Bimbo Barbie's Close Shave

 by

 Joe Doe

Barbara's swim team agrees to enroll in a small college in order

To use the pool. But the young professional women fall under the

Control of the watchful coach leer.

Barbara saw her reflection in the polished floor of the gymnasium

and smiled. The beautiful young woman in the crisp charcoal suit

she saw striding across the room was the epitome of cool

professionalism.

Barbara kept in excellent shape by participating in a small swim

club she had formed with some other female executives in the area.

Her relay team had competed in swim meets with other corporate

groups. The competitive women had won several ribbons, although

first place had eluded them.

But, when their health club closed their pool for renovations,

the team had no place to practice. Barbara had entered into

negotiations with a small local college to use their pool, which

was available for private use three nights a week. The college

had agreed, provided that they could find a faculty sponsor to

supervise the team when it was on school property. Unfortunately

for the women, the only faculty sponsor available was Coach Leer.

The women knew of Coach Leer's reputation for "accidentally"

walking in on his female athletes in various stages of undress,

and there were rumors that he used his power over women athletes

in unscrupulous ways. But, along with his reputation as an

uncompromising disciplinarian, Leer was also known as a man who

could coach a winning team.

The six young women on Barbara's team had discussed the coach over

a bottle of wine and had unanimously concluded that the only

solution was to agree to whatever he demanded. Much to Barbara's

initial surprise, the conversation quickly turned to the women's

sex fantasies, each of the powerful career women admitting that

the coach's reputation for peeking and power games was a real turn-on.

All six executives had stress-filled power jobs, and they agreed

that it might be fun -- even therapeutic -- to live out their

exhibitionist fantasies by "submitting" to the sexist antics of

the coach. After all, the women reasoned, they were all competent,

educated professional women at the top of the pyramid. How bad

could a few practices with him really be?

"Besides," Cynthia said, "Leer is a good coach. If it takes a

little humiliation to produce a winning team, then I say, let's

do it." Her slightly drunken, randy teammates quickly agreed,

and Barbara was selected to drop off the enrollment forms the

coach had requested.

Although she was used to cutting million dollar deals, Barbara's

instincts told her that her first meeting with the coach was going

to be different. Coach Leer knew that the women needed him more

than he needed them, and Barbara had no doubt that a lecherous

tyrant like him would take full advantage of the situation.

She nervously knocked on the door to the coach's office and was

surprised when he greeted her warmly. He offered her a seat and

immediately asked her if she had brought the enrollment forms.

The coach insisted that everyone on the team enroll as "students

at large" in the college, so that they would be covered by the

school's insurance when on school property. The request seemed

reasonable enough, although Barbara felt a slight twinge when the

coach explained that the forms also meant that, once the women were

enrolled, they would be no different than any other student -- and

would have to submit fully to his authority.

He smiled broadly when she handed him the forms. After checking

that each form was signed, he locked them in his desk and

immediately suggested that they both "hit the showers."

Barbara was stunned when she walked into the large locker room.

The beautifully tiled locker room at her health club contained

private shower stalls, with curtained-off changing rooms in front

of each stall. But the large gang shower here, by contrast, was

basically a slightly sunken area in the center of a large, brightly

lit concrete room. Instead of shower nozzles, a series of pipes

with sprinkler holes ran across the ceiling in horizontal rows

spaced every four feet.

A few feet away was a small office that was separated from the

shower area only by a large glass partition. Barbara noted

unhappily that anyone sitting in the office would have a perfect

and unobstructed view of the showers.

"I'll turn on the water for only the first pipe when you girls take

your showers, since there aren't that many of you," the coach

explained. "There is plenty of room in the front row for you

girls to stand shoulder to shoulder and take your showers."

"Where will...y-you be?" Barbara asked, nervously.

"While you girls are showering, I'll just sit in the office," he

said. He looked Barbara up and down appraisingly, and she felt

flushed as he undressed her with his eyes. "And observe!" he

added, with sly grin.

"But, we'll be...naked!" she said, her voice trembling in disbelief.

"BUTT naked!" the coach replied, cheerfully. "Regrettably, the

rules require me to stay in the office and supervise, in case

there is an accident...and to make sure that there's no horseplay.

Don't worry; I'll keep a close eye on you ladies!"

From the way the coach was looking at her, Barbara knew that he

would keep his word. She frowned as she imagined the scene. She

and her teammates would be lined up in a row, which would give him

a clear view of each of them. They could turn their backs to him,

of course, but the rear wall of the shower room was mirrored, which

meant that he could get a good view of both the fronts and backs of

all the women without difficulty.

