**Caught and Exposed**

by[StoryTeller07](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=721483&page=submissions)©

Deirdre sat in the car wondering what was to happen next. Mister Smith had stopped to go shopping. How could he casually walk off at a time like this? She wondered again if the purchase was something to do with her punishment. He hadn't told her what it was to be yet. She didn't even know where he was taking her.

The great consolation was the police weren't involved and she would be able to return to her job. She had worked so hard, all her working life, at Timpson Brothers. It was a big part of her life. If she was honest it was her life.

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The director of Human Resources, Mister Smith, had called her to head office where he confronted her with the awful fact of her theft from the company.

A month ago her boss had died and his company had been bought out by International Salvage, a world wide company. Her company, as she thought of it, was being absorbed. She didn't have the qualifications these new boys had and it looked as though they would bleed her dry of inside information and cast her aside.

In anger and fear for the future she had written cheques to fictitious clients. It had been easy and no one would have found out except a 'wiz kid' stumbled upon the evidence.

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She sat there resigned to whatever the punishment was to be. She thought over what he had told her for a clue as to what she had let herself in for.

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"You have an exemplary record Miss Wordsworth. You have dedicated your life to the company. I can read between the lines in your records, it's my job. You're a valuable member of our team but this can't be ignored. Something has to be done, a punishment to fit the crime perhaps."

"You're a highly moral person. A very attractive woman too, if I may say so." He looked at the folder on the large modern desk; it was designed to impress but she was in no mood for executive games. "You are thirty-two, no children, no husband, no current relationship. You have a modest life style. While your boss was ill you ran that company and ran it well. We don't want to lose those valuable skills. The report here says you ran things perhaps a little too well. You were rather hard on everyone, including yourself. That one lapse is very uncharacteristic of you."

"That gives me a clue as to the 'punishment'. Your expression not mine. I prefer to call it re-training. Think on it Miss Wordsworth. You can leave and pay back the money. If you can't pay back the money the courts will deal with you. Or, you can submit to re-training and go back to running the company you love."

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Submit to re-training. What did he mean? He had told her the clues were in there somewhere but wouldn't explain. She had been given ten minutes with the chairmen who had told her to put herself in Mister Smith's hands. Not one employee had been dismissed since this head of Human Resources had joined them. He had the corporate chairman's full support.

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At last he returned to the car. Shopping bags from a department store were slung onto the back seat. Without a word he drove off.

"What is it I have agreed to? I must know, tell me now." She demanded.

"That is a part of your problem Miss Wordsworth."

'Ugh! Why doesn't the bastard explain anything." She thought, wanting to shout at him.

"A truck driver, who shall remain nameless, was brought to my attention for having more accidents than average. He was going to be fired; the insurance premiums were too high to keep him on. Anyway, I sent him for an eye test and that solved the problem." He looked at her sitting with her arms folded fuming with hostility.

"You on the other hand are a more complicated case. Your problem is more expensive to fix but you are more valuable to the corporation. I shall be re-training you personally. You are perhaps too moral, expect too much of others and in your words need to be punished. I don't think you could work efficiently if you weren't punished for the theft. It would nag at you. I shall release you from that guilt. Alright, I'll give you a clue. You are an attractive woman and that will be the key to the next few weeks." He told her.

He was right she had said she needed punishing for what she did. She didn't like the sound of it now he was using her word against her. Being punished over a few weeks sounded daunting. How the hell would her appearance be used? If he thought she was going to do something dirty to save her job, well, no way.

Deirdre didn't think of herself as attractive and neither did men. She covered herself up in frumpy clothes and hid herself behind a grumpy attitude.

Was she really an attractive woman? The initial contrition had turned to worry and now mixed with all that was a little fear. What did her punishment have to do with being an attractive woman?

At last they arrived. From the highway they had driven onto a winding road into the hills. Through ornamental gates, that opened automatically, they drove up a long driveway to a large designer house. This was no training centre, it was his home.

He led her into a large room lined with books and to one side an impressive desk. This wasn't modern as in the office it was antique and even more impressive.

"Stand there with your arms at your side." He pointed to a spot before the large oak desk.

Once seated and comfortable he opened the folder again. "You can refuse at this point. You know the conditions if you leave our employ. Very well. You must sign these papers. You are covered by the corporate insurance but more importantly I want you fully committed to this program. No explanations, just listen."

His voice had taken on a deep masterful quality she felt unnerved by. He was leaving no doubt he was in charge and under the circumstances she couldn't complain.

"You are used to being in charge. The men in our business are tough characters and you have learnt to handle them with authority. You have also dedicated your whole life to the company with no outside interest or relationships. Now you will learn to free yourself from the prison you have built. I assure you I know exactly what I am doing and you will do exactly as I say. No questions asked."

If anyone else had spoken to her like that she would have chewed them up and spat them out. 'This would have to be endured.' She thought. The corporate chairman had promised to promote her to managing director at Timpson Brothers if she went ahead with this mans silly game. That was incentive enough to keep her there.

"First you will change out of that prim looking business suit. Take those bags upstairs and change. Return here in twenty minutes. Only wear what you are given, not even those glasses. Understood?" He ordered.

She was about to tell him to go to hell but bit the words back. The expression on her face must have told him everything she needed to say. She swivelled in the flat shoes on the spot and marched out of the room.

Upstairs she wandered along a corridor, marvelling at the simple elegant decor, to the end room. This, in contrast, was like a modern hotel room with basic fixtures and fittings. Even a small shower room was attached.

"What the hell!" She said quietly. The dress was a flowery summer thing. Not her style at all. The panties were plain white cotton with a bra to match. This was unexpected, although she found there had been no thought of what to expect. The whole deal was a mystery.

Looking at herself in a large ornate mirror along the corridor she became worried. The dress wasn't too short but it made her look like a young woman coming of age. She was a mature woman of thirty-two not eighteen. She felt ridiculous in it. The light shone though it too. It revealed the swell of her breasts and outline of her panties.

He had commented she wasn't married or even in a relationship. What did that mean? She feared he might be dressing her up for himself. The whole business of being re-trained might really be just a rouse.

She tottered in on high heels and stood before him. He took no notice. He was immersed in paperwork ignoring her. She wanted to gain his attention or spit in his eye. The later would do.

"Ah! Yes. Very nice. You look cute." He said, examining her.

Trying very hard to control her temper she spoke up. "May I speak?"

"By all means. But I warn you, be careful what you say. And call me sir."

"Yes sir." She said, in a mocking tone. "What possible connection to re-training has this, this dress, got?" She spluttered. "It's for you isn't it! Well I'm not sleeping with you to keep my job. I'll tell the chairman and see what he thinks of a law suite."

"You forgot to say 'sir'. Sleeping with you is not a part of the deal Miss Wordsworth. The purpose of the dress? One, it is a punishment. You obviously hate it so that at least is effective. Two, you are going to start at the age of eighteen and work your way up to thirty-two. If you disobey my instructions or ever forget your place a backward step will be enforced. You could end up wearing nappies the way you are going. Calm down and think." He told her.

"It would be counter productive to reveal the purpose of every little detail. You need to learn how to take instructions before you can give them. You also need to grow into a mature woman. Your role models have been hard men in the metal industry. You've lived your whole life in one small town. You need to grow up and I shall overcome those years of miss-growing into a few weeks."

