Battle of Carter Hall

[Carry's Shower](http://rswstoryarchive.blogspot.com/2008/11/boch-1-carrys-shower.html)

The sun crested the horizon and shone its radiance on small Filton College. Birds sang sweet melodies, and dew drops glistened on the manicured grass. Nothing about the beautiful spring day hinted at the malice that was to come; no signs and portents gave an indication that the opening salvo in what was to become the greatest war in the history of the school was about to be fired.  
  
Carry Wyatt certainly did not anticipate that she would be the first victim as she blissfully stood under the warm water of the shower. She luxuriated in the spray. Though she heard the bathroom door open and close a couple of times, she felt no need to hurry as she woke much earlier than most of her school mates. She knew from experience that there would not be enough girls up already to fill the shower stalls.   
  
These stalls were just one of the perks of living in Carter Hall. Carry had taken one look at the communal showers in the freshman girls’ dorm at summer orientation and had resolved to do anything possible to get into better living conditions. Fortunately, her skill at volleyball came to her aid. The team was scarcely more than a club as it had only two partial scholarships to offer, but the coach was able to provide her recruits entrance into the relatively cushy girls athletic dorm.   
  
Of course, life in the CH, as they jokingly referred to it, did have some downside. While her teammates occupied most of the rooms on the northwest side of the third floor, the cheerleading squad lived opposite them on the southwest side. A healthy rivalry had developed between the two sets of girls.  
  
In later years, Carry would think back often about the circumstances that led up to that day, about how a twist of fate had placed the cheerleaders and the volleyball team in such close quarters. She would wonder what it was about her that had made destiny, or, rather, Staci Sanders, choose her. Was it her modesty about her body that set her apart from the other girls? Did the robe that she always wore over her conservative nightgown mark her as a target? She never got a chance to ask Staci the reason, and, maybe, there was no reason. Maybe Staci walked into the restroom that day, saw Carry’s distinctive bunny slippers peeking out underneath the shower curtain separating the dressing area of the stall from the room, and decided right then and there to pull her prank.  
  
Regardless of the reason, it did happen to her.   
  
As Carry finished rinsing out her hair, she reached for the towel that she had left hanging on the hook in the dressing area. With her eyes still stinging from the water and shampoo, she groped for it when her hand did not immediately feel the soft cloth. Her probing hand soon felt the unadorned metal hook.  
  
‘Crap!’ she thought, ‘it must of fallen.’  
  
Shaking the water from her eyes as best she could, she peeked out to search for the wayward towel. It was nowhere to be seen. Not only that, but the rest of her stuff was missing as well. The long nightgown, panties, and robe that she had worn in were not there. Her outfit that she was planning to wear that day was not there. Even her slippers and room key were gone!  
  
Even though her naked body was still concealed by two closed shower curtains, she instinctively used her hands to cover her breasts and bush.  
  
‘Someone has stolen my clothes!’ she thought. ‘Oh my God! I’m naked with no clothes, and no way to get back into my room. What do I do?’  
  
She fought to control the panic that was threatening to consume her mind.  
  
‘Think, dammit. What do I do?’  
  
She listened for sounds in the restroom but didn’t hear any. She stepped into the dressing area and poked her head out, wrapping the hanging drapery around herself to conceal her nudity.  
  
“Is there anybody in here?” she called out.  
  
There was no response.  
  
‘Maybe they left my clothes in the restroom.’  
  
Conscious of her state of undress, she warily stepped out from the cover provided by the shower curtain into the open room. Still dripping water and keeping her hands strategically placed as much as possible just in case her tormentor was still hiding in the bathroom or someone walked in, she searched through every shower and toilet stall. Her clothes were nowhere to be found.  
  
She had only two choices: try to make it back to her room and hope that she would be able to wake her roommate or hide in the restroom until she could find someone to get clothes for her. She stood there wet and shivering for about five minutes trying to decide what to do. Not a single person entered the room.  
  
In the end, it was her desire not to lose her job that prompted her to move. She only had about 30 minutes left to dress and get over to Dean Brown’s house to walk his dog. She’d only had the job for a couple of weeks, and she didn’t want to let down the most powerful man at the college. Having heard stories about how her employers had fired previous students in her position for being less than five minutes late, she knew that the Dean and his wife were notoriously strict regarding punctuality.  
  
She stuck her head outside the door and was relieved to find the hallway empty. She stepped out and let the bathroom door close behind her. She was now naked in her dorm corridor! Anyone could step out of their room at anytime and see her with her body covered only by her hands. A girl stepping out behind her would see her bare butt!  
  
As quickly as she could, she padded to her own door.   
  
‘Maybe I left it unlocked. Please, please tell me that I left it unlocked.’  
  
Hopeful, she reached her hand out to the doorknob leaving her breasts uncovered. It wouldn’t turn.  
  
‘Oh crap! Oh crap! Oh crap! What do I do now?’  
  
Her only option was to try to wake her roommate. Unfortunately, Joeli slept with her iPod blaring in her ears and was notoriously hard to wake up. Carry began banging on the door.  
  
“Joeli, wake up please!” she shouted.  
  
The noise that she was making was bound to attract attention, and, sure enough, the door opposite hers opened. Carry quickly turned around so that her bare butt was up against her room and used her arms to conceal her charms. In front of her stood Staci Sanders.  
  
“Well, what do we have here? A streaker?” Staci said loudly.  
  
More doors started opening in response to the commotion, and sleepy girls started coming out into the hallway.  
  
Staci laughed.  
  
“Locked out of your room, naked, dripping wet, and your roommate won’t answer the door. I hate it when that happens.”  
  
Carry was already about to die of shame when she noticed a boy in the gathering crowd. Karen, one of Staci’s fellow cheerleaders, must have decided to let her boyfriend, Mike, stay the night and try to sneak him out in the morning. Carry was beyond mortified.  
  
Staci pulled something out of her pocket. It was Carry’s room key!  
  
“It’s an amazing coincidence, but I just happened to have found this key this morning. I wonder if it fits your door?” Staci asked, feigning innocence.  
  
“Please give it me, Staci. Please?”  
  
“I don’t know if I should. Finders, keepers and all.”  
  
“Please, I’m begging you,” Carry said.  
  
“I don’t see you begging. I see you asking. I’d like to see you beg.”  
  
“What do you mean?” Carry asked.  
  
“I mean that I want you to beg. Like a dog. You’re a dog walker, right. Let’s see you beg like a dog.”  
  
Carry couldn’t bear the thought of all the eyes on her naked body, especially a boy’s eyes. She just wanted it to be over. She lowered herself to her knees, keeping her rear firmly planted against her door and hiding her private parts as much as she could. She knew, though, that the crowd had to have gotten peaks at her nipples and full brown bush as she kneeled down. She blushed crimson.  
  
“I don’t think that dogs keep their paws up clenched across their bodies when they beg, do they?”  
  
Stacy held her hands out in front of her with bent wrists.  
  
“I think they beg more like this.”  
  
Surely Staci didn’t expect her to bare herself to everyone, did she?  
  
“Please, Staci,” she started.  
  
Staci glared at her.  
  
‘Please let this end. I wish I were anywhere but here.’  
  
