**Jackie's Asian Experience**

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*Summary: Jackie goes to the asian country of Sandgadoo, only to discover that they use stripping as legal punishment.*

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**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter One - The Eastern Strip**

Jackie entered the terminal of the Sandgadoo International Airport. Jackie was part of a team of financial and computer professionals that had been sent to this small country to set up a new office. The area had been through a lot in the last ten years. They had survived the transition from a former Soviet satellite country to a democratically elected republic with surprising little bloodshed. The way business had boomed it was felt that the Republic of Sandgadoo could eventually become a commerce center like Hong Kong and Singapore. Jackie's company had warned the team that the local laws were strict. They must all be on their best behavior. Their stay was to be five weeks.

Being a former British colony English was a very common language and they should all get along without knowing any other languages. Jackie noticed that most signs were in English and some unreadable second language. Jackie was dressed in what she felt was appropriate for the warm climate. She was all in white, lightweight clothes -- loose slacks, a polo shirt, tennis shoes,, sock, bra and panties. She carried a small straw basket bag for her valuables. She had taken to carrying some emergency clothes so the bag also contained a pair of shorts and a tube top. As she looked at the crowds in the terminal she noticed that their attire was all very similar to each. Most were dressed in light shirts and pants. Few jackets were worn by either men or women. A few were dressed like Jackie, but some seemed to be walking around in a half dressed state missing shirt or pants.

Jackie followed the other passengers to the customs area. There were a lot of inspectors so the wait was not too bad. She noticed the inspectors running some type of electronic wand up and down a few inches from each passenger's body. A lot of passengers were being led off into a side area. When Jackie's turn she truthfully answered the inspector's questions. He waved the wand down Jackie's left side and it beeped immediately. Another inspector was waved over.

"Please follow me. We have to do some standard checks with you. There is no cause for alarm" announced the inspector. He picked up two of Jackie's suitcases and her laptop computer. Jackie picked up her third suitcase, her hand bag and followed the inspector into a small private room to the side of the customs area. "Please wait. We will send someone to talk to you soon." The inspector left and closed the door.

Jackie sat on a chair and placed her handbag on the table in the room. Within moments there was a knock on the door. Jackie opened the door to see an attractive 30-something woman in a blue pants suit. She showed her badge and gave her name as Shani. Shani was pulling a trunk with wheels that she parked next to the table.

Shani informed Jackie that "in Sandgadoo there are special laws used to keep the crime rate down and the city clean. Public humiliation is viewed as the humane punishment for misdemeanors and lesser felonies. One of the means of control is that all people are allowed only up to two sets of clothing a day. For men a set can be a shirt, pants, shorts and a jock strap or jacket. For women a set can be a bra, panties, a top and skirt. Only people over 60 or under 15 are exempted. Those in special professions requiring protective clothing are also exempted. A person is only allowed to wear up to four items at a time. If you are stopped wearing additional items, the additional items are confiscated with a one piece penalty for each item over four. Extra approved items can be carried in a handbag without penalty. Each night you are to leave your dirty clothes outside your door. Each article of clothing will be replaced with a similar clean article of clothing."

"Do you understand the rules?" Shani concluded.

Jackie moaned. She had mixed emotions about this. This might be her worst nightmare, but she remembered the way she was aroused in college and more recently in the Caribbean by embarrassing situations. She shook her head yes. Shani opened Jackie's suitcases and started pulling piling all of Jackie's clothes on the table.

Jackie asked "What are you doing now?"

"I am confiscating all this contraband clothing. It will be returned just before you leave the country. From your papers you are scheduled to be here five weeks. You will be provided with approved clothing." Shani checked a electronic pad that she withdraw from her own trunk. "Please remove your clothes."

"What?" exclaimed a shocked Jackie.

"Those clothes you are wearing are contraband, too. I have to take them with me."

Jackie shook her head in disbelief and removed her clothes. Jackie had been loosening up a bit on her trip to the Caribbean, but the embarrassment she had suffered when she got home. The airbrushed picture in the New York Post of Jackie dancing nude had been posted at Jackie's desk. The entire office had known of the incidence. Jackie had reverted to her more modest self. At least she was in a private room with just a woman.

Jackie handed the clothes to Shani. Shani pulled a long shirt, a short blouse, 2 short skirts, 2 bras and 2 panties from her own trunk. The naked Jackie moved over and picked up one set of clothes,

"That is your clothing quota - eight items. Please have a nice stay and stay out of trouble."

Shani stuffed all of Jackie's nice clothes into Shani's trunk and locked it. With that Shani opened the door. Jackie jumped behind the table to hide her nudity. As the door closed Jackie groaned. She had a sinking feeling she was going to have a lot of embarrassing situations.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Two - A Revealing Stroll**

Jackie stepped out of the front door of the Cronenberg Arms Hotel into the wonderful tropical morning sun. She looked down the street and marveled at the mixture of old Oriental and modern structures that formed the main drag of the thriving metropolis. As the team had a day off to help relieve jet lag, Jackie was on her own. She had decided to wander a bit and get some lunch.

A line of school girls in some kind of school uniform passed. The girls looked to be a mix of Asian and European descent. In the middle of the line one girl was wearing only a white bra and panties. She seemed upset but walked on with her school mates. Jackie could not help from staring. The girl's expression was the same look of embarrassment as had been on Jackie's face when she had had one of her clothing accidents.

Jackie pulled out a stick of gum, unwrapped it and started to chew it. She placed the wrapper in her bag, but failed to secure the top. She did not notice and moments later the wrapper fell from her purse. A few seconds later a police officer walked up to her.

"Ma'am, I have to write you a ticket. We do not litter here."

"Excuse me. I don't understand" replied Jackie.

The officer turned Jackie around and pointed at the gum wrapper. Jackie walked back and picked it up, putting it back in her bag. "Sorry officer."

"Do you want to pay the fine now or appear in court?"

Jackie said "I've picked it up."

"Are you new in town? Is this your first offense?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will explain. We want a clean organized city here. Fines are harsh but they work. Instead of money, the fines are paid by humiliating punishment of some sort depending on the offense. Our country's fathers decided against the brutal methods, such an caning, that are used in other places. The immediate payment for littering is a top or a bottom, your choice. If it goes to court, the judges can double the penalty if you loose."

Jackie was confused. "At top or a bottom, what does that mean?"

"Very simple. You can hand me your skirt or your blouse."

Jackie was stunned. "What?"

"If you do not wish to pay now, I will give you the ticket for the court this afternoon. You must appear. Failure to appear can quadruple the penalty."

"Can I pay you with clothes from my bag?"

"No, ma'am. But once the fine is paid, you can put those clothes on. The embarrassment is intentionally part of the punishment."

"Can I step into someplace to change?"

"If you pay now the transaction must be made at the point of the offense, in this case here on the sidewalk."

Jackie's 'luck' seemed in full play. Now, not only her luck might strip her, but also the laws of the land. It was one thing to be a little wild and to get into an occasional embarrassing situation, but to be forced strip by this system, it was just barbaric. She set her bag on the sidewalk and slowly removed her shirt. She thanked God that she was not wearing some lightweight semi- transparent bra. She handed the shirt to the officer who gave her a receipt and walked away. She quickly pulled the long shirt from her bag. This long shirt hung down over her hips. She guessed that in a pinch she could wear it as a dress, but it would not quite fully cover her pussy and butt. She decided to return to her hotel. She feared she might be stripped at a moments notice for some minor infraction.

As Jackie walked back to the Cronenberg she crossed in the middle of the block. She had not gotten five feet further on the sidewalk when she heard the short burst of a siren. She turned and saw two officers step from their squad car. She wanted to run, but she was really afraid of the fine for resisting arrest and stood her ground.

"Miss, I'm afraid you have broken a local ordinance. Do you want to pay now or appear in court?"

Jackie suddenly realized what she had done. "Was this for jaywalking?"

"Yes. The fine is two" answered the first officer.

"Can I pay with my shoes?" asked Jackie.

"You are new here, right. No. fines must be paid with articles that are worn above the knees and below the neck."

She did not want to return to the hotel topless, but that meant she would have to give the officers her shirt AND skirt. She had the other skirt and bra in her hand bag. Her blush deepened as she came to a decision. She worked her bra loose, opened her shirt and removed her bra from under the long shirt. Fortunately the shirt was loose enough to permit her to do that without removing it. She carefully (with much hesitation) slid her panties down her legs. Her C-cup breasts jiggled as the officer took her payment. This was all done under the watchful eyes of the officers. She could see their pleasure as they smiled and took in her exposed flesh. The officers placed her clothes in their car and drove off. She turned and walked carefully to the hotel in just her shirt and skirt, stopping at each corner carefully, trying to obey every law she could think off. Of course public exposure must not be illegal here, but what else could be.

"My goodness. This place is a nightmare. I'll have to be careful every minute I am not in my room."

Jackie decided she should stay in her room the rest of the day. She placed her skirt and bra outside her door that night figuring the she would get a new set of four items the next morning. When she opened the door the next morning she found only a freshly laundered and folded skirt and bra. She called the front desk to complain, but was informed that except on Monday mornings the clothing was replaced only item for item. On Mondays extra items would be left to bring her up to her quota of eight pieces of clothing. This was Wednesday. She would have to make it through five days with just 5 articles of clothing. With her luck she might not make it through five minutes in public.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Three - The Exposed Samaritan**

Jackie survived that Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at work without losing anything. If it were not for this payment with clothes for local offense, this would be a nice place to live. The people were very friendly, the service was good and the scenery was wonderful. On Saturday the team had all day off. Jackie wanted to see the sights, but was afraid to wander. She spent many hours sitting on her balcony just watching the city go by.

Jackie saw more groups of school girls go by. The school girls looked to be about fifteen and older. Every time it is seemed as if at least one of the girls was missing at least one article of clothing. She saw one girl wearing only white panties trying to hide in the middle of the group of school girls. She went down to the lounge on the main floor and ordered a drink. She asked the bartender about the half clothes school girls.

"Oh, the Academy girls. Yes, Cronenberg Academy is a new branch of a strict girls-only prep school in England. The granddaughter of that academy's founder was asked to set up the school here." The bartender spoke with proud and continued on. "The teaching is supposed to be the best in southeast Asia. The brightest young girls are prepared for a life of in professional careers. After only ten years of operation the graduates have already left there mark here and in other countries as doctors, lawyers and scientists. The education is free to residents, but each year over a hundred girls from other countries are sent and trained at the Academy at great expense to their parents. The girls you saw with missing clothes had misbehaved and were being punished. Even if they lose all their clothes they still must perform all their normal duties."

Jackie was glad she had not been sent to this school. With her normal luck she would have made a full-time career out of being naked at this school. Jackie was even more determined to do her work and get out of this country never to return again. Jackie returned to her room and ordered lunch and dinner through room service. She spent Sunday quietly in her watching the TV and ordering in lunch.

Jackie was very careful the next week, but still committed some minor infractions. She lost a blouse on Monday evening. Wednesday evening she lost a skirt when she stepped off the curb to quickly and was cited for crossing against the light. At least her accidents had stopped. She was much luckier than two of her workmates. Carl was normally a fun-loving, productive guy around the office, but he had been known to party pretty hard back home. He did something stupid and showed up at work Wednesday morning in just his briefs. He did not want to talk about it. Michelle showed up Thursday in just her bra and panties. Michelle had crossed the street against the light and had paid the fine of two with her blouse and skirt. To compound matters she did not have her bag with her papers with her. The officer had insisted on the payment of another two. Michelle was not going to leave herself naked on the street corner at 8:00 am so she had taken the ticket instead. She was to appear before the judge at 4:00 PM that day.

