**Hacker’s Punishment Continued**by MOF

**Hacker’s Punishment Continued Part 1**

**Chapter 1 Melanie’s Fifth Post to Leviticus**

This is my second post today. I thought I was done when I got home from work but since you perverts are supposed to know about my entire day I thought I better tell you about what was left of my Saturday.

Saturday was probably the worst day of my life. I spent my entire dinner reliving the torture that I experienced during the day. While eating my naked dinner it occurred to me that my day wasn’t over. I was supposed to meet my two best friends, Katy and Jen, for our usual Saturday night out. I would have canceled except that Levi specifically said that I had to meet with my friends as usual. There was some kind of rule about what I was allowed to wear so I rooted through my computer desk to find the printout that I had made. The rules which I finally found said the following: “shoes, a short skirt (I will tell you if I think it is too long, and right now all of yours are), and a button down shirt, with no more than three buttons buttoned.”

After what I had gone through during the day I figured that I could live with that. I’d have to make up some story to explain to Katy and Jen why their best friend had suddenly turned into a slut but I’d think of something.

I showered and chose a skirt and blouse that I hoped would satisfy Levi. Probably not. The only thing that satisfied Levi was my total nudity. Which is the state I was in as I proceeded to the car where I placed my paltry clothing on the passenger seat.

The toughest part about leaving the house was opening the garage door. I had no idea who was on the other side ready to see my naked body. For all I knew it could have been the local Cub Scout pack walking by. I suppose that I could have gotten down on my knees and lifted the door a couple inches and peeked under it but I think Levi would have enjoyed that scenario too much. And if I tried it I know for certain that he’d know it. So I simply pulled the door up and ran for the car. This evening I was lucky. No one in sight.

Driving a car while naked isn’t particularly easy. Not if you’re a woman and want to preserve any degree of modesty. I’d lower the seat as much as possible and then scrunch down as much as I could trying to minimize my exposure. People in other cars could see no more than my bare shoulders. The problem, of course, was SUVs and trucks. If the driver was looking he got a nice view of my naked breasts and naked legs and, if I wasn’t quick with hand, my well trimmed bush. Like tonight. I had just pulled out of the driveway and was making my naked way down my street when Bubba in his monster pick-up with its raised suspension comes toward me. I scrunched some more, hunched my shoulders, covered my crotch and stared straight ahead. As he drove by he looked, he honked and he braked. With my heart racing I floored it. I checked my rear view mirror and saw him making a u-turn. Fortunately his big truck wasn’t all that maneuverable. By the time he had it pointed in the right direction I had turned left and then right. I lost him in the maze of suburbia. My heart was still in my throat when I found an empty parking lot to dress in. I must have sat in my idling car for another ten minutes before I calmed myself down enough to drive to the bar where I was to meet my friends.

A fun Saturday in the life of Melanie. First I flaunt my naked body in front of Zeke, the company marketing guy, and then I’m chased around town, naked, by Bubba the truck driving pervert.

DAMN YOU, LEVI! DAMN YOU TO HELL!!

Now that I’ve got that off my naked chest I’ll continue with my evening.

I was meeting my friends at Banana Joe’s, a small bar where we frequently met. It had good snacks and big TV showing the ubiquitous ball game. When I walked in some of the guys looked my way and waved hi. No double takes so far. I spied my friends and walked quickly to their table. As I drew closer their eyes widened and their mouths dropped.

“Hey, Melanie,” said Katy. “Trolling for a one night stand tonight?”

“Ha, ha,” I replied. “I just felt kinda sexy this evening when I got dressed. Do you think I overdid it?”

“I think so,” said Katy.

Jen just stared. Of the three of us Jen was the smart one, Katy was the ditsy one, and I was kind of in the middle,

Jen leaned across the table and with her wide eyes locked on mine, she asked, “Are you wearing a bra, Mel?”

I figured it had to show what with the various gaps between my strategically buttoned three buttons and leftover cleavage. But I guess Jen had to make sure.

“You mean you can tell?” I replied.

Katy sort of snorted and Jen leaned back and continued staring with the same wide eyed look.

“Well you sure got balls,” said Katy. “I’d never have the nerve to dress like that. Although I gotta admit you do look awfully cute and sexy. Emphasis on sexy. Couldn’t you get your skirt any shorter? I mean like your butt’s not showing yet. Maybe you could hike it up a little. Your skirt I mean”

I felt a little better with Katy joking about my attire. Or lack of. Katy liked to talk and have fun. She enjoyed a couple beers and she had the bladder the size of a thimble. “Gotta go,” she said and rose to head to the ladies room.

“What, again?” said Jen.

Katy turned and flipped her the bird. “Fuck you,” she said in a quiet voice and strode off to pee.

Jen and I smiled at each other. Jen got that look again. “Are you wearing panties?” she asked.

I was startled by the question. How could she know? Did it show somehow? I was all of a sudden getting nervous and it probably showed. “Jen,” I said. “Why on earth would ask that?”

“Just a feeling,” she replied and pressed on. “So are you?”

Do I lie? If I did would Levi know? But none of that really mattered. I simply couldn’t lie to Jen. So with trepidation and some humiliation I told the truth. “No Jen, I’m not wearing any panties.”

I said it with what I hoped was a confidant, self-assured smile. Jen’s reaction surprised me. She simply leaned back in her chair and with her intent look she said, “Wow!”

And that was that. Katy returned and we talked and joked for a while and Jen never mentioned it again. Not to me and not to Katy. But off and on I kept getting that intent stare.

We were joined by some guys we knew and we talked and laughed and flirted. Nothing serious. Just the usual Saturday night stuff. It was particularly nice for me because it took my mind off my life as a closet nudist. Or it would have except for the guy who took the chair on my left. He pretty quickly determined that I wasn’t wearing a bra and that there were several gaps in my shirt. I’m sure that he saw a lot of breast and an occasional nipple. It’s always fun to get a rise out of a guy but this was too much. Again, I felt humiliated. An emotion that I was getting all too used to.

As we talked it occurred to me that I was exhausted. Naked at the office, Zeke, Bubba: it was all catching up with me. I made my excuses and turned down multiple offers for a date from the boob inspector. As I rose to leave so did Katy and Jen for the obligatory departing hug. Katy first.

“You’re nuts,” she whispered in my ear as we hugged.

When I hugged Jen all she said was, “Wow, Melanie.”

Did the contact seem a little tighter than usual? More intense?

On the way home I thought about it. Trying to figure out where Jen was coming from. I stripped at one of my usual spots and continued driving naked. It was dark and there was little traffic. When I got home there was nothing from Levi.

So, perverts, here’s my final post for the day. Jack-off or do whatever. I’m going to bed.

Melanie

**Chapter Two Melanie’s Sixth Post to Leviticus**

Sunday started like every other day. Naked. After showering I settled down in front of the computer with a coffee in my hand and butterflies in my stomach. What embarrassment and humiliation did Levi have in store for me today? He didn’t disappoint me. I opened his e-mail with trepidation.

*Dear, sweet, Melanie,*

*I enjoyed last night’s post immensely. I think you’re coming along just fine. Only six more tasks and this will all be behind you. But there are a few issues that we have to discuss. First, your car. When I made your rules it was clear that you were not to change your routine. And yet I noticed that you’ve started backing your car into the garage instead if driving in frontwards as usual. The reason you chose to change your routine is obvious. The opened car door offered you some privacy when getting in and out of the car. You are to be punished for this infraction and I will tell you how later in this e-mail.*

Shit! Such a minor thing. I hate you, Levi.

*Next issue. You were told that you were to get in shape. Lay off the junk food and start exercising. And what have you done? Beer and nachos at the bar and no other effort. Melanie, dear, if your going to walk around naked you have to look good. And as we both know, you are going to walk around naked. I have made up an exercise regimen that should help. It’s attached to this e-mail. I want you to follow it every day at 7 PM sharp. This will give you time to get home from work and have your dinner. I was going to let you do your exercises in the back yard but since you seem to be so concerned about your modesty you will do them in your living room in front of the picture window that faces the street. Your drapes, of course, must remain open.*

Exercises! In the nude! For the whole world to see! Just for backing the car in. Bastard!

*Now for the last issue, Melanie. Your yard and shrubbery are looking a little neglected. Your grass needs mowing, the shrubs trimmed and the beds edged and weeded. But I’m going to give you a break on this one. You’ve been pretty busy this past week and haven’t had much opportunity to take care of your yard. But I expect it done this afternoon and I expect you to wear your usual attire. Enjoy your day, Melanie.*

*Love, Levi*

Naked?! I’m going to mow and weed my yard naked? I can’t. I just can’t. I’ll get arrested! I was furious and scared. I couldn’t do this. In desperation I hit the “reply” button and typed furiously.

*Levi, I can’t do my yard naked. Some religious fundamentalist or a local parent will call the cops. The cops will come and tell me to stop and then you’ll make me continue and then they’ll put a raincoat over me or something and take me to the police station and I can’t lie! I’ll tell them about you and Leviticus and I’ll lose my job and any self respect I have left and you guys will get in trouble, too. Please, please, please, Levi. Don’t make me do this!*

I hit the send button and waited with my heart in my throat. After a couple minutes I got a reply.

*Not a very literary response, Melanie, but you do have a point. To do your front yard only, you may wear the clothes dictated by me. You have no side yard except for a small strip and the shrubbery. To trim that and to do the back yard you must dress as usual. That is, not at all. When you write your “end of the day” post for your fans I think you should include a brief description of your property. It will help them picture your life in the nude.*

*You are to do your grocery shopping this morning as usual. You do it at Walmart so that will be a good time to pick up your yard clothes. You’ll buy a pair of thin white cotton shorts that are tight enough to show the delightfully named ‘camel toe.’ Before you bring them home you’ll cut them off short enough to show the bottom of your cheeks. For a top I want you to buy a t-shirt one size too large. Cut off the sleeves and cut a wide v-neck that reaches to the middle of your breasts. Cut off the bottom of the shirt two inches below the vee. You’ll have to do this in the car so don’t forget your scissors. When you get home put your yard clothes beside the garage door. They must never go in the house or garage. Also, no extra fasteners. No safety pins or such. To make up for the additional clothes that I’m so generously allowing you to wear you are to remain naked until you’re in the Walmart lot and naked after leaving the lot. You see, Melanie, I am looking out for you.*

I read the two e-mails a second time and then I cried. I broke down and cried like a baby. I was never going to make it through this day. . I finally managed to compose myself and get some breakfast. I found the rules for attire while grocery shopping: “You may only wear three items, including shoes and jewelry.”

How many items were a pair of shoes? One? Two? The way Levi wrote the rule you’d think that two shoes were one item. On the other hand it could be a trick so that he could load another obscene rule on me. I played it safe. I chose a sun dress, not too long, and a pair of sandals. I found a pair of scissors and carried the items to my car.

When I raised the garage door a car with a family was driving by. I caught a glimpse of a girl in the back seat looking at me with bug eyes and her mouth open. She was tapping her dad on the shoulder and I ran for the car. I jumped in and slid down and fortunately the driver continued on. The father probably figured his daughter was seeing things. Naked people don’t stand in their garage for all the world to see. If he only knew.

On the naked drive to Walmart three different cars honked at me. I wondered what they must think. The drivers didn’t necessarily see that I was totally nude but they certainly knew I was topless. At any rate it was a three honk trip, a new record.

Levi said that I could dress (relative term) in the Walmart lot but didn’t say where. I drove to the far corner where there were no other cars and put my dress and sandals on and then made for a closer space. The sun dress wasn’t too bad. No stares or wolf whistles. I headed for women’s clothes and chose a pair of shorts and a too-large tee. I tried them on in the changing room but no luck with the shorts. No “camel toe.” The t-shirt was too big of course. I tried to picture it cut the way Levi wanted it and I almost started crying again. I would be flopping out of it with every movement. I got a smaller pair of shorts but couldn’t zip them. The best I could do was zip them about half way up. Just above my pubic hair. But they were tight enough to outline my labia and squeeze up into my vulva. This time I really did cry.

I completed my shopping, loaded my groceries in the car and returned to my secluded corner of the lot. There I hacked away at my new yard clothes. I cut away more material than I left. Then I stripped naked and drove home. It was a two honk drive.

I went through the usual routine getting my car in the garage. Once in the driveway I checked the street for traffic and pedestrians. When it was all clear I grabbed my yard clothes, threw them to the outside corner of the garage, raised the door and ran back for the car, the whole time praying that no one would show up. After pulling the car in the garage (frontwards) I did another check and lowered the door.

After getting the groceries in I made a quick lunch and then sat at the kitchen table screwing up the courage to continue my day. The really discouraging part was that I was going through all this torture and getting no closer to the end of my torment. I need a task. I dread a task. Shit! Enough whining. First sun screen. Lots of sun screen. Parts of my body were going to see the sun today that didn’t even know the sun existed.

Naked, I strode to the garage and raised the door. No one there. So far, so good. I got the lawn mower out and pushed it in front of my clothes. Until you try it you can’t understand the feeling of being naked and at any moment being discovered. My heart was always in my throat as I continually checked the street for traffic.

Crouching behind the minimal cover of the lawn mower I pulled on the shirt. Immediately my left boob was hanging out. I adjusted but every movement I made exposed one tit or the other or both. With my boobs finally arranged under what was left of my t-shirt I struggled into what was left of my shorts. I stood and wiggled them up to my crotch and with a final tug I went for the zipper. Giving it a good tug and a wiggle of my hips I managed to get it half way up while wincing from the loss of more than a few pubic hairs. I was so intent on my shorts that I forgot to continually scan for people. I looked up and there were two ladies on the other side of the street staring at me.

They were dressed for church and, I guess, decided to stroll home. One, the ugly one, started across the street toward me. The other one, the not so ugly one, grabbed her arm and said something to her. With that they continued down the street with a disgusted shake of their heads. I was getting to know that shake quite well.

Now that I was dressed (HA!) I primed the mower to start it. I tucked my boob back in and pulled the tope. A sputter and nothing. I tucked my other boob in and pulled again. Nothing. Another tuck and another pull and the mower came to life. Standing behind the mower I arranged my two tits and started pushing.

Apparently Levi thinks you should know what my property is like so here it is. I bought a big lot. Actually, it’s three lots, mine in the middle. The lots on both side are vacant and lightly wooded. The attached garage is on the left and there’s a narrow strip of grass on the right side. The front yard is about fifty feet wide and about thirty feet to the curb. No sidewalks. The back yard is about eighty feet wide and over a hundred feet deep. It takes me about an hour to mow the back and maybe fifteen minutes for the front.

Directly behind me live a retired couple, Martha and Herb Krasny. To their right lives a very stern looking lady of about sixty named Cora Tobin. And on the Krasny’s left live a young couple, Andrew and Molly Smith and there very cute three year old daughter named Grace. There’s not a lot of vegetation to protect me from the spying eyes of any of my back yard neighbors. The thought of spending an hour mowing my back yard bare naked terrified me.

But my current problem was the front. Being naked in public is embarrassing and humiliating. But dressed as I was while mowing the front yard I felt cheap. I felt like a whore on a street corner. I managed to keep my tits tucked in, but just barely. If a passerby paid attention I’m sure he would see most of my breasts and an occasional nipple. I wasn’t sure if these so-called clothes were going to keep me from being arrested. I had barely started mowing when I received my first honk, a guy with his mouth hanging open and a girl laughing. The humiliation I felt was unbearable. After two more traverses a young kid, maybe sixteen, walked by with his eyes glued on me. I gritted my teeth and stared straight ahead. I got two more honks and then the kid comes back from the direction he was going. He was watching me so intently that he stumbled on the curb and fell on his hands and knees. Embarrassed, he walked quickly on. One more honk and I was doing my final pass next to the curb.

The indefatigable boy was coming back and I’m sure he had a glorious view of all that I had to offer. He was staring at my crotch and when I checked it out I discovered that my zipper had come undone and there was a full view of my pubes. He couldn’t have been more that a couple feet away. With one hand I reached for the zipper and gave it a tug and lost some more hair. With that one of my boobs totally escaped. The kid stopped dead in his tracks and stared.

By now I was crying. I used both my hands to arranged my tits but my mower has one of those handles that shuts the motor off if you let go. I had three feet of lawn left and I knew I had to finish it. I pulled the rope and the mower restarted but all the moving around released both tits and the zipper came completely undone. With both breasts and my crotch exposed and with my shorts beginning to side down exposing the top half of my ass I pushed the mower as fast as I could past the kid to the drive and back to the garage. The boy was rooted to the spot, his eyes boring onto every nook and cranny of my body.

When I reached the garage I stripped my clothes off and threw them to the corner just outside the door. Naked, I ran into the house and collapsed on the kitchen floor, hysterical with shame and humiliation.

I probably laid there for a half hour or so, sobbing and feeling sorry for myself. Finally I got to my feet and made my way to the bathroom and had a glass of water. I stared at my naked self in the mirror. I’m an attractive girl. Boobs not too big or too small, slim waist in spite of what Levi thinks, a well trimmed patch (recently) and long well formed legs. My face on the other hand was a mess. My hair was a mess and my eyes were red and splotchy. I squared my shoulders and talked out loud to my reflection.

“Alright, Melanie, it’s time to stop being a baby and get this fucking yard work fucking done. So what if some pimply faced pervert saw your tits and pubes. Who cares if two ugly hypocrites saw you squeeze into your whore clothes. And so a few cars liked what they saw and honked. So fucking what! Now get your ass out there, put on your whore clothes and finish the yard.”

My pep talk, such as it was, worked. I strode out to the garage, got my trimming shears and weeder, walked to my rags and put them on. I didn’t look to see if people saw and I didn’t care. I trimmed the shrubbery in the front of the house and weeded the flower bed. The whole time I did it I was facing the house and couldn’t see if anyone was watching. When my tits fell out I tucked them back in. When my zipper fell down I sucked in my tummy and zipped it up. I got three more honks before I was done. I gathered up all my yard waste and deposited it in front of the garage. I couldn’t put it in the trash can because that was in the garage and my whore clothes weren’t allowed in the garage. Finally I stripped naked and finished the job. I grabbed the lawn mower and pushed it down the side off the house to the accompaniment of a last long toot of a car horn. Whoever it was got a very nice shot of my very cute and naked fanny.

I know this is a long post and as far as I’m concerned I don’t give a shit. Levi said to tell all and I’m telling all and there’s a lot left to tell. For you perverts who like to satisfy yourselves reading about my suffering you’re just going to have to take a break. I hope you all go blind.

I surveyed my back yard and contemplated spending the next hour pushing the lawn mower down and back in my altogether. From where I stood I could see all three houses behind mine and I imagined their occupants watching their crazy naked neighbor as she mowed.

Enough. It wasn’t going to get done if I never started it. Then I remembered the side strip of lawn. Shit! I started the mower and headed for the side of the house. It takes four passes to mow. I positioned myself for the first pass, screwed up my courage and began pushing toward the street, continually looking for passers-by. I got lucky. As far as I was aware I managed the side of the house without being seen.

Time for the back yard. Pushing the lawn mower toward the Krasny’s I never felt more naked and more on display. Maybe no one was looking. More likely my neighbors were watching me and trying to decide if I was a wanton slut or simply crazy. Or both. I managed several passes without incident. But then as I made my turn back toward the Krasny’s I saw Martha Krasny standing on her patio staring. I was walking toward her getting more and more nervous. She was looking right at me. What could I do. If I had clothes on like a normal person I would have smiled and waved. So that’s what I did. I smiled and waved. Wonder of wonders she smiled and waved back. Then she walked to meet me at the end of my pass. Great! Now I was going to have a naked conversation with my geriatric neighbor when all I wanted to do was finish mowing the fucking lawn. When we met she signaled for me to shut the mower off which I did. And then she started.

“Hi, Melanie. You remember me, don’t you? My name’s Martha. Herb and I live here,’ she said as she gestured over her shoulder toward the house. “We’ve never had a chance to really meet each other, have we, dear.”

She was running on as if she talked with naked people every day.

“I think it’s so wonderful how uninhibited you young people are today. I mean here you are mowing your lawn and you don’t have a stitch on. I said to Herb, ‘Herb, just look at our new neighbor. There she is, mowing the lawn and not a thing on.’ Well, of course, Herb had to see that, and he just had nothing to say. You must be a naturist or something. Is that what you call yourselves? Naturists? You must come over and visit sometime. Herb would love to see you, Oh,” she laughed, “I mean meet you of course. I mean he’s already SEEN you. Here I am, running on as usual and look, there’s Cora. Have you met Cora?”

I tried to get a word in edgewise but with no success. Martha grabbed my hand and pulled me along to meet Cora.

“Cora,” she rattled on. “You’ve met our neighbor, haven’t you? This is Melanie. She and I were just talking and I was telling her what a wonderful...”

“Shut up, Martha.”

Cora didn’t mince words. She turned her attention to me. Starting with my brown eyes her gaze slowly traveled down, pausing at my breasts and hard erect nipples, over my tummy that Levi seems to think needs tightening up, pausing again at my patch and finishing at my dirty grass stained feet. Her gaze came back up and she looked hard into my eyes.

“I hope your wearing sun screen,” she said. “You’re a very pretty girl. Thank you for adding a little excitement to our dull existence around here. I’m pleased to meet you. Stop in and see me some time. We’ll talk.”

With that she turned on her heel and walked to her house.