The women wouldn't be able to adjust the water or even reach the

pipe above their heads, and the coach would have total control of

the temperature and water pressure. Barbara had heard stories

about the coach's predilection for "humorously" adjusting the water

temperature while the team was showering. She blushed as she

imagined prancing around helplessly under a suddenly freezing spray

while the coach sat comfortably in his office and laughed at the show.

To Barbara the entire situation was almost unbelievable. Her

colleagues were attractive and successful career women: corporate

executives, lawyers, small business owners, and high-priced

consultants. Was it really possible that he was going to force

them to strip totally naked and scamper around in a group shower

like they were posing for some sleazy pictorial?

"Couldn't we wear our swimsuits in the shower?" she asked,

tentatively, while looking desperately for an exit from the

humiliating, prison-like shower block.

"Absolutely not," the coach sternly replied. "The health

department requires a NUDE shower before entering the pool.

And that means all of you fine ladies will be showering in

front of me absolutely, completely, 100%, bare naked!" The

delight in his voice was obvious. Clearly, the lecherous

old perv could hardly wait to strip her and her lovely

colleagues naked and throw them into the shower.

"Of course, school rules also require a shower AFTER practice, to

wash off the chlorine." He paused and smiled before springing his

next surprise. "Since this is an all female team, you will swim

in the grand tradition of the first Olympics. None of you will be

allowed to wear swimsuits, and all of our practices will be held

in the nude.

Barbara was stunned for a moment, but quickly regained her

composure. "That's ridiculous," she shot back. "It's bad

enough that we have to shower in front of you, but you can't

seriously expect us to prance around the pool in 'the altogether'!"

The coach looked at her sternly. "Perhaps we would be more

comfortable if we discussed this in my office," he said, curtly.

The two walked into the adjoining office, and the coach sat down

behind the wooden desk. Barbara pulled up a chair and started to

sit, but he stopped her dead in her tracks.

"I'd like to remind you that you are a student in MY office, young

lady, and I did NOT give you permission to sit down!"

She was stunned by his change in tone. But there was something

about his voice that brooked no contradiction, and she found

herself standing anxiously in front of his desk like the nervous

student she suddenly was.

"YOU are the one who asked to be here, and I agreed to coach your

team as a favor," he said. "So it's my way...or the highway! As

far as I'm concerned, you're just another student, and that means

you toe the line and follow MY rules. When you're in my pool, the

only suit you are going to wear is your birthday suit!"

Barbara shifted nervously from foot to foot as he continued his

harangue. As a successful executive, she was used to being in

charge and to being treated in a deferential (even servile) way.

But it was clear that her new coach regarded her as just another

naughty student who needed a good talking-to.

"As a coach, Barbara, it is sometimes my unfortunate duty to have

to discipline my students," he went on. "I'm sure that you

wouldn't like it if I made you run laps or do squats or jumping

jacks. With the 'uniform' you'll be wearing, that could put you

in a rather awkward position."

She flinched at the image of herself doing naked squats in front of

the drooling coach. But, despite her humiliation -- or perhaps

because of it -- she felt herself becoming very aroused.

The coach reached into his desk and pulled out a dark leather

smacking strap called a tawse. "Of course, when a young woman

behaves like a smart-mouthed little girl, it's often better to

get to the 'seat' of the matter!"

She looked thoughtfully at the coach playing with his strap and

considered the situation. All of her teammates were in their

twenties and thirties, and the thought of being forced to prance

around naked under the threat of a spanking was clearly absurd.

But the power exchange that Coach was proposing left her incredibly

hot, and the dampness between her legs was undeniable.

She knew from her conversations that forced exhibitionism scenarios

turned on her teammates, too, and, though she knew that none of the

women had expected the coach to push their fantasies so far, she

suspected her randy friends would be as excited as she was....

"Yes, sir," she agreed, meekly. "We'll take our showers...just

the way you say, sir. And we'll practice...n-naked!"

The coach smiled triumphantly. He couldn't wait for the first day

of practice.

Then the office door opened. "I have all the equipment ready for

the team, Coach. Do you want me to bring it in?"

"Sure, Stanley, come on in," the coach replied.

Barbara was surprised to suddenly find herself standing a few feet

from Stanley Hollis, a fresh-faced 19-year-old college student.

Ten years ago, when she herself had been in college, she was

Stanley's regular babysitter, and she had to admit that she had

been something of a bitch. But now things were different, and it

was he who towered over her as he strode past her and sat down in

the chair that she had been ordered out of. He dropped a large gym

bag alongside.