She stood upright. Only just. The forcefulness of belief in his voice was overpowering. His words stung and opened up little windows of self-doubt.

"Thank your sir." She conceded.

He looked at her and smiled. "We need to go shopping. As a young woman you should enjoy that. In practical terms we need to get you outfitted with something better than my guess at your size." He looked at her cleavage for emphasis.

She blushed. Everything she had ever worn hid her bust rather than emphasised it as this dress did.

"I don't intend to bed you but remember a young woman has to learn about her sexual powers too. Don't worry. Trust me. When we are out you are my niece and will call me, 'sir'. Just remember that, follow my directions and let it all happen." He smiled.

The smile was reassuring but 'letting it happen'. This was not a phrase she could get to grips with. Would that be a punishment, a learning curve, or was it a hurdle. 'What the hell was going on here?' She thought.

In the dress shop she felt embarrassed for the place was staffed by young girls, or so they seemed. They were only a little younger than her but they didn't seem to even see her. They saw a rich man wanting to spend his money and this alone grabbed their full attention.

'OK. I'll play along with this.' She thought. Deidre was only five-three and with a stretch of the imagination could be mistaken for a much younger woman. When he introduced her as his young niece the assistant had frowned but recovered with a wane smile.

From then on they treated her like a girl not a woman at all. They didn't listen to what she wanted, ignoring her and smiling tolerantly. When she began to slide into the role it dawned on her that maybe he did know what he was doing.

"That is such a pretty dress. She looks wonderful." The two assistants cooed almost clapping their hands, while calculating their commission.

Deidre too was impressed with the price, even though it hadn't been mentioned. It looked more expensive than her total monthly clothing budget. In the mirror she twirled enjoying the feeling of silk over her body. The image was not hers it was daddies little rich girl. Without her glasses it looked magical enough for her to forget the absurdity of wearing something so young looking.

The sky blue dress was flared out with taffeta petticoats. The bodice pinched her slim waist pushing her breasts up and out. Despite her breasts looking large they didn't dominate the look of innocence.

A school uniform for rich kids was next. It was complete with polished shoes and white ankle socks. The blazer had the local school emblem sewn onto the breast pocket. The little pleated skirt swung around just above her knees. If it hadn't been so expensive it would have been kinky.

She felt embarrassed being paraded in the store, performing like a monkey on a leash. At least they were the only customers. It seemed the assistants were determined to humble her suggesting ridiculous outfits. By then she had given in to being humiliated by these women.

"The skirt is a little too short don't you think?" Mister Smith asked an assistant.

She saw in the mirror the two women smirk behind his back.

"It's the regulation uniform Mister Smith. All the girls have to wear it right up to leaving age." They reassured him.

'They certainly didn't intend to lose a sale.' She thought. At last the ordeal was over. She was happy with the clothes though the school uniform was a bit of a worry. Surely that revealed something of his particular wish list.

With the clothes safely boxed up she slipped into a less extravagant skirt and top. She didn't complain it was too short or too anything. She was just relieved to be leaving the store.

Males of all ages were studying her as they walked through the mall. At first she hadn't noticed being too busy admiring the leather sofas and luxuriant splendour of this up-market mall. There was nothing like this back home.

Besides she just wasn't used to that kind of attention. This was nothing like walking through the metal stores in a boiler suit and hard hat. She checked her breasts weren't out on show or had snot on her face. She felt uncomfortable but a little smile crossed her face.

"A coffee next." He said.

"Yes sir." She responded, surprised at how her attitude had mellowed.

"You've done well so far. I intend to push you a lot harder than this over the next few weeks as there is a lot to do. Or should I say a lot to undo. I told you if you misbehaved you would be put back a class, as it were." He watched her nod thoughtfully. 'Good.' He thought. 'She is starting to think about what she is doing.'

"Well, I have a challenge for you. If you fail you will be wearing that school uniform for real." He continued to look at her closely. He knew she found it difficult to resist a challenge but either way she would gain in experience.

"Yes sir. Bring it on." She smiled, nervously. "May I ask what you mean by wearing the uniform for real? Sir!" She added quickly.

"You just have. This time I will tell you. You will be enrolled in the young ladies finishing school to start immediately. That uniform was not purchased for nothing. In fact it was rather expensive." He said, smiling at his own joke.

"How could I get away with it! I'm thirty-two. The teachers might not even notice me if I keep my head down. The students will." She said. It had sunk in that everything he said was for real and the prospect frightened her. She thought of school bullies from a distant past.

"Without your glasses you have a youthful bloom to your face. You do look much younger. You look like an old eighteen year old. You could do with finishing off those rough edges." He chuckled.

'Shit! He was enjoying this too much.' She reflected.

"Are you ready?" He asked. She nodded briefly deep in thought.

They drove across town to another mall. With some stores boarded up it looked very different to the one they had just left.

They walked into a discount clothing store where the assistant turned her back on them to continue a conversation on the phone. She followed him to the back of the store.

"In that changing room you will strip off and hand me those clothes. Everything and I mean everything will be replaced. You will make the choice this time of what to wear." He told her.

She quickly stripped off and pushed the clothes through a gap in the curtains.

"Here is a five. You have twenty minutes. Dressed or not you will join me on the bench outside." He told her.

"Wait! I've got nothing on. I need something to start off with." She bleated.

"That is a part of the test. Good luck."

She watched him stride out of the store. "Shit!" She whispered. It was going too well, too easily. "He lulled me into a false sense of security. Why the hell didn't I think it through?" She said quietly.

There was only one other customer and the assistant was ignoring them too. She peered out from the curtain. The nearest aisle contained children's clothes and even this meant walking past a row of prams and assorted junk; there was no cover, she would have to brave it out. Her eyes scanned the racks for something that would most definitely fit.

She didn't have time to fluff about or want to stand around naked being choosy. She ran, snatched and returned in one quick operation. Panting she pulled on the top. It was a boob tube. "Great! That's just perfect. A nice glowing pink too." She muttered angrily. It would have to do there was no time to lose and she still needed a bottom half and underwear.

She groaned loudly. The underwear was at the check out to prevent it being stolen. The price tag had a series of reductions with a final figure one written across it in pencil. She chuckled. The little white socks they purchased earlier were thirty times more than that.

This time she walked out taking a circuitous route to a rail of cheap skirts. She was right. Standing there only her top half could be seen. Absolutely anything that would fit was the priority.

"Hi!"

She almost died of fright. A young man was smiling at her across the rack. He couldn't see her naked bottom half but he was making the most of her top. If he stared any harder the material would melt off her breasts.

"I need some help choosing something for my girlfriend." He said, with a pathetic look upon his face.

She simply froze unable to speak. If he walked round the rack or moved the skirts aside in his search he would see her naked torso. Above her belly button down to her flat shoes she was naked. Everything was either too big or too small. Everything was an odd size.

"Just a moment!" She said. Her confidence had dropped through the floor. There it was. With glee she whisked it off the hanger and pulled it up her legs. Struggling with it over her hips she realised it would have to remain low slung unless she wanted to show off her panties with every step. When she had some that is.

She looked at her watch. There was ten minutes to go and she still had to get some underwear. "I'm in a hurry. Ask the assistant."

She turned her back on him and ran to the check out. "Excuse me." She leant across the counter and with a finger disconnected the call. "I'm in a hurry. Check these out and what I'm wearing." She slid a pair of panties across the counter and leaned in close on tiptoe showing her the labels.