Michelle asked Jackie to come with her. Michelle was afraid of what they would do with her. The cute little brunette was almost in tears. Her breasts quivered and were barely restrained by her D-cup bra. Jackie wondered what it felt like to be under five feet tall and not even 90 pounds with a chest of that size. Michelle must be very top heavy. Jackie gave in and agreed to accompany Michelle. If things got bad enough Jackie might even offer Michelle an article of clothing if she were naked. Jackie was wearing her remaining three items: long shirt, skirt and panties. With no extra clothes in her bag Jackie really had nothing extra to spare.

When Michelle was called up to the judge she pleaded that she not be stripped naked and that she would be a good girl. Judge Son Li (a woman in her thirties) said there was no alternative given the situation. The judge added that since Michelle did not have enough to pay the fine and the penalty, Michelle would have to remain naked for 24 hours and that the first 4 hours Michelle would have to be restrained in the stocks in front of the court house. Jackie raised her hand as Michelle broke down in tear. The judge recognized Jackie who then approached the bench. Having spent some time herself in embarrassing nude situations, Jackie asked if she could help pay the fine. The judge said she would not place Michelle in the stocks if Jackie offered two items of clothing. Jackie was not going to agree, but seeing the Michelle's tear soaked face, Jackie agreed. The judge ordered them to pay the court now. Michelle handed the judge her bra and panties and then held her left arm over her huge chest. Her right hand went to cover her pussy. Jackie decided to keep her shirt. It was (barely) long enough to cover her pussy and most of her butt. With trembling hands Jackie unbuttoned the skirt and handed it up to the judge. With much hesitation Jackie hooked her shaking thumbs around her panties and slowly pulled them down her thighs. She released them and they fell to the floor. She stepped out of them, squatted, picked up the panties and handed them to the judge. They were dismissed.

The naked Michelle and the not quite adequately covered Jackie left the court house. Michelle thanked Jackie as they both stared at the stocks in front of the courthouse. Jackie thought "I don't even want to think about having my neck and hands locked in the stocks." Against her own will she envisioned herself fully exposed and unable to cover herself at all and found it embarrassingly interesting. It was almost like something from college days. Jackie experienced a momentary thrill at the thought. She hugged Michelle to herself and tried to flag a cab. When she raised her arm the front of her shirt raised. Jackie realized her error as she felt Michelle's bare hip brush Jackie's pussy.

A whole country seemed determined to strip Jackie. This really was her worst nightmare come to life. Strangely, Jackie felt herself smile.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Four -- Ms. Russell's Prank**

On Friday morning Michelle and Jackie called Ms. Russell, the trip's team leader, to get out of work. Ms. Russell did not care what clothes they might have. She said the customs and laws of this country were to be obeyed. Since public nudity was not a crime, but rather a part of the solution here we both had to come no matter what.

Ms. Monica Russell had seen how well everyone liked Jackie. Ms. Russell herself was 34 years old and the youngest Senior VP in the company. Monica usually wore a arrogant frown that marred her face when she dealt with subordinates. Monica's ego refused to see them as deserving of her respect. She was often referred to as just 'The Bitch' between those of her team.

Physically Monica was as nearly as attractive as Jackie. They were about the same height. Ms. Russell was proud of her pert 34C breasts. Monica legs were longer than Jackie's. Though Monica's over-the-knee length conservative business attire normally revealed only long well toned calves. However, here in Sandgadoo the government approved and provided all attire. When the female customs officer had noticed Monica's long legs the officer had taken Monica's inseam measurement over Monica's protests. Monica's long lean legs had a 34 inch inseam and she was short-waisted. The hems of the skirts given to Monica were a full 30 inches from the floor. The blouses she was issued stopped two inches about her waist. The first time Monica saw herself in one of the skirts she threw a fit. The short skirt did not even cover half her firm thighs. The short blouses left Monica's flat stomach bare. When she called to complain about the clothes they said the these were the standard clothes for her body type and size.

When Monica first appeared at the new office the men and women had stared at her long exposed legs and stomach. She publicly stated that this was the approved attire and that there would be no talk about it. However, she was still furious inside and took it out on everyone around her. Where Jackie was liked by all, Monica was disliked by everyone who worked for her. Monica aimed a lot of her fury at Jackie and was determined to humiliate her.

Michelle and Jackie arrived at work and tried to get down to busy as best they could. They both hung at their desks to hide some of their exposed skin. Jackie found that if she sat carefully on her chair with her legs together that her long shirt would barely cover her pussy. When Monica noticed this she started calling Jackie into her office for the tiniest of matters. Each time Jackie had to cross to Monica's office Jackie's face was beet red. Each step revealed a bit of pussy and/or ass. Jackie became increasingly depressed and humiliated as if each time was the first time she had been seen in her attire. After the initial shock none of Jackie's co-workers made any comments about her condition while she was present. Even the men seemed to look straight into her eyes. Of course, when she walked away from them, they noticed that even her butt was blushing.

Monica looked for other ways to humiliate Jackie. The next Monday Jackie would get new clothing. Monica decided that she would see if she could steal those new clothes.

Sunday night Jackie left her shirt out in the hall as she had the last few nights. If all went according to the rules she would have be provided with clothes to bring her up to the normal eight items of clothing. At 5:00 AM Monica left one of her own short skirts and blouses in place of Jackie's stack of regulation eight items. Monica knew that on Jackie these clothes would reveal even more flesh. Monday morning Jackie opened her door and found only a short skirt and a short blouse that would bared her midriff. No underwear or other items. The extra clothes were nestled in the bottom of a drawer in Monica's room. Jackie just wanted to sit in her room and cry.

Jackie reluctantly got dressed in the short blouse and skirt. She tried sitting on a chair and found only her bare butt made contact. She thought that standing her pussy was barely covered by the high hem of the skirt. She tried to position the waistband of the skirt down on her hips, but the small waistband was not elastic and would immediately crawl back up to her waist. She was barely more covered than in the long shirt she had left in the hall the night before. The short blouse top was stretched to bursting and stopped four inches above her waist. There was a knock on the door. Jackie slowly walked over and opened the it.

Monica stood in the door. "Good morning Jackie. You better hurry or you'll be late. My aren't you exposed today."

Without a word Jackie grabbed her purse with her papers and followed the inwardly smiling Monica to work.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Five: Justice Prevails**

Jackie sat at her desk and work in her very short skirt and short top. When she first got to this country she had had mixed emotions about the clothing rules and restrictions. She had even found it somewhat stimulating. But as her experiences continued she became more and more depressed and frustrated. She tried to immerse herself in the work and just get through the day. If only Ms. Russell would leave her alone for awhile. She had made it through the morning, having been called to Monica Russell's office five times for minor errands.

"Jackie" called Monica, "Get me the third quarter reports. They are on the top shelves in the file room."

"Yes, ma'am." Jackie walked carefully to the file room. Jackie looked for the step stool, but it was missing. The second door to the file room opened into the front reception area. Several gentlemen sat on the couches waiting to see someone. Jackie tried to close the door, but it was stuck. As she reached up to the file box marked 'Quarterly Reports' Jackie failed to notice one of four blouse buttons pop off. She feel a breeze on her bottom and lowered one hand down the back of her skirt. To her shame at least the bottom half of her butt was showing. She was afraid to even check her front. She wanted to lower both arms, but decided to get it over with as quickly as possible. She got her fingertips on the leading bottom edge of the box and pulled it forward.

As Jackie tipped the box forward she felt the center of gravity shift. Suddenly a coffee can slid from the top of the box. A quart of water spilled onto Jackie drenching the front of her. Jackie got the box down, setting it on the floor. The blouse clung tightly to her skin and became semi- transparent. Jackie tried to pull the blouse away and saw a second button pop off and bounce between the file cabinets where she could not retrieve it. She noticed the she only had two remaining buttons straining over her breasts. In a dejected manner she picked up the box of reports and, holding the box in front of her chest, carried the box to her desk.

Jackie took a few minutes to regain some composure as she went through the reports. She thought this humiliation would never end. With the reports in hand the still wet Jackie carried the reports to Monica. Jackie took tiny steps to retain some modesty.

"These report are wet. Can't you do anything right?" shouted Monica. Monica kept her smile to herself. She had set up that coffee can at lunch time just to get Jackie.

Jackie looked at the floor and replied "No, ma'am, I guess not."

"Don't get smart with me." snorted Monica.

The intercom buzzed. "What is it." screamed Monica.

"There are three officers to see you." replied the receptionist, a local girl.

Monica smiled devilishly at Jackie. "What have you gotten into now?" Facing back to the intercom Monica said "Send them in."

There female officers entered Monica's office. One officer escorted Jackie from the office and left with her. The other two stood in front of Monica's desk. The taller policewoman spoke to Monica.

"I am Officer Muldoon and this is Officer Lee. We have a warrant for you. It's for a class II felony. You must come with us now directly to court."

Monica was stunned. "What is this about?"

Muldoon continued. "The maid at your hotel reported finding extra clothing in your room this morning. A review of the surveillance tapes show you misappropriating clothes from a Ms. Jackie Hewloff. All the clothes in your room have been confiscated. We must now take back the state's property from you."

Monica was momentarily wordless and thought "Surveillance camera? They saw me taking the Jackie's clothes? State property?"

"What property are you talking about?" Monica asked.

"Your clothes of course" officer Muldoon replied calmly.

"What?" Monica usually used her more calm, pleasant manner with authority figures. She could normally convince them that she was above any such petty injustice. This time Monica lost her control completely. She held her fists in front of her chest. "No. I can't give them to you now. I want to speak with your superior."

"The order is quite clear. If you continue being uncooperative you will be charged with resisting arrest. Hand over your clothes this minute."

Monica realized she was in deep trouble. She forced herself to regain control. Surely she could reason with the judge. She unbuttoned her blouse and set it on the desk. The skirt followed in moments. Monica reached for the bra and hesitated.

"We don't have all day, ma'am."

Monica quickly released the front clasp and slid the bra down her arms. Her hands seemed to freeze when she stuck her thumbs under the sides of the elastic waistband of her panties. After five seconds she pulled them passed her thighs and let them slide down her legs to the floor. She picked them up and dropped them on the desk. Instinctively she tried to cover her breasts and pussy with her hands and arms.

As Muldoon placed Monica's clothes in a bag, the policewoman added "Hold your arms together behind your back." Monica trembled in indignant rage but compiled and remained silent. Officer Lee pulled from a belt pack what appeared to be a six inch wide white plastic tube that had been split in two evenly along its length. The officer repositioned Monica's arms so that her forearms were against each other with a hand on each elbow. She pressed the two halves together around Monica's forearms. Monica heard a click and a hiss. Her arms were tightly bound.

"The cuff tube has fused together and the internal air bladder is fully inflated" announced Lee.

The officer led the naked and restrained Monica through the office and to the police car.

"I have rights."

"In this country for a class II felony the judge reads you your rights."

"I want an attorney NOW. I want to speak to the ambassador. I am an Ammm....mm...mm."

In the middle of the office Officer Lee slapped a ball in Monica's mouth. Instantly it inflated to fill her mouth, locking Monica's jaws widely open. Monica could see shocked surprise on the faces of her people. Within moments she saw the surprise change to barely concealed smiles. They were glad to see her handled this way.

The naked, struggling Monica was pulled right passed Jackie's desk. Jackie was now wearing a knee length skirt and a high collared blouse. When Jackie gave Monica a sympathetic look Monica wanted to kill her.

Officer Muldoon announced to the office "Ms. Russell will be unavoidably detained for the next few days. Please continue without her."

