**Catherine the Great**

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*Summary: Even Cronenberg is infected by worries about violence, as Catherine finds out to her sorrow.*

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 1 – Introduction**

Suzy O'Brien was absolutely ecstatic. She had become great friends with Catherine Higgins since that day they first met on the bus. Suzy remembered that day with very mixed feelings, and remembered it very clearly even though it had been weeks ago. The day she had had the great good fortune to meet Catherine was the same day that she had been forced to spend the entire day naked as punishment -- unmerited punishment. She had been punished for possession of cigarettes, and she knew that they had been placed in her purse by Jackie Keaton, as revenge for making her late for class. To be fair, that had only caused her to lose her blazer, blouse and bra. Losing her skirt was her own fault. At least partly. Of course, she would never have called Ms. Carpenter "Miss" if Jackie's trick had not flustered her so greatly, so Jackie should bear part of the blame. The final, most humiliating punishment -- the loss of her panties -- was her brother Anthony's fault. It was he who had added his red raver socks to the washing machine while she was laundering her underwear, the underwear that by the school's regulations had to be white, and they had caused the cotton panties to become pink. Worse still, the afternoon had been an unexpected field trip to the Art Gallery in the city, where she had been seen in Eve's outfit, not only by her classmates, but by hundreds of strangers, and even by her mother and their gossipy next door neighbor.

Definitely the most humiliating day of her whole life. The only good part was that she had met Catherine, who had stood up for her when Jackie and her cohorts tried to embarrass her further. Catherine had only arrived at the school the week before, and this was the first punishment she had ever beheld. Catherine had greatly admired Suzy's spunk, and the friendship had blossomed quickly, even though the girls were in separate classes, so they only saw each other at extra-curricular events, and between classes. Since Suzy lived at home, while Catherine boarded at the school itself, they didn't even get to see each other in the evenings or on weekends.

Suzy had managed to persuade her father to let her invite Catherine to come to their place for a weekend, but unfortunately, Catherine's mother who was still back in England had not given written permission for Catherine to be allowed out without the direct supervision of the Cronenberg School staff.

Mr. O'Brien was on the Cronenberg Board of Directors and also often helped the School out by tutoring a number of students, so the headmistress had actually taken the unprecedented step of writing to Mrs. Higgins suggesting that time spent in a local home with a friend might do Catherine some good, and enclosing a permission form that she could sign and return. Mrs. Higgins had done so, and the letter had arrived on Monday. Suzy had checked with her parents that evening, and on Tuesday she and Catherine had presented her father's written agreement to the headmistress. Since she was just on her way to her last Friday afternoon class, it was only one hour until the two of them would begin the longest time together that they had yet had.

Catherine wasn't quite as happy as Suzy.

At this very moment, she was standing in front of the headmistress, beside a girl called Jenny. She did not know why Jenny had said the things she had, and she certainly deserved the slap on the face that Catherine had dealt her. Jenny's left cheek was still a fiery red, and Catherine's hand throbbed painfully from the violent contact, but that wasn't why she so regretted that she had lost her temper.

Had Catherine been aware of a couple of facts, she might have better understood Jenny's unkind words. Catherine had told nobody but Suzy how homesick she was, how much she missed her mother. She had admitted that to Suzy as they sat on the edge of the stage immediately prior to the auditions for the school's next dramatic presentation, Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*.

"Like all true red-heads, I have a very quick temper. I tend to fly off the handle when someone insults me. Even more so, when they insult my family or my country. My mother sent me here because she felt the humiliation punishments might work better than the canings I had received at my school in England. I got into a bit of a brawl with yet another girl, and the suspension I received was the last straw for my mother. She had heard of this place from a friend of a friend whose daughter was here several years ago. She said the girl had graduated a changed person; so my mother reluctantly decided that I had to come here."

Since Jackie was in Suzy's class, Catherine's knowledge of her was almost all second hand; therefore, she did not realize that Jackie would consider her support of Suzy during her humiliating adventure as something deserving of Jackie's revenge. And neither of the two girls had seen Jackie behind the curtain, smiling at these words. They did not see the smile grow into a positively evil grin as Catherine continued her confession.

"I think me Mum was right. As I've already told you, I think I would just die if I had to be starkers even just in one class, so I've been very successful in keeping my temper since I got here. I made one mistake that you will appreciate: I called Ms. Carpenter "Miss" and she took my blouse for the rest of the day. Thank God, it was the second last period of the day that I made that stupid mistake. I have never been so humiliated in my life. I would rather have six of the best any day. Please don't tell anyone about my problems back at home, Suzy; I am so ashamed of my actions, that I think I'd almost rather spend a whole day in class naked."

Jackie slipped away at that time, and passed through the hall, coming into the auditorium through the main entrance, all the while wondering how best to use the information she had just obtained. Jackie had always been interested in the theater, and last year, she had directed a one act play that was presented at homecoming, to the great delight of the alumni. Jackie was always surprised, as were almost all the other students, that anybody would want to come back to this horrible place once they were free, but strangely enough most of them did.

At any rate, the play was such a success, that the headmistress had suggested to Miss Copoletta that they should try a student director for a change, and Miss Copoletta agreed, reluctantly. The reluctance was not due to pique, but because she was worried about the pressure that this job would place on the young Jackie. This year, for the first time, the ten schools of the region had decided to have a drama competition involving full length dramas, instead of the usual "Festival of One-Act Plays". The plan had finally been accepted when Ed Moravoss, of the largest theater in the area, had made an offer the school trustees could not refuse. He was a great believer in promoting the arts and offered to donate the use of his main auditorium for five days. The schools would each give a performance, either a matinee or evening show; thus Monday to Friday would be just enough to allow all ten schools to participate. He pointed out that no school had facilities at all similar to his; therefore, no school would have a "home field" advantage. He would, moreover, personally donate $10,000 to be used as a scholarship to the winning school. Tickets for the shows would not, as in previous years, be free, but would be sold for two and a half dollars per show, with the entire gate for each performance going to that school for whatever purpose they wanted. Since the theater had over two thousand seats, a school that sold out its performance would receive over $5,000. What board could resist the possibility of receiving up to $15,000 with no possibility of a loss? When he had explained how, if all the schools agreed, the winner could receive another possible $55,000, the schools had agreed unanimously. In the ten months since that agreement was made, everything had been prepared.

Jackie had been a little disappointed that both Suzy and Catherine were good actresses. She had to make this play a total success, both for the school and more importantly to her, for her future in the business. If she could show that she had directed a play that won thousands of dollars, she was sure it would advance her career. When she had been preparing the one-act play the other year, Jackie had told Miss Copoletta that she very much wanted to direct *Our Town*; and when the headmistress had been adamant about using a student as director, even at the risk of losing the prize money, Miss Copoletta had proposed the play, and the headmistress had agreed at once. At the auditions, the two of them agreed that Catherine was really the only choice for the part of the Stage Manager, while Suzy would be a perfect Emily.

The entire school was working on the play, some in costumes, more in publicity. Mr. Moravoss had told the schools that he would print and distribute the posters, but in return for this favor, the schools would have to let the students produce the poster on their own.

Jackie was almost too involved in the play to set up any form of revenge, but, when the memo concerning the new punishments for physical violence came out last Friday, she had a brainwave. She wanted to wait until after the play was produced, but she knew that her best chance of success would be greatly diminished if anyone else was punished under the new code. Late that same day, she had had a short but fruitful meeting with two of her cohorts, Jenny and Frankie.

Frankie had finally inveigled Catherine into a game of "Truth or Dare" with several other girls. She was able just before lights out to trick Catherine into taking the dare, and the first part of Jackie's revenge was complete. Jackie had expected the whole thing to be done by Tuesday, but she had forgotten to emphasize that time was of the essence, so it wasn't until just five minutes ago that Jenny had found the chance to carry out her part. Since she was not in Catherine's class either, her chances were few and far between.

She had finally seen Catherine in the hall, reading a letter just outside Miss Copoletta's room. Since the letter was from her mother, homesickness had overwhelmed Catherine and a few tears were trickling down her cheeks. Jenny had carefully placed herself right outside the doorway, in plain sight of the teacher, and said to Frankie beside her, "Look at the baby cry! She is a true weakling, just like her mother. She was too weak to control her and so just took the easy way out, sending her away."

The slur on her mother was just too much for Catherine, especially as the letter had only emphasized to her just how far she was from the person she loved most in the world, and her hand had knocked her taunter's head sideways before she even knew she had moved.

Now she stood in front of the headmistress, and the memo on violence was foremost in her mind.

Miss Copoletta unhappily related the entire incident as she had seen it. The headmistress turned first to Jenny.

"Do you deny saying those things about Catherine?" Jenny had known she would be in trouble, but she was willing to accept the punishment for the sake of Jackie's revenge, and hers. After all, when she had pointed out the resemblance of the naked Suzy to a topless portrait in the gallery, Suzy had been totally humiliated until Catherine had retorted, "So you're saying Suzy really is pretty as a picture," thus cheering up Suzy and making her look like a fool. This revenge would be sweet.

"That was a very cruel and unnecessary comment," continued the headmistress, "and I believe you should spend a full day with no blouse." Jenny had been expecting this, and so her hands moved automatically to her top button. "On second thought, the comment was crueler than that. I think we should make that no top." Jenny gulped as she heard that, and saw Miss Copoletta's vigorous nod of agreement. She slowly removed her blouse and placed it on the corner of the desk. It was only as she unclipped her bra, slid it down her arms and dropped it on top of her blouse that the severity of the punishment struck home. She had a two special functions to fulfill tomorrow, one in the morning due to her ability in sports and one in the afternoon for which she had volunteered in order to mock people. That action had certainly backfired. She began to wonder if this would be a revenge at all.

Catherine shivered as the headmistress turned to her. "Catherine, you must realize from the punishment I have just given to Jenny that I feel you were treated shamefully; however, you must have read the memo on physical violence by now. What was the first sentence of that memo?"

"There is no excuse for a student to use physical violence at school."

"Do you feel that your case should be an exception to that rule?"

Catherine looked at the floor, cursing her quick temper, mentally kicking herself. She actually did agree with the statement. There is nothing worse than being punished when you deserve it. If a punishment is undeserved, you have the release of complaining about the unfairness of it all; but if it is deserved, you have nobody to blame but yourself. "No, ma'am. I agree with the statement and deserve punishment," she said, her voice low but steady.

"And that punishment is?" The headmistress did not let her pleasure at Catherine's response show. She had not believed that the girl would have come so far so fast.

"The basic punishment for a first offence shall be the loss of all clothing for a period of one week." Catherine's voice was still very low as she quoted the memo, but it began to quiver as she continued, "If there is a repetition, the..."

"That's enough," interrupted the headmistress. "You are ready to serve the punishment?" Catherine nodded dumbly, and Jenny visibly perked up as she thought of the possibilities this week would bring. "Very well. The final paragraph in the fine print is germane, I believe." Both girls stiffened, as neither had bothered to read that little footnote. "It says: 'In certain cases, such as exceptional provocation, the basic punishment may be reduced, but in no circumstances may it be reduced to less than half of the basic punishment'. Miss Copoletta appears to agree with me that there was extreme provocation in this case." She saw her subordinate's enthusiastic nod. "Therefore, you must remove your clothing now, and not wear anything until you get up on Tuesday morning."

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 2 - Disaster**

Catherine placed her mother's letter near the corner of the headmistress's desk that was closest to her, dropped her tie next to it, then glumly unbuttoned the white blouse and placed it on top of the tie. She began to blush as she reached behind her back and unclasped the bra. Unlike Jenny, however, her nipples hardened at once. Part of that was the cold air striking them suddenly, but part of it, she was surprised to find, was that she was turned on. Her 34D's were amazingly firm for breasts so large. She could see Jenny's chagrin that her 36C's were not only smaller than Catherine's, Catherine's nipples and areolae were larger and darker and standing out unbelievably well against the almost white skin of the red-haired beauty, standing out much better, whichever way you want to take "standing out", than her lighter tips against her darker skin. On top of that Catherine's breasts were firmer and pointed higher than hers. Jenny started to gnaw her lip as the bra was dropped on top of the blouse, the piles on the two corners of the desk now equal.

As Catherine slowly removed her skirt, she heard the headmistress pronounce the remainder of her sentence; something she had already realized. "Of course, you know that students being punished in this way cannot leave the school for any purpose, unless accompanied by staff. I'm afraid your weekend with Suzy has been canceled." Catherine nodded dumbly, succeeding in holding back the tears, if only barely. She knew she would have died from the humiliation of being seen in her nakedness by Suzy's parents and brother, but she also was going to miss the time with her friend. She truly needed a whole day with a close friend. She swallowed a large lump in her throat as her tartan skirt was laid over the bra and blouse.

Catherine was so involved in controlling her emotions that she did not notice how carefully, even greedily Jenny was watching her as she slowly slid her panties over her hips and down her thighs. She bent over, carefully stepping out of the basic white cotton, then stood up straight and let the item fall onto the plaid skirt, a striking contrast; forgetting for the moment the special contrast she was showing.

Jenny was remembering what had happened last night at the dare game. Jenny could see the five girls sitting around the floor in Frankie's room in the distinctive Cronenberg uniform. Frankie had carefully guided the game, and the last two girls had been asked about problems with the law, and scrapes they'd gotten into in their youth. As Jackie had predicted, when it was Catherine's turn to be asked, she chose the dare. Frankie had managed to plant the idea of a special dare in the minds of the some of the other girls.

"Have her shave her pussy," one of them cried, and a chorus of agreement followed.

"An excellent idea!" Frankie cried, watching Catherine's stunned face, seeing the expression of horror in her eyes. "But maybe a little too much. I dare you to let me trim your pussy hair."

"Not shave it all?" The tone of relief was unmistakable. Frankie had to admit that Jackie was a very shrewd psychologist; she had said that Catherine would probably refuse the dare, if it came out directly, but if it were a lesser dare, she would probably accept.

"No, just a neat little trim."

"All right, but not in public."

"Wait a minute, how will we know she has done the dare?"

"Because," Frankie hissed as she glared at the speaker, "I will tell you if we do or not... Or, are you calling me a liar?"

The three girls left at once, all agreeing that if Frankie reported to them tomorrow, they would accept her word, of course, and would you look at the time, I still have to do some more homework, and so we'll see you tomorrow.

As soon as they got up, Jenny slipped out from her vantage point in the bathroom she shared with Frankie, leaving the door to her own room half open. She slipped under a pile of clothing, with a thin white cloth covering her face. She could see through it easily enough, but since the light in her room was out, all they would see would be a heap of clothes. Catherine slipped out of her skirt and panties, and both the other girls gasped when they saw the mass of red hair covering her pubic mound. Jenny had always heard that red-heads tended to be very sparsely covered down there, but if so, Catherine was the exception to the rule. The thick curls down there exactly matched the hair on her head, a brilliant auburn. Looking at the thick rings of red gold that framed Catherine's pale face, all Jenny could think of for a moment was the little red-headed girl in the "Peanuts" comic strip with her "naturally curly hair". Jenny felt a twinge of envy at the beauty of Catherine's face.

By this point, Frankie had Catherine sitting on the closed toilet seat with her legs spread wide. She carefully trimmed the bottom of the red-gold thatch with scissors so it formed an inverted triangle, pointing directly at Catherine's slit. Next she carefully removed all the hair from those lips, and from the trimmed area with a hair removal cream. Once the area between her legs and to either side of the "arrow" was cleared of all hair, Frankie delivered the *coup de grace*. As Catherine sat with her head thrown back, exulting in the unaccustomed tickling of a breeze on her lower lips, Frankie quickly trimmed the top of the triangle into two equal curves, removing the stubble the trim created with another application of the cream. Only when Frankie had totally finished, and thoroughly rinsed the cream off, and had announced the fact, did Catherine look down and see that she was now sporting, not an arrow, but a three inch, bright red heart. The heart was absolutely perfect. Everyone, even her worst enemies, admitted that Frankie was an artist. That was why she would be doing the makeup for the play, creating men from the sweet girlish faces of the School's students.

As Catherine blushed as red as her hair at the idea of the symbol of love right above her sex, Frankie said to her, "Don't worry, this can be our little secret. I'll tell the girls that I trimmed it, but not the shape I made it."

Catherine murmured her thanks, as she slipped into her clothes, and then quickly exited, going back to her own room. As soon as the bedroom door closed behind her, Jenny jumped up from the pile of clothes. "Our little secret", she giggled, and Frankie joined in her laughter.

Now, because of Jenny's mean comments the "little secret" would be secret no longer, and it would not only be the girls at the game who would know of it. Jenny looked again at Frankie's handiwork. She agreed with Frankie that, with that shade of red, a heart was the obvious shape, and the brilliant red stood out unbelievably well against Catherine's pale, almost translucent skin. She smiled to herself at the thought of her in her final class today and in all Monday's classes.

The headmistress gave each girl a late slip and sent each on to her last class of the day.

"I'll see you at rehearsal, Catherine," Miss Copoletta whispered quietly to the departing redhead, who could only nod in return. "And don't forget your letter." Catherine took the envelope with no comment and left.

"It's a shame she can't be with Suzy this weekend. I think a couple of days in that home would have done her a world of good." The headmistress was genuinely fond of the girl, but could not break the rules even for her. "If only I could send someone with her."

"I have an idea about that," replied Miss Copoletta, happy to spend her spare period helping out one of her students, even if the student didn't know about it.

A brief discussion followed, then a telephone call. Half an hour later, the two women were smiling at each other. Miss Copoletta left the office to prepare the stage for the rehearsal to the headmistress's cryptic comment: "Don't make that final announcement to the cast until those two have left; I'll take care of it so far as they are concerned."

Catherine, meanwhile, had walked half-way across the large school building, marveling at the feeling of the cool air on her bare skin, blushing at the exposure she felt each time she passed an open room door. When she finally reached Ms. Carpenter's room, she took a deep breath, glancing at her still rock hard nipples, not willing to believe that the exposure was turning her on. Before she could lose her nerve, she stepped through the door and walked over to give Ms. Carpenter the late slip, trying hard to ignore the gasps and mutters from the rest of the students. The teacher looked disappointed that she would not be able to punish this student for tardiness, but smiled thinly as she looked at the naked body before her.

"Very well, Miss Higgins, you may take your seat," she said sourly.

"Nice trim," said a voice from the middle row as Catherine started to move to her seat.

"I see you took the dare," said the girl beside the former speaker, who was sitting directly behind Catherine's seat. Catherine was startled for a moment, then recognized the two girls from last night's game. There words suddenly reminded her that she was not just naked, she was sporting a pussy that was shaped like a heart, and all her classmates now knew she was depraved enough to do something so wild. She blushed over her whole body, then gasped as her naked butt made contact with the cool seat. She felt the moisture between her legs. Bloody hell, that was not perspiration; she was actually enjoying the humiliation.

Ms. Carpenter, for the first time in ages, decided to use the blackboard at the front of the room, and of course she called on Catherine to come up and write the answer. Realizing that the old biddy was just trying to humiliate her since she could not punish her, Catherine tried to persuade herself, "It's just my classmates. We've seen each other in the showers. This is no different than showering after phys. ed." In spite of the mental pep talk, she could not make herself believe that. She felt the stares of her classmates on her round cheeks, and even more she felt them on her trimmed pussy and naked lips as she walked back to her seat, breathing deeply. She was still trying to calm herself when the bell rang for the end of class.

She was somehow not totally amazed when the students did not make the usual Friday afternoon dash for the door, but took their time getting up, watching their naked classmate. Catherine had not made many friends since she arrived. She was too smart and pretty to be accepted immediately, and then she had made the dangerous mistake of fraternizing with a girl from a lower form. Therefore, it was not surprising that there was nobody who came over to comfort her, just a group of harpies making snide comments about her body -- her face, her breasts, her nipples, her ass, her privates, her pussy hair, especially her pussy hair.

She slipped up to her room, both to get away from the stares and to drop off her mother's letter. She sat on the bed for just a minute before she remembered that she would be needed at the rehearsal at once. Cronenberg School had drawn the coveted Friday night slot, and they would be the final presentation, but this could mean a larger audience as those attending that night would also be the first to find out the winner of the competition.

As she wended her way back down to the auditorium, she thought about the part she had to play. Jackie had made a few changes to the play, trying to make it work with only girls. She had chosen Frankie to do the makeup, and just two days ago, Frankie had arrived with a young man dressed in the uniform of the Terence Gilliam Boys' school.

"If we combined forces with Terence Gilliam's, I would be able to create believable makeup, like this young man. How do you expect me to create believable men from these girls."

"I know it will be difficult, and they won't be totally realistic, but we have to do this on our own. The rules don't allow for joint ventures. Now send him away, you know we work on a closed set." Jackie had become fanatical about protecting her vision of the play from spying eyes, and all cast and crew were sworn to secrecy. "Nothing personal, young man, but you'll have to leave now."

"Can't I even be a stagehand?" His voice was quite high, and seemed somewhat familiar to the other girls.

"NO! You canno... Jenny?!" Catherine remembered Jackie's double take clearly; it would have done credit to the best of the old British comic actors. Frankie was a real wizard at the craft of creating faces.

She had discussed her concept of the Stage Manager with Miss Copoletta and Catherine. "I don't want to waste time on creating a male persona for this character. He was created as a sort of Everyman, who is dressed as a stage manager would be at the time it was written, middle-class male; his is really a non costume. I would like to simply use a female character. We'll drop the hat, and change Mr. Morgan to Mrs. Morgan to keep the sex the same. Also since the Stage Manager speaks to the audience at the beginning talking about the producer, director and several actors, using their actual names, I think she should just wear her school uniform. And so should the stagehands. I think this would bring out Wilder's idea correctly."

Miss Copoletta was quite amazed by Jackie's vision, and just nodded slowly as she thought it over. Catherine saw the humor of the situation. "Since I'm British and playing the lead in what is probably the quintessential American play, being a school girl instead of a professional man won't make it any weirder. I'll be happy to just wear my uniform; I won't need all those costume fittings." The other changes all seemed to flow from this basic one. The hat was dropped, and the character of Mr. Morgan was changed to Mrs. Morgan. Jackie also decided that she needed a costume to remind the audience of who she was when she was playing the minister. A simple white band with velcro would be handed to her and she would put it round her neck like a minister's collar, while she said the line, "In this wedding, I play the minister."

It wasn't until they had actually begun rehearsals that it came home to Catherine that she was on stage for virtually the entire play. The hardest part, she believed, was not memorizing and delivering her lines, it was standing quietly in front of the proscenium arch, watching the other actors on stage.

As Catherine was walking naked along the corridor, Jackie was talking to a Jenny who today could not be mistaken for a boy, as she was still topless. "You were supposed to get her naked days ago, how long is the punishment for?" Jackie asked worriedly. When Jenny told her that Catherine would be getting her clothes back on Tuesday, she was amazed to hear a heartfelt, "Thank God." Jackie couldn't miss the look of surprise on her face and continued, "She'll have a couple of days to get over her humiliation, and won't be worried about being naked on the way to and from the theater. She'll be able to concentrate on the performance." Jenny was shocked that Jackie would put anything ahead of her revenge; she had not realized just how important the play was to the young woman.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 3 – Rehearsal**

Catherine found the exposure on stage very trying, but did her best to put her nudity out of her mind. Suzy had been devastated when she told her that she could not come to her home that weekend. Suzy was so upset that she was having trouble staying in character as sixteen-year-old Emily. Jackie, of course, did not know what the problem was, and started to fume at the shy actress. Miss Copoletta, as faculty advisor, took Suzy aside, and was able to straighten her out in a couple of minutes. Jackie wondered just what magic she had to restore the youngster's acting ability.

Catherine found herself feeling very vulnerable during her speech to the audience that moves the action from afternoon to evening. Today was the first time the lighting crew was trying out the cues they had set up, and the script called for the rest of the stage to be darkened, with just a spot on her. Catherine could see her white skin shining almost like a black light poster, and could also see how dark her areolae looked in comparison. Although she managed to prevent herself from looking down, she was sure that a dark heart would be even more visible. The bright spot shining directly at her prevented her from seeing which of the actors and crew had slipped into the audience area, but she could hear the noise of people moving quietly around out there and knew that she was under the scrutiny of many eyes. She felt herself blushing, and she also felt her vagina start to moisten. She prayed, oh how she prayed, that her dew would not be noticeable to her audience.

Even worse than this, however, was the end of the first act. According to Jackie, Catherine's character represented Everyman, at least in part. "Therefore," she had said long ago, "we must incorporate some action that a man would normally do, but not a woman, at some point in the play." Jackie also indicated that, because the play already contains interaction with the audience, Catherine would not go backstage during the intermissions, but would stay front of stage. During the first intermission, Jackie wanted her to wait while the audience exited, then get down off the stage, and follow them out of the auditorium and pick up a drink -- a soft drink, of course -- at the bar. Someone would meet her in the ladies' washroom to touch up her makeup if necessary, thus obviating any need to go backstage. Since Catherine didn't want to stand there, just leaning on the proscenium arch with no actors to look at, she was reluctant at first, but finally the two decided she should bring a chair out from the set and sit on it.

On Tuesday night, Catherine had suddenly linked Jackie's two ideas. She put the simple metal stacking chair down with its back to the audience and sat on it backwards, a movement far more common to boys than girls. This spread her knees wide apart in a most unladylike position, with her skirt falling between her thighs. She leaned forward until her body was against the metal back, spoke the line, "That's the end of the First Act, friends. You can go and smoke now, those that smoke" with a dismissive gesture, and then dropped her hands to her knees, sitting with arms and legs akimbo, staring at the audience haughtily. Jackie had been ecstatic about the change.

"Perfect. Just the male attitude that I needed. We'll work out something similar for the end of Act II." With that statement, the bit of business became part of the play.

Tonight, as the first act drew to a close, Catherine started the business as she had been practicing it. She placed the chair on the apron, and dropped onto it. The metal was unbelievably cold on her naked cheeks, and this chill reminded her of her nudity. She gasped from the cold, then blushed as she realized that without her clothes, her cunt was gaping wide, clearly visible by the audience through the U of the steel pipe that formed the legs and back of the chair. Trying to recover her calm she leaned forward and her breasts slid over the cold pipe until the back of the chair was firmly pressed against her torso under those mounds. The cold steel was pushing her globes up even higher than their normal position, making them appear larger and firmer than ever. Catherine had to use all her acting ability to deliver the final line without gasping for breath, as the cruel exposure was arousing her unbelievably. She dropped her hands to her knees, and stared out into the auditorium, trying to keep her breath under control, knowing that the entire rest of the cast was now in front of her, gazing at the spectacle she was presenting, feeling the deepest humiliation and the highest arousal at the same time. She could see her nipples had swollen larger than she had ever seen them before, and her vagina was moist again.

"Just sit there watching the audience leave. Keep that haughty look," Catherine heard her director say. While the others were definitely watching the exposed actress, only Jackie picked up on Catherine's conflicting emotions. She had seen them often enough in her victims to recognize the signs, and she used her position as director to keep the poor girl vulnerable while she inspected her. "I was right. The bitch is totally turned on by the exposure. Boy oh boy, once the play is over I will be able to humiliate her again. I'll never let her live this down," she said to herself, then added aloud, "OK, Catherine, time to follow the audience, then we'll take five before we start act two." She watched as Catherine got up from the chair and with a good, but to Jackie's eyes insincere, mask of haughtiness walked down the steps from the stage and then up the aisle, her pace increasing as she headed directly to the ladies' room. Jackie checked out the chair, carefully wiping up a small puddle of fluid that was neither sweat nor piss.

Catherine had run into a stall, and as soon as she sat down, her fingers flew to her vaginal lips. She barely had time to touch them before she felt an orgasm beginning. She managed not to scream, but could not suppress the long shuddering moan that accompanied her satisfaction. Jackie was just about to open the washroom door when she heard the sound, so she stopped, smiled to herself and then turned away to talk to the wardrobe mistress instead. She felt that it might be better if Catherine did not know yet that someone had heard her climax.

Catherine just relaxed for a moment, then took a quick piss. After drying herself most carefully, she left the stall, washed her hands and then splashed cold water on her face. After she had patted her face dry with a paper towel, she could not resist standing back and looking at the body reflected in the mirror. She did not want to seem vain, but she had to admit that she looked pretty good. She stood five foot seven inches in her stocking feet ("or naked", she giggled), and her 34D breasts and 34 inch hips contrasted with a waist that was just under nineteen inches. She knew she was lucky to have such an hourglass figure and she didn't have to diet to maintain it. Her mane of curly auburn hair framed a pale face with high cheek-bones and bright green eyes. Maybe her mouth was a little wide, but when she smiled her teeth were all white and even. For the first time, she looked critically at her private area. The heart right above her privates might be decadent, but it was pretty, and Frankie had done a superb job in forming it. "A heart right above my sex," she mused. "I hope they don't read it like a bumper sticker - 'love sex'." She amazed herself by smiling broadly at this little joke. She should be crying from humiliation, not laughing. "Oh well," she thought, "it is only in front of my fellow actors tonight, and I will be spending most of the next two days alone in my room. It's not like poor Suzy, forced to wander naked in the city, or like that other Catherine that I heard about, who had to dance naked with those boys."

She imagined herself in a dance class, all the other girls and all the boys still fully dressed. As the tall, handsome youngster stepped up to waltz with her, she felt his hand take her hand, his other hand on her waist. She saw his eyes shine as he stared at her firm breasts, and they started to glide round the floor. For some reason, all the other students were just watching, then they started to follow as she and her partner danced along the sidewalk, swirling in and out of the noonday pedestrians, all of whom were looking at her naked breasts and buns as she swung around between them.

As she was passing through a very dense group, a hand fell on her shoulder and the policeman said, "I think we should be starting act two." Jackie's face was reflected in the mirror right beside her own as she leaned, panting slightly, against the sinks. Jackie was smiling kindly, and Catherine hoped she did not realize just how turned on she was. Jackie, of course, had seen those dark nipples, jutting hard from the firm breasts, and had also noticed what Catherine had missed so far, a couple of beads of fluid on her lower lips.

"I want to start the second act tonight exactly as we will on Friday, so assume that it is now about five or six minutes before the end of the intermission. You've come back upstairs after your drink, and are about to enter the hall." Catherine quickly recovered herself and they continued the rehearsal.

The only other thing that was different today from previous rehearsals, was that Suzy's costumes were all ready, so she was acting in costume, giving Jackie a chance to check them out. Miss Copoletta had known about the two girls' weekend plans all week and had told Ellie, who was the wardrobe mistress for this play, to get Suzy's costumes ready first as she didn't want her to have to come back on Saturday for fittings.

Jackie had Ellie add a petticoat to the first costume, to make the skirt flounce more like a teenager might have worn then, but just said that Ellie had outdone herself with the wedding dress.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 4 - After the Rehearsal**

After the rehearsal was ended, Jackie called the girls around and said they were doing well, then started into the details that she wanted adjusted. Jackie had wanted to get rid of the pipe that the Stage Manager smoked, and Catherine certainly didn't want to smoke, but somehow they thought something was needed to replace it. It was just yesterday that Suzy had made a suggestion.

"About the pipe," she had said to Jackie and Miss Copoletta as they sat in the auditorium just before rehearsal, discussing the progress. "About the pipe, my brother was watching TV last night and he had tuned in an old *Kojak*. Do you think Catherine could suck a lollipop instead of smoking a pipe?" Jackie had shown little enthusiasm for the idea, but had agreed they should try it. They had managed to find a Tootsie Roll and once Jackie had seen Catherine suck it with a Lolita-like innocence she had realized that it was the perfect prop. Today, they had purchased a whole stack of lollipops, and just for a private joke, Jackie had made sure they were all cherry flavor. Today, she had positively shivered as she watched the naked girl slowly slide the red candy into and out of her mouth.

Jackie told Catherine that she had the moves with the lollipop down perfectly, not to change a thing. She then asked if there were any questions or suggestions.

"You know I have never liked that bleeding pocket watch," Catherine replied, even though she had, of course, had to mime it all today as she had no pocket to carry it in, "but I also agree that a wristwatch isn't right. It's just that the pocket watch seems so male. Anyhow, I was wondering if we could use a watch like a lot of the nurses used in England. These are smaller than a pocket watch, and are clipped or pinned onto the uniform, hanging like a pendant or brooch. How about it?"

"It would be a good idea, but where would we find one? No, I think we will have to keep the pocket watch."

"Would a watch that hangs on a chain, like a necklace, be of any help?" Everybody jumped as the strange male voice boomed out from the back of the auditorium. One of Catherine's hands flew to cover her privates, the other swung across the chest covering her breasts. The action was unthinking and as soon as she had done it she saw the frown on Miss Copoletta's face and remembered that it was forbidden to cover up while being punished. She swallowed hard and let her arms drop to her sides; the smile of approval from her favorite teacher made her feel happier again, and almost let her forget that she was now totally exposed to a strange man. Almost.

"Daddy!" squealed Suzy.

"That sounds wonderful, Mr. O'Brien," said Miss Copoletta. "Do you know where we can buy one?"

"Nonsense!" he replied as he walked down the aisle towards them. "My wife owns one. She never wears it, and will be quite happy to loan it to you for the production." He shook hands with the teacher, then swung round so he was facing the naked young girl. "And you must be that Catherine Higgins that my daughter is always talking about. I'm Suzy's father. Pleased to meet you." Catherine was so stunned that this strange man did not even appear to notice that she was naked that she reached out and took the proffered hand without thinking. "Since you're going to be wearing it, you must not forget to remind me to give it to you before you come back here at the end of the weekend."

Catherine felt the bitter tears well up in her eyes. "I'm sorry, sir, but I can't come. I'm being punished and can't leave the school except with a staff member."

Miss Copoletta spoke up immediately. "The headmistress and I discussed the problem. Since Mr. O'Brien is a director of the school and tutors a number of the students, and as Mrs. O'Brien has also done so in the past, we decided that they could be considered staff for the purposes of this regulation. So you can have your weekend with Suzy."

Catherine gave a little scream of delight and the two friends hugged. "Miss Copoletta told me at the start of rehearsal, so I could act, but said if I told you, I would get twice your punishment, and the permission would be rescinded. The headmistress felt not knowing of the change was a bit more punishment. But I've just been bursting to tell you."

As the two youngster babbled on, Miss Copoletta asked, "You have spoken to the headmistress, and she has explained all the rules, of course." He nodded and she continued, "You know about Sunday."

"Don't worry, they'll be there."

The two friends were far too engrossed in plans for the weekend to hear this exchange, but Jackie's ears pricked right up.

"All right you two, we mustn't keep Mr. O'Brien waiting. Catherine, you know the rules. You must obey Mr. or Mrs. O'Brien as if they were your regular teachers. You must be accompanied by one of them at all times, while away from the school." Catherine gulped and nodded. As if she would want to go outside alone in this state. Suddenly her nipples hardened. She had just realized that she was going to be going out of the school totally naked except for shoes and socks. She would only be in the car, of course, but would still be visible to other cars and to pedestrians. She gulped, then realized that Miss Copoletta was still talking. "If you disobey either of them, they are under orders to report you, and you will be severelypunished. Remember the rule about covering up. If you do try to cover up, they will report you, and you will be punished." Catherine shivered as she saw Mr. O'Brien nod his agreement.

"I didn't prepare my things... I... thought I wasn't..."

"That's OK," boomed Mr. O'Brien. "We have several spare toothbrushes, and you can borrow anything else you need from Suzy here."

"Sure you can," giggled Suzy. "I think my socks will fit you." The whole group broke out laughing at this statement, except for poor Catherine who blushed again at the reminder of just how naked she would be.

"All right you two, that's enough. Suzy, your costumes were all fitted today. Catherine, you will be wearing your uniform, so no fitting is necessary, and the clerical collar worked today. The two of you go with your father, Suzy. The rest of you wait here until we can arrange your fitting time tomorrow. Somebody go get Ellie, she needs to help us set up the times."

The two friends were out of the auditorium long before Ellie arrived, so they did not hear Miss Copoletta say: "Listen up, everybody. You too, Ellie. Before we get down to tomorrow's fittings, I have an announcement to make about Sunday.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 5 - The Ride Home**

Catherine and Suzy trotted quickly to keep up with Mr. O'Brien's long strides. In no time at all he had reached the headmistress's office, right beside the main door. He looked in the open door, and the girls stood in the doorway behind him.

"I have the two of them now. We'll be sure to get Catherine back first thing Monday morning."

"Very well." The old lady smiled at the naked girl standing in the doorway. "Have an enjoyable weekend, Miss Higgins. But remember that you are always representing the Cronenberg School, and be sure to act like a young lady."

"Yes, Ma'am," Catherine blushed, wondering how a person could act like a young lady and still be running around starkers. She bobbed a little curtsy and received a delighted smile in return, then she turned and hurried after the other two. She caught up to Suzy just as she stepped out of the large front door of the school. A deep breath and two painful steps forward, and Catherine was standing on the large stone landing, outdoors naked for the first time in her memory. The thunk of the door closing behind her, increased her feeling of vulnerability, her feeling of total nakedness. Naked. This was the first time she had ever been so naked. She had thought she was naked, sitting on that chair with her legs split wide her breast being presented to the rest of the cast by the metal back of the chair, yes, she had thought that was naked, but it wasn't a patch on her current feeling. She was exposed to the entire world, naked, vulnerable and alone. Bloody hell, she was alone. Both Suzy and her father had reached the bottom of the great stone staircase, and were starting along a walkway. Catherine stumbled forward, and started down the steps. The weather was definitely not a nudist's delight; a very fine but also very cold drizzle was falling from the leaden sky. She could not tell whether her goose-bumps were due to the cold rain or to her felling of vulnerability, but she could feel and see them all over her body.