Shaking like a canopy in a hurricane, Carry extended her hands out in an imitation of Staci.  
  
The assemblage oohed as the coed exposed herself. Carry could feel all the eyes, especially Mike’s, on her breasts and bush, examining every inch of her.  
  
“Now bark,” Staci commanded.  
  
“Woof, woof.”  
  
Staci patted her head.  
  
“Good dog. Now get on your hands and knees.”  
  
Not knowing what else to do, Carry did what she asked. She imagined how she looked with her 36C breasts hanging down in front of her peers.  
  
“Come out from the wall,” Staci ordered.  
  
Carry crawled toward her blonde tormenter.  
  
“Great. You’re such a good dog. Now turn in a circle.”  
  
Carry turned around, exposing her butt to everyone watching.  
  
“Excellent. One more trick and you’ll deserve a treat.”  
  
Did Staci mean that she’d give her the key next? Carry’s hopes rose.  
  
“All you have to do is roll over onto your back.”  
  
‘I can’t lay on my back without exposing my really private parts to everyone. Surely, she can’t mean for me to do that.’  
  
Carry looked at Staci with wide, pleading eyes. There was no sympathy in the look that Staci returned.  
  
Resigned, Carry, keeping her legs as tightly clenched as possible, turned over so that she was lying flat on her back on the cold tile floor.  
  
“Oh no. I don’t think that dogs lie flat like that. I seem to recall them having their limbs up in the air.”  
  
Carry whimpered but followed Staci’s suggestion. She lifted her arms and legs straight up.  
  
“Good doggy.”  
  
Staci put touch each of her hands to one of Carry’s bare ankles and gently pushed. Humiliated, Carry spread her legs. As the crowd jostled for position to see Carry’s exposed pussy, Staci circled the debased girl and bent down by her side. Staci then traced her finger from Carry’s nipple, which hardened at the touch, to her clit.   
  
Putting her finger in the air, she said, “hmmm. It’s wet. Someone must like being a dog.”  
  
With that last belittling remark, Staci threw the key beside Carry and went back into her room. The audience laughed hysterically as Carry snatched up the key and ran into the safety of her room.

[Staci's Day at the Waterpark](http://rswstoryarchive.blogspot.com/2008/11/boch-2-stacis-day-at-waterpark.html)

When Joeli woke up, she noticed the Carry had already left and did not realize that anything unusual had happened while she slept. It wasn’t until later in the day that she learned of the mornings event’s from dorm mates eager to share a bit a juicy gossip. At first, she felt guilty because she had slept through the humiliation of her younger teammate. That guilt quickly turned to anger and a desire for vengeance.  
  
Though Carry later pleaded with her to let the whole matter drop, Joeli could not let the insult to a member of the team go unpunished. Knowing that revenge is a dish best served cold, she let weeks go by as she planned the perfect counter attack. She and her teammates eavesdropped and performed surveillance on the cheerleaders to determine the most effective counterstrike.  
  
Finally, Alexis, one of the senior volleyball players, heard Karen talking about a group outing to the local waterpark. It seemed that all the cheerleaders would be enjoying the day there next Saturday.  
  
Since Alexis was good friends with the resident advisor for their floor, Joeli was able to borrow the master key in order to steal Staci’s bikini for an afternoon. After taking the tiny garment to a friend’s apartment that was equipped with sewing equipment, she carefully removed stitching so that the fabric completely separated from the bands at several key points. Then she made precise cuts so that the bottom could now be separated into three distinct sections: the middle piece holding all the fabric and two sections of string that would normally be tied on each side of Staci’s waist. For the bikini top, she cut the string where it connected into the top and bottom of each cup. Finally, she used a super strong but water soluble glue to attach the strings back to the fabric.   
  
It had taken her hours, but Joeli finally had the swimsuit finished perfectly for her rival. She smiled to herself as she envisioned her enemy swimming around and discovering that her bikini had separated into six little pieces that would be impossible to reassemble. She could see Staci having to climb out of the pool naked, looking around frantically for a towel. Or, better yet, going down a slide and leaving her swimsuit behind.   
  
The Friday night before the big excursion, Joeli felt like a kid on Christmas Eve. She had invited Carry and Alexis to join her in going to the waterpark tomorrow and was going to have a great time watching Staci’s payback.  
  
Carry was apparently still suffering from the effects of her ordeal. She had become even more socially withdrawn and reticent about showing her body. While almost all the fit, young girls at the park wore suits that showed off as much as could be considered almost decent, she had on a swim shirt over her top and shorts over her bottom. It was at least good to see her out.  
  
The three volleyball players got to the park super early, and Joeli made sure to grab three lounge chairs in a prime location. She could see the entirety of the small park from where she sat. Carry looked at her strange when she pulled out a video camera and binoculars, though.  
  
Carry was the first to see Staci and her crew come into the park.   
  
“Oh crap! Staci’s here. Can we leave? Please,” she said.  
  
“I’m not going to let you run away from that bitch. Besides, we paid twenty dollars apiece to get into this place; I intend to get my money’s worth. Don’t worry, though. Alexis and I will keep her away from you,” Joeli replied.  
  
Carry need not have worried. Staci didn’t even notice the three volleyball players in the middle of the large crowd. Instead, as Joeli watched intently, they seemed to be discussing what to do first.  
  
The cheerleaders reserved a section of chairs by using their towels and bags as markers. Then they strolled over to the pool and dived in. It appeared that they just wanted to get wet before heading off to one of the rides because they only stayed in the water for a few minutes.   
  
Joeli anticipation rose as Staci climbed out.   
  
‘Crap. Her suit is still together. Did I do something wrong? The bottle said that the glue would dissolve in water,’ she thought.  
  
Her eyes followed the cheerleaders as they walked toward a big set of stairs leading to a new ride.  
  
“Hey, Alexis,” Joeli asked, “what’s that new one over there?”  
  
“Oh, I read about its opening in the paper. It’s a zip line.”  
  
“Like those things you grab onto and ride down across a chasm in a ropes course?”  
  
“Yeah,” Alexis said. “See, you climb up over there, ride all the way across the pool, and get off at that platform there.”  
  
Joeli couldn’t see the end platform very well from her vantage point, but, as she watched, a girl grabbed on at the start and traveled halfway across the park.  
  
“Is that safe? At the ropes course, we were tied off. I didn’t see a harness.”  
  
“They secure your hands to the bar. The guy on the receiving end frees your hands.”  
  
Joeli used her binoculars to spy on Staci as she stood in line. Staci seemed to be adjusting her suit an awful lot.  
  
‘The glue is dissolving; it just needed more time.’  
  
Fascinated, she watched as Staci wound her way to the front of the line.  
  
‘Surely, with as much as she’s having to straighten her bikini, she won’t get on a ride where her hands are secured over her head.’  
  
Joeli put down the binoculars and picked up the video camera, zooming in as tightly as possible. She could see the young attendant attaching Staci’s hands to the bar. Standing on the edge of the platform, she stretched her arm out waiting for the start signal, and her top fell to pieces.   
  
Laughing, Joeli quickly told Alexis and Carry to look.  
  
Staci must have felt the pieces of cloth either leave her shoulders or brush her legs on their way to the ground because she looked down. The movement caused her to slip, and, as she tried desperately to stay on the platform, her bottom fell off. Screaming, she lost her balance and flew forward, totally naked, on the zip line.  
  
