**Andi and The Inspector**

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**Andi and The Inspector Ch. 01**

So here I was, blindfolded and secured to a chair, in a strangers garage, and I'd put myself here willingly, even enthusiastically.

Although my bonds didn't hurt, they were uncomfortable; wrists secured low on the chair back restricting the movement of my hands, the sleeveless top not allowing for any fabric between the flesh of my arms and the chair, and each ankle secured to a back chair leg forcing my knees apart, the denim skirt not even nearly reaching the black lace hold-up tops of my darkly stockinged thighs.

How had I got here? It all started at a reception in school. The Boarding School was being Inspected, and we Senior Girls were made to attend an evening reception that was being given at the start of the week to the visiting Inspectors, most of whom were senior staff from other schools like ours but not in our local area. Although we are an all-girls school we did have male teachers and some of the Inspectors were men, so the Reception was quite a social event. Like the other older girls, I wore a nice outfit to impress them; in my case a cream chiffon button-front fitted blouse with long sleeves, tight dark skirt to mid thigh, well almost, and dark sheer tights with black court shoes; my rich brown hair in a ponytail. Being a UK size 10 (34c 26 36) I felt that I looked very nice, and enjoyed the occasional extra-long glances I was getting from my own teachers as well as the Inspectors. It became a sort of game; they would check me out when they thought I didn't know, then when I glanced towards them they'd look away pretending they hadn't been staring.

It was a fun game; I totally enjoyed being ogled and admired, and I have to admit I did turn it on a bit, making sure my legs could be appreciated, that my blouse was unbuttoned just enough for a hint of cleavage and lace bra, bending a little to stick out my bum. It was all going my way when I noticed a tall, unsmiling man across the room staring at my legs. I paused, then glanced over expecting him to look away but he didn't! He held my gaze, then slowly let his focus slip down from my face, looking my body over, pausing at my chest but dwelling on my legs before returning to meet my eyes again.

As he did, I found myself lowering my own gaze, then again looking up at him. He gave the briefest nod of acknowledgement before turning away to talk to our Headmistress. I felt suddenly out of my depth. It was like the rules of the game had changed with no-one telling me, that I was no longer in control. For the next half hour I found myself almost following him round the room, wanting to understand what had happened, wanting to see if he would look away. He wasn't particularly good looking or fit. Just a dark haired guy in his 30's, fairly slim and ordinary looking. But there was something about his manner.

And then he was facing me across the room as he talked with a group of our teachers; he looked over fixing me with his eyes until I was again forced to look down. I now know what people mean when they say 'like a rabbit in the headlights'. After a brief moment I recovered my composure, and felt a bit cross, needing to get some reaction from him. I turned slowly in a complete rotation, looking up at him every so often, letting him take in my outfit, my body. It was stupid, I know, but I just felt like I wanted to, had to. When I was facing him again he gave the smallest beckoning nod, a 'come here' kind of gesture, and excused himself from his group, walking over to the refreshment table.

Of course I walked over to join him, but like we just happened to be in the same place at the same time. As we each refilled glasses, me with juice, he with wine, I heard him ask, "what are you wearing on your legs?"

"Er ... tights sir?" I replied, a little taken aback.

"Don't. Wear stockings. Hold ups. Or nothing"

And with that he turned and rejoined his group, ignoring me.

My head was spinning a bit, and I was confused. Who was he to tell me what to wear? Part of me wanted to flick up my skirt and show him that I was wearing tights, and was going to keep on wearing tights! And then that funny delicious churning sensation flipped through my tummy as I allowed the thought to linger, the thought of flicking up my skirt. It was kind of like flashing. No, it was flashing! Where did that come from? I'm not really an exhibitionist! As I made my way to the girls bathroom I told myself, "Its not like I go out of my way to let people stare at my legs, or my chest! I'm a good girl!" Since I was the only one in there I looked at myself in the tall mirror, turning this way and that, even trying to flip my skirt up, but it was too tight for that. So I scrunched it up to my hips, looking at my bum, at my yellow bikini knickers covered by the ugly tights, and had to admit that he was probably right. After all, he is a school Inspector, he should know things, right?

Reaching under the skirt I hooked my thumbs in and peeled the tights down, over my hips, and down my legs, stepping out of my heels to take them off. Suddenly I didn't like tights any more. They were ugly, and he didn't like them. Hang on, he didn't like them? What did that have to do with it? Cross with myself, I pulled my nails through the tights to ruin them then threw them in the bin, and then had a naughty thought, wishing instead that I'd just cut out most of the leg tops and the crotch! Hmm, too late now, but I could always experiment tonight!

Of course back in the Reception he didn't appear to look at me once, despite me almost stalking him, but as he was walking past me on his way out, he clearly said, "Good girl," to me, and I flushed with half embarrassed pleasure.

Over the next day I didn't get to speak to him even once. When I did see him from a distance he didn't even acknowledge my presence, as if we'd never met. I supposed that he was busy with his Inspector work, and preoccupied. I began to think that I'd imagined our brief contact at the reception, and tried to stifle my disappointment.

The day after that, which I suppose was Day 3, it was The Interviews: Each Inspector had to interview a few pupils to find out the real story the teachers hadn't told them, and yes, he was to interview me! I was so pleased. I knew he'd somehow arranged it, but hadn't been sure he would, much as I was hoping. His area of inspection was Pastoral, Sport and Extra-Curricular ... hmm how that set the mind racing!

It was in the Dining Room, in one quiet corner during the interval between lunch and tea. I was in uniform now, of course. Blue and red striped tie, white button-front school shirt (why do they make girls school shirts so the bra always shows through?), plain white bra, knee-length red/blue tartan skirt. The younger girls wore a shorter grey skirt and white socks with flat shoes, while we older ones wore tights and low heels.

Of course I'd been looking forward to this as soon as the interview list was up on the notice-board. A mix of excitement and nervousness, and yes, that delicious tummy churning again whenever I thought about it. At the appointed hour I had to walk the length of the room to get to his table, and I could feel his eyes on me the whole time. It made me self-conscious but in a nice way, and I found myself putting a little extra swing in my hips, and wishing I was wearing something a bit more sexy than school uniform.

When I got to his table, the look in his eyes somehow prompted me to ask,

"May I sit down, please Sir?"

He thought for a moment, then nodded.

Pulling the bench away from the table a little, I lifted my right leg over, acutely aware of how much leg that action revealed ... it was lovely. Once sitting opposite him I placed my hands in my lap and waited.

Fixing me with his piercing stare, he opened with,

"Your full name ...? Date of birth ...?"

I told him, though of course he must have already got this from the school records?

He wrote them down. "Home address ...?" he continued. I answered.

"Mobile phone number ..?" Now this I didn't have to give ... but I did anyway.

"What sports do you play?"

I replied with swimming and hockey.

"What are you wearing ... a complete description ..?"

Oh, that made my tummy flip ... this couldn't be a standard question?

"Um, School shirt, school skirt, undies, shoes.."

He just looked at me, waiting

"Er, white school shirt, school tie, tartan school skirt, low black heels, white bra, white knickers, hold-ups"

"Uniform regulations state tights, not stockings ..." he pierced me again with his stare, "why are you wearing hold-up stockings, Andrea?"

"Er, because you told me to?" I blurted out, a little surprised.

"And why did you do what I told you to do?"

"Um, ... because ...you were right?"

"I am always right ..." then he took out his mobile. I looked away, through the window, trying to calm my heartbeat. Suddenly, my phone vibrated. I ignored it; after all it would be rude to look at it during the interview.

"Answer it," he commanded.

Pulling the phone from my skirt pocket, I looked at the message ... sender ID was 'Sir', the message read,

"Reply with the word YES if you wish to continue to do what I tell you."

Looking up at him I searched his face ... did he really just send me this text? I couldn't read his expression. Biting my lip, fingers trembling for some reason, heart hammering, I replied YES.

Immediately his phone buzzed, he checked it, then nodded to me.

"Stand up," he ordered, so I did, clambering out from the bench, again showing lots of leg. Then, "on one leg," which I did. "Now the other one." I changed to standing on my left leg.

"Walk slowly to the door." I turned and started towards the door, when he said loudly,

"I haven't finished with you yet; come back here and sit down." A little confused, I turned and walked back, hoping he just liked seeing me walk, hoping he just liked seeing me! There was something almost addictive in following his instructions. Sitting once more, hands in my lap, I waited as he typed into his phone again.

Checking my phone as it buzzed I read, "You will obey any instruction I give you. Reply YES to show you understand." Again with fumbling fingers I replied YES, looking up at him as he read it.

He typed again, and as soon as my phone buzzed I opened his message, "You will answer fully and truthfully any question I ask you. Reply YES to show you understand." Again I replied YES.

I waited nervously, wondering what was coming next.

"Now if you have quite finished your texting, perhaps we might continue the interview?" he asked a little sarcastically, as if it wasn't him texting me but one of my friends!

"Er, yes Sir" I replied, thrown off balance.

"What extra-curricular clubs or activities do you take part in?"

I told him about music lessons on the clarinet and piano, and Orchestra.

Without looking up he continued, "What about masturbation? How often do you masturbate?"

Gulping with embarrassment, "er ... every day Sir ..." He looked at me as if wanting more, so I added, "in the morning before I get up, and usually before I go to sleep ... Sir"

"What do you use ..?"

"Fingers, Sir ... just .. Fingers ..." I was sure I was bright red, and remembered the time I'd tried using a wine bottle after a school do. "Er, I did try once with a wine bottle?"

"You will tell me about that some time. When you masturbate, do you reach orgasm?"

"Um, sometimes, sir." At that he reached again for his phone, and I excitedly reached for mine.

His message read, "You will not orgasm again until you have my permission. Understand?"

Disappointed, I sent back YES, and looked up at him again, but he was writing on his pad.

"Do you feel that the school offers a sufficient range of activities?"

I answered, "Yes, Sir."

Looking down at his pad of paper, pen poised, he asked, "Are you a virgin?"

Blushing, I stammered, "Um ... ye .. Yes ... Sir.."

"Are you trimmed, shaved or natural?"

"Um, bikini trimmed for the summer Sir, but normally I'm just natural?" He nodded.

"Bra size?"

"34C, Sir."

"Are your nipples sensitive enough for you to orgasm from playing with them alone?"

"I ... er ... I don't think so, Sir," never having tried that.

"How often do you think out explicit sexual fantasies?"