It wasn't long, certainly nowhere near as many hours as it seemed, before they arrived at the car. Catherine caught up to the others just as they reached it.

"Would you like to ride up front with me," Mr. O'Brien asked the shivering young lady. "You'll have a better view, and the heating is better there."

Catherine knew she would be unable to shift away from the window if she sat up there, so she said that she would much prefer to ride in the back. Mr. O'Brien had unlocked the driver's side door, and he pulled forward the seat back to let her climb into the back. She shuddered inwardly to think of the display she was giving the other to as she clambered awkwardly over the seat corner.

"Suzy?"

"I'll sit with my friend, Dad." And with those words, she followed her into the back of the car.

"Seatbelts, both of you." At that phrase, Catherine thought she would be forced to sit over near the passenger side window, but just in time she realized that there was a belt in the center of the seat she could use. She hoped this would make it harder to see her.

The car glided out of the parking lot and down the long driveway. In no time at all they were out on the main street, and flowing along with the traffic. Catherine thanked her lucky stars that the rehearsal had lasted till six o'clock, they were not inching along in a rush hour traffic jam, although she was sure that pedestrian after pedestrian was seeing her naked breasts. The thought made her shiver.

Suzy's arm immediately draped across her shoulders, the hand squeezing her arm, loving, supportive. "I know exactly how you feel."

"You can't know," Catherine snapped back at her, then remembering the first time she saw her young friend, naked on that bus, she smiled and corrected herself. "I'm sorry, I guess you do know. I shouldn't have snapped at you, but when I felt your blouse on me and knew you were fully clothed, well..."

"Don't worry about it. Words don't hurt unless accepted. Just don't slap me - I saw Jenny's face earlier today, and I know that hurt." She started to giggle and Catherine, thinking of the red splotch on Jenny's face, hearing the infectious laughter, and feeling the laughter through the arm on her shoulders, could not help but laugh herself. "That's better," continued Suzy. "It does get better, well, not entirely, but some. I think you start to get numb, at least until the situation changes."

The two girls continued to talk to each other for the next few minutes, and didn't look out of the window until the car turned sharply and they heard the crunch of gravel under the tires.

"This isn't the way home," Suzy exclaimed.

"Oh my god," were Catherine's only words, as she saw that they were driving up the semi-circular drive of a large building. They pulled to a stop in front of a group of over twenty young men, all in the uniform of the Terence Gilliam School for Boys.

"Your brother had to work late on an experiment, and phoned earlier, asking if I could pick him up when I got you." Suzy saw her brother step out of the group of boys, many of whom had by now noticed the bare tits in the back seat of the car, and open the door.

"Thanks, Dad. This is Doug, my lab partner. I called Mum and she said it would be just fine to bring him to dinner tonight." Catherine felt herself turning red again. She had almost come to terms with being naked in the car, but she was feeling very upset at the number of eyes that were currently staring at her. On top of that, she had totally forgotten that Suzy had a fifteen year old brother. She had come to terms with the fact that she would be naked in front of Suzy and her parents, but she had forgotten that there was going to be this bundle of teenage hormones gawking at her as well. And now she would have to make that two bundles of male hormones. She shuddered at that thought, and not even Suzy's gentle squeeze of support could allay her nervousness.

"I think you should let your guest ride up front, Anthony." Mr. O'Brien knew as well as anyone just how volatile teenagers were, but he knew that Anthony understood the Cronenberg system, and trusted him not to actually do anything stupid, although he was sure to be looking. After all, Mrs. O'Brien had been so upset at seeing her daughter sitting naked on a restaurant patio in the city, that she had kept her naked from her return Friday night until after breakfast on Sunday. And, since both children had appointments for a dental checkup Saturday morning, Anthony had seen his sister naked in the car and in the dentist's office only a few weeks ago. He had to know the system.

"OK, Dad." Anthony struggled through the entry and squeezed into the passenger seat. Since Catherine had been trying to give Suzy plenty of room, Anthony's clothing was rubbing against Catherine's naked skin, reminding her forcefully of her nudity. "Hi, I'm Suzy's brother, Anthony, and you must be Catherine."He twisted sideways, and held out his hand to her. She took it and nodded dumbly at him, noticing that while he tried to look her in the eyes, he could not prevent his eyes from flicking down over her naked body. As soon as he dropped her hand he started to fish around for his seatbelt she felt the back of his hand press against her as it slid the entire length of her outer thigh, and then felt the cold metal of the buckle and then his knuckles against the side of her buttocks. She knew that some contact was inevitable, but she was also sure that he was touching her more than was absolutely necessary, but she couldn't be certain enough to accuse him.

"Doug, that's my father, my sister Suzy over by the window, and beside me is Catherine."

"Hello, all. I'm pleased to meet you." Doug's words encompassed everybody, but his eyes took in only one person, and primarily her bare tits, and exposed pussy.

"Fasten your seatbelt, Doug." Mr. O'Brien's tone was quite abrupt. He was not happy at Doug's actions. He did expect boys to look, hell, he looked himself, but they should show a modicum of self-restraint. This youngster was all but slobbering. He had noticed that his own son had checked out the naked body beside him, but he had been relatively circumspect.

"Doug's new in town." Anthony's voice filled the time required for Doug to buckle up. "He transferred to the school just last week, and doesn't know anything about the local area. I'm supposed to bring him up to speed, and I hope I have time to get the main points in before we sit down to dinner." Mr. O'Brien smiled. He had two very smart, polite and kind children. He was easily able to translate what his son had said: "Please cool it, Dad. I know you're upset, but Doug doesn't understand about Cronenberg. Make sure Mum gives me a little time before supper, and I'll try to clue him in so he'll stop acting like a jerk." And he had said it right in front his friend without insulting him or hurting his feelings.

Doug secured his belt, the twisted around in his seat to get another view of the naked angel behind him. As he was looking at her, he noticed that Anthony was quietly trying to get his attention. When he glanced over, Anthony made a "quiet down" gesture with his right hand, one that neither girl saw. Doug was excited and not experienced with naked girls in the car, but he was not stupid. He realized at once that he was acting the fool, so when Anthony asked his sister how her part was coming, Doug looked over at her. A very pretty brunette is what he saw; perhaps not quite as striking as the redhead next to her, and definitely not as naked; but a lovely face that glowed when she smiled. After Suzy described her costumes and the fittings they had had today, Anthony answered Doug's questioning look by explaining that her sister was playing Emily in *Our Town* and would be performing in exactly one week's time.

"I see. I know the play from school Never liked it. But I'm going to try to get in to see your performance." Suzy grinned delightedly; perhaps this Doug wasn't quite as bad a jerk as he had seemed earlier. He could be quite a charmer, and he seemed older than her brother. "And are you in the play too, uh... Catherine?" Asking the question of her at least gave him an excuse to look at her again, but he did try to concentrate on her face. He succeeded moderately well at that.

"Uh, yes, I am." Catherine was still feeling very nervous, under the scrutiny of the two boys. She saw now that if she had taken Mr. O'Brien's suggestion, she would have been hidden from the boys. Then she realized she might have had to get out at the school to let the two boys in, and would have had to stand naked in front of that crowd, not even the window glass between them. Her stomach did a flip-flop at that idea, and the nervousness came through in her voice. Her British accent became stronger than usual, giving her an exotic quality in addition to the obvious ones. "I will be playing the Stage Manager. I'm a little nervous about it."

"They're gonna make you up as a man!!" Doug's eyes traveled down her body, then back up, pausing at her breasts. The expression on his face was a ludicrous mixture of surprise, disappointment and disgust. Catherine and Suzy both broke out laughing at it.

"No, I'll be a female stage manager," she finally manage to gasp out, although her breasts were still bouncing from the large guffaws, this movement generating a smaller but very significant movement in both boys' bodies. "Actually, I will be dressed in my school uniform for the part."

Doug looked over at the still giggling Suzy and imagined what the redhead would look like in that outfit. While he would prefer to see her on stage as she was dressed now, she would still be well worth seeing in that costume, particularly if her skirt was as short as Suzy's.

The small talk continued until they suddenly stopped and then backed into the O'Brien's driveway. As soon as the car was stopped Doug was out of his door. He flipped the seat back forward before turning away to surreptitiously adjust the front of his trousers. Tonight would be difficult to get through without making a fool of himself, but it was also going to be extremely enjoyable.

Anthony got out of the car next, as Mr. O'Brien was washing the windshield before shutting off the car, to remove the worst of the road grease that had been thrown up. Anthony managed to readjust himself as he was stepping over the corner of the front seat, so he was able to turn around immediately and offer a gentlemanly hand to the nude young lady.

Catherine took the hand, knowing full well that a large part of Anthony's "politeness" was simply an excuse to watch her as she climbed over the seat. She figured that they had already seen everything so she took a very broad step over the seat. She smiled to herself as she thought how many times she had taken great pains to keep her skirt down while getting out of a car so she wouldn't show her panties. She knew they could see far more than her panties this time, but had forgotten that with her newly trimmed pussy, this would show them her lips for the first time. With the long stride and a weird twist to her body as she squirmed out, her lower lips parted and Doug gulped has he had his first ever live glimpse of the inside of a woman's vagina.

As Catherine straightened up, a woman who for some odd reason looked oddly familiar walked down the next-door driveway carrying a recycling blue box to the curb. This woman gave her a glare that almost froze her blood.

Suzy followed Catherine out the passenger side as her father was just getting out on his side, and she saw the look. She grabbed Catherine by the hand, smiled at her and pulled her over to the low hedge that separated the driveways, arriving as Mrs. McCready started back from the curb.

"Hello, Mrs. McCready. Do you remember my friend Catherine? You saw us the other week, having lunch together in the city. Catherine, this is our next-door neighbor Mrs. McCready."

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. McCready," Catherine said sweetly, stretching her hand out.

"Humph!" Ignoring the outstretched hand of friendship, Mrs. McCready flounced back to her house; yes, flounced was the only word for it. Catherine had read that word many, many times, but this was the first time she had ever seen anybody actually do it. Catherine would have been very upset, but she could feel Suzy's suppressed laughter through the hand she was still holding, and when she turned around she could tell that Mr. O'Brien was suppressing his own laughter with great difficulty.

"You'll have to forgive Mrs. McCready" he finally managed to say, "but I think she believes Cronenberg is an den of the devil, and we are dooming our daughter to perdition by sending her there. Of course, that means you must be another doomed soul, or perhaps one of his minions."

The five of them walked laughing to the house.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 6 - Friday Evening**

Catherine discovered that she was far more nervous about meeting Mrs. O'Brien than she had been about anything yet today. She couldn't think why she should be so upset. It never occurred to her that the only time she had seen Mrs. O'Brien, Suzy's mother had been angry and upset that a student, her daughter, was naked in public, and that subconsciously she feared that the same anger would fall on her head today. However, in spite of her fears, she discovered that Mrs. O'Brien was the sweetest possible hostess. She just enveloped Catherine in a bear hug, as she welcomed her to their home, and assured her that they would try to make her stay a very happy one.

She also welcomed Doug very warmly. However, as soon as the welcomes were over, she said at once that dinner would be ready in a quarter of an hour, and the children should take this opportunity to wash their hands and freshen up. Suzy nodded and started to lead Catherine upstairs. As they were climbing the stairs, she heard Anthony's voice say something about getting out of the blasted uniform, and then heard the two boys start up the stairs behind them. The thought of the two horny guys watching her naked ass swing from side to side as she climbed the staircase renewed her feeling of humiliation. This anxiousness, on top of the extreme nervousness of just a few minutes ago, was having a very nasty effect on her bladder. She whispered to Suzy that she had to go, badly! Suzy led her directly to the bathroom which was at the far end of the upstairs hall, so her naked backside was visible to the two boys for an even longer time.

When they stepped into the bathroom, Catherine ran to the toilet, swung around and sat down even before Suzy had the door completely closed. After the extreme emotions she had experienced over the last few hours, she let go immediately with an unbelievable force. The urgency and force of the stream shocked Catherine, and was noticeable even to the relatively innocent Suzy.

Suzy quickly pulled off her blouse, and started to wash her face and neck, as she had also been feeling certain unaccustomed feelings, and wanted to cool herself down. As the stream from Catherine lessened, she unthinkingly gave a loud sigh of relief.

"Good thing you weren't wearing panties. You wouldn't have had time to get them down," giggled Suzy as she reached for a towel, and started to dry her face.

Catherine relaxed at this comment, and then giggled back, "I would never have thought it, but I guess being dressed, uh... make that *un*dressed like this has its advantages." She wiped herself, got up, and flushed. As she started to wash her hands, her friend sat down and took a quick pee herself. Catherine could feel the dried perspiration, panic sweat from earlier, on her body and looked longingly at the bathtub. "I guess there isn't time..." she started as Suzy washed her hands again.

"No, and we don't want to be late to table. My parents are quite as strict as the teachers, and tardiness can be heavily punished. They might even ask the teachers to punish you, as you are already naked." Catherine was dumbfounded at this suggestion. "However, we can..." And with those words Suzy dampened a face cloth, soaped it up and gave Catherine's back a quick rub. Her arms, buttocks and upper legs were next followed by her chest and stomach, with special gentle attention to her sensitive tits. When Suzy finally soaped her between the legs, Catherine admitted to herself that the cleaning was definitely necessary there.

Catherine examined her feelings as Suzy repeated the cycle to rinse the soap from the body. As her friend was stroking her body using a cloth carefully dampened so that water would not run down onto her white socks, she could feel the arousal in her body. She wondered how much was just the gentle touch, and how much was the sight of those two large orbs being presented to her by Suzy's white bra. On the trip to the gallery, she had felt more protective than lustful, almost motherly towards the scared, vulnerable girl. Since then she had been looking for companionship, and this had been somebody who was willing to have long, intimate talks with her. But these feelings... Catherine knew she wasn't a lesbian. Well, she wasn't.... Was she? The feel of the large yellow towel that Suzy was wrapping around her, the gentle massage through the terrycloth to dry her skin, the innocent hand on her breasts, on her buttocks, between her legs, these were not helping reduce her feelings.

"Suzy, get your butt in gear. There are other people who need to use the bathroom." Catherine jumped at Anthony's words and the loud pounding on the door.

"All right, all right!" Suzy hung the towel back on the rack, picked up her blouse and slipped her arms into the sleeves, then opened the door before starting to button it up.

"Mom just gave us the two minute warning, so you had better get down there. We've still gotta wash up." Catherine shivered slightly as she realized she was once more exposed to the lustful gazes of two teenage boys. "Catherine had better pull up her socks, or else."

Catherine wondered why Anthony was singling her out. After all, it was Suzy who had delayed them. She dropped her eyes as she walked between the two men. Because of this, she caught a glimpse of her shoe, and the sock that Suzy had pushed down to allow her to wash more of the legs. Anthony had meant "pull up her socks" literally. She blushed as she realized he must have studied the whole of her body if he was looking as low as her ankles. She glanced over her shoulder, and saw both boys were standing at the sink washing their hands, backs to the door, so she just bent over at the waist and pulled the socks up to her knees. She did not notice the boys both froze, as they got a very good view of her taut buns as well as her vagina reflected in the medicine cabinet mirror. She was, however, thinking about them. Anthony had the same round face and brown hair as his sister, and the T-shirt and jeans he had changed into showed a solid body, while Doug's face was thinner, and his hair was jet black, and of course he was still wearing the school uniform. She wondered just how different the kisses of each would feel. Then it struck her. No, she was definitely not a lesbian, she wanted the touch of men; but as she knew from the "Health" texts, even a heterosexual girl could enjoy the caresses of another female.

By the time the two girls reached the stairs, Suzy had her blouse re-buttoned and tucked properly into the short tartan skirt, and so she was properly clothed when the two entered the living room. The two boys had caught up with them by this time, and entered the room only feet behind.

Mr. O'Brien put down his magazine when they entered and invited them to sit down until dinner was ready, but before they could take seats, Mrs. O'Brien stuck her head in the doorway to say that dinner was served, and they all trooped across the hall to the dining room.

Mrs. O'Brien had the seating all planned, complete with place-cards at each setting. Mr. O'Brien was, of course, at the head of the table, and Doug was seated at his right hand, looking directly at the naked breasts of the beauty seated at Mr. O'Brien's left. Anthony was overjoyed to discover that his mother had placed him right beside Catherine so he could sneak sideways glances at her during the entire meal. Suzy was seated beside Doug, with Mrs. O'Brien at the foot of the table.

A fruit cup was already at each place, and after Mr. O'Brien said grace, they started in. Catherine discovered two things with her first bite; one, that this was a homemade mixture of fresh melon, oranges, grapefruit, cherries and apple, not a tinned item in the lot; and two, that in spite of her humiliation -- or perhaps because of it -- she was ravenous. This was not too surprising as she had eaten only a small lunch, and it was already past seven o'clock. She was the first to finish, as the others were all talking and laughing more than she was. Both Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien were great raconteurs, and their tales, particularly those of the children's past misdeeds brought gales of laughter from all present, including whoever was the subject of the embarrassing tale. Catherine did not realize that the parents had chosen this method to put her at ease, but by the end of the appetizer, she was laughing like the rest of them and had actually forgotten her nude state, until she picked up the napkin to dry her lips. Then she remembered; all the other diners had found large linen serviettes as part of their setting, but, because Cronenberg regulations said that covering up was not allowed and so a student with skirt removed could not place a serviette in her lap, Mrs. O'Brien had graciously placed a much smaller linen napkin that could be more easily left up on the table. Catherine marveled at how happy she felt in spite of her exposure.

Doug had turned to speak to Suzy, and Catherine checked out her reflection in the picture window behind him. She could clearly see her face and her breasts against the dark background, and smiled at herself. Then she noticed something else. She could see into a dimly lit room, the light flickering. In the gloom she could just make out Mrs. McCready sitting in an armchair with some man, probably Mr. McCready, sitting in another armchair beside her. They were obviously watching TV, and were seated at about a 45 degree angle to the window. The slightest turn of the head, and they would see her.

Catherine felt vulnerable again, and was about to ask Mr. O'Brien why the curtains had been left open when she answered her own question. She remembered the look on Mrs. McCready's face that day in the city, and she also remembered the look on Suzy's face earlier tonight as she introduced the two of them and Mr. O'Brien's comment about Mrs. McCready's ideas on Cronenberg. He obviously disagreed with the neighbor who Suzy said was "the biggest gossip in the neighborhood" who would "tell any tale she could, and the meaner the better" and was doing this to taunt her. Catherine felt sure Suzy would be trying to get the old biddy's goat if she were the one being punished, so she would be only too happy to help her friend. But she must keep an eye on them to see if she could catch their reaction.

As Mrs. O'Brien brought out the various parts of the main course, Catherine felt herself become more and more emotional. Her hostess had prepared a roast beef dinner. Just the sight and aroma of the large roast being placed in front of Mr. O'Brien made her slightly homesick. The meat was to be accompanied by cauliflower in a light cheese sauce, with a baked potato for which both butter and sour cream with chives were passed around. And Mrs. O'Brien had also made Yorkshire pudding. When Catherine was passed an obviously new bottle of Worcestershire sauce, she started to choke up; Mrs. O'Brien was certainly trying to prepare a very special dinner just for her.

Catherine had just taken her first bite of the Yorkshire pudding, and was feeling like she was back home, when she heard Mrs. O'Brien say: "You must tell me if the Yorkshire pudding is all right. I've never made it before, and am not too sure about it." That she should have take the trouble to learn a new recipe just for her was too much for Catherine. She felt the tears welling up in her eyes, and as she tried to speak and swallow her emotions at the same time she choked on a tiny bit of meat, and started coughing and crying.

"Well, I didn't think it was quite that bad," quipped the cook.

"No, it... just... perfect. Nobody... such... trouble... Nicest..." Catherine tried to tell her hostess just how much she liked the dinner, how much she appreciated the trouble she had taken, between her great gulping sobs. Catherine grabbed the Kleenex that Mr. O'Brien held in front of her, quickly dabbed her eyes, and blew her nose, as she tried to get her emotions under control. She noticed that both boys -- no, it was all three other youngsters -- were quite frankly staring at her tits. When she realized just how much they had been heaving, she decided she couldn't really blame them -- besides, if even Suzy was staring, how could she complain about the boys? This thought helped restore her natural good humor, and as her breathing returned to normal she managed to tell Mrs. O'Brien that the Yorkshire pudding was just too good, that it had reminded her of home, which had made her a bit homesick, and that when she had realized all the trouble she had taken it had been just too much. She could not believe that someone could take the time and trouble to learn a whole new dish just for her.

Mrs. O'Brien just waved it off, saying she should have learned that recipe years ago, and Mr. O'Brien brought things back to the lighter mood by saying: "Now, eat that all up, young lady, before it gets cold, and I have to spank you for destroying a good meal."

It was only the laughter of Suzy and Anthony that assured Catherine that he was just joking. "If I did let *this* meal get cold, I really would deserve to be punished." Doug used this statement to bring up the subject of school punishments, and Suzy explained how it was administered, giving several older examples, then detailing her own punishment the other week. Anthony followed that with his sister's Saturday punishment, describing how the dentist had had a very difficult extraction and they were not seen for over an hour; how Suzy had had to sit on the chair in the waiting room exposed to all the other backlogged patients, plus those for the other three dentists in the clinic; how one little child had toddled right over to her, pointed at her pussy and screamed, "Mommy, she's NAKED!", and how Suzy had blushed. Everyone roared with laughter, as Suzy blushed again.

"And I hadn't *done* anything wrong," she muttered under her breath.

"You got punished because of the trick you pulled on Jackie. Your actions were impolite, and you know how your father and I feel about that." Catherine and Doug both stared at Mrs. O'Brien open-mouthed. They could not believe that she would issue such a penalty just for being impolite. What if Suzy had actually done something wrong? Suddenly Doug remembered that staring was impolite, and turned away. His sudden move reminded Catherine of her manners, and she quickly recovered herself.

Catherine was next to tell of her punishment and she had a very attentive audience as nobody, not even Suzy, had yet heard the full story. She admitted she did deserve the punishment, unlike poor Suzy, but told why she had slapped Jenny and what Jenny's punishment was. "I know I deserve the punishment," she added, "but it was almost worth it to see the look on Jenny's face."

Mr. O'Brien agreed with the school that Jenny did deserve to be punished, but that they were right in only giving Catherine the absolute minimum punishment, even though he did not condone the violence.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 7 - Friday Evening Continues**

During Catherine's story, they had finished the main course, and Mrs. O'Brien was starting to clear the table. When Mr. O'Brien shoved the carving utensils further onto the meat platter, and started to get up, Catherine jumped to her feet, and said, "Please let me take that." She moved right to his side and leaned forward to pick up the tray, oblivious to the fact that she was once again showing all her naughty bits to the whole table. As she balanced the tray after picking it up, she happened to glance out the window, and she saw it. She didn't know what had been the cause, possibly her sudden movement in getting up, possibly a gleam of light from the silver tray, but something had caught Mr. McCready's eye and he was now staring through the window directly at her nakedness. Catherine shivered slightly at the thought of being seen by this stranger, but then an evil smile flashed across her lips. She carried the remains of the roast out to the kitchen, but returned to the dining room as quickly as possible. Standing at the center of the table, between her empty chair and Anthony, she leaned forward to pick up the few remaining items from the table. She saw that Mr. McCready's eyes were still on her, but that her wife had not yet noticed. She had her plan now, and made another quick trip out to the kitchen and back.

However, she did not return to her own seat, but instead walked around the foot of the table, and over to the planter that ran along just underneath the picture window. She knew this would give the McCreadys an unobstructed view of her nudity. Carefully she bent forward, moving her shoulders slightly to impart a gentle swing to her pendant breasts, a swing she was sure would fascinate the watcher across the way. Anthony and Doug were of course looking at the taut buns that this position displayed, but Catherine was oblivious to them. She picked up a small plant in its pot from the planter and turned to ask Mr. O'Brien a question about it. She noticed that his eyes were looking out the window, and had to swing back to her. He replied that it was actually Mrs. O'Brien who had the green thumb. When Catherine saw his gaze flick to the window and back again, she knew she had been correct about the curtains, and winked at Mr. O'Brien. She glimpsed the sudden look of surprise on his face as she turned further from the window, and repeated the question to Mrs. O'Brien, who had just carried in a large, hot bowl that she placed on the table beside her own place setting. She answered the question and then hurried back out to the kitchen.

Catherine continued her turn until she was directly facing the window again, having given Mr. McCready a full 360 degree view of the nakedness. She bent over again carefully replacing the flower, then leaned forward, fingertips on the glass stretching forward, with her face up to the sky. "I'm surprised that they get enough sun, with another building so near," she said, knowing full well that her breasts were now being presented properly to him. She made sure to stay far enough back from the window that the transom lights would illuminate her body at all times. As she dropped back, and looked down at the planter again, preparatory to selecting another flower, her eye caught a sudden movement. Without seeming to, she carefully watched the drama in the far room.

Mrs. McCready had noticed her husband's fixed stare out the window, and Catherine watched her head spun round to follow his gaze. She knew that Mrs. McCready saw her, standing still naked in front of the uncurtained dining room window. Catherine saw, and even thought she heard the "Humph!" as the woman got up from her chair, walked to the window, and snapped the curtains closed.

"Thank you," Mr, O'Brien murmured quietly as Catherine sat back down to a heaping bowl of creamy rice pudding topped with a mountain of fresh whipped cream.

"You're welcome; any time." Catherine replied as she picked up her spoon.

As quietly as Mr. O'Brien had spoken, Anthony had caught the words, and asked for an explanation. Everyone laughed and applauded as they heard how Catherine had helped Mr. O'Brien taunt Mrs. McCready by flaunting herself to her husband. Catherine blushed at the applause, but was very pleased at the expressions of respect, almost awe that had passed over the faces of the two boys.

Shortly they had finished their dessert, and they moved into the living room at Mr. O'Brien's suggestion after the offers to help clean up were rejected by Mrs. O'Brien. When Doug glanced anxiously at the clock on the wall, Mr. O'Brien informed him that he had called the school, and that Doug could stay past the normal curfew; they would be sure he got back before the midnight extended curfew. Doug was very surprised at this, but pleased, and both Anthony and Suzy appeared delighted. Catherine found she had mixed feelings. She was still feeling a bit embarrassed about her nudity and it would have been nice to have fewer eyes taking it in. On the other hand, she had noticed during dinner that Anthony was looking at Suzy quite as often as he was looking at her and that his eyes had lit up at the story of Suzy's naked day outdoors in a way that they didn't at other times. He seemed to be falling for the younger girl, and Catherine had the feeling that Suzy liked him too; therefore she wanted him to stay around so Suzy would have a better chance with him.

They spent quite a while sitting in the living room, just talking. Unbelievably they were quite comfortable chatting with the parents; the O'Briens had the knack of fitting in with their teen children. Catherine had finished telling her own history; how her redhead's temper had gotten her into trouble, and how her mother had finally sent her over here to Cronenberg School as a last resort, hoping she would be calmed down by the punishments, and had learned that, like her, Doug was just seventeen years old, but he was in the younger brother's class because his archeologist father had taken him to digs in Europe and Africa which caused him to fall behind in his formal studies, although he maintained that he had received an education like no other.

She just lay back in the armchair, quietly listening to the questions and answers of the others, her nudity almost totally forgotten. She heard how Suzy had thrown tantrums when her parents told her she would be going to Cronenberg instead of the neighborhood school like all her friends, how the parents had threatened to send her there as a boarder, and how, in order to be able to live at home and see all her old friends after school, she had agreed with her parents demand that she wear the uniform at all times, just as if she were a boarder.

"Just a couple of weeks ago, I didn't do the laundry as I should have on Saturday morning, and then I dripped mustard on the last clean regulation blouse at lunch. I slipped on an old cream blouse, but Mum caught me at it, and punished me for being out of uniform." Doug looked at her questioningly, and was about to ask her about the punishment, but Suzy continued on her own. "She made me remove the blouse, and forbade me to wear a shirt until Monday morning. I started to protest, but she just added: 'Say one word and it will be topless', so I just shut up. Of course, I had planned to go to the movies with my old school chums..." She just looked into space, remembering that day.

"Too bad you had to miss the movie," Doug commiserated. He was shocked by the roar of laughter that filled the room, and a little upset as he had thought he was being kind, not funny.

Luckily, Suzy saw the expression on his face before she replied, so as soon as she had herself more or less under control, she gasped out, "Sorry... You just... couldn't know..." A brief pause was necessary to get her breath under control. "According to Cronenberg regulations, a punishment cannever be used as an excuse to avoid any school event, or any other already arranged activity. Mum is quite as strict as the school, and insisted I go the show anyhow, so I hade to walk to the cinema, line up for tickets where everyone could see me, sit through the entire show, and finally go to the coffee shop, all with only a bra as my top." Doug was astonished at this story. "But that wasn't the worst! While it was embarrassing to have my friends see me like that, at least there were a lot of people around in some relatively skimpy clothing; tube tops, cut-off T-shirts, shorts. Next morning we all went to church. If you think it was bad standing in line at the show, you can't even imagine how it felt sitting in church with everyone else dressed up in their very best outfits and me in a white bra."

When Doug saw how much she was blushing at the memory of that humiliation, he changed the subject by asking why Anthony didn't have to wear the uniform. Anthony said it was because he was smart enough not to make a fuss when he was enrolled in his school; Suzy retorted it wasn't that he was so smart, it was that he had had her example, and besides, his school wasn't like Cronenberg.

Just as things started to heat up, each sibling claiming they were smarter, Mr. O'Brien broke in with the suggestion that if they wanted a contest, they should have a game of some sort; something everyone could play.

After a brief discussion, during which Catherine just lay back and thought about how easily he controlled his family, the decision was made; they would make it an evening of "Charades", men against women. Apparently this was a great favorite of the whole family, as they had a set of hundreds of cards with clues on them. There were enough that nobody could memorize them all, and therefore the game would be quite fair. Since neither Catherine or Doug had ever played much, the teams were balanced as to experience as well.

It was decided the parents would lead each team, and the guests would go last, to give them a chance to see the game in action. A coin flip had the boys going first, and Catherine marveled at how thoroughly both Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien threw themselves into the game; there was no worry about making fools of themselves. Both were excellent actors, and their clues were quickly solved. Anthony managed to extract the entire answer from his team just as the one minute time limit was reached; but Suzy had problems with one word and, although Catherine finally got the word, the buzzer went before either she or Mrs. O'Brien could start to say the whole answer.

Doug selected a movie that he had not seen, and so he had a bit of trouble putting the whole thing together, but he did manage just in time. Catherine suddenly realized that she had to get up and stand, and probably run around, in front of the whole group, totally naked. But her side was already down one, and she was determined not to be the cause of them falling any further behind. She stood up, taking a deep breath, and walked over to draw a card for her clue. They had placed the cards in a bowl on a small coffee table on the far side of the room, so the player's teammates would not be able to see the words of the clue. As she walked, she could feel their gaze on her naked buttocks; she had been seated in an armchair since supper, and this was the first time she had exposed her backside since dinner. She suddenly felt vulnerable again. As she bent over to draw a clue, she knew that they could all she her denuded lips between her legs and blushed again.

She stood up, turned around, read the clue and just gulped. It was a common phrase. "*Squatters' rights*!" How could she pantomime that? Well, she knew how, but how could she bring herself to do it? She took a couple of deep breaths as she read it again. It hadn't changed. "Squatters' rights" still stared back at her. With a sigh, she handed the card to Mr. O'Brien (it had been agreed that the captain of the opposing team would act as timer, and would hold the card to show it to the player if necessary), and waited for his words: "Ready. Set. Go."

She gave the standard symbol and heard "Phrase". She tapped her upper left arm with her index and middle right fingers, her arm brushing her the underside of her breast, bringing the thought of her nakedness to the front of her mind again.

"Two words."

She tapped her left biceps with the middle finger.

"Second word."

She threw her right arm straight out to the side pointing, then turned so she was facing to the right.

"Point. There. Turn." "Direction. Aim. Point." The shouts were enthusiastic but so wide of the mark. She had to try something else. She turned away from the couch with her two teammates (and her two young opponents) sitting on it, and ran a few steps back, then she turned back to face them. She stood at attention, then started to march forward for three steps, and then snapped to her right in a perfect parade ground manoeuver, her breasts swinging widely with the sudden move. She touched her right hand, arm and leg with her left hand, threw her right arm out, pointing, used her left arm to point across her body, and finally heard the word "right". She nodded wildly and crooked her little finger in the stylized symbol. "Rights."

Catherine touched her nose. "Rights" her teammates chorused. She tapped her left biceps with the index finger of her right hand, while trying to think of some other way to mime the word.

"First word."

She pointed between her breasts, then did a deep knee bend, keeping her legs tightly together. She could see all four people, on the couch eyeing her steadily, and felt the arousal beginning again. She bounced up again.

"Exercise. Bend. Kneel." She pointed at herself. "Me."

There was nothing for it. She took a deep breath, and blushing furiously sank down so her buttocks were almost resting on her heels, her knees wide apart, forearms resting on those spread knees. This was a real squat; she hadn't wanted to do it as with her knees apart she was totally exposed to the audience. She was particularly embarrassed at the thought of those two young men; she could see their eyes locked on her gaping sex, knowing they could see right up inside her.

The words were coming thick and fast, and she tried to concentrate on them, but none was correct. She stood up again before she lost he balance, then squatted one more time, once again exposing her deepest self to all those eyes. She was blushing, her nipples had hardened, she could feel just how moist her vagina was; she could not believe that this exposure was turning her on so much.

"Yes!" Anthony suddenly jumped up and ran over to his father, who showed him the clue. He just smiled and nodded. This infuriated Susy, but she did say "squat" just as Anthony started back. Catherine nodded vigorously and pointed repeatedly to herself.

"Squatter?" Mrs. O'Brien seemed unsure of the word.

"Squatters' rights!" screamed Suzy, and Catherine sighed with relief as she stood up, feeling almost covered since she was no longer gaping wide. She could not believe how she had just flaunted her sex, her sex still topped by that bright heart, at these people. But nobody made any comment. When she asked Suzy later, in the privacy of the bedroom, Suzy said that her parents expected everyone to try their hardest to win, and if something got shown in the attempt, so be it.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 8 - Overnight**

The game continued for several hours, and Catherine could not believe how often she had to expose herself. She did a cartwheel for one clue (thank goodness it was a large living room), and did the splits for another. She found herself turned on by the exposure and started to wonder if there was something wrong with her.

It wasn't till half past eleven that Mr. O'Brien finally said that he would have to drive Doug back at once, if they were to get to the school before the midnight deadline. Surprisingly enough, the girls had actually beaten the boys by one game, but everyone, including the women, agreed that it could have gone either way, the teams were so closely matched. Catherine realized that had she not exposed herself for all those difficult clues, like squatting for "squatters' rights", they would not have won, so her humiliation had not been in vain.

Doug politely thanked Mrs. O'Brien for the meal, then walked to the door with his classmate and his two opponents. Catherine saw that Doug was glancing at Suzy nervously. Damn those teenage boys; they were so shy that a girl had no chance whatsoever. All right, so he had gawked at her the first few minutes; he was new to town and probably had not heard the Cronenberg stories, or not believed any he did hear. Anyhow, he had redeemed himself by being very polite for the rest of the evening. Besides, he really seemed interested in Suzy, and she was too shy to put herself forward.

Mr. O'Brien had gone ahead to start the car, and Doug was trying to get up the courage to say something to Suzy. He had found the naked redhead extremely exciting of course, but it was the petite, brunette Suzy who had really piqued his interest. There was something about her, but what if she wasn't interested? As he tried to get up the courage to say a proper goodbye to her, he was amazed to find a totally naked body pressed up against him, and two arms thrown round his body.

"Goodnight, Doug. Really nice to meet you. Hope I see you again." As Doug's arms closed around her naked torso, Catherine leaned forward and kissed his cheek lightly, then hissed in his ear. "You've no excuse now. Kiss her, you fool!"

If possible, this whisper surprised him even more than the naked hug. How had this girl known what he wished to do so badly? However, Doug was shy, not stupid, and he released his nude instructor immediately, then turned to the younger girl and held his arms out. "I've had a great time her tonight," he said as the brunette slipped into his arms, and gave him an even tighter hug. "I hope to see you again, soon. Maybe you could go to the movies with me some night, rather than your girlfriends." And he took the chance and kissed her on the lips, not the cheek.

Suzy returned the kiss, and said, "I'd love that" before she realized that he had heard only about her trip to the movies with no shirt. She blushed at the thought of being with him in that semi-clothed state. A short beep from the car horn made both of them jump, and Mrs. O'Brien's voice rang out from the kitchen, "Don't forget to take the recycling out, Suzy!"