"It's nice to see you again, Barbara," Stanley said to the stunned

executive standing nervously in front of the coach's desk.

"It's nice to see you too, Stanley," she lied. Under the present

circumstances, there were few people in the world that she wanted

to see LESS than Stanley Hollis!

"Since Stanley is going to be helping me coach your team, I think

you should really start calling him 'Coach,' Barbara," Coach Leer

said, in a patronizing tone.

"What will 'Coach Stanley' be helping with?" she asked, nervously.

"Stanley will supervise the shower area and help maintain

discipline." Leer was stroking the tawse with obvious affection.

"He volunteered to do the job for free after he heard you were on

the team, Barbara. It was his idea to have you girls practice

'Grecian style,' and he's working right now on a way to keep

your long hair from clogging up the pool drains. Tell her what

you've decided, Stanley."

"Well, before the first practice, I'll march you ladies down to the

barber shop for mandatory haircuts, because, even with swim caps,

long hair can be a problem. I considered a buzz cut, but I decided

that a very short page boy look would be okay. A couple of my frat

brothers work part-time as barbers, and they agreed to give you

ladies a group rate.

"So you needn't worry about having to get a crew cut," he said,

magnanimously. "Except, perhaps, as punishment," he added, with

a cruel smile.

Barbara's hands immediately flew to her head as she imagined

herself sitting helplessly in the barber's chair as the grinning

Stanley watched his fraternity brother snip off her beautiful

blonde hair. Stanley knew the vain executive was in love with her

long golden locks, and she knew that Stanley had engineered this

particular humiliation with her in mind.

"Of course, since they'll be practicing in the nude, the hair

between their legs will have to go, too," Stanley said, casually,

smiling at the coach. "After I finish shearing our little lambs

at the barber, I'll shepherd them back to the gym for a nice close

shave."

Stanley reached into his bag and pulled out two shiny metal

contraptions that looked like something out of Dr. Frankenstein's

lab. He brushed past Barbara and knelt down to fasten the two

ridiculous looking silver attachments to the end of desk,

tightening the clamps securely.

Barbara looked on in bewilderment as Stanley explained the devices.

"After we get them back to the locker room, we'll strip them down

naked and line them up outside the office. They can come in one

at a time, put their feet up into these stirrups, and then we can

shear our new litter of little pussies clean as whistles."

Barbara shuddered when she realized what Stanley had attached to

the end of the table. Those metal contraptions had transformed

the ordinary desk into a medical exam table. Not only was Barbara

going to have to strip naked and parade around in front of the

leering teenager, she was going to lie flat on her back and put

her feet into the humiliating steel stirrups...and be shaved.

Her face turned crimson as she imagined Stanley teasingly running

his fingers through her lightly colored blonde fuzz. The degrading

stirrups would allow him and the grinning coach to closely examine

all of her most delicate and private feminine secrets in detail.

The shaving process would be even worse and would literally give

Stanley a free hand to probe all of her most delicate and secret

places.

"I purchased a shaving cup," Stanley said, extracting a porcelain

shaving mug and a badger brush from the bag. "If I mix the lather

myself, I can add in some inhibitor cream that will keep the hair

from growing back so fast. I thought of trying to mix the lather

beforehand, but I think I will get a better result if I wait until

each girl has her feet in the stirrups. Then I can use the mug to

mix up a hot, fresh, tingly batch for each girl. I can baste it on

with the brush, but I'll need to use my fingers to really rub it

in," he explained. "It burns a bit, but it works like a charm,"

he added, brightly.

Barbara grimaced as she imagined herself up on the table with her

feet in the stirrups, looking on helplessly as Stanley tauntingly

stirred the burning cream into a thick lather. She knew he would

take his time, relishing every moment of her fear, exposure, and

humiliation.

"There's one other set of items I picked up," he went on. "I was

concerned that, even with the exercise, the pool water might get

cold, especially considering that our little cuties will be

paddling around buck naked. So I picked up a thermometer for

each one of them, and I'll take their temperatures after practice

each day, just to make sure the pool temperature is correct."

He reached into his bag of tricks and handed Barbara small

thermometer. She swallowed hard when she read the label.

"Th-these are...r-rectal thermometers, sir," she stammered,

desperately hoping that it was all a terrible mistake.

"You get a more accurate reading that way, Barbara," he said. "But

don't worry; it won't hurt a bit." He reached into his bag again

and pulled out a large box of disposable rubber gloves and a jumbo

tube of lubricating jelly, which he placed on the desk in front of

him.