"Golly! Um ... most days, Sir?"

"Which ones give you the most satisfying orgasm? The tame fantasies, or the ones you're most ashamed of?"

I looked down at the table, my mind whirling, tummy broiling with those delicious feelings.

"Oh the ones I'm ashamed of, Sir," again blushing, never having told anyone of my deepest dirtiest thoughts.

He seemed to read my mind. Typing into his phone he again messaged me, "When I tell you to, you will state out loud the full details of your dirtiest, most shameful sexual fantasy ever, no matter where you are or when. Understand?"

Eyes goggling, scared but weirdly thrilled, I sent back YES SIR.

"How often do you read erotic sexually explicit stories on the internet?"

"um ... I don't Sir?"

"How often do you look at pornography?"

"Hardly ever, Sir?"

"Your homework: you will find the type of erotic sexually explicit story you enjoy, and text me links to your 3 favourites. You will also find 3 pornographic pictures on line that most closely resemble your deepest, dirtiest sexual fantasy, and text me links to those. You have exactly 1 week from today."

"Er, yes Sir," I replied as he messaged me with, "3 story links, 3 picture links, 1 week, understand?"

YES I sent back

"Which teachers do you most like looking at you?"

"Er Mr James? PE? And Mr Casters, swimming?"

He wrote those down. "You may orgasm once more today, then no more orgasms until you have my permission. I will grant it once I am satisfied with your homework, which you may complete any time in the next week. Understand?"

He looked up at me on that last word. "Yes Sir," I replied.

"Give me your knickers," he commanded. I blushed, embarrassed because they were more than a little damp and smelly, but rocking my hips I slipped them down as I sat on the bench, and balling them in my fist I passed them over the table. Taking them he sniffed my scent before putting them in his pocket.

"Are your knickers clean and fresh, Andrea?"

"They were clean on this morning Sir..?"

He just looked at me, waiting for me to answer properly. "No Sir, they're not."

"And why not, Andrea?"

"I'm .. I'm a little aroused Sir."

"Why?"

"Um, because ... because you're turning me on, Sir?" blushing again.

"Do you like being a focus of sexual attention, Andrea?"

"Yes, Sir," I admitted

You will not put on any knickers now until tomorrow. You may go."

I didn't see him again that day, or hear from him, and somehow I knew I mustn't text him unless he contacted me first. And then it was their last day and they were all gone.

I felt deflated. I'd enjoyed our game more than I could possibly say, and felt let down that it had stopped.

Oh, well, time to get on with life again. Except that I still had his homework to do. And I mustn't Orgasm until he's seen my homework and said I could. But how would he know? Somehow I guessed he would know. Which meant I needed to get the homework done as soon as possible!

I managed to get through that day, and then it was Saturday. No lessons. No formal homework time. But time to complete His homework! I couldn't access pornographic material using the school network, but if I hooked my laptop to my mobile phone, anything was possible.

Going incognito I had a few false starts, then typed 'sex stories' into the search. Ah, this looked more promising! There were a few sites that claimed Sex Stories or Erotic Fiction, and I spent quite a long time looking through various categories that caught my eye and imagination. There was Cum Swallowing, First Time, Domination/Submission, Exhibitionism, Humiliation, Male/Teen Female ... and that was just one site! On another there was Exhibitionist and Voyeur, and what was this? Lots of tags like Humiliation, Stripped, Nude in Public, Forced Nudity!

I was almost overwhelmed with possibilities, and settled down to try some sample stories.

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That evening I received his response.

"Your homework is satisfactory. You may Orgasm."

THANK YOU SIR, I sent back.

He then sent, "You are released from your all your obligations to me. Does that please you?"

Oh now I was confused! Conflicted, I think that's what they call it. I was done, released, free. I felt relief. No more instructions to be frightened of. But also a little disappointed. No more excitement, no more intense buzz and thrill of fear and excitement and horniness.

THANK YOU SIR ... AND NOT REALLY

"Tell me what you want."

I had to think! This was my chance to stay free, to be my own person again, to be a good girl. To be boring ...

I WANT TO KEEP GETTING INSTRUCTIONS, SIR, then as an after thought also sent, PLEASE.

"How will you respond to further instructions?"

I WILL OBEY THEM, SIR

"How far will you obey further instructions?"

FULLY AND COMPLETELY, SIR

"Your obedience is accepted. You may Orgasm as many times as you want before tomorrow breakfast, then no more Orgasms until I say."

YES SIR

Mid Sunday morning I received the message, "On Saturday you will follow the directions below ...

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Following his text instructions, I caught an early bus from outside the school to the local railway station, and then took the train to a nearby town. From there it was another bus (I had to ask the driver to let me know where to get off) then a short walk to the house. I was to go in through the side door into the garage.

And there was the chair as promised, a simple kitchen chair with a raised back and four legs, a black cloth draped over it. I sat down, facing the blank wall, the black cloth in my lap, and just waited, like I'd been told.

After a short while, my phone buzzed with a text.

"Put on the blindfold and await further instructions."

Putting the phone back in my skirt pocket, I tied the cloth over my eyes, then again waited, hands in lap.

I felt someone come into the room, then heard,

"Put your hands against the back chair legs," His voice? I felt and heard something like sticky tape secures my wrists.

"Feet back either side of the chair," more tape ... then all was quiet for a while.

Although my bonds didn't hurt, they were uncomfortable; wrists secured low on the chair back restricting the movement of my hands, the sleeveless top not allowing for any fabric between the flesh of my arms and the chair, and each ankle secured to a back chair leg forcing my knees apart, the denim skirt not even nearly reaching the black lace hold-up tops of my darkly stockinged thighs.

Then I felt him return.

"What is your full name and age?"

I answered.

"Have you come here because you were made to, or because you wanted to?"

"I wanted to, Sir."

"Why do you want to follow instructions?"

"Because it turns me on, Sir."

"Do you prefer the instructions to have a sexual nature, or non-sexual nature?"

"A sexual nature, Sir."

"Do you like being looked at?"

"Yes, Sir"

"Which do you like best: being looked at as a girl, as a woman, or as a person?"

"As a woman, Sir."

"And which of these do you like best, being looked at sexually, or non-sexually?"

"Sexually, Sir."

"Which excites you more, being looked at respectfully as a sexual women, or not respectfully as a sexual object?"

I'd never thought these questions through before, but I seemed to know straight away what excited me most.

"As an object, Sir."

"Which teachers from school do you most want to look at you as a sex object?"

"Mr James, from PE and Mr Casters, from swimming, like I said before, Sir."

"How appropriate. Thank you for joining us, Mr James, Mr Casters."

Oh no! I gasped! No! Surely not! Mr James? From PE? And Mr Casters, from swimming? Surely they weren't here? My heart was thudding so loud I thought it would drown out any further questions! And if they were here, why hadn't I heard them come in? Had they been in here as long as he had?

Then he was speaking again, and yes, I could still hear him.

"I'm going to turn your chair to face the room. Is that what you would like?"

"Yes, please Sir," I managed to say in almost a whisper.

I felt the chair being turned quietly by strong hands, just lifted, turned and set down with hardly a wobble. Surely it took more than one man to do that? My tummy was again churning, and I felt sure that the Inspector wasn't alone. Was he?

"If at any time you want to stop, you have only to say ... Do you want to stop?"

"No sir."

"Why are you here?"

"Because you told me to come, Sir."

"What do you want to happen?"

"I want you to give me instructions, please Sir."

"Describe the homework that you sent me."

Because he always wanted full answers, and because it made me hot to answer, I described in detail how I found the stories and pictures, and how I sent them to be allowed to orgasm.

Were my two teachers really there, hearing this? I couldn't help feel a surge of excitement at the possibility.

"I am about to remove the bindings on your arms and legs. You may remove your blindfold and leave, if you wish. If you remove the blindfold, it's all over. Or, you may stay sat in the chair with the blindfold on and we will go further. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

I felt him approach me and cut the tape, freeing my wrists and ankles. I couldn't help rubbing them to get the stiffness out, and quietly sat there massaging my arms. Go further? What did that mean? There was only one way to find out. If I chickened out now, I would never know. A rush of excited fear ran through my insides.

"Do you wish to continue?" he asked as if surprised.

"Yes, Sir. Yes please."

"Then you may ask me."

Yikes! "Er, please Sir, please may we carry on? Please ask me more questions, please give me more instructions? Please would you take this further, Sir?"

"I will ask you some questions. After you have finished answering each one you will ask my permission to remove an item of your clothing. Understand?"

Gulp! "Yes Sir."

"What are you wearing?"

"Um, a white top, short blue denim skirt, white bra, pink knickers, black stockings, heels ... Please Sir, may I remove an item of my clothing?"

Pause ... "You may ... " As I started to undo my top, he continued, "Why stockings not tights?"

Taking off the blouse and dropping it on the floor beside me, I replied, "Because you told me never to wear tights, only stockings or nothing on my legs, ... please Sir, may I?"

"You may," and I started to roll down a stocking. "No! Leave the stockings and shoes, ... When did you last masturbate?"

I hesitated, and leaning sideways unhooked the skirt, unzipping and lifting my hips to slip it under my bum, answering, " This morning, Sir," blushing, " ... please may I take off another piece of clothing, Sir?" Were the teachers really there? Was it just the Inspector? I couldn't really tell.

"You may remove you bra ... When did you last orgasm?"

This was a big step, going topless! Reaching behind to unhook, I nervously let the bra fall forward on my arms, uncovering my boobs, then dropped it, hopefully onto the discarded top ... "Not since last Sunday before breakfast ... please may I take off another piece of my clothes, Sir?"

"Not yet ... Why not since then?"

"Because you told me not to, Sir ... please may I undress, Sir?"

"You may stand up and remove your knickers."

Oh my! Holding my breath, I stood and with my thumbs tucked into the waistband, drew the pink cotton knickers down over my bum and hips, uncovering my pussy hair, over my thighs, to my knees and then to the floor, stepping out and moving them aside with my left foot.

I was now standing practically naked, hands clasped defensively in front of me, nervous, blindfolded, scared ... who was there?

"Sit."

I sat back down.

"If you want to be re-tied, assume the same position as before."

Quickly I put my hands behind me against the chair back, and my ankles back against the chairs rear legs.

"Yes Sir, please tie me ..." I whispered, and felt him bind my wrists and ankles as before ... except that now I was naked apart from stockings and heels.