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Six: Russell's Humiliation**

Monica stood naked in the court of Judge Son Li. Monica was still gagged with her arms locked behind her back. An officer stood on either side of her. Each held an upper arm. The judge spoke.

"This court is in closed session with the cameras off. Ms. Russell, I have seen the video tape of your actions. That, with the discovery of the stolen clothes in your room, provide solid evidence of your guilt. If you promise to be calm, I will have your gag removed. Do you agree?"

Monica shook her head YES. The judge waved at the officers and the gag was removed. Monica worked her jaw and tongue. The judge waited for Monica to regain her speech. After a few moments Monica said "Your honor, surely we can come to some arrangement. It was just a prank."

"Silence! The court sees that you do not understand the seriousness of the situation. You have not repented. The court sees no alternative but to take action at this time. You are to be placed in a public cell in the middle of the city square. Your arms will remain bound as they are. Each day you will be brought back to this court for re-evaluation. Take her away."

Monica was led from the courtroom and driven to the bustling city square.. The cells were just a hollow 2 meter by 2 meter cube of clear Plexiglas. A sink and a toilet sat in a corner. In the opposite corner sat a clear acrylic high-backed chair. She struggled as the officers opened one side of the cube and pushed her onto the chair. She was on display, naked, with no place to hide. With the door locked she sat on the chair with her legs firmly locked together. Even as embarrassed as she was she would not give anyone the satisfaction of seeing her afraid.

As the morning wore on Monica's became sore just sitting in the chair. The chair did little to hide her nakedness. Her legs started to cramp and she stood to work the cramps out. When she saw the eyes of the people follow her as she walked she cursed them as stupid barbarians. She ended up pacing like a caged animal.

At 2:00 PM two attendants opened her cell. A bowl of water and a bowl of dry cereal was placed on the floor. The door was locked and the attendants left. Monica pretended not to notice the water and food. The scattered clouds cleared leaving a bright blue afternoon sky. The sun heated the cube to over 100 degrees. Monica was covered with sweat which made her quivering firm flesh seem even more exposed. After sunset Monica bent down and laid on the floor by the bowls. She sucked water from the one bowl. She ended up placing her face in the cereal bowl so she that she could eat it all.

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Monica appeared in court on Tuesday. The smell of her dried sweat from the day before was obvious to the court. When asked if she had anything to say Monica spoke in a whiny manner.

"Yes, judge. My back is killing me. I can barely move my fingers because my arm muscles have all cramped up from this arm binder. I was never given my rights and was not permitted to consult an attorney. And furthermore........

"Silence!" ordered the judge. "I see another day will be necessary."

Monica was led back to her public cell. This day was sunny and the temperature rose in the cell to over 105 degrees. Many passersby stood and saw Monica naked on public display. Monica even thought she saw Jackie standing off in the distance. That night an ocean breezed cool the small country. Monica fell asleep on the hard floor. The look of fear remained on her face throughout her restless night.

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"Your honor, I wish to apologize to the court. I have not shown the respect you are due. I throw myself on your mercy." Monica stood quietly facing the judge. Her hair was a complete mess. She felt filthy. She would do anything just for a good hot bath and anything to wear. If she pretended to repent she hoped the judge would be lenient. In reality Monica was furious, but realized that to express her true feelings would guarantee her return to the public cell, or maybe something worse.

The judge looked thoughtful. After a few moments the judge waved Officer Muldoon up to the bench and they talked quietly. Muldoon turned and left the courtroom. The judge fixed her eyes on Monica. "The record of this case have been sealed in this courtroom. Your victim is unaware of your actions. However, someone has come forward to plead in your defense. She has appeared in my court before and is a person of apparent compassion. You would do well to follow her example. You will remain standing as she presents her views."

Monica was shocked. Those bastards back at the office would not help her. Someone at the embassy must be arguing her case. The sound of the door opening and shutting at the back ot the court seemed to fill the silence. Monica heard footsteps approach from behind her. A clear young female voice spoke. Monica listened to each word.

"Your honor, I do not know the offense of which Ms. Russell is accused, but she must have made a terrible mistake. She is unfamiliar with the ways of your fine land. Her punishment is very harsh from her viewpoint. I have had severely embarrassing experiences not unlike hers through accidents that have befallen me. I panic at the thought of public exposure. I ask that compassion be shown to expedite her release." There was a pause before the speaker continued with quivering voice. "As a token of my sincerity I offer to share in her degradation if it will speed her to an earlier release. I thank you for your consideration."

Monica knew that voice! It couldn't be? Monica spun around and stared in total astonishment. Jackie stood at the defense table. Jackie looked in pain and sympathy at Monica. Monica passed out into the arms of the officers at her sides.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Seven: A Visit to the Academy**

Monica woke with a start. The room was dark. She tried to move from the bed but found that an ankle was cuffed to the bed frame. The sheets felt clean and she realized that she had been washed. She reached under the sheets and ran her hands down her body. She was naked under the top sheet. In the dim light Monica saw a pitcher and a glass on a stand next to the bed. She reached out and poured the contents of the pitcher into the glass. She held the glass to her lips. It was cool water. She drank as she realized how thirsty she was. After two more glasses of water Monica felt much better, though still quite tired. She rolled onto her side and fell back asleep.

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"Wake up, sleepy head."

Monica grimaced as she recognized Jackie's sickeningly sweet voice. Monica opened her eyes a crack. Jackie stood next Monica's bed in what looked like a thin white bikini. It was very tight and exposed a lot of cleavage, but covered Jackie's nipples. Seeing Monica's eyes open, Jackie continued.

"You have to wake up now. You recovered from your ordeal and we are on probation. As part of our sentence we are allowed only to wear this outfit." Jackie motioned at her own attire. "You have to get into you outfit. We are to observe the practices of this country. I had to offer to share in your punishment or you would still be on public display."

Monica fumed. She did not want to be indebted to this goody-two-shoes, but she held her tongue. This was better than public humiliation. The ankle cuff had been removed. Jackie turned away and allowed Monica to dress in her own white bikini. As she put it on Monica realized it was not swimwear. The silky opaque material was very thin and would probably become nearly transparent if it got wet. Two officers appeared at the door.

"Come on, Ms. Russell, we have to accompany them."

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Monica was surprised when she found that she and Jackie were delivered to their office building. They were told they were to do their normal jobs on weekdays. They would be escorted between their hotel and the office. On weekends they would be escorted to local and national events to witness the success of Sandgadoo's ways.

Friday progressed very well for Jackie. Jackie was at least decently covered and had become somewhat comfortable in her silky top and bottom. She joked around with her office mates and was in good spirits. Jackie failed to notice the angry stares from Monica. Jackie's spirits remained high throughout the day. When the officers arrived to take them back to the hotel, Monica sat quietly in the patrol car as Jackie struck up a polite conversation with the officers. Monica realized she would have to wait until their return to America before she could get any real revenge. Until then Monica would play the role of the repentant and bide her time.

On Saturday afternoon Monica and Jackie were taken to observe a play at the girls' Academy. Jackie realized this was the school she had heard about from the bar tender. Jackie remembered how the girls were supposed to be punished by losing articles of clothes. Jackie and Monica rode in the patrol car away from the city to a beautiful campus surrounded by low rounded hills. The officers instructed Monica and Jackie that they were to remain on campus until that evening. A play was to be presented in the theatre at 1:30 PM. After the play Jackie and Monica were to meet the girls of the Cronenberg Academy and see how well behaved they were. Jackie and Monica followed the directions to the theatre.

Jackie found herself enjoying an all-girl presentation of a Gilbert and Sullivan musical. The girls did a good job. It was more humorous as some of the girls playing men danced around the stage striking male poses and tried to speak and sing in lower toned voices. Jackie grew more comfortable as the play continued. Jackie noticed that some of the girls seated in the audience were wearing less than her. Jackie felt sorry for them, but was starting to appreciate this method of punishment. Forced stripping was more humane than caning. And the stripping got the point across. Jackie loudly applauded at the end of the first act to the girls' efforts. Monica remained sullen and said little. At the end of the play the audience, including Jackie, gave a standing ovations to the young thespians.

After the play Jackie and Monica separated and wandered around the campus. Monica had found an exhibit of the students' artwork. Monica was actually starting to lighten up as she saw several paintings that were quite good. Monica turned and bumped into by one of the fifteen year old students. Monica's nasty nature erupted.

"Watch where you are going, you little slut."

The girl's smile disappeared and, noticing Monica's bikini-like top and bottom responded. "From the looks of you, you are the slut. Bitch!"

"Now, now, we will have none of that here, Annie." One of the teachers spoke from the other side of the room. "We do not speak that way to our guest, no matter how much they deserve it. Annie, remove you blouse right now."

Monica smirked as Annie paled and stammered "But, Ms. Robinson, she bumped into me and called me a name first." The stern look on Ms. Robinson's face seemed to silence Annie. Without further delay Annie unbuttoned her blouse and handed it to Ms. Robinson.

Ms. Robinson turned to Monica and asked "Now, who are you to cause problems at our school?"

"I'm Monica Russell. I was just studying some of this fine art when the little slut ran into me."

"Well, Ms. Russell, it so happened that I saw the whole episode and you were the one at fault. Hand over you bra." Ms. Robinson wore a stern expression.

"You have to be kidding. I'm an American citizen and very important at my company. What authority do you have to order me to remove my clothing?"

Ms. Robinson smiled devilishly. "As it so happens on campus the school officials have the same authority as the police to fine for behavioral misdemeanors. We also are our own judge in such matters, so there is no appeal except to the School Mistress. She is very strict and will not appreciate being interrupted. If you know what it good for you, you will hand over that top right now."

Monica froze. Her mouth had gotten her into trouble again. After a few thoughtful moments Monica reached back, released her top and handed it to Ms. Robinson.

"Now watch yourself Ms. Russell. I will be keeping an eye on you. You can have this back at the end of the day. I warn you that you are not to cover yourself. It is a standard school rule here at the Academy. Even as a guest, you must comply." Ms. Robinson turned and led Annie out of the room. Ms. Russell was left holding her arms at her sides. As soon as Ms. Robinson had left Monica's arms rose across her breasts in an effort to cover them.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Eight: More School Daze**

While Monica was losing her top Jackie was making the best of the situation. Jackie had struck up conversations with several of the older girls and found them to be a sweet bunch. She felt a bit like a teenager herself and had followed them to the pool. Jackie realized her snug silky top and bottom might become quite revealing if she got wet. Jackie just relaxed on a lounge chair near the pool and talked with several of the girls. Little did she know what was planned for her.

Sabrina had always been a prankster. Usually her pranks were not vicious, just embarrassing. Sabrina had gotten away with many anonymous pranks on fellow students and even an occasional facility member. Sabrina was a physically mature woman at 17. She stood a good 5' 8" in her bare feet and towered over most of the other girls. Her slim figure had curves in all the right places. To add to her figure she had long dark hair and a killer smile. Her only disappointment was that her 34B breasts had not blossomed more. They were quite sensitive with large nipples that became erect with the slightest provocation. She was currently clothed in the standard conservative school two piece swimsuit. All and all she was a knockout.

Jackie's chair was near the side of the five foot deep section of the pool. Sabrina figured a carefully place cannonball would have a good chance of splashing Jackie. Sabrina saw none of the school facility. Seeing her chance she began 'innocently' clowning around with a few of the girls near Jackie and pretended to lose her balance. She fell near the edge of the pool and curled into a ball before she hit the water.

SPLASH!!!

