Allison's Inheritance

by Seahawk76Â©

Chapter 1

A cool spring breeze blew over the congregation of people surrounding the open

grave. It was an elaborate funeral and the gravestone was one befitting a man of

means, but the crowd was not particularly large. It was composed primarily of

men in expensive suits with wives in designer dresses, perfectly styled hair,

and manicured fingernails. No tears were shed and there seemed to be an air of

impatience to get the whole affair over with. The mood was about obligation

rather than mourning. This was the funeral of a wealthy man, not a beloved man.

Near the open grave stood a small family composed of husband, wife, and

daughter. They seemed out of place here and their attire revealed to the others

that they were a working class family even though they had worn their best

clothes. As the gathering listened to the preacher's fumbling oratory about

someone he'd never met, furtive glances were directed toward the young woman

standing with her parents. Even in this crowd of businessmen with their trophy

wives she stood out. She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty with a strangely

innocent sensuality. The girl was wearing a modest black dress, sleeveless, but

with the top reaching to a curve just below her neckline. Her earrings and

necklace were tasteful and showed no signs of vanity or extravagance. The eyes

of the men drifted toward her, darted away, then drifted back again. Her

presence didn't go unnoticed by the women either. The girl seemed oblivious to

the stares and it was difficult to gauge her emotions toward the coffin now

being lowered into the ground. When her turn came she dutifully scooped up a

handful of loose dirt and, without tears, tossed it onto the coffin.

The Lawyer's Office

The downtown office complex known as The Compton Building was a typical large

modern office building, devoid of any particular architectural personality or

charm. It was the headquarters for Compton Enterprises and was now being used as

the setting for the reading of the will of its namesake, Arthur Compton. The

meeting took place several days after the funeral in an expensively furnished

office on the 12th floor belonging to Compton's personal attorney, Mariana

Perez, a striking 38-year old Cuban rumored to have been Compton's long-time

mistress. Compton's immediate family were all present: a small group consisting

of Arthur Compton's son Anthony, his daughter Sarah, her husband Tom Davis and

their daughter Allisonâ€¦the young beauty from the funeral. Anthony, better known

as Tony, was 40-years old and wore a finely tailored suit which helped hide the

extra pounds that middle age and excess living were adding to his frame. He also

wore the smug look of a man about to become very wealthy. Alongside him sat his

attorney. The Davis's had brought their attorney along as well, a long-time

family friend named Bill Henderson, but they expected nothing from the old man.

Mariana Perez leaned back against the front edge of her mahogany desk and began

to speak. Although born and raised in Havana her English was flawless and had

just a trace of an accent.

"First of all, I want to say that I'm sorry for your loss. I worked for Mr.

Compton for many years and respected him. He helped build this company from

nothing into what it is today and I know he will be missed very much around

here. "

"But let's get to the matter at hand, shall we? Mr. Compton has left a video

which he asked be used as his last will and testament in regards to immediate

family members. There are also some documents providing additional information

and instructions and I'll be distributing those after the viewing of the video. "

The attorney walked to a large cabinet and opened it revealing a television set

as those present slid their chairs around for a better view. "Now I know there

will be some things that will cause a reaction but please try to refrain from

talking until it's finished. There will be plenty of time for discussion

afterwards. "

Mariana punched the Play button on the remote control and Arthur Compton

appeared on-screen sitting uncomfortably in a leather chair. Allison was shocked

at her grandfather's appearance and barely recognized him. The last time she'd

seen him had been over two years ago and he'd still been a healthy and vigorous

man then. But that was before the cancer had been discovered that had ravaged

his body. The man now appearing on the screen was a frail, sickly old man who

was a shadow of his former self. The two of them had never been close and they'd

had a falling out, but she still felt pangs of guilt about not visiting her

grandfather during his illness.

Arthur Compton began to speak.

"Hello Tony, Sarah, Tom, and Allison. Welcome to a day that I'm sure you've been

looking forward to for a very long time. " The old man coughed into a

handkerchief, but as he spoke his voice was surprisingly strong. "I hope you

won't mind if I spare you the emotional expressions of regret or teary

remembrances because I'm sure you'd find that as annoying as I do. So let's

dispense with the formalities and get to the business at hand and talk about my

money, my company and who gets what. "

Compton began hacking again and took a small drink of water. Allison sat

uneasily but was strangely fascinated by the sight of a man speaking to them

from beyond the grave.

"I want to start with you, Anthony. Son, you're a selfish, self-centered,

immature, greedy, spoiled, boozing, skirt-chasing son-of-a-bitch. None of those

things are showstoppers as far as I'm concerned during a man's youth. Hell, I

had most of those qualities when I was young and still have some of them. But I

outgrew the habits that held me back and kept me from prospering. You haven't. "

Tony seemed taken aback by the words and shifted nervously in his seat. Compton

paused to take a drink and then continued. "Still, you're my son and I'm going

to leave you a wealthy man. "

Tony made a nearly inaudible sigh of relief as Andrew Compton started listing

the inheritance being passed down to his son: real estate, stock portfolios, a

beach house, and various other assets. Tony relaxed and began to smile; he would

be a very wealthy man. "I'm sure that will be enough to keep you in whores and

booze for awhile, son, " Compton said as he finished.

This time Tony sneered back at the screen. "You got that right, Dad. "

"What I'm not sure about, Tony, is whether you're capable of running my company.

For now I'm naming you interim chairman of the firm. "

"Interim!" Tony exploded.

"Yes, I said interim, Tony. Now shut the fuck up and let me finish what I have

to say, " Arthur Compton barked from the screen. Tony sat back startled and

Mariana Perez laughed quietly as she saw how Arthur had anticipated this

reaction from his son. His body may have betrayed him but his mind had remained

intact. Tom, Sarah, and Allison also couldn't help but smile at the exchange.

Tony glared at Perez for a moment then turned his attention back to the TV.

"I'll get back to you later, Tony, but for now I'd like to talk to my daughter,

Sarah. " Allison's mom stared anxiously at the screen at her estranged father. "I

know we've barely spoken since you ran off over 20 years ago against my will and

married the loser you're with and I told you I'd disown you for it, but I guess

time has softened this old heart. Since your husband hasn't provided you much

I'm not going to leave you penniless. You're going to get five million dollars

in cash. " Tom, Sarah, and Allison looked at each other in surprise and then

began screaming and hugging each other. A surge of joy went through Allison as

the continual financial struggles her family had gone through for most of her

life seemed to be over. Arthur Compton paused for a few moments, once again

anticipating this reaction, then said, "Before Tom Davis runs out and buys a

bowling alley I should tell you that there are conditions involved. Conditions

which I will get to momentarily. "

The Davis family looked at each other and then at Mariana Perez. "Conditions?"

Sarah asked suspiciously and Mariana simply put a finger to her lips motioning

them to be silent. They turned their attention back to the old man on the

screen.

"Now for my lovely granddaughter, Allison. " Another coughing fit overtook the

old man and it was several moments before he could continue. "Yes, Allison, I

remember very well our last conversation several years ago. It was the one where

you called me a 'sad and unloved old man who put money and profits over people

and the environment. ' I believe those were your words. " Allison shifted

uncomfortably in her chair, remembering the encounter very well herself. "Now

the reason I'm not angry about that now is because you were right and I have no

problem with being called anything as long as it's the truth. You displayed

backbone and an honesty that few around me have ever shown and I admire that. "

Compton paused for a moment before dropping his bombshell. "For that reason I'm

going to give you an opportunity to take over my company. "

"What!" Tony shouted, angrily knocking over his chair as he sprung to his feet.

Mariana hit the Pause button on the remote. "That's bullshit! I've been working

for that senile old bastard for years getting myself ready to run his company.

He can't turn it over to some little college girl who doesn't know about a god

damn thing except spreading her legs for frat boys!"

Tom Davis exploded out of his chair going after Tony Compton with a fury.

Davis's attorney, Bill Henderson, quickly grabbed him in an effort to hold him

back as Tony's own lawyer also jumped in between them. Tony, seeing the anger in

Tom's face knew he was outmatched and quickly backed down. "I'm sorry, Tom, I

didn't mean that, " he muttered. "I was just shocked by what the old man said. "

He turned to Allison. "I'm sorry, Allison, that was a nasty thing to say. "

Allison just nodded at him, still angry but not wanting her father to fight the

man.

"It's okay, Dad. He's apologized. Please sit down. "

Tom Davis, still seething, began moving back to his seat. "Don't ever let me

catch you talking to my daughter like that again, you piece of shit. "

"Dad, enough!" Allison hugged her father and his anger began melting away.

Mariana watched the whole scene unfold with amusement. This time it was she who

had anticipated this moment and had been ready to pause the video. "Gentlemen,

do you think we can continue now? Or should I get some boxing gloves?" Everyone

settled back into their seats and Arthur Compton's ghostly presence began

speaking again.

"Is everyone settled back down again? No casualties? Tony, I imagine that you're

wondering very loudly why I would consider putting an untested college girl in

charge. " Mariana smiled again at his foresight. "I'll tell you why. I sense that

there's an inner toughness and a drive in her that I don't sense in you. So I'm

going to put her to the test to find out. Allison, if you can comply with the

terms I'm about to lay out to you then I will give you my controlling stock in

Compton Enterprises. "

The Davis family looked at each other again in shock. This was like a dream.

Compton's stock was worth millions. Many millions. Allison's head was spinning

at what she was hearing. The thought of Compton turning over a company that was

one of the state's worst environmental abusers to a staunch environmentalist

like her was shocking. A rush of adrenaline went through her body as she thought

about the power and wealth she would have. This was incredible!

"Before you all get too excited you should probably know exactly what the

conditions of the inheritance will be. I imagine they will temper your

enthusiasm a bit. " The old man chuckled then paused for a moment for another

drink of water before continuing. "Allison, if you want to save your Mother Gaia

from what you imagine my company is doing to her then you'll be able to do so.

But first you're going to have to earn it, as well as the five million for your

parents. I'm going to test you to see just what you're willing to do for your

parents and for the environment for which you've so passionately crusaded. We're

going to find out just how badly you want what you claim you want. " Allison felt

a chill running down her spine and it seemed as if the old man on the TV was now

looking into her eyes and searching her soul.

"Here are the conditions of the inheritance, Allison: You will finish college

and get your degree and you must attend your graduation. You will be allowed a

one week break, then you'll go to work full-time for Compton Enterprises in this

building. You'll be given an office and will learn all there is to learn about

the company. I've assigned someone to make sure that you're trained properly and

you will be given regular assignments by him and by Mariana Perez that you'll be

expected to complete. One year from today, if you've done all that has been

asked of you, Ms. Perez has been instructed to sign over all of my holdings in

Compton Enterprises to you and release the five million dollars for your

parents. If you fail to live up to this agreement then the company stock

holdings will be given to my son Anthony and the five million dollars will be

donated to the Hale Foundation. " Compton paused for a moment. "If you fail, you

and your parents will get nothing. "

Allison winced when she heard the name Hale Foundation. It was a well known

conservative "think tank" whose main purpose was to lobby Congress in an effort

to gut environmental laws which "crippled" businesses. They were the enemy to

environmentalist groups and to Allison. The idea of five million dollars going

to that organization rather than to her parents stung. Well, that's just

incentive to follow through with what he's asking, she thought. It didn't sound

all that difficult.

Arthur Compton wasn't finished. "Now, my lovely young Allison, there is just one

more little condition. A 'catch' you might say. " He chuckled again and Allison

felt a chill from the cold laugh. "One of the things you said to me was that you

prefer that things remain in their 'natural state'. Well I think now is the time

to find out just how strongly you hold to your convictions, granddaughter. Thus

we come to my final condition. " A thin smile came across the old man's face. "My

final condition for gaining control of my company and the money is a simple one.

I expect you to spend the next year in your own natural state. "

A puzzled look came over Allison's face and she quickly looked at her mother and

father who also seemed confused by the statement.

"Allison Davis, in order to gain this inheritance you will spend the next year

in the nude. "

The Discussion

Tom Davis paced the room clenching and unclenching his fists, muttering

obscenities about the accursed old man who was even more wretched in death than

he had been in life. The Davis's and their attorney had been given a private

office to discuss the terms of the will and Bill Henderson pored over the legal

paperwork that had been given him by Mariana Perez. Allison sat numbly staring

at the wall as her mother Sarah wept softly.

The meeting had erupted into chaos after Arthur Compton had mentioned the little

"catch" to the inheritance he was offering to the Davis's. Tom Davis had begun

cursing and shouting, first at the TV screen, then at Tony Compton, and finally

at Mariana Perez. Tony hadn't been silent about the whole affair either and for

a time it looked like the two men might come to blows again. It had taken awhile

for Sarah to calm her husband down enough for the meeting to continue. Allison

had simply sat through all of it in a state of shock. What the old man had asked

her to do was simply unimaginable.

When order had finally been restored there were many questions from the two

attorneys present and finally the Davis's were allowed to adjourn to a private

office to discuss the terms of the will. "Remember, a decision must be reached

today before you leave these offices, " Mariana Perez had said as they left the

room.

Bill Henderson finished reading the documents and finally spoke. "Well, I can't

see any loopholes in it offhand. "

"You've got to be joking, " said Tom Davis. "How in the hell can this be legal?"

"Well, technically he's not asking Allison to do anything illegal. "

Allison broke out of her trance and spoke up. "Not illegal? I can't just go

around naked. I'll get arrested. "

"Not in this state, Allison. Public nudity is not illegal here, " Henderson responded.

"It's not?" Allison was surprised by this answer.

The attorney shook his head. "A few years ago a nightclub owner took a case to

the state Supreme Court challenging state regulations against nude dancing. It

was argued that freedom of expression provisions in our state constitution

allows for nudity as a form of expression. The state Supreme Court ruled in

favor of the nightclub owner and as a result public nudity is protected as a

legitimate form of expression which cannot be restricted unless it's accompanied

by lewd behavior or sexual acts. That's why you now see nude dancing bars on

every other block and a couple of popular beaches have designated areas as

'clothing optional'. "

"Yes, I know there are strip clubs and nude beaches but no one just walks around

town naked, though, " Allison said.

"That's true, but not because it's illegal. It's just that societal conventions

against nudity in public places are so strong that even nudists normally don't

do it. "

"So you're saying he can actually force me to do this?"

Henderson shook his head. "Force you? No, he can't force you to do anything,

Allison. But he can make it a condition of his will, yes. It would be your

decision whether to comply with it or not. "

"But if I don't then we get nothing, right?" Allison was desperately hoping the

lawyer would give her something positive to hope for. The momentary joy upon

originally hearing about the inheritance made the crushing blow of the

"condition" even more devastating.

"Well, we can fight this in court and I'll certainly do that. But Compton was a

smart man with a whole platoon of lawyers at his disposal so I have to be honest

with you and tell you that the odds are probably against us. If we lose in court

then you do lose everything unless you have complied with the conditions of the

will in the meantime. "

"You mean go naked until we get to court? How long will that take?"

"It could take months. Hell, it could take the full year if they stall, which

they're sure to do. " The lawyer looked at the beautiful young woman

sympathetically. "Allison, I'm not going to recommend that you do this. I think

it's outrageous. But I'm not going to lie to you either. If you want to insure

getting the inheritance then it's my job to tell you that complying with the

terms of the will is your best option. "

Allison's father had heard enough. "This is bullshit. Allison isn't going to do

this for any amount of money. We've gotten by without that bastard's money until

now and we'll survive without it. "

Allison looked at her father. He was still a healthy and strong man but the

signs of aging and stress were beginning to show up in the lines in his face and

the gray sprouting in his hair. He had aged a lot in the last year. He was a

construction contractor and business had been slow lately. Their family had

always gone through ups and downs financially but the past year had been

especially hard and the money worries were escalating making him old before his

time. It was also putting a strain on the relationship between her father and

her mother. Her mother Sarah had grown up with wealth and had never complained

since voluntarily leaving it behind to marry Tom, but she had also never

forgotten what it had been like to be wealthy either.

Allison stood up, walked over to her father and gave him a hug. "It's my

decision, Dad, " she said quietly.

"No, it's not, Allie. I won't allow this. There's no way. "

"She's right, Tom, " her mother said sharply. "She's 21 years old now and about

to graduate from college. This is her decision. She's a grown woman now. "

Tom was about to speak when he saw the fierce glare in his wife's eyes and

thought better of it. He stood silently and wrestled for a few moments with a

decision. Then he turned to Allison.

"Alright, honey. It's your call. I'll support you in whatever you decide. "

Sarah walked over and hugged her daughter. "You don't have to do this you know,

dear. We'll be fine. " She smiled weakly but Allison knew that the problems

between her mother and father had been escalating as the bills piled up. She

didn't believe for a moment that everything would be fine.

"Can I have a few minutes alone to think about this, please?"

Bill Henderson stood up and took control. "Let's head back to Mariana's office

and let Allison have some air. " He put his arm around Tom and Sarah and began

herding them toward the door. "Take your time, Allison, and join us when you're

ready. "

The door closed and Allison was left alone with her thoughts. Images of being

nude around strangers, friends, and family overwhelmed her. Although she was an

environmentalist, she was no nature girl when it came to nudity. Her one

experience with public nudity had come about a year ago at the beach. She had

been sunbathing with two of her girlfriends and they had taken their tops off

and teased her relentlessly until she gave in and took her top off also. But she

had lasted only about ten minutes before embarrassment at having her breasts

exposed to the world forced her to put it back on. And now she was expected to

spend a year in the nude? How in the hell could she possibly do that? She knew

she was attractive, even beautiful, but she had never been one to flaunt her

body or her sexuality.

As these thoughts tumbled through her mind the tears came and she cried as she

hadn't cried for years. Her body shook with the sobs but the outpouring of

emotion had the effect of clearing her mind. After a few minutes the tears

subsided and as she moved past her initial shock she was able to examine the

situation with a clearer mind. As she pondered everything a new understanding

started growing inside herâ€¦the realization that the cruel bastard had never

intended for a second to give her control of his company or her family the

money! This was just a cruel game from beyond the grave meant to humiliate them;

to give them a brief desperate hope only to crush them again. The old man

probably had hoped that she'd strip naked for a few days but didn't really

believe that she would ever be able to carry out the conditions of the will for

a full year. As Allison thought about her grandfather, her anger grew and along

with it a new feeling of determinationâ€¦the determination to beat the

son-of-a-bitch at his own game. As the realization came to her that she was

actually considering doing this a shiver of excitement pulsed through her body

and the undeniable feelings of arousal began to wash over her.

The Decision

"I have just a few questions to ask before I make my decision. "

Allison had returned to Mariana Perez's office and the group was now all

gathered again. On the opposite side of the room was Tony Compton, smirking and

openly moving his eyes up and down Allison's body. His attitude betrayed his

thoughts: he hoped that Allison would strip herself naked, at least for now.

"Certainly, Ms. Davis, " Mariana replied. "I'll answer them if I can. "

Allison tried to get some hint of the lawyer's feelings about all of this. Was

she a reluctant participant or gleefully taking part in this farce? It was

difficult to see through her cool professional exterior.

"First of all, I can't imagine my college allowing me to attend school naked.

What happens if they won't let me?"

"That's been taken care of, Ms. Davis. A generous donation has been made to your

school and another will be made upon your graduation. The Board of Trustees has

already approved it, as long as you're complying with state law. " Allison was

more than a little taken aback by the idea that the Board of Trustees had been

voting on allowing her to attend school naked.

"Umâ€¦okay. Then maybe you can define exactly what is meant by being nude for the next year? I mean, can I wear shoes? Or a coat when it's cold?"

"I'm sorry, Allison, but the answer is no. I've been given instructions by Mr.

Compton on this and nude means nude. No shoes, clothes, coats, hats, jewelry, or

even makeup. That also means no blankets, towels, sheets, body paint, or

anything else that can be used to cover your body. You can have a pillow and a

sheet on your mattress but no sheets or blankets on the bed to cover yourself

with, so I suggest you make sure your bedroom heater is in good working order.