Cora can be a little abrupt at times,” said Martha. “She’s really very nice but you have to get to know her. Have you met the Smith’s? They’re nice, too. And they have such a pretty little girl. Why, just the other day I was...”

I interrupted saying that I had to finish tending to my yard. I said it was very nice to meet her and I hoped to see her again and blah, blah, blah.

As I started the mower. I thought to myself that it didn’t go anywhere near as badly as I expected. But then there was still the Smith’s.

Mowing was uneventful for the next twenty minutes or so. I was actually beginning to enjoy the feeling of being outdoors in the nude. I was almost done when I saw Molly Smith coming toward me with her daughter in tow. I knew it had to happen sooner or later so I was relieved to get it over with. I’d been mowing this lawn all summer and no one ever came out to meet me. Take my off my clothes and all of a sudden I’m Miss Popularity.

When we met I shut the mower down and smiled at Molly. She looked almost as embarrassed as I felt. She said hi and I said hi. There was an awkward silence and then Molly said, “This is Grace. She said she wanted to come out and meet you.”

I smiled at Grace and “Hello, Grace. I’m pleased to meet you.”

“Your naked,” was all she said in return.

“Yes, I guess I am,” I said. “Is that ok with you?”

“That’s ok. Why are you naked?”

Bold little thing. I should tell her I’m naked because of a warped pervert who’s making me do it. But I didn’t. Instead I said, “Oh, it’s such a beautiful day I thought that it might be fun to take my clothes off and mow the lawn.”

She looked intently at me and simply said, “Ok.”

I looked at Molly and she said, “Grace is very inquisitive and when she saw you she wanted to come out and ask about it. I hope you don’t mind.”

Mind? I was happy you didn’t come out with a gun.

“Andrew’s playing golf today,” she continued. “It’s too bad he wasn’t here. He would have loved to see you.” She laughed. “Maybe next time,” she said. “Do you, uh, do this... I mean dress like this.. I mean not dress like this very often?”

“Well, actually, I do.”

All the goddam time if you want to know the truth.

“Maybe I’ll meet Andrew sometime if, you know, it’s ok with you. I mean, my not having anything on.”

Molly laughed again. She had a pretty laugh. “Oh, don’t worry. I’ll make sure he behaves.”

Somehow I had a feeling that she would do just that. We parted and as they walked back toward their house I heard Grace ask, “Can I take my clothes off too, Mommy?”

I finished the mowing, trimmed the shrubs and weeded the beds. My feet and knees were dirty and grass stained and required ten minutes of scrubbing. Then I spent fifteen minutes in the shower washing off the sweat and grime and humiliation. But my day wasn’t done. At 7 PM I was to do my exercises, in the nude and in my front window. First the unbelievably humiliating experience of doing the front yard dressed like a whore. Worse than a whore. Then a nerve wracking afternoon mowing my back yard in the nude and meeting all my neighbors. Neighbors that hardly knew that I existed until I showed up in my birthday suit. And now my stupid exercises. Fuck you, Levi!

For dinner I grilled some chicken that I ate on my patio. Let the neighbors gawk. Maybe Andrew was home from his golf game. It didn’t seem fair that he should be the only one that hadn’t seen my naked body yet. After dinner I prepared for my exercise with a stiff drink.

At seven I printed Levi’s exercise regimen and prepared to further humiliate myself. I stood back from the window about five feet. I was afraid that if I stood too far back I couldn’t be seen very well in which case Levi would find some way to make it worse. He’d have me exercising on the rooftop or some dumb thing.

The first exercise was five minutes of windmills. For those of you who missed PE in school, a windmill is an exercise where you stand with your legs spread and arms outstretched. You touch your right hand to left toe, straighten, and then left hand to right toe.

I started my windmills and every time I stood upright I’d check the window for an audience. My street isn’t heavily traveled with pedestrians. I was hoping those that did walk by either wouldn’t look in or that maybe the reflection on the window would obscure the view. I was about three minutes into my windmills when I was proven wrong. An older couple walked by on the opposite side of the street. The woman glanced my way and stopped dead in her tracks. She stared and grabbed her husband and brought his attention to the naked lady in the window. They both stared and then walked on with the familiar head shake of wonder and disgust.

I finished my five minutes of windmills and took a quick breather. Next up was running in place for five minutes. That meant bouncing boobs, the pervert’s dream. Three cars passed by but no one noticed. The fourth car screeched to a halt and the young male driver ogled intently for about a minute. He smiled, gave me a thumbs up and drove on. God, it was terrible. I might as well have been on display in a store window at the mall.

Another breather and then something called an eight count burpee. From a standing position I squat and with my hands on the floor kick my legs out to a push up position. Then I do two pushups, back to a squat and back to standing. Five minutes. Ha! After a minute I was so tired I didn’t care who was watching. After three minutes I was panting and the sweat was rolling off. When I had completed my five minutes, through the fog of exhaustion, I saw a girl on a bicycle watching me. So what? I put my hands on my knees and panted. When I looked again she was gone.

Next was five minutes was sit-ups. Not so bad. Most of the time I couldn’t be seen and when I could be seen just the top part of me was visible. Boobs on up. I struggled through about three minutes and didn’t pay any attention to the window. When I did look there was a kid just standing and staring. Shit! I knew which exercises were coming and if that kid remained he was going to see things he hadn’t even dreamed about. After my five minutes I laid flat and prayed. Please, God, make him leave. I sat up. No luck. He stood where he was and stared.

Next on Levi’s list was five minutes of jumping jacks. Five minutes of bouncing my boobs and spreading my legs. God help me. I jumped and jiggled and bounced. He stared. A drive-by slowed to see what was going on and he stared. After he hit the curb he got his car under control and continued on. For five minutes that boy saw me bouncing, jiggling and spreading. Stick around kid. It’s going to get better.

My last exercise was more windmills. With my back to the window. My pubescent audience was going to see my ass hole and my sex. Not once but every time I touched one toe or the other. Enjoy yourself, kid. At least I didn’t have to look at him.

When I was finished giving him the show of his life I turned and looked. He was still as a statue. I shrugged and left the room. In my bedroom I laid on my bed and had a good cry. Once recovered I checked and the little shit was still there. He’ll probably be there when I leave for work tomorrow.

That’s it, perverts. I imagine your right hand’s getting pretty tired. Or do you use your left?

Melanie

**Hacker’s Punishment Continued Part 2**

**Chapter 2 Melanie’s Seventh Post to Leviticus**

Monday morning I checked my e-mail. Nothing from Levi, but there was a message from Jen.

*Hey Mel. Fun sat nite. I love the new you. Let’s talk. Love, Jen*

Interesting. But I had to get to work. I’d think about Jen later. I went through the usual routine. I was naked until I pulled into my usual dressing place, a vacant gas station. I put on my usual skirt and blouse combo making sure that only three buttons were buttoned. I had almost gotten use to guys taking surreptitious peeks at my button gaps. Almost. Arriving at work I made my way to my office. Next to my office was Robert’s office. Robert was my boss. His door was open and he and Zeke were in close conversation. As I walked by they both nodded and gave me a hard look. Not good. I was sure it was me they were talking about. Me running around naked and acting like an idiot. I thought to myself that if I lost my job I was going to hunt Levi down and personally castrate him with a very dull and rusty knife.

Entering my office I closed the door and stood there thinking. First of all I knew that somehow Levi was watching me. The rules were that I was to remove my skirt and shoes, put them behind the door, and then sit at my desk naked from the waist down. According to Levi, if I didn’t he’d blow the whistle on me and that would be the end of my job and much worse. If I stripped as directed and Robert or Zeke discovered me it would be the end of my job and total humiliation, but I’d avoid the 'much worse'. Fuck it! I stripped and sat at my desk with my bare ass on the cold leather of my chair.

First thing I did was check my e-mail to see if Levi had any new torture in store for me. Nothing. Then I got to work. It wasn’t long before there was a knock and Zeke entered. I dreaded this. After Saturday’s fiasco I knew that there would have to be some kind of explanation or something and I had no idea of what I was going to say. Zeke opened the conversation.

“Look, Melanie, I don’t know what’s going on with you but I want you to know that if there’s anything I can do I’m here for you. I mean it’s not that I didn’t enjoy the view Saturday. In fact, I loved it. Robert feels the same way I do. About being here for you, I mean. We have both noticed the, uh, unusual way you’re dressing for work. Robert said that you’re an excellent employee and he wants to keep you and if your recent strange behavior doesn’t interfere with your work then it’s ok by him.”

Zeke paused and I guessed it was my turn. I smiled and did my best to appear nonchalant while my heart was racing. “I’m sorry if I upset you Saturday, Zeke. For a lot of reasons this is something that I have to do, I mean dressing like this and running around nude the way I did on Saturday. I really appreciate your support. I’m not being made to do it or anything it’s just, well... please accept it, ok?”

Of course I was lying through my teeth and I suspected that Zeke wasn’t being entirely up front, either. But I was relieved. I just might get through this with my job intact. “So you’ve been talking with Robert,” I continued. “ Did you tell him about Saturday?”

“Well, yeah. I had to, Melanie. I mean he’s our boss and, anyway, he mentioned to me about they way you were dressed and being barefoot and everything. I’m just wondering what’s going to happen. I mean with the way you’re dressing. Like the short skirts and the blouse with the unbuttoned buttons. Jeez. I mean it’s great. Like I said, I’m enjoying the view. And I hope it continues.”

Zeke was torn. He didn’t want to look like a dirty old man but he sure liked the peek-a-boo blouse and he hoped it wouldn’t go away.

I smiled. “Yeah, it’s going to last a little longer if I manage to keep my job.”

“Look,” said Zeke, “like Robert told me. If what you wear doesn’t get any more, uh, risque, then he’s ok with it. I mean he said that if the naked stuff, strange as it is, stays private, well, then, he’ll go along.”

I was thinking that Robert would like to see some of that naked stuff himself. It occurred to me that now might be a good time to make my week a little easier. I was terrified that I’d get caught bottomless. What if Zeke and Robert knew that I was naked from the waist down? Then I could stop worrying about it and my heart wouldn’t leap to my throat every time one or the other came into the office. I was beginning to suspect that not only would Robert not have any objections but he would be for it. It was a risk but I thought that it was a risk worth taking.

Still smiling I said to Zeke, “ What if I told you that right now the only thing I’m wearing is this shirt?. That from the waist down I’m stark naked?”

I almost laughed at the way his eyes bugged and his jay dropped. Almost.

“Come on, Mel. Don’t mess with me. You’re kidding me, right.”

“Maybe,” I said. “What would Robert say?”

Zeke laughed. “Robert wouldn’t say a thing. Believe me.”

I had a feeling that Robert and Zeke’s dreams were coming true. I had one last issue. “But you know, Zeke, if I am, like I say, naked from the waist down and if you and Robert knew about it who else would find out?”

“No one,” he replied quickly. “We’re both married guys. And Robert’s got his job to think about. We’re not dumb.”

I wasn’t sure about that but I didn’t say anything.

“And you know, Zeke, what I’m doing has only to do with me and what I wear. I’m not extending any invitations or anything. Like they say, 'Look but don’t touch'.”

“No, no, Melanie. I completely understand. But I gotta know. Are you or aren’t you?”

This was almost fun. I just sat and let the tension build. Slowly I slid my chair back and very slowly I stood and stepped from behind my desk. Zeke gawked.

“Now you know, Zeke. I don’t know about you, but I have work to do,” and I briskly sat down and began working at my computer. Zeke left, shaking his head.

Not long after there was another knock and my new visitor was not a surprise. Robert came in carefully closing the door behind him and sitting in a chair across from my desk.

“I’ve been talking with Zeke,” he said. “I guess you’re embracing this new life style or whatever it is to the hilt. Look, Melanie, that’s ok with me as long as it doesn’t interfere with your work. I don’t think anyone should know about this except for Zeke and me. Are we in agreement?”

Of course we were in agreement. This was what I wanted. To get the pressure off. Now that Robert delivered his little speech I was wondering how he was going to get me to show him my charms.

“Yes,” I replied. “I know this doesn’t make much sense to you but it’s something I have to do. Like you say, as long as it doesn’t interfere. And thank you for being so understanding.”

It was getting pretty deep in my office.

“Good,” he said. “Then as far as I’m concerned, business in this office hasn’t changed. If your new, uh, lifestyle has you going around bottomless so be it. Now that we’ve got that out of the way I’m going to need some files. For starters I need the Abernathy and the Trainer files. Could you get those for me, please.”

He needed those files like a hole in the head. What he really wanted was to ogle my naked ass and my naked crotch while I moved around the office getting them. He got what he wanted. I stood and went to the files on the opposite side of my office giving him a nice shot of my rear. Abernathy was in the top file drawer and I had to stand on tiptoe to reach it. I’m sure he liked that. To get the Trainer file I had to either bend over or squat. I chose squat. I didn’t think he was ready for a shot of my asshole yet. After retrieving the files I turned and walked over to him so that my crotch was three feet from his face. I handed him the files as he tried mightily to look me in the eye. He failed. Robert took the files, thanked me, and left.

So that was that. For Robert and Zeke I had no self respect left. To them I was simply a couple minutes entertainment during their workday. 'Hey, I think I’ll check out Melanie’s ass. Haven’t done that for a while. Let’s see, what file do I need now'. They had no interest in why I was naked. All that concerned them was that I WAS naked.

I got some more work done before I finally got an e-mail from Levi. More torment and humiliation.

*Dear Melanie,*

*I think it’s wonderful how you’re adapting to your new lifestyle. Your solution to your predicament at work is brilliant. And you’re starting to bond with your neighbors. I think that’s great and I want to do all that I can to help you in your endeavors.*

*To that end I have two new tasks. The first is work related. Now that you’ve established a good working relationship with Robert and Zeke I think we should raise the bar. Tomorrow morning I want you to ask Robert if you can do away with your blouse. In other words, spend your time in your office stark naked. I don’t think he’ll have a problem with that, do you? To make this a task worth the name I also want to extend your naked time in the office until you’ve completed your tasks. If everything goes according to plan, you’ll be done a couple weeks from now. Isn’t that great?*

*Your second task is going to be just as enjoyable. I want you to invite your neighbors, the Smiths, the Krasnys and Cora Tobin over for dinner Tuesday evening. You might start with cocktails, say about 5:30. They’re all usually available by then. I’d like you to deliver the invitations in person.*

*After you complete these there will be just four more tasks, Melanie, and you’ll have to admit, these two aren’t too bad.*

*By the way, your exercises were very entertaining. I know of one young man who particularly liked them.*

*Love, Levi*

Both tasks were going to be terribly embarrassing and humiliating. Not too bad? Fuck you, Levi.

The rest of the day was ordinary except for the sudden interest in files on the part of Zeke and Robert. By the time I dressed to leave the office they were both very familiar with my bare ass and my naked beaver. For about fifteen minutes I got to wear a shirt, a skirt and a pair of shoes. Then they came off again, not to be put on until tomorrow morning after I left the street that I live on. I figured I’d do my invitations after dinner.

Another stiff drink and I found the courage to visit. I thought I’d start with Cora and end with the Smiths. As I made my naked way to Cora’s I felt that my neighbors were watching my progress. I crossed into Cora’s yard and knocked on her back door. When she opened it she said, “Well, well, the neighborhood nudist has come to visit.”

I smiled sheepishly and said, “Hi Cora. I just stopped by to see if you can come over for dinner tomorrow evening. I’m also inviting the Kraznys and the Smiths.”

I felt like an idiot. Just stopped by? In the nude?

Cora laughed. “You’re a trip, Melanie. Of course I’ll join you. I wouldn’t miss it. I’ll even bring some dip and a bottle of wine. All it takes to get this neighborhood to party is a very pretty naked girl.” She laughed again and invited me in but I said that I had to finish delivering my invitations. She wished me luck.

When I knocked on the Krasny’s door Herb answered. The poor guy was struck dumb. I made my invitation and he stammered, “Uh, yeah, uh, we, I mean, we’ll, uh, let me get Martha.” He paused for a minute checking me out pretty carefully and turned on his heel. Martha replaced him and, of course, started talking without pause. Eventually I got my invitation in edgewise and she thought that it was very nice that I was making the effort. She and Herb would love to come.

Next came the Smiths. Andrew answered the door. “Hi, Melanie. What’s up?”

Your dick, probably. But I just thought it. I didn’t say it. I told him about my little dinner party and he said that it sounded like fun but I should talk with Molly. Evidently wives are in charge of dinner arrangements. Men must be in charge of... huh, what are they in charge of? They can’t even control their dicks.

Molly said great and that she’d leave Grace with her grandmother.

So that was it. Naked Melanie was going to entertain her new friends. The guys were going to ogle and the girls were going to wonder. Molly would be comparing my naked body with hers, Martha would be talking a mile a minute and Cora would be... I’m not sure what Cora would be doing.

By now it was time for my exercises. I checked the front window and there was my fan. And he brought a friend along. Great. Now I was going to entertain not one but two post-pubescent perverts.

I went through my routine as they watched. A few cars slowed but there were no other pedestrians.

The exercises were hard work. I’m sure that my fans enjoyed my sweaty body as I worked through them. Finally I got to the last one. Windmills with my back to them. I could just hear the first kid telling the other one what a treat he was in for. Well here it is guys. Ass hole and cunt. Stand. Ass hole and cunt. Stand. Ass hole and cunt. Stand. And on and on. You get the idea.

When finished I left them to their fantasies and took a shower. After that I spent the remainder of the evening watching TV but mostly thinking about getting completely naked at work and entertaining the neighbors in my birthday suit.

Just think, perverts. You can read all about it tomorrow.

Melanie

**Hacker’s Punishment Continued Part 3**

**Chapter 4 Melanie’s Eighth Post to Leviticus**

Big day. First I get to go to work and talk my boss into allowing me to strip naked while in my office. Stark naked. Naked as a jay bird.. Birthday suit naked. And, of course, he and the marketing manager get to wander into my office any time they want so they can ogle my naked body. According to Levi the pervert I will have to continue working in the altogether until I’ve finished four additional tasks. Five if you count tonight’s task.

After a day of humiliating myself at work I get to come home and do it some more. Entertain my five neighbors, they with their clothes on like ordinary people and me naked like an idiot. Naked so they can continually check out my body. My breasts. My nipples. My tummy. My ass. My legs, feet, and, of course, my well trimmed bush. They’ll look, they’ll evaluate, they’ll criticize and I’ll entertain as if I don’t care.

I care, Levi! I fucking care! You want to embarrass me and humiliate me and you’re doing an excellent job so I hope you’re fucking happy!

So that’s my day. My nineteenth day of being naked the majority of the time.

I began it as usual. Naked.. By the time I got to work my heart was in my throat. Was I really going to ask Robert if I could spend the time in my office totally nude? He could fire me on the spot. And what if he said yes? I’d be bare naked most of the day. When I passed his office his door was open (something mine never was for obvious reasons.) I said hi and asked if I could see him for a minute. He said sure and followed me into my office closing the door behind him. I didn’t mean immediately but what the hell. Robert was pretty sure he knew what would happen next. He was right.

The first thing I’m supposed to do when I enter my office is take off my shoes and skirt. I ‘d been bottomless in front of Robert many times but I had never taken my clothes off in front of him. Somehow I found this to be rather degrading but I had no choice. Turning to him I shrugged and gave him an embarrassed smile as I stepped out of my shoes and unzipped my skirt while wondering what he thought about my lack of panties.. Stripping my skirt off I hung it on the hook behind my door. Instead of sitting behind my desk I chose a chair across from Robert. No sense in playing modest when I planned on revealing even more.

Robert didn’t say a thing. He simply looked and slowly shook his head. Finally he spoke. “So here’s the deal, Melanie. I’ve told the rest of the office that you have some very important marketing work to do and that I don’t want anyone bothering you without checking with me or Zeke first. I’d hate to have someone barge in inadvertently with you being half clothed. I gotta ask, though. What’s up? Not that I mind or anything. You’re brightening my day. Considerably.”

Robert was making things even easier. I was concerned about my fellow employees once I was totally nude. My desk would no longer provide adequate protection.

“About the nude thing, Robert.” I responded. “I’m into a self awareness program that involves total immersion in the cosmic being of self.” I couldn’t believe the words coming out of mouth. What a load of bullshit.

“I thought that not wearing clothes in the office would forward me toward the existential goals that I had set,.” I continued. “I made what I considered to be an acceptable compromise with myself by leaving my shirt on.”

“I see.” said Robert.

I couldn’t believe that he was buying this crap.

“Well, if you feel that wearing a shirt is unacceptable in achieving your, uh, goals I don’t see how that would affect your work. I mean you’re mostly nude already anyway.”

“You mean it would be okay if I didn’t wear my shirt either?” I asked.

He was almost salivating. “I guess that would be all right,” he responded, as if he actually thought about it.

I smiled at him and said, “Thank you so much. Your support means a lot to me.” That’s what I said. What I was thinking is what a hypocritical old goat you are.

I stood and unbuttoned the remaining buttons on my blouse. As it slipped off my shoulders Robert had to do some wiggling in his chair to rearrange his male components. Evidently his prick was pointed in the wrong direction when it decided to get hard.. I walked behind my desk and sat on the cold slippery leather.

“Thanks again,” I said as I smiled at him. “Is there anything you need?”

He shook his head. “No. Nothing now.” And he left. No doubt to talk with Zeke about the additional entertainment that their nutso employee was providing.