"After practice I'll just line them up in a row on their hands and

knees, with their heads on the ground, their cute little butts in

the air, and their lovely thighs spread nice and wide," he said,

obviously enjoying the mental image. "With the thermometers

sticking out of their backsides, they'll look like a row of turkeys

cooking," he chortled. "I'll keep the tawse handy too, since that

will probably be a good opportunity for us to review the practice."

"Boy, you thought of everything, Stanley," the beaming coach said

proudly. "Isn't it wonderful that my assistant has done so much

planning, Barbara? I really think you ought to thank him."

"Yes, sir," she said, looking at her shoes. "Thank you for

preparing everything, C-coach Stanley." Despite her humiliation,

she couldn't believe how hot she was getting.

"You're very welcome...Barbie," Stanley replied, graciously.

"It was really my pleasure. And I actually have lots of other

surprises planned for you girls!"

Barbara flinched as she imagined the "surprises" her nemesis had

planned. But mostly she flinched at the name "Barbie," which had

always reminded the proud executive of the sexist "Barbie doll"

image she had fought to avoid. Of course, after Stanley stripped

her naked and removed the hair between her legs, a Barbie doll is

exactly what she would look like.

"You're dismissed, Barbie," the coach said, teasingly, picking up

on the hated nickname. "You run along like a good little girl

while I finish up my planning session with Coach Stanley."

Her head still bowed in shame, Barbara obediently shuffled out of

the room and headed towards the door that led to the gym. She was

humiliated beyond words, but grateful for her escape. It was only

when she pulled on the handle to the gym door that she realized

that it was locked.

She nervously returned to the office where the two men were

chatting jovially. The coach was complimenting Stanley on

his wonderful idea to raise money by selling the frat houses

"spectator" tickets to the team's practices....

Barbara explained that the door to the gym was locked, and Stanley

said that he had locked it behind him and had unfortunately left

the key in the other building. The coach told Barbara she would

have to leave by walking through the pool area.

"There's only one problem, Coach," Stanley said, sadly. "You and

I, we're wearing our gym stuff, but Barbie is dressed in her

ordinary street clothes -- and street clothes aren't allowed

in the pool area."

The coach immediately saw the ramifications of Stanley's "mistake"

with the keys and turned to Barbara with a big smile. "I'm sorry,

Barbie, but you're going to have to take off all your clothes."

She stared at the two smiling men like a deer in the headlights.

"Take off my...clothes?"

"I'm afraid so," Stanley said with mock sadness. "You can put your

clothes in my bag, and Coach and I will escort you through the pool

area. You can put your clothes back on as soon as you get out into

the parking lot."

The parking lot! Not only were they going to strip her naked, they

were going to parade her through the halls and out into the parking

lot! Barbara winced as she remembered the fraternity house and the

large student dorm across the street. She wondered if Stanley had

friends there.

"But I can't just strip down na-na-naked...in front of you," she

protested weakly.

"We already discussed that, Barbie," the coach said, once again

reaching for the tawse. "Are you going to be a good girl, or do

you need your first lesson in obedience right now? If you're a

good girl, you can step over in front of the picture window, so

you'll have more room."

She swallowed hard. He was caressing the tawse meaningfully,

and she had no doubt that he would be delighted to use it. The

thought of stripping in front of Stanley and him was unspeakably

humiliating, but the thought of being taken over the coach's

knee for a bare bottom spanking was infinitely worse.

"I-I'll be...a g-good girl, sir."

She walked over in front of the picture window and turned to face

her two tormentors. She shivered and then kicked off her shoes.

"Put your clothes neatly beside you, Barbie," Stanley said, in a

patronizing tone.

She submissively squatted down to rearrange her shoes, and then

stood again. She slowly took off her blue jacket and folded it

neatly, setting it beside her on the floor. Then she reached

behind her and unzipped her skirt.

"I think women in expensive business suits look sexy, don't you,

Coach?" Stanley said, casually.

"Yeah, but women stripping out of them look even sexier!" the coach

said, with a lewd chuckle.

Barbie stepped out of her skirt and slowly started unbuttoning her

crisp white blouse. Stanley was smiling at her and tapping his

toe to an imaginary tune, but he quickly shifted the tempo so

that each tap of his foot matched the loss of a button.

Barbara folded her blouse neatly and placed it on top of the suit.

After a pause, she reached for the hem of her pink slip.

"Do you think Barbie's wearing matching undies?" Coach asked.

"I'm sure of it," Stanley replied. "Barbie dolls always wear

matching outfits," he grinned.