It didn't matter she might be showing off her arse she just had to get back to the changing room to pull on the panties.

With a look that would kill a dead man for a second time the assistant scanned the labels. "That's not enough." She said still chewing furiously on a piece of gum.

Deirdre looked at the display and saw how close it was. It was one for the top and three-twenty for the skirt. So close and this girl was not going to do her any favours.

"You'll have to put these back. I can't take the clothes you've worn them." She said, with arms folded.

She must think I'm so cheap Deirdre wailed inside. "Don't you have something; anything will do! I need a pair of panties." She pleaded.

On the microphone she heard the girl's voice echo around the store. "Mr. Thompson. Have a girl here needs a pair of panties to wear. She wants really cheap ones."

With a smirk on her face she chewed the gum even more vigorously.

Deirdre stood there like a startled rabbit in the full beamed brightness of the girls smirk. There were a few more customers in now and they were staring at her. It was bad enough being dressed in charity shop rejects but having everyone think she couldn't afford a pair of cheap panties was appalling.

"Can I help you?" The manager asked.

He seemed to spring up out of nowhere. "This girl is in desperate need of a pair of cheap panties. She's got no money." The girl said loud enough for every one to hear. The humiliation had washed her brain of cogent thought. She couldn't even speak let alone run.

"Here take these. There on the house. Can't see you running around half naked can we? Oh we can! Very nice." He laughed.

The customers were moving in closer not wanting to miss the show. She took the panties from his hand and looked at her watch. With a deep sigh she stepped into them and pulled with everyone watching.

She ran from the shop with the sound of an audience's applause stinging her ears red. Instead of sitting on the bench told him. "Can we get out of here? Please! Please sir." She added quickly.

He frowned at her but got up anyway. As they walked along, far too slowly for her comfort, she glanced back hoping they weren't being followed.

"You made it on time. Now tell me in detail what happened. Interesting outfit by the way." He said without a crease of laughter.

"So what did you do wrong?" He asked.

"Wrong! Apart from letting you get me into the most embarrassing situation of my life, you mean. Thank you so very much, Sir."

"Don't mention it. If you had offered that lad some help he would have lent you the extra few pennies. Same with that check out girl. She would probably have let it pass as a fellow girl thing against all men, especially her boss.

Yes sure, you might have been late but you need to give a little. Make everyone a part of your team. I'm giving you a quick and hard lesson in humility. I'm telling you, you can't always do everything yourself. You need others help to get to where you want to go."

"I would have intervened if things got out of hand. It was pretty funny how it turned out though." He chuckled.

She fumed in silence. "Can we go and sit down. Please, sir." She asked humbly so as not to take a chance he might refuse.

"You're tougher than that surely. Don't tell me you've gone wobbly over a little embarrassment." He snorted.

"My knickers are falling down. I want to sit and adjust them." She waddled along keeping her thighs together trying to hold them up. He began to laugh silently from his stomach which surfaced to a throaty guffaw. She caught it turning it into a giggle.

"You're not going to make it. Just let them fall and step out of them."

"You're the one embarrassed now." She giggled.

"Imposible! Well improbable, anything is possible." He answered.

They walked away from her panties leaving them where they fell. "How do you feel now?" He asked.

She thought a moment. "Liberated? Yes, strangely I feel liberated, sir." She said with feeling.

"This is only the first day so don't think you have permanently grown or changed or even paid the price just yet. There is more to come. More than you can imagine."

**Caught and Exposed Ch. 02**

Deirdre was deep in thought as Mister Smith drove her away from an emotionally draining day. The human resources manager had called what he was putting her through re-training. It felt more like assault and battery. It was an assault on her mind with a battering of her feelings.

She thought at first the humiliation was a punishment during the day's progress the tasks became unmistakably and surprisingly sexually charged. Running around a store naked like a naughty adolescent had been surprisingly exhilarating. She had become excited; she hadn't suspected it to be enjoyable in the slightest and wondered if it had been the humiliation that was having an effect.

She felt turned on by it all though the confusing thing was she did feel liberated at the same time. He knew she would feel that way before working it out for herself. She didn't know whether to be worried or reassured that he knew so well what he was doing to her.

She looked him over out of the corner of her eye, not wanting him to notice the discreet examination. He was concentrating on the driving but something else too. What might he have in store for her next was buzzing around in her head. A slight fear kept stinging her conscience, for it was her own fault she was in this predicament.

"What are you thinking?" He asked.

It was as though he knew her every thought making it difficult to hide the feelings of worry and confusion from him.

"You feel confused. You're still not sure what this is all about. Do you want another clue? Or would you rather not know. You could just ride along experiencing the feelings as they hit you." He said casually.

"I thought I knew what was going on. Each time I have you pegged my perspective changes. I feel so very confused. You're getting me to do things I just wouldn't have contemplated before. They are naughty yet how I feel about them is very different from what I would have imagined. I'm sorry; I can't seem to get my head straight." She said. Her head slowly shook from side to side as though trying to clear it of confusion.

"You've learnt a lot about yourself very quickly. I'm pleased with your performance but there is a lot of room for improvement. I thought you had potential that needed releasing and now I know for sure. It will take time to assimilate but you will understand eventually and the feelings of liberation will last longer than just a few seconds. Thank you for the compliment of not asking for a clue to what is next as it shows your trust in me is growing."

Deirdre hadn't got to the point of asking for one but let it drop. He was right her confidence in him was growing whereas her own was diminishing. She felt as though she didn't really know herself anymore.

They pulled up at the curb and he looked at her with those perturbing steel blue eyes.

"One more little adventure and we return home. I want you to walk round the block where there is some construction work being carried out. You will ask for directions to Flinders Street, number twenty-two. I will be waiting for you. Don't hurry. This time I want you to listen and learn. Don't dismiss others so readily and try to appreciate what they are thinking and feeling. I'm not expecting you to give in to others demands, just don't dismiss the 'person' behind the immediate image out of hand." He said.

The seriousness of the instructions engaged her. What it meant she hadn't a clue but hoped it would become clear soon. She opened the door swinging her legs out.

"Do you want these?" He asked.

Deirdre blushed. How could she get out of the car without panties in this short skirt or any skirt for that matter? The hem sat limply in her lap hardly covering her crotch, showing off a pair of shapely legs. Her mind was in such a whirl she hadn't given it a thought. Squirming her bare bottom on the leather seat brought on a feeling of wickedness. Everything he did to her was both a punishment and an awakening of feelings.

With a wane smile she pulled on the thong careful not to expose herself to this man who was after all a senior executive in the company. The struggle wasn't very successful leaving her feeling once more discomfited. Before she could scoot off down the road he stopped her. Bending over into the car window she felt so exposed and vulnerable she just wanted to run away and get on with the task.

He purposely spoke quietly forcing her to lean in through the window. She couldn't see who it was but heard clearly a businessmen comment to a colleague as they walked by. "I didn't know there were street walkers working around here." He said, with a sneer.

Mister Smith didn't give her a chance to say anything though the expression of pain upon her face was enough. He told her. "One more important thing; if anyone should ask you're on your way there to pay off a gambling debt. Remember that."

The architecture was the same grey as back home with the same waste paper and dust swirling in gusts between tall anonymous buildings. One small consolation was no one knew her in this city and the companies offices were on the other side of town. When she turned the corner a gust of wind blew the skirt up around her waist.