During the course of the day I saw even more if them (and they saw more of me) than when I was bottomless only. As the day wore on their excuses to come into my office became more and more lame and I think that even they realized it. Finally I managed to get some work done.

I left early to prepare for my dinner guests. On the way home I stopped at the local deli/grocery store and got enough prepared food to feed them and also a couple boxes of wine. One red and one white. This damn dinner was going to cost me. Fortunately it was going to get me one task closer to completion.

My house has a nice patio in the back. It faces north so the house shades it from the afternoon sun. There’s a patio table large enough to accommodate six people without too much squeezing. Surrounding the patio was a bed of carefully tended flowers and shrubs. Carefully tended by me. In the nude.

By the time I got my food warming in the oven and the snacks on the table my guests began to arrive. First was Cora with some cheese and crackers and a bottle of white. Then the Kraznys with a couple bottles of red. Lastly came the Smiths with chips and another bottle of white. Apparently my neighbors were a party kind of people.

We sat and drank and chatted and drank and nibbled and drank. I became more and more relaxed and it seemed like everybody had gotten used to my nudity. When I stood to replenish the snacks or drinks I felt more naked and on display but that was the worst of it.

I learned that Cora taught at the local high school but retired when she lost her job. Lost her job? Huh. I learned that Herb was a mailman and that Martha worked in the dry goods section of the department store. What the hell’s a dry good? Any better than a wet good? And Andrew works in personal finance. He evidently does pretty well since Molly stays home with Grace. I gave them the usual bullshit about why I was naked all the time. I’m not sure they bought it but they seemed satisfied. We worked our way through dinner and started in on the brownies that I made for dessert (actually, I bought them but I forgot to mention that.)

The doorbell rang. As I got up to answer it Martha said, “You answer the door like that?”

I looked down at my naked self then back up at her and said, “Sure. Remind me to tell you about the Mormon guys who stopped by last week.”

When I opened the door I didn’t feel so cocky. It was Katy and Jen. I stared at them and they stared at me. Finally Katy said the obvious. “Mel? You're naked!”

“Yeah,” I replied. “Let me tell you about it later. Right now my neighbors are here for dinner. I’ll introduce you. Pretend I’m always like this. Actually I am. Don’t look surprised. Okay?”

My two friends simultaneously said, “Oh my god.”

I grabbed Katy’s hand and dragged her to the patio in the back of the house. Jen followed along. When I got to the patio I thrust them forward and said, “I’d like to introduce my two very best friends.”

Then I went through all the introductions adding all kinds of tidbits about my friends and my guests and by the time I finished Katy and Jen managed to recover and act like everything was normal and of course their best friend is naked, because, as we all know, she’s a certifiable nut case and should actually be in a strait jacket.

My neighbors were very gracious and decided that it was getting late. I got hugs from the three women and the way Martha and Molly looked at their husbands I definitely wasn’t getting any hugs from them. We all agreed that it was a wonderful time and we should do it again. As they trailed across my lawn they tossed thank you's back to me and Katy and Jen were whispering to me, “What the fuck’s going on?”

“First some wine.” I said as I refilled my glass. “Help yourself.”

They did.

“Now be quiet and let me tell the whole story without you guys butting in. Okay?”

They both nodded yes and I launched into my tale of enforced nudity. I told them that I had done something wrong and a guy named Levi - Yes you, you mother fucking pervert! - threatened to blow the whistle on me and that it could cost me my reputation, my job, and maybe even my freedom. I told them about all the rules and tasks and naked-at-work and even my exercises for my juvenile fans (which were past due.) And I told them that at the end of each day I had to send Levi a detailed account of my day. I didn’t tell them about Leviticus or the fact that Levi posted my accounts for the entertainment of a bunch of Internet pornophiles.

When I was finished it was Katy who had all the questions. I assured them that I didn’t do anything that hurt anybody and that it was just a stupid immature thing and that I’d tell them all about it when this was over.

Jen just sort of sat there absorbing everything. But I didn’t have time for questions. It was past eight and I was way late for my exercises. Jen and Katy followed me into the living room and sat off to the side where they couldn’t be seen very well from outside. I planted my naked self in front of the window as usual and my fan club was still there waiting patiently. They were laying on my lawn fooling around.. As soon as I appeared they sat up with their legs crossed like Indians, elbows on their knees and their chins on their hands. I got closer attention from those two boys than I ever got from any of the guys in my life.

I began with my windmills while facing the boys. At first Katy and Jen didn’t say anything. I suspect that they were still absorbing my bizarre situation. But then Katy started getting with the program. “You know, Mel, you really do have a cute butt.”

“Nice butt hole, too,” said Jen who was sitting where she had I nice view of it. “Too bad your fan club can’t see it.”

“That comes later,” I replied while panting.

“Oh my god!” they said in unison.

I finished with the windmills and began my five minutes of jogging.

“Nice boobs. Doesn’t that hurt?” asked Katy.

“I get used to it,” I said, panting harder.

“Those kids get to see it all, don’t they,” said Jen.

“They will.”

While I was jogging in place a car drove by and as it passed the driver slammed on his brakes. He backed up and a respectable middle aged man sat and stared. He turned his hazard lights on. Apparently he was there for the duration.

Next came the burpees and the sit-ups. These two exercises offered some time below eye level and the cars that passed by either missed the show or didn’t care. The one driver stuck it out, though.

The burpees and the sit-ups tired me out. By the time I got to the jumping jacks I was sweating like a pig and panting like a dog. But my juvenile fans seemed to enjoy them and evidently, Katy did too.

“Holy shit!” she said. “You know, you really look good, Mel.”

“Yeah,” was Jen’s only comment.

Time for the final humiliation. I did a one-eighty and began my windmills. With each touch of my toes I could actually feel my asshole expose itself. I couldn’t decide which was worse. Showing them my butt hole or my cunt. No matter. I showed them both. Now I had the added humiliation of letting my two best friends watch me flaunt my naked body in front of a bunch of perverts outside my window. It made me angry.

“Now how good do I look, Katy?”

“I think two kids and somebody’s dad think they have just died and gone to heaven,” she replied.

I finished my exercises and walked out back to the patio. I had to get out of my living room and away from my voyeuristic fans. I collapsed into a chair, exhausted, leaning back, legs splayed and sex prominently displayed. Katy and Jen followed and sat across from me.

“Jeez, Mel, how can you do that?” Katy asked.

“You do what you have to do.”

“Before you go to bed tonight you have to write all this up and send it to Levi?”

“Yep.”

They both agreed that it was a terrible thing and that Levi’s the one who should be in jail and that I was very brave and blah, blah, blah.

We talked for a while about my predicament and what it was like to be naked and everything and I cried a little and they consoled me and after it was all over I felt better and I told them so.

They left and here I am at my keyboard reliving every embarrassment and humiliation of my day for the entertainment of you dick heads.

Melanie

**Hacker’s Punishment Continued Part 4**

**Chapter 5 Melanie’s Ninth Post to Leviticus**

So now my two best friends know my secrets, or at least some of them. They know about Levi but they don’t know about the rest of you assholes. They know I fucked up but they don’t how. And, of course, they know I’m naked.

This morning when I arrived at work I had the usual butterflies in my stomach. I had spent the whole previous day in my office entirely naked while David and Zeke wandered in on a regular basis to check me out. But it’s not something that you get used to. If everybody was naked then I might get used to it, but that’s not the way it is. I’m the only one who’s naked.. I’m the only one who’s getting my boobs and ass and every thing else checked out and evaluated. I’m the one who’s on display for the enjoyment of two horny men, one of whom happens to be the guy that I work for. So that explains the butterflies. And this is something I’m going to have to go through every morning until I get this damn task shit done with. So let’s get on with it, Levi.

At any rate I entered the offices like a normal person and said good morning to David and Zeke and every one else like a normal person and then I entered my private office, closed the door and stripped naked. Not so normal.

The routine was pretty much the same as the previous day. There was a huge increase in requests for files. I can’t imagine why. Zeke got pretty creative when he began requesting files for non-existent customers. As he watched I checked here, there, and everywhere, searching and showing off my very visible body parts. Then he’d apologize. He got the name wrong or some such thing. I wonder if he really thought I was buying his nonsense.

I had gotten into the habit of bringing my personal computer to work. I didn’t want any more emails on the company network. Levi said not to worry but I wasn’t too sure. When I checked it for emails there were several. The first was from Katy.

*Hey Mel. I still can’t believe it. Are you naked now? I try to imagine me sitting here at my desk without anything on. I just couldn’t do it. Any new tasks? Call me when you get a chance. By the way, you look great. All of you. Luv ya, Katy*

Oh well, At least I got a complement. Next came Jen’s email:

*I’m still trying to absorb everything. I just can’t imagine what it’s like being naked all the time. You must be aware of yourself, your body, all the time.*

Self-awareness. Where did I hear that before?

*Did you hear from Levi, yet? I’ve been thinking about him. To know everything he knows about you and seeing you at work and everything he’s had to break some laws, too. If he turns you in he could get into some trouble himself. If you ever think that his “tasks” get too extreme you might be in a position to do some negotiating.*

You hear that, Levi? Let’s get this damn thing over with so I can get on with my life. Please!

*Katy said that you were very brave but I don’t know about that. You’re simply doing something that you have to do. But you are very beautiful while you’re doing it. And I know that it has to be terribly difficult and I love you for doing it.*

Huh? What’s she trying to say? This might be a good time to say a few words about Jen before I move on to Levi’s email.

First of all, Jen’s smart. Real smart. She edits term papers for masters and doctoral students for a living and has even done some editing for professional writers. She doesn’t get rich doing it but she says she enjoys it and manages to get by.

We’ve been best friends since high school but there has always been a part of her that’s been tough to know. She doesn’t like to open up to people, even me and Katy. In high school we dated and had some good times. We both lost our virginity the night of our senior prom and we liked to joke about it. We went to different colleges but we kept in touch and we both wound up in this little burg that we live in now. We’re still best friends and see each other all the time but she sort of fell out of the dating scene. Considering some of the things she’s said maybe you can see where this is going. I don’t know why I’m telling you perverts all of this. I guess I’m trying to sort it out and writing about it for a bunch of morons is as good of a way as any.

Moving on. Levi’s email.

*Dear Melanie,*

*I enjoyed last night’s post. It sounds like you had a wonderful dinner party and it’s always a good idea to bare all (aren’t I the clever one) before your friends. I’ll bet it feels good to be one task closer, doesn’t it? Just four more.*

*But before we talk about additional tasks I’m afraid that you’ve broken a rule and for that you must suffer the consequences. Your rules said specifically that if you stopped for a chore on the way home from work you were to remove an article of clothing but you failed to do that when you stopped at the store yesterday.*

All I had on were shoes, skirt and blouse. The stores say “no shirt, no shoes, no service.” What the hell was I supposed to do. Go in with my ass hanging out? Fuck you, Levi!

*I’ll tell you now about your punishment for this infraction and will tell you about you next task later. The punishment is really very simple. All I want you to do is walk to the strip mall near your house and go into the diner and order a salad for your dinner (you have to watch your weight.) Eat your salad in the diner and then for a treat walk to the ice cream store at the end of the mall and order a cone. I know you’re thinking I’ll want you to do this naked but that would be unreasonable. Once you’re off your street you may wear some clothes. Specifically, a white cotton t-shirt, white shorts and flip-flops. Now that is not a difficult punishment. Don’t you feel sorry for all those nasty things you say to me? One more thing. It appears that it might rain this evening. I consider an umbrella to be an article of clothing. Oh, and another thing. It occurred to me that you might not have the appropriate clothes so I’m supplying them for you. You’ll find them in a bag by your door when you get home. Not to worry though. Unlike your “whore clothes” these fit. One more thing. I don’t want to see any modesty like crossing your arms in front of you. Let’s keep those arms by your side whenever possible. Enjoy your dinner.*

*Love, Levi.*

Light rain? It’s supposed to pour. White t-shirt? I get it, already. Thin cotton. The kind that sticks like saran wrap when wet. Wet t-shirt time. Oh well. How bad could it be?

My day at work proceeded as you’d expect. Except for lunch and potty breaks I was naked and on display. Because of my supposed extra marketing duties I worked through the morning and afternoon breaks. Zeke and Robert were kind enough to come in and keep me company, though. Ha!

When the day was over the rain had begun. I turned down umbrella offers from my fellow employees as I ran for the car. I’m sure they all think I’m crazy and as a result I can get away with eccentric behavior. By the time I got to the car I was soaked through. And the rain was supposed to get worse.

When I got to my strip spot on the drive home it was almost a relief to get out of my wet clothes. Once inside the house I checked the front door and found the bag of clothes supplied by Levi. They were small but didn’t appear too bad. Naturally, I couldn’t try them on. As I expected, the material was thin, even the shorts. I stuffed the clothes back in the bag and threw in my flip-flops and a change purse that contained money for my dinner.

It was 5:30 and I wanted to get this stupid “punishment” over. Dinner time. I opened the door and checked for traffic. It was raining hard now and there was little chance of pedestrians. The rain even offered some protection from the cars. The coast looked clear so I grabbed my bag and bolted. I had to make it past the vacant lot next to my house, an occupied house, and another vacant lot. That lot had little vegetation. Then I hit an intersecting street. Once I got to it I was off my street and could dress. I simply stood in the rain and put my clothes on, hoping no one was looking. I left the clothes bag by the sidewalk and, clutching my change purse, headed off for the diner.

The rain had plastered my clothes to me like a second skin. I looked down at my breasts and the wet and the cold had my nipples standing out like marbles. I could even see my brown areolas through the thin cotton. But it got worse. Looking down at my shorts my black pubic patch was also visible through the cotton. Wet, cold, miserable and for all practical purposes naked I made the fifteen minute walk to the diner.

When I got to the place I could see several customers inside eating and a waitress/cook behind the counter. She had a sharp face, stringy hair underneath her hair net, and a generally miserable look about her. I screwed up my courage, and as I opened the door every face in the place swiveled in my direction. I was frozen in place as their eyes checked out my nipples and my pubic patch. I was soaked and the water was dripping off me and puddling at my feet. I came to and walked to the counter with my flip flops squishing with each step. Even with all of the nudity that I had suffered through the past several weeks I don’t think that I once felt more exposed than I did at that moment. The waitress/cook looked at me with red rimmed eyes. On her not so clean apron she had a name tag that read. Agnes.

I made my order. “May I, uh, have a toss salad with, uh, ranch dressing, please?”

She just stared. I pulled a five dollar bill out of my change purse and tentatively put it on the counter. The water continued dripping off me, further watering the floor.

“Please?” I asked.

Without a word she went to the cooler and pulled out a prepared salad with wilted lettuce. I could hear two of the customers talking about me.

“I can’t believe it,” the girl giggled. “She looks naked.”

“A naked slut,” responded her male companion.

I paid for my so-called salad and squished my way to a table. Behind me was a trail of water and two larger puddles where I had stood. As I ate Agnes went to the back and returned with a mop and bucket. These she placed beside me and said, “You can mop up after yourself before you leave.”

Great. A little more humiliation. Agnes just talked herself out of a tip. I gobbled down half my salad and stared for a minute at the mop. Fuck. I thought to myself that I may as well get it over with. Resignedly I got up and started mopping. The other customers found this so amusing that they laughed out loud. A new degree of humiliation. When I had finished she pointed to the back corner where she got the mop and bucket. Carrying the two I returned them as the customers stared and giggled. I can’t blame them. I was a sight. I was soaked through and my lack of underwear was obvious. My short stay in the diner had hardly dried me at all. My nipples still arrogantly poked against the cotton t-shirt and my pubic hairs continued to be visible under my white shorts. Levi had chosen my wardrobe well.

I headed for the door. As I opened it I impulsively turned and did a pseudo pose, hips twisted, arms spread and a silly smile. Then I left. As the door closed behind me I heard words like crazy, slut and I think I even heard cunt. Fuck ‘em.

The rain was even worse than before. Cold, wet and miserable I walked to the opposite end of the mall where there was an ice cream parlor. Who in their right mind would buy an ice cream cone on a day like this? Me. That’s who. The only person in the place was a pimply faced kid behind the counter. I sloshed in and went directly to the counter as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

“One small vanilla cone, please,” I said.

He just stared. First he stared at my wet face with my wet hair plastered on top. Then he stared at my boobs and their prominently displayed nipples. Finally he checked out what he could see of my black pubic hairs not so well hidden under my shorts. His eyes returned to my face.

“Huh?” he said.

I repeated my order but he still didn’t get it.

“You're all wet,” he said.

“Yeah,” I said. “It’s raining out. May I have a small vanilla cone, please?”

He did a second check of my nipples. Apparently they were okay with him and his eyes returned to my face.

“Do you want to go out?” he asked. “Like on a date?”

I couldn’t decide if I should be pissed at him or feel sorry for him. I slapped two bucks on the counter and said, “No. All I want is a fucking vanilla ice cream cone. If you can tear you eyes off my nipples for five minutes do you think maybe you could get me one?”

“Oh. Sure,” he said. I got my cone and started out the door. The last thing I heard was, “Are you sure you don’t want to go out?”

I threw my cone in the gutter and started home. Every so often I’d glance down at my nipples. 'What’s the big fucking deal,' I thought to myself. They’re just nipples. Everybody has them. Men have them and you don’t see us girls going bonkers about them like men do over ours. I mean I think guy’s nipples are kind of cute and everything but if I saw a guy in a wet t-shirt I wouldn’t stare at his nipples. Dogs have nipples and cats have nipples and every god damn animal there is has nipples so what’s the big fucking deal about my nipples? Look at the nipples on a cow. Now those are nipples. But I don’t see anyone salivating over those nipples. I’ll bet even the bull couldn’t care squat about a cow's nipples.

As I was thinking about my nipples I wasn’t paying attention to the road and at the last minute I saw a car bearing down on me. A police car! If a cop stopped me I was toast. I took off down a side street with my heart in my throat. For better speed I ditched my flip flops. Barefoot I dodged into a wooded lot and through the mud, the sticks and the stones. Ouch, ouch, ouch. I came out on a parallel street and looked. No cop car. In addition to being cold, wet, miserable and barefoot I now had scratches covering my arms and legs. The whole ordeal was getting too much. I began crying as I trudged along. Cars passed but no cops. Some slowed and stared but kept moving.

Walking by a house an old lady called to me from her door. “Are you all right, dear? Can I lend you an umbrella?”

“No than you,” I replied. “I’m already wet.” One last humiliation.

I finally reached my bag and stripped naked. I left the clothes and the bag lying in the mud and, clutching my change purse, ran for home. Since I was wet and dirty I didn’t want to use the front door and make a mess. I couldn’t blame the old crone at the diner for handing me the mop. Entering through the garage I made it into the kitchen and collapsed. All this and I hadn’t even completed a task. Just punishment. Fuck you, Levi.

It was 6:30. Except for half of a crummy salad I hadn’t had anything to eat. I made a sandwich, ate that and entered the living room for my exercises. I couldn’t believe it. My two fans were standing on the sidewalk under a golf umbrella. You’d think they’d get tired of my boobs and nipples and snatch and butt hole. I simply can’t understand the male capacity for our female body parts.

I entertained them for a half hour and now I’m entertaining a bunch of Internet perverts. Now that I’m done with this I plan on getting into bed, piling on an extra blanket, and getting warm.

Melanie

**Chapter 6 Melanie’s Tenth Post to Leviticus**

Last night after writing my post for the community of Internet jerk-offs I crawled into bed, got warm and slept like a log. This morning I checked my computer for emails and found nothing.

You already know what my day was like. Naked at home, naked in the car and naked at work. The usual interruptions from Zeke and Robert. My skin could not have been more thoroughly inspected by a dermatologist.

On the way home I stopped for gas. This time I knew the rules. I felt like an idiot standing at the pump with my too short skirt, peek-a-boo blouse and barefoot. The pavement felt hot and gritty under my feet.

The weather had turned nice again and I had my naked dinner on my patio. If my neighbors saw me did it really matter?

After dinner the doorbell rang. It didn’t happen often but when it did my heart raced and my adrenalin surged. So far there was only a Mormon kid, a window salesman, and my friends the other night. One night I ordered a pizza. When I tried to tip the guy he smiled and said it wasn’t necessary. But tonight when I opened the door I was the one surprised. It was Jack. My ex. The one who got me into this mess.

I stared and he said, “Hi.”

I stared some more and finally said, “Jack.” So far a scintillating conversation.

He said, “You look great, Mel. Better than I remembered.”

“Thanks,” I replied.

He knew what I looked like naked. We had what you’d call a relationship. Actually, I liked Jack very much and I was sorry things went south. I missed him.

“Are you going to let me in?” he asked.

I stepped aside and let him in. We sat in my living room across from each other. I was pretty safe from prying eyes. People just don’t spend that much time looking in windows.

“So I suppose you’ve been reading all about me on that idiot Leviticus site?”

“Yeah. It’s been pretty entertaining. But, seriously, I feel bad about some of the stuff you had to go through. I want you to know that I had nothing to do with any of this.”

“I know. What about that girl I saw you with?”

“I thought you already had that figured out. She’s my cousin. There was nothing to it. It’s good to see you again.” He laughed. “You know what I mean. No pun intended. But, actually, you do look great. All this naked stuff has given you a great all-over tan. And I think your exercising is helping.”

“Yeah,” I said. “Speaking of that I’ve got to do them pretty soon. My fan club’s already showed up.”

On my front lawn the two boys were sitting and staring at me through the window.