Barbara felt a surge of anger flash through her at the humiliating

comparison, but quickly pulled the pink slip over her head. As

Stanley had predicted, she was wearing expensive, matching pink

bra, panties, and garter belt.

"Nice frillies," Stanley said, holding up both thumbs to show his

approval for the lacy underwear.

"It looks like someone has a charge account at Victoria's Secret,"

the coach added, with a sly smile.

"I don't think Victoria's going to have any secrets left after

today," Stanley said, with a laugh, as Barbara fidgeted nervously

in front of the two horny men.

It was somewhat awkward for her to take off her stockings and

garter belt while standing up, but neither one of the men offered

her any assistance. Instead, they just laughed and joked about

the blushing beauty's "fabulous legs."

She was now wearing nothing but her bra and panties. She stood

there nervously, with her arms folded across her chest for several

seconds, hoping that the two men might issue a reprieve.

But a reprieve was the last thing on their minds. "Now the show

gets interesting," Coach said. "Don't dawdle, Barbie!"

She turned her back and quickly unhooked her bra. It was several

seconds before she realized that her move had accomplished nothing,

and the men were now staring at her hardened nipples in the mirror.

Barbie closed her eyes and slowly slid her panties down her legs,

giving the men a lovely view of her upturned backside as she

gingerly stepped out of her frilly unmentionables.

She squeezed her thighs together to try to hide her shameful

wetness, but it was a losing battle. She was now stark naked,

and she closed her eyes before slowly turning to expose herself

completely for their lewd amusement.

"I do believe we have a natural blonde," Coach said, appreciatively.

"Forget the color. Look at how wet she is!" Stanley said. "I do

believe we have a natural bimbo."

"Okay, Bimbo Barbie," Coach said, cruelly christening Barbara with

her new team nickname. "Put your hands on top of your head and

spread your legs."

Blushing, Bimbo Barbie meekly complied.

Coach Leer picked up the tawse and walked over to the naked,

blushing executive. Barbie flinched as he ran his finger

between her legs. He held up his wet, glistening digits, and

Stanley laughed. Coach then unceremoniously stuffed Barbie's

expensive clothes into the gym bag and took a moment to run his

eyes up and down her body before speaking.

"You know, Barbie should really take a shower before entering the

pool area," he said. thoughtfully. "But, before we do that, we

might as well test out the thermometer, the shaving kit, and the

stirrups, seeing as how you were kind enough to set them up for

us, Stanley."

Stanley said nothing, but started to whistle happily as he cleared

off the coach's desk and moved it away from the wall, so that there

would be more room for her right foot. She stared at him in

disbelief as he tapped the stirrup twice and smiled at her.

Suddenly she felt a sharp "WHAP!" as the strap exploded across the

cheeks of her bare bottom. "Quit dawdling, girl!" Coach said.

"Mount up!"

After a second swat, she obediently scooted over and sat on the

edge of the desk, her arms folded over her breasts and her thighs

clenched tightly together.

Stanley looked at the blushing girl with a triumphant smile and

walked across the locker room to fill up the shaving cup with hot

water. Then he returned and stood directly in front of the "exam

table," facing her.

Barbie was confused. Why didn't he go ahead and prepare the lather?

Then she remembered his plan to wait until each girl had her feet

in the stirrups before he began mixing the ingredients. She

frowned. Stanley was standing only a few feet in front of her,

which meant that she would have to spread her thighs and let the

grinning teen stare at her dripping wet crotch while he mixed his

noxious, burning brew.

Barbie looked over at Coach Leer for assistance, but he simply

smiled at her and began tapping the strap meaningfully against

his palm.

So she leaned back and closed her eyes. She clenched her teeth as

she put her dainty feet into the cold steel stirrups....

The coach let out a low whistle as her femininity came into full

view. She felt a bead of sweat form on her forehead.

Against her better judgment, she opened her eyes and looked between

her legs at "Coach Stanley," who was now regarding her exposed, wet

sex.

"Whenever I dream about you, my little Bimbo Barbie, this is how

I'll see you," he said, with a wink.

She leaned back on the table and stared at the ceiling. The air

conditioner turned on, and she felt even more exposed as the cold

air gently wafted between her widely-spread legs and across her

shamelessly wet sex.

She shivered as the frigid air hardened her nipples. There were

goose bumps on her skin, and she knew that the cold air would make

her body exquisitely sensitive to touch.

Bimbo Barbie closed her eyes and tried frantically to think of

something else, but she was distracted by the insistent sounds

of Stanley's playful whistling and the brush tinkling against

the side of the shaving cup as he lovingly worked up a lather....

Edited by C. Lakewood