In a mad panic she fumbled with it almost pulling the unfamiliar little garment off. A group of smartly dressed 'suits' walked round her taking a good look.

"Do you need a hand young lady?" One of them enquired with sarcasm.

"Lady? She looks like a tart, Charles."

"I think the tart might want a finger Charles not a hand." Another chipped in.

"A finger is about the size you've got to offer her, Nathaniel." Charles bit back.

They laughed and passed on leaving her to struggle down the street. Men and women office workers were leaving the office blocks in droves. 'It must be five.' She thought. 'The drones are leaving their hive. Where has this day gone?'

In the poverty struck mall she hadn't felt so out of place but here she was being humbled with every look of pity and disdain.

The women were the worst, looking at her with pity as though she were letting the side down. Others looked at her with plain disgust. Both faces revealed they thought she was nothing but a slut.

Curiously one pious looking woman, dressed in a smart business suit, walking toward her formed a curious scowl. The closer she approached the frown lessened until the woman clearly licked her lips as though relishing a forbidden cream cake. A wink in passing was such a shock Deirdre nearly collided with a man studiously avoiding looking at her.

The stream of business people closed in around her until she felt the flow of pompous respectability might drown her. Their disdain was all the worse as until recently she had thought of herself a fellow professional. At last she got to where the building work was carried out and with some relief carefully picked a path through building materials to find someone.

"Excuse me! I wonder if you can help me. I'm looking for number twenty-two Flinders Street." She shouted.

"I'm not sure." He said with a curious look upon his face. Obviously he was wondering about her but the look and tone was not so damning as those so-called gentleman on the street.

"I've a map in the office. You can take a look at that." The foreman said.

Walking into a workman's cabin she felt the relaxed atmosphere change as a dozen eyes swivelled in her direction. The expressions changed from alert surprise to an open stare at her legs and cleavage. She surveyed the room and the men sitting around with mugs of tea. They tried not to stare but found it difficult.

She was more used to this situation at the factory but dressed as she was it felt alien. She would have scolded them back to work in her factory, berating them for slacking. Here she felt a tiny thing asking for a big favour.

"She wants twenty-two Flinders Street, anyone know?" The big man asked. He was obviously the one in charge.

"Sure, we were working there a couple months back. Don't you remember?" The youngest one of them said with a heavy hint in his voice.

"Oh! That place. How could I forget! You guys goofing off all the time." The foreman frowned. He pointed at a wall map. "Here can you read a map? OK! Just continue walking in the direction you were and cross at this junction. It's down on your left. There's a multi-story car park opposite."

"What are you going there fore?" He asked with an even deeper frown on his face. The others seemed amused by this and laughed or tittered with embarrassment.

It was then she remembered another mysterious instruction. It was a curious thing but she hadn't time to think it through to what it might mean. Now she supposed it was time to trot out the line. Perhaps it was meant to explain why she was dressed that way, for a bet.

"I have to repay a gambling debt." She said shrugging her shoulders and turning down her bottom lip in a sign of resignation. Just one of those crap things in life, it was meant to imply.

There was a shuffling of feet from the men and she glanced round but couldn't see what had disturbed them. The little skirt was under control out of the wind and so she automatically glanced down at her cleavage for quick check.

"Do you know what's there?" The supervisor asked.

"No. I've never been there. I was told to go and report to the manager. I guess they have some work for me to repay the debt." She said demurely. "I hate these clothes they gave me to wear. They're so cheap. I'd never wear something like this usually." She said, trying to explain her awkwardness.

"It's a brothel. We did some renovation work there a while ago." He began.

Her gasp and consternation was genuine, they could all see that.

"You didn't know did you?" He asked sympathetically.

Deirdre's mind was in a whirl but she took a deep breath to steady herself. She was used to crises and managing them. Mister Smith had told her to think and talk to people not just make demands upon them; was this part of the test. She felt awful that these men were looking at her thinking so badly of her.

"I didn't. I'm such a fool. These clothes make sense now. I'm just a housewife I can't go somewhere so dreadful. I hope they are just trying to frighten me." She quavered, for she was afraid.

"Don't you worry little lady, we'll go with you and sort those buggers out." The big man told her. He clenched his big hammer rash fists.

Being referred to, as a 'little lady' would normally have brought down upon the unfortunate man a tirade of abuse. The men in this small cabin steamed with manly outrage rising as one to follow their boss to her rescue. She was momentarily overwhelmed. They were strangers yet they were willing to fight an unknown foe for her.

"I don't know what to say." She blushed. "I'm strong enough to resist such a ghastly scheme. They think they are tough guys these moneylenders but I see it now. They thought to frighten me. Well now I know I can march in there and give them a piece of my mind. Not a piece of you know what." She smiled demurely.

"You're all very sweet. Your real gentlemen but I must face this myself." She said. A single tear formed in her eye and she reached up and kissed him for she dare not say anything more. He gave her a fatherly hug. She stepped over to the others and in turn kissed them on the cheek. They each held her for a moment.

Not one of them took advantage even the young mouthy apprentice gave her an embarrassed hug. His reddening cheeks were quite endearing she thought.

They had been taken so much by surprise the silence was electric with emotion. She turned in the doorway and gave them a smile. "Thank you. I shall remember you for your kind offer. It has given me such strength to know real men exist." She said with a little smile playing around her lips and eyes.

"Just you watch out for yourself. Remember we are here if you need us." The big man said. The meaning in his voice was fierce, wrapped in a comfortable blanket of concern. The other men chorused his words backing him up.

They had studied the curves of a young tart walk in and watched a lady in trouble walk out. Deirdre was physically moved by such chivalrous behaviour. She had stood alone for so long in her life it hadn't occurred to her it existed except in storybooks.

Sliding into the front seat of the car she sat a moment, still and silent.

"I think that's enough for one day." He stated rather than asked. She nodded and they drove away.

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Wearily walking into her room she felt as though it was an age since being there but it had been only eight hours. The tasks had drained her emotionally leaving her wanting to hit the bed and sleep a dreamless sleep. Instead she would have to review the day's events with Mister Smith over dinner.

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Dinner was quiet with minimal words needed for table manners. At last she was able to clear away the debris of a meal thinking this was at least a chance to escape to bed but he had other plans. She stood for a moment with her hands gripping the back of a chair needing him to dismiss her.

"Sit. We need to discuss today's events." He told her.

With a low groan she acquiesced knowing there would be no escape from his probing of her thoughts and inner feelings.

"What did you learn today?" He asked. The open question was met by a blank stare. She was looking down to where the plate had been, the circular mark still clear on the starched linen table cloth. "You feel exhausted from the emotional roller coaster ride you experienced but now is the time to fix in your mind those feelings."

"Those men, builders. They were complete strangers willing to help me. I mean, they thought I was being coerced into a brothel by a loan shark. Those rough looking men were so sweet. The so called sophisticated business men looked at me as though I was some dirt on the side walk to be avoided."

She blurted out a string of sentences not caring if they made sense, needing to offload a string of ideas that had always been there but never expressed. "I was so excited exposing myself in that mall. Those self righteous women serving in the first shop they were laughing at me behind my back."

He let her ramble on until she came to a halt. A good nights' sleep would help put everything into perspective and tomorrow new tasks would help define her inner self further.