"Does that excite you? I could let anyone see you ... I could open this garage door and everyone walking by would see a naked bound submissive slut ... is that what you want? Is that what you are? Is that why you sent me those pictures?"

I could only bow my head in shame, and answer, "Yes, Sir, it is ... I am ..."

There was a long drawn-out pause, then I felt my bonds being cut again.

"When you hear your mobile go, and not before, you will remove your blindfold and check your phone. Understood?"

"Yes Sir."

I could tell that he/they had left the room.

Pause for ages ... then suddenly a text alert.

Quickly lifting blindfold, I looked around; 3 chairs facing me? Oh my! Maybe they were ... I turned to find my skirt on the floor and pulled out the phone ... "Go straight away through the door into the house, follow the hall to the kitchen. Text when you've done it."

I followed the instructions.

In the kitchen were 3 wine glasses on a small tray ... 3!? Gulp. Surely they weren't really here? The teachers? Its just a wind-up? Looking around the large kitchen, I saw a back door opening into the garden, and another door that must go to another part of the house.

My phone buzzed.

"Bring the tray into the sitting room, through the other kitchen door into the house."

Picking up the tray I took a deep breath, scared, nervous, what if ... and walked down the hallway to the sitting room, pushing open the cold white wooden door with my hip, to see ...THE TEACHERS!!

I'm Nude! I screamed inside my head. And my hands were full so I couldn't cover up ... blushing deep, my thoughts awhirl ... not knowing what else to do I served the drinks. They sat in 3 corners of the room so I had to turn my back to the other two when I served any one of them. I took the tray to the Inspector first, then Mr James, finally Mr Casters ... then I stood holding the tray in front of me, alternately hiding either my tits or pussy behind it.

"Andrea, why on earth haven't you put some clothes on!?" the Inspector asked. "These are your teachers that you're nude in front of. Its as if you want them to see your nakedness, your nude charms."

As I was about to answer, raising the tray from my pussy to cover my boobs he barked, "You will stand still and be quiet in front of your teachers, girl! And hold that tray still at your middle!"

Of course I obeyed, tits and pussy on show, again, a little shocked but also inwardly thrilled at this new turn while squirming under the scrutiny of my two hot teachers. It was even more embarrassing than just being naked in front of them.

He continued, "What do you make of Andrea, showing off her naked body like this, Mr James, Mr Casters. In front of the two of you?"

"Naturally I'm shocked," Mr James replied, staring intently at my body, "Aren't you, Mr Casters?" he added without glancing away.

"Oh very much so," said Mr Casters, "And I think some kind of punishment back at school might be in order!"

The Inspector quickly threw in, "I think you should check with me first, gentlemen?" which seemed more of an order than a question, much to my relief.

They then kept me there while they drank wine and discussed how disgraceful I was to be serving as a naked waitress, to people who knew me ... just like what had happened in one of the stories I'd sent as my homework. He'd arranged everything perfectly, and I was so delighted and ashamed and embarrassed and having the best experience ever, all at the same time.

Then it was time to wrap things up.

"See my guests to the door," the Inspector ordered.

So once they'd said thank you and goodbye to him, I put down the tray, and naked I escorted the teachers to the front door, opening it and hiding behind. "Thank you for coming Mr James, Mr Casters."

They each took a last lingering look at me, grinning and left. I closed the door and returned to the sitting room to the Inspector.

"Was that everything that you hoped it would be?" he asked, in a kindly uncle sort of way. I smiled, reached up on tip toes and kissed his cheek, eyes shining.

"You may wash the glasses, then return to the garage to dress and leave the way you came."

Which I did, and returned back to school.

My tummy churning all through train and bus ride back to school as I replayed what I'd done. How would I react to my teachers when I saw them next?

Then it was off the bus, and walk to the school gate ... I was almost too scared to go through ... But I must face whatever happened next ... square shoulders, chin up .. Walk through back into school ...

**Andi and The Inspector Ch. 02**

It had been a frustrating week of waiting before I finally received a message from The Inspector.

I was in the Dining Room at school sharing a table with a half dozen other Sixth Form girls when my mobile vibrated to an incoming Text.

Still laughing at a joke Emily had made I took the phone from my pocket and glanced at the screen. Fuck! A message from Him! With slightly shaky fingers I opened the text. It was short.

'Did you enjoy your experience in the garage and the house last weekend?'

I could feel myself colouring, a heat rising in my cheeks and chest, and pulled closer the open sides of the blue cotton shirt I was wearing over the low front white t shirt.

A quick glance confirmed that my friends weren't paying me any attention, and I quickly replied,

'Yes, Sir,' before stuffing the phone back in the pocket of my jeans. Knowing Him, that wasn't going to be the last of it. Of course, I could have left the table to text Him in peace, but the idea of carrying on an erotic text conversation while sat at a table with my friends excited me. It hadn't escaped my notice that Mr Casters, the swimming teacher, had got the Friday evening tea duty in the Dining Room, and I wondered if he was also texting Him.

Before I had a chance to spy on my teacher I felt the buzz of another message, and dragging the phone out again I read,

'Did you find the experience sexually arousing?'

'Yes Sir.' I had to be honest.

'When you first arrived, which was more exciting for you, obeying my instructions, or thinking other people might be there to see you obeying?'

Thinking back to how I felt in that garage once I'd put on the blindfold, I re-lived how uncertain I'd been about whether anyone else might be present; revisited that thrill of fear and excitement, and arousal, of possibly being seen by Mr James and Mr Casters.

I looked around quickly to see if any of my friends had noticed how distracted I was, and if Mr Casters was using his mobile, but all seemed clear and I replied,

'I enjoyed the uncertainty, of not knowing if I was being watched or not. I enjoyed the instructions, obeying them, not knowing what was coming next. I enjoyed the humiliation of being exposed in front of my teachers, and hearing you all talk about me, in front of me.'

"What's up, Andi?" Startled I looked up to see my friends all staring at me. It was Emily who'd spoken, and I realised she'd made another funny and that I'd been the only one not joining in the laughs. Just then my phone buzzed in my hand.

"Um, I'm just messaging someone?" I replied, explaining why I'd tuned out.

"Andrea has a boyfriend!" Emily announced with glee, and too loud for my comfort.

"No, it's not like that!" I objected, but she just repeated herself in a sing-song playground tease voice like we used to when we were younger, "Andrea-has-a-boyyy-friennnnnnd!"

I felt myself blushing, and opened the message from Him,

'That's a good answer, well done. Do you wish to continue to receive instructions?'

It was incredibly erotic discussing my sexual submission with this man while in the company of my school friends, especially when they were teasing me about a boyfriend.

"Have you slept with him yet?" asked Suzie, and Emily quipped, "Have you sent him any naked selfies yet?" and they all laughed seeing me squirm. But it wasn't nasty laughing, just a bit of fun. Most girls in our year had been sending nudies to boyfriends for some time, and I was pretty sure fewer than half of us were virgins.

I messaged back, 'Yes please Sir, I would like to keep getting instructions of a sexual nature, and I will obey them without question.' That set my heart racing.

Emily told the others, "I think Andi is telling her boyfriend how mean and nosey we're being."

Buzz: 'You will get a package soon. Instructions will follow.'

"Oh look," added Emily, "He's telling Andi not to worry, he'll soon kiss her better and CUM to her rescue ha ha!" They all laughed, and this time I joined in too.

I quickly typed back to the Inspector, 'Thank you Sir.' and Suzie asked, "Is he telling you what he wants in your next nudie?"

"Ooh, I wanna be there when you take the next one, Andi, please?" Emily said, and they all looked at me, obviously convinced that they had guessed correctly.

Feeling emotionally confused and under pressure, I blurted, "I'll have to get his permission," and instantly regretted admitting the truth.

Emily let out a triumphant, "HA!" as if that proved how right she was, and Suzie just grinned like a conspirator. They were good friends, and I knew I could trust them.

Just then Mr Casters ended the tea session and we all got up to leave.

It was funny how the three of us had clicked when we joined the school a few years ago. Maybe it was because we looked a bit alike, all of us a similar size with longish dark hair, though I was the tallest. Still, we were quite well matched, and we often joked that we should form a girl band, or be a backing vocals trio for some gorgeous boy solo singer. Apart from the fact that we weren't great singers, it was a perfect plan! It was no surprise to anyone that we would share a Dorm room, just the three of us.

"Don't you DARE take that nudie without letting us in on it!" warned Emily, and Suzie glared at me with her usual Don't Mess With Me look.

"One for all?" I asked, and they immediately quipped back, "And all for one!" and we high fived each other as was our habit.

After tea we hung out in the Common room for a bit, and nothing more was said about my boyfriend.

At about half ten when we were all in bed and just before lights out, my phone buzzed again.

'Why did you stay with your friends during our text conversation during tea?

Shit! Maybe Mr Casters was texting Him after all.

'Because it felt sexier doing it with them than it would in private' I replied.

'Did they notice?'

I hesitated, wondering how to explain.

'Yes Sir, but they thought I was texting with a boyfriend about nude selfies. They wanted to be there when I took some and I said I'd have to ask you.'

'Is that what you want, too?' he asked

Oh fuck! Here was the perfect opportunity to stop Em's selfie idea.

'Yes Sir, I want them to see my humiliation' that felt stupid, brave and possibly unwise, but incredibly arousing.

'They may be present but only if the picture includes each of them fully clothed standing either side of you. Use of a mirror is acceptable. You may send the picture when I tell you.'

'Thank you Sir;' what else could I say?

Although He texted me a few more times over the next few days, nothing more was said about the selfies, though I did mention that the End of Term Talent show was fast approaching, and that Emily, Suzie and I were trying to think of an Act, maybe a dance to a backing song. Since Mr James from PE was in charge of the Show, I expected the Inspector to know everything about it from him.

It was on Saturday that I finally got the package from Mr Casters, who gave it to me at breakfast in front of my friends, saying,

"Andrea, a parcel came for you," nice and loud as he handed it over. Naturally my friends were curious enough to spell disaster for a whole host of cats.

Putting it to one side as if I knew what it was, which I didn't, and as if it wasn't very interesting, which of course it was, I finished breakfast and took it back to our Dorm Room to open. There was no way I could stop Em and Suz from crowding me as we all sat on my bed. Suddenly my phone buzzed.

'Have you opened the package yet?'

I must have blushed, and was definitely shaking a little, and Em quipped,

"Is that him? Your boyfriend?"