The loud, shrill scream had attracted the attention of nearly everyone there. Hundreds of people looked up to see a very nude young lady riding the zip line. Staci flailed her legs about like she wanted to break the hold that the apparatus had on her hands, but all she accomplished was giving great views of her shaved pussy to the audience below.  
  
Joeli captured close up shots of nearly every square inch of Staci’s body. After the exposed, howling coed passed her, Joeli ran to get shots of her on the platform.  
  
As she found a good viewpoint, she heard the attendant on the platform tell Staci, “I know you’re naked. That’s WHY I had to call security.”  
  
“Undo my hands, you little twerp,” Staci shouted at him.  
  
“As I already told you, I have to wait for security since you’re in violation of the park’s nudity rules.”  
  
Joeli looked at all the people, male and female, watching Staci so intently and couldn’t help but laugh.   
  
‘This is so much better than I expected. To stand there for so long with such a large crowd and not even be able to cover yourself with your hands. Priceless. Her friends can’t even help her because they’re stuck on the other side of the park until security gets here.’  
  
Ride attendants in the park were well trained in what to do in case of someone breaking the nudity rules. They were to call security immediately and try to hold the person until help arrived. The young man on the zip line receiving platform had called the chief of security, Mr. Johnson, as soon as he had seen the nubile blonde.  
  
Mr. Johnson, upon receiving a report of a nudity violation, thought, ‘just what I need - another flasher.’  
  
He had just gotten back from making rounds and wanted nothing more to sit down for a few minutes and enjoy a cold soft drink. It was getting hot out there. He called in two of his teenage underlings.  
  
“Chris, Rod, I’ve got a situation that I need you to take care of for me. I’m supposed to go out and personally supervise these types of infractions, but it’s time for my break. Do you think that you can follow my instructions EXACTLY, so that I don’t have to walk all the way back out there?”  
  
They replied “Yes sir!” in unison.  
  
“Okay, here’s what you do.”  
  
He pictured the typical occurrence in his mind. On a dare from her friends, a teeny bopper flashes her little titties on the way down a ride. She claims that it was and accident, a “wardrobe malfunction.” She may even blush as she covers her breasts back up, and the park authorities approach her.  
  
“I like to make them sweat it out a little. Threaten them by saying we’re calling the cops. If they’re shook up enough, I’ll go ahead and let them off with a warning. If they give me attitude, I use the plastic cords to cuff ‘em and make ‘em do the perp walk.”  
  
“Perp walk?” Rod asked.  
  
“You know. Parade ‘em handcuffed through the park. Embarrass ‘em a little. Let all the other kids see what happens when you break the rules. I take ‘em to the front gate and tell them to get lost and that they’re banned for the rest of the season.”  
  
Mr. Johnson remembered the banning procedure and the book of head shots of offenders.  
  
“Oh, before you let ‘em go, take a couple of pictures. That’s all there is to it. Now get down to the zip line pronto.”  
  
Rod nearly tripped over his own feet when he saw the beautiful girl with her hands secured above her hand standing totally naked on the platform. He nudged Chris and grinned.  
  
“What should we do?” Chris asked.  
  
“Exactly what Mr. Johnson told us to do.”  
  
Rod walked up the stairs of the platform and took control of the situation.   
  
“Ma’am,” he said, “you are in violation of the clearly posted rules and regulations of this park regarding public nudity.”  
  
“No shit, Sherlock!” she screamed at him. “This asshole here has been displaying me to the crowd for nearly half an hour. He won’t let me go!”  
  
“Ma’am, if you don’t cooperate fully with us and calm down, we’re going to have to turn you over to the police. The city has laws against what you’re doing.”  
  
“Calm down! You’re letting all these people gawk at my body, and now you want me to cooperate and calm down. You stinking perverts!”  
  
Rod shook his head.  
  
“Don’t say that we didn’t warn you.”  
  
He walked over to stand behind the nude girl.  
  
“Go ahead and release the mechanism,” Ron told the attendant.  
  
“It’s about time…” Staci started.  
  
She stopped mid-sentence as Ron grabbed her newly freed hands and bound them behind her back with the plastic cord.  
  
“Pervert! What are you doing?” Staci yelled.  
  
Grabbing the defiant coed by her upper arm, Ron started to pull her toward the steps.  
  
“We’re escorting you to the park exit where you’ll be taken into custody by the police.”  
  
It seemed that the real prospect of being arrested finally registered to the girl.  
  
“No. Please don’t do that! It wasn’t my fault. I swear. The suit just disintegrated.”  
  
“If you cooperate fully,” Rod told her coolly, “we’ll see if we can let you off with just park expulsion and banishment. I don’t want to hear one more complaint out of you, though.”  
  
The two security officers, with the nude, bound girl between them, started walking closer to the huge crowd of onlookers. As Joeli continued taping, she heard a little girl say, “Mommy, why is that lady naked? You can see her who-ha. Why is that lady’s who-ha showing? You told me that you’re not supposed to show your who-ha.”  
  
Several other children in the crowd picked up on the girl’s comments. They started pointing and chanting, “Look at her who-ha! Look at her who-ha!”  
  
One little boy spoke up.   
  
“Mommy, what’s the white stuff between her legs?”  
  
Joeli hadn’t noticed until the boy pointed it out. What a slut; the minx was excited by this! She zoomed in on the clear evidence of discharge and then back up to Staci’s face.  
  
‘Her defiance is completely gone! I never thought I’d see the day when Staci Sanders was cowed. Her face is so red, and she won’t look anyone in the eyes. She’s so humiliated. Yes!”  
  
Joeli continued to film as the guards led Staci to the park exit. She motioned to Alexis to grab Carry and their stuff and follow.  
  
Though a few people still stood around gawking, the crowd had mostly dissipated by the time the guards got to the gate. Joeli found a vantage point close enough to pick up visuals and sound of what was going on but far enough away that Staci wouldn’t notice her.  
  
“You’re doing well so far,” Rod said. “As long as you keep cooperating, we won’t turn you over to the police. However, you are banned from the park for the rest of the season.”  
  
Chris grabbed a camera from one of the ticket booths and handed it to Rod.  
  
“What are you doing with that?” Staci sobbed.  
  
“Our boss told us to take pictures.”  
  
As Staci stood there, breast and pussy exposed, hands bound behind her back, Ron started taking pictures. He took full body shots and shots zoomed in on her private spots. Then he asked her to pose.  
  
“Could you bend forward?”  
  
Looking mortified, she did as she was told.  
  
“Oh, I’ve got an idea,” Chris said. “Have her lay down!”  
  
Staci did as she was instructed and laid down on the hard gravel. They made her spread her legs and laughed at how wet she was. Finally, Rod told Chris, “we’d better get back to work. You can go now.”  
  
“Aren’t you going to undo this cord? Can you give me a towel? Please!” Staci begged.  
  
“Nope, sorry. The boss said nothing about covering you or uncuffing you. You better get out of here, or I’m calling the cops,” Rod told her.  
  
Laughing, the two boys looked at Staci’s cute butt as she ran to the parking lot.  
  