"Come on, give me a hand." Suzy grabbed Catherine's hand and they flew off to the kitchen. Each took one side of the blue box filled with newspaper and crushed cans and stepped out of the side door onto the driveway. Anthony had discovered that his shoe needed tying, and for some reason had decided to do it up before getting into the car; therefore the vehicle was still in the driveway, headlights illuminating it right out to the street.

Anthony hopped into the front seat (Doug had chosen the back) just as the girls passed the stationary vehicle. Since the window was closed, they didn't hear him say, "Why don't you wait till they've put it out. Give them light so they don't trip."

"'So they don't trip.' I'm not senile yet, son, I know why you want me to wait."

"Well, helping them see their way is a good reason, too." All three men laughed at this reply.

Poor nude Catherine felt like a deer caught in the headlights. She knew that her naked backside would be totally visible to those three, and that enough spilled around her body to make her nudity apparent to anyone who should pass in the street, or anyone looking out a window on the far side. She was shaking with nervousness when they finally place the box at the side of the driveway, right at the curb, and at that moment a car passed by on the street. She knew that between the lights of the two cars, her entire body must have been exposed to at least one more person. She shivered at the thought.

As the two girls turned back towards the house, the car slowly rolled down the driveway, and all three men waved as it pulled out into the street. Catherine wanted to scream from the mixed emotions she was feeling; the humiliation had turned her on yet again.

The two girls walked back up the driveway in silence; Suzy thinking about the kiss that Doug had given her, a small kiss, true, but it had felt like he really liked her; Catherine reliving the afternoon and evening, trying to understand her feelings. When they stepped back into the kitchen, they began to help Mrs. O'Brien with the cleaning up, but she just shooed them out.

"You two had both better get to bed at once. It's already very late, and Suzy, you have that errand with your father tomorrow morning. Catherine, we have the guest room ready for you, but Suzy said she wanted you to sleep in her room. So you do whichever you prefer. Suzy, show her the guest room before making her decide. Now, scoot the two of you."

The two youngsters headed upstairs without a hesitation. Catherine was impressed by the large, well-appointed guest bedroom, but she had wanted this weekend so she could spend time with Suzy. She was alone too much at the school; here she would share Suzy's room. Suzy was delighted at her decision, jumping and clapping like a thirteen-year-old, then grabbing her hand and pulling her along the hall to her own bedroom. Catherine was amazed to find that Suzy's room was dominated by a large four-poster bed, complete with pink canopy and white lace curtains. Scattered around the room were a large number of plush animal toys. Somehow, standing naked in this "little-girl's" room seemed even more shameful than walking down the driveway. Catherine slipped off her shoes and socks as Suzy took off hers, then watched as Suzy continued to get ready for bed.

"I really like that heart. When did you get the idea for that?" Suzy asked, as she removed her tie and white blouse.

Catherine told her the story of the game of *Truth or Dare* and how it was Frankie who had designed and created the shameful look. Suzy was had hung up her short tartan skirt and pulled a special nightie out of the dresser drawer as Catherine finished the story. "I'm going the shave it off tomorrow," she finished. "Being bald down their would be better than the fancy shape."

"You can't do that!" Suzy had slipped the white cotton nightshirt with red hearts over her head, but not put her arms thorough the sleeves yet. She was using it to hide her body as she unhooked her bra and took it off. "Last year, Wilma was stripped to her panties by Miss Carpenter; you've seen Wilma -- very light skin and jet black hair." Catherine nodded, marveling that her friend was so shy she felt she had to hide her body. Suzy had undone her bra and let it fall to the floor, and was now wriggling her arms into the sleeves. "Well," she continued, "Wilma was upset that her dark pussy was clearly visible through the panties that she slipped upstairs at the end of the class -- lunch was next -- and shaved herself. When the headmistress saw this, Wilma lost her panties as well." Catherine stared at Suzy as he picked up the bra and dropped it into her laundry hamper with the blouse. "The memo that came out next day reminded everyone that changing something you didn't want seen while being punished would be considered to be a form of hiding yourself; therefore you would receive additional punishment." Catherine felt a chill run up her spine; the last thing she wanted was more punishment; already she would have to suffer through all of Monday, flashing this obscene heart. "Besides, I chose this nightgown especially, so we'd both be wearing matching hearts."

Catherine couldn't help laughing at her friend's joke; she was feeling better about herself once more and quite enjoyed the tour Suzy gave her of her very private room. She was introduced to all the stuffed animals, and learned that Suzy's father had made the four-poster bed for her about five years ago, a gift to fulfill a young girl's princess fantasy. As soon as this ritual was completed, the two scampered down the hall to the bathroom, where Suzy gave Catherine the toothbrush she had been promised, and the two of them giggled as they cleaned their teeth. They met Anthony, who had just returned from delivering his friend, as they walked back down the hall to Suzy's room. Catherine felt the lust in the young lad's gaze, and her body responded; but she was careful to give no sign as Anthony was not only her best friend's brother, but was also over two years younger than she was.

The two girls climbed into the big bed, and snuggled together under the covers, whispering to each other for the next hour, sharing their deepest darkest secrets. Catherine did keep secret that she found her exposure just as exciting as it was humiliating, a concept that she was afraid would disgust Suzy; however she did admit that she was now getting used to the idea of being naked, and the fact that she was spending a private weekend with her new best friend had her feeling totally relaxed and happy.

Perhaps she would have been a little less happy if she could have seen Jackie earlier that evening. About the time Catherine was teasing Mr. McCready, Jackie had returned to the auditorium, and had placed a chair on the apron of the stage. She then sat in the auditorium and stared at that chair.

"My God, but she was good tonight." she muttered to herself. "Sunday will show for sure. If it is, I must... but how?" A long silence and then. "Of course, she'd know for sure. And I must find out about old Blowhard. A better play and my revenge..."

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 9 - Saturday Morning Confusion**

It took a moment for Catherine to realize just where she was; she was lying sprawled on her back, naked in a large four-poster bed, her friend Suzy's bed, the covers shoved down to her waist. She had been allowed to spend the weekend away from the school, even though she had to remain naked as a punishment for slapping another girl, only because the headmistress had stretched the rules, accepting Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien as staff because they tutored some of the girls.

Suzy was lying face down beside her, and Catherine's arm was trapped under the youngster's body. Catherine could remember how they had been chatting, lying face to face, Suzy lying right against her, her nightdress actually brushing Catherine's naked nipples, her head on Catherine's arm, the close proximity allowing them to whisper so quietly that the adults wouldn't hear. This had been necessary after Mrs. O'Brien had stuck her head in the room to tell them to stop talking and get some sleep. Suzy did not want to risk a punishment, but could not stop the confidences either.

Catherine also remembered waking up in the middle of the night, still in the same position, Suzy's deep breathing rubbing her covered breasts against Catherine's naked one's, the hardening of her nipples waking her. The feeling had been pleasant -- very pleasant indeed -- but Catherine had also been very tired from the emotional day, so she had, she recalled, rolled onto her back, which was about all that was possible with her arm still trapped.

Suzy must have tossed about too. She was now on her stomach with Catherine's arm running from her right shoulder down between her breasts to the left side of her waist, and her right arm had moved onto Catherine's bare torso, the hand lying on her ribs, cupping her left side with the side of the hand just touching the underside of Catherine's left breast. Most of the arm was covered by the sleeve of her nightgown, so only the hand made skin to skin contact.

The bright sunlight streaming in the window lit up the entire room, and Catherine first scanned her temporary home, smiling at the rows of stuffed animals; in some ways Suzy had remained a very young girl. Then she looked to her right at the face of the girl beside her. Suzy's face was turned towards her, a sweet, round face, framed by brunette hair, a lock of that hair falling across the cheeks, eyes of course closed, but her mouth slightly open, and Catherine watched as a small drop of saliva fell from the corner of those very pretty lips and added itself to the damp patch on the sheet. Catherine realized she was not disgusted by the spittle, this was just a small imperfection that lent some humanity to what might otherwise seem an angel. The sweetness of the face was the reflection of her personality, and Catherine believed it must be inherited from her parents; had her mother not taken the time to prepare very English foods for last night's dinner?

Catherine felt Suzy's arm stiffen, as the younger girl stretched; the arm slid up until the hand was cupping her bare breast. Catherine sucked in her breath as she saw Suzy's eyes slowly open.

"Muhnen," the youngster slurred. Catherine was still too intent on the feeling of a small hand clutching her tit, on the hardening of the nipples, to reply. She saw Suzy's legs move under the covers and her left arm move slightly as the hand opened and closed in a stretch, and at the identical moment she felt her breast released then squeezed as Suzy's right hand made the same motion.

"What a beautiful... Ohmigod!" Suzy had awakened enough to realize just what she was doing to her friend and she jumped up to her knees, which had the side effect of throwing the covers almost to the foot of the bed, leaving Catherine exposed all the way down to her ankles.. "Ohmigod. Oh Lord! Catherine, I'm sorry, I didn't know... Ohmigod, I'm... I didn't mean, I, Oh Jesus!"

Catherine could not help but laugh at the red face and stammered apologies of her friend. "It's all right, Suzy. You didn't do anything to hurt me. Suzy relaxed visibly. "In fact, it felt kind of nice."

"But I did... I'm not... Ohmigod, you think..."

"I'm joking, Suzy. I know you weren't trying to feel me up. You were just stretching and my tit was in the way. Relax. I know that."

The two girls had just started to chatter again, when they heard a gong ring twice downstairs. "Breakfast time," yelped Suzy as she jumped out of bed and ran to her closet. She slipped a blue dressing gown over her white nightdress with the red hearts, and slipped her feet into a pair of matching fuzzy blue slippers. Scanning the floor of the closet quickly, she picked up a pair of rubber flip-flops and threw them down beside the bed. "Quick, we don't want to be late. Mom's only exception to my dressing like a Cronenberg boarder is weekend breakfasts, I don't have to get dressed until afterwards, and neither do you. Let's go." Catherine had slipped her feet into the flip-flops and Suzy grabbed her hand and the two of them raced out of the room and down the stairs.

"That sounds perfect. Thank you, Reverend." Catherine saw Mr. O'Brien hang up the telephone, and come towards his study door as they passed, and felt his eyes on her naked buttocks as he stepped into the hall behind them. Inside the kitchen door, Catherine came to a sudden halt, blushing furiously and feeling her nakedness as much as ever. The teenaged Anthony was sitting at the table, looking hungrily at her, Mrs., O'Brien had turned from the stove to speak to her, and Mr. O'Brien, she knew, was standing right behind her; and she was totally naked, her naughty bits being flaunted for all these fully clothed people to see, for unlike Suzy at her side, they had all got dressed before coming to breakfast; her humiliation was complete.

"Sit down, dear." Catherine kept feeling the mother should be yelling at her, cursing her for a slut, a Jezebel; but like last night, she totally ignored the blatant nudity. "I hope you don't mind," she continued as Catherine took the chair beside Anthony as indicated, while the other two also sat down. "but we are out of fresh bread, so I made french toast today. If you like, I can make some porridge for you, but you'll have to wait a while for it."

Catherine was almost overwhelmed at the family's continued kindness, but did manage to say that french toast would be excellent, particularly since they did not get it at the school very often. Like last night, the portions were large: several thick slabs of bread that had been soaked in the egg and milk mixture and fried to a perfect golden brown, accompanied by butter, cherry jelly and maple syrup. She could not believe the speed with which Mrs. Brown managed to produce five heaping plates, nor the gorgeous flavor. She was concentrating so hard on the food and the large glass of fresh orange juice that accompanied it, that she once again forgot her nudity until she noticed what Mr. O'Brien was saying to his daughter.

"Suzy, you'll have to get ready in jig time once we've eaten. You know that there will be a real crowd at Sport-a-Rama today, with the mall's monster sale beginning. We want to get there before the crowds are too overwhelming. Is your friend coming with us?"

The question brought Catherine back to her nakedness with a crash. She had heard about the annual sales at Sport-a-Rama, the biggest sports store in the region; the crowds were said to be terrible; this year with the entire mall joining in, it would be even worse. She thought of being caught up in that mob, hundreds of people all crushed together, hundreds of eyes on her private parts, hundreds of hands sneaking an 'accidental' caress of her naked body. She shuddered.

"I don't know. We fell asleep before I got around to asking her. Catherine, do you want to come to the sports sale with Dad, me and Anthony."

Catherine breathed a sigh of relief as she heard that Mrs. O'Brien was not going, there would be a parent at home, so she could stay here. "Thanks for the offer, but yesterday was extremely tiring. I would prefer to just relax this morning, if that is all right with you." Mr. O'Brien just nodded, as if this were the most natural thing in the world, although Anthony did look a little unhappy when he realized that this naked vision would not be accompanying them.

"In that case, there is no hurry for you," said Mrs. O'Brien as she placed another heaping portion on the plate in front of Catherine. Catherine was surprised that she still had the appetite to eat this much. The other three excused themselves to get ready while she was still eating, and she was just swallowing the last bite as she heard a chorus of goodbyes and the slam of the front door.

She helped Mrs. O'Brien with the dishes, then, at the lady's suggestion, stepped out to the pool in the back yard and had a quick dip followed by a short lie in the sun, while the housewife vacuumed the living room. But lying out there while the woman who had been so thoughtful was working made her feel guilty, so she walked back into the house, and asked how she could help. Mrs. O'Brien suggested she have a bath to wash off the chlorine and then get dressed. Catherine looked at her quizzically at that statement.

"Your regulations say you must be properly dressed, but I didn't think it made sense to do so before your swim. However, you should now put on your shoes and socks; you can get a fresh pair out of the middle drawer in Suzy's chest of drawers. Once you are ready, come back and I will certainly let you help."

Catherine wanted to get clean anyway, as she could feel the chlorine on her skin, so she ran up to the bathroom, had a shower instead of a bath, slipped into Suzy's room and put on her shoes and socks; she decided she could wait till tomorrow for a clean pair. She quickly combed her hair and put on just the slightest hint of lipstick, and hurried downstairs.

When she reached the foot of the stairs, Mrs. O'Brien led her to the kitchen and out the side door. She wondered what gardening was necessary today, and hoped it would be in the back yard, not the front. As she stood expectantly on the driveway, Mrs. O'Brien dropped her purse into the small cart that was standing beside the steps, locked the door, and then started down the driveway pulling the wheeled basket.

"Whe... Where are we going?" Catherine asked as she walked mechanically beside her.

"To the grocery store. As I mentioned at breakfast that we are out of bread, so I can't make the luncheon sandwiches until we've gone to the store." Catherine gulped and shivered as they stepped onto the sidewalk. "Don't worry, child, it's not far. Just five or six blocks away."

Catherine shivered, then blushed as she realized her nipples were rock hard yet again and she was starting to get wet at the thought of the walk to the store. Would she ever get used to this display?

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 10 - Shopping**

Catherine tried to analyze her feelings as she walked along the sidewalk beside her best friend's mother, naked as a jaybird. The sun was shining brightly, warming her back, and her bare arse, with its rays, but a cool breeze from in front of them kept her from feeling overheated, and the fresh air caressing her bare breasts and naked pussy reminded her continually just how naked and exposed she was. She felt very fortunate that nobody was on the lawns of the many houses they were passing; everybody must be indoors, having their morning coffee, but the potential for humiliation was still there and keeping her aroused. Catherine had come to the reluctant conclusion that she must have an exhibitionist streak in her makeup, but that this was overshadowed by a feeling of guilt instilled by her strict upbringing.

They were near the end of the fourth block, only three houses from what was obviously a major thoroughfare, when Catherine noticed that one of the shoelaces had come undone; obviously she had been in too much of a hurry getting ready. "How ironic," she thought, "that I was so anxious to help Mrs. O'Brien that I rushed to expose myself." At her request, Mrs. O'Brien stopped and waited while she stepped onto the lawn beside them, so she could kneel comfortably and tie the errant lace.

Just as she was tying the bow, she heard a man's voice. "Good morning, Mrs. O'Brien." She looked up and just walking across the street towards them was a stocky, blonde man with a full beard, walking a large dog. Catherine remembered just how naked she was; she wanted desperately to hide her nakedness, particularly that awful heart-trimmed pussy. She couldn't stay as she was, that would be too obviously hiding, so she switched knees, kneeling on the left and raising the right. This meant that the leg nearest the sidewalk was down and she was not as well fig-leafed as before, but by putting her arms down and adjusting the lace on her right shoe, her breasts would be less visible, and her private parts would be mostly hidden by her arm. She stared at her foot as she slowly untied and retied the lace on that shoe.

"Good morning, Mr. Stanley. Catherine, this is Mr. Stanley, an old friend of the family, who owns several dogs, mainly huskies. And this is Catherine Higgins, she is a schoolmate of Suzy's."

"Pleased to meet you, Catherine. Yes, I thought she must be a school chum; I recognized the uniform." Catherine had looked up at the smiling face after the first sentence and mumbled a "hello" in reply, but blushed scarlet at his light-hearted comment on her nudity. She quickly bent forward more and finished tying her shoe. "And this is Hamlet. He is a purebred Husky, but don't worry, he is very friendly."

The shaggy dog, panting in the warm sun, had walked right up to the kneeling girl, and Catherine, who had always been fond of dogs, reached out and started to caress the furry head. The two adults were discussing some local concern, and Catherine realized that the large dog gave her an excuse to remain crouched, his large body shielding her from the gaze of anybody else who should pass by. She was fondling his head when a car whizzed by on the road, stopping at the intersection ahead of her. She could just make out a woman's head behind the wheel and two children's faces in the back window, staring at her. Oh Lord, she had been seen again; she had been so intent on using the dog to protect her modesty, she had forgotten her bare behind; her naked arse must have been fully visible to all the occupants of the car, thrust out toward them as they drove down the street. Catherine gulped, and realized that her perversity was still in action; her nipples had hardened again and she was becoming moister. She had straightened her back somewhat, to look at the car, and Hamlet took the opportunity to move forward. Catherine gasped with shock as he sniffed the pubic heart above her lips, his panting breath hot against her skin. She was about to push his head away when she realized that this hid her even more than before, so she just continued to caress the thick fur on his neck and body. The warmth of his breath was matched by an ever-increasing heat inside her body. She was becoming so moist that soon the proof of it would be clear upon her thighs.

Suddenly, Hamlet licked her shaven slit. Catherine jumped and gasped as the tongue rasped along her lips. She knew how wrong this was but the feeling was so enjoyable. Obviously Hamlet was equally pleased, as the rough tongue continued its work, rasping again and again along her tender skin, the tip occasionally slipping between the outer lips and caressing the delicate inner ones. Catherine was lost in the feeling; she could not even think of trying to stop the creature, let alone actually doing it; her breath was coming harder and faster, she was approaching a crescendo.

"Whoa, boy! That's enough, Hamlet." Catherine heard the words, muffled in the fog of her emotions, as Mr. Stanley pulled the dog back to his side. "I knew he was friendly, but I never expected he would be quite that friendly. I'm sorry, dear." Catherine was in a turmoil; her breath was coming in deep gasps, she was flushed, both face and body, her lips were dripping moisture -- both her fluid and Hamlet's saliva; she was on the verge of coming, she wanted so much to feel that release she had felt a few times in bed, she wanted so much to hide her arousal from the two adults. Biting her lip, she took an even deeper breath, and got to her feet, her legs shaking underneath her pink body.

They all moved off slowly towards the main street, Mr. Stanley having decided to walk down to the store to purchase a lottery ticket. As they started off, Hamlet slipped behind the nude girl, and took a long sniff at her naked arse, before he was pulled back to walk beside his master. Catherine was still lost in her thoughts as they came to the main street, and turned to the left, crossing the street that they had just walked down. Catherine didn't even notice that this placed her on the outside of the sidewalk, exposing her as much as possible to the cars that passed, several of them every minute. She was wondering just why she was staying so aroused. She did not understand that the sound of the dog panting as he walked on the other side of his master, was keeping the incident in the forefront of her brain, not allowing her to forget her nudity for even an instant, and that the intimate caress had forced into her subconscious just how vulnerable she was without any clothes to protect her.

As they turned off the sidewalk into the mini-mall's parking lot, Catherine suddenly came back to the present. She blushed as she thought of all the cars that had been passing them, all the people who had seen her naked. And now she was about to enter a mall, be seen by many more people; the cars in the parking lot showed that there would be many people there this sunny Saturday morning. She continued to feel both humiliated and aroused as they ambled across the lot to the main entrance, and Mrs. O'Brien entered first. Catherine followed her as fast as she could, feeling the gaze of Mr. Stanley burning her bare buttocks. She followed Mrs. O'Brien, or more accurately, she followed Mrs. O'Brien's feet along wide hallway, her eyes cast down to the ground in front of her so she would not see the people staring.

"Humph!" A very loud, familiar sound snapped Catherine's head erect. Sure enough, there was Mrs. McCready, walking past the group of them on her way to the door, her nose in the air, a look of great disdain on her face. Catherine blushed deeper at the shame this disdain raised in her; moreover, the snort had been so loud that many of the mall customers who had not noticed the show of skin now looked around to see what was so distasteful, and Catherine found herself at the center of more and more gazes. Unfortunately for her, Mrs. O'Brien had decided to try her luck today, so they were headed past the grocery store, all the way to the kiosk at the far end of the little mall, although it did not seem so little to Catherine. Since tonight's prize was higher than usual, there were a large number of people buying tickets today, and Catherine found herself standing in the lineup, totally nude, surrounded by a swarm of people, all fully clothed. This made her feel even more naked. An hour or so later, although the clock on the wall had only advanced by eight minutes, the ticket was purchased and the two women headed back to the grocery store, while the two males, man and dog, left for home.

Catherine had hoped that the grocery store would give her some relief from her feeling of embarrassment, but that was not to be. The store was busy, all the local matrons appeared to have decided to shop this morning, most of them dragging their husbands along. Every aisle they turned into had people in it, every couple of minutes she could feel another set of eyes devouring her nakedness. At breakfast there had been the usual pleasantries, Mrs. O'Brien asking her to please make herself at home, and hoping she would feel "like one of the family"; however, she now realized that Mrs. O'Brien was carrying through on her statements, and was treating her like another daughter. Catherine was the one who would pick the items off the shelves and place them in the basket as the older woman read them from her list. At least she would it they were very high or low on the shelves; Mrs. O'Brien sometimes picked items from the center shelves, and she chose the fruit and vegetables, showing Catherine just how to pick the best ones. But time after time Catherine would reach for something on the top shelf, feeling her breasts lift, her buns tauten, always under somebody's gaze, usually a man. She would also pick items from the bottom shelves; again there always seemed to be a man or two watching. If she bent over at the waist she knew she was showing her hard buns, as well as her shaved lips, to the man behind her, and there always seemed to be at least one man behind her; if she crouched, she still showed her taut buttocks, but she also showed her little pussy to whoever was in front, and if she wasn't careful, it would be gaping open. Either way she found herself being aroused. When she picked up the milk and the frozen food, she could feel her nipples tighten even harder from the cold air, while the draft between her legs reminded her yet again just how naked she was.

She felt vastly relieved as Mrs. O'Brien finally indicated that they had everything, and started for the checkout counter; but found herself embarrassed again as they stood in line; now the people behind her in their own line, as well as those in the lines to either side, could look at her nudity without feeling they had to move on as they had in the various aisles. Catherine could only stand there blushing, feeling the stares of both men (approving and lustful) and women (disapproving). Finally they arrived at the checkout, and Catherine unloaded the groceries onto the belt. Since Mrs. O'Brien had used her own cart, Catherine had to lean far over to get the last items out of the bottom of the basket on wheels, thus showing off her taut buns and wet lips yet again to those behind her. At least now that they were at the checkout, they would be off to home and safety soon.

"Oh, dear," Mrs. O'Brien exclaimed as she scanned the items on the checkout belt, "we've forgotten the butter. Just slip back and pick up a pound, please, unsalted, Catherine. That's a darling." Catherine stiffened at these words, then shivered as she realized she would have to cross the entire store alone and naked. "And please hurry. We don't want to hold up the line."

Catherine sighed lightly, and padded quickly down the aisle. She knew that Mrs. O'Brien would definitely enforce the regulation that stated that students must continue all duties as though fully clothed; however, walking through the store naked and alone reinforced again her feeling of vulnerability. Even though she knew that Mrs. O'Brien was nearby and that a scream would bring rescuers galore, it was far different without an adult at her side. As she leaned into the cooler to pick up a package of butter, she felt the cold air on her breasts, causing her nipples to harden again; she felt the coldness on her damp vaginal lips, and shivered, marveling that cold air could make her so much hotter.

She hurried back to the checkout, and arrived just in time to add the butter to the last of the groceries on the belt. In less than two minutes, the bill was paid, all the bags were in the little cart, and the two women were headed out of the mall. Catherine found her nervousness rising as they walked the two blocks along the busier street; she was aware of the constant stream of traffic this time. When they turned into the street to the O'Briens' house, the traffic was far less than on the main street, but as it was nearly noon, it was higher than it had been earlier that morning. Mrs. O'Brien stopped twice to talk to friends who were gardening, each time introducing Catherine as a school friend of her daughter. Somehow, being introduced to people in her naked state was so personal it seemed truly decadent, and made her more nervous than anything else so far. When they finally reached the house, Catherine had to run upstairs immediately, as the emotion had given her a strong need to pee. She then returned to the kitchen, and was just putting away the last groceries, while Mrs. O'Brien prepared sandwiches and soup for lunch, when the other three members of the family returned in high spirits.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 11 - Sport-a-Rama**

Anthony went straight to the table and sat down, as from that seat he could watch the naked Catherine putting away the groceries. Mr. O'Brien stopped by the stove, and kissed his wife on the cheek, then told her that she should see what they had bought, to which Mrs. O'Brien said that lunch was ready, they should all wash their hands and sit at the table.

But it was Suzy who was just bubbling over with enthusiasm. "You should have been there, Catherine. You won't believe who we saw. It's just as well you weren't there; it would have relieved her to see you naked there, in the midst of the crowds. God, was it crowded. She was so embarrassed. You would have been so, too. You were smart to stay here, in the house, where no one could see you." While Catherine was trying to make sense of this outburst of contradictory and unconnected information, Mrs. O'Brien interrupted to make the three wash their hands and sit down at that table for lunch. During that light meal, Anthony and Suzy between them explained what had caused Suzy's outburst.

When they arrived at the mall, they had discovered that a special promotional show had been set up to promote Sport-a-Rama's trampolines. Because the owner, Mr. Assam, had made a large donation of equipment to Cronenberg, the school had assigned three girls from the gymnastics team to put on a demonstration on the trampoline from nine until noon. He knew just how big a draw a group of nubile young girls bouncing up and down on a trampoline would be; so he had set up a trampoline outside the mall, beside the area that he rented for his boating department. This area was primarily canoes and kayaks, with some smaller sailboats, but he did have a couple of power boats. He had scheduled his annual sale to coincide with the mall-wide "Bargain Day" and knew that a large number of potential customers would be there for the special sales in the other stores, and he intended to attract as many as possible to Sport-a-Rama.

It was just ten to nine when he saw Mr. O'Connor's station wagon pull into the lot, and park in the second section out, about one hundred yards from his store. He was a friend of the track coach, a drinking buddy among other things, and he knew the car. He watched as the coach got out of the far side, and two girls got out on his side; one was a blond, the other had very pale skin set off by short, jet black hair. Even from here he could see that they wore the bright blue T-shirts and little red shorts that comprised the Cronenberg School general phys. ed. uniform. He had hoped that the girls would be wearing the tight blue and red leotard that was the uniform for wrestling and gymnastics meets, but Mr. O'Connor had suggested that this outfit was more appropriate for the outdoors setup, and also looked less like a professional uniform, thus letting customers see the trampoline as suitable for their own families. Mr. Assam was not convinced by this argument, but since the school was doing him a favor, he did not wish to jeopardize the show by admitting just how much the display was influenced by the old saying "Sex Sells". Still, even in those outfits, the girls would definitely be an excellent draw. He walked into his store for a minute, just to be sure his staff was handling everything correctly, then stepped back out to the wide sidewalk.

Mr. O'Connor arrived with the two girls beside him and a third one, this one a brunette, walking close behind the three of them. The two men shook hands, and then Mr. O'Connor introduced the girls.

"Girls, this is Mr. Assam, owner of Sport-a-Rama. He is the man who so generously donated the new gymnastics equipment that you all work so hard on. I am sure you will make a great effort today to put on the best display you can." Mr. Assam wondered why the brunette blushed at that last statement. "This is Miss Sarah Fulci, an excellent performer on all the apparatus you provided to Cronenberg, including, of course, the trampoline. I'm sure she will perform an excellent routine today." Mr. Assam shook her hand firmly, looking carefully at the petite blonde, scanning her body from the ground up. Sport shoes, white socks, strong well-shaped legs topped by tiny tight red shorts with just the hint of a panty line, an equally tight, bright blue T-shirt, the outline of a bra cupping peach-sized breasts, and finally a round smiling face with bright blue eyes framed in fine blond hair that was hanging loosely. This little lady was going to be a fabulous draw for the store.

"Next we have Miss Bridget Schultz. She is also a top performer on the trampoline." Mr. Assam gave her the same once-over he had given to Sarah. The outfit was the same of course, but where Sarah's skin was golden, Bridget's was a pale, pale white; her breasts were noticeably larger, even in the bra, a bra that was more necessary for these bouncing puppies, and her hair was jet black, cut short, truly framing her pale skin and black eyes. Mr. Assam didn't think she looked quite as delectable as the other, but with those jugs, she'd certainly hold the customers' interest. Yes, this was going to be a good day.

"Finally, our third performer is Miss Jenny O'Shea." Mr. Assam's jaw dropped, and he forgot to extend his hand as the teacher and already introduced girls stepped aside to give him a clear view of the last girl. Taller than the other two, this olive-skinned girl was wearing the same sport shoes, white socks and red shorts, showing off a great set of legs, but what had caught his attention was that that was all she was wearing. She was totally naked above the waist, her firm breasts fully visible to him. "I'm sorry that Jenny is out of uniform, but she was not being punished when we chose her, and we don't like to change their duties; they might act up to be relieved of them if we did."

Mr. Assam could not believe his luck. The other two girls would be good for business, but a topless trampoliner would be a draw unlike any he had imagined. He recovered enough to extend his hand and shake Jenny's. He shook her hand harder than he had the other two, fascinated by the movement that this imparted to the naked breasts in front of him. He raised his eyes from the small areolae and tiny nipples to the face of the embarrassed girl, her brown eyes filling with tears of humiliation as she gnawed her lower lip, and noticed that she was the only one who had secured her hair; it was tied back in a pony-tail. Remembering that as far as the school was concerned, he wanted the girls because they were artistic, not sexy, he managed to reply, "I'm sure we can accept her. We certainly don't want to interfere with the way the girls are treated, and I would not try to second guess the school when you are doing me the favor of supplying these fine athletes."

Each girl would do a routine of just under twenty minutes, then spot for the other two athletes, before doing another show. The order had been chosen by lot, and Jenny was third. She had not been getting much sympathy from the other two girls, for two reasons. Both of them had heard how nasty she had been to Catherine, and how Catherine had to stay naked until the end of Monday, and they felt that Jenny merited the humiliation she was receiving. Secondly, both of them had had to perform track and field totally nude, in front of dozens of spectators. They had been embarrassed, but they had been totally naked, showing their private parts to the spectators, and even though Jenny would be in front of many more people, she was only topless. Even if they had felt she was mistreated, the other two girls would have made no overt display of support. One day of naked sports had been more than enough, and Mr. O'Connor would strip a girl for the slightest offence.

A little more than half an hour later it was Jenny's turn to perform, and she blushed as she somersaulted onto the taut webbing. Mr. Assam had set up a barrier, like the ones banks use to manage long lines, about ten feet back from the trampoline itself on three sides, with the fence around his boat department forming the fourth side. There were now hundreds of people crowded around the display, and Jenny felt tears of shame forming in her eyes. Up till now, only the people in the front couple of rows could see her bare boobs as she stood at the end of the trampoline, spotting for the other girls; once she started bouncing, everyone in the crowd would have a clear view of her naked breasts. Mr. Assam had provided two clerks to help as spotters at the sides, as he had promised to do, and Jenny shuddered as she realized that if she bounced too far off center, these boys were required to push her back onto the trampoline; she just knew that if she did, their hands would be pressing on her breasts, "accidentally" of course.

Choking back a sob, she stood up on the webbing and started to bounce, higher and higher, until she was high enough to start a more complex routine. Her lack of a bra was a distinct hindrance, as her breasts were bouncing too. Unfortunately, when she reached the top of a bounce, and her body started back down, her breasts would continue to rise and she could feel them pulling up on her chest; back at the bottom, as she started the next leap, she could always feel her breasts pulling down; she knew this display of jiggling flesh was attracting the attention of every male in the vicinity. When her routine required her to flip, landing first on her back then bouncing up and over to land on her stomach, the rough webbing scratched her bare breasts, and particularly her sensitive nipples; the first brush on them caused them to harden, so the second landing was even more painful. When, at the top of a bounce she brought her legs up at right angles to her body, split wide apart, then leaned forward to touch her toes, her breasts just brushed her own legs, distracting her again, reminding her of just how much she was showing the watching public.

She was so involved in her routine and her humiliation that she did not notice the Cronenberg School uniform inside the boat display. Suzy had arrived with her brother and her father, and they were looking at canoes, as Mr. O'Brien was interested in starting a new family vacation project, seeing America's wilderness areas, and thought by canoe would be the best way to do it. He decided to postpone the purchase until after the current display, when Suzy told him that the girl on the trampoline was the student responsible for Catherine's punishment. The three of them moved out of the compound and worked their way quickly through the crowd. Suzy stopped in the third row; she wasn't quite sure why, but she did not want Jenny to see her just yet.

When Jenny's routine ended, and she hopped to the ground, a large portion of the crowd moved off, but a sizable number remained at the barriers. The sun was warm this morning, as Catherine would soon be finding out, and Jenny was covered in a sheen of perspiration.

"I think you girls are going to need some refreshment." Mr. O'Connor pulled a bill from his wallet and held it out to Jenny. "There is a fresh fruit juice stand in the mall. Go there and buy a large bottle of one of the juices, orange, peach, whatever you like best, and bring it back with several glasses." Jenny was absolutely appalled at this request, but Suzy, peeking over the shoulders of the people in front of her, was delighted at the idea of poor Jenny walking through the mall, naked from the waist up. She whispered something in Anthony's ear; he nodded, and they whispered together for a couple of minutes.

"Please, sir. I can't go into the mall like this." Jenny hoped he would be reasonable and send one of the fully dressed girls. Bridget smiled to herself; she remembered how Mr. O'Connor dealt with reluctant students. She remembered how he had ripped off her bra and then her panties when he had punished her for getting her uniform wet at the track meet; how her large pale breasts had bounced out like beagle pups as her bra was ripped from her body; how she felt cold air touch her shaven little cunt when he had exposed it and her pale buns. This was one of the reasons she was being so careful today. She had already displayed her shaved slit to an appreciative audience once, she was not about to let her schoolmates and all these onlookers know that that had not been a one-time event; she had kept herself hairless below her waist.

"What did you say, Miss O'Shea?" Bridget and Sarah smiled to themselves, as they could foresee what was coming.

"Please, Mr. O'Connor, I don't want to walk through the mall dressed like this." Jenny's plea would have melted a heart of stone, but Mr. O'Connor was a Cronenberg teacher and all the students knew the school's teachers had no hearts.

"Very well, Miss O'Shea, if that is how you feel, you will not be sent through the mall dressed like that." Jenny heaved a sigh of relief, oblivious to the motion this imparted to her bare breasts; and the other two students stared in surprise. "You know the penalty for attempting to avoid duties assigned by the staff while you are undergoing a punishment. Remove those shorts. You can get them back tomorrow morning when your punishment ends." Jenny looked at him in horror. This would mean she would have to spend the rest of the day wearing only her panties. "Now, Miss O'Shea!"

Jenny realized that if she did not obey, and immediately, things would get worse, far worse. She would not be uncovering much that was not already uncovered, but if she made him angry enough, he might insist on her final piece of clothing as well. She could not bear the thought of being totally naked here. Quickly she slipped her thumbs into the waistband and slid the red shorts down her long legs, being extremely careful not to disturb her panties. Her panties. She suddenly remembered which panties she had worn. She had considered a G-string, as she didn't want a panty-line showing through her shorts, but thank God, had rejected that idea, since that was not an acceptable style of panty, and she would have lost it, too. But what she had chosen was bad enough. It was a sort of tanga style, basically a one inch band around the top of her hips, with a V front that narrowed to a one inch strip that ran between her legs and up the crack of her bum to join with the waist-band. Her privates and butt crack were covered, if only just, but both her cheeks were fully exposed to the public's eyes. She blushed at the thought of all those men, now able to see not only her 36C's but also her buttocks.

