing laundry usually helped me to think. It was a very nearly mindless task, and my brain seemed to function more efficiently while my hands worked at loading laundry into machines, pulling laundry out of machines, and folding it afterwards.   
  
My brain broke down the math, and what it came down to was this:   
  
1. I was almost out of modirall.   
  
2. I had grown addicted to the sexual high that modirall gave me.   
  
3. I had no workable plan for getting any more modirall.   
  
4. Chloe claimed to have a program that would give me a sexual high, very similar to the one I had become addicted to.   
  
5. If I didn't go with Chloe's program, I had no fallback plan to keep my sexual high going.   
  
In the end, I decided that I would go with Chloe's plan. I didn't know the specifics of her plan, but she was the smarter of the two of us. If she felt it would work, it probably would. I went back upstairs, put laundry away and paced back and forth, wondering what Chloe's plan would entail.   
  
Chloe and I take turns getting dinner for the apartment, and I remembered that tonight was my turn. I swung into action, hastened my way to the kitchen, opened up the refrigerator door and took inventory of what was available to me.   
  
"Hmmmmm," I said to myself as I examined my options, and then I decided to make Southwestern chicken soup. We had the ingredients, I was skilled at making it, and both Chloe and I liked it. This was a plan that would work.   
  
Chloe came home shortly after dinner was ready. She went directly into her room and changed her clothes. She came out wearing yoga pants and a sweatshirt. Then she fixed herself a Cuba Libre and sat on the couch. It was like she'd completely forgotten the conversation we'd had earlier that day.   
  
"How was your day?" I asked.   
  
"Hectic," she replied, "A lot of our clients are idiots. They want to be professional athletes and most of them think there's some sort of easy path to getting there. They want to be Olympic Gold athletes by the weekend. They want to be world famous, but they don't want to put in the hard work that it takes to get there."   
  
Then she looked at me, held up her empty glass and said, "Could you get me another one of these?"   
  
I got her another drink, and I got us each a large bowl of soup. When we were both done eating, I cleared away the dishes and we turned on the TV and watched Orphan Black on Netflix. Orphan Black is a really well-written and well-directed TV show, and Tatiana Maslany plays like eight different characters! She must be the hardest-working woman in the entertainment industry!   
  
Chloe seemed perfectly content to watch TV and pretend that we had never had our conversation about the sexual highs that I'd been experiencing on modirall and the possibility of Chloe putting me on a program that did almost exactly the same thing. But I wasn't, and if she wouldn't broach the subject, I'd just have to bring up the topic myself.   
  
"Chloe," I said to her when there was a lull in the storyline on the TV screen.   
  
"Mmm hmm," she replied.   
  
"I've decided to take you up your offer," I said, "I want you to put me on the same program you put Carrie on...the one that had her pussy wet and throbbing all day, every day."   
  
Chloe's attitude immediately changed. She had been totally relaxed up until I said that. Suddenly, she seemed more alert, her eyes more intense, she paused the episode we had been watching and sat up straight.   
  
"Are you sure?" she asked, "I was almost certain you'd never agree to us doing that."   
  
"I'm sure," I said, already beginning to feel a stirring in my loins. Just talking about was triggering something in my libido.   
  
"What about you?" I asked, "Are you stilling to be my sexual mentor, or are you backing out?"   
  
"Oh no, I'm not backing out," Chloe assured me, "I'm totally willing to do this. I just want you to know, that if we go through with this it will dramatically change our relationship. If you're not ready and willing for us to do that, we really shouldn't even get started on it."   
  
"Change is good," I replied, "I mean some change is good. Some change is bad. It's up to us to decide which changes are good, and which changes are bad. I think this would be a good change."   
  
"Okay, she said, "Let's get started. It's a step-by-step program. We'll get to the more complex stuff later, and start with the simpler stuff for right now. Take your clothes off."   
  
"What?" I asked, not entirely certain that I had heard her correctly.   
  
"When I was training Carrie, I kept her naked most of the time. She was allowed to put on clothes if she left the apartment, or if her parents came to visit, but most of the time I insisted on total nudity. It was an important part of her training. If you want me to train you, you're going to have to be naked most of the time."   
  
I could see this was non-negotiable. I suppose I should have expected something like this. If you wanted to keep somebody constantly aroused, enforced nudity was a good place to start. Clothing did a lot to protect your genitals from external stimuli, so they would have to go.   
  
Chloe and I had lived together for years, but I think she had only seen me naked once before, and that was largely an accident. Divesting myself of my clothing while she watched me with an intent, deliberate gaze made me feel self-conscious and awkward. When I got down to just my panties, I hesitated. Chloe was right, doing this would change our relationship, and sometimes change was scary. I took a deep breath and my heart beat painfully loud as I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my panties and pushed them down. When they were lying on the floor in a puddle around my feet, I stood before my roommate, feeling vulnerable and exposed.

Suddenly Chloe didn't seem like Chloe anymore. My sweet, considerate, accommodating Chloe now had a lean, hungry and predatory look on her face, like a wolf about to devour a wounded chicken.   
  
"Spread your legs," Chloe instructed me, "You told me today, that your pussy was wet all the time on modirall. Now, I'm going to check and see if that's true."   
  
I spread my legs, but apparently not far enough for Chloe's tastes.   
  
"You can spread them farther than that," Chloe snapped at me, "I've seen you do a dancer's splits before! Come on!"   
  
So, I spread my legs apart even farther. I spread them apart approximately thirty-six inches. It's not a dancer's split, but trust me, that's a lot. Then Chloe instructed me to claps my hands behind the back of my neck, while she inspected my pussy.   
  
The pose she had ordered me to take made me feel very open and vulnerable, which was what Chloe had been going for. She seemed to have an opinion that being naked, open and vulnerable would all translate into sexual arousal.   
  
And while I stood there feeling very naked, exposed and vulnerable, Chloe reached one hand between my thighs and cupped the glistening, wet folds of my swollen pubic lips.   
  
"You were right," Chloe conceded, "You really are wet."   
  
Then she worked my pubic lips apart and thrust one finger inside of me. Her finger probed deep into my sex, and then stayed there. I moaned at the intimate intrusion, and I felt a throbbing in my sex, that was echoed by a throbbing in my ears.   
  
Chloe left her finger deep inside of me as she explained how all of this was going to work.   
  
"Okay, as your sexual mentor, there are a number of rules that I'm going to expect you to follow. The first one I've already mentioned. I expect you to be nude most of the time. From now on, I'll expect you to sleep in the nude. When it's just the two of us at home, I'll expect you to be naked. When I'm at work, and you're home alone, I'll expect you to be naked. If I come home from work and catch you wearing any type of clothing, you'll be punished."   
  
"Punished?" I asked, and squirmed my hips reflexively as I felt Chloe's finger moving around inside of me, "Punished, how?"   
  
"Carrie usually got a spanking when I caught her disobeying my rules," Chloe replied, "I suppose the same punishment would work with you."   
  
I was surprised by her response and let out a feminine gasp. "Seriously?" I asked, "You would actually spank me?"   
  
"I told you our relationship would change if I became your sexual mentor," Chloe reminded me, "Me inflicting corporal punishment on your bare bottom would be one of the changes that would have to be instituted. Do you want to back out, now that you're finding out what it means to have me in charge of your training?"   
  
I actually considered backing out. This was far more intense and scary than I originally anticipated it would be, but the pulsing fire in my loins wanted Chloe to keep going. Roller coasters were intense and scary, but people still waited in long lines to ride them. My wet throbbing sex had decided that it wanted to ride this intense and scary roller coaster. All that remained was for me to verbally confirm what my pussy wanted.   
  
"I'm not backing out," I said, "You have my permission to punish me if I break the rules."   
  
Chloe gave me a wicked smile and then added, "Okay, the second rule is no masturbation. From now on you need my permission to have an orgasm, which means you're not allowed to give them to yourself. From this point on, if I catch you fingering your pussy, you'll have to be punished."   
  
"Okay," I said, and I realized I was getting excited at the prospect of being punished for violating Chloe's rules. I was turning into the submissive female from my dreams. Of course, I was still under the influence of modirall. Everything got me sexually aroused when I was on modirall. Would this sort of treatment still get me aroused when I ran out of the drug?   
  
"Third rule," Chloe said, "since I'm sure you'll be tempted to break rule number two, I'm going to tie you up at night, so your hands can't reach your crotch. I did that to Carrie, so no matter how tempted she got, she couldn't finger herself to orgasm."   
  
"Bondage is part of the program?" I asked, amazed that my best friend would be tying me up.   
  