"When you give others your time, treating them like people rather than assets, it may be surprising how well they respond when you need help. When you take advantage of others don't be surprised when given the chance they take advantage of you. It is a waste of you energy having to spend so much effort in avoiding being taken advantage of.

You didn't go to university and have developed a need to identify with those you see as professionals, even to the extent of despising the common workers in your factory. Everyone has a contribution to make and it should be valued.

Enough for now. We'll talk more tomorrow of the energy you have been suppressing and how that can be released. Sleep well!" He said.

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Next morning Deirdre showered with enthusiasm excited at the prospect of a new day. What was in store for her couldn't be more challenging than yesterday, or could it? If his words had been delivered from a pulpit she would have scoffed at them and him. Yet the dramatic situations he manoeuvred her into had been enough to demonstrate how well he knew her and certainly demanded full attention to solve the dilemmas.

In the dressing room attached to her bedroom a business suit had been hung in the wardrobe. Holding it up to her body she could see in the mirror how expensive the cut was and the feel of the silk was exquisite. Its fit would be perfect except the skirt was a little too short for her taste, though after yesterday it would be welcome. On a chest of draws were packets of underwear. A bra and panty set but surprisingly stockings and suspenders too.

As she had surmised everything fit perfectly and the look was flawless. Turning slowly for a better look in both mirrors displayed not a silly girly or the slut of yesterday, but a professional business woman. This was more like it she thought.

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Mister Smith briefed her as they walked through the upmarket mall. This would stretch her ability to interact with others more than she thought, at least by the end of the day it would. First a practice run would be needed. "Don't forget, if you fail you will go back a stage, maybe even back to school."

Deirdre smiled. She was going to enjoy this. Strutting into the coffee shop on high heels as though she owned the place matched exactly how she felt. The power dressing had quashed any qualms she might have held over completing the unfamiliar task.

She picked a leather sofa opposite two older business men and sank down into it as expected. She lifted an expensive briefcase onto her knees having to keep them close in such an awkward position.

"Excuse me." A young server said clearing his throat several times to gain her attention.

She looked up with a puzzled expression not attempting to say anything leaving him to continue in embarrassment. She was enjoying this powerful look and the position it put her in.

"You have to order your coffee at the counter." He stammered.

The two men opposite had her attention too. "Why, thank you for noticing. I could have been sitting here waiting to be served by a waiter. You're so kind for letting me know." She beamed a set of white teeth at him so bright he had to look away.

"Erm. If you tell me what you want I'll bring it over." He blushed.

The two sitting opposite her were impressed, though sharing a knowing look as to why the special treatment. They were dressed in smart business suites with modern ties but nothing compared to her outfit. They too were suitably impressed with her but probably hadn't noticed the quality of her clothing.

The unfamiliar brief case balanced on her lap proved more of a challenge to open than expected. Concentrating on the lock her legs moved with impunity below the safety of the case. Her legs were hidden from her view but not from the two sitting opposite.

Lifting a knee to position it better came tantalisingly close to revealing more than was decent. The sight of a pair of long shapely legs encased in sheer nylon was seductive enough but the movements were mesmerising. Their conversation carried on becoming more stilted from the covert looks toward the elegant woman.

Deirdre pulled the case up for a better view of the lock and with it came the hem of the short skirt. Having difficulty with such a simple device would have angered her only now it was all part of the task.

Her knees were tight together knowing how much of her legs were displayed to these strangers. They glanced at the stocking tops trying not to be obvious but the nonchalance was wearing away with every rasp of the stocking clad legs. Like a crickets matting call it was having an overwhelming affect upon them.

The case flew open and her legs inadvertently parted to form a platform preventing it from falling from her lap. Both men were riveted by the sight of her skirt stretched tight across lean thighs revealing stocking tops. They weren't gullible but were willing to imagine this important looking woman was unaware of what was happening under the brief case.

She lent over sideways reaching for the coffee cup momentarily parting her knees to maintain balance flashing a pair of white inner thighs above the stockings. The illicit view of her legs was having its effect making them ever more complicit in the game.

Studying a document she slowly leaned over toward the side table with a leg sliding outward supporting her weight. A surreptitious glance in their direction was missed by them as their eyes were hooked by her crotch slowly coming into view. With a smile of satisfaction at the bulges in their trousers she straightened up still holding the cup.

Feigning interest in the document she concentrated, not on it, but on not laughing. She lent to her left sliding her left leg outward dragging her knees apart as though unaware of what she was doing. The two men had squashed themselves lower in the sofa anticipating the delightful sight of her panties like mischievous school boys with all attempts at conversation abandoned.

With the cup balanced in its saucer she held the pose for a moment attempting to catch her personal waiter's eye. She needn't have waited he was studying her with keen interests. A nod of her head was all he needed to bring over a refill.

The movement was watched more closely by the two businessmen though it was not the smile they were waiting for. As though they had willed her legs to part her casual movement revealed what they had been anticipating. The white of her panties may have matched her teeth but they hadn't notice. Their faces glowed with satisfaction from this small reward to their combined concentration.

The coffee was delivered with the same demure demeanour changing to a lasting grin reflected from her broad open mouthed smile of thanks. Whether he was too frightened to get close to her they didn't consider but were thankful the coffee was just a bit further away. She leaned over to reach the cup revealing garter straps tightening upon her pale thighs pulling against the resistance of the clinging stockings. There was a touch of bondage to the sight of these straps clasping her thighs to one of the men sitting there attempting to be a casual customer. He lifted the cup noticing his hand quiver slightly. He took a swig of coffee from the empty cup the act falling short of perfect.

While she fiddled with a bag of sugar she continued to lean over then stirred it well in. The two men sweated, despite the air conditioning, examining the little white triangle of perfection. She stole a crafty look at them as she straightened up knowing they were preoccupied with her crotch.

She too scanned their crotches and was pleased to see the effect her performance had produced. The bulge in their trousers was difficult to hide behind a coffee cup held above their laps. They couldn't have been more mesmerised if she had been lap dancing before them.

It was time to go. She slipped the papers into the briefcase and slid it to the floor careful to roll her skirt back in place maintaining her innocence. With her knees correctly placed together she reached for the coffee noticing they had turned to each other with an attempted murmur of conversation.

She stood, straightened the suit and strode over to the counter to pay, feeling three pairs of eyes following every move. She left a generous tip and left the store. Unsure of which way to turn she hesitated and caught sight of the two men, their mouths and heads waging excitedly. She knew the subject but wished she could hear their animated conversation. Looking out for Mister Smith she spied him looking absent minded into a store front so strode away toward him.

"Mission accomplished!" She declared on sidling up to him.

"I do think I should be the judge of that." He smiled.

"Well, the practise session has been completed now for the challenge."

The grin dropped from her face on hearing this hadn't been the full training session. 'Well.' She thought. 'What did I expect, it was too easy and I enjoyed it. Besides, there's always one more task ready to stretch my nerve to breaking point.'

**Caught and Exposed Ch. 03**

The instructions were received and understood. There was no choice but accept the next challenge. Each had been allusive as to meaning, and this was no exception, though more dangerous. Mister Smith had reminded her to use all that she had learnt so far about herself and others. Good advice if she could just work out what that was.

Walking into the exclusive hotel wasn't such an ordeal it was the exacting challenge that was daunting. Deirdre's gait was less strident showing how less self-assured she was. She let the hem of the skirt ride up as she sat down. She looked around as though expecting someone, at the same time looking over the customers in the bar.