“So I see,” he said. “Those are two lucky kids. You’re lucky they never spread the word. You’d have to put up bleachers. Do you mind if I stay?”

“No I guess not.”

I wasn’t too sure I wanted to display myself that way for him. It wasn’t the same as doing it for Katy and Jen. And as for the strangers in the street.. Well, I had to show them my body. But for Jack it seemed... I don’t know. Maybe more lascivious or something. But I said yes and I got up and began my exercises.

As I went through my routine he never said anything but I could feel his eyes on my body. Being naked in front of Jack and wantonly display myself was embarrassing and humiliating. But that wasn’t all. It was erotic. I knew that I had to be arousing him and that fact aroused me also.

When I was finished I left the room. It was the only way I could get my adolescent audience to leave. Out on the patio I sat with my arms and legs spread letting the air cool my tired body. Jack joined me. He sat looking at me while I was so obviously displaying my charms. I suspect that my arousal showed. I know his showed.

“You know, Mel, I was - am - in love with you. I didn’t take our break-up well. I’m really hoping we can get back together. Is there a chance?”

“I was never too sure where our relationship was going, Jack. I like you very much. Do I love you? Just don’t know. I need more time. But as for getting back together... I’m sure you mean it. But I suspect what you really want right now is to get laid. Am I right?”

Jack smiled. We always understood each other pretty well. I stood, took his hand and led him to the bedroom. We had a wonderful time and now I’m sitting here in my altogether writing my daily post. If you perverts think you’re going to get any details I’m afraid you’re going to be disappointed.

Melanie.

**Hacker’s Punishment Continued Part 5**

**Chapter 7 Melanie’s Eleventh Post to Leviticus**

It was a wild night. After I wrote my post last night I jumped back in bed and wore poor Jack out. I hadn’t realized that running around naked and displaying myself as I had been doing was raising my libido as well as my embarrassment and humiliation. Evidently things were going on in my brain that I wasn’t aware of. When Jack and I hit the sheets I let it all out.

I got up this morning and got ready for work. I went to kiss Jack good-bye and he was awake. I was leaning over him with my lips on his and my hand on his tummy. He put is hand over mine and slid it down to his erect penis. Evidently Jack had something left.

“Are you going to leave me like this?” he asked.

I didn’t. And I know you perverts want to know so the answer is yes. I swallowed.

When I arrived at work and was comfortably and nakedly sitting behind my desk I checked my computer for e-mails. First Katy.

*Called but no answer. Left a message. What do you have an answering machine for if you ignore it? What’s going on? Talk to me. Luv ya. Katy*

I typed a quick response telling her that there was a lot going on and that I’d call when I got a chance. Then Jen’s e-mail.

*Hey, Mel. I’m thinking about you all the time. About what you must be going through. What’s it like being naked around people with their clothes on? I mean it must be embarrassing and everything, but do you get, you know, aroused? Maybe that’s a dumb question. I’m sorry. Call me. Write me. Can I stop by tomorrow? Take care of yourself. Love, Jen*

I told Jen to stop by and that I was researching that arousal question. That should get her thinking. And, finally, Levi’s e-mail. I opened it with trepidation.

*Dear Melanie,*

*It appears that your friend Jack spent the night. I think it’s wonderful that you’ve renewed your relationship with him. I also hope that he understands and appreciates your new lifestyle. I know I have.*

It’s absolutely creepy - scary - how this guy knows so much about me. I’m being stalked by a pervert. That’s you, Levi, you creep.

*I have good news for you, Melanie. I have decided on your ninth task. That means that you will have only three left. And the news just gets even better. For this task you get to wear clothes. Your affectionately named “whore clothes”.*

Fuck! Those rags were worse than going naked.

*This evening I would like you to go to the Triple X Emporium out at Bob’s Truck Stop. In addition to your whore clothes you may take your change purse with fifty dollars and your cell phone. That’s all. Once inside you’ll spend five minutes perusing the literature. Use your cell phone to time yourself. Select a magazine that you find particularly interesting for that will be part of your purchase. Next spend five minutes looking over the other wares in the store. Lastly there’s a display case along the wall next to the cash register that contains some of the more exotic toys. You are to select and purchase a personal massager. To make sure you buy the right one you must spend at least five minutes at the display case and ask the clerk several questions concerning the attributes of the individual items.*

*You may then leave and you will have completed your ninth task. There will only be three left and that must be a wonderful feeling.*

*Love, Levi*

I hated those clothes. Being out in public in those rags was worse than being naked.

The rest of my day went badly. As far as Robert and Zeke and I were concerned it was the same as the previous days. I was naked and I was continuously being ogled by the two men. But all I could think about was my evening task. Dressing up like a half naked whore and walking into a porn store and buying a couple of porn items. Maybe the massager wasn’t necessarily a porn item. I know Jen had one because she told me about it. She even offered to lend it to me but I was hot and heavy with Jack at the time and thought what the hell do I need and electric masturbator for. But when you buy a vibrator in a porn store it’s a porn thing. I had to spend fifteen minutes there. What if there were other customers? What would they think with my shorts unzipping every time I moved and my tits hanging out and my butt cheeks sticking out below my so-called shorts. They’d think I was a whore. And then I had to ask a clerk about the sex stuff. Oh god, it was going to be the most horrible and humiliating thing ever. This was no longer about being naked. This was about how thoroughly Melanie can be humiliated. I was going to die. I couldn’t do it. Levi, you are a miserable excuse for a human being. I hate you! HATE, HATE, HATE!

Maybe this was the time to negotiate as Jen suggested. I replied.

*Levi,*

*I’m not doing this. This is over the top. You can’t make me. If I get fired, you get fired (if you even have a job.) If I pay a fine, you pay a fine. If I go to jail, you go to jail. I’m not doing it, Final!*

*Melanie*

After about ten minutes Levi replied.

*Dear Melanie,*

*I’m so sorry you find my little task so difficult. For a person who’s willing to hack a web site (breaking and entering) and maliciously remove the work of hard working authors you seem to be displaying an inordinate amount of ethics.*

*As for your negotiating position, I don’t think you’ll find it too secure. You’re correct in assuming that I’m vulnerable, but only if I can be identified. I can’t. Unlike you I know what I’m doing on the internet and any trace of where these e-mails are coming from has been obliterated. The fact that you’re a victim of my blackmail does not remove your culpability. You are still guilty and for that you must pay the penalty dictated either by me or by our esteemed justice system.*

*After due consideration I think you’ll find that a little bit of embarrassment is preferable to a ruined reputation and career not to mention the legal penalties.*

*In spite of what you think, Melanie, I am looking out for you. I can guarantee that you are not going to be molested and I’m even in a position to help if you are arrested.*

*Think about it, Melanie. If you decide to proceed with your task I wish you to have a wonderful time.*

*Love, Levi*

Who the hell are you, Levi? Guarantee? Position to help? And how the hell should I know if you can be found or not. So much for negotiating. I’d dress (relative term) like a whore and go to the porn store and buy a porn magazine and a vibrator and fuck you and your guarantees and your position and the horse you came in on.

So that’s how my day went. Whenever I got involved in something to take my mind off tonight’s task Robert or Zeke would waltz in and while they checked out my feminine charms I’d start thinking about the task. And the humiliation.

At least my two voyeurs began leaving me alone during my AM and PM breaks and I got some work done then. You think maybe they had seen enough? Nah. They probably needed the time to jack off in the bathroom.

Finally it was time to go home. I put on my too short skirt, my peek-a-boo blouse and my shoes. After driving for about ten minutes I took off my too short skirt, my peek-a-boo blouse and my shoes. The next clothes I’d put on would be my whore clothes.

I was too wound up to eat dinner so I had a shot of vodka. I drank it neat. Neat meant no water, no ice and in my case, no glass. Time to get it over with. I raised the garage door and, in all my naked splendor, surveyed the street. No one there. I walked to the outside corner of the garage where my rags were piled and threw them in the car. Levi left no allowance for shoes so I assumed my shopping trip would be barefoot. Evidently the Triple X Emporium didn’t have a dress code. After driving to a place off my street I began putting the rags on. I cried as I tried to pull the zipper up over my pubic hair. Looking down at myself, from my vantage point, my entire breasts were visible under the t-shirt.

When I arrived at the porn shop my heart sank. There were four cars in the lot. I guessed one was for the clerk and three for the customers. I parked away from the entrance hoping that the customers would leave and then I could enter. Instead another car arrived. The guy who got out was a hundred pounds overweight, wore a dirty t-shirt, and hadn’t shaved in a week. My heart sank further. It occurred to me that this was probably the porn shop’s after-work busy time. It was only going to get worse. I pulled in to a space next to fatso’s car. With my sweaty hands I opened the car door. When I stepped out of the car the parking lot gravel crunched under my bare feet causing a pain that I hardly noticed.

As if in a trance I walked to the door and pushed it open. In one sweaty hand I was clutching my change purse and in the other I had my cell phone. Down the side on my right and across the back wall were racks containing magazines, books and DVD’s. Down the center was a double sided display rack that contained tons of “stuff.” Blister packs and assorted gewgaws hanging from hooks on the racks. On the left wall was a glass-topped display case, a cash register, and a seedy looking bald guy. Three guys at the magazines and books turned their heads and stared. Fatso was looking at the DVD’s. He turned his head and stared. A fourth customer was inspecting the “stuff” and he turned his head and stared. The clerk stared.

My heart was pounding. I wanted to turn and run. I noted the time on my cell phone and walked to the side of the center rack opposite the guy on the other side. I wanted to keep a barrier between us. As I walked my zipper started slipping down. With the hand that held my change purse I gripped the material below the zipper and with my cell phone hand I grabbed the zipper. Sucking in my tummy, I tugged, grimacing as the usual pubic hairs came up with the zipper. One of the customers laughed. The degree of humiliation that I felt was unbearable. I fought back my tears as I stared dumbly at the items in front of me.

Cock rings, Anus plugs. Penis ties. I took a few steps further along the rack. Whips. Crops. Paddles. Further still. Pink dildos. Flesh colored dildos. Black dildos. It went on and on. My head swam.

I looked at may phone. Two minutes had passed. Thirteen to go.

“See anything you want, honey?”

I jumped a foot. One of the guys at the magazine rack had slipped up beside me. When I turned to look at him my left tit exposed itself. When I reached for my t-shirt to cover it I dropped my change purse.

“Shit.” I knew that if I bent to pick it up both tits would fall out, my zipper would slide down and so would my shorts. But he saved me. The guy picked it up for me and handed it to me with a leer on his face.

“Thanks,” I said and turning my back to him I sidled down the display rack.

“Nice ass,” I heard.

I think that it was obvious that I didn’t want to be doing this. I was red and sweating and my mouth was closed in a tight grimace. Obvious to some people, maybe, but not to the asshole behind me.

Fatso left his spot at the DVD’s and stood next to me while giving my tormentor a hard look. I glanced sideways at him and he smiled. One front tooth was missing. I checked my cell phone. Five and a half minutes. I wasted half a minute while the asshole checked out my butt cheeks hanging below my too-short shorts. I moved to the magazines and stared at them without seeing a thing. I wanted to thank fatso but that would look way too encouraging.

I glanced down at myself. For a change both of my nipples were modestly ensconced under my t-shirt. Glancing further down I discovered that several pubes had escaped and were insolently displaying their black curly selves above my zipper. Tough. I wasn’t moving. Moving meant that something else was going to come out.

Before my eyes was a jumble of strange magazine titles. “Three Chicks and a Donkey”. “I Deep Throated the Regiment”. “Cum Shots Galore.” They went on. If I wasn’t so unbelievably scared and humiliated I would have laughed. Two of the customers were on my right and staring. One was behind me breathing audibly and on my left was fatso, my knight in shining armor. He wasn’t above stealing a glance at my prominently displayed baubles but somehow I felt safe with him.

I looked at my phone. Three and a half minutes to go. Three and a half of the longest minutes in my life. For three and half minutes no one moved. For three and a half minutes five guys stared at my semi-naked body and I stared at dozens of porn magazines, each hermetically sealed in its own plastic wrapper When the three and a half minutes passed I grabbed a magazine and with one hand holding my change purse and my zipper and my other hand holding my cell phone and magazine and ever gaping t-shirt I sauntered over to the display case. I placed the magazine on the counter and looked at some very unusual items. The seedy looking clerk moved directly across from me.

“This isn’t a fucking whore house, lady,” he said. “What the hell are you doing here?”

“I, uh, I lost a bet. I gotta buy a vibrator. I, uh, is that one any good?” I said pointing at a pink dildo shaped like a penis with the balls attached and a cord running out of it. It was huge.

“Yeah. That’s a good one,” he said. “$39.95. You want it?”

“No. I thinks it’s too big’” I said.

All five customers laughed out loud, even fatso, as I turned fifty shades of red. Several questions Levi said.. Several means three, two to go.

“How about that one,” I asked pointing at a little round thing with wires attached.

“Yeah, that should fit,” he said, eliciting more laughter. “$29.95.”

“That one?” I asked, pointing at a vibrator I thought that I recognized from some place. “How’s that one?”

Three questions. By the time I paid for the damn thing my five minutes would be up and I could get the hell out of there.

“That’s a magic wand. It’s $39.95 You want it or not?”

“Magic wand. Yeah. I’ll take that one please. And this,” I said, sliding the magazine, ‘Creepy Climaxes’ across the counter.

“You want it gift wrapped?” he smirked. More laughter.

I gave the creep some money and he gave me a paper bag containing my well considered purchases and some change. By now my zipper was well on its way to full disclosure and my shorts were sliding down. Fixing that problem and carrying all of my stuff left me with no way to keep my boobs properly covered. Four customers and a creepy sales clerk got a fine view of my breasts and nipples as I left the store in humiliation. I jumped in my car and sprayed gravel in reverse and a lot more in drive as I hurried out of the parking lot. In my rear view mirror I saw five men standing in the store entrance watching my retreat.

By the time I got to my strip spot I was shaking and sobbing. I tore off my whore rags. They didn’t even deserve to be called clothes. I’d rather be naked than to wear them. When I got home I threw them to their usual place by the garage door. Once inside I threw my stuff on the kitchen table and headed for the shower where I spent the next twenty minutes trying to wash the porn shop off my body.

By the time I got out of the shower my fan club was already waiting patiently on my lawn. I was starving and had enough time to wolf down a sandwich before the big show when the doorbell rang. It was Jack. I was expecting him to come over later in the evening but evidently he wanted to see the show also. Actually, I was glad he showed. I was still suffering from the porn store trauma and his presence helped. We kissed, he sat and I performed.

Jack and the two adolescents got to see my boobs bounce, my legs spread and my cute little asshole blink. At least I think it’s cute. What else could it be? Two cars slowed, one briefly and one for the duration. I couldn’t see the driver very well but I think it was an old guy. After the kids and the old fart left Jack and I headed for the bedroom. As we cuddled I told him about my day. I cried and Jack consoled and caressed. As he caressed I caressed back. We had a wonderful time. It was an excellent antidote for porn store trauma.

I’m writing this now because I have to. Then it’s back to bed for some more therapy.

Melanie

**Hacker’s Punishment Continued Part 6**

**Chapter 8 Melanie’s Twelfth Post to Leviticus**

Last night I left you in the arms of my lover (Me. Not you, you idiots.) This morning he left early for several days at a construction job he was working on. As a result I had the morning to myself. In the kitchen I made coffee and kept eyeing the brown paper bag lying on the kitchen table where I had tossed it after my trip to the porn store. I couldn’t even touch the damn thing.

It was a pleasant morning and I enjoyed my coffee on the patio. I no longer cared if my neighbors saw me or what they thought. Evidently, at least one neighbor wasn’t too concerned.. Molly decided to join me and crossed our yards to my patio with Grace in tow. Grace was naked as a jaybird. I invited Molly to sit and fetched her a cup of coffee.

“It seems that Grace has decided to join you,” said Molly.

“I’m sorry,” I replied. “I didn’t intend to influence her.”

“Oh, that’s okay. She’s our little nature child now. We don’t mind. In fact she’s much better with the potty when she’s naked.”

I laughed and we had a friendly neighborly chat. I wasn’t entirely comfortable with my nudity but it didn’t dominate my mind like it did originally.

“I think Andrew’s looking forward to the next time you mow the lawn,” Molly said. “He’s hoping it will be this weekend so he can watch. Don’t worry about it, though. I’ll be just as pleased as he will be. After watching you at your dinner party he got pretty hot and I had a grand time cooling him off.”

Mowing the lawn made me think about doing the front in my whore clothes and that made me feel shitty, ruining a perfectly good morning coffee with my neighbor. I hate you, Levi.

“I don’t think the grass is going to need mowing for a couple days yet,” I replied. “But if you want I can mow the back some time tomorrow.”

Molly laughed. “That would be great. About two. Then we can have a little afternoon delight during Grace's nap.”

Strange, I thought. I mow the lawn to heat up the sex life for my neighbors. I laughed in response. “I’ll see what I can do.”

We heard the doorbell and I got up to get it.

“You’re going like that?” asked Molly.

I shrugged. “My house. I can dress the way I want.”

I kind of liked opening the door naked. It gave me a thrill. Would I be embarrassed? Humiliated? Amused? This time it was Jen and I was none of the above. Just pleased to see her. I invited her in and we joined Molly on the patio. We gossiped for a while with Grace sitting on my lap. I liked the feel of her plump little bare butt on my naked leg. I guess it brought out the maternal instincts in me. After a while Molly excused herself and Jen got down to why she wanted to see me.

Jen lived in an inexpensive apartment in a part of town that was being gentrified. In the process, her building was going condo and she needed somewhere to stay until she could find a new place. I, of course, encouraged her to move in with me. I had a spare bedroom and would enjoy the company.

“You don’t mind having a naked roommate, do you?” I asked.

“That’s the best kind,” she laughed.

We made plans for her to move her clothes in on Monday after work. When Jack got back from his job he could use his pick-up to help her move what little furniture she had. I liked the idea of having her for a roommate. I’d have less time to feel sorry for myself and I’d have someone to talk with and commiserate with.

We went out for lunch and she drove. I grabbed some clothes and dashed for her car and dressed when we were off my street. After lunch I went through the reverse returning home.

We talked girl stuff and naked stuff and Levi stuff and then she left for her apartment. We agreed to meet at the usual bar with Katy after my naked exercises.

Then I got the dreaded and anticipated (just three more tasks) e-mail from Levi. His fucking e-mail ruined my day.

*Dear Melanie,*

*It appears that you had a wonderful time at Triple X Emporium. You’ll be delighted to hear that I’m working on your tenth task but you’re going to have to wait. First things first. I’ve noticed that you’re getting sloppy concerning your dresses. They are way to long and you’ve been warned once. For punishment, here are the new dress rules:*

*You may substitute sun dresses for the skirt blouse combination. I think that’s generous, don’t you? Your current sun dresses do not show any where near enough cleavage, though. I want no more than one inch between the top of your dress and your nipple. Your nipple. Not your pretty brown areolas. And I want to see some cleavage. A deep v-cut so that the world can see some more of your pretty breasts. I’ll accept strapless or spaghetti straps.*

*Speaking of your pretty breasts I’ve decided that the number of buttons you may use on your blouses is to be reduced to two. If you continue to ignore my dress rules you’ll remove all of your buttons.*

*As for length, all of your skirts and dresses must be no more than three inches below your crotch. And for footwear, flip-flops and open-toed sandals only. Sandals or flip-flops with a skirt and blouse or sandals or flip-flops with a sun dress. That’s not too complicated is it, Melanie?*

*And just one more thing. Hang on to that vibrator that you bought. You might need it.*

*Love, Levi*

You’re a miserable human being, Levi. What do you mean I’ll need the vibrator? You want me to use it to mix whiskey sours?

You’re not happy that I go out half naked? You want me to look like a slut all the time? I can’t keep this up, Levi. I just can’t. The constant humiliation is wearing my brain out. I’m crying because I was so throughly humiliated yesterday and now I have to face more humiliation every time I go out. I’ll be naked all of time except when I’m so slutily dressed I may as well be naked. Let’s get this task stuff over with. Please!

After I had a good cry I grabbed a couple skirts and three sun dresses and went to work. Fortunately I’m pretty handy with a sewing machine and I figured I could do this without buying any new clothes. Not that I’d find any clothes that would meet Levi’s demented requirements.

First I grabbed a ruler and stuck the end of it against my twat to see where the skirts and dresses should come and then I made a mark on my leg with a marker. I couldn’t believe it but I actually had a dress that met the requirements. A dress that I never wore because it made me look like such a slut. It was tough getting the hems right because I couldn’t try the clothes on. I fooled with the dress tops and hoped for the best. I threw the lot in the car and drove to a reasonably secluded spot where I could try them on. I had to make a few adjustments to get within an inch of my nipples. Until this shit was over I was going to have to be very careful walking and sitting and moving in general or someone was going to see my nips or my pussy.

Back home I made the adjustments and then put the entire wardrobe on the back seat of my car. I also threw in two pairs of flip-flops and two pairs of sandals. I figured why should I keep them in the house when I couldn’t even put them on until I was a block away. I’d take the clothes in when they needed laundering. My life as a nudist was becoming quite simple. Embarrassing, humiliating, and tiring, but simple.