"It's a very important part of the program," Chloe insisted, "If you can't handle bondage, we may as well abandon the entire project right now."   
  
I almost objected, but then I felt her finger move around inside of me, and an agonizing wave of desire spread out from my sexual core and took hold of my entire body. I writhed and trembled until the delicious sensation passed, and then I told Chloe I was okay with her tying me up.   
  
"Rule number four is that we're going to have to start showering together," Chloe said, "When Carrie had privacy in the shower, she was always tempted to masturbate. I caught her playing with herself six or seven times before I thought to institute that rule with her."   
  
"I guess that makes sense," I said, giving up with right to privacy in the shower with no argument whatsoever. It seemed that I had given up my will entirely, and would agree to anything Chloe asked.   
  
"Oh, don't look so distressed," Chloe said to me, "This program will do exactly what you wanted. It will give you an Olympic class libido. Don't you still want that?"   
  
"Of course, I do," I replied, "Ever since I've been on modirall, I've been introduced to a side of human sexuality I never knew existed before! It's unbelievably delicious!"   
  
"Well, this program will keep that deliciousness going," Chloe assured me.   
  
Chloe had me get a towel before I could sit down on the couch again. Now that I was naked, the risks of me getting my sexual juices all of the couch cushions were very real. Precautions had to be taken.   
  
When I had put my clothes away and had a towel to sit on, Chloe un-paused out TV program and we began to watch again, although both of us seemed to be somewhat distracted at this point. I kept noticing Chloe's eyes drifting away from the television screen and drifting towards my bare breasts, or toned thighs. There was an electric feeling of sexual excitement and vulnerability as I knew that Chloe could see all of my body while she herself was fully dressed.   
  
Chloe was a lesbian, and enjoyed looking at well-toned, slender female bodies, especially when they weren't wearing very much. In public she had to be very subtle about such voyeurism, however now that she had me obediently stripping for her and openly displaying my naked body, she didn't have to be discrete anymore. She could ogle my naked body quite openly, and I wouldn't do anything to deter her.   
  
Maybe it was the modirall, but I soon found myself luxuriating in the advantage Chloe had over me. I was utterly and humiliatingly naked and Chloe was fully dressed, with her most erogenous body-parts respectably hidden-away. It made me feel vulnerable and submissive and exposed, and something about that made my loins tingle and throb. I was savoring this new feeling of being exposed and vulnerable to my best friend.   
  
"So, is it just these four rules?" I asked Chloe at some point during the evening, "Did these four rules really turn Carrie into a throbbing sex machine, feverish for orgasmic release?"   
  
"Oh, it's more involved than that," Chloe replied, as she placed one hand on my bare thigh, "But I don't want to overwhelm you too much on your first day. I'll introduce you to the other rules, when I think you're ready for them. The first four rules will do for now."   
  
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When it was time for me to go to bed, Chloe followed me into my room. I don't know where she got them from, but she had several lengths of hemp rope, all coiled up and ready to place her best friend in bondage.   
  
Chloe smiled her wicked smile when I gave her an inquisitive look and said, "I didtell you that I'd have to tie you up at night, remember?"   
  
"Okay," I said, feeling utterly and passive and obedient, "How do you want to do this?"   
  
Chloe told me to lie on my back with my arms spread out towards the edges of the mattress. I complied with her orders and spread my arms out. Chloe them proceeded to use two lengths of rope to tie my wrists to the metal bedframe.   
  
When she was certain that I couldn't wriggle free from her rope bondage, Chloe asked, "How do you feel?"   
  
"Helpless," I said, "What if I have to get up to pee in the middle of the night?"   
  
"You'll just have to hold it until morning," she replied, "Good night".   
  
She turned to go, and I responded, "Good night," without complaining about the way she was treating me.   
  
Being naked and helpless while my roommate was fully clothed and had the freedom to do as she wished, was causing a tumult of sensations in my loins. Being helpless, exposed and vulnerable seemed to be becoming a huge turn-on for me. My beat faster and I felt feverishly hot at the thought of how much control my roommate now had over me. It was going to be frustrating not being able to masturbate, as hyper-stimulated as my libido was. I began to rub my bare thighs together in an attempt to relieve some of the potent sexual tension brewing inside of me.   
  
Chloe had been in the process of heading out of my room when she noticed me rubbing my thighs together. Apparently, that was an action that didn't meet with her approval, as she sternly snapped, "Allison! No! Stop that right now!"   
  
I had been enjoyed the friction of one smooth thigh rubbing against the other, but froze as soon as I heard Chloe's voice.   
  
"Rubbing your thighs together like that is practically masturbating," Chloe said, admonishing me, "Legs far apart! Now!"   
  
Once again, I passively acquiesced, and Chloe took her time, tying my ankles far apart, so it would be impossible to rub them together during the night.   
  
"Now, you're ready for bed," Chloe declared when I was bound spread-eagle and helpless.   
  
She kissed me good night and turned out the lights on her way out. I was naked, helpless and aroused. I was in severe sexual distress, and had no way of gaining sexual relief.   
  
One thing I knew for sure, I was going to have some potent wet dreams tonight.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \***   
  
The nurse took me back to an exam room, and the first thing I noticed about the room was the gynecological examination chair. It somehow seemed to dominate the entire room.   
  
"Just, take off your clothes," the nurse instructed me, "Then I can check your weight and take your measurements."   
  
Something about the way she was doing things didn't seem like standard operating procedure to me. Didn't they usually give you a flimsy gown to wear before a medical exam like this? I asked the nurse if I could have a medical gown, and she told me that there was a new health regulation in the state of California that phased out medical gowns. She couldn't give me one, even if she wanted to.   
  
I stripped naked and then allowed the nurse to order me around. She ordered me up on the scale, and then wrote down my height and weight. She ordered me off the scale, and proceeded to use a cloth tape-measure to measure the size of my waist, my hips and my breasts. And to add to my discomfort, the nurse repeatedly rubbed her tape measure across my nipples as she tried to measure the size of my breasts. The mild, yet repetitive friction of the tape measure across my nipples and areola caused them to stiffen and become stirred up. I had no idea why my doctor's office would need to information like my waist size, or my breast size. Is any of that medically relevant?   
  
Then she ordered me to sit in the examination chair and to place my legs in the leg crutch stirrups. I had already been uncomfortable being naked in front of the nurse, then she cranked up my level of discomfort by moving the stirrups further apart, thus forcing me to spread my legs obscenely wide.   
  
"I'm going to have to use some restraints," the nurse informed me, "The exam doesn't hurt, however a lot of women tend to squirm and use their hands to try and cover themselves, so it's become standard procedure to restrain the patient until the exam is over."   
  
I mulled that over and wondered when that procedure went into effect. I had never heard of that being procedure before.   
  
Leather straps were buckled around my ankles, and just above my knees. More leather straps were then buckled around my wrists, which were then used to secure my wrists to some sort of metal support near the headrest. I had never felt so naked and exposed in my life, and that's when the doctor decided to enter the examination room.   
  
I felt very vulnerable and humiliated as the doctor walked into the room and leisurely looked over my defenseless nudity and smiled.   
  
"Good morning, I'm Doctor Sobchak," she said in an amicable tone of voice, "And, how are we today?"   
  
When meeting someone for the first time, I traditionally shake hands with them, however the nurse had left me immobile and helpless by buckling those damn leather straps around my wrists.   
  
"I'm Allison," I replied, squirming uncomfortably, "I'm feeling kinda helpless and vulnerable the way your nurse has got me fixed."   
  
"It's standard procedure," the nurse said, addressing both the doctor and myself. She was very bureaucratic and methodical about the whole thing. It's like she didn't possess any empathy or emotions, but was capable only of following orders.   
  
"Alex is quite correct," Doctor Sobchak assured me, "State regulations are quite adamant that we restrain all patients before conducting a vaginal exam. It's supposedly for your own good."   
  
I tried to work it out in my head, how it could be for my own good to be naked, helpless and exposed like this, but I couldn't quite see the logic in it. And while I was contemplating the logistics of how this could possibly make sense, Doctor Sobchak snapped on some latex gloves, and the nurse produced a tube of some sort of lubricating gel and squeezed out a generous blob for the doctor's fingers.   
  
She held her fingers near my vulva and said, "Allison, try and scoot your pelvis forward, more towards me."   
  
It wasn't easy to move, the way the nurse had bound me, but I squirmed my hips and moved my butt forward, as much as I could.   
  
"That's a good girl," the doctor said, and then she placed her gloved fingers on my exposed pubic lips.   
  