You can towel yourself off briefly after a shower but cannot wrap it around your

body. You're allowed to wear sun block to protect your skin but other than that

you must remain in your 'natural state' at all times. "

"But I'll freeze to death in the winter, won't I?"

Mariana Perez shook her head. "No. You'll be given a house and a car after your

graduation that will be yours to keep as long as you comply with the terms of

the will for the full year. The car will have a good heater and you can use the

employee parking garage next to the building here. You won't be asked to carry

out any work assignments outdoors in cold weather and your exposure to the

elements will be kept brief. It's not Mr. Compton's desire that you develop

hypothermia. "

"What kind of 'assignments' are you talking about anyway?"

"They're tasks that may take you anywhere within this building or the city or

the state. They will be errands or projects expected to be carried out on behalf

of the company and are assignments that any normally clothed person would be

able to complete, although they'll certainly be more difficult for a nude woman.

But there won't be anything asked of you that will be illegal or outside of your

abilities if you have sufficient motivation and determination. If you believe

that anything you're asked to do is illegal, improper, or dangerous then you can

come to me and I'll make the determination as to whether it needs to be

completed or not. You can bring your attorney along if you like to insure that

you're being treated fairly and within the law. " Mariana paused for a moment

then drove home the next point with emphasis. "Allison, you need to understand,

though, that modesty won't be considered a legitimate excuse for refusing an

assignment. "

Allison gulped as she heard this description of what her life would be like and

could feel her heart pounding in her chest. "Are there any more questions, Ms.

Davis?" Mariana asked?

"No, I don't think so. "

"Then I think it's time for your decision. "

The determination that Allison had felt earlier to beat her grandfather at his

own sick game had melted away. Now that the time had come to decide, the idea of living life in the nude seemed totally unimaginable. This was just insane! And

once she made the decision, in either direction, she couldn't go back. Either

choice she made now would have long-term consequences that she might regret

forever. And once she was in, she couldn't back down. Playing Arthur Compton's

game for awhile only to quit with nothing to show for it would be the ultimate

failure.

"I-I'll do it, " Allison heard herself say and was a little surprised by the

suddenness of her response. She wasn't really the least bit sure about it but

something inside her just seemed to take over. And as the words tumbled out of

her mouth she felt a rush of fear, adrenaline, and, to her dismay, arousal

coursing through her body as the impact of what she'd just agreed to hit her.

Allison's face blushed brightly as she tried to get her feelings under control

and from somewhere in the distance she heard Mariana speaking.

"Very well. If you'll please remove your clothing I'll see that they are locked

up and kept safe for you. "

"R-right now? Can't I wait until I get home?"

Mariana shook her head. "I'm afraid not, Ms. Davis. The will specifically states

that the decision must be reached in these offices today and the year begins at

the point you remove your clothing. If you leave this building wearing anything

you'll forfeit the inheritance. "

Allison turned and looked at her parents. Her father was about to speak when a

look from his wife warned him to keep his mouth shut.

"Honey, we've agreed to support whatever decision you made and now that you have we'll be there to help you in any way possible, " her mom said. Her father stared at the floor, a look of shame and defeat on his face. In the corner a smirking

Tony Compton leered at her. The anger over what was being done to her and her

family came back over Allison. She glared at her uncle and spoke.

"A year from now Tony you'll be out of a job, I promise you that. " A look of

anger came over Tony's face but she ignored it and turned toward Mariana and

began removing her earrings. For the first time Compton's personal attorney

momentarily let her guard down as she flashed a brief smile at Allison. It was

clear that Mariana Perez didn't like Tony Compton either.

Allison's hands shook slightly as she fumbled with the buttons on the front of

the white floral cotton dress she was wearing. She pulled the dress over her

head revealing a simple white bra and panties. They weren't her best but she

hadn't been expecting to reveal them to anyone today. She placed the dress and

then her shoes on Mariana's desk. Allison hesitated for a moment, looked around

the room nervously, and wondered if she could actually continue. Her parents

hadn't seen her naked since she was a little girl and no male except her

boyfriend - now ex-boyfriend actually - had ever seen her completely nude. The

feelings of embarrassment and arousal came over her again and she prayed they

would stop. The shaking in her hands increased as she reached behind and

unsnapped her bra. Nervously she let it slip off of her shoulders and placed it

on the desk. She then quickly slid her panties down to the floor and stepped out

of them, not hesitating for fear she would chicken out if she did.

For a moment everyone in the room stared at Allison's nude body. It was a work

of art. Her breasts were not too large but were perfectly proportioned to the

rest of her body and were highlighted by light brown nipples that were even now

beginning to harden. Her silky raven hair cascaded over her left shoulder onto

her left breast covering it to just above the areola. Her skin was flawless with

only slightly visible tan lines where the spring sun had touched her body. Her

long legs rose up to a perfect bottom and a triangle of dark, neatly trimmed

pubic hair left just a glimpse of the pink lips beneath. Allison could feel the

eyes roving over her body as she stood shaking with her arms folded beneath her

breasts.

Mariana finally broke the spell. "It's now 2:35 p. m. At precisely this time next

year we'll meet back here and sign the final paperwork, providing Allison has

complied with the terms of the will. If you don't mind I'll lock these clothes

up here so you'll have something to wear out of here next year. " Allison nodded

numbly. Next year! It sounded like a lifetime. Mariana placed the clothing in a

small satchel and locked it up in a cabinet.

"Allison, I'll be in touch in a few weeks as you near the completion of your

schooling and give you the details of your employment here, " Mariana said. "I

strongly recommend that you don't try to cheat because I'm sure there will be

eyes watching to make sure you comply at all times. "

Allison glanced over at Tony who simply nodded and silently mouthed the words,

"twenty-four/seven.

Escape from the Compton Building

A naked and shaken Allison sat in a bathroom stall on the 12th floor of the

Compton Building. At the conclusion of the meeting Mariana Perez had hustled

everyone out of her office and locked it behind her as she headed for the

elevator. Her mother had whispered "be strong" in her ear and then had gone with

her father to bring the car from the parking lot several blocks away to the

front of the building in order to save her an embarrassing walk down the street.

Allison scampered down the hall to hide out in the women's restroom and

thankfully it had been empty. As she hid in the stall the unreality of the whole

absurd situation hit her with full force. She was naked in a downtown office

building with no access to any clothes! The determination she had felt earlier

was gone and the whole thing now seemed completely insane. Thoughts of

completing an entire year in the nude gave way to prayers to make it through the

present. "God, just give me the strength to make it out of here and I promise to

forget this whole stupid thing. "

Allison began to wish that she had just gone down with her parents because now

she didn't know if she could summon up the courage to do it on her own. The idea

of just hiding out there until her mother came looking for her crossed her mind

but that still wouldn't keep her from having to exit the building in the nude.

"Just get it over with, Allie, " she told herself and pushed open the stall door.

As she crossed the tiled bathroom floor a glimpse of her bare breasts in the

bathroom mirror caught her eye and she stopped for a moment to look. Staring

back at her was a beautiful naked girl standing in a strange bathroom in a

strange building. A shiver of excitement suddenly pulsed through her and she

could once again feel the stirrings of arousal. She felt her hands inching

slowly up her stomach, reaching her breasts, then begin to slowly caress her

hardening nipples. Allison let out a gasp as the pleasure began to intensify and

she suddenly snapped back to reality. What in the hell am I doing? A blush rose

to her cheeks at the thought that someone could walk in at any time and catch

her.

The naked girl pulled the restroom door open and carefully looked both ways down

the hall. There was no one in the hallway and she stepped out and began creeping

toward the elevator. She had almost reached it when a ding rang out announcing

that the elevator had just reached her floor. She panicked and began sprinting

for the door marked "Stairs" at the end of the hall. Behind her the elevator

doors slid open as she shoved the door open and quickly entered the stairwell.

Allison didn't hesitate and scampered quickly down the cement stairs to the next

landing before stopping. She stopped there and grasped the iron rail listening

for the sound of the door opening above. She could hear nothing but the sound of

her own heavy breathing.

After catching her breath Allison began her journey down the stairs, moving

quietly in order to listen for the presence of others and stopping briefly at

each landing to peer down to the next level. As she reached the lower levels of

the building she heard the door opening just below and the sound of male voices.

She caught a quick glimpse of two men in business attire walking into the

stairwell. Allison turned quickly and bolted back up the steps to the next level

and waited for a moment to see if the men were climbing up. As the voices got

closer she nervously opened the door and, not knowing what was beyond, stepped

inside.

Allison found herself in a corridor with offices on each side. Down the hall was

a woman walking away, not noticing there was a naked girl on the floor. Outside

she could hear the voices of the men approaching and as quickly and quietly as

possible she moved down the hallway desperately looking for a bathroom to hide

in. Behind her the door began to open and she grabbed the door handle of one of

the offices fearing it would be locked, or worse, that there would be someone

inside. The knob turned and the door opened and she stepped inside closing the

door behind her. She found herself in a small empty office standing next to a

cluttered desk. She moved to the side of the door and listened for the men. Had

they seen her? She didn't know and her fears were compounded when the men seemed

to stop right outside the door. What would they do if they came in and found a

naked girl there? Had others in the building been told about Old Man Compton's

inheritance plan for her? Allison was able to catch parts of the conversation

and it was obviously some type of business conversation about budgets. She

decided that the conversation probably would have turned to other things if they

had caught sight of a naked girl in the building. At that moment the door opened

and the men walked into the office.

"I've got the report right here, Bob. Grab a chair, " she heard one of them say

as he walked to a nearby file cabinet. She was hidden from most of the office

behind the open door but the man now stood in clear sight of her only a couple

of feet away as he rifled through his files looking for his report. If he looked

in her direction he couldn't miss her and she felt the terror and humiliation of

the situation overcoming her. Incredibly the man turned away from her with his

report in hand without noticing her. She sighed silently as she heard the man

taking a seat at his desk and the conversation with the other man continued.

Minutes ticked by as Allison stood hidden behind the open office door. Please go

away, she kept thinking and she knew by now her parents must be wondering where

the hell she was. They won't leave me behind will they? Of course not, she told

herself. That's silly. But her unease kept increasing as the minutes went by

without any sign of the men leaving. Why in the world did I do this? I should

have just told them all to go to hell!

Finally Allison knew she had to do something; she just couldn't wait any longer.

The nude girl stepped out from behind the door, paused briefly as the stunned

men turned toward her, then fled out into the hallway where she nearly knocked a

woman passing by to the floor. "I'm sorry, " she muttered as she turned and ran

toward the stairwell. Flinging the door open she ran down the stairs without

giving any more thought to stealth or caution. She quickly reached the bottom

and stopped momentarily to listen for the sound of anyone following her. Hearing

nothing but her heart thumping in her chest she opened the door and stepped

through.

Allison had expected to see a crowded lobby but was surprised to see an empty

corridor. She was confused for a moment but then realized that the ground floor

must be below the lobby. Deciding that this might be a better way out than the

lobby Allison decided to explore to see where the corridor led. It was narrow

for the first 20 feet but then widened into a small open area. At the far end

she could see a glass door exiting the building and sunlight beyond. She walked

slowly down the hallway and peeked around the corner. On the left was a small

deli with some chairs and tables outside of it. It was well past lunchtime and

it was empty except for a customer standing at the register ordering from the

clerk while another sat at the counter eating. The two customers had their back

to her and the clerk was busy writing down the order. Allison dashed quickly

past the door of the deli toward the exit of the building.

Reaching the exit door the nude girl paused for a moment to survey the outside.

Through the glass she could see a small plaza which was shared by the Compton

Building and another office building across the way. On the right side of the

plaza was a large health club and Allison could see people working out on

exercise machines through its windows. To her left was a set of wide stairs

leading up to the main road in front of the building. That's where her parents

would be waiting with the car. In the plaza itself were a number of tables and

chairs and she could see about a half dozen people sitting and smoking with a

few more sitting on the steps. This was obviously where the building's smokers

came to indulge their habits. Allison was completely exposed where she was

standing and with the deli behind her and the plaza before her it was only a

matter of time before someone saw her standing there. Oh God, I've just got to

make a run for it, she thought and pushed the door open stepping out into the

open air beyond.

Trying not to look at any of the people in the plaza Allison began running

toward the steps leading to the street, consciously aware of her bouncing

breasts as she jogged past the surprised onlookers. She could feel the sun on

her skin and the cool breeze felt like a thousand fingers on her body. The

sensation of being naked outdoors in a public place was like nothing she had

ever experienced before. Allison could feel the adrenaline surging through her

as she sprinted up the steps toward the sound of the traffic above. Reaching

street level she turned and began walking quickly down the sidewalk that ran

past the building in full view of the cars passing by. Cars began honking at the

sight of the nude woman and she tried to block it out.

Where were her parents? She began to panic as she reached the front of the

building with no sign of them. She looked around desperately for the car that

she had expected to see parked out front but it was nowhere to be found! Panic

stricken, Allison looked for a place to hide but there was nothing. She was

surrounded by office buildings and cars and pedestrians. There was nowhere to go

except back inside the building. But where would she go in the building? Mariana

Perez's office was locked and she would still be in the same predicament she was

in now. . . naked in a public place with no access to any clothing. Allison had

never felt so vulnerable and alone in her life. Uncertain what to do she did

nothing. She buried her head in her hands and began to sob.

It was only during a break in the traffic that she heard the voice. "Allison!"

Across the street she could see her mother waving her arms. Relief swept through

her body as she ran toward the crosswalk on the corner. The light was red and

the cars continued to race past, many with horns blaring. It was only when she

reached the corner that she noticed her scummy Uncle Tony standing there with

his attorney. "Nice to see you again, Allison. " he sneered. "Lovely day for a

stroll, huh?" How long had they been watching her? Allison wiped the tears from

her eyes trying to put on a brave face but there was no hiding how distressed

she was. As the signal finally turned green she forced herself to walk across in

front of the stopped traffic, not giving her uncle the satisfaction of seeing

her run.

"The car's just down the block, honey, " her mom said as they walked quickly down

the sidewalk. "I'm sorry but we parked as long as we could in the no parking

zone in front of the building but a security guard chased us off. We've been

circling the block until this parking space over here opened up. " Allison just

nodded her head and muttered "okay" knowing that nothing was okay. They reached

the car and Allison crawled into the back seat and curled up into a ball. Her

father turned from the driver's seat. "Are you alright, Allie?"

"Just get me out of here please, Dad" and the sobs began again. As the car

pulled out into the street Allison had only one thought in mind: getting home

and putting on some clothes.

Chapter 2

Bad Dreams

Allison could feel the rough grain of the sidewalk scraping against her bare

feet and, looking down, was startled to see that she had forgotten to wear

shoes. How in the world did that happen? Oh well, she thought, I'm late for

class and don't have time to go back and get them. No one will notice. She

entered the Environmental Science building and the hallways were oddly empty.

Walking into her classroom she saw that it was also empty. That's strange, she

could have sworn she was late. As Allison sat down in her seat in the middle of

the classroom the feel of cold wood against her bare rear sent a shock wave

through her. Looking down she suddenly realized she was naked! Oh my god, I

forgot to get dressed, she thought and stood up to run back to her dorm but the

classroom was now full! She quickly sat back down hoping no one would notice.

Somewhere in the distance she could hear the voice of the professor and Allison

was mortified when her name was called out. "Miss Davis! Please come down to the

front and explain why you've come to my class naked!" By now everyone in the

room was looking at her and laughing and pointing. A humiliated Allison wanted

to rush out of the room but forced herself to obey the professor. As she stood

up, though, she felt herself rise up in the air and begin floating, floating

above the class. Down below her classmates were staring up at the view between

her legs. . .

Allison opened her eyes and blinked several times trying to adjust her sight to

the darkness. She reached for the blankets that seemed to have fallen off of the

bed but could feel only the sheet on the mattress below her. Disoriented, she

sat up in bed and looked around. This wasn't her dorm room. Allison rubbed her

eyes and the familiar surroundings of her bedroom in her parent's house slowly

began coming into focus. She once again reached for the missing blankets when a

glance at her nude body caused her to gasp as she suddenly realized why there

were no blankets to be found! Shame and embarrassment pulsed through her once

again as the events of the previous day flooded into her head. The glowing

numbers on the clock beside her bed read 2:10 a. m. but Allison knew there would

be no more sleep for quite awhile tonight.

Allison padded quietly out into the living room and then the kitchen, trying not

to disturb her parents' sleep. She brewed herself a cup of herbal tea and sat

down on the living room couch, lighting a candle for light. The flickering light

illuminated her nude body as she stared hypnotically into the flame. She tried

to empty her mind of thoughts but the bizarre events of the day continually kept

forcing themselves in like unwanted visitors. With a sigh Allison gave up the

fight and began re-living the strange events of the previous day. It all came

rushing back now: the reading of the will, the momentary exhilaration of hearing

about the great wealth offered only to be devastated by the perverse "condition"

imposed on her by her dead grandfather, Arthur Compton. A year in the nude! What

an impossible, ridiculous, obscene, and horrifying prospectâ€¦one that she

couldn't possibly have imagined only 24 hours ago. Worst of all were the

memories of the terrifying nude exit from the busy downtown office building.

Allison shuddered and stared into the flame again, attempting to quiet her

emotions.

A nearby bedroom door opened and Allison's mother Sarah stepped out and walked

quietly into the living room. "Hello, honey. I see you couldn't sleep either.

Mind if a get a cup of tea and join you?"

"Sure, Mom. " She had instinctively tried to cover herself when she first heard

her mother enter the room but then realized how silly it was. She had spent a

good part of yesterday nude in front of her. Sarah joined her daughter on the

opposite end of the living room sofa, lighting a second candle for light.

"That was quite a day yesterday wasn't it, Allie?"

Allison nodded. "The worst day of my life I think. "

Sarah looked sympathetically at her daughter. "I can imagine, dear. I'm sorry

you had to go through that. I guess I should have seen something like this

coming from your grandfather. "

"How could you possibly see something like this coming, Mom?"

Sarah shifted uncomfortably and nervously sipped her tea before continuing.

"Your grandfather had some. . . fetishes. " She wasn't quite sure how to put this.

"He. . . well, he enjoyed humiliating women by forcing them to exhibit themselves

nude in public. "

Allison's eyes opened wide and she stared at her mother. "You mean he forced

you. . . "

Sarah shook her head. "No, not me. My mother - your grandmother. She told me

stories before she died. I think she was afraid that he would try to force me

into some of his perverse games. "

Allison was shocked by this revelation. "You mean incest?"

"No, I don't think he would have ever touched me. This wasn't really about sex;

at least I don't think it was anyway. It was about demonstrating his power over

the women in his life by humiliating them. Forcing them to strip in public.

That's how he got his kicks. "

"Women?" Allison asked. "You mean more than my grandmother?"

"Your grandfather had mistresses. I know that he forced several of them into

this type of thing. "

"How do you know?"

"My mother knew about them. She had him followed when she was preparing to

divorce him. That's when she started warning me about him. "

Allison tried to recall memories of her grandmother Rebecca but she had died in

a boating accident when Allison was very young and she had no recollection of

her. "You don't remember your grandmother do you, hon?" Sarah asked. Allison

shook her head. "You remind me a lot of her, Allie. She was a beautiful woman. "

Allison took a sip of tea trying to visualize her from photographs she had seen.

"She encouraged me to run off with your father in order to get away from

Arthur. "

Allison was a little surprised by this. "I didn't know that. I always thought

they both hated Dad. "

Sarah shook her head. "No, not your grandmother. " Sarah thought back to her

early days with Tom. He had been so handsome and she had been so in love. "You

know Allie, I've never told you this but I was pregnant with you when your

father and I got married. "

"I know Mom, " Allison giggled. "I can do math. "

Sarah blushed slightly. "I suppose you can. " Both mother and daughter felt a

warm glow as they talked. It had been a long time since they had talked together

like this. Too long, Sarah thought to herself. They continued to talk, no longer

mother and daughter but two women sharing secrets from a hidden past and

concerns about an uncertain future.