So, who would take the bait? The bar was nearly empty and the men were drinking coffee as it was just before lunch. The waiter came over but she told him she was waiting for someone. Again she balanced the brief case on her lap, using it to pretend she was unaware of showing off too much leg.

"Is this seat taken?"

She looked up to see an older man. He was older than Mister Smith by about ten years making him close to fifty. This was a relief for surely he would behave like gentleman. "I'm waiting for someone," she said, looking at her watch. "He's late though," she added, as an afterthought.

"Perhaps I'll sit until he arrives," the man said.

He spoke with a cultured accent and she relaxed a little. She shrugged compliance as though indifferent. The show of earlier, in the coffee shop, was harder to perform this time. She didn't have a coffee cup to lean over and so it was difficult to part her legs without it being obvious.

She had felt more confident there too. She had put on a show for those young businessmen and enjoyed it, feeling empowered. This task was a whole lot more involved than just flashing her panties. How to get there and who with was going to be difficult to judge.

She slipped forward to reach into the briefcase, sliding the hem up a little. Sitting back without pulling the skirt into place was difficult but she managed it. Hiding behind the papers she tried to concentrate on the figures. She couldn't decide if she hoped he was interested in her or not.

He was mature and looked conservative enough to behave like a gentlemen. Could she trust him not take advantage of her in a vulnerable situation. She had been tasked with putting herself in one with the objective of escaping without being humiliated.

"Would you like a coffee?" he asked.

She looked up feigning an interrupted concentration. She looked over to the bar and back to him. She smiled warmly. "Thank you. That would be nice," she said. Her voice didn't sound so confident as earlier. She wondered if it was the effect of this stranger or the challenge she was about to involve him in.

She watched him raise a hand and was surprised to find a waiter jump to his side. Without much preamble two coffees were ordered and delivered. No inquisition as to what or how large, they had simply been fetched and placed before them.

"Do you take milk, sugar?" he asked.

He dropped milk into the cup and stirred a lump of sugar into it. Without her saying anything, but nodding, he had taken charge leaving her to simply drink it.

He leant forward close to her stocking clad knees handing the cup and saucer over. What little confidence had remained was drained on seeing how much thigh she was displaying. He was close and she imagined his breath tickling her thighs.

He was a large built imposing man. The bulk was firm muscle with a sense of power confined in a dark blue suit. The clothes were as business like as her own and even more expensive. His closeness made her feel hot and bothered. She was already moist from the earlier flirting, not to mention yesterday's naughty adventures.

Her hand shook imperceptibly but it was the miss judged angle that let the cup slide from the saucer into her lap. He snatched the cup away and pushed a napkin onto the skirt. He handed her another. She pushed it between her legs trying to dry up the mess.

"Oh! Hell!" she murmured while looking around embarrassed, trying to see if anyone had noticed her foolishness. "What am I to do now? I can't go back to the office like this. I don't even want to stand up."

"You had better clean it up otherwise the silk will be ruined," he sympathised. "I have a room here. You can use it to clean the skirt." Seeing the hesitation, he told her. "Just keep the briefcase in front of you."

His large hand gripped her elbow hauling her out of the seat. He marched her out of the bar straight to the elevator without a discussion not giving her a moment to think of an excuse or think of another approach to the problem.

Even the elevator reacted promptly at his command; opening its doors at their approach. "You can either send the skirt down to the laundry or try the drier but you must rinse out that coffee or it will stain," he told her.

His deep commanding voice broke through an attempted protest. It reached into a low level of consciousness leaving her thinking she had a choice. Instead she was being swept away under his compelling suggestion.

The room door slid open on his first thrust of the magnetic card. Unlike her last business trip where she had fumed in frustration, trying it every which way at least twice, before seeing the green light announcing a pitiable little success.

It wasn't a room but a sizable suite. He opened the bathroom door and with the same hand guiding her she found herself looking round at the gleaming tiles, slightly stunned from light bouncing off sparkling chrome.

She unzipped the skirt and rinsed it under a cold tap wondering if it should have been hot water. The range of freebie bottles of soaps and lotions wouldn't include fabric soap so she just strained the stream of water through the skirt. All she managed was to soak it into a sodden mess.

The force of water spurted upward over the blouse but she was more concerned with the mess she was making. Water was running down the tiles, soaking the baskets of lotions and potions to pool on the floor around her feet.

"Damn!" she exclaimed. The sound seemed loud bouncing back at her from the hard bathroom surfaces.

"Are you alright in there?" he asked.

The manly voice came at her unexpectedly. The door was open enough for him to talk but he had the good manners to keep out of sight.

"Yes fine!" she sighed back at him.

Taking it as a cue to enter he paddled in. He laughed at the state of disruption to the once neat bathroom and the pitiable state she was in. He grabbed a huge fluffy towel and wrapped her up in it. Not before she got a good look at herself in the wall to wall mirror behind the sinks.

She stood in a puddle in black fashionable high heels. Above the heels were black stockings, black suspender belt and white panties. They were wet but not as much as the blouse. The little feminine frilly bra was clearly showing through the sopping white blouse.

He patted her dry with those big hands then told her, "It's no good trying the dryer your things are too wet. I'll send them down to the laundry." He held the top of the towel around her like a tent with just her head poking out of it.

He chuckled at her look of defeat and frustration. "Get those wet things off and I'll have them back in an hour," he scolded her.

Feeling like a child changing on the beach she slipped out of her clothes wondering why she was doing it. He hug lifted her out of the shoes and put her down on the carpet outside the bathroom.

Pulling a laundry bag from a shelf he scooped up the wet clothes and shoes, stuffing them into it. Its weight drew the strings together. With his free hand he propelled her into the lounge part of the suite. She couldn't take her eyes off the drawstring laundry bag.

Deirdre was in a strangers hotel room completely naked staring at the bag that seemed her only connection with escape from this calamity. He swung it casually as though it meant nothing. To her it wasn't mere clothing but protection. Protection from what she hadn't decided yet. Clothing represented a badge of prestige, a representation of who she was, and that had been stripped away leaving her exposed and defenceless.

She stammered something then tried again. He must have already summoned room service for a knock interrupted her garbled attempt at resolving what to do next. It had to be voiced for her mind was in a whirl. In shock she watched the bag disappear out of the room, gripped by a hand connected to an unseen person.

"Bugger!" she whispered. She had achieved the mission of getting invited to a man's room but escaping with her dignity intact would prove complicated. How in hell she had managed to be naked in a stranger's hotel room was a mystery. That it had been her nervous ineptitude, rather than his connivance, wasn't absolutely clear.

The big man turned away from the door toward her. He seemed to loom up over her in an instant. "Are you dry? It would be foolish to ask if you are comfortable. Sit in that armchair and try to relax. It won't be long. An Irish might help," he smiled at her.

Her thoughts were numb from being overwhelmed by the predicament. How the hell was she to get away from here without clothes? She understood the idea of sitting in the easy chair, especially as he had pointed at it, and it was comfortingly further away from him.

She watched his easy fluid movements while opening a bottle and pulling two glasses together to splash golden whisky into them. She now understood what Irish was. Deirdre was enamoured by the precise and minimalist movements he displayed making a simple task seem so gracious.

For a big muscular man it was surprising he had such grace, looking like a ballerina dancing through the room, without haste or wasted movement. Deirdre, for a moment, wanted to be close to him, to be under his protection.