She spread my swollen inner lips and took her time, feeling around. She informed me she was checking for masses. She wasn't rough, but I felt very exposed and defenseless as she fingered the most intimate part of my female anatomy.   
  
"Okay, Allison, everything here seems normal," the doctor informed me in her companionable tone of voice, as she handled my tumescent nether lips, "But I'm going to need to probe around inside next."   
  
She then produced a stainless-steel speculum and the nurse assisted her in applying generous amounts of lubricant to the medical device.   
  
The speculum looked large and intimidating, and I reflexively attempted to close my legs together. Of course, the restraints buckled around my knees and ankles frustrated my efforts to move my legs, even slightly. I was utterly helpless and immobilized. The doctor could do whatever she wanted to me.   
  
Doctor Sobchak fed the cold, metal speculum deep into my vagina and turned a screw that caused it to open wider. As the speculum opened wide, it forced my sex to open wide as well. As the doctor opened the speculum wider and wider, I was overcome with a strange feeling. It wasn't so much a bad feeling, but I felt open, helpless and exposed.   
  
Then, she proceeded to make me feel even more open and exposed by producing a colposcope, turning on a bright light, and placing one end of the colposcope into my yawning, wide-open sexual orifice. She spent about thirty or forty seconds staring into the most intimate orifice of my body with her high-tech device, but didn't seem to find anything noteworthy while she was examining me.   
  
She then set the colposcope aside, and removed the speculum from my overexposed, defenseless pussy. Initially, I assumed that meant the exam was over, however Doctor Sobchak had other ideas. She then inserted two fingers in me and pressed down on my lower belly quite hard. She had her fingers in me longer than the metal instrument. She moved her fingers around, told me she was examining my cervix.   
  
Her fingers remained inside of me for an extended period. Her fingers probed and explored, and left me feeling very uncomfortable, helpless, violated; and perhaps worst of all; sexually aroused.   
  
I tried to hide my arousal, however my body wasn't cooperating in that effort. Despite my best efforts to remain quiet, I ended up moaning and letting out girlish gasps, as Doctor Sobchak's fingertips found sensitive spots inside of me that responded every time she contacted them.   
  
I didn't want to reach sexual climax in my doctor's office, with a doctor and a nurse watching over me, however it looked as if I had no choice in the matter. A powerful orgasm was building deep within my loins, and the muscles of my vagina spasmed around Doctor Sobchak's fingers as she probed me.   
  
I gasped as another agonizing wave of desire passed through my naked body, and I squirmed with both sexual desire and embarrassment as my nipples became visibly swollen and painfully erect.   
  
"Almost finished," Doctor Sobchak assured me, and then she removed her glistening-wet fingers from my throbbing sex, just instants before an overwhelming orgasm would have ripped through me.   
  
I felt feverish and my breathing was ragged and disturbingly loud, but I had presence of mind enough to ask, "Can I be unstrapped from all this bondage gear?"   
  
"Actually, I'd like for one of my colleagues to examine you first," Doctor Sobchak said, "Just stay right there. I'll go and fetch her."   
  
Just stay right there? Where did she think I was going to go? My wrists, ankles and knees were all bound with leather restraints! I couldn't even get out of this damn gynecologist's chair!   
  
Doctor Sobchak left the room, but neglected to close the door behind her. This meant that any doctor, nurse or patient walking past the examination room would have ample opportunity to get an eyeful of my naked body, with my legs spread obscenely wide, and my swollen pubic lips blatantly on display.   
  
At least seven people got a glimpse of me as they walked down the hallway and passed the examination room. Several of them slowed down, thus affording themselves more time to get a better look at me. I could feel my face heating with embarrassment as my naked, helpless body was scrutinized by total strangers.   
  
Eventually, Doctor Sobchak returned with her colleague. I recognized her almost immediately.   
  
"Doctor Khorkina," I said, and I struggled uselessly against the leather restraints that held my naked body wide-open for her to ogle.   
  
"Good morning, Allison," Doctor Khorkina greeted me, "Doctor Sobchak requested that I take a look at you and substantiate her diagnosis."   
  
I was about to ask what sort of diagnosis Doctor Sobchak had made about me, but then Doctor Khorkina snapped on a latex glove, and within seconds had her fingers inside of me.   
  
I squirmed my hips and made helpless, gasping noises while her fingers explored deep inside my throbbing sex. She had a frustrating tendency to find the most sensitive nerve endings of my sexual core, enflame them to the point that I was panting and on the edge of orgasm, and then her fingertips would withdraw.   
  
By the time Doctor Khorkina was done with her examination, I was sweating, feverish and panting with urgent sexual frustration. And when Doctor Khorkina spoke, I could barely hear her words, as my heart was pounding emphatically loud in my ears.

"Her arousal levels are at least 226% above the norm for a woman in her age group," Doctor Khorkina commented.   
  
"Do you think it could be Wandering Genital Syndrome?" asked Doctor Sobchak.   
  
"I won't rule it out just yet," Doctor Khorkina said, "But there could be a more mundane explanation. Has she been taking addyi, or any sort of libido-enhancing drugs?"   
  
"I haven't prescribed her anything like that."   
  
Then Doctor Khorkina turned to me and said, "Allison, have you been obtaining aphrodisiacs from another source?"   
  
I squirmed uneasily at the question. Modirall had very potent libido-enhancing qualities, however, I really didn't wish to share that information with these women. I was attempting to keep that little fact a secret.   
  
"You look nervous, Allison," Doctor Khorkina observed, "Have you been completely honest with me about the modirall? You claimed that it had no side-effects, but I'm wondering if you've been withholding information."   
  
"What? No! I was totally honest about the way the modirall worked," I protested loudly and squirmed even more in my bondage. My heart sped up and pounded painfully in my chest at the thought of my deception being discovered.   
  
"She's lying," Doctor Sobchak said aloofly, "I can see it in her eyes."   
  
"I agree," Doctor Khorkina said, "We should contact somebody over at Brie Pharmaceuticals. They'll want to take custody, and incarcerate Allison in their secure testing facility."   
  
"Incarcerated?" I asked, feeling panicky and helpless. Reflexively, I fought against my bonds, but with no success.   
  
"A temporary loss of freedom, dear," Doctor Khorkina responded, dispassionately, "It's all in the name of science. They just need to understand all the effects that this drug is having on you."   
  
"Wait! I want to cooperate! I'll be completely honest with you this time," I exclaimed with panicked resonance, but Doctor Khorkina and her medical colleagues seemed to be completely unmoved.   
  
"It's too late for that now," the nurse said placidly.   
  
"As of this morning, you are the property of Brie Pharmaceuticals," Doctor Khorkina said coldly, "You can have your freedom back when they're done with their research. I'll call their R&D people when I get back to my office, and we'll just leave you strapped in that chair until they send someone over to pick you up."   
  
**\* \* \* \* \***   
  
When I awoke from the dream, I was naked, my wrists and ankles were bound, my pussy was throbbing and my pubic lips were soaked with my own juices. With some very minor variations, my waking reality was very much like the dream I had just awoken from.   
  
An agonizing wave of desire resonated through my naked body and I groaned in frustration as my bound hands prevented me from doing anything to alleviate my sexual distress. I was suffused with sexual heat, covered in feverish sweat, and my nipples and heated loins throbbed with an insistent need. If I hadn't agreed to be tied up at bedtime, I'd be fingering myself to a frenzied orgasm right now.   
  
My wet sex throbbed with another hungry spasm, and I moaned piteously. I'd be tied spread-eagle to this bed until Chloe came in to untie me. I wasn't sure how much longer I had to wait, however Chloe had prohibited me from masturbating, so even after I was untied, my sexual distress would continue.   
  
There was a digital clock in my bedroom, but the way Chloe had tied me to the bed I couldn't raise my head up high enough to read it. I had no idea what time it was, or how long I had before Chloe would be showing up to untie me.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \***   
  
I was in some sort of locker room. Locker rooms are built to be utilitarian, and not stylish. They all pretty much looked the same. This could have been a locker room from my old high school gym class, or from Miss Straff's ballet class, or from some health club in city a thousand miles away. It had lockers, benches and tile floors. It looked pretty much like every locker room I had ever seen. It looked ordinary and unremarkable.   
  
Then, something happened that was very out of the ordinary. A woman who was my exact double walked into the room. She had my face, my body, my hairstyle and my hair color. She was even wearing the navy-blue leotard that I had lost about three years ago. I really liked that leotard. It fit me perfectly, and showed off how highly toned my abs and buttocks were. And the fabric was such a dark shade of blue, it often looked like it was black. I always thought that was kinda cool.   
  