Joeli stopped filming and hustled her teammates out to her car. She directed Carry to drive around lot as she handed the camera to Alexis in the front seat and she got ready in the back seat. After a few minutes, the spotted Staci crouched behind a car.  
  
“Stop the car!” Joeli directed.  
  
She opened the back door and called out.  
  
“Staci, over here! Are you okay?”  
  
Staci hesitantly stood up and approached them. She was apparently too shocked by the circumstances to realize that this wasn’t the best time to be talking to your mortal enemies.  
  
“Come on. Get in,” Joeli told her.  
  
Staci looked like she was about to enter when Joeli stopped her.  
  
“Wait a sec. Alexis, please hand me one of our beach towels.”  
  
Staci must have thought that the towel was to cover her because she smiled.  
  
“Thank you so much.”  
  
“Oh, believe me. It’s our pleasure,” Joeli replied.  
  
Instead of using the towel to cover the naked girl, Joeli put in on the seat and spread it over her own legs.  
  
“Wouldn’t want to get your juices all over my car.”  
  
Staci sat on the towel, and Joeli reached around her to close the door.  
  
“My, my. What a situation you’ve gotten yourself into. You’re naked in public, have your hand’s tied behind you, and, from the look and smell of things, so horny that you’d hump anything that moves. Would you like some help?” Joeli said.  
  
“Oh yes! Please. Can you help me? Do you have a knife or something to cut off this horrid cord?”  
  
Joeli placed her hand on the girl’s inner thigh and lightly stroked the outside of her clit. With her eyes, she directed Alexis to start filming.  
  
“No, but I could help with something else.”  
  
Staci closed her eyes and moaned with pleasure, but then she tried to clinch her thighs. Joeli responded by sticking her finger into her moist hole.  
  
“Are you sure that you don’t want some relief?”  
  
Staci spread her legs.  
  
“Ohhh. Ohhh. But I’m not a lesbian.”  
  
Joeli removed her hand.  
  
“I’m insulted that you think that I’m a lesbian. I’m just offering to help out a friend in need.”  
  
“No, please don’t stop. Please, I need it!” Staci cried.  
  
“After insulting me, you’re going to have to beg. Tell me how much you need. Tell me what a slut you are.”  
  
“Ohh, please finger me. Please stroke my pussy! I’m a huge, lesbian slut. I need your finger. Please.”  
  
“That’s better.”  
  
Joeli patted her towel covered legs.  
  
“Here, climb on top of my lap.”  
  
Staci practically threw herself on top of Joeli and spread her legs wide without being asked. Alexis taped the whole thing as Joeli began fingering her and stroking her clit. She was merciless, continuing to fondle the girl through multiple orgasms until they reached Carter Hall. She kept up the piston action until Alexis opened the door and pulled the naked and disheveled Staci out of the car and onto the front steps of the dorm.   
  
Staci collapsed from exhaustion as a crowd of her laughing classmates gathered around.

[Joeli's Conversation](http://rswstoryarchive.blogspot.com/2008/11/boch-3-joelis-conversation.html)

Joeli suffered through her BRUTAL Tuesday schedule, five classes in a row. Now that they were over, she focused solely on getting to the cafeteria for a late lunch. Taking her usual route, she bypassed the long trek around Robison Hall and the jumbled mess of construction by cutting through the sparsely used lower level of the Smithson Building. If you were willing to climb some stairs, you could easily cut the walking time of the regular twenty minute hike in half.  
  
Not many people knew about this particular shortcut, so she rarely encountered any other students. Imagine her surprise, therefore, when, upon exiting the basement door, she encountered a young man sitting on the stairs with books and papers spread all around him. With the building on one side and a steep concrete retaining wall on the other bounding the narrow passage, the guy completely blocked her path. As she started to verbalize her annoyance with him, he looked her in the eyes and spoke.  
  
“I’m so sorry. I didn’t think anyone used this exit. Let me gather up all my stuff.”  
  
He hustled trying to stack all his books and papers. His presence irritated Joeli at first, but she lightened up when she realized how cute he was. She waited patiently as he moved out of her way.  
  
“I am so, so sorry about this.”  
  
“Not a big deal,” she said, turning to walk up the stairs.  
  
“Excuse me,” he called out to her.  
  
She turned around to look at him.  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“I don’t suppose that you could help me out with something if you’re not in too much of a hurry?”  
  
“Like what?”  
  
“Do you know about Psych 469?”  
  
Joeli grinned.  
  
“Yeah. The Psychology of Sex class, right? I’ve seen the ‘I’ve had SEX at Filton College’ t-shirts in the bookstore.”  
  
“Well,” he said, “I’m taking the class and have to get people to fill out these stupid surveys.”  
  
“What kind of surveys?” she asked.  
  
“About, uh, sexual stuff. It wasn’t a problem for me to find guys to do half of them, but I’ve got two more left for girls. Is there anyway that you could…”  
  
He looked embarrassed to be asking. She didn’t feel like helping a stranger out with his class work, especially with her stomach growling. On the other hand, Joeli couldn’t get past his cuteness, and he looked ripped under that Polo. Besides, she found his shyness endearing.  
  
“How long would it take?”  
  
“Oh, not long at all,” he said, pulling out two clipboards.  
  
“I have two left, Voyeur and Exhibitionist. Which would you prefer?”  
  
Joeli didn’t consider herself to be much of a show off, but watching definitely didn’t turn her own.  
  
“Neither really, but, if I had to choose, I’d say exhibitionist.”  
  
He put down one of the boards and took out a pen.  
  
“Excellent. I’m Dave, by the way. Thanks so much for helping me.”  
  
“Joeli. Not a problem.”  
  
“Okay, Joeli, do you know what an exhibitionist is?”  
  
“Uh, someone who likes to expose their body, like the stereotypical guy in a trench coat or these sorority girls who prance around half naked to class.”  
  
“Kind of. The trench coat flasher is an extreme case of someone suffering from a particular form of paraphilia. The sorority girls that you mentioned may be seeking attention, which is actually a form of exhibitionism, but aren’t generally becoming aroused because of their attire. For the purposes of this survey, we’re going to narrowly define it in such a way that sexual stimulation due to exposure is implied.”  
  
‘He certainly talks like a psych major,’ she thought.  
  
“Okay.”  
  
“So, next question: do you become aroused when you show off your body?”  
  
“No.”  
  
“Really? It’s not the slightest bit exciting to you when a guy sees your nude form? The first time that you stripped for your boyfriend, it didn’t turn you on at all?”  
  
“I’m actually single at the moment,” she said.  
  
Dave grinned this time.  
  
“For your last boyfriend, then.”  
  
“Well, maybe a little.”  
  
“Will you close your eyes?”  
  
She complied.  
  
“Imagine yourself taking off all your clothes, right here and now, in front of a total stranger of the opposite gender. How would you feel?”  
  
She tried to imagine doing such a thing. Then she thought about Staci, handcuffed and naked in front of all those people. If she were being honest, she had to admit that could see why the cheerleader had gotten so horny.  
  
“Embarrassed. Humiliated, but also excited. Does that make me weird?”  
  
“Not at all. You’re taught practically from birth that nudity is wrong. Later in life, you learn to equate it to sexual behavior. Most women, and a lot of men, feel the exact same way.”  
  