"Better hurry, Miss O'Shea, unless you want to try for..." Mr. O'Connor let the threat peter out, and Jenny, biting her lip to hold back the tears of frustration and shame, grabbed the bill and started through the crowd to the mall entrance, as she heard her teacher tell Bridget to place the shorts inside his car.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 12 - Sport-a-Rama continued**

"That was cold." She looked up to see a rather cute youngster, with dark hair walking beside her. She didn't know him, but he seemed sympathetic, rather than a leering monster, which was what she half expected, now that she only had her panties left. "You must be upset. Oh, I'm Anthony, by the way."

Jenny was upset, and she needed someone to listen to her woes; her schoolmates were not supportive today; perhaps this kid would do, even if he was younger than she was. This need to talk was became even stronger when she found out that the juice stand was at the very far end of the mall. As they walked along, she told him why she was being so wrongfully punished, and how she had been chosen for this event days before she lost her top. He merely nodded in commiseration; he did not correct her view of the justice of her punishment.

As she bought a large bottle of fresh-squeezed orange juice, she continued to pour out her woes. "This morning is bad enough, but what is worse, I have to help our instructor, Miss Adler, teach four of the nerdiest guys at Terence Gilliam Boys' school to dance. The other three girls will be in their uniforms, but I'll be like this. And the absolutely worst part is that I volunteered for it!"

"Really, four nerds. I go to Gilliam's myself, as a day student. Who are these guys? Maybe I know them." Anthony wanted all the details so he could relay their enemy's humiliation to Suzy and Catherine.

"Let's see, there's Freddy..."

"Oh God, not Fat Freddy? That guy is always sweating, looks like he was dipped in grease."

"That's him. And with me dressed like this he'll be placing his sticky paws directly on my skin." She shivered, her skin crawling as she could feel those greasy hands on her back as they waltzed; and now with no skirt, he would probably grab her ass as well when Miss Adler wasn't looking. "And then there's Shorty Steinmetz. The top of his head is about the same height as my shoulders, so you just know that he will be leaning into me, his spotty face right against my..." She could not bring herself to say tits to the boy walking back beside her. "Jack, 'the Professor' isn't too bad, although his hands also sweat a lot when he is around a girl, so he'll be sweating on my body. Also those glasses of his always seem to get in the way, and dig into my head, but it's those damned pens in his pocket -- in that stupid pocket protector -- they dig into me even through my blouse and bra, they're really going to hurt when I'm unprotected." Anthony nodded sympathetically, and murmured something indistinct, but decided not to actually interrupt with a comment. "But the absolute worst will be 'Sprayin' Sam'!"

"Sprayin' Sam, the human fountain?" Anthony tried to sound sympathetic, but he was actually overjoyed, this was too good to be true. "You poor thing, if he speaks to you at all, you'll be sprayed with saliva from head to toe. And if he just holds you close, he'll be drooling all over your breasts. Why did you ever volunteer?"

Jenny was wriggling as they walked along; his description had brought the afternoon home to her. She could feel the spray of saliva coating the front of her body, then his clammy hands on her skin as they waltzed, the saliva dropping off his chin onto her unprotected tits, the slimy fluid coating her skin. Why had she volunteered? She thought of dancing rock and roll, the boys spinning her away from them, then spinning her back, their greasy paws brushing along her tit as she returned to their arms; they did that when she was dressed, how much more would they do it now she was naked?

"I volunteered because I wanted to make fun of those four geeks." She blurted out the truth before she had time to think. "I thought I'd be in uniform; I never in my wildest dreams thought I'd be almost naked when I danced with them. I figured I could put up with the pawing, because the teasing and taunting would be worth it. But like this..." Tears were forming in her eyes again, and she had to gnaw her lip to prevent herself from breaking down entirely. To top it off, she still had two more trampoline acts to do.

Anthony said goodbye to her as they exited the mall, and moved away from the display, rather than joining his sister. He believed she was right, it would be better if Jenny didn't see them together just yet. His father and sister joined him as Bridget began to give the first performance of the second set. They spent the next half hour plus in buying two nice canoes, large enough to handle the family, and even take a guest or two on short trips. They got the entire outfit needed -- canoes, paddles, life-jackets, even a trailer to carry everything.

They returned to the crowd to watch Jenny's second show, and she was showing a lot; she was obviously not at peak form, because she bounced too near the side at one point, and the clerk standing there had had to push her sideways to keep her from landing on the metal frame. Naturally, one of his hands had cupped her cheek. This really delighted the children and when Mr. O'Brien suggested that they should head home, they persuaded him to wait; it was their desire to relay the whole mornings events to Catherine that persuaded him to stay; he felt it was only right she should know the punishment that Jenny's nasty words had inflicted on her. He and the children went to MacDonald's for a coffee; he had a coffee, they each had a soda. The youngsters were finished and headed back to the trampoline in time to see the last half of Sarah's routine.

By the time she was getting off the apparatus, the two of them had made whispered plans to shock Jenny. Mr. O'Connor had given each of the girls a final glass of orange juice, using the break before the final performance to finish off the bottle. Anthony moved up to the barrier and spoke to Jenny.

"Hi, I hope you're feeling better now, you looked a little upset when I left you last time."

"A bit better, thank you." Jenny was glad to see a friendly face in the crowd, particularly since he had not hung around after talking to her. He had left like a gentleman. She had not seen the three O'Briens hidden in the mob during her previous performance. "Just one more routine, and then I will have a break until the dance class this afternoon." Anthony just smiled and nodded.

"Hi there, Jenny. I'd forgotten you were working here today." Jenny jumped, appalled to hear the voice of Suzy, her enemy. She brought her arms across her breasts reflexively but dropped them back to her sides at once. She certainly did not wish to be punished any more, and covering up was a very punishable offence. "I see you've met my brother, Anthony." Jenny's chin quivered as she fought back the tears of frustration and anger. She had told this boy everything, her feelings, the humiliation she was going to undergo this afternoon, how her desire to humiliate the geeks backfired. And she knew that Suzy would be telling Catherine. Her humiliation was complete. Nothing worse could happen to her today.

"Miss O'Shea!" Jenny spun around to face Mr. O'Connor. "What is that on your uniform?"

Jenny looked down at her white panties, all that was left of her uniform, except of course for shoes and socks. The panties were wet with an orange stain. When she had flung her arms across her chest, her drink had splashed onto her, and had run down onto her panties.

"It was just an accident, sir," she began, but before she could offer a proper explanation, she heard the voice of doom.

"You threw the juice on yourself while trying to cover up. Apparently breaking the rules is more important than respect for your uniform... and if you don't respect your uniform, Jenny, then why should I allow you to wear it?"" Sarah both smiled and shivered as she heard these words; they were a direct echo of what he had said to her on sports day; she could hear the next sentence before it was spoken. "You can't stay in wet clothing, remove those soaked panties."

Jenny slowly peeled the last remaining protection of her modesty down her legs; this time the tears were actually running down her cheeks. Not only did she have to undergo the humiliation of being stripped in such a public place, but it was happening in front of her enemy. Mr. Assam was ecstatic; a topless athlete had been a tremendous draw, but with a totally naked girl performing as the final act, he just knew that his store would be crowded during the lunch hour, a period that was notoriously slow on Saturdays.

Jenny felt the final humiliation as her sweet-faced enemy said in a voice that just oozed sympathy: "Look on the bright side. Now you won't have to dance with the nerds while almost naked."

Jenny went through her final performance in what can best be described as a state of shock. She knew that each time she landed on the webbing with her legs apart she was showing her private parts to the audience. And there were so many moves that displayed her. Landing on her stomach with arms and legs stretched out gave everyone at her feet a clear view up between her legs. And since she landed facing one way then did a turn on the bounce and landed facing the other way, she knew she had displayed herself to both sides of the watching crowd. To add injury to insult, not only did the webbing scratch her delicate breasts, but each time she landed on her front a couple of pubic hairs would catch between the strips and be pulled very painfully. Then there were the mid-air moves. A somersault, with her legs drawn up and apart and her head between them, this move exposed both her vagina and her naked asshole, and unlike the landings she was high enough that everybody in the crowd could get a clear view of her most private parts. Spreading her legs and touching her toes; she did that twice facing different directions, so everyone in the crowd got a view of her total nudity, front and back.

At last the routine was complete, and she was able to hop down from the apparatus, out of the view of all but the front rows. She was blushing and breathing hard, but she would not feel the full humiliation until she returned to the school and replayed the entire shameful episode in her mind.

"Good-bye, Jenny. Enjoy teasing the geeks this afternoon." Anthony waved to her as he called out this parting shot, and the two youngsters ran over to the car, which was now hooked up to the purchased trailer, and jumped in. Jenny was left standing alone, naked, crying gently, dreading the humiliation she knew would be her entire afternoon.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 13 - Anthony's Game**

As the story wound down, the five people had finished the soup and sandwiches, and were starting to eat the fresh fruit that Mrs. O'Brien had selected at the grocery store that morning. Catherine now understood what Suzy had meant by saying "You should have been there" and "It's just as well you weren't there" in the same breath. She would have loved to have seen her enemy being humiliated, but, even if seeing Catherine naked didn't reduce Jenny's humiliation, it would have cheered her to see someone else being more nude than she was, at least at the start of the morning. She also enjoyed the picture of Jenny sitting right now in the cafeteria, dreading the torture of the coming afternoon's dancing.

She might have been a little less happy and a little more puzzled if she had known that Jackie had just phoned a former Cronenberg student, one she knew as a close friend of her mother, to obtain certain information about the history of Cronenberg School. She had been smiling when she replaced the receiver and stared at the list of references she had made. She would be spending Sunday morning in the library; today was too filled with fittings. But she did have time for one more call. This one was to a professional publicist Jenny had worked for during the past summer, trying to get all the experience of the theater that she could. Jenny's question was one that would have puzzled Catherine, but that she would have dismissed as not involving her in any way. "You remember last year you were telling me about your techniques with critics. What I need to know today, is does old Blowhard read press releases, and how does he react to them." As her friend replied to her question, Jackie's face positively glowed, as a wide smile made itself known. Her last comment was as cryptic as her previous one. "Well, I'd rather not say now, as I won't be sure until tomorrow afternoon. But if it works out I call you back, and let you know."

But as Catherine didn't know about Jackie's plans, she bit into the ripe juicy peach, and dreamed about poor Jenny dancing naked with the four nerdiest guys in Anthony's school. She wasn't listening to the teasing conversation going on between brother and sister, but did see Suzy fling a biscuit, no, here it was a cookie, at her brother when her parents weren't looking. A minute later Anthony shied it back at her, just as she was taking a bite of hr peach. She jumped and the peach fell against her blouse before she could catch it. She grabbed it before it fell any farther, then stuck her tongue out at her brother.

"Suzy, that's enough!" Her mother's voice was stern, but Catherine could catch a faint undercurrent of amusement. "Now, give me that dirty blouse, and I'll add it to the laundry hamper." Suzy unbuttoned her blouse, shrugged it off her shoulders, and handed it to her mother. "You can put a clean one on when you get up tomorrow." Suzy blanched at the statement, and Catherine couldn't understand why. Surely wearing only a bra while in the house was not a big deal, even if it was a bra that only covered three-quarters of her breasts.

"But it's Anthony's fault. He threw a cookie at me."

"He returned a thrown cookie to you. I'm not blind, Suzy." Suzy gulped. She had been positive her parents had not been looking at her when she did that. "I think you've forgotten that I used to teach, and a teacher develops excellent peripheral vision." Suzy looked a little puzzled. "Look it up while Anthony's getting ready. Peripheral. Then we'll take a look at this morning's purchases."

Suzy knew better than to argue with her mother; she didn't want to lose any more clothing and she was sure that if she argued her parents would extend the time or remove another garment, or even both. At least her punishment was just for the day. Anthony had headed off to his room, and Suzy now ran up to hers, with Catherine following her closely. As Suzy pulled out her best dictionary and looked up the word, Catherine sat on the bed and studied her friend. With her dark brown hair surrounding her face, she looked all of her sixteen years, and maybe slightly more, as she studied the dictionary, but Catherine knew that when she was happy and excited, she could look a young fourteen. Her breasts, however, were quite large, almost as large as Catherine's own, although they were still encased in a bra.

When Suzy got undressed last night, Catherine had noticed that her bra and panties were plain white cotton, very utilitarian, very simple. She wondered for a moment why the youngster had changed into a thin lacy bra that left the tops of her breasts uncovered almost down to the areolae. Then she realized that the girl was always afraid of being stripped at school, the way she had been the day they met, and was wearing underwear that would not show anything if she had to remove her blouse or skirt; but this was the weekend, Suzy was relaxing, and she had chosen a more delicate bra because she wasn't worried about being caught by teachers. Obviously, she had not counted on her mother being so strict.

A minute later, they heard Mrs. O'Brien calling them to hurry down. "Come along, girls. Let's take a look at the canoes." Catherine left the room first, so she did not notice when Suzy grabbed her purse from the dresser. Suzy and Catherine clattered downstairs, then out the kitchen door onto the driveway. Catherine shivered as she remembered the last time she had stepped out here; it had been the start of a long exposure as she was taken shopping. This time however, they looked at the canoes on the trailer, commenting appreciatively on the new acquisitions, as Anthony and his father unhooked it from the car, and walked it back into the garage. Catherine noticed that Anthony had changed out of his jeans and T-shirt and was now wearing specialized shoes, shorts and a jersey with a number on it. As soon as the trailer was properly garaged, the two men went to the car, and Mr. O'Brien started it up. As she walked to the car, Mrs. O'Brien commented on just what a lovely day it was.

"Do I have to go to the match today, Mom? I don't really want to go without a shirt," Suzy asked with a shiver.

"This is Anthony's last regular soccer game of the season. You know that the team will be in the playoffs if they win. You are definitely going to that game without a shirt. The only question that remains is: without what else!"

Suzy immediately stopped complaining and started to pull Catherine to the car. "Come along, we have to get going. Anthony's game starts soon and he must be there. We mustn't let the team forfeit." Catherine gulped but started toward the car, then stopped in shock. The roof of the car was rising. She had been too upset to check the car carefully last night, and had never noticed that it was a convertible. She shivered. Slowly she walked to the car, knowing that under the school regulations she had to accompany the adults, and also knowing that she would be exposed to all passing eyes, pedestrian and rider, without even the minimal protection of a car roof.

Catherine found herself climbing into the back seat on the passenger side, with Anthony beside her and Suzy on the far side. The adults were, of course, in the front seat. Once again the feel of Anthony's clothing against her bare skin, and more particularly the feeling of his bare arm and leg against her skin reminded her constantly of just how naked she felt. The car swept down the driveway and turned onto the residential street, as Catherine shivered in the back seat. Shortly it arrived at the main street that Catherine remembered so vividly from that morning, but Mr. O'Brien turned away from the mini-mall. For the next half hour, Catherine was so busy looking around to find out just who could see her bare breasts above the rear door, that she paid no attention to the actual route they were taking, and was quite surprised when Mr. O'Brien suddenly pulled into a gravel parking lot, and stopped the car.

As soon as he got out of the car, Anthony ran over to the field to join the rest of his team, while the other four walked over to the wooden bleachers by the side of the playing area. The two girls discussed in whispers whether to sit on the first tier or the last. If they sat at the back, people would only be able to see them by turning around to look, but if they did they would see Catherine's full frontal nudity and Suzy's partially clad breasts. On the other hand, sitting on the first bench, the two girls would be in full sight of all the spectators, but only their backs would be visible. Nobody would be able to see their fronts except, of course, the players. The parents had taken seats about five rows up while the girls were deciding, and the two suddenly realized that they were still fully exposed to all the spectators. They quickly took their seats, just as the game began. Catherine felt the rough edges of the three two by fours that made up the simple bench bite into her bare flesh.

"God, I wish I'd been more careful," came a nervous whisper from the bra-clad Suzy. "I would get punished when I'm wearing a fancy bra. I feel so exposed, so embarrassed."

"You feel exposed!" Catherine's whispered reply exploded from her lips. "You feel exposed. You've still got your breasts acceptably covered, and you're fully clothed below the waist. You feel exposed. I'm bloody naked; how do you think I feel!" Actually she knew exactly how she felt, but could not admit it; she felt turned on. She was listening to the whispers behind her, catching words like "shameless", "shameful" and "hussy" from the parents and others on the bleachers behind her, and while she blushed at the implications, her nipples had hardened as they drove over, and were still rock hard. She noticed the players glancing at her naked body whenever they could, and this made her feel even hotter; she could feel the moisture rising in her vagina. For the next three-quarters of an hour, Catherine sat on the bench, watching the action, getting caught up in the fever of the game. She had never been a big fan of soccer back home, as in her home town soccer had become almost synonymous with hooliganism, so she was not as knowledgeable about the sport as she felt she should be.

During the break at half time, Anthony brought over the other ten players on his team, and introduced them to the two girls. Catherine blushed as the eleven pairs of eyes scanned her naked body; although she noticed that Suzy was also receiving her share of lustful stares. The sudden attention made Catherine blush, and also aroused her even more. She felt drops of fluid running down under her buns, dampening the wooden bench under her, particularly as she noticed that Anthony appeared to be the youngest member of the team; the others were more her own age. The fifteen minutes seemed to be up in no time. Catherine could still not believe that she was enjoying the shame so much.

Anthony's team was down by two points as they prepared for the second half, and fortunately for her peace of mind Catherine did not hear Anthony's pep talk with his team. "Guys, my dad has promised me a victory celebration; he'll take us all out to the pizza place if we win." Several of the team looked mildly interested. "Of course the girls will be coming along."

"The girls will be... like that?" The surprise was genuine in the boys' voices, and when Anthony nodded yes, a look of determination came over the rest of the team; they were going to win.

Meeting the team had increased the girls' interest in the game, and they started to cheer loudly for their team, jumping to their feet whenever the team came close to the opponents' goal, oblivious to the show they were giving the rest of the spectators. The team's new spirit showed, and inside of ten minutes the teams were tied. The next half hour was a hard fought battle, with Anthony's team on the offensive, determined to win, both for the glory of the playoffs and for the fun of the promised party; the opposing team equally determined to become the champions. Finally just three minutes before the end of the period, Anthony himself scored a goal putting his team ahead for the first time that day. Both girls jumped to their feet and bounced up and down chanting Anthony's name; Suzy's skirt flying up showing her lace-trimmed, semi-see-through panties; and Catherine's naked buns on full display to all the spectators. Of course the team was treated to the sight of Suzy's large pale breasts bouncing in the somewhat inadequate covering of the bra, while Catherine's bouncing breasts and heart-trimmed pussy gave the team their own special reward.

When the game ended a couple of minutes later, the O'Brien parents rushed out on the field to congratulate their son, with Suzy and Catherine trailing behind. Anthony submitted to a hug from each adult, and then received a huge squeeze from his sister, as she burbled how proud she was of him. Catherine watched this routine then gave a small shrug and hugged the game's hero to her own naked body with words of congratulation. Anthony returned the hug with fervor; he was young, yes, but not so young that he did not appreciate the feel of a gorgeous woman wriggling in his arms, particularly when it was a gorgeous nude woman.

Suzy was hugging every member of the team in her enthusiasm at her brother's win. She was absolutely ecstatic and for these few minutes had totally forgotten that she was wearing nothing above the waist but a thin bra. Catherine, on the other hand, was totally aware of her nudity, but decided that each team member deserved a hug for his part in the hard-fought battle. She shivered with anticipation as she felt Suzy's brother's arms squeezing her bare skin; then broke the hug and moved on to his teammates. She plastered her naked body against each of their sweaty ones in turn, feeling the hefty squeeze of powerful arms on her naked skin, and in several cases a hard lump pressing against her lower body, keeping the moisture flowing down there.

The other team congratulated the winners and then left, and Catherine suddenly heard Mr. O'Brien's voice boom out: "OK, everyone. The Pizza Palace for a victory celebration. You're all invited." She shivered as she stood in the middle of the field, naked, surrounded by a group of sweaty teenaged boys, knowing at once that she would have to go to that party and would be spending the next couple of hours in the company of all this testosterone, still totally naked.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 14 - Pizza Plus**

As soon as the invitation was extended, it was received with enthusiasm by all the boys, and a number of the parents. Many of the adults had to head home, but they were quite happy to let their sons stay for the celebration and make their own way home later. All of the players removed their shin guards and changed out of the soccer shoes into common running shoes, throwing the equipment into the various cars, and then it was off to the restaurant.

The Pizza Palace was only five blocks away, so the group decided to walk. For the second time that day, Catherine found herself walking along the sidewalk naked but for shoes and socks. She felt both less and more exposed this time than last. She was not walking beside Mrs. O'Brien, but beside Suzy in the middle of a group of eleven excited teenage boys, with the various parents in another group just ahead of them. This hid her nakedness from the passing motorists, but of course her nude body was under continuous scrutiny from the team that surrounded them. She wondered if any of the boys were observant enough, or experienced enough, to notice the damp proof of her most shameful arousal. She prayed that she would not be questioned about that little secret.

It wasn't long before the group made it to the strip mall that housed the little restaurant. Two groups, adults and teens, trooped in. While the eleven boys spread themselves around two large tables they pushed together, the adults took two smaller ones at the opposite end of the room. Mr. O'Brien guided the two girls over to the counter and after giving the man behind the counter, who was the only person working there, an order for four pizzas with various toppings to start, and coffee for the adults, arranged with him that since this was meant to be a victory celebration, the girls would act as waitresses for the players. The cook would have to carry the pizzas to the tables, as they were too hot for the girls to handle safely, but the girls would take care of all the drinks, and any orders for more pizza.

As Mr. O'Brien headed back to join the rest of the adults, the two girls looked at each other, each taking comfort in the embarrassment of her friend, smiled, gulped and walked over to the boys. As she took the order for drinks, Catherine could feel the guys' eyes on her naked body, and blushed again as she realized that her trimmed pussy was right at eye level for the team. She knew she couldn't hide anything and that the little heart of hair and her moist, and getting moister, lips were on total display to the teenage boys. Catherine found that walking back to the counter and standing there was a relief; after all only her buns were on display to that mass of testosterone, and her pussy was hidden from the cook by the counter, all he could she was her tits. Suzy, on the other hand found standing there as bad as serving the boys. Her breasts were being thrust out towards this man by her bra, and he was definitely enjoying the presentation; whereas her breasts were above eye level for the boys, and the bra, although slightly see-through, covered the bottoms of her breasts better than the tops.

The cook placed the desired soft drink tins on the counter, but he did not provide a tray for the girls. Since she didn't want to make more than one trip, Catherine held three cans against her naked body with one arm, put two more into that hand, and took two in the other. She shivered from the cold against her body, imparting a delightful motion to her unsupported breasts. Walking back to the tables, she blushed again as she saw all the boys' eyes locked on her; she was able to watch them carefully as not a single one was looking at her face. She quickly placed the tins in front of the boys, still blushing, then sat at table herself. By this point Suzy had carried her six tins over to the other table, using the same technique. She was so glad she wasn't exposed; then she started to put the tins in front of the boys. She had to lean forward to place the tins in front of the two boys at the far side of the table, and realized that this caused her breasts to drop forward, almost falling out of the skimpy bra. Suzy blushed as she saw the boys' eyes widen at the sight; and as soon as she could, she sat down at the table beside Catherine.

The boys spent the time replaying the game until the pizzas were brought to the table by the cook. Then of course the girls were sent back to the counter to get more drinks for some of the boys. This would happen numerous times while the pizzas were being consumed, and Catherine noticed a pattern in the requests; the boys sitting at the back of the table, where the "waitress" would have to lean over the table to put the drinks in place always gave their order to Suzy, while those at the near side of the table, whom the "waitress" would have to stand beside, invariably chose her. She flushed as she thought how they were choosing each girl for maximum exposure.

Once the pizza had arrived, the talk turned to more general topics, including school, which led naturally to the story of Catherine's punishment. Between them, Suzy and Anthony, with occasional corrections from Catherine herself, retold the story of Catherine's adventures to date, although Catherine did not mention the morning's shopping trip. The poor subject of the story was blushing with embarrassment as the tale of her blatant exposure, first on stage, then during charades was relived; particularly as she could feel the fluids flowing onto her thighs.

She was relieved when Suzy retold the tale of Jenny's strip at *Sport-a-Rama*. Some of the guys were disbelieving at first, but one of the players had seen Jenny's first performance while attending the sale, and a second one had seen her final, nude one. After Anthony mentioned that poor Jenny was going to be teaching dancing naked this afternoon, had actually probably finished by now, one of the other players got up, started some music on the small juke-box in the corner, and asked Catherine to dance. She blushed at the thought of bouncing around in front of all the guys, but the idea also turned her on tremendously; so she agreed to "just one dance". There was no dance floor, the juke box was there only to provide background music, but since theirs was the only party in the place, the cook did not stop them from dancing in the open space in front of the counter. He rather enjoyed the sight of the naked girl's breasts and buttocks bouncing around in such a lascivious manner.

Suzy was finally persuaded by one of the other boys to join in the dancing; it took the "surely you don't want your friend out be out there all alone" line to get her to accept. Just as she and her partner took the floor, the first song ended and a slow waltz began. Catherine allowed herself to be persuaded to have one more dance with the boy, who she thought was quite cute and a good dancer; so she found herself enveloped in his arms, naked body pressed against cotton jersey, nipples, erect and made even harder by the friction of the cloth, bare arms and hands clasping her body, hot against her skin; the close contact was such a turn-on.

Suzy was less happy. Her player had to be reasonably gentlemanly; after all their parents were sitting across the room. However, his arm around her body, skin on skin embarrassed her; his hand was just below the brassiere his fingers tracing the lower edge of that personal article of clothing. She knew he was looking down between them at her well-displayed white globes, and turned red at the thought of her exposure, and of his knowledge, visual and tactile, of her most intimate apparel.

A long time later, after both girls had danced with almost all the team, the two headed back to the washroom. The room was simply furnished -- just a single toilet and a sink with a well-lit mirror -- but the two girls slipped in together, and they chatted as each one had a pee and then adjusted their makeup and combed their hair. They discussed the boys of course, what else! Catherine thought they were all cute, and a couple might be worth getting to know better. Suzy agreed they were OK, but she was still interested in Doug from last night and didn't feel any of this group could measure up to him.

"I wonder if Jenny had as much fun dancing with her guys this afternoon as I'm having tonight?" Catherine suddenly asked. "Somehow I doubt it."

"Me too, though I wish I wasn't so exposed."

"You exposed! What about me? You're basically fully clothed."

"I know, I don't know how you can stand it. I was so upset at the Museum, and there it was just the girls and strangers, I didn't have to deal with being seen by boys, particularly boys who would see me again. How do you stand it?"

Catherine didn't want to blurt out just how much she enjoyed being exposed and humiliated, not without careful preparation, so she just smiled back at her friend, as the two headed back out to more embarrassment.

Dinner time was long over by the time the group left the pizza parlor. The dancing had continued, as every boy wanted the excuse to hold a naked girl in his arms, and to hold a clothed, pretty one if a naked one was not available. The group had eaten all the pizza they could hold, and Catherine felt quite content walking nude along the sidewalk under the streetlights. She was still aroused by her lack of clothing, but this had settled down to a continuous simmer, as she glimpsed the players still checking out her naked body as they walked along.

Soon they were back at the parking lot; they all said goodbye, with plenty of farewell hugs, and then the family and their guest got back into the convertible, and headed for home. Catherine simply sat back, closed her eyes and relaxed; this way she would not know how many cars or pedestrians they were passing, and would not be worried about being exposed to all those eyes. She passed the time reviewing her punishment time: Miss Carpenter's class -- make that Ms. Carpenter's class -- the rehearsal, dinner and charades, shopping for groceries, the game, dancing with the boys; it had been a long eventful time, now there was just Sunday to go, a simple day of rest at home, then one day of classes; she could handle that.

She was aroused from her review when the car turned off the road and stopped. She was shocked to find that they were not at the O'Brien house; they were parked in front of the local dairy.

"I was thinking that we haven't had any dessert," said Mrs. O'Brien, "so we decided to get some ice cream. Catherine, would you prefer to stop here and have a sundae, or should we just pick some up to take home?"

Catherine was totally surprised. She had been so sure that her exposure was over for the day. "T- take home, please." At least she was being given a choice this time.

"Probably the best. Suzy, here's some money, now you and Catherine go in and buy two quarts of whatever flavor Catherine wants. She's our guest and it must be her choice. Hurry up now."

Catherine and Suzy both knew better than to protest, so they jumped out of the car and hurried into the building. Catherine saw that there were still about a dozen people eating in the dining room that had been built onto the dairy proper, and realized that once again her naked charms were on display for strangers. She blushed again as the two turned away from the restaurant and walked down beside the counter holding all the ice cream. Suzy explained that the dairy made their own ice cream, and that it was richer than the normal branded stuff. After a brief discussion, they ordered mint chocolate chip from the young man behind the counter. Catherine was blushing the whole time, and Suzy was finding the open looks at her own exposure quite discomfiting.

They returned to the car quickly, and the rest of the trip home was uneventful. Once there, the family all sat down to watch a video, and eat the dessert they had just purchased. Catherine found it was quite restful to be curled up in a large armchair with only the family to see her.

After the video was over, the two girls brushed their teeth, and headed straight to bed, Suzy wearing the same heart-bedecked nightgown as the previous night. And just like before, they snuggled together under the covers, whispering to each other for a long while, sharing more of their deepest darkest secrets, until at last they drifted off to sleep in each other's arms.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 15 - Sunday Morning Coming Down**

Sunday morning! Catherine did not have the same feeling of disorientation when she awoke today. Yesterday it had taken her a moment to realize that she really was lying naked in a large four-poster bed, and that it was her friend Suzy's bed. Today, she was immediately aware of that; and she reviewed her long naked punishment. The many humiliations she had undergone: class, play rehearsal, Friday evening at Suzy's, shopping, watching soccer, the pizza place, the dairy, even the gentle time watching a video with Suzy's family. Sunday morning! The day of rest. Nothing to do till classes tomorrow.

Smiling gently, she looked down at her naked body. She couldn't see much, as Suzy was lying face down beside her but with her head on Catherine's chest, just below her breasts. Catherine had no idea how she had ended up like that, but just reached down and moved her friend's brunette hair back so she could look at the sweet face. Still asleep, Suzy looked about thirteen, her fair skin and round face giving her an angelic appearance. This would be excellent for her part of Emily in the play, at least during the first act. That thought suddenly reminded Catherine that she had one more rehearsal before she got her clothes back, the one after school Monday.

Maybe it was the shiver Catherine gave as she thought of all she had to do naked at that rehearsal, but it was at this very moment that Suzy opened her eyes.

"Muhnen," the youngster slurred. Catherine reached down again, smoothed the hair, then ran her fingers over the others brow, cheeks and neck, as Suzy just sighed blissfully. Catherine felt the attraction to her young friend, an attraction that she hoped could blossom into something more; she discovered that she loved Suzy, a love both spiritual and carnal. But if she was not careful, she would frighten away the younger girl, lose her as a friend without gaining the physical benefits she was hoping for. Catherine continued to caress the delicate features in front of her, while the two chatted aimlessly. She managed to suggest that the two friends should have a bath this morning, as they had spent the previous afternoon on outdoor benches, and should clean themselves off. Suzy agreed, noting that they were awake early today, and had plenty of time before they had to be ready for breakfast.

Together, the girls trotted down the hallway to the bathroom, and Suzy drew a deep bath, adding bubble bath just for a lark. Catherine accepted Suzy's suggestion that as the guest, she should be first and climbed into the tub, sinking into the heaps of suds, her nudity covered for the moment. She picked up the soap and deliberately started to clean her back. Sure enough, Suzy took the bait, and Catherine quickly accepted her offer to wash her back. The younger girl drew off her nightdress, and kneeling naked on the bathroom rug, carefully scrubbed Catherine's back.

Catherine luxuriated in the feeling of being pampered, but as soon as Suzy had finished her back, she made a suggestion; since Suzy had just done her back and had sponge bathed her Friday night, she should now return the favor. She persuaded Suzy to join her in the tub, sitting between her legs with her back to her. Catherine started by washing Suzy's back, gently caressing the skin, kneading the muscles; hands sliding down the spine, right to the top of Suzy's sweet buttocks. Then Catherine gently cleaned each arm; no cloth was used, just her well lathered hands, again making sure that Suzy enjoyed the caresses. The next step required her to gently wash the younger girl's throat, then down the front of her body, heavily lathered hands finally reaching the top of her large pale breasts. As her hands traversed the mounds of firm flesh, Catherine could feel the nipples harden under her fingers. She gently tweaked the hard projections and reveled in the deep breaths she was causing in her little friend.

She knew she had to be careful not to go too far at this time, so she murmured, "Doesn't it feel good to get all fresh and clean?" Suzy's nod of agreement was accompanied by a visible relaxation as she persuaded herself that the touches were purely non-sexual in nature. Catherine's hands continued their journey over the younger girl's body, slowly rubbing her stomach, until the finger tips were running through the nest of fur just above the juncture of her legs. Suzy stood up on command, and the seated Catherine washed her legs, then her sweet pussy, her gentle fingers sending shudders through the other's body as they carefully caressed the swollen lips. Finally the roaming hands massaged Suzy's taut buns, kneading and teasing the firm flesh. Suzy was finding the attention to be arousing, something she wasn't quite prepared for, and she wasn't sure if the attentions were being deliberately sexual, or if her friend was unaware of the unfortunate emotions she was raising in this young breast. Catherine, who was definitely aware of her young friend's emotional state, stopped the caresses at this point, and had Suzy sit back down between her legs. Suzy did, and then leaned back, so that her body was pressed tightly against Catherine's. She could feel Catherine's nipples, harder than her own, pressing into her back. As she lay there, analyzing the storm of emotions that her ablutions had caused, Catherine's arms encircled her waist, comforting and protecting her, a haven against the wicked outside world. Suzy could not comprehend her own emotional state, because Catherine's protective cuddle seemed to be at one and the same time both asexual and maternal and also extremely sexual and illicit.

As they lay subdued in the water, they suddenly heard the sound of Anthony's alarm clock and they knew he would be pounding on the door in just a few minutes, so they stood up in what was left of the bubble bath, opened the drain, and rinsed themselves off with the hand shower. They dried themselves, not taking the time that drying each other would require. Suzy quickly slipped her nightgown on, and opened the door.

Anthony was standing in the doorway, arm raised to start hammering on the door. Suzy stuck her tongue out at him, and flounced past. Catherine blushed as the boy's eyes swept her naked form from head to toe and back again. She could not understand why she was not inured to his gaze; after all he was only fourteen and was Suzy's brother, not a real boy; yet somehow his frank stare was acting on her emotions, stirring the butterflies in her stomach, reminding her that she was nude, and had two more full days to go. Still blushing, still breathing deeply, she held her head high and walked past the youngster, keeping her pace a walk, fighting successfully the urge to run and hide herself. She just knew that Anthony had turned around and, rather than entering the bathroom to perform his morning ritual, was simply standing there, eyes riveted on the nude arse swaying down the corridor in his suburban house.

With a sigh of relief, Catherine slipped into Suzy's room and sat on the edge of the four-poster bed. She looked over at Suzy as the latter drew the heart-bedecked nightgown over her head. Catherine gazed at the pale pert breasts with the nipples that had hardened under her fingers just minutes ago, at the small tuft of brown hair above the soft lips that had also responded to her touches, a tuft of hair that was natural, not shaped into a heart like hers. She watched as Suzy picked a pair of white cotton panties out of her drawer, and stepped into them slipping the plain white cotton briefs up her legs and easing them over those lovely globes, till they tightly covered her private parts. Next the youngster picked up her bra. Unlike the one she had worn yesterday, this one was all cotton, no lace, and completely enclosed her breasts. Catherine realized that this was the basic standard for the Cronenberg uniform; no variations had been allowed until about one year ago, when the rules had been amended to allow the girls, except those in the lowest form, to select almost any style of bra and panty, provided they matched and were white in color. The white blouse was donned next and the school tie knotted around Suzy's slim white neck. With every item Suzy was putting on, Catherine felt more and more naked. The tartan skirt that Suzy chose was the longest one Catherine had seen her wear; she was obviously dressing very conservatively for this day at home; Catherine decided that she must be keeping her more trendy cuts for her public appearances.

Suzy brought two fresh pairs of the regulation white knee-length socks over to the bed and handed one of them to the older student, then sat down beside her and started to draw on the other pair. Catherine pulled on her pair at the same time as Suzy; the similarity of the actions merely emphasized to her the difference in their clothing, drove home yet again the shame of her nudity. The two girls pulled on and tied their black patent leather shoes, and they were now dressed for the day. However, before they headed downstairs to breakfast, Suzy slipped on the blue uniform blazer. Catherine wondered a bit at this, since the blazer was optional on informal occasions, the rules required it only for formal events, but she decided that Suzy might be feeling cold, or might be just teasing her, making her nakedness more obvious by the comparison with the more formal outfit.

Breakfast today was as good as yesterday, the main item being eggs and bacon rather than the french toast that figured so prominently in the previous meal. Catherine smiled wryly as she remembered how that dish had led to her naked adventure at the supermarket; an adventure that she had still not recounted to Suzy. She noticed that both parents were fully clothed this morning, but that Anthony had taken advantage of the less stringent dress code to come to the table in his pajamas and dressing gown. She still felt conspicuous, being the only person unclothed at the table, but the others made her feel as at ease as was possible in these peculiar circumstances by not taking any notice of her bare skin, although she thought she caught the odd glance from Anthony that suggested that his interest in women had definitely awakened.