"Your grandmother Rebecca was a good woman, " Sarah continued.

"Why in the world did she marry such a pervert then?"

"Allie, you have to understand that Rebecca had nothing when she met Arthur.

Nothing but her beauty anyway. She was an orphan who'd been shuffled from foster

home to foster home. He offered her a life of wealth and in return he asked that

she participate in his 'games. '"

"Games?"

"Yes. Games involving exhibitionism and nudity in public places. "

"And she was willing to do this for the money?"

Sarah thought for a moment before answering. "Your grandmother was a very

ambitious person in her own right. She was willing to do whatever it took to

achieve her goals. " Sarah took a sip from the tea. "In many ways she was as

strong-willed as Arthur Compton. I think that's one of the things that attracted

him to her. "

Allison thought for a moment about what her mother was telling her. "Tell me a

little about these 'games'. "

Sarah sat silently for a few minutes, thinking about her mother. "It began on

their wedding night. . . "

[Author's note: Those of you who've read my short story Rebecca will recognize

this part of the chapter. This is the original version of this story and I later

re-wrote it into a standalone short story when I thought I'd never get around to

completing Allison's Inheritance. ]

Rebecca

The young bride stood naked, handcuffed, and trembling in the bridal suite of

the large hotel. She was about to play a game: Arthur Compton's game. Compton

sat watching her closely, a thin smile on his face, a cigarette smoldering

between his fingertips. He could sense her fear and fed on it like a predator

gaining strength from the scent of fear in his prey. At thirty-two, Compton was

already a millionaire many times over and a man who knew how to get what he

wanted. And at the moment what he wanted was his beautiful wife to display her

naked flesh to others. He gazed with pleasure at her milky white skin and silky

raven hair and began explaining the rules of the game.

"As soon as you exit the room, Becky, the clock will start. I'll give you a

series of tasks you'll have to complete in order to find the key to the

handcuffs and then find the room key in order to get back in. I won't allow you

in if you don't find it. " He paused for a moment to let this sink in. "If you

aren't back within an hour the door will be bolted shut and won't be opened

until 6 a. m. tomorrow morning. I'll give you your initial instructions to get

you started once you're in the hallway. "

A nervous chill swept through Rebecca's body. "Aren't you afraid we'll get

kicked out of the hotel?" she asked.

Arthur chuckled and took a drag off of his cigarette. "I'd probably be worried

if I wasn't part owner of the hotel. "

Rebecca stood silently allowing Arthur's eyes to roam across her body. She knew

she couldn't hide her nervousness but wasn't going to allow him the satisfaction

of hearing her plead or beg. Compton sat quietly for a few minutes allowing the

fear and anticipation to build in the young woman. Finally he spoke. "It's time

to get started, dear. "

Rebecca took a deep breath as the door opened to the hallway beyond. She

hesitated for a moment then stepped outside. Arthur entered the hallway with her

and she heard the door lock behind her with a sickening click. Her eyes darted

quickly back and forth, scanning both ends of the corridor, but it was empty. It

was just after 11 p. m. and many of the guests were already settled into their

rooms for the night. Still, the possibility of being seen was very real. "Follow

me, " Arthur commanded and she walked behind him down the hall, her hands

handcuffed behind her back. They reached the elevator and Compton pushed the

down button. Rebecca shuddered nervously at the thought of entering the hotel

elevator in the nude.

"Take the elevator down to the 2nd floor, Becky. There are some public restrooms

there. In the men's room taped behind a large waste receptacle is a plastic bag

holding the key to the cuffs along with further instructions. " The "ding"

announcing the arrival of the elevator startled Rebecca and she watched

nervously as the doors slid opened. To her relief the elevator was empty.

Compton stepped inside and motioned her into it. After she entered he pushed the

button for the 2nd floor and stepped out again, holding the door open. He

allowed himself a moment to drink in the delicious sight of his beautiful wife

standing naked, handcuffed, and helpless in the elevator. "Good luck. I'll be

expecting you in less than an hour, " he said with a smile and then let the doors

slide shut.

Alone in the elevator now, Rebecca watched nervously as the floors ticked off on

her journey to the 2nd floor. As each floor number appeared above the door she

expected the elevator to come to a halt to pick up new passengers, but it

continued uninterrupted to her destination.

The doors slid open and the nude woman peered cautiously out of the elevator

before stepping out into the corridor. About twenty feet away Rebecca saw a

large potted floor plant and she scampered quickly to it, kneeling down behind

it. She took a minute to calm her nerves before peering out from behind the

plant to survey the area. On each side of the corridor she saw hotel shops and

boutiques, all of them darkened and shuttered. This would normally be a busy

floor during business hours but at this time of night the area was deserted.

There was no sign of the men's restroom, though, and the clock was ticking so

the young bride had no choice but to get moving and look for it. She reluctantly

left her hiding spot and began exploring.

As she started down the hallway she saw with a shock that there was a lounge at

the end that was still open and serving customers. She pressed herself flat

against the wall and surveyed the area. She saw the men's restroom now down the

hallway near the open door of the bar and had no choice but to head toward it.

Rebecca began creeping along the wall past the closed doors of the shops, trying

to remain invisible to the people drinking within the lounge. She could hear

music tinkling from inside as a pianist played quiet tunes for the bored late

night drinkers.

The men's room was now only a few feet away on the opposite side of the corridor

and Rebecca decided to make a dash for it. This was obviously the restroom used

by the bar so the chances of someone being inside were good, but what choice did

she have? She quickly dashed across the hallway, breasts bouncing as she ran,

and pushed her way through the door into the bathroom.

The bathroom was empty and Rebecca could see the white trash receptacle near the sink. Sliding it away from the wall with her foot she breathed a sigh of relief

as a plastic bag taped to the rear of it containing a key and a note came into

sight. Awkwardly she removed the bag with her hands cuffed behind her back and

began tearing it open. The key clattered to the floor and Rebecca sat down on

the cold tile floor attempting to pick it up with her arms behind her back.

Thank god they keep this place clean, she thought as she finally managed to

retrieve it and began fumbling around trying to put the key in the lock. The key

dropped again to the floor. This is no good, she thought, aware that a bar

bathroom probably wouldn't remain vacant for long. With an effort she struggled

to her feet and, bending over at the waist, attempted to slide her handcuffed

wrists past her butt. The cuffs bit into her wrists as she strained but finally

felt them slip past to her thighs. Then sitting down again she brought her legs

through freeing her arms. With her arms now in front of her the process of

retrieving the key and unlocking the cuffs was much easier and soon they snapped

open. Rebecca tossed them into the wastebasket and, grabbing the note, fled into

one of the stalls to read it.

Congratulations on the successful completion of the first part of the game. I

figured that someone as limber as you should have no problem finding a way to

escape from the handcuffs. Or did you require assistance?

Now on to your next task, Becky. This will be relatively straightforward since I

don't want to challenge you too much on your first time out. I'm sure you

noticed that small bar nearby. The bartender will be expecting you and is saving

you a seat at the bar. All you have to do is go in and order a drink and he will

hand you a note with further instructions. I'll be in the corner of the bar

watching. Please don't acknowledge me in any way.

Oh, by the way, the bartender will not allow you to charge the drink to the

room. I'm afraid you'll have to find someone in the bar to buy it for you.

Rebecca sighed as she read the instructions. All the stealth and caution she'd

used to avoid being seen by the customers in the bar had been for nothing. She

was going to have to walk right in and belly up to the bar for a drink! Then god

only knows what the next set of instructions would bring.

Aware that the clock was ticking Rebecca had no choice but to make her way out

of the stall and prepare to walk into the bar. Taking a deep breath to calm her

nerves she stepped through the door and began walking toward the open door of

the bar. She heard a gasp as she stepped in and a quick survey showed her the

bar was only about half full. The customers were mainly bored businessmen

although there were several couples sitting at tables talking quietly. In the

corner she could see Arthur sitting, his eyes focused intently on her. Rebecca

turned her eyes from him and walked to the bar.

The bartender smiled and tossed a napkin onto the bar in front of her like it

was the most natural thing in the world for a nude woman to walk into his bar.

Rebecca sat down on the stool next to a businessman in a rumpled white shirt and

tacky tie. "Whoa, " the man exclaimed as the naked woman sat down beside him.

Rebecca could smell the beer on his breath from where she sat. "Hello there,

darlin'. "

Rebecca forced a smile onto her face. "Hi. Would you mind buying me a drink?"

"Sure thing, " the man replied and he managed to tear his eyes off of her breasts

long enough to shove a crumpled wad of bills toward the bartender. "Get her

whatever she wants, barkeep. "

The bartender smiled. "My name's Jimmy. What can I get for you?"

"I'll have a glass of Chardonnay please, Jimmy. "

"My name's Ed, " her companion in the next seat said. "What's yours?"

"I'm Suzy, " she replied, not wanting to give the man her real name.

"Pleased to meet ya, Suzy. Damn you got the nicest tits I ever seen. "

Rebecca tried to ignore the man as Jimmy brought her glass of wine along with a

note. She felt a tingle of anticipation as she opened it, not knowing what to

expect next.

Only one task remains, Becky, and then you can return to the room. After you

finish your drink you will request a song from the piano player, and I want you

to sing it for the bar. You know what song I want to hear. Once you've finished

that the bartender will give you your room key and you may leave at any time.

She knew what song Arthur wanted. "Danny Boy. " His mother had come from Ireland and often sang it to him as a young boy. Hearing it was one of the few things in the world that could move him to tears.

Rebecca's new friend Ed was engaging in a drunken one-sided conversation with

her that she'd been tuning out. He apparently thought that her "outfit" was the

latest fashion for hookers in the area and he couldn't have been more pleased

about it. Rebecca felt Ed's hand on her back and she quickly gulped down her

glass of wine. "Excuse me Ed, but I want to request a song from the piano man. "

She rose from her stool and all eyes were on her as she approached the piano

player. She waited self-consciously until he finished his song and then spoke

briefly into his ear. He nodded and began to play. Rebecca looked around the bar

nervously and began to sing:

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

From glen to glen, and down the mountain side

The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying

'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow

Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow

Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

Rebecca sang with a strong clear voice. She loved to sing and, for a moment

anyway, forgot about her nudity. She was lost in the moment and the crowd

listened with rapt attention to the beautiful song.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying

And I am dead, as dead I well may be

You'll come and find the place where I am lying

And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me

And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be

If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me

I simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

There was silence for a moment, then the crowd erupted in applause. Rebecca

blushed then took a small bow. In the corner she could see Arthur clapping as

well, a tear running down his cheek. A rush of adrenaline ran through Rebecca's

body and she couldn't help but smile as she returned to the bar.

"That was damn good, " she heard Ed slur and felt his hand on her ass. She turned

to him and smiled. "Ed, would you mind buying me another drink?"

"Sure thing, darlin', " he replied and removed his hand to reach for his wallet.

Jimmy placed another glass of wine in front of her along with the room key.

"That was wonderful singing, " he said. Rebecca blushed again at the compliment.

"Thanks Jimmy. " As she sat down on the stool she could once again feel Ed's

hand, this time moving up her thigh. She took a quick sip then turned to her

companion and threw the remainder of the wine into his face.

A shocked and surprised Ed recoiled from her with wine dripping off of his face

onto his white shirt. "You fucking bitch!"

Rebecca grabbed the room key and turned to Jimmy as she walked toward the exit,

"I'm sorry I can't leave you a tip. "

"That's okay, " the bartender called after her. "Your presence here was tip

enough. " With that Rebecca strode quickly through the open door of the bar into

the hallway beyond leaving one last glimpse of her naked backside for the bar's

patrons.

As she walked down the corridor Rebecca's confidence began to fade as she heard

the sound of footsteps behind her. Nervously she picked up the pace, afraid to

look back. Reaching the elevator she pushed the button just as a hand grabbed

her and spun her around. In her face was a drunk and angry Ed.

"Where the hell do you think you're going you little prick tease. The party's

not over yet. " He leaned over and attempted to plant a kiss on her lips as

Rebecca struggled to push him away, his foul-smelling breath nauseating her.

Suddenly a hand seized Ed by the throat and he gasped for breath as Arthur

Compton slammed him against the opposite wall. Ed took a wild swing but Arthur

blocked it easily and slammed his knee into Ed's groin. The color went out of

Ed's face as he slumped to his knees in pain. Arthur grabbed the man by his hair

to hold him up and then buried a fist into his gut. What little air was left

exploded out of Ed's lungs and he crumpled into a heap on the floor, gasping and

retching. Compton looked on for a moment with a cruel grin at the sight of the

beaten man, then turned and led his wife into the open elevator.

As the elevator climbed upward the man and wife found themselves in an embrace

of hungry passion. The embarrassment, humiliation, and fear that Rebecca had

experienced were now fueling a fire inside her that she'd never felt before. She

greedily tore at Andrew's clothes wanting to feel him inside of her. As the

elevator doors slid open, Andrew swept her off of her feet and carried her in

his arms down the hallway to their room, pausing only briefly to unlock the

door. Then Andrew Compton carried his young bride across the threshold into

their bridal suite, kicking the door shut behind him.

Moments later the Comptons consummated their wedding vows.

Mother and Daughter

Allison stared into the flickering candle flame thinking about the story her

mother had just told her. The shocking conditions of the will were beginning to

make some sense now. This wasn't just some crazy scheme cooked up on Arthur

Compton's deathbed but an ongoing pattern of behavior for him; a bizarre attempt

to continue with his fetish even after death.

Allison thought about her grandmother Rebecca and what her mother had said about her, that she was willing to pay the price to get what she wanted. Allison

wondered if she herself possessed the same determination and strength to pay

whatever price was necessary to gain the wealth and power being dangled in front

of her. She didn't know.

Sarah returned from the kitchen with fresh cups of tea for the two of them.

Settling back onto the sofa she watched the flickering light from the candles

dance across Allison's face and breasts. My God she's beautiful, she thought as

a twinge of jealousy shot through her. Sarah immediately felt ashamed by these

feelings. At forty she knew she could pass for thirty and heads still turned

when she walked down the street. Still, she knew that she had never possessed

the extraordinary beauty of her daughter even in her prime. What struck her was

the natural way that Allison carried her looks, accepting them but without the

vanity or self-centeredness that so many other beautiful women possessed. She

neither wanted nor needed to be the center of attention, which would make the

coming ordeal all the more difficult for her. Arthur Compton must have been

struck by Allison's beauty as well, she thought. So much so that the temptation

to get her involved in his fetish must have been too great to pass up, even

after death. A temptation so great that he was willing to put his company up as

the prize to entice her.

The two women sat quietly for several minutes, each lost in their own thoughts.

Sarah finally broke the silence. "Have you decided what you're going to do yet,

Allie?"

Allison didn't answer at first, pondering for the thousandth time the

unthinkable choice she'd been given. After her humiliating exit from the Compton

Building, Allison had been convinced on the ride home that she was going to quit

this ridiculous farce as soon as she got home, but in the relative protection of

her parents' house she'd calmed down a bit and decided there was no harm in

staying nude for the weekend anyway. She didn't have to be back to school until

Monday morning and this would give her time to think things through.

"Yes, Mom. " she finally replied. "I have to do it. It's not just the money, it's

the opportunity to make positive changes in this world. I have to try. "

Sarah nodded her head. "I know, honey. I was hoping you would. Does that sound

awful? To hope my own daughter would go through with something like this?"

"No, Mom. I understand. "

"It's just that. . . " Tears started flowing down Sarah's cheeks. "I. . . I thought I

was satisfied with my life but I guess when I heard about the money that we

would be inheriting. . . I wanted it. I wanted it for us and for you. "

Allison put her arms around her mother and the two of them shared tears for a

few minutes.

"Allie, I want you to be careful. Your grandfather was a ruthless man and I

don't think he would give up his company to you so easily. "

"Easily?" Allison exclaimed.

"Yes, honey I know this seems terribly difficult for you and it will be. But I

don't think we've heard everything yet. I think there may be some traps and

roadblocks in this whole thing that we don't know about. I don't think Mariana

Perez has told us everything. "

"Well, I got the feeling she was on our side. I don't think she likes Tony

Compton. "

"Honey, no one likes Tony Compton. That doesn't necessarily make her your

friend, though. I don't know if she will be an ally or a foe in this but you

should be very wary of her. "

Allison sipped her tea and thought about the challenge ahead of her.

"And you may not be able to trust anyone at school either. I'm sure that Tony

will spread his money around to your friends to spy on you and tempt you into

cheating. "

"Oh, great, " Allison said. "I come home on a Friday as a normal happy college

girl and I go back on Monday as a paranoid nudist. " Mother and daughter looked

at each other for a moment and then burst out laughing and began another round

of hugs.

"I love you, Mom. "

"Love you too, Allie. Let's get some sleep. I'll drive you back to college early

Monday morning. "

"I think Monday will be the hardest day of my life, Mom. "

Chapter 3

Monday Morning

The moment that Allison had been dreading had arrived. She sat nude and shaking

in her mother's car as the dormitory, looking both familiar and terrifying,

filled the window in front of her. It was 7 a. m. on Monday morning and the

campus was beginning to stir. Several students exited the dorm making their way

toward the cafeteria and Allison hunched down further in her seat. Her mother

Sarah sat quietly, understanding what was going on inside her daughter, not

knowing what she could possibly say to comfort her.

Finally Allison heard a shaky voice that sounded like hers but seemed to come

from a million miles away. "Let's get it over with, Mom. " She grasped the door

handle, released it, and then pulled again, hearing the door mechanism click

open. The door opened wide and Allison looked out at the world beyond with a

mixture of terror and curiosity. It was like emerging for the second time from

the womb into a strange and frightening new world, as naked and unprepared as

the first time.

The next few minutes were a blur - a series of sensations. Allison felt the

softness of the grass moistened with dew beneath her feet which soon gave way to

the rough scrape of the cold cement of the sidewalk. She could feel the sun

touching her bare flesh and the cool breeze caressing her skin, the movement of

her breasts, the roar of blood in her ears, the hot flush of her face. The early

morning sun gleamed off of the glass front door of the dorm as Allison pulled it

open and stepped inside. "Oh my God, " she heard a female voice say and she could hear giggling from off to her side as she walked across the lobby toward the

staircase. Allison climbed quickly to the third floor and down the hallway

toward her room passing several girls with astonished looks on their faces.

It was only as she entered her dorm room that she even noticed that her mother

had been with her. She quickly stepped in as her roommate Katie looked on

combing her wet, freshly shampooed hair, dressed in blue jeans and a white

blouse. Katie was a slightly overweight girl with a pretty face, blonde hair and

a mischievous smile. It was the sound of Katie's smartass voice that finally

brought Allison back to the real world. "Uh, hi there Allie. Laundry day?

Nothing to wear?" Allison let out a sound that was a half laugh and half sob and

flung herself onto her bed. "Just a minute Allie, " her mother cried in alarm and

quickly pulled the blankets from the bed as Allison was forced to stand again.

"Hi, Mrs. Davis, " Katie said. "Pardon me for butting in but what in the hell is

going on? Why is she naked?"

"Hi Katie, " Sarah sighed. "It's a long story and I'm sure Allison will fill you

in on all the details. They both looked at Allison who had her face buried in

her pillow. "All I can say is that she will need your friendship and support

more than ever in the coming weeks. "

"Um, okay. Sure. " A look of alarm came over her. "Did someone do something to

her? Was it one of those creeps from Kappa Alpha?"

"No, nothing like that. It's voluntary. She's going to have to stay naked for

awhile. "

Katie stared at Sarah uncomprehendingly. "Those might possibly be the strangest

words I've ever heard come out of a college mom's mouth. "

Sarah smiled. "I guess you do deserve an explanation. " Sarah quickly told the

story of the circumstances leading up to this: the death of Allison's wealthy

grandfather and the inheritance giving Allison control of the company stock, but

only if she remained nude for the next year.