Sabrina surfaced to see that Jackie had been splashed even better than Sabrina had hoped. Although Jackie's head had escaped most of the water, Jackie's little two-piece top and bottom were soaked. The snug material seemed glued to Jackie's skin and quite transparent. Sabrina climbed out the side of the pool and approached Jackie.

"I'm sorry, Miss Jackie. It didn't mean to soak you." Sabrina was laughing on the inside at Jackie's look of shock. Jackie immediately held her right hand over her pussy and her left arm over her breasts. The explosion of blush on Jackie's face and shoulders told Sabrina she had indeed succeeded in embarrassing Jackie.

"Sabrina!" Sabrina cringed as she heard the voice of Ms. Robinson. "Are you still up to your tricks? We do not treat our guests this way."

Sabrina sputtered as she realized Ms. Robinson mast have seen her performance. "But Ms. Robinson, it was just and accident."

"Now, we both know you are too good an athlete and too poor an actress for me to believe that" responded Ms. Robinson. "Remove you swimsuit and give me your locker key. You are restricted to the pool area until further notice."

Sabrina hung her head. To argue would just make the punishment worse. And without her locker key Sabrina would have to stay naked as all of her clothes and her room key were in the locker. She would have to remain at the pool area until Ms. Robinson gave back the key. There was no way to cover except in the clear water of the pool. Sabrina looked around the pool area and remembered there were other guests. Some of the parents were lounging around and there were some brothers present. They would now see Sabrina in her birthday suit.

"Now, now, let's not dawdle."

Sabrina pulled her bottom off and handed it to Ms. Robinson. Sabrina knew her nipples would be very hard now and wanted to delay revealing them. With a sigh of resignation she unfastened the top's clasp and let it fall down her arms. Sabrina felt as if a spotlight were on her as she stood nude at the edge of the pool. If she tried to cover herself with her hands she realized Ms. Robinson might even make the punishment worse.

Ms. Robinson turned to Jackie. "I'm sorry this happened to you. If you will give me you top and bottom I will see that they are dried and returned to you." Jackie looked around and saw the many pair of eyes locked onto Sabrina's naked form.

Jackie gasped. "But I have nothing else to wear. Could I at least have a towel?"

"Well, I know you are here under judicial order. I don't believe I can give you anything else. But I really must insist that you give me your top and bottom. We do not let our guests walk around in soaked clothes. Your clothes will be returned in half an hour. I suggest you wait right here."

Jackie could see she was not going to win this discussion. Jackie found her embarrassment somehow arousing. The trip to this country was certainly opening her eyes to some of her own inner feelings. Jackie stood and removed her top and bottom. With a shaking hand she handed them to Ms. Robinson. She noticed that the attention of the male guests was now divided between Sabrina and herself. Jackie moved to cover herself.

"Ms. Jackie, you must set a good example for the girls. You must not cover yourself either. It is a standard rule her on campus."

Jackie did not want to see the punishment for covering herself as she remember the restraints that had been used on Ms. Russell when she was in the cube. Jackie laid on the lounge chair face up and felt the tropical sun soak into her body. She felt herself starting to relax. "Hmmm.." thought Jackie "this might not be so bad after all. Who is to know?" Jackie relaxed until she remembered the picture in the New York paper of her dancing in the Caribbean in February. She resisted the urge to cover up and would just have to count the minutes until her clothes returned.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Nine: More Bare School Daze**

Jackie surprised herself. She was almost asleep when she heard Ms. Russell arrogant voice. "Why are you laying there exposed to the world?" Jackie squinted in the bright sunlight. Ms. Russell stood glaring down at Jackie. Jackie could she that Monica's arms hugged her breasts to herself. It was readily obvious that Monica was not wearing a top.

Jackie was getting tired of Monica's attitude. After all that Jackie had done to help Ms. Russell, Jackie was becoming very fed up. Irritation was in Jackie's voice when she responded.

"Why, I am complying with the school rules. What's your excuse?" Jackie glared back at Monica. Jackie saw Ms. Robinson entering the pool area behind Monica. Ms. Robinson was carrying what looked like Jackie's now dried top and bottom. Jackie hoped that Monica would respond in her normal abrasive manner, and her hope was rewarded.

"You are a slut. I don't see what those idiots at the office see in you. I am better than you in every way, you whore."

Ms. Robinson was standing right behind Monica and taking in the scene. Jackie smiled and turned her head away from Monica.

Monica shouted. "Don't you turn away from me when I am talking with you, you harlot." Monica raised her arm to slap Jackie.

"That is more than enough from you in one day" announced Ms. Robinson in a stern voice. Monica jumped and turned to face the voice. When she saw Ms. Robinson Monica looked down at Monica's arms across breasts. Monica dropped her arms to her sides instantly.

"Don't say a word" ordered Ms. Robinson. "I've already had enough of you for today. You are a bad example for the Academy girls. Ms. Hewloff is just complying with my orders." Ms. Robinson handed Jackie her top and bottom. Jackie stood and slipped into the now dry silky top and bottom. Ms. Robinson continued. "Since you will not set an example, you will be made an example. Remove you bottoms right now."

Before Monica could even speak Ms. Robinson shook a finger in Monica's face. "I do not want to hear one sound from you or you WILL regret it." Monica was shocked speechless and did not move. Ms. Robinson reached out and hooked her thumbs in the sides of Monica bottoms. In one fluid motion Ms. Robinson stooped and pulled the bottoms to Monica's ankles. Ms. Robinson lifted Monica's feet one at a time and made her step out of the bottoms. Ms. Robinson stood with the bottoms in her left hand. "I will send these and your top back to your hotel. You are expelled from the campus. Follow me. You too, Sabrina. You may follow if you wish, Jackie."

Ms. Robinson led the naked Monica away from the pool area and walked to the front of the campus. The equally naked Sabrina followed Ms. Robinson and Jackie, now in her top and bottoms, brought up the rear. When the little procession reached the front gate Ms. Robinson requested that the guard call a moto-cop. Neither Jackie or Monica recognized the term, but Jackie notice Sabrina shiver and shake her head. A few minutes later a motorcycle policeman arrived. Ms. Robinson waved the officer over to her and they talked quietly. The officer approached Monica.

"Straddle the cycle, ma'am."

Monica turned to Ms. Robinson. The stern look on Ms. Robinson stifled Monica's voice. Monica stepped across the back of the cycle.

"Hands behind your back."

Jackie watched as Monica's wrists were placed in to cuffs mounted to the back grab bar. A look of panic was obvious on Monica's face as she tried to pull her wrists forward. The officer locked tubes around Monica's calves, holding them firmly to the each side of the cycle.. Monica was securely attached to the cycle. The officer slapped one of the self-inflating balls into Monica mouth. He checked that she was breathing which was easy as Monica's panic caused her to wheeze through her nose. A clear high impact helmet was strapped on Monica's head. Monica's panic ridden face was clearly visible. With a tip of his hat to Ms. Robinson and the officer climbed on the cycle. Monica tried to lean forward into the back of the officer, but they manner in which her wrists were cuffed prevented her from leaning forward. The officer started the cycle and roared off down the road.

"What will happen to her?" asked Jackie.

"She will probably get the public stocks and maybe a night or two in the humiliation cubes downtown" replied Ms. Robinson "unless someone can plead her case down."

Jackie asked "Is that a special officer just for the Academy?"

"No, dear. All moto-cops have that securing arrangement. The police find it to be the only way to transport arrested individuals on a cycle."

Jackie trembled as she noticed that the thought of such a ride, while obviously embarrassing, did have a perverted appeal. She wondered if she could somehow get a 'test ride'. Jackie smiled. "Ms. Robinson, that has been done once already. I doubt it will work again. Do I have to leave now?"

Ms. Robinson's face softened from the stern look of moments before and a friendly smile appeared. "No, Jackie, you can stay the rest of the day. In fact, as you have complied with all our rules, I think I can arrange for you to sleep over here if you like. You were scheduled to come back tomorrow anyway."

Jackie said "I think I would like that. Can I stay with some of the girls?"

"Yes, that can be arranged. Of course you be subject to the same rules as they are."

Jackie wanted to hear the stories of the girls. As harsh as this country had been, Jackie was starting to admit it had its possibilities. The girls' stories might prove to be interesting.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Ten: A Night of Tales**

Jackie sat in the room with her three 'roommates' in the girls' room. Jackie was still clothed in her silky top and bottom bikini-like outfit. The three girls were in the standard blouse and tartan skirt except for Cheryl. Cheryl was missing her blouse for some infraction she had committed earlier in the day. The three girls were all 17 year old and in their last year before going to college. All planned on professional careers, Cheryl in law and Bonnie and Conli in medicine.

Jackie felt almost as if she were back in college again as she heard the girls tales of humiliation. Jackie giggled at some of the situations.

"...and Emma only had her panties on at the time. Those were taken from her as punishment. Emma had to stay in the science exposition for two hours without a stitch of clothing. Then there was the bus ride back to the school. The bus broke down and we all had to walk the last five miles. Emma's blush made her as red as a beet. She was not permitted to wear anything until bedtime." Cheryl giggled as she finished the story.

"My God" exclaimed Jackie. "That must have been traumatizing for her."

"At the time it bothered her. She was a very quiet girl for over two weeks" continued Cheryl. "She was finally getting over it when she got in trouble again."

Jackie could not resist. "What happened?"

"Well, just turning 17 Emma was becoming a fine athlete. She was on the gymnastics team, but when she got tired, she would sometimes talk back to the coach. Coach Chee was very serious about the training. Miss Chee had been on her way to the Olympic tryouts for Japan when she broke her right ankle and she couldn't perform. She is still a good gymnast, but stiffness in her ankle has kept her from competing. Her personal frustration can make her drive the students too hard.

"Emma had been working on the uneven bars and was having trouble keeping her legs together as she worked them. Coach Chee keep on pushing Emma until Emma finally snapped back at her. Miss Chee told Emma she knew how to make Emma work harder. Miss Chee ordered Emma to remove her bodysuit and panties leaving Emma in just her tight sports bra. Then Emma had to perform the routine again.

"Emma's concentration was much better as she seemed to keep her legs tightly together. Of course, since a group of our Congressmen were visiting the school that day, they happened into the gym just as Emma had started her routine. Every man's eyes were locked on her as she spun, bounced and turned on the bars. Emma's red face on her perfect dismount was due as much to embarassment as to exertion.

"Coach Chee was so pleased with Emma's routine that she announced that all the girls who did not perform well would practice dressed the same way. Boy was I glad I was on the track team that year."

Jackie looked shocked and then found herself giggling with the rest of the girls. "Well, did the girls practice bottomless?"

"Only a very few times. We had a great gymnastics team every that year. We won the national girls' gymnastic meet that year. The team was obviously well motivated. Miss Chee went on to became a trainer for the national team. That was two years ago. The new does not know Miss Chee's method and the team has not done as well."

There was a knock on the door and it opened. Ms. Robinson stepped in. "Lights out in ten minutes. Here is something for Jackie to sleep in and a change of clothes for the morning." She handed Jackie a sleep shirt and another silky bikini-like top and bottom. Ms. Robinson left with a smile.

Bonnie spoke to Jackie. "We have more stories, but they will have to wait until morning. You DON'T want to be up after lights out."