A little shiver from being so vulnerable rattled her shoulders. She was completely in this mans hands for he had her clothes, even her shoes. It seemed such a simple thing that left her so very helpless. She wasn't used to being this dependent upon someone and hadn't a clue how to react.

"Thank you, not just for the drink but for taking the trouble to rescue me," she smiled, with a shrug of her shoulders. The statement seemed all wrong. She was thanking a man for stripping her naked in his room. It still made her head whirl wondering how he had managed it.

He stooped over her presenting a glass. "Irish is gentler, smoother than Scotch. I took the liberty of adding a splash of water anyway. Thought you could use it to steady your nerves. Careful!" he warned.

She reached for the glass carefully with both hands, not wanting to spill it. This was embarrassing enough and didn't want to let her self down yet again.

She watched the towel unfold itself in slow motion. With both hands gripping the glass it was difficult to move quickly enough and an unfortunate part of her mind determined not to spill it. The covering unfolded slowly then sprang away from her grasping snatching hand.

"I'm sorry," she spluttered.

He took her free hand to join it with the other wrapped around the glass. "Don't spill it and don't worry. I'll just think of you as a work of art, a beautiful and precious, work of art."

He held her eye not looking at her naked body. He could have leered at her or laughed at her, at least then she would have been able to summon a mental defence. She sat on the edge of the towel unable to move with it out of reach at her feet.

She felt like a child being comforted by a generous uncle, letting him take control. He still held both of her hands in his. He guided the glass to her lips and she sipped the amber fluid.

It was mild but warming. When someone tells you to relax how can you? It's almost as bad as your parents telling you to sleep. He hadn't let go of her hands or her eyes or stolen a look at her naked body. Was she beautiful? Did he mean she was an untouchable work of art?

She thought of his magnetic card slipping between the folds of the reader for the door to swing open for him. It wasn't an image but a thought; the thought about fingers slipping between her folds and her legs opening for him to enter her. Everything seemed so easy for him. How had she become so easy too?

What had happened that she was sitting here ready for this stranger to take her? Thinking about what happened yesterday was making her so damned hot. She couldn't help thinking of being naked in that store then walking around the mall in a skimpy skirt and top without underwear.

'No! I mustn't, stop it. Please, think of something else.' It was no good the past two days reeled through her mind like a movie frame by frame. She was exciting herself for him. She began to notice her breathing, almost gasping in each breath. Her legs were open slightly, unnervingly moving apart. A musky odour wafted up from her over heated sex.

She wanted to tell him she wasn't a slut but that seemed to imply she was. It was impossible to deny she was hot. 'What's happened to me? I'm a hot slut waiting for a complete stranger to fuck me! I want it so bad I might beg him and I don't even know his name.'

He guided the glass to her lips and this time she sucked in a warming draught. With eyes closed she didn't see him closing in behind the glass. She felt his lips firm and dry on a nipple. It felt as though the final pangs of guilt and morality were being sucked forcibly from her body.

One hand left hers to play with the other breast gripping it entirely, taking it, making it his. The other hand reached down between her legs lifting her off the seat to hold her in the palm of his hand. For a moment the big hand gripped her crotch holding her bottom and pussy in one huge paw.

Her legs had been parted now they were open. They dangled either side of his hand, so she would be unable to shut him out, even if she had wanted to. She felt like a rag doll unable to move just reacting to his manhandling of her.

She gasped. A finger pressed against her asshole. She sighed out a hiss of air as though he had opened a valve. A strong calloused thumb had rubbed her clit. The finger continued press at her bottom eventually gaining entry. The rear muscles had relaxed from having a thumb massaging her sex.

He had pulled her to the edge of the large easy chair. Her head flopped backward to be wedged against the back of the chair. His hand came away from her breast to lift an ankle from the floor. She watched as though from somewhere distant the other ankle lifted above her head. Her legs were either side of her head above the back of the chair.

She watched his mouth nibble and kiss its way from a breast down her belly to her sex. Only now could she see it spread out for him, everything displayed for him. The thumb was withdrawn from her bud allowing the finger to explore deeper into her bottom. His lips smacked at her open lips.

She was unaware the moaning sounds as she watched him suck everything into his mouth. He was licking and nibbling and sucking on her distended lips in his mouth. They were swollen with lust and she watched them slowly slither from his mouth. She lost sight of her sex again as his head went to her crotch to lick into her pussy.

She needed to cum but couldn't. He was on the move again. She saw his cock rise up and poke at her lips. It moved up and down her slit becoming wet from her juices. His fingers had moved form her bottom and she realised they were holding her ankles above her.

The large fleshy cock pushed at her asshole bringing on a moment of anguish. "No. Please, not there!" she wailed plaintively. "Fuck me properly, please! I need your cock!"

Her husky pleading voice shut off with guilt on realising she wasn't protesting about being buggered but pleading for fulfilment. She needed his cock inside, needed to be filled. What she needed was a cock in her pussy to orgasm. She needed to feel him filling her with delicious cock.

She watched the hardness push at the swollen folds of her pussy. She couldn't move otherwise she would have thrust herself onto it.

"Oh! Yes! Feed my hungry cunt!" she moaned. "Fill me up with hard cock," she pleaded.

The orgasm rocked her or at least would have if she could move. Instead her stomach muscles quivered. Her leg muscles tightened and relaxed uncontrollably.

He looked down at her continuing to thrust in a steady stabbing motion. His hands held her ankles and his cock pinned her to the seat. She felt the life fluids drain from her entire body to be replaced by a sizzling fire.

"You're beautiful. You are so young and vibrant. Your skin is smooth and silky," he continued to whisper in her ear sweet sounds that she only half heard. In a loving haze she smiled contentment. The feeling of his cock riding her was a decadent pleasure.

"Oh yes, oh yes, fill me up," she crooned. She felt him orgasm. His muscles stiffened with an extra spasm and a deep penetrating thrust held deep for a few seconds. Feeling his cock slide from her pussy left a feeling of emptiness for just a brief instant.

He slumped down onto the floor with her legs over his shoulders where they had fallen. He leaned forward to rest his head on her belly.

Deirdre looked at him in dismay wondering if he was going to fall asleep between her legs. She desperately wanted to cover herself. The physical need now sated left nothing but shame from behaving like a wanton slut. It wasn't this man she wanted, just his cock.

A dreadful realisation widened her eyes in a look of comic silent exclamation. He reminded her of Mister Smith! The man was an older and larger version but now the connection was so very recognisable.

'No! What have I done?' she mouthed silently.

He stirred himself. He manoeuvred slowly from exhaustion onto hands and knees. She felt his breath upon her pussy lips and shuddered. What had been exciting a few minutes ago was, with this sudden revelation, repellent.

"Damn, is that the time?" he exclaimed. He stood zipping himself up avoiding looking at her. He murmured a few words, clearly finding her embarrassing.

She pulled her legs together, rolling into a ball on the large softly upholstered chair trying to sink away into it.

"Here, this should cover it," he said. He turned toward her leaning slightly then thought better of kissing her so turned away. "I have a meeting," he said, explaining the hurried exit.

The door closed behind him with a thump of air and only then did she think of her clothes. The practicality of leaving this place overrode guilt and disgrace. She looked at the cash left on the table and moaned in agony. She had been used and dismissed, like a common whore.