Katie listened in amazement to the story then threw her head back in laughter.

"That's the craziest thing I've ever heard! Is it really true?"

"Yes, " Sarah nodded.

Katie let out a squeal and then jumped onto Allison's bed where she was still

laying face down. "You're going to be rich, girlfriend!" Katie gave Allison's

bare butt a smack with her hand and Allison sat up in the bed like she'd been

zapped by an electric current. Katie laughed again and then began relentlessly

tickling Allison. "Stop it!" Allison shouted, but couldn't help but giggle as

the tickling increased.

"You're going to need a number one assistant when you become a rich bitch and I

won't stop until you give me the job, " Katie teased.

"Okay, okay. Just stop!" They were both laughing by now and Sarah joined in as

well. Allison's roommate was a high-spirited, fun-loving girl and Sarah liked

her. She believed being around someone like Katie was good for her sometimes

too-serious daughter.

Katie began peppering Allison with questions. "Are you going to go to class like

this?"

Allison nodded. "I have to. "

"Really? Won't that be so bizarre to be sitting naked in class? Just like those

naked-in-school dreams everyone has. "

Allison shivered at the thought. "More like a nightmare to me. "

"How in the heck did you convince the constipated geriatrics who run this place

to let you do it?"

"My grandfather's will gives a large donation to the college if they let me. "

"Ah, that figures, " Katie replied. "They'd bend over and spread their cheeks for

Lucifer himself if he gave them enough money. " Katie glanced at Allison's mom.

"Sorry Mrs. Davis. "

"That's okay, Katie, " Sarah laughed. "You're probably right. "

"Oh, that reminds me, " Katie said as she jumped off of the bed to retrieve a

letter from her desk. "The R. A. dropped this off for you yesterday. I didn't

even open it and peak even though I wanted to, " she giggled.

Allison looked at the envelope. It was from the Dean's office. She ripped it

open and began to read.

Dear Ms. Davis:

This is to confirm your status as a "clothing optional" student for the

remainder of the semester as arranged by the Arthur Compton estate. This was

allowed after long consideration only because the laws in this state protect

nudity as a legitimate form of freedom of expression. It is to be understood

that it is solely your decision to wear or not wear clothing while on campus and

nudity is not required or encouraged by the college in any way.

A memo has been distributed to the faculty informing them of the situation and

they are to remind students about the college's sexual harassment policies and

that sexual harassment in any form will not be tolerated. It is our hope that

your clothing optional status will provide a minimum of distraction for you or

other students during your remaining weeks before graduation. The college

retains the right to revoke this status at any time if it deems it necessary to

maintain a proper learning environment.

If you have any questions feel free to stop by my office.

Sincerely,

Thomas Sanders

Dean, Wildwood College

Allison had almost been hoping that the letter would say that they had changed

their mind and she wouldn't be allowed to go through with it. No such luck. She

handed the letter to her mom who read it and then handed it on to an impatient

Katie who was practically squirming in her chair waiting to find out what it

said.

"Well, honey, I guess that's it, " Sarah said. "You've got the go-ahead from the

college. Last chance to back out. "

Allison sat numbly on the edge of the bed, resigned to her fate, the morale

boost she'd gotten from Katie fading. "No, I've got to do it. "

Sarah sat down and gave her daughter a hug and then walked to the closet.

Opening it she began to remove Allison's clothes.

"What are you doing, Mom?"

"I'm going to take your clothes home with me, hon. You won't need them and

there's no sense in leaving them here as a constant temptation. "

The idea of being separated from all of her clothing by more than an hour's

drive sent a chill through Allison. What her mom said made perfect sense but it

still took away yet another layer of comfort in at least knowing that her

clothes were nearby.

"Okay. I guess you're right. "

"Let me help, " Katie said brightly and jumped up to help in the packing as

though her roommate were off on an exciting new adventure. Allison sat on the

bed and watched in miserable silence as her clothes disappeared into suitcases

and boxes.

Wildwood College

The news spread like wildfire across the campus of Wildwood College. Allison

Davis had been seen walking around campus in the nude. Naked. Au naturel. In the

buff. The amazing news was treated with skepticism even though those spreading

the story had sworn they had seen it with their own eyes or had heard it from

reliable witnesses. Wildwood was a small private university of about 2500

students, small enough that most students knew each other by sight if not always

by name. Allison Davis was very well known around campus, though; she'd been an

object of desire by most of the male population (and some of the females) for

the past four years.

A very naked Allison sat in her Advanced Ecosystems class waiting for it to

begin, her cheeks aflame. The walk to class had been a humiliating nightmare.

The sight of a girl wearing nothing but a look of embarrassment had led to

stares, whistles, hoots, leers, shock, laughter, and every other type of

reaction imaginable. It'd been all Allison could do to keep from running back to

the dorm, but somehow she'd managed to keep placing one foot ahead of the other, eyes glued to the ground in front of her.

The classroom provided no refuge for Allison either. It was a relatively small

class, only about 20 students. Environmental Science wasn't one of the more

popular majors. There wasn't a lot of money in a career spent trying to protect

the environment, but those who did choose the major were generally a close-knit

group. Being surrounded by friends and acquaintances was even worse for Allison

than being ogled by strangers. She opened up the class textbook and stared at

the words in front of her, hoping to disappear into her studies and wishing

desperately that she could go back to being the same normal college girl she'd

been just a few days ago. She could feel the stares of the other students

burning into her.

"Nice outfit, Allie, " she heard a girl named Dawn sitting next to her say. "It

must not have taken you long to get ready for class, " she giggled.

Allison opened her mouth to respond but nothing came out and she quickly turned

back to her book. She heard another voice, this time from the other direction.

"What in the hell are you doing Allison?" she heard her friend Melissa whisper.

"Are you insane?"

Allison tried once again to speak but her voice had deserted her. She stared

down at the book desperately trying to hold back the sobs. She took a deep

breath and quickly wiped her eyes. If it had been Arthur Compton's desire to

humiliate his granddaughter his plan was already working beautifully. Allison

was an emotional wreck.

At that moment the professor, Wilma Jackson, a 45-year old African-American

woman, walked into the room. She stared at Allison for a moment then began to

speak.

"I've been given a memo by the faculty concerning the 'clothing optional' status

of our very own Ms. Allison Davis. I have absolutely no idea why this is being

allowed but it's my job to remind you of the university's sexual harassment

policies. I'll keep it simple: you can look but don't touch and watch what you

say. Is this understood?" The class nodded their heads in unison with the

exception of Allison who was still staring down blankly at her textbook. "Now I

just want to say, Allison, that I don't like this at all and I hope there's a

damn good reason for this. " Allison nodded numbly unable to meet her teacher's

eyes. Professor Jackson was one of her favorite teachers and the tone of

disapproval in her voice stung. At that moment the naked co-ed just wanted to

find some hole to crawl into and hide. "Very well then, we'll continue but I

will not allow this to be a distraction, is that understood? That means

everyone. " The class once again nodded and Professor Jackson began her lecture.

The words were a meaningless jumble to Allison. This was a subject she loved and

was passionate about but her mind couldn't get around anything but her own

nudity. From the furtive glances directed her way it was obvious that others

were having the same problem. Ms. Jackson's lecture came to an abrupt halt.

"Allison, please come up here. "

Allison was mortified. "C-come up to the front?"

"Yes, please. We're going to have a little session of Show and Tell. We're going

to give you a good chance to show the class that body of yours that you are so

determined to put on display and we'll let you tell us exactly why you're doing

this and why I should put up with this bullshit. "

Allison slowly got up and timidly walked to the front of the small classroom.

Her head was spinning and for a moment she was afraid she was going to faint.

She walked up to Ms. Jackson and stood in front of her.

"Turn around Allison and start talking. I have no doubt you'll have the class's

undivided attention. "

Allison was trembling and could feel the eyes of the class boring into her,

roaming up and down her body. She opened her mouth several times to speak but

the words wouldn't come. Finally the sobs came and she broke down into the tears

she had been so desperately trying to hold back. The anger that Wilma Jackson

had been feeling about the situation evaporated at the sight of the distressed

girl and she put her arms around Allison in an effort to console her. She let

Allison cry herself out and didn't speak again until the tears had finally

subsided.

"Are you alright, Allison, " she said softly.

Allison nodded. The cry was exactly what she needed and was starting to regain

her composure.

"I'm sorry I was so hard on you but I'm not happy about this whole thing and I

would like some kind of explanation. It's obvious that you don't want to be

doing this. "

Allison shook her head. She took a deep breath, wiped her eyes, and began

telling the story of all that had happened to her over the previous weekend. Her

voice was soft and slow at first but the words began tumbling out faster and

faster as she described the details of the bizarre inheritance requirements of

Arthur Compton's will. The class listened in rapt attention as she described how

five million dollars would go to the hated anti-environmentalist Hale Foundation

if she faltered and her plans for reigning in the destructive environmental

practices of the notorious Compton Enterprises if she could gain control of it.

The students in her class were all Environmental Science majors like her so she

was preaching to the choir when it came to the subject of saving the

environment. When she finally finished the class erupted in applause and she

could hear Melissa shout "You go, girl!" from the back of the class. Allison

flashed a brief smile for the first time since entering the classroom. The

questions now came fast and furious from her classmates and she answered them as best she could. Wilma Jackson remained silent through all of this but finally

spoke.

"Thank you Allison. You may sit down now. "

Allison glanced over at her teacher and saw that the anger and disapproval were

gone from her eyes. She walked quickly back to her desk and sat down.

Professor Jackson walked over to her desk and leaned back against it. "That was

an amazing story, Allison. I think it's disgusting that an old man would try to

force his granddaughter into this but I admire your courage. "

Wilma Jackson continued talking as she walked to the center of the room and

faced the class. "You know my mother marched in Selma, Alabama during the civil

rights movement in 1965. The first march was on a Sunday and they were attacked

by state troopers with tear gas and clubs. Six days later she marched again. I

asked her years later why she did it. She told me, 'I didn't want to do it. I

was deathly afraid, but I had no choice, it was something I had to do. ' "

Ms. Jackson stopped for a moment and looked at Allison. "Now Allison I'm not

going to compare what you're doing with what my mother had to face but I will

say that it takes courage to do this. I just hope that your motives are pure and

you follow through with your plans once you gain control of Compton's company.

If you can do that you will emerge from this with your pride intact. "

Allison nodded, grateful for the support that her teacher was showing her.

"Now class, it's time to get back to work. Eyes front!"

The Cafeteria

The clouds that had threatened rain all morning were dissipating and blue sky

could now be seen above the small campus as the sun broke free. The goosebumps

that covered Allison's bare skin earlier had disappeared and the sun caressed

her body as she walked across campus to meet her friends Katie and Melissa at

the cafeteria. Allison had begged Katie to bring her lunch to the dorm room but

Katie had insisted that she needed to get used to being naked in public if she

was going to make it through the year. Allison knew she was right, of course,

but that didn't make it any easier. She was wondering if it was possible to ever

get used to people staring at her nude body.

"Hey, you naked rich bitch!" she heard Katie yell and could see her waving from

outside the front of the cafeteria. Melissa was standing next to Katie looking

almost as embarrassed as Allison about the whole situation.

Melissa was a small, petite girl with short dark hair, a strikingly pretty oval

face, and dark brown eyes. She'd shown up at Wildwood several years earlier as a

shy, awkward, nerdish girl with absolutely no fashion or makeup sense. As a

fellow Environmental Science major, Allison had taken her under her wing and

taught her how to dress, how to put on makeup, helped her with her hair, and

convinced her to lose the glasses in favor of contact lenses. And just like all

those corny movies where a plain Jane is transformed into a campus queen,

Melissa had gone from being a mousy little girl that no one noticed to a sweet,

pretty little thing who turned heads. She was starting to come out of her shell

socially as well, but a trace of shyness still remained.

As Allison approached she could see Katie, who had never had a shyness problem,

staring straight at her breasts.

"Those are quite the high beams you got going there, girlfriend, " Katie said.

Allison looked down in embarrassment at her hard nipples. "I guess this public

nudity thing is a turn-on for you, huh?"

No, " Allison said, but she knew it wasn't the truth. She had been in a

heightened state of arousal for most of the day and was afraid, as she felt the

hungry eyes feasting on her body, that she might even come at some point. She'd

been trying to fight off the feelings of arousal all day with only limited

success.

"That's not what it looks like to me, " Katie laughed and reached out and gave

each of Allison's nipples a quick tug.

"Katie!" Allison exclaimed and recoiled in horror. She looked around praying

that no one had been watching. "Dammit Katie, if you're going to keep trying to

embarrass me even more than I already am I'm going to go back to the dorm!"

"God, you're such a pervert, Katie, " Melissa said. .

Katie laughed again. "Okay, okay, I'll be nice. Let's go get some grub. "

Allison took a deep breath. "Okay, let's go. "

The three co-eds walked into the cafeteria and the whistles and catcalls began

the moment they came into sight of the crowded tables. The girls got their food

and sat down at a small table. Allison's face was beet red and she muttered

under her breath, "God, I hate this shit. "

"Screw 'em, " Katie said. "They all just want your killer bod, girl. If I looked

like you I'd never wear clothes anyway. They wouldn't have to bribe me to go

naked. "

Melissa giggled. "Your body's fine. You're all talk Katie. You'd never go

naked. "

Katie shot a quick angry look at Melissa. "You don't think I'd do it? I'll go to

class naked. Just watch. I just need to lose 10 pounds first. "

"Melissa's right, Katie, " Allison said. "Your body's fine. And trust me, you

don't want to go to class naked. It's not all it's cracked up to be. "

"No, I'll do it. I just need to lose a little weight first. I'll start on my

diet today so I can do it before the end of the year. "

"Yeah, right. " Melissa rolled her eyes.

"You want to make a little bet, Melissa?" Katie's eyes flashed as she spoke.

"Maybe. Let's hear it.

"

"If I lose 10 pounds before the end of the year then I'll go to class naked. If

I do then you have to get naked, too.

"I'm not going to class naked, " Melissa said. "No freaking way. Anyway there's

only a month left in the semester so you'll never lose 10 pounds. "

"I've done it before in a month. "

"Okay, if you do then I definitely want to see you go to class naked. That'd be

a riot. But there's no way I'll go to class naked. "

"Okay, then I'll think up something else for you to do, but you'll definitely

have to get naked in public. "

"I'm not going to agree to a bet until I know what I'll have to do. You're too

nutty to trust, " Melissa said.

"Oh, I'll think of something for you to do. . . "

Katie was interrupted by a shadow crossing the table and the three girls looked

up to see Tom Anderson, Allison's ex-boyfriend. Tom was a tall, lanky jock who

was the top pitcher on the school's baseball team.

"Real nice, Allison, " Tom said. "I didn't realize you were the exhibitionist

type. If I'd known that I'd have had some nice games for you to play. "

Allison started to open her mouth to speak but Katie, as usual, beat her to the

punch. "She's just showing everyone what you're not getting any more, Tommy

Boy. "

Tom turned his attention to Katie. "No, Katie, I think she's just showing

everyone that she's almost as big a 'ho' as you are. "

"A ho! You're the one who cheated on her, you freak!" Katie responded. "And I

noticed you're the only guy in the place without a bulge in his pants. Or are

you such a pencil dick that no one would notice if you did get it up?"

"Katie!" Allison spoke up. "Let me talk to him for a minute please. "

"Katie letting someone else talk? That would be a fucking day to remember, " Tom

sneered.

"What do you want, Tom?" Allison asked. "If you've come over here to harass me

I'm not in the mood for it. "

"I just want to find out what the hell you're doing by strutting around naked.

Do you realize how embarrassing this is for me?"

"Embarrassing for you!" Allison exclaimed. "How could this possibly be more

embarrassing for you than it is for me?"

"You ought to hear what people are saying about you, Allison. They're talking

about your tits and your ass and your pussy and asking me what it was like to

fuck you. "

"Oh, and you think that's embarrassing for you, Tom? How in the hell do you

think I feel about that? I'm the one that everyone's talking about. " Allison

could see the people at the tables surrounding them were all staring intently at

the conversation but she was too wound up to stop.

"You know Tom, the reason I broke up with you wasn't just because I found out

you had been cheating on me. That just finally opened my eyes to the fact that

you're a selfish, self-centered jerk. "

"At least I'm not a naked slut who'll flaunt her body for anyone to see. "

Katie couldn't keep quiet any longer. "Yeah, and that naked slut will be able to

buy and sell you by this time next year. So I hope you remember that when you're

playing for some crappy minor league team for poverty wages and trying to hump

pool hall skanks. "

"You two bitches deserve each other, " Tom said. "I wouldn't be surprised if

you've been munching on Allison's carpet, Katie. The only one here who has

anything going on at all is Melissa. "

Melissa had been quietly taking in the whole exchange but she now picked up the

plastic ketchup container sitting on the table, pointed it at Tom, and squirted

the red sauce all over the front of his shirt and pants.

Tom stepped back in surprise and looked down at the mess. He could hear laughter

coming from the adjoining tables around him. "God damn you bitches are all

crazy!" he shouted and turned and walked away from the table in a fury. Allison

and Katie both looked at each other and then at the quiet Melissa and burst out

laughing. The three friends exchanged high fives.

Katie grabbed her glass of diet cola and held it up for a toast. "May we all

live in interesting times. " The three girls clinked their glasses together in

toast.

"Interesting isn't the word for it, " Allison said and laughed in spite of

herself.

The End of a Long Day

The dorms at Wildwood College were typical college housing facilities for the

most part but one feature that the students loved was that each room had a small

balcony with iron railings (except for the ground floor of course). These

balconies were often the site of late night drinking, barbecues, and even the

occasional bout of lovemaking under the early morning moon.

Allison poured herself a glass of wine and stepped onto the deck just outside

her third floor room. Katie was out with her boyfriend and Allison had the place

to herself. Sitting down on one of the folding deck chairs that the two of them

had bought together she surveyed the sky above her. The horizon was painted with

a brilliant orange glow as the sun sank beyond the edges of the world. The

spring air was comfortable with just a hint of crispness to it â€“ enough to bring

up slight goosebumps on Allison's bare skin. The campus spread itself out below

her. It was a beautiful wooded oasis on the edge of the noise and concrete of

the city. In the distance a jet was rising into the sky racing toward an unknown

destination. Allison took a sip of the wine and closed her eyes, trying to force

her mind into a quietness she had not known all day. The sunset, the wine, and

the quiet meditation finally had their effect and she opened her eyes to a

measure of calmness.

Allison laughed quietly. A few days ago she never would have dreamed of sitting

out here in the nude. Now this little area above the campus felt like a

sanctuary even though prying eyes would still be able to see her. Allison was a

little surprised by the depth of her calmness after being in such a heightened

state of anxiety, embarrassment, and arousal during the day. Perhaps this

experience is taking my emotions to a deeper level than I've ever experienced,

she thought to herself. The experiences of the day spooled through her mind and

she knew she would never forget them. This was a day that would be permanently

branded into her brain. The crazy thing was that there were more like this to

come. Many more. Another sip of wine sent a feeling of warmth and relaxation

through her body.

Allison felt a strange sort of pride. This had been the hardest day of her life

and she'd survived it. She thought about her grandmother Rebecca and how she had

gone through the "games" that Arthur Compton had forced on her and still managed

to keep her pride intact. Allison promised herself that she would find out more

about Rebecca from her mother. Allison poured herself another glass of wine and

put on a Mindy Smith CD. As the music wafted out onto the balcony she watched

the orange glow slowly turn to black and the dancing stars came out to play in

the night sky. After the last drops of wine were drained and the chill of the

spring air became a bit too much for her, Allison finally stood and walked back

into her dorm room. On the calendar over her desk she put an X through the date,

the fourth day to be crossed out. 361 days to go. Allison turned off the light

and let sleep take her away from this strange day and forward into an even

stranger future.