She digested that information.  
  
“What does being taught that it’s wrong have to do with anything?”  
  
“A lot of people tend to associate that which is taboo with arousal. I’d have to get into a lot of psychobabble to explain it.”  
  
“Oh.”  
  
“So, back to the questions. Have you ever been sexually stimulated by being seen naked?” he asked.  
  
She felt her face heat up.  
  
“Yes. Like you said earlier, with various boyfriends.”  
  
“Anytime in an otherwise non-sexual situation?”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“Strip poker. Truth or dare. Got caught in the shower. That sort of thing.”  
  
Joeli vividly recalled the first time that she got naked in front of a boy. Her next door neighbor, Kevin, and she had been playing inside on a rainy day. She was 14, and he was almost two years older. They had gotten bored with video games, and he suggested that they go outside.  
  
“Go outside!” Joeli said. “We’ll get soaked.”  
  
“Yeah, that’s the point. We can play Truth or Dare like we did when we were little.”  
  
She didn’t give much thought to her outer attire, blue jeans and a light t-shirt, and gave no consideration to the fact that she wasn’t wearing her training bra today over her developing breasts.  
  
“Okay. Let’s do it.”  
  
He dared her to lay down in a mud puddle, and she dared him to wade through a stream. Within minutes, they were both soaked to the skin, and she noticed that he was paying a lot more attention than normal to her chest. Looking down, she discovered that her shirt was plastered to her body and was nearly transparent. She whole body turned bright red instantly.  
  
Instead of yelling at him for looking, she said nothing because she found that she enjoyed the attention. She knew that Kevin had never looked at her that way and that he’d be getting his drivers license soon. Rumors were that he was going to ask a girl in his class to homecoming.  
  
She let him look, pretending that she didn’t notice, and they continued their game. Not long after, however, their favorite childhood game began to get a little boring as well. Once again, Kevin made a suggestion.  
  
“I bet that I know something that you won’t do,” he said.  
  
Because he was so much older and a boy, Joeli always felt like she had to put on her bravest tomboy face when she played with him. Since she trusted that he wouldn’t ask her to do anything that endangered her or that she physically couldn’t do, she had to take the bait.  
  
“Right. There’s no way I’m letting you win.”  
  
“Okay, you win if you do this one. I dare you to take your clothes off and let me see you.”  
  
She couldn’t believe that he had actually dared her to do it. Now, was she really going to follow through?  
She looked around at their surroundings in the woods behind her house. There was no one else about, and they were far enough into the trees that her parents couldn’t see them.  
  
“Here?”  
  
“Yeah. Where else?”  
  
Without another word, she kicked off her sandals, leaving her barefoot on the rough ground. After a quick internal debate, she undid the jeans and slipped them off her legs before stripping off her t-shirt. Now standing in front of him wearing only soaking wet pale blue panties, she looked at him imploringly.  
  
“Everything?”  
  
The voice that replied sounded little louder than a whisper.  
  
“Yes.”  
  
Her hands shaking from more than just the cold, Joeli hooked her thumbs under the waistband of the only thing providing her any cover at all as Kevin stared at the rest of her exposed body.   
  
‘Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!’ she thought.  
  
It was such a strange feeling as she pushed the tiny garment down her legs, revealing more and more of her sparse black bush as it went. She was completely mortified to let her best friend see her like this, but she kind of liked it too. It made her all tingly.  
  
She finally let go of the panties, and they fell to her ankles. After she stepped out of them, she was completely naked. She left her hands at her side and let him look.  
  
After what seemed like an eternity, he finally spoke.  
  
“Would you, uh, please turn around?”  
  
He wanted to see her butt, too!  
  
She slowly complied and stood there with her back to him.  
  
After a while, he said, “Okay. You win.”  
  
As she gathered her clothes, she thought about asking him to give her some privacy to get dressed, but, since he had just seen her naked anyway, it seemed stupid. Instead, she let him watch as she dressed in the reverse order that she had taken her clothes off.  
  
As soon as she slipped her shoes on, they said very awkward goodbyes, and he headed home. Joeli practically ran to her house and into her bathroom. After filling the tub, she got undressed and slipped into the deliciously hot water.   
  
She soaked for a while letting the warmth penetrate her chilled bones before cleaning herself with soap and washing her hair. Her ablutions finished, she couldn’t help but think about what happened with her and Kevin in the woods, and her focusing on the memories brought back a weird feeling down there.   
  
She had touched herself before while cleaning of course, but, otherwise, all she knew was that it wasn’t nice for a proper young lady to do anything else with that part of her body. The feelings coming from there, though! Those parts called out for her to caress them. She gave in and ended up having her first ever orgasm.  
  
End Part 3.1  
  
Start Part 3.2  
  
“Joeli? You still with me?”  
  
“Oh, sorry Dave. I was lost in thought.”  
  
“So… The question?”  
  
“What was it again?”  
  
“Have you ever gotten naked in front of a guy in a non-sexual situation?”  
  
Joeli told him a Cliff Notes version of the truth or dare story, not mentioning her reactions or what happened in the bath tub.  
  
“And how did that make you feel?”  
  
She laughed at the stereotypical psychologist line.  
  
He smiled back at her, and she melted a little bit.  
  
“Weird. A lot of emotions. I was embarrassed, of course, and excited at the same time.”  
  
“Why?”  
  
“Because I was doing something naughty, but I was also safe. I knew that Kevin wasn’t going to hurt me or ridicule me. Still, though, I knew that I wasn’t supposed to let a boy see me naked.”  
  
“Any other emotions?”  
  
“It’s hard to put into words, but I think that I felt a sense of power. Here was this older guy who had never looked at me like that, and now he was definitely thinking of me sexually. I had power over him, but I was vulnerable too. Dangerous but safe, powerful but vulnerable. So many contradictions. I thought about that moment a lot over the next several years.”  
  
“When you say ‘thought about?’”  
  
The heat rose in her face again and seemed to spread to other places.  
  
“Yeah, I mean it fueled my fantasies for quite a while.”  
  
“Do you still fantasize about being exposed?”  
  
She knew she was out and out blushing now. She thought about how mortified Staci had been last weekend but also how turned on.  
  
“Yes, and about other girls being exposed,” she said quietly.  
  
“Oh. None of my business, but do you get excited by seeing naked girls?”  
  
“Yes. I mean, no. Not like that. Something about girls being embarrassed about being naked does it for me.”  
  
She couldn’t believe that she was having this conversation. This guy was good at getting her to open up.  
  
“What do you think would turn you on more: you getting undressed right now or seeing another girl who was embarrassed stripping?”  
  
Joeli thought for a moment.  
  
“Probably myself.”  
  
“How would you feel about undressing here?”  
  
“Nervous, probably excited.”  
  
“Would you undress now?”  
  
“Huh?”  
  
“Just curious. If I asked you to, would you like the opportunity to experience that kind of situation again? Be honest.”  
  
“Maybe. It is intriguing.”  
  
“Go ahead, then. Strip off your clothes. I don’t mind.”  
  
“But it’s not safe. Someone might see.”  
  