Trying to ignore her I messaged,

'Not yet Sir, Emily and Suzie are with me.'

'Now is a good time for the selfie they want. I will give you instructions on where to send it'

"What's he saying, Andi? Is it from him?" asked Suzie.

Feeling myself go very red, I admitted,

"He says we can do that selfie, but you two have to be clothed and in it either side of me?"

"Ha ha I'm cool with that! Suz?" asked Emily.

"Lets do it!" she agreed and leaving the package we all got up off the bed and crowded into our bathroom, facing the large mirror.

Taking a deep breath I quickly slipped out of my t shirt and jeans, and Emily unsnapped my bra. Drawing my briefs down my legs I stood naked with my clothed friends. It felt incredibly sexy and there were lots of giggles.

"Ok, here goes!" I snapped a couple of mirror shots before we changed positions and took a few more, this time with Em and Suz messing about.

Throwing just my t shirt and briefs back on I lead the way back into the Dorm Room and told Him we'd taken the picture.

'Go to the following on-line account and post it in the Private Album,'

The next message gave the account name and password, and with my friends now looking over my shoulder I posted the best of the first few pics, flipped to compensate for the mirror. It was a nice one of the three of us from mid-thigh up, all brunettes, me the tallest in the middle totally naked, 34C boobs with their smallish pink nipples prominent, my trimmed bush so dark against my skin tone, an apprehensive look on my face. The other two girls were grinning happily, Em in jeans and a white t shirt on my right, and Suz in jeans and yellow t shirt on my left.

The other pictures, including where Em and Suz flashed their bras, I kept on the phone.

'Good girl. Now open the package.'

With us all sitting on my bed facing the parcel and me blushing slightly but thrilled with the 'good girl', I ripped open the brown paper and then white tissue and found .. A swimsuit. Just a mid blue swimsuit, a Speedo 32.

Frowning I picked it up, and messaged,

'it's a swimsuit? Speedo 32?'

'You may return the gift, but if you keep it you must follow my instructions.'

When I said I'd keep it he messaged back to cut out all linings, Em and Suz reading the exchange of messages, both of them fascinated by the tone of our conversation.

"That's some weird boyfriend you got there, girl," Em said

"Yeah, a bit creepy!" added Suz,

"No, he's ok, just not like, well, like most guys." My friends looked at each other and then at me, both wearing expressions that said they were reserving judgement, and I didn't want to offer any more explanation.

'When you have made the alterations, take a photo of yourself wearing it, neck down, and post it in the Public album.'

As soon as I had replied I got to work and in about ten minutes had the swimsuit ready. Once I was wearing it the three of us again crowded into the bathroom to look.

"Shit, Andi, its see through!" I had to agree with Suz.

"Yeah, we can see your nipples and everything!" added Em, and by everything I knew she meant my dark bush.

Back to the wall, I posed for Em to take a few pics, then we went back into the Dorm room and sitting on the bed I posted one to the Public Album as ordered, feeling quite horny now, and knowing that somehow people I didn't know were going to see that photo.

'remove your pubic hair, and take another,'

And that's how I came to be shaved totally bald between my legs. Em grinned wickedly as she read His instruction, and Suz muttered, "Excellent!" then went to get the necessaries.

In the bathroom once more I quickly dropped my briefs and sat on the edge of the tub facing the basin, left knee tucked under its rim and right ankle on the bath edge I was sitting on.

"Lose the t shirt," said Em, while Suz ran a bowl of warm water and rinsed the Lady Shave razor. I slipped my top off over my head and threw it on top of my discarded briefs, once again totally naked with my clothed friends, but this time with my legs lewdly spread.

After a lot of laughing and teasing and tantalising touching I was shaved and ready, and we again took the photographs of me from the neck down, first with the swimsuit dry, then with it soaked. Wet it left nothing hidden! My nipples stood out clearly and the camel-toe was very pronounced, the shape of my outer labia plain to see. We posted the clearest photo to the Public album.

'Once it is dry, put the swimsuit in a carrier bag and return it to the person who gave it to you. Well done, girls.'

Em and Suz exchanged looks with each other at being included in His message, but didn't seem to object.

We signed off, I stripped again and hung the suit to dry and again dressed in my t shirt and briefs I climbed into bed. The lights went out, but I kept looking at the photos now on the internet in Private and Public albums. Much as I enjoyed looking at the Private pic, I kept going to the Public ones, desperate for the number of views to rise above 1.

When I woke up in the morning, the number had gone up to 53, and after breakfast I found Mr Casters opening up the Gym.

"Sir, I was told to return this," handing him the carrier bag.

"Oh, right, of course," he replied, taking it from me and checking inside. "It was a sample, from when we changed the team colours?" he added.

"Ah," I replied, "rejected?"

"ha ha yes, of course. It was too, um, well not opaque enough! Can you imagine the scandal!" he smiled, making me think he would have loved to have his teams of teenage girl swimmers all wearing the basically see-through swimsuits. I could almost see the images parading across his mind's eye, all those lithe youthful bodies practically naked under his gaze.

Mr Casters shook himself from his reverie, smiled and went inside. I returned to our Common Room.

We didn't post any more photos during the week, but watched the view count steadily rise with a variety of saucy, fun, and approving comments. Most of our spare time was spent preparing our Act for the Talent Show. By the Friday evening audition we were ready.

Our slot was more than halfway through the evening. Peeking out at the audience from behind a flat in the wings, we could see that there were still plenty of girls in the audience as well as a lot of the teachers, men and women. Then it was our turn.

"Three Little Maids?" called Mr James, the PE teacher who was this year's show Producer.

We walked out onto the stage and faced the audience, half dazzled by the bright lights pointing at us from over head.

"And your act is ..." Mr James consulted his notes, "a dance?"

"Yes Sir," I replied, "That's right."

We could see him looking a bit sceptical as he took in our blue school trackie tops, short dark wrap-over hockey skirts, white knee socks and trainers. Once we started moving he would also see that we had matching brunette ponytails that would sway with the music.

"Ok, lets see what you've got," he replied, clearly having had enough of Dance Acts for the evening.

Em nodded to a younger girl in the wings and three of them came on stage, giving us each a bright red inflated party balloon before promptly leaving the way they'd come.

Then the music started.

A very well known tune ... Da, da-Da, da-Da, Da, Da-da-da-da,

Holding our balloons in our right hands, first we swayed, stepping right and left, then turned away from audience, then back. Then we faced away from them again, still swaying to the music, and with bold obvious movements unzipped our trackie tops and slipped off 1 sleeve at a time, balloon in the other hand. It was a bit awkward, but as the trackie tops fell to the stage our tight white too-small aertex hockey shirts were revealed, thin bra straps visible beneath, and plenty of bare skin between the short hems and our skirts. The audience liked that, and we got a few whistles of approval. Facing them again we stepped right and left rhythmically waving the balloons to our side and above our heads, bending forward from the hips and straightening.

Just when it felt like they might have had enough, I ripped off Em's skirt and after a pause she covered her small blue sports knickers with her balloon but not the wide gap of bare belly between the knickers and the hem of the hockey shirt. Then Suz ripped off my skirt and I covered myself with my balloon just like Em, and of course I then ripped off Suz's skirt. That got cheers and a few laughs, and we repeated the previous dance moves but kept our knickers teasingly covered by the balloons, feeling deliciously naughty on stage in a tiny shirt, sports knickers, knee socks and trainers.

The music faded out, and we bowed.

"Well, its different. Its fun and cheeky but needs more work to be fluid, but I'll clear you to go through to the rehearsal next week," announced a smiling Mr James.

We high-fived and grinned at each other, but knew we had a lot to do to make the Act work. We'd have to look on the internet for further inspiration.

It was a good thing we practiced more that weekend, because during the following week I had intensive pre-match swimming training for the away fixture on the Wednesday afternoon.

The minibus arrived at the other school about 2pm, and soon Mr Casters had the eight of us in their Sports Centre to change. Two of us each would compete in breast stroke, back stroke, fly and freestyle, then form two teams of four for the freestyle relay; basically five events, in that order. I was to swim freestyle and the third relay leg for Team A.

Just as we were going to the Girls' changing room Mr Casters pressed something into my hand and muttered, "keep your phone on."

Puzzled I carried on into the locker room and found a space and peg to put my things. Opening my hand I saw 'that swimsuit'. My heart pounded and dry-mouthed I checked to see if anyone had notice and quickly stuffed it in my sports bag.

Just then my phone vibrated, and checking I saw a message from Him.

'Do you still want to accept instructions?'

'Yes Sir, of course'

'You will wear the alternative swimsuit'

Although my chest felt like it was going to explode, I wasn't really surprised. I was scared. Nervous. Maybe even excited. But not surprised.

I went into a toilet cubicle and with some difficulty stripped out of the tracksuit and proper team costume and slipped into the revealing one, covering up again in time to return to my peg. Wrapping my towel round my body from armpits to mid thigh over the suit and leaving the trackies behind, I went with the rest of the girls to the pool.

We walked out from under the raised seating and viewing area directly onto the poolside, then round the shallow end towards the large plate glass windows that lined the length of the building on that side, turning right to the competitors benches that ran between the windows and the pool. The Home team had the first set of benches, and as the Away team we had the ones nearer the deep end. We all sat in a line facing the audience of parents and visitors who were above the other side of the swimming pool. There seemed to be quite a few of them, considering we were just two teams of eight. It seemed like it wasn't just the families who wanted to see sixteen nubile teenage girls in nothing but swimsuits for a whole afternoon. I smiled.

"Right girls, discipline!" said Mr Casters, "we will look like a well disciplined team and psyche out the opposition. So all of you sit on your school towels, feet and knees together, heads up, looking like a team!"

At least my 'other' swimsuit was the right shade to blend in with the rest of my school friends even if it did reveal my nipples, but I supposed that at this stage few would notice anything, so unwrapping I sat like the rest, glancing up at the balcony seating but I wasn't getting any special attention yet.

Just then the Home team girls came out in a line, all in step, carrying matching towels in their left hands, swimming hats on, bodies like fit clones in their almost black high leg high front swimwear. They marched to their bench, turned together, and sat simultaneously, the woman coach quietly giving orders. I could see why Mr Casters wanted us to look disciplined, not wanting to be outdone.

"Andi, I want you to swap with Georgina and swim the backstroke race today, Georgie you'll swim freestyle."