"Who are you?" I asked my twin.   
  
"I'm Allison Brand," my twin replied, "Just like you."   
  
"So, I'm talking to myself?"   
  
"That's a crude way of putting it," my twin replied, "but yes, you're talking to yourself. Sometimes talking to yourself can be a good thing."   
  
"And sometimes talking to yourself can lead people into thinking that you're crazy," I countered.   
  
"And, are you really so insecure that you allow other people's opinions to control what you do, and how you behave?" my twin asked.   
  
I was starting to annoy myself.   
  
I also noticed that I was naked. I reflexively crossed my arms over my upper torso, concealing my naked breasts from my twin. She chuckled and her face got a very amused sort of look.   
  
"I have seen them before," she said, "plenty of times."   
  
I felt awkward and foolish for hiding my bare breasts from myself, and then forced myself to relax and lay my arms down at my sides. The other Allison seemed to appreciate my change in behavior.   
  
"I thought it was a good idea for us to have a little chat," the other Allison said, "I thought we could talk about your sexual identity."   
  
"Thanks, but I already got all the questions about all that answered," I told my twin, "The modirall is augmenting my sex drive. It's heightened my libido so much that I'm being sexually attracted to everyone, even other females."   
  
"Yeah," the other Allison said, "I'm not sure if that's exactly what's happening here. Yes, the modirall is heightening your libido, but can any aphrodisiac; no matter how powerful; turn a straight woman gay?"   
  
The question caught me off guard, but I tried to retort, "Sure it can. I mean, if a person gets hungry enough they'll eat anything! Starving people in third world countries have been known to eat locusts and crickets! Get somebody in enough sexual distress, and they'll have sex with anybody!"   
  
"Maybe," my twin said calmly, "or maybe you've always had latent homosexual tendencies, and you've been repressing them all these years. Maybe modirall is the sort of drug that loosens your inhibitions."   
  
"I don't have sexual inhibitions," I insisted, "I live in California. Everybody in California is very open and honest about their sexual identity. Hell, most of my friends are gay! Why would I be sexually inhibited?"   
  
Then another Allison Brand twin entered the locker room (or would that be an Allison Brand triplet?) This one was dressed in a white and black tweed skirt-suit that I had worn to church many times (back in the days when I used to go to church).   
  
"Perhaps because you were raised by a Roman Catholic mother, who was very outspoken against homosexuality," the tweed-wearing Allison suggested.   
  
"Her mother would have had a shit-fit if her daughter ever came out to her as gay," the spandex-wearing Allison agreed.   
  
"Hey," I exclaimed loudly, "The two of you are ganging up on me! That's no fair!"   
  
The spandex Allison raised one eyebrow at me and asked, "If you're just talking to yourself, how could you possibly be getting ganged up on?"   
  
Okay, this was getting confusing.   
  
"Look, if I were gay, I think I would know it," I said adamantly, "End of story!"   
  
"Actually, there's a lot you left out of that story," the tweed Allison said, "Your mother was always more concerned with having her daughter conform, than having her daughter happy. On some level you must have sensed that."   
  
"And on a subconscious level, you would have almost certainly taken defensive measures to protect your emotional well-being," the spandex Allison added, "You could have pushed your Sapphic tendencies down so deep that even you couldn't find them."   
  
"It would have been an ideal way to protect yourself from the melodramatic temper tantrums that your mother has been known to throw when she doesn't get her way," the tweed Allison said.   
  
"No," I said insistently, "I'm twenty-two years old. If I were gay, I would have run across some sort of evidence before now! You can't hide something like that from yourself for twenty-two years! That's almost a quarter-century!"   
  
"Well, you say that," the tweed Allison replied, "But, if you're so certain that you haven't buried homosexual tendencies somewhere deep inside your unconscious mind, why don't you drink?"   
  
"What?" I said dumbly, the question taking me totally by surprise.   
  
"You're twenty-two years old," the tweed Allison reminded me, "You're of legal drinking age, and your friend Chloe always keeps a bottle of Malibu rum in the apartment. She wouldn't mind if you made yourself a cocktail every now and then. So, why don't you drink?"   
  
"Alcohol is just empty calories," I replied automatically, "Everybody knows that. And, I'm a model. I need to look my best. I have to watch what I eat and drink."   
  
"Alcohol also causes you to loosen up your inhibitions," the spandex Allison said, "Maybe you're afraid to find out what sort of person you'd become if you weren't so inhibited."   
  
I opened my mouth to make a counter-argument, but I was kind of stumped. Other models drank, and they still kept their bellies flat, and their bodies toned. They just had to work a little harder to burn off the empty calories. Why was I so adamant about always remaining sober? Why did I always have to remain so self-controlled and self-disciplined? What was that all about? Was there something I was trying to hide from myself?   
  
**\* \* \* \* \***   
  
And then, I found myself back in my own bed. My wrists and ankles were still bound tightly with ropes, however Chloe was sitting on my bed, so freedom seemed imminent.   
  
"Rise and shine, sleepyhead," Chloe said cheerfully, "We've got a big day ahead of us."   
  
I responded to Chloe's cheerfulness by groaning. I had just woken up in severe sexual distress, and Chloe was being all cheerful. Also, how did she expect me to rise? I was tied to the bed!   
  
"Well, somebody woke up cranky," Chloe said, and then she proceeded to untie me.   
  
When I was untied, I began to massage the indentations on my skin, where the ropes had dug into my flesh, and Chloe filled in the peaceful silence with her enthusiastic words.   
  
"Now, we still have seven of those pills left," Chloe said, referring to my modirall, "We shouldn't waste those, so I'll still give you one of those, every morning. They may actually help somewhat during your first week of training. Come out into the kitchen, and I'll get you one."   
  
I was naked and Chloe was tastefully dressed in a V-neck t-shirt and yoga leggings. I felt like our status had dramatically changed. Me being naked while she was fully clothed, made me feel like she was above me, like she was my superior.   
  
And something about that made my loins shiver and throb with an intoxicating thrill. Did that make sense? Getting a sexual thrill from being naked and in the presence of some sort of authority figure or someone who outranked me didn't make any sense, did it?   
  
The more I thought about Chloe being an authority figure that could give me orders, the more my loins stirred. I was confused about that. Why should I get a sexual thrill from being subordinate to Chloe?   
  
I took the pill that Chloe gave me and then she began to lay out the day for me.   
  
"First, we'll shower together," she explained, "Then we'll go over some of the notes from the training handbook."   
  
"Training handbook?" I asked.   
  
"Okay, it's just a spiral notebook with some ideas I jotted down," Chloe admitted, "but I thought training handbook would sound more impressive."   
  
Chloe showed me the notebook. Most of it was blank pages, however there were at least thirty pages that she had filled in. She had given a lot of thought about how she was going to train me.   
  
"I woke up early and wrote most of that down this morning," Chloe explained, "There's a listing of rules I expect you to follow. I'm working on a list of punishments for you. Right now, the only punishments I can think of are spankings. Spankings can be humiliating and painful, but they lack poetry. I'm trying to come up with ideas with more artistry and elegance."   
  
"Uh huh," I said, feeling somewhat overwhelmed and confused. Every time she used words like punishment, spanking or humiliation, I felt a sudden excitement in my loins. Why was my body reacting that way? Did something about modirall make you crave punishment and humiliation? Had any drug in the history of pharmacology ever done that?   
  
"I've also been coming up with a list of accomplishments you can do, to earn yourself orgasms. I've got a list of seventy labors so far that you can perform to earn yourself an orgasm."   
  
My pussy resonated with an insistent pulse, and I knew I had to see that list of seventy labors, and perform at least one of them that very morning.   
  
"Let me see that list," I said, urgently.   
  
"Not yet, my fledgling student," Chloe said, with a wicked smile, "First we shower, then I can show you the list."   
  
I sighed and allowed Chloe to tell me what to do. I walked down the hall towards our bathroom, so we could shower together. I felt confused, sexually aroused and a sense of giddy anticipation. Did anybody else I knew have a life as complicated and confusing as mine?

**Allison's Addiction Ch. 03**

It had been at least six months since the last time I had seen Chloe naked, however she had to take off all her clothes for the two of us to shower together.   
  
I know I keep protesting that I'm not gay, but when Chloe was naked, I couldn't help but admire the quality of her naked body. She has really toned calves, and a very firm, well-shaped butt. She hasn't danced in years, but she still has legs like a dancer. She has tight, flat abs and a narrow waist. Her whole body is very well put-together. Chloe caught me staring at her naked body, and I could feel my face heat up with embarrassment.   
  