The girls changed into their sleep shirts and climbed into bed. At 10:00 PM sharp the lights went out. Jackie slid down under the soft flannel sheets and thought to herself "Nude Olympics....". She fell asleep, smiling.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Eleven: The Work Is Done.... Or Is It?**

During Jackie's ride back to the hotel on Sunday night she asked what had happened to Ms. Russell. One of the officers explained that Judge Son Li had passed sentence later Saturday afternoon. "Ms. Russell will be deported late this evening. She was placed in a public humiliation cube on Saturday evening. She will remain there until she is boarded on the plane, still naked and cuffed. The cuffs would not unlock until they received a radio signal after her plane had passed out of Sandgadoo's territorial airspace. At that time she would have to make do with whatever she can beg off the other passengers. Did I mention it is a military transport filled with twenty soldiers for joint maneuvers with the U. S. Army? It should make for an interesting flight." Jackie found herself chuckling with the officers.

The officer also informed Jackie that with Ms. Russell gone, Jackie would again be provided with a normal clothing allotment and allowed to move about without escort.

The remaining weeks in Sandgadoo passed quickly. With Ms. Russell gone the office became a relaxed, enjoyable place for all the workers, both local and foreign. The attire around the office became more daring, not as as a result of forced stripping, but by choice. Modesty was on the decline. Even Michelle found it comfortable on the warmer days to go about without any top. Jackie shocked herself as she took to not wearing panties under her barely adequate short skirts. The thrill of moving about without revealing her pantiless condition made her days fly by. The work in Sandgadoo was completed ahead of schedule.

Jackie and her workmates sat around the conference table in the large meeting room. The business lead person and Jackie had verbally given their status report of the work done and were waiting for the judgment of their CEO who had listened quietly back in the States. Every ear listened intently to the speakerphone as they waited for the CEO's response. They could hear paging being shuffled. Finally, the CEO spoke.

"You have all done a marvelous job. All of our objectives have been met and exceeded. Five percent of you annual salary will be added to your next paycheck and you can expect glowing reviews on your annual appraisals. I expect you all to back in your offices in eight days. Since you are done ahead of schedule, you may do with as you please until that time."

Smiles appeared on everyone's face around the conference table. The CEO continued.

"Now you all go out and relax. You've earned it. Jackie could you stay for a moment. I have a few additional things I want to discuss with you."

Jackie was not worried. She knew she had done her job. She have helped with many of the tasks the Ms. Russell would have done if she had not be deported. They room cleared as the happy workers starting congratulating themselves. Jackie was alone in the conference room.

"Jackie" ask the CEO "is the door shut?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wanted to express my personal thanks. You did an excellent job. I know you were supposed to be only the technical lead person. However, the work you did on the business side, filling in for Ms. Russell, was impressive. You should be very proud."

"What is Ms. Russell doing now?"

"I'm not sure what happened over there, but Ms. Russell seems to have had some type of mental breakdown. She came back and refused to talk about it. She was abusive to her peers and subordinates. We finally convinced her to take a leave of absence. She's off somewhere getting her head together."

There was a pause and the CEO continued.

"Let's get back to you. Expect some fast advancement when you eventually get back home."

"What do you mean, eventually?" Jackie was confused. "Aren't I going to be back home in eight days like the rest?"

"You must have impressed several important people over there. A Judge Son Li sent praise of you to the embassy there in Sandgadoo. Also, the Sandgadoo Commerce Minister Robinson had some nice things to say about you. Our state department got word of the impression you had made. It wants you to stay there for a few more weeks. The Vice President and the Secretary of Commerce willing be counting on you to help them with some trade talks the week after next. They will also have some questions of protocol they will need to discuss with you. Of course all your expenses will be covered. You will be working out of an office at the embassy."

Jackie was in shock. Her government wanted her to help. "But what about my job?"

"It will, of course, be waiting for you when you get back. Enjoy the next few days. I think the government will keep you busy there for at least the next two months."

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Jackie immediately checked with the American Embassy in Sandgadoo. The ambassador himself spoke with Jackie. She was to continue her stay at the Cronenberg Arms for the duration of her stay in Sandgadoo. An office was being set up for her. It would be ready in five days. Until then she had free time.

Jackie called Michelle. Since they both had some free time they decided to spend it together. Michelle suggested they visit on of the beaches that was described in the hotel newsletter.

"But, Michelle, we haven't been issued any swimsuits."

"In this country what difference does it make. Look, Jackie, I went to this beach a couple of Saturdays ago. It really quite nice. People just pull off their clothes and relax. The beaches are patrolled. The only thing you have to worry about are the stares. With everyone equally exposed the staring is spread around so that no one is really too bothered by it."

"You were nude?" asked Jackie.

"I kept my skirt on for a while. After a relaxed a bit I dropped my skirt and had a generally good time."

Jackie thought. She realized she had not had one of her usual 'accidents' in several weeks. For some reason as she wore less her luck had been turning for the better.

"Okay, Michelle, we'll go tomorrow. I have to stock up on sunscreen. Should we invite anyone else from the office."

"Let's not. If any of the men showed up it would be too much. I am more comfortable if it's only other naked strangers."

"Okay, let's meet for lunch and then we can catch a taxi to the beach. Bye."

"Bye."

Jackie's accidents were about to return. In the weeks to come Jackie would later wonder if it was not a subconscious desire to be exposed that had been her undoing.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Twelve: Life Is A Beach**

Jackie and Michelle met for lunch. They were both dressed in short white tops and short skirts. Jackie had her extra 'government issued' clothes in her beach bag. Jackie had chosen not to wear her underwear and felt surprising comfortable in the tropical climate. They chatted. Michelle revealed that she wasn't wearing underwear either. They both giggled naughtily. After lunch they flagged a cab and directed it to the beach in the newsletter. The cabby said it was a beautiful beach indeed. Twenty minutes Michelle and Jackie found themselves walking barefoot from the beach parking lot onto fine white sand. There were many on the beach, but it was not crowded. A offshore breeze cooled the hot sun. They were strolling around and when Jackie heard her name being called. She turned.

"Ms. Hewloff, it's so nice to see you."

Jackie smiled as she saw Ms. Robinson approach. Ms. Robinson returned the smile. "I have a group of the senior girls here today. It a bit of a reward for doing so well at the last track meet. They are down the beach. Why don't you join us?"

Jackie and Michelle followed Ms. Robinson down the beach passed a rock outcropping. Ms. Robinson wore a simple one piece swimsuit with the Academy emblem over the heart. It did little to hid her stocky build. There were about thirty of the Academy girls were playing volleyball, swimming and getting tans. They worn conservative two piece bikinis.

Jackie felt decidedly underdressed. Here were the properly covered schoolgirls and their chaperone. She excused herself and moved toward the outcropping. Michelle followed. They discussed it and felt best if they at least put on their panties. Jackie wanted to put on a bra, but Michelle convince her it was overkill. More 'suitably dressed', they returned and spread their towels next to Ms. Robinson near the volleyball game. Jackie struck up a conversation with Ms. Robinson.

"Jackie, please call me by my first name, Meko."

"Okay, Meko. Please tell me about yourself? You look oriental around the eyes, but other than that you look European."

"My father was the son of a English gentleman and a Hong Kong native. So I am English and Chinese. He moved here, before Sandgadoo got its independence. I grow up here and meet my husband. His mother was Japanese and his father English." She smiled and remarked. "The British were always after the flowers of the Orient."

"How did you come to work at the Academy?"

"After I married Teddy, we discovered I couldn't have children. My husband is part of the government here and he arranged for me to work at the Academy. Now they are my children." Meko smiled and motioned to the girls.

Jackie quickly noticed Sabrina and Conli playing volleyball. Jackie watched as Conli spiked the volleyball. "WE WON!" shouted Conli and Sabrina. The opposing team hung their heads. Moments later Jackie's and Michelle's jaws dropped as the losing team removed their bikini tops.

"Do you allow this?" Jackie turned to Meko.

"On a unofficial event such as this the girls are allowed to wager their clothes if they want. The only restriction is that once an article is lost, it stays off until we arrive back at the school." Meko winked. "I know former Coach Chee's training techniques and approve of them."

The second game was on. The losers of the first game were playing their hearts out, but they were outclassed. Sabrina scored the winning point with a vicious spike. The losers wiggled their bottoms down their legs and threw them in a pile with their tops.

Meko turned to Jackie and Michelle. "I assume you don't have government issued swimsuits. Feel free to borrow from the loser's pile. Given the situation I don't think there will be any problems with the police here. They leave this area under my control when I am chaperoning."

Jackie doubted there would be an tops that approached what she or Michelle needed, but the bottoms might fit.

"Thank you. I would appreciate it."

Michelle and Jackie pulled a couple of bikini bottoms from the pile and moved back to the outcropping. They each found a bottom that was not too tight. Michelle decided to go topless, but Jackie kept her short top. They returned to Meko after dropping the unused bottoms onto the bikini pile.

Jackie decided to try the water. Michelle stayed with Meko and worked on her tan. Jackie waded in and found the water to be warm and comfortable. The sea bottom gently sloped down and there was very little undertow. Farther out five foot waves were breaking and Jackie saw several girls were clustered. When she got there she saw they were surface diving. Jackie ducked her head and saw that they were investigating near a kelp bed. The long green stalks swayed in the water. Jackie took a deep breath and dove. Beautiful tiny fish darted in and out between the kelp.

Jackie surfaced and saw the girls passing around a clam shell. It appeared to be gold, like some fine work of art. Jackie ducked her head. She saw a glint of gold off her her right. Taking another deep breath she dove and swam down to that area. There were a pair of four feet reefs running parallel along the sea bottom. It was covered with golden shelled clams. Jackie hovered between the reefs. The clam covered reefs were like a beautiful work of art. Jackie surveyed on reef and backed up for a better view. She felt a pinch on her butt. She started to yelp but stopped herself. A clam had closed on her. Fortunately when she jumped her flesh pulled from the clam, but her bottom was still snagged on her bottom. She could not turn around to see what she was doing, but the more she struggled the more she realized that her bikini bottom was being held firmly. With her lungs screaming for air she pulled herself out of the bikini bottom and kicked off the sea bottom.

Jackie's head broke the surface. AIR! She took a minute to get her breathing under control. Not wanting to give up she dove back to the bottom. She got the bikini bottom firmly in her hands and her feet against the reef. She pulled as hard as she could. The bikini bottom tore as the clam refused to open. Jackie fell against the second reef. She moved to swim forward and was held in place. Another clam or something had snagged her top. She dropped and felt her top slid up her chest. She continued down and pulled her head and arms through the top. With little air left in her lungs she shot to the surface.

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Off to the side Sabrina treaded water. A smile crossed her face. Since her trip to California last year she had been trying her hand at some of the spells her cousin Willow had shown her. Sabrina had used the extensive Academy library to research other spells. While most of her spells fizzled with no effect, Sabrina had discovered that her sea water based spells usually worked with few side effects. In the ocean, her powers seemed amplified. Manipulating the clams had just taken a few words and gestures. She chuckled as the naked Jackie swam into shore. Sabrina wasn't done yet.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Thirteen: Kelp Caught**

Sabrina spoke a cryptic phrase and made two gestures.... and the kelp was moving.

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Jackie got to where the water was only four and a half feet deep. She stopped and felt her feet touch the sandy bottom. She was regaining her composure. "There a lot of young flesh exposed. Why am I so embarrassed." She felt something move across her right wrist and jerked it back. Kelp had become tangled around her right wrist. She jerked again as another strand tangled her left wrist. "I better get out of the water before I'm too tangled in this stuff." Suddenly her wrists were pulled behind her back. She felt the kelp wrap up her arms and painfully pull her elbows together. More kelp cinched around her slim waist, pinning her arms to her back and her wrists over her tailbone. Kelp encircled her legs from her ankles to her mid-thighs, pinning them together. Another strand closed between her jaws and tightened, gagging her.