"Er, ok Mr Casters," I replied looking at Georgie, a cute slim blonde who looked as mystified as I was, until for me the penny dropped, and a warm glow suffused my tummy.

Then it was announcements on the PA and the event was underway.

We lost the first race, the breast stroke, coming second and fourth, and then I was up.

Walking confidently to the shallow end past my own team mates and then the opposition girls, swim hat now on, I turned left towards the audience to lane 2. I knew full well that my nipples were clearly visible, already swelling and hardening from their exposure, and that the light fabric wasn't supportive enough without a lining to stop my breasts from wobbling as I moved. If I hadn't shaved between my legs my bush would have been obvious. The walk to Lane 2 was too short but was very arousing. If the audience were enjoying my body through the swimsuit now, they were going to get a treat as soon as it was wet.

At the signal all four of us slid into the water, readying goggles and gripping the rail for the start of the backstroke; two lengths.

And we were off!

For the moment I was concentrating on a good start, arms and legs in a steady rhythm, rolling my body and gliding through the water, eyes on the distant ceiling and looking for the end-of-length marker ready to turn. Then it was tumble round, a good one this time, and kick off the wall, remembering coach's advice of hips high and smooth breathing and movement. A glance each way told me I was about even with the girls either side, and soon it was the other end-of-length marker. A few extra powerful strokes and I was home.

Rolling over to face the end, my shoulders under water like the other three, I caught my breath, working out that I'd come second. Then it was all out to make way for the Fly event. Pulling myself out of the water I heard a gasp from my right, and saw the other school's swimmer staring at my boobs, and I remembered I was basically naked in the see-through suit. Smiling to myself I pretended nothing was wrong and lifted myself onto the side, removing my goggles and swim hat, turning slightly towards the viewing gallery as I shook out my hair and then stood tall and straight, excited to be displaying my practically nude body to so many strangers. I wondered if any were taking pictures but didn't look up to find out.

Returning to our bench, my back was to the audience until I turned right along the window side of the pool, when they could see me in profile, hopefully getting a good side view of my right tit. It was delicious.

Once back in my place, again facing the crowd, I sat up straight with shoulders back displaying my tits while the suit was still wet.

"Andi! What happened to your swimsuit!" Georgie whispered urgently.

"Oh, I needed an emergency replacement last minute; this was all I could get," trying not to lie too much, pretending I didn't realise just how much I was revealing.

Georgie was so sweet, she decided to leave me in apparent ignorance, probably thinking I'd be mortified if I knew I was basically naked.

On the way home in the school bus no-one mentioned my swimsuit, but I knew they were desperate to talk about it. By the time we had finished the Relay event everyone knew, and everyone had enjoyed a good look, and I loved every minute. We actually won the last event, and I made a point of waving to the crowd and jiggling up and down in my excitement at our victory. I had been a wonderful afternoon.

Friday evening came round much too fast, and Em and Suz and I were still putting the finishing touches to our Talent Show routine as the curtain came up for the Dress Rehearsal.

I'd had a message from Him congratulating me on the swimming and asking me to dinner on Saturday evening. The distraction didn't help us get the routine ready.

Suddenly it was our turn. Mr James gave us the cue and the backing music was started. This time it was the Pink Panther.

We let the first refrain play, then stepped on from Stage Right, three brunette girls with ponytails dressed in trench coats and black heels and each wearing a grey trilby hat and dark glasses, stepping every second beat in time with each other.

Once we were centre stage we faced our audience, swaying to the music like last time, stepping right and left.

Turning our backs to the audience we unfastened the coats and slipped them off our shoulders, uncovering white shirts, then pulled the coats back up and closed and turned to face the audience. We were already getting cat-calls and whistles; word of our audition must have got out.

Still stepping in time to the beat we dramatically opened the coats to reveal a flash of school uniform, but modified. The white shirts were too small, straining the buttons across our chests and just reaching as far as the tartan skirts, which themselves were barely long enough to cover the essentials. Our blue/red stripey ties were halfway down, and our dark hold-up stockings were ripped, a significant gap showing between their tops and the skirt hems. More cheers, lots more.

Closing the coats we turned our backs to the audience, then opened them and again slipped them off our shoulders to fall on the floor, then faced the audience still stepping to the music.

In one fluid movement I took my hat off with my left hand, and reaching across my body put it over Em's middle while ripping her skirt off with my right. Cheers and gasps.

Suz then did the same to me, and I reached across with my right hand and ripped off her skirt while stepping back and turning round as Em took off her hat to cover Suz, and Suz moved her hat to cover Em.

The whole movement made sure the audience got a flash of both Em and Suz's blue knickers, and mine from the back only covered by the other two girls' arms.

Yep, they loved it.

Then the other two turned their backs to the audience and we inefficiently swapped who was covering who's ass with which hat, to many laughs, before putting our hats on our heads again, our knickers no longer covered.

In a dramatic gesture we ripped open our shirts and let them fall to the stage, leaving us each with a backless high leg school colours swimsuit and loosened tie, ripped stockings and heels.

Turning once more and covering our chests with the hat, we gave our final bow, and skipped off Stage Right as the music faded.

Mr James was waiting for us.

"Well done, girls! A bit risqué, but yes ok for the performance," he grinned at us.

Phew!

The next day was quite a lot of fun. The three of us were getting lots of congratulations from other girls for our rehearsal performance the night before, and even some positive comments from a few of the teachers who'd been watching. They all appeared to think it a lot of fun, and it seemed like word had gone round that we'd stepped things up from first audition to dress rehearsal, and there was an expectation that we'd step it up again for the performance.

Since it was Saturday, Em, Suz and I went into the local town in the morning doing some last-minute shopping, and by early afternoon we were all discussing my invitation to dinner that night.

The other two girls weren't invited, just me.

They were really sweet, wanting to be sure that I was going to be safe, and I assured them that my 'boyfriend', as they thought of him, would never harm me.

While we were chatting in our dorm room, I got a text from him.

'You will receive instructions from time to time, which you are to follow without question. Do you wish to back out?'

Em and Suz were reading the message over my shoulder as we all sat on my bed.

'No Sir, I don't want to back out,' I replied, and the other two girls exchanged looks at my use of Sir.

'Are you sure?'

'I'm sure, Sir; please allow me to follow all instructions you give me completely and without question, Sir.'

"That is one weird boyfriend you got there, Andi!" said Suz in her most disapproving voice.

"And you're one weird chick to go along with it!" added Em.

I just shrugged and smiled at them, but the look on Em's face suggested she at least might just have 'got it'.

'You will wear waterproof mascara, no perfume, and no other makeup or jewellery. Dinner is at the same house as before. A car will collect you from outside the school entrance; you will recognise the driver. Come in by the garden entrance, not the front door or garage.'

By mid afternoon I was ready; showered, shaven, waterproof mascara, no perfume just a clean soapy smell. My insides were again all squirmy as I made my way to the school gate, seeing a familiar car waiting. As I approached it the nearest window powered down, and a very recognisable voice said,

"Afternoon, Andrea, hop in."

Opening the door I slid into the front passenger seat next to Mr James, shutting myself in and fixing the seatbelt over my stretch jeans and pale blue v neck sweater, the large shoulder bag resting in the footwell in front of me.

We drove in silence following a different route to that taken by the bus of my other visit, but although not talkative, my driver was smiling most of the time and seemed pretty pleased with himself. I wondered just what was in store.

Mr James dropped me by the garden gate and I let myself in and through to the house, straight into the kitchen. There was a large sheet of paper held against the fridge with a magnet. It read, 'Keep your phone on the kitchen counter for your instructions.'

Putting my bag on the floor out of the way, I tugged out my phone and placed it on the counter near the fridge after sending a brief text to Em and Suz that I'd arrived and was ok.

Just then there was a commotion at the door I'd just come in by, and it was barged open by the back of a largish man in a white tunic and checked black and white trousers, a tall white cotton hat on his head.

Turning to face me I saw that he had a very large dark moustache, was early middle-aged, had sparkling blue eyes and was carrying a tray-like open box of foil trays.

"You're the help, huh?" he grunted at me. Before I could answer he added, "there's more in the van; pile 'em here by the sink," as he put his own box down.

A bit surprised I just nodded and went out the way I'd come, seeing a small catering van with the back double doors open, a few more boxes stacked inside.

Grabbing the top one I ferried it inside, then went back for another. With both of us unloading it didn't take long and soon the Chef, which I guessed he must be, was sorting the foil trays and decanting delicious smelling things into dishes, switching on the oven and opening the microwave. He was terribly efficient and I mostly stood by and marvelled, carrying out the occasional little task when asked, including carrying a tray of yummy looking hors d'oeuvres and another of champagne filled wine glasses through to the empty sitting room.

My phone buzzed.

"You better answer it," said Chef.

'Go into the downstairs bathroom, put on the clothes provided, return to the kitchen.'

'Yes Sir,' I replied, and hurried away.

Waiting for me was a hangar covered in a see-through cover, like you get from the Dry Cleaners. Smiling, I took out the clothes and started to change.

When I was done, my own clothes now on the hangar, I took a selfie and sent it to Em and Suz, trying hard not to grin. I thought I looked rather good in the white fitted button front blouse and very short black skirt with a tiny white apron, dark hold-up stockings to just above my knees, black heels, three-quarter shelf bra just visible through the thin cotton.

Almost as soon as I got back to the kitchen the doorbell went, and guessing what was expected of me I hurried to answer it, having got a brief nod of approval for my uniform from Chef.

"Good evening, and welcome," I announced as soon as I had the door open and admitted a slim elegant woman, probably in her thirties, severe short haircut but expensive, tailored black trouser suit over a cream button front blouse, minimal jewellery of diamond stud earrings.

She ignored me completely and strode in, making her own way to the sitting room.

No sooner had I closed the door when the bell sounded again, this time I admitted a couple of women, well a woman of a similar age to the previous guest, and girl only a little older than me. Again I greeted them with, "good evening and welcome," and the woman answered,

"Oh look, Clara, she's as gorgeous as he said!"

"Mm," agreed Clara, who grinned at me and kissed her partner erotically on the lips, then they both continued on to the sitting room where light conversation could already be heard.

Again the door went, and this time I let Mr James and Mr Casters in, who both gave me a charming kiss on the cheek before following me.

Wanting a little attention, I announced them as I led them into the sitting room, looking The Inspector in the eye while admiring his very smart traditional Dinner Suit,

"Mr Casters and Mr James, Sir," completing my performance with a little curtsy, head bowed.