Still the meal was enjoyable and the conversation interesting, and when it was over, she and Suzy were dismissed to the living room where they chatted for a while, each curled up at one end of the sofa, Suzy in her formal uniform, Catherine in her uniform shoes and socks. Around 9:30 Suzy said she had something to do for a couple of minutes, and dashed off up the stairs. Catherine picked up a magazine, but had only read half of the feature article when Suzy came charging back into the room.

"Come on, we've got to go now." Catherine was so surprised at the sudden burst of activity, that she just took the outstretched hand and followed the youngster. She noticed something was different about Suzy, but just what it was did not register with her, and also noted that she was carrying something in her other hand. In no time at all she was outdoors, on the driveway, climbing into the back seat of the car as Anthony, now fully dressed in a suit and tie, climbed into the other side. Catherine took her place in the middle of the back seat, thankful that at least she would be mostly shielded from passers eyes, but the feel of the other two children's clothing against her bare skin as well as the cold of the seatbelt buckle, kept her totally aware of her naked state. She was just very happy that the top of the convertible was up today, and she lay back and closed her eyes, just as she had on the way home last night, shutting out the sight of those who might see her nakedness.

"Here. You have to put this on, Catherine." Suzy was holding out a small blue hat, the same color as her blazer. Catherine suddenly recognized it as the official uniform hat. As she took it, and started to put it on she heard the text of the regulation regarding the hat ringing in her ears.

"The hat is mandatory only for the most formal occasions, and for attending those functions where a woman is required to wear headgear. On informal occasions it need not be worn. If the hat is worn, the blazer should always be worn as well. The hat should also be worn whenever it is traditional for a woman to wear headgear, such as, for example, religious ceremonies; however, in cases where the hat is not readily available, this shall not be used as an excuse to avoid such functions."

"Religious ceremonies!" The words shouted in her ears. No! They couldn't be planning to have her attend church, naked as she was. The idea was unthinkable. As she finished donning the hat, however, the car swung into a gravel lane and her worst fears were realized as she saw the sign they passed:

Gamehill Community Church
Sunday Services 10:00 AM

Numbly, she got out of the car and walked with the family along the path and up the wide stone stairs to the front door of the church.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 16 - Service with a Smile**

The five people walked through the large front doors, across the foyer and into the church proper. As the father, mother, son and daughter strode down the long aisle toward the altar with the large cross behind it, the naked girl plodded numbly beside them. She had being trying to suggest a pew near the back of the church, where nobody would see her nudity, but for some reason she could not get the words out. She was totally numb, operating on auto-pilot. She heard the gasps from the people behind her, as they saw those round, firm, naked buttocks walking down the aisle of their church, but they did not fully register yet.

They slid into the ninth pew from the front, first Mrs. O'Brien, followed by her husband, then Suzy, then Anthony and finally Catherine. This, of course, left the nude girl right on the aisle where she was the most exposed to other's eyes. She shivered as she sat down, placed her elbows on her knees, pressed her hands together, and rested her forehead against her fingers. While this praying posture was one that most covered her, she adopted it primarily because she was praying. Desperately. She was praying for the ground to open and swallow her. For lightning to strike her dead on the spot. For a miracle to make her invisible.

Several times she had thought she had reached the ultimate in nakedness, but something had always occurred later to make her feel even more naked. She had thought she was naked, sitting on that chair in rehearsal, then she had felt even more naked when she first stepped out of the school into the open air, naked, defenseless and alone. It had been even worse when Mrs. O'Brien introduced her to her neighbors as the two of them walked along the street, but this... Naked in a church. She remembered the passage in Genesis:

"She took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.
And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.
And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.
And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?
And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself."

Yes, being naked in a church was definitely a sin; to be seen to so flout common decency was the most embarrassing situation imaginable. Catherine stayed with her head bowed against her hands until she had to rise for the first hymn. She had always loved singing and her clear soprano rang out, even as she wondered at the feeling of *deja vu* that was plaguing her.

She was still not paying full attention as the minister started to read the announcements; she knew nobody in the area, so they would be of no interest to her. This olympian detachment was shattered when the minister began his third item.

"We are pleased to welcome today a young British student, Catherine Higgins. Miss Higgins is a school-mate of our own dear Suzy O'Brien." Catherine was stunned that the pastor would know anything about her, and the chorus of "uh-huhs" and similar grunts indicated to her that the congregation now understood why a young lady attending church would be naked. "I am informed that Miss Higgins is a budding thespian, who will be performing on stage with many other of our daughters on Friday night, and today we will have the privilege of hearing this star of tomorrow read the lesson."

Catherine was stunned at this revelation. She had had no inkling that she was even going to be attending church today, and as for reading the lesson -- stepping up to the pulpit in front of everybody, stark naked -- it didn't bear thinking about. She felt herself go cold, but at the same time she felt herself becoming aroused at the thought of this ultimate humiliation. Hot and cold at the same time. Suddenly she recalled a brief incident from early yesterday morning. She had overheard Mr. O'Brien say on the telephone: "That sounds perfect. Thank you, Reverend." He must have been setting up the reading, in which case to try to avoid it would only bring on worse humiliation. She was so intent on her musings that she did not hear the announcement about the tea that the Ladies' Auxiliary had prepared in the basement for after the service.

Another hymn sung in ringing tones, and again that feeling of *deja vu*, and then the dread words: "Miss Higgins will now read today's lesson." Catherine got up and walked up the aisle; she could feel the stares of the entire congregation on her naked backside, and blushed once more at the thought of being naked in a house of God. She could not believe how great a distance there was from the ninth row to the front of the church; when she had been a bridesmaid in England, the walk from the back of the cathedral to the front had been far shorter than this. But all things come to an end, and at last she was at the front of the church. She mounted the two steps to the dias, turned to her right and finally stepped up into the pulpit. There a sheet was clipped to the page of the large Bible, giving the correct phrasing to start and end the reading.

She gazed out at the congregation, the sea of good clothing surmounted by serious faces, and almost broke out laughing. Here she was, standing in the pulpit of a church in the nuddy, about to read the congregation a lesson while they looked solemnly at her naked tits. Amusing and humiliating. Thank goodness her pussy was hidden by the pulpit. Taking a deep breath which caused her nipples to bounce appealingly, she looked down at the page and began to speak.

"Today we shall be reading from the Gospel According to Matthew, Chapter 25, Verses 31 to 46.

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:
And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:
And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.
Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:
For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:
Naked, and ye clothed me."

The word 'naked' seemed to her to hang in the air. The passage only emphasized her unclothed state. She gulped, but continued bravely.

"I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.
Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?
When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?"

Again the word 'naked', again the butterflies in the stomach, again the dampness increasing down where she dared not touch. She glanced over at her friend and the only four faces she knew in the crowd. She noticed that Anthony seemed to be moving his hand over the seat where she had been sitting. When he saw her looking at him he raised the handkerchief in his hand to his face, as if to blow his nose. Catherine blushed at the overt sexuality of this move, as she had seen that the cloth had not come directly from his pocket, but from the damp pew she had left. Desperately, she tried to ignore the growing heat in her loins as she continued.

"Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?
And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.
Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:
For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:
I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

The phrase 'naked and ye clothed me not' seemed so very appropriate to her situation. She was so very naked, and the very authorities would not let her be clothed. This verse, so appropriate, in a situation so inappropriate, had a further effect on her libido. She could feel the dampness inside her beading on her lips and almost ready to trickle down her thighs.

"Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?
Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.
And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

Hear the word of the Lord."

At the response of "Praise the Lord", Catherine shivered as she prepared to return to her pew; she would have to walk facing the entire congregation, her breasts, her pussy trimmed in the shape of a heart, her moist lips, all fully displayed to the entire congregation. Trying to appear nonchalant, she stepped out from behind the pulpit and started the long walk back to her seat, while the congregations stood for the next hymn. She blushed as she saw the entire congregation, dressed in their Sunday best, solemnly gazing at her nudity, at her naked tits, at the red, trimmed pussy heart, at her exposed vagina; she could feel a single drop of fluid running down the inside of her thigh, and blushed deeper at the thought that some parishioner might notice it. She also knew the minister was behind her; he and the rows she passed would be getting a good view of her naked arse.

She finally reached her pew and stood singing the rest of the hymn, again with that feeling of *deja vu*. She did not truly hear the sermon that day, her mind was racing too fast, she was feeling too aroused to think of the words, try as she did to concentrate on them; she was afraid that her arousal would continue to the point that she would climax, right there in the middle of the religious service. She had heard of religious ecstasy but... The chuckle that this thought caused actually helped to reduce her arousal, and she was able to keep herself at a mere simmer. The fact that Anthony was paying more attention to the nude body beside him than to the sermon did not help her at all. She knew he was too young for her, but he was obviously not too young to be interested, and she found that interest strangely flattering. She glanced sideways at him, noting how his eyes were continually flicking toward her breasts or her naked pussy.

When the congregation rose to sing the final hymn, she noted that Anthony was slower to rise, and, glancing down, she saw him giving her pew a quick wipe with his handkerchief, soaking up the few drops of moisture. As he rose, he brought the hankie to his nose, and pretended to give it a wipe, while actually just sniffing her aroma. Blushing again at this blatantly sexual act, Catherine looked quickly around her to try to distract herself. Suddenly she realized just why she had experienced that *deja vu* so often today. She remembered sneaking into a movie in England a couple of years ago with a girl friend and five guys. The guys had really wanted to see that movie, as it featured Elle Macpherson in the nude. "Sirens." That was the name. Catherine had been particularly affected by the scene when the minister's wife found herself naked in church. She had wondered how the Tara Fitzgerald could bring herself to act the scene, let alone how it would feel to be in that situation in real life; and now here she was, standing naked in church, singing a hymn, on the aisle, her nudity visible to the rest of the congregation. She was in almost exactly the same position as the minister's wife in that film; the only difference was that the character was fantasizing herself in that position; for Catherine it was all too real.

She faltered in her singing as she remembered the movie scenes, but recovered enough to let her voice soar in the final verse and chorus. When she sat down for the benediction, Anthony handed her his handkerchief with the whispered suggestion, "Maybe you should dry yourself off before you meet the minister." Catherine shivered at the thought of being introduced to a man of God in her present state of undress, and surreptitiously wiped her now damp thighs and blotted her soaking vagina. She passed back the damp piece of cloth with a whisper of thanks just as the people around her were starting to get up to leave.

The O'Briens held back and were among the last to be greeted by the pastor. When Catherine was introduced to him by Mrs. O'Brien, he shook her hand and said: "That was a delightful reading. It is so nice to hear the scriptures read with emotion." Catherine, who knew just why she had spoken with such emotion, blushed deeply as she murmured her thanks. "It is also so nice of you to help serve with your friend. We are always so pleased when younger people take an interest in the church." Catherine did not understand this at all, but since Suzy was staring at her, obviously with urgent news, she merely nodded and smiled.

While Suzy was saying good morning to the minister, Anthony was talking with his mother. He had arranged with a neighbor to take him home, so he could change into play clothes, then he was to bicycle over to the home of one of his soccer buddies for lunch. His mother gave the usual parental warnings, then wished him a happy afternoon. Anthony gave a slight sniff, wiped his nose gently with his handkerchief, and said that he was sure that he and his friends would all have a good time. Catherine blushed at the thought that her aroma was what was going to give these lustful teenagers such pleasure, even as she marveled at the youngster's ability to give her this message right under his mother's nose. As he left, it suddenly occurred to her that if he needed a ride home, the rest of the family must not be going there yet, and she thought again of the minister's remark about serving.

Suzy came over to her at this moment, and grabbing her by the arm, pulled her towards the staircase leading to the church basement.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 17 - The Afternoon**

As she led her nude friend down the stairs to the church basement, Suzy started to apologize.

"I'm so sorry, Catherine. I totally forgot that today is a Fellowship Sunday. I always help serve the coffee, and when I first found out you were coming for the weekend, I asked if you could help as well. Everybody thought that was a great idea, and I was going to tell you about it, but I forgot. After you received your punishment, I asked my father about it yesterday morning, and he said he thought not doing it would count as avoiding events. I meant to tell you when we got home but was so excited about seeing Jenny I totally forgot. Ohmigod, I'm so sorry."

"Don't worry. You had no way of knowing when you first set it up, and I would have asked to do it, if I had known. So, after the punishment I would have had to do it anyhow. Besides, even if I weren't serving, your parents stay for coffee?" Suzy nodded. "So, I'd still have to stay here with them, instead of talking to you." Even as she calmed her friend, Catherine felt her nipples harden from the excitement and embarrassment. Although this would not be in the church proper, she would still be naked in the church building, serving coffee to the staid parishioners; this was so much more shameful that being nude in other places; this was so frightfully, so horrifyingly, so deliciously wrong, that she was becoming aroused yet again. Her very knees were trembling from the dual emotions of shame and arousal as she descended the staircase to the fellowship tea in the church basement.

As the two girls reached the basement, Catherine again felt the shame of being naked in a church, and in front of many well-dressed people.

"Of course, Jill and Frieda usually have me do all the kitchen work, so you may be alone with me most of the time," Suzy said, hoping that her friend would not be too upset with her. Catherine almost began to hope, but she felt her luck was not running that way this weekend.

And she was right. Jill and Frieda were already behind the table set up just outside the tiny kitchen at the far end of the basement hall. As she walked the length of the hall, Catherine tried her best to ignore the gazes of the congregation. At least no other youngsters were present, so she would not have to worry about her sinful lack of attire causing them to misbehave here, and the adults would probably be able to control themselves. Suddenly the meaning of several scraps of conversation she had overheard upstairs became clear. Several of the youngsters had obviously persuaded their parents that they had "more important" things to do after church than hang around with the old fogies, and when they had suddenly changed their minds after seeing her in church, the various parents had insisted that they honor the promises that they had made to their friends to meet right after the service. She smiled as she decided that she must remember to ask Suzy to check out just how many youths attended the next Fellowship Sunday coffee meeting.

She concentrated then on the two other servers. Jill was wearing a simple, conservative, blue dress, knee length with long sleeves and a round neckline; Frieda, on the other hand was wearing an impeccably tailored pink cotton suit, also knee length, with a dazzlingly white blouse.

"I'm always embarrassed to be seen in this old school uniform, with them dressed so well." Suzy's whisper broke into Catherine's musings. She glanced over at her little friend and was surprised to see that she actually had reddened slightly.

"You're embarrassed. At least you're not bare-ass naked, in church!" Catherine hissed back, reddening in her own turn as she reminded herself just how humiliating her own circumstances were.

When they reached the serving table, they immediately joined the other two girls in filling cups with tea and coffee for the adults present, and carrying the trays of tiny finger sandwiches that the ladies auxiliary always prepared out to the table. Once the first crush had lessened, Suzy offered to start working in the kitchen with Catherine, but the other two girls wouldn't hear of it. Suzy would, naturally, stay with her guest, and the rest of the congregation would want to meet the young lady who had read the lesson so well that morning. No, they would be the one's to stay back by the kitchen; Catherine must have the honor of serving the congregation. For nearly an hour, Catherine found herself trotting back and forth among the crowd, carrying the trays of sandwiches and then of biscuits (or cookies, as these people called them). She was very happy that Suzy was beside her most of the time, but she was constantly embarrassed and aroused by her nudity.

At one point, she carried a fresh cup of coffee over to one of the more senior citizens, while Suzy brought over the cookies. As she crouched slightly to hand the seated man his cup, she heard him mutter "beautiful" under his breath. She had noticed that the elderly, like children, seemed to be franker in looking at her, and she blushed as she realized he was talking about her nakedness. He then confirmed that she was at the same school as Suzy and would be wearing the same outfit if she were not being punished. She blushed as he looked her up and down, and then, turning to Suzy he looked her up and down before picking a small brownie from the tray.

"You know," he said with a surprisingly young glint in his eye, "as a Christian, I must hope that Suzy's good conduct rubs off on you, so you are reformed; but I must admit that there is an evil part of me that hopes that you have just enough of a bad effect on her to require her to be punished like you." Catherine giggled at this, and laughed outright as she saw just how red Suzy turned at the thought of that punishment.

It was shortly after noon that the two girls were finished with their chores, and ready to leave. Mr. O'Brien had slipped ahead to bring the car around from the parking lot, and it was only as she, Suzy and Mrs. O'Brien were climbing the stairs from the basement hall that she remembered that Anthony was no longer with them. Mrs. O'Brien explained that he had left right after church to meet one of his buddies, with whom he would be having lunch. At first Catherine was surprised at this, but almost at once she realized that he had seen her naked for over a full day, and a single hour here would not be as important to him as to other youngsters; besides he had taken away her scent on his handkerchief, and she was sure that his friend or friends would sharing that scent.

She sighed with relief as they stepped out into the bright sunshine, then caught herself. She was relieved to be outside naked. If someone had suggested to her that walking to a car, outside, totally naked, in broad daylight, in full few of several strangers would be less stressful than being inside, she would have thought them totally balmy. Yet somehow, the fact that she had been nude in a church had had a major effect on her emotions. The fact that she would soon be safe at Suzy's home again was also a factor of course; a quiet afternoon and undisturbed night would leave only the final day, a single day of classes, and after the weekend that would be a walk in the park -- make that far easier than a walk in the park, she thought as she remembered her lack of clothing.

She was not surprised that Mr. O'Brien had put the top down on the convertible, and just clambered into the seat behind the driver while Suzy took the other side and Mrs. O'Brien the front seat. She found that the feel of the seat material and the belt on her bare skin was surprisingly comforting. She was surprised when Mrs. O'Brien suggested that she take care of the girls' hats, but took hers off and passed it up to the front seat as did Suzy. The two girls looked at each other, but could not understand why this was necessary. Two minutes later they found out, as the car was now on a major highway, moving at full highway speed. The noise was too great to allow talking, the wind brought tears to her eyes as she tried to see where they were going, so she decided that the best thing she could do was to relax, and she closed her eyes, laid her head back and just basked in the sensations of wind and sun on her skin, enjoying the sensation of her nipples hardening and her pussy moistening under the caress of the elements. It felt so good to just relax and float after the strain of the morning's appearance.

An undetermined time later, Catherine felt the car slow to a stop, and opened her eyes just as the car started up again. She looked around and realized that the O'Briens had driven all the way to the city. She shivered at the thought of how many more people might now see her nakedness. She felt her nipples harden again as she realized she was not going to be spending the rest of the day at Suzy's house.

As the car glided deeper into the city, top down, exposing Catherine to the gaze of every passing pedestrian and every passing car, Mrs. O'Brien explained to the two girls that there was a special rehearsal of their play today. Since the first performances were to take place tomorrow, the theater owner had set aside this weekend for dress rehearsals on the stage that they were to use for the actual public show. This would allow every school a chance to work out the props and block out the movements for what was sure to be a much larger stage than any of the schools possessed. The Cronenberg School would have had the last slot on the Sunday, as they were to be the last presentation, but one of the other schools had particularly wanted that time and Cronenberg School had agreed to the change, so that the girls would need to be at the theater for 2:30 that afternoon, not the 4:30 time that would have matched their position in the presentations. She also explained that they had not told the girls earlier, as they did not want them to be worrying about the rehearsal instead of just having fun.

Catherine shivered at the thought of performing in that huge theater, naked as she was, even if there would be no audience. She knew that she would be unable to prevent herself imagining a full house, and felt her nipples become even harder at the fantasy.

Mr. O'Brien pulled into a parking lot, and the three women got out of the car and waited as the top closed down so he could lock the car. He then locked the car and the four of them started down the street, Catherine in shiny patent leather shoes and white socks, her flame red pussy trimmed into a heart, her sweet breasts and he tight buns on full view to all passers by. She had the wildest sense of *deja vu* as she walked along the sidewalk.

"There is another reason we are here today," Mr. O'Brien began. "When you told us that you really didn't remember the photography exhibit because of your nudity, I said I would bring you back to see it properly, Suzy, and since it leaves tomorrow, we had to come today. Besides, I want to see those pictures that look like you."

Catherine suddenly realized why that feeling of *deja vu* had overcome her; the bus had parked in that very lot the other day, and the two girls had walked along this very sidewalk, one naked, one clothed, just like today. The only differences were the lack of other girls to hide the single nude body and the fact that it was she who was naked and Suzy who was clothed, the reverse of the previous time. Fortunately, there was very little traffic at lunch-time Sunday, so she was able to walk the two blocks without attracting much more attention than she had walking to the store the previous day. She shivered as she climbed the stone steps to the large oak doors that led into the large lobby of the art museum. At Mr. O'Brien's suggestion Suzy led them into the classical gallery they had visited with the class, one of the largest galleries in the building, with the walls covered with paintings, mainly of nude women, and several nude sculptures.

Suzy immediately showed her parents the painting that Jenny had pointed out looked exactly like her. Catherine smiled as she remembered how Suzy had looked that day. Today, Suzy's parents could of course see the facial resemblance, but as Suzy was clothed, they had to use memory to judge how well the breasts matched. After they marveled at the close resemblance, they wandered around the gallery, inspecting painting after painting, Catherine staying as close to them as possible, trying to forget her nudity. However, a number of other visitors to the gallery were inspecting her naked body with even more enthusiasm than the nude bodies in the paintings or the nude sculptures, and she could hear their muted comments on her curves and crannies. At least most of the comments were somewhat more elevated than the "Gawd - great tits" she had heard in the mall, but after all these were people who spend their free time in art galleries, so perhaps that was to be expected.

There was no picture that matched her; two students that had doubles in the classical artists' models would have been too great a coincidence. One of the statues had a vague resemblance to Catherine, but it was not at all close. When, at Mrs. O'Brien's suggestion, she placed herself in the same pose as the statue, the comments from the crowd made plain that her hair was curlier, her breasts bigger, her waist smaller, and -- most embarrassing comment of all -- the statue's pussy was not trimmed into a heart.

Shortly after that humiliating, and exciting, incident the four left the classical gallery to inspect the photos of George 'Big Daddy' Westwere. Since this was the exhibit's last day, that gallery was far more crowded than the larger classical gallery had been. The extra eyes on her embarrassed and excited Catherine even more. Her nipples were hard as rock, and she could feel the moisture in her vagina, as she tried to concentrate on the photos. While the other three wandered around the entire exhibit, she spent most of the time studying a particular group of photographs, one that had intrigued her when she had seen the pictures the other week.

This group showed a single female wandering naked through crowds of clothed people, exposing herself to the multitudes, no clothing at all, not even shoes. Catherine was overwhelmed by a series of conflicting emotions as she stood looking at these pictures. Her first feeling was one of relief that she was dressed like Big Daddy's model, a person in the same type of setting as he had conceived; she was appropriately dressed (or undressed) for this particular exhibit. Only minutes later, particularly on those occasions when she felt someone accidentally brush against her bare skin as she stood among the crowd, or even more on those times when she felt a hand brush her naked buttocks, she felt that the pictures, by reflecting her condition, only emphasized her nakedness, pointing out to her and the crowd that she was totally naked when everyone else was correctly clothed. Whenever these feelings predominated, she blushed again and her nipples hardened once more, as the embarrassment warred with the arousal. She managed with great difficulty to keep her emotions under control, but she was continually aware of her hard pointing nipples and the dampness in her nether regions.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 18 - The Afternoon Continues**

After the family had viewed the exhibit carefully, Suzy laughing and joking with her parents as she reveled in being at this special showing fully clothed this time, they collected Catherine and headed out through the great lobby. Catherine was surprised to see that it was now after 1:30; she had been so lost in her feelings that the time had flown past.

She was a couple of steps behind the others as they stepped out of the large front door of the art gallery. A deep breath and two painful steps forward, and Catherine was standing on the large stone landing, outdoors naked in the middle of the city. The thunk of the door closing behind her, increased her feeling of vulnerability, reminding her of the first time she had stepped out of the safety of a building into the great outdoors, naked. She could not believe it was less than 48 hours from the time she had made that original step. Once again she was exposed to the entire world, naked, vulnerable and alone. Bloody hell, she was alone. Just as had happened exiting the school, the others, the fortunate clothed, had reached the bottom of the great stone staircase, and were starting along the sidewalk. Catherine stumbled forward, and started down the steps. She could not help reliving the other moment, comparing it to this one. At least this time she was not stepping out into a cold drizzle, but rather into the warm Sunday afternoon sunlight. However, she was not here stepping into the park-like grounds of the school, but into the middle of a busy city. She looked around and realized that there were far fewer people looking at her out here than there had been in the Westwere exhibit, yet she felt far more naked, far more exposed, as she caught up to the family striding along the sidewalk, than she had in the gallery. Catherine was so caught up in her thoughts that she had not noticed that they had turned away from the parking lot and the safety of the car.

"Since it's nearly a quarter to two, and you girls haven't had lunch yet, I think we should stop for something fairly quick. We're having our Sunday dinner tonight, so I think just soup and sandwich should be about right." Catherine couldn't help but catch the echo of Miss Copoletta's "You will all be having soup, a sandwich, milk and a dessert" from their previous visit. She was surprised when she realized that Mr. O'Brien, had made his statement just as they arrived at the restaurant from last week, and he ushered them into the patio area. She was not surprised when she found that she and Suzy had been ushered to the same table they had been forced to use by Jackie, a table for two situated right against the railing by the sidewalk.

Catherine pulled out the chair from under the table and sat down, the steel chair very cold on her bare ass, realizing that she would be fully visible in just her shoes and socks to anyone walking or driving by. Suzy sat in the chair across from her, and Catherine was again struck by the parallel to that day a few weeks ago when the two of them had sat at this same table, in the same chairs. Of course it was Suzy's parents, not Jackie and Jenny who were seated at the neighboring table; but, on the other hand in both cases it was those who had made them sit at this particular table. And, of course it was Suzy who was naked and Catherine who was fully clothed that day, the opposite of today. And finally, Catherine knew her mother would not pass by and see her in this humiliating position. Suzy saw Catherine shiver, and marveled at the motion that shiver imparted to her bare breasts, even as she wondered how much of the shiver was due to the coldness of the chair, and how much to the realization that she would be sitting naked in public right by the sidewalk and street for at least another half hour; both feelings she remembered only too well from her last time there.

"I'm sorry, Catherine," Suzy whispered, pitching the words so low her parents would not be able to hear. "My father was always a bit of a practical joker, and I bet he planned to bring me along this route long before he knew you would be punished. He would think it a real hoot to make me retrace the steps I took when naked." She blushed at the memory of that embarrassing day, and Catherine saw Suzy's father smile at the sight, so she knew that Suzy was right, at least in part.

"It's all right," she whispered back, blushing in her turn at what she was about to say. "I know it wasn't your fault. He could have changed his mind when he knew I would be here naked, but he probably thinks it is funny to make me follow in your footsteps, dressed exactly as you were. Besides, don't tell anyone..." Suzy nodded quickly in a mute promise to her friend. "I actually find it kind of exciting; maybe even more exciting than embarrassing, though not by much." Suzy looked shocked at this statement, but said nothing. "It's not that strange," Catherine continued, adding as the waiter turned from the parents' table to theirs. "Just accept it for now, we'll talk about it tonight, OK?"

They gave their orders to the very attentive young man, and each of them ordered exactly what they had eaten the last time they were at this restaurant. They each knew what the other was doing, and started giggling, which again imparted a subtle motion to Catharine's naked breasts, a motion that the waiter found most fascinating, his ogling causing Catherine to blush yet again, and to feel the chair become moist beneath her, adding to the cold feeling from the metal.

The two girls chatted over the soup and sandwich, and over the dessert that followed. Catherine, hard as she tried, could not quite ignore the comments of the people passing by on the sidewalk. The comment that most humiliated her, much to her surprise, was not one of the cruder ones about her nudity, but came usually from women dressed in their Sunday best along the lines of: "Shameful, and on a Sunday, too." Somehow, this made Catherine feel that she was doing something almost blasphemous, and she worried about that. She was tremendously relieved that Suzy was there, as several of the pedestrians had recognized the uniform and she could hear them explaining the Cronenberg punishments to their friends, something she found relieved her anxiety somewhat, possibly because it shifted the responsibility for her public nudity to someone other than her.

A little more than half an hour later, they had finished their lunch, and Mr. O'Brien suggested that they should head for the theater, as they didn't want to be late. Catherine immediately said she had to use the ladies' room, and at a nod from Mrs. O'Brien the two girls headed off. Catherine noticed that the patio had far more people now than it had had when they had arrived. She wondered how many had stopped because they had seen a naked girl there and how many would have stopped there anyway.

Suzy was following Catherine, and she noticed the sheen of moisture on the buns and thighs of her friend as she walked through the restaurant to the washrooms, which were, as both remembered, at the very back. Each girl immediately slipped into a stall, and relieved herself. Suzy was finished first and had finished washing her hands by the time Catherine stepped out of her stall. Suzy could see that Catherine had dried herself off, but there was still a shiny residue on her thighs and buttocks. Suzy quickly grabbed a paper towel and dampened it with warm water, adding just a touch of soap.

"If you don't want everyone else to know just how excited you get, you'd better let me clean you up a bit." Catherine froze in the middle of washing her hands, blushed truly scarlet, and nodded, too startled to say anything. Suzy quickly ran the damp towel over Catherine's buns then down her thighs. She could see the muscles tense as the paper passed over the private area, and felt herself respond to her friend's emotion. She tried to keep her breath level as she ran the damp towel up each inner thigh and particularly as she slid it gently over the engorged lips, and reveled in Catherine's gasp of emotion as they were touched.

Suzy quickly disposed of the paper towel, and dampened another, this time with no soap. She ran this towel over the same areas she had just done with the other towel. Once the rinse was finished she threw that towel into the rubbish bin as well; then, feeling that a dry paper towel would be too rough, reached into a stall and pulled out a long strip of toilet paper, which she folded up and used to dry her friend's thighs, then her buttocks and finally her vagina, which for some reason seemed to be far damper than the other places she had washed.

"We'd better get going," Suzy gasped, surprised at how aroused she had become from touching her naked friend, an arousal that had not occurred Friday night, "before my mother comes in to get us." Catherine shivered at the thought that she might have been caught in a compromising position with her young friend. She had long since finished washing her hands, but had not moved from the sink as she was being so delightfully cleaned. She quickly dried her hands and the two youngsters headed back out to the patio.

"Thank God your parents don't know how exciting I find this exposure," she muttered to Suzy as they passed through the restaurant. "I'm sure they wouldn't let you be my friend if they knew."

She might have been even more worried if she had been able to hear the parents talking after the youngsters had left.

"I'm not sure that Cronenberg policies are going to work as a deterrent for Catherine," Mr. O'Brien had commented to his wife. "She seems to enjoy the punishment too much for it to be completely effective."

"We'll just have to watch our daughter, to see how she's affected by her friend's reactions," replied his wife. They sat silent after that exchange, until they saw the girls step back out of the restaurant. The two adults rose and headed across the patio to the gate, and the girls met them there.

Once again, Catherine found herself on the sidewalk, walking away from the car, naked but for shoes and socks. At the next corner, they crossed the boulevard and continued down the side street for three blocks, stopping at each cross street at a red light. She found herself exposed to passing cars even more while waiting at these lights, and the pace Mr. O'Brien had adopted just happened to bring them to the corner as the light was turning red. The next block brought them to the theater, but they had to cross both streets to get there, and the many people lined up at the box office noticed the naked girl approaching. She climbed the steps to the main door followed by a hail of cries and comments, blushing at the attention.

Unfortunately for her, the front doors were locked, so the four of them walked over to the box office for further information, bringing her closer to the gawking crowd. The ticket seller indicated that they should go around to the stage door behind the building. This took Catherine past the rest of the ticket-buyers, and she kept blushing at their more than frank comments about her nudity. Once they had turned down the continuation of the street they had been on earlier, she gave a sigh of relief that she was now out of sight of the crowd. It was only a matter of minutes before they had turned the next corner and found the lane that led to the stage entrance. Mr. O'Brien rang the bell, and the door was opened almost immediately.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 19 - The Big Rehearsal**

The old man who was on duty here today had felt that this was his lucky day, or more exactly his lucky weekend. Yesterday there had been five school casts and crews arrive: one boys' school, two co-ed and two girls' schools, which meant that all but one of the arrivals had included several good-looking young ladies for him to watch. Since he only had to be at the door for the twenty minutes surrounding each assigned start time at most, and usually much less than that as the groups arrived and left together, he was able to wander back and watch all these nubile young things as they trod the boards or worked backstage. His only regret was that he was unable to access the changing rooms and so could not see them naked.

Today he had already had two coed schools and a boys' school, and had admitted all but two from the current girls' school, one called Cronenberg School for Girls. When the bell rang he hurried to open the door, as he wanted to go watch the young ladies backstage. When he pulled the door open he was astonished to see two adults, one young lady in the uniform of the Cronenberg School and one naked girl, wearing only the dark shoes and socks of the uniform. And he had thought yesterday was a great day. He drank in the sight in front of him, dark shoes , white knee-length socks, two firm white thighs mounting to broad curved hips, two flushed moist lips surmounted by the sweetest thickest mass of pubic hair, gloriously red and shaped exactly like a valentine heart. His own heart skipped a beat at the sight of this, but after a very brief pause he rased his eyes to a slim waist with a belly button right in the center, an innie, a rib cage that heaved with each breath the girl took, two large breasts, D-cup if he was any judge, capped by large areolae, very dark by comparison with the white skin, and equally dark nipples hardening and growing under his gaze. Another pause to enjoy this normally hidden area, then up again to a slender neck and an outstanding face, high cheekbones, red lips, brilliant green eyes, all framed by a true mane of auburn curls. He had not seen many women more beautiful than this youngster would have seemed clothed, the beauty of this naked Venus simply took his breath away.

"... to see Miss Copoletta, the teacher." The old man realized he had missed the beginning of the man's statement, but simply held open the door and watched the four enter. He noticed that the clothed girl was also very pretty. He would be keeping an eye on her as well today. After closing and locking the door, he ushered the party through several backstage corridors, then through a couple of sets of doors into the front of the auditorium where Jackie and Miss Copoletta were standing about ten rows back, looking at the stage and giving directions where to place the various props.

"Oh, good," exclaimed Miss Copoletta, and strode down to the front row, "I see we're all here now."

Mrs. O'Brien opened her purse and pulled out a chain with a small enameled ball attached. "Here is the watch my husband promised. Should I give it to you, or is one of the girls handling props?"

"Ellie's our wardrobe mistress, and takes care of anything that is to be worn. Jackie, can you go get her, now?"

Jackie had been standing back a bit so she could study Catherine's reaction to the frank stares of the old doorman, and had noticed the signs of arousal growing as Catherine studied the huge hall, thinking what it would be like if she had to be naked on stage. Jackie had been smiling at the signs she saw, and as she skipped off to find Ellie, she was still smiling -- a not altogether nice smile either.

Catherine actually shivered as she thought of what it would be like to be naked in front of an audience of over two thousand -- that's over four thousand staring eyes -- thank goodness she would have finished her punishment before the actual performance. She realized suddenly that she was being ridiculous. The regulations made specific exceptions for costumes in a play and she had an assigned costume. It was her full uniform, so even if she were to be punished, she would still be clothed on stage. She wondered if maybe she was just a tad disappointed, but quickly thrust that thought from her. She realized that the O'Brien's were chatting with the teacher, and started to listen as Mr. O'Brien spoke.

"What time should we be here to pick the girls up? Mrs. O'Brien wants to head home to work on Sunday dinner as soon as we finish here, but I'll be back whenever is convenient. Five o'clock?"

"Actually we have to be out at 4:30. You see, the theater has an evening performance. Mr. Moravoss only kept the days free this weekend. This allows five plays per day starting at 8:30 in the morning with the last one finishing at 6:30 in the evening, with each play taking two hours to rehearse; a little tight but much better than nothing. But why don't we drive the girls back in the bus? We have several other day students to drop off in town, it would be no trouble to drop off these two as well."

"Thank you, that will be a help. However, our neighbors dislike large commercial vehicles on the street, particularly on Sunday, so could you just drop the girls at the end of the street, they can walk from there."

"I can't leave them there alone. However, if you like, I'll call you about five minutes before we get there, and if one of you can walk or drive down to the end of the street, I can leave them in your care. " Mr. O'Brien nodded and smiled and the teacher continued, "Good, that's settled. Ah. Ellie, these are the O'Briens, Suzy's parents -- and Suzy, shouldn't you be getting into your costume by now? -- and they are providing this watch for Catherine to wear as part of her costume. You must take very good care of it as it is only loaned and we don't want to lose anything as precious as that." Suzy had rushed off as soon as Miss Copoletta had addressed her, but Catherine had remained, as she did not have a costume with her.

"Oh, it's not that expensive," interjected Mrs. O'Brien, as she handed the watch necklace to Ellie, "although I would, of course, not wish to lose it. I think we'd better go now if we're to get supper before midnight."

There was a quick series of goodbyes and handshakes, then the old doorman led the two parents back out to the stage door so he would be sure it was locked.