"See anything you like?" Chloe asked.   
  
"I'm sorry," I responded, "It's the modirall. Almost everything arouses me now."   
  
"Even your best friend?" Chloe asked, "You know, you've seen me naked before, but this is the first time I've ever seen you gaze at me with a look of sexual hunger in your eyes."   
  
"It's the modirall," I repeated, and then I remembered the triplet from my dream asking me if it was really feasible for a drug to change a woman's sexual orientation. It was a loaded question, and I wasn't really comfortable thinking about it too much. I'd rather just blame the drug, and not have to think too deeply about the issue.   
  
And then Chloe ambled forward and stood dangerously close to me, her face inches from mine, her thighs and breasts very nearly rubbing against my thighs and breasts.   
  
"In about seven days, you'll be all out of modirall," Chloe informed me. "Do you think that look of sexual hunger will disappear around that time?"   
  
Chloe didn't wait for my answer. She just stepped into the shower. I had an unobstructed view of her naked buttocks when her back was turned to me, and there was a soft, wet pulse between my thighs as I admired the view. Chloe's ass was the most delicious part of her anatomy. It's was exquisitely-shaped. It was sculpted perfection, wrapped in smooth, flawless skin.   
  
Following that thought, I shook my head, as if trying to shake myself awake from a dream. I wasn't just ogling my best friend's ass, or was I? What sort of person would do that to their BFF? If I were going to stare fixedly at somebody's naked ass, I was pretty sure it shouldn't be the shapely ass that belonged to my best friend.   
  
I tried to slow down my breathing and restrain my sexual impulses until after Chloe put her clothes back on, but then she turned around and I noticed her vulva was very neatly trimmed and shaved. There was a neat, manicured landing strip just above her pubic lips, perhaps slightly more than two inches from top to bottom and less than half an inch wide. It did nothing to obscure her pubic lips from my view.   
  
"I'm not gay, I'm not gay, I'm not gay", I silently told myself, but I had a hard time tearing my eyes away from the slightly swollen pubic lips between Chloe's toned, and perfectly-shaped thighs. At what point did my interest in other women's bodies slide over from admiration and into homosexuality? I was kind of afraid to ask the question. If I asked the question out loud, I might get an answer I didn't like.   
  
"Just face me and hold still," Chloe said after we were both in the shower and the shower curtain completely closed, "I'll do most of the work."   
  
"Most of the work?" I asked, clearly confused.   
  
"I'm going to wash you," Chloe announced, "I'm also going to shave your underarms, your legs and your pubic area."   
  
"Wait, wait, wait, hold on," I said, "The agreement was that we shower together so you can make sure I'm not masturbating in the shower. You never said anything about washing me! I should still be able to wash myself!"   
  
Chloe raised one eyebrow at me and said, "It wasn't long after Carrie and I began showering together, that I began washing her as well. I think it made a huge difference in inciting her libido. If you want to raise your libido up into the stratosphere, you'll agree to letting me wash you every day."   
  
I ground my teeth and thought about arguing with her. I was already in a confusing and awkward state regarding my sexuality, and allowing Chloe to run her hands all over my naked body would make things significantly more confusing and awkward, but I eventually backed down and decided to allow Chloe to do it.   
  
"Okay," I said reluctantly, "go ahead."   
  
Chloe poured a generous amount of body-wash into one hand, and then reached out to touch me. The first area of my anatomy that she intended to wash my left shoulder. But even being touched there had a profound effect on my body. At her touch, a protracted shiver traversed its way across my naked skin, and I stifled a gasp. Dear God! If I reacted this strongly to Chloe's hand on my shoulder, how was I going to react when her fingertips glided across my already-swollen nipples? I was reevaluating my decision and considering changing my mind about showering together with Chloe, when I felt both of Chloe's hands rubbing body-wash into my breasts.   
  
My whole body was super-charged with sexual tension and my nerve-endings were gloriously hypersensitive. When Chloe's palms, thumbs and fingertips pressed into my breasts and rubbed aromatic, soapy liquid into my bare skin, I tried (and failed) to stifle a moan. My heart sped up, and my shower with Chloe suddenly resembled one of my erotic dreams.   
  
Chloe's hands were magical on my breasts, and suddenly all the nerve endings in my body responded to her ministrations. Maybe the magic started in my breasts and my nipples, but the tingly magic resonated deep within my loins, my thighs, in the soles of my feet, and even in my face and ears. My whole body seemed to be throbbing with excitement and sexual heat. My nipples were throbbing, my loins were throbbing, my ears were ringing, and some parts of my anatomy were so feverishly hot that it felt as if they were melting.   
  
My breathing became embarrassingly labored, making my sexual arousal blatantly obvious. Then Chloe proceeded to wash my torso, my buttock, my legs, and even the soles of my feet.   
  
"Oh, God," I exclaimed as Chloe's hands awakened a disturbingly strong sexual need within me. Then; making things even more awkward; Chloe inserted her fingers into the tight seem between my buttocks and proceeded to soap up the tender flesh of my anus.   
  
"Chloe," I protested, "Seriously?"   
  
When I had agreed to let Chloe wash me, I hadn't suspected that it would mean she'd be touching me in such an intimate, tender part of my anatomy. I was shocked by the presence of her fingers in that hitherto private area.   
  
"What? You think you can't get dirty back there?" Chloe asked in defense of her intrusion.   
  
And it just got worse after that. Chloe had saved the most intimate part for last.   
  
When she had done a thorough job with the rest of my body, she placed a hand between my legs and began to lather up my vulva.   
  
Even before she touched me there, there had already been a throbbing in my loins and my pubic lips had already become swollen. The pharmaceutical company that manufactured modirall developed it as a drug to combat chronic fatigue. They didn't seem to realize that it was a powerful aphrodisiac. As a result of taking it, I was in a state of constant arousal. I didn't need Chloe's fingertips to stroke my labia to get all hot and bothered, and when her slick fingers stroked my swollen nether lips, it was just overkill. I moaned and squirmed at Chloe's touch, and I felt feverish with sexual need.   
  
It didn't take long for Chloe's fingers to bring me over the edge. She spent perhaps six or seven seconds working aromatic-smelling lotion into my loins, getting me clean, before a potent orgasm overwhelmed me and reduced me to a screaming, writhing, shuddering collection of nerve endings.   
  
I shook and trembled and panted for several seconds as the orgasm subsided. Chloe watched me carefully the whole time and said nothing. She just studied me and seemed to take great interest in all my sounds and motions. It was almost as if she were a scientist closely monitoring a research subject in the lab.   
  
"Okay, I wasn't expecting you to be so sensitive so early in your training," Chloe commented when my orgasm finally subsided, "I suppose I'll have to make some adjustments, and train you slightly differently from the way I trained Carrie, otherwise you'll be having orgasms all day."   
  
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As part of my training, I had to be naked all day long, while Chloe got to wear clothes. It seemed unfair to me, but, from the outset, I have to admit that I got a sexual charge out of it. At the same time, I realized that it was slightly bizarre that being totally naked and exposed while Chloe was respectably clothed gave me a fluttery, feverish sort of thrill.   
  
Chloe was a lesbian and had a great appreciation for the female anatomy, especially when it was utterly nude and shamelessly on display. And with me being totally naked (even to the point of my pubic hair being shaved off), Chloe was free to admire my firm breasts, my thighs, my buttocks, and even my exposed pubic lips.   
  
Chloe wasn't shy about staring at my naughty bits while her body was covered. It was an unequal situation. Chloe had me at an unfair disadvantage, but instead of resenting that disadvantage, I was loving it. Something about Chloe exploiting my situation was creating a constant throbbing in my loins. My best friend was sexually objectifying me! Why was I getting a sexual thrill from this?   
  
Chloe's training regimen involved a lot of physical training that didn't make sense to me at first. She had me doing leg exercises, flexibility exercises and core-strengthening exercises, similar to those I used to do back when I was a ballet student. I didn't see what any of this had to do with strengthening my sex drive.   
  
Although I didn't understand it at first, by the second day, I was starting to get some sort of insight into how it worked. It was less about the exercises and more about making myself subordinate to somebody else. Being naked and obedient and following all the orders of a fully-clothed, domineering woman somehow triggered something deep inside of me and quickened my sex drive.   
  
When I had been a ballet dancer, I subordinated myself to choreographers and took orders from them all day long. I never got a sexual thrill from it back then. Did being naked, while I was ordered around make a huge difference?   
  
I didn't really have any answers, so I just decided to give constant nudity a chance.   
  