Looking up to see what reaction I'd prompted I was met with total indifference, everyone ignoring me and making the usual boring grown-up party small talk.

Just as I was returning to the kitchen I heard the Inspector say,

"Its good to see you all here, I hope we'll have an enjoyable evening. I've planned a little entertainment, but its unrehearsed and unscripted, so we'll just see how we go. Now ..."

"Ok, time to get to work," announced Chef as soon as I got back to the kitchen, pointing to a tray of cocktails with a small name card on it. "Take that in, and be sure to announce every serving clearly so everyone can hear; its on the card." Chef dismissed me with a shake of his head and got on with whatever he was preparing next.

Carrying the tray in both hands I stepped through the sitting room doorway and clearing my throat, announced with a blush, "A Long Slow Screw Against the Wall?"

There was silence and stares, then the Inspector beckoned me forward and took a glass from my tray, motioning me to continue round the roomful of guests.

Having served the Inspector and the severe woman and Clara I heard the Inspector ask,

"How do you like my waitress's uniform?"

There was a pause, then as I offered the tray to Mr James he said,

"Almost as revealing as a certain Talent Show costume! Ha ha!"

"Yes, quite a memorable rehearsal!" added Mr Casters, as he too took a glass, and then the Clara's partner.

"Memorable how?" asked the severe lady.

"Oh, ha ha, it was basically a strip tease!" clarified Mr James.

"Yep, a strip and a huge tease!" added Mr Casters.

"You mean in the act the girl removed one layer of clothing at a time?" asked the Inspector.

"Oh yes, very hot, all three of them actually, almost too hot to allow it to go forward to the Show tomorrow night."

"Three of them?" asked Clara's partner, a little surprised and more than a little interested.

"Oh yes Rebecca, all nubile brunettes, ha ha," replied Mr Casters.

"That I'd like to see!" chipped in the severe woman.

"I'm sure I can arrange tickets, if you'd really like, Miss L?" added Mr James, looking to Mr Casters who nodded.

"We'll call you when we need you," and with that the Inspector dismissed me back to the kitchen.

I was all hot and excited, loving being discussed like that. I'd have to tell Em and Suz how much they were enjoyed, and that we were attracting our own little audience.

While the chef did more transferring of food to dishes, including what looked like a starter of smoked salmon circles with a little twist of salmon on top, served on larger circles of buttered fresh white bread, I texted a quick message to Em and Suz, telling them it was going well, that I was safe and having fun.

Just as I pressed 'Send' the phone buzzed in my hand.

'You may announce Dinner.'

Taking a breath to steady myself, I went through to the sitting room where everyone was still standing around chatting, and clearing my throat say as loud as I could,

"Ladies and Gentlemen, your host is pleased to inform you that Dinner is Served!"

Bowing my head I curtsied to the assembled guests, led the way to the dining room double doors which I opened, and stood in the doorway as they all filed past me to the already laid table, jugs of water and bottles of wine in the centre.

I watched with admiration how the Inspector effortlessly guided them all to the seats he wanted, nodding to me to push each chair in as the person sat, and to lay a linen napkin across their lap.

The Inspector was at the head of the table, of course, and at the other end opposite him was the severe trouser-suited Miss L. To the Inspector's left was Clara, and next to her, on Miss L's right, was Mr James. On Miss L's left was Mr Casters, and next to him on the Inspector's right was Rebecca, Clara's partner. Boy girl boy girl going round the table; Clara and Rebecca opposite each other, Mr Casters and Mr James opposite each other.

"You may serve the starter," the Inspector's voice prompting me back into action.

Returning from the kitchen with the tray of starters I blushed as I read out the card, announcing "Virgin's Nipples" before placing a serving before each diner and then retiring to the kitchen.

Chef was finishing arranging some type of pink jointed sea food into a V shape on a bed of steaming rice with a frilly skirt of green leaf vegetable. I was expecting a text pretty soon to serve the Main Course.

'You may clear away the starters.'

Once back in the kitchen I placed the crocs in the dishwasher and picked up the tray of Chef's sea food.

My phone buzzed.

'Leave your blouse in the kitchen, serve the Main.'

Taking a breath, I raised my fingers to the top button of my white blouse, getting an amused glance from Chef, and as soon as I was down to my white shelf bra which barely covered my light pink nipples, I picked the tray up again and in the Dining Room announced, "Spread her Legs," my top half somewhat incongruous above the tiny black skirt and hold up stockings and black heels.

While I was putting the plates before each diner I heard Mr Casters quip,

"Yes, that was how the Talent Show act went, first the shirt came off!" sounding very pleased with himself.

I returned to kitchen cheeks burning, but now guessing the plan.

Leaving the blouse off, I helped Chef tidy up and we started the dishwasher on a fast program, and he let me sample some of his delicious food. He seemed to enjoy working with a half naked teenage girl but managed to avoid seeming pervy, which was fine with me.

'You may clear away the main.'

Back in the Dining Room I cleared the plates, enjoying hearing them discuss my body. Rebecca liked my bra, but Clara said I shouldn't need it at my age. I was glowing inside.

Chef had his dessert ready, and we waited for the text message.

'Serve the dessert, no skirt.'

Back in the Dining Room I announced, "Bend Her Over," a sort of mousse concoction in different shades of pink looking like bum cheeks, legs and well defined pussy lips seen from behind.

I walked round the table placing each one, feeling sexy in my three quarter white bra and skimpy white lace panties, contrasting with the dark hold up stockings and heels.

"I never did get a close up look at her in the talent show"

"Oh I did, and it was worth it!"

"That doesn't seem right," interrupted the Inspector, " ... Andrea let Mr Casters have a closer view of you in your underwear, and Mr James too, in fact all the guests"

Tummy squirming but enjoying it, I stood at the end of the table between Miss L and Mr Casters, arms out, turning on the spot.

"I said a close up!"

I stepped closer to Mr Casters and repeated the performance.

"Mm, I can see why you thought it was worth it, Mr James."

Stepping closer to Miss L I rotated slowly for her, then walked behind her to Mr James.

"Yes, its even better than I remember!"

Loving the praise and attention I visited each guest in turn.

"You may go."

Back in the kitchen Chef and I emptied the dishwasher and restacked it, leaving room for more.

'Clear away the desserts.'

I returned, and having to bend forward to collect dishes, gave each diner a good down bra view, receiving a few "very nice!", "great tits," "good choice of bra," and from Clara, "she shouldn't need a bra," among other comments.

In the kitchen the Chef had prepared a well stocked cheese board. The last course. Since I'd taken something off for each course so far, Chef and I were just waiting for the instruction to go topless, bare breasted, tits out. Shit I was excited.

We were kept waiting. The guests were kept waiting.

'You may bring in the cheeseboard.'

Phew, let off the hook. But maybe also feeling a little let down. Then again, some of the guests were teachers, they had their careers to think of .. A half naked school girl serving them dinner in front of witnesses was hardly good for their futures!

Just as I was leaving the kitchen, my phone buzzed on the counter behind me. Shit! I put down cheeseboard.

'Without your bra.'

Oh my! Tummy flipping at the huge change, the unexpected, I felt the blood rushing under my skin. My fingers were shaking so much that Chef had to undo my bra strap.

Picking up the cheese board again I faced him with a "will I do?" look on my face. He looked me over, smiled into my eyes and nodded, and completely topless I walked into the Dining Room.

Of course my hands were full with the board, which was at the level of my waist.

They all just stared as I put it down in the middle of the table. I hesitated, embarrassed, delighted, horny, wanting to disappear but also to savour the moment of being topless in front of two teachers and three total strangers I'd never met before tonight.

There were no comments, silence.

I glanced at each of their faces .. They were not looking in my eyes! I smiled, loving the appreciation; and turning walked to the door, ass swinging.

"Andrea, would you get another bottle of the red from the sideboard?"

Shit, I turned back into the room and went to the cupboard behind Mr James, bending over at the hips to open the low door and get the bottle, then turning to the table I placed it carefully in front of the Inspector.

"Thank you Andrea ... No comments gentlemen? Ladies?"

"Wow, she looks even better close up!"

"And you got to see this at the Talent show?"

"No, not really, she had a swimsuit on, but wow!"

"So you like what you see?"

"Like? She's gorgeous! I mean, what amazing tits!"

I was glowing with embarrassed pleasure.

Once again I turned to go, but the Inspector stopped me.

"Andrea, my dear, You're not properly dressed, are you?"

I hesitated at the door and turned to face him, feet together and hands loosely clasped in front of me, eyes lowered.

"No Sir, I'm not properly dressed." This was delicious.

"In what way are you not dressed properly?"

Having this inappropriate conversation with the Inspector in front of his guests was churning my tummy in the nicest way.

"I'm in front of your guests in just my underwear, Sir, with my bare tits hanging out for everyone to see."

"I don't consider that at all improper, Andrea." Then addressing the others in the room, went on, "does anyone else consider it improper for Andrea to have her bare tits hanging out for all of us to see?"

"Not in the slightest," replied Miss L, the slim elegant woman in the black trouser suit and cream blouse with severe short haircut, "I would expect that to be quite normal when she's in this house, regardless of who else you have here."

There were murmurs of agreement and approval.

The Inspector nodded, then dangled two items, one from each hand so that I and everyone else could see. In his left was a pretty black satin and velvet choker. In his right was a black leather dog collar with steel studs, complete with buckle and steel loop.

"You may choose, Andrea. Ribbon, or collar?"

Oh fuck! Was there really a choice?

"Please would you put the collar on me, Sir?"

He smiled, and at his beckoning I came forward and knelt by his chair while he fastened the buckle behind my neck. When I stood up he attached a short black leather leash to the steel loop at the front of the collar, arranging it to hang down vertically between my breasts.

"There, much better!" he said. "Now Andrea, walk slowly round the table so that everyone may see the collar close, and may enjoy your figure properly"

So I circled the table, pausing at each place to lean forward giving them their own excellent close view of my naked tits, and the rest of my body as either I approached or moved on to the next person.

"You may go, thank you. Return to the kitchen and start tidying away, there's a good girl"

Good Girl!! How lovely!

Adding a little bounce into my step I left the room. Chef greeted me with a wide grin and appreciative stare, and I posed briefly to let him enjoy the view of me in just my briefs and stockings with a collar and leash. His obvious delight just added to my general happiness and maybe even a sense of achievement.