Chapter 4

The Offer

"I've got a package, " the nude co-ed said quietly, handing a yellow slip to the

woman in the campus post office window. The dour woman flashed a disapproving

look before disappearing to retrieve the package. "Take your time, " a male voice

called out from behind her. "This is one line I don't mind waiting in. " Allison

Davis reddened slightly but kept her back to the laughter. A manila envelope

slid across the counter and she saw her mom's name and return address on it.

Allison placed the package on top of the schoolbooks tucked under her arm and

avoided eye contact with the others in line as she padded past them and out the

door. There was a slight chill in the morning air as the sun wrestled with the

clouds for control of the sky. Tiny goosebumps appeared on her skin and her

nipples hardened slightly. The fluctuations in temperatures of late spring

weather was one of the things Allison had been learning to deal with in the two

weeks since her life had been turned upside down by the reading of her

grandfather's will.

Allison avoided the rough, scraping surface of the sidewalk staying on the

softer grass instead as she made her way across campus towards her dorm. As she

passed the unoccupied school baseball diamond the sun broke free, its warming

rays feeling wonderful on her bare skin. Allison decided to take a seat in the

empty wooden bleachers to read her mail in the open air - something she probably

couldn't have done even a few days ago when she spent every minute not in class

or at meals hiding in her room. Carefully ripping open the edge of the manila

envelope she peered inside seeing a book and a folded letter. She extracted the

letter and began to read:

Dear Allie,

You said you wanted to find out more about your grandmother Rebecca so I'm

enclosing her private diary that was given to me after her death. I've never

shown it to anyone so please keep it private, hon.

Every day is one day closer to your goal, sweetheart. Be strong, Allie.

Love,

Mom

Allison removed the hard cover book and began thumbing through its handwritten

pages. She was interrupted by a familiar voice.

"When does the game start?"

Allison turned to the sound of the voice and saw her sleazy Uncle Tony standing

nearby, a smug grin on his face.

"Tony! What the hell are you doing here?"

Tony Compton slid next to Allison and placed an arm around her shoulders giving

them a squeeze. "I'm just here to visit my favorite niece, " he said.

Allison recoiled at his touch and slid away. "I'm your only niece, Tony. "

"All the more reason to stop by for a visit, " he grinned, unfazed by her

rejection.

"If you're here to see if I've broken the terms of the will. . . I haven't. "

Tony shrugged. "Not yet anyway. " He pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

"Mind if I smoke?"

"Yes, I do mind. "

He stood up and walked a few steps away from the stands and leaned against the

chain-link fence that bordered the field. "Okay, I'll smoke over here then, " he

said as he removed a cigarette from the pack and fired it up. Tony's eyes

remained hidden behind his designer sunglasses but Allison had no doubts about

where those eyes were roaming. Despite wearing expensively tailored clothes Tony

always looked slightly disheveled to her, as if the clothes were rejecting the

wearer. Like his expensive suits, Tony tried to wear an aura of power that never

quite fit him. Tony's father, Arthur Compton, had been very different. The sense

of wealth and power, with a hint of danger just beneath the surface, had been an

innate part of the man that came as naturally to him as breathing. Tony's

attempts to emulate his father came off as a slightly pathetic affectation. The

son was not the father.

Tony spoke again. "I've got to hand it to you, Allison, I sure as hell didn't

think you'd make it this far. You've got balls. "

"I take it you mean that in the figurative sense?"

"I mean it in the sense that you've got balls. "

Allison was becoming impatient. "Is there some point to this visit, Tony?"

Tony looked at his beautiful, young niece. "Yeah, there's a point. I've decided

to save you from further embarrassment. "

"Who says I'm embarrassed?"

Tony laughed. "I've had you watched since you got back here. You're not exactly

the exhibitionist type are you?"

Allison sat silently for a moment wondering who'd been spying on her. Had Tony

bought off some of her fellow students? Her professors? Her friends? It doesn't

matter, she thought, I haven't cheated. "Whether I like it or not is irrelevant,

Tony. It only matters if I comply with the terms of the will, and I have. "

Tony shrugged. "You're right, it doesn't matter. You're not going to make the

full year whether you get a kick out of showing off or not. "

"You don't think so?" Allison's anger began to flare. "Don't underestimate me,

Tony. "

"And don't you fucking underestimate me either, Allison, " Tony snapped back.

"You'll be off this little wooded oasis soon and in my world. " Tony took another

drag off his cigarette, expelling the smoke into the crisp morning air. "You

remember when Mariana Perez said that you'd get assignments from someone in the company once you joined the firm?" Allison nodded. "Well, niece, that person

will be me. "

Allison was a little stunned by this revelation. She knew that the terms of the

will required her to work for Compton Enterprises after her graduation - in the

nude, of course - and that she would be given assignments by someone in the

company, but the idea that her Uncle Tony would be the one with direct control

over those assignments was unsettling. It only makes too much sense though, she

thought, scolding herself for not having seen it earlier. Of course Arthur

Compton would leave this for his son Tony. This was a battle between the two of

them for control of his company after all. She also had no doubt that her late

grandfather would have gotten a perverse pleasure out of this scenario.

Allison tried to pretend that this revelation made no difference to her. "So

what?"

"That's what I like about you, Allison. You've got that never-say-die, can-do

spirit!" he said.

"Cut out the sarcasm, Tony. Are you here for anything other than trying to

intimidate me?"

"I'm not here to intimidate you, Allie. Hell, you're family, even though I try

to forget that when I look at your world class tits. "

"Fuck off, Tony. " Allison stood up to leave.

"Whoa, I don't think I've ever heard you say the F-word before, " he said.

Allison began to retrieve her schoolbooks and her mother's package. "I guess you

don't want to hear my offer then. "

Allison stopped and looked at him. "Offer?"

Tony grinned. "I thought you might want to hear it. " He tossed his cigarette on

the ground, grinding it out with his heel.

"I'll listen but it had better be good, " Allison said, sitting back down on the

bench.

"I think it is but you decide. " Tony fixed his icy blue eyes on her and began.

"First thing I'm gonna do is make sure your parents are taken care of. Your mom

is my sister so it's only right. I'll pay off all of their debts, including

their mortgage. Hell, I'll even toss your deadbeat Dad some construction jobs to

get him back on his feet. "

"I can do all that and a whole lot more in less than a year, Tony. And my Dad is

no deadbeat - he's worked harder in his life than you ever will. "

Tony shrugged and continued. "Second, I'll offer you a job. You want Compton

Enterprises to do more to protect the environment? Done deal. I'll make you our

Director of Environmental Protection. You'll get paid the same wages as our

other directors, which is damn good for a girl just out of college. You can even

wear clothes to work if you want, " he smirked, "although I won't object if you

don't. "

"And then you'll fire me the first chance you get. Sorry, but I don't trust you

as far as I can throw you. "

"No? That hurts, Allison, it really does, " Tony said with a mock hurt in his

voice. "I'm trying to help you out here. But just to reassure you that my

intentions are pure I've put all of this into a contract. It even includes some

job protection guarantees. You can have your lawyer look at it if you want. "

Allison thought about this for a moment and had to admit that the offer was

tempting. But then any offer that allowed her to put her clothes on, to be a

normal human being again, would sound tempting. "Is that it?" she asked.

"That's it, that's the offer. Take it or leave it. "

"And if I leave it?"

"Then, Allie, you'll have a very interesting year, I can promise you that. "

"You must be getting nervous if you're offering to buy me off already, " she

said.

"Nervous?" he laughed. "Trust me, with what I have planned for you I'm not

nervous at all. I think it would be fun. "

"Then why the offer?"

"Because I want to get rid of my title as Interim CEO and start moving ahead

with my plans. Having to deal with this bullshit is just a distraction for both

me and the company. Dad wanted to get his kicks and have you parade around naked

for awhile. He got his last wish so now it's time to put this crap behind us and

move on. It's time for me to start doing the job I was trained for. "

"I suppose this Environmental Protection job is just a sham, huh? I won't have

any real power. "

"Not necessarily. I'm not going to dismantle the company to save a few goddamn

spotted owls or anything but Compton Enterprises does have a bad rep. It won't

hurt to have someone like you who knows how to deal with environmental groups. "

"So you want me to be an environmental P. R. spin artist? No thanks. "

"You'll have the chance to make it more than that if you think you're capable, "

Tony said.

"But you'll have the final say on any policy changes, right?"

"Yep, it's going to be my company. "

"And if I can stay nude for the entire year it will be my company and I'll be

the one making those decisions, Tony. "

"That's right, but if you don't make it - and you won't - you and your parents

will get nothing. That's the gamble, babe. The offer comes off the table in 48

hours. "

"I'll need to see the contract before I can even begin to think about it, "

Allison said.

Tony opened up a leather case he'd brought with him and pulled out a neatly

typed and stapled document, handing it to Allison. "I can have a copy delivered

to your lawyer and another to your parents within the hour if you want. " Allison

thumbed through the legalese briefly and nodded her head. "Okay, " Tony said.

"It'll be done. "

"Why only 48 hours?"

"Because I want to light a fire under your pretty little ass and get this thing

done so we can both get on with our lives. This isn't a negotiation either,

college girl, in case you or your lawyer comes up with the bright idea of a

counter-offer. This is the only deal you're ever going to be offered. If you

turn it down you won't get another. "

The Storm

Allison stood on her 3rd floor dorm balcony watching the lightning in the

distance rip through the evening sky. The early morning coolness had given way

to rising temperatures in the afternoon as a warm front passed through the area

dragging the first thunderstorm of the season behind it. The warm night breeze

caressed her bare skin as she drank in the beauty and power of nature. For the

first time since shedding her clothing her condition felt natural; it felt

right. It's good to be naked on a night like this, she thought to herself as

flashes of light danced across the sky, delighting her.

The breeze began to freshen and the rolls of thunder grew louder, the flashes of

lightning more frequent. The trees below began to bend as the edge of the storm

reached the small college campus. When the rain began Allison let it pour over

her body, cleansing her of the psychological filth she'd been wading through for

the past two weeks. It was only when the violence of the center of the storm

reached the campus that Allison reluctantly retreated into the room, dripping

from the warm rain that had cascaded over her body.

Allison toweled herself off as a thunderous boom rattled the windows and the

room turned to blackness. She blindly made her way to her desk and fumbled

through a drawer until her hand found the matches. Another crash filled the

night as she lit a candle near her bed. The flickering flame provided the only

light as she lay on her bed.

The feelings of shame possessing her for the past two weeks were washed away

now, at least temporarily, and replaced by a powerful feeling of sensuality. Her

hands moved over her breasts, still beaded with moisture from the rain, and

began teasing her nipples until they stood erect. Those hands began their

journey south over her rising and falling stomach, caressing it in circular

motions, then continued down her body.

Allison gasped as her fingers reached their final destination. Her back arched

and she began moving to the rhythm of the storm, the violent rain beating

against the windows, her wet hair spilling across her face. She moved faster now

as the room was illuminated by flashes of light streaming in through the

windows. Allison and the storm reached their climax together in this strange

dance and she let out a scream as the thunder boomed overhead one last time.

With a final moan, Allison sank into her bed and listened quietly as the storm

gradually faded away to the east.

After the storm had finally disappeared like a lover into the night Allison sat

up and saw the towel lying beside the bed in the flickering candlelight. She

began slowly toweling her hair as memories of the day began flooding back.

After her little meeting with Uncle Tony, Allison had only had time to drop off

the contract and her grandmother's diary in the room before going off to classes

for the day. The feeling of being nude in a college classroom was something she

was never going to get used to and the past two weeks had been emotionally

exhausting. After her classes had ended Allison started making phone calls.

The first call she'd made was to her attorney and family friend, Bill Henderson.

She wanted to make sure the contract was legit before wasting any time deciding

whether to accept it or not.

"Allison, the contract looks pretty solid from my first reading of it, " Bill had

said. "There's some language I'd like to see tightened up and Tony Compton's

lawyer would probably agree to that if you want to go ahead with it. But I think

it legally backs up the promises he made to you. "

"So what should I do, Bill? Is it a good deal?"

"It depends on what you consider good. Compared to what you'd get in the

inheritance, it's damn poor. But compared to the prospect of having to spend a

year in the nude it might be a good deal from your perspective. It's really a

judgment call on your part. "

"God, Bill, I'd do just about anything right now to end this if I can. This

whole thing has been so humiliating and I really don't know if I can make it,

especially if that jerk has control over me while I'm working for Compton

Enterprises. "

"That's perfectly understandable, Allison. "

"So you think I should accept it?"

"Speaking as a lawyer, I'd say no. The claim that this is the best offer you're

ever going to get is bullshit, in my opinion. The longer you last the better the

offers will be. But as a friend I wouldn't blame you at all for taking it and

ending this farce. "

"How is the legal challenge to the will going?" she asked.

"I'm moving ahead with it as best I can but Arthur Compton's lawyers are

stalling every step of the way. It'll be six months at minimum before we can get

it to court. "

"Six months!"

"I'm afraid so, Allison. And, frankly, I'm not completely confident about our

chances when we do get there. I've come up with some things I think might be

effective in challenging the language in the will but it's not a slam dunk by

any means. "

Allison's next call had been to her mother, Sarah. Allison could hear the

disappointment in her mother's voice when she told her she was considering

accepting the settlement. "But you've come this far already, are you willing to

throw all that away?" her mom had asked.

"It's only been two weeks and I'm already a nervous wreck!" Allison tried to

choke back the tears. "God, Mom, it's been horrible, the eyes staring at me

everywhere I go. It never stops. I hate it!"

Sarah was silent on the line for a moment before speaking. "I thought you were

stronger than that, Allie. "

Allison was a little stunned by this. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I thought you were strong enough to beat your grandfather at his own

game. "

"It's not a game, Mom, it's my life!"

"Of course it's your life and your choice, but if you take this offer you'll

regret it for the rest of your life, hon. Do you really want to be Tony's little

flunky? I'd give you six months before you quit in frustration. "

"Oh, and you think it would be easier to go to work naked every day for almost a

year?"

"No, sweetheart, it would be a lot more difficult, but you'd at least have a

finite time frame to deal with and a huge reward at the end. If you take the

deal you'll be stuck working for Tony indefinitely with not much to show for

it. "

Allison thought about this for a moment. "I don't know, Mom, I might really have

a chance to do some good there in that environmental job he's offering. "

Sarah laughed derisively. "Do some good? What good do you think you'll be able

to do in that job? Once Tony's in full control and you're under his thumb he'll

crush you and strip you of any power you may have. Take the offer if you want,

Allie, but don't be naive, please. You're smarter than that. "

"Naive?" Allison shrieked. "You try doing this! You try being naked in front of

all your friends and teachers and strangers! You try living with everyone

staring and leering at you all the time and making jokes behind your back! You

come here and take my place for awhile, Mom, and then talk to me again about

being naive and weak!"

There was a brief silence over the phone before Sarah responded quietly, "I

would if I could, Allison. "

"Fuck you!" Allison shouted and then slammed down the phone, angry and

frustrated over the lack of support from her mother. That greedy bitch doesn't

give a damn what I'm going through, she thought to herself and then immediately

felt guilty for the thought. She couldn't remember ever cursing at her mother

before. Allison had paced the room like a caged animal waiting for the return

call from her Mom apologizing and telling her it was okay to take the deal. The

call had never come.

Allison stared into the candlelight now trying to clear her mind and remove the

stress that seemed to be a constant companion these days. Had it really been

only been two weeks since she'd been a normal, happy college girl? It already

seemed like it had been in another lifetime.

In the corner of her eye she saw her grandmother's diary lying on the end table.

She picked it up and began turning the pages. It was filled with clean, elegant

handwriting and as she thumbed through it a photograph fell out onto the bed.

Allison looked at it closely and saw a beautiful raven-haired woman of about

nineteen with a melancholy smile on her face. Allison was stunned. She had no

real memories of her grandmother and what few photos she'd seen of her had been

taken later in her life. The young woman staring at her now could be her sister.

The resemblance between Allison and her grandmother Rebecca was unmistakable.

Rebecca's Diary

Allison began to read Rebecca's diary in the flickering candlelight. It told the

story of a young girl who had lost her parents in a car wreck early in her life;

of bouncing from foster home to foster home, from school to school, always the

new kid in class, always the one wearing the plain, unstylish clothes, never the

one invited to the parties. It revealed a quiet, introspective girl who dreamed

of being a princess someday - someone who desperately wanted to be loved and

adored by all those around her. It also revealed a girl who only slowly became

aware of her growing beauty as her teenage years passed.

Allison continued to read, fascinated by the life and thoughts of a woman she'd

never really known. Rebecca had graduated from high school and then gone out

into the world struggling to get by as best she could. She had been working as a

waitress in a restaurant when she met a man named Arthur and the words she wrote sent a chill up Allison's spine:

There's a guy named Arthur who comes into the restaurant two or three times a

week. I'm not sure what his last name is but he's a very good tipper and really

good-looking. I think he's rich, not that that matters. Ha, ha, right. I've been

teasing him that the name Arthur is too formal and stuffy for such a young man

and I've been calling him Art or Artie. I don't think he likes those names,

though, so I went back to calling him Arthur. Anyway, he asked me out today! Did

I mention he was really good-looking? And rich? Ha, ha I guess I did.

The almost giddy tone made Allison want to jump into the diary and warn Rebecca

that there was a dark, manipulative side to this rich, good-looking young man.

But she couldn't, of course, and she knew she never would have come into being

without the union of these two people. Both her fate and Rebecca's were

inevitably linked to Arthur Compton.

Allison continued reading about Arthur's courtship of Rebecca. At first he'd

been a perfect gentleman, lavishing gifts on the girl and taking her out to

exclusive clubs and parties. It was a heady time for a young girl who'd grown up

poor and had been shuffled around all her life. Allison read about the first

time they had made love, how nervous Rebecca had been and how gentle Arthur had

been with her. Rebecca fell in love. But even during those early days she'd been

intuitive enough to sense there was more to him than he was revealing to her.

She wrote: Arthur has never been anything but kind and charming around me but I

get the feeling that he's not someone you'd want to cross. There's nothing I can

really put my finger on, it's just the way that I see some people act around

him, like they're a little bit intimidated by him. There's just this

undercurrent in him - I guess that's what you'd call it - that makes you feel

like he's in control of every situation.

One day Arthur had taken Rebecca on a trip out of town and they were staying

together in a hotel suite. After making love Arthur asked her if she would go

down the hall for some ice.

I got out of bed and started to put my robe on. You don't need the robe, Becky,

he told me. I just laughed and put it on anyway and went out for the ice. I have

to admit I was a little shocked by the suggestion. There's no way I'd ever walk

out naked into a hotel hallway.

When Rebecca returned to the room Arthur was unusually quiet. He didn't say

anything about what had occurred but Rebecca could sense something had changed

in their relationship somehow. After they'd gotten back home she didn't hear

from him for a week. Then two weeks. Rebecca desperately tried to reach him but

he didn't return her calls. She'd almost given up hope of seeing him again when

the phone had rung a month later.

"Meet me at The Arlington restaurant at eight tonight, Becky, " Arthur Compton

had said. "We have something very important to talk about. "

Arthur and Rebecca

Rebecca followed the maitre 'd nervously through the upscale restaurant unsure

of what kind of reception she'd be getting from Arthur. He hadn't told her over

the phone what he wanted to talk about and their long separation had Rebecca

expecting the worse. Her heart almost leapt out of her chest when she saw him

sitting alone at the table. He smiled as he stood to greet her. "Hello,

darling, " he said and lightly kissed her cheek. Rebecca could smell his familiar

musky, masculine scent and she knew that his absence had made her want him more than ever.