"Core stability is important," Chloe reminded me, as she supervised me and forced me to perform a grueling series of abdominal exercises, "If you don't have strong muscles in your core, you won't have a solid base for leg extensions. In addition, I want to sculpt your body to maximize its appeal to me and others."   
  
I already knew the role that abdominal muscles played in stability. Although I had lapsed when I left the world of ballet, I had taken ballet lessons for years and used to have a ballerina's core strength. I also knew the role that they play in creating an attractive image, but a shiver ran down my spine when Chloe announced her intention to mold my body.   
  
Any doubts that I had about what that would entail were dispelled when Chloe told me to lie on my back with my head and shoulders raised off the floor while she palpated my belly. She began by probing the rounded mound of my tummy just below my belly button and proceeded down the ridge of muscle that ran from there to my pubis. As her hands descended, she dug her finger deep into the muscles that my raised head and shoulders forced into prominence.   
  
Having my taut muscles prised apart was an excruciating experience. Flashes of intense pain were accompanied by equally intense erotic sensations. When she reached the region just above my pubis and dug her fingers into the muscles there, I felt a subtle but distinct tug on my vagina and felt my clitoris emerge from its protective hood. I never would have guessed that the pain and pleasure are so closely allied.   
  
At the same time that her fingers were penetrating into my belly, her words were penetrating into my mind. As she probed them, she told me how much she looked forward to transforming my body into a work of art that she could take pride in displaying. The combination of the pleasure/pain that she was inflicting and the words that she was speaking had a profound effect on my psyche. On the one hand, my rational self resisted the notion of becoming Chloe's property. On the other hand, my emotional self realized that I had a deep emotional need to be her property.   
  
I didn't understand exactly what I was going through, however every nerve ending in my body was alive with sexual stimulation. I may not have understood what it all meant, but I wasn't about to give up on the scrumptious sexual spell Chloe was weaving just because I didn't understand it. I was enticed by what she was doing, and decided to stick with it, no matter what.   
  
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When Monday rolled around, Chloe had to go to work, and I was left at home all by my lonesome. Without Chloe to supervise me, I was free to do what I wanted. I could have ignored her training regimen and found something else to do with my time.   
  
I considered calling up Carrie and catching up with her. Chloe had allegedly put Carrie through the same training that I was currently going through, and I would've really liked to ask Carrie about that. When I objected to an aspect of the training, Chloe was fond of playing the Carrie card, and making me give in by telling me that certain things worked for Carrie.   
  
But, was it the truth? Did Carrie really acquiesce to all the things that I was going through right now? And did they really work for Carrie?   
  
I was going to call Carrie, but just as I found my phone, there was the telltale click-clack of somebody unlocking the front door to my apartment.   
  
My eyes became glued to the front door and I froze. Who the hell was out there? Chloe had already left for work about an hour earlier. I hoped it wasn't building maintenance. The idea of some middle-aged, overweight man in dirty work boots eyeing my naked breasts and bare butt sent my heart into a panicky rapid heartbeat, and I reflexively used my hands to cover my breasts.   
  
My heart rate slowed down somewhat when I saw who it was. It was Natasha Sorokko. She lived in apartment 306, along with her twin brother and her scary mother. She and I were friends, although I had never given her a key to my apartment, so, I was rather confused and suspicious when I saw her using a key to enter my apartment.   
  
"Nat?" I asked, as I watched her enter my apartment and close the door behind her.   
  
"Hi, Allie," she said, her tone cordial, although with a slight undertone of amusement, "Chloe told me that you'd be naked, but I wasn't sure if she was serious."   
  
I was still using my hands to protect my breasts from being viewed by Nat's eyes. My pubic lips were still pretty much on view, but I only had two hands. There was only so much I could do to cover up my nudity.   
  
"And how did you get a key to my apartment?" I asked, still somewhat embarrassed that my naked body was being exposed to my eighteen-year old neighbor.   
  
"Chloe gave it to me," Natasha replied, "She said that you were undergoing some sort of experiment or medical test or something, and that it wasn't a good idea for you to be alone for too long, and she asked me to check up on you from time to time."   
  
I set my phone down and massaged my temples. Of course, Chloe would do something like that! Because being embarrassed about Chloe seeing me naked wouldn't be awkward enough. Chloe was making certain that other people got to gawk at my naked body as well.   
  
"So, what is this experiment about?" Natasha asked, "Chloe wouldn't explain it to me. She said it would be better if I asked you about it."   
  
I massaged the bridge of my nose and tried to think of something that didn't sound too weird and humiliating. I ended up telling her a story that was pretty close to the truth.   
  
"It's a psychological experiment," I explained, "We're studying the effects of chronic nudity on the human libido."   
  
"Cool," she said, with that ambiguous tone that teenagers are so famous for using, and then she changed the topic and said, "Do you have any coffee? I didn't get a chance to have any before I came over here, and I'm feeling really caffeine-deprived."   
  
Chloe had made a pot of coffee before she had left for work. I poured Natasha a mug, and then I poured a mug for myself.   
  
After she had taken a long, slow sip of her coffee, Natasha asked, "So, how's the experiment going so far?"   
  
"Well, my libido is now up in the thermosphere," I replied, "so, you tell me."   
  
Natasha furrowed her brow, and said, "What's a thermosphere?"   
  
"Nat, didn't they teach you anything in school?" I asked.   
  
Natasha apparently assumed it was a rhetorical question and didn't say anything in response. She just stared at me, apparently, expecting me to answer her question.   
  
I set down my coffee mug and gestured with my hands, "Okay," I said, "here's the ground level. Above that we have the troposphere. Above that, we have the stratosphere. Above that we have the mesosphere. And above the mesosphere, we have the thermosphere."   
  
I held my hand at waist level when I mentioned the ground level, and then I raised my hand several inches higher each time I told Natasha the name of the next level up. By the time I got to the thermosphere, my hand was way above my head.   
  
"So, the thermosphere is pretty high up there," Natasha said, phrasing it as a question.   
  
"Yeah, it's pretty high up there," I replied, and picked my coffee mug back off the kitchen counter.   
  
Natasha didn't ogle my naked body the way Chloe did, but I still felt somewhat uncomfortable being naked in front of her.   
  
I felt more comfortable if we talked about something else (anything else) other than my nudity, so I deliberately tried to steer the conversation in a non-nudity direction.   
  
"So, you and Nathan have graduated from high school," I said, "Will the two of you being going off to college now?"   
  
"Well, one of us will," Natasha said, "My parents can only afford to send one of us. Nathan will be attending Pacific University in the fall."   
  
I nodded and took a sip of my coffee. I found it somewhat suspicious and unfair that it was the boy who got to have a college education, and the girl that was forced to go without. Did they even take any time to think about it before they made that decision? Or did they just decide that males were more suited to higher education than females?   
  
Rather than say any of this out loud, I simply asked, "So, does that mean that you'll be getting a job?"   
  
Natasha frowned and took a sip of her coffee. She seemed uncomfortable with the question, and I wasn't even certain she was going to answer, but eventually she got around to it.   
  
"Not a job exactly," she said, "I'm getting an internship at Brie Pharmaceuticals. It doesn't pay anything, but after my internship is over, I should be able to get a sales job there. According to my mom, a pharmaceutical salesperson can make a lot of money."   
  
At the mention of Brie Pharmaceuticals I froze. Brie pharmaceuticals was the company that manufactures modirall. If Natasha was going to be an intern there, she'd probably have access to the entire building. If I asked her nicely, she'd probably be willing to bring some home for me.

I was formulating the perfect words to use for my request, when I got a text message from Chloe.   
  
I glanced at my phone. The text message asked me if I was doing my abdominal exercises.   
  
I sighed and set my phone back down. I decided that I could ignore Chloe for a while, and I went back to sipping my coffee.   
  
Then Natasha got a text message.   
  
Natasha read the message on her phone. Then she looked at me and said, "Chloe wants to know if you're doing your ab exercises."   
  
"What?" I asked, somewhat taken aback, "You're her spy, now?"   
  
Natasha just sort of shrugged.   
  
"Just text her back and tell her I'm doing them," I said.   
  
Natasha shrugged again, set her coffee down and texted Chloe back. For a few seconds my gambit to get Chloe off my back seemed to be working. Then, Natasha got another text.   
  
"Now, she says she wants me to send her a picture of you doing your ab exercises."   
  