Jackie was in a full panic. She hopped her way into the shallower water. Her firm bouncing breasts were in full view as the water level dropped to her waist. Ms. Robinson and Michelle ran into the water and helped Jackie hop to dry sand. The kelp seemed to harden, but it did not squeeze any tighter than it had. Jackie calmed somewhat and her breathing, though still fast, was not strained. Meko, Michelle and a few of the girls carried up Jackie up to her towel. Seeing the blush on Jackie's face, Michelle draped her own towel over Jackie, covering Jackie from her knees to her neck.

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Sabrina stood in water up to her navel and giggling to herself. The kelp should become brittle when it fully dried. She failed to notice the kelp moving toward her until her bikini bottom were quickly pulled to her knees. She realized too late that the spell was still active. With Jackie out of reach the kelp was drawn to the power Sabrina emitted. She started to raise her arms and was about to utter the incantation to disperse the spell when the kelp locked her arms to her side and her jaws shut. Another kelp tendril wrapped itself around the bikini top between her breasts and snapped the material. With her bra falling behind her Sabrina started running toward the beach before the kelp closed around her ankles. Once out of the water she walked over to kneel next to Jackie. Sabrina figured that her own kelp would become brittle a few minutes after Jackie's. Naked and unable to talk she just stared regretfully at Jackie.

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"I really don't know what to say, Jackie. I've never seen this happen before this. I will have to speak to my husband and see if the government can check this out." Meko looked suspiciously at Sabrina. Things had a way of happening around her.

Jackie, was now free from the kelp. She wore her short skirt and her spare top. Shrugging her shoulders so spoke. "Back in the States I had an affinity to get myself into embarrassing situations. Maybe I'm the target of some dark convergence, or just plain unlucky. Whatever happened, I'm staying clear of the ocean for a while. Michelle and I will go back to our hotel and relax."

Meko responded. "Please don't be scarce. Since you are going to be in the country for several more weeks, give me a call."

"How did you know?"

"My husband told me."

"Is he Theodore Robinson?"

"That is him indeed. When I told him of you, he said he had reports from the Trade Commission praising you."

Small world thought Jackie. "I'll call once I'm settled in with Embassy." Michelle and Jackie waved bye and walked back to the parking lot to call a cab.

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"Sabrina, you'll just have to return as you are." Meko scowled at Sabrina.

"But Ms. Robinson, it wasn't my fault" complained the naked Sabrina.

"I'm not so sure about that. Wait in the bus." Turning to the rest of the girls Ms. Robinson continued. "Since we have to cut this trip short, those of you who lost your clothes can put them back on."

The girls dressed and gathered their stuff. Coming up short the bottom that was tore from Jackie, Ms. Robinson permit the unlucky girl to wear a towel as a skirt. Ms. Robinson make Sabrina ride in the front row by the door. She was clearly visible through the door and low windows and, as usual, she was not allowed to cover herself with her hands. Her embarassment was compounded when Ms. Robinson stopped the bus at police headquarters. Sabrina discovered she could blush all the way to her toes as she was forced to wait alone in the bus in the busy parking lot. It took forty-five minutes as reports and statements were taken from Ms. Robinson and the other girls.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Fourteen: Bare Commitment**

Her workmates had left for home. Jackie settled into her office at the Embassy. Right after lunch the ambassador, Mr. Hitchcock, called. He wanted to explain her duties. Mr. Hitchcock, a distinguished looking gentleman in his fifties welcomed her pleasantly. He sat behind his desk and instructed to write a summary of her views as a recent visitor to Sandgadoo. This was to be a business perspective. He added that a cultural summary was also needed. The VP and the Secretary of Commerce were to comply with all the local customs.

Jackie worked all day Monday and Tuesday to get the first draft finished. She left it with the ambassador's secretary, Paula, on her way back to her hotel on Tuesday evening. Paula was a slim dark-haired woman of 25. Paula and Jackie had hit it off when Paula had helped Jackie get set up in her office. The next morning Jackie found the summary back on her desk. There were few changes indicated. She was to make the corrections and add a prepared packet of information on the Sandgadoo's gross domestic product. Jackie made the changes and left the revised document at Mr. Hitchcock's office.

Jackie worked on some minor matters Thursday and Friday morning. After lunch she got a call from the ambassador asking her to please come to his office immediately. Jackie rushed over and was escorted in. Mr. Hitchcock looked somewhat harried.

"There's been a change of plans, Jackie. The President has decided to come instead of the VP. He wanted to make some headlines outside the country. Some congressional committee has uncovered some new White House Scandal. And the First Lady is coming. Jackie, we have a small staff here. I want you to serve as an aid to the First Lady. She can be a handful and we must watch out for her."

Jackie was stunned. The First Lady was a role model to so many young women these days.

"I would be honored to be her aid. I will do whatever is necessary."

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Jackie waited with the other embassy personnel at the foot of the stairs leading up to Air Force One. Jackie smiled as the President and First Lady appeared in the door and walked down the stairs. The President's eyes seemed to light up as she caught his eye and he smiled broadly. The ambassador led him off to the side. The ambassador's wife led the First Lady over to Jackie

Mrs. Hitchcock did the introductions. "Ma'am, this is Jackie Hewloff. She will serve as your aid. If you have any questions, please feel free to ask her."

As the First Lady looked at Jackie, the First Lady's smile seemed to fade. She turned and looked at the President. "Good. I think I better keep a close eye on you, Jackie."

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In the terminal the President was led off to the inspection room by a male customs inspector. Jackie saw the First Lady being led to a separate inspection room by a young female inspector. Moments later the First Lady's voice was heard loudly through the closed door.

"I won't do it. It is not proper."

Mr. Hitchcock tapped Jackie on the shoulder. "You better get in there and calm things down."

Jackie almost ran over to the room and knocked on the door. The inspector opened the door and Jackie spoke "I am Jackie Hewloff from the American Embassy. What is the problem?"

The First Lady yelled "They want my clothes. This is barbaric."

Jackie walked over to the First Lady. "Didn't you read the briefing summary on this country's customs?"

"I didn't believe it. No civilized country can treat me this way."

Jackie turned and rolled her eyes to the inspector. "Please give me a few moments." Jackie left the room and walked to the ambassador. "Mr. Hitchcock, she won't give up her clothes. What do you want me to do?

Mr. Hitchcock waited a moment and asked "You told me earlier that you would whatever was necessary. Did you really mean it?"

Without hesitation Jackie answered "Yes. I would be proud to serve my country."

"Walk back in there right now and tell the inspector you are invoking Article 42.17." The ambassador turned away and started talking to the President. Jackie returned to the First Lady's inspection room.

After closing the door behind her Jackie announced "I am invoking Article 42.17."

The inspector shook her head and turned to the First Lady. "Ma'am, you may go, but Ms. Hewloff must remain within a hundred feet of you at all times except while you are in your embassy."

The First Lady stood and walked triumphantly from the room.

The inspector asked Jackie "You do realize that any fines accessed against the First Lady must be paid by you, don't you." Jackie's was awestruck. She had just agreed to strip for her country.

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Jackie shook herself out of her daze. She ran to catch up with the First Lady and explain the situation. The First Lady looked down her nose and said "I don't want to hear anything about these barbaric practices. Just take care of it and leave me alone."

Well, Monday proceeded without any fines. The First Lady's agenda had been light to permit her to adjust to the time difference. Monday night Jackie got the agenda for Tuesday.

"Oh, my God, the girls' academy." Jackie realized that there was bound to be a scene. Jackie placed all her clothes outside the door so that they would be replaced by freshly laundered clothes the next morning. She had the feeling she was going to need every piece of clothing she was permitted, maybe more.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Fifteen: Giving Her All For Her Country**

Jackie rose early Tuesday after a restless night. She retrieved her clothes from the hall. She wore the standard four items and placed the rest in her large handbag. She had gotten to like the short skirts, but today's skirt just seemed shorter. She realized it was just her fear of the events she felt were coming.

Jackie tried to talk the First Lady out of going to the Academy, but she would not hear of it. Jackie and the First Lady rode in the limo to the school behind the moto-cop escort. They were led to a reviewing stand. The girls were to put on exhibitions. Jackie looked around, but saw only fully clothed girls. She sighed as the drill team set up in front of the stand. The girls in their bright red tops and tartan skirts put on quite of show of precision drills and tumbling. The First Lady applauded politely. Next, a set of uneven bars was set up in front ot the stand. Four girls performed their challenging routines. Almost Olympic class performances were completed with few significant flaws. The First Lady cheered enthusiastically.

Jackie was just starting to relax. Maybe she had been too pessimistic after all. Jackie turned to the back of the reviewing stand. She saw one of the school mistresses waving her finger in the face of an older girl. She saw the girl's shoulders slump. A moment later the girl had given the school mistress her blouse and skirt. The darkly tanned girl was left standing in only her white bra and panties.

Jackie turned forward. She would have to make sure the First Lady's attention stayed to the front of the reviewing stand. Chairs were arranged in front of the stand. The school band was to play a few pieces. As the band filed in Jackie cringed as the underwear clad girl moved to stand behind the kettle drums. While the drums hid her from the waist down, the white bra stood out against her tanned skin. The First Lady was talking politely to the School Mistress and failed to notice the drummer. Jackie watched the First Lady's face when she turned to watch the performance. Just a few bars into the first song Jackie saw the shocked look on the First Lady's face. The look grew to indignation during the song. As the song ended the First Lady turned to the School Mistress.

"How can you let the girl perform like that?"

"She has committed some infraction of the school's rules. Even as she is clothed now, she is still required to complete her responsibilities."

"You mean this is punishment. That is cruel. I insist you give her back her clothes."

"Ma'am, this is our country. We have specific rules at the Academy and this is one of them."

Before Jackie could grab her, the First Lady stood and walked down the reviewing stand stairs. Jackie jumped up to catch the First Lady. The folding chair that Jackie was sitting on had somehow pinched the side of her skirt. As Jackie rose The waistband of her skirt pulled down to her thighs. Jackie turned, got her skirt loose and quickly pulled it to her waist. She turned to follow the First Lady, but she saw she was probably too late. The First Lady had draped her suit jacket over the drummer's shoulder and was trying to get her to put her arms in the sleeves. The poor drummer, afraid of incurring additional punishment for covering up, kept trying to push the jacket off her shoulders. The head mistress was already addressing the First Lady as Jackie ran toward the First Lady's side.

The head mistress's voice was stern. "You are not allowed to interfere with our practices here at the Academy. You must desist in your actions." Seeing the First Lady continue to get the girl's arms in the sleeves, the head mistress continued. "Since you will not stop, you must give me YOUR blouse."

The First Lady stared back defiantly. "You wouldn't dare."

The head mistress continued "....and YOUR skirt."

Jackie gulped air and said "Article 42.17, Article 42.17."

The head mistress turned to Jackie. "Very well, YOUR skirt and blouse."

Jackie started to unbutton her blouse, but the First Lady stopped her and turned to the school mistress. "She is an American citizen. You can't do that."

The school mistress stared the First Lady down. "Even as a visitor she knows our rules." Jackie finished unbuttoning her blouse and removed it."

Jackie turned to the First Lady as Jackie lowered the zipper on the side of the skirt. "Please stop, ma'am, you are only making it worse." Jackie saw that the news cameras were already pointed at her. Jackie dropped her skirt and felt her entire body blush. The First Lady, was trembling with rage. Too quickly for anyone to stop her, the First Lady slapped the head mistress's face. Jackie trembled as she watched the outline of the First Lady's hand grow red and saw the expression on the head mistress's face.