Rebecca settled down in the chair that had been pulled back for her by the

maitre 'd. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"No thanks, I think we're fine for now, " Arthur said and the man returned to his

podium leaving the two of them alone. Arthur pulled an uncorked bottle of wine

from the wine bucket adjacent to the table and filled Rebecca's glass. "I hope

you don't mind but I've ordered the wine and food in advance. "

"That's fine, " Rebecca said as a million questions ran through her mind. Was

this a final farewell dinner before he dumped her? Were they getting back

together? Why hadn't he returned her calls in over a month? Was there someone

else? She resisted the urge to blurt out these questions and waited for him to

initiate the conversation.

Arthur held up his wine glass. "You look lovelier than ever, Rebecca. " She

clinked her glass against his and felt the calming influence of the wine as it

drained down her throat. They sat in silence for several minutes as Rebecca

picked at the dinner salad that had been placed in front of her.

"It's good to see you again, Arthur, " she said finally. "I didn't know if I ever

would again. "

"Yes, " he replied. "I'm sorry about that, Rebecca. I had to do some thinking

about our relationship and where I wanted to go with it. "

Rebecca felt a nervous chill crawl up her back. She noticed that he was calling

her by her full name instead of shortening it to Becky like he normally did and

wasn't really sure what that meant. "And what did you decide?" she asked, not at

all sure she wanted to know the answer.

A waiter appeared at the table before Arthur could answer and the half-eaten

salad was removed and replaced by a covered entree. The waiter lifted the cover

revealing the spaghetti alle vongole smothered with a sauce of baby clams, white

wine, garlic and olive oil. . . her favorite. Arthur had ordered the roasted

pheasant for himself. The two of them ate in silence at first and when they

spoke again it was mostly small talk. What had she been doing since he'd last

seen her? Not much, was her reply and that had been the truth. Without Arthur

her life had returned to the dreary routine she'd known prior to meeting him.

Had Arthur done anything special? Just taking care of business matters mainly,

he told her.

Rebecca knew better than to ask him about his business affairs; it was a subject

he rarely talked about with her. She'd gotten the feeling early on that it might

be best if she didn't know everything there was to know about how he made his

money. It's not that she thought he was a gangster or a drug smuggler or

anything, but she wasn't sure that all of his wealth had been acquired

completely honestly either. He'd started from scratch and had become quite

wealthy at a relatively young age. He was only ten years older but sometimes the

gap between them seemed like decades to her.

The two finished eating and the empty plates were removed. Arthur re-filled both

of their wine glasses as Rebecca's unasked questions hung over the table. Arthur

finally began to speak. "Rebecca, do you remember the last time we were together

in that hotel?" Rebecca nodded. Of course she did. "What were your feelings when

I asked you not to put on your robe when you were preparing to go down the hall

to the ice machine?"

"I guess I thought you were joking, " Rebecca replied.

"Would you have done it if you'd known that I wasn't joking?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. "

"Why not?"

"Someone might have seen me. "

"Would that have been so terrible?" he asked.

Rebecca shifted nervously in her seat. "It would have been embarrassing. "

"Do you think it would have been exciting for you as well?" Arthur smiled at the

wide-eyed look on her face. "Yes, I mean exciting in a sexual way. Do you think

you might have become aroused by being naked in a public setting?"

"I don't know. Maybe. It would have made me very nervous. "

Arthur smiled again at her. "That's good, Rebecca. Being nervous and excited is

very good. It makes you feel alive doesn't it?"

"Why are you asking me these things, Arthur?"

Arthur leaned in toward her as if letting her in on a secret. "Rebecca there are

two things in my life that go beyond normal passions and hungers into the area

of obsession. The first of those things is making money and gaining the power

that having wealth brings. " Rebecca took a nervous sip of wine as she listened

to him speak. "Do you know what my second obsession is, Rebecca?"

"Sex?"

"That's very important, yes, but I think my appetites fall within the norm in

that regard. "

Rebecca didn't offer up any more guesses and waited for Arthur to continue. He

fixed his gaze on her and spoke again.

"Rebecca, I've had strong fantasies ever since I was a child. . . fantasies about

public exhibitionism, about naked flesh in a public setting. No, not my own

naked flesh. I don't find the male body particularly attractive, not even my

own. But a beautiful nude female body revealed in a public setting. . . my god,

there's an awesome power and excitement in that, especially if the woman is not

entirely willing. "

Rebecca could feel her heart pounding in her chest and a nervous energy filled

her body as the direction this conversation was heading became all too obvious

to her.

"You have to understand, Rebecca, that this is not a normal fantasy. . . it's

something that permeates my dreams. The nervous excitement, energy, arousal, and

humiliation of the exhibitionist is something I feed off of and derive power

from. It's not something I want, Rebecca. , it's something I need. "

Rebecca stared down into her wine glass, avoiding Arthur's powerful gaze. "I. . I

don't think I could ever do anything like that, " she stuttered.

"Do you love me, Rebecca?" he asked. .

"Yes. "

Arthur smiled. "That's good because I've come to realize that I'm in love with

you as well. I realized it over the past month when I didn't see you. I couldn't

stop thinking about you. "

Rebecca was thrilled by these words.

Arthur continued. "One of the things I find most intoxicating about you is your

innocence and lack of vanity. Those are rare qualities in a beautiful woman. "

Rebecca listened silently staring down into the wine glass, not sure what to say.

"Rebecca, I've decided that I want to marry you. "

Rebecca looked up at Arthur stunned. She hadn't been expecting this at all.

"You do?"

"Yes, I want that very much, Rebecca. There's only one thing standing in our

way. " He leaned in very close to her now. "I need to exhibit your nude body to

the world. I need to feel what you're feeling when you experience that, Rebecca.

It's something I have to know that you'll do for me whenever I ask. "

Rebecca's head was spinning now. "Couldn't you just hire someone to do that for

you?" she asked, a little shocked by her own suggestion.

"You mean hookers or strippers? I'd get no satisfaction from women like that. I

need someone who would find what I ask daring and exciting and frightening and

even humiliating. I need someone like you, Rebecca. "

"I'm not sure exactly what you would want me to do, Arthur. Are you talking

about going down the hall naked for ice or being naked in front of a lot of

people?"

"Both. Sometimes I'll ask you to do things where you might not be seen at all

and the thrill will come from the possibility of being seen. Other times there

will be no question that people will see your nude body. "

"How often would you ask me to do these kinds of things?"

"Not often. It might be weeks or months at a time between experiences. It's

important to me that you never become accustomed to doing it. You'll never know

ahead of time when I'll ask and that will be part of the excitement of it. It

could happen at any time and anywhere. "

"And what if I refused to do it?"

"I'd consider it a breach of our wedding vows and grounds for divorce. You

wouldn't get much in the settlement either. I have very good lawyers. "

Rebecca sat stunned by all she was hearing, unable to speak.

"Rebecca, I want to take care of you. I'll treat you like a princess. You'll

have wealth and anything you want in this world. I'll deny you nothing. We'll

raise a family together. I just need you to do this one thing for me. I can't

marry you without the promise that you will. "

"I. . I don't know if I can. I don't know if I'm capable of doing the things

you're asking. "

"There's one way to find out, Rebecca, " he said.

"How?" She looked into his face but he didn't answer. He just leaned back in his

chair and stared at her intensely. With a growing realization she began to

understand what he was suggesting. Her eyes grew wide as she looked around the

crowded restaurant. Every table was filled and there were more diners standing

near the front waiting for a table. "Here?" she whispered in shock.

Arthur Compton pulled a small box out of his pocket, opened it, and set it on

the table in front of her. It was a diamond engagement ring and to Rebecca it

was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen.

"Rebecca, there's a women's restroom at the back of the restaurant. I'd like you

to go in there, freshen up, and think about everything I've said here. If you

decide you can't go through with it then just return to the table and we'll

leave. We'll both know at that point that it's not going to work out between us. "

Rebecca closed her eyes and could feel her head spinning knowing what he was

going to say next.

"But if you decide you do want to marry me, to live the life that I'm offering,

then I want you to remove all of your clothes and put them in the trash can.

Everything. Even your shoes. Leave your purse here at the table. If you return

to the table in the nude then I'll know that you've accepted my conditions as

part of our marriage contract. "

Rebecca's Decision

Rebecca shoved open the door to the women's restroom walking quickly to a sink.

A woman applying make-up was the only other occupant. Rebecca turned on the cold water tap and began rubbing water over her face. "Are you alright, dear, " she

heard the woman say. "You look ill. "

"I'm fine thanks, " Rebecca answered as she made her way into one of the stalls,

latching it behind her. She stood leaning against the side of the stall, tears

welling up in her eyes, a torrent of different emotions rushing through her. She

heard footsteps, then the door opening and closing as the restroom turned

silent. Rebecca began sobbing quietly, unsure what to do.

The marriage proposal was a dream-come-true for her but the conditions attached

to it were almost unthinkable. Could she possibly walk out nude into a crowded

restaurant? And even if she did it could she possibly do that kind of thing over

and over again? That might be the worst thing of all. . . not knowing when or where

Arthur might ask her to take her clothes off. She'd be in a constant state of

uneasiness! Rebecca wiped her eyes and tried to think it through logically. I'm

only considering this because I love him, she thought to herself but knew

immediately that wasn't completely true. She did love him but would she have

ever considered doing this if Arthur had been some working class stiff

struggling from paycheck to paycheck? She didn't think so. She'd never thought

of herself as being particularly materialistic before but when you grow up poor

and then get a taste of the other side of life it's hard to go back. Money

matters, she thought, not wanting to lie to herself. Money always matters when

you don't have any.

Rebecca wiped her eyes and could feel her fingers trembling as they fumbled with

the zipper behind her back. She slid her hands beneath the straps of her dress

and pulled it down her body to the floor. She stepped out of it and looked down

on it lying in a crumpled heap at her feet. That's my favorite dress and I'm

going to throw it in the trash, she thought numbly, barely believing that she

was actually going through with this. But he'll buy me another. Oh, he's going

to buy me whole closets full of beautiful dresses for doing this, I'll make sure

of that.

Rebecca continued undressing until she held all of her clothes and shoes in a

ball against her bare stomach. She unlatched the stall door and walked to the

large white trash can in the corner. There was one last moment of doubt and

hesitation before she shoved the lid open and jammed her clothes into it.

As she turned toward the door she got a glimpse of herself in the mirror and the

full shock of what she was doing hit her. She could feel a wave of panic and

despair as she stared at her naked body in the mirror. Her face had turned a

beet red and the unmistakable feelings of arousal were washing over her. Arthur

was right about what I'd experience, she thought to herself. This is exactly

what he wants.

Rebecca stood at the restroom door for what seemed like an eternity, terrified

of what she knew was in store for her beyond it. She breathed deeply trying to

calm herself, half-expecting the door to open at any moment. "Oh, god, " she said

quietly as she pulled the door open and stepped out into her new life.

Rebecca heard a woman gasp as she walked past the tables of diners. The

restaurant went eerily quiet and she could almost hear the sound of her own

heart pounding. The room began to swim and for a moment she was afraid she might faint. Up ahead Arthur was staring at her, a greedy, hungry look in his eyes.

She could feel him willing her onward toward the table and she obeyed putting

one step in front of the other until she reached him. He grasped her in his arms

and took her hand, sliding the diamond ring onto her finger. "You have no idea

how happy you've made me here today, Rebecca. " Arthur said to her. "I'm so proud of you. " Rebecca could only nod her head weakly as her knees began to collapse. She felt Arthur lift her into his arms and carry her towards the door.

Allison's Decision

The window drapes slid open sending the morning light beaming into Allison's

face and she blinked awake to see her roommate Katie standing above her.

"Wakey-wakey, nakie Allie, " she heard Katie say in a sing-song voice. "Time for

another glorious day of indoctrination and brainwashing. "

Allison glanced over at the alarm clock next her bed and saw the red blinking

12:00. "Shit, what time is it?"

"About eight, " Katie responded.

Allison sat up groggily. "I see the power's back on. "

"Nothing escapes your uncanny powers of observation, girlfriend. "

"Shut up, " Allison giggled.

"You going to breakfast this morning?" Katie asked.

"Naw, I don't think I have time. My first class is at nine. I'm just going to

hit the showers and maybe grab a cup of coffee. "

"Yeah, I can see how you wouldn't have time for breakfast what with having to

decide which clothes you're not going to wear and all. "

Allison laughed. "Yep, that's a real time consumer. "

The two girls shuffled down the hallway toward the women's showers, Katie in her

bathrobe and Allison in her birthday suit. Allison saw a couple of guys down the

hallway gawking at her. She felt a little annoyed but let it pass. Why wouldn't

they gawk?

The shower room was empty and the two girls selected showers next to each other

and began adjusting the water temperature to their individual suiting. Allison

stepped under the hot water and recalled the sensuous feeling of standing nude

in the storm the previous night.

"Nasty storm last night, huh?" she heard Katie say.

"Wonderful storm, " she replied with a smile as she rubbed the soap across her

breasts. Her thoughts continued on to Rebecca's diary and that suddenly reminded

her of her uncle's visit. The warm feelings quickly faded away.

"Katie, my Uncle Tony showed up yesterday. "

"Yeah? What'd that sleazeball want?"

"He offered me a deal. "

Katie stopped soaping herself and looked over at Allison suspiciously. "What

kind of deal?"

Allison explained the terms of the offer. "That deal sucks! You didn't take it

did you?"

Allison shook her head. "I was considering it, though. "

"Well don't. You've gotta become a rich bitch and make me your number one

assistant. We have a deal. "

"I said I was considering it. Past tense. I'm not anymore, " she said realizing

for the first time that she'd made up her mind.

"Whew, that's good, " Katie said. "Just curious why not, though. "

"I was reading my grandmother Rebecca's diary last night. I guess it just

reinforced how cruel my grandfather was. " She told Katie the story about the

night Arthur proposed to her.

Katie shook her head. "God, your grandfather was a major perv, wasn't he?"

"Yes, that's why I have to keep going with this. I'm going to make him pay for

how he treated Rebecca even if it's posthumously. "

"Jeez, I thought my family was screwed up. Your family makes the one on Dynasty

look like the Cleavers. "

Allison laughed. "Well at least I turned out pure of heart and mind. "

"And naked of body, " Katie added.

The two girls finished their showers and returned to the room. As Allison

toweled her hair she decided to get the unpleasant task of calling Tony over

with. Picking up the phone she dialed his number.

"Hello. "

"Tony, it's Allison. I'm calling you with my decision on your offer. "

"Okay, go ahead. "

"The answer is no, Tony. No deal. "

There was silence on the other end for a few moments before the response came.

"Then let the games begin, " Tony said, and the line clicked dead. Allison

breathed deeply as she hung up the phone, both relieved that she'd made the

decision and terrified about the future. The nightmare was going to continue.

She sat down on the bed and ran the brush nervously through her hair as she

watched Katie getting dressed and applying makeup. Not having to worry about

clothes or makeup really does save time, she thought as she waited for her

roomie to finish up. She saw the photograph of Rebecca lying on her bedstand.

"Do you want to see a picture of my grandmother, Katie?"

"Sure. "

Allison handed the photograph to Katie.

"God, you look a lot like her, " Katie said as she examined it. "No wonder the

old creep wanted to get you naked. You reminded him of her. You don't have to be

Psych major to figure that shit out. "

"Yeah, I suppose you're right. "

Katie handed the picture back to Allison. "It's kinda strange, though, that he

waited until after he died to do it, huh? It seems to me like the old nut

would've wanted a ringside seat for this. "

"I guess he didn't want to give up control of his company until he knew he was

going to die and by then it was too late, " Allison replied. She had thought

about what Katie had said herself and that was the answer she'd come up with.

The question did bother her, though. Why would Arthur Compton come up with such an elaborate scheme for her if he wouldn't be around to get his kicks from it?

She never would understand what had gone on inside that man's mind, she decided.

"Okay, I'm ready, " Katie said finally and Allison grabbed her books and headed

for the door as the phone began ringing. Allison hesitated for a moment trying

to decide whether or not to let it go to voice mail. She put her books down and

picked it up.

"Hello, is this Allison Davis?" she heard an unfamiliar woman's voice say.

"Yes. "

"Hello, Allison this is Tamara Brand from Channel Five Live Action News. We've

gotten an interesting report about you and your clothing-optional situation at

Wildwood College and were wondering if I could bring a camera crew by this

afternoon for an interview. "

Allison gasped. "A. . an interview? For TV? No, I couldn't, " she stammered.

"Ms. Davis, we're planning on doing a story about you with or without your

cooperation. It really would be to your benefit to talk to us. "

Allison began to shake. Tony's last words echoed through her mind.

Let the games begin.

Rebecca's Diary

Allison sat in her dorm room trying to focus on the textbook in front of her,

but it was a futile effort as thoughts of her upcoming interview with the TV

news reporter kept intruding. She finally gave up trying to study and looked at

the clock. Still another hour before she was scheduled to meet with Tamara Brand

and the thought of being in the news filled her with both dread and a tingling

sense of anticipation. With a restless sense of energy she began pacing the

room, feeling trapped in it but unwilling to leave the room just yet to expose

her naked flesh once again to the world. Her eyes rested on her grandmother's

diary and she picked it up and turned to the page where she had left off.

Allison had begun to feel a close sense of connection to the grandmother she had

never known and her words helped comfort her in a way. She felt a kinship now

with Rebecca that went beyond just the family ties â€“ they both shared the same

decision to submit to forced exhibitionism at the hands of Arthur Compton and

all the humiliations, experiences, and emotions that decision would bring.

Her grandmother had written in great detail about her experiences and emotions

and as Allison read the diary she was once again transported from her dorm room

back in time to Rebecca's world.

The Auction

"I've laid out what I'd like you to wear to the auction tonight, Becky. I hope

you like it. "

Rebecca looked nervously at her husband and then at the garment box lying on the

bed. On the box was the name of a prominent French designer. Rebecca opened the box and saw the black evening dress. Pulling it out she held it in front of her

and breathed a sigh of relief. "It's beautiful, Arthur. " Compton smiled. "I'm

glad you like it. " He handed her a pair of black heels. "These will go well with

that dress, I think. Oh, and I don't think we need any undergarments to

interfere with the lines of this lovely dress. " He smiled as he saw the look on

her face. "It'll be our little secret. " Compton walked toward the door. "Go

ahead and get changed, Becky, we'll be leaving shortly. There are some more

accessories on your dressing table I think would go well with that outfit. Don't

be long, dear. "

Rebecca stripped off her clothes and pulled the dress on. She turned and looked

at herself in the mirror and smiled; she could scarcely believe this was the

same girl who had spent most of her life wearing clothing from Goodwill. The

gown fit perfectly. It had a single strap on her left shoulder with the right

shoulder remaining strapless. The front of the dress angled down over her right

breast leaving it tantalizingly revealed to just above the areola and then

curving around to bare the right side of her back. The full-length dress also

had a single slit up the right side reaching her upper thigh. The dress was sexy

and elegant, not overly revealing and trashy as Rebecca had feared it would be.

Rebecca pulled the heels on and walked over to the dressing table where she

found a leather case. Opening it she gasped as she saw the diamond earrings and

diamond necklace encased within. Oh my god, these must be worth a fortune, she

thought as she put them on. Walking over to the mirror once again she stared at

the beautiful woman in the mirror. She'd been at the hairdresser this afternoon

and her silky raven hair was pinned up with just a single layer allowed to fall

down the left side of her face. She turned and examined herself from every

possible angle and then began laughing giddily. I really do look like a

princess!

Arthur Compton pretended to swoon as he saw his bride coming down the staircase

and Rebecca couldn't help but smile at her handsome husband. She reached up and

softly kissed his cheek and whispered in his ear, "Thank you for this darling. I

feel like a princess. "

"You're more beautiful than any princess, my dear, " Compton replied, meaning it.

He offered her his arm and they walked arm-in-arm out the door to the waiting

limo.