With the exhibiting done but still topless, I helped Chef stack the dishwasher again and started to gather the caterers equipment ready for the van.

Thank goodness it was all over. It had been awesome and felt amazingly good. To be allowed to show off my body, safely, but to total strangers, was wonderful, and to do it in front of my teachers as well just raised it to another level.

My phone buzzed. "That'll be my dismissal," I quipped, glancing over to Chef who was still busy packing up boxes.

'Switch on the coffee machine, and in 3 minutes bring the coffee pot on a tray into the sitting room.'

OK, so only almost finished. I asked Chef about the coffee and he pointed to the machine in the corner that he'd already prepared. I switched it on, as commanded, and helped Chef pile the packed boxes by the kitchen door, deliciously aware of my partial nakedness.

Before the coffee was done my phone buzzed again.

'remove your panties.'

Oh fuck shit bugger whoopee bugger wow.

Hooking my thumbs into the waistband I faced Chef and drew the skimpy white lace briefs over my hips and down my thighs.

I loved it. He stood back, arms folded, unashamedly enjoying my display, to my own delight.

Naked apart from heels and stockings, collar and leash, I carried the coffee pot and cups on a wide tray into the sitting room, very conscious of how bare my freshly shaved pussy was.

Taking my time, I arranged everything on a low table in the centre of the room, mostly bending low so that my naked breasts hung down, swinging with my every movement, circling the table to give everyone a view of my front and back.

"Thank you, Andrea, we'll pour. You may go."

Dismissed I returned to help Chef, hoping the dinner guests liked looking at my bare bum.

After tidying everything away together, Chef and I paused for a small glass of bubbles. It was sexy and fun to be working naked with a clothed mature man who fully appreciated my body without seeming pervy. I wanted to do this again.

"The guests will have retired to the garden with their coffees, so we'll set up the finale, my Special, in the Dining Room. Come on, " announced Chef, and a bit non-plussed I picked up the tray of summer fruits and sauces and followed him.

A short time later the Host and his guests returned, to find me lying on my back on the now cleared table.

I was elegantly dressed in dessert foods; chocolate sauce, whipped cream, fresh fruits of strawberries, raspberries, sliced kiwi, cherry.

The guests used long handled silver spoons to dine directly from my body until I was laid bare. I don't know if you've ever had the delight of being used as a platter, but it's incredibly erotic. The gradual uncovering, the sensation of the cold spoons on your skin, the feel of the food itself, a kind of cool liquidy mess, the stares, the concentration on the sexy bits of the body, nipples, pussy, belly, before eventually everything is gone.

"Did you enjoy the Finale?" the Inspector asked his guests, with a hint of triumph in his voice.

"Quite spectacular! I would enjoy dining off this particular platter again!" replied the severe looking Miss L.

"Me too!" added Rebecca, exchanging grins with her partner Clara.

"I wouldn't mind if this were standard serving in the Staff Room on Saturday evening, ha ha," Mr Casters chipped in, and Mr James nodded his enthusiastic agreement, adding, "maybe the Three Little Maids could take it in turns?" and they shared smiles and knowing looks. I wasn't sure I should share that with Em and Suz.

Soon after that my two teachers took an arm each and helped me in my sticky slimy state up to the bathroom, putting me in the shower under warm water. There was some expensive looking shampoo and body wash. I noticed they stayed while I showered and washed my hair, but hey, did I mind?

Once the shower was off everything went quiet apart from the breathing of Mr James and Mr Casters. It was almost as if they were panting.

There were vague muffled sounds from downstairs which faded with a repeated opening and closing of the front door, and soon it was quiet and peaceful.

Mr James held out his hand to help me out of the shower, and I was exquisitely aware that I was soaking wet and totally naked while the two men were dry and clothed. The contrast seemed to emphasise my nudity and stepping onto the bath mat I sighed with pleasure. Mr Casters held open a large fluffy white towel which he draped round my shoulders before using the corners to dry my shoulders and my breasts. Looking into my eyes he really made sure my tits were dry. Then he lifted the towel from my back up to my head and gently started to dry my hair.

Mr James by now had another towel ready, and kneeling at my feet started rubbing there and up each leg to the knee, then each thigh, then my bum cheeks round and round, gently rubbing and separating them.

"Mr Casters, is Andrea's bum dry?" he asked, looking beyond my shoulder to his colleague.

The drying of my hair paused and I felt two large warm hands softly but firmly explore my bum cheeks.

"Yes, I think so, Mr James, " then a pause, "but I should probably check her chest, don't you think?"

"Andrea?" asked Mr James.

What possible reason did I have for stopping them?

"You should really make sure, I think," I replied while keeping a straight face, "I'm sure Sir will want to know that I've been properly seen to?"

"Andrea would like it if you checked her chest and belly are dry, Mr Casters. Then I'll dry between her legs."

Oh my! What a promise! I felt the strong warm hands slide across my hips and sides up to my breasts, caressing them, stroking them, exploring them, gently squeezing the nipples which were already full and puffy.

Opening my eyes and looking down I watched those hands on my tits, then lower watched Mr James dry my inner thighs and between my legs, rubbing slowly with the soft towel against my outer labia, forward and back, teasing.

Moving my knees further apart I tried to press my pussy down onto the hand inside the towel but he kept moving it away.

Mr Casters walked round to my left shoulder, and started working my left tit again in his knowing hands while watching Mr James towel my hot shaved pussy.

"I don't think she's very dry, Mr James," he said as if disapproving.

"I better check, then," was the reply and the towel was gone, replaced with another warm strong hand as Mr James cupped between my legs and pressed hard.

I grunted at the sudden change in sensations and looked down to watch the two mens' hands teasing my body. The ripples of climax were building fast and I started panting, pressing myself into the hands, and suddenly they weren't there.

"What?" I cried in anguish.

"Not now, Andrea," replied Mr Casters, smiling and gently kissing my cheek, and they quickly finished drying me off and handed me my original clothes.

Once I was dressed Mr James tied a soft black scarf over the top half of my face and with one of them on each side they guided me back downstairs.

I knew I was back in the main room, sat on a chair facing the window and easily recognised the Inspector's voice as he very formally asked me my name and age, which I told him, wondering if there was a video camera.

"Are you ready to describe your Dirty Fantasy, as promised?"

"Oh! Um, er, yes Sir," a bit surprised, but then thinking this would be quite hot, talking about it in front of him and presumably my two teachers who I suspected were still there.

"I've had this fantasy for a couple of years now, since a holiday in the Mediterranean. Ok so it's summer and I'm on holiday with my Auntie who's really cool, and walking the beach we see a few fliers advertising a Beach Bikini Competition early afternoon. We joke about it but Aunty thinks I should totally do it which is of course what I want to hear. Back in the hotel room I'm taking a shower and shaving my legs and Auntie is reading the Flier, the prize is a page on a professionally produced 'Babes of the Beach Calendar - real girls from beaches of this summer' featuring photos taken during the competition. It seems they're doing 12 beaches. We both think its awesome. I've trimmed my bush so its short and neat and won't show in the black string tie bikini I've chosen. As I'm putting it on Auntie reads more, like how the afternoon contest is Round one, with a Final tonight at the Plaza Hotel Function Room, tickets available from Reception. Some bla bla then the Company owns all rights to photographs taken by its photographer bla bla.

Anyway we turn up in the afternoon and see a big stage on the beach with a sizeable crowd already and a tent next to it with posters for the contest, and we both queue with other girls to sign up. There are beefy bouncer guys keeping a growing crowd from hassling us. Once at the front of the line there's a woman sitting behind a desk and I give her my name and age and phone number and she says Group Three, number 6.

We go into another part of the tent where loads of girls are milling about, each of us in bikinis of all colours and types, but we're all under 30?

Soon music starts really loud and we can here a guy announcing, and Group 1 is called. They all file out and we can hear loads of cheers from the crowd by the stage and more muffled announcements from the same guy.

We're all a bit nervous eyeing each other, assessing the competition, and soon Group 2 is called and we understand that once we've been on stage we go somewhere else not back here. Anyway, again there are announcements we can't make out, cheers and whoops, and soon its Group 3. I file out with seven other girls and we're told to take a wrist band with a large numbered card on it, so I take 6 and put it on my left wrist like everyone else. Suddenly we're at the side of the stage by steps going up .. We can see the stage clearly but not yet the crowd. The music is really loud but the announcer even louder, he's a fit guy, early 30s, in a Hawaiian red shirt and loose khaki shorts, sandals, and there are more beefy guys at the back of the stage.

"And in our third group, lets have NUMBER ONE, please!" he announces, and up the steps goes a pretty blonde 20 something with a curvy ass and big boobs in a nice traditional bikini. She struts on stage right to left then back to the middle to be interviewed, giving her name (Kirsty) and age (23) then is invited to walk the front of the stage again, which she does wiggling her butt and shaking her boobs, and the Announcer encourages a loud audience reaction, then she's off and its number 2. On it goes all quite harmless and soon its my turn. I have no idea how the noise on stage compares to when I was at the side and know I need to make a good impression if I want to get through.

I saunter across the stage as sexily as I know, different from the other girls' strutting, glad I wore heels with the bikini, and return for my interview. Close to the guy has an aura of power, and I lower my eyes and face. When asked my name I look up almost shyly going for the cute effect and give my name and age, and when invited walk to the front of the stage, in the centre, hands in hair, gyrating my hips, turning slowly full circle, getting lots of cheers but no whoops or whistles. When I'm facing them again I put my hands to the sides of my bikini top and tease the halter string outwards, looking at the big crowd with my head tilted and eyebrows raised, inviting a response.

The noise goes up with lots of shouts of 'do it!' but I'm not satisfied, and let go the right side putting that hand to my ear as if I can't hear them. They go really loud, loads of shouting, 'do it!', 'get em out!', 'tits! Tits!', and I love it ... Gently tugging the strings outwards I pull the bikini top triangles away from the middle revealing more of my boobs .. Cheers and whoops now, then my nipples are bared and its going crazy with whistles as well. I parade left and right across the stage front my top totally to the sides and tits out, shaking them and get a lovely reaction. Then I'm back with the announcer who tells me I did great, and I'm off.

I'm high as anything, and while I put my bikini top straight again a bouncer gets a nod from the guy on stage and tells me I'm through to the final and I'll get a call to come back.