The mistress turned to Jackie. "The bra and panties, please." Jackie stared at the mistress for a moment and knew the situation was so out of control that all was lost. Jackie released her bra's clasp and let it fall down and off her arms. She hooked her thumbs in waistband of her panties, pulling them down her legs..

Jackie pleaded with the First Lady, "No more, PLEEEASE!"

The First Lady turned and walked towards the limo. Jackie wanted to cover herself, but fearing that would earn her more penalties, kept her hands at her sides as she followed the First Lady. The head mistress kept pace with Jackie and spoke to her.

"You were a fool for agreeing to Article 42.17. Now, thanks to her, you will pay the price." When they reached the limo the head mistress led Jackie to the lead moto-cop.

"You have a special prisoner. You must keep her within a 100 feet of the First Lady at all times." The moto-cop shook his head. Jackie winced as he motioned her to sit on the back of the cycle seat. She reluctantly cooperated. Her hands were locked to the rear grab bar and her calves fitted into the locking sleeves on either side of the cycle. He asked "Do you need this?" as he held one of the self-expanding ball gags up to her eyes. Jackie shook her head "yes" and he popped it into her mouth. Jackie found the gag very effective. A helmet was placed on her head.

Jackie thought to herself "I wondered how this felt when Ms. Russell was carted off. Now I will know." As the cycle started and the escort pulled out, Jackie could not suppress her feeling of arousal. The hot vibrating leather seat was very interesting, to say the least. "I doubt that Ms. Russell got any enjoyment out of this" Jackie thought as rushing air passed over her naked body.

College was never like this!

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Sixteen: Politically Exposed**

The cycle on which the naked Jackie rode led the First Lady's escort back into the city. Jackie was embarrassed that she was enjoying the rush. Although naked to all she felt somewhat protected. No one could touch her except with their eyes. The vibrations of the motor were conveyed through the seat. It was like snowmobiling, but with her bare skin directly on the seat the feeling was overpowering. An intense erotic heat grew between her legs and flowed over her body. The gag helped silence her moans as she felt lust explode into the most intense orgasm of her life.

The escort arrived back at the embassy. Jackie's rush turned to panic as the moto-cop parked the cycle in front of the gates and stepped away. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth as she saw passersby approach her from the sidewalk. Restrained as she was she had no defense as she felt hands move along her body. Hands were everywhere. Her nipples were pinched and her skin tickled, caressed and squeezed. She would have screamed, if not for the gag, as hands rubbed her thighs and reached between her legs. Her body became covered with sweat as her panic and arousal fought for domination of her emotions.

After an eternity, only fifteen minutes in reality, the moto-cop returned. Jackie felt her legs released from their bindings and her helmet was removed. The officer released Jackie's wrists from the grab bar, but immediately placed handcuffs on her wrists, keeping them behind her back. The moto-cop left the gag in place and spoke "You are to report to your ambassador's office."

On wobbly legs Jackie stumbled into the embassy and walked to Mr. Hitchcock's office. Paula, the secretary, brought Jackie into Hitchcock's office and sat her on the couch. The ambassador was not present. Paula informed Jackie that she would get her something to wear, but that she did not have the keys to the handcuffs. Paula left.

Paula had only been gone a few minutes when the office door opened and in walked Mr. Hitchcock and the President.

"My, my, what have we here?" Jackie did not like the leering smile on the President's face. He sat next to her on the couch and, placing his right arm over her shoulders, dropped his right hand to cover Jackie's right breast.

"Mr. President!" shouted Mr. Hitchcock. "Jackie is paying the price for your wife's interference in the country's customs." Mr. Hitchcock explained the series of events that led to Jackie's condition. During Hitchcock's explanation the President's left hand dropped to Jackie's left knee and worked slowly up. With the President's arm across her shoulders Jackie was unable to do more than squirm against his large warm hands.

The President's left hand was between Jackie's legs when the office door flew open and in walked the First Lady. The look on her face was of rage as she saw Jackie and the President on the couch. Paula appeared behind the First Lady with something draped over her left arm.

"I want her out of this embassy right now" ordered the First Lady. Mr. Hitchcock motioned for Paula to lead Jackie out. Paula helped Jackie to her feet and led her from the office, leading her to the embassy's reception area. Paula stopped Jackie and told her to stand still as Paula pulled some stretchy material up Jackie's legs and onto her body. It was a tube dress. As Paula arranged it over Jackie's breasts, Jackie looked down. The dress was very tight across her breasts, but covered her from her breasts to her mid-thighs.

"Jackie, I'm afraid its all I have available. It's not approved by the local government, so you'll probably lose it if you are stopped outside the grounds." Jackie was surprisingly calm. Although she had not wanted to be stripped naked, the experience had been stimulating. She felt little guilt as she had had little choice. Wearing the stretchy dress, Jackie felt the episode was about to end. NOT.

A guard approached Jackie and Paula. He gave Jackie a look that was a cross between pity and lust. "I've been ordered to see Ms. Hewloff off the embassy grounds." With no more comments, he grabbed Jackie by her left arm and walked her to the sidewalk in front of the gates. He turned and closed the gates behind her. Jackie looked around and saw no cops. She figured her only safe sanctuary would be her hotel room. She was prepared to walk the four miles to the hotel when a taxi stopped in front of her. A man leaned out the window and, speaking in English with Southern accent, said "You look like you need help. As a fellow American, can I help you?"

Unable to speak through the gag Jackie shook her head "yes" and the cabbie opened the front passenger door. She carefully seated herself. The cabbie continued to talk.

"I heard on the news of your stripping due to the actions of the First Lady, that bitch. The story mentioned you were staying at the Cronenberg Arms. Is that right?" Jackie shook her head. "Well, I'll take you right there. The fare for the ride will be that I get to pull that dress down to your waist, payable in advance." Jackie reluctantly shook her head. The cabbie wasted no time sliding the material down, leaving Jackie's naked from the waist up. The cabbie took a good look and pinched her left nipple. Without further embarassment, he pulled away from the curb.

The cabbie did not stretch out the ride. He drove directly to the hotel. He even got out, opened her door and helped her out, making sure that his hands held all her most sensitive curves. What he did not do was pull up the dress bunched around Jackie's waist. Topless, Jackie turned and briskly walked into the hotel. As she approached the front desk, she felt the dress slide down. It now covered her from her waist to her ankles. Each step made it slip lower. She made it to the front desk. The clerk, recognizing Jackie and being familiar with the frequent sights of her in little clothing offered her the room keys. She turned to show him her cuffs wrists and he flagged a bellboy to lead her to her room. As they reached the elevator she felt the top of the dress creep over her ass. Quickly the dress slid down her legs, but the bellboy continued pulling her forward, and she stepped out of the dress. They entered the elevator and the doors closed, leaving Jackie's last bit of clothing in the lobby. On her floor they exited and walked to her door. The bellboy opened the door and Jackie rushed into her room, slamming the door shut with her shoulder. Still handcuffed and gagged, Jackie was exhausted.

Her arms were already asleep and her shoulders ached. "When would this all end?" she thought as she laid on her side on the bed.

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Seventeen: Fireworks on Display**

"When would this all end" she thought as she laid on her side on the bed. After thirty minutes the door to her room opened. A female officer entered. She unlocked Jackie's cuffs, removed the gag and spoke.

"As long as the First Lady stays in the embassy you can stay in your room. So that you can eat, sleep and use the bath, these bindings will be removed. However, you did leave the embassy without permission, so you must wear this."

The officer produced a garment from a her bag. Jackie stood and the officer wrapped it around her waist. It was a smooth black corset of some type that covered her from below her breasts to her hips. The corset felt seamless and lacked any strings or holes to close it down her back. It was too small and would have fallen from her body, but the officer did something and the back closed suddenly. Jackie felt her waist cinched tightly as her breath was forced from her body. Inhaling shallowly, Jackie placed her hands around her waist and realized it had squeezed her already trim waist smaller by at least three inches. Jackie's hands felt for the back closure, but felt none. The garment was seamlessly fused together. The erect posture forced by the corset made Jackie's lightly tanned breasts very prominent. The officer spoke again.

"You will not be allowed any other clothes and must wear this until the First Lady leaves the country or until she issues as official apology to the Academy. It can not be removed without the magnetic key. It also has a tracking device that will show us your location at all times. If you hear it beep, you must stand at the curb in front of the hotel and remain until you have received instructions."

Knowing the First Lady's reputation Jackie remembered that the trade talks were scheduled for seven days. Jackie hung her head and tried to get comfortable on the bed after the officer left. In private, Jackie might have found the corset a delightfully kinky diversion, but with the knowledge that she would be wearing it for days, she whimpered. Jackie tried to get her fingers under the corset to pull it away from her body, but the edges of the corset refused to stretch. At 7:30 PM room service delivered a light dinner. The corset did not allow for Jackie to eat much, but she ate as best she could. She suspected she would need her strength. Jackie turned on the TV and curled into a ball on the bed as she saw that the Academy incident, complete with tape of her riding behind the moto-cop, was the lead story.

Jackie was able to remain in her room the rest of the Tuesday and all of Wednesday. Thursday morning at 5:30 AM Jackie awoke to the beeping of the corset. Jackie dutifully left her room. As she walked down the hall, rode in the elevator and crossed the lobby, Jackie felt every eye on her. Walking to the curb she felt more than just naked. After 15 minutes she thought that perhaps the beeping had been a mistake. She stepped away from the curb only to hear the beeping resume. As if being exposed in broad daylight on a public street did not already attract attention, the beeping made everyone take another look at Jackie. She felt her blush deepen as she resumed her standing position at the curb.

After 15 more minutes a large black convertible pulled in front of Jackie. A dark-suited man flashed a badge at Jackie and spoke. "I'm Robert Chen. I am with the Prime Minister's special guard. The PM has requested your presence."

Jackie got in the passenger side. "May I cover up?" Jackie asked.

"This is not the Academy. You may cover up as best you can, but it would be of little value. The entire country has seen the broadcast of you and the horrid First Lady at the Academy. You have little left to be seen." Jackie positioned her right arm across her chest and her left hand between her legs. The convertible offered little visual protection as the guard drove through the center of town to Government House. Government House was a large marble building that served as both the House of Parliament in the east wing and the PM's residence in the west wing. Jackie was led into the PM's residence to a private office. "Wait here. You may be seated if you wish" announced the guard.

Jackie sat in one of the large high-backed leather chairs that faced the desk. I was very comfortable. The high back and arms shielded her somewhat from view to anyone one not seated at the desk. With her arms and hands covering her she waited. Within a minute the side door opened and in walked the PM himself.

"Hello, Ms. Hewloff." The PM extended his right hand. On reflex Jackie rose and extended her right hand, uncovering her chest completely. The two shook hands, but the PM did not then let go and continued to hold Jackie's right hand. The PM's eyes stayed focused on Jackie's eyes. Jackie maintained eye contact. The PM spoke.

"I want to thank you for helping relieve a touchy incident. The First Lady's actions were viewed as an offense to my country by many in Parliament and general public. However, your selfless actions, in accordance with Sandgadoo laws and customs, have shown that there are honorable Americans. Your sacrifice has allowed me to continue working out an agreement with your President. I am pleased to announce that the trade agreement has been worked out and is being signed. Tomorrow at a joint press conference, your President and I will announce a treaty that benefits both our nations. As part of this ceremony I want you there to sign as a witness to our actions."

Jackie smiled. She relaxed a bit. The President and First Lady would be leaving soon. Then Jackie asked "Will I be permitted to wear something appropriate to this press conference?"

"Yes, you will be provided with appropriate attire. As soon as the signing is complete, we want you to take the lectern and make a few comments. At that time your corset will be released."