My next step was to try out my new, sluty attire in public. I drove to a strip mall not too far from my house (not the one where I humiliated myself in the rain). I didn’t even bother dressing until I got there. I drove the whole route naked because I didn’t feel like making the extra stop to dress. A SUV gave me a pretty emphatic toot on the horn but at least he didn’t turn around. After arriving I slipped on one of the sun dresses and a pair of flip-flops. I felt naked. I walked down the mall and past the stores. Some people stared and one asshole asked for a date. This was what it was going to be like until my next three tasks were done. Constant humiliation. One hundred percent of the time.

As I passed the stores I could see my reflection in the windows. Lots of leg, a little bit of a dress and a nice pair straining to escape and see the light of day. I turned to see myself from the front. From one point of view I thought I looked very sexy. Of course, there’s always the other point of view. I looked like a slut. The asshole was wandering back in my direction and glanced in the window.

“Looking good,” he said.

He was obviously coming from the second point of view. I gave him the finger and walked back to my car trying very hard not to break into a run or burst out sobbing. Constant humiliation. One hundred percent of the time.

I drove to the park and stripped off my dress and put on a skirt and blouse. Two buttons. I got out and walked around. A few stares and a few more surreptitious looks from the guys but nothing too blatant. The short skirt got their attention and then it was peek-a-boo time. It was impossible to keep my blouse from gaping as I moved. At work I was going to have to go with the skirt and blouse combo. The sun dresses were too casual. Every guy in the office was going to be looking for a chance to see my nipples. Men were such jerks. Monday at work was going to be a tough day and I prayed that Robert would be afraid to say anything for fear of screwing up the naked-Melanie-in-the-office thing.

I had had enough and getting back in my car I stripped naked and drove home thinking the hell with the honkies.

For the rest of the afternoon I did some gardening in the back yard and improved my all-over tan. After that I just sort of hung out, had a light dinner (watching the old waist line, Levi) and read until it was time to entertain my adolescent friends and whoever else happened by. My fan club had an addition this evening. The two kids had brought along a friend. The three of them sat on the front lawn waiting for the show to begin. They simply stared at my front picture window making sure that they didn’t miss a thing. At seven o’clock sharp I started in with my windmills.

It wasn’t long before my new fan, sitting cross legged, had his hand between his legs and his mouth hanging open. He didn’t last long. When I was doing my sit-ups he was covering his crotch and his mouth was closed. A couple cars slowed, paused, gawked and moved on. While I was doing my jumping jacks so that the three boys could watch how nicely my boobs bounced a car that I recognized pulled up and stopped. It was Katy and Jen. Katy was driving and she sat and stared with a strange expression on her face. Jen was leaning around her and also watched but I couldn’t see her face very well.

I didn’t understand where they were coming from. Did they get a kick out of watching me humiliate myself as I lewdly showed my body to three adolescents? Katy looked like she was enjoying it. No, not enjoying it. Like, she was turned on by it. By my pain and humiliation. I began crying as I did my final show off routine. Showing my audience my cunt and my butt hole. I’m sure the boys liked it. But Katy and Jen? My two best friends? Supposed best friends? By the time I had finished my backward windmills they had left and only the three boys remained. And they took off when I left the room. Other than that it was an ordinary nude exercise session with naked Melanie.

It was time to go out, dress like a slut and meet my supposed two best friends. At an empty parking lot I chose a dress from my back seat that I hoped wasn’t to revealing and slipped it on. A pair of sandals and I was ready for my night on the town. When I got to Banana Joe’s it took all the courage I could muster to enter the place. The length of my dress was almost acceptable. It was the top that concerned me. There was just too much boob showing. I turned a few heads as I walked to the table where Katy and Jen were sitting. All I said was hi.

“What’s the matter, Mel?” asked Katy. “You’re pissed because we watched you tonight, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I’m pissed. What’s the mater with you guys? I’m humiliated when I get up, when I go to work, when I’m at work, when I come home and when I see my neighbors. I’m naked and I eat my fucking dinner naked and then I have to show a bunch of kids absolutely every fucking part of my naked body and then I got two guys who are supposed to be my two best friends gawking at me like I’m a goddam nude dancer or something.”

I whispered my rant so other people in the bar wouldn’t hear. I started to cry and I didn’t want anyone to see that either. Stifling my sobs I stood and headed for the door. I’m sure the patrons wondered.

In the parking lot Katy and Jen joined me. They both hugged me and kept repeating over and over. “I’m sorry, we’re sorry. So sorry. Sorry, sorry, sorry. Oh god, Mel, we’re so stupid,” and stuff like that.

Katy said, “Mel, we’re so dumb. We just don’t know what you’re going through. I mean we know what you’re going through but not what it’s actually like to be you. Please forgive us. Please.”

I did and I told them I did and we hugged and cried. The contact felt good and comforting. We reentered the bar once we dried our eyes and got ourselves back in control.

Katy tried to explain. “We just stopped by out of curiosity and when we stopped and saw you and watched it was... I don’t know. Sexy or something. Erotic. We were just so stupid. We didn’t realize how terrible this all is for you. I know we should have, but we didn’t. We’re terrible friends.”

Jen kicked in. “Honest, Mel. We didn’t mean to dis you or anything. It’s just that when I saw you doing those exercises and I know that you didn’t want to. And the fact that you had to humiliate yourself and you looked so vulnerable... I don’t know, Mel. It’s so stupid. It’s that it made me so... Never mind. I don’t know what I’m saying.”

I pressed. “It made you so what. Horny? You got off I my humiliation? Is that it?” Jen looked miserable. I had pressed too hard. “I’m sorry, Jen. I know you didn’t mean any harm. Let’s talk about something else.”

“Yeah,” said Katy. “Let’s talk about something else. What’s with all the skin? Is this something new with Levi, or what?”

“Yeah,” I answered. “A new dress code. Levi decided that I’ve been wearing my dresses too long and as a punishment I’ve had to alter all of my dresses to show more leg and more tit.”

I felt like a kid explaining why I was being spanked.

“Jesus,” said Jen. “Actually, you look great. I mean, I know that’s way too revealing and everything but, Jesus Mel, you look good enough to eat.”

There was what is a called a pregnant pause while the double meaning sank in. Katy saved the moment by asking about my new dress code. I explained and they commiserated.

For the rest of the evening we talked about me and what it was like being naked. Then some guys would join us and check me out as I squirmed under my skimpy dress, the only thing between their eyes and my skin. When we got rid of them the conversation reverted back to my life as a nudist. Jen contended that seeing me naked was erotic partly because I had no choice. I was forced to be naked and that made it more erotic. It made me wonder about my own feelings. How did this enforced naked life style make me feel. Beyond embarrassment and humiliation. Was I in any way aroused by it. The thoughts were fleeting. I wasn’t sure I wanted to go there. All I wanted was to get this whole naked/task thing over with. Three more tasks. Let’s get on with it, Levi.

That’s my Saturday. My twenty-second day being naked most of the time. Not much happened today that will get your perverted juices flowing. Too fucking bad. There’s always tomorrow. And three more tasks.

Melanie

**Hacker’s Punishment Continued Part 7**

**Chapter 9 Melanie’s Thirteenth Post to Leviticus**

Sunday morning and naked as usual. Maybe I’d go to church this morning. I could wear my skimpy little skirt and my peek-a-boo blouse and give the deacon something new to pray about. On the other hand maybe church wasn’t such a good idea.

Coffee, breakfast and some more coffee. Pee, shower and pee again. Too much coffee. It was time to restock the larder. After going through the usual routine of getting the car out of the garage while naked I drove to a secluded spot and chose a dress from the selection I kept on the back seat. Slipping on a pair of flip-flops, I was ready to grocery shop.

Did you know that grocery stores are cold? Really cold when you’re wearing next to nothing? Has anybody ever told you that it’s not true about cold air making a girl’s nipples erect? Well, they lied. There are about five male shoppers and a couple of stock boy that will attest to that. One smart-ass asked me if I was smuggling marbles. I told him to try the liver in the meat department (only those of you who have read *Portnoy's Complaint*will get it. The rest of you will have to use your imagination, or Google. “Portnoy's Complaint - Wikipedia”)

After putting away the groceries I did some cleaning and the laundry. Laundry didn’t take long. One dress. I can’t remember the last time I opened my underwear drawer.

Shopping done, chores done and I didn’t want to mow the back yard until 2 PM because I wanted to fire up Andrew for the entertainment of Molly. I was naked, alone and bored. I needed something to perk me up and I got it. The doorbell rang. When I opened it there stood a mousy looking guy in a brown uniform. On his excuse for a chest was pinned a plastic covered identification card that read “Water Department.” Under it was his name, Stanley Kazinsky.

When I threw open the door and stood there in all my glory he must have jumped a foot.

“I, uh, I mean I, uh, ... That is, I’m from the uh, ...”

His eyes traveled everywhere but kept darting back to the various parts of my body. But when they arrived at a specific part they darted away again. His face was beet red.

I gave him my brightest smile and said, “You’re Stan and you’re from the water department, Right?”

Stan stammered some more. “I, uh, ... Look, I can come back when, uh...”

“When I have some clothes on? Not going to happen, Stan. If you come back later or tomorrow I’m going to be dressed exactly like I am now. That is, not at all. So you may as well get if over with now. What’s up?”

“I’m, uh, doing this survey for the, uh, water department and,”

A car passed behind him and tooted his horn as the driver yelled out his window “Looking good!”

Stan jumped, whirled around and turned back to me with a look on his face like he just got caught doing something nasty.

“Happens all the time,” I said. “Now about this survey?”

“Oh. Yes. Uh, are you the owner of this house?”

“It’s all mine. Next question.”

“Uh, how may people live here?”

“Just me, Stan. Next?”

“Uh, how many bathrooms are there?”

“One and a half. Would you like to see them?”

“No!” He didn’t say it, he squeaked it.

His eyes were getting more steady and spending more time on my boobs and on my pussy. I thought he was getting too comfortable. I leaned against the door jamb and crossed one leg over the other and gave him my “come hither” smile.

“What else do you need to know, Stan?” As I said it I began playing with my nipple, rubbing my finger over it and squeezing it.

“I gotta go,” he said and turned and stumbled away.

“Don’t you want to know about my hot tub?” I called after him.

It was fun teasing Stanley but it occurred to me that I was getting way to comfortable being naked. I was looking forward to mowing my back yard in the buff and turning Andrew on for his wife. It didn’t bother me a whole lot that Herb would be ogling me. The whore clothes and Levi’s tasks were, of course, a different matter. Levi, sadist that he is, designs his tasks to humiliate. Stan was a stranger and I wasn’t humiliated showing him my baubles but I was in the comfort and safety of my own home. It’s different out in the cold cruel world, being absolutely naked in front of a stranger. And the fact that I was made to do it. Somehow that added to the humiliation. Was it just humiliation? I’d think about that some other time.

I had some lunch and talked on the phone for a while with Katy. Then I talked with Jack who said he was returning Wednesday. Cool. I needed Jack.

At two I raised the garage door and had just enough time to scurry to the back of the garage and hide from a pair of passing pedestrians. Once they were by I quickly pushed the mower around to the back and began mowing. Just me and nature. None of those bothersome clothes. Shortly after starting Molly, Andrew, and naked Grace were all in their yard doing stuff and watching me. Particularly Andrew. Molly smiled and gave me a thumbs up. Lucky her. I had to wait until Wednesday. Shortly after they appeared Martha and Herb came out. There was nothing subtle about Herb. He just sat in his lawn chair and stared while sipping his beer.

I liked mowing in the nude. It felt good. I could see the attraction of nudist resorts and wondered if I could convince Jack to try it. Nudism could be okay if everybody’s nude and without the sadistic tasks and requirements imposed by a certain asshole.

After mowing I visited with Martha and Herb for a while. It killed time as Martha droned on and Herb ogled. I also got a free beer which tasted good. For the rest of the day I putzed around and sat on the patio and read. Every hour or so I’d check for an e-mail from Levi as required and got nothing. Maybe he got run over by a truck. Wouldn’t that be grand?

Ate dinner, watched some TV and it was show time. The three kids were waiting patiently. At least the audience wasn’t getting any bigger. I did notice that they were getting closer to my window, though. Pretty soon I’d be cleaning their nose prints of the glass. During my exercises a couple cars slowed and one paused for a while. Only the kids hung around to watch the grand finale. Sooner or later someone was going to call the cops and tell them I was corrupting minors or something like that. I wasn’t corrupting them. I was educating them. I’m pretty sure they were already corrupt. After all, they were boys, weren’t they?

Exercises finished and I got the e-mail.

*Dear Melanie,*

*You will be delighted to hear that I have decided on a tenth task. By the time you go to bed tonight you will have only two to go.*

*Number ten is very simple. Remember that magic wand that you purchased during your delightful shopping trip the other day? Have you used it yet? I hope that you haven’t, because if you have you did not mention it in your post and that would be a punishable infarction. You’re going to have the opportunity to use it this evening.*

*Your task is this. You are to place your laptop on a table so that the camera will view all of your lovely body while you are sitting in a chair facing the computer. An armless kitchen chair will work because then you’ll be able to spread your pretty legs over the sides. At nine PM sharp I will initiate a Skype session and you will accept. When that occurs you’ll have the opportunity to experience the exquisite pleasures provided by the Magic Wand.*

*I’m looking forward to witnessing an orgasm but I appreciate the fact that you may find it difficult to achieve one under the circumstances. If you find it necessary to “fake it” you must be totally convincing. If not, you will repeat the performance.*

*One more thing, Melanie. I guarantee that no one will ever see your performance other that you and me. You may not have the highest opinion of me personally but you will have to admit that I have not misled you or lied to you. I have information and pictures that can compromise you but I have not and will never use them as long as you cooperate with me.*

*I understand that you may find this task overly objectionable and if you should refuse I have prepared and alternative task that involves another, more prolonged shopping trip to the Triple X Emporium.*

*If you should choose the first task mentioned task I hope you enjoy your Magic Wand and I know that I shall enjoy the show.*

*Love, Levi*

This was too much. This was over the top. He wanted me to perform a sex act for his perverted enjoyment like I was a whore or something. I ran into the bedroom and buried my face in my pillow and cried. I’d never do such a thing. Then I thought about that horrible store and the leers and smirks on those perverted faces and I cried some more. I was in that porn shop for fifteen of the worst minutes of my life and he wanted me to do it again for even longer. Fuck, fuck, fuck!!!

I HATE YOU, LEVI! I HATE YOUR GUTS AND HOPE YOU DIE A PAINFUL DEATH!

I cried and watched the bedside clock tick its digital way toward nine. At 8:50 I resignedly took my laptop and placed it open on the kitchen table. Across from it I put a chair and sat down with my legs spread wantonly. In my hand was the vibrator with the cord trailing from the end and into a socket.

I figured about fifteen minutes should do it. After about five I’d start moaning and groaning and after ten I’d act like Meg Ryan in “Harry Met Sally.” After fifteen I’d yell “Yes, Yes, Yes,” and that should do it. That’s what I figured. I figured wrong.

At nine exactly my computer received a request to Skype. With a shaking hand I accepted and a blank screen appeared with a small window in the corner. In the window sat naked me, legs spread. I figured that Levi somehow blocked out his own image. He started speaking, his voice coming through the tinny computer speaker.

“Good evening, Melanie. I’m glad to see that you chose this for your task. I don’t believe that you are emotionally prepared for a return to the Triple X Emporium, no matter how stimulating you found the experience.”

I must say that you look absolutely beautiful this evening, although a little distraught. You haven’t been crying, have you? Ah well. It’s not always easy having to accept the consequences of our misdeeds, is it?”

My mind had become numb. I listened to his hateful voice as he droned on. All I could see was that little square in the corner of the computer screen with me in, looking like a totally dissolute slut, ready to entertain the world’s most disgusting man.

“Well, Melanie, are you ready to begin pleasing yourself?”

“Fuck you,” I responded and switched on the vibrator. I jumped a little at the buzzing sound that it made. Closing my eyes I slipped my free hand between my legs and was surprised to find myself wet. Just the simple touch of my hand aroused my swollen inner labia. My brain felt nothing but disgust. Disgust with Levi and disgust with myself. My body on the other hand was ready to party. I put the vibrator to work and it felt good. God, how it felt good. I moved it down between my legs and I moved it up. I massaged to the right and I massaged to the left. But mostly there’s that one spot and that’s where the rubber ball on the end of the Magic Wand spent most of its time. My free hand traveled my body, caressed my breasts, squeezed my nipples and slid down between my legs to accompany the vibrating ball. When I opened my eyes I saw a small picture of a lascivious, naked body twisting and gyrating. I was moaning and saying all those stupid things that Meg Ryan said except I meant them. I wasn’t faking. I wrapped my feet around the chair legs and gripped the edge of the chair with white knuckles. My belly contracted. My toes curled. My butt cheeks squeezed tight. And with an “Oh, shit,” and an “Oh, fuck,” I came.

The vibrator slid from my hand and fell to the floor. I reached over to the computer and reversed the picture so that the entire screen was filled with me staring back at me and the little box in the corner was blank. My arms hung by my sides and my body was covered with a sheen of perspiration. My feet were still wrapped around the chair legs and on my face was a look of pure lust. Lust fulfilled. It occurred to me that Levi was still watching. I closed the computer and did my best to regain my composure.

Then I began typing this post. Hope you like it. Actually, I couldn’t care less if you like it or not.

Melanie

**Chapter 10 Melanie’s Fourteenth Post to Leviticus**

I rose, peed, showered and sat in front of my computer. There was an e-mail from Levi.

*Dear Melanie,*

*You are a profound disappointment to me. I gave you the opportunity to enjoy yourself last night and you most obviously did. It was a wonderful display, by the way. But there are rules and you broke an important one. You are to share with us, your fans, any significant occurrence that you experience. Last night, after you went to bed, you had such an occurrence and it was so significant that you immediately wrote about it. What you wrote made it very obvious that you did not intend to share it. I want you to enter the exact entry that you made last night.*

*There will be a punishment for your infraction and you will be informed of it later.*

*Love (tough love,) Levi*

The son-of-a-bitch has even invaded my computer. He stalks me in my home, he stalks me when I’m out and he stalks me at work. Now he even stalks my computer. You are breaking an awful lot of laws, Levi, and I surely hope that you pay for them some day.

I’m sure all of you deviates want to know what it is that I wrote in the middle of the night so for the titillation of your perverted pea brains, here it is.

I can’t believe it. I just had this dream. I was sitting on a stage in front of a huge audience. I was sitting on a chair just like I did for Levi. I was naked, of course, and I had the vibrator and I was just beginning to use it. The crowed started applauding. As I became more and more aroused they started cheering wildly. Just as I was ready to come I awoke. The arousal part wasn’t a dream ,though. I was horny as hell. Even while I was half asleep it didn’t take long to finish myself off. The orgasm woke me and now I can’t sleep. The past three weeks kept running through my mind. Being naked all the time and showing myself naked to strangers in the park and naked at work and with my neighbors. All of these incidents kept flashing through my mind. And the whore clothes. Mowing the lawn and visiting the porn store. The t-shirt showing my breasts and the zipper coming down and showing my pubic hair to complete strangers.

Lying in bed just after an orgasm I was thinking these things and I didn’t feel humiliation or even embarrassment. I felt a kind of thrill or arousal. I wasn’t really aroused because I just had an orgasm but I had the feeling that it would make me aroused. I don’t understand it. Maybe writing it down will help. So here I am typing this. God help me if Levi should read this. Maybe I can get some sleep now. I have to work tomorrow and let the guys at the office see me naked. What a life.

So there it is. Another degree of humiliation for the enjoyment of Levi and a bunch of perverts. I was in a fog when I wrote it and as I read it now it doesn’t make any sense.

I did manage to get some sleep after that and I wasn’t too groggy this morning. I had my breakfast and left for work. Arriving there I got the usual smiles, “how was your week-end” stuff and, of course, the guys checking out the gaps in my two button blouse.

Entering my office I, as usual, stripped naked. On my desk I noticed a small box wrapped in brown paper. I sat down and opened it. The brown paper covered a gaudy pink box with the words “10-Speed Clitoral Vibrator” printed on it. There was also a note that said, “Check your e-mail, Love, Levi.”

Great. Just what I needed. A “10-Speed Clitoral Vibrator.” I didn’t think I was having any trouble in that department.

There was a knock on the door and I shoved the package into the top desk drawer as Zeke entered. He was all smiles and happy talk and then mentioned a package that came via courier for me. Did I get it? I said yes and that it was a present from a secret admirer. Where did I come up with this shit? He smiled and asked what I got and I coyly told him that it was none of his business. He told me about his week-end and I lied about mine and he said he had to get to work and I said the same and finally he left. I had to find out why I needed another vibrator and what Levi’s punishment was going to be. I was pretty sure the two were connected and I wasn’t looking forward or reading his e-mail. Or was I?

*Dear Melanie,*

*I’m looking forward to seeing your nocturnal mea culpa in your next post where your public can read and enjoy it. You seem to show such an interest in masturbating that I’ve decided to help you enjoy the sport.*

*I’m sure that you have received my little present by now and that you are anticipating your punishment for your blatant infraction of my rules. Your punishment is this. At your 10 AM break go to nakedmelanie.com on your personal computer. To get into the site you will need a password, leviiisGREAT. There’s a video there that will aid you during your punishment. You are to use your new present to help you masturbate. This is an on-going punishment. You will repeat the procedure at your 2 PM break and twice every day until you complete your twelfth task.*

*Same rules as before. If you have to fake it, fake it well. I can always add additional times and places if I’m not convinced. Enjoy.*

*With all my love, Levi.*

About what I expected. I’d either come or do a good job pretending. Otherwise my dream from the night before could very well come true. Well, not exactly but I was sure that Levi would find a time and place considerably worse than my office.