"Catherine, I was going to bring a uniform for you to wear during the rehearsal, but the headmistress said that since we know it fits, and exactly what it looks like you will not be exempted from your punishment for rehearsal. The only reason a costume may be worn for rehearsal is to be sure it fits and the lighting does nothing untoward with the colors. Since those playing stagehands are wearing the uniform as well, we will use them to check the lighting, and you will just have to imagine how it feels." Catherine blushed at this announcement, but only nodded her head, not trusting herself to say anything just yet. "Ellie, why don't you put the watch on Catherine, then get back to the dressing room to be sure there are no problems."

Ellie did as the teacher suggested and then disappeared backstage. Jackie led Catherine to make-up where a minor amount of lipstick, mascara and rouge was applied to her face, and her hair was dusted slightly with glitter to add shimmering highlights. As soon as this was done, Jackie took her back to the stage and showed her exactly where she was to place the two tables and six chairs at the beginning of the play and where they were currently set up. This only took a couple of minutes, then Catherine stood in the wings while Jackie popped back to the dressing room to see if the rest of the cast were ready. Apparently they were as she returned almost immediately, pausing a moment to tell Ellie that they would be starting the rehearsal in exactly two minutes, stopping at the stage phone to notify the lighting people to be ready, and then dashing off the front of the stage to join Miss Copoletta in the audience.

Almost immediately Suzy appeared, dressed as the sixteen-year-old Emily. "You'll be great, Catherine. Just ignore your nudity and pretend it's the real night. You know the play, just act it."

Catherine smiled at her anxious friend, and was about to reply when a shout came from the audience: "OK. Let's go." Catherine squeezed Suzy's arm, smiled, picked up one of the tables there and carried it out onto the stage, placing it stage left. As she walked back to the wings she saw the stagehands -- other schoolgirls dressed in their Cronenberg uniforms -- in both wings ready to shove out the scenery on cue. She picked up the three stacked chairs, carried them on stage and placed the three of them individually behind the table she had just set up.

Once this was done, she repeated the actions on the other side of the stage. She then placed a bench stage left. It wasn't until she carried the bench out that the auditorium lights started to go down. She had not been able to help looking out at the empty auditorium, empty except for Miss Copoletta seated in the tenth row, just beside the center aisle. The number of seats seemed to be much greater now that she was on stage, and she felt herself becoming aroused as she imagined all those seats full with wide-eyed people staring at her. Once she had finished setting the stage, she walked over to stand leaning against the proscenium pillar stage right, looking out at the audience as the lights finally dimmed fully. Then she watched Jackie walk down the center aisle, shining a flashlight at the floor, simulating a late arrival. Jackie had promised a "shill", one of her friends, would hold back and enter after the lights were off, to ensure she had someone to look at. As soon as Jackie sat down in the seat behind Miss Copoletta, she began her first lines, still aroused at the idea of an audience out there, trying hard to keep her voice under control.

Catherine was too far away to see Jackie's face clearly in the dark, and she had deliberately chosen the seat behind her teacher so that her smile, as she heard the emotion in Catherine's voice, would not be noticed.

Catherine continued her opening monologue. The five minutes she had to spend on stage alone, talking directly to the audience seemed to drag for hours. When the time came for the stage manager to look at his watch, she picked up the watch pendant that was hanging between her breasts, brushing a hard nipple as she did so. As she looked at the watch face and nodded, as required by the play, she suddenly realized that the audience might not realize that the little ball was a watch, so she held it to her ear to hear the ticking, then smiled and nodded again. Eventually, the other actors were talking, and Catherine was just standing against the proscenium pillar watching them.

Finally, the first act was coming to an end and Catherine picked up one of the chairs, placed it in front of the arch facing the back of the stage, and dropped onto it. The metal was once again cold on her naked cheeks, and this chill reminded her of her nudity. Just as she had Friday night, she gasped from the cold, and blushed at the way her cunt was gaping wide, clearly visible through the back of the chair. As before, she leaned forward so her breasts slid over the cold pipe until the back of the chair was firmly pressed against her torso. As she spoke the line as they had modified it: "That's the end of the First Act, friends. You can go and smoke now, those that smoke, or get yourself a drink" she waved dismissively, and then dropped her hands to her knees, sitting with arms and legs spread wide, staring at the audience haughtily as the lights came up. Once again she could see her nipples had hardened rock hard, and her vagina was moist again. As Catherine sat there, on display, imagining what it would be like with a full house, Jackie walked forward, till she was standing right in front of her.

"OK. You will probably be there about five minutes while the audience exits. If anyone comes up, wave them away." Catherine made the dismissive gesture again. "Perfect. I will come to the back of the auditorium and signal you when it is time to exit for the intermission, so you will have to keep an eye out for me on that night. I'll go up there now and signal you so you'll know what it will look like on Friday." Catherine merely nodded, unwilling to trust her voice.

As Jackie walked to the back of the auditorium, she muttered, "She'll do well on Friday. I've never seen that much emotion that well controlled." Once she got to the back she looked around as if trying to see if enough people had left yet, then waved at Catherine. Catherine was extremely glad to get up off the cold seat and bring her legs together again. Thank goodness her skirt would hide her at the real performance. She walked up the aisle to the back of the theater where she joined Jackie who guided her out the main door. She found herself at the top of a long marble staircase almost like a movie set.

As they walked down to the lobby, Jackie indicated that she was very pleased with the extra bit of business with the watch, holding it to her ear had made sure the audience knew it was a timepiece, and she should definitely do it in the real performance. Catherine was pleased at this praise from somebody who she had never thought liked her. Once they reached the lobby, Jackie showed her which of the two bars she would patronize for a drink on credit, as Catherine would not be carrying a purse, and they didn't want coins in her uniform's pockets in case they clinked at the wrong moment.

Then Jackie led her across the lobby to the ladies' room, where they were met by the assistant makeup girl. Frankie would be too busy changing the makeup of the younger characters to match their new age, and all Catherine would need would probably be a bit of powder on her face, which the girl applied as they discussed it. Jackie then indicated that she should mingle with the audience until the first call to return to the auditorium. She was to keep close to the staircase so she could climb it before a rush started, and get back to the stage, where she would stand at her normal place by the proscenium arch. Since they were rushed for time today, they would return immediately, and start the next act almost at once.

Catherine had noticed that the old doorman had spent an inordinate amount of time in the auditorium during the first act, and as she started up the stairs she saw he was taking this opportunity to check the lobby was properly locked. She decided that it was a very strange coincidence that his duties seemed to take him where he could ogle her naked body. Jackie had also noted his presence and was carefully noting Catherine's reaction to it.

The next two acts seemed to Catherine to take even longer than the first, but eventually the rehearsal was over, the actors had changed out of their costumes, and the major props had been placed in a storage room provided for the school, since they were too large to use on the school stage for rehearsals. Just before they were ready to depart, the next school arrived. This particular school was the most distant one from the city, and in a direction away from the school, so most of them had no idea of the school's punishments. Catherine found herself the center of attention once again, and since the group had about four boys for every girl, she was the butt of many raucous comments and jokes. Jackie once again paid close attention to her enemy's reactions.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 20 - Monday, Monday**

The break before the second last class of the day was almost over. Catherine was thinking happily to herself, "Just two more classes, the rehearsal and supper, and I will be able to be dressed before I appear in public again." She was surprisingly happy as she thought back over the three days of her exposure; the last class Friday, the rehearsal following that, being driven to Suzy's via her brother's school, the Friday night dinner, charades, Saturday shopping, the soccer game, church, the visit to the museum and lunch on a public patio, the rehearsal that afternoon, her exposure to the cast and crew from the other school, the bus ride home, Sunday dinner, and today's classes, all naked. After that extraordinary weekend, she found being nude in class almost a breeze, although she was still embarrassed by her constant nakedness.

She also thought back to the three nights she had spent curled up in bed with her friend Suzy. She was such a sweet young girl, and very sensuous. Catherine was sure she had planted the seeds that might lead to a physical relationship between the two of them. She had enjoyed bathing Suzy, and she was certain Suzy had enjoyed washing her, almost as much as she had enjoyed Suzy's touch.

Last night had been the pinnacle of her weekend. She remembered the bus ride home, sitting in the aisle seat third from the front, while Suzy took the window, discussing their parts in the play. Jackie and Jenny had been in the seat behind them, and Jackie had commented, and most favorably, on their performances, even while she suggested a couple of minor changes to improve the younger girl's interpretation. As had been previously arranged, they were dropped off at the end of Suzy's street, where Mr. O'Brien was waiting. Once the bus had started away, Mr. O'Brien walked quickly back to his house, the girls following at a much slower pace, each with an arm around the other's waist, enjoying the cool evening air. The brisk breeze on her naked skin, her nudity emphasized by the feel of her friend's jacket on that same skin, was not chilling, but rather invigorating, raising only two points, not thousands of goose bumps.

However, if Catherine could have heard Jackie after she got off the bus, she might not have been quite as nonchalant today. As the bus pulled away, she was gazing out the window at the two youngsters, and more particularly at the naked buns walking away. She turned to her friend Jenny who was playing Lady in a Box, and said, "Listen, do you still want to get Catherine for what happened to you yesterday?" When her friend nodded vigorously, She lowered her voice and said, "Here's what we'll do tomorrow."

Catherine continued to reminisce about how she had enjoyed the dinner, a roast chicken this time, and how Mrs. McCready had once again caught her husband enjoying the view of her at table, her breasts thrust toward the window, and had pulled her curtains to with an even sharper snap than Friday. After dinner the whole family had gathered in the living room and talked, an event the Catherine found strange but delightful. She was not used to seeing a family spend that much time together without TV or a video; but the two adults told great stories of their youth, and the youngsters tried their best to tell entertaining stories of their own lives. She had told them in detail of her troubles back in England, after a promise from all of them that the stories would go no further.

But soon the three youngsters headed off to bed. Catherine remembered the time spent curled up with Suzy in the four-poster bed under a sheet, the thin drapes of the bed closed, giving them a very private area to gossip in. It was then that Catherine had explained to Suzy just how the public nudity affected her. Suzy found the humiliation part easy to understand; she knew that feeling only too well after her afternoon of nakedness. However, the concept of getting a sexual arousal from this same exposure was a little more difficult as it was a feeling she did not share at all. She knew sexual arousal all right, but the idea that it could happen while flaunting your body was strange.

Catherine then told her of the trip to the mall with her mother, and Suzy watched her friend's nipples harden as she recounted each embarrassing moment of that long morning. Finally she was forced to accept that it was happening to Catherine, and admitted to Catherine that she found it a bit weird, but she loved her so much, that it would take far more than that to make her leave. At this statement Catherine kissed her young friend on the mouth, the first time she had done so, and Suzy, rather than pull back returned the kiss and the two hugged each other. Eventually the pair had fallen asleep still wrapped in each other's arms. Catherine smiled as she remembered the night and the shared bath this morning, an enhanced version of the previous one they had taken, each gently but sensuously washing the other.

"Well, if it isn't the English crybaby." Catherine looked up to see Jenny's sneering face just in front of her with Frankie beside her. "The crybaby daughter of a weakling mother." Catherine clenched her jaw at the repeat of the slur that got her into this mess in the first place. She was not going to let it get the best of her this time, and turned to leave.

"But what can you expect from a nation like that. They were being beaten by Hitler till we arrived to help them. Hell, they're such cowards that when they run away like at Dunkirk they celebrate the retreat."

Catherine could not let this slur on her country pass without comment. She knew about Dunkirk; several of her relatives had died there, or on the rescue boats, including one of her grandfathers, one she had never known because of his bravery. Her other grandfather had lost a leg manning a small boat in the retreat. She knew his bravery, although he had never made a big thing of it, always talking about the others. She turned back to tell Jenny the facts, but the sneer on her face was just too much, a red rage engulfed her, and once again her hand moved before she even thought about it. Only this time, she did not slap the grinning face in front of her, she let fly with a punch to the solar plexus, a punch with all her weight behind it. She looked in amazement at the girl stretched out on the floor.

Catherine's punch had been right on the button, and for a few seconds Jenny's chest was paralyzed. Afraid she had killed the girl, Catherine dropped to her knees beside her trying to think what was the correct first aid in a case like this. The headmistress had been too far away to hear what was said, but she had seen the punch, and she flew over to the downed girl. Just as she knelt beside the prostrate Jenny, she heard her take a weak, reedy breath.

"You, get the nurse at once. You, to my office and wait there." Frankie ran towards the nurse's office immediately, but Catherine was too stunned by what she had done to think of moving.

"Will she be all right?" Catherine's voice was pitiful to hear, the fear was so strong.

The headmistress caught the emotion, but was to involved with the injured girl to worry about the other and merely repeated in an even harder voice, "Go to my office at once and wait there!"

With a sob, Catherine got to her feet and dragged herself to the office, where she waited, pacing up and down the narrow space in front of the desk, her nudity forgotten; all she could think of was her fellow student, injured, perhaps killed, by her own hand. Neither she nor the headmistress could know it, but this was a tuning point for Catherine. She had been so frightened by the consequences of her actions that she would never again lose her temper in that red rage. From now on, her anger would be controlled. But she did not know this yet.

More than three quarters of an hour had passed when the headmistress entered the room.

"Ma'am, is Jenny going to be all right?"

The headmistress took her seat and told Catherine to sit as well.

"Please, you must tell me, is she going to be all right? She won't die, will she?"

The woman looked at the tears brimming in the eyes of the youngster seated across from her. "No, she won't die." She half smiled as the girl relaxed, her worst fears unfounded. "She won't even be hospitalized. But it could have been much worse." Again she scrutinized the pupil; a nod of agreement, a deep breath from relief, eyes not quite as tear filled as before. "But... there is still the matter of your punishment. I noticed she said something to you before you struck her. Do you want to tell me what she said, either to get her punished or to mitigate your own actions."

"No, ma'am, there can be no excuse for what I did. And nothing she said could warrant almost dying. If anything she said deserved punishment, I am afraid I have already administered more than enough." Catherine was quite sincere in these statements. She was not thinking about the peer rule about squealing; she was truly ashamed of her actions, and a more than a little afraid of them too.

"Very well, then." The headmistress had been very pleased at Catherine's reaction. She could read the students very well after a lifetime as a teacher, and she knew Catherine was not lying when she said she did not want to excuse what she did. "When you committed this second, and worse, violent act while still being punished for the first, my first thought was to expel you." Catherine started to cry at this; she knew how bad her mother would feel if she failed here, the final hope. "However, this seemed like failure, and I don't like to fail, so I will give you one more chance. Will you now promise me that this will never happen again?"

"Ye... No." The headmistress was shocked at this reply, but before she could speak, Catherine continued. "I want to promise you that, but I can't. I did not intend to strike anyone, but my temper got the better of me both times. I will promise to try my hardest not to let it happen again, and I will do anything you suggest to help cure my bad temper, but I can't honestly promise you that it will not happen again."

The headmistress was astonished at the frankness of this answer, and pleased that the student was obviously trying to be truthful, even when she thought it might hurt her. "That will do, as I believe you truly mean it. But you must try your hardest." Catherine nodded vigorously, ecstatic that she was being given another chance. "We will arrange for someone to set up an anger management course for you, but you must keep things under control until then." Once again Catherine nodded. "Now as to your punishment. According to the memo on violence, if a student who has had the basic punishment reduced, re-offends before the end of what the basic period would have been, then in addition to any punishment for the second offence, the reduction of the first offence shall be canceled and the entire basic punishment must be served. However, I'm not going to do precisely that. Since this offence was so much worse than the previous one and you obviously learned nothing from your punishment, rather than simply reinstating the full week, I am going to add the reduced punishment to the full week. Therefore, it continues for a week from tomorrow."

Catherine shuddered at the thought of another full week naked. She had been so wanting to be dressed again, and now she was not finished, she was only one third of the way. Still that was very mild, considering she could have been expelled. She shivered again at the thought of it, then gulped and said, "That seems more than fair, ma'am."

"Good. That takes care of the slap. The memo also stipulated that the basic time for a second offence should be double the first, two weeks. But once again, due to the severity of the offence, I am going to double the actual penalty, so that the penalty for today's action is three weeks. Therefore, it will be four weeks tomorrow before you may again wear any clothing. Do you understand?"

Four more weeks. Catherine was shocked at the idea. When she next got dressed, she would have been naked for more than a month. Once again she shivered at the thought, but she drew herself up and managed to reply, "Yes ma'am, I understand. And thank you for giving me the chance to redeem myself."

"Very well, Catherine. The current period is almost over, you may wait in the main office until the bell and then continue to your final class of the day." Catherine got up automatically and walked out the door, still trying to comprehend the punishment she had been given, no, the punishment she had brought on herself.

She sat through her last class of the day, but could never have told anyone what had been discussed there. Following that class she hurried to the rehearsal, and as soon as she arrived she informed Miss Copoletta and Jackie of the new punishment. Jackie turned her head to hide the grin she could not suppress.

"However, I will still be wearing my uniform on stage Friday, won't I?" she asked.

"The costume that was specified was your full school uniform, so that is what you will be wearing," replied Jackie, and Miss Copoletta nodded her agreement. Catherine sighed with relief, as she had been afraid that they would have to recast her part, and with the short rehearsal time, the play would suffer. She would still be able to perform, despite her punishment.

Immediately following the rehearsal, when all the actors had left, Jackie spoke to Miss Copoletta about Catherine, and the teacher insisted that the two of them see the headmistress at once. The headmistress listened to Jackie's statement, and replied, "You are right. I really don't like it, but there is nothing I can do about it."

Jackie's grinned as she left the office, a grin that would put the Cheshire cat to shame.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 21 - Three Days**

Tuesday morning Jackie was very busy. Before their first period, she had been closeted with the head of publicity, preparing a special version of the flyer that they had given to Mr. Moravoss to distribute. "Here, where you have 'through this work Thornton Wilder shows us the unvarnished truth about ourselves' change it to 'the naked truth about ourselves'. And here, change 'reduced to its minimum' to 'stripped bare'."

From 11:00 to noon on Tuesdays, Jackie and Jenny had a free period.

About half past eleven, Gustav Blaufeldt, drama critic for the *Gazette* was sitting at his desk, trying to find the right word for his column, when a young UPS delivery man brought a large envelope into his office. He signed for it, and was cutting it open even as the brown uniform was still walking through the outer office.

Cronenberg School for Girls Presents

Our Town

by Thornton Wilder

He recognized the name at the top of the page as that of a girl's school in a nearby town, a school that had an unusual reputation although he could not remember just what was so odd. This must be one of those plays that were being put on this week at Moravoss's theater. He had suffered through enough festivals of one-act plays to know just how terrible these occasions could be. He had been going to let a subordinate cover these plays, but this group at least had the smarts to deliver the information directly to him, and they had included a complimentary ticket. If this intelligence was any indication of acting ability, the play might well be bearable, or even mildly enjoyable.

Since the play was on Friday night, perhaps he would go to see it, particularly since the announcement of the winners would be made that night. Let his subordinate see the others, he owed it to his readers to at least check out one of the plays.

Just at noon, a car parked on the Cronenberg campus, and Jackie and a UPS man got out. They hurried to the washroom by the drama department, where the UPS guy handed his jacket and trousers to Jackie, who quickly carried them to the wardrobe department where she hung the uniform back on the rack it had been taken from earlier.

When she got back to the washroom, Jenny was washing the remains of the makeup off her face. "Frankie's a real genius. Blaufeldt never had any doubt I was the real thing."

"According to my publicist friend, Blowhard not only reads press releases, he uses some of the phrases in his own columns. I think I may have written part of his review today."

"But I don't quite understand what you are about now."

"Wait, Jenny. You'll find out soon enough. I have a lot of items on the go right now, but I want you to do something for me tomorrow."

Catherine had not found Wednesday quite as hard as she had expected. Tuesday had gone like clockwork and today was just the same. True, she was still naked, but Suzy must have been right, she was becoming inured to it, at least in the safe surroundings of the school. Just two more periods and the rehearsal, and another day would have passed Moreover, she had met Jenny today and apologized to her. She had not wanted to say anything in front of the cast of the play, so she had not done so at Tuesday night's rehearsal. On the way to her last class of the morning she had bumped into Jenny, and had told her how sorry she was that her temper had caused her to hurt the other girl.

Jenny had accepted the apology very graciously; in fact she had said, "After that blow, I have to take back all I said about Englishmen. No coward could have come at me like that."

Catherine was ecstatic that there seemed to be no bad blood left between the two of them. She was actually humming as she stepped into Miss Adler's class. The chorus of grunts and whistles brought her back to earth in a second. How could she have forgotten that this was a shared class with Terence Gilliam Boy's School to allow both groups the chance to practice with appropriate partners? She was going to have to dance with them naked. She shivered as she thought of those hands on her naked skin. And there was something else about today, something she couldn't quite remember.

"All right, class," Mrs. Adler called out. "You will remember that I promised you a special class today. For this class only we will not be practicing ballroom dancing." Suddenly Catherine remembered, and her stomach did flip-flops as she awaited the fatal sentence. "Today, we take a break and practice the Lambada, the forbidden dance."

Mrs. Adler always made sure that no permanent couples formed, so she had the students change partners after every dance. Most of Catherine's partners had no real idea of how to lambada, but they used the dance as an excuse to fondle a naked woman. She was held tight against the boys' bodies, and as they moved in the wavelike fashion required by the dance, their clothing rubbed her bare skin, most particularly her nipples, exciting her even more than the exposure. Several of the young men, while holding her against them, turned her away from the teacher and grabbed and massaged her naked buns using the hold to keep themselves pressed hard against her body. One even let his thumbs slide down the cleft until they were actually touching her most private sphincter. A quick step on his toes ended that particular touching, but more inevitably followed.

Even the good dancers caused her problems, though not in the same way. She found that the better dancers would dip her and flip her. One dancer in particular was very good at this. After a time dancing against her the two of them undulating like snakes in heat, Fernando held her against the side of his hip, bending her backward until her head was almost touching the floor as her hips were still held against his, and he had her kick up both legs until they were over her body parallel to the floor, the feet over three feet apart. Of course this displayed her taut buttocks to everyone behind them, and her breasts falling towards her head and her pussy to those in front. This was not a move that should ever be done without a bra and more importantly panties. Catherine now knew why all the dancers she had seen had such solid panties even with skirts that were scarcely more than wide belts. It was all to protect their modesty.

Finally the class ended, and Catherine headed off for the last class of the day. The exposure and touchings of the dance class had certainly aroused her. Her mind was repeating one thing over and over as she walked along: "Three more naked dance classes. Three more dance classes nude." The ring of the bell for the final period brought her suddenly out of her daze. She discovered that she had continued along the corridor far past the room she should now be in. Turning swiftly she walked back as fast as she dared, but it was no good.

"Catherine Higgins, what are you doing in class late?" Carpenter shrilled as soon as the young lady stepped across the threshold. Catherine didn't even try to make an excuse. Almost no teacher would accept an excuse for tardiness, but Carpenter was the worst of the lot. "Since you obviously don't worry about normal punishment, we'll just add a day to your current punishment. Do you understand, Miss Higgins?"

"Yes, Miss Carpenter," Catherine replied, as she tried to work out what this change would mean. The unified gasp from the class that ended the sporadic giggles brought home to Catherine what she had just done. She could not believe just how absent-mined she was today, could not believe she'd called her *MISS* Carpenter instead of *MS*.

"And for addressing me as *MISS* instead of Ms., we'll add on another day, and next time it will be two days. Understood?"

"Yes, Ms. Carpenter," Catherine said as she took her seat. That was a Wednesday added. Another dance class. Four more naked dance classes! If she didn't smarten up, she would be naked till the end of the year.

Thursday, thank goodness, was as uneventful as Tuesday had been. Catherine didn't think she could take another day like yesterday. The last class ended a few minutes late, and she hurried off to the auditorium for the final dress rehearsal before the big performance.

She arrived just as the entire cast walked onto the stage, and she slipped into the front of the auditorium to see what was happening.

"Isn't it true that Catherine Higgins is to perform wearing her full uniform?" asked one of the major players.

"It certainly is," replied Miss Copoletta.

"Well then," replied the same actress, "we feel there should be at least one dress rehearsal with everyone, including Catherine, dressed exactly as they will be on stage."

"Yes." "Exactly." "We need that." A murmur of assent rose from the assembled cast. Jackie grinned to herself; Jenny had certainly sold that idea to the other cast members, just as she had requested.

"I also think I need one rehearsal like that, so I can see how the props fit with the costume," Catherine offered. "I mean, there's the watch. And how will the tables and chairs affect the costume when I carry them. I know what you said on Sunday, Miss Copoletta, but I would be willing to have a day, or even two, added to the end of my punishment in order to get this done."

"Well, girls," the teacher replied, "I think you should all take seats here in the auditorium while your director gives you a little history of the school."

Jackie smiled as she walked up to the stage and took her place sitting comfortably with her legs dangling off the front of the stage. She had in her hand a sheaf of notes she had put together from the information her mother's friend had given her, or from the sources she had pointed out.

"As you all know, our present form of punishment was not introduced until after the school had been in operation for a while," Jackie began. "Originally, punishments at the school were the same as everywhere else; detentions, lines, extra work, and occasionally corporal punishment. The headmistress at that time --  not our present one  -- felt that humiliation would work better, and, not without considerable difficulty, persuaded the directors to accept her new plan of punishments. I have been told that she won a number of the directors over by suggesting that they should come to the school from time to time to see how the system was working, and they could not resist the idea of having to ogle naked nubile young things as part of their duties. But I can't be sure that is totally accurate.

"At any rate, there was one student here at the time, name of Portia Fraser. I don't know if her name influenced her, but she was what is commonly called a barracks lawyer or sea lawyer, someone who checks out all the regulations and insists they be followed to the letter when it is to their benefit. That was Portia to a tee. When the new regulations were published, the fourteen-year-old Portia was in her element..."

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 22 - Portia's Tale**

Portia could not believe it. The headmistress could not do this to her. She had never agreed to be stripped by the staff of Cronenberg School. As soon as she had read those detestable rules, she had fired off a letter to her parents, telling them of the obscenity that was being perpetrated here in the name of progress. She insisted her father take the school to court to prevent this horror.

It was early evening a couple of days later when she received the reply from her father. She ran upstairs to her room chortling with glee as soon as she saw the envelope written in her father's bold hand. She was ecstatic as she carefully slit the end of the envelope and extracted the single sheet from it. Her eyes blazed as she started to read.

*My dearest daughter,*

*Your mother and I are happy that you are feeling fit, and hope you will continue to exercise and eat well, to maintain your excellent health. However, I am afraid I will be disappointing you in respect to your request. Your mother and I had a long talk with the headmistress before we enrolled you at that school, and she was quite frank about her plans for a more modern method of punishment. We both agreed that this would be a very efficient method of punishment, and we wished her much luck in her attempts to have the new regulations adopted by the directors.*

*I am sure you realize by now that I will not be making any attempt to prevent the school from applying these punishments, and I suggest you be most careful to follow all the rules. This is the only way you can avoid suffering the punishments you so dread.*

*Your mother has read these lines, and concurs heartily with all I have written. She merely wants me to add that you are always assured of our love and support.*

*Your loving father.*

Portia could not believe her eyes. She reread the letter, but the words did not change. Always assured of their love and support. That was a downright lie. She had just asked for their support and they had refused it. Well, it was up to her to minimize her problems, so she sat down to read the regulations concerning punishments from start to finish.

141. There are four punishments that may be used alone or in concert: removal of blouse, removal of brassiere, removal of skirt, removal of panties (underpants). The removal of any one or any combination of the garments may be required, according to the severity of punishment merited. While in most cases, the removal of an outer garment will be required before the removal of the equivalent undergarment, nothing in these regulations is to be construed as preventing the reverse. For example, a teacher who wishes to drive home to a student that she is not assuming the correct ladylike posture might require her to remove just her panties, thus ensuring a more genteel position.

142. Since the uniform regulations allow the blazer to be removed at certain times, its removal is unacceptable as a punishment. However, if the blazer is being worn when any punishment is assessed, it must be removed at once, and the student may not resume wearing it until the punishment is completed. This will prevent the student using the blazer to hide the fact she is being punished. The tie, if worn, shall be removed with the blouse.

143. Any attempt to deliberately cover up or hide any area of the body that has been exposed by the imposition of a punishment is an offence, and shall be punished. Such punishment may take the form of an extension of the time the punishment shall endure, removal of a further item of clothing, or a combination of the two, depending on the severity of the offence.

144. Regulation 71 concerning dramatic presentations shall apply *mutatis mutandis* to the wearing of costumes by students who are being punished.

145. Length and number of punishments shall be at the discretion of each staff member. Any student who feels the punishment is too harsh may appeal at once to the headmistress. The headmistress will decide whether the punishment should be canceled or reduced, stay unchanged, or be increased. In the case of frivolous appeals an additional and severe punishment shall be invoked.

Portia muttered profanities under her breath. Whenever she thought she had found something, they snapped it away. Appealing each punishment could have tied things up tremendously, but the last statement was a killer. Nobody would want to risk "an additional and severe punishment", especially not herself. Worse yet the phrase was not "may" but "shall"; if the headmistress found an appeal frivolous she was required to punish the girl further.

146. If a change of uniform is required while a punishment is in progress, the student shall, in donning the new uniform, leave off the same item or items that she was required to remove for punishment.

Nothing here either.

147. No student who is being punished shall leave the campus of the Cronenberg School unless accompanied by a staff member, or a parent or guardian. In the case of a day student whose punishment extends beyond the end of the school day, the headmistress or other person authorized by the headmistress shall contact the student's parent or guardian. If the headmistress is satisfied that the parent or guardian will continue the punishment unabated, the student shall be accompanied home by a staff member, and arrangements made to pick up said student if the punishment will still be in effect the following morning. If the headmistress is not satisfied that the punishment will continue, the punishment shall be suspended for the time the student is away from the campus and the student will report to the headmistress immediately upon her return, and the punishment shall resume. The headmistress may reduce the time remaining in the punishment be six (6) hours or less for every night the student is away from the campus, such time being deemed to be the equivalent of time spent alone sleeping. Since the embarrassment is reduced by a) the interruption of the punishment, and b) by reducing the possibility of being seen by people who are not members of the school, such adjustment shall only be made in very special cases.

148. Subject to regulation 147, no student may be excused from any school activity or outing, school-sponsored extra-curricular activity or any other activity that was arranged prior to the punishment being imposed or agreed to after said imposition. In the case of school activities, a staff member will be assigned to accompany the student or students being punished. In the case of school sponsored extra-curricular activities, every effort shall be made to ensure a staff member is present to accompany these students. For both school activities and extra-curricular activities, there is normally a teacher present to oversee or control the event; this staff member may act as the person accompanying the punished student or students in addition to normal duties. In the case of other activities, the school shall make all reasonable efforts to provide someone, but if no suitable person is available, the student will not be allowed to attend the activity or function.

She skimmed the rest of the new regulations, but most of them were changes to deportment, rules of the cafeteria and similar trivia. With a sigh she set the pages aside, changed into her nightgown, brushed her teeth, and crawled into bed. Tomorrow was Friday. The weekend was coming and she would use the time to study all the regulations, new and old. She was sure she would find something in there.

Friday had gone well, until the second-last class, phys. ed. Portia had stopped to relieve herself after she changed into her sports uniform. She was dreaming of finding a loophole in the regulations, and she took so long that she was very late entering the gymnasium.

Mr. Spalling, the sports master, was quick to notice her tardiness, and was not hesitant about enforcing the new regulations.

"Miss Fraser, you are late. That will be your sport top." Portia hesitated, she did not want to expose her bra to anyone, much less a man. "Now, Miss Fraser."

Portia quickly pulled the blue T-shirt up over her head and off her arms then handed it to Mr. Spalding.

"Got your jollies, I hope," she muttered as she turned away from the man holding her top.

"Miss Fraser!" She turned around and looked at him in shock. "That is not the kind of statement we expect Cronenberg ladies to make." She could not believe he had heard that mutter. "That just cost you your bra."

She opened her mouth to protest, but when she saw the hard expression in his eyes she thought better of it. Slowly she reached back and unclipped the hooks, then slipped the straps off her shoulders, as she tried to hold back the tears. She paused for one brief moment, then dropped her arms forward and the sports bra fell from her breasts as the tears fell from her eyes. She handed the white cotton bra to the man standing there, tears just running down her cheeks and dropping onto her now naked breasts, those firm young breasts that she had always kept private, running back to her room to shower rather than using the communal showers in the locker room, those breasts now in plain view not only of all her classmates, but of her teacher, a man.

She did not see the hard smile that passed over Mr. Spalling's face as she sobbed. He would normally have ignored the mutter, but this girl had been a thorn in his side ever since she arrived. She would argue every decision, pulling out the oldest, least often enforced rules and insisting they be enforced to the letter. She was going to find out what regulations enforced to the letter could be like.

She managed to get her sobs under control, but the odd tear was still meandering down her cheeks as Mr. Spalling started the girls running laps around the gym. It was near the end of the third lap that the accident happened. Two of the runners bumped and one of them caromed into Portia, her outstretched arm brushing one tit as her hand cupped the other momentarily.

"Watch it, you damn dyke," the distraught girl snarled; being touched so intimately, even by accident, was more than she could take.

"Miss Fraser!" The voice of doom. "'You damn dyke' is not an expression that should be used. I think you know what this means."

Portia nodded her head, but could not bring herself to remove her shorts. "Please sir, I can't... I mean..." She could not continue.

"Miss Fraser, you have just extended your punishment to the end of the day. Do you wish to take those shorts off now or do you wish to extend the punishment even more?"

Her hands touched the sides of her little red shorts, her thumbs slipped inside the waist and she carefully peeled them down her legs and slipped them off her feet. She picked them up and handed almost the last scrap of her dignity to Mr. Spalling. She knew the white panties were hugging the curves of her buttocks, and when she had bent to pick up the shorts she had noticed that the shape of her bush was visible as a bulge in the front.

"I suggest you apologize to Miss Jones at once." She opened her mouth to reply, but his next statement shut it fast. "Unless, that is, you wish to spend the rest of the day naked."

Portia gulped and immediately went over to the girl. "I'm sorry. I really didn't mean what I said. I was just so surprised that the words came out."

"Don't worry. I was shocked to feel your bare skin against my arm and hand; I can only imagine how much more shocked you were."

The rest of the class was spent working on the vaults and tumbling. Portia was continually embarrassed. Each vault displayed her taut buns as she ran to the horse and often in the vault as well, and at each landing her firm young breasts bounced most distractingly. The tumbling was just as bad, her buttocks clad only in the thin cotton on display as she jumped and ran, her naked tits bouncing at every movement, her pubic hair partially visible through the now moist white cloth of her panties. She couldn't survive this; she certainly couldn't survive another class in this obscene state of undress. Suddenly she knew what to do.

At the end of the class, she took a very swift shower, her first communal one, but she felt if the girls had already seen so much, this made little difference since they were all naked too.

As soon as the shower was over she dashed to her locker, dried herself, pulled on her panties and then her skirt and blouse. As she expected, Mr. Spalling was waiting for her and when he told her she had to dress as he had specified, she claimed she was. When he disagreed, she insisted on an appeal to the headmistress and Mr. Spalling immediately hustled her off to the office.

He explained to the headmistress exactly how he had punished Portia, and she immediately asked the young student, "Just how do you explain the way you are dressed?"

"Regulation 146 states: 'If a change of uniform is required while a punishment is in progress, the student shall, in donning the new uniform, leave off the same item or items that she was required to remove for punishment.' I changed uniforms at the end of the class, as required. Since a T-shirt is not the same as a blouse, and shorts are not the same as a skirt, I only left off the bra, as it is a bra he required me to remove."

The headmistress frowned, thought for a very brief instant, and then replied, "I'm sure you know that interpretation is not what was intended, but since it is a technically accurate choice, I'm going to let you off punishment today. You may finish the day dressed like that. Now run along to your next class."

Portia scuttled off, smiling at how she had managed to outwit the staff, so she did not hear the headmistress tell Mr. Spalling, "Don't worry, we'll have that fixed in a very short while. Meanwhile, just issue punishments for the current class."

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 23 - Portia's Tale Continues**

Portia did what she had promised herself, she studied the regulations during the weekend. Most of the regulations were trivia concerning deportment or rules for the use of various areas like the library, so she spent most of her time memorizing the new punishment regulations as well as the older clothing regulations.

Uniform

47. The Cronenberg School uniform consists of the following items: shoes, knee socks, panties, brassiere, blouse, skirt, tie, blazer and hat.

48. The shoes shall be plain black patent leather with a low heel and shall lace up. The shoes shall be kept clean and well polished at all times. Dirty or dull shoes are not acceptable as part of the uniform.

49. The stockings shall be knee length white socks, of a relatively plain texture, but may be of wool, cotton or such other material as the student may prefer. The student will keep the socks clean, and free of any holes or any visible signs of mending. Small holes that are fully covered by the shoes may be mended.

50. Panties shall be plain white cotton, of a conservative cut. Students must keep panties clean at all times, and must ensure that they fit snugly, neither bagging nor cutting into the hips .