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Jackie stood smiling on the press conference platform between the PM and the President as they each signed the treaty. She wore a white blouse that buttoned to her neck. A knee length beige skirt completed her simple attire. Under these clothes Jackie still wore only the tight corset. No underwear had been provided to her. She signed as the witness to the agreement. The two leaders motioned Jackie to the lectern. The lectern resembled a music stand. A tilted metal panel with a flange as the bottom stood atop a single metal pole. Jackie took a deep breath and spoke.

"I am pleased our two countries have reached this agreement. It will serve not just as a trade arrangement, but also as a way for the two countries to learn and appreciate each other. I have found much in Sandgadoo that will serve a food for thought. I thank you."

Behind Jackie the PM made a motion with his hand and whispered to the President. "Sir I think you will enjoy this." Jackie stepped to the side of the lectern

BANG!

Jackie felt the corset open. It shot forward as if it were a tightly coiled spring. Jackie's specially prepared clothes reacted. All the buttons popped off her blouse. The waistband of Jackie skirt parted. Both garments stuck to the corset as it flew forward ripping from her body. Jackie stood entranced next to the lectern in just her high heels. The newspeople broke into applause and cheered. After four seconds Jackie's trance ended as the flashbulbs burst in front of her. She ran for the side door, but was intercepted and encircled by newspeople. Cameras continued to flash as she cowered fully exposed.

"Well, Mr. President, how do you like our fireworks display?"

"Very memorable, sir, very memorable display."

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Eighteen : The Rickshaw Ride**

It had been over five months that Jackie had been here in Sandgadoo. The ambassador had personally thanked her for her assistance with the trade agreements. Despite the First Lady, Jackie had to admit this had been a memorable stay. As she climbed into bed for her last night there, she thought back for all her experiences in Sandgadoo. Her extended stay was coming to an end. There were some mixed feelings, but all in all, Jackie smiled at her time in this unique country. Tomorrow she would board her plane and return home. Would her life be the same?

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As Jackie left the hotel for the airport she was wearing only a snug short top, short tight skirt and sneakers. Her firm long legs, stomach and mid back were bare. Her firm breasts rubbed stimulatingly against the top. A light breeze made the sunny day very comfortable. As the breeze blew under her skirt it almost felt as if a hand lightly caressed her pussy. She had already sent all her luggage to the airport for pre-inspection. Her other government supplied clothes had been turned in when she checked out of the hotel. Jackie was relishing this last day. She did not know if she had the courage to wear something this potentially revealing back home, but she wanted to make the most of it while she was in Sandgadoo.

For some reason there were no motor taxis around that morning. Finally one of the bicycle pulled 'rickshaw' taxis stopped for Jackie. These shaw taxis were quaint and did keep the pollution down. Jackie had plenty of time to reach the airport so she took the bicycle taxi. As the taxi pulled away from the curb she realized that it bounced more than a regular cab and fastened a seat belt across her waist. With the open front of the cab and he breeze she would have to ride with her legs together. She placed her hands in her lap to keep her skirt from bouncing up to her waist. Jackie found the potential for exposure stimulating and continued the ride smiling.

Jackie became lost in thought. Had these last few weeks changed her so much? She would never have worn so brief an outfit when she first arrived. Jackie realized she had thought about wearing potentially revealing outfits since college. She did not consciously admitted that she wanted to be exposed, but the thrill of the risk of exposure had always interested her. Now that she had had a forced opportunity to explore her inner feelings she finally admitted the truth to herself.

Jackie saw that the driver was constantly checking his rearview mirrors. She realized that the stronger bounces were occasionally allowing the driver to see between her legs. Jackie tried to sit very proper and felt a blush on her face and a tingle between her legs.

The ride was taking longer than she thought. She would not have time to eat before her flight. The ride was about to get longer.

The driver was playing a lot more attention to Jackie than to where he as going. He did not see the manhole cover laying in the bicycle lane. When he hit the heavy iron cover the handle bars pulled from his hands and he was thrown over the front of the bicycle. The 'shaw' came to an abrupt stop, but Jackie's seat belt held her in place. She quickly released her seat belt and got out to check on the driver.

The driver was conscious. The bloody sight of his torn right knee in his pants looked bad. He spoke in an Indian accent. "I am okay, I am okay." As he hobbled to his feet he said "Just get me to the airport. It's only four more kilometers away. The airport aid station will take care of me. Help me into the shaw seat." Jackie got him into what had been her seat and realized he wanted her to pedal the bicycle and pull the shaw. She tried to remove the shaw where it was attached to the bicycle frame, but she realized a set of wrenches would be needed.

"I'm not dressed for this" Jackie thought as she straddled the seat. Fortunately, the seat was at about the right height for her. Unfortunately, the seat was at the right height to leave her exposed to anyone in front of her who was paying attention. She looked back at the driver and sighed. "I won't make my plane if I don't get started."

Jackie started pumping her legs. She was conscious of the time and set a fast pace. The bicycle lane was deserted. By keeping her legs together as much as possible she did not think anyone saw her pantiless condition, but as she approached the airport terminal the number of people at the curb gave her a shiver. Finally she reached a curbside check-in station. She glided to a halt. She raised her right leg over the bicycle and pulled her skirt down. She looked at the man at the check-in station. He was wearing, what could only be called, a naughty leer. He had obviously seen between her legs as she got off the bicycle.

Jackie's blush returned with a vengeance as she reported the driver's accident. That old embarrassed feeling that she had after all her 'accidents' was coming back. Blushing brighter than ever, she grabbed her purse and made her way through the terminal. At "International Departure" she was directed to a small room similar to the one in which she had been inspected when she entered the country. In the room sat a female inspector.

"Please sit. Your flight will be held a few minutes for you if necessary" said the inspector.

"What seems to be the problem?"

**Jackie's Asian Experience:****Chapter Nineteen: The Voyage Home**

Jackie sat in the small room with the inspector at the airport. She asked "What seems to be the problem?"

"We have made a mistake. You luggage, including all your contraband clothes, was flown out on an earlier flight."

"Can't I just wear these clothes?" asked Jackie, motioning to her top and skirt.

"No, you can't. Don't worry. I've made an arrangements with one of then Sandgadoo Air flight attendants. She is lending me one of her own outfits that she wears when she is out of country. I'll take your government issued clothes now and get you all checked in so you and walk right onto your flight. Any minute now the FA's clothes will be delivered to this room."

"You want me to wait here naked?" Jackie felt the old familiar feeling of one of her 'accidents' about to happen.

"Just for a few minutes. Now, off with your clothes."

Jackie sighed. She pulled the short top over her head and dropped it on the table. Moments later it was joined by Jackie's skirt. The inspector picked them up and raced out of the room. Moments later there was a knock on the door. Jackie sat behind the table and held her arms over her breasts. "Come in."

A young man in a Sandgadoo Air jacket and hat opened the door. He stared for a moment when he saw Jackie. Stammering he asked "A packet for a Ms. Jackie Hewloff, is that you?"

"Yes. Please drop it on the table and leave."

"I need your signature before I can give it to you."

Jackie sighed and moved her right hand to sign the clipboard. Her left arm barely covered her erect nipples. With a tip of his hat the now smiling young man left, closing the door.

Jackie opened the package and found a long pleated blue skirt that should almost reach her ankles. There was also a blouse, but no underwear. She quickly pulled on the skirt. She pulled the blouse on. The blouse was a little small for her breasts. The row of tiny buttons were difficult to button. Small gaps opened between the buttons over her chest. With nothing else to put on, Jackie took a careful deep breath and the buttons held. Jackie grabbed her purse and made her way to her gate. As promised the FA was holding the door for Jackie and she was escorted to the empty front row in first class.

"I'm afraid there has been a mistake" spoke Jackie.

"Ms. Hewloff, your ticket was upgraded to first class when they realized they had sent your things on an earlier flight. Please rest assured you are where you should be" answer the flight attendant. There was only one other person in the six first class seats, an older grandfatherly type with thinning gray hair. Jackie settled into the posh seat and put on her seat belt. Immediately the plane pulled away from the terminal. Within minutes they were in the air. Jackie got comfortable for the long flight. The hum of the engines and smooth ride soon lulled her into a deep sleep.

Jackie awoke and stretched. It took her a moment to remember she was on a plane. She sat up in her seat. The nap had refreshed her. She noticed that the blouse was not as tight as it had been previously. A quick check revealed the reason. Three of the tiny buttons were missing. They had popped off sometime in her sleep. Jackie crossed her arms over her chest and felt a fourth button pop free. Her arms now covered her breasts which were threatening to spill out of the blouse.

The door to the cockpit opened and a pilot stepped out. He smiled and approached Jackie. "Are you Ms. Hewloff?" He extended his hand to Jackie.

"Yes." Jackie reached for his hand on reflex and two more buttons shot off her blouse. Her bare nipples burst into sight. "Eeech." She moved her hands over each nipple and blushed.

The pilot motioned to an FA who immediately stepped next to him. Jackie overhead the pilot whisper to the FA. "Ms. Hewloff is having a problem. Perhaps you could give her your bra or blouse." Without another word he turned to Jackie. "Enjoy your flight. We at Sandgadoo Air are sorry for the mishandling of your luggage." He turned and re-entered the cockpit.

The FA turned to Jackie and saw her condition. "Give me just a moment." The FA grabbed her jacket from a hook near the 'kitchen' area and entered a forward rest room. A few minutes later the FA appeared with her jacket buttoned closed. A small amount of cleavage was visible and a blush was on her face. She motioned Jackie forward and directed her into the restroom. On the counter was the FA's blouse AND bra. Jackie unbuttoned the few remaining buttons and removed her blouse. The FA's bra as a little skimpy. It was little more of a half bra on Jackie. The tops of her nipples were visible as it hugged the underside of her breasts. The beige blouse was snug. Jackie feared the blouse might suffer the same fate as her prior one. At least she now was decently covered.

The rest of the flight was uneventful. The blouse buttons held up under the tension. Twelve hours later, after a refueling stop in Hawaii, Jackie's plane landed. "Home at last." When Jackie exited the ramp a ground attendant redirected Jackie to a luggage carousel where her things would be sent. When she got there Jackie saw this was not the standard carousel. A moving conveyor entered the public baggage area through an open low doorway, snaked around for about fifty feet and then exited through another low doorway. Jackie stood next to the conveyor and watched the baggage move by her. She failed to notice her long skirt catch on the edge of the conveyor belt until she felt her skirt tug to the right. She pulled back on her skirt and felt is pull down from her waist. She tried to walk along next to the conveyor, but the crowd of people kept getting her way. As the skirt threatened to be pulled below her hips. Jackie jumped onto the conveyor and waved her arms to maintain her balance.

PING, PING, PING!

Jackie gasped as three buttons shot from her blouse. Her arms went to her chest to cover her nipples that peeked over her skimpy bra. Jackie tried to step forward to relieve the pull on her skirt, but caught her heel on a valise. She fell backwards over a trunk.

RRIIIPPPPPPPPPP!

Jackie's ankles caught in her skirt as she fell behind the trunk. Her calves were pinned to the top of trunk and she lay face up on the conveyor belt. She tried to cover her breasts and her exposed pussy with her hands as she disappeared through the low door into the back baggage handling area. Two wide-eyed baggage handlers, hearing Jackie's screams, turned to watch the conveyor move through the area. They just watched as the conveyor took her through the other low door back our to the public baggage area. Jackie's screams became louder as the older baggage handlers turned to the younger one.

"I wonder who had the claim check on that."

They both chuckled and waited for Jackie to reappear.

Well, she was home and things had returned to normal.