As I contemplated my mid-morning masturbation I wondered how Levi would know what I was doing. It was pretty obvious that he had a spy camera in my office but where? I looked around and when I got to the ceiling I noticed one of those little black domes that are used for security purposes. Was that it? As I wondered there was another knock and Robert entered. I should mention that they always knocked first but never gave me a chance to respond before pushing the door open. If I happened to be mid-orgasm there would be no hiding the fact. I suppose I could lock my door and think of some excuse. As long as I was naked those two guys would buy anything.

Robert went through the same kind of pleasantries that Zeke and I covered earlier. Then I tried for some information.

“Is that thing in the ceiling a security camera?” I asked pointing toward the dome.

Robert laughed. “It was,” he replied. “But don’t worry. That system has been down for years. If it worked I’m sure you’d be on You Tube by now.”

I laughed back and told Robert that I was behind in my work and that I wanted to work through break and not be disturbed. He said, “Sure.”

I didn’t get much work done before ten. All I could think about was that stupid camera, the thing in my desk drawer and masturbating. I’m ashamed to say that all that thinking was raising my libido. I was looking forward to it. I wasn’t sure that I’d bring it off but I was thinking the chances were better than when I first contemplated the act.

At ten o’clock I locked my door and then opened my laptop and entered nakedmelanie.com. The site came up with nothing but a box for a password. I entered leviisGREAT with my heart in my throat. I had a good idea of what I was going to see and I wasn’t disappointed. It was me, staring at the camera. My hair was messed and my eyes were puffy from crying and, of course, I was naked. Our voices were suppressed. As I watched myself bring the vibrator to my crotch I heard Ravel’s Bolero begin. Cute. I gave the security camera the bird and reached in the drawer for my new vibrator. I switched it on and it began buzzing. Either it came with batteries or Levi generously provided them. As soon as the thing touched my wet twat I entered another dimension. All that existed was the feeling between my legs. I knew immediately that this was one orgasm I wasn’t going to have to fake. I thought of Levi watching my wanton display through the security camera and for some unexplained reason I became even more aroused. With supreme effort I managed to keep myself from moaning aloud as the orgasm coursed through me. It seemed like the entire episode took half a minute but when I looked at the clock it took ten.

After recovering I dressed and headed for the bathroom. I got some stares and wondered if the look of lust was still on my face. Once in the stall I used some tissues to clean myself as thoroughly as possible. While I was washing my hands another girl entered and gave me a rather disgusted look.

You should have seen me ten minutes ago, lady.

Back in my office I stripped and tried to get some work done. My mind kept drifting back to my morning masturbation. I thought of how wanton and erotic I looked in the movie. The whole scenario reeled through my mind. I was masturbating while I watched myself masturbate. I should have been disgusted with myself and maybe I was a little bit. But just a little. I wondered about this afternoon. Would I come again or would I have to fake it? How many orgasms did I have in me?

My reverie was interrupted just before lunch by Robert. He informed me that he had an account that we had to work on and we’d work through lunch. We’d send out and he took my order and thinking ahead I asked for some moistened wipes. Another naked lunch with Robert. It seemed like they were becoming more and more frequent.

The day passed and by 2 PM I was pretty certain my afternoon orgasm was going to be real. I had been thinking about it since my morning orgasm and it seemed like I kept becoming more and more aroused. Eating lunch while Robert ogled my body didn’t seem to help. What was the matter with me? I was turning into some kind of nymphomaniac. My whole life seemed to be revolving around my orgasms.

At two I set up my laptop and entered nakedmelanie with my handy 10-Speed Clitoral Vibrator at the ready. I was looking forward to the next ten minutes or whatever it would take. I was turning into a slut. I dressed like a slut, when I dressed at all, and I acted like a slut. God, what a life.

After coming I cleaned myself with the wipes and made a trip to the john. The rest of my day at work passed without incident. When I pulled in my driveway I was naked and would be that way until tomorrow when I was off my street. Shortly after arriving Jen showed up. She brought clothes and a bunch of stuff and she was moved in. The clothes and stuff went in the spare bedroom and until her furniture was moved with Jack’s help she’d bunk with me. Naked me. My bed was a queen so we’d have plenty of room. She did most of the work. I was exhausted. Can’t imagine why.

After that we sat and had a beer and I told her about last night. I told her that it was terrible and she empathized but I also told her about today and how I somehow not just anticipated masturbating but was almost looking forward to it. I tried to explain how watching the video of last night’s humiliation while masturbating actually increased the sexuality I was feeling. And when I imagined Levi watching me that also increased my arousal. As I talked about it and relived it the arousal began to return. But I squashed it. We had to eat and then there were my exercises.

During my exercises there were no cars that slowed and no pedestrians. Just three boys and Jen. I think that Jen paid even closer attention than the three boys. As she watched I saw her hand occasionally drift to her crotch and then she’d jerk it away. Somewhere I had seen the look in her eyes. It was in the face that stared at me while I masturbated in the office. It was the look of lust that I had seen in my own eyes. I’m sure you can see where this is going.

Jen, Katy, and I were best of friends and we shared all our secrets. Except for one. As I mentioned earlier, Jen sort of fell out of the dating scene after high school. Whenever Katy or I brought the subject up she’d change it. Katy and I were pretty sure that she was either gay or leaning in that direction but since Jen didn’t seem inclined to discuss it neither did we. Maybe tonight we’d discuss it.

After my exercises I was tired and sweaty. I collapsed in a chair across from Jen with my arms hanging loose and my legs spread. I was tired. I wasn’t trying to arouse my friend or anything. Was I?

Neither Jen or I said anything. We just looked at each other with half smiles on our faces. Her eyes drank in my body. To understand how I felt at that moment you have to try to imagine what I’d been going through for the last twenty four hours. For almost the entire time I was naked. I was continually ogled by my boss and a fellow employee. I masturbated once for my own amusement. I was forced to masturbate three times while being watched by a pervert. While masturbating I watched myself masturbate. And I had just showed every intimate part of my body to three adolescents and my best friend, Jen. Maybe you think that after all that I’d be through with sex. I’d be exhausted and disgusted with myself and would want to do nothing but go to bed and sleep. But that’s not how I felt. My body was glistening with perspiration and my sex was glistening with desire.

Slowly I rose and walked to Jen’s chair where I knelt at her feet and laid my head in her lap. She stroked my hair and quietly said “Melanie.” We looked into each other’s eyes and the deed was all but done. I rose, took her hand and led her to the bedroom. Soon we were both naked and lying next to each other. In the next hour my lips and my tongue became very familiar with Jen’s body. Familiar with her lips and tongue. Her neck.. Her breasts, nipples, tummy. I kissed and licked her thighs, both inside and out. And that hollow spot behind her knees and even her toes. But most of all I became familiar with her sex. Her warm, moist, wonderful sex. Unlike me, she had no hair down there and my mouth and lips and tongue luxuriated in the smell and taste of her. Everything I learned about her wonderful body she learned about mine.

I had my fifth orgasm in twenty-four hours and it was my very best one. I’m proud to say that Jen had two. At least I think it was two. It may have been more.

When we were spent we lay on the bed on our backs and we talked. Jen suspected that even in high school while she was dating boys that she was a lesbian. But she never had the nerve to declare herself. Since high school she had a couple relationships but neither Katy nor I knew anything about them. She said she was sexually repressed. That she always desired me and it was like a boiling pot of water with the lid clamped on tight. Sooner or later the lid would blow off and tonight it did. She said she loved me and I told her that I loved her. I told her that what we had just done was right and that it was good and that it was truly wonderful.

There was just one problem. Jack. Because, you see, I also love Jack. Sex with Jack is also right and good and wonderful. It was all very confusing. Jen and I talked and talked. Finally I told her that I had to write all this down and send it to Levi. She doesn’t know that Levi would then post it for the world to read.

It takes at least two days before my posts appear in Leviticus. Before that happens I have to get together with Jack and talk. Losing Jack would be devastating. Losing Jen would be devastating.

I’m going back to bed. Good night.

Melanie

**Chapter 11 Melanie’s Fifteenth Post to Leviticus**

I woke up before Jen and was showered and having my morning cup of coffee before she appeared. She was disheveled from sleep and wearing just panties and a t-shirt. She looked delectable.

“Morning,” I said brightly.

“Mrmf,” she responded.

Evidently, Jen wasn’t a morning person.

After she got half way through her cup of coffee she became coherent.

“You look beautiful this morning,” she told me.

“Thanks. You look like something the cat dragged in.”

She smiled and said that last night was wonderful and I agreed.

“You have to masturbate, today?” she asked.

I said yes. Twice.

“How are you going to do it? You’ve got to be all sexed out, or something.”

I shrugged, “I don’t know. If I can’t come I fake it. But think about it. Since Sunday evening I’ve had five orgasms and I didn’t have to fake it once. What’s two more? Seriously though. I sit here naked and I think about last night and then I think about going in to work and having to take my clothes off and sit around naked while the guys look at me. Well, somehow I think I might just be ready for one more. Or even two more. Do you think that this is what it’s like to be a nymphomaniac? I mean, I’ve just had sex or I’m thinking about having sex or I’m in the process of having sex. My life isn’t about being naked. It’s about sex. It’s tiring. It’s distracting. I’m so confused. I feel like I’m going to cry. I’m sorry, Jen. You don’t want to hear all this.”

Jen came over and knelt by me and wrapped her arms around me and hugged me close.

“Yes, I do, Mel. I love you and I want to share your emotions. I don’t know what to say but if there’s anything I can do please tell me. Anything.”

I smiled at her. “You’re doing the right thing now. In fact if you keep doing it I’m going to sneak one in before ten o’clock.”

She laughed and kissed me on the lips and told me she loved me. The moment could have continued but I had to get to work.

Work was tough. It was hard to focus. I kept thinking about sex and Jen and sex and Jack and sex. Jack was a problem. I wasn’t going to see him until tomorrow night. I had to tell him all before he read about it in Leviticus. I didn’t know what I would do if I had to choose. Jack or Jen. I wanted both. I wanted it all.

It was a typical day at the office. Strip, ogle, masturbate (successfully), dress, bathroom break, strip, ogle, lunch (while naked and being ogled,) ogle (some more), masturbate (successfully again), dress, bathroom break, strip, ogle, dress and leave for home. I don’t know how I got any work done but I managed. Close to home I had to strip again and I would be naked until I was on my way to work again tomorrow. Then I’d do it all over again. When I write about it, it seems horrible but on a minute to minute basis I seem to survive. I suppose the worst part was masturbating while I knew that Levi was watching me. But, somehow, I always managed to achieve an orgasm and who ever heard of a bad orgasm?

I stopped at the usual spot on the way home to take my clothes off before I reached my street and that’s when it occurred to me that it was time to mow, trim and water the front yard. The thought of putting on those whore clothes and displaying myself made my stomach turn. I was looking forward to getting home and seeing Jen but the thought of doing the yard made me almost sick.

Once I was naked I turned on to my street and drove toward my house. I didn’t have to do the lawn after all. Jen was doing it. In my whore clothes. It was mowed, it was trimmed and she was standing in the drive with a hose in hand watering the shrubs. Jen’s breasts are a little larger than mine and when she smiled and waved one popped out. A car driving by in the opposite direction slowed and tooted. I pulled in the driveway and sat in the car and watched her as she turned the water off and coiled the hose. She had all the problems I had. A boob would expose itself and she’d put it back. The zipper would slide and she’d suck in her tummy and give it a jerk. No painful pubes though. When she bent down to work the faucet the zipper gave way, the shorts rode down and I saw her crack. Another car, another toot. After coiling the hose she walked between my car and the open garage door toward the corner where I threw the clothes after my trip to the porn shop. As she walked the shorts kept sliding down but no matter. When she got to the corner she checked the street and slid them off. With a jerk the useless top was off. Then she strode through the garage toward the door with an accentuated wiggle of her very attractive bare bottom.

She looked hot. She looked vulnerable, sexy and hot. I was mesmerized by the sight of my best friend exposing and humiliating herself in public. I found it exciting and erotic. Now I could understand how they felt when they watched my exercises the other day.

I got out of the car, lowered the garage door and headed into the house. She was still naked and sitting at the kitchen table having a beer.

“Wow,” she said. “That was intense. Let’s make love.”

I laughed. “Maybe later.”

She pressed on. “I don’t know what it is, Mel. Those clothes are the worst thing ever. I felt like such a slut. So why am I so horny?”

“Welcome to my world,” I responded. “So what do you think you’re doing? What’s Levi going to say? You’re a sweetheart for doing the lawn and I can’t believe that you wore those rags but, shit, what’s next?”

“Levi said do the lawn in the whore clothes. He didn’t say who should do it, did he? The pervert should be happy to see a different girl humiliate herself for his entertainment. Actually I don’t care what he thinks. Let’s go fuck.”

With that she stood, took my hand and led me into the bedroom. We spent the next hour pleasing each other. I achieved orgasm number three for the day and she got at least two from my efforts.

Exhausted, we lay on the bed and talked. I told her about my day and she asked lots of questions and wanted details. What’s it like with those two guys looking at me naked? Do I look forward to masturbating? How do I keep from making too much noise while masturbating? Things like that. After we exhausted my sex life and what it’s like I asked her about hers. Did she masturbate? How often? Did she have any toys? I asked her if she felt any attraction to guys at all. She said no but the way she said it made me wonder.

“Never?” I asked.

“No, never,” she replied. After a pause she said, “But I sometimes wonder...”

“Wonder what?”

“Fellatio. You know. Like do you ever suck Jack off?”

“You mean a blow job?”

“Yeah, a blow job. Do you do that?”

“Yes. Lots. Why?”

“What’s it like? I mean, what does it feel like to have his cock in your mouth? Does he come in your mouth? Then what? What does it taste like? Do you like it?”

I laughed. “I like having his cock in my mouth, I like having him come in my mouth, I can’t describe the taste but it’s okay and, although you didn’t ask, it’s not fattening.”

Jen didn’t say anything and I wondered what she was thinking. “Why do you ask? You want to try it?”

Her answer surprised me. “Yes I’d like to try it. It’s funny. Kissing a guy disgusts me and having his penis in me, in my vagina I mean, disgusts me even more. I can’t stand even the thought of having a naked guy on top of me. But I often wondered what it would be like to have his hard dick in my mouth and have him come. Is that crazy?”

“Yes,” I replied. “It’s crazy. You’re crazy. In the off chance that Jack and I still have a relationship after tomorrow I’ll tell him that you want to blow him. Or if he decides to bolt like a normal guy then you can ask him yourself. I never heard of a guy turning down a blow job from a pretty girl.”

“Really? You’d ask him? You wouldn’t mind? Be jealous or anything?”

“If he’s going to accept our relationship how could I be jealous about something like that?”

We talked some more and then hurried through dinner so I wouldn’t be late for my exercises. When we went into the living room and I took my place in front of the window, the three boys were ready for there daily dose of naked Melanie. Jen had put her t-shirt and panties on again and was watching from a chair where the boys wouldn’t see her but where she wouldn’t miss a thing. Half way through my first set of windmills there was a flash. I saw one of the boys with a small digital camera. Immediately I stopped and moved away from the window.

“Shit, Jen, what do I do now? I don’t want pictures of naked me all over the Internet. That’s not part of the bargain.”

“The flash will reflect off the window,” she said. “He got nothing.”

“Yeah, but he’ll figure it out. Fuck.”

We worried it over for another minute when the doorbell rang. “Now what?” I said as I went to answer it.

One of the boys was in the doorway, the one from my first day of exercises.

“What?” I said.

“Uh, my names’s Matt.”

“Hi Matt. What can I do for you?”

“Uh, me and the other guys...” Matt sort of gestured over his shoulder with his head to where the two other boys were standing by the curb. “We, uh, would like to know if you’re going to finish your, uh, exercises.” The poor boy was beet red. He wanted to look in my eyes as he talked but they kept slipping down. “We think you’re, uh, very pretty and we , uh, like to, you know, sort of watch if, you know, it would be okay.”

“Watch? What’s with the camera? That’s more than just watching.”

“That was Jason,” Matt replied sounding a little mad. “He’s a jerk. He promises not to take any pictures any more.”

“So you think I’m pretty, huh?”

“Yes, ma'am, We do. We really do.”

“I’ll bet none of you ever even looked at my face.”

“Uh, yes we do. Uh, we all think you’re pretty and, well...”

Matt was beginning to became a little flustered. I decided to let him off the hook. “No pictures?”

“No ma'am.”

I shut the door and continued my exercises where I left off. The boys hurriedly returned to their former places on my lawn and watched. When I did the final five minutes of windmills and they got their chance to inspect my twat and butt hole for the millionth time I turned and waved. They smiled and waved back as if it was as normal as waving to a friend on the street.

Then I checked for e-mails.

*Dear Melanie and Jen,*

*So you’re a team now. I don’t recall saying anything about teamwork but I don’t recall not saying anything either. But if you’re a team you’re both going to have to live by the same rules. Naked in the house, naked in the yard and naked on the street. Same dress code off the street. And since Jen has chosen to be a part of your household you should take her around to meet your neighbors.*

*As for her car, she may use the driveway but if she parks in the street it can’t be in front of the house. If she did, how could anyone see you exercise as they drove by, Melanie? I might add that the same goes for other guests.*

*If Jen should choose not to participate I can always extend the number of your tasks, Melanie.*

*I’m planning your next to last task and for this one you’ll be naked part of the time. Isn’t that a surprise? But I have decided that up until now you haven’t been naked enough. There’s that pretty little patch of pubic hair that your overly active sex has been hiding behind. It has to go. You and your new teammate can take care of that tonight. I’ll have to approve, of course, so you can send me a picture in a reply to this e-mail.*

*Have a delightful evening.*

*Love, Levi*

By the time we had finished reading Levi’s e-mail Jen was naked. I told her no, she didn’t have to and she said yes she did. It was her fault and it might be fun.

“Fun? I said. “You’re ready to meet my neighbors like that? And your car. It’s in front of the house. How are you going to move it? Are you sure about this? And your clothes. You can’t wear mine because you’re shorter and the dresses will be too long.”

“You’re right,” she said. “I’ll move my car and then we’ll shave your pubes and go after the dresses.”

With that she ran for the front door and peeked out. Seeing that the coast was clear she sprinted to her car, pulled it in the drive and then ran back in the house. She looked very sexy doing it. Watching her sprint naked was a turn on. I began to wonder if I had number four in me.

Next it was to the bathroom. Jen insisted on doing the whole procedure. While I sat on the toilet with my legs spread she lathered and shaved me. When finished she said that I looked good enough to eat which she promptly began doing. Laughing, I pushed her face out of my crotch and told her we had to do her dresses.

She gathered up a couple sun dresses and I got the ruler and we went to work. By the time we were finished measuring I had had my hands all over her. I asked her if she wanted to go out and try them on but she said no, she’d do it tomorrow and that she was ready for bed.

“Tired?” I asked.

“No.” she replied. “Just the opposite.”

“Not yet. First the pictures.”

Using my phone we took a couple shots of my newly shaved pussy. Selecting the best one we sent it off to dick head. And then to bed.

I enjoyed number four and Jen enjoyed however many she had. And now here I am telling an audience of perverts my dirty little secrets. Some of you are probably wondering where I get off calling you perverts when I’m the one who’s running around naked and masturbating all the time and making love to both my girlfriend and my boyfriend. You got a point. You’re still a bunch of perverts.

Melanie

**Chapter 12 Melanie’s Sixteenth Post to Leviticus**

I woke with the alarm. It was Wednesday morning and my twenty-sixth day naked. It wasn’t a day I was particularly looking forward to. First I had to go through the embarrassment of having to show my shiny new twat to the guys at work. And then there was Jack. How would he feel about my bourgeoning relationship with Jen? Was there any way that I could have them both? It seemed so unlikely but if it could only work...

While I was having my coffee Jen stumbled in naked and disheveled. Evidently she remembered her new dress code. She gave me a half smile, looked at my hairless sex, blew it a kiss and then went for the coffee.

Once she was conscious we discussed clothes, masturbating, and my upcoming meeting with Jack. I told her that if things went well not to expect me home tonight. She said she’d miss me but that she hoped they would work out.

By the time I arrived at work I was getting pretty nervous about Zeke and Robert seeing my bald sex. I kept telling myself that it was silly. Lots of women shaved their pubes. It was like I had changed my hair. Colored it or something. No big deal. But it was a big deal. This wasn’t just hair. This was sex. I’d just have to grin and bear it. Or is that grin and bare it? Oh well.

Upon entering my office I stripped and anxiously waited for the inevitable. Zeke was first. Since I was sitting behind my desk he didn’t see my naked crotch but this was Zeke and it was only a matter of time before he’d think of some inane reason for me to rise.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning.”

“How ya doing?”

“Fine, thank you. How are you this morning, Zeke?”

“Great. I was just going over the Wilcox account and couldn’t find the file. Do you have it?”

Wilcox account. Bottom drawer. Zeke must be in the mood for a butt shot.

“Sure,” I replied. “Let me get it.” I stood.

“Wow!”

My heart was in my throat. I felt like a cheap whore showing off her freshly shaven twat. How did I ever get here? What ever happened to me. Strutting around my office stark naked. Even pubeless.