The auction was a private affair being held at an exclusive club. Members of the

club offered up donations to be bid on and the proceeds were donated to various

charities. The auction served primarily as a tax break for these wealthy men,

but it still served a good purpose. The club was normally a men's only domain

but for certain events like this women were allowed. There were about one

hundred men and women in the room all dressed in their elegant finest as Arthur

and Rebecca made their way to their seat. "Every eye is on you, Becky, " Arthur

whispered and she blushed slightly as she took her seat.

Rebecca was fascinated by the whole affair. She'd never been to an auction

before much less one where the bids sometimes ranged up into the tens of

thousands. The man serving as auctioneer looked familiar but she wasn't sure

where she'd seen him before. "Do you have anything up for bid, " she asked

Arthur. "Yes, several items. They'll be bid on last, " he replied as she wondered

what it was he'd put up for bid and why they were being bid on last. The bidding

continued for over an hour on various pieces of art, sculpture, and jewelry and

after awhile Rebecca turned her attention to the people in the room. Some of the

older women were obviously wives of the men here but some of the women were much younger than the men they were accompanying. She decided that these were either mistresses or trophy wives who'd been picked up after the first wife had been

dumped. Rebecca was contemplating her own future with her rich, handsome husband when she heard her name being called by the auctioneer at the front of the room. She looked around a little bewildered.

"Mrs. Compton would you care to come to the front of the room please to assist

with the final auction, " the auctioneer repeated. Rebecca looked at Arthur but

he just smiled and motioned with his head indicating that she should comply. She

stood up and walked nervously down the center aisle toward the platform at the

front of the room. When she reached the auctioneer he leaned down and whispered

to her, "Hello, Rebecca my name is Daniel Thompson. I'm a business partner of

your husband. He's asked me if you wouldn't mind assisting us in auctioning your

accessories. " Rebecca fingered her beautiful diamond necklace. It didn't look

like she was going to be allowed to keep the beautiful jewelry after all.

Slightly disappointed she answered, "Of course. What do I need to do?"

"Just stand here and look lovely, " he replied. "The highest bidder will come up

and retrieve the item at the end of each bid. "

Rebecca looked out over the room full of people and put a smile on her face

although she felt a little uncomfortable with all of the eyes staring at her.

The auctioning began on the diamond earrings and it soon climbed into thousands

of dollars â€“ a sum that would've been unfathomable to her in her previous life.

The bidding ended and she heard the auctioneer say, "Mr. Anderson would you like

to come up and retrieve your new earrings?" A gray-haired older man stood and

began walking forward as Rebecca began to unlatch the earring from her left ear.

"Ah, Mrs. Compton let the bidder do that please, " Thompson said. "Your husband's

wishes. " Rebecca let her arms drop to her sides as the man approached.

"Lovely, just lovely, " the man said looking everywhere but the earrings. Rebecca

just smiled as the man leaned near her and began unfastening them. She could

detect the smell of bourbon on his breath. "Thank you Mrs. Compton, I'm sure my

wife will love these. "

"You're welcome, " she replied as she watched the man retreat to his seat next to

a woman who looked like anything but his wife.

Next came the bidding for the necklace and, being the more valuable piece, the

bidding went much higher. This time the high bidder was a much younger man and

as he approached the platform she wondered if he was a child of privilege or had

started from scratch like her husband had. "Hello Mrs. Compton, my name is James

Harrington, " the man said. Rebecca recognized the last name â€“ they were one of

the most prominent families in the area. Old wealth. "Thank you for allowing

your beautiful jewelry to be auctioned in the name of charity. That's very

generous of you. "

"It's my pleasure, " she replied not wanting to tell him that it hadn't been her

idea. Harrington leaned in close as he reached behind her to unfasten her

necklace and Rebecca could detect a musky, masculine scent. He smelled good to

her. Harrington placed a light kiss on her cheek that sent a little tingle up

her. I'm a married woman now, she scolded herself as she watched him retreat to

his seat, but she took a little delight in the air of sensuality she knew she

was exuding.

With the auctioning of the jewelry now completed, Rebecca began to step off the

platform. "One moment please, Mrs. Compton, we aren't quite finished yet. "

Puzzled, Rebecca returned to Daniel Thompson's side. "Just a couple of more

minutes of your time please. Thank you for your patience. " Rebecca nodded unsure of what would be required of her.

"Now for our final bid of the evening, ladies and gentlemen, " she heard him say.

He stretched out one hand toward Rebecca and lightly grasped the side of her

dress. "We now have one black evening gown by Parisian designer Claude Chernier

available for your bid. " Rebecca gasped as she heard the words. "B-but I'm

wearing nothing underneath and have nothing else to change into, " she stuttered.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Compton, but your husband should have warned you, " Thompson

replied quietly. The room filled with a buzz at the announcement of the item up

for bid and Rebecca was afraid for a moment she might faint as the full

realization of what was happening hit her. She saw the thin smile and intense

glare of anticipation in Arthur's eyes as he watched her reaction. For a moment

she considered bolting off of the stage but steadied herself as she remembered

the agreement she had made prior to the marriage. Her humiliation was the price

she had agreed to pay and would continue to pay as long as she could bear it.

Rebecca took a deep breath and nodded toward Daniel Thompson indicating he could go ahead with the auction. She tried to block out the eyes staring at her but

the anticipation of the event she knew was coming â€“ her "unveiling" â€“ was almost too much for her. Along with the feelings of nervous anticipation came feelings of arousal. She tried to fight back these feelings but she could feel her

hardening nipples pressing against the fabric of her dress.

The bidding accelerated rapidly and it soon went well beyond what the dress

could have possibly been worth; beyond what even the diamond necklace had gone

for. Bidders slowly dropped out until it was between just two â€“ Anderson and

Harrington â€“ the two men who had placed the highest bids on her jewelry. Rebecca prayed that if someone was going to strip the dress off of her it would be James Harrington and not the whiskey-breathed older man. The bidding continued to spiral upwards until finally the older man reluctantly shook his head when the

auctioneer asked for a further bid. "Mr. Harrington would you like to come up

and claim your item?" Thompson said and Rebecca shivered in nervous

anticipation.

"If you don't mind I think I'll allow my wife to do that, " he replied and the

beautiful woman sitting next to him stood and made her way towards the platform

and Rebecca. "Hello, Rebecca. My name is Julia. "

"H-hello, Julia, " she replied not knowing what else to say. The scent of Julia's

perfume and her close proximity heightened Rebecca's arousal to her shame and

embarrassment. She could feel herself becoming moist.

"That's a beautiful dress, Rebecca. I hope I can wear it as well as you do. "

"I'm sure you will, " Rebecca replied, not lying. Julia was lovely and about the

same size she was. Julia smiled and placed her hand on Rebecca's shoulder

slipping the hand below the single strap. Her other hand touched the side of

Rebecca's breast on the strapless slide and then slid beneath the fabric.

Rebecca shuddered at the touch and as the dress was peeled downward revealing

her breasts. Julia bent down and continued to pull the dress past her hips and

then to the floor. Rebecca stepped out of the dress as Julia stood up and kissed

her lightly on the cheek before returning to her seat with dress in hand.

Rebecca stood now revealed to the audience in all her glory wearing only the

heels. She half expected the bidding to begin again for those. Rebecca stood for

what seemed like an eternity in front of the sea of eyes pouring over her nude

body, her hardened nipples betraying her arousal.

"Thank you ladies and gentleman for your generosity this evening, " she heard

Thompson say from what seemed like a million miles away. "This has been a very

successful evening and the charities will all benefit greatly. And now, I hope

you will all join us for the reception in the cocktail lounge. " He offered his

arm to Rebecca. "I hope you'll allow me to escort you to the reception, Mrs.

Compton. I'm sure your presence will be the highlight of the affair. "

Chapter 5

One Year Later

Allison Davis stared through the dim early morning light at the ceiling and the

whirling blades of the fan above her bed. She was nude, as always, and there

were no blankets or sheets on the bed to cover her, as always. She glanced over

at the digital clock next her bed. It was 4:05 am. She knew she wouldn't be

getting any more sleep that night. Today was a big day; the biggest of her life.

Allison sat up on the side of the bed and stretched her arms into the air and

rolled her neck to help loosen stiff muscles. In the corner of the room she saw

the small glowing red light of the camera on the wall and knew she was being

watched. As always. How many were watching right now? She was always amazed at

how many people would be watching her even at this time of the morning. And

today was a special day so she guessed her audience would probably be larger

than normal, maybe even much larger.

Allison got up and padded across the room to her desk. She yawned and stretched

some more while she waited as the computer booted up, then sat down and clicked

open her web browser and navigated to her website: Naked Allison. That was the

very uninventive name that her Uncle Tony had given it, not that it required a

terribly clever name to market it once her story had gone public.

She opened up the live webcam and saw herself sitting in all her glory at her

desk. Tony had spared no expense in buying top-of-the line digital equipment so

the infrared camera provided a high quality view of her even in the dark. She

glanced down at the counter and saw that there were nearly 5000 people logged on

to her site right now watching the live feed; ten times the normal number for

this time of night. Enjoy the show boys and girls, she thought to herself. This

is the last day.

The website was Tony's idea, of course. He'd started it as soon as she'd

graduated from college and had begun working under his control at Compton

Enterprises. His plan was to give the world a naked Allison 24 hours a day, 7

days a week. There were cameras in her house, cameras in her car, cameras in her

office, all constantly streaming high quality video to her growing base of fans.

And whenever she went to meetings or into the city on assignments or to meet

clients or shopping or to the beach or even to her family's home for

Thanksgiving dinner there was always someone tagging along with a video camera

to record the fun. This was his idea of breaking her, of making her quit and

give up her inheritance. But it hadn't worked; she hadn't broken. And today the

year was up and she'd beaten him, and she'd beaten her dear, departed

grandfather at his own perverted game. She watched as a smile broke out on the

face of the naked girl on her monitor.

It hadn't been easy, though. God, no. The worst part had been at the beginning

when she'd suddenly been thrust into living a fully nude and very public

lifestyleâ€¦something she'd never have dreamed of doing before. She almost hadn't

made it past the first 24 hours. And then there was that almost unbearable first

day back at college; and the day that Tony had broken her story to the media;

and her graduation day; and the first day of work at Compton Enterprises; and

her first nude trip nude into the city to meet with clients. There were many

times in the first few weeks where she'd almost quit and there were many, many

times that she'd broken into tears. But she hadn't given up, and now there was a

sense of pride in having achieved her goal when she couldn't have imagined how

she would accomplish it that first day.

Things had become easier for her over time, but never easy. There was never a

moment when she wasn't aware of her nudity or the looks and stares and eyes

roaming over her body. Being constantly nude in front of friends, family,

co-workers, and strangers when everyone else was fully clothed was something

she'd never gotten used to and probably never would. But she'd learned to handle

it.

And the feelings of arousal that public nudity stirred in her had never gone

away either, although the intensity waxed and waned depending on the situation.

Usually it was kind of a low-level buzz that she had to admit she'd miss when

this was all over. Sometimes, though, it went beyond that and she knew that the

unmistakable signs of arousal had to be apparent to onlookers. And several times

it had spilled over the edge into a public orgasm, much to her humiliation.

Allison had learned a lot about herself over the past year and one of the things

she'd learned was that there was something buried in her subconscious that got

off on public nudity no matter what her conscious mind thought of it. They were

the same feelings that Rebecca had described in her diary so Allison knew that

she'd inherited more than just her grandmother's looks.

Allison scrolled through the links to the many videos posted on her website and

selected the graduation video: a favorite among her fans. She watched again as

rows of graduating students sat listening to the commencement speech; all of

them robed in caps and gowns with one very obvious exception. She was struck

again by the high quality of the video as she watched herself squirm in her

seat, her very naked nipples standing erect. She remembered that night very,

very well and how she'd fought against the intense feelings of arousal building

inside her as she sat nude among her fellow graduating classmates. It was a

battle that she'd finally lost, which had been all-too apparent to those around

herâ€¦and anyone watching this video. And lots and lots of people had watched this

video.

Allison clicked on the link to that first interview with the local news after

Tony had leaked the story to them about the terms of the inheritance. Her

naughty bits had been pixilated in that original broadcast, of course. No, you

couldn't show naked tits-and-ass on the local news although they had no qualms

about titillating viewers with the story of a young co-ed living in the nude for

a full year in order gain a large inheritance. Tony had gotten his hands on the

uncensored version of the interview which was what was now posted on the

website. They'd called the story "Naked Ambition. " Clever.

It was only a matter of hours after that story appeared on the local news that

it was all over the internet and within days Allison Davis became the most

requested name on search engines. By that time there were already plenty of nude

photos of her posted on various sites by her fellow students at Wildwood College

who had been secretly, and not-so-secretly, taking pictures of her around

campus. The shock of Tony's announcement that she'd be videoed 24/7 for Naked

Allison had been lessened somewhat because there were already tons of nude

photos of her floating around the internet by then anyway. Her uncle had

probably out-smarted himself when he'd leaked her story to the media.

Of course, the national and international media hadn't been far behind the

internet in picking up the story. And why wouldn't they? It was a story about

greed, money, power, and perversion involving a beautiful, naked young woman.

What wasn't to like? It didn't take long for the media hordes to descend upon

Allison, and Tony had ordered her to make herself fully available for

interviews. American newspapers and television broadcasts were usually careful

about editing her image but the European media hadn't been shy about showing

skin. And then there'd been the interview with the Naked News where the reporter

hadn't been wearing a stitch of clothing either. For awhile there, even David

Letterman and Jay Leno were cracking jokes about her on a regular basis. God,

was there anyone left who hadn't seen her naked by now? Maybe some tribesmen in Borneo. Maybe.

The media circus had subsided somewhat over time but it had picked up again

recently as the end of her naked year approached. And since that was today she

expected to see more than a few TV cameras and microphones around.

Allison clicked the web browser closed and sat back in her chair with her eyes

closed.

What a long, strange trip it's been, she thought. Thank God it's almost over.

Allison crawled back onto the bed, spread her legs, and let her fingers walk

down her stomach to her clit, fully aware that she had an audience. She'd made a

conscious decision not to take a lover during this year because of the constant

invasion to her privacy by cameras and had even tried for awhile to resist

pleasuring herself but had finally lost that battle many months ago. This is it

guys, she said silently to her unseen audience as a moan escaped from her lips.

The cameras are coming down tonight.

The Final Day Begins

Allison locked the front door and began the walk to her car in the driveway. As

expected, there was a crowd of reporters and cameras outside.

"Allison, how does it feel knowing you're going a rich woman soon. " a male

reporter called out.

"Great, " she replied as she kept walking toward the car.

"Are you going to put on some clothes today. "

"God, yes!" Allison replied.

"Dammit, that's a shame, " another man said to scattered laughter. Allison

unlocked the car door and began to climb in when the less friendly voice of a

female reporter shouted out to her.

"Do you feel like you've prostituted yourself by doing this for money?"

A flash of anger came over Allison and she stood back up to address the

reporter. "Hell, no, I haven't prostituted myself. I haven't slept with anyone

for this money. "

"No, you've just had thousands of guys whacking off over you on the internet.

And now you think you're qualified to run a multi-million dollar company?"

"I haven't done anything wrongâ€¦anything illegal, " Allison sputtered. She was

going to say more but thought better of it and crawled into the car and started

the engine. "Bitch, " she muttered under her breath and then tried to calm

herself. This wasn't like her, but this past year had taken its toll. Her

situation had been the topic of national conversation and, when asked if they

would go naked for a year to gain a large inheritance, a surprisingly large

number of people had said "Hell yes!" But she had her fair share of criticism,

too, mostly from feminists who thought what she was doing was demeaning or

evangelical Christians who thought it was immoral. When she was out in public

she got various reactions from people when they encountered her, but they were

mostly positive. She did get angry or negative reactions at times, though, and

it always bothered her when it happened. It was going to feel good to get back

to being a normal person after today. A very wealthy and fully clothed normal

person!

Allison glanced at the outside temperature on her dashboard and saw that it was

75 degrees. She sighed and pushed the button to open the convertible roof. She

had standing orders from Tony to drive with the top down whenever weather

permitted and today was a beautiful sunny spring day. She wasn't going to risk

disobeying an order on her last day under his thumb. By this afternoon she'd be

his boss, if she decided to keep him on. Maybe I'll make him work naked, she

thought to herself with a wicked grin until the mental image came into her mind.

"Ugh, I wouldn't wish that on the world. Most of my employees would quit. "

Allison wasn't worried about being stopped by the police for driving nude

through town. She'd been doing it for a year now and because of the state

Supreme Court's very liberal ruling about freedom of expression rights it was

technically legal to be nude in public. But that didn't mean there were lots of

people out running around town naked, at least not to the extent she was. Yeah,

there were the occasional public flashes and streaks and dares, but she didn't

know of anyone else living a totally nude lifestyle out in public. Even nudists

kept primarily to designated clothing optional areas. Being the only naked

person in a clothed world was nerve wracking and Tony had made sure to get her

out of the office and around town, and even other parts of the state, as much as

possible.

And even though it was legal for her to be nude in public places, private

business establishments could set their own standards and prevent Allison from

entering. No Shirt, No Shoes, No Service. Or, in her case, no pants, bra or

panties either. After awhile she'd learned which bars, restaurants, and grocery

stores would allow her in and which wouldn't so she was able to establish some

semblance of a life outside of work or under the constant eye of the cameras at

home, although Tony frequently had someone around with a camera in those places, too.

She'd even found a bowling alley that would not only let her bowl naked but

waived the requirement to wear shoes. The last time she went bowling it had been

with her friends Katie and Melissa and it had been the shy Melissa who'd flashed

to her boobs to the camera after rolling a strike. Katie, despite her usual

smart ass braggadocio, had kept her clothes on.

The sun and the warm breeze felt good on her bare skin as she drove and Allison

wondered whether this would be her last naked car ride. Tony had control over

her until 2:35 pm today so he might have her go out for one last bit of public

humiliation but she couldn't imagine that he had a last minute Hail Mary plan up

his sleeve that she couldn't handle. He'd been looking like a beaten man for

some time now.

Allison pulled into the employee parking lot of Compton Enterprises and shut off

the engine. She stared out the car window at the 16-story building and

remembered her first day of work here. She'd sat here crying and shaking for

some time before finally working up the courage to walk into the building in the

nude. She'd done it many times since and it had never stopped feeling totally

bizarre to her, but she was no longer reduced to a puddle of tears by the

prospect of it. "One last time, Allie, " she said to herself as she grabbed her

briefcase and headed for the entrance. A few TV cameras and reporters were

stationed outside the door but she just smiled and politely declined to answer

questions as she entered the lobby.

"Hello, Ms. Davis. " It was the security guard at the security station.

"Hi, Tom. "

"Big day. You made it. Congratulations. "

"Thanks. "

Allison saw Tina, Mariana Perez's secretary scuttling across the lobby towards

her. "Ms. Davis, Mariana would like you to meet with her in her office today at

2 o'clock this afternoon, " she said. "She'd like to talk to you before she gives

you your clothes. "

"Okay. Did she say why?" Under the terms of the inheritance Allison would be

allowed to get dressed today after 2:35 p. m. but Mariana had suggested last week

that the meeting to sign all the paperwork be held tomorrow morning. After

Allison's lawyer assured her that it was safe to wait to sign the paperwork she

leaped at the offer since it would allow her to be dressed in front of all the

friends, family, and co-workers who'd be attending.

"No, " Tina replied. "But she wanted me to tell you as soon as you arrived. "

"Okay, thanks Tina. Tell her I'll be there. "

"Oh, and congratulations, " she said with a smile. "I was pulling for you. We all

were. "

"Thanks. You're not just saying that to suck up to the new boss are you?"

"No, " Tina laughed. "Well, maybe a little. Nobody wanted Tony to be boss,

though. "

"Speak of the devil, there he is, " Allison said as she spotted her uncle Tony

across the lobby.

Allison walked across the lobby to where Tony was standing. "Heya, uncle. Nice

day, huh? Got any plans or assignments for me?"