"I'm not a slut, I'm a whore!" she shouted. The terrible words sounded loud in her ears but the comfortable plush surroundings muffled her voice. She jumped up to search for the hotel directory. It was by the phone. Unable to see the words through hot tears she tore through the pages over and over again.

"Calm down, just calm down, breath deep. You're not a slut," Deirdre said out loud, trying to regain some self-esteem. "It's such a relief not to be a slut! I'm a professional woman. Yes! A professional sex object, a damn whore!" she said with bitterness. She marched over to the pile of notes meaning to trash them but couldn't abide touching the vile evidence of her corruption.

"How could I have been so stupid?" The anger helped. She found the internal directory and a number for the laundry. Eventually a bored sounding woman picked up. "The clothes from 455, when will they be ready?" There was an agonising wait until the woman returned.

"I can't wait that long can you send them back up to the room? Oh! But I've nothing to wear!" she exclaimed.

"Yea, sure, know what you mean, but they're in the process, can't help." The woman droned.

Deirdre dropped the phone. She wrapped her arms about her body, hugging herself for protection. A sharp knock on the door awakened her from the nightmare. She had been standing in the middle of the room, completely naked, rocking slightly.

She ran to the door hoping stupidly that he had fast tracked her clothes and freedom was being delivered. Deirdre was past caring if a room-service guy gawped at her, she nevertheless opened the door just a fraction from habit.

It was pushed open squashing her against the wall. She yelped in surprise. "What has been happening here? You're naked! Don't tell me now there isn't time just get dressed." Mister Smith ordered with his usual briskness.

If she had been more aware the tinge of anxiety in his voice would have concerned her. Instead she resumed the role of student ready to obey. She half ran across the room only to realise the futility of the move. "I don't have any clothes," she moaned.

Instead of covering herself she gave him an open armed shrug, a show of helplessness. As quickly she wrapped her arms around her body when he just stood there staring at her. Feelings of remorse and vulnerability were again threatening to overwhelm her.

He shook his head from side to side while opening his brief case. "Here put these on." He tossed some garments onto the bed which she scrabbled for pulling them into shape and groaned on recognising them.

It was the outfit she purchased from the store. The embarrassing situation flooded her mind as though she could ever forget that hideous adventure. They had walked away laughing at what had happened, though on her part in nervous relief. It was very different this time.

"This isn't a dingy mall this is a high class hotel. I'll look ridiculous out there," she complained.

"Worse probably. You failed this task and will have to pay the price. Get dressed and meet me outside. I'll wait only long enough for you to clear security," he said, and abruptly left.

Deirdre looked at his retreating back wondering what he meant. Knowing she didn't have long she quickly pulled on the stretchy top and flared miniskirt. Not daring to look in the mirror she ran for an elevator hoping to catch him up. Luck was holding up as no one was in the elevator.

The doors glided open onto a plush lobby. All gleaming polished surfaces, chrome fittings and chillingly clean mirrors. Like a frightened rabbit she kept to the periphery, avoided walking the straight route through the middle of the lobby. Deirdre tried to keep to the edges of the atrium, gliding between enormous potted palms like a cheap comedy detective.

A heavy hand gripped her shoulder. "The duty manager wants to see you," a quiet but serious voice spoke close in her ear. In trepidation she looked down. In the quiet corner the marble floor was so highly polished it revealed she was sans panties.

The small tough looking man looked mean. He took a hold of her wrist and marched her away. The shock of seeing up her skirt, knowing he had too, floored her. They at least took a circuitous route to the office, obviously not wishing to offend paying guests with her presence.

It was difficult to think positive but somehow this must be turned around quickly. Mister Smith wouldn't wait long. Was this what he meant about clearing security? The door opened and closed leaving her facing a well dressed man, head down over his desk.

He was playing the old game she had with employees. Pretending to attend to important papers letting her know how unimportant and insignificant she was. He meant to keep her standing there letting her become more nervous. Instead she calmed herself.

Taking a deep silent breath she spoke. "Well?" The imperious tone of voice caught him off guard. He looked up but wasn't surprised at how slutty she was dressed, so must have already seen her somehow; perhaps security cameras.

He cleared his throat. "We do not tolerate prostitutes working in this hotel," he began. He cleared his throat again, perhaps surprised at her reaction which was to merely smile pleasantly. "We always call the police and press charges," he informed with as much aplomb as he could muster, failing though, sounding pompous instead.

Analysing calmly what he was saying, 'we always prosecute', revealed this was a customary confrontation. Only this time it wasn't going as expected. Did prostitutes plead to be allowed to trot away, promising never to return?

In such a place as this they would be high class escorts, not dressed like a cheap whore. She wore the stretchy little boob tube and mini skirt revealing a bare midriff and very nearly her bare ass too. In only an hour she had been stripped of her important business executive look to become a cheap little strumpet.

Rather than wilt under this intended threat she said, "I'm glad to hear it. I wouldn't like to think my husband was subjected to temptation while staying here. He has certain proclivities that I'm willing to indulge from time to time, as long as it is I." Deirdre dramatically swept her arms over the outfit in way of explanation.

"We seem to have miss-timed our game and now find I'm locked out of the suite. I am a wealthy woman independent of his fortune but he does have a title," she conceded. She looked down at the floor demurely. "Perhaps, I might admit to enjoying his games somewhat." Looking him fiercely in the eye she added. "As for litigation, I'm sure our lawyers are well enough placed to meet such a challenge."

Deirdre smiled on seeing him pull upon the gold cufflinks gripping his shirt sleeves. The nervous movement told her she had won. She had thrown him. "If you are quit finished, my husband is waiting for me outside, I really don't think you wish to keep him waiting," she said. The imperial lifting of her head let her look down her nose at him.

After years working his way up the corporate ladder he recognised a wealthy guest when he saw one, however eccentric. Rooms had been trashed with inflated repair bills charged. Dinners had rejected meals then eaten them after the staff had represented the same dish with additional 'personal' sauces.

Staff had been paid handsomely to satisfy a wife's or husbands needs. Bizarre clothing and devices had been left behind after imaginative nights. He'd seen it all. He sighed and stood up from behind the highly polished desk. May I offer you a coat, madam," he said. The professional employee resumed his more usual role.

She nodded her head with an endearing smile. Whispered words to the security man outside seemed to do the trick with a quick return. The manager opened the door and expertly held a coat for her to slip into. As though used to being treated with courtesy she ignored them both making her exit with studied decorum.

Deirdre couldn't help glancing into a mirror in passing. The fur felt real and looked gorgeous. She guessed it had been from lost and found and made a mental note to make enquiries at other hotels lost and found desks while in the city.

Mister Smiths Cadillac was opened by a doorman who smartly stepped aside. She slid into the passenger seat and letting the coat fall open showing off a lot of bare leg. With a hand outstretched she said, "The notes from upstairs?" Mr Smith passed the impressive bundle of notes over to her and she passed them on thanking the doorman.

The doorman was fussing over the coat, not wanting to see an expensive fur trapped in the door. The money distracted him from the striking sight of a pair of long slim legs leading to the bare thighs he had been ogling. He tipped the uniform top hat grinning large at the handsome tip in way of thanks.

She looked over her shoulder at the duty manager. He was standing inside frowning with the small security man, smiling, beside him. She was tempted to wink back at them but turned to the front with a satisfied grin on her face. Deirdre had won that round at least.