51. Each brassiere shall plain white, without excessive lace. Every brassiere shall be kept clean and in good repair. The brassiere shall fit the student appropriately; shall not crush the breasts, and shall not contain any stuffing or inserts to increase apparent bust size.

52. Every blouse shall be plain white cotton or cotton polyester mix, with long sleeves and collar, and shall button up the front. Students will keep blouses clean and in good repair. Missing buttons are unacceptable in a uniform blouse.

53. The uniform shall have a pleated skirt of the tartan pattern selected by the School. The skirt shall be of a reasonable length, and shall be kept clean and in good repair at all times. The headmistress may from time to time further define the phrase "reasonable length".

54. The tie shall be made of the same tartan as the skirt. It shall be kept clean and in good repair at all times.

55. The blazer shall be a two-button single breasted style of bright blue material with the Cronenberg School crest on the breast pocket. It must be kept clean and in good repair at all times. Stains, tears and missing buttons are unacceptable.

56. The hat shall be a pillbox style, the same blue color as the blazer. The hat must be kept clean at all times.

57. The headmistress may at her sole discretion indicate periods during which the blazer is optional. This will usually occur when there is a period of excessive heat, but may occur at other times as well.

58. The headmistress may indicate that the tie is also optional during any period that the blazer is optional. However, if a student opts to wear a blazer, the tie must be worn as well, even if both items have been declared optional.

59. The hat is mandatory only for the most formal occasions, and for attending those functions where a woman is required to wear headgear. On informal occasions it need not be worn. If the hat is worn, the blazer should always be worn as well. The hat should also be worn whenever it is traditional for a woman to wear headgear, such as, for example, religious ceremonies; however, in cases where the hat is not readily available, this shall not be used as an excuse to avoid such functions.

60. All students shall wear the full uniform at all times while on the campus of Cronenberg School, and for all school activities and school-sponsored extra-curricular activities wherever they may take place. Boarding students shall wear the uniform at all times off campus as well as on, unless they are granted specific permission otherwise. Any person who is out of uniform shall be subject to very strong punishment.

Sports Uniform

61. The Cronenberg School sports uniform consists of the following items: athletic shoes, socks, panties, brassiere, shorts and shirt.

62. The shoes must be a plain, white, low-backed running shoe.

63. The socks shall be absorbent, and it is recommended that a sports brassiere be worn for athletic endeavors. All regulations pertaining to socks, panties and brassiere for the basic uniform apply *mutatis mutandis* to the sports uniform.

64. The shorts shall be of red cotton, with an elasticized waistband. They shall be kept clean and in good repair at all times.

65. The shirt shall be a cotton or cotton mix T-shirt, of the same blue color as the uniform blazer, with a small Cronenberg School for Girls crest on the left breast. It shall be kept clean and in good repair at all times.

66. The headmistress may at her sole discretion, designate other uniforms to be worn for specific athletic pursuits, should the game or the regulations of a governing body so require.

Swimsuits

67. Swimsuits shall be a bright blue color in the style commonly know as a racing suit, with the Cronenberg School for Girls crest on the left hip. They shall be kept clean and in good repair at all times.

Uniform Miscellany

68. Students may purchase their shoes, socks and underwear at any outlet. The School will provide a list of local merchants who carry items that meet its standards, on request; however, this is provided to the student only as information and the student is under no obligation to purchase from any of the listed retailers.

69. Students may purchase skirts, blazers, ties, hats, sports shirts, sports shorts and swimsuits from the School. These items are provided on a cost plus basis. Students are responsible for ensuring that they have an adequate supply of all items to allow them to remain in uniform while items are being cleaned or mended.

70. Boarding students may wear an opaque nightshirt or pajamas to bed. A student who is correctly attired for sleep shall not be considered to be out of uniform during the night, or when in bed due to illness. A student who is rising or preparing for bed, shall not be considered to be out of uniform at that time. A student in the process of changing uniforms, for example for physical education, shall not be considered to be out of uniform.

71. A student who is involved in a dramatic presentation may wear a costume for dress rehearsals and for the actual presentation, and shall not be deemed to be out of uniform at that time. However, the student will change into the costume as close to the start of the presentation or rehearsal as possible, and will change back into full uniform as soon as possible after the presentation or rehearsal.

Only after she had studied these regulations for hours did Portia finally get the first glimmerings of an idea, but she went to sleep Sunday night with a self-righteous smile on her lips.

Monday and Tuesday morning passed without incident, but Portia dawdled over her dessert, and the bell for her first afternoon class rang while she was still in the cafeteria. She hurried to her class, but obviously entered late. Miss Finch asked for her blouse.

"I'm sorry I can't do that, but that would put me out of uniform, which is a serious offence. I can't allow myself to be placed in jeopardy." The teacher considered this for a minute, then gave the rest of the class a short assignment, and guided Portia to the headmistress' office.

She reported what had happened to her superior, and waited. The headmistress looked at Portia who repeated her theory that removing an item of clothing would put her in conflict with Regulation 60, and open her to further punishment.

"This seems to be becoming a habit with you. Once again you are taking an interpretation that you know is not the one that the school uses, and once again I find no hole in your logic. Just one warning. Don't try to take advantage of this or you may find yourself in real trouble. Now get back to class."

As Portia left with Miss Finch, she did not see the sardonic smile on the face of the headmistress. If she had, she might not have had quite such a smirk on her face as she fell asleep that night.

The next morning Portia was up and ready as usual, but when the warning bell rang, she continued to walk slowly to her first class, disdaining rushing like the others around her. She was just ten seconds late, but Miss Finch asked for her shirt. Portia was astounded that the very teacher who had failed to punish her yesterday would try again today.

"You know I can't do that. We just discussed it yesterday."

"I'm sorry, Miss Fraser, but you will have to remove your blouse, because..."

"Didn't you hear me? I can't do that, I said," the youngster interrupted.

"Interrupting me is very impolite. That will cost you your bra. Now, as I was saying, you will have to remove your blouse and bra..."

"Are you deaf or just stupid? I told you why I can't do that. We worked it all out yesterday."

"That will be your skirt as well, my dear, but I think it is time we went to see the headmistress," was the only reply from the teacher, who once again gave a brief assignment to the class and steered Portia to the office.

The headmistress looked questioningly at the teacher, who just nodded twice. Portia was too involved in marshaling her ideas to notice this little byplay.

"Did you check the notice board this morning, Portia?" Portia was so surprised at this question, that she could only shake her head. "In that case you had better look at this memo that was posted this morning."

Portia took the sheet and read the body of the memo.

The board of directors has passed the following change to the regulations:

Regulation 146 is amended by replacing the phrase "the same item or items" with the words "the equivalent item or items".

Therefore, effective immediately, the affected Regulation reads as follows:

146. If a change of uniform is required while a punishment is in progress, the student shall, in donning the new uniform, leave off the equivalent item or items that she was required to remove for punishment.

Portia dropped the sheet back on the desk.

"I believe that should take care of your quibble from Friday. For the purposes of punishment shorts and a skirt are equivalent as their removal exposes approximately the same area. I wanted to be sure you knew of the change. Now, what happened today?"

The teacher recounted the earlier encounter, and Portia conceded that the account was accurate.

"Because of your quibble last week, I managed to schedule an emergency meeting to consider Regulation changes necessitated by the new punishments. When you chose to make your stand yesterday, I had plenty of time to add it to the agenda. After the Board passed the motion you have read, they also passed the following." With these words, she passed the young girl another sheet of paper. Portia scanned the sheet, and learned that the Board had added a new regulation. She skipped the rest and concentrated on the regulation itself.

163. No student shall be considered to be out of uniform only because she has removed an item or items of clothing as a punishment. Notwithstanding anything to the contrary in these regulations, if a student is wearing all the items required for the full uniform except for the items removed as punishment, the remaining items being worn are that student's full uniform for the period of the punishment.

"As you can see, this fully addresses your worry about being out of uniform, so there is no reason not to accept the punishment for tardiness. Please remove your blouse immediately."

Portia could not think of a reply, so she slowly removed her blazer and laid it on the desk. Her tartan tie followed, then she slowly unbuttoned the white blouse, pulled it out of her skirt's waistband, undid the buttons on the cuffs and gently slid it off her arms biting her lip as she did so. She felt the coolness of the morning air on her bared skin.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 24 - Portia's Tale Concludes**

Portia stood in front of the headmistress, her blazer, tie and blouse on the headmistress's desk. It was not just the cool air that caused her to shiver; she would have to attend class like this; quite unthinkable.

"When your teacher tried to explain to you why you were required to obey, you interrupted her. The school tries to ensure that the students will be polite, and we do not countenance deliberate rudeness. The punishment of losing your bra was assessed. I agree that this punishment is reasonable. Your bra, please."

Portia reached behind her back and unhooked the simple cotton bra. Slowly she slipped the shoulder straps down her arms, holding the bra in lace in front of her body. She was a very shy girl, one who never let her body be seen, and now she was removing her bra in front of other people for the second time in a week. As she thought of spending the next hour with her naked titties exposed to the rest of the class, tears welled up in her eyes, but she knew arguing would just make things worse. Taking a deep breath, she let the bra slide down her arms, then dropped in on top of her blouse on the desk. She blushed as she stood, breasts bared to the cool air, nipples hardening from the draft in the office. Somehow, this was even more embarrassing than the phys. ed. class. At least there was a long tradition of athletes competing naked; she knew that the very word gymnasium came from the Greek word for naked or nude, so there was a certain acceptability about doing gymnastics topless; but standing bare-breasted here in the office and sitting topless in class, there was nothing right about that. She blushed a deeper red.

"Very good, Miss Fraser. Finally, you not only interrupted again, but with the phrase 'Are you deaf or just stupid?' you were being most insulting to you teacher. For this she assessed a punishment as well. Are you sure, Miss Finch, that this punishment is sufficient?"

Portia blanched at the question. Things were becoming very serious.

"I think it is sufficient for the interruption, but because of the insult, I was going to add an extra class to her punishment, making it two full periods, instead of one." Portia's second class was at the far end of the building from her first; she shivered at the thought of walking through the crowded halls wearing just her panties. "However, since a considerable part of the current period will have passed before the punishment begins, I would suggest it continue until noon." Portia could not believe her ears, this punishment was far worse than she had ever imagined. If only she had kept her temper in check; if only she had listened to Miss Finch instead of being such a know-it-all.

"A very reasonable proposal, Miss Finch. Miss Fraser, please remove your skirt. You understand that your teacher has extended the punishment until noon, and that you may not resume these items of clothing until then."

Tears welling up in her eyes again, Portia slowly undid the button at the skirt's waist, and slid the short zipper down. A gentle push and the dress puddled around her feet. She bent over, picked it up and dropped it on the desk on top of her other clothing. She reached down and adjusted her panties, the sole remaining protection of her modesty. At least these people and her classmates would not be able to see the shape or shadow of her pussy under these panties; she had been so ashamed of that display that she had shaved her pussy Sunday night and repeated it last night, so she was now smooth down there, no bulging bush could be seen. Even more important, all her classes this morning had female teachers, no men would see her shameful nudity. Phys. ed. wasn't until third period in the afternoon, and first period after lunch was her only other male teacher.

Portia stood in the office, naked but for her white panties, her eyes brimming with tears, dreading the rest of the morning; how could she attend class like this?

"You understand the punishment you are receiving, and why you are receiving it?" Portia nodded in reply to the headmistress' question, unwilling to trust her voice. "Do you agree that the punishment is fair and legal according to all the regulations of the school."

"Y... Yes, ma'am," she managed to stammer out. She found that she felt far more vulnerable standing here in only her panties than she had before when she was fully clothed. She realized that she would have had great difficulty in arguing her side of the case, even if she could have thought of an excuse. Under the steady stare of the headmistress, she was becoming most uncomfortable. She actually wanted to get back to her class, even if that meant sitting naked but for panties when everybody else was fully clothed. Anything would be better than just standing here like this.

The headmistress studied Portia carefully. The young girl was only fourteen, but she had always managed to give the impression she was older. Standing in front of the desk wearing only shoes, white socks, and plain white panties, she looked even younger than her age, although her firm breasts were large enough to suggest she might be older. The headmistress studied the round face, framed by shoulder length brown hair; a little baby fat was still evident; the soulful deep brown eyes were brimming with tears; her whole demeanor was a study in dismay. With those wide eyes and the quivering lip, that face could pass for twelve.

The young face melted the headmistress. She considered leaving the punishments as they were, a half day nude but for panties would certainly teach this girl a lesson. The head had noticed that she was shy; she had received the reports that the youngster would dash back to the living quarters to shower alone, rather than share the communal shower in the locker room. She was certainly going to feel the next three hours exposure, probably more than most other girls.

The headmistress steeled herself. She could not do that; it would be unfair to Portia, unfair to the other students, unfair to herself. Already she had reports that other students were planning to refuse to accept punishments. She had to indicate to everybody that appeals, while available, should only be used when the punishment was totally out of line with the offence, something that had never been true with Portia's appeals. No, she had acted wilfully even after a strong warning, she must take the full consequences of those actions.

"You understand that if you had checked the notice board, you would have known that the original punishment, loss of your blouse for one period, was fully legal."

Portia nodded. She was about to suggest that it would be fairer if they were given more time to study the changes when the headmistress continued. Portia decided it would not be politic to interrupt her.

"You also understand, I hope, that Miss Finch tried to explain the changes to you, and only your actions prevented it." Portia gulped and nodded once again. "Since you appealed a penalty you admit was fair, and that you would have known was legal but for your wilful actions, I have no choice but to consider this a frivolous appeal. Do you understand?"

Portia shivered at those words; she remembered a phrase that the regulations used in conjunction with them: "additional and severe punishment". "Yes, ma'am, I understand." She knew that to attempt to argue know would be worse that useless -- far worse.

"Please remove your panties."

Portia could not believe it. She would have to spend the morning, not topless, but totally naked. Her stomach churned, but she could not see any way out of it. Her hands moved to the side of her white cotton panties, her thumbs hooked the waistband at each side and slid them down over her hips, over her thighs, almost to her knees, where she let them drop and they fell to her feet. She stepped out of them, one foot at a time, then crouched down to pick them up. Blushing scarlet all over, she dropped her last vestige of modesty onto the growing pile of clothes. She could not believe that she, who had almost never been naked in front of others, even in communal showers, was now standing in the office totally naked. Her classmates would soon be seeing her like this as well. The draft made her shiver, and reminded her just how naked she was. She blanched as she realized that the rest of the school would be seeing not only her bare arse, but because she had shaved, they would be seeing her virginal lips as well. This private area had always been hidden from strangers. The few times she had used the showers in the locker rooms, those lips were hidden by the mass of hair, the hair she had so willingly removed. The voice of the headmistress brought her back to the present.

"I want you to understand that your insistence on twisting the regulations was totally unwarranted. You have wasted not only your own time, but mine and that of your teachers and your fellow students. Since, moreover, I specifically warned you yesterday not to try to take advantage of the rules, and you totally ignored that advice, I will not give you the full day I would normally assign, but shall make it a full 48 hours. That would be this time Friday morning, but since you might not have time to change between classes and I don't want you wasting any more time, the punishment will last until noon Friday. Do you understand?"

Portia nodded automatically. She understood only too well. She could not believe it, but she understood. She would be naked in all her classes. She would be walking the halls for two and a half days with nothing to cover her. She would eat in the cafeteria naked, not once but six times, and two were noon meals, the most crowded. The whole school would see her white breasts, her eraser-sized nipples. She would have two phys. ed. classes, and this week was track and field. They would be outdoors. She imagined running around the track naked, or the hurdles, her pussy and buttocks on display with each jump. Mr. Spalling, a man, would be able to see her most intimate parts in the most blatant display. Worse still, that area was visible from the road; passing motorists would see her displayed as she tried the high jump. She could not do this. Tears overflowed her eyes, coursed down her cheeks. All this on top of sitting in every class totally naked, her bare buttocks on the hard wooden seats, her naked pussy always visible to the students closest to her, her bare breasts visible to half the class.

"You may return to your class, Miss Finch. But first a warning. You know it is against the regulations to try to cover up, or to avoid activities. If you do either, the punishment will be severe. The most likely punishment is a doubling of the time, but you could receive more. Also, remember that the punishment extends to night clothes. You must sleep naked, although being under the bedclothes does not constitute covering up. Now go back to your class, and try not to waste our time any more."

Portia was sobbing as she left the office with Miss Finch. She was shivering as she walked down the hall naked, the first student ever to have to do so, and she would be doing it for over two days. The tears continued to run as the cool air on her skin kept her aware of her nakedness, of her shame.

"After that warning, you had better be sure you are not late for tomorrow's ceremony."

Portia couldn't understand Miss Finch's remark for a minute, but as she stepped into the classroom she remembered. The chorus of oh's distracted her for a minute. She realized that she had left fully clothed, with only the three items in jeopardy and she had returned stark naked. She felt the seventeen pairs of eyes gazing at her firm young breasts, the nipples hard from the cool air; she felt seventeen pairs of eyes devouring her shaved pussy, her naked, exposed lips. The whispers of "shaved" and "smooth" that she caught embarrassed her even further.

As she took her seat, she again thought on her teacher's remark. Oh God! Tomorrow and Friday were open house. On these two days, anybody who was interested could come to the school to see it in action. Naturally, this consisted primarily of parents of current and prospective students. And Portia was sure that this year she would be a major part of the tour, an example of how punishments were applied.

And then the ceremony. Fifteen minutes before the first class on open house days, the School held a flag raising ceremony on the front lawn. Not only was she in the choir, but she was to lead the Pledge of Allegiance. She would be partially shielded in the choir by the other choristers, but for the pledge she would have to walk to the front of the dias, naked; stand straight and tall, and totally naked; place her hand on her breast, on her naked breast; recite the pledge in a firm voice, totally naked, while the chorus stared at her buttocks, her naked buttocks, and the entire student body stared at her breasts, her naked beasts, and at her pussy, naked as never before. And, oh God, there were sure to be strangers there, strange adults staring at her nudity displayed up on the stage expressly for their staring eyes, at her naked breasts and bare pussy. Portia shuddered at the thought of this. And she would have to do it not once, but twice.

She would die of embarrassment. There was no way she could live through this. And suddenly she realized that was true. She would not live through this. She was the first student to be stripped naked as a punishment. Her name would live on in infamy as the first naked Cronenberg student. Worse still, hers was a lengthy punishment. There might never be another girl that received a stripping that had to last two and a half days. She would be remembered for that, too.

As long as she was at the School, her punishment would continue, she would be branded as the first naked student. Even after she left, her name and punishment would live on as long as Cronenberg continued. She shivered as she turned her attention, or at least most of it to Miss Finch, trying unsuccessfully to ignore the hard seat on her naked flesh, the cool air on her bare skin, the whispers and stares of the other students. This was going to be an extremely long two and a half days.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 25 - The Awful Truth**

"And that is the tale of Portia Fraser." Jackie finished the story, and looked out at the cast and crew of her production, sitting in the front rows of the auditorium. Miss Copoletta was also seated there, although she was not looking as puzzled as the students. Most of the cast was already in costume, but Catherine Higgins was being punished and was naked but for shoes and socks.

"I know you have heard her name before, but I don't think most of you knew the details of her story, only that she was the first naked student, and that her punishment lasted for three days total, since she committed another offence. Most of you probably knew that she was naked during the two days of an open house, but I have now told the story in detail for a reason."

The students looked blankly at their director, sitting on the front of the stage, her heels lightly tapping the front of it for about a minute.

"Ohmigod!" Suzy exclaimed. "Ohmigod! The new regulation." Suzy was a very bright sixteen-year-old.

"Precisely. Catherine, list everything that makes up your full uniform." Jackie was smiling as she said this, but surprisingly, the smile was gentle, not malicious.

Catherine, who had been drifting in the past, empathizing with poor Portia, snapped back to reality, and rhymed off the list everybody knew so well. "Black shoes, white socks, white panties, white bra, white blouse, tartan skirt, tartan tie and blue blazer."

Jackie was about to contradict her when she realized that the truth coming from a close friend might seem less harsh, so she just turned her head and said, "Suzy?"

"No, Catherine. Ohmigod. No. It's that regulation she read. I don't remember the exact words but it says that during a punishment, whatever is left after removing the punishment clothes is your uniform. Ohmigod, Catherine. Your full uniform is shoes and socks. Period. You are wearing your full, complete uniform, right now!"

A buzz of shock and horror rose from the assembled students. Catherine was too stunned to make a sound. She was trying to assimilate what Suzy had just said. She was currently wearing her full uniform. And Jackie had said she would be wearing her full uniform on stage.

"You mean.. My costume..." She looked at Jackie as she tried to stammer out a question.

"Exactly. After your punishment was extended, I assured you that you would be wearing your full uniform, as that was the agreed costume. I did not want you to worry longer than necessary, so I did not explain what "full uniform" actually means to you at the moment, even though I was fairly sure you did not understand the phrase correctly."

"I'll be on stage, in front of... like..." Catherine had turned to Miss Copoletta, the most sympathetic of all the teachers, certain that she would find a way out of this.

"We checked with the headmistress, Catherine," the teacher replied gently, "to be sure that the interpretation was correct. She agreed that it is correct, and we have no choice. Her exact words were 'You are right. I really don't like it, but there is nothing I can do about it.' You made the choice of costume when you broke the rules. Your own actions caused full uniform to be shoes and socks, and now you must accept the consequences of those actions." Although the words were hard, the were delivered in the kindest, gentlest tone, and Catherine only felt loved, not betrayed.

But Catherine was still in shock. She had been exposed a lot so far, but only to relatively small groups. The largest would have been either the church or the photography exhibit, and neither would have been over a hundred people. Now she had just been told that she was about to be exposed to over two thousand people, and for a long time as well. She blushed at the thought, and blushed even deeper as she realized how aroused the concept was making her, she felt her nipples hardening and her vagina starting to lubricate.

Jackie noticed the girl's flush, and also noted the nipples pop out. She had been right, this girl was going to give one hell of a performance tomorrow night. "Are you ready to rehearse, Catherine?", she asked gently, and was pleased to see the other girl nod after a moment's reflection. "Better get into makeup right now. We need you almost five minutes before anyone else, and this is our last chance to check your appearance under the lights." Catherine nodded and quickly headed backstage, followed by Frankie, the makeup girl. The rest of the cast followed slowly, chatting among themselves, very surprised at this turn of events.

When Catherine reached the makeup room which was actually one end of the changing room, Frankie had her stand with feet apart and hands at her side, and looked her over carefully.

"The cream I used when I gave you that trim lasts longer than shaving, but the little bit that's grown back might just show up under the stage lights. I don't have the cream here, but I'll fix that up before the show." Catherine shivered at the idea of Frankie touching her private parts again, and sat in the makeup chair at Frankie's command.

Frankie applied makeup to Catherine's face, and the glitter to her hair and two minutes later Catherine was ready, and the rehearsal began.

During the rehearsal, Catherine saw Frankie and Jackie talking several times, but, of course, could not hear what was being said. Everyone knew their lines, and all three acts went without a hitch.

"Excellent!" cried Jackie. "OK everybody, Curtain tomorrow night is at eight o'clock sharp, we leave here at 6:15 to be sure the crew has plenty of time to set up. Everyone eat a good supper and be here in the auditorium at six sharp tomorrow night. Sleep well tonight."

Catherine surprised herself, by taking Jackie's advice and sleeping like a log. Friday's classes passed uneventfully, as uneventfully as they could for a naked girl. She and Suzy shared a table in the cafeteria, the two stars of tonight's performance, and chatted about everything but the play. Suzy was pretty sure Catherine would prefer not to think about what was soon to happen.

At six o'clock sharp, the two girls slipped into the auditorium, surprised they were that last ones there. Suddenly Suzy had an idea, and confirmed it with one of the other students; it was indeed Catherine's predicament that had caused such an early turnout, at least of the stagehands. During the play, the stagehands reset the stage, and are visible from the audience. Since they wore their uniforms as costumes, they did not want to be punished for tardiness, and have their costume reduced.

Fifteen minutes later, everyone was on the bus, and it was heading for the highway. Suzy had inveigled Catherine into the right front seat, and she sat beside her. With Miss Copoletta in the aisle seat just behind the driver, they were seated just as they were for the last bus trip to the city. Suzy pointed out the similarity to Catherine, noting that the only difference was that today she was clothed and Catherine was the naked one. She was surprised when this brought a blush to Catherine's cheek; she had thought that Catherine would have been more hardened to her nudity by now. The two chattered the whole way to the theater; another reflection of the previous trip.

The bus pulled into the area reserved for busses at the front of the theater. The city had created this special area because of the number of times there was a tour bus or two bringing groups to see a special play; having a place for them to park cut down on the traffic jams. Jackie was first out of the bus, but Miss Copoletta insisted the two stars hurry, so they were next off the bus with her. Poor Catherine knew that they would be entering by the stage entrance and realized that this meant walking past the brilliantly lit front entrance and the equally bright ticket sales area, where there were at least as many people tonight as there had been on Sunday afternoon. Catherine blushed again at the catcalls and whistles from the crowd.

The truck that had been hired to bring the costumes, along with Ellie and her assistant, started to pull out of the lane just as the girls entered. Catherine found herself spotlighted by the headlights, and was not surprised when the truck waited until they had arrived at the stage door before actually leaving.

The same old man who had been there on Sunday was here tonight. He thanked his lucky stars that the usual doorman was on vacation this week. He gazed at the naked youngster, and wondered if it were possible that she would be performing as naked tonight as she had been before. He could not believe it was possible; he had found out about Cronenberg's policies over the past few days and understood punishments, but also knew costumes were an exception.

Catherine and Suzy just ignored him, and headed immediately to the dressing room, followed by the rest of the girls. They found Ellie and her assistant checking the costumes, touching up the odd one with an iron.

Frankie and her assistants were the last ones into the dressing room, as each was carrying a large, heavy makeup case. As soon as she had set herself up in the center makeup area, each of the assistants taking a table to the side of her, Frankie walked to a solid four foot square table at one side of the room and called Catherine over. She had the naked girl sit on the table, slide to the back, then place her feet flat at the front corners. She then placed a gooseneck lamp on the table right next to Catherine's left foot, aimed directly at her exposed pussy. While she walked over to her makeup case and back with a small pair of scissors, Catherine sat blushing and remembering how the last time that Frankie had trimmed her down there, she had insisted that not even the two others in the game could watch, and now she had dozens of people gazing at her, including those two, all interested in watching the touch-up. Frankie cut only a few stray hairs, but took her time checking the area. Catherine could not help becoming very turned on as Frankie's hands gently touched her genital area, holding the hair aside, pressing the lips to allow her to cut a stray hair.

Once again Frankie headed to her case and back, this time bringing a bottle of hair remover. Catherine wondered for a moment why she had not brought it over with the scissors, then decided it must be to extend her exposure. She found she wasn't annoyed; she was humiliated and aroused. When she returned, Frankie slathered the remover on Catherine's lips, the gentle rubbing motion arousing the naked girl even more. She followed this up by very carefully smoothing it around the edges of the heart of hair. Then she pulled a small kitchen timer out of her pocket and set it for fifteen minutes.

"Now just sit here and don't move. We don't want any of the cream to get into the heart, and if you move it may, particularly if you close your legs. Understand?" Catherine just nodded, and Frankie headed over to her makeup area, and called for the Belligerent Man at Back of Auditorium. Since the girl had to be made up as a man, and had to be seated in the audience before the show began, Frankie wanted to do her first.

As she sat on the table, her legs spread in a right angle, Catherine was gasping with emotion. Frankie's touches and the tingling caused by the thick cream were driving her crazy. Her breasts were heaving, nipples hard, and hardening even more as she found herself the focus of most of the unoccupied girls, those who were not actually being made up. Since Frankie had left the light on, her open slit was totally visible to all eyes.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 26 - Preparation**

When the timer dinged, every eye in the room that was not already focused on the nude figure on the table turned to her. Frankie was just putting the final dusting of power on another male character; in less than a minute she had finished him and hurried back to the table. She used an old table knife to scrape most of the cream away from the edges of the heart of hair, but left most on the lips.

"OK. Slide off the table, Catherine, we have to go rinse that off. Make sure you keep your feet well apart." As Catherine did that, leaving behind a small puddle, Frankie headed back to her makeup table to pick up a large plastic cup, washcloths and a bar of hotel soap. She then led the naked girl out and along the hall. She opened a door marked janitor, and Catherine saw a very large closet, filled with cleaning supplies, with a deep square sink with the tall faucet on it. Frankie quickly adjusted the taps for a stream of warm water, and told Catherine to sit on the sink with her legs on either side. Frankie used her fingers to scrape most of the cream off the lips of the exposed girl.

The doorman had been looking into the hall every couple of minutes, hoping for a sight of one of the young ladies, and when he glimpsed the open door, he decided to investigate. He arrived while Frankie was wetting the washcloth under the faucet. In order to do this more easily, she had moved to the side of the sink; so he was greeted by the sight of a naked girl directly in front of him; two of the most beautiful breasts he had ever seen pointed directly at him, the nipples jutting out, and, since her legs were spread so her knees pointed in opposite directions her lips were visible under a brilliant red pussy in the shape of a heart. He was seeing the same girl as Sunday, but he had never seen her so exposed before. He cleared his throat reflexively, and Catherine's eyes sprang open and she gasped as she saw the old man staring at her. She blushed scarlet as she realized just how exposed she was to him, but after a week naked, she made absolutely no move to cover herself, the automatic twitch of the hands toward her naked pussy had by now been suppressed.

"I'm sorry," offered Frankie, as she soaped up the cloth. "We'll be out of here in just a minute. We just have to be sure we get all this cream off." With those words she rubbed the soapy cloth along Catherine's pulsing slit. Catherine gasped with emotion as the slick cloth slid back and forth over her tender lips, her breasts bobbing as her lungs filled and emptied.

The motion fascinated the old man, whose eyes locked on the shivering mounds. "No hurry. I just have to check out any open doors or unusual activities." He struggled hard, and managed somehow to keep his voice under control, but he was not as lucky with another part of his body. He was just grateful that he was wearing loose trousers and a long jacket.

Frankie continued to soap the entire pubic area, then filled the plastic cup and splashed the water on Catherine's pussy to remove the soap. She then soaped up the cloth again, and once again scrubbed Catherine's pussy, being sure to arouse her as much as possible. She smiled at the way she was exposing the girl to this stranger. If Jackie was right, this would turn her on, and make her performance tonight even better. And under the school rules there was nothing Catherine could do about it.

As Frankie started to pour clean water onto her pussy, Catherine kept glancing at the old man standing in the doorway, his eyes locked on her nudity. His eyes seldom strayed from her open slit, but occasionally he looked up to her breasts, particularly when her gasps caused them to shimmy. She was embarrassed by her blatant exposure, but aroused as well, and Frankie's bare hand, rubbing the water into her skin, was increasing that arousal, particularly when she rinsed her sensitive lips.

"I think I've got it all, but I have to be sure. Can you shine your flashlight here?" Frankie asked the staring man. He immediately unhooked the light from his belt and shone it directly on the naked quim in front of him. Frankie picked up a dry washcloth, and quickly dried Catherine's stomach and the heart of hair, and finally between her legs. She was sure that Catherine was almost ready to climax, as she spoke to the doorman. "I can't see any of that cream left, can you?" The old man shook his head. "Please look closely. I must be sure I have it all."

He gulped and crouched down in front of Catherine, his face only about a foot from her private parts, his flashlight illuminating that very private area. Catherine felt an approaching climax. She had never been examined this closely, except possibly by a doctor. And one of the two examiners was male. She tried to think of something else, something less sexy, but the feel of the edge of the sink against her thighs kept reminding her just how wide she was pulled, just how exposed she was.

"That side feels clean and dry," Frankie continued as she ran her fingers from the base of the triangle up the left side. "The top is, as well." The fingers continued their circuit of the heart, right back to the point at the bottom. "As is this side." She then slid three fingers between Catherine's legs, one on each lip, with the middle finger sliding along just inside her virginal slit. "All clean here, too," Frankie murmured, but the statement was drowned by a long shuddering moan. Catherine had found that last caress just too much, and she climaxed.

The doorman could not believe his good fortune, as the naked girl leaned back till her head rested against the concrete wall, and orgasmed. Her body twitched, her breasts bounced, and her vaginal lips, only a foot from his staring eyes, opened and closed, becoming red and flushed.

As Catherine slowly got herself under control, her blushes turned the sex flush across her chest even redder. This was the first orgasm she had ever had that was caused by somebody else, and that person had been a girl. Even worse, she had climaxed only inches from a man's face. The double humiliation increased the blush.

Frankie turned off the faucet, gave Catherine's newly moistened pussy lips an extra wipe to dry them, stuffed the soap and washcloths into the cup, and said, "Come on, Catherine, you're ready to be made up. Thank you for your help, sir."

"It was my pleasure, miss," the doorman replied as he straightened up; it was a phrase he had often used, but never had he meant it as truly as he did tonight.

Catherine moved off the sink and gratefully brought her legs together. While she was still naked under a strange man's eyes, at least she was not so brutally displayed. As she stepped out into the hall, Frankie checked that the faucet was properly closed, then stepped into the hall herself, carefully closing the door of the janitor's closet. Frankie grabbed Catherine's hand, nodded good-bye to the doorman, and led the nude girl back to the dressing room.

The doorman stood where he was, watching the bare buns undulate down the hall. He could not believe his luck today. Then it struck him. If they were trimming the pussy hair so carefully, her costume must be either very tiny or nonexistent. He definitely had to find a way to catch her on stage. Timing wouldn't be much of a problem; as he remembered the rehearsal, she was on stage almost the entire play.

Frankie guided Catherine directly to her makeup table, and immediately applied the makeup to her face. Catherine kept her eyes closed until she felt Frankie hold her left breast, and something start rubbing on her nipple. When she glanced down, she saw that left nipple was being shaded far redder than her natural color. It seemed odd to see nipples of such different shades. She was surprised at this new bit of makeup which had not been done before, and she asked what was going on.

"You were being washed out by the stage lights yesterday, and we want them to match your hair and lipstick," Frankie replied as she started to color Catherine's right nipple. "I increased the makeup on your face as well."

Catherine looked in the mirror for the first time. She had known that Frankie was using basically street makeup, as she was also going to be seen off stage in it, but tonight it was far heavier than ever before. Darkened, thickened eyebrows, heavy eyeshadow, bright lipstick and rouged cheeks gave her what she could only call a very tarty look. She knew that it would look fine on stage, but shuddered at the thought of all those people seeing her off stage. That makeup along with her nudity would definitely brand her as a floozy.

Frankie had finished her breasts, and dusted her hair with the glitter carefully combing it in. Once that was done she turned Catherine's chair around so it was facing away from the mirror. Catherine was just preparing to rise when Frankie squatted in front of her and dusted her pubic hair. She had Catherine spread her legs wide again as she combed the glitter powder into the red heart. Catherine found the wide spread exhibition was no less humiliating the third time than it had been the first. She could see her fellow students still grabbing quick looks at her privates, and her deep blush was visible even under her makeup. Frankie explained that she and Jackie had agreed that the glitter gave her hair tremendous highlights, but made the pubic hair look dull; they had decided at last night's rehearsal to use the glitter on it as well, so that it would shimmer like the rest of her hair. Catherine gulped at these words. She knew that the eye was attracted by light and movement; the glitter would attract the audience attention to where she least wanted it. But the makeup was soon over, and Catherine moved over to a couch and sat there trying to relax until it was time to begin.

Just as Ellie came over to her and fastened the watch pendant around her neck, she saw the three girls who speak from the audience leave to take their places and knew there could only be a couple of minutes left before the start of the play, as Jackie had always insisted that these people should take their seats as late as possible. She remembered watching the Belligerent Man being made up while the depilatory was working, but the only one of the three girls that she had recognized was her nemesis, Jenny.

Jenny remembered how well Frankie had done in making her up as a boy, but she preferred the part she now had: Lady in a Box. She had been made up to look like woman in her late 30's and would be sitting, not at the back of the auditorium, but in a box close to the stage from which she would be seeing every moment of Catherine's embarrassment from the perfect vantage point. She smiled as she headed to the lobby; she knew she was going to enjoy this performance.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 27 - Act 1**

As Jackie led Catherine from the dressing room, they heard Suzy's voice call out to her friend, "Break a leg, Catherine." Catherine was grateful for the good wishes, as she was feeling extremely nervous. Her stomach was churning even worse as the two girls stood in the wings, as close to the stage as was possible. Since the curtain was up, the noise of the entering audience, which is normally muffled, reached their ears unabated, indicating to Catherine that there was a sizable audience waiting to see her, to see all of her.

Jackie glanced at her watch, then picked up the intercom phone to the lighting booth. "We are starting in exactly one minute from now." She slipped back beside Catherine. "We will be starting at exactly one minute past eight, in just thirty seconds." She put her arm around Catherine's shoulder and squeezed her supportively. "Now, go!"