I smiled. “Like my new look, Zeke?”

“Yeah. I sure do.”

For the next fifteen minutes we supposedly talked business. Zeke would sit at the table in my office and say something like, “Look at this, Melanie,” and I would have to look over his shoulder and look as he looked. Elsewhere. After that charade Zeke left and in less than a minute Robert appeared and the whole travesty repeated. I got a lot more interruptions this morning than previous mornings. Finally ten o’clock rolled around and I told the guys I had to get some work done and needed some privacy to do it. Work. Hah! It was time to get out the old vibrator and go to town.

Strange as it may seem I was looking forward to it. Strange to me. Not strange to you perverts who seem to think that all women are nymphomaniacs. So maybe I’m becoming a nymphomaniac. I happen to think that it’s strange. I opened my computer and began watching the now familiar video of me humping my magic wand. As I watched I pleasured myself with my new best friend, a 10-Speed Clitoral Vibrator. There was no longer much question if I’d have to fake it or not. I vibrated, I enjoyed, I came.

That pretty much sums up what my day was like. Sometime in the afternoon, I can’t remember if it was before or after my second orgasm, Robert made an interesting comment during one of his frequent visits. He said that he was considering reorganizing the offices and that ours- Robert, Zeke and myself - would have our own separate set of rooms. That way I’d have a lot more freedom to be naked. I wouldn’t have to dress each time I left my office. I didn’t have the heart to tell him that pretty soon I expected this naked stuff to be behind me.

For the entire day there was always one thought that was in the back of my mind. How would I tell Jack about Jen? What would he say? I couldn’t imagine giving either one up. What if I had to choose? It drove me crazy. When my day was done I dressed and drove to Jack’s apartment. I pulled over on the way and did a quick change into one of my sun dresses. I thought that they were a little more sexy and I wanted any edge I could get. When I rang his bell my heart was in my throat.

The dress change was a waste of time. Thirty seconds after I entered his apartment it was off. Jack admired my naked snatch and then he was naked. Sixty seconds after that I was on my back with my legs in the air and working hard toward achieving my third orgasm of the day. It didn’t take long to reach.

Afterwards I told Jack that that was fun but that maybe next time we might want to spend a little time with this thing they call foreplay. He agreed.

I used a tissue from the night stand to clean up the two of us. Sex can be a messy business. Then the we simply laid on our backs and stared at the ceiling, saying nothing. Just thinking. Jack broke the silence.

“I read Saturday’s post about you having to masturbate for that asshole, Levi. It’s terrible. But then, I have a confession. You aren’t the only one that masturbates. All I had to do was read about it.”

“It gets worse,” I said.

“Worse?”

“Yeah.” I went on to tell him about my waking up and doing it again and then writing about it.

“You’ll read all about it,” I said.

“Read about it? You didn’t post what you wrote, did you?”

I explained about Levi hacking my computer and my punishment for not posting about a “significant event.”

“So you have to masturbate twice a day at work?”

“Yep.”

“Today?”

“Yep.”

“And you actually come?”

“Every time.”

“Jesus. And just now? With me?”

“Of course with you. If I can come with my little vibrator I can certainly come with you.”

“Wow. How do you do it?”

“I’m a rootin’ tootin’ orgasm machine.”

“I guess.”

“Actually it gets kind of distracting. If I’m not actually having sex, I’m thinking about it. Guys are always either checking out my naked body or if I’m not naked I’m so close to being naked that guys are thinking the same thing. And, god help me, it makes me horny. And when I’m horny I’m thinking about sex. But I’ve got another problem.”

“Oh? What’s that?”

“Well, you know that Jen’s moved in with me.”

“Yeah. I was supposed to help her move some stuff today. You think this weekend will be okay?”

“This weekend’s fine. Jack, you know I love you. I love being with you. I love making love with you. And I want it to go on. I want it to last. I’ll be heartbroken if it doesn’t.”

I started crying. I turned to him and wrapped my arms around him and pressed my body next to his. I could feel him stiffen. A cynic might say that I was using my so-called feminine charms to forward my case. Not true. I was simply letting my overwrought emotions take over.

“Mel,” he said. “What’s the matter.”

“It’s Jen.”

“Yeah?”

“Well, you see, it’s like she’s my roommate now and, well, she’s not just my roommate.”

“What do you mean, “she’s not just your roommate?” She’s either your room... Mel, you mean that you and Jen... I’ve always thought that Jen was maybe queer but... You and Jen?”

Jack moved an inch away. He got soft. Shit.

“Yeah. Jack. Me and Jen. I love Jen. I love you. I love making love with Jen. I love making love with you. Jen’s queer. You’re straight. I guess I’m in between. I guess you call it bi.”

I began crying harder. Through my tears I said, “Jack, I’m so fucked up. I don’t know what I am. All this naked stuff and masturbating stuff. I don’t know what’s going on. All I know is that I love two people and I want both people and you’re one of the people and I love you so much... Please, Jack. Try to understand. Please.”

Jack closed the space between us and he kissed my wet eyes and my lips and said my name. He became hard again and his hands started wandering. Mine wandered back. This time we took it slow. Our hands wandered and our lips wandered. I was on my back, I was on my side and I was on my knees. The bed squeaked and groaned and I squeaked and groaned. Jack kept repeating my name. He began a rhythm and every time he said Mel his loins slapped into my butt with a smacking sound. The sound got harder and faster and my breath got harder and faster until we both erupted in an explosion of grunts, groans and dirty words. Number four was the biggest and the best of the day. So far.

Some more tissues for the clean up and we were back to where we started only this time Jack knew the score. He knew that his crazy girlfriend/lover had a girlfriend /lover. Sex is one thing but reality was another. Reality time.

After a long silence Jack said, “Actually, it’s kind of sexy. I picture you and Jen and then you and me. You’re some kind a super girl, Mel. I mean me and Jen and all the masturbating. What kind of vitamins do you take? I’d kill to have your libido.” He paused and said nothing and I had nothing to say at that point so there was some more silence. Then he continued. “I love you, Mel. I’d only get half of you but I’m beginning to think that half of you is more than all of any other girl alive.”

I wanted to cheer. I wanted pump my fist and yell out, “Yes! Yes!” Instead I turned to him and kissed him gently on the lips. Quietly I said, “Can we try it, Jack? Jen wants to try it. I really think that maybe it can work.”

“Yeah. Why not? What’s the worst that can happen?” Jack was quiet for a minute, thinking, and then said, “You and Jen. Who would have believed it. You’re really something, Mel.” He continued thinking. “You’ve come four times today. Four orgasms. Wow.”

Then he leaned over and kissed me on my lips, my neck, my breasts, my nipples. When he got to my nipples he nibbled a little bit and then traveled south to my belly where he did some more nibbling. The journey wasn’t over and it was a pretty long journey but it was the same old destination. Number five wasn’t as great as number four but it was definitely an orgasm. A long languorous orgasm.

By the time we were done we were both exhausted and starving. We ate a naked dinner and now I’m sitting at Jack’s computer typing this. I’m going to tell you something really crazy. As I write about my day and think about making love to Jack and making love to Jen and even about masturbating in my office... As I think about all of those things I’m getting horny. What’s the matter with me? Am I really turning into a nymphomaniac? Can I achieve another one tonight? Maybe tomorrow morning before I go to work. God, what a life.

Melanie

**Chapter 13 Melanie’s Seventeenth Post to Leviticus**

I woke in Jack’s arms but something was nagging me. Something was wrong. Something about last night. That’s when it occurred to me. My exercises. With all of my concerns about Jack and Jen and everything else going on I totally forgot about my exercises. What new torment would Levi impose on me? More tasks? No! Absolutely not. After number twelve I was through. What then?

It felt funny to actually get out of bed and put some clothes on even if it was only a dress with a hem too high and a neckline barely covering my boobs. I talk like I am used to the way I have to dress. Not true. You never get used to being so close to naked when you’re in public and bunches of people are around. And you have to be very careful. If I’m at the store and reach for an item on the top shelf I go up on tip-toe and stretch my arms up. That raises the dress and anyone looking gets a nice shot of my bare butt. It’s happened. I’m sure that my bottom has straightened a number of pricks. If I need something on the bottom shelf I have to be careful how I reach for it. Bend at the waist, bare bottom and straight pricks. It’s humiliating. And then there’s the top. The only thing between me and a wardrobe malfunction are two thin straps over my shoulders. If a strap slips a boob and a little, brown, erect nipple expose themselves. If I’m not careful in the grocery store I have a posse of men following me around when I shop. But there’s another problem with walking around in a skimpy dress and no underwear. It makes me horny. Which might help to explain all of the orgasms I manage to achieve.

In addition to all that, I’m always aware of the fact that I don’t have panties on. I just feel naked. All of the time. No matter where I am. In a store or walking down the street or in a restaurant or a shopping mall. And, of course, if I’m not dressed and feeling naked I actually am naked. Naked Melanie. Naked me. Enough about my dress and lack of.

Before I left for work Jack and I had a chance to talk over coffee about missed exercises and my crazy life. I invited him over for dinner tonight with me and Jen and he accepted. I reminded him that Jen and I would both be naked. He still accepted. Imagine that.

On the way to work I found a place to change into my work clothes. Arriving at work I said my obligatory “Hi, how are you's, entered my office and promptly took them off. With trepidation I opened my e-mails to find out my punishment for missing my exercises.

*Dear Melanie and Jen,*

Levi had used both of our e-mail addresses. I wondered why Jen was included. I quickly learned.

*The two of you have truly become a team. I think that it’s wonderful for you, Jen, to do Melanie’s exercises for her. But since I didn’t approve this arrangement there will naturally be consequences. In this case the consequences will be simple. The two of you will simultaneously perform the exercises each night. I know of three young men who should be delighted with this solution.*

*You’re eleventh task will be tomorrow afternoon, Melanie. You’ll learn all about it then.*

*By the way, your twice-daily performances have been very entertaining. I hope that you are enjoying them as much as I. Have a pleasant day.*

*Love, Levi.*

So Jen filled in for my exercises and now we do them together until this is all over. Two more tasks and one of them is tomorrow. Then just one more. Then no more naked exercises and masturbating all the time (is that a bad thing?) and no more of these humiliating tasks. God, I can’t wait.

It was time to work but there were the usual interruptions from Robert and Zeke and it was hard to concentrate. My mind kept drifting back to imagining Jen performing naked in front of my fan club. Then I’d think of the two of us doing it together. And, of course, I had my first fling of the day with my 10-Speed Clitoral Vibrator to look forward too. By the time 10am rolled around I was wet and ready and I’m sure you’ll all be happy to hear that my first orgasm of the day was a rousing success.

Masturbating was becoming disturbingly routine. First I turned on my computer and went to Nakedmelanie.com. Then out came the vibrator and I went to work. I knew just where to put my fingers and the vibrator and, more importantly, I knew where to send my mind. As I watched the video of me masturbating for Levi’s entertainment my mind pictured all of the naked, embarrassing, and humiliating things I had done during the past month. The video was getting kind of stale but my active oversexed brain made up for it. I wondered if I could make a new video of me masturbating this afternoon. It’s absolutely amazing how all of my thoughts and actions have evolved into one thing. Sex. Being continually naked and being ogled by a bunch of horny men helped focus my brain on sex. What a life.

At 2pm I moved my chair back from my desk so that my computer’s camera could view my entire body. Switching on the video I closed my eyes and went through my erotic thoughts. The difference between my erotic thoughts and your erotic thoughts is that mine aren’t fantasy. Ten minutes later I had a new video of naked slutty me doing the feel good dance. I didn’t look at it. I thought I’d save it for tomorrow morning for my 10am party. I’m aware that the world’s biggest asshole will see it but he has seen so much that what’s one more shot of naked Melanie doing the dirty. Besides, I don’t think of Levi as a real person any more. He’s a disembodied evil presence sent by God to torment me for my transgressions. And an asshole.

After my mid-afternoon finger fuck I managed to get enough work done to keep my job. And then it was dress, get part way home and undress. You know the drill.

Upon arriving home naked Melanie greeted naked Jen. We hugged, we kissed and it was all we could do to keep from heading to the bedroom but we managed. We talked about exercising and I thanked Jen and told her what a jerk she was for involving herself in my perverted life and that I loved her. She said she loved me and we talked about the two of us entertaining the three boys.

I told her about Jack coming over for dinner and we began to prepare it. While she was chopping onions she asked me about giving Jack a blow job.

I laughed. “Are you still serious about that? I don’t get it.”

“I don’t either,” she responded. “It’s just something I think about. You know, sort of wonder what it’s like to have a hard cock in my mouth.”

“And the cum? Do you wonder about that?”

“Yeah. I wonder about it. What it’s like. What it tastes like. I know it’s gross and everything but... So what do you think?”

“We’ll see how it goes, Jen. I’m still feeling my way through this threesome stuff. And so’s Jack. Maybe you’ll get your blow job and maybe not. Do I get to watch?”

“Sure,” she said as the doorbell rang.

“Speak of the devil,” I said as I went to get it.

When I opened the door Jack's face lit up. “I’m not used to being greeted by a pretty naked girl,” he said.

I laughed. “It gets better,” I said as I invited him in and gave him a hug and a kiss.

Jen came in from the kitchen and Jack’s eyes lit up a second time. He had obviously never seen her in the nude before and appeared to enjoy the sight. They stepped toward each other to hug and then stopped, not knowing what to do.

“Hug each other you idiots. You’re not going to melt or make a baby or anything,” I said.

They laughed and gave each other an awkward hug. Things got more comfortable after that. We had a beer and talked while dinner was cooking. Jack had the look of a kid in a candy shop. We told him about Jen and the exercises and that he’d get a chance to see us both perform tonight. He seemed pretty pleased with that idea.

During dinner Jack had a difficult time keeping his eyes still. I also noticed that occasionally he had to sort of readjust the organization of his crotch area. Pants too tight?

After dinner it was a quick cleanup and time for the Mel and Jen show. The kids and Jack were all in place and Jen and I proceeded to our spots. We stood side by side and just barely had enough room to extend our arms without touching. The fan club was wide eyed and so was Jack. I looked at Jen and gave her a smile of encouragement which she returned. With our arms extended, legs spread and naked twats displayed we began our windmills. Left hand to right toe, right hand to left toe. Each time we stood upright I saw three bright faced youngsters admiring our naked bodies. Our boobs, our nips, our tummies, our legs and, of course, our hairless vulvas, open for inspection.

Jen kept looking in my direction and she had this smile on her face. Was she covering her embarrassment and humiliation? Or was she, god forbid, aroused. Or all three. They all seemed to go together, the embarrassment, humiliation, and arousal. Her nipples were hard and erect and her sex glistened. Like me, she was aroused. Jack watched us and I wondered what he was thinking. Probably thinking with his dick like any normal guy.

We made it through our windmills without any street traffic. After a short breather we began to run in place and bounce our boobs. The boys seemed to like that. A car drove by and tooted. After passing my house he must have thought that we were worth a second look for he backed up and stopped. This was the tough part. A perfect stranger was parked on our street watching us display our bodies like a couple of pole dancers. But pole dancers get paid. And besides, they’re sluts. What were we?

We ran in place for four minutes and took another breather.

“These burpee things are a bitch,” Jen said. referring to our next exercise.

“Yeah, I know,” I replied.

As we talked we bent over with our hands on our knees and recovered. The driver must have found that boring since he drove off. Not the boys though. They were die-hard fans. Besides, they knew what was coming.

Like Jen said, the eight-count-burpees are a bitch. I counted the cadence and I tried to keep the pace as slow as possible. Every time we got into the push-up position we disappeared from the view of the boys but not from Jack. He got to watch our bare buns as we struggled through the push-ups. After four minutes of those things we were absolutely exhausted, Jen more than me. She was new to this fairly rigorous exercising.

We were tired and the sit-ups were a struggle. The boys saw only our heads and maybe some of our boobs but they were waiting patiently. Jack, of course, saw it all. He saw two panting naked females struggling through their exercises.

Next came the jumping jacks. I started counting. “One and, two and, three and...” With each number we hopped, spread our legs and raised our arms above our heads. When I said “and” we returned to our original position. Our boobs simultaneously bounced twice per cycle. Our naked twats opened once per cycle. Our pace was slow. It had to be if we were to keep it up for five minutes. We did about four and used the final minute to catch our breath. I’m proud to say that Jen was breathing harder than I. Four minutes of jumping jacks isn’t easy no matter how slow the pace. Try it sometime. There was no traffic during our jumping jacks.

Time for our next set of windmills facing away from the window and facing Jack. Jack was staring at us intently with his mouth half open and a bulge in his pants. I looked at the bulge and I looked at Jen.

She smiled and said, “I think he’s ready.”

We began our windmills. Each time I touched a toe I pictured my cheeks spread open showing my bum hole and my damp swollen labia. With my head upside down and looking between my legs I saw three boys looking back, mesmerized. About halfway through our windmills a car screeched to a halt. In it was a guy with a look on his face like he’d just seen bigfoot. A girl was leaning around him staring and mouthing the words “oh my god” over and over. Each time I touched a toe I looked between my legs and saw them staring at my naked rear. After several repetitions my eyes made contact with the girl’s eyes. After that I looked onto her eyes each and every time I touched a toe. At first she just stared and said “oh my god.” Then a smile came over her face and then she began laughing. Laughing at my naked butt and exposed asshole and, worst of all, my swollen, wet and aroused cunt. I didn’t know the girl but if I ever see her again I’ll recognize her. I’ll look at her and think about what she was seeing this evening. I could only pray that she wouldn’t recognize me.

After the final windmill I bolted for the bedroom and Jen followed with Jack right behind. I sat on the bed with my head in my hands, crying. Jen sat beside me with her arm around me and saying “It’s all right.” Jack stood in the door and watched his naked lover being consoled by her naked lover.

“She saw me,” I said to Jen through my tears. “She saw my face. I’ll see her on the street and she’ll recognize me and she’ll think there’s that crazy naked girl showing off her cunt and her asshole and... And she saw how wet I am and how horny I am and ... Oh god, Jen, what am I going to do?”

Jen hugged me and kissed my tears and said, “She can’t recognize you, Mel. You were upside down and your hair was all messed up and, besides, she was looking through the window and you can’t see in as well as you can out. Don’t worry, dear. She’ll never know you.”

I had wrapped my arms around her and started feeling better. So there we were, two naked girls, one queer and one half queer, embracing and kissing while the half queer’s other half looked on... Well, you get the picture.

Jack cleared his throat and said, “I can leave now.”

I leaped to my feet and said, “No, don’t go. Jen and I have something to ask you.” I took his hand and led him over to the bed and sat him down between Jen and myself. “It’s a favor, kind of. But I think you’ll like it. Don’t you, Jen?”

I looked at Jen and she looked at me quizzically and then smiled and said, “Uh, yeah. I think you will, Jack”

He looked at Jen and looked at her boobs and then decided that that wasn’t very polite and so he looked at me and said, “Okay, what’s the favor? I’m all yours.”

I laughed. Right. All ours. I plunged in. “You see, Jack, as you know, Jen likes women. Me in particular. But she, uh.. She kind of wondered what it would be like to, uh.. Well, you know, to feel what it would be like to, uh...”

“Huh?” said Jack.

“I want to give you a blow job,” blurted Jen.

“Huh?” said Jack.

“A blow job,” I said. “Nothing else. Just that. It’s kind of a sensory thing,” I said trying to make sense of it all.

“A sensory thing?” said Jack.

“Yeah,” said Jen. “Just your cock and my mouth. Nothing more than that. I just want to know what it’s like. Will you do it?”

“Well, uh...” Jack looked at me.

“It’s okay,” I said. “I mean it’s only fair. I mean if I get to make love with you and get to make love with Jen, then Jen should at least be able to give you a blow job. I mean it’s only fair. Really, it’s okay.”

Jack said, “Well, yeah, I guess. If it’s okay with you. Sure.”

What he meant was “Holy shit! Let’s get on with it!”

I stood and said to Jen, “He’s all yours.”

“No, no,” she said. “You have to get him warmed up, first. You know. Get him ready. Hard. Ready to go.”

I smiled and looked at Jack’s crotch. “I think he’s ready,” I said. “But if you want him warmed up I can do that.”

I pushed Jack on to the bed so that he was on his back with his legs falling over the side. I knelt on the bed with a knee on each side of his tummy and leaned over and planted a long languorous kiss. Jen said, “Wow.”

While kissing him and teasing him with my tongue I unbuttoned his shirt and slipped it off. My lips and tongue traveled down his bare chest. I kissed his nipples and took them between my teeth and gave them a tug. I nibbled at his tummy and licked his belly button. When I got to his belt buckle I got off the bed and knelt between his legs. First the buckle then the snap then the zipper. Jack lifted his hips and I pulled his shorts down to his ankles. I pulled his feet from his shorts, threw those aside and went for his boxers. When I pulled them down his hard prick sprung loose and stood at attention. It definitely got my attention. I kissed and licked and tasted it. I kissed and licked each testicle. Jack was very good about keeping his balls and prick free of hair for my oral enjoyment. As Jack groaned I looked at Jen and said, “I think he’s ready.”

“Oh,” she responded. “I think you’re right.”