Tony was looking haggard and beaten, but even in that state he couldn't help but

run his eyes up and down Allison's nude body in a way that made her skin crawl.

"Fuck you, bitch, " he mumbled and walked away. Allison couldn't help but laugh

as she watched him walk away. It was over. She'd won.

Allison spent the rest of the morning and early afternoon in her office trying

to keep busy, but mostly staring at the clock waiting for the magic moment to

arrive. Various managers and employees stopped by throughout the day to

congratulate her. She also suspected that some of the men wanted one last look

at their naked boss-to-be before she disappeared forever back into clothing. She

had lunch delivered to her office but could barely eat it at as she excitedly

waited for her meeting with Mariana Perez to finalize the inheritance. At one

point she even smiled and waved giddily to her unseen audience watching her

through the cameras mounted in the office.

At ten minutes to two she strode out of her office toward the elevatorâ€¦her last

nude walk through the Compton Building. When she arrived at the office, Tina

smiled and waved her in. Allison strode into the office and closed the door

behind her. The office was empty but she guessed that Mariana was in an

adjoining office.

Allison paced nervously around the office remembering the first time she'd been

here, exactly one year ago today. It was here that Allison and her family had

first heard, with great excitement, the wealth that was being offered to them in

Arthur Compton's will only to have it dashed minutes later by the almost

unthinkable conditions attached to it. It felt like a lifetime ago now. Allison

looked up at the clock. Only thirty minutes to go now. It seemed almost

unbelievable that this day had finally come. Her heart thumped in her chest like

it was going to explode!

She walked over to the window and stared down at the cars and people in the

street below. Behind her a door opened and she heard the sound of footsteps.

Before she could turn around an oddly familiar male voice spoke her name.

"Hello Allison. "

Allison turned and stared dumbfounded at the figure at the other end of the

office. Standing before her, very much alive and breathing, was her grandfather

Arthur Compton.

Back From the Grave

"You look like you've seen a ghost, granddaughter, " Arthur Compton chuckled.

Allison stared wordlessly at the man whose funeral she'd attended a year ago.

The man she saw now looked much different than the thin, weak, sickly old man

she'd seen in the video at the reading of the will. The Arthur Compton before

her now had regained the healthy vigor that she'd remembered from the past. The

hair had grown back, although it was greyer, and he'd grown a full beard that

made him look something like the pictures she'd seen of Ernest Hemingway. He'd

also regained the weight he'd lost and his skin had a healthy tan. He looked

almost nothing like the tired old man she'd seen near death in the video, but

there was no question in her mind that this was her grandfather standing before

her.

"Try and contain the unbridled joy at seeing your dear old granddad still among

the living, dear, " Compton laughed. He pointed to a pair of leather chairs in a

corner of the office. "Have a seat, Allie. I think we need to talk. "

Allison finally regained her composure enough to walk over and sit down in one

of the chairs. She self-consciously covered her breasts with her arm as Arthur

sat in the other chair just a few feet away. "No need for that, dear, " he said.

"I've been a faithful subscriber to the Naked Allison website since the

beginning. I've seen it all. "

Allison dropped her arms to her side and finally found her voice. "So this has

all been just a scam all along? Your illness and death?"

"No, the illness was very real. I did have cancer and I wasn't expecting to

survive it when I made that videotape you watched here last year. But the

chemotherapy worked, although it was pure hell going through it, and the cancer

went into remission. "

"So why fake your death?"

"Well, to be honest, I liked the idea of you spending a year in the nude in

order to gain the inheritance when I first thought of it and I liked it even

better when I knew I'd have the opportunity to be around to see it, " Arthur

replied. "I didn't see any reason to let a minor technicality like not being

dead stand in the way of the reading of the will. " Allison thought back to her

conversation with Katie about why Compton would have waited until his death to

do this. Katie had said she thought "the old nut would've wanted a ringside seat

for this. " It turns out the old nut DID have a ringside seat for this.

"I needed time off anyway, " Compton continued, "to rest and regain my health

without being hassled by shareholders, or the Board of Directors, or management,

or Tony. I just knew that if they thought I was still alive and kicking they'd

never let me be. "

"So Tony didn't know you were still alive?"

"Oh hell no. He'd be the last person I'd let in on the secret. Mariana Perez

knew about it and so did a couple of my most trusted senior executives, but

that's it. Oh, and my doctor was well paid to keep his mouth shut. "

"So where've you been for the past year anyway?" Allison asked.

"I've got a lovely little villa on the coast of Costa Rica, right on the ocean.

No one knows me there so it was an ideal spot for recovering my strength without

being bothered. The recuperative powers of the sun and a daily swim are truly

amazing. "

"So you're healthy now?" Allison asked. "The cancer's gone?"

"It's in remission and hopefully will stay that way. And I feel as strong and

energetic now as I did twenty years ago. Maybe even stronger. "

Allison's head was spinning. This turn of events was so shocking and unexpected

that she hadn't yet been able to think things through clearly. She was terribly

confused about what she was feeling right now. In a way she was happy to see her

grandfather again and realized now that she didn't really hate him. Over the

past eleven months of working for Compton Enterprises she'd even gained a kind

of grudging admiration and respect for what Arthur had been able to build here,

almost from scratch, in the course of his lifetime.

"So what now?" she asked. " "Are you coming back to this country permanently? Are you coming back to work?"

"I don't know yet, " he replied. "That's what you and I need to discuss. "

Suddenly an alarming thought entered Allison's mind. "You are going to comply

with the terms of the will aren't you? I am going to get the inheritance, aren't I?"

"Of course, " Arthur Compton replied. "It's a legally binding document. If you

ever do comply with the terms of the will you'll receive the inheritance. "

Allison looked up at the clock. "I'll have complied with the terms of the will

in fifteen minutes. "

"I'm afraid not, " Arthur said. "You missed one important step. "

"What?"

"You didn't wait until I was dead. "

A Shocking Development

The blood drained from Allison's face. "You mean I don't get it? I don't get the

inheritance?"

"You mean five million dollars for your parents and the controlling stock in my

company? Good Lord, no. At least not while I'm still above ground, anyway. Once

I'm gone you'll have the opportunity to earn the inheritance. It'll mean

spending another year in the nude, though, " he chuckled.

Panic surged through Allison at the thought that everything she'd worked toward

for the past year was suddenly being snatched away from her at the last moment!

"You mean after everything I've done, all the humiliations I've suffered, I get

nothing? Nothing?" Allison could hardly breathe. "You bastard!"

Arthur's lips curled into a thin smile. "I've been called worse, " he said. "I

didn't say you'd get nothing. The house and the car are yours. You've more than

earned them. "

"A house and a car?" Allison shrieked. "I wouldn't have spent a year naked for a

house and a car!"

"I see, " Arthur said. "So then it's just a matter of negotiating a sufficient

compensation package for you to live your life in the nude?"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about discussing your future here at Compton Enterprises. "

"There is no future for me here, " she said. "I'm done with you and your goddamn

company and your sick, perverted games. And when I walk out that front door

today, with my clothes on, I'm going to tell those reporters camped outside that

you're alive and faked your death. "

Arthur shrugged. "Go ahead. The news will have to be made public sooner or later

anyway, and sooner is just as good as later. Mariana is pretty sure that when

the news breaks that the reports of my death were greatly exaggerated it will

cause the stock price to rise significantly. The stockholders have been very

nervous about the prospect of having either my son Tony or a naked granddaughter

run this company. "

"You broke the law. You committed fraud by faking your death. "

"I did no such thing, " he responded. "There were no false documents filed. There

was never a death certificate, which your incompetent attorney would've

discovered if he'd ever thought of checking. Mariana made sure that all of my

taxes were paid over the past year so the government has no legal interest in

me. The only thing we did was put an empty coffin into the ground and show you

and your family a videotaped reading of the will. Neither of those things is

illegal. "

"You forced me to comply with the terms of the will under false pretenses. I can

sue you to live up to your promises. "

"I never forced you to do anything. Everything you did was of your own free

will. And Mariana has never provided any documentation to you claiming I was

dead. "

"She showed us the videotape of the will along with some legal papers supporting

it, " Allison replied.

"Yes, you were shown the will but that's not a legal verification that I was

dead. You made that assumption. "

Allison let out a short bitter laugh. "Of course we made that assumption. We'd

just attended your goddamn funeral!"

"I didn't say there weren't good reasons for the assumption, " Arthur chuckled.

"But you have no legal basis for a lawsuit against me, although you're welcome

to try. "

Allison sank back into her chair and began to massage her throbbing temples.

Somehow she knew that everything her grandfather was telling her was true. She

could talk to her lawyer about suing him but she knew she wouldn't win. She'd

thought she was going to beat Arthur Compton at his sick, twisted game but he'd

won. He always won. And if she took him to court he'd win again. She was

screwed.

They both sat quietly for several minutes as the anger slowly seeped out of

Allison and an air of resignation and defeat settled in. "So that's it then, "

she said finally. "You got your kicks for a year out of my public humiliation

and all it cost you was a house and a car. "

"A very nice house and a very nice car, " Arthur responded. "You profited far

more over the past year than a recent college graduate your age could reasonably

expect. "

"So I guess I should be grateful, huh?"

"You've read Rebecca's diary. You know what my fetish is, but I've never put a

gun to a woman's head and forced her to expose herself in public against her

will. It's always been her decision, just as it's been your decision over the

past year. "

"Yes, it was my decision, " Allison sighed. "Even though I was totally lied to

and misled it was my decision. "

Arthur once again allowed her a minute of silence before speaking again.

"Allison, you asked me what my plans were and I'm willing to discuss them with

you now if you're willing to listen. "

"Sure, " she replied sarcastically. "Why the hell not?"

"I'm going to resume my role as Chairman of the Board and will control the

overall direction of the company, but I no longer want to handle the day-to-day

operations. I want to split my time between here and Costa Rica, so I'm going to

be looking for a CEO I can trust to do that for me, and it sure as hell won't be

Tony. You've shown me a lot over the past year. " Arthur chuckled over his choice

of words. "In more ways than one. "

"You mean you think I'm more than just a naked bimbo?" she replied tartly.

"You've been naked, yes. A bimbo, no. Mariana has watched you closely over the

past year and she says you're smart, tough, driven and competitive. You couldn't

have made it through the past year if you weren't. You handled all the bullshit

"assignments" that Tony threw at you and still managed to learn a lot about the

business. She says you're a quick study and have come up with solid ideas for

improving efficiency and profitability. "

"So you're offering me the job?" she asked.

"No, I'm offering you the opportunity to convince me you're right for the job.

And, if you can do that, the opportunity to negotiate the terms of your

employment. " Arthur leaned back in his chair and folded his arms. "Or I can call

Mariana in to retrieve your clothes for you and you can go out and tell the

reporters anything you want and have your lawyer sue me. It's your choice. "

Allison sat quietly for several minutes and Arthur didn't interrupt her

thoughts. She finally spoke again.

"Let's talk. "

A Surreal Job Interview

"So tell me, Allison, why should I hire you as my CEO?" Arthur Compton asked.

"Well, you said it earlierâ€¦I'm smart, tough, driven, and competitive. And a

quick study. " The absurdity of the situation struck Allison as she responded.

I'm doing a naked job interview with my previously deceased grandfather, she

thought. How surreal is this?

"Yes, that's true, " Arthur responded, "and those are all qualities I'm looking

for in the person I hire. But, off the top of my head, I can think of at least a

dozen other people I could hire with those same qualities who also have far more

managerial experience and knowledge of the industry than you do. "

Allison had no idea how to respond to that. "I guess I don't know then. Why the

hell would you hire me?"

"How has the company been doing this past year?" Arthur asked.

"Good. Profits are up over the previous year. In fact it's been the most

profitable year in a decade. "

"Why is that? What do you think is the primary reason for it?"

"Well, it's been all the publicity, " Allison responded. "Compton Enterprises

used to be fairly well known within the region but not really nationally. Now

it's got global name recognition. "

"And what's been the source of all this additional publicity?"

"Well, me. And the whole naked inheritance thing, " she said.

"Correct. And do you think that this publicity would continue if I hired you and

you began wearing business suits like every other CEO in the country?" Compton

asked.

"I'd still be well known and so would Compton Enterprises. "

"For a little while, maybe. But you're well known because of the highly unusual

- and scandalous, according the media - circumstances surrounding the

inheritance. The minute you put your clothes back on the interest will begin to

fade. In a couple of years you'll be a trivia question. "

"I can see where this is going, " Allison said. "You're only interested in giving

me the job if I stay naked. "

"That's right. That's the only thing you bring to the table right now that I

couldn't get from a more experienced and qualified person. In a few years, as

you gain knowledge and experience, that may change and you'll become invaluable

to the company whether you're wearing clothes or not. But right now you're not. "

"A few years! I'm not going to agree to stay naked for a few years!"

"Any agreement we reach, if we reach one, will be for only one year. After that

we'll re-evaluate the situation and either renegotiate the deal or terminate it

and you can move on. Next year you might be in a stronger bargaining position

than you are today, but right now the only thing you really have to offer me is

continuing publicity from your unique circumstances. "

"What kind of salary are we talking about?" she asked.

"It'd be commensurate to what a first-year CEO would be making at a company this

size. It wouldn't be instant wealth like the money from the inheritance but it'd

be more than enough to start building on. In a few years, if you stayed on, you

wouldn't need me to keel over in order to become a wealthy woman. "

"What about the website? Naked Allison?"

"Is it profitable?" Arthur asked.

"Yes. Very. It has the highest profit margin of any project in the company. "

"And if it continued would it help to promote your own fame and notoriety, which

is currently your most valuable asset to the company?"

"Yes, " she said.

"Then you tell me, Allison. As CEO of Compton Enterprises would you pull the

plug on it?"

Allison sighed and shook her head. "No. "

Allison's mind reeled from the prospect of spending another year in the nude.

And maybe even beyond that! She couldn't believe she was even considering this,

but she knew she was.

Why? She wasn't sure she knew the answer. It wasn't just the money, although

she'd gotten a taste of what it meant to have wealth and was more attracted to

it than she wanted to admit. Not long ago she was going to be an

environmentalist and they made hardly anything. She wasn't sure she wanted that

life anymore.

Was it the challenge of running a company? That was part of it. A year ago she

wanted to get control of Compton Enterprises so she could rip it apart. But one

of the things she'd learned was that a corporation wasn't just a soulless

entity; it consisted of people just trying to make a good living and take care

of their families. She'd gotten to know a lot the employees here and they were,

for the most part, good people. She wanted to make sure they continued to have

jobs and that meant turning a profit. There were things that the company could

do to be better stewards of the environment, but dismantling it just for the

sake of conservation wasn't the answer. There had to be a balance between

profits and preservation of the environment and as CEO she could help guide the

company toward finding that balance.

But it wasn't just that either. This past year had been the craziest, most

exciting, thrilling, and nerve-wracking year of her life. Could she go back to a

normal life after that? And did she even want to? She wasn't sure.

She looked up at her grandfather who had gone silent again to allow Allison her

thoughts. He was a man who understood when to speak and when to shut up during

negotiations. "Would I ever be able to wear clothes?" she asked finally.

"As CEO there might be times you'd need travel out of state or attend a

conference or give a speech where it may not be possible or practical to keep

you naked. In those situations I'll give permission for you to dress. But on a

normal day-to-day basis, no. You'll continue on as you are now, both on the job

and away from it. "

Allison nodded. "I think I understand the terms under which you'd offer me the

job, " she said. "Are you offering it to me?"

"Under those terms, yes. "

Allison glanced up at the clock on the wall. It was past the time she thought

this would all be over. "I'll need a few minutes to think about it. "

Arthur Compton began to rise from his chair to leave Allison alone but she

interrupted him. "I have just a couple of more questions before you go, " she

said.

"Alright, " Arthur replied and settled back into his chair.

"What about Tony? Does he stay on?"

Arthur sighed at the mention of his son's name. "Tony does have some knowledge

of the business that would be valuable to you. But he has no clue how to deal

with people and nobody likes him. He's as much a liability as an asset. I'd

leave that up to you, if you decide to take the job. "

"And what about my family? You were going to give them five million dollars in

the will. "

"How are your parents doing these days, Allison?"

"Much better. My father's construction business has picked up a lot recently so

his financial problems have disappeared. And my mom and dad are getting along a

lot better now. "

"And why has his construction business picked up?" Compton asked.

"Well, " Allison replied somewhat sheepishly, "I've used my position here to get

him construction contracts on some of our projects. "

"Yes, " Arthur replied. "I know. And he's been doing good work so keep doing it. "

Arthur leaned forward in his chair. "Allison, your father is a proud man and he

never wanted that inheritance. Your mother did, but he didn't. He doesn't want

anything that he hasn't earned and if he'd gotten the money he would have

resented it and he would have resented your mother for it. It would have wrecked

their marriage. "

Allison was startled by Arthur's insight into her father and knew he was right.

He understood people far more than she ever could have imagined before.

"There was some local controversy about one of the construction projects that

your father is currently working on, wasn't there?" Compton continued. "The one

at Woodland Meadows?"

"Yes, " Allison replied.

"Tell me about it. "

"Some environmentalists tried to block the project, " she said. "They claimed the

area was wetlands and protected by law. "

"And you assisted the company in overcoming that didn't you?" Arthur said.

Allison nodded. "Why?" he asked. "Those were your buddies in the environmental

movement, weren't they?"

"I helped because it was a totally frivolous claim, " Allison said. "That land is

no more a wetlands than my backyard. They were just trying to block a project

that would have provided jobs and benefits for people in the area. "

"I see, " Compton said. "So the real world is somewhat more complex than your

leftist college professors taught you?"

"Yes, " Allison replied.

"Was there anything else?" he asked.

"Just one more thing. Did you love her?"

"Who?"

"Rebecca?"

Arthur sat their quietly for a minute before responding. "More than anything. "

"But you forced her to do those things. "

"I don't regret that. Not for a minute. I regret cheating on her, which is why

she divorced me, but not for forcing her into public exhibitionism. "

Arthur got up out of his chair and walked to the door of the adjacent office and

opened it. He turned back to Allison and spoke again. "Did you know that Rebecca

came back to me after our divorce and begged me to force her to get naked in

public? She missed it. She missed the thrill of it and couldn't bring herself to

do it on her own. Someday this will end and you'll miss it, too. You're more

like her than you'll ever know. "

He was silent for a moment and then spoke again. "I'll send Mariana in here in a

few minutes and you can tell her your decision. " Arthur Compton closed the door

behind him and left Allison alone.

Thirty minutes later the door opened again and Mariana walked into the office.

Without a word she unlocked the cabinet where she'd placed Allison's clothes the

year before and placed them on the desk. "Will you be needing these?" she asked.

Allison got up from her chair and walked to the desk. "No, " she said. "You can

donate them to charity. "

Mariana smiled at Allison. "Very well. I'll draw up the employment contract and

have it on your desk tomorrow. You can have your lawyer look it over before you

sign it, if you wish. Congratulations on your new position. I'll show you to

your new office. "

Mariana Perez was a lovely woman and, after all that had happened, Allison no

longer had any doubts that she was her grandfather's mistress.

"You didn't exactly tell me the truth last year, did you?" Allison said.

"No, I didn't, " Mariana replied. "I'm sorry about that but I was under orders

from Arthur. "

"And do you take orders from me now?"

"Yes, although if you tried to fire me or ordered me to do something that Arthur

didn't approve of then I believe he'd overrule it. "

"Then I want you to take your clothes off, " Allison said.

Mariana blinked several times as if she wasn't quite sure what she'd just heard.

"What?"

"When you lead me to my new office you'll be dressed exactly as I am now. And

afterwards we're going to discuss your new dress code. "

Mariana stared at Allison for a moment and then the edges of her mouth curled up

into a slight smile. "Yes, Ms. Davis, " she said and began unbuttoning her blouse.

THE END