Catherine took a deep breath, smiled, picked up one of the tables there and carried it out onto the stage, placing it stage left. She was looking down as she walked out, but as she put the table down she saw part of the auditorium, and not an empty seat was visible. As she walked back to the wings, she continued to hear gasps in the audience, and the murmur of talk decreased as people noticed the actress on stage. She picked up the three stacked chairs and carried them down stage to the table. The chairs were less awkward to carry than the table, so she walked with her head up, and wherever she looked in the brightly lit auditorium she saw only faces, all staring at her; almost every seat was filled, and there were still a few people being led down to these seats by the ushers. She unstacked the chairs, setting each one carefully in its place at the table.

"She's naked!" "Is she nude?" "Wearing a body stocking." "I can see her asshole." "God, how can she be nude?" She caught these shocked expressions, as well as simple gasps, as she walked back for the next table. She carried this one across the stage to place it opposite the one that was already there, then placed three chairs by it as well. The fact that the house lights were still on seemed to give the audience permission to chatter, and the comments on her lack of costume continued. Finally, she carried out the bench and placed it stage left, just as the house lights started to go down. From the bench she walked at an angle to the very front of the stage, then over to the proscenium pillar stage right. She stood there, leaning on the proscenium arch facing the audience, watching the last few people being guided to their seats through the increasing darkness. She knew that one of these was a friend of Jackie's who had deliberately entered late at the director's request, an unnecessary precaution this time. The auditorium was fully darkened by the time the last of these was seated, but she waited until the ushers reached the back of the room before she began her first line, working hard to keep her voice under control as she thought of the two thousand people staring at her brightly lit nude body. She could feel all those eyes on her, and her nipples hardened even more as the play began.

"This play is called 'Our Town'." Even after all the rehearsals naked, it was hard to believe that she was standing right at the front of the stage, only a couple of yards from the nearest audience members. She took a deep breath. "It was written by Thornton Wilder; produced by the Cronenberg School for Girls; directed by Miss Jackie Keaton." The fact that she was using the participants real names in this speech drove home to her that her name was printed in the little program that was handed out; she would not just be an anonymous body seen nude by these people, each one would know just who she was. "In it you will see Miss Suzy O'Brien..." As she continued with the list of characters, she felt her heart lighten a bit just from the name of her friend; it brought back to her that she was not alone. Continuing her monologue, she moved back upstage, turning and walking to the back of the stage, knowing this exposed her naked buns to the audience. She turned back to them and continued to describe Grover's Corners, walking back towards the front but moving from one side of the stage to the other. Then she was level with the tables for a bit, and then back in front of the proscenium pillar. She would be spending much of the play standing here, at the very front of the stage, the position that most exposed her to the audience. She felt herself becoming still more aroused at the thought of all the eyes currently focused on her nakedness; her nipples tightening even more, her pussy becoming moister and moister.

She continued her speech, trying to keep her emotions under control, but when the time came to look at her watch, her hand twitched as she raised the pendant causing her arm to catch under her breast and brush it up. She looked at the watch, nodded, held it to her ear, nodding again and smiling, but actually quivering inside as she realized that the bouncing motion of her breast was proving to many of the audience that it was unconfined, that she truly was naked. Her pussy was soaking now. Fortunately, only had to deliver a few more lines, then the action was taken up by others. Catherine continued to stand at the proscenium arch, but turned so she was watching the action instead of the audience. There was enough light from the stage that she had been able to see the faces in the front few rows clearly, and now at least she did not have that visual reinforcement of the fact that she was naked in front of a multitude. She knew there was over a page of dialogue; so she allowed her mind to wander from the action. Suzy was adorable as the teenage Emily; her expressions lent the character a mixed air of innocence and sexuality. She looked at the girl playing Rebecca; Frankie's makeup and Ellie's costumes were unbelievable; the teenager looked no older than the required eleven years old. Catherine decided she would have liked to see Emily made up as an eleven-year-old, her friend would have looked adorable, but Emily was the lead.

A cough from the audience brought Catherine's mind back to her present predicament. Now that she was facing the action on stage her red heart and damp lips were no longer visible to the multitude, and her breasts could only be seen by a portion of the audience, and for them only in profile. But her buttocks, her bare arse was totally exposed to the entire audience, and there was no way she could hide herself until...

The children were leaving for school; that was her cue. As the four actresses walked toward the back of the stage, Catherine moved as unobtrusively as possible along the side of the pillar and into the wings. Here, out of sight of the audience, she let herself relax for the first time since the play began. She took deep breaths, her eyes shut tight, trying to calm the emotion in her belly, her breasts heaving with each gasp. Suddenly she felt both her hands held; Suzy was standing in front of her, squeezing her hands supportively.

"God, you were terrific. I watched the entire monologue from the wings. Unbelievable. I don't know how you can do it dressed like this; I know I never could. You were great."

"So were you, Suzy." Both girls jumped at the unexpected whisper. Jackie had just made it to this side of the stage, and had actually congratulated her enemy. The two girls were surprised, and Jackie rose in their esteem. "You were both very good. Just keep it up, and we'll win the competition." Both girls beamed at the praise.

But Catherine's respite was brief. It seemed no time at all had passed before she had to walk briskly back on stage, and continue to describe the town and the action. The first dialogue, with Professor Willard, took place almost dead center on the stage. She was relieved that she had a moment to get used to the exposure again before flaunting her nudity at the front of the stage. Part of her mind admired the makeup job on the Professor; this was another girl made up as a man, and much as she disliked the trick Frankie had pulled on her, Catherine had to admit that she was a genius with the greasepaint.

But after this bit she had to move forward to the Webb 'house', the table downstage left, to call upon Mr. Webb for the next dialogue. This brief colloquy took place centrally but just behind the proscenium. And then it was time for the most worrisome part of the play. Catherine walked to the very front of the stage, and looking out directly at the audience, she asked, "Now, is there anyone in the audience who would like to ask Editor Wood anything about the town." She was terrified that some yahoo would use this chance to put in a question that was not in the play, forcing them to ad lib, or, worse, would ask about her nakedness.

"Is there much drinking in Grover's Corners." The voice of The Woman in the Balcony. Catherine felt a wave of relief. The Belligerent Man followed, and finally the Lady in a Box. This character, played by Jenny, was the only one Catherine could see clearly, and she certainly would not have recognized her enemy in this middle-aged dowager. With this exchange the dangerous portion had ended, and Catherine relaxed a bit, as she started her next monologue, moving to the corner of her pillar as she did so. Soon she was standing with her back almost to the audience again, her naked buns on constant display as she watched the action on stage.

It seemed like time had stopped to her, but eventually her next cue came; and she walked away from the pillar back toward center stage as she halted the action and dismissed the characters. She turned back to the audience, alone on stage again, nothing to draw their eyes away from her nakedness as she began her speech. The stage lights all dimmed except for a spotlight on her, making her feel even more exposed. At one point she glanced down, and her eye was caught by the glitter in her pubic hair, the spotlight enhancing it to a degree she would not have believed possible. She blushed as she realized that her heart of hair would be drawing every eye to her private parts as it sparkled. Finally, the choir began to sing, the lights came up again, and she was able to finish her lines and leave the stage for the second time. Breathing deeply to try to calm herself she hurried to the dressing room, not registering the old man standing in the hall, eyes glowing at the sight of her nudity. Ignoring everyone in the room, she headed immediately to the makeup area and grabbed a handful of tissues. There was no time for modesty so she quickly swiped the tissues up her thighs, and along her vaginal lips, drying the flood of moisture that was there. That scene under the spotlight had almost been too much for her.

She hurried back to the stage, and had to wait in the wings a while before her cue to stroll on. For a change she did not move to the front after giving her line, but stood fairly far upstage and rather off to the left. As George and Rebecca spoke their final dialogue, she started to amble forwards, and was almost level with the tables when the two finished their lines. She picked up a chair from the left table, carried it to the center front of the stage and put it down backwards, the back legs less than six inches from the edge of the stage. She could hardly stand, and she could feel the juices running down her thighs once again. She sat down on it, facing the audience, forcing herself not to let them see her wince from the feel of the cold metal on her naked buns. Her legs were spread wide by the back of the chair, and her naked, open, dripping cunt was visible to the entire audience inside the inverted U of pipe that form the back and legs. She leaned forward so her breasts slid over the cold metal until the back of the chair was firmly pressed against her ribs and her breasts pointed to the people in the balcony.

"That's the end of the First Act, friends. You can go and smoke now, those that smoke, or get yourself a drink," she said in a clear voice as she waved dismissively, and then dropped her hands to her knees, sitting with arms and legs spread wide, staring at the audience haughtily as the lights came up. She was not thinking of the many times she had done the same thing in rehearsal; rather she was thinking that this was even more embarrassing than her exposure to the doorman. The posture was similar, but two thousand people ogling her display was more embarrassing that one man, even if that one had been only a foot away. And it was more arousing. She could feel her the wetness puddling under her buns and her nipples were as hard as they had ever been.

There was no applause, as the audience was too shocked by the brutal exposure, but eventually a couple of the Cronenberg students in the audience started to leave, and most of the rest of the audience followed in a rather dazed state. Catherine did notice that a lot of the males who were at the sides of the auditorium chose for some reason not to exit by the side aisles, but to walk down, across the front of house till they were directly in front of her, and then up the center aisle.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 28 - Intermission**

As Catherine sat on the cold metal chair, her tits resting on the back, her hands on her wide-spread knees, she scanned the auditorium, watching the audience slowly file out to the lobby. It seemed like an hour before the stream of men crossing from the side to the center aisle so they could get a closer view of her nudity slowed to a trickle, but Catherine still couldn't see a sign of Jackie at the back of the auditorium. She was beginning to wonder if Jackie had forgotten that she was to give her a signal when it was time to leave the stage when she saw her appear at the back.

Jackie stood there, looking first at the displayed Catherine, and only then around the auditorium. There were still too many people moving to the exit for Catherine to move yet, another two minutes should do it. Jackie wondered if the time so far had seemed to Catherine like the three minutes it actually was since the end of the act. She remembered how time had seemed to slow for her when she was just topless in front of the class, and thought to herself how much longer it might seem for someone totally nude in front of such a crowd of strangers.

Catherine now had her eyes locked on Jackie, for the first time able to ignore the men passing in front of her, but Jackie gave her no sign. As the next hour dragged by, or so it seemed, Jackie simply stood where she was, looking first at Catherine, then at the departing crowd. Finally, Catherine saw Jackie wave at her, and with a sigh of relief, peeled herself off the wet seat. She blushed as she realized that the arousal would be visible on her behind for anyone who looked closely, and she was sure many would. She took a deep breath, walked to the center of the stage and down the steps to the front of house area. She tried to stroll nonchalantly up the center aisle, but her churning stomach made it very hard to keep the look. As she walked up the aisle, she kept her eyes straight ahead, but couldn't help seeing at least the few that were seated by the aisle.

One that caught her eye was a rather corpulent well-dressed man who had just sat thinking for a while, but about the time that Jackie had appeared had pulled a small notebook from his pocket and started to jot something down. He started to put the book away just as she passed him. As she continued to climb the aisle, she heard one of the two girls in Cronenberg uniform sitting behind him ask an embarrassing question, "Did you see her pussy? What's with that heart?" Catherine still found the heart trim a truly embarrassing feature, and so she hurried on, missing the rest of the conversation.

"I'm not sure," relied the other Cronenberg student, "but I did hear something from one of the crew." Mr. Blaufeldt who had leaned forward in order to get up leaned back again with a smile on his face. Jackie had coached these two, and had placed them right behind the theater critic.

"Come on, tell me."

"I can't swear it's true, but I was told they debated for ages about the costume for the stage manager; Some were for simplicity, some were more anxious to suggest that he showed all our emotions, like someone who wears his heart on his sleeve shows his. They thought of a costume with a heart actually sewn on the sleeve, but that was rejected. When the current costume was selected, they thought of a heart tattoo on her arm, but decided it would look too tacky. Finally someone suggested shaping her pussy into a heart shape; this would act as a suggestion that his emotions are visible to all and also that they are central to his being."

"Is that really true."

"Like I said, I can't say for sure, but my source is usually fairly reliable. Anyhow, I'm thirsty. Let's go grab a drink."

As the two girls headed off to the lobby, Mr. Blaufeldt made a quick note in his little book, then headed for the lobby himself.

Meanwhile, Catherine had continued to the top of the aisle and out the main door. Once again she found herself on the landing at the top of the wide marble staircase. She paused a minute as she saw the sea of people in the lobby below and heard the murmur of a thousand voices. Just as she stepped onto the top step, she heard the murmuring lessen. She looked down and realized that someone had seen her and the word was spreading; head after head turned and stared up at her naked form.

She wanted to sneak away, but knew she could not do that. She wanted to walk right beside the stone balustrade, which would at least reduce her exposure a little, but she wouldn't do that either. She steeled herself and swept down the center of the staircase, "like one of the old-time stars entering a ball" as Jackie had phrased it. Of course, those stars were clad in the most beautiful gowns; they didn't have to make their entrance naked.

She was still aroused, and still very embarrassed as she strode off the last step and across to the bar at the other side of the lobby. The crowd parted for her as she swept through them like a ship in a canal. She could not believe that she was walking among this many people, totally nude. She could see the eyes of all the people ahead of her sweeping from her moist pussy to her hardened red nipples and back, and she was sure that there were an equal number of eyes focusing on her naked buns, still damp with her juice from the chair. She blushed at the thought that all of these people could see the unmistakable signs of her shameful arousal.

She reached the bar, and, deciding that she really didn't want a carbonated drink, asked for a Virgin Mary. She was standing at the bar itself, so her pubic area was hidden from sight but she noticed that, even as he efficiently dealt with tomato juice, salt, tabasco, Worcestershire Sauce, and celery, the barman was looking up at the naked breasts that were heaving to the deep breaths she was taking to calm herself. She also knew that her bare buns were visible to the crowd behind.

When the barman handed her the drink she thanked him, then started to mention that her director had arranged to pay later.

"I know of your tab, Miss," he interrupted her, "but this drink is on the house. With my compliments."

She thanked him again, then started to wander around the lobby. She looked at some posters for coming attractions, then noticed she was close to the main entrance. She was feeling very daring for some reason, so she took another swallow of her drink, then stepped out of doors. She was standing on a terrace that ten feet away became the sidewalk, surrounded by dozens of people all smoking cigarettes. She carefully read a large poster for two performances by a visiting orchestra scheduled for tomorrow, the only two by that orchestra this year, while continuing to drink. Surprisingly, she found that standing out here, her embarrassment diminished considerably. After about two minutes, she had finished reading the poster, and headed back into the lobby. She finished her drink, placed the glass on a convenient sill, and started to wend her way through the crowd to the ladies' room. As she passed group after group of chatting people, all of whom seemed able to spare enough attention to stare at her naked body, she found she was becoming more and more aroused as she became more and more embarrassed.

Just as she reached the washroom, she saw the makeup assistant enter the lobby from the backstage area carrying a small makeup case. Catherine knew she would meet her in a minute, so she slipped into the washroom. She was lucky enough to be able to slip into a stall almost immediately to relieve her bladder, and she used the chance to very carefully dry her buttocks and thighs, and of course the area between her thighs. She stepped out of the stall and walked over to a sink to wash her hand. There was quite a crowd of women in the room, and they looked at her with a mixture of expressions; disgust, approval, uncertainty, and most commonly surprise. She could still feel the eyes on her as she washed and dried her hands.

At this point the makeup girl drew her to one of the sinks, and used the light from the mirror to guide her in touching up Catherine's lipstick. Catherine was then bent forward with her hands on the edge of the sink, while the makeup girl used a warm damp cloth to clean the backs of her thighs and her taut buns. Catherine blushed at the knowledge that at least a dozen strangers were party to these very personal ablutions. The girl then used a soft cloth to dry the same area, ending by wiping her still moist slit, and finished up by applying a very light dusting of powder. Catherine then stood and turned so she was facing the crowd and leaning back against the sink. The girl powdered her face and breasts, a very light dusting. Finally, she combed a bit more glitter into Catherine's hair, then squatted down and added more glitter to her pubic hair, working it in with her fingers. Once again Catherine was mortified at the very personal caress, and her blushes showed it. The makeup girl picked up her case and hustled out the door without a word, leaving an embarrassed Catherine to follow more slowly.

Catherine spent the next few minutes strolling as nonchalantly as possible through the mob of attendees. She could see their eyes on her nudity, but simply acted the part of a very haughty lady, and nobody approached her. She had just stopped to read a poster close to the bottom of the steps, when she heard a loud chime, and the lobby lights dimmed for a second. She moved quickly to the bottom of the grand staircase, and was there before the crowd. As she swept up the steps, she could feel the eyes of the entire lobby on her naked buttocks. She knew that her position on the staircase allowed everyone to see her at the same time, unlike the past few minutes, when those close to her blocked the sight from the rest.

She tried to keep emotions in check as she walked through the open doors into the auditorium, but the continued exposure was still causing her stomach to churn, and she knew she had two acts to go. She saw one of the stage hands wearing her full uniform, a full uniform that included skirt, blouse, and jacket, pick up the chair from center stage and place it back behind the table. She wondered if it was still wet. As she walked down the aisle she got the answer. The stagehand returned from the wings with a cloth in her hand, and gave the chair seats a wipe, doing the other five very quickly, but ending with a much longer polish of Catherine's chair.

Catherine blushed again at this further evidence of her arousal as she arrived at the bottom of the aisle and mounted the steps to the stage. She turned left and walked over until she was in front of the pillar again, then sat on the stage with her knees about a foot apart, and her legs hanging over the front of the stage. This was a change that she and Jackie had worked out earlier in the week, so she would not have to stand in front of the pillar during the intermission. She continued to sit there, gazing at the returning audience, until they were back in their seats, and the house lights had dimmed.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 29 - The Play Continues**

As the house lights extinguished, she climbed to her feet and started her introductory monologue; at least this wasn't quite as bad as the first act; it was only be about two minutes before there was someone else on stage to take some of the eyes off her, and in another minute they took up the action, and Catherine was able to stand at the pillar, watching the action, thus turning herself three quarters away from the audience. She knew most could only see her arse, although some could see her breasts in profile. She actually found it relatively restful, standing like that for the five pages of dialogue.

Soon, however all the players left the stage, and she had to turn back to the audience to provide more exposition. Whether it was the fact that she was exposing her trimmed pussy again or that she could actually see the people were there, something turned her on again; she felt her nipples hardening, and her pussy moistening.

During most of this speech she stayed facing the audience, but toward the end she stepped to the wings to take the board from a stagehand girl, placed it on the backs of two chairs, and then brought two stools from the wings and set them up behind the board to form the drugstore counter. Once her speech was finished she stepped into the wings; half-way through the act and she was for the first time since the washroom out of sight of the audience, visible only to a couple of her classmates.

She only had a couple of minutes to calm herself before one of the stagehands handed her the spectacles she wore as Mrs. Morgan and she was back on stage, this time as the drugstore owner. At least this time she was interacting with two other actresses, and as such was not directly facing the audience. Serving the two at the "counter" had her facing mainly away from the audience, so she was able to almost ignore her nudity. Besides she was only on stage for a moment this time before she was able to retire to the wings again for a minute.

Once again the respite was brief before she was back on stage as Mrs. Morgan. A short exchange with the actress at the counter, then she was alone on stage again. She removed her glasses, placing them on the counter, and turned once more to face the audience. "Well--" she started, and clapped her hands loudly. "Now we're ready to get on with the wedding."

As she continued to talk, a number of stagehands, all in Cronenberg uniform, quickly removed all the tables, chairs and other scenery, then set up the stage as the inside of the church. This was the scene that had made the girls so careful in school today, none of them wanted to find themselves on stage showing their underwear &SHY; or even topless. And since Catherine had to be on stage naked for the entire play, these girls knew that they could not be spared if they received a punishment. One of the stagehands hurried to Catherine and handed her the strip of starched linen with velcro strips that was to be her collar.

Even as the scene change was continuing, Catherine had neared the front of the stage during her speech. She slid the collar around her neck and fastened the strips under her mane of hair as she gave the line, "In this wedding I play the minister." Tonight for the first time she realized just how much that movement raised her breasts, how it presented them to the audience. Her emotions were mounting again, she was becoming aroused, partly because she felt that playing the part of a minister while naked was as sacrilegious as her nude morning in church. She managed to complete her monologue, and then stood and watched as the congregation took their seats.

As the actress playing George started to make her way down the right aisle from the back of the auditorium, three baseball players appeared at the right proscenium pillar, and started catcalling and gesturing at him. Catherine strode across the stage, telling them to stop and pushed the three offstage. Unfortunately, during the action, one of the gestures to George caught Catherine's breast and rubbed hard against it, in full view of the audience. Although her character could not pay any attention to the accidental caress, this scene was the first where she actually touched another actorm and the unexpected feeling of cloth brushing her taut nipple, with the knowledge that the spectators had seen it, raised her embarrassment to unprecedented heights, and aroused her as well, of course.

Soon Catherine found herself standing on a raised platform at the back of the stage, facing the audience, with George and Emily standing in front of her, and almost the entire cast seated in the congregation. At this point in the play, she was completely visible to the maximum number of eyes; the entire audience and almost the entire cast as well were all gazing at her nakedness, displayed on this dias. She kept herself going through the ceremony and the kiss, and through her soliloquy during the kiss. Then during Mendelssohn's "Wedding March", as George and Emily ran up the center aisle to the back of the auditorium, she stepped down from the platform, and walked to the last row of the congregation, who were moving quickly offstage, as she raised her hands to her neck and undid the collar. Her breasts bounced more proudly than ever as she walked with her arms in this position.

She dropped the strip of cloth on one of the chairs, and picked up another and carried it to her proscenium pillar. Here she set it down back to the audience and sat on it legs akimbo, facing the audience and delivered her final line of the act: "That's all the Second Act, folks. Twenty minutes intermission." The n she placed her hands behind her head and leaned back against the pillar, as the stage lights dimmed and the house lights came up. She totally ignored the applause that washed over her, carefully studying the ceiling above the balcony. She knew she was as exposed now as she had been at the end of the first act, and found that she was no less aroused this time, and once again she felt her juices puddling beneath her buttocks.

The audience, probably less shocked this time, left the auditorium more quickly and it was only three minutes before Catherine saw Jackie signaling her. For the second time tonight, she got off the chair, walked up to the back of the auditorium, and swept down the grand staircase under the eyes of crowd below. One more time through the crowd, exposed at close range to their eyes, to the bar where she chose a ginger ale to try to settle her stomach, which was still feeling her emotions. Once again the bartender told her that the drink would be on the house, his eyes on her jutting breasts confirming the reason.

She strolled through the crowd, drinking her soda, and watching for the makeup girl. Very shortly she saw her and the two entered the ladies' room together. Just as before, the makeup girl drew Catherine to one of the sinks, and used the light from the mirror to check her face, but decided it only needed powdering. She therefore had Catherine bend forward while she washed and dried her buttocks, thighs and vaginal lips. Since there were at least as many women watching her this time as last, Catherine blushed again at these very personal ablutions. The girl then powdered the newly cleaned area, and then her face and breasts. Finally, she combed Catherine's hair, then squatted down and combed her pubic hair. Once again Catherine was embarrassed by the very personal attention, blushing deeply. Once again, the makeup girl picked up her case and hurried out the door without a word; Catherine following immediately, if more slowly.

For the second intermission, Jackie had decided that Catherine should not spend the entire time in the lobby, but should return to the stage about half-way through. For this reason, Catherine only strolled through the attendees for a couple of minutes before she swept back up the staircase, once again feeling the eyes of the entire lobby on her naked buttocks.

Once she had made the emotional passage down the aisle and up onto the stage, she walked back to where the stagehands were removing the church setting and made a few gestures to one of the girls, as if giving her the directions a stage manager should. She then walked back to her pillar -- the chair had been removed by one of the stagehands while she was in the lobby -- and sat down with her back against the pillar and her feet flat on the floor about two feet apart. She let her forearms lie on her knees, and just sat there watching the audience as they milled about. She knew there was still nearly ten minutes before the end of the intermission.

The time passed slowly as Catherine sat on the stage, naked, exposed to those members of the audience who had stayed in the auditorium. After about five minutes she got up, and walked upstage where a dozen chairs had been set up in three open rows. She checked them over, moved one slightly, then walked back to her pillar and resumed her place, feet apart, arms on knees, leaning back against the pillar. She continued to peruse the attendees who were trickling back into the auditorium.

Eventually, she heard the sound of the warning chimes faintly through the open auditorium door, at the same time as she heard steps on the stage behind her, telling there that the dead were taking their places on the chairs that represented their graves, so she knew the intermission was almost at an end.

The stage lights came up, though not quite as bright as for the previous acts, and the house lights dimmed completely. Catherine pulled herself to her feet and started the monologue that began the last act. Soon she would be out of the public eye. But she had to get through this. The start of this act, like Act 1, had her talking directly to the audience for about five minutes. While she would turn to one side or the other to indicate something she was referring to, she always had to turn right back, so her pussy and breasts were still in full view of the entire auditorium. While this time she was not alone on stage, the dozen actresses up their with her did not help to reduce her feeling of exposure; eleven of them were corpses, sitting very still in the chairs, looking straight forward, and the twelfth, playing Joe Stoddard, the undertaker, was just hovering about at the very back of the stage. In fact, they actually increased her embarrassment, as she felt as though the cast was ogling her bare backside as much as the audience was staring at her nipples and vaginal lips.

The continued exposure was acting on her libido, keeping her in a constant state of arousal, and even as she continued her speech, she struggled to prevent that arousal from becoming a totally uncontrolled fit of passion, the passion coming through in her voice. Still she managed to finish the introduction, and as the action was taken over by her classmates, she moved slowly into the wings. She knew she had over three pages before her next cue, so she used the time to reduce her emotions as much as she could. Now that she was out of the public eye, if only for a short time, she was able to relax, and let her body take a break. She sat on one of the chairs, and just let herself breathe deeply and rhythmically.

Soon, too soon it seemed, she stepped out to the side of the pillar, sucking a cherry lollipop, to replace the cigarette in the script. She remembered that the lollipop had been suggested to Suzy by *Kojak*, but given her current costume Catherine wondered if the audience might find her more reminiscent of *Lolita*. She stood beside the pillar, but was looking upstage, so she felt less exposed than she had before.

This was followed by a long scene where she was interacting with the other actresses, something that did not happen often in the play, and which was easier than standing by herself talking directly at the audience. She was specially happy that she was interacting the Emily, that is with her friend Suzy. Between the action with her friend and the chance to concentrate on the lollipop when she was not actually in a dialogue, Catherine found this part of the scene passed far faster and with less embarrassment than any earlier part.

Finally she stepped to the side of the stage, handing the lollipop to a stagehand offstage, and pulled a thin black curtain across the scene Standing in front of this curtain, she started with relief on her final monologue. She was almost ecstatic with relief as she wound the pendant watch and delivered the final line: "Hm... Eleven o'clock in Grover's Corners. -- You get a good night too. Good night." With that line she headed offstage.

The applause was thunderous, and the cast had to make four curtain calls, instead of the two that had been planned. During the second curtain call, two ushers brought large bouquets of roses, which they presented to Catherine and Suzy. The young man who made the presentation to Catherine seemed extremely pleased at his task. Jackie might be a mean trickster in school, but she was very serious about drama, and she was determined to do the right thing by her performers. As the two girls stepped back into position and took another bow with the rest of the cast, the official photographer took two photos of the assembled players.

Catherine finally made her way back to the dressing room and dropped exhausted on a couch. She lay there gasping with emotion. She had made it through the worst of her punishment, the two hours on stage in front of over two thousand people; the next three and a half weeks would be a breeze compared to tonight.

**Catherine the Great, Chapter 30 - The Morning After**

"Wake up, Sleepyhead!" Catherine slowly opened her eyes at Suzy's cry. She slowly remembered where she was and what had happened last night. "Hurry up and shower. You mustn't be late for the presentation at our celebratory breakfast." Suzy pulled the thin sheet off Catherine's naked body, grabbed her arm and pulled her to her feet. "Now, get moving!" As Catherine picked up her shampoo, soap, and towel, Suzy's hand hurried her on her way with a loud slap on her bare left buttock.

She hustled down the cool corridor and into the washroom, quickly slipping into one of the empty shower stalls, and adjusting the water to a hot, relaxing spray. As she shampooed her auburn mane, she recalled last night. First she ran through the long exposure on stage. She shuddered at the memory of the long performance and of the exposure in the lobby and ladies' room during the intermission. And afterwards. She recalled how she had thrown herself down on the couch in the dressing room, totally exhausted. While the others quickly removed their makeup, then hurried to the back of the auditorium to wait for the announcement from the adjudicators about the winners, all Catherine could do was slowly clean the makeup from her face using a jar of cold cream and box of tissues that Suzy had thoughtfully dropped beside her on the couch.

She was, however, able to hear the results through a loudspeaker that was connected to the stage so that actors in makeup could follow the action on stage, and would have no excuse for missing their cues. It was over a quarter of an hour before the head adjudicator took his place at the front of the stage, for the announcements. He started by saying that the normal critique of the plays, which would have been done at a one-act festival, would have been too long each day, so they were being written up and a copy of them all would be sent to each school, so the students could learn from the event. This would be delivered next week. This was followed by the normal blather about the difficulty of selecting only one for each award, with so many good performances this year.

Finally, he announced the best actor, some boy from a co-ed school that Catherine had never heard of. "Best actress was also a very difficult choice. Over the past five days we have seen a number of extremely good performances, but one actress played a very difficult part in a very difficult play, with great emotion, and we all concurred that Miss Catherine Higgins of the Cronenberg School for Girls deserves this award." Catherine was overjoyed at this accolade. She had tried to do her best, but had never expected this kind of recognition. She smiled contentedly as she rubbed more cold cream on her rouged cheeks.

"Finally, the big award for the night. Best Production is especially important this year, as the prize includes $10,000 in scholarship money for the winning school. We were pleased to see that most of the schools attempted relatively difficult plays, and that all did at very least a workmanlike job. While, as always, some were better than others, not one was less than enjoyable to watch. We worried about our choice, worried that we would be accused of letting factors other than the acting enter into our judgement; but in the end we decided that we had no choice. The prize for Best Production goes to the Cronenberg School for Girls, for tonight's presentation of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town". Choosing an extremely difficult play, even for professionals, this school took a further risk by entrusting the direction to a student, a risk that we applaud."

As she soaped her body, Catherine remembered the riotous bus ride home. Miss Copoletta had decided that she could not allow the girls to party in the city this late at night, and the rules required her to deliver the day students to their homes, so she told the girls she wanted everyone to meet in the cafeteria at 8:30 for a celebration breakfast. Before she was dropped off at her house, Suzy had promised Catherine that she would come over early to be sure Catherine got up in time for the breakfast. This was a school function; she certainly didn't want to be late, and extend her punishment. Suzy had kept her word.

She dried herself quickly, hurried back to her room and got dressed. One advantage of being punished was the reduction in the time it took to get dressed. She only had to pull on her socks and tie her shoes, and she was ready for the day. Suzy mentioned the fact that Catherine's nipples were still redder than normal, something Catherine had already noticed; then the two friends tripped down to the cafeteria.

They arrived at the cafeteria just as the doors were opened, a late opening since today was Saturday. Almost everyone from the cast was already there, and gathered around two large tables in one corner of the large room, but many other boarders had also arrived, and sat elsewhere around the room. Catherine felt embarrassed once again, blushing at the thought that she was still naked in front of all these girls. On the ride back last night, Catherine had been quite relaxed, relieved that her long exposure on stage in front of so many people was over, and had actually come to the conclusion that she would no longer be affected by exposure to her classmates; she had been sure the next three weeks would be a breeze. However, she realized now that that was just a temporary feeling, an overload so to speak, and that she was still finding her public nudity embarrassing, and, yes, arousing as well. But it was still less humiliating than in front of two thousand people on stage; at least that was finished.

Catherine grabbed the first chance to ask Frankie about her nipples. Frankie told her that she had been worried that makeup would rub off on something, or smear, so she had used a special non-toxic dye, and the color would wear off over the next week or two. Catherine felt embarrassed at the knowledge that her nipples were going to be even more noticeable during the next portion of her punishment than they were over the last week.

Miss Copoletta arrived at this point, carrying five copies of the Gazette, and told the girls that the play had a major review in the drama section. Catherine and Suzy overheard Jackie telling Jenny and the girl who had been head of publicity: "Remember that special press release we sent to old Blowhard? My friend says he not only reads them, he picks out phrases from them and uses them in his reviews. I bet we'll find a lot about 'the bare facts' and 'the naked truth' in that review."

Breakfast was forgotten, the papers were thrown on the tables and several girls crowded around each one as they all tried to read the review at once. No sooner had they begun reading than the P.A. system summoned Miss Copoletta to the office of the headmistress.

Catherine was especially shocked to see the cast picture spread across four columns. Although two black bars covered her nipples and privates, it was obvious she was standing on stage naked. She blushed at the thought of all the readers who would see that shot. As she felt her arousal increasing, she tried to read the article.

A Diamond and a Plate of Crow

by Gustav Blaufeldt

During my career as a drama critic I have had to suffer through countless, interminably bad plays by amateurs, particularly school productions, so I arrived last night's performance in a state of trepidation. When I discovered to my dismay that the play was directed not by an adult, but by one of the young students, I strongly considered leaving before the play began. Thank goodness my feeling of duty to my readers outweighed my natural sense of self-preservation, for this presentation was a diamond, and a polished diamond at that.

"Our Town" by Thornton Wilder is an extremely difficult play to stage successfully, and many respected professional companies have foundered on it. For a high school to attempt it with only a bevy of girls, none of them professional actors, and worse to allow an equally inexperienced schoolgirl to direct seemed to me, and still seems to me, a foolhardy risk, more so because there was a significant prize for the winning school. However, Jackie Keaton, the director in question brought a brilliant new vision to life. To show the universal application of Wilder's town, she had the stagehands dress in their school uniforms. She was aided in her work by a most able makeup team. If I did not have the cast list from the program in front of me, I would not believe that those elderly women and the stalwart male characters were all played by young girls. The illusion was well-nigh perfect, with the actors adding the mannerisms necessary to bring the characters to life.

While the entire cast was excellent, I must mention two actors in particular. Suzy O'Brien, who played Emily, sparkled as the teenager of the first act and was radiant as a bride in the second; but it was in the third act where, after her death, she goes back to relive a happy day that she truly shone. She had the ability to show the tremendous pathos of the situation, without ever letting it slip over into bathos.

Last, but certainly not least, we come to Catherine Higgins, who played the Stage Manager, and who I am sorely tempted to nickname Catherine the Great. The extensive monologues this part entails tend to become dry in many actors' hands, but Miss Higgins voice was always virtually quivering with emotion, and this emotion communicated itself to the audience. In order to symbolize that Wilder is tell us the naked truth about ourselves, this lovely young woman bravely played the part totally nude. The bravery was even more evident when, to show the fact that the play is linked to our current everyday lives, she joined the audience in the lobby during intermission. I will not tell you here how they symbolized that the Stage Manager was showing all her emotions, was 'wearing her heart on her sleeve' so to speak.

I was surprised that the school would permit a student to take this dramatic risk, so I called the headmistress of the Cronenberg School for Girls during the intermission, and she said, "I didn't like it, I still don't like it, but there is nothing I can do about it." I take my hat off to a school official who is willing to put her personal feelings aside in order to allow the freedom necessary to such provocative drama.

It was no surprise to me that this presentation won the Best Production award in the festival's competition, nor that Miss Higgins was selected as Best Actress.

And now for that dish of crow. When I first heard that Ed Moravoss was going to have the winner of the competition run for a week in that theater, and was going to charge $5.00 a seat, double the price during the competition, I said he must be looking for a tax writeoff. I also said that no one other than parents and friends would or should buy a ticket to a student production. I was wrong. That is a phrase I seldom use, but I was wrong on both counts.

I encourage all my readers who were not fortunate enough to catch the play last night, to run, not walk, run down to the box office and purchase a ticket for this gem of a production.

All the students were ecstatic at the review; Jackie high-fived Jenny, Frankie hugged her assistants, Suzy and Catherine hugged each other. Suddenly Catherine stopped.

"What is that about a week's run?" she asked.

"Oh, that!" Jenny replied. "You weren't here when this was set up nearly a year ago, were you? We have today off because of the concerts, but we start tomorrow for an eight day run. One show a day, and two on Saturday and Sundays. We have eleven more performances." Catherine gulped at the thought. "The price doubles, so the theater can keep half, but the school still gets $2.50 per ticket."

Catherine did a quick calculation. This would bring in about $55,000 for the school, but it would mean over 22,000 more people would see her if they all sold out.

"We don't have eleven more performances." Miss Copoletta had returned from the office just in time to hear Jenny's explanation. Catherine sank to a chair in relief. She did not have to go through that. "They have almost sold out already, and Ed Moravoss contacted the school this morning. The headmistress agreed to a two-week extension. We are doing twenty-nine more productions, not eleven."

Catherine calculated again. About $145,000 dollars for the school. No wonder the headmistress had agreed. But over 58,000 strangers, over 116,000 eyes, would be staring at her on stage. She felt her stomach churn, she felt the embarrassment increase, she felt the dampness between her legs. Would she survive three weeks of this? She wasn't sure, but she did know it was going to be a very, very long three weeks.

Catherine the Great, The End