“I don’t know,” he said. “We’re pretty secluded in the stairwell. This isn’t exactly a well used part of the campus. Besides, that’s an excuse for you to chicken out.”  
  
“Chicken out? I never agreed to strip for you.”  
  
“I don’t want you to strip for me. I want you to do it for you and tell me how it makes you feel.”  
  
“Are you sure it’s okay?”  
  
Why was she asking him if it was okay for her to humiliate herself?  
  
“You should do it.”  
  
She didn’t know why, maybe because thinking about the incident with Kevin and about Staci’s complete debasement at the water park had made her so horny that her libido took over thinking for her brain, but she gave in to the temptation.  
  
She pulled off her t-shirt while kicking off her shoes. Then, bending over to take off her socks, she noticed Dave staring at her hanging breasts. She blushed again and pushed down her shorts.  
  
“There,” she said, standing in just her white bra and panties.  
  
“Does this excite you?” he asked.  
  
She knew her nipples were erect, and she started getting that tingly feeling.  
  
Her voice shook a little as she quietly answered.  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“Why?”  
  
“What do you mean? I stripped, outside, in front of a guy that I don’t know.”  
  
“You’re still fully covered. I’m sure that you own bathing suits that show off more than that. Why, specifically, are you turned on?”  
  
“I guess it’s the fact that no one is supposed to see my underwear, and taking off my clothes made me feel, well, vulnerable.”  
  
“Would it make you feel more aroused if you removed the rest of your clothes?”  
  
“Probably.”  
  
“Would you like to remove the rest of your clothes?”  
  
She couldn’t explain why, but she wanted more than anything to do so.  
  
Blushing furiously, she said, “Yes.”  
  
“Go ahead then.”  
  
“Are you sure?”  
  
Why did she need his validation? Why did she want so badly to do this?  
  
He smiled.  
  
“Definitely.”  
  
Joeli put her right hand behind her back and undid the two latches holding her bra together. The straps hung loosely on her shoulders as she brought her arm back in front of her. She gave a slight shrug, and the garment slid down to the ground. Standing topless with her breasts uncovered, she let him look at her.  
  
‘What must he think of me?’ she thought. ‘Within fifteen minutes of meeting her, this girl is stripping naked for him.’  
  
A shiver went through her body as she visualized herself through his eyes. Bare toes with blue polish, cute feet, toned and tanned calves, long legs ending in a brief band of white cotton, trim stomach with defined abs, pert B cup breasts with nipples sticking straight out, pretty face with wide eyes and black, shoulder-length hair framing it.   
  
‘Surely, he must like what he sees.’  
  
The gulf of silence stretched on.  
  
‘Am I really going to do this?’  
  
She answered herself by sticking her thumbs in the waistband of her panties. Slowly, she pushed down revealing the top of a thin strip of jet black curls. More and more of the hair came into view until she exposed her wet clitoris. With nothing left to hide, she shoved the article of clothing down her legs and stepped out of it.  
  
She stood totally naked before him and still he remained silent. She had to fill the gap with something.  
  
“What do you think?” she asked.  
  
“Wow! Very nice. You have an athlete’s body. Do you play sports?”  
  
“Volleyball.”  
  
“I can definitely tell that you work out, and I like the landing strip. It’s a great balance between being totally bare and having too much hair. Also, your breasts are proportioned perfectly for your body. Overall, you look amazing.”  
  
She beamed at his frank assessment.  
  
“Do you feel vulnerable or powerful?” he asked.  
  
“Both, really. It’s hard to feel in control when you have nothing on, but the way that you’re looking at me gives me a sense of being in charge.”  
  
“Could we try something that may seem a little strange to you?”  
  
“Stranger than taking off my clothes in an outside stairwell on campus in broad daylight in front of someone I just met?”  
  
He laughed.  
  
“Point taken. I’m wondering, though, if feeling more vulnerable would make you feel more aroused.”  
  
“What could make me feel more defenseless than this?”  
  
“Well,” Dave said, “your clothes are right at your feet, so you could put them back on at any time. If I had them, you wouldn’t be able to get dressed unless I let you.”  
  
“I don’t know…”  
  
“Does the thought make you nervous?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“Does the nervousness make you more aroused?”  
  
She thought about it. Being separated from her clothes like Staci had been would make it seem more dangerous.  
  
“Yes.”  
  
Why was she being so open with this guy?  
  
“Give them to me.”  
  
Was that a question or a command? Regardless, she bent down to pick up her clothes. She momentarily clutched the armful protectively to her chest before handing them over.  
  
“Now turn around.”  
  
She complied, giving him a good long look at her unprotected butt.  
  
“Bend over.”  
  
Joeli almost balked this time but was too far gone to stop now.   
  
‘Might as well give him the full show.’  
  
She spread her legs and bent over, pressing her hands against the rough concrete steps. Hearing movement behind her, she wondered if Dave was going to do something about the vulnerable position in which she put herself. She imagined him penetrating her gaping, wet hole.   
  
‘Is that what I want?’ she thought. ‘Do I want him to take me right here? Am I the kind of girl who has sex with a guy she just met?’  
  
It definitely wasn’t something that she would normally do, but she was so worked up that she couldn’t help herself. She stayed bent over, exposing herself completely and waiting for him to take advantage. Finally, the position started to get uncomfortable.  
  
“Dave? Have you seen enough?”  
  
Her query was met with only silence.  
  
She stood up and turned around. He wasn’t there and neither were her clothes!  
  
Frantically, she raced to the door and pulled. It didn’t budge an inch.   
  
Her heart raced as she considered her predicament as terror regarding her situation quickly replaced her horniness.  
  
‘Calm down,’ she thought. ‘Panicking won’t do any good. Think! How bad is this?’  
  
It was broad daylight, and she was completely naked. She was a long way from her dorm and had no keys or phone; both had been in the pocket of her shorts. The door to the Smithson Building was obviously locked.   
  
It looked pretty bad.  
  
‘Crap, why would some random guy strip me and steal my clothes?’  
  
The thought brought up memories of Staci’s ordeal.  
  
‘Of course, you idiot. The guy was obviously a friend of the cheerleaders.’  
  
She had only two choices – try to sneak to somewhere she could either get clothes or hide or stay where she was. The second alternative sounded much better than to her than walking across campus nude. It appeared better, that is, until she thought about the fact that she was set up.  
  
‘If Staci’s crew was behind this, I won’t be down here alone for long. I don’t have a choice.’  
  
Clutching her arms and hands across her pussy and boobs and crouching low to keep her body out of the open for a long as possible, she slowly ascended the stairs. As soon as her head cleared the retaining wall, Joeli looked carefully in all directions to detect signs of life.  
  
Luckily, there were no students about outside. She tried to figure out her best move.  
  
‘My best bet is probably to take off running and streak all the way to the dorm. If I cover my face, maybe no one will know that it’s me.’  
  
The thought of all the people who would see her nude form combined with the possibility of cheerleaders lying in wait for her turned her off that idea.  
  
‘I’ve got to hide until night or try to find something to cover me.’  
  
Realizing that her present location wasn’t exactly secure because any number of students could decide to look out of the surrounding classroom windows at any time, she decided to make a move. The back of Howell Hall, the science building, stood right next to the Smithson Building, and it too had a basement entrance. The only obstacle between her and the relative cover of indoors was thirty yards of open grass with absolutely nothing to hide her.  
  