Natasha just looked at me for a while, waiting for me to respond. Natasha was a pretty good friend, but she considered Chloe to be a friend as well. She wasn't going to lie to Chloe forever for me. Natasha's face wasn't even remotely hostile, however, if I didn't start doing ab exercises soon, Natasha was certain to text Chloe back and tell her I wasn't doing them.   
  
I let out a heavy sigh, went over to my exercise mat and started doing hip thrusts. Natasha took a few pictures of me as I exercised my core muscles and sent them off to Chloe. After doing a hundred reps, I asked Natasha if I could stop.   
  
"Chloe says that if you stop, I have to text her back and let her know that you're slacking."   
  
"Gee, thanks a lot, Nat," I said, and then went back to work.   
  
"Chloe says that it's all part of your experiment," Natasha retorted, "I don't quite understand how this experiment works, but I don't want the results to be corrupted. You'd probably have to start all over again from the beginning."   
  
After thirty minutes of hip thrusts, I then was instructed by text to do ballet twists. Natasha took photos of me again and sent the photos to Chloe. After an hour or so I took a break. Then I was instructed to start doing some plank exercises. To my surprise and chagrin, Natasha came over and ran her hands along my bowed body while I held it off the floor. Sensing my surprise at her tactile examination of my body, she explained that she was only following Chloe's instructions to make sure that I was performing my exercises correctly.   
  
Natasha kept taking photos of me and sending the photos to Chloe. At some point it dawned on me that Natasha and Chloe now had a collection of nude photos of me on their phones. What were they going to do with those photos? Who was going to see them?   
  
Natasha stuck around for hours. By the time she left, I was slick with sweat, my abs sore, and Natasha had about sixty or seventy nude photos of me on her phone. I groaned when I got up from the floor and wondered if all of this was worth it.   
  
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When Chloe got home I was still naked. The new rules meant that I had to be naked 24-hours a day, seven days a week. The only time I could wear clothes, was if I left the apartment.   
  
Chloe's eyes traveled across my naked body, taking in my sore abs, my exposed pubic lips, my dancer's legs and my bare breasts with my erect, chronically stimulated nipples. Somehow, her hungry gaze made me feel even more aroused. I was somewhat confused by that. Was my arousal brought on by some sort of hidden fetish buried deep within my subconscious or was it due to the chemicals of the modirall effecting my limbic system?   
  
Well, I only had enough modirall to last a few more days, so I guessed I'd be finding out soon enough.   
  
Unless Natasha could get me some more.   
  
I filed that idea away for later, and asked why Natasha had a key to our apartment in the first place.   
  
"So, Nat says that you gave her a key to the apartment," I accused.   
  
"Of course," Chloe said, seemingly oblivious to my disapproval, "I can't be here twenty-four hours a day, and if I left you alone, you'd be tempted to break the rules. You'd start wearing clothes or masturbating or something. It seemed to make sense that I make a few extra keys and hand them out to a few friends and ask that they check up on you from time to time."   
  
I plucked a few important key words out of Chloe's response and then said, "Wait! Keys? Friends? As in plural? As in more than one?"   
  
Chloe raised an eyebrow at me and then went into the kitchen and began preparations for dinner. I followed her into the kitchen and then she replied, "Yes, keys plural. Obviously, I gave one to Nat. She told you about that this morning. However, I also gave one to Amy. I had a couple more made, and I'll be giving those to Summer and Hannah."   
  
I didn't really like Hannah; however, I didn't mention that out loud. Instead I said, "Who the hell is Amy?"   
  
"Amy Laughlin," Chloe elaborated, "She lives just down the hall in apartment 420."   
  
I took a few seconds to think about that. Chloe's answer had jogged my memory a little bit. Amy Laughlin was a high school teacher. She didn't work during the Summer, so she'd have a great deal of time to come over and supervise me until the schools reopened.   
  
I barely knew Amy. I'd seen her in the lobby before, and I'd passed her in the hallway a few times, but we weren't friends. I was surprised that Chloe would give her a key to our apartment and tell her to come over and supervise me while I was stark naked.   
  
"Amy isn't a friend," I protested, "We barely know her."   
  
"Oh, I've talked to her a few times," Chloe countered, "She's divorced, her ex-husband is a jerk, she's thirty years old, her father is a detective with the Fairhaven Police Department, she's a huge fan of Laurell K. Hamilton, and she voted for Hillary Clinton in the last election. She thinks that public school teachers are underpaid, and she hates Betsy DeVos."   
  
I blinked a few times while I formulated how to respond. I didn't realize how much time Chloe had spent with our neighbor. Apparently, I had missed a few details in Chloe's life.   
  
"Um, okay," I finally said, "It sounds like you know her well, but she's still little more than a stranger to me."   
  
Chloe waved her hand dismissively and said, "Oh, I think you'll get to like her. Just give her a chance. She's good people."   
  
I rolled my eyes but didn't argue. Arguing with Chloe was like trying to sprint up an avalanche. You could put in a great deal of effort trying, but the result was usually extreme exhaustion and abject failure. I opted to just skip the extreme effort and the severe exhaustion and surrendered to failure right away.   
  
I gave up arguing, but I knew this was going to be degrading for me. Chloe and Natasha were friends of mine and walking around naked in front of them was humiliating enough. Being naked and exposed in front of a virtual stranger was going to be even more emotionally crushing.   
  
There was a soft, wet throb in my loins as I thought about my naked body being on display for Amy. What was happening to me? Where were these feelings coming from? I didn't ask for them, and now here I was, facing the humiliating prospect of exposing the most intimate parts of my anatomy to a middle-aged school teacher, and I was getting a dark, libidinous thrill somewhere deep down inside my groin.   
  
These thoughts made me confused and uncomfortable. Getting a sexual thrill from having my naked body placed on display for friends and strangers was known as exhibitionism. It was a sexual kink. I had never been into anything kinky before. Why was kinky stuff becoming part of the equation now?   
  
I tried to erase all these thoughts from my head and focus on something else.   
  
"So, did you hear that Nat has an internship with Brie Pharmaceuticals?" I asked.   
  
Then came my follow up question, "If I asked her very nicely, do you think I could get her to steal about four weeks' worth of modirall and bring it over here?"   
  
It seemed like a good idea to me, but Chloe had different ideas.   
  
"Absolutely not," Chloe replied, "In fact, it'd be best if you never even brought the subject up with her."   
  
"I'm not so sure," I ventured, "I mean, if she's and intern, they'll likely introduce her to everyone that works there, and acquaint her with every department. Wherever they keep the modirall, Nat will almost certainly see it."   
  
"Allison," Chloe snapped, sounding quite displeased, "Nat has been handed a great opportunity with this internship! And if she gets caught stealing drugs from Brie pharmaceuticals, it's an opportunity that's going to blow up in her face! If you talk Nat into stealing from them, and she gets into trouble because of you, I'll have to punish you for it."   
  
"Punish?" I asked, "You mean like, you'd-?"   
  
"I'd punish you," Chloe said, cutting me off in mid-sentence, "Never mind how, but I'd punish you severely. So, don't screw up Nat's internship, and you won't have to find out just how unpleasant a punishment from your sexual trainer could be."   
  
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I had four or five wet dreams that night, but the one that I remember the most vividly was the one that dealt with Chloe's promise to punish me if I screwed up Natasha's internship.   
  
In my dream, two tall, stern-looking women ordered me to strip. They had guns, badges and were wearing grey and black uniforms. They claimed to be bailiffs and informed me that I needed to be strip-searched.   
  
I was stripped naked, thoroughly and intimately probed and examined, however, they found no contraband on me. Then, one of the tall, strong women took me by the arm and led me into a courtroom. Chloe was sitting high above me in the judge's seat. There were twelve men and women in the juror's box, looking me up and down appreciatively. There was even a stenographer who gave me a long, lingering look. Of course, I was naked. It seems that I'm always naked these days.   
  
"The accused is here," Chloe said after I was ushered inside, "The trial of Allison Brand can now begin. The accused will place her hands behind the back of her neck."   
  
I obeyed without even thinking. It seemed that independent thought wasn't even an option. I just did as I was told, as if my body existed only to obey Chloe's commands.   
  
"Elbows back," Chloe ordered with stern authority, "breasts thrust forward, legs spread wide, wider! That's better! Now, the accused will maintain that pose until the jury has reached a verdict."   
  
"Yes, your honor," I replied to Chloe. I was naked and being ordered about like a disobedient slave, however I didn't feel outraged at the way I was being treated. Somehow it felt acceptable and normal that Chloe was treating me this way. I felt no urge to ask for leniency or mercy.   
  
Hannah Richter was the prosecuting attorney. She jumped right into her role of painting me as guilty as a cat caught in a goldfish bowl.   
  