All this time Jen was sitting beside us on the bed and paying very close attention. We both stood and I rearranged Jack so that his feet were on the bed and he was lying lengthwise. I pulled his legs apart and, looking at Jen, I patted the space between his thighs. Jen knelt where I indicated and looked down at Jack's hard penis. She looked at me and quietly said, “Don’t go, please. Stay right here,” and she pointed to the bed.

I sat on my heels next to Jack’s tummy and took one of his hands in mine. Jen lowered her head to his penis. Tentatively her lips touched the head and slowly encircled his knob. They remained there for several seconds as she tasted him and then she withdrew her mouth and looked at his penis that was glistening with her saliva. Again she lowered her head and as she took him in her mouth I could see that her tongue was busy caressing him. Jack put his other hand on her head and she flicked it away. As far as Jen was concerned this was a blow job and just a blow job. Nothing more.

I was holding Jack’s hand and my free hand very quickly found its way to my very wet and very aroused cunt. Already my hips were twisting and gyrating. Jack’s hand, still holding mine, also found it’s way down to my sex. Three busy hands and fifteen busy fingers were rubbing and poking and caressing as I squeezed them with my thighs. Jen’s head was bobbing up and down and each bob brought Jack’s hard prick deeper into her mouth. Eventually there was a slight gag as he hit the back of her throat. She pulled her head back with saliva dripping from her open lips. She looked at me as if to ask “How am I doing?”

“His balls,” I said. “He likes his balls sucked.”

She looked at the two testicles hanging down from his upright prick and sort of shrugged and then lowered her mouth to them. With her nose against his shaft she kissed and licked one and then the other. Following that she took one in her mouth and caressed it with her tongue. Jack was panting and groaning. As I watched my own arousal grew. Jack’s fingers were in me wiggling while my own were massaging that feel-good place and driving me nuts.

For a second time Jack put his hand on Jen’s head. It’s what guys do. They want to caress the head that’s sucking their cock. Again, Jen brushed it away with an irritated motion. With her tongue Jen pushed a testicle out of her mouth and returned her attention to Jack’s hard prick. As her head bobbed my arousal increased. My hips gyrated, Jack’s hips gyrated and Jen’s head bobbed. I groaned, Jack groaned and Jen’s head bobbed. Faster and faster. I came, Jack came and Jen’s head bobbed. Her mouth filled and she took it like a trooper. Meanwhile I was arching my back and saying very witty things like “Uh, uh uhhh.”

Jen slowly drew her lips up trying not to let any of the semen escape her mouth. When she reached the top she kept her lips closed and looked at me with a triumphant expression. Her mouth was full of cum with just a drop or two dribbling down her chin. She looked at Jack and poked her tongue at him. Then she looked at me and swallowed, sort of rinsed her mouth with her own saliva and swallowed again.

“That didn’t taste so bad.” she said and she trotted off to the bathroom to rinse, gargle and brush. Twice. Jack and I rearranged ourselves and when she returned we were both on our backs on the bed. Jen joined us and we lay, tired but happy, shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip and with me in the middle, one of their hands in each of mine.

“How did I do, Jack?” asked Jen.

“You did great, Jen,” he replied. “What did you think. Did you like it?”

“It was okay. Now I’ve done it and I know what it’s like.”

“Think you’ll ever want to do it again?” I asked.

“Maybe. If it’s okay with you and Jack.”

“It’s okay with me and I don’t think you have to ask Jack.”

“Nope,” said Jack.

“How about you, Mel?” asked Jen.

“How about me what?”

“Come. Did you come? I heard some moaning and groaning from your direction although it was hard to tell with all the noise Jack was making.”

“Yeah,” I said. “I came. I had a wonderful little orgasm. I always come. I’m a regular machine. Don’t you know that by now?. But how about you? All you got was a mouth full of cum.

“That’s all I wanted.”

“Oh, come on now. Are you going to let me believe that you aren’t just a little bit horny?”

Jen smiled at me. “Well, maybe a little bit.”

I rolled over and kissed her. I caressed her breasts and then lowered my hand to her sex where I discovered that she was a lot more than a “little bit” horny.

We kissed and fondled and caressed and shortly I was kneeling between her legs with my butt up in the air and my face buried in he warm, wet sex. I glanced over at Jack and he was on his side watching and smiling and fondling his hard prick. I looked in his eyes and nodded over my shoulder toward my butt and said that maybe, with a little rearranging, we could all three, sort of, you know..

Jack caught my drift and stood at the end of the bed behind me and, grabbing my hips, he pulled my butt toward his waiting woody. As I slid back I pulled Jen with me. Very quickly he was in me pumping away. I groaned into Jen’s vulva and she thrust her hips hard into my face. It seemed like the more I groaned the harder she thrust. Maybe the sounds that I made moved my tongue and lips in a certain erotic way. All I know is that Jen was going mad with passion.

As for me, I had Jack’s dick pounding into me while every breath I took was sucked between my lips and Jen’s lips. Her nether lips. I tasted her and breathed her sex. She was in my nose and my mouth and my brain. Jack drove hard into me, his loins smacking loud against my bottom. I could picture what he saw. My naked back and my head buried in Jen’s crotch. He could see Jen’s breasts bouncing as she drove her hips into my face. He could see her fingers that had a death grip in my hair and were driving my face harder into her. And he could see the animal lust on her face. We cried and yelled and the three of us came. Panting, groaning and swearing, we came. Finally Jen and I collapsed in a heap on the bed. Jack crawled on and joined us in a tangle of limbs.

It took me a while to recover but when I did I crawled out and cleaned up a little and now I’m sitting here, typing away for you ass holes. Don’t you ever get tired reading about it? Don’t you want to go out and just do it? Whatever. Jen’s on one side of the bed and Jack’s on the other. In thirty seconds I’m going to be in the middle.

Melanie.

**Chapter 14 Melanie’s Eighteenth Post to Leviticus**

I woke this morning sandwiched between Jen and Jack and it was a great feeling. On one side was warm soft Jen and on the other was strong hard Jack. Emphasis on hard. Why do guys always wake up with a woody? I like to think in Jack’s case it’s because he spent the night dreaming about me. But enough about that. I had to get to work. I crawled over Jen, waking her in the process, and headed for the shower. Later, while having my coffee, she wandered in, naked and luscious. She gave me a kiss and got her coffee. Next came modest Jack wearing his boxer shorts but no woody. Another kiss and another coffee. I was pleased to see that he also gave Jen a kiss and she accepted it. It was just a peck and I shouldn’t have been surprised. After all, about nine hours earlier he was coming in her mouth.

As Jen sipped her coffee she became increasingly conscious and asked when I was going to introduce her to our neighbors as instructed by Levi.

“Tomorrow, I guess. Why? Are you looking forward to it?”

“No,” she replied. “I’m terrified of it. I don’t know why I should be, though. I did the yard in your whore clothes and I did the exercises with you and, after all, you’ve sort of broken the ice with them. But still it scares me. I’m beginning to better understand what your life has been like this past month.”

“Aren’t you supposed to hear about a task today?” Jack asked.

“Yeah,” I responded. “Number eleven. I’m almost there. I’ve been naked or nearly naked so long I can barely remember what it’s like to dress like an ordinary person. My underwear drawer hasn’t been opened in a month. I wonder if my libido will ever return to normal.”

“I hope not,” my two lovers simultaneously responded.

“Ha, ha.”

But sex was the dominate thing in my life and it did concern me. Don’t get me wrong. I enjoy sex. I’d have to say that I enjoyed every orgasm I ever had and lately that’s been a lot of enjoyment. But there must be more to life than sex. Isn’t there?”

Enough ruminating. I had to get to work so I could expose my naked body to a couple of middle management lechers. I had to amuse the rest of my co-workers with my obvious lack of clothes. I had to masturbate, twice, for the amusement of the world’s number one asshole. And I’d get to learn, hopefully, about my next-to-last task.

The day went pretty much as expected. When I performed my AM masturbation I video taped the act and used it for my PM pleasure. I was building quite a library of tapes entitled “Melanie Masturbating”. I wondered what I’d do with them. I imagined Jack, Jen and me sitting around the computer monitor some evening drinking wine and watching me masturbate. What a cozy picture.

All day long I continually checked for e-mails from Levi so I could discover what my next humiliation was going to be. Shortly after I came for the second time I got my answer.

*My Dear Melanie,*

*The high point of my day is watching you pleasure yourself. I guess you’ve figured out how I manage to see you. It appears like you are enjoying it more every time. I believe that I have done you a great service in helping you learn the joys of sex. I don’t expect any thanks at this point but in the future, when you can look at this time of your life in a more objective light, I hope that you will better appreciate the new dimension I’ve brought to your existence.*

New dimension, hell! He’s turned me into a fucking nymphomaniac.

*I imagine you’re wondering about your eleventh and penultimate task. For this one I would like you to leave work about an hour early. I’m sure that if you ask David nicely (while displaying your lovely charms) that he will be more than happy to acquiesce. By leaving early you’ll have time to complete the task and still have time to do your exercises with Jen. I wouldn’t want to deprive your fans of their evening entertainment.*

*Upon leaving work you are to change into your blue sun dress.*

My blue sun dress. I only wore it once and swore I’d never wear it again. I got it too short. It didn’t have straps and after I altered the top modesty became a very precarious thing. All I had to do was move and I’d expose a butt cheek. The one time I wore it I grabbed the hem to pull it down a little and both my boobs popped out. I was walking from the car to the store when it happened and I ran back to the car, tucked them back in and drove to a spot where I could change into another dress. I also had a good cry. The only reason I didn’t throw the damn thing out is that I liked the dress before I altered it and figured I could make it decent again after all this crap is over with. That was the only time I wore the dress. I can’t believe that Levi saw me. The son-of-a-bitch must be everywhere. I bet I’ve seen him a hundred times without knowing who he is.

*You won’t need any footwear for this task. Barefoot is fine. After donning your blue dress I want you to drive to Jefferson Community College and when you’re there you’ll have the opportunity to make some money.*

*You’ll make three 3x5 cards. On each card you’ll write, “I saw this young lady completely naked and for the privilege I paid her five dollars”. You task is to get a signature on each card from one of the students. The student must see you naked for at least five seconds and he (males only) must pay you the five dollars. Of course, you may keep the money.*

*Good luck.*

*Love, Levi.*

Five bucks? That’s all I’m worth? Five dollars? Fuck you, Levi.

Sitting at my desk with the e-mail in front of me I tried to imagine how this stupid task was going to work. I’d have to find a guy by himself and he had to be someone who didn’t look like he’d rape me on the spot. Then the offer, then the money, then I’d drop my skimpy dress and then the signature. Humiliating! Like a cheap whore. But doable I guess.

I called David and asked him to come in. Taking Levi’s suggestion I stood so that he’d get the “full monty” and I made my request for early departure. He said ok and then hung around while I dressed. After buttoning my three buttons he asked why only three. I gave him my best coquettish smile, said bye, have a nice weekend, and left.

I found an appropriate place to change and headed for Jefferson Community College. When I reached the campus I drove around looking for a likely prospect. I found a semi-secluded parking lot behind the library with three cars in it.. The library seemed safe, not the kind of place where rapists hung out. I sat in the car hoping that a likely prospect would show up. Some stranger in front of whom I could totally humiliate myself. I wondered how I could go through with it.

A couple came by and got in one of the cars. I thought maybe a couple could work. Levi said guys only but I’m sure he meant just the signature. But the thought of a girl watching would double my humiliation. What kind of slut wanders around a campus so she can show her naked body off for five bucks? What would she think of me?

The car drove off. Next came a distinguished looking guy in, maybe, his fifties. A teacher? Way too risky.

Then I hit pay dirt. A guy about twenty came by. Average size, average looking. With my heart in my throat I got out of my car. When my feet hit the hot pavement I thought what an idiot I must look like in my bare feet and skimpy dress.

I went up to him and sort of smiled.

“Look,” I said. “I lost a bet and you can help me out. Will you, please?”

“Uh, yeah, I guess so.”

“Here’s the deal. You give me five dollars and I let you see me naked for five seconds. You have to sign this card to prove you did it. Okay?”

He looked at me like I was crazy and didn’t say a thing.

“Oh. And no touching and no pictures. Come on. I’m not that bad that you can’t stand looking at me for five seconds,” I pleaded.

“You’re serious?”

"Yeah. Five bucks. But let’s hurry. Somebody might come along.”

He smiled and pulled out his wallet. Looking in it he said, “I only have a ten. Do you have change?”

All I had was the card and pencil in my sweaty hand.

“I’ll tell you what,” I said. “For ten dollars you get ten seconds. Okay?”

He smiled, looking at me. “I have a twenty. How about twenty seconds?”

“Come on. Ten dollars, ten seconds. Please?”

“Okay,” he said as he handed me the ten spot. Hooking my thumbs over the top of my dress I slid it over my breasts and it fell to my ankles. I stood and he looked. He looked at my boobs, he looked at my bald twat and he looked at my dress bunched around my bare feet and he looked at everything in between. The only thing he didn’t look at was my face.

As he devoured my naked body with his eyes I counted. “One-thousand-one, one-thousand-two, one-thousand-three...”

When I had reached one-thousand-nine his eyes shot up and he looked directly into mine.

“You’re beautiful,” he said.

“Th- thank you,” I replied. I handed him the card and pencil but kept the ten. Then I bent to pull up my dress and cover my nakedness.

“Could you sign that, please?” I asked.

He laughed and signed the card. I scurried for my car, hopped in and sped off with my heart racing. In the rear view mirror I saw him smiling and shaking his head. When I got to the other side of the campus I pulled over and slowly calmed down. Checking his card I found that he had signed it Donald Duck. One down and two to go.

Slowly I drove down the street looking for my next victim and I found what appeared to be the perfect guy and a perfect spot. He was kind of preppy and had a slightly arrogant look. Maybe not so perfect but the spot was good. There was no one around and if I stood next to some tall shrubbery I couldn’t be seen from the street. I jumped out of the car and approached him. He looked bemused. Of course he looked bemused. I was wearing absolutely nothing but a skimpy excuse for a dress. Not even shoes. I gave him my most winning smile and went through the same routine that I did with Donald Duck. He looked a me like I was crazy. Then he shrugged and with a smile he said okay.

“I gotta have the money first or I won’t do it,” I said. I wasn’t sure I trusted this guy.

“How do I don’t know you won’t just take the money and run?”

“Look,” I said. “It’s just five lousy bucks. It’s part of the deal. Five bucks, five seconds, stark naked. Do we have a deal or not?”

He smiled and reached for the money. Handing me the five spot he said, “Okay, earn your money.”

I did not like the guy. I was tempted to spit in his face and run but I swallowed my pride. What I really wanted was to get the damn task over with. I handed him the pencil and card and with the money in my hand I slipped the dress over my boobs and over my hips and exposed my naked body. I counted the five seconds. When the time was up I bent to reach for my dress that was bunched around my feet.

“Oh no,” he said. “You said stark naked. Your feet are covered with your dress.”

“You have to be kidding. It’s my feet for Christ’s sake. I’m naked. What more do you want?”

In return I got a snarky smile. “A deal’s a deal,” he said. “Five seconds naked. Stark naked. That was the deal.”

All this time I was standing naked in front of the jerk while his eyes explored my body. Every inch. I figured by now he owed my at least a hundred dollars.

“Fine,” I said as I stepped out of my dress. “Enjoy my feet.”

Again I counted to five and said, “Happy now?”

“You’re not bad,” he said.

“Yeah, thanks,” I replied as I stepped back into my dress and pulled it up. “Could you sign my card please so I can go?”

With the same snarky smile he signed and as he handed it to me he said, “We should get together. Call me.”

On the card he had written his name, B. H. Paulson, and his phone number.

“Okay. Sure,” I said.

With the pencil, card and five dollars in my hands I ran for my car. Yeah, B.H. I’ll call you. In your dreams I’ll call you.

Two down and one to go. My adrenalin was pumping. I was excited. I was humiliated. I was aroused. I was a fucking basket case. I began cruising the campus for my last victim. I knew of two guys who would be jerking off tonight. Now to find a third.

I cruised the campus looking for the right spot and the right guy. I found the spot in a fairly private grove of pine trees. Walking toward the grove was a heavy set guy. He was wearing a hoodie and I couldn’t see him very well. I wondered about the hoodie but decided to take a chance. Leaving the car I walked swiftly toward the grove and waited. When he was close I got his attention.

“Hey mister, you got a minute? I have a favor to ask.”

He looked up, his hood fell back and my heart leaped to my throat. It was Fatso from the Triple X Emporium. When he saw me his face brightened into a gap-toothed smile. I think he was wearing the same t-shirt that I saw him in at the sex store.

“Hello missy,” he said. “Have you been missing me? I sure been thinking about you. How’s that vibrator that you bought been working? Need any help with it?”

“Uh, hi,” I said. “Uh, no. The vibrator works fine.”

Works fine!? What was I thinking? I was having a conversation with the guy from “Deliverance” about vibrators. Wearing a handkerchief size dress. And nothing else. Absolutely nothing. I could never, ever, strip naked in front of this deviate.

“I, uh, have a favor to ask.”

I must have been crazy. Stark raving mad.

“But you aren’t allowed to touch me,” I said. “If you try I’ll scream. Okay?”

“Sure, missy. I don’t want to hurt you. I love you. I think you’re the must beautiful girl in the world. I’ll do anything you want.”

“Do you have five dollars?”

“I have five dollars,” he said as he reached in his pocket and pulled out a fistful of bills. “I have lots of money. Here. Are you sure that’s all you want?”

I took a five from the wad in his greasy hand. “You see, what I got to do is take my dress off and let you see me naked for five seconds. Then you have to sign this card.”

I held the card and pencil out to him. He took them with a quizzical look. He said, “Are you funning me? I’m not too smart. What are you trying to do?” He took a step back.

“No, listen. Please. This is something I got to do. I lost a bet. It’s important. Please help me.”

I was getting desperate. All I wanted to do was get this over with.

“Well, I guess that I’d sure like to see you naked. Are you sure it’s okay?”

“It’s okay. Okay?”

He nodded and I dropped my dress. Before I started counting I stepped out of it. I was taking no chances. Fatso just stared with a gap-toothed stare.

“Now you have to sign the card,” I said.

He looked from me to the card in his hand and back to me. For some reason I hadn’t moved. I was still naked.

“Turn around,” he said.

“Huh?”

“I need your back to put the card against so I can write on it.”

“Oh. Okay.”

My mind must have stopped working. Maybe because I was so used to being naked all the time it didn’t occur to me to put my dress back on. I don’t know what I was thinking but I turned and showed Fatso my naked backside. He must have taken a good look because it was several seconds before I felt the card against my back. He held it in place with one hand and I could feel the pressure of the pencil as it slowly moved.

“Okay. I’m done. Here.”

I turned and took the card and pencil. His mouth was closed and he had a proud smile like he had just accomplished some great achievement.

Just then I heard someone yell, “Hey, look. She’s naked.”

I grabbed my dress and ran for the car.

“Hey, wait,” someone yelled.

I didn’t wait. Naked, I jumped in my car and drove. Fast. Toward home. As my heart slowed and I calmed down I slowed the car to a legal speed, scrunched down and headed home. I didn’t see much sense in getting dressed just to undress again when I was close to home. On the way I glanced at his card. All he had written were three large capital letters. They looked like they were written by a child. MOF. That’s all it said. MOF. What the hell’s a MOF. Code for moron?

When I arrived home naked Jen was working on her computer. She smiled at me, said hi, and then took a second look.

“Wow. You look... I mean you look like...”

“Yeah, yeah. I know. I look like a horny slut which is exactly what I am.”

I grabbed her by the hand and dragged her to the bedroom. As we walked I said, “Please help me, Jen. I need it. I need it now. I’ll tell you all about it later but right now I need you really, really bad.”

“Hey. Whatever you want. I’m here for you.”

We hit the bed and her hand slid down and into my wet slippery crotch. God, it felt good.

“Let’s hurry,” I said as I thrust her head between my legs using her hair as handles.

To paraphrase W. C. Fields “Handy is dandy but lick her is quicker.” You probably don’t get it but it amuses me and since I’m writing this that’s all that matters. Anyhow, beneath her busy fingers and busy tongue I exploded. I set the world record for achieving an orgasm. I came and came.

When we were done I lay on the bed exhausted and told Jen about my day. About the embarrassment and humiliation and the unexplained arousal. We talked about the arousal. It was becoming clear that my constant naked and semi-naked humiliation was doing unexplained things to my libido. Jen wondered if it would be the same if I did all of these things voluntarily and I didn’t think so. The embarrassment and humiliation would still be there but somehow the part where I was being forced to do these things made them more erotic. All I know is that I masturbated twice at work and then achieved a record shattering orgasm several hours later.

Jack arrived from work and the three of us ate dinner while I described my day for a second time. I could see that as I talked Jack was responding from my description. Less eye-to-eye contact and more eye-to-boob contact. My boobs and Jen’s boobs. I imagine that it’s not easy for a guy to eat dinner with two young, attractive, naked females while hearing first hand accounts of masturbating and public humiliation and record breaking orgasms. Finally he had to ask.

“Is there anything left for me?”

We laughed. I told Jack to clean up the dinner dishes while Jen and I entertained our fan club. All I had to do was think about doing my naked exercises and I knew that there would be something left for Jack. And Jen.

And there was. We did the train thing. Jen on her back with her legs spread and me kneeling between them with my face buried in her sex. Jack knelt behind me and did an excellent job of thoroughly fucking me and helping me achieve my forth and final orgasm of a very busy day.

Melanie