‘Come on, girl. You can do this.’  
  
Her pounding heart sounded loud enough in her ears to attract attention from the farthest reaches of campus, and her hands grew clammy with sweat. After searching the entire quadrangle intently for any signs of life, she took off.   
  
Professional football players can sprint forty yards in under four seconds, so Joeli, an athlete herself, probably covered the distance in much less than five even with the disadvantage of being barefoot. At the time, however, it felt like hours. Her pumping arms and legs seemed to be moving through molasses rather than air.  
  
After bounding down the stairs, she stopped at the entrance. It occurred to her that it wouldn’t be a good idea to burst into the building. Who knew what lay in wait for her inside?  
  
Instead, she slowly pulled the door open wide enough for her to see inside. The corridor was empty!  
  
Relieved, she quickly slipped inside.  
  
It felt weird to be padding along barefoot in a class building, and the hard terrazzo chilled her feet. That feeling, however, was nothing compared to knowing that anyone exiting one of the many offices lining the hallway would see all of her.   
  
She hadn’t had many classes in this building, but she thought that the basement, the level she was currently navigating, consisted mainly of labs and offices. At least she didn’t have to worry about a huge crowd of students suddenly exiting. Even one person seeing her, however, would be embarrassing. She picked up her pace to as fast as was prudent.  
  
‘If I keep wondering through the corridors, someone’s going to see me.’  
  
No sooner had she though that then she heard a noise from the stairwell behind her. From the sound, someone was obviously descending and would be able to see her very soon. She didn’t have time to check for unlocked doors. There was absolutely nothing to conceal her in the unfurnished corridor. Her only choices were to remain where she was and surely be seen or to take her chances by trying to make it to an open door about a hundred feet away.   
  
End 3.2  
  
Start 3.3  
  
Her bare feet pounding on the hard floor eliminated any chance of her hearing when the person behind her entered the hall, so she never knew if anyone got a glimpse of her retreating bare butt. In the room she burst into, however, the two guys wearing eye protection over their glasses and long white coats certainly saw more than that.  
  
Wanting to flee the known danger as fast as possible, she had used her pumping arms to speed her momentum thus propelling her unprotected into the unknown.   
  
She yelped as soon as she realized that the two men were staring at her uncovered tits and pussy and quickly used her hands and arms to conceal as much as possible. She apparently regained her wits faster than the two of them because they were still slack jawed as she started to speak.  
  
“Would either of you, uh, perhaps have something that I could wear?” she asked.  
  
The tall skinny one on the right started to remove his lab coat, but his shorter companion stopped him.  
  
“Why don’t you first explain to us how you came to be walking around the science building naked,” he said.  
  
“It’s a long story.”“We’ve got time.”  
  
“Couldn’t you please get me something to wear?”  
  
“No.”  
  
Joeli thought about it. She could simply turn and run out of the room, but she’d still be in the same situation. These guys had already seen her and could possibly provide her with clothes.  
  
“Could we at least close the door so that no one else can see me?”  
  
“Go ahead.”  
  
With her hands still grasping her naughty bits, she backed up to the wall and tried to move the door with her knee. It didn’t budge.   
  
Looking down, she discovered that a mechanism held it open. Try as she might, she couldn’t get the lever to depress with her foot. She thought about asking one of the lab workers to do it but decided it was no use. There was no help for it; she’d either have to bend down and use her hand or leave it open.  
  
Her position was way to vulnerable if she stood with her back to the corridor while explaining the situation to her potential saviors. Anyone passing by would surely see her naked behind. It had to be shut.  
  
Aggravated, she turned around and bent over, keeping her legs as tightly held together as she could.   
  
‘Great,’ she thought. ‘These are the second and third guys today who have seen all of my nude body, and I don’t even know their names!’  
  
With the door finally shut, she turned to face them keeping her hands covering her vital parts.   
  
She attempted to give an abbreviated version of the events leading up to her entering the lab sans clothes, but the shorter guy kept asking questions. He wouldn’t let her get away with saying that someone stripped her; he had to have the details. She ended up telling them all about the prank war and about a psych major who talked her into getting naked and barely managed to prevent them from learning how Dave exploited her arousal to do so.  
  
“The worst part is,” she said at the conclusion of the story, “that I chose to take off my clothes. They weren’t sabotaged or stolen. It was my decision. I feel so stupid.”  
  
Joeli was normally a strong, confident person, but the events of the day left her emotionally drained. She was near tears as she made her final pronouncement.  
  
She could tell that the taller one sympathized with her plight and looked ready to give her his coat. The other one stopped him once again.  
  
“Well now,” he said, “that is a sad story. Snooty girls having a prank war. Boo hoo. Do you really think that’s going to work? I know your type. You’re pretty and think that nerdy guys like us are beneath your notice except when you need something. You’re not going to get something for nothing today.”  
  
Joeli fought to gain control of her emotions, forcing her strong nature to assert itself. The tears dried up, and she stared at him defiantly.  
  
“What do you want?” she said to the one she now thought of as Bitter Guy.  
  
“My partner and I are in the middle of a time sensitive experiment that’s should take about an hour and a half more to finish. While we’re working, you’re going to hang around and help us out, dressed exactly as you are and without trying to cover yourself. After we finish, you’ll put on a show for us and do whatever we say.”  
  
“Whatever you say? Not a chance…”  
  
“Don’t interrupt me again,” Bitter Guy said. “We won’t touch you or ask you to touch us, but we’ll see you any way that we want.”  
  
“And what do I get for this?”  
  
“I said not to cut me off. One more time, and there’s no deal.”  
  
Joeli nodded her assent.  
  
“At the conclusion of the show, we’ll loan you a cell phone to call your roommate. Then we’ll let you wear a lab coat out to the car and drive you to your dorm. You can take these terms, or you can take off,” he said, motioning in the direction of the door.  
  
Joeli thought seriously about doing just that, leaving. This guy was a jerk. On the other hand, did she have much of a choice? If she gave these two a show, she could prevent anyone else from seeing her. Was a known evil better than an unknown fate?  
  
She almost whispered her reply.  
  
“Okay.”  
  
For the first time, Bitter Guy smiled.  
  
“Drop your hands.”  
  
Reluctantly, she put her arms by her side exposing everything to them. She grimaced as their eyes took in her entire nude body from the tips of her toes to her pubic hair to her pointed nipples to the top of her head. They must have stared at her for five full minutes before the short one spoke.  
  
“This is fun and all, but we have to get to our project. Go grab that stop watch,” he said, pointing to a device laying on the counter.  
  
“Could I please have something to eat first? I had class all morning, and I skipped breakfast. I don’t know if I can make it another couple of hours.”  
  
Bitter Guy was about to say something, but the tall one cut him off.  
  
“Unfortunately, we don’t have anything here in the lab. There are some vending machines just around the corner, though.”  
  
“Would you mind getting me something?”  
  
The Bitter Guy cut in.  
  
“Get your own food. If Stan wants to loan you a couple of bucks, that’s his business, but you’ve delayed us enough already. We have to continue with the experiment.”  
  
Stan walked up to her and seemed apologetic as he handed her three one dollar bills.   
  