"Nat, why you tell us how things worked out when you attempted to steal experimental drugs from Brie Pharmaceuticals?" Hannah prompted. A quick glance to the left of Hannah showed me that Natasha Sorokko was sitting in the witness box.   
  
"I got caught with about three-dozen pills in my purse," Natasha explained, "I talked them out of pressing criminal charges, however, I've lost my internship, and I'm banned from ever setting foot in their corporate offices ever again."   
  
"She lost her internship," Hannah reiterated to the jury, "And now she's banned from every working at Brie Pharmaceuticals. Such a black mark will not look good on Ms. Sorokko's resume."   
  
Hannah continued to ask Natasha questions. Of course, she asked Natasha why she was stealing drugs from Brie Pharmaceuticals. And Natasha readily answered that it was my corrupting influence that led her astray and compelled her to break the law.   
  
I noticed that whenever Hannah wasn't directly addressing the jury, or directly asking Natasha a question, she would allow her gaze to drift back towards me. She would look my naked body up and down as if she were auditing all my naked charms.   
  
I also noticed that a female juror with an oval face and high cheekbones kept staring in my direction. She gave me a look like I was the most delicious thing on the menu, and she just wanted to eat me up.   
  
Both of these women were objectifying me with the way that they openly stared at my exposed pubic lips and my naked breasts. It was humiliating the way they fixedly focused their gazes on the most intimate parts of my anatomy, and I felt my face burn hot with mortification, however, I also felt a shiver of excitement run through me at the way I was being debased and abused.   
  
I was naked and helplessly on display, and these women were taking advantage of me by ogling my helpless nudity. Why did their bold appraising looks excite me so? Why did the wet throb in my loins become so much more intense every time one of these women fixed their smoldering gaze of my helplessly exposed naked body?   
  
When Hannah was done questioning Natasha, another witness was called to testify against me, and I was forced to stand naked with my genitals indecently on display the entire time Hannah questioned her. And when Hannah was finished building her case for my guilt, the judge then announced that it was time for the jury to render a verdict.   
  
"Wait," I exclaimed, sounding panicky and frightened, "Isn't there a lawyer here to defend me? Hannah was the prosecuting attorney, where's the defense attorney?"   
  
"Oh, that," the judge said, as if the idea of having a defending attorney at a trial was an obscure notion, "I discovered that when I allow the defendant to have an attorney, it makes these trials drag on forever. The prosecuting attorney and the defense attorney spend hours arguing and trying to poke holes in each other's arguments. Without defense attorneys slowing things down, I can usually get six or seven court cases dealt with before lunch."   
  
"Wait! What?" I exclaimed, "How is that fair?"   
  
Chloe made a dismissive noise and replied, "Fair? I don't care if it's fair or not. I care about making sure I don't have a backlog of cases. Getting rid of the damn defense lawyers has sure made my life easier. And the jurors seem to like it too."   
  
Several of the jurors murmured in agreement. A few of them nodded in seeming approval of this unfair, yet, more efficient system.   
  
I was forced to stand there naked, with my legs far apart, and my swollen labia exposed while the judge, jury and prosecuting attorney praised this unfair system. Then the jury then proceeded to vote on the verdict. They didn't even go into a separate room, they just discussed the merits of the case right in front of me.   
  
The judge was correct. Without a defense attorney trials can conclude very rapidly. The jury found me guilty within less than two minutes.   
  
"Allison Brand," the judge said officiously, "this court finds you guilty of the crime of ruining Natasha Sorokko's future employment prospects. If not for your bad influence, she might have had a productive career in the pharmaceutical industry, earning hundreds of thousands of dollars, plus retirement benefits. Now, she has nothing."   
  
"I'm sorry," I protested, "I really, really am!"   
  
"Silence," the judge admonished me, "I'm still talking."   
  
Then she proceeded to sentence me.   
  
"You should get at least twenty years in prison for this," Judge Dechert opined, "however, our prisons are already overcrowded. I am therefore sentencing you to an over the knee spanking of forty-seven swats, to be administered by Ms. Santino."   
  
Apparently Ms. Santino was one of the courtroom bailiffs. She stepped forward and escorted me to an old, wooden chair that had been placed near the jury box. Once she was seated in her chair, I was prompted to lie across her lap and place my palms flat upon the floor.   
  
"Wait," Natasha protested, "Why does the bailiff get to spank her? I'm the injured party! Shouldn't I be the one to punish her?"   
  
I moaned at the thought of being publicly spanked by my teenage neighbor. Somehow having my bare ass spanked by Natasha felt more shameful and humiliating than being spanked by dispassionate, phlegmatic employee of the state.   
  
"Ms. Santino is a trained professional," Judge Dechert explained impassively, "She's punished hundreds of naked defendants. She knows what she's doing. You may be the wounded party, however, you're also inexperienced and too emotionally involved in this case to do a professional job of meting out Ms. Brand's punishment."   
  
Natasha argued passionately with the judge. Eventually, Nat managed to convince Judge Dechert to alter my sentence. My sentence was changed to a spanking of eighty swats, with Ms. Santino delivering the first forty swats, and Nat delivering the last forty.   
  
Before my punishment began, I noticed that the court stenographer had stopped typing and was clearly checking me out. I felt my face grow red hot with embarrassment. I was in a vulnerable position, with my bare butt raised high in the air, ready to be victimized by the bailiff's stinging right hand, and the stenographer's eyes were running up and down my naked body like I was the most delicious thing her young eyes had ever beheld.   
  
She licked her soft, moist lips and stared at me with rapt attention, clearly enjoying the view. I felt that her blatant interest in my naked body was inappropriate, however, I said nothing.   
  
Full disclosure, even worse than saying nothing was the way I felt when the stenographer fixedly gazed at my naked body with obvious lust. I got a funny feeling in my stomach, there was a stirring in my lower parts, and there was a familiar throbbing in my clit.   
  
I've always been a proper young lady. I've never exposed my nude body in public. I've never even done nude modeling before, and believe me, I've had offers!   
  
And yet, I found myself having a very improper stirring in my loins as this young stenographer took advantage of my situation and ogled my naked body. Why would being ogled by strangers stir up my libido in this way? I found the whole situation to be confusing and disturbing.   
  
"This is going to hurt, Ms. Brand," the bailiff informed me as she readied her right hand to begin assaulting my bare buttocks. My entire body tensed up and I held my breath as I awaited my fate.   
  
The sharp and daunting slaps that rained down on my poor bottom were far more painful than I had anticipated. I gasped, and one of my hands reflexively found itself raised up off the floor and shoved into a protective posture over my bottom.   
  
"Using your hands to protect yourself is against the law," the judge informed me.   
  
Then to the bailiff she said, "bind her wrists and add another ten swats to her punishment."   
  
My wrists were soon locked in stainless steel handcuffs and my punishment began again. A quick glance at the stenographer revealed that she was enjoying the show. I couldn't see the jury from my position over the bailiff's lap, but I supposed that they were enjoying the show as well.   
  
I couldn't see my bottom, however, I assumed it was turning red. It stung fiercely as the pitiless bailiff mercilessly and efficiently rained down stinging smacks on my bare flesh. I squirmed across the bailiff's lap and cried out each time my innocent bottom was struck by strong, relentless hands.   
  
Tears welled up in my eyes, making it difficult to see, however, I did happen to notice that the stenographer was still inspecting my naked body with blatantly prurient interest. The way she was looking at me made my heart beat faster and the throbbing in my loins increased. My public humiliation and physical torment had somehow stirred up my libido, however, it was the carnal way that the cute stenographer surveyed my naked body that really drove my sexual passion over the edge and drove me to a resounding climax.

And while the judge, the jury, the stenographer and my teenage neighbor all watched, my orgasm built in intensity inside of me until I screamed in resounding, emphatic, lusty climax.   
  
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When I woke up from the dream my chest was heaving and I could feel beads of sweat on my bare skin. I was awash in the glorious post-orgasmic afterglow and allowed that wonderful feeling to permeate every fiber of my being.   
  
My dreams of gaining erotic fulfillment by being naked, helpless, humiliated and punished were still confusing, however, I was becoming less and less disturbed by them. The feelings of such intense satisfaction deep within my sexual core were deliciously erotic. I'd never gotten such extraordinary satisfaction from any of the sexual encounters than I'd ever had with any of the men from my sexual past.   
  
I was starting to come to the realization that my wet dreams of forced nudity, submission, delicious humiliation and sweet shame were always going to be more potent and more enjoyable than anything I'd ever enjoy in the real world.