When I meet up with my Auntie she gives me a knowing look, like I got caught being naughty, but her eyes are twinkling with shared mischief and she tells me they were choosing girls who either were dead gorgeous or were daring, or both.

The evening starts off like the afternoon had, with us getting ready in a side area while loud music and announcements eddied out from the stage. It's a modest sized hotel and we've taken over the Ballroom with a raised area at one end, presumably for a band, normally. The dance floor is packed with chairs and Auntie reckoned they'd get hundreds in there. The tickets weren't cheap and they must be making a fortune. So after all us girls in the final get a look at where its happening the bouncer guys take us to this side room to get ready. We'd all seen the posters around the ballroom and just outside, collages of photographs taken in the afternoon session, with a set for each of the last eight. I noticed that four of the other girls had moved their bikini tops out the way to get chosen, and the other three girls were simply stunning. It was going to be a challenge to have any chance of winning.

The Compere guy comes in to explain the format, and after we all sign more releases we're left to get ready, guarded by our bouncers.

So first with music playing we all go up on stage with new numbers on our right wrists, which is the side everyone will see as we get on stage, I'm five, and we're in tiny denim shorts and tight white cut-off t shirts with the Calendar sponsors logo across out chests and we line up in number order swaying to the beat, and one by one a spotlight picks us out and the Compere guy calls our number and tells to turn slowly on the spot so the audience can enjoy an all round view, which is pretty fun, and we all get cheers and claps but its obviously too tame for the crowd.

Next the guy calls us forward one at a time for a brief interview, asking us our name, age, where we're from, and we speak into the mic in his hand.

Then the guy plays the crowd, holding his hand to his ear and saying, "What's that? They're wearing too much? Really?" Which gets a great crowd reaction. He half turns to us and says, "They think you're wearing too much, girls? What do YOU think?" and he steps back a bit and the music gets louder.

We all look at each other, wondering who'll be first, but actually we all kinda dance more and start fiddling with t shirt hems or shorts buttons.

Number 4 on my left, a pretty slim tall blonde older than me steps forward and lift her t shirt over her head to show off big boobs in a micro bikini top, basically just her nipples covered, and the crowd love it, and soon the other girls are copying revealing varying degrees of daring bikini.

I realise mine is almost frumpy by comparison, just the same black string tie from the afternoon. But I want to be remembered, so instead of taking my t shirt off I make a big show of undoing my shorts and sexily pulling them down, and get my own spotlight as a reward. I feel quite sexy in just my bikini and t shirt, and reckon that as the only girl still with sponsors logo I should get most of the photos.

"Hey, how do you like it, huh?" asks the guy, and the crowd chants, "MORE! MORE!"

The guy looks at us and into the mic says, "keep going, girls!"

Pretty soon all of us are dancing in just bikinis, but I tie my t shirt low on my waist with the logo hanging over my right hip next to my number, without blocking the view of my bikini bottoms front or back. I'm going for maximum photo opportunity with the sponsors.

"Ok, that's great! The girls are gonna go off to come back in their chosen 'Final' outfit," audience whistles and cheers, "for the last section of the dance-off pose-off"

We all troop off, waving to the crowd who obviously can hardly wait, and moments later we're lined up to come back. The other girls have chosen a variety of sexy or revealing outfits for the final part of the show, and look at me with pity since I haven't changed from when we came off.

"AND NOW, FOR OUR DANCE OFF POSE OFF FINAL, LETS HEAR IT FOR THE GIRLS!"

And up the steps we go straight on stage, all together in a line. I swivel the t shirt on my right hip to make sure its not covering front or back, and as I get to the top of the stage quickly pull the tie behind my neck, then the one behind my back, letting the bikini top fall to the stage wing. I'm the only girl actually topless, and hope it'll help me win. We're so close together only number 6 behind me knows what I've done.

Up ahead, number 1 steps out into the spotlights waving to the crowd, greeted with cheers. Then close behind its number 2.

Feeling a sudden rush, a madness, with almost fumbling fingers I pull the side ties of my bikini bottoms, just shedding them as I emerge into the lights on stage, naked apart from the t shirt logo on my right hip.

I half face the crowd, waving, letting my bare tits jiggle a little, showing the logo to the cameras that are flashing like mad at me, but also making sure I'm showing my nude neatly trimmed dark bush, parading my naked body for all to see.

The crowd go wild. I love it!

The compere guy does his stuff, we all dance together and in competition, the other girls all go topless but I'm the only one showing pussy and bare bum.

Finally we stand in a line facing the audience as the results are called. A tall busty brunette, number 3, is third, and she walks forward for a sash between her huge bare tits and some flowers.

"Second, its number 5!" Shit that's me! I step forward and the guy is careful not to cover my pussy while putting the sash over my shoulder, arranging it between my tits so both nipples are bared.

Number 7 wins, but I don't mind. I've had the best time.

After coming down we all get dressed and then I'm getting business cards thrust into my hands, which later I look through. Mostly photographers, model agencies, a film producer and what can only be pornography agents. But that's a whole other fantasy!"

When I finished there was a sudden loud clapping and my blindfold was lifted off to reveal all the guests still present. I felt myself glowing and blushing, partly confused but also deeply satisfied, and I drank in their congratulations and thanks for an excellent evening; and then they all left.

"How did you enjoy your evening?" the Inspector asked.

He arranged for a taxi to get me back to school.

Finally the night of the Talent Show had arrived. Suz, Em and I were all keyed up for our performance which was second to last on the Programme; no pressure or anything!

We'd put in more time rehearsing and polishing our Act until it was as good as we thought we could make it, and as much as we could get away with for a school show.

Before the show, and getting ready, and waiting in the wings we got plenty of good luck wishes, none of this break-a-leg stuff, but it was pretty clear expectations were high. Maybe word had filtered out about my special swim suit at the Match, and everyone knew about our Dress Rehearsal and stepping things up. We supposed they might all be looking forward to something a little more see-through under.

And then it was our moment.

With the strains of Tom singing 'You can Leave Your Hat on', we sauntered smoulderingly on stage, three white brunettes with ponytails, in Trilby, trench coat and heels and turned our backs to the audience, and at 'Baby take off your coat ..' we shrugged them off our shoulders, and supporting them on our elbows swished them to the side, confirming that we were wearing dark hold-up stockings to just above the knee and satiny black string-tie bikinis.

In a smooth move we took our hats off to cover our asses.

Turning to face the audience and keeping our coats undone we used the hats and the coat flaps to tease them, giving half glimpses and tantalising flashes of bikini, covering each other in a series of practiced moves, while swaying to Tom's singing.

Standing in the middle I turned my back again while Em and Suz faced the crowd, and I again shrugged the coat off my shoulders till it was hanging below my waist, baring my back. Em and Suz took a string each behind my pulled, slowly, as if undoing my top, until the strings parted leaving my back bare. There was a gasp from the audience we could hear even above the music. Then they did the same thing again with the tie behind my neck to a chorus of cat-calls and whistles, and Em whisked my top away, waving it triumphantly at the audience before dropping it flamboyantly onto the stage.

No one could be in any doubt that I was topless, naked from the waist up.

We all shed our coats, letting them fall to the stage and kicking them away.

We were all wearing our hats and I turned, whipping my hat off to cover my tits at the last minute.

There followed another set of timed practiced moves where the girls covered me with their hats just as I put mine in my head again. It was all good fun and the audience loved it.

All three of us knelt on the stage with our backs to audience, then Em and Suz turned inwards, audience-side foot and other knee on the floor, arms across their bodies discreetly covering their bikini tops, hats in hand over my back, so I slowly stood hat on head, their hats staying in place till they cover my bikini bottoms, my back bare.

At 'Raise your arms up into the air' I raised my hands, gyrating my hips to 'Now shake 'em' while Em and Suz put their hats back on.

We all took our hats off, I held mine over my boobs, 'You give me a reason to live', turned to face the audience still gyrating, front bikini bottom now covered ... then in a neatly timed move 'You can leave your hat on' Suz raised her hat to my chest as I put my hat on then raised my hands in the air, 'Feeling' relying on Suz to keep me covered.

Again I had my back to the audience, ass covered by other girls hats, but this time Em and Suz slowly drew strings of my bottoms like they did with the top, removing them, Suz holding them for everyone to see, There were louder gasps, though my ass was covered by Em's hat and I was covering Suz's bikini top. Everyone could tell that my front which faced away from the audience was uncovered, totally naked, but anyone watching backstage would see my naked tits n shaved pussy.

I noticed both Mr Casters and Mr Jones in the wings, taking photographs of my front, presumably with the audience in the background. Oh my, how that suddenly excited me. It raised the stakes and made me almost giddy.

I turned to face the audience and again we swapped hat positions in our practiced teasing daring moves, my bare tits and pussy only just covered in time, and certain that the two teachers were taking more photos of my bare ass cheeks. I loved it.

Moving into our finale, again all three of us knelt on the stage with our backs to the audience, Em and Suz then turned inwards, audience-side knee and other foot on the floor the other way from before, holding their hats with the other hand this time to cover my back. the nearer arm by their side letting the audience see their bikinis, as I slowly stood using both hands to hold the hat on my head, the girls' hats staying in place till they covered my bare bum, naked back uncovered like before. Mr Casters and Mr Jones taking even more photos.

At 'Raise your arms up into the air' I lifted my hands above my head, gyrating naked hips to 'Now shake 'em' while Em and Suz' hats were over my bum, one cheek each but flicking them, almost showing my bare cheeks, then alternated covering my ass with their hats and putting them on their heads this time giving a quick flash of bare buns. Hat off, I held it over my boobs, 'You give me a reason to live' I faced the audience still gyrating, bare pussy covered by the girls, hat in left hand, then right then left again almost letting go each time .. teasing... then in a neatly timed move "You can leave your hat on" Suz raised her hat to my chest as I put my hat back on then had my hands in the air, 'Feeling' relying on Suz to keep my tits covered and Em my pussy.

To the last few refrains of 'you can leave your hat on', all three of us lined up Em, me, then Suz one behind the other facing audience and put the trilbies on our heads, me naked with hands on Em's shoulders, Suz hands on mine, then we turned and ran off, me spinning round flashing my naked body as I dashed off.

We ran off stage, I was high as a kite but worried ... what will the Principal say? Am I in trouble ...

But I was looking forward to the most explosive orgasm ever!

But ... I couldn't help wondering what it would feel like to pose naked for a real photographer ..

THE END