“Go right when you exit the lab. The machines are in a little room on the left after you turn the corner. It’s not far at all.”  
  
She considered going naked into the hallway once more, taking another chance at being seen.   
  
‘I can’t do it. I’m finally at least semi-protected in a room where only two people will see me. I can’t risk it again.’  
  
Then her stomach growled. Loudly.   
  
She cracked open the door and looked down the corridor. There was no sign of anyone. She stuck her head out and surveyed the other direction. The building appeared to be empty.  
  
Hesitantly, she stepped out of the room and braced for possible exposure. As quickly as she could, she tip-toed toward the far end of the hallway while listening intently for any sound that could indicate someone about to exit any one of the many closed doors. All stayed still and quiet, though, and she reached the vending area without incident. Sighing with relief, she tried to decide on her selections.  
  
‘There are absolutely no healthy choices!’  
  
The drink machine had only sodas, and the snacks consisted solely of junk foods. As an athlete, she much preferred to eat fruits and vegetables, not processed sugar.  
  
‘No help for it.’  
  
After smoothing out the dollar bill and inserting it, she chose a Diet Coke. At least it had no calories, though she usually didn’t drink anything with caffeine. Options for food were much worse. With the two dollars that she had left, she could select two items, but it was hard for her to find anything. There weren’t even granola bars.  
  
‘Who stocks these things, teenage boys?’  
  
Her overwhelming hunger forced her to get something, and she picked out blueberry Pop Tarts first. At least those presumably had fruit inside. As she looked for a second item, she became conscious of the time that this was taking.  
  
‘Hurry it up, stupid. The longer you’re in here, the more chances you have of being seen. Hmm. “Packed with peanuts, Snickers really satisfies you.” I need some satisfying about now.’  
  
The double meaning hit her, and she grinned.  
  
Not thirty seconds had passed since she had grabbed the candy bar when she heard the voice outside the room. As hastily as she could, she squeezed between the Coke machine and the wall, trying to make herself invisible.  
  
“I’m telling you; I have no idea where she went. Jerry was supposed to be there with the camera, but he didn’t show… Yes, I know he was probably running late. The point is that I didn’t get to tape her… I know Staci’s going to be pissed. She can tell off Jerry… Anyway, the chick exited the stairwell a lot sooner than I expected and took off running to the basement of the science building. I’m there now trying to find her, but I don’t see any signs. The only unlocked room had a couple of guys who hadn’t seen anything unusual… Yeah, I’ll check the women’s restrooms. Good idea.”  
  
The voice trailed off as it moved farther past her position, and she heard a door opening and closing in the distance.  
  
‘Wow. If I hadn’t went to get food, he would have caught me in the lab, and, if I hadn’t have taken so long making a decision, he probably would have seen me in the middle of the corridor. What if he wouldn’t have been talking on his cell phone? I guess I’m about as lucky as someone who was tricked into stripping naked and had her clothes stolen can be.’  
  
She ran to the door and peeked out. The coast was clear, and she took advantage of the opportunity, sprinting quietly down the hall back to the lab. Her chest was heaving as she entered the room.  
  
As crappy as Bitter Guy had treated her, at least he hadn’t ratted her out. After she ate, she resolved that she’d be a good lab assistant to them.  
  
They took advantage of her situation but weren’t overly mean about it. Bitter Guy found a lot of reasons for her to bend over and get stuff or to lean over the table. Even the nice one checked her out constantly, but she couldn’t blame him. She quickly came to realize how nerdy the two were and decided that they probably hadn’t had much opportunity to gawk at a real live naked girl in person.  
  
Their experiment did seem to drag on forever, though, and she was actually relieved when she had helped them clean and put up the last of the testing apparatus. She had forgotten what was to happen when they finished.  
  
“All right, time for the show,” Bitter Guy said.  
  
“You’ve been staring at me for the last hour and a half. What more is there to see?”  
  
“Oh, I can think of something…”  
  
Joeli blushed as she realized what he meant.  
  
“Turn around and bend over.”  
  
She knew that it was coming but still somehow couldn’t believe what he was asking.  
  
‘Just a few more minutes, and I’ll be able to cover myself.’  
  
She did as he asked, placing her hands flat on the floor but keeping her legs together.   
  
“Spread your legs.”  
  
She couldn’t bear to think about what they were now seeing. Surely all of her was on display.  
  
They let her stay that way for quite a while, and she began to get worried that they would take off like Dave had.  
  
“Guys?”  
  
“Oh, right. You can get up now.”  
  
“Is that it?”  
  
Bitter Guy looked at Stan.   
  
“One more thing, we want to see you do yourself.”  
  
“Do myself? What do you… Oh.”  
  
Joeli’s red face turned crimson.  
  
“No. I can’t do that. No.”  
  
“Okay, we’ll be on our way. Too bad. Good luck getting to your dorm.”  
  
She turned her eyes imploringly to Stan, but Bitter Guy saw what she was attempting.  
  
“Don’t even try it. We’re out of here.”  
  
The two of them turned toward the door.  
  
“By the way,” he called back to her, “we have to lock up when we leave. We’re gonna have to ask you to leave.”  
  
Joeli was in a near state of panic. She had spent the last couple of hours thinking that she only had to endure this and she was safe. How would she get home? She was crushed.  
  
She couldn’t face going back outside naked, risking all that exposure. On the other hand, she couldn’t do what he asked, could she?  
  
“Wait.”  
  
They turned back to face her.  
  
“Okay. I’ll go through with my end of the bargain.”  
  
She definitely couldn’t do it standing up, so she walked over to the lab table and climbed up on it. She lay flat on her back with her feet flat and her legs spread. As the two guys moved themselves to a better vantage point, she closed her eyes and tried to imagine that she didn’t have an audience. She pictured herself warm and safe in her own bed fantasizing about a cute guy.  
  
She flinched as a picture of Dave’s face popped into her mind. She tried to banish it, to think of her last boyfriend, Brad Pitt, anyone. Instead, she started reliving her conversation with him, visualizing herself stripping naked and exposing herself to him.  
  
Before she knew it, her right hand went to her breast and caressed it before pinching her rock hard nipple. She got herself good and worked up before moving down to her clit. She lingered there, rubbing intently, until she was on the verge of screaming. Several moans did escape her lips.  
  
When she felt herself on the very edge, she plunged two fingers into her gaping wet hole. The friction created sent her over instantly. Her back arched into the air, and she muffled her cry of ecstasy as much as she could. Waves of orgasmic bliss wracked her body, the shivers causing her to tremble and making her bare breasts shake.  
  
She didn’t open her eyes until her breathing had returned to normal.  
  
“That good?” she asked.  
  
Bitter Guy could only nod his head.  
  
They helped her stand, and she leaned on Stan until she felt that her wobbly would support her. This time, the shorter one didn’t stop him when he took off his coat and offered it to her. Finally, her naughty bits were covered.  
  
True to their word, they escorted her to their car, drove her to her dorm, and let her call Carry, who was a bit shocked at the request to bring a sweat suit and tennis shoes down to the parking lot. The two guys got one last look at her as she had to shuck the lab coat in order to get dressed, but they were the last ones to see her nude that day.  
  